POISON AND A BROKEN HEART

A SUICIDE'S TOUCHING LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND AND BOYS.

Driven from Her Home, She Finds Refuge in Death—The Sad Ending of a Young and Pretty Woman in a Denver Hotel—Scandalous Stories that Turned Her Husband Against Her.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

DENVER, Feb. 23.—Mrs. Nellie Carr, a young and pretty woman of this city, is lying dead in a Blake street undertaking establishment, where she was brought from a prominent hotel.

Her death was caused by poison, which she took to end her wretchedness.

She had been living happily with her husband and two little boys until last Tuesday, when a breach occurred and she was driven into the street.

Stories affecting her reputation had been going around for several weeks, and on that day Mr. Carr received several letters in which his wife's reputation was assailed.

He showed them to her and she denied that they were true. There was a stormy scene which ended in his ordering her out of the house and telling her that he never wanted to look upon her face again.

Mrs. Carr went to a neighboring hotel and locked herself in the room assigned her. The meals that were brought up went back almost untasted.

Yesterday morning when the chambermaid knocked at her door there was no response. The door was forced open.

The woman lay dead upon her bed.

Two letters, one directed to her husband and the other to her boys, lay on a table near by.

They show that she was broken-hearted. Here is the letter to her husband:

BELOVED HUSBAND: Now that my miserable life is at an end forget the past. I do not want you to grieve for me, for I know your love is all gone. Nothing to hold us but the boys. I would not take them from you, and cannot live with you. Forget our quarrels, and remember only the happy hours we spent. Then do, for God's sake, for my sake, and for the little ones, stay with the children evenings until they are asleep. Oh, don't leave them at night.

I freely forgive you for every wrong you have done, as I hope to be forgiven for my many shortcomings. Bury me quietly. Lay me beside my sister. Let there be no crape worn for me. God knows I have never neglected them one hour wilfully. Oh! my little ones, how can I leave them? Educate my boys and teach them that their erring mother loved them; but, Ben, let me say as my last words, there was never a word of truth in the letters people wrote you. Think kindly of me for my babies' sake.

YOUR WIFE.

This she wrote to her little sons:

MY DARLING BOYS: I must say good-by forever. This is truly the hardest task of all my life. Your little faces have been before me all day. Try and forget me as soon as possible, and don't forget that I died for love of you. Remember what I have taught you, that politeness, education and honesty make a man. My babies, if I were writing this with my heart's blood it could not be harder to do. Oh! babies, try to make good men of yourselves. Do not grieve after me. It is best that I am gone. Really, I am so nearly crazy that I cannot express my thoughts.

Boys, remember one thing I tell you. This is, always sympathize with and respect a woman, no matter who she is or in what position of life you find her. Good-by, babies. Try to live as your broken-hearted mother would have you.

YOUR MOTHER.

A MANIAC WHO HAD MONEY.

John C. McLaughlin Stirs Up the Officers at Essex Market.

A prisoner who had given the name of John C. McLaughlin was brought to Essex Market this morning.

The court officers noticed that he appeared dazed and was acting queerly, but paid little attention to him.

When his turn came to plead the Judge, noticing his apparent respectability, questioned him kindly.

He answered incoherently and then, with a wild laugh, he burst out into a torrent of incoherent words. The court officers seized him, and after a severe struggle locked him up.

The charge of intoxication was then changed to one of insanity, and the unfortunate man was removed to the Bellevue Hospital insane pavilion.

McLaughlin was arrested yesterday by Officer McCauley, of the Madison street station, who found him acting queerly on the street. He was well dressed, and when searched in the station-house a roll of bills amounting to $130 was among his effects.

MAN UNDER HER BED.

Mrs. Lind Sighted Him Just as She Was About to Retire.

Joseph Babylon was arraigned at Jefferson Market Court to-day for an unwelcome intrusion upon the family of John Lind, 33 West Twenty-seventh street.

When Mrs. Lind was about to retire last night she caught sight of a man under the bed. A policeman was called in and he was dragged out and taken to the station-house. In court he said he was a waiter out of work, and got under Mrs. Lind's bed to get out of the way. He was held for trial.

Lawyer Suydam Held for Trial.

Lawyer Abraham Suydam, who has been locked up for a week charged with obtaining $150 from Lawyer Wolfgang Kuffner, of 153 Prince street, as consideration for obtaining a license for a saloon at 183 Wooster street, was to-day held for trial in the Jefferson Market Police Court.

