The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).
PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,039

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

Washington INAUGURAL CENTENNIAL.

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To Strangers

CONTEMPLATING VISITING THE METROPOLIS DURING THE WASHINGTON INAUGURAL ARE EXTENDED THE FACILITIES OF THE WORLD'S INFORMATION BUREAU AS ABOVE.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

IT PROTESTS VIGOROUSLY AGAINST THE ABDUCTION OF TINA WEISS.

Highland Falls Awake.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Reading of your amendment in regard to the commitment of children to different societies some weeks ago, I did not well understand its purport. But in reading the case of Tina Weiss it is perfectly clear. The child's parents should receive the warmest sympathy. I hope that THE EVENING WORLD will crown this crusade with success, as it does its other undertakings. Continue your good works. S. O. W.

P. S.—If money is needed a subscription will be made in this town.

Highland Falls, Feb. 11.

Yes, We'll Print Their Names.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a New Yorker, but at present a Newarker. I am a reader of your splendid paper. And for one, I want to thank you for the stand you are taking in the Tina Weiss case. I hope your bill to repeal the present law will pass in Albany. Let the people watch those members who vote against it, as I know THE EVENING WORLD will publish their names. Then let the people put a veto on them returning to Albany as the people's choice. Keep the pot a-boiling.

THOS. L. MCCLAIN, 273 Warren street.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 10.

A Terrible Outrage.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I see by your valuable paper the interest you have taken in Tina Weiss. Is this a free country, where an honest, upright, sober and industrious man is deprived of his child after years of bringing up? Let the people of the city of New York see to this outrageous crime, and let THE EVENING WORLD go on with its great work. A READER,

1643 Second avenue.

Not Equalled Even in Siberia.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I take great pride in such a paper as the New York EVENING WORLD and all the good it has done for the poor people of the city of New York. It has no equal as a newspaper on the face of the globe. I see with pleasure the great interest it has taken in Tina Weiss. I have never read about the equal of that case, even in far Siberia. It could not be worse. It is a disgrace to the great city of New York that such a thing could happen. Let every good father who has a warm heart think of this case, and let everybody support THE EVENING WORLD's attitude in this matter, for it deserves it.

MIKE DONELSON, 1584 Second avenue.

WORLDLINGS.

Samuel W. Allerton, one of the wealthiest capitalists in Chicago, was a farmer's boy in Northern New York before he went West to seek his fortune. He has lived in Chicago since 1860.

Dr. W. F. Harper, who is at the head of the department of Oriental Languages in Yale College, is one of the most distinguished Hebrew scholars in the country. He is just thirty-five years old.

Congressman S. S. Cox is said to have a remarkably accurate memory. He has a wide knowledge of literature that is always at his tongue's end, and he is able to repeat off-hand many long pieces of verse.

One of the oldest residents in Chicago is Niman Edwards, a son of the first Governor of the Territory of Illinois, and brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln. He is a type of a generation that is past and gone, a survivor of the time when log cabins were the finest buildings in the State.

$600 PER SCALP.

Three Chinamen Aver That Price Was Offered for Each of Theirs.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 13.—Three very excited Chinamen visited Chief Speers yesterday. They wanted protection from the Chief as they feared they would be killed.

They said that Wah Lee and Wah Sing had offered $1,800 for the three scalps, or $600 each to have them killed.

They claimed to be sure of this, and further stated that in response to telegrams sent to San Francisco, highbinders were on the way here from that city to kill them for the premium offered.

INFANTILE fevers and spasms are not possible while MOSELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL can be had. 25c. *

THEIR RECORDS.

Former Battles of McAuliffe and Meyer.

History of the Two Light-Weights Who Fought This Morning.

Some Particulars About These Exponents of a Brutal Profession.

Jack McAuliffe was born in Cork, Ireland, March 24, 1866. He removed with his parents to Bangor, Me., where he spent his childhood. Seven years ago he took up his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has since resided.

His first appearance in the ring was in 1883. One night he was in a sporting resort on the Bowery, where a light-weight, young Mace, was to knock out a fellow. His man didn't show up, and somehow or other Jack McAuliffe, for the first time, found himself in a ring. It took him just two rounds to "stop" young Mace.

Aug. 3, 1884, he contested a light-weight boxing tournament at Billy Madden's, New York City. In his trial bout he beat Mike Leary, but withdrew from the final bout against J. J. McGinty, owing to the great disparity in weight.

