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Every Mutual District Call Box can be used for this purpose and NO CHARGE will be made FOR MESSENGER SERVICE.

All Messenger Boys of the Mutual District Company are Provided with RATE CARDS and will take WORLD Advts. at Office Prices.

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Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

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253 *Fulton st.*,	954 *Broadway*,	703 *Madison ave.*
7 *Murray st.*,	1206 *Broadway*,	985 *Madison ave.*
29 *Murray st.*,	11 *University pl.*	

A NEW STORY
BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THE WORLD has secured the exclusive serial rights for North America for the publication of WILKIE COLLINS'S latest romance,

BLIND LOVE.

The first chapters will appear in the SUNDAY WORLD of June 30. Wilkie Collins is known as the Wizard of Romance. No writer of modern times has approached him in the fertility and ingenuity of his plots. The present story is one of his greatest efforts. The advance sheets are now in THE WORLD'S possession and they testify to the genius and vigor of the great Author.

Newspaper publishers in the United States and Canada desiring to share with THE WORLD in the publication of this striking romance should communicate at once with the Publication Department. Only a few journals will be accepted. Write at once.

POLICEMEN MUST NOT SMILE.

If two of our Supreme Court Judges can have their way, it will be unlawful for a policeman to smile when on duty.

Because a policeman smiled to see those grave wearers of the ermine perform feats of wonderful agility in dodging a truck the other day, his dismissal from the force is demanded.

It may be pardonable even for a policeman to relax his facial muscles on occasion, provided it isn't a Judge he smiles at, but for an ordinary "cop" to snicker at the dilemma of the "Coort" is carrying the thing too far. But how can a policeman know all the Judges and keep a stiff upper lip as they pass by. He cannot do it. Hence the necessity that a policeman should smile not at all. Perchance as he smiled some arrogant Judge might pass in the moving throng and his feelings be wounded.

There must be an end to these "Copper" smiles in public. If there shall come over some stalwart guardian of the peace an irresistible desire to give way to his risibilities, let him betake himself to some quiet saloon where he is solid and there indulge in a refined and restful "smile."

QUARRELLING FOR CHARITY.

Human nature will assert itself under all circumstances. Not even philanthropists can control their angry passions. While striving with all their might to save some poor unfortunates, they will become imbued with an uncontrollable desire to destroy some one else.

In Sedalia, Mo., a duel is likely to result from a quarrel arising out of a baseball game for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers. Here in this city the charming operatic star, Miss MANOLA, is raving mad because while pensively warbling her sweetest notes, to also aid the destitute of the Conemaugh Valley, she was pushed, as she claims, by her stage lover, Mr. OUDIN. Go where you may, and in whatever situations you find men and women, there will always be found a great deal of human nature to the square inch.

THE BIG STATESMAN AND THE SMALL BOY.

Ex-Congressman W. L. SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, is a very rich man, and under the CLEVELAND régime was powerful in dispensing official patronage. He is a pompous little fellow and imagines everybody ought to know him at sight.

It is reported that he was so angered by the inquiry of a hall-boy, stationed to keep intruders out of the meeting of the Democratic National Committee yesterday, as to whether he was entitled to admission that he clutched the throat of the luckless youth who did not recognize greatness when he saw it and threw him out of the way. SCOTT was once a page-boy in the House of Representatives, at Washington. Did he then learn that small boys were to be "necked" by statesmen?

A Syllabic Slip.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

Dr. Carpenter was noted for the quickness of his wit, and it was a common saying in the town in which he lived that he always had an answer ready when it was required. He was once introduced as "Dr. Carter." Immediately his friend saw his error, and corrected himself. "Never mind," said the doctor, "it's only a slip of the pen."

WORK FOR IDLE PRISONERS.

WARDEN DURSTON OF AUBURN VISITS THIS CITY IN SEARCH OF IT.

He Wants to Secure the Manufacture of Silk Ribbons—He Is Glad of Murderer Kemmler's Stay of Electrical Execution—How in His Opinion the Dynamos Were Obtained by Expert Brown.

Warden Charles F. Durston, of Auburn Prison, is in the city to-day.

He is no longer so greatly interested in the execution of Murderer Kemmler by electricity as he was a week ago, since that gentleman has secured a stay, through an appeal to the Court of Appeals.

