The World

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"TWO TO ONE!"

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THE SUNDAY WORLD Has DOUBLE the CIRCULATION of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America, And the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

WORLDLINGS.

The Texas delegation in Washington are said to measure more from foot to crown and to weigh more than any other thirteen men in Congress.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, is a man who attracts attention whenever he appears on the street. He is of short stature and usually wears a long overcoat, with a slouch hat perched on his head. He walks very rapidly and usually keeps his hands in his pockets.

Mrs. Ann Davis, who died in Philadelphia a few days ago, had the distinction of dying in the bed in which President William Henry Harrison expired.

"Buffalo Bill" told a Denver reporter the other day that his Wild West show would start on April 10 for a three years' tour of Europe. The show will exhibit in Paris for six months and afterwards in London, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

The New York Bustle-Wearers.
[From the Philadelphia North American.]

The evil habit of bustle-wearing among women has agitated New York to such an extent that an amateur census of those addicted to the craze and those who are not has been taken. The census-takers were reporters, who spotted women in various parts of the city until they had counted 100 whom they imagined either wore a bustle or were without the artificial dress-supporter. The average man cannot tell certainly whether a woman wears a bustle or not when he passes her on the street, but the New York reporter is doubtless not an average man, and is able to determine exactly in his mind this important problem at a glance. The census shows that bustle-wearing is almost universal among the New York women.

Sporting Men, Attention!

For a fac-simile of Kilrain's acceptance of Sullivan's challenge see to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

A TRANSFORMED TENEMENT.

Happiness, Industry and Harmony Where Once Was Dirt and Squalor.

The big double tenement building, 36 and 38 Cherry street, was one of the foulest in the city nine years ago, and sheltered a very hard-looking lot of people.

Several wealthy citizens happened to visit it one day, however, and were shocked by the filth and squalor. They bought the building and enlisted the aid and sympathy of philanthropic ladies of their acquaintance to bring about a radical reform. The result was a transformation as brilliant as that which takes place in a Christmas pantomime. Cleanliness rose phœnix-like, from the ashes of foulness.

Mrs. Edward Miles, Miss O. H. Dow and Mrs. A. P. Wheeler sacrificed personal comfort and convenience to the cause of humanity, and supervised the building and its 400 tenants in the order named.

Mrs. A. P. Wheeler has had charge for the past two years.

Not satisfied with seeing that order and cleanliness prevailed throughout the vast tenement, she formed a sewing and singing class of thirty of the brightest little girls. They reflect credit on their instructor.

Wednesday she rewarded her little charges by enacting the role of Kris Kringle for their benefit.

A beautiful Christmas tree was placed in the large assembly room and decked in holiday attire. Tinsel, toys and candles glittered and shimmered among the green branches in a way to delight the heart of each little chick and child.

Then the children were called in. Wide-eyed with expectancy and glowing with anticipated pleasure they trooped in. After much fidgeting all were seated.

The thirty little girls then sang in chorus and singly. They covered themselves with glory. Miss Emma Blunt volunteered to act as orchestra, and played the piano accompaniments.

Wee Lizzie and Katie Boyle chanted a couple of jingling Celestial dirges anent the heathen Chinee and his pigtail. Their comical rendition created a cyclone of merriment among their auditors.

After an entertaining menu of song and declamation had been served up by the little tots, books, dolls, sleds, tops and other presents and choice candies *ad libitum* were presented to each child in the building.

Their eyes sparkled with consuming delight as their little hands clutched Santa Claus's gifts ecstatically to their breasts.

They were, indeed, a happy lot as they scurried away.

Use Riker's Expectorant

For coughs, colds, &c., 50 cents a bottle (half pint) if it cures you, nothing if it don't. Prepared only by WM. S. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 1003 6th ave., near 22d st., where they have been established forty-three years. All their preparations sold on same conditions. Insist on having RIKER'S EXPECTORANT and you are sure of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere.

JOLLITIES OF THE JESTERS.

TOLD IN BRIGHT PARAGRAPHS GATHERED FROM THE CHAFF.

Superfluous Advice.
[From the Yankee Blade.]

Man in Boat (to party struggling in the icy water)—Keep cool, and we'll get you out all right.

The Probable Result.
[From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

A new paper called the *Hub* has wheeled into journalistic line in Boston. If it adopts an aggressive policy it will probably make some of the bean-eating editorial fellows tired.

