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Here's a "High-Water Mark."

The Actual Bona-Fide Number of "Worlds" Printed and Sold Wednesday Nov. 7, 1888, Was

580,205.

J. B. McGUFFIN,
Supt. of Mail and Delivery Dept.
W. H. NEWMAN,
Foreman Press-Room.

Personally appeared before me this 8th day of November, 1888, J. B. McGUFFIN, Superintendent Mail and Delivery Department, and W. H. NEWMAN, Foreman Press-Room of THE WORLD, who, being sworn, do depose and say that the foregoing statement is true and correct.

JOHN D. AUSTIN,
Commissioner of Deeds.

A Record Never Before Achieved by an American Newspaper.

ORDER, COLONEL, ORDER.

Col. OATES, of Alabama, has a plan of his own for breaking the Solid South. He believes that the Republicans intend to do something to reorganize the Southern States politically, and he makes the suggestion that the colored voters be disfranchised.

This would be a novel method of gaining Republican strength in that section. Instead of breaking the solidity it would render it more complete than ever. In one respect, it is true, it would be advantageous to the Republicans, because, by decreasing the Southern representation it would secure to them the House of Representatives for many years to come. It would also, by decreasing the Electoral vote of the South, give the same party a sure thing for the next Presidency.

But does Col. OATES, of Alabama, know that there are such things as honor and justice in the world? Does he suppose that the Republican party is dead to that knowledge? Can he imagine any party capable of deliberately disfranchising a race. Why does the gallant Colonel stop half way? Why not propose to restore the blessed institution of negro slavery and consign the freedmen to their old owners?

UNSURPASSED CHEEK.

Commend us to Banker CHARLES W. WALDRON, of Hillsdale, Mich., for consummate impudence. Mr. WALDRON ran away with a married woman last August, taking with him funds of the bank and leaving behind him his own wife and his companion's husband. There was a run on the bank, and WALDRON's partner had to stand in the breach. The gallant banker went to Europe, supplied with plenty of money, and he is now at Toledo, O., on his way back to Michigan.

When interviewed yesterday Mr. WALDRON took matters very coolly. Was he afraid of arrest? Oh, no, not at all. He had "fixed up" his financial difficulties. Did he fear the husband of the companion of his flight? Certainly not. He had arranged his private irregularities. What about his deserted wife? Oh, that would be all right. He had never offered her less than $30,000 to agree to a separation.

WALDRON is a daisy. His "cheek" is unequalled. If he will come to New York we can confidently promise him an appointment as School Commissioner at the hands of Mayor HEWITT.

A PLEASANT INTERLUDE.

A pleasant and interesting scene was witnessed on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad yesterday by the passengers on a noon train. A tired-out newsboy was asleep in one of the seats. His feet were bare and blue with cold. His cap had fallen off and his head rested against the hard seat. Two young ladies entered the car and sat opposite the sleeping lad, whose face was comely despite its lack of soap and water. One of the young women gently raised the boy's head without waking him, and placed her soft muff between his begrimed cheek and the hard wood.

This was the impulsive act of a kind heart, and an old gentleman seated near smiled approvingly, and taking a quarter from his pocket without a word handed it to the young woman and pointed to the boy. Another passenger as silently offered a dime. The acts were contagious. In a few minutes everybody on the car had contributed something towards the voluntary fund, and the young woman, her beauty heightened by a bright blush which covered her cheeks and reached to the forehead and chin, deposited the amount in the weary and still sleeping boy's pocket. The girls left the train before the lad awoke. Probably he dreamed of a good fairy, and doubtless he believed in Santa Claus more firmly than ever when he put his hand into his well supplied pocket.

Lynch law has taken a change of character at Wytheville, Va. This time justice seems to have been the victim. A condemned murderer was yesterday morning taken from the jail by an armed mob and set free. He was to have been hanged to-day and the gallows for his execution was already erected. His friends believe him innocent, and as the evidence against him was purely circumstantial, it is possible they may be right.

The New Jersey farmers in the neighborhood of the Great Bear Swamp, a few miles west of New Brunswick, are looking for a monster. Not that they have any particular longing for a *lusus naturæ* or are curious in natural history. But their hen roosts are invaded and their pigs carried off, and the story is that the depredator is a black creature—four-footed, of course—twice the size of a sheep and with crumpled horns. So Thanksgiving Day was passed by the well-armed farmers in the neighborhood of the swamp, but the monster hunt was fruitless.

Mr. JOHN NASH and his wife EMMA were before the Police Court yesterday, charged with quarrelling and fighting in a station of the Elevated road. When questioned by the Justice neither husband nor wife knew what the quarrel was about. It was probably to keep their hands in. As they had no money to pay fines of $5 each, they spent Thanksgiving afternoon and evening in the Tombs. They got the Thanksgiving dinner there, anyway.