During the proceedings Mr. Suydam called Mr. Kuffner a liar, thereby incurring a reprimand from the Court. He was again locked up in default of bail.

A Guest Makes Ructions at Jacquin's.

John Gill, a guest at Jacquin's Hotel, 454 Sixth avenue, was arraigned at Jefferson Market Court to-day on a charge of disorderly conduct. It was alleged that during the night he ran about the house calling out that some one was chasing him with intent to murder him. A policeman was called in, and he was locked up. Justice Duffy committed him for examination as to his sanity.

Arabs Fight Against Being Sent Back.

The reshipment of a band of twenty-three Arabs and Armenians who arrived on the Leerdam and whom Collector Magone decided should be sent back as paupers was prevented to-day by a writ of habeas corpus issued on their application by Judge O'Brien, of the Supreme Court, and returnable Monday.

Tom Costigan's Fall and Illness.

Supervisor of the *City Record* Thomas Costigan slipped and fell on the curb at Thirty-fourth street and Ninth avenue Wednesday evening, sustaining rather severe injuries. He is not alarmingly ill, as has been reported, and expects to beam from his big armchair as usual next week.

One of the Big Milk Dealers This Time.

At the Jefferson Market Police Court to-day Reuben E. Stone, a large milk dealer, of 305 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, was held for examination March 5 on a charge of having adulterated milk in his possession.

Brooklyn News in Brief.

Thieves broke into the stable of Grattan's Express Company, at 1050 Atlantic avenue, during last night and stole several packages of merchandise awaiting delivery.

A box containing seventy goatskins awaits an owner at the Second Precinct Station-House. It was found abandoned in a hallway on Adams street last night.

Three horses were burned to death last night in a fire at Frederic Warner's stable, 200 Meeker avenue. The loss was about $1,000.

WELL, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

AN EARNEST INQUIRY AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF T. B. BALDWIN.

Mr. Baldwin Is Mr. Lorillard's Manager, and His Lawyer Says He Knows Pretty Nearly Where He Is—However, He Won't Tell, and He Says This Advertisement Must Be the Practical Joke of a Friend.

MR. T. B. BALDWIN is earnestly requested to send his present address to 67 Wall st.

W. H. G. Peters, who has a desk in the office of Stephen P. Nash, the lawyer, at the address given in the above, is the personal representative of Mr. Baldwin in this city.

"I cannot conceive what is meant by that 'personal,'" said Mr. Peters, when it was shown to him by an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning. "I did not put it in, because I know his address already. It is right here in this office, and all his correspondence comes to me and I open it.

"Mr. Baldwin is the manager of the hotel and property of Mr. Lorillard, at Tuxedo Park, where he has his permanent residence. Whenever he is in town, this is his office; but he doesn't come here often."

"Is he at Tuxedo Park now?"

"No. He has been off on a vacation trip for some time past, but is expected home soon. Just where he is now, I cannot tell you; but he is travelling somewhere in this country."

"Do you know of any reason why he should conceal his present whereabouts?"

"None whatever. When he went away he left no instructions with me to conceal his address, or to put off inquiries about him, and this personal surprises me very much. I am inclined to think some one of his acquaintances put it in for a joke. There seems to be no other possible explanation of it."

Mr. Peters declined to give any more definite answer to the question as to Mr. Baldwin's present whereabouts than that he was somewhere in the country, although he admitted that he knew just about where he was, and put his refusal to do so on the ground that it was not necessary to inform the public where his principal was or what he was doing just at present

THE LETTERS FROM LETTIE.

NO BETTER CLUES TO DRUGGIST CLARK'S MURDERER YET FOUND.

Chicago's Police Still Much in the Dark Over the Murder—The Dead Man Had Many Affairs with Women, Having Been More Successful in That Direction Than in His Business Matters.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—The police are still in the dark as regards the murder of Druggist C. F. Clark, which took place last night at his store, at Harrison street and Hermitage avenue.

All the clues thus far obtained are in the letters from various women found in a little trunk in the dead man's room. Clark had a number of affairs on hand, chiefly with married women, and received many callers at his store.

