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"WORLD" GROWTH

DURING "ONE TERM!"

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NUMBER OF "WORLDS" PRINTED DURING THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 29, 1888:

1,937,370.

IS IT A JEKYLL-HYDE AFFAIR?

A Scotland Yard detective has concocted a theory in the case of the Whitechapel murders which is almost as remarkable as the crimes themselves. He believes that the butcheries are the work of a fiendish Mr. Hyde whose second-self is a Dr. Jekyll possessed of large wealth and moving in the best London society. The detective claims to have struck the trail of this incarnation of the novelist's conception. He asserts that his Dr. Jekyll, when disposed to give Mr. Hyde a holiday, closes the door of his handsome residence at the West End of the city upon himself, gets into a cab, which he leaves at a convenient spot at the East End, and enters the reeking district of Whitechapel a veritable Mr. Hyde. There his instincts become as savage and brutal as those of the original character in the fiction, and he indulges them in the manner which has so terrified the Londoners and so puzzled the police.

According to this officer's theory not only are the Whitechapel horrors the work of a real, living Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but are attributed to the novel itself or to its production on the stage. The story, working on a morbid mind, has, in the detective's judgment, suggested the idea of the double existence to the suspected person and laid the foundation for the practical application of the author's conceit.

Whatever amount of credence may be given to the officer's theory, it cannot fail to increase the excitement caused by the butcheries and to deepen the mystery by which they are surrounded. It adds a still more weird character to the brutal murders, even if it does not promise much in the direction of the detection of the criminal. However, it is to be hoped that if the detective is not mistaken he will soon lay hands on Mr. Hyde, and that Dr. Jekyll will suffer the penalty of his wicked partner's crimes.

A VICTIM OF THE CORNER.

"Old Hutch's corner," as the recent gambling in wheat is called on the markets, has sent one of the "cornered" victims to his grave and desolated a happy home. The senior member of the well-established firm of Williams, Black & Co., finding his business broken down and his firm driven to suspension by the "squeeze" of the Chicago speculator, foolishly sought refuge from his troubles in death. Yesterday he left his house after breakfast, took a room at the Grand Central Hotel and then shot himself through the head.

The Central Labor Union did not use extravagant language when a few days ago it denounced the promoters of Trusts and the speculative gamblers in "corners," whose efforts are directed towards raising the cost of the necessaries of life, as criminals who ought to be punished by the law. To-day such operations have raised the price of sugar, coal and bread, besides having driven to bankruptcy many honorable business houses.

What confidence can the people have in political parties when they see month after month and year after year pass by without any real effort on the part of Republicans or Democrats in Congress or State Legislatures to invoke the power of the law against the continuance of these grave public evils?

GOV. HILL'S ADDRESS.

Gov. Hill made a plain, convincing address to the Labor organizations of the city at the Cooper Union last night. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and could have been filled had it been four times as large as it is.

The Governor made it clear to his audience that the workingman's best "protection" is organization. Wages would be lower than they are, despite high tariff and heavy taxation, if Labor Unions did not force employers into some sort of justice towards their employees. The Governor cited facts in support of his arguments, and especially recommended the more complete organization of women wage-earners, not alone for their own sakes, but for the better protection of male labor, with which they come in competition.

The Governor gave a brief history of the measures he had recommended in favor of the working classes and fully explained the reasons of his veto of the Saxton bill. His address was listened to with attention, and it was made evident to his hearers that his earnest efforts in the interest of labor are the basis of the attacks of his enemies on an administration whose efficiency they cannot deny and whose honesty they dare not question.

The *Tribune* takes the trouble to answer a correspondent of The World, who inquires: "What is Thurman's weight?" The *Tribune* says that all the candidates will be put on the scales next month, and that Harrison and Morton will then be found to have more weight than Cleveland and Thurman. This is probably true, only the *Tribune's* orthography is at fault. The word should be spelled "w-a-i-t."

Everybody, with the exception of criminals and crooks, will rejoice that Chief Byrnes has recovered from his recent serious sickness and is back at his post. It will not take many days to restore his strength and make him as vigorous as ever.

A Democratic Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States put on the robes yesterday for the first time in twenty-four years. Chief-Justice Chase succeeded Chief-Justice Taney in December, 1864.

To-day is the first day of registration in this city and the second day in Brooklyn. No good citizen should postpone the duty of registering if he can possibly perform it to-day. The sooner the better.

Mr. Hewitt accepts Boss Power's nomination for Mayor, "goes in strong" for Boss Power's slate, including Mike Murphy for Sheriff, and denounces Tammany's machine methods.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

WORLDLINGS.