Aug. 28, at the same place, he contested for a gold medal in a contest open to feather-weights, against six competitors. In the trial bouts he beat Patsy Hogan and H. Whitney. The final bout was against George Kline, whom he beat at Pop Whitaker's benefit one week later.

Oct. 19, at Brooklyn, N. Y., he defeated J. Karcher in seventeen rounds, lasting 1 hour and 8 minutes, for a gold medal.

At a benefit tendered to Tom Delaney, at Williamsburg, N. Y., Dec. 27, he won the light-weight boxing competition.

He next entered for a competition at the Kings County (N. Y.) Athletic Club meeting, and had a walkover for first prize.

Feb. 21, 1885, he won a light weight boxing tournament, open to 124-pound men, at Billy Madden's, New York City, for a gold medal.

March 28, at the annual boxing competitions at Tammany Hall, New York City, under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club, for the amateur championship of America, he defeated J. Ellingsworth in the first round of trial bouts for light-weights. In the second round of trial bouts he beat J. Sperry, and in the final he beat W. Ellingsworth, after battling three rounds, thus winning the championship.

At the Alhambra, New York City, April 15, he whipped Ed Wagner in two rounds, for a silver belt, open to all light-weight pugilists.

May 12 he won Billy Madden's 124-pound boxing competition, decided in New York City, by defeating Harry White in four rounds. At the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., Nov. 19, he defeated Bill Young in four rounds for gate receipts.

Dec. 8 he whipped Buck McKenna in two rounds, lasting 5 minutes 35 seconds, at Philadelphia, for a purse.

He then appeared at several public exhibitions, and showed to superior advantage. He was matched to meet Frazier in New York City in the Spring of 1885, but through illness was unable to spar.

Jan. 13, 1886, at the rooms of the New York Athletic Club, he whipped Jack Hopper in five rounds for a purse.

He next met Hopper in a hard glove fight to a finish in New York City, Feb. 27, for a purse of $100, and won after fighting seventeen rounds.

At the Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia, July 17, he stopped Ed Carroll in one round, and two days afterwards he defeated Charley McCarthy in four rounds.

McAuliffe came East in the Fall of 1885, and made a match to meet Billy Frazier in a finish contest, Queensberry rules, two-ounce gloves, in Boston. They were to fight at 133 pounds, for a purse of $800 to winner and $25 to loser, and a belt. McAuliffe did not get to weight. The former accepted $25 to waive his claims on account of overweight. When they weighed, McAuliffe tipped the beam at 133½ and Frazier at 129½ pounds. The batting was decidedly even, and it was anybody's fight up to the twentieth round, when Frazier showed signs of pegging out. He fell forward in the twenty-first round on his face, after a throat blow, and lay on the floor for fifteen seconds. McAuliffe was awarded the fight, belt and purse.

A second meeting between McAuliffe and Frazier was arranged to take place in Boston, Dec. 15. The affair terminated in an exasperating fiasco. McAuliffe was at weight for the contest this time. Frazier was bragging as late as 7 o'clock on the evening appointed for the fight that he was sure of winning. He was attacked, he claimed, by cramps and diarrhœa. When he appeared in the ring, an hour late, he showed a physician's certificate that he was ill. He stood for a while in the ring the target of comments that evidently were not agreeable, and then climbed down and out. McAuliffe received $300 without fighting. Harry Gilmore, light-weight champion of Canada, was present, and agreed to fight any light-weight in the world for any part of $5,000 a side.

A match between Gilmore and McAuliffe was then made at the *Police News* office for a $500 purse, the light-weight championship of America, and a new international light-weight challenge belt, costing $1,000. The conditions called for skin-tight gloves to a finish, Queensberry rules, Al Smith, of New York referee. The battle was fought in Lawrence, Mass., and was remarkable as one of the most stubbornly contested ever witnessed in this country. The men fought twenty-eight rounds, lasting 1 hour 51 minutes, when Gilmore fell to the floor thoroughly beaten. Gilmore's backer, Harry S. Phillips lost $2,900 on his favorite, but presented Gilmore with $250. About $5,000 was wagered on the contest. McAuliffe's winnings were a $500 purse and about $300 from admirers and winners by his victory.