Leaving the Reception.
[From the Fliegende Blatter.]

"I'll take my hat, waiter."
"What kind of a hat was it, sir?"
"A new silk one."
"Sorry, sir, but all the new hats were taken some time ago."

Worse than a Fire.
[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"What's the matter?" excitedly asked a passer-by as a throng of hatless, wild-eyed men came tumbling out through the front door of a concert hall. "Has a fire broke loose in there?"

"Worse—a thousand times!" yelled one of the men. "An amateur elocutionist has broken loose!"

Business Is Business.
[From Puck.]

American Millionaire (year 1988)—What are the prices of admission?

Doorkeeper (United States Capitol)—Seats in the Senate are $500,000, but I can give you a seat in the House for $100,000. Thanks. Hand this ticket to the usher. Keep the coupon in your hat to avoid mistakes.

No Offense.
[From the Terre Haute Express.]

Mrs. Pendlebury (who expects some friends)—Now this is to be a course dinner, Uncle Japhet, and I hope you won't be offended if I give you a few instructions.

Uncle Japhet (who has just dropped in from Plunkville)—Coarse dinner! Well, I guess you won't get it none too coarse fer me. I'm as hungry as a hound pup right now.

He Subscribed Cheerfully.
[From Puck.]

Confidential Clerk—Mr. Guzzleton is in, madam, but, as it is within a few minutes of his dinner-time, I think it would be a good plan to bring your subscription paper later in the day.

Mrs. Pleadit—Oh, never fear! I am soliciting money to set up a gravestone over Mrs. Teazem, that noble woman who so distinguished herself by the collections for charitable purposes which she made from our business men.

An Indiscreet Lover.
[From the Lincoln Journal.]

Chicago Girl (playfully):—Will, if I were to observe the old childish custom of hanging up a stocking, and you were Santa Claus, what would you give me?"

Will (indiscreetly generous)—A splendid mansion, with lawn and fountains and rare plants and beautiful arbors——

He is still wondering why she treats him with cold disdain.

An Historic Axe.
[From Time.]

Aged Negro—I is gwine on er hundud an' ten years old.

Interested Listener—Indeed? Then probably you can recollect as far back as the first acts of Congress.

Aged Negro—Yes, sah; I remember all 'bout de fust axe my Congress. I got ter recollickt it, becase I'se cut wood wid it when I was 'bout so high; yes, sah; dat was afore you was bawn, sah; you's er nice-lookin' gemman, sah; an' can't you give de poor ole man er nickel?

Discriminating Benevolence.
[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Solemn-Looking Stranger—Sir, I am raising a fund for the purpose of instructing the poor little newsboys and bootblacks of our city in paleontology and differential calculus. I am sure—— Busy Merchant (without looking up)—I've no time to listen to you, sir. Here's a dollar. Lady (timidly, some moments later)—I am soliciting money, sir, to pay the expense of a substantial Christmas dinner for the poor boys of the city—the newsboys and bootblacks—— Busy Merchant (looking up impatiently)—Madam, I contributed a dollar not five minutes ago for the benefit of those boys. Good morning. (Bows her out.)

A Question of Memory.
[From the New Haven News.]

They tell a good one about a certain gentleman who is at present a Professor in the Theological School at Yale. He went to call upon a certain lady in this city and she was out. Her little son, about four years old, was playing in the front yard. The Professor said: "My little man, can you remember to tell your mother that Prof. —— called to see her?" Young America wrinkled his brows, and presently replied unconcernedly: "There are so many things I want to remember and can't remember that I don't think I shall trouble myself to try to remember things I don't want to remember." Prof. —— says he went home ruminating upon the workings of the human intellect.

Fac-Simile of Kilrain's Acceptance.

A fac-simile of Jake Kilrain's acceptance of John L. Sullivan's challenge, signed by Kilrain himself, will be published in THE EVENING WORLD *to-morrow.*

New Faces at the Hotels.

At the Gilsey House are T. O. Frost, of Boston; Dr. E. S. Coburn, of Troy, and F. A. Stechler, of Rochester.

J. D. Shatford, of St. John, N. B.; C. E. Jarvis, of Boston, and S. E. Johnson, of Washington, are among the Sturtevant House guests.

At the Grand Hotel are Capt. George A. Singerly, of Philadelphia; Andrew Langdon, of Buffalo, and H. P. Wasson, of Indianapolis.

