

THE DRIFT OF FUNNY TALK.

WIKES CAUGHT ON THEIR FLYING TRIPS AROUND THE COUNTRY.



Direct Heredity. (From Judge.) Mr. Gherkin—Since the celebration, Margaret, I've been hunting up the family history, and I find that Great-grandfather Gherkin was a descendant of Washington.

Guessed He Was. (From the Detroit Free Press.) "Is your father a speculator?" queried the first boy, as the two backed up against the gate. "I guess he is," was the answer.

A Summer Arrangement. (From the Omaha World.) Jones—So you and Kate have fallen out. Can't you make up with her? Brown—Not till the ice cream season is past. I've no money to waste on that luxury.

But Probably Less. (From the Yankee Blade.) Nabby—I just lent \$10 to Fanny; I wish you would make an item of it, Mr. Bookkeeper. Bookkeeper—Shall I debit it to cash? "I guess you don't know Fanny very well. Put it in the profit and loss account."

No Interruption Intended. (From the Philadelphia Press.) Little Charlie, whose grandfather is a Baptist minister, took dinner at the parsonage the other day. He lived at a hotel, and before his grandfather began eating voraciously, "Oh! don't mind me, grandpa," he remarked between mouthfuls, when the latter remonstrated, "go right on with your blessing."

Evidence Complete. (From the Boston Valley Herald.) First Ed Verano Citizen—What was the verdict of the coroner's jury? Second Citizen—That the man came to his death from sunstroke, superinduced by over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants.

Disappointed. (From the Chicago Tribune.) "This isn't what I expected," said the new arrival in Guthrie. "I was told I would find dirt and blood on every corner. It seems quiet enough."

Didn't Carry It Up. (From the Detroit Free Press.) "Let's see," he said, as he met a friend at the Post-Office yesterday, "didn't you have a lawsuit the other day?" "I did."

Aids to Education. (From Texas Stripes.) Sonny (reading his lesson)—Pa, what does b-o-u-n-d-i-s-m-e-n-t spell? Pappy (absorbed in his paper)—Grub.

WAITING FOR THE ASCENT.

CAMPBELL'S AIR-SHIP PROMISES TO REVOLUTIONIZE AERONAUTICS.

The Trial Trip Fixed for June 10 from the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds—Crews Viewing the Invention at the Company's Yard on West Fourteenth Street—Prof. Hogan sanguine of Success.

Peter Carmont Campbell's air-ship, the most wonderful invention of the age if it can do all he promises it can, is attracting a great deal of attention these days. In view of the near approach of the date when Prof. Hogan will take her up in the air for her trial trip.

At present the ship is on exhibition in a spacious hall on Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue, and Mr. Burrill, who is a director of the Company in charge there, says that many prominent people are going there and asking questions about the ship.

"I only mention the fact," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning, "to show you what an interest the public is beginning to take in this invention of Campbell's."

Are many of these visitors anxious to go up in the ship on her trial trip?" asked the reporter.

Well, not many; but we have had several applications, some of them from actresses with a desire for notoriety. Such requests have been refused, as this ship, which was built merely as an experiment, is only intended to carry two passengers, and Prof. Hogan has already, with Mr. Campbell's assent, agreed to allow a mutual friend of theirs to go with the Professor on the first voyage.

If the trip is successful, as I am sure it will be, other ships with a larger seating capacity will be built in rapid succession," concluded Mr. Burrill.

The date fixed for the trial trip is June 10, and the ascent will be made from the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds in this city. If the 10th of June should be stormy, the ascent will not be made until the first fine day after that.

Mr. Campbell, the inventor of the ship which may revolutionize the navigation of the world, keeps a jewelry store at 455 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn.

He was found there this morning explaining the merits of his machine to a number of scientific men, who had called to examine it. They seemed to think that it was a flyer and would be successful.

Mr. Campbell claims that his air-ship can be steered, raised or lowered, sailed with the wind or against the wind, and, in fact, sail the air.

If that is all I care to say about it at present, but it will show for itself on the 10th of next June."

He showed several letters from Prof. Hogan, who is one of the foremost aeronauts in this country, and he is enthusiastic in writing of the new ship.

"I am sure she will be successful, and am anxious for the day to come when I can take command of her," he says in one of his letters.

No better man to sail the ship can be found than Mr. Hogan, who has made a National reputation as a balloonist. He is at present in Jackson, Mich., making final preparations for his great trip, but is expected by Mr. Campbell in Brooklyn about Wednesday.

A Cruel Maid. (From the Yankee Blade.) Mistress (a very kind hearted one)—Did you drown the kittens as I directed, Marie? Marie—Oh, madame.