A curiosity of patchwork recently received in Richmond, Va., from Norfolk, is a mantel lambrequin made of sixty-six badges collected at the Gettysburg reunion last July.

The Rev. John Carroll, of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, is ninety-one years old, and is believed to be the oldest priest in the country. He is of Irish parentage and was ordained in 1820.

One of the most accomplished horsewomen in San Francisco is Miss Jessie Fair, who not only looks well in the saddle but rides with spirit and grace. Her horse is a beautiful dapple gray that cost $1,000, and she has recently purchased a milk-white steed for $500.

Mrs. Julia Bayless, of Charleston, Ind., possesses a wooden wine tray that was once owned by Herman Biennerhassett, who was connected with the Aaron Burr conspiracy at the beginning of the century. The light-colored wood is stained with wine that was spilled, as Mrs. Bayless, imagines, during the secret conclaves of the conspirators.

Lord Hereford, who arrived in San Francisco a few days ago from Japan, took pains, while travelling on the east coast of Africa, to visit many of the localities made famous in Rider Haggard's "She." On one spot where two tribes fought a battle, in which 2,000 men were slain, His Lordship picked up a number of human bones, which he prizes highly as souvenirs.

A Female Scribbler Burlesqued.

One of the humorous character sketches in Charles H. Hoyt's latest and most successful skit, which he calls "A Brass Monkey," is that of a flighty newspaper correspondent. The correspondent has skirts on and the newspaper is a society journal. The character is admirably realized by Mrs. Alice Walsh, who suggests with a great deal of success and artistic cleverness the flippant and irresponsible methods of these women scribblers, who bring reproach on the profession of journalism. The character is sketched from an original, as is Mr. Hoyt's habit wherever he can.

The original in this case is a native of Charlestown, New Hampshire, where Hoyt's home is located. In an unfortunate hour for her, a Boston journal printed one of her paragraphs and she has been a terror through the entire region ever since. She scours the country side for scandalous gossip, and prints it in the papers of the neighboring towns. She neglected her home and her children to such an extent that her husband was compelled to secure a divorce. The only regret that she was ever known to express was that the divorce was not the divorce of some one else beside herself, so that she could make a paragraph of it.

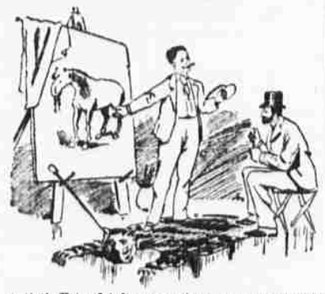
The "Brass Monkey" comes to the Bijou Opera House next week.

Mrs. Valentine's Deed Is Void.

Chief Justice Barnard has decided that Mrs. Catherine W. Valentine's transfer of her house, No. 19 Cranberry street, to Dr. Hermann T. Richardt was void on the ground of undue influence, want of consideration and fraud.

What Ailed the Horse.

[From Texas Siftings.]



Artist's Friend (after regarding the picture critically)—That's a peculiar looking picture that you call "Turned Out to Die." What's the reason of it?

Artist—I'm sketching it in distemper.

"Yes, I see—horse distemper."

Guests at the Hotels.

Gen. Chauncey McKeever, U.S.A., is at the Murray Hill.

Capt. J. B. Labelle, of Montreal, is at the Hotel Brunswick.

Gen. Joseph T. Torrence, of Chicago, are at the Windsor Hotel.

Gen. George S. Batcheller, of Saratoga, is a late arrival at the Gilsey House.

D. W. Bartlett, Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington, is at the Grand Hotel.

A prominent guest at the Everett House is ex-Attorney-General Denis O'Brien, of Watertown.

At the St. James Hotel are Stilson Hutchins, of Washington; T. H. Downs, United States Consul at Quebec, and D. B. Wesson, of Springfield, Mass.

Secretary Endicott and wife, Congressman R. W. Dunham and Prof. Elisha Gray, of Chicago; Judge Stevenson Burke, of Cleveland, and Thos. V. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Sparrows Furnish a New and Elevating Entertainment for Gotham Sports.

"Chicken disputes" are now somewhat out of fashion in the vulgar sporting world, but cock-sparrow fights are comparatively new.

A young man who recently witnessed an encounter between two sparrows told the proceedings to an Evening World reporter the other day.

Bread crumbs, soaked in brandy, were scattered in a favorable place and a number of sparrows eagerly ate them. Becoming stupid, two plump birds were easily scooped into a net by a young man.

The birds were placed in a paper box and kept confined for half a day. Then the points of two darning needles were securely inserted in tiny pieces of wood and fastened with thread and elastic bands, one to each leg of the sparrows, thus answering the purpose of gaffs, like those fastened to game-cocks previous to a battle in a pit.