A considerable number of the letters found were signed "Lettie." One of these read thus:

MR. CLARK: Are you going away sure, or are you fooling? I want to know, for I may take it into my head to send you a present next week; and if I should die don't you think you would like to know of it? I am feeling better, but far from well. 'Tis impossible for me to get out, and so you see I won't have a chance to say good-by unless I can get you over here. I don't think it will be long now, for I am in pain nearly all the time. 'Tis all I can do to keep up. It makes me feel as if I were doomed to die, and all for what?

I will tell you. Because I made a fool of myself for a man that has no heart or feeling. You know what I am going through every day, and you laugh at it and think 'tis fun. Be careful, my sweet lover, that it don't come home to you, as you said one time to me. My heart is dead. It makes little difference to me if I live or not. Good-by. LETTIE.

Another, brief and emphatic, contained these words:

SWEETHEART: Come over by 1 P. M. or get killed. I will see you this afternoon, rain or shine. LETTIE.

The endeavor of the police is now to find the writer of these notes.

Just before the shot was fired into Clark's heart last night a woman was seen standing in the door of his place. Subsequently there were sounds of a quarrel and the report of a pistol.

Clark was twenty-five years old, good-looking, and much more successful in affairs of the heart than in business.

It is thought possible that a wronged husband sought vengeance by shooting him.

The Day in Wall Street.

Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific group were the features of the stock market to-day. They advanced 1 and 2 per cent. on the announcement that the companies have reached an agreement whereby the Oregon Navigation will be operated jointly and competition between the branch lines will be removed.

The banks this week lose $1,555,450 in surplus reserve, and they now hold $15,740,150 in excess of legal requirements. The following are the comparative figures:

	Feb. 16	Feb. 23	Changes.
Loans.	$408,094,600	$408,155,900 Inc.	$61,300
Specie.	90,536,900	90,022,900 Dec.	513,100
Leg ten	36,281,700	35,295,100 Dec.	986,600
Deposits	438,088,400	438,299,400 Inc.	211,000
Circul'n.	4,356,000	4,360,000 Inc.	4,000

THE QUOTATIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
American Cotton Oil	58⅝	58⅝	57⅞	58⅝
Atch., Top. & Sante Fe	53⅝	53⅝	53	53⅝
Brunswick Land	21	22	21	22
Canada Southern	54⅞	54⅞	54⅝	54⅝
Cameron Coal	33	33	33	33
Chesa. & Pittsburg	157⅞	157⅞	157⅞	157⅞
Chicago Gas Trust	41⅛	42	41⅛	41⅞
Chic. Burl. & Quincy	101⅝	102¼	101⅝	102¼
Chic., St. L. & Pitts. pfd.	30	30	30	30
Chicago & Northwest	107	107⅛	106⅝	106⅞
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	63⅝	63⅝	62⅝	63
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul pfd.	98⅝	98⅝	97⅞	98
Chic., Rock Is. & Pac.	97	97	96⅝	96⅝
Chic. & Eastern Illinois	43⅛	43⅛	43⅛	43⅛
Chic. & Eastern Ill., pfd.	160⅛	160⅛	160⅛	160⅛
Cin., Ind., St. L. & Chic.	109⅛	109⅛	109⅛	109⅛
Col. Coal & Iron	35	35	35	35
Consolidated Gas	83⅝	83⅝	83⅝	83⅝
Del., Lack. & Western	141⅛	141⅛	141⅛	141⅛
E. Tenn., Va. & Georgia	19	19	19	19
Ft. Worth & Den. City	22⅝	22⅝	22⅝	22⅝
Illinois Central	109	109⅛	109	109⅛
Lake Shore	104⅛	104⅛	104⅛	104⅛
Lake Erie & Western	18⅝	18⅝	18⅝	18⅝
Lake Erie & West. pfd.	58	58⅛	58	58⅛
Louisville & Nashville	60⅝	60⅝	60	60⅛
Maryland Coal	15⅝	15⅝	15⅝	15⅝
Manhattan Consol.	98⅝	98⅝	98⅝	98⅝
Michigan Central	90	90	90	90
Mil., L. S. & West. pfd.	101⅛	101⅛	101⅛	101⅛
Missouri Pacific	73⅛	73⅛	73⅛	73⅛
Missouri, Kan. & Tex.	13⅞	13⅞	13⅞	13⅞
Morris & Essex	148⅛	148⅛	148⅛	148⅛
Nash., Chat. & St. Louis	90⅝	91	90⅝	91
New Jersey Central	96⅝	96⅝	96⅝	96⅝
New York Central	109	109	109	109
N. Y. & New England	48⅝	48⅝	48	48
N. Y. & Perry Coal	31⅛	31⅛	31	31⅛
N. Y., Chic. & St. L. 1st pfd	73⅝	73⅝	73⅝	73⅝
N. Y., Lake Erie & West.	20⅝	20⅝	20⅝	20⅝
N. Y., L. E. & W. 2d mort. pfd.	68	68	68	68
Norfolk & Western	17⅞	17⅞	17⅞	17⅞
Norfolk & Western pfd.	52	52	52	52
Northern Pacific pfd.	62⅝	62⅝	62	62⅝
Ohio & Mississippi	23⅝	23⅝	23⅝	23⅝
Ont. & Western	17⅞	17⅞	17⅞	17⅞
Or. Railway & Naviga.	90	90	90	90
Or. Transcontinental	33	33⅛	33	33⅛
Oregon Improvement	20	20⅛	20	20⅛
Oregon Improvement pfd.	90	90	90	90
Oregon Short Line	46⅝	47	46⅝	47
Pacific Mail	38	38	37⅞	37⅞
Pipe Line certificates	90⅞	91⅛	90⅞	91
Philadelphia & Reading	48⅛	48⅛	47⅞	48
Pullman Palace Car Co.	199	199	199	199
Rich. & West Point Ter.	26⅝	26⅝	26⅝	26⅝
St. Paul & Omaha	36⅝	36⅝	36⅝	36⅝
St. Paul & Omaha pfd.	92⅝	92⅝	92⅝	92⅝
St. Paul & Duluth, pfd.	92	92⅝	92	92⅝
St. Louis & San F. pfd.	63⅝	63⅝	63	63
Sugar Trust	84	84⅛	84	84⅛
Tennessee Coal & Iron	37	37⅛	37	37⅛
Tol., Ann Arbor & N. M.	20⅝	20⅝	20⅝	20⅝
Union Pacific	64⅝	65⅛	64⅝	65
Wab., St. Louis & Pacific	13⅞	13⅞	13⅞	13⅞
Western Union Telegraph	85⅛	85⅛	85⅛	85⅛
Wheeling & Lake Erie	65⅝	65⅝	65⅝	65⅝