The Warden's mission in New York is to find means for employing the hundreds of idle convicts in Auburn Prison, which he finds hard to do under the restrictive provisions of the Fassett Prison bill which recently became a law.

Formerly the principal industries in the prison were the manufacture of boots and shoes and iron holloware.

The Fassett bill allows the employment of but one hundred men in each of these manufactures and other means for employing the convicts must be provided.

Warden Durston hopes to introduce the manufacture of silk ribbons into the prison, and his visit to New York is for that purpose particularly.

Concerning the electrical execution of Kemmler, Mr. Durston said that he was glad that it had been indefinitely postponed, although he had never been "on pins and needles" over the matter, as electrical expert Harold P. Brown has been quoted as saying.

"I have never seen Brown," said the warden. "Never have tried to see him, as the newspapers said I did, on my recent visit, and I don't know that I want to see him.

"I don't like his methods and am rather inclined to believe that he is actually working against the Westinghouse Electric Lighting Company in the choice of its dynamos for the purposes of executing criminals.

"How he obtained the dynamos for the prisons seems to bother the Westinghouse people, but I think I have found the correct solution of the mystery.

"The company has a lease system for the United States, but I understand that it sells its machines outright in foreign countries.

"My idea is that Brown procured orders to be sent from some West Indian, Mexican or Central American port for the three machines, and then had them reshipped to himself at Boston, for the dynamo which was received and placed in Auburn Prison yesterday came from Boston and was directed to Brown.

"Brown appeared to be very suspicious of the Westinghouse people and wrote me to be particularly careful lest some of their agents destroy the machine on its arrival."

Warden Durston says that he is of the opinion that the Westinghouse Company is behind the appeal in the Kemmler case, but doesn't care who is as long as it will delay and possibly prevent the execution of a human being by his official hands.

WAS IT TO ESCAPE TYRANNY?

Young George Dietzel Committed Suicide by Drinking Carbolic Acid.

George Dietzel, a lad of sixteen years, took his own life by swallowing carbolic acid on the stairs leading to the roof of the tenement-house where he lived, 514 West Seventeenth street.

His mother says George was a perverse lad and stayed out all night frequently. He would not obey her nor his elder brother John, who was the provider for the family.

Others say that John was a tyrant; that George and another brother named Henry got out of work recently and were given no supper by John's orders, and that George remained out all night because John locked him out.

Yesterday Henry and George talked the matter over, and George said he could stand it no longer. Then he bought carbolic acid at a drug store near by and drank it, dying within fifteen minutes thereafter.

The police of the Eighteenth Precinct say they have never heard any complaint against George.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

A Pullman car porter who helped the wife and child of Private Secretary Halford to escape the dangers of the Conemaugh floods has been given a place in the Treasury Department. It's an ill wind that blows no one good.

* * *

West Brighton went Democratic last Tuesday. Will more old sailors have to leave the Snug Harbor?

* * *

The "bucket-shop" men are mad and declare that if their business is nefarious some other fellows must shut up shop also. There's an old adage which runs: "When rogues fall out," &c.

* * *

A Casino girl has eloped with her fencing master. It is evident that she did not learn how to parry Cupid's thrusts.

* * *

Police Commissioner Martin last night received a diamond pin from his Tammany admirers. It was in the nature of a forget-me-not testimonial.

* * *

The fair graduates at Vassar are now bachelors of arts. Soon they hope to be queens of hearts.

* * *

When Widow Paffe refused the suit of her adorer, Hayes, the rejected lover proceeded to set off her stock of fireworks. He had been "fired" and misery loves company.

A Scaly Cake.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Mr. Youngcouple—What is this cake you have made, darling?

Mrs. Youngcouple—A pound cake, sweetest.

"I think there must have been something the matter with the scales."

Could Save Car Fares.

[From Judge.]

"Would that I had wings and could fly!" fervently exclaimed Nonpareil Fitzgibbons, who was somewhat poetically inclined.

"Why do you wish that, Nonpareil?" softly murmured Marigold Goeghegan, who just doted on poetic sentiments.

"Because then I could makes loads of money as a dime museum freak."

None Left.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Cashier—When the portelectric system is introduced people will be able to travel at the rate of 200 miles an hour.

President—Wonder what we will do for cashiers when that comes to pass.

A Considerate Employer.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Clerk (to his boss)—Mr. Watson, I would like permission to be absent this afternoon. I have to attend my uncle's funeral.