G. H. Shields, of St. Louis; Robert D. Geer, of Buffalo; H. A. Pemberton, of Boston, and B. F. Fowler, of Chicago, are guests at the Albemarle.

At the Hoffman House are John A. Davidson, of Chicago; R. M. Goodlet, of Kansas City; L. M. Williams, of Baltimore, and E. R. Gilman, of St. Paul.

Among the St. James's guests are James S. Richardson, of New Orleans; L. Victor Baughman, of Maryland, and C. S. Durfee, of Providence, R. I.

Prominent at the Fifth Avenue Hotel are Stanhope Balling, of Richmond; T. H. Wickwise, of Cortland, N. Y., and J. A. Walleau, of Cambridge, Mass.

Samuel Dexter, of Boston; E. A. Manney, jr., of St. Louis; J. W. Henderson, of Cleveland, and Isaac Vanderpoel, of Albany, are conspicuous at the Brunswick.

Dr. Alfred North, of Waterbury, Conn.; Preston G. Brown, of Louisville, Ky.; Theodore Barber, of Pittsburg, and D. J. Campbell, of Baltimore, are at the Bartholdi.

Among the Workers.

The Building Trades Section meets to-night.

The Arbitration Committee of the Central Labor Union was engaged at 145 Eighth street until late last night, investigating the trouble between Manager Hangen, of Poole's Theatre, and the Hebrew Actors' and Jewish Chorus Union.

It is said that the Ale and Porter Brewers' Association proposes to take some decided action against the Union workmen who are pushing the Stevenson boycott.

Renewed efforts will be made by the labor unions to obtain the passage of a bill by the next Legislature providing for the appointment of eight female factory inspectors. They claim that such inspectors are very much needed, and it is said that Gov. Hill will sign the bill if it is passed by the Legislature.

A large number of the union brewerymen who were locked out last spring are still without permanent employment, and the labor unions are not doing anything substantial for their support. Tickets are out for a ball for the benefit of the locked-out men and their families, to be held Jan. 19, in Clarendon Hall. All union men who are able to do so may contribute by purchasing a ticket.

THE great benefits of MORELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL are testified to by all who use it. 25 cents.

HOT TUSSLE FOR SENATOR.

NO QUARTER GIVEN OR TAKEN BY JERSEY'S COMBATANTS.

McPherson and Abbett Are Clinched in the Middle of the Arena, While Winfield and Blodgett Make Feints on the Outer Edge—First Blood Will Flow at Trenton, Jan. 8.

There is a game of political "Rugby" in progress over in Jersey. The ball in use is the seat in the United States Senate which John R. McPherson has learned to love so well.

John leads a team of fighters and has the advantage of possession, but Leon Abbett's men are hustling, kicking and stampeding, and although the dust raised clouds matters a little, it looks very much as if some one is going to get hurt before one side or the other gets the ball in a safe place.

It will be pull and tug, and kick and bite until after Jan. 8. On that momentous day the dust will fly faster for awhile, and then in a day or two somebody will win. Senator McPherson is making the hardest fight of his life to keep his seat for six years longer, and ex-Gov. Abbett is hustling as he never hustled before in his effort to pull it from under him.

At present it is impossible to say who has the lead. Abbett has gained considerable ground during the past few weeks and his stock seems to continue on the rise, but a change of aspect may be attended by depreciation. The ex-Governor holds the better part of the Northern Assemblymen. Five of the Hudson men are his, and the other four are said to be in the pocket of District-Attorney Charles H. Winfield, who may thus possess the power to control the end.

The Democratic majority in the Legislature on joint ballot is only four. If the special election ordered in the Tenth Hudson District for Jan. 8, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Assemblyman Frank Short, results in the return of another Democrat, the majority will be five, and if not will be reduced to three, which two votes might change.

Abbett's friends are working hard in the Tenth, and it is likely that his candidate will win, and just in time to qualify and settle down to business. Senator McPherson is unpopular in Hudson. He was elected from that county in 1883, but has since changed his residence to Monmouth and again to Somerset, so that he is no longer rated as a Hudson man.

Senator Rufus Bladgett who defeated Abbett and Sewell two years ago, is also from Monmouth. It is said that he can do what he pleases with the South Jersey vote. This is interesting for Mr. Abbett.