PHILANTHROPHY IN THIS ONE

ALAN DALE WRITES ONCE MORE TO MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

A Suggestion of Hoyt in "An International Match"—A Superabundance of Dukes, Lords and Earls in American Plays—The Characterization of Miss Rehan as a "Bit of Quartz, with Washington Polish."

Extremely Respected Sir:

You did not answer my last letter, and this cruel neglect has caused me sleepless nights. Only the thought that you are an exceedingly busy man, always translating, adapting, revising, occasionally (very occasionally) originating, and planning, has consoled me. Still, I will admit that I should have sent you no further communications if I had not received a letter begging me to do so, and basing the request upon philanthropic grounds. I could not resist it. Touch me in the name of philanthropy, and I am yours. Remember that, please.

I am going to quote the letter I received. I do not know who wrote it, and it does not matter much. It is rather clever and decidedly justifiable. Listen: "Will you please read Augustin Daly a lecture upon 'An International Match?' The idea that the artists in his company should be compelled to appear in such rot, is pitiful in the extreme. It is a long jump from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' to 'An International Match,' but Mr. Daly seems to have come down on the Limited. *Facilis descensus Averni.* Are we next season to tell our friends that there is a good variety show at Daly's? That Messrs. Lewis and Wheatleigh are immense in their sidewalk conversations? That Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew are doing a very neat sketch called, 'Ah There! Professor?' Of course we will have to go, but it will come hard. We will not urge people to go any more than we would ask them to pay to hear Ingersoll recite 'Mother Goose Melodies,' or Depew read a chapter from 'Ten Nights in a Barroom.' Read him the Riot act, as you can do, if any one can. Help him put on the brakes."

A mouth ago, dear Mr. Daly, I would not have quoted this letter in full. I hate slang, and this note contains a great deal. But by 'An International Match' you have shown that in your artless, secluded way you can appreciate a little horsey humor, and that all the time you were classically educating us with 'The Inconstant' you were secretly revelling in 'A Brass Monkey.' Oh, Mr. Daly, fie upon you! Out upon you for introducing that 'Razzle-Dazzle' song upon your chaste and classical stage. Is there positively no escape from Hoyt? Can we no longer go to your theatre and hope from immunity from the 'Tin Soldiers' and the 'Rag Babies' and the 'Holes in the Ground?'