Mr. Watson—Certainly, Thomas, certainly; but wait for me. I'm going to take in that baseball game myself this afternoon.

He Couldn't Drop the Shop.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Evangelist (to conscious-stricken barkeeper)—You say you are contrite and repentant. How deep is your contrition?

Barkeeper (thoughtfully)—Well, about five fingers, I guess.

POOR people need not be deprived of night's rest if they use MOZELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

TO THE RESCUE!

Every One Should Help the Fund for The Poor Sick Babies.

Cries in a Thousand Tenements for That Corps of Free Doctors.

Send "The Evening World" Your Dimes and Dollars for the Worthy Cause.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	482.50
Mrs. Bella Kaim	5.00
Lillian, Harry and Frank Wightman	3.00
Bessie	1.00
C. M.	1.00
Everett M. Johnson	1.00
S. E. H.	1.00
Carita	.50
Two L. H's and Rosa	1.10
Chester Arthur Weberley	.10

There are many demands upon the charitably disposed just now, but no appeal is stronger or goes more directly to every heart than that in behalf of the sick children of the crowded tenement districts.

It is a tough heart indeed that feels no pang at the thought of these little sufferers cooped up in noisome rooms, deprived of the soothing sunlight and stifled with impure air, unskilfully attended by kind but ignorant mothers because of the poverty which compels them to dispense with the attendance of paid physicians, and improperly and inadequately fed.

And this is why THE EVENING WORLD fund is started for defraying the expenses of a corps of energetic and enthusiastic physicians whose duty it shall be to hunt out and minister to these baby sick ones, suffering the ills and ailments of hot weather.

It should be borne in mind that the field is boundless, and that the larger the corps the more lives can be saved and the more suffering can be allayed.

The heated term is well started, and haste should be made by those who intend to contribute, that this charity may do its work speedily and before it is too late.

There is room for more names on the list of the good, and every reader of THE EVENING WORLD can give his mite.

She Sends Five Dollars.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find my check for $5 for the worthy cause of your Sick Babies' Fund. Respectfully, MRS. BELLA KAIM.

Knows It's a Good Cause.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find my mite (50 cents) towards what I consider a worthy charity, the Sick Babies' Doctors' Fund, for which God will bless THE EVENING WORLD with prosperity. CARITA.

One Dollar for Them.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for the relief of the babies. Respectfully, RENSIE.

June 11.

From a King's Daughter.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Doctors' Fund, which is sent in his name. C. M.

Jersey City, June 12.

From Three Little Ones.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We are three little children wishing to do as we would be done by, and inclose you herewith for the children's fund $1 each.

LILLIAN, HARRY AND FRANK WIGHTMAN.

New York, June 12.

Sent by a One-Year-Old.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find a little offering from a baby one year old, who is more lucky than the thousands who will need care during the Summer months. Success to your grand effort. Very respectfully,

EVERETT M. JOHNSON.

Jersey City, June 12.

AUTHORIZED COLLECTORS.

Convenient Points Where Money for the Free Doctors' Fund May Be Left.

Authorized offices where contributions to THE EVENING WORLD'S Free Doctors' Fund can be sent:

Uptown WORLD Office.....1267 Broadway
Brooklyn WORLD Office.....359 Fulton street

NEW YORK.