It was remarked that the prisoners under sentence of death were the heartiest eaters at the Tombs Thanksgiving dinner yesterday. They seemed to go into turkey with all the more energy, one of the keepers said, because they don't know where they may go to soon.

The Republican leaders, having sucked their orange, are prepared to throw it away. They declare their intention to bid farewell to JOHNNY O'BRIEN. But JOHNNY says it will fare ill with them if they get his dander up.

Now that the defeated candidates in the recent election are beginning to get reconciled to defeat, the college football players are the greatest kickers of the day.

Cold turkey is the standard dish to-day.

TO GEN. SHERMAN.

As Nation long has shared your Fame,
"Flag Partner" in your Laurel Wreath
Thanksgiving Day it shares your grief.
In sympathy with spotless name
You saved for us The Continent;
That "Georgia March" the Union won,
But others won Fame you began.
You should have been Our President
For Mighty Deeds which you have done!
With Home and Name you were content!
How sad to-day your Lonely Home.
Lonely, yet millions think of you
(From San Francisco on to Rome),
For you to Truth and Home were true.
"Old Friend," you do not mourn alone!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.
Continental Hotel.

WORLDLINGS.

John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Trust, has a fortune of $10,000,000. Twenty-two years ago he was a poor laborer in the oil fields.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Hereford, a Texas poetess who has recently issued a volume of poems entitled "Rebel Rhymes," is said to be a lineal descendant of Sir Walter Scott. Some of Mrs. Hereford's verse has been considered very beautiful.

Mrs. Russell Harrison, wife of the only son of the President-elect, is described as a beautiful woman of the blonde type. She dresses in excellent taste, and is noted for her good breeding and her quiet repose of manner.

A Western newspaper says that Joseph Jefferson's fortune will reach the large amount of $5,000,000. Edwin Booth and Mrs. Langtry are each rated as worth a million, while Lawrence Barrett has $700,000, Clara Louise Kellogg $800,000 and M a. Crabtree (Lotta's mother) $800,000.

A Reward of Merit.
[From Puck.]

Bank Teller—Will you take it as presumption, madam, if I offer you these few roses?

Miss Caramella Goldust—I don't know, you sir!

Bank Teller—I am aware of that; but you are the only woman in the history of this bank who ever indorsed a check on the right end!

How a Mine Was Discovered.
[From the Arizona Miner.]

The discovery of the Amulet Mine, on Lynx Creek, now owned by J. M. W. Moore, reads more like fiction than reality. As it has never been in print we will give it: In July, 1886, F. E. Doggett, with pick and shovel on his shoulders, was climbing the Lynx Creek Mountains on his way to examine a quartz mine. Becoming weary in the ascent he stopped beneath the friendly boughs of a juniper tree to rest. After recuperating for some time he took up his pick, and in throwing it on his shoulder it slipped from his hands, and, in falling behind him, its sharp point struck him in the leg, causing great pain. Picking it up with a vehement imprecation from the pain it caused him, he stuck it in the ground, saying it could remain there, and started to walk away. He had gone but a short distance when he relented, and, returning, pulled it from the ground, bringing with it some bright and shining metal. In his anger he had unknowingly struck it into a blind ledge, which he located as the Amulet Mine, and from which there has been over $50,000 worth of high-grade ore shipped. From a careful examination recently made of the second-class ore, which has been allowed to remain on the dumps, it is estimated that it contains fully 2,000 tons. Samples were procured from this promiscuously, and sampled and assayed at the sampling works, giving a value of $35 per ton, or total value of the ore on the dumps of $70,000. Mr. Moore contemplates the erection of a concentrating plant to work this ore, while he still continues to work the mine and ship through the sampling works his first-class ore.

My Three Children.

MR. RIKER,

DEAR SIR: Your "Riker's Expectorant" cured my three children of bad colds, from which they had been suffering some weeks. It relieved them in a few hours, and, before the contents of the bottle were given, they were all quite well. It has since cured both my wife and myself. Yours truly, JAMES MCCANN,
110 East 60th st. ".*"

A DREARY NIGHT

Spent by an Inquiring Woman at the Six Days' Race.

Her Impressions of the Affair and Its Vulgarities.

Ante-Daylight Exhibitions in the Boxes and Seats.

Mingled Odors and Unmixed Discomforts Abounded.

Madison Square Garden under walking-match conditions is, happily, an undiscovered country to most women.

They know the place as the scene of garden concerts, the theatre for large charity bazaars, they have heard its echoes awakened by the various notes of canine woe and warning and protest during bench shows, they have taken the children there to the circus, and only a little while ago the flower of New York society womanhood—all its daintiest dames and its fairest maidens—thronged the place during the period of the horse show.