"Did you warm the water?" "No, madame."

"What do you mean to tell me that you drowned those poor little kittens in ice-cold water? You cruel girl!"

Flannel vs. Linen. (From the Outlook and Parlor.) The summer breezes rofly blow, And asher linen every channel; The linen shirt now has no show Against the one that's made of flannel.

Fond of Flowers. (From the Nursery World.) Mr. B.—My dear Mrs. Croesus, may I not put your name down for tickets to Prof. Fug's course of lectures on Buddhism?

Mrs. C.—Oh, by all means. You know how passionately fond I am of flowers.

Only Three. (From La Caricature.) The conversation turned upon a certain gentleman who is not what you would call a brilliant speaker.

"He has only three faults," a friend apologetically remarked: "1. he reads his speeches; 2. he reads them badly; 3. they are not worth reading."

Love Me, Love My Dog. (From the Yankee Blade.) Young Wife—I'm afraid, mother, that John doesn't love me as much as he used to.

Mother—Why, child, what could have put such an idea into your head? Young Wife—Oh, mother, you ought to see how dreadfully he beats poor little Fido.

A Bad Place to Go. (From the Detroit Free Press.) "I think, Algernon, I'll go to Florida for my health."

"Your health, Miranda? Why, bless my soul, the whole State's full of invalids!"

His Proposal. (From Life.) Edger—Miss Edith, I—ah—have something most important to ask you. May I—that is—Edith (softly)—What is it, Edger?

Edger—May I—Edith, would you be willing to have our names printed in the papers with a hyphen between?

The Best Pianos in America, Carter's Smart Wood and Belladonna Bascoshe Players.

JACK DEMPSEY EXPLAINS.

HE GIVES HIS REASONS FOR REFUSING TO FIGHT ELLINGWORTH.

Jack Hopper Lost His Temper While Sparring with Myers—Another Race Between the Atlantian and the Varanus—Manhattan Athletic Club Issuing Boods—The Harlem Regatta a Failure—Frank Slavin Is Going to Australia.

Well, Jack Dempsey's explanation of the reason for his alleged refusal to fight Joe Ellingworth has come at last. According to the Nonpareil, he feels so confident he can defeat Joe that he offered to put up \$10,000 to Ellingworth's \$1,000 that he could do it. He further says that he was under promise to President Fulda not to make any engagement until he had Mr. Fulda's acquiescence.

President Fulda had in view his meeting a first-class man at the California Athletic Club, but the name of the pugilist is not given. Jack says he offered to toss with Ellingworth for choice of the California Athletic Club or Southern California Athletic Club as the scene of a battle between them as soon as he was ready.

The annual picnic and games of the Pastime Athletic Club occur June 8 at the Empire City Coliseum. Among the other inter-club events are a two-mile race between the Haverberg, Collett, and Gilbert. Haverberg will attempt to break the record at throwing the hammer.

The sprouting bout between Jack Hopper and Billy Myers at the People's Theatre last night was exceptionally lively. The gallery went wild with enthusiasm when the round round Myers upper-cut Hopper, which so incensed Jack that he delivered a terrific left-hand swing on Myers' jaw, knocking him clear off his feet.

Even away off in Australia there is great interest in the Sullivan-Kilrain fight. Indeed, it is the leading topic in sporting circles there to a prominent sportsman of Melbourne. Betting on the result is very heavy, Kilrain being the favorite.

The reply of the Captain of the Atlantian Boat Club to Capt. Tighe, of the Varanus, is eminently satisfactory and shows a sportsmanlike and generous spirit. In his reply to Capt. Tighe's challenge for another double round race, he says Saturday next the Atlantian concede most of the points stipulated by Capt. Tighe, but says the race must be rowed on the Harlem River instead of the East River.

The Manhattan Athletic Club has issued bonds to the amount of \$550,000, payable in five years, at 6 per cent. interest, for the purpose of erecting a new club-house on the southeast corner of Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street.

Happy Jack Smith is in town, having arrived yesterday, with Gus Guerrero, the champion of New York Athletic Club, in the nine-days' walking match at Coney Island, which commences June 29 at the Sea Beach Palace. Happy Jack's other professional race is expected later, and he also desires to try his powers in the twelve-hour a-day contest at the Sea Beach Palace.

There is much disappointment over the failure of the New York Athletic Club to enter in the Harlem regatta. The failure of the new boat of the Columbia crew has necessitated its withdrawal also. The Atlantian race rowers over the course and claim the prize, though there are conflicting opinions regarding this point.

Some of the Atlantian Club declares it would be unsportsmanlike and prefer to wait and see if arrangements cannot be made to have the eight-oared race rowed later.