The sparrows, being kept for so long a time without food, became hungry and ready for fight. A few young sports gathered in a Broadway building downtown to witness the encounter and laid some small wagers on the result.

The birds were let loose in the middle of the room and immediately faced one another, with feathers ruffled like fighting cocks, eager for the fray.

They dashed viciously at each other two or three times and made the feathers fly. Then they flew upward and around the room, pecking savagely and chirping like mad. Alighting on the floor again, they renewed the battle, leaping up and burying the sharp gaffs in each other's bodies.

They fought all around the room for half an hour, and finally got into a corner, where both made a last desperate effort, and, coming against each other savagely, they dropped dead, one burying its gaff in its antagonist's head and the other stabbed to the heart.

The young men enjoyed the encounter immensely and declared all bets off.

To the Effect that Trade Dollars Aren't Always What They Seem.

Why the sum of $6 in bills should be the price asked for an ordinary-looking trade dollar is a question that has perplexed a great many travellers through Maiden lane.

There is such a coin in the window of a jewelry store on that thoroughfare, and it certainly looks just as innocent as any other piece of the same denomination. It rests comfortably on a heavy plush cushion, and the date, 1877, can easily be seen.

An Evening World reporter examined the coin from the sidewalk, but did not detect anything unusual in its appearance; and when he entered the place and turned the dollar over and over in his hand he could discover nothing unusual in its size, weight or appearance.

"Well, I'll show you," said the jeweller, and suiting the action to the word, he pressed a spring—invisible to the reporter—and the top of the coin flew open.

"There," said he, "look at that. You can put either your own, or your best girl's picture in it."

Sure enough, the coin had been hollowed out, a frame work had been put in, and a cap fitted neatly over the whole contrivance.

"You see, we have to charge a good price for them, because it takes two coins to make a case, and then there is a great deal of workmanship on one of them. They are selling very well now, being bought mostly by love-sick broker's clerks."

A Masterpiece of the Pipe-Makers' Art and Patience.

A beautiful specimen of the pipe-makers' art can be seen in the window of a dealer in meerschaum pipes on Broadway, in the neighborhood of Canal street.

This pipe is fully 12 inches long by 5 high, and is delicately carved out of meerschaum and amber.

It represents two hills. On one side of the hills fully a dozen goats are taking their breakfast, and on the other side there is a pretty little cottage.

The pipe-bowls are invisible, so neatly is the whole piece of work arranged. The owner said that he had kept it twelve years and that he considered it was worth $250.

It took one man six months to complete the pipe.

EATING A RACE-HORSE.

Philadelphians Enjoy Steaks Cut from a Former Steeplechaser.

[From a Philadelphia Special.]

Cut up into big steaks and served as a filet of beef at a dinner at the Philadelphia Club was the fate of Pandora, the famous steeplechaser, who was the heroine of the Rose Tree Hunts and known to all patrons of the city turf races and to the members of the National Guard. Pandora was shot because of incurable lameness. After she had died without a struggle the choicest meat was cut from her bones and taken to the cuisine of the Philadelphia Club, where the *chef* was sworn to secrecy, and the meat was disguised as a joint of beef. Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, who bought Pandora thirteen years ago, gave a dinner at the Philadelphia Club, and one of the dishes on the *menu* card read:

"Filet à la Pandora."

Nobody knew except Dr. Huidekoper that the course was a part of poor old Pandora's body. The guests supposed that the dish was named in honor of the celebrated steeplechaser, whom they had seen take many a ditch and fence, and come in the winner of many an exciting race. After the filet had been eaten and pronounced very toothsome by the guests, Dr. Huidekoper remarked that he was glad of his guests' appreciation for his favorite horse, "for," he said, "you have just eaten her."

The guests looked at each other in amazement, and after a short interval of deadly silence there was a roar of laughter. Then in an instant every one seemed to remember Pandora as he had seen her at the last meet, and in reverential silence the company rose to their feet, lifted their glasses to their lips and sipped in solemn silence to the memory of the old gray mare they had just devoured. Pandora's first public appearance was at the Rose Tree Hunt, in a hot steeplechase. The first few years that she was in Philadelphia she won eleven silver trophies. She was quick to take a fence. At the Pottstown encampment in September, 1887, Pandora leaped over the regimental colors that were lying across two stacks of lawyer-tied guns. Col. Bonnaffon had dared Dr. Huidekoper to make the jump. He pointed Pandora's head towards the glistening bayonets, gave her the bridle and she leaped into the air, clearing the cold pinnacle of steel and landing on her haunches on the other side of the stacked guns.

Dr. Huidekoper, in speaking of the dinner, said: "All horse meat is as good as beef; it is a pity that horse meat is not eaten in this country."

