



MONDAY EVENING, MAY 6.

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THE APRIL RECORD.

The Number of "WORLDS" Printed During the Month of April, 1889, Was TEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

THE DAILY AVERAGE WAS 350,256. Exceeding the Combined Circulation of Any Two Other American Newspapers.

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE GRAND WORK OF THE REPUBLIC. A generation which counts its descent from the founders of the Republic seems largely to be in danger of forgetting their pre-eminence.

THE PRACTICAL RESULT.

Bishop Potter's Centennial sermon has been heard by the country at large. Will it be heeded?

WHAT NEW YORK GAINED.

It is undoubtedly true that the financial results of the Centennial, so far as our merchants and other business men are concerned, were not especially gratifying.

HERB'S ANOTHER BRAVE MAN.

THOMAS RUTWELL, a young man residing in Brooklyn, yesterday saved the life of a little child, and nearly lost his own in so doing.

Spring Medicine

It is a necessity with nearly everybody. The run-down, tired condition at this season is due to impurities in the blood which have accumulated during the winter.

Head's Sarsaparilla

Since I have known you my life has changed. For I am in an entrancing dream from which I want there were no awakening.

those who favor schemes for giving up any portion of these breathing spaces to grasping corporations. The scene at Battery Park was especially suggestive of the wrong that would be committed against the city's toilers should the wishes of the L road be acceded to and the park further encroached upon.

WHAT WE REALLY NEED. What is needed in this city is not so much more Justices, but more Justice.

Another enormous difference between this day and that of which it is the anniversary is to be seen in the enormous difference in the nature and influence of the forces that determine our National and political destiny.

A PAINT-HEARTED CHAMPION.

The Rev. HUGH O. FENTON, who has plumed himself upon being a fiery champion of labor, showed the white feather in his address delivered yesterday.

Mr. FENTON is too faint-hearted. No victory was ever won by brooding over temporary defeat. Nor is courage aroused by forgetting the nobility of the cause fought for in bawling wounds received.

Bad generalship has forfeited many a struggle, and this is especially true of many of the labor contests which have ended so disastrously. Organized labor, with hot-headed, selfish and incompetent leaders, will meet with frequent defeat; but with proper leadership glorious victories await the hard-handed hosts in their just demands.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

It makes one shiver to think that possibly somebody may insist upon dramatizing the story of the Centennial Quadrille.

As time passes and there are no signs of the statement from the Duckeye State picking any large political plum for the month of May, it is not surprising that some men being born great and some born in Ohio.

And now comes the report that the United States Senators are arming because they were not accorded front seats and all that sort of thing during the festival here last week. Why didn't they buy what they wanted? They're rich enough.

WORLDLINGS.

The celebrated French historian of religion, M. Henan, is described as a short and fleshy man, who looks like a good-natured priest. He has a broad, clean-shaven face, large nose, small gray eyes, and well-shaped mouth.

Dr. P. G. Moore, of Wahash, Ind., owns an American flag that was carried by Gen. Anthony Wayne in his expedition against the North-western Indians in 1792.

Alfonso XIII, the infant king of Spain, is a rosy-cheeked boy not yet three years old. He is very bright and quick, and is said to exhibit signs of great precocity.

THREE TROTTER RACES.

To Be Held at Fleetwood by the New York Driving Club.

The New York Driving Club will have three races at Fleetwood Park next Saturday. The events are open to member's horses driven to wagon, and the prizes will consist of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250.

Mrs. Watson's Sudden Death.

The body of Mrs. Lelia Watson, of Miss Rose Corban's company, who was stricken with paralysis while talking to a little girl on one of the Twenty-third street ferry-boats last Saturday and expired forty-eight hours later at her residence, 331 West Twenty-third street, will be taken to Iowa today for burial.

The Piano Trade Dinner.

The piano trade dinner in honor of Washington's Inaugural Centennial will be given at the Fifth Avenue Hotel this evening. The dinner will be given for the benefit of the American Committee of the Centennial.

Amateur Baseball Notes.

Two players, fourteen years old, want to join a club. The names will be given to the American League by the National League. The Independence will play clubs under seventeen years of age.

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THOMAS RUTWELL, a young man residing in Brooklyn, yesterday saved the life of a little child, and nearly lost his own in so doing, receiving serious injuries as it was.

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CUPID'S MESSAGES.

Ardent Suitors Still Seeking the Hand of Miss Columbia.