McAuliffe and Gilmore met subsequently at the Way street rooms in Boston, Feb. 25, in a friendly four-round go. Jem Carney was present, and McAuliffe and he signed articles the same day to fight in May for a purse of $1,000 and a stake of $1,000.

On March 2, at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, McAuliffe and Frazier boxed a four round draw. Two nights afterwards McAuliffe faced Jimmy Mitchell in a four-round draw.

McAuliffe did not make good his deposit at the *Police News* for his match for $1,000 a side and a $1,000 purse with Jem Carney, and the $1,000 challenge belt gained by him in his victory with Gilmore has been taken from him by the donor of the belt and transferred to Carney.

On June 10, when Carney was about to take the steamer from Boston after defeating Jimmy Mitchell, McAuliffe appeared in Boston, professing a desire to sign new articles for a fight with Carney. A match was made for $2,500 a side, $500 a side being posted with the Boston *Daily Globe* as temporary stakeholder. All the deposits were made by Carney's backers—*i. e.*, $2,500 in all—on Sept. 24. McAuliffe went wrong in his training after $1,500 of his backer's money was up. The day for the battle had been agreed upon as Oct. 3. McAuliffe's backers saved forfeit and avoided having to put a sick man in the ring by a deal with a *Police News* employee, who was without authority in the premises, as he himself confessed. This deal, as unfair as it was unsportsmanlike, simply took $500 from the proper McAuliffe stake money of $2,500 to pay Carney for a six weeks' postponement of his match and for the trouble of training anew. On Nov. 16 they met at Revere beach, and after fighting seventy-four rounds the ring was broken in. The referee would not let the fight go on, and decided to have the battle finished at some other place. A few days later the referee sent word to the fighters that he would not act as referee again, and in a short time after both men drew down their stakes. From that time until Sept. 27, 1888, McAuliffe did not enter the ring. On that day he fought a ten-round draw with Patsy Kerrigan, of Boston, at the Newmarket Club for a $250 purse.

Oct. 16, 1888, he fought Billy Dacey, of Greenpoint, with kid gloves, for a $5,000 purse and the light-weight championship. The battle was fought at Dover, N. J., and McAuliffe knocked Dacey out in 11 rounds, lasting 42 minutes. In November he was presented with the light-weight championship belt at Clarendon Hall, Brooklyn. Dec. 17 he met Sam Collyer, the veteran light-weight, in a 10-round glove contest at Brooklyn. Collyer was put to sleep in the second round. Jake Hyams, an English light-weight with a big reputation, came to America and challenged McAuliffe. They met in a 10-round glove contest at Williamsburg, N. Y., Dec. 26, and the Britisher was knocked out in the ninth round.

MEYER'S RECORD.

Meyer is one of the most remarkable characters ever produced by the manly art. He was born in Streator, Ill., and is now about twenty-eight years old. He is 5 feet 5½ inches in height, and weighs, out of condition, from 135 to 137 pounds. His most intimate friends never saw him drink intoxicating liquors or heard him use profane language. When a boy he served his time as an apprentice to a carpenter, and the constant work at the bench has hardened his stomach so that it is almost impossible for an opponent to bother him in that quarter. Unless he finds an antagonist landing squarely on the "mark" he pays very little attention to guarding his stomach.

Meyer received his first lessons in boxing from the miners who live and earn their daily bread in and around Streator. Many of them were Scotch or English men, and up to all the tricks of the London prize-ring. He proved an apt pupil, and fought his first fight with Charley La Massney just three years ago. La Massney weighed 195 pounds, but he fell to Meyer's superior science and endurance before the referee's call of time ended the sixth round.

From that time on the Streator lad fought several battles with men heavier than himself, but always came out victorious. He won the championship of the West from Charley Daly, of St. Louis, in thirty-one rounds, and defeated James Gallagher, of Buffalo, for $250 a side. Then came the battle which may be said to have ushered him into public notice. It was with Harry Gilmore, the clever Canadian light-weight. The fight took place at St. Croix, Minn., and was for $1,000 a side and the gate receipts. Though the cleverer of the two, Gilmore was unable to withstand the terrific blows of Meyer and was "put to sleep" in the fifth round. Not being satisfied, Gilmore clamored for another battle. He was accommodated and knocked out in one round.

Meyer's ninth and last battle was with Dann Needham, of St. Paul. One thousand dollars and the gate receipts was the consideration. After the twentieth round Meyer was declared the winner.

