WILL THE MAYOR HOIST IT?

SHALL THE PENNANT FLY AT CITY HALL IN THE CHAMPIONS' HONOR?

Another Interesting Flag Question and Some Much More Interesting Answers—Postmaster Pearson Diplomatically Declined to Commit Himself and Others Favor It—Views of the Boys Themselves.

Why not fly the League pennant at the City Hall on the day after its presentation in honor of the present champions of the diamond, the New York Baseball Club?

This was the query.

And here are some of the answers:

Postmaster Pearson (laughing heartily)—I must refuse to commit myself one way or the other.

Comptroller Myers—I am a great admirer of the game, because it is our great American pastime. I am always in favor of encouraging our local baseball team to better efforts. Still I do not think the pennant will ever fly over the City Hall.

[There was a wonderful amount of significance expressed in this last sentence.]

Sheriff Grant—I can see no objection to the scheme. It will harm no one and may please a great many and do some good.

Coroner Nugent—By all means let the pennant fly over the City Hall. It is emblematic of American sport, and if the people want it on the City Hall let it wave there. I am afraid, though, that the Giants would get jealous and want to keep it on the Polo Grounds.

Deputy Coroner Jenkins—I think it would be a good idea. It's about time we got the pennant. Chicago never slighted it, and the more honor we give it the better.

Billy Edwards—It's a good idea. Mr. Hewitt must bear in mind that it is not a National flag.

Prof. John Laflin—It is a good idea to put that pennant on the City Hall. Baseball makes healthy children, and should be encouraged. If Mayor Hewitt wants the flagstaff for himself I'll guarantee to hold up the pennant.

Jerry Dunn—If the Mayor is a baseballist, he should hoist the pennant; but in his college days there was no baseball, and the boys played one old cat. Now, I shouldn't be surprised if he wanted to hoist the cat on the flagstaff.

Pat Duffy, of New Orleans—It will do no harm. Don't you think he'll do it? If he don't, he ought to.

Dr. Gibbs (brother to the ex-Senator)—I bet $100 to $80 with Ed Stokes on the old man's election, and if he hoists that pennant on the City Hall I'll give him half.

H. A. Perry—New York's boys deserve it, and why should the pennant not be floated on the City Hall?

George Crouch—Mr. Hewitt, if he don't hoist the pennant, will be guilty of a childish action. It is a great victory and the game a healthy one.

Charley Welsh—There is no unpropriety in Hewitt's flying the pennant from the City Hall. He ought to do it.

Charley Craig—It is not a question of flags, and he ought to let the pennant fly from the flagstaff.

Dick Darling—It would be a good thing if he would. He should do it, if for no other reason than to promote the game of baseball.

Ed Stokes—It would be a big thing. The New Yorks deserve the honor, too.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY.

Keefe—Either on the City Hall or on the Capitol at Washington. Either place will look bare without it.

Brown—It would be a sure hoodoo on the Polo Grounds after it has been poled for one day on the City Hall. Put it on Mutrie's house.

Supt. Arthur Bell—A splendid idea. Let it fly from the City Hall in the Springtime.

Hatfield—It would be a good thing. I am sure the boys would appreciate it.

Gore—The idea is novel and good, but we can't consent to its being left there more than one day.

Titcomb—A great scheme. Chicago papers quoted Hewitt to the effect that we were desirous of flying the flag there.

Murphy—That's a good idea. I should like to see the silk there myself for a day or two.

Crane—As a student of South Boston politics, I think THE EVENING WORLD scheme will have to go. If the flag isn't green, the Mayor won't object.

Tiernan—Do you think it will be floated there if the Mayor doesn't object? I don't.

Manager Mutrie—It would hardly do for me to express an opinion, but I think the public would like it.

Whitney—I hope the idea will be acted upon favorably by the Mayor. The pennant would look well there in the Springtime.

Foster—I think that's the place for it. If Mayor Hewitt should object to this flag, we will elect Mutrie to the office.

O'Rourke—Inasmuch as baseball is recognized the world over as a strictly American institution it seems to me that its representative flag should be considered synonymous with the Stars and Stripes. Therefore I am in favor of THE EVENING WORLD'S idea.