323 Bleecker street.....T. W. Jewell
733 Broadway.....S. E. Isaacson
940 Broadway.....Brown & Pulverman
1238 Broadway.....Brown & Pulverman
233 Grand street.....F. Wolckner
69 Liberty street.....Brown & Pulverman
52 Avenue A.....Edw. J. H. Tamsen
1708 First avenue.....Max L. Walters
386 Second avenue.....P. Harnischfeger
788 Second avenue.....B. Laguna
2163 Second avenue.....Geo. Hooks
177 Third avenue.....E. W. Barrow
554 Third avenue.....Armstrong & Co.
760 Third avenue.....Brown & Pulverman
850 Third avenue.....R. Rudolph
942 Third avenue.....S. Getzler
1026 Third avenue.....Brown & Pulverman
1052 Third avenue.....A. F. Motschman
1193 Third avenue.....R. & E. Jackson
1323 Third avenue.....C. Apt
1366 Third avenue.....B. B. Steinbrink
1563 Third avenue.....E. Ganz
1700 Third avenue.....L. Bock
1921 Third avenue.....C. Rudolph
2022 Third avenue.....Anderson & Mulligan
2051 Third avenue.....Geo. Law
2110 Third avenue.....Jno. A. Hagmayer
153 Fourth avenue.....Brown & Pulverman
152 Sixth avenue.....W. H. Fordham
276 Sixth avenue.....A. G. Spencer
381 Sixth avenue.....L. Alexander
753 Sixth avenue.....Samuel Belasco & Co
90 Eighth avenue.....Hugo Jansen
604 Eighth avenue.....W. R. Rusk
578 Ninth avenue.....Peter Müller
859 Ninth avenue.....M. E. Whittle
1092 Ninth avenue.....Brown & Pulverman
1300 Ninth avenue.....Fischer Bros.
1569 Ninth avenue.....C. E. Lilley
1650 Ninth avenue.....W. Harnest
1220 Tenth avenue.....
Tenth avenue, near One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street.....Edw. J. Nieuwland & Co.
14 Stuyvesant street.....Jordan & Co.
18 South Fifth avenue.....A. F. Blanch
48 East Fourth street.....Lynch's Exp. and Trans. Co.
308 Second street.....Rottenberg Blankbook Co
644 East Ninth street.....Geo Siebel
9 West Fourteenth st.....Booth & McGinniss
124 West Twenty-third street.....Hiram Torrey
270 West Twenty-third street.....Brown & Pulverman
208 East Thirty-fourth street.....P. F. O'Brien
106 West Forty-second street.....Brown & Pulverman
180 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.....Brown & Pulverman
258 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.....

BROOKLYN.

1797 Atlantic avenue.....Mrs. Green
41 Broadway.....Mrs. C. A. Spittall
291 Broadway.....E. G. Haddon
370 Broadway.....A. A. Watson
700 Broadway.....J. Zimmermann
915 Broadway.....S. Goldzier
1050 (Old No.) Broadway.....Wm. Muir
424 DeKalb avenue.....J. T. Nightingale
689 DeKalb avenue.....A. S. Neale
74 Ewen street.....L. Gluckauf
9th street and Fifth avenue.....C. Balser
80 Seventh avenue.....F. A. Hand

Friends of the Free Doctor Fund, who leave their subscriptions at any of the offices in this list, will please bear in mind that the agents will not turn over the money received to THE EVENING WORLD until they have a respectable little sum on hand. Every subscription, however, will be duly acknowledged in this paper as soon as paid over by the agents in the course of a few days.

International Magazine of Christian Science

Free Physicians.

[From the Metropolis.]

Our bustling and enterprising contemporary, THE EVENING WORLD, did good service to the public last Summer by providing a corps of free physicians to go into the homes of the poor, prescribe for the sick children and insist upon simple sanitary regulations. Mr. Pulizer defrayed the entire expenses of this medical mission, besides giving free excursions to the poor babies and their mothers. This Summer he proposes to allow the public to share in this noble work, and THE EVENING WORLD calls for subscriptions to pay the physicians. Any amount is welcome, from the $100 of the millionaire to the spare cent of the school-boy. Can any one refuse or neglect to give something to so good a cause? It is estimated that $1 may save the life of one poor child. Is there any other way in which a dollar may be invested more advantageously? We hope to receive and forward to THE WORLD many dollar subscriptions.

The public are not half grateful enough to the papers for such charitable enterprises. They give the money, but that is by no means the hardest part of the work. The charity has to be carefully organized and carried on systematically and economically. Special employees have to be detailed to engage the physicians, see that their attendance is satisfactory and report cases which require extra attention. For every dollar which the public send to THE WORLD, that journal donates at least two dollars' worth of time, trouble and labor. The *Metropolis* is ready to do its share in this excellent charity. We will take charge of any donations that may be sent to this office and our own contribution shall go with them. Do not hang back upon the plea that the Free Physician mission is only a WORLD advertising scheme. We would have a more delightful city if all advertising schemes took so excellent and generous a form as this, and nobody can begrudge the popularity which any paper may gain on account of it.

FOUGHT FOR A WOMAN.

Desperate Battle with Knives Between Two Texans.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ST. AUGUSTINE, TEX., June 13.—The festivities at Dave Gideon's house-warming Tuesday night were interrupted for a few minutes about 11 o'clock while Rube Polk and George Audrey settled with bowie knives a slight misunderstanding.