The latter part of last year he was challenged by Jack McAurliffe, and after a little trouble the men were matched to fight for $5,000 and the light-weight championship of the world.

FIRE ON THE UPPER FLOORS.

IT CAUSED $75,000 DAMAGE AT DODGE & CO.'S BUILDING.

A Fireman Badly Injured by a Fall—He Waited Long in Pain for an Ambulance that Did Not Come—Loss Distributed Among Several Firms—The Origin of the Fire Is a Present Mystery.

At 2.45 o'clock this morning Saloon-keeper Morris Blastner, who lives at 609 West Thirty-sixth street, was aroused from his slumbers by the shouts of people living in the tenement-houses in the rear, which front on Thirty-seventh street.

Upon looking out of the window, he discovered that the large brick factory next door was in flames.

Hurriedly dressing himself he ran out and after considerable difficulty secured a fire-key and sounded an alarm from the box on the corner of West Thirty-third street and Eleventh avenue.

The burning building was a five-story brick structure, 75 by 125, and covered the numbers from 603 to 607 inclusive. The first floor was occupied by H. C. Dodge & Co., manufacturers of pickles, and Charles Ballow, sausage casings.

The Schiff Manufacturing Company occupied the second and third floors. H. D. Klotz, silk goods, was on the fourth floor, and the Loom Manufacturing Company, silk ribbons, was on the top floor.

As soon as the firemen arrived they chopped in the heavy front door and made their way to the third floor, where the fire was burning fiercely.

Another alarm was sent in, followed by a third alarm at 3.25 o'clock. This brought thirteen engines and six hook and ladder companies to the ground, and Chief Shay, assisted by Chief Crolpie, directed the movements of the firemen.

In a few minutes streams of water were being thrown on the blaze from all directions. It was not long, however, before the roof caved in, and the firemen had to stand back.

After that the fire went down a little, and by hard work was confined to the two upper floors. At 5 o'clock it was declared all out.

The building at that time had been flooded with water, and the floors and stairways were covered with a two-inch coating of ice. One engine remained and kept up a steady stream until after 10 o'clock this morning.

The inefficiency of the ambulance service was strikingly shown this morning. Fireman James Hackett, of Hook and Ladder Company 4, was coming downstairs at 7.45 o'clock, when he slipped and fell from the second to the first floor. He received a cut over the forehead and sprained his legs. His comrades carried him to a saloon on the corner of Eleventh avenue and a call for an ambulance was sent.

Up to 9.30 no ambulance had arrived, and the poor fellow, unable to walk, was taken to the company's house, where his injuries were attended to.

There is a double tenement next door to the factory, and when the fire engines arrived there was considerable excitement among the inmates; but on being assured that there was no danger the people went back to bed.

How the fire originated is not known. The building is heated by steam, and no lights are left burning at night.

The losses on stock are estimated as follows: H. C. Dodge & Company, $10,000; Charles Ballow, $15,000; Schiff Manufacturing Company, $12,000; H. D. Klotz, $10,000; Loom Manufacturing Company, $10,000. The last two firms lose by the flames, the others by water.

The building, which is owned by Dodge, was damaged to the extent of $15,000.

One at a Time.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Farmer Jayhawk (who hears a grand opera for the first time)—Hold on thar, you feller! Kain't ye wait t'll the lady gits through before ye begin yer holler?

Distress After Eating

is one of the many disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia. Headache, heartburn, sour stomach, faintness and capricious appetite are also caused by this very widespread and growing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves the headache and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B.—Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

SOME CORUSCATIONS OF WIT.

SOME BRIGHT THINGS THAT GLITTER IN THE PARAGRAPHERS' COLUMN.

The Power of Music.

[*From Life.*]

The sun had already sunk in the west when the convict returned to his native village. During the many years of his confinement he had harbored but one idea—that of revenge. As he neared the old school-house (which, by the way, he had made up his mind to fire) a bell from a distant spire began its slow and solemn peal. A feeling which the convict had not felt in many years filled his breast. He stood rooted to the spot, and tears, hot tears, moistened his cheeks. When the bell had ceased its tolling he hastily wiped his eyes with the back of his callloused hand, and exclaimed: "My heart is softened; I will not shed blood to-night—I will rob instead!"

A Premature Inquiry.