Slattery—As I am an important and influential member of the Land League I think the city government would do well to support your scheme and capture the vote of myself and followers.

Welch—I am an Irishman and a Land Leaguer, also a firm believer in Slattery and the golden rule. If Mayor Hewitt compliments us we will see him through this Fall.

Ward—I should feel very proud to see the pennant floating there, but I doubt if Mayor Hewitt permits it.

Umpire John Kelly—I think the plan a good one. The boys deserve the compliment. If Sheriff Grant should be elected he would permit the pennant to hang there all the season.

Dan Richardson—I'll see Gov. Hill about it.

News Summary.

Col. Tom Ochiltree is reported to be seriously ill.

Four German frigates are ordered off to Zanzibar.

Newark goes Democratic for the first time in twenty years.

Mrs. Parsons is going to England to help stir up Anarchism.

The French President is off electioneering in the Southern departments.

A British man-of-war captures three shiploads of slaves in the Arabian gulf.

Henry Monett, the well-known railroad man, died at his home in Yonkers last night.

An Indiana man has been six months in captivity among the cannibals in the Philippine Islands.

The cruelty of her husband drives Mrs. Moore, of Batavia, N. Y., to commit suicide.

Maine farmers want to lynch a man living near Bangor because he beats his young wife.

A beauty show at Wiesbaden ends in a free fight among the fair competitors, the result of jealousy.

AFTER THE FEVER IS PAST.

Jacksonville's People Considering What Effective Course to Pursue.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 10.—The people look upon the fever epidemic as having now spent its force and are engaged, not in attempts to avoid its attacks, but in the consideration of the best means to disenfect and cleanse the city, when the last yellow flag shall have been hauled down.

Surgeon-General Hamilton has provided for the establishment of a general disinfecting-house for the city, where all the infected mattresses and pillows will be burned at the expense of the General Government, and other infected clothing will undergo a system of boiling and baking which it is expected will effectually destroy any microbes lurking therein.

These preparations seem almost out of place when one examines Dr. Neal Mitchell's daily report and sees that ninety-three new ones out of the decimated population of the city have been stricken down by the disease and four have died, as was the case yesterday.

To-day new cases are still being reported, with one fatal result up to the time of writing.

JACKSON, Miss., Oct. 10.—No new cases of fever have been reported to the health authorities, and it has been decided to lift quarantine Friday morning. The refugee camp has already been deserted.

DECATUR, Ala., Oct. 10.—But four new cases of yellow fever have developed recently here. All under treatment are doing well and are expected to recover.

AGGRESSIVE LABOR MEN.

They Repudiate Old-Party Men and Stir Up Non-Union Employers.

Delegate Randolph J. Walker, of the Barbers' National Union, was called to the chair last night at the meeting of the Miscellaneous Section, and Delegate M. A. Hastings, of the Social Association of Textile Workers, was Vice-Chairman.

Coopers' Union No. 1 reported that Bechtel and Schmitt & Schwanenfluegel, brewers, employ two non-union men. The Carpet-Workers' Union reported work brisk, and that the Congressional Committee on the Conspiracy Laws would meet at 335 West Thirty-ninth street this evening.

Council No. 1, of the Furniture and Carpet Employees' Association, reported that Mannes & Sons, of Eighth avenue, have broken their agreement, and propose to keep open after regular hours. The Central Labor Union will be asked to take the firm's case in charge.

A resolution was adopted repudiating "professional workingmen" who are taking a prominent part in the Democratic and the Republican parties. An amendment to include the United Labor party and the Socialistic Labor party was lost by a vote of 15 to 4.

His Promise.

[*From the Cartoon.*]

"You think you love me now, George," she said, "but will you love me when I'm old?"

"Yes, dearest," he replied, "moled or unmoled."

"George," she said, pouting, "I said when—I'm—old."

"Oh," said George, "when you mould? Ah! when do you anticipate beginning to get mouldy?"

What His Father Said.

[*From the Cartoon.*]

School Teacher—Johnnie, how many minutes are there in a quarter of an hour?

Johnnie—Don't know, mum.

School Teacher—Well—er—how long does it take you to go home from school?

Johnnie—Pa says a devil of a long time.