Out of respect for David they fought on the greensward in front of his cabin, and not in the house as less considerate persons might have done.

Rube fought bravely, but he was hardly a match for George, who seemed able to plant his knife at will in his opponent's body.

The fight did not end, however, until Rube went under with Audrey's bowie in his heart, and his jugular severed.

Audrey did not escape unscathed. He received a fearful cut in the side and one in the leg. He was carried home from the battle ground by friends, and then the merry-makers returned to the house and resumed their dancing.

A quarrel over a woman caused the duel.

Avery sent a messenger to the Sheriff to inform him of the fight and tell him that he would be ready to give himself up at any time.

Jefferson Davis's Flour Barrel.

[From the Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Senator Sawyer tells an interesting anecdote of the late Mr. Sanderson. One day he was going through his mill when his attention was called to a consignment of flour to Jefferson Davis. Taking notice of the fact that no bill was made for the flour, Mr. Sanderson inquired just casually of his brother:

"Who is this Jefferson Davis?"

"'Why,' he was informed, 'that is the old Confederate Jeff. We have been sending him a free barrel of flour every so often for two or three years.'"

Then Senator Sawyer's eye twinkled as he said, in relating the story: "Sanderson laughed as he replied, 'Think of Ed Sanderson, a man of my pronounced Republican principles, sending flour free to the ex-head of the rebel Government. What is it for?' Ed asked.

"He was told that at one time his daughter had visited at Beauvoir, Jeff Davis's home, and had become greatly interested in Miss Winnie Davis, his daughter. Miss Sanderson noticed that they had very poor flour down there, so she sent them a barrel on arriving home, and had the order duplicated at intervals.

"So," said the Senator, "Ed laughed his cheery laugh and said of course it was all right if his daughter said so, and the flour continued to go."

Mrs. Cleveland's Pretty Mother.

[New York Letter to Philadelphia Press.]

I passed Mrs. Folsom on the street only a few days before her marriage. She is still a very attractive woman of forty-two years of age, with a well-proportioned figure, slender and erect, pretty hands and feet, and clear, smooth skin, somewhat colorless, like that of her daughter, and has pretty eyes and teeth. Her hair is quite gray, and a somewhat formal manner of arranging it, as well as a choice of grave colors and fashion in dress, has made her appear much older than she really is.

Does what you Eat hurt you?

Peptonix
(DIGESTIVE TABLETS)
The Great English Remedy FOR DYSPEPSIA.

The action of these tablets is simple and direct, aiding the sufferer to digest and properly assimilate food and at the same time mildly eliminating and strengthening the stomach, until it finally becomes able to do its work naturally and without assistance. Sold by druggists, or we send by mail for 75 cents a box. For two-cent stamp we will send a trial sample.
THE PEPTONIX CO., 125 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

All Run Down

From the weakening effects of warm weather, by hard work, or from a long illness, you need a good tonic and blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives a good appetite, strengthens the whole system, purifies the blood, regulates the digestion.

"I was all run down and unfit for business. I was induced to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it built me right up so that I was soon able to resume work. I recommend it to all."—D. W. BEATS, 4 Martin st., Albany, N. Y.

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

WOUND UP TO-DAY.

Last Instalment in the Illustrated Joke Contest.

Judge Walt McDougall Will Make the Award for the Best.

A Long Array of Pictured Fun by Amateur Humorists.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Illustrated Joke Contest closes to-day. Judge Walt McDougall's decision and award of the prize will be made shortly.

A Sacred Concert.

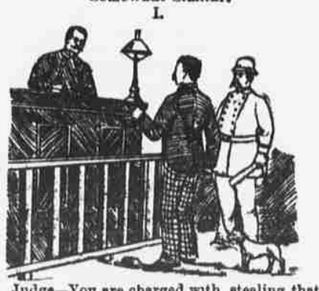
A New York Sunday Night "Grand Sacred Concert." J. E. J. C.

That's What It Was.

Ghones (who has just come home from a night with the boys)—Whis-key? J. M.

Somewhat Similar.