The Unique Contest Will Close Tomorrow at 6 P. M.

No Letters Received After That Hour Can Compete.

That One Little Word. I hope you will not deem this amatory epistle either premature or presumptuous. You know how I love you. Will you consent to be mine?

An Original Proposal. Being but mortal, am I to be blamed in feeling that the flat of fate has, unknown to us, long gone forth ordaining that we should become as one and our hearts beat with common rhythm?

Romeo McGinnis Speaks. Excuse me for addressing you in this manner, but my admiration for you is so great that I can find no other way to adequately express my thoughts of you.

Pretty Miss Columbia. If I then permit me thus to address thee, thou wilt deem me a little presumptuous, but I will venture to say that I am not.

Wire Your "Yes." Business is dull. My order book, which I must have lost over a week ago, was missed only today, when I wanted to enter my expense account; in consequence of this inactivity, I am hourly expecting a kind despatch from the firm to return by air line; such is generally followed by a check for the amount of my order.

One Glance of Your Eyes. I have just left you in the ballroom, surrounded by a score of admirers. For two weeks I have been one of the many worshippers at your shrine, but I am no longer content to be counted as a part of the adoring throng who recognize your beauty and bow down before it.

Another of Columbia's Beams. My angel! My all! Can you alter the fact that you are as bright and as lovely as the sun? Love demands all and has a right to do so, and I feel towards you. Even before I rise my thoughts throng to you, my immortal beloved.

Cupid in Africa. My Dear American Yaguellet Columbia: Fairest and sweetest of earth's flowers, daughter of truth and liberty, I would like the pen of an archangel to tell you how I love thee.

The Gem of His Life. The gem of my life, my darling, my thoughts of you since our last meeting have been a haven of pleasure. The many deep impressions made upon me while in your society are as lasting as time, and will cling to me with a tenacity unshakable and call for me.

Your Bright Eyes. My pen refuses to record the feelings of my heart. I dream of you by night and think of you by day; your face is betwixt me and every peace. I know not what first attracted me towards you, whether your bright eyes, arch smile or your bewitching ways—enough for me that I am bewitched and would not be released if I could.

My Pen a Poor Messenger. I have been a poor messenger to convey to you the language of the coveted regard. I would ask of you, your splendid disposition has completely captivated me. I love you very dearly, and will make every effort to prove myself a tender and loyal husband should you deem me worthy of your hand.

Not Riches, but a Loyal Heart. You have honored me with your company occasionally during the past two years, and I think you feel slightly interested in my welfare. For the first time in my life I am in love. I am not rich, certainly, but I believe I could support my wife and children, and I can wish I should not be so poor.

The Old, Old Story. Since I have known you my life has changed. For I am in an entrancing dream from which I want there were no awakening.

day he mine has given me a higher, nobler aim in life. Shakespeare says, "A young man married is a young man married." If Shakespeare had not said that, I would have said that your sweet loveliness and your exalted nobleness, he would have changed that famous saying to "I would have said that these words 'A young man married is a young man made.'"

Rainbows in the Eyes. My Dear Miss Columbia: When there is love in the heart there are rainbows in the eyes. Dearest you have been through a storm and I am only happy when near you.

Will You Be Mine? As my duties will not allow me to see you in person for some time, I feel unable to refrain any longer from asking a question which has lingered on my lips for months.

A Simple "Yes." Doubtless you will not be taken wholly by surprise by what I am about to say. You surely must have known for some time that my feelings towards you were of a warmer nature than friendship.

Found Her at Last. From the moment I first became acquainted with you through the courtesy of THE EVENING WORLD, I knew that I had met my fate.

Written Under Difficulties. You asked me to write you a love letter. Well now, that's pretty good, when I don't know how to read nor write and have to pay a scribe to scrawl a few lines, and he charges pretty high prices at that.

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my wife and share life's joys and sorrows with you. If you should die, I would rather die than live without you. I would rather die than live without you. I would rather die than live without you.

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THE CITY'S WHIRL.

Why the "Old Runners" Always Tell the Truth to Judge Walsh.

An Evening World reporter who happened to be in Judge Walsh's Police Court, in Adams street, Brooklyn, a few mornings ago, was somewhat surprised.

While the reporter stood near the rail, over a dozen "drugs" were rattled forward. They were in all stages. Some had been there before many a time, many a time, while others were just beginning on the downward path.