No Time for It.

[*From the Washington Critic.*]

Boston Girl—Have you seen Donnelly's cipher? It is a wonderfully interesting study.

Chicago Girl—Panaw! No! I don't have any time for mathematics. I'd rather dance.

The Retort Courteous.

[*From the Washington Critic.*]

Irascible Wife (to husband)—You are no match for me, sir.

Husband (weakly)—If I am not, my dear, why do you always want to scratch me?

OUR LITTLE SON,

Four years old, afflicted with a painful skin disease. Six doctors tried to cure him; all failed. Got worse and worse. Completely cured by one set of Cuticura Remedies costing $1.75.

Our little son will be four years of age on the 25th inst. In May, 1885, he was attacked with a very painful breaking out of the skin. We called in a physician, who treated him for about four weeks. The child received little or no good from the treatment, as the breaking out, supposed by the physician to be hives in an aggravated form, became larger in blotches and more and more distressing. We were frequently obliged to get up in the night and rub him with soda in water, strong liniments, &c. Finally we called in other physicians, until no less than six had attempted to cure him, all alike failing, and the child steadily getting worse and worse, until about the 20th of last July, when we began to give him CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and by the last of August he was so nearly well that we gave him only one dose of the RESOLVENT about every second day for about ten days longer, and he has never been troubled since with the horrible malady. In all we used less than one-half of a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, a little less than one box of CUTICURA and only one cake of CUTICURA SOAP.

H. E. RYAN,
Cayuga, Livingston Co., Ill.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of January, 1887.

C. N. COE, J. P.

SCROFULOUS HUMORS.

Last Spring I was very sick, being covered with some kind of scrofula. The doctors could not help me. I was advised to try the CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I did so, and in a day I grew better and better until I am as well as ever. I thank you for it very much and would like to have it sold to the public.

EDW. HOFMANN, North Attleboro, Mass.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

PAINS AND WEAKNESS

Of females instantly relieved by that new, elegant and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-subduing plaster. 25 cents.

"THE EVENING WORLD" CAT.

THAT INTELLIGENT FELINE IS GETTING RAPIDLY DOMICILED.

His Natural First Diffidence Has Worn Away as Once Strange Quarters Have Become Familiar — The Black Rascal Discovers an Easy Remedy for Insomnia —He's a Baseball Crank, Too.

THE EVENING WORLD cat, introduced to this office on Monday has been admitted to full fellowship in the City Room, and is one new feature added to this paper of many features.

All readers know that the cat came to THE EVENING WORLD by virtue of the ballots of the people of this island, cast at the great fair of the Anti-Poverty Society. It came to THE EVENING WORLD as an emblem of the esteem in which the people hold this paper. They have said by their ballots that THE EVENING WORLD is the best and most popular evening paper, and the cat is and shall be cherished by and shall lie in the bosom of THE EVENING WORLD.

At this moment THE EVENING WORLD cat sits on the arm of the writer and purrs in perfect satisfacti on at his surroundings, and winks gravely, judicially and approvingly at the expressions jotted down by the reportorial pencil.

AT THE CITY DESK.

When puss made his entrée into the office he was quite diffident and appeared to be in doubt as to whether he liked it or not. But he soon struck up an acquaintance with Jimmie, the messenger nearest his own size, and has gradually worked himself along through the gamut of reporters, telegraphers, office boys, copy and proof readers, telegraph editors and others, ingratiating himself with each, until now he is recognized on every hand—even by the editors—as an assistant. And he has made up his mind that it would have been the mistake of his life not to be born soon enough to celebrate this the first birthday of THE EVENING WORLD along with the rest of the attachés of the office and the readers of the paper.

He is still only a youth, but his versatility is wonderful.

As has been intimated, he now lies on the arm of the writer, giving inspiration to him. But now he lent what aid he could to one of the seven telegraphers by playfully tapping the "sender" key with his paw.

Immediately the receiver began to grind off a piece of first-rate news, and, of course, puss was the cause.

And now the judgment of the city editor that a piece of copy submitted is not worthy a place in THE EVENING WORLD is strengthened by puss, who stamps his disapproval on the copy with his good right paw, which he has in seeming inadvertence put into an open ink well.