The preliminary bout will be the election of the Speaker of the House. There the real strength of each party will be shown. Mr. Abbett's man is Corporation Attorney R. S. Hudspeth, who represents the Sixth Hudson District, as he did in 1886. In that year he led the Abbett forces and received the caucus nomination for Speaker. But the same Democratic treachery which defeated Abbett placed Baird of Warren in the Speaker's chair. Mr. Hudspeth naturally assumes his old leadership. He is a bright young lawyer of unusual ability and as sharp as a Jerseyman well can be. He is confident of success and his confidence seems to be well based.

Senator McPherson wants either McDermitt, of Essex, or Farrell, of the Eighth Hudson District, which lies opposite Newark. It is said that these two have threatened to bolt the caucus if Hudspeth is named. Of course, the fight for the Chair is parallel with that for the Senatorship, and only time will divulge the name of the victor.

District-Attorney Winfield may have a great deal to say and do in consequence of those four votes of his, and, above all, there is the possibility of the victory of a dark horse, just as it was in 1886. Blodgett was unheard of until within a few days of the finish of that memorable fight, and when he was elected the query "Who is Blodgett?" became general throughout the State.

Still the real and only fight is between McPherson and Abbett. The latter has declared his intention of fighting to the death and also of retiring from political life if he meets a second defeat. Personally he seems certain of victory. He is Hudson's idol, a fact plainly and painfully evinced at the banquet given to Sheriff Davis in Jersey City last week.

McPherson and Abbett were both there. The former's toast was "The President," and the latter's, "New Jersey." McPherson spoke first and stole Abbett's thunder by barely mentioning Grover Cleveland and devoting himself to the State.

His address was made amid a murmur of conversation and the clatter of dishes, and ended in meagre applause. When Mr. Abbett was introduced he remarked that as Mr. McPherson had answered for New Jersey he would attend to Mr. Cleveland. He then spoke highly and at length of the President, wildly applauded all the while, and received an ovation as he finished. A short time afterwards Mr. McPherson silently sought his hat and left the hall without a farewell.

After all, the disposition of the thirty-one Democrats and twenty-eight Republicans in the Assembly and the eleven Democrats and ten Republicans in the Senate will not be known until they gather at Trenton. Prophets of the result are in danger of precipitation into back seats and only those who conjecture are on the safe side. It is a hot fight and a queer fight, but a fight to the finish.

A HORSE PARBOILED IN PARK ROW.

He Fell Into a Yawning Trench Made by the New York Steam Company.

A great cloud of steam, with two men and a struggling street-car horse in a deep hole, furnished a thrilling scene in Park Row, immediately in front of the Potter Building, very early this morning.

The twelve-inch main of the New York Steam Company runs along Park Row fourteen feet beneath the railroad track. Yesterday a break occurred in the pipe and the steam escaped through the earth and pavement. The Steam Company was notified and two men were sent to repair the main. They dug their way down to the pipe while a man stood at the hole to warn street-car drivers to unhitch the horses and push the cars over the opening, which was about twelve feet square on the surface.

Travel was greatly delayed, but nothing occurred until after midnight, when William Kelly, driver of a Bleecker street car, attempted to get over the hole without unhitching his horses, reining the animals so as to bring them on the pavement alongside the opening. The horse nearest the hole planted his shoe on the rail, slipped and rolled over into the excavation, enveloped in a cloud of hissing steam.

O'Brien and Mullin were still at work in the hole trying to reach the leak, and they were warned just in the nick of time to escape being crushed to death.

The horse, burned by the hot vapor and entangled in the harness so that it was suspended from its mate, kicked and struggled violently. It required twenty minutes of the very hardest of work to extricate the animal. Its hair and skin were burned off, and it presented a shocking sight.

The hole was afterwards covered with long, thick planks, and a man remains there to warn drivers of heavily loaded trucks to turn out and avoid the place.

Cold Waves

Are predicted with reliable accuracy, and people liable to the pains and aches of rheumatism dread every change to damp or stormy weather. Although we do not claim Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a positive specific for rheumatism, the remarkable cures it has effected show that it may be taken for rheumatism with reasonable certainty of benefit. Its action in neutralizing the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism, constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing this complaint. Try it.

ECHOES OF CITY LIFE.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE STREETS OF THIS BUSY TOWN.

A Bowery Fakir's Patent Scheme for Skinning Greenhorns.