Death of a Once Leading Lawyer.

Ex-Judge Walter S. Pinckney, once a well-known real-estate lawyer, died in Bellevue Hospital yesterday, aged fifty-seven. The deceased came of an excellent family and had a flourishing law business until twenty years ago, when he was elected Judge of the Seventh Judicial District. After becoming a politician he acquired a fondness for drink, which interfered with his usefulness. He died in the alcoholic ward of the hospital. The body will be interred at Greenwood to-day.

Dr. Greene's New Free Private Lecture to Gentlemen Only.

Dr. Greene, the eminent specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, of 35 West Fourteenth street, New York, will deliver in Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, Oct. 10, at 8 o'clock, a new free private lecture to gentlemen only, illustrated by the stereopticon. This new private lecture, "The Philosophy of Manhood," is of the utmost possible interest, being upon those great questions which are of the most vital importance to men. Admission is free and gentlemen should not miss this most powerful of all Dr. Greene's lectures. ***

LABOR'S OVATION TO GOV. HILL.

Cooper Union Held the Biggest Gathering of Workingmen Ever Known.

Last night was a great night for honest labor and momentous to the workingmen of this city.

The large hall of Cooper Institute never held a larger crowd. The place was packed and jammed with genuine workingmen who heartily support Gov. Hill. There were at least 5,000 people who were unable to get inside the doors. The police had to stop the entrance of people at 7.45.

When Gov. Hill was escorted to the platform the assembled workingmen cheered him for five minutes. He never received a heartier welcome.

The great throng was a bona fide gathering of workingmen, and every word of Gov. Hill's speech was attentively listened to. He held his vast audience to the end of his speech. His telling points were duly appreciated and loudly applauded.

Gov. Hill's explanation of his veto of the Saxton Electoral Reform bill appeared to satisfy all his hearers. He showed the unconstitutionality of the bill, its gross defects and the power it placed in the hands of a few election officers. He said that the bill, if it had become a law, would have disfranchised thousands of voters.

When the Governor had finished his explanation of the Saxton bill and had given an exhaustive review of its unjust provisions, the audience arose and cheered for several minutes.

There is no doubt that last night's meeting of the workingmen of this city to hear Gov. Hill was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in New York.

The workingmen should feel proud of the welcome they extended to their true friend, David B. Hill.

Notes in the Labor Field.

The Miscellaneous Section meets to-night.

Organized labor will sustain Gov. Hill because he has been its best friend.

Gov. Hill struck the keynote last night when he said that it is organization that maintains wages and not high tariff.

Cigar-makers are deserting Havana on account of the strike and leaving for Key West and Tampa, Fla. Several Havana firms have yielded to the demands of the union men and their hands have returned to work.

Many workingmen had been waiting to hear the Governor explain his veto of the Saxton Ballot Reform bill, and they are now convinced that he was right. The Governor is not the man to veto a substantial labor measure.

Joe W. McCann, the lightning compositor, won $25 from Joe Haley, another printer, yesterday, on his wager that he could set and correct 2,000 ems of solid nonpareil type in one hour. McCann beat the record by setting 2,103 ems in the required time.

Edward Conklin, a popular leader of organized labor and an old New Yorker who has held positions of trust in Progressive Painters No. 1, will be the Labor party candidate for Assembly in the Fifteenth District, where the Republicans will probably indorse him, as well as the good Democrats.

All the prominent labor men connected with the Central Labor Union, the most powerful body of organized labor in this country, were at Cooper Union last night to hear Gov. Hill. The greatest portion of the vast audience consisted of union men, some of whom came a long distance to see their friend and hear him speak.

Thomas B. Barry, who lately resigned his position as a member of the General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, and Michael Breslin, of District Assembly No. 49, will speak in Cooper Union Hall to-morrow evening. It is said that they will make some disclosures regarding the manner in which the present regime of the Knights conduct the affairs of the order.

The quiet, but active and successful work done by the Workingwomen's Society and a few young women of the Feather-Workers, during the late strike of the latter, has been somewhat of a surprize to organized labor. Though the cause was a just one, without organized effort every feather-worker in this city would have been ground down to starvation wages, but the price of feathers would be just the same.

THEY TALKED ABOUT WOMAN.