CARRYING COPY.

He is a wise cat!

He was troubled with insomnia when he first became a member of the staff, but now he finds sleep easy when he essays to peruse one of the weary contemporaries of THE EVENING WORLD, and he goes to sleep quite readily on a copy of the luminary which blinks and flickers for a precious few for one cent.

An EVENING WORLD artist has caught several characteristic portraits of the cat, but the art of the camera has not yet been so far perfected that the beauty, grace and character of THE EVENING WORLD cat can be reproduced or even hinted at.

Puss is black as blackest night. There is no half way business about him. His eyes are liquid blue, and when he is pleased he smiles like a seraph. This happens when the tender-hearted copy-reader with the Pompadour hair gives him his juicy beefsteak from THE EVENING WORLD restaurant, to be followed by milk.

Puss has his meals brought in from the restaurant, along with those of the rest of the staff, and he eats with grace and satisfaction. He doesn't say much about it, but he swells out prodigiously, and when the banquet is finished curls up for a siesta in one of the managing editor's goloshes.

So thoughtful are his friends of THE EVENING WORLD that the managing editor would wade to the station in his unprotected patent leathers rather than disturb him in his after-dinner slumber.

AMONG THE TELEGRAPHERS.

From his favorite rendezvous, a pigeonhole in the city editor's desk, that cat overlooks the assignment of work to the reporters, singing softly and contentedly as he contemplates the harmony along the office attachés. He doesn't say much, but he is aware that the strength of THE EVENING WORLD lies in its union with its workers and with the people for whom they and it work—the people of New York, and especially those people who earn their bread.

THE EVENING WORLD cat is a gift from the working people to the working people's newspaper, and he is prized for that as well as for his own good looks, amiability of temperament and ability as an office cat.

It is a new business to him, but he is fast dropping into the ways of the office, and the only wonder in the minds of his fellow-workers on the paper is that THE EVENING WORLD ever got along so long without him.

GOING IT ALONE.

As a copy boy he is immense. One of his portraits given above shows him in the act of taking to the printer the copy relating the story of the last game of the New Yorks.

When the result of that game was in doubt the cat fidgeted about with anxiety depicted on every lineament of his bright young face, and he listened to every click of the telegraphic instrument, which was connected by a direct wire with the Polo Grounds.

Best of all, the cat has the utmost confidence in the official heads of this office, for he knows that it never cuts up any didoes which it will put off on to his shoulders when indignant protests are made by the people.

He feels deeply in this matter and has a deep sympathy for a certain other newspaper's office cat, who is made the scapegoat for all the evil acts of the office, from the editor-in-chief down to the messenger boys. Yesterday THE EVENING WORLD cat accidentally ran across a copy of that paper, and he showed his indignation at it by picking it up between his paws and dropping it into a cuspadore.

Then, full of satisfaction at his emphatic expression of disapproval, he rubbed his plump sides against the trousers of his own editor, and sang happily a selection from the latest cat opera.

Notes of the Campaign.

The Lorenz Schmitt Democratic Campaign Club was organized at 13 Centre street Monday evening, with the following officers: Ed J. McCarthy, President; Charles E. Schneider, Vice-President; Jacob Hay, Financial Secretary; Lorenz Schmitt, Treasurer; Wm. P. Coulter, Recording Secretary; Robert S. Smyth, Sergeant-at-Arms. It was unanimously resolved to support Cleveland, Thurman and Hill.

A meeting of the Young Men's Campaign Club was held last evening at Michael's Hall, 342 West Forty-second street, at which the renomination of Mayor Hewitt was unanimously indorsed. Addresses were delivered by Henry O'Donnell, John Goodman and others. The officers of the club are James Fay, President; Charles A. McIntyre, Vice-President; James T. Donohue, Secretary, and John Murphy, Treasurer.

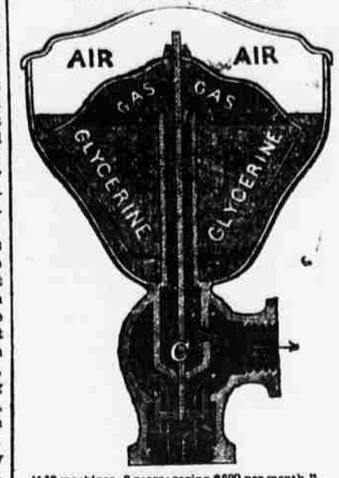
STILL IN THE FIELD.