[*From the Jewelers' Weekly.*]

Stranger (in the court-room)—What time have you got, please? Pri-oner (at counsel's table)—I can tell you better after the trial.

Frequently Done.

[*From the Lowell Citizen.*]

Rounder—How is it for a pass on your road? Agent—Can't do it. Rounder—Don't you pass anything on this road? Agent—Oh, yes. We pass dividends.

Not That Kind of Protection.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Northern Gentleman (who has been reading on the subject of Vondooism among the colored people, and thinks he will make a little original research)—Jasper, do any of your people carry charms about them for protection?

Jasper—Oh, yes, sah; but I nebber hear dem call charms 'fore; more ginerally call dem razors, sah.

A Sufficient Reason.

[*From Drake's Magazine.*]

"Oh, Why Should They Bury Me Deep?" is the title of some verses sent to this office by a New Jersey poet. One reading of the poem ought to furnish a satisfactory answer to any reasonable person.

Another Mystery Explained.

[*From the Philadelphia Record.*]

Sensible Wife—My dear, you remember, of course, that before our marriage I told you that I rather enjoyed cigar smoke. Well, I am sure I do not love you any less now, yet the fact remains that I find your smoking intensely disagreeable. Why is it?

Sensible Husband—When I had only myself to support I smoked two for a quarter; now I smoke two for five.

His Preference.

[*From Life.*]

Mr. F. Swinelander Pugg (who speaks French)—I don't know *what* to take for breakfast.

Waiter—Monsieur désirerait peut-être du jambon avec des œufs?

Mr. F. Swinelander Pugg (who speaks French)—No, I hate that; give me some ham and eggs.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

ALL OVER A TON OF COAL.

Dealer Cosgriff Has His Bookkeeper Arrested, but Doesn't Press the Charge.

James Cavanagh, bookkeeper for Coal Dealer John G. Cosgriff, of 122 Bank street, was arrested to-day on a warrant issued on his employer's application, charging him with the larceny of $6.25.

When Cavanagh was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court, however, Mr. Cosgriff declined to press any charge and the prisoner was discharged.

The $6.25 was the price of a ton of coal which Driver Daniel Shea collected and alleged that he turned over to the bookkeeper. The latter denied receiving the money.

They Have All Heard of It.

[*From the Oswego Palladium.*]

The New York EVENING WORLD offers a gold double eagle for the most remarkable dream sent in by a reader. The *Observer* says: "A Utica reader of THE EVENING WORLD requests us to announce that he dreamed on the night of Monday, Feb. 4, that he knew the names of the members of Harrison's Cabinet. Send on your $20."

From Telltale Hotel Registers.

J. H. Manning, of Albany; C. S. Newell, of Goshen, and T. M. Rains, of Philadelphia, are at the Bartholdi.

H. H. Cooper, of Utica; A. F. Martin, of Boston, and J. F. J. Anderson, of Richmond, Va., are stopping at the Fifth avenue.

Among the Albemarle guests are E. Strong, of Starke, Fla., and J. J. Vandergriff, of Pittsburg.

Prominent at the Hoffman are H. Theodore Ellyson, of Richmond; George O. Willard, of Providence, and D. Richardson, of Cincinnati.

J. McCredie, jr., of Albany; H. J. Swift, of Buffalo; C. S. Wight, of Pittsburg, and Dudley Hall, of Boston, are at the St. James.

Among recent arrivals at the Brunswick are W. C. Vanisome, of Montreal; F. Alcott Pratt, of Boston, and Henry Fairfax, of Virginia.

W. D. Nicholas, of Albany; C. H. Jones, of St. Louis, and E. S. Lenn, of Chicago, are at the Sturtevant.

C. H. Bronson, of Richmond, Va.; J. A. Enslow, jr., of Florida; W. D. Kelly, of Elmira; F. H. Snell, of Buffalo, and W. P. Faulber, of Washington, are at the Gilsey House.

Registered at the Grand Hotel are H. Loud, of Boston; E. L. Huebner, of Philadelphia, and C. F. Little, of Albany.