"Here you are, now. Three for 50 cents. Walk right up, gents, and make your purchases. You will never get another chance like this to make money; there is only a few more left now, so you'd better take 'em," cried a fakir on the corner of the Bowery and Doyers street, to a large crowd a few afternoons ago.

In front of him stood a tray of red boxes in which were wrapped little pieces of greasy white soap wrapped up in a white circular. Two "cappers" stood near.

The young man would pick up a box, open it and then he appeared to tuck a two-dollar bill away in it as he closed the lid. Then he would throw the box in among the others, stir them up, and selecting three would offer them for sale in the manner quoted above.

If there were no buyers he would hand one of the boxes to a copper, who would open it, and out would tumble the bill.

This would urge some greenhorn to invest, and at the next opportunity he would do so, unless the next batch really did contain money. In case it did, a capper was ready to snap it up, and the greenhorn got the next chance to be skinned. In this way the capper and his two pals make quite a large salary every day.

An Easy Way Found to Beat the Drop-a-Penny-in-the-Slot Machine.

A way has been found to "beat" the drop-a-penny-in-the-slot machine. A young man who has one of the electric machines in his store has puzzled over the thing for some time and has at last succeeded in solving the problem.

The way he beats the machine is very simple. He has a penny with a hole bored near the edge. Through this a piece of fine wire is run and fastened.

The young man drops the cent in the slot and lets it down through the cylinder until the current is started.

As soon as he gets his "shock" he pulls the cent up and repeats the performance.

Amateur Athletes Who Use the Bridge as an Exercise Ground.

One of the best places for athletic young men to exercise themselves is on the Brooklyn Bridge, and there are a large number of Brooklyn boys who avail themselves of this smooth track and take a walk or a run across the big structure.

A spin across any of these cold mornings is beneficial; it sends the blood coursing through the veins and puts a healthy glow in the cheeks.

The boys start across on a run, but running up hill against a strong wind soon tires them out, and by the time they reach New York they feel like going in somewhere and—resting.

THE ROOSTER BOSSES THE CAGE.

He Vanquished the Three Foxes and Now All Form a Happy Family.

A blissfully happy though strangely assorted family may be seen in a cage at the store of a well-known merchant on Mercer street not many numbers above the intersection of Grand street.

When the cage was received at the store a week or two ago it contained three foxes, all alive and much more lively than when a few months previously they were dug from out their mother's burrow. Two of them are of the "silvered" variety and exceedingly rare. The third is a common every-day red fox, but possessed of much beauty and more slyness.

All three were captured when quite young in the far Northwest, and shipped by a St. Paul firm to this city.

They arrived in good condition, but very hungry. Their owner fed them with varied edibles for some little time before it occurred to him that animals of the same breed and presumably of the same appetite were in days gone by accustomed to regale themselves with choice bits from his grandmother's chicken-coops.

These foxes had probably never tasted a piece of poultry in their lives, and it was decided to sacrifice a chick or two in order that they might with the rest of the world celebrate the holidays. So a live rooster of uncertain age was purchased and introduced to the cage.

He survived the introduction two minutes and twenty-three seconds. Half an hour afterwards a few feathers were all that remained of the once sprightly chick. Other roosters followed the fate of the first, and the three foxes grew fat, sleek and wondrous happy despite their confinement. But a few days ago—just before Xmas—these three blood letters were given a surprise.

A well-plumed, large-combed rooster, of the White Leghorn variety, hatched from a last Spring's egg, was flung into the cage. The bird with a flap landed upon its feet. His next movement was to extend his neck and give utterance to a well-bred rooster's regulation war cry. The foxes smiled at one another, cocked their eyes at their expected supper and cautiously approached their prey.

The rooster noticed the movement and took immediate umbrage—also something else, for with a scream of anger he dashed his beak at the red fox and clipped a lock of hair from off Sir Reynard's head. That Leghorn cock then proceeded to give those foxes a lesson in the art of war.

He pecked with beak and struck with spur, first at one and then at another, until at length it seemed as though the intended diners were to be the dinner. But at length the battle ceased. The rooster was the victor and the foxes were utterly subdued.

That night the rooster roosted upon the war-scarred head of the red fox, and for two days after the bird bossed the cage and all that therein was. On the third day the owner of the beasts, fearing that the loss of eyes might result from birdie's kisses, released the cock from the cage and in a coop sent him to a place on Fourth street, where at present he is confined.