ENORMOUS GAS BILLS.

You Can Secure 15 to 40 Per Cent. Reduction by Attachment of

The "National" Automatic GAS-SAVING GOVERNOR

TO YOUR METER.



Heavy gas bills are the inevitable result of excessive pressure carried by the gas company. The Governor equalizes the pressure at the meter to five-tenths—whether street pressure is ten-tenths or thirty-tenths—or whether

One or One Hundred Burners are Lighted.

The automatic action of valve also cuts off street pressure when lights are extinguished, thus preventing all wastage and bad odors from leaking pipes, insuring

Greater Brilliancy, Steadier Flame, Security against Fire.

No blowing or smoking burners. No broken globes. Insurance risks greatly reduced.

Marvellous Sanitary Effects.

No poisonous vapors from unconsumed gases. No vitiated atmosphere. No smoked-up walls, painting or drapery.

Practical Economy.

You pay their cost to gas companies every three months—four times a year.

"12 machines, 2 years; saving $600 per month." —Metropolitan Opera-House, New York.
"Saving 21 per cent.; 300-light." —N. Y. Produce Exchange.
"Very satisfactory; 4 machines." —American Express Co., N. Y.
"Ditto; 5 machines." —U. S. Express Co., N. Y.
"Ditto; 7 machines." —Adams Express Co.
"Three 500-light machines; entirely satisfactory." —Union League Club, N. Y.
"Three 150-light machines; saving 40 per cent." —Erie RR. Co., N. Y.
"Saving 33 per cent.; 200-light." —Northern Pacific RR. Co., St. Paul, Minn.
"6 machines; saving 33 per cent." —Pottier & Stymus Mfg. Co.
"Saving 43 per cent." —Robbins & Appleton, N. Y.
"7 machines; saving 25 per cent." —John Daniel & Sons, N. Y.
"6 machines; saving 25 per cent." —H. H. Macy & Co., N. Y.
"Decided saving; ample light." —Young Men's Christian Association, N. Y.
"2 machines; saving 25 per cent." —Hatch Lithograph Co., 49 Lafayette place.
"200-light Governor; saving 40 per cent." —N. Y. Cotton Exchange.
"6 machines; saving 32 per cent." —Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn.

REFERENCES:

Office HARRY MINER'S THEATRES, NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1887.

People's Theatre, New York. Brooklyn Theatre, Brooklyn. Newark Theatre, Newark. Bowery Theatre, New York. 8th Ave. Theatre, New York.

GENTS: It affords me unlimited pleasure to be able to testify in behalf of your "National Automatic" Gas-Saving Governors. I am using them in my five theatres and at my private residence, and I consider that if each one cost One Thousand Dollars they would be a good investment. At any and all times you can use me as reference without reserve. Yours truly, H. C. MINER.

OVER 10,000 IN SERVICE.

Exclusive Agencies Can Be Secured by Prompt Application to

THE UNION NATIONAL GAS-SAVING CO.,

744 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, &c.,

will be offered at greatly reduced prices during the coming week,

FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS OF CREDIT.

Open Saturday Evenings.

COWPERTHWAIT CO.,

408 to 416 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

Married at the Vienna.

Carrie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Haas, was married last evening to Mr. Leopold S. Weiner. The ceremony occurred at the Vienna, Lexington avenue and Fifty-eighth street.

The Tale of Hotel Registers.

Judge William L. Learned, of Albany, is at the Victoria.

At the Murray Hill are Gov. P. C. Lounsbury, of Conn., and Collis P. Huntington.

One of the latest arrivals at the Gilsey House is Congressman Carlos French, of Connecticut.

The Brevoort House has two prominent Baltimore citizens, William T. Walters and Charles r. Mayer.

At the Hoffman House are Congressman William H. Crain, of Texas, and John L. Mitchell, of Milwaukee.

Baron de Sant' Anna, of Belgium, and Count Arco, German Minister to Washington, are at the Albemarle.