"Were you drunk?" "Yes, Your Honor." "Have you ever been here before?" "Yes, sir, I have. I was here last week and I am sorry I'm here now."

"Two dollars." Step down. The next prisoner was a short, dapper young man, who had the appearance of being a "sport." He had been brought in for breaking a window while drunk.

"All right, you may go after paying \$1," said Judge Walsh. And so it went. The prisoners came up in a line, told their story, or rather confirmed the policeman's story, and were easily different from the way things go in the New York Police Courts, and this led the reporter to inquire of the court officer.

A Fortune Which Thieves Would Have Trouble in Running Away With. Persons who happened to be passing along Nassau street a few days ago about 9.30 o'clock in the morning were attracted by the apparently careless manner in which half a dozen expressmen were handling sixty-seven bars of shining silver and dropping them onto a hand-truck and dumping them on a scale in a bullion broker's office in the Mutual Life Building.

Each bar weighs seventy pounds, and the expressman (therefore had no fear of being held up) while some one ran off with the bars.

Two Newsboys Create a Furore in a Bawdy Dime Museum. Two bright newsboys wandered into one of the Bawdy dime museums the other day. They gazed at the living skeleton in undisguised awe, sized up the fat woman with glances of admiration and cast amorous looks at the beautiful Circassian girl.

Happy by Comparison. "Hello, McGinnis, you look blue. What's the matter?" "Matter enough. Boil on the back of my neck."

Thanks to Mr. Ring. On Tuesday last my family were on a visit to New York to see the Centennial parade. Getting off at Chambers street my little girl fell overboard, and were it not for the kindness of a gentleman named Mr. F. King, of Jersey City, who jumped overboard, my child would have been drowned.

A Volume of Admirable Verse. Mr. Charles Lotin Hildreth has made his debut with a volume of exquisite verse, entitled after the initial poem, "The Masque of Death."

Six Months After. Dear home, constructed on a plan the architect has termed Queen Anne. Thou art filled with precious brocade—An antique piece does not lack.

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THE WALKING MATCH AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

What the Manager, Billy O'Brien, Has to Say.

Billy O'Brien, General Manager of International Athletic Events, the Manager of the present six-day Walking Match, Madison Square Garden, also Manager of the coming female Bicycle Race, writes:

Mrs. HANNEY HUBBARD ABER. Dear Madam: Asbestos, as a rule, and it is so named after another people to save a blood purifier from admission to it.

Others I have taken a really very unpleasant. I predict for you Becamer Barasparilla a very great sale and that it will become the most popular of all, as it certainly deserves to be. You may see this letter in our box St. Yours very truly, BILLY O'BRIEN.

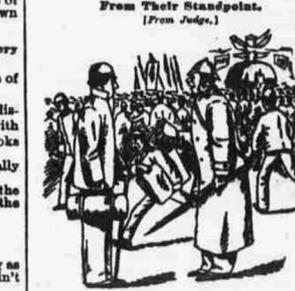
Chenille Curtains

Very cheap. We have bought a very large lot of All Chenille Curtains at a price so much below their real value that we shall sell them for \$5.00 their real worth being fully 50 per cent more.

Lord & Taylor,

At both Stores: BROADWAY STORE; Broadway & 30th St. GRAND ST. STORE; Grand & Chrystie Sts.

From Their Standpoint. (From Judge.)



Mr. Devon Wilbyshire—What's all this devilish fuss about, dear boy? Mr. Sevenache Hawthorne—I believe these American fellows are canning some fellow that invented a pie or something.

An Important Step. (From the Epoch.) Do you realize, darling, the importance of the step you are about to take? Inquired her mamma of a girl who was to be married.

Happy by Comparison. (From the Chicago Tribune.) "Hello, McGinnis, you look blue. What's the matter?" "Matter enough. Boil on the back of my neck."

The Paragraphers Have Done It. (From the Boston Courier.) The practice of going out between acts is in a fair way of being effectually put an end to.

Bound to Win. (From the Pittsburg Chronicle.) It does not matter what Lord Devon named his yacht. You'll cry off the cup just the same.

Get This Out. (From the Evening World.) In consequence of the late fire \$127,000 worth of clothing has been saved and it has been found to pass the stock to the stockholders of the Mutual Life Building.

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Advertisement for Full Weight Pure Creams, Creams, and Powders. Includes an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the products.