The story becoming known to some showmen, offers were made to the firm for the foxes and the rooster, and it may be that the public will have a chance to see for themselves before long the cock's supremacy.

A Noted Yacht Builder Dead.

David Carll, the well-known City Island yacht builder, died yesterday of apoplexy on his plantation at Crescent City, Fla. He was sixty-two years of age and a man of ample fortune. Among the yachts built in his yard were the Resolute, Atalanta, Nirvana, Vesta and Ambassadress.

Peptonix
(DIGESTIVE TABLETS.)
The best remedy for
Gastric Troubles,
because they are
Sure, Safe, Convenient, Pleasant.
The only reliable remedy that will correct acid stomach, relieve heartburn, gas, and all pain and discomfort attendant upon imperfect digestion.
A SURE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.
Mr. W. A. ROBINSON, of 126 Water St., New York, says: "I am convinced from my own experience that you have the only remedy in the world that will really cure dyspepsia."
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.

FUNNY PENCILS AT WORK.

ENTERTAINING SAMPLES OF THE ILLUSTRATED HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Not Entirely Empty.

Urchin—Wha'cher got in yer stockin'? Disappointed Lad—Me hand!

Popular Slang Phrases.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Keeping it dark.

Clearing for Action.
[From Puck.]

Lieut. Hardtack—Well, my man?
Seaman-Gunner Weavils—Please, sir, the ship's cat had a mess of kittens in th' 9-inch gun afore we left Brooklyn, an' th' gunner's mate he says they 's too good ter chuck at them rebels, sir!

A Misdirected Apology.
[From Judy.]

Mr. Smiley (doq.)—'Fraid I'm a bit late, my dear (hic) very busy; qui' overworked, 'fact (hic) felt sho bad, t'night, had to get some brannyanwarrer—
Voice from Bedroom—Come to bed, you old fool!

A Much-Needed Invention.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Cholly—Yes, deah girl, see the fashion obliged me to invent this strap to carry the cane on or I should have been worn to skin and bone.

At the Boat Race.
[From Judy.]

Fogg—His handling of the sculls was a sight to see.
Mrs. F.—Of whom are you speaking?
F.—Of Jones, the oarsman, of course. Whom else should I mean, pray?
Mrs. F.—Well, you might mean a phrenologist.
F.—Ethel, you're the bane of my existence!

BLOOMINGDALES',
Third Ave. and 59th St.

HOSIERY,

TO BE CLOSED OUT AT ONCE BEFORE INVENTORY.

TO make speedy and certain end of large lots of Hosiery we make for to-morrow a phenomenal cut in prices. The reductions, as announced below, are on BLOOMINGDALE Prices of the present season. They have been lowest all along. This puts them down to a notch never before reached for reliable goods. Not an item among them that returns us within 25 per cent. of first cost. See the matchless prices.

THE PRICES.

All our Ladies' Fancy Lisle Hose in boot patterns, that have been sold for 50c.; will close at 29c.

All our Ladies' 5-thread Fleeced Black Hose, that have been selling for 48c., will close at 24c.

All our Ladies' Fancy Striped Cotton Hose, in mode and tan grounds, have been 19c. and 25c.; will close at 13c.

All Our Ladies' full regular made Balbriggan Hose have been 19c.; to-morrow at 11c.

Our Ladies' Black Ribbed Cotton Hose, full regular, have been 25c.; to go to-morrow at 12½c.

All our Ladies' 35c. Cashmere Hose will be closed at 21c.

THE PRICES.

All our Ladies' Black Ingrain Cotton Hose, full regular, have been selling at 49c.; to be closed out to-morrow at 12½c.

Our Children's Derby-ribbed finest English Cashmere Hose have been selling according to size, 5 to 8s, 43c. to 60c.; will close all sizes at 38c.

All our Men's Fine English Merino Hose, striped and plain; goods that we have had from I. & R. Morley's, London, in several shipments of 5,000 dozen lots. Heretofore we have advertised and sold them as extraordinary value at 35c. and 50c.; to-morrow they go at 25c.

Our finest quality undyed natural Wool Half Hose, double soles, have been selling at 69c.; will close at 39c.

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL JAN. 1ST.

Bloomingdale Bros.,
Third Ave. and 59th St.