No more striking contrasts could be imagined than were presented by the same place during that fashionable equine exhibition and those afforded last night at the international walking-match—the six days' go-as-you-please which opened last Sunday.

A fine drizzling rain blurred the shining of the lights in Madison Square, soppy footfalls echoed along the quiet street, and only when we were close to the Garden could we perceive any sign of the surging life within its walls.

At the entrance, two women alone, clad in conspicuous raiment, were standing at the curbstone dickering in loud tones with the driver of a hansom.

A spitting match had evidently taken place in the lobby, where the floor plainly indicated that there had been many contestants.

The first whiff which greeted our nostrils and lungs, as the swinging portals opened before us, was distinctly not "laden with airs from heaven." Fumes of stale beer, a savor of wet umbrellas and a nauseating odor of bad tobacco in combination, escaped past us into the chilly darkness of Thanksgiving night.

The whole vast place was aglow with gas and electricity. The roof was gay with flags and bunting, but there all attempt at decoration ceased. Away at the further end—the place where the horses and the elephants usually appear and the spot to which our eyes turned from force of habit at once—stood a semicircle of little wooden shanties with peaked roofs of red and white striped canvas. In walking-match parlance they are known as "huts." They look like little pasteboard tombs—a suggestion which is carried out by the various floral designs in immortelles which are hung plentifully about the doorways.

These little shanties—beg pardon, huts—are the abode of the contestants.

An atmosphere of witchhazel and hot alcohol was perceptible as we drew near to the settlement. Most of the walkers were resting or being cared for by their trainers, and their doors were closed. One, however, stood open, and we examined the interior, which probably furnished a fair sample of the arrangements in all the rest.

A narrow, hard hospital cot stood in one corner, with a phantom pillow and a coarse blanket, which wouldn't be so thick or so heavy if it was cleaner. A small gas stove occupied another corner. It stood on a wooden chair, and there was some broth stewing over the flame. The walls, of rough boards, were hung fantastically with stockings, nether undergarments and woollen shirts and blazers, all, equally with the bedcovering, to be commended to the offices of some cleansing establishment.

An exclamation at the condensed discomfort of these quarters elicited from a trainer this statement:

"We don't want to make them comfortable. If they were so they'd spend the week in their huts and there'd be no walking done. As it is, we have to urge, coax and drive them back to the track. Of course, they're fed splendidly—that's necessary to keep them up. Why, it costs about $200 a week to provision one of these men and his trainers."

Several of these latter important functionaries slept sitting on chairs outside the tents. In front of one door sat a woman, bareheaded, wrapped in a shawl, with her feet resting on a chair and an expression of Spartan endurance abiding on her countenance. There was actually more "staying power" in that woman's face than showed in the visage of any one of the fagged looking men, toiling painfully around the sawdust track, laid just inside the tiers of boxes.

It was past the stroke of midnight. Casual visitors to the Garden were nearly all gone, and the phases of life peculiar to the earliest hours of the new day at a walking-match were developing on all sides.

The busiest quarter was inside the ring. Hundreds of men swarmed there. They hung over the picket fence inclosing it and stood in rows gazing at the track. Groups hung around the lunch stalls, and crowds encircled the stands where "ring tossing" was the attraction. This amusement consisted in pitching wooden curtain rings at a stretch of canvas stuck full of walking-sticks, or a board table bristling with penknives opened and jabbed into it. Whoever encircles one of these prizes with a deftly thrown ring might claim the same.

Two women were tossing rings for a cane, and the men crowded about and encouraged their efforts.

The forlorn walkers thread their weary round with about the same alacrity exhibited by a reluctant dog forced to propel a treadmill churn. Now and then their attendants ran alongside, offering them refreshment in the shape of milk punch, beaten eggs or something else which could be imbibed as they trotted along. One man derived his nourishment from a little tin teapot which he tilted up while he drank from the spout.

From time to time the men who had laid themselves down to sleep in the boxes or along the reserved seats would gather themselves up, shout out some encouragement to the wan figures passing by, and then subside into slumber again.

The women did not grow drowsy, and when accompanied by men became more or less boisterous as the night wore on.

One group cheered and shouted in hoarse voices and were highly diverted by the efforts of one of their party to balance beer glasses on the head of his cane. Crashes and splashes ensued, and finally one of the women proclaimed that they were "all drunk,"—a statement which the most unsophisticated observer could not have gainsaid.

Another group, whose condition spoke for itself with equal plainness, hung over the rail at the edge of the track saluting the pedestrians as they passed. A girl, with a face that might have been very fair and sweet, lolled over the fence and cried in beery tones:

"Go it, Petey, there's the boy!" and flung a horseshoe of immortelles. When the intended recipient failed to catch it, she yelled again:

"Never mind, get it next trip."