Ex-Gov. Sidney Perham, of Maine, and President E. H. Capen, of Tufts College, are at the Park Avenue Hotel.

James R. Osgood, of Boston, and ex-Congressman James W. Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., are at the Hotel Brunswick.

At the Windsor are Robert C. Clowry, of Chicago; Dr. J. S. Billings, U. S. A., and Congressman J. J. Belden, of Syracuse.

Prominent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue Hotel are Senator W. E. Chandler, of New Hampshire; Senator-elect John S. Barbour, of Virginia; John R. McLean, of Cincinnati, and Senator Francis Hendricks, of Syracuse.

Coming Events.

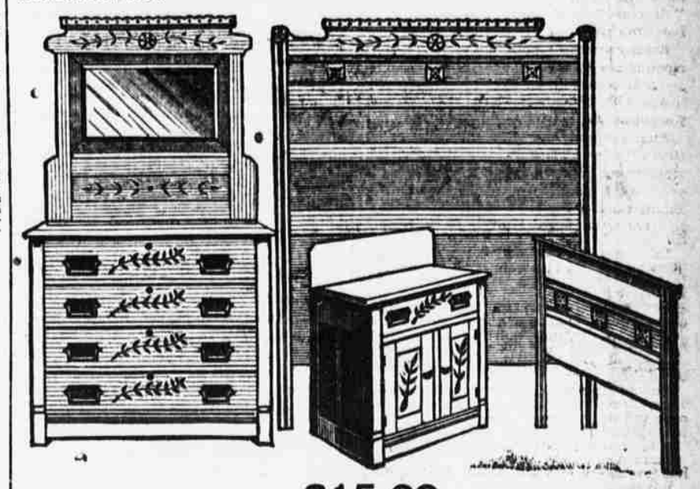
Miss Marcella Casey will receive a few friends at her residence, 31 Carmine street, on Friday evening, Oct. 19.

The Ladies' Fair, at St. Nicholas Church, Second street, will open Sunday evening, Oct. 14.

GREAT BARGAIN SALE OF CHAMBER SUITS.

$30, REDUCED FROM $43,

for this suit in Ash, Old English Antique Oak or Mahogany, finely finished, large Swing Bevel Plate Looking-Glass, Bedstead and Dresser, 76 inches high, handsomely ornamented, warranted first class.



$15.00

for this elegant Chamber Suit, finished first-class, in Ash or Mahogany, hand-carved, handsome bar handles, large swinging looking-glass. Cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $25.

Buy of the Manufacturers and Save Money.

BROOKLYN FURNITURE CO.,

The Largest, Cheapest and Most Reliable Furniture and Carpet Warehouse in the World,

559 to 571 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fredk Loeser & Co.

IMPORTING RETAILERS,

Fulton St., opposite DeKalb Ave.

The system of selling every article at a small profit, but of a thoroughly reliable quality, is a ruling principle of this firm.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Seasonable Opportunities.

Chinchilla Beaver Reefers, cassimere lined, 6 to 17 years, $5.50, $6.50, $8.75 and $10.00.

Oxford Mixed Overcoats, with capes, 3 to 9 years, $3.75.

Extra fine dark brown Kersey Chesterfield Overcoats, with capes, 7 to 13 years, $16.50.

MEN'S SOCKS.

Extra Values.

Men's Merino Socks, mixed colors, 25 cts. per pair.

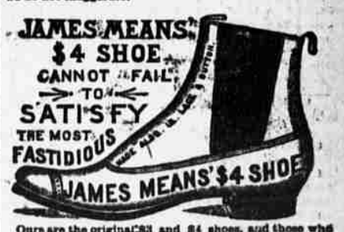
Men's fine Merino Socks for Autumn wear, 29 cts. per pair.

Men's extra super weight Merino Socks, 35 cts., 45 cts. and 50 cts. per pair.

Men's pure Natural Wool Socks, 45 cts., 50 cts. and 60 cts. per pair.

Fredk Loeser & Co.

Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means $4 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at $5 or $10. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate.



Ours are the original $3 and $4 shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products.

In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

Shoes from our celebrated factory are Sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest 1 cent in a postal card and write to us.