MPEDIMENT JOE.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

It's an a-awful th-thing t-t-to b-be b-b-born with
a t-tongue that's r-ready t-to b-b-balk,
W-whenever you're w-wantin' t-t-to use it in
h-havin' a l-l-l-little t-t-t-talk.
I've s-s-suffered enough in sp-p-p-pirit t-to
d-d-d-die a d-d-dozen t-t-t-times;
I'll t-t-try 'nd t-t-tell you about it in a f-f-f-few
s-s-short s-s-simple ry-ry-ry-ry—
S-s-short s-s-s-simple ry-ry-ry-ry-ry-ry--

Th-there, s-s-see th-that now? S-s-stuck again;
th-that w-word I c-c-c-c-couldn't sp-p-p-peak.
If I k-k-k-kept on a t-t-tryin' w-without stopping f-f-f-for a w-w-w-week.
It's n-nothin' v-very f-f-f-funny f-f-for me, 'nd
n-nothin v-v-very n-n-new,
Although it m-m-may s-s-s-seem r-r-really quite
l-l-l-laughable t-t-t-to y-y-y-y-y—
Quite l-l-laughable t-t-to y-y-y-y-y-y—

'S no use, I c-couldn't say it f-f-for a f-f-f-fifty-
d-d-dollar b-b-b-bill.
Y-you s-s-see m-m-my r-r-road to eloquence is
s-all th-the w-w-way up h-hill.
I s'p-pose it always w-w-will b-be, it's r-r-rough,
b-b-but it is s-s-s-so,
And f-f-folks w-w-w-will always c-c-call m-me
Imp-p-p-p-p-p-p-p—
Imp-p-pediment J-J-J-J-J-J—

C-c-cant even sp-peak m-my n-name, you s-s-see,
I'd s-sing it i-if I c-c-could.
I t-tried th-that once 'nd some f-f-folks
sw-w-wore th-that I w-was s-sawin' w-wood,
'Nd others s-s-said they knew it c-c-c-couldn't
p-p-possibly b-b-be m-m-m-me.
For w-w-workin' s-s-s-same as t-t-talkin'
n-n-never d-d-did w-w-with m-me ag-g-g-g—
With m-me ag-g-g-g-g-g-g—

D-d-dum it! w-what w-was I m-m-made f-f-for,
'nd t-turned l-loose b-bout half d-done,
With t-t-talkin' g-gear l-l-left out l-l-like a t-t-t-t-
triggerless old gun?
I'm l-l-loaded t-to the n-neck w-w-with t-t-talk,
b-but it w-won't l-leave m-my head
'T-till G-G-Gabriel b-b-blows his t-t-t-trumpet
t-t-to aw-w-wake the quick 'nd d-d-d—
The quick 'nd d-d-d-d-d-d—

I w-w-ent a-c-c-c-courtin' y-years a-g-g-go; the
g-g-gal I w-w-wanted b-b-bad;
The t-t-time I had a-p-p-p-p-poppin' w-was the
w-w-worst I ever h-h-had.
I w-worked al-l-long a-b-b-bout an hour, 'nd
w-when I w-was half through,
S-says sh-sh-she, "J-J-Joe, l-l-life is m-mighty
s-short, t-t-too s-short t-to w-wait f-for y-
y-y—
T-to w-w-wait f-f-for y-y-y-y-y-y—"

'Nd s-so another f-fellow g-g-got m-m-my g-g-gal, 'nd m-m-married her,
B-because I g-got excited 'nd m-my-my t-t-tongue r-r-refused t-t-to st-t-tir.
B-but I've b-b-b-been t-t-told he b-blames m-my
t-t-tongue f-for b-bringing him t-to w-woe,
'Nd so w-wishes sh-sh-she had w-w-waited f-f-for
Imp-p-p-pediment J-J-J-J-J-J—
Imp-p-p-pediment J-J-J-J-J-J—

A f-fellow in a h-h-hurry asked how f-f-far it
w-w-was t-t-to t-town,
I t-t-tried f-f-for t-t-twenty m-m-minutes,
s-s-says he, w-w-with ugly f-f-f-frown,
I'll l-l-lose m-m-more t-t-time a-w-w-waitin'
f-f-for y-y-you the thing t-to t-tell,
Than it w-w-would t-t-take f-f-for m-m-me t-to
f-find how f-far it is t-to h-h-h—,
How f-f-far it is t-t-to h-h-h-h-h-h—,