If women who think it amusing to season their speech with a savor of slang phrases could spend a night at a walking match and listen to these expressions tossed from the lips of the demi-mondaines who gather there they would never wish to utter them again.

A centre of attraction to many who waxed hungry in their sleep or who were tired of doing nothing, was the sausage stall. There, over a bed of glowing coals, rested on a broiler rows of savory-smelling sausages, and the trade was brisk as the hours wore on.

The band does not exert itself in the night watches, and nothing broke the monotony for mere lookers-on in Venice until the cry of the newsboys, peddling morning papers, resounded at 4 o'clock.

Then a scuffle at the entrance, where some peculiarly objectionable parties were being coerced into taking their leave, held out the alluring prospect of a fight, and straightway the sleepers rose up and looked about: the women craned their necks and crowded forward, and the throng inside the ring made a stampede for the door.

Their hopes of a row proved fallacious, however, and they presently relapsed into their former attitudes and occupations—the last named being chiefly that of doing nothing.

A multitude of these men habitually arrive at the beginning of a walking match, and spend the entire week within the walls of the Garden. The patronize the sausage man, the lunch stands, and are a great prop to the beer industry; but they are at no expense for lodging.

None of our party had ever taken to heart the Woman's Rights cause, nor had any one put her whole mind on the female suffrage question, but when we gazed about at these controllers of the ballot, we sighed and said: "Verily women had better be allowed to vote."

In England it is customary, owing to the early-closing hour, to clear the place where a walking match is in progress at midnight. Sporting men complain that certain deviations from the exact truth of the returns is thus made possible during the hours when the track is not kept track of by the populace, but the English rule is commendable on other grounds.

As the dawning drew near, one by one the lights began to fade out. The row of dusty portholes close to the roof showed grayer and grayer in the faint light; the pedestrians went on and on, their drooping, spiritless faces showing more and more how fagged they felt. From time to time they would stop to moisten their handkerchiefs, or have their hands in a barrel of water standing by the track. Blood was flowing from one man's nose, and his eyes were distended and bloodshot, but he kept on. The daylight crept in at the roof, and drained the color from the gay banners. The indelible flush on the women's faces showed brighter than ever; their eyes were haggard; they began to go away.

The internatianal walking match is a feature of the advanced civilization of this nineteenth century. It has a good many of the characteristics which belonged to displays of strength and endurance in the arena of ancient heathen Rome; but in vulgar brutality it holds its own admirably.

To all woman who wish to spend a night at a walking match, we would offer that popular and invariably disregarded counsel, "Don't."

A BABY DID DIE.

But the Deputy Coroner Says that Asthma Was the Cause.

In a story printed this morning a baby farm was alleged to exist at 280 East Third street, in charge of a woman named Fredericka Hoffman. It was said that one little baby had died there of neglect and others were dying in filth.

An EVENING WORLD reporter found no such woman at the place. Henrietta Hauftman, a pleasant-faced, motherly-looking old German woman does live there, and she takes in babies to mind for busy mothers.

Three children are all that she ever cares for at one time.

Every one in the house speaks well of her. At present she only has two children in her care, both girls. One is three, and the other two years old. They seem devotedly fond of her, and when the reporter playfully attempted to take them out of the house, they clung to her dress and refused to leave her.

She has lived in that house for fourteen years.

A child did die in her apartments last Wednesday, but it was of asthma, due to simple meningitis, as Deputy Coroner Herold certified.

Caught and Punished.
[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

I heard the other day a story of a well-known and popular artiste that I don't think has ever been in print. Like average female human nature she fell in love with a tenor. The tenor reciprocated and they were married. They had not been long man and wife before she began to feel suspicious of him. But she had something of an opinion of herself and what was due to her, and she said nothing. At last he told her upon one occasion that he was going to Paris on professional business, and he had to leave her in London. She found out that he had not gone to France, but was at Liverpool with another woman. She went quietly to Liverpool and put up at the same hotel, and next morning at breakfast-time she walked into the dining-room and saw him seated with his new flame enjoying a cosy meal. She marched up to the table, did not look at the woman at all, but carelessly taking off her wedding ring, she laid it on his plate and said:

"I have no further use for this, sir."

And she has never spoken to him since. Yet it seems to me that the wedding hoop should sometimes be spelt "wring."

Stockings Preferred Here.
[From the Toledo Blade.]

"Ouida" has been writing an article on women's dress, one sentence of which declares that "a woman well dressed will always take care that her feet and legs are shod in conformity with her costume." We don't know what Englishwomen do, but on this side the ocean ladies do not shoe their legs. Stockings are far neater.

Among the Hotel Guests.

Philip Hiss, of Baltimore; C. Y. Patterson, of Terra Haute; S. G. Reed, of Portland, Ore., and W. G. Veazey, of Rutland, Vt., are among the guests at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Stopping at the Albemarle are G. D. Leaomans, of St. Paul; Edwin Howland, of Boston, and Peyton F. Miller, of Albany.