And These Ministers Seemed to Agree that a Mother Deserved All Praise.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 9.—At the meeting of the Orthodox ministers in session here Rev. M. Falk Gjertsen read a paper on "Woman's Relation in the Church." He held that she is qualified by nature to a position of consecration in the home, to the secular and sacred education of her children, and in the church and society to the need of her sex. During the lively discussion which followed Rev. M. Wilkinson denounced the growing crime of infanticide and the decrease in the number of children. He said the age was growing to look upon having families as a disgrace when it should be the highest honor a woman could attain. Rev. G. L. Morrill maintained that a child had the right to be well born, and that matricide was equally criminal. By that, he explained, was meant that if a mother could not bear strong, healthy, perfect children she had no right to bear them. Rev. Mr. Gjertsen said the mother of a large family was worthy of more praise than Miss Frances Willard, the leader of the W. C. T. U., who went about devoting herself to a grand cause. It was true, but who had all the honor and glory to compensate her for her labor?

"Miss Willard is a personal friend of mine," said Dr. Burrell, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, "and no one admires her more than I. She has devoted her whole life to the cause, and she is a grand, noble, unselfish woman; yet I am convinced that she has done the cause of temperance irretrievable injury by assuming a man's place. That is not her element. A woman should not go into the pulpit, and when she does she weakens her cause. That is the work of a man."

TRYING TO EXCLUDE THE COOLIES.

Each Incoming Steamer Brings Swarms of Them to San Francisco.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 9.—Judge Hoffman, acting as Circuit Judge, has finally set Friday morning for arguments why certificate Chinamen and "prior residents" shall be entitled to the right of writs of habeas corpus. Applications for forty-five writs of habeas corpus for Chinese passengers of the steamer City of New York were made by the Chinese lawyers to-day. As the steamer leaves for Hong Kong to-morrow, and she came into port before President Cleveland approved the Exclusion act, the United States Attorney did not oppose the application.

Collector Hager has not yet decided whether Chinese in transit can come to this port. Merchants and students can come and go as before.

The Duke of Westminster, of the Canadian Pacific line, and the Occidental and Oriental steamer Belgic came into port yesterday, loaded with Chinamen as usual. None of them will be released, however, until next Friday anyway, and as the Surveyor of the Port, Mr. Tinnin, has ordered his deputies and inspectors to keep strict guard about the wharves near the steamers, and allow no Chinese to approach them or communicate in any manner with those on board, the horde of slave-dealers and "cousins" who swarm upon each incoming steamer to distribute instructions among new arrivals as to what names to give and what answers to make to questions, will not be able to make the coolies' landing as easy as usual.

Shut Out at Suspension Bridge.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—A telegram was received at the Treasury Department has been from the Collector of Customs at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., saying:

Chinamen en route from Chicago with through tickets to points in the United States via the Grand Trunk Railway in transit through Canada ask to be permitted to land under Department's decision, No. 5,442, Oct. 24, 1882. Instructions requested by telegraph.

Assistant Secretary Maynard replied as follows:

Telegram received. Department has no authority under Chinese Exclusion act of Oct. 1 last to admit Chinese laborers coming to your port from Canada whether on through railroad tickets from Chicago or not.

Local News Condensed.

Mr. Daniel O'Shea has been elected President of the Kerrymen's Patriotic and Benevolent Association of New York.

At 6 o'clock this morning fire in George T. Morgan's furniture store, at 1520 Broadway, did a damage of $5,500.

At the Fifty-sixth regular meeting of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence and State Medicine Thursday evening, Oct. 11, the subject of discussion will be the State policy regarding Chinese emigration with reference to leprosy. Meeting at 12 West Thirty-first street.

The Municipal Council of the Irish National League meets to-night at 17 West Twenty-eighth street at 8 o'clock. The programme will be announced and final arrangements made for the grand concert at Cooper Institute Oct. 18, in aid of the Parnell Defense Fund.

THAT SOCIAL CONUNDRUM.

MORE INTERESTING LETTERS ON THE NOTABLE QUESTION.

Marriage Is a Failure in Only 25 per Cent. of the Cases, Says One Observant Correspondent—Does Higher Education Spoil Women for Household Duties—A Happy Husband's Tribute.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The long discussion that has taken place in the papers over the question "Is marriage a failure?" has led to the expression of many ideas and different opinions. But every writer seems to look at the question from his or her standpoint. If they have had happy homes after marriage all is well; if not, everything is a failure, and they say so. Mrs. Brown is happily married, but Mrs. Jones made a mistake.

The question cannot be decided from this kind of argument. We must go back fifteen or twenty years, take 100 marriages, and I thing we shall find seventy-five happy homes.

Then marriage is not a failure, because there will only be about 25 per cent. of all the marriages a failure.

I will mention some of the marriages that are failures. A great many people in their haste to get married forget physical and natural laws.

A little bit of a fellow falls in love with a fine, robust, healthy young woman. She marries him because he has money. But, alas, poor fellow, he has little brains and not enough of muscle.