When I am th-th-thirsty, if I had t-to n-name
m-my l-l-licker f-f-first,
B-before I g-g-got it, I am s-s-sure that I
w-w-would d-d-die of th-th-thirst.
Th-th-the b-b-barkeep knows m-my b-b-beverage, 'nd w-when I w-wink one eye,
He g-g-g-gently p-p-places at m-my s-s-s-side a
b-b-b-bottle of old r-r-r-r-r-r—
B-b-b-bottle of old r-r-r-r-r-r—

I p-p-point out on a b-b-bill of f-f-f-fare the
th-thing I w-want t-t-to eat.
I b-b-bow my head f-f-for "b-b-b-beefsteak
r-rare," 'nd hope it w-w-will b-b-be sweet.
'Sno use t-t-to k-k-k-kick if they b-b-b-bring
m-me instead b-b-beefsteak w-well
d-d-done.
But s-sometimes I c-c-c-can't help b-but
w-w-w-wish by G-G-George I h-had a
g-g-g-g-g—
I h-h-had a g-g-g-g-g-g—

I s-s-suffer in a th-thousand w-ways 'nd w-will
t-t-till l-life is d-d-done.
W-while over m-my inf-f-f-firmity the
w-w-w-world has l-l-lots of f-f-fun.
B-but if I g-go t-t-to h-h-heaven 'nd f-f-find
m-my t-t-tongue w-works be better there.
In s-s-singin' s-s-songs of g-g-g-gratitude I'll
t-t-try 'nd d-d-do m-my sh-sh-sh—
Try 'nd d-d-do m-my sh-sh-sh-sh-sh—

B-but w-when I'm d-d-dead, upon the st-t-tone
if s-s-some remarks y-y-you t-t-trace,
Y-y-y-you n-n-n-needn't m-m-mention that I've
g-g-gone t-t-to any 't-ticlar p-p-place;
For I'm a-g-g-goin' t-t-to l-l-look around w-w-
when I c-c-c-cut l-l-l-loose b-b-b-below.
N-no d-d-dum p-p-post m-m-mortem st-t-t-tutorin' for Imp-p-p-pediment J-J-J—
Imp-p-p-pediment J-J-J-J-J-Joe.

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

They Never Would Be Missed.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Cholly—Confound that beastly dog of yours! He has taken a piece out of my trousers.

Owner—Tut, tut! He was only in play. Besides, your trousers are so wide you will never miss it.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." It's false—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

ON A SAINT'S DAY.

Modern Pagans May Quietly Pay Off Old Grudges.

Rhymed Horrors to Be Sent Out in Good Valentine's Name.

If You Get One of These To-Morrow Here's What It Means.

St. Valentine was a missionary who tried to convert some pagans in Northern Europe as far back as the year 470 A. D.

They did not take kindly to his teachings, and gave him twenty-four hours in which to leave town.

He thought they were fooling, perhaps, but at any rate he was found around the same place next day, and then he was sent out of town in a hurry, being put to death in a torture chamber.

Nothing has been heard from him since, but his name is frequently mentioned about this time every year.

Saint Valentine's Day is a boon to that timid man, the henpecked husband, who blames his wife's mamma as the cause of all his trouble.

He longs for the arrival of the good saint's day, when, by the simple outlay of a penny he can get a caricature like the one underneath, which, in his own mind, he decides is the best likeness of the lady in question that he has ever seen.

Of course he transmits the picture, with the accompanying lines, through the mail, writing the address in a feigned hand, as he does not feel sure how the old lady will take it.

He usually finds out that she gets ugly about it, and he suffers accordingly. He does not mind it, though, feeling that he has got a little the best of her anyhow. Here's the libellous mother-in-law idea:

The cruelest thing in nature known
Is you, my mother-in-law, I own;
You keep your daughter e'en in awe,
And lay down my domestic law.
Slayer of human joys, of course,
You'll make me the—at least divorce.
Beware, young men, the tongue and claws
Of these she devils, ma-in-laws.

The young man who has been jilted feels so sore and hurt about the matter that he feels it is a duty which he owes his fellow-men to send something like this to the false fair one:

You think yourself a lovely maid,
Got up in style, and full of grace;
But that in which you're strongest is
The brass you carry in your face.
To catch a man, and one with cash,
You make this fancy goods display;
The thought forever fills your mind,
'Tis what you're after night and day.

She never says anything about it, so really the unfortunate man only wastes his good time and money. You cannot make him see it in that light, however.

The ladies, too, are fond of getting square in this quiet way.