Frank Slavin does not seem particularly anxious to meet Peter Jackson in the ring. At least, he is now preparing to go on a sparring tour in Australia and New Zealand.

Slavin stands very high as a pugilist in the estimation of American sportsmen. It is strange that he does not try to make a match with the colored heavy-weight.

The Manhattan Athletic Club, the head and front of the N. York A's, has decided that hereafter there must be no half-hearted support of the Association. All members must promise fidelity to the Association and take a positive stand.

Without loss of time when the intestinal canal is blocked up by reason of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become lasting and obstinate, and breed other and some complaints. HOPKIN'S STOMACH BITTERS is the precise remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drying or weakening the blood-aid bowels, a consequence always to be apprehended from the use of violent laxatives, which are among the most prevalent of the cheap nostrums sold by the credulous and misinformed. The flat of experience, and of the medical fraternity, sanction the claims of this standard aperient. Not only as a source of relief and permanent regularity to the bowels, liver and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles, and fever and ague, it is without a peer.

Clear the Way. He went headforemost to his fate, And, Em, I'm very glad to state, His neck he broke.

And then I first began to see Through Seth's brave plan to rescue me; And gratitude and something more And deeper than I'd known before Within me woke.

I met him with an outstretched hand, So weak from fright I scarce could stand. With tearful eyes and voice quite weak, I tried my heartfelt thanks to speak.

He would not hear, "I am alone to blame," said he; "I failed to caution you, you see." And then he asked with flashing eye How 'twas His Lordship came to fly And leave me there.

I told him what His Lordship said, And felt with shame my cheeks grow red, Remembering all my deep-laid plan To mortify this brave, true man.

Humiliation now was mine, And bitter tears began to shine; I hoped that Sir Maxwell Montague Would run until he entered Spain, Across the sea.

I felt my punishment was due To the vain plans I had in view Connected with His Lordship's call; But pride and vanity must fall— 'Tis better so.

I asked myself, as on Seth's arm, We homeward wandered o'er the farm,

Can nature's setting tarnish gold? Can culture make a coward bold? My heart said "No."

With sidelong glance I tried to trace His thoughts upon his honest face. 'Twas plain now I saw, than when He risked his life for mine, and then, I thought again,

Why is it that he seems to be Repressed and silent when with me? He must despise me, think me vain, And worthy but of his disdain. The thought was pain.

With downcast eyes I tried to hide The rising of the silent tide That through my eyes would fain overflow, And thus my secret sorrow show. Unto his eyes.

To check the tide in vain I seek, A telltale tear rolls down my cheek. Soon followed others in its track; Seth turned and gazed into my face In mute surprise.

"Lucille, and I do rightly guess These are the tears of thankfulness O'er dangers past? If so," said he, "They seem superfluous to me." I shook my head.

THEY ACTED IN GOOD FAITH.

The Coroner's Jury Sustains the Doctors Who Performed Bishop's Autopsy.

The jury in the Bishop inquest have decided that the doctors acted in good faith in performing the autopsy and Coroner Lev at once discharged the defendants from further proceedings so far as he is concerned.

Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, the specialist in nervous and mental diseases, gave expert testimony yesterday to the effect that the brain is not fit for examination six hours after death, and his preference was to make an autopsy within one hour after death had occurred.

On cross-examination the witness said he knew Dr. Ferguson and the other three was a better pathologist in New York, and concluded his testimony by saying that he himself been in attendance at the death of a cataleptic, he would make the autopsy within two hours, if possible, were he sure death had taken place.

After being out over an hour and a half the jury rendered the following verdict: We, the jury, agree: First—That Washington Irving Bishop died at the Lenox Club on the 13th of May, 1899.

Second—Cause of death was coma.

Third—That while Dr. Irving, Ferguson and Hance acted in good faith in performing the autopsy upon the body of Washington Irving Bishop, we would state that Dr. Irving, Ferguson and Hance acted in some haste respecting the direction of the post-mortem of the autopsy.

The accused physicians have yet to answer to the charge of making the autopsy without permission.

THROWN FROM A BOBTAIL CAR.

Mr. Onderdonk Gets a Bad Fall and a Sprained Wrist.

Thursday of last week I was riding on a bob-tail Madison avenue car, which makes trips from Eighty-sixth street to Mott Haven.

A lady with a baby in her arms sought to get off the car at One Hundred and Eighteenth street. The car stopped for a second only, and quickly starting, almost threw the lady off the platform.

At One Hundred and Twentieth street I signalled for the car to stop. It barely stopped, and before I could get off, it suddenly started and threw me from the platform to the ground.