M. A. Hall, of Boston; L. R. Page, of Richmond, Va., and F. A. Rhodes, of Providence, are enjoying the hospitality of the Hoffman House.

J. B. Willson, of Charleston, S. C.; E. B. Manning, of Meriden, Conn., and Charles Weilly, of Cleveland, are temporary sojourners at the Bartholdi.

On the St. James Hotel register are inscribed the names of Andrew Onderdonk, of Chicago; W. E. Chisheim, of Baltimore; M. D. Heim, of Washington, and W. A. Cowles, of Connecticut.

Mort G. Taylor, of Nebraska; G. W. Tuttle, of Burlington, Vt.; Edward C. Habersham, of Savannah, Ga., and H. M. Barnes, of Baltimore, are located at the Sturtevant.

Prominent at the Gilsey House are C. L. Bartels, of Rochester; Tod Ford, of Youngstown, O.; Judge J. M. Woolworth, of Omaha; G. E. Durkee, of Saratoga, and A. Wernberg, of Chicago.

Craig McCline, of St. Louis; A. F. Arthur, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Jed Hotchkiss, of Staunton, Va., and Dr. Digby, of Brantford, Ont., are at the Brunswick.

At the Grand Hotel are Col. F. Bridgman and Lieut. C. R. Noyes, U. S. A.; Paymaster J. R. Martin, U. S. N.; Douglas Shirley, of Louisville; W. M. Whitney, of Albany, and S. H. Dunn, of Quebec.

Among the Workers.

To-night the Building Trades Section will meet to discuss important matters and every delegate is wanted at 145 Eighth street.

Since their local assembly at Haverhill, Mass., collapsed the wages of the shoemakers have been reduced nearly a dollar a day.

Eccles Robinson, Master Workman of National District Assembly No. 202, is engaged in organizing the 60,000 brass-workers in Connecticut.

The Window-Glass Workers' Association, of Pittsburg, is about to establish a National bank of its own. It has a large amount of money on hand and will start with 3,000 depositors.

Charles Litchman, late Secretary of the Knights of Labor; John Jarrett, Eccles Robinson and other labor leaders are preparing to form a labor organization which will deal with political questions, but shall be non-partisan. Litchman is now at work on the plan of organization and the constitution.

If you want to relieve the diseases of teething without risk give MOZELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL, 25c. ".*"

FIBS TOLD IN FULL DRESS.

WORDS OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN JUST ENTERING SOCIETY.

Removing the Conceit of a First Season—Some Little Tricks by Which These Naughty Girls Deceive the Fallow Youth—Important Parts Played by Broken Heels and Torn Gowns.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

It was at the club. Tom, an old-timer, was talking to a youth in this strain:

"You have the conceit of a first season. Now, now," soothingly, "don't get hot, my boy. I was just the same after my first season. Every one is. It takes several seasons to knock it out of a man. He must learn the ballroom tricks before he fully realizes how often a smile or a look that seems to flatter conceals a little ballroom deceit. My boy, if you knew how often you have been duped"——

"Name a time."

"With pleasure. It won't flatter your vanity, but it may be of value to you this Winter. Do you remember at Mrs. Blank's ball last Winter when Miss Brown told you the was so sorry that her programme was full? You thought she really was sorry."

"I think so yet."

"Well, she certainly looked it, but she could have given you any one of five or six dances."

"Ah, there, I have you, Tom; there you are speaking without authority. I saw her programme, old man, and it was full—not a dance left."

"And yet, when I went to her afterwards, she rubbed off one name and gave me the dance."

"Then some one else was cheated out of a dance!"

"Not at all. She rubbed out the initials 'J. J.'"

"Who did they stand for?"

"Jennie Jones. My boy, that programme was filled up in the ladies' dressing-room. It is an old trick and a good one. Watch out for it this Winter, and you won't be so impressed with a young lady's sorrow and disappointment when she asks you why you didn't come earlier and tells you that, by your neglect, you have allowed two or three stupid bores get dances she had much rather have given to you."

"Tom," after a pause, "is that straight?"

"True as Gospel, Jack. It has been played on me many a time. Sometimes I have known it, and sometimes, I suppose, I have not."

"Give me another instance, Tom."

"Well, do you remember the time at the South Side dancing class when you hunted high and low for Miss De Vere, and, after you had given up the search, she appeared on the floor with George Hopkins?"

"Yes; and she was angry because I had not come to claim her. She made a great fuss about it."

"Of course; told you that if you did not care enough for her dances to claim them she would never dance with you again; said that you left her alone so long that she was obliged to dance with that Hopkins, and all that sort of stuff, didn't she?"