A GUILTY BANK TELLER.

John H. Stopford Voluntarily Confesses His Defalcations.

John H. Stopford, who has been receiving teller of the Nineteenth Ward Bank, at Fifty-seventh street and Third avenue, for the past five years, was a defendant at the Tombs Police Court this morning charged with appropriating $1,300 of the funds of the bank.

He went voluntarily to President Samuel H. Rathbone, of the bank, a week ago and confessed that he had been guilty of petty thefts, declaring at the same time that he would settle everything by the aid of his friends if the bank would give him time.

The bank dismissed him and notified the American Surety Company, who had given $10,000 bonds for him. He failed to do anything more towards a settlement and was arrested. He was held for trial.

PORTLAND THREATENED BY FLAMES.

A Fierce Fire Now Raging in the Heart of the City.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PORTLAND, Me., Dec. 28.—What promises to be the most destructive fire for years is at this moment raging in Bijou Rink, one of the largest buildings in the city.

The building is situated in the heart of the city, and the whole Department has been summoned.

Eighteen Killed by a Shell Explosion.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

ROME, Dec. 28.—A terrible disaster has occurred at Messina. While some experiments were going on in the fortress a shell prematurely exploded.

Capt. Manzoni, his wife and sixteen soldiers were killed, and many others were wounded.

Prompt Denial of a Haytian Yarn.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The report printed in a New York newspaper that the Government would demand an indemnity of $2,500,000 from Hayti for the seizure of the American vessel Haytian Republic is emphatically denied at the State and Navy Departments.

Fell from His Truck.

Young George Young, of 236 Elizabeth street, fell from his truck this morning in front of 226 Clinton street and received a concussion of the brain. He was taken to Gouverneur Hospital.

SLY SENOR DE GOICOECHEA.

Off on His Wedding Tour and the Hotel Victoria Knew It Not.

DE GOICOECHEA—STERRY.—On the 23d inst., by the Rev. Father Ducey, of St. Leo's Church, RAFAEL DE GOICOECHEA to ANNIE R. STERRY. No cards. Norwich (Conn.) papers please copy.

The groom has been Spanish interpreter and correspondent for the Victoria Hotel for a number of years, but he did not confide his intended marriage to the people of that hostelry, who got their first information this morning.

"The sly old fox," ejaculated the clerk when the reporter showed him the announcement. Señor de Goicoechea left the hotel yesterday, and has not since been seen.

TO RUN THE GAUNTLET AGAIN.

Rejected Republican Club Candidates Come Up Once More To-Night.

Lively times are expected at the Republican Club this evening when the rejection of the applications for membership of James W. Moses, B. F. Peixotto and Henry C. Perley will be reconsidered.

It will be a special meeting, called for this one purpose, and the solid men and politicians of the club will do their best to knock out the dress-coated dudes who were responsible for blackballing the applicants named.

Steam Heating Casualties in Boston.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The Boston Steam Heating Company is in hard luck once more. Closely following the fatal manhole explosion yesterday comes the bursting of a radiator supplied by that company in the office of the Austin C. Wellington Coal Company this morning. Frank Ingalls was badly scalded about the face and hands and the furniture in the office badly wrecked.

Telegraphic Ticks.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 28.—E. L. Harper has so far recovered his mind that he has been placed at work in the prison again.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 28.—The city of Newton celebrated yesterday the 200th anniversary of her incorporation as a town.

PURE BLOOD, STRENGTH, Flesh & Color; also appetite, good digestion, steady nerves and active liver come to all who use Dr. Alexander's Tonic Pills, the great tonic; small, sugar coated, 30 in a bottle, 50c. Alex. Med. Co., 14th St. and 6th Ave., New York.

Holiday Presents!
What Shall We Give?
The Waterbury Watches Answer That.
THREE STYLES!!! THREE SERIES!!!
Every Retail Watch Dealer Keeps
THE WATERBURY WATCHES.
Ask your watch-dealer to show you "THE LADIES' WATERBURY," "SERIES L," PRICE $4.00; THE NEW SHORT WIND WATERBURY, "SERIES J," PRICE $4.00; THE LONG WIND WATERBURY, "SERIES E," PRICE $2.50.
ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.
"CORRECT TIME FOR A LITTLE MONEY."
Remember that the Waterbury Watches are for sale only by REGULAR RETAIL WATCH DEALERS.