I have been studying your "International Match" very carefully, Mr. Daly. Several times have I sneaked up into your cosy little gallery and tried hard to understand the motives that prompted you to produce a piece that is so lamentably weak in every particular as this adaptation from the German of Franz von Schonthau.

Hitherto your adaptations have possessed charming little plots, full of breezy complications, scintillating dialogue, and genuine wit. Interpreted even by an ordinary company they would be enjoyable, but by your admirably trained actors and actresses they have of course proved delightful. But all the charms of Miss Rehan, and all the quaint originality of Mrs. Gilbert fail to render "An International Match" anything more than tolerable. I would not sit through that performance again, if I knew that by doing so I could make you beam upon me. Nobody would love a nice, meaty beam from you more than your humble servant, but it would be too costly at such a price.

I was sceptical as to the merits of "An International Match" the instant Miss Rehan came upon the stage and began to explain things. As you well know, there is nothing more inartistic than long explanations of past events, spoken by one of the *dramatis personæ* to another for the benefit of the audience. It is even worse than the custom of getting the pert servant girl of the play to tell to the amorous butler the secrets of the master and the mistress. If it be impossible to deftly weave all that is necessary to know of the past in the action of the present, it seems to me that there is something radically wrong with the play. In "An International Match" the present is so wofully uninteresting that it is the very refinement of cruelty to force any of the past down our throats. Miss Rehan's explanations were unnecessary, and so were those of Mr. John Drew.

The plot of Von Schonthau's play—or at least your version of it—is so slight that exactly why it should be rolled out into four acts I am unable to understand. You remind me of the heartless stepmother who spread over four slices of bread the butter that should have been devoted to one. In "An International Match" there is endless conversation, highly entertaining at first; inexpressibly wearisome at last. Your dialogues have been much admired, Mr. Daly, but recollect that it was merely because they accompanied daintiest plots and most felicitous action. You have been led into the belief that the dialogues spoken by your clever company were all powerful; that plot was after all secondary, and that even the play was of little importance. I do not believe in such wholesale flattery.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

And a very good bit, too.

I could not help smiling at the stress which has been laid upon the beauty of the interior presented in "An International Match." It is a pitiful state of things when at Daly's Theatre we have to talk of interiors. I suppose there must be something singularly wrong about my constitution, but, on my honor, I must say that the interior of Mrs. Merriday's residence has the stamp of the parvenu upon it. Granted that everything is costly and of the best; that the furniture comes from Tom, the upholstery from Dick and the bric-a-brac from Harry. There is evidently the hectic desire for display that only the *nouveau riche* can know, and the incandescent fervor of ostentation that the shoddy aristocrats mistake for good taste. Everything in Mrs. Merriday's residence is conspicuously costly. How many thousands of dollars this stage setting must have cost I cannot even imagine. It is glaringly beautiful, but it is not artistic. I know that many have glowingly expatiated upon its glories, but art relies upon contrasts, and Mrs. Merriday apparently does not believe in them. As I said, however, there may be something wrong about my constitution. The majority rules in this country.

It is not likely that your stage setting would have called for more than passing notice had there been any other feature in "An International Match" that could have been pleasantly discussed. What a god-send plush chairs and silken portieres have proved in a play that relies upon a strain of "A Brass Monkey" for entertainment, and the heroine of which is described as "a bit of natural quartz from the Green Mountain State, with a Washington polish." Is not that description suggestive of Minnie Palmer, or Lotta, or Annie Pixley, or Maggie Mitchell, or any of the other popular soubrettes? Imagine the ineffable Ada Rehan, the leading lady of America's best company, appearing as "a bit of natural quartz from the Green Mountain State."

"An International Match" is, perhaps, the queerest play I have seen this season, and I have seen one or two, I may say. Not only are we called upon to gloat over furniture, but we are told where Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert obtained their dresses, and they appear in as many changes as the professional beauty would require. The only enthusiasm I heard from two ingenious damsels seated beside me in your gallery the other day was inspired by Miss Rehan's removal of her pink *sortie de bal* and the display of the very *décolleté* ball-dress thus revealed. When Miss Rehan has to rely upon her *modiste* for success the comedy must be rather shaky.

