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COME, STOP YOUR BLUFFING. Despite The Evening World's liberal offer our esteemed evening contemporary, with a persistent and fatuous fondness for bluffing, still maintains this cheerful legend at the head of its editorial column:

The circulation of the EVENING SUN is larger than that of any other evening paper in the United States.

The non-acceptance of our friendly offer, however, leads disinterested observers to the conclusion that the Evening Sun recognizes but is too coy to admit that the circulation of THE EVENING WORLD is at least 25 per cent. greater than its own.

But we will not be mean about this matter. The Evening Sun shall have another chance. The offer is revised as follows:

THE EVENING WORLD hereby agrees to pay \$2,000 in cash to the Press Club's charity fund if, upon thorough examination, its bona fide circulation is not found to be every day in the week at least 80 per cent. larger than that of the Evening Sun—three prominent advertisers to be the judges.

And, if this generous offer is not accepted within the constitutional limit of ten days, we shall increase the percentage again.

HOW CAN THEY HESITATE? How can any member of the Legislature hesitate about supporting the Children's Bill?

In its favor stand arrayed the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Republican party as represented by its Committee, the Democratic party as represented by Tammany Hall and the County Democracy, the citizens of New York in mass-meeting assembled and the Public!

Against it stands only the bureaucratic opposition of a few societies!

THIS PICTURE AND THAT. After securing a disagreement of the trial jury in the case of some of the indicted hoodlums, the District-Attorney's office has actually succeeded in getting an acquittal.

This is not surprising, however. After securing the conviction of the Boss Hoodlum and of some of his satellites, the young man (NICKOL) who used to be in the District-Attorney's office has gone on rooting out scoundrels and dragging public thieves to justice in the market investigation.

This is not surprising, however. But it is just as well for the taxpayers to look on that picture and then on this.

TRIUMPHANT AMERICAN SKILL. WILLIAM G. GRACK, of England is the greatest cricketer in the world. Next to baseball, the majority of English-speaking people think cricket the greatest game in the world.

The American baseball player RYAN, on an exhibition trial at Bristol yesterday, pitched a dozen balls to W. G. GRACK. The cricket champion hit only one of them.

Eleven misses out of a possible twelve by the champion cricketer, measured by the work of a baseball player who is by no means the champion pitcher, indicate, what has so often been claimed, that as requiring quicker eye, surer stroke and livelier muscles, baseball beats cricket all round the bases.

Hurrah for the American game!

MRS. LANGTRY GETTING BETTER. Her Physician Thinks She Will Be Able to Go on with Her Engagement.

Mrs. Langtry is somewhat better to-day and hopes to fill her Philadelphia engagement. Though unable to sit up, her spirits are better and she has thrown off much of her nervous exhaustion.

Dr. Curtis, when called on by the reporter to see how the case was progressing, said: "The ton-dittie is rapidly disappearing, and with it the weakness that always accompanies it. Her throat is improved, and the operation on her nose for her relief has been very successful."

"She has not been able to articulate so clearly for a year as now, she tells me, think she can go on with her other engagements."

KID MILLER JAILED AGAIN. Arrested as a Vagrant While Walking Along Sixth Avenue.

Edward, better known as "Kid" Miller, made a reappearance at Jefferson Market Police Court to-day, this time in the role of a vagrant.

Policeman Conklin, of the Nineteenth Precinct, who arrested him on Sixth avenue, near Thirtieth street, last night, charged him with being without visible means of support.

Miller was represented by counsel, who demanded an examination. This was set for Tuesday next, and the prisoner was held in \$1,000 bail.

The Best Blood Purifier. BERRY'S COMPOUND SASSAPARILLA. It contains no mercury, arsenic or arsenic, which in other purifiers causes more or less of the skin to peel, and the hair to fall out.

It is the best blood purifier, and it is the only one that does not cause the skin to peel, and the hair to fall out. It is the best blood purifier, and it is the only one that does not cause the skin to peel, and the hair to fall out.

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MUNDANE MATTERS. William O'Neill, of Pacific street, Brooklyn, was fined \$10 yesterday for imprinting a salute on the rosy lips of Mary O'Hanlon, who came to the door when he rang the bell at 1642 Madison avenue.