"Yes; something to that effect."

"And all that time, my boy, she was hidden away talking to Hopkins and was fairly trembling lest you should discover her."

"O, that's too much, Tom."

"Her engagement to Hopkins was announced last week?"

"Ye-es."

"Well?"

"Well, perhaps you're right. It isn't flattering to a man's vanity, though."

"No, and that's what I mean by losing a first season's conceit. But I can give you another example. You remember the time that I came to you and told you there had been an error that had made us both engaged to Miss Smith for the same dance?"

"Yes, and you were mighty mean about it, too."

"Certainly. We divided the dance. I took the first half and danced about four-fifths."

"That's what you did."

"Part of the programme, Jack. It was a mean trick, but it was a regular society one. Let me detail you my conversation with Miss Smith as near as I can remember it:

"'May I have a dance, Miss Smith?' I asked.

"'I wish I could give you one,' she replied, 'but my programme is full.'

"Now, that would have satisfied you, but I was on good terms with Miss Smith, and was also up on social tricks. So I said:

"'Can't I divide with some one?'

"'Well, you might have engaged a dance beforehand,' she said.

"Whose?"

"She gave me your name, and you remember the fairy tale I told you—engaged it before she got her programme; forgot to put it down, etc., etc."

"You played that on me, Tom?"

"Oh, yes," nonchalantly. "You'll be doing it yourself soon. Can't play it on an old-timer, though, Jack; remember that."

"Then, according to your story, I'm no one and you're a favorite."

"Not by any means. The only difference is, that I know the tricks and play them when they come my way and you don't. I've had the same things happen to me times without number. But, my boy, when a young lady upbraids me for not claiming a dance that she took precious good care I should not claim I don't feel elated; I tell her I am sorry, and my sorrow is just as genuine as are her reproaches. We are both telling full dress fibs. But you, Jack, think you've been a villain for not taking her away from that horrid Brown. Moreover, I'm frequently caught on the torn dress or the broken heel tricks."

"What are they?"

"The most common of all. If a young lady be dancing with some one she does not care to dance with she suddenly discovers that a piece of lace or something of that sort is torn. Then it is:

"'Will you please escort me to the dressing room? Some one has torn my dress.'

"Certainly you will. It won't take her a moment, she says, and you wait around until the last strains of the waltz are dying away, when she appears. She is so sorry; the attendant was busy and she couldn't get it fixed at once. Of course, sometimes the dress is really torn, and the beauty of the scheme is that no man ever lived who could tell whether it was or not."

"The broken heel?"

"Oh, that isn't so often practised, because it puts an end to all dancing for that evening. Still, I suppose you have gone to claim a dance at some time and found the young lady ensconsed in a corner of the conservatory with some favored admirer. She is sorry—they always are—but she broke the heel of her slipper during the last dance and won't be able to dance any more that evening. You think for a moment of sitting the dance out with her, but you remember what a tête-à-tête time she was having with the other man when you came up, and you decide not to suggest it. There is a peculiar feature of this: that in my ten years' experience in society I never knew a heel to be broken off until the latter part of the evening, or of a case where she did not 'sit out' the rest of the evening with the man she was with when the accident happened. In fact, I have known of cases where, when a man was pretty sure of his ground, he suggested that the breaking of a heel might end the programme."

Common Sense

In the treatment of catarrh will indicate that local applications can do but little if any good; being a constitutional disease, catarrh requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It attacks at once the source of the disease by purifying and enriching the blood, which in passing through the delicate passages of the mucous membranes soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection.

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

O'BRIEN HOLDS THE FORT.

HE DERIDES THE G. O. P. AND SAYS HE'S IMPREGNABLE IN THE EIGHTH.

If He and His Friends Are Put Out There Will Be Nothing Left of the District Organization—No Fear That the Plan to Starve Him Out by Refusing Him Federal Patronage Can Be Put in Effect.

The amateur politicians of the G. O. P., who are attempting to discipline Johnny O'Brien and the other district leaders of the Eighth Assembly District, begin to see that they have undertaken a difficult task.

It is so easy to reorganize a district in one's mind or on paper that the actual difficulty was not perceived until they were brought face to face with it.

A canvass of the Eighth Assembly District has satisfied the Union League Club Republicans that the material left out of which to create a new organization after O'Brien, Smith, Brodsky, Kraus, Rourke and the rest are kicked out will be simply nothing.

O'Brien and his friends laugh at the reformers and care little what they do, at the same time reminding them that they are simply bringing discredit upon the Republican party by this airing of its dirty linen.

John J. O'Brien, his friends say, doesn't care to belong to any party. He is satisfied to know that he controls the majority of votes cast in the Eighth Assembly District and he can do this as well outside the pale of party organization as when in.