JAMES MEANS & CO.,
41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Full lines of the above shoes for sale in N. Y. CITY at 81 Nassau st.; 226 Bowery, near Prince st.; 727 Broadway, cor. 8th ave. and 14th st., 52 Bowery, 545 8th ave., 350, 698, 1410, 2172 and 2691 3d ave., 150 Canal st., 341 Greenwich st., 87 Ave. A, 372 Grand st. In BROOKLYN at 139, 457 Myrtle ave., 211 Grand st., 833 Fulton st., 542 5th ave. In JERSEY CITY at 36, 127 Newark ave. In NEWARK at 839 Broad st.

JAMES MEANS'S $3 and $4 SHOES—PRINCIPAL agent, Bogan, 226 Bowery, near Prince st.

FALL OVERCOATS.

THIS IS THE WAY WE CUT PRICES:

CARR'S MELTON, silk faced..... $8.50 Reduced from $15.00
BANNOCKBURN TWEED AND MELTON. 10.00 Reduced from $20.00
ALLISON'S TRICOT, two colors..... 12.00 Reduced from $25.00
CARR'S MELTON, best quality..... 13.50 Reduced from $26.00
ALLISON'S WIDEWALE, black and brown.. 13.50 Reduced from $26.00
BANNOCKBURN TWEED, silk lined..... 12.50 Reduced from $30.00
ALLISON'S TRICOT, finest quality..... 16.50 Reduced from $35.00

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN UNDERWEAR AND UMBRELLAS.

Catalogue mailed free.

HARRIS BROS

176 BROADWAY.

NEAR MAIDEN LANE.

NOTICE.—WE HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE.

ONLY A TRAMP'S STORY.

[*Written for The Evening World's Anniversary Number.*]

BY W. J. L.

"'Scuse me, pardner, I didn't mean no 'arm."

Plaintively, half whiningly, the sentence was uttered by a vagrant in Central Park the other afternoon. He had been stretched out, fast asleep, on a bench in the sun, near the lake until an EVENING WORLD reporter and a Park policeman passed by. Then the gray-coated guardian of the peace had rudely aroused him by "fanning" him soundly on the soles of his well-worn shoes.

"Get out. You can't sleep here," commanded the officer. As the fellow scrambled up on his feet prepared to obey he remarked, "Well, I did sleep here to-day. I did-mor'n sleep. I dreamt. I never dreams in the places whar I ginerally sleeps. Leastwise not sich a dream as this wun wuz."

"What was it?" asked the reporter, who had become interested in a certain air of pathetic despair that seemed to envelop the tramp. Turning his bleary eyes on the reporter, he replied:

"A dream, witch I'll bet is still actual realitie fer you, young feller. I wuz home again. The old man and the old woman wuz both thar. They uster be daddy and mamma in them days, but that's nigh onto forty year ago, and I wuz a kid on'y twelve years old or thereabouts then.

"But I seed 'em agin. I was back home with Jack and Tim, they wuz brothers o' mine, and I had two sisters, Kate and Mary. We played together agin just like we used to, and how innocently we amused ourselves. We lived in the country, and poor mother would pray that we'd never leave it. At night when us kids 'ud kneel down beside her she would say: 'Ask God to keep you away from the temptation of ever going to the big, wicked cities.'

"I just went through it all again, and remember it as plain as day, although I don't believe I ever thought of my old home for ten years or more before."

"Well, how did you come to leave your home?" asked the reporter.

"Well, now, that's outside 'er the dream, but as I am slinging my gab, and softer than usual, I don't mind telling you. I fell in love with an actress who visited them parts one time, and she was taken sick there and kum to our house to be nussed. And she wuz nussed well, too, —— her. Pore old mother sat up with her night and day, and my sisters tended her like sisters. I wuz nineteen then, pooty well edicated, and not the worst lookin' feller in them parts. She was younger, but older in experience.

"Naterally, she being so different from anything about our ways, I fell in love with her. She purtended to love me. She wuz ther about two months, and when she left she had promised to be my wife. That wuz a secret, though.