One of the pet schemes of the new White House chef, it is said, is to give to each foreign Minister at Washington a dinner at which the delicacies of his native land shall be served in their accustomed style.

Somewhere in the upper regions of the air to-day, perhaps above the air in the ether, three storm kings are waging a mighty battle.

From far across the magnificent snow-capped barrier which, in the Rocky Mountain range, Nature reared between the great plains and the Pacific, comes the Storm King of the West with ice in his hair and snow in his breath, and hail flying from his outstretched pinions.

Down on the Pacific the Cyclone King has been gathering his forces. He, too, is advancing Eastward to wreak his fury on his rivals of the West and South.

These three great storm might meet over Manhattan Island and precipitate another blizzard. The chances are, however, that they will spend their rage long before they reach these parts, and be left "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Have they arrested Tascott, mother. Since yesterday afternoon? Have they found out about Zebede's brother? Or the Man up in the Moon?

Does any one know who struck poor William, the Patterson father's son? Or who the Man in the Iron Mask was? And who was Yanked the Bum?

Where are the snows of last year, mother? What was the color of Job's Blue Turkey Hen? Was Pharaoh's Daughter the Mistress of the Lobes?

I'm dying to know all about it, mother: Call me early, mother, quite. If they arrest young Tascott again Before-to-morrow night!

WORLDLINGS. Simon Cameron's favorite beverage is champagne. He first tasted it when he joined in welcoming Lafayette on the occasion of the distinguished Frenchman's return to America.

President Harrison dislikes to wear gloves when walking, preferring, when the weather is cold, to thrust his bare hands into his overcoat pockets for warmth. He never wears a frock overcoat.

A resident of Washington, who is notable as the possessor of an extraordinarily large head, is said by the Post to have sold it to a certain number of physicians for \$2,000, the delivery of the head to take place on the death of its present owner.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," dresses plainly, and looks and acts like a business man. During his recent visit to Washington he is said to have surprised the hotel-keepers by his hearty appetite and his particular fondness for pie.

DIAMONDS and diamonds are awarded during testing by MONSIEUR'S TESTING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER of Hudson County opened this afternoon. There was a large crowd of spectators present anxiously waiting developments in the cases against the Free holders and members of the Board of Works.

Judges Knapp and Heath had only assumed their seats on the bench a few minutes when a communication was received from the Grand Jury.

It was in the form of a presentment against fourteen members of the Board of Freeholders, and four members of the Board of Public Works.

The charges were in substance gross mismanagement in the county's affairs, wasting the public money and general dereliction amounting to misfeasance.

District-Attorney Wingate will give no information, but it is believed indictments have been found against all or nearly all the members of the Board of Freeholders.

He Who Eats the Most Pie. A pie-eating match for \$10 a week will take place this evening between Dan Welch, of the Sixth Ward, Brooklyn, and Charles Carpenter, of the Eighth Ward, Brooklyn.

Messrs. THEODORE A. KOHN & SON, Jewellers, 56 West 23d st., invite an inspection of Diamonds, Watches, Solid Silver, &c., &c.

Col. Wickelicks (of the British Army)—Ah, an Englishman at last! I'm overjoyed. I wish you, to meet one of my own countrymen in this backward country.

His New Acquaintance—Hold on, whikers! My name's Wiggin, from Bridgeport, Conn. I sold one of your English tailors a bill of brass buttons, and I'm taking it out in clothes.

Explainer. Last week we announced that we were on the trail of J. B. Davis, the Apache avenue grocer, and that this week's issue would contain an exposé calculated to startle the community.

Mr. Davis, because of his beating average is low. If you don't see it, rip open the comforter. Why is the ready-made "comforter" found in the general house-furnishing store like a poor baseball player? Because its batting average is low.

The Talking She Prefers. We had our share of the scalars in Summer and listen to what the wild waves are saying? Mr. Lake View (frankly)—I can't say that I do, but I'd like to go down to the scalars in Summer and listen to what the young man is saying.

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IRISH SNAKES. A Great Deal of Pro and Con About Them.

Can or Cannot Reptiles Live in the Emerald Isle? Much Diversity of Opinion Still Expressed in the Matter.

Ireland Ten Cents for Snakes. To the Snake Editor of The Evening World: There is so much dampness and so little sunshine in Ireland, that it is a fact that they do not exist.