A well-known Republican who is prominent in the fight against O'Brien said to-day that a plan has been devised by which a new organization in opposition to O'Brien may be devised.

It is, he said, to offer new leaders a certain amount of Federal patronage and starve the O'Brien gang out. Nursed on Federal pap, he thinks a new organization might grow strong and finally break O'Brien's hold on the district.

This is a very clever scheme, but O'Brien does not fear that it will be put into practice. He says that his district gave the greatest majority for Harrison of any in the city, and would like it to be inferred that that is his sole reason for not fearing that he will be left out when the plums are distributed.

It is not the only reason, though. He has a strong friend in Senator Quay, who admires Johnny for his maintenance of the purity of the ballot-box, and Col. W. W. Dudley is lost in admiration at his ability to "bunch fives" and catch "floaters."

With the friendship of two such men O'Brien knows that he won't get left when the spoils of war are divided among the victors.

MISHAPS ON THE SEA.

Reports from Captains Whose Ships Were Out in the Storm.

The effects of the recent storm on the ocean are just beginning to be made known. Over a score of vessels arrived yesterday, and they all reported mishaps.

The Cherokee, from Charleston, was somewhat damaged about her mainmast. The Chattahoochie, from Savannah, had a hole stove in the port side of her saloon.

Capt. Aslakan, of the steamer Amicitia, from Angostura, sighted a disabled schooner while off Cape Hatteras on Tuesday last.

He ordered the boats down, and in the midst of a perfect hurricane Capt. Bennett and seven sailors were rescued from the wreck. They were the crew of the schooner San Domingo, and they reported that their craft had been struck by the cyclone three days before, shifting her cargo and causing a serious leak. Their masts and boat had been carried away, and before they were rescued they had given up all hope.

The steamship Alene, Capt. Seiders, arrived from Kingston, Jamaica. The captain reports that on Nov. 27, in latitude 33.45, longitude 73.45, he passed a large brigantine-rigged steamer in distress, with the steamship Napier alongside of her.

The wind was so high that he couldn't get near enough to the disabled vessel to see her name. Her bowsprit, cutwater, funnel and boats were painted black, and she was using her port anchor as a drag.

Sketch of a Boston Cat.
[From the Boston Commonwealth.]

Our household includes an aggravating cat. It is a cat with marked idiosyncrasies, and a great many of them. She is familiarly known to the family as the "Lunatic," but any one of a dozen other names would hit her as hard. She likes attention, does Kitty, and will have it or know why. She takes every peal of the door bell as a personal summons to come to the fore, and no house-maid proves agile enough to intercept her course. Once inside the reception room she is mistress of the situation. Suddenly emerging from her retreat she will utter an ear-piercing m-e-a-ow! delivered in a sharp staccato, and dash across the room, as if going to a fire. Returning, at short intervals she repeats the experiment till she makes a sensation. She likes also to call around during the night watches. When the locking-up process begins she dashes to concealment, a hackneyed and thoroughly catty trick, with no claim to originality, but if you find her you are lucky, and if you catch her you are luckier still. She has better things in mind than a night spent outside, or even down cellar. She waits until the dread small hours, when if you are ever to sleep, you are soundly sleeping, and then she comes to your room and calls you like the trump of Gabriel—and calls again—and keeps calling. So does your sense of duty, and you pull your senses together, and do some calling in return. Silence reigns, but your ears ring with her serenade—it was no dream, so you get up and illuminate the house. The portiere system favors her. She has a long range. You hunt and coax and call, but no kitty appears. It is her little joke. In the day-time you know where to find her. Bars and bolts wouldn't keep her out of your very best parlor. There are warmer nooks, and, to your liking, cosier; but a parlor is a parlor, and one's dignity is worth something. So there reclines, all day, Madame Pussy, the Lunatic, with method in her madness. She is of fair complexion, in good health, excellent spirits, and for sale at a bargain.

A Patriarch of New York Society Dead.

Maturin Livingston, formerly so prominent in New York society, died late last night at his home, 20 West Twenty-fourth street, in his seventy-third year. Mr. Livingston was one of the patriarchs and a member of the Knickerbocker Union and other clubs. He had a cottage at Newport. Mrs. Levi P. Morton is a cousin of Mr. Livingston.

What Are Peptonix

They are digestive tablets, and they have cured more cases of dyspepsia than all other digestive remedies in the world.

One instance:

206 WEST CHESTER PARK,
BOSTON, March 20, 1888.

I have been seriously troubled with dyspepsia for ten years, during which time I have had to use extreme care about my diet, and have suffered much severe discomfort and distress. I have tried various remedies and prescriptions without effect, until a month ago, when I experimented with Peptonix. Since using them I have been able to eat anything that my appetite has craved, without the slightest inconvenience or ill effect. They work like magic, and I am happy to say a good word for an article which has benefited me so much.