This marriage is a failure from the beginning—there is no pleasure or satisfaction, especially to the young woman. I have known men and women in the last stages of consumption to get married and leave some poor offspring behind them to suffer.

Then people get married who are suffering from diseases. Look around and you will see so many delicate, puny creatures who have been brought into this life afflicted with trouble inherited from their parents.

Some attention should be paid to mental qualifications. A fair education on both sides is necessary. Women, however, need not be as well educated as men.

I claim that higher education spoils women for home and domestic duties—young women who pass through the higher branches of Vassar and the normal colleges make poor wives. They are not adapted to be mistresses or servants either. J. Henry.

387 Fourth avenue.

His Experience a Hard One.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Permit me to say a few words for the benefit of your numerous readers who peruse the letters printed daily in your paper on the failure or success of matrimony.

Experience is a wonderful teacher, but I am sorry to say the lesson it has taught me is very dearly bought. Fifteen winters ago I was a single man, full of fun and frolic, and, like many young men nowadays, ever desirous of sharing the pleasurable moments of my boyhood days in the presence of the opposite sex. By an unfortunate mistake I got en angled in love's silken mesh by a very beautiful little damsel of eighteen summers.

After a short time we got buckled, and after a short time again she buckled my nose betwixt her thumb and forefinger, gave it a Sullivan twist, uttering the following: "The next time I find you down at the door talking and jesting with those girls I'll break every bone in your worthless carcass."

I wandered forth and related what had happened to a friend. Mark his sympathy for a married man: "Ha, ha, ha! What did you want to get married for? It serves you fellows just right. When you take upon yourselves to earn a living for two, or a dozen when the time comes, the ladies would be foolish not to teach a lesson to you."

It is not necessary to tell how comfortably I slept that night, supperless, or how good-humoredly I went to work the next morning without breakfast, or how skilfully I managed to raise ten cents from a fellow-workman to buy some cakes to satiate my excellent appetite.

On one occasion the potato-pounder was introduced; but to give all details regarding that well-remembered quarrel would cover too much space in your instructive and interesting paper.

To give a full account of our pleasant evenings together for the past fifteen years would cover half a dozen papers the size of The Evening World.

I will terminate by asking all young men who have an idea of getting married to pray fervently for the will of Heaven to allow them to remain single; and all married men to pray for a deliverance from women's tongues, the cares and troubles of married life, and from nursing little Peter or Mickey after a hard day's work.

Let the old bachelors laugh; they have nothing else to bother them. Like I was fifteen winters ago, when my name was little Dinney, but ever since I buckled up, you see my name is Dennis.

Selfishness the Curse of Matrimony.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If marriage is rightly considered, it is not a failure. Take, for instance, an honorable young woman and an honorable young man; let them understand one another before getting married; a courtship of about two years would give both a very good knowledge of either's character. The young woman should not marry because the man has wealth, or because he is a good talker or a singer or a good dancer, or because he is good looking; all these things amount to very, very little in married life. The bright gold can never buy that true love which should exist between man and wife.

The whole curse of married life springs from selfishness. A selfish man or a selfish woman always meets misery. Neither had a true love for the other before marriage, and how can they have it after marriage? Besides, they populate the world with ingrates, misers and thieves, for their very characters are transmitted to the offspring. The word selfishness associated with marriage is the curse of marriage and of the world. Let there be no deceit before marriage; let the wife have no secrets, nor the man no bad habits, for these will all "come home to roost," if not to themselves, then to their children, and in either case life will be made miserable.

Get married if you are worthy of marriage. To the Christian, believing in the immortality of the soul, it is a grand privilege to be truly loved by your wife and children, to live in their hearts and of being the instrument of their after happy life. To the unbeliever it is a great privilege to have a child the image of father or mother, who remains after the death of the parent. It is a happiness in fact for all married folks to know that when death calls they will live again in their children; their very looks, their actions, their characters, like the beautiful flower which drops its seed this year to bloom afresh the next.

But let the young man beware of that young woman with "the cool hundred thousand" whom he is looking after, for he will find that she desires to be the sole controller of it. When a man is looking for a wife, or a woman for a husband, let them go down to the sea and throw selfishness overboard, for if it is retained it will bring to the married a life of misery. Pro Aris et Focis.

A Warm Tribute to Matrimony.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When people discuss "Is Marriage a Failure?" from the standpoint of happiness they forget their former criterion for the connubial state.

Complaint of one's lot always has a reflex action, for in most cases one is only portraying his own disposition.

Marriage is a failure when entered into for self-aggrandizement, beauty, social position or wealth.

To-night as I look around upon my children at play or studies and my patient wife, contentment wells up in my heart I never hope to be exceeded in heaven.