The Snake Still Lives. To the Snake Editor of The Evening World: You ask: "Can snakes live in Ireland?" They can. I have a box of Irish soil with shamrock growing in it.

The Neavine Again. To the Snake Editor of The Evening World: Having been attracted by your novel inquiry in "The Evening World," "Can Snakes Live in Ireland," I can answer with the utmost veracity—they cannot.

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COUNTERFEITERS CAUGHT. MAN AND WIFE ENGAGED IN MANUFACTURING SPURIOUS COIN.

Richard Fisher and his wife Elizabeth were before United States Commissioner Shields this morning for counterfeiting. They are money-makers in a bad sense.

Detective W. J. McManus declared that he followed Fisher yesterday and saw him buy a bar of metal at the corner of Delancey street and the Bowery.

He followed him to his home, at 205 Forsyth street, where in three rooms on the top floor of the five-story tenement-house, Richard in his simple way used to make a mess of silver coin.

The detective found a full counterfeiting apparatus. There were eight or nine moulds, most of them with the metal still in them; half a dozen spurious coins were dangling in a battery getting plated, a crucible with metal was in the stove cooking, a green glass bottle full of acid stood on the shelf, with some filtering paper and a glass funnel, together with a lot of unfinished coins.

Two genuine dollars were found in Mrs. Fisher's pocket. They showed traces of plaster about them, and were of the same date as the counterfeit dollars.

His wife, a woman with large, dark eyes, which were red from weeping, turned to him and said: "It's no use."

So Fisher contented himself with saying he wanted his wife to be let off as lightly as possible and that he would stand all there was to be endured.

Robert Guetner, who disposed of the counterfeit money for the Fishers at the rate of one cent for six cents of bad money, said he didn't know it was bad.

Commissioner Shields put the bail of the man at \$5,000 and the woman at \$2,500. They are remanded to await the action of the Grand Jury, having no one who would go bail for them at that amount.

The Fourth avenue car conductors will not have so much bother with counterfeit coins any more. John E. Broke, of the Secret Service, as he and his man McManus gathered up the false "boodle" and took it upstairs, while Richard, the money-maker, who had a credit to the scales in Summer and listen to what the wild waves are saying?

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GLEANED IN HUMOR'S FIELD. A COLLECTION OF SMILES FROM THE INEXHAUSTIBLE STORE.

The Important Part. (From Times.) Billis—Frocton, I understand that you were paid but \$300 for your last newspaper novel. Frocton—Yes, only \$300 for the novel, but I got \$500 for writing a daily synopsis of the published chapters.

"Such a Bore." (From the Paris Pigeon.) "Prisoner, it is quite useless for you to attempt to perjure. You will have to go to prison all the same." "What a bore! I hardly know any one there."

Spelling the Dog. (From the Philadelphia Record.) Mrs. Harrison (fondling a pet dog)—Such a dear little fellow he is! I wish he could talk. The President—He don't. He might ask for an office.

Comparisons Are Odious. (From Times Review.) Mr. Petersby—This rubber sling Johnny uses is very dangerous. Mr. Petersby—It is not as dangerous as the ginsling handled by his daddy.

A Preference. (From Harper's Bazar.) "Do you believe that Dr. Holmes was right when he said 'poverty was a cure for dyspepsia'?" "It may be. I'd rather have the dyspepsia."

The Latest. (From the Frankforter Zeitung.) "Dear Friend: Be sure you come next Tuesday—our day at home. In the first place Stricholinski, the violinist, will play; Mile. Scherzowska is so going, and Prof. Grubler has promised to predict an earthquake."

Easily Done. (From the New York Weekly.) Ticket Agent (at railroad station)—I wish some way could be invented to keep men away from the ladies' window. Bystander—Easy enough. Put the sign "For Ladies Only" on the other window.

A Baseball Comforter. (From the Lowell Courier.) Why is the ready-made "comforter" found in the general house-furnishing store like a poor baseball player? Because its batting average is low. If you don't see it, rip open the comforter.

The Talking She Prefers. (From the Chicago Journal.) Miss Kenwood—Don't you like to go down to the seashore in Summer and listen to what the wild waves are saying? Mr. Lake View (frankly)—I can't say that I do, but I'd like to go down to the scalars in Summer and listen to what the young man is saying.

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