For instance, that young girl who has labored so long and so faithfully to capture the wealthy old gentleman bereaved of his wife, feels sure that it is only because he has some one else in view that he rejects her maidenly advances, and she sits down to conjure up something that she thinks will make him "feel real mean, the nasty old thing."

She gets her money's worth, and no mistake, if she buys this:

With rusty crape upon your hat,
And cotton gloves so shabby,
You poke in every lady's face
Your visage pale and flabby.
You want another wife, 'tis plain;
You'll promise, too, to pet her,
And tell a pack of wicked lies
In hopes at last to get her.

Then the man who wants to get even with that friend of his who sits down beside him for an hour at a time and retails chestnuts just drops him by mail this little thing. He does not mind it, but it may relieve the other fellow's feelings:

You measly, mumbling, wrinkled pill,
Your head is like a billiard ball;
Deaf as a post—to make you hear,
One in your ear must loudly bawl.
You visit all the girls you know,
You shut your wat'ry eyes and snore;
Your ears bespeak the braying ass,
Your silly talk the gabbling bore.

If you are a tender-hearted girl, and feel sorry for the young fellow to whom you just said you "could never be anything but a sister," the proper thing to do is to send him a valentine. There are others worse than this one following, but no doubt he will think this is horrible enough and feel glad that you did not say yes:

'Tis very hard lines thus to love and be smitten—
To offer your hand and then get the mitten—
That very fair rose will no doubt be rejected and blue
For snubbing so sweet a gallant as you.
Keep a stiff upper lip though she turns up her nose,
There's men quite as ugly have stood in your clothes.

The next refers to the gossip who goes about and tells your friends and neighbors that your first wife is still living, though

Underhill, Cornell & Brown,

SUCCESSORS TO

Underhill, Slote & Cornell,

ANNOUNCE THAT IN CONSEQUENCE OF CHANGE IN FIRM, AND NECESSARY ALTERATIONS OF THEIR STORES, THEY OFFER

WINTER OVERCOATS,

ULSTERS,

CAPED ULSTERS AND

SUITS

FOR MEN AND BOYS,

At a Reduction of 20 to

FORTY PER CENT.,

WITH EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO CLEAR OUT

Broken Lots.

746-750 Broadway,

CORNER ASTOR PLACE,

ONE DOOR BELOW EIGHTH STREET.

she does not really believe the lady you are living with now knows it:

Double-tounged viper, mean and low,
Spitting slander as you go;
Vile distributor of lies,
Devil in a woman's guise,
When within the grave you're laid
E'en the worms will feel dismayed.
Rude backbiter, sloven shrew,
Heaven will never smile on you.

It is doubtful if the following will disturb the equanimity of the young fellow who believes he is the cynosure of all women's eyes:

Clad in jewelry that's flash,
Don't imagine you're a mash;
Your silly smirk makes women faint,
And even blush beneath their paint.
We at once observe with pain
You've a very softened brain.
Oh! young, giddy fool, galoot!
Put up in a tailor's suit.

If you are real angry with the fellow who dresses better than you do, you might send him this if it were not against the law:

Grinning ape, with manners rude,
Ancient fool and wouldbe dude,
You make all the bootblacks smile
At your attempts to put on style;
Trotting mule-like down the street,
Ogling every maid you meet;
Some son or father with cowhide
Had best warm up your weather side.

Then, if you are weary of the girl to whom you have been making love, and should send her a valentine like this and tell her you did it, she would never speak to you again:

The amorous love-light in your eye
Would make most any young man fly.
Your lips are wiggling for a kiss;
Will no one make you happy, miss?
Go! be an old maid all forlorn,
Or run away from home some morn;
Take in a coachman or a cop,
And start a little candy-shop.

Of course, nobody should send out unpleasant valentines, for doing so is against the law and is unkind besides.

Paid Attention to Them.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

The Tailors' National Convention, in session at New York, looked after its members' vested interests in attire-less manner.

THE GENUINE

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT

THE FAVORITE TONIC AND NUTRIENT, recommended by all prominent Physicians since 1847, for

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION NURSING MOTHERS, LUNG TROUBLES, THE WEAK AND DEBILITATED.

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine has the signature of "Johann Hoff" and "Moritz Eisner" on the neck of every bottle.

The "Genuine" is put up in this style of bottles only.

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