"'Don't you tell your folks, Frank. They would never forgive me for taking you away,' she pleaded; 'promise me not to tell 'em,' and I, fool like, promised. It was agreed that I should get to Chicago a few weeks after she started for there, and that we wuz to be married then.

"I tried and tried to get dad to consent to my going, but it was no use, so finally I ran away. I never told him why I wanted to go though. Before going I robbed him of a large sum of money. I took it from a safe in the house. When I reached Chicago I went to the address she gave me, but she was not known there. Still I suspected nuthin' wrong, but I haunted the theatres a-looking for her.

"One night I met her. It was in a variety theatre. She seed me and turned pale on the stage. I waited for her at the side door. When she came out there was a flashy dressed feller with her, and she tried to brush by me. I caught her by the arm and pulled her one side.

"'——you,' I cried, hoarse with passion, 'do you mean to flirt me after my deserting my home and robbing my father for you?'

"'You robbed your father for me?' she asked.

"'Yes,' I said, and then her manner changed. She pretended that she did not know me at first sight, and still a fool, in love with her pretty face, I believed her. She introduced the other fellow to me as her brother, and me to him as 'my future husband, dear brother.'

"I went home with them. We arranged to be married in four weeks.

"I bought her presents. The day before we married she prevailed on me to give her the few thousand dollars I had to put in bank with some money she had. When I went to meet her next day to go to the altar with her she had fled. She left me a note. I kept it until it wore away, but I remember every line of it. It was about the only letter I ever got. It read like this. I know it by heart:

MY DEAR FRANK: You are really so gullible that I feel sorry for you. Go home and have them kill the fatted calf for you. My husband and I will take care of your money. You could never do so yourself. You thought he was my brother! Ha! Ha! Too funny. Good by. STELLA.

"I went crazy. It was weeks before I woke up, in a hospital, to reason again. Then I swore vengeance. I set out to track that pair down. I had never bothered about investigating before. It would have been better for me if I had.

"Lots of people knew them for a pair of black-mailers. He was no relation of hers at all. Well, I followed them.

"It was two years after when I met him. It was in a mining town in Colorado. I lounged into the place one night in search of work. In the evening I went into the gambling house. 'The brother' was dealing faro.

"My pistol was out and aimed at him in a second.

"'Draw!' I yelled.

"He recognized me and went down fer his gun.

"We fired at the same time. My shot struck his heart. His bullet went over my head.

"They wanted to lynch me until I told 'em my story. Then they flung his body out in the yard till morning and a new dealer took his place. I was the dealer.

"Being broke, I was glad to take anything, and the boys felt sorry for me and gave me his place.

"I thought she was in the neighborhood, but she wasn't, so I only stayed there long enough to get staked, and I started out in search of her again.

"It was three years later that I found her. She was in Sydney, Australia, and engaged to be married to a rich man there. The marriage was only a month off.

"I kept shady, though, and never interfered until the day they went up to the altar. Then before all the fashionables there I faced 'em and gave her dead away. They wanted to rush me out of the place, but she knew I was right and could prove it, so she ended the matter by committing suicide.

"Out of a tiny vial she swallowed prussic acid and fell dead at her lover's feet. I believe she loved him and could not face the disgrace. Then I returned home, but there was no home left.

"When I robbed my father it seems I beggared him. He was not much on banks. That I did not know, and when I took the money out of his safe I robbed him of about all he had. He could not meet a certain bill and ruin overtook him. He lost his farm. Mother died of a broken heart.

"The 'daddy' and the boys and girls struggled on as best they could for a while and then moved away. Where, no one knew. I hunted them for five years without success. Then I took to drink and finally went on the road. I have been tramping now nigh on to twenty years steady and expect to tramp till I die.

"That's my story, gentlemen. A strange one you will say, but a true one, I swear it. No use of my lying. Good day, gentlemen," and the tramp moved off.

"Here's your tomato-can," said the policeman.

"And here's a dime," said the reporter.

"Thanks, gentlemen, I needs 'em both," and the rough, ungainly figure slouched out of sight.

"That's a dandy lie, but very interesting," remarked the policeman when he and the reporter were left alone.

"Maybe it is true. Anyhow, I'll write it for THE EVENING WORLD and let its readers be the judge," replied the reporter.