We started with moderate means, and though at times we could hardly make ends meet, she never complained. Twice have we stood at open graves, and though deep wrinkles furrow her brow, they only draw us closer. Together we have multiplied our joys and diminished our sorrows.

Life is a reflection. We receive as much as we give, and people declaring marriage a failure only exemplify themselves as such. Husband.

Willing to Make the Trial.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have for some time past been deeply interested in the various opinions expressed on this subject, but never found one which corresponded so enjirely with my ideas until I read "Six-Feet-Two's" version in last Wednesday's Evening World, when I decided to answer.

If he still wishes to make "some affectionate girl, about twenty-two, passionately fond of music, with refinement, sensibility and education in household duties, supremely happy," he can do so by stating the fact in next Wednesday's Evening World. Five-Feet-Four.

MUST THINK FEVER'S everywhere.

A New Orleans Woman Said to Have Been Threatened with Quarantine.

Ex-Congressman Nathaniel Wallace, of Louisiana, has arrived at the New York Hotel. Mr. Wallace is just from New Orleans, and indignantly denies that there has been any yellow fever in that city or at any place 300 miles east or west of it. The sanitary condition of New Orleans, under the new régime started by the Young Men's Democratic Association, is excellent, he says. Streets are clean, and the weekly death rate from various diseases is lower than has been known for several seasons. The quarantine regulations are rigidly enforced. The people of New Orleans have learned to deal with the yellow fever from past experience and know how to keep it out.

Several visitors from New Orleans have experienced great difficulty in this city in obtaining accommodations at the various hotels, one lady, it is said, having been threatened with imprisonment at quarantine. The prevailing idea at some of the hotels seems to be that New Orleans and Jacksonville are but a few miles apart. A number of theatrical companies, Mr. Wallace says, have attempted to cancel their engagements with New Orleans theatres on the plea of a yellow fever scare, but the managers intend to hold them to their contracts.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Conclusive Evidence.

[From Time.]

Myrtle—He's awfully attentive to her, you know.

Lily—How far has it gone?

Myrtle—Very far, I'm afraid. He held her prayer-book upside down at church yesterday, and I'm sure I heard him say "a woman" instead of "amen."

Humor on an Electric Car.

[From Time.]

"Yes," she observed, as the electric car started.

"You don't say so!" as the car got to Fourteenth street.

"I wouldn't have believed it," at Grand street; and, "Well, I never!" as the Post-Office was reached.

"I had a great deal of difficulty in hearin' what you said, George, but you're very entertainin'."

"I ain't said a word," was George's reply.

"What you heard was the buzzin' of the motor, an' I thought it kinder funny to hear you keep ejaculatin' every now an' then."

Mr. Rambo's Promise.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Absalom," said Mrs. Rambo, "think of the example you are setting our children. How much longer do you think I can keep the solemn word I made sixteen years ago to love and honor you?"

"Nancy," said Mr. Rambo, deeply touched, "if you can keep it up for about three weeks longer, till that ten gallons of applejack in the cellar is gone, I'll reform and become a good man."

Broke the Young Man's Heart.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Editor-in-Chief (kindly, to young man just added to the staff)—You will understand, Mr. Jordieson, that on certain hackneyed themes we avoid wearying the patience of the public. You will not be expected, Mr. Jordieson, for instance, to write any witticisms on the banana-peel on the sidewalk, the mule, the stovepipe, the church oyster, the spring poet, boarding-house butter, the Chicago girl's foot, hair in the soup, the mother-in-law——Bring some water, quick, somebody! He has fainted!

An Unfinished Editorial.

[From the Epoch.]

Editor (to assistant)—In one of your editorial paragraphs, Mr. Smith, you say that seven persons were drowned in Boston harbor by the upsetting of a catboat. That is not editorial matter, it is merely a statement of fact. An editorial must express an opinion or sentiment.

Assistant—I hadn't quite finished that, sir; I should have added, "This is truly heart-rending."

A Revised Diagnosis.

[From Time.]

Doctor (to patient)—You need rest, ma'am. I advise you to go to the country for a month.

Patient—An' give up my place, sorr?

Doctor—I beg pardon; do you work?

Patient—I'm a help lady, sorr.

Doctor—Ah, then, I must diagnose the case again. No, it's not rest you need. It's more exercise.

Pretty Tough.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

First Sweet Girl—Oh, it was so romantic. I got beyond my depth at Long Branch, and he saved my life, and after that we became engaged. Isn't it lovely?

Second Sweet Girl—That's just your luck, dear. I worked out beyond my depth six times this season and was saved by six different young men, but every mother's son of them was married.

Short-Sightedness.

[From Puck's Sun.]