I will not say much about your introduction of a duke, and a lord, and a baronet into your play, in the face of your article in *Harper's Weekly* on the American drama. Perhaps this play demanded a few titles, if it demanded anything at all. But Mr. Daly—I must call you Augustin just once, if you hate me for it—do, in the interests of the American drama, teach your audiences to hate lords and dukes and "sich like." They are not American, and why should American dramatists forever be invoking their assistance? When once the playwrights of this country have been weaned from Monte Carlo, cured from the Faubourg St. Germain, and abducted from Mayfair, and can be induced to use American substitutes, lords and dukes will be no longer desired and the products of the country will leap into demand.

Think of the opportunity you are giving to men like Louis Aldrich to make another Congressional howl—this time against the use of lords and dukes by American dramatists. Mr. Daly, do not help these men to raise their voices again, for the sake of that public you love so well. Drop lords and dukes, and if you find that your audiences hanker for them, educate them gradually to an appreciation of that which is good for them. Then you can exclaim with Mr. Don Juan:

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral).

In conclusion, Mr. Daly, I will ask you to remember that this letter has been called forth by a vox populi, and will remind you again that philanthropy is my ruling principle. ALAN DALE.

P. S.—Are you going to see "Zig-Zag" at the Bijou? I hear that there are some awfully funny songs in it. You may get an inspiration for your next comedy from that source.

The Liquor Dealers' Ball.

The annual ball of the Liquor Dealers' Association will take place March 4 at Madison Square Garden.

The committee in charge declare that it will exceed the inauguration festivities in brilliancy, and call attention to the fact that 20,000 tickets have already been sold, and the sale is confidently expected to reach 75,000. Littenhauer's string band of 100 pieces and Bayne's Sixty-ninth Regiment Band, also of 100 pieces, will furnish the music.

The grand march will occur at 10 o'clock.

There are 11,000 members in the organization, which has been very active during the past three years.

Barney Kerns is President; F. J. Banker, Secretary; P. Leaman, Chairman of the Press Committee.

It Will Be a Notable Banquet.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the fifteenth annual dinner of the New York Riding Club, which takes place this evening at Delmonico's. Among the many who are to be present are Mayor Hugh J. Grant, Secretary of State Frederick Cook, State Comptroller Edward Wemple, Col. John R. Fellows, Howard Carroll, Albert Bierstadt, George Clausen, Stephen B. French, Joel B. Erhardt and John H. Starin.

A Watch Grabber Grabbed.

While John Horn, of 187 Harwood street, Brooklyn, was enjoying a stroll on the Bowery last night he felt a tug at his watch chain. He turned quickly and grabbed Harris Nathan, a barkeeper living at 212 Park Row, who was to-day held for trial by Justice Ford at the Essex Market Court.

THE WHITE HOUSE,

THIRD AVENUE, COR. 56TH ST.

OPEN TILL 11 P. M.

HOSIERY.

3,000 pairs ladies' Victoria, fast black Hose, real value 33c. to 49c.; to-day 19c. pair.

RIBBONS.

2,000 yards all-silk Ribbons, 1 to 3 inches wide, for 5c. per yard.

NIGHT SHIRTS.

150 dozen men's Night Shirts, trimmed, best muslin, for 48c. each.

COHEN, ARNSTEIN & BONN,

3D AVE. AND 56TH ST.

BARGAINS TO-DAY.

COLLARS.

3,000 dozen ladies' linen Cape Collars, worth 10c. each, for 5c.

APRONS.

600 children's checked Nainsook Aprons, trimmed, worth 35c., for 15c.

JACKETS.

300 ladies' and misses' all-wool Jackets, worth $4.00 and $5.00, for 1.98 each.

COHEN, ARNSTEIN & BONN,

3D AVE. AND 56TH ST.

M'GEE ALLOWED TO RESIGN.

A POLICEMAN WHO GOT DRUNK AND LET HIS PRISONER ESCAPE.

The resignation of Policeman Thomas F. McGee, of the Eighteenth Precinct, was received by Inspector Williams this morning, accompanied by the officer's shield and firekey.

McGee was detailed yesterday to take to the Yorkville Police Court Mathew Stadler, a blacksmith living at 421 East Twenty-fifth street, arrested for an assault upon Margaret Minsal, a child who lived in the same house.