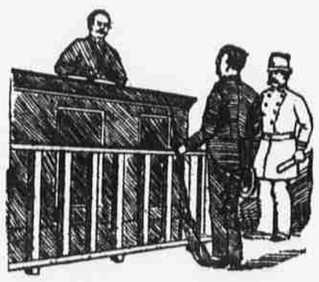
I.



Judge—You are charged with stealing that dog. What have you to answer?

Giltv—Well, sir, I can prove that I have had this dog since he was a pup.

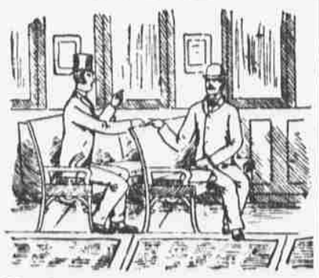
II.



Judge—You are charged with stealing that gun. Have you anything to say?

Innocent—Yaas, your Honah; I have had dis 'ere gun sence it was a pistol, an' yous jes bet I kin prove it! E. C. R.

A "Rum" One.



Mr. Boggs (on L. I. R. R. train, persuasively)—Is that Jamaica, sir?

Gruff Stranger (very aggressively)—No!! It's Santa Cruez. What's that to you? P. R. Y.

Would Not Try the Wheel of Fortune.

At an "L" station in Brooklyn—Ticket-Agent—This way, please, through the "pas" simetre."

Si Klone (of Cyclone Mills)—No you don't! I've been three-card-montied at our county fair, and I've been buncoed in New York, but I ain't green enough to tackle no new-fangled wheel-o-fortune. H. S. P.

How to Avoid Catastrophe.

Lady (10 A. M., to station guard)—How soon does the next train pass east?

Station Agent—One P. M.

Lady—And west?

S. A.—Four P. M.

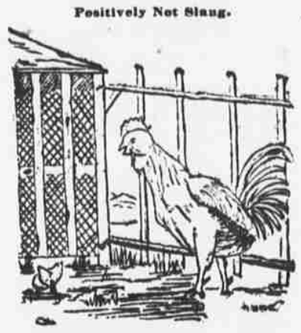
Lady (to friend)—I think there is no danger in crossing if we run. CRESCENT, 224 East Fifty-ninth street.

No Friend of Kiralfy.

Mr. Boggs—My dear, the paper says Gov. Hill has vetoed the Ballot Reform bill.

Mrs. Boggs (strong-minded)—I do believe you bald-headed men are in league with him to down us ballet reformers. JACK.

Positively Not Slang.



Does your mother know you're out? P. H. MCDONOUGH.

A Bit of Real Irish Humor.

Proud Parent—Me son Mike has been appointed on the Foire Department, and do you know that he's always prayin' for a foire?

"And what's that for?"

Proud Parent—So that he can save the lives of the people that's burned. FRANK W. MONAHAN, 115 Eagle street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Cruel Remark.

Miss De Jilt (after a violent quarrel with her intended)—Here are your letters, sir; a lock of your hair you have never, to my recollection, sent me. X. Y.

No New Fangled Elevators for Him.

Milow Mead (visiting New York for the first time)—I'm pretty certain he said he was on the sixth floor, and I'd like ter see 'm mighty bad; but I'll be darned if he'll ketch me a-breaking my neck on none of them 'ere new-fangled elevator concerns 'f I never see 'm. GURNEY.

Just Half Price.

For one week you will have a chance to buy fine clothing at just half of actual value; the goods are of the finest quality, make and finish the best, but prices the lowest ever offered in New York. This great half-price sale at retail is now going on in the large establishment of Henry Bach's, 708 Broadway, between 8th and 9th streets. $8.80 buys a magnificent suit of men's clothes, made in the highest-class style, and is acknowledged to be worth $15; elegant suits of men's clothes, $10.90, in seven different grades, lined with silk, and a positive bargain for $18; men's fine imported suits, $11.50, in wide wales and other styles; this is truly a bargain at $20. We advise you, do not let this extraordinary chance pass; these special prices only hold good for one week, at Henry Bach's, 708 Broadway, between 8th and 9th streets, New York. Open every night at 6.30 o'clock, except Saturday night, open till 10 o'clock.

ALL PLAYING FOR CHARITY.

FOUR EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENTS TO-DAY IN AID OF JOHNSTOWN.

At the Casino and Metropolitan Opera-House in the Afternoon and Madison Square Garden and the People's Theatre in the Evening—Noted Professionals