My right wrist was broken and my left wrist badly sprained. I narrowly escaped being drawn under the car. My hand was enormously swollen, and a physician tells me that it will not be well for a month.

The car went on, leaving me lying in the gutter. A crowd of people gathered to arise. The driver evidently could not see me and drove on, ignorant of the accident. I consider the incident very dangerous and think they ought to be abolished for the public safety.

The Vanderbilt would do well to take the subject under consideration.

P. C. ONDERDONK, 38 Park Row.

The Way He Felt About It. (From the Chicago Journal.) Visitor—So your sister is off on a visit, Willie. I suppose you feel very lonesome without her?

Five-Year-Old Willie (dubiously)—Yes, I feel lonesome—but I'm good deal more comfortable.

The Distinction. (From the Boston Tribune.) "Shadbolt, have you seen Sig. Stretchwell, the India-rubber man at the museum? He's a wonderful freak."

"He's more than a freak, Dinguss; he's a miracle."

"Well, what's the difference between a freak and a miracle?"

"A gentleman propose you owe me \$10. It's more than that, but we'll suppose it's only \$10. If you should take a notion to pay it that would be a wonderful freak. If you should actually pay it, Dinguss, it would be a miracle."

Frightened Away. (From the Burlington Free Press.) Real Estate Agent—Can you let me a very pretty cottage on Piano street for only—

House-seeker—What did you say the name of the street was?

Real Estate Agent—Piano street.

House Seeker—Thanks; I believe I will look a little further.

Facts About the Orchestra. (From the Baltimore American.) An investigation of the average orchestra reveals some curious facts about their personality.

The drummer is generally a professional beat, and is always going on a strike; the violinist is fond of drawing a long bow, thereby continually getting in a scrape; the trumpeter, however, is quite sociable, as he is always ready for a good blow-out; as for the flutist, it is said but true that, besides being a little over the course and claim the prize, though there are conflicting opinions regarding this point.

Some of the Atlantian Club declares it would be unsportsmanlike and prefer to wait and see if arrangements cannot be made to have the eight-oared race rowed later.

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AMERICAN OPERA AGAIN.

MR. LOCKE TO COME OUT WITH A COMPANY OF HIS OWN NEXT SEASON.

Doekstader's to Be Seen This Summer at Proctor's Theatre—Unfounded Rumor of Max Freeman's Relapse—George Fawcett Home to Return in September and Probably Produce His New Play.

E. A. Locke, who will be remembered in connection with the rather unfortunate American Opera Company (which tried so hard to be national, but couldn't), is to have a real opera company of his own next season.

Mr. Jeannette Thurber will have no interest at all in the organization which Mr. Locke intends to model after the Carl Rosa Opera Company in England, a company that has for years toured the English provinces and made plenty of money.

The prima donna is to be Miss Emma Juch. It is generally felt that there is room for a good opera company that knows the proper thing to present, and how to present it. Mr. Locke intends to go quietly to work. There are no gorgeous productions or anything of that kind.

Miss Annie Pixley is slowly recovering from the illness that prevented her playing the other week at the Theatre Comique, Harlem, but that doesn't have prevented her from notifying Mr. Hart of her intention. Miss Pixley will sail for Europe next week.

Amelia and Annie Summerville are reconciled. Isn't that a saccharine little bit of news? For months the sisters have not spoken, now they are living together in love, and are to be married in the near future in Twenty-ninth street. Amelia, by-the-by, is to play in Dixey's next production at the Standard Theatre. It will be remembered that she was the original merry little mountain maid in "Adonis."

This production of Dixey's is to be in two acts, but the name has not as yet been decided upon. Dixey says that his contract with Duff is a pretty good one, and that if his new play takes, his receipts will be "way up in the picture cards." That is positively the latest expression from Mr. Dixey's lips.

George Fawcett Howe, who has been ill for some time in England, will return to America in September. He will star through the country as Mieswber in "Little Emily," and will probably also produce his play known as "Brass."

No theatre has as yet been decided upon for the production of Clay Green's play, "Hans the Boatman," in which Charles Arpold is to take the management. Messrs. Kimmonds and Brown, "Hans the Boatman" has made a great hit in Australia. Arpold is an actor of Emmet's style. He is charmingly happy in the role of a big dog and a little girl. Those who have seen the play speak very highly of it.

Miss Maude White, who went to England with Richard Mansfield and was one of the last to return, has been engaged for J. K. Emmet's company to play the part in "Uncle Joe" which was "created" by Miss Louise Balfe.