On the way towards the Court-house McGee stopped several times to sample the liquid goods in stock at the saloons.

As a consequence, he didn't get as far as Yorkville with his man, the latter finding a ready opportunity to escape.

The policeman returned to the station-house in an advanced stage of intoxication, utterly unfit to perform any duty.

He was ordered back into the section-room and was subsequently allowed to sign his resignation, which he did with a tremulous hand.

Detectives were at once sent out to hunt up the lost Stadler.

Seventh Regiment Festival Concert.

The Seventh Regiment Glee Club will give a festival concert at the regimental armory to-night. The programme is varied and of great promise, including the overture to "Mignon," the Torreador's song from "Carmen," Koscha's "The Blacksmith," the polacca from "I Puritani" and the ballet music from "Faust." Sig. Del Puente, Miss Campbell and J. H. McKinley are the soloists.

Brooklyn Church Entertainment.

The annual supper and entertainment of the Ladies' Aid Society of the York Street M. E. Church, York and Gold streets, Brooklyn, took place last evening. There was a solo by Miss Kate Mullon, a recitation by Miss Hirtins, a piano duet by Miss Minnie McCoubrey and Prof. Tubbs and a vocal solo by Miss Bella Walsh. Other performers were Mrs. Geo. Gray, Miss Van Fleet, T. C. Scafe, C. P. Corner and John Scott.

About Boiling Clothes and Disease-Breeding Germs

Dr. H. M. Lassing, in an article in *American Analyst*, says: "The dirt and all soap must be entirely removed from the interstices of the clothes, and all microbes must be destroyed. The only and easiest way to do this is by heating the water in which the clothes *are contained* to the *boiling point*. The boiling water, by constant self-agitation, is forced through the interstices of the fabrics, and thus cleanses them from dirt and disease-breeding microbes *as they can be cleansed in no other way*, and *without* in any manner *injuring* the fabric."

James Pyle's Pearline will wash in hot or cold, hard or soft water, and by any of the so-called "new labor-saving methods;" but for the easiest and best way of washing, refer to the directions for washing by boiling given on back of each package of Pearline. Beware of Imitations. 142 JAMES PYLE, New York.

All New York is Talking About This Story.

YOU MISS A GREAT TREAT IF YOU FAIL TO READ IT.

SYNOPSIS

OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF

"A SERVANT OF SATAN."

THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER.

The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROLOGUE AND PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious assassin who was guillotined in December last at Paris, under the name of Prado, handed on the eve of his execution a bundle of manuscript notes concerning his birth and past career to a friend named Louis Berard. These reveal for the first time the romantic career of the extraordinary criminal whose identity and past history proved a riddle which the French police were unable to solve. They show that he was the son of a well-known German General and statesman, whose identity will easily be recognized under the pseudonym of Count von Waldberg. The mother was a Princess of one of the petty sovereign houses of Germany. A godson of the late King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, young Waldberg enters the army, contracts a secret marriage with a woman whom he passes off as his mistress, and strikes his Colonel to the ground when the latter uses a coarse expression in referring to her.

Young Waldberg deserts the army and returns to his father's house, where he confesses his misdeeds to the Count. The latter, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his wife asking for money. The night on the third day of his confinement, the occupants of the villa are startled by pistol shots, and rush to the library to find the young Count by a broken window, with a smoking revolver in his hand. The General's desk has been forced open and a large amount of money abstracted. No trace is found of the burglars. But on the following day the General intercepts a letter from Frederick to his wife and discovers that it is his son who is the thief. He turns him out of the house. Frederick and his wife go to Paris, where the young Countess is found by her husband in a compromising attitude with his butler. He drives her out of the house at midnight, and wandering alone in the streets she is arrested by the Agent de Mœurs (police charged with the control of women of ill repute) on the charge of plying a disgraceful trade without being licensed thereto by the prefecture. She is sentenced to three months' imprisonment at St. Lazare. Two weeks afterwards the Franco-German war breaks out, and Frederick is forced to leave Paris. He proceeds to Cairo, where he makes the acquaintance of an Egyptian Princess, who gives him a rendezvous in her palace. He is surprised there by her husband's second wife, whom Frederick strangles while endeavoring to prevent her from giving the alarm. He is pursued by the Pasha's janissaries and eunuchs, and escapes with difficulty. Embarking at Suez for Bombay. He arrives in due course at Baroda, where he betrays the daughter of an English Colonel, and inadvertently kills a Hindoo lady of rank with whom he had become intimate. A beggar being found in the act of removing some jewels from the corpse, he is charged with having killed her, and is put to death in Frederick's presence by the elephant executioner. Frederick disappears from Baroda and Florence, deserted by her lover, commits suicide. Suspected of the widow's murder, Frederick returns to Paris under an assumed name, and one night while at the Jardin Mabille recognizes in a demi-mondaine of the place his wife Rose.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Don't Miss the Continuation of this Most Remarkable Story in TO-MORROW MORNING'S WORLD.