She was near-sighted, and when a little dark complected man with a blue flannel suit on came through the car she stopped him by tugging at his arm. "Are you the porter of this car?" said she as he faced her.

"No, ma'am," he replied, with a deep sigh; "I am only the President. The porter will be here in a minute." And then every one pitied the poor man.

Right and Wrong.

[From the Philadelphia North American.]

Alas! how easily things go wrong—
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! and how easily things go wrong—
A drop too much or a glass too strong,
And there follows a mist and a blinding pain,
And it's some time before you're the same again.

All Used Up

Strength all gone. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable. You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the toning, strengthening, building up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla to restore you to health, give you an appetite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

REGULATE the regulator by the use of WARNER'S LOG CABIN SARSAPARILLA. Sold by all druggists. 120 doses $1.

CHICKERING HALL.

FIRST OF THE FREE COURSE OF NEW LECTURES BY DR. GREENE, OF 35 WEST 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

Wonderfully Beautiful Illustrations and By Far the Best Given by the Doctor—A Most Instructive and Entertaining Lecture.

The free illustrated lectures of Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York, are always popular with the people, but the fact that he began last evening in Chickering Hall an entirely and absolutely new course of lectures, the opening one of which contains by far the most beautiful and magnificent illustrations ever seen in this city, called together an immense and appreciative audience.

Dr. Greene is a brilliant speaker as well as a most interesting lecturer, and his free lectures, while they vastly entertain the great audiences always present, do a greater good by educating the people upon those great and important subjects connected with health, its preservation and restoration. Indeed, the Doctor's chief and greatest reputation depends upon his knowledge of disease, and his remarkable and even wonderful skill in curing chronic or lingering affections.

We unhesitatingly say that no other physician of the present day has treated so large a number of patients and effected cures in so great a proportion of cases as Dr. Greene. Reference to his vast library of case books shows that over a hundred thousand cases of chronic diseases have been under his professional care in the last few years. These figures are large, but they are absolutely correct, as has been verified by us, and the immensity of the numbers of the sick treated and cured only proves the almost boundless popularity of Dr. Greene as a physician.

Now let us look to the reasons which have made Dr. Greene so eminent in the field of his great specialty—the treatment and cure of nervous and chronic diseases. It is a fact that during every age some one or more physicians rise to prominence by new discoveries of wonderful curative medicines, or by taking a new departure from the recognized routine of other physicians. It is because Dr. Greene has done both of these that public attention has been called to his great work as a physician.

One of his departures from the standard rules of the medical fraternity is to give consultation and advice to all

Absolutely Free of Charge.

This is a saving of thousands of dollars to the poor, or to those upon whom the often excessive consulting fees of physicians are a heavy burden. When people are suffering with some nervous affection, a chronic disease, or some difficulty of long standing, it is absolutely necessary that they have the advice and treatment of a physician. To many the fees charged by physicians, together with the cost of having prescriptions filled at druggists', are a serious drain; and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the people crowd Dr. Greene's office daily, where they know that the most eminent and skilful advice can be had without charge. They know, furthermore, that the sole cost, if they decide to take his remedies and be cured of their diseases, is only for the necessary medicines.

But while the fact that Dr. Greene gives consultation free to the sick accounts in part for his immense practice, which extends all over the United States, the sick coming or writing to him from every point, there is something else which explains his almost marvellous success in the cure of disease. This is the fact that he uses in his treatment only harmless vegetable remedies, many of the curative powers of which he has himself discovered. His remedies are made from Nature's true medicines, those strength-giving and health-restoring plants and herbs which a Divine Creator so wondrously provides for the relief and cure of our human ills.

The people know and understand that, in adopting the use of Dr. Greene's vegetable medicines, they are not filling their systems with poisonous and injurious drugs. They realize from many trials at the hands of ordinary physicians that poisonous drugs do not and cannot cure, and that patients are often made worse by the injurious after effects of such poisonous prescriptions. How different the people feel in regard to the harmless vegetable remedies of Dr. Greene! They know, from the very nature of these mild but efficacious remedies, that they can do no harm. They know that children and delicate invalids can take them without fear of the slightest injurious effects, and everybody is assured of their wonderful power in curing disease.

Indeed the

Marvellous Powers

of these vegetable medicines in curing nervous and chronic diseases are a source of wonder and amazement to those who, after having suffered from some disease for long months or years, are by their use restored to sound and perfect health. Thousands of sufferers who have tried treatment by poisonous drugs and failed to get relief have by using these remarkable vegetable remedies been easily and readily cured. Thousands who, from repeated failure to be cured by poisonous drugs, had come almost to believe their cases incurable, have by the use of Dr. Gre