Miss Fanny Rice, of the Casino, is quite proud of being considered one of the "dressers" in the country. Crude people may say that this is because her roles do not necessitate her putting on very much. All things considered, however, she is a very good dresser, and is on the stage when the curtain falls she is out of the Casino almost as soon as the audience. Miss Rice speaks lovingly of answering her maker's dwale each night to her flat, accompanied by her husband, a young and athletic-looking fellow named Purdy—Dr. Purdy. None of the chaste girls leave the Casino as quickly as Miss Rice. This information is to be recited stage-door dudes.

C. B. Welles, who is now playing with Scanlan in England, has been engaged to support Miss Margaret Mather.

T. W. Pigott, author of "The Bookmaker," the American rights to which have been purchased by Nat. C. Goodwin, has written another play. It is to be given a trial matinee performance at "Terry's" theatre, London, on June 12. It is said to be an original drama in four acts and is entitled "Which Wins."

Miss Maida Craigen and her husband sailed for Europe yesterday, when there was quite a Thespian exodus.

Mrs. Fernandez is summing at her home in Mount Kisco, where she entertains her theatrical friends in an elaborate manner. It is rumored that she will give a lawn performance in the hot weather. She morning and re-rehearsing the Casino chorus—much to the disgust of the Casino chorus.

Max Freeman, of the Casino, who is reported as having had a relapse, has by no means had one. He has been out and about, and has amused himself by rehearsing and re-rehearsing the Casino chorus—much to the disgust of the Casino chorus.

Miss Ferrell, who has just been released from Daly's company, has gone to Chicago, where she will join Mrs. Langtry on Monday night. Daly's will also open there on Monday. At an opposition house he will also find three of his other members playing—Miss Ethie Shannon, Otis Skinner and Mr. Holland.

At the close of the run of "The County Fair" Doekstader's Minstrels will begin a

Summer engagement at Proctor's twenty-third Street Theatre. They will be succeeded by "The Great Metropolis."

Gossip of Brooklyn's Plays and Players.

The patrons of Proctor's Theatre have taken most kindly to Williams' Specialty Company—in fact, by their large attendance they show a decided preference for that style of entertainment.

Laurent Howard's benefit Tuesday night was what it well deserved to be—a success. The programme was a brilliant one, including the play "The Little Red Riding Hood" by Bert; Julie Mackay, J. A. Hogan and others of equal prominence.

The letter of Dan Sully's two plays, "Daddy Nelson," will be given this evening and for the balance of the week at Proctor's Theatre. The programme was a brilliant one, including the play "The Little Red Riding Hood" by Bert; Julie Mackay, J. A. Hogan and others of equal prominence.

Miss Dixie Barkin is meeting with much success in the soubrette role in "The Runaway Wife," which her father, McKee Hankin, is now giving at Col. Sims' Park Theatre.

When "The Two Sisters" was first presented in Brooklyn it was received with more or less interest in the play began to grow, and now as its third presentation at the Grand Opera-House is a source of entertainment to large and highly delighted audiences.

The programme of the Favour-Hill benefit at Jacobs' Theatre next Monday evening is nearly completed and includes the following: Miss Annie Pixley, Harry Brown, Charles Fustelle, Frank Girard and Brooks and Deaton, Isabella.

Col. W. E. Sign, his charming wife, Cora Tanner and Mr. Walter L. Sims, of the Park Theatre, will make an extended tour of the Continent this summer. They will spend some time in Paris.

Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid. (From London Park.)

Miss Bugge—Oh, but mine is such a horrid name!

Young Brown—Ah—a—um—I'm afraid it's too late to alter it now!

The March of Trade. (From the Outlook and Parlor.) Old Nick—What, ho! without there. What do you want?

Voice—I want to get in.

Old Nick—You must be joking.

Voice—Not a bit of it. I'm the agent for Dixey's patent cool-me-quick shirt for hot weather.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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EXTRA MATINEE TO-DAY.

THEATER GARDEN, 47th St., near 3d Ave. TO-DAY and every following evening. Success, TRIP TO AFRICA. Concert in the Garden.

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WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM.

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6 HORRIBLE FLESH-DEVOURING CANNIBALS.

NEVER ON EXHIBITION BEFORE.

WILLY HUNTING, THE SMALLEST HORSE ALIVE.

BARRY McLAUGHLIN, THE BROWN-SKIN MAN.

WILLIAMS' THOUSAND COMEDY COMPANY.

15 BROADWAY.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR DECORATION DAY.

14TH STREET THEATRE.

COURSE 6th Ave. EXTRA MATINEE DECORATION DAY.

6TH WEEK OF J. K. EMMET.

UNIQUE JOE OR A MADHOUSE.

NEW SONGS. LABORATORY SCENERY.

GALLERY, 236. Reserved Seats, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50.

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