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A clean cut from 30 to 50 per cent.

Chamber Suits, formerly $35.00, now	$22.50
Parlor Suits, formerly $60.00, now	$39.00
Extension Tables, formerly $6.00, now	$4.00
Dining Chairs, formerly $1.50, now	$1.00
Plush Rockers, formerly $6.00, now	$3.97
Wilton Velvet Carpets, formerly $1.65 per yard, now	$1 yard
Body Brussels Carpets, formerly $1.50 per yard, now	98c. yard
Tapestry Carpets, formerly $1.00 per yard, now	65c. yard
Heavy Ingrain Carpets, formerly 65c. per yard, now	43c. yard
Ingrain Carpets, formerly 30c. per yard, now	18c. yard
Window Shades, with spring rollers	19c. each
Curtain Poles, with polished trimming	19c. each

Desks, Chiffoniers, Sideboards, Wardrobes, Lounges, Folding Beds, &c.; Mats, Rugs, &c. We cannot replace the line at prices offered.

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Give my address to your milk dealer and induce him to deliver milk in the WHITEMAN MILK JAR, for the following reasons: You will be sure of full measure and more cream; the milk is not exposed to dirt, rain or foul smells, and is healthier for children and families. None genuine unless stamped on bottom of jar.

WHITEMAN, Maker, 72 MURRAY ST., N. Y.

Notice.—MILK DEALERS are invited to call and examine my new jars, which are the CHEAPEST and BEST made. PRICE-LISTS ON APPLICATION.

THE NEW AND BEST SYSTEM FOR DELIVERING MILK.

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Full lines of the above shoes for sale by the following dealers in NEW YORK CITY: E. Ferris & Son, 81 Nassau st.; J. Rogan, 226 Bowery, near Prince st.; Jacobs & Bernstein, cor. 8th ave. and 14th st.; Hartman & Son, 343 8th ave.; J. Forster, 808 3d ave.; Decker Bros., 372 Grand st.; B. Hirsh, 2172 3d ave.; J. Rothschilds, 2691 3d ave.; H. Harris, 52 Bowery; H. Harris, 161 Greenwich st.; Decker & Harris, 550 3d ave.; L. M. Rosenthal, 87 Ave. A; H. A. Smith, 53 Ave. C; H. Weinberg & Son, 229 1st ave.; J. McPhail, 1410 3d ave.

In BROOKLYN: C. Riesterer, 833 Fulton st.; Meade & Co., 139 Myrtle ave.; Bender & Gross, 211 Grand st.; William Trueman, 542 5th ave.

In NEWARK: D. Wilson, 859 Broad st.

In JERSEY CITY: A. Rittmaster, Jr., 34 Newark ave.

In PATERSON: Meyer Bros., 181 to 187 Main st.

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DR. SANDEN'S FAMOUS ELECTRIC BELT FOR WEAK, NERVOUS MEN

A NEVER-FAILING CURE FOR ALL PERSONAL WEAKNESS

All men debilitated through indiscretions or otherwise we GUARANTEE to cure or refund money by this now improved ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY. Made for this specific purpose, it gives a Mild, Continuous, Soothing Current of ELECTRICITY through ALL WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Also Belt for Lame Back, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, &c. Electric Current felt instantly or we forfeit $5,000 Cash. Greatest Improvements over all others. Worst Cases Permanently Cured in 3 months. Belts with Suspensory complete, $5 up. Sealed pamphlet 2c. stamp. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 822 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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Cures sore feet and all pains resulting from continued walking or standing; is invaluable for frosted, sweating and tender feet. Price 25 cents. Beware of imitations. For sale by Bloomingdale Bros., 3d ave. and 59th st. Also at leading druggists' and dry-goods houses. Standard Perfumery Works, selling agents, 18 Mercer st.

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