JOHN F. HAM.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Mailed prepaid, on receipt of price,
75 cents per box.

THE ALLSTON CO., 67 High Street, Boston.
Send two-cent stamp for sample.

WHAT THE FUNNY MEN SAY.

SCRAPS OF WIT AND HUMOR GLEANED FROM MANY SOURCES.

Wrought of Desperation.
[From Judge.]

Miss Richpurse (despondently)—Oh, Edward! if I could only know for certain you loved me and not my money I would be your wife.

Mr. Hardpan (eagerly)—Test me, Eleanor! test my honesty.

Miss Richpurse—But how?

Mr. Hardpan (desperately)—Lend me a dollar until to-morrow.

The First Little Buttercup.
[From Puck.]

Eve was the first apple woman.

He'd Find Fault Any Way.
[From Time.]

The man who finds fault when his newspaper is damp is equally dissatisfied when it is dry.

Accounted For.
[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Smith—What do you suppose makes Sadley's eyes so watery?

Jones—Oh, when a man pores over the ledger all day I presume he gets into the habit of it.

They Ought To.
[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"I have a question for you," said the Snake Editor this morning to the Financial Editor.

"What is it?"

"Do forged checks come under the designation of gilt-edged paper?"

He Misunderstood.
[From Time.]

Robinson—How does it come that you are always in the courts?

Lawyer—That's my business.

Robinson—Oh, well, I wouldn't get so touchy about a little thing if I were you.

At the Sacred Concert.
[From America.]

Porcine—What's that they're singin' now?

Miss Porcine—That's Handel's twenty-third Psalm. Fine, isn't it?

Porcine—First rate music, but I don't think much of the words. Who wrote 'em?

Knew What He Was Doing.
[From the Yankee Blade.]

He (preparing to go out)—I don't know whether to take my umbrella or not. What are the weather forecasts in the morning paper?

She—Fair weather.

He—Then I guess I'll take my umbrella.

She Misunderstood.
[From the Yankee Blade.]

Mrs. Ignoram (angrily to Mr. Classicus—I heard you said I was illiterate.

Mrs. C.—I said no such thing, Mrs. Ignoram, I merely remarked that I guessed the goddess of wisdom was unable to officiate at your birth.

Mrs. I—Oh.

It Might Have Been.
[From Judge.]

"That jest of yours," said the editor, deliberately, as he scanned the contribution, "might have been written by Shakespeare."

"You flatter me," exclaimed the trembling aspirant, flushing to the roots of his shirt-collar.

"Not at all. It is as old as the Seven Ages of Man."

Looking for Greater Miracles.
[From Puck.]

"Well, this do beat all!" exclaimed Aunt Harriet, as they took their first ride on the elevated; "who'd 'a' thought o' railroadin' in the air?"

"Sho!" replied Uncle Abner; "my newspaper says that a big part o' the railroad companies of New York are run largely on water, and that's the kind o' road I want to see afore we go home."

An Exception.
[From the Chicago Globe.]

Young Society Man—My father wants me to make a call on the daughter of an old friend up here. Come along with me.

Chum—Why do you want me along? "Two are company, three a crowd," you know.

Young Society Man—Yes, but I understand this young lady once sued a fellow for breach of promise.

The Defeated Candidate's Lament.

BY W. H. O.

In the soup. Oh, mournful fate!
And am I not exceeding wroth
That men whom I had reckoned straight
Should drop me in this greasy broth.

In the soup. I had not thought,
When I accepted, that so soon
The *consommation* I'd not sought
Would be the part of this poor loon.

A Musical Landslide.
[From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

With all his characteristic facility for intellectual progression by the method of going backward Emperor William has ordered to be substituted for the French word "patrol" the German equivalent, "Truppenthellenachtigspuslergang." And now when a young society girl throws herself with a graceful abandon onto the key-board of a piano and commences to play the "Turkish Truppenthelenanschtigspuslergang," then may the heavens roll away as a scroll and may the rocks and the mountains fall and cover us. It will be a musical landslide.

The Dude's Confidante.
[Philadelphia Telegraph's Washington Letter.]

It is the proper thing for the fashionable young man or dude of Washington to have a confidante. It is not a chum or classmate who has grown up into all his secrets that he needs; not a boon companion, a lively young fellow, who goes out with him o' nights. Not at all. His confidante must be a young lady, and the younger and prettier the better, of course. She is not his sweetheart, nor has she any idea of being. She is somebody's else sweetheart, perhaps, and his beloved may be the confidante of yet another. She is a nice young girl who is a sister to him. He lisps into her ear his little troubles, tells her of his love affairs, &c., and she sympathizes with and advises him. She may be the sister or friend of his beloved; then she acts as a go-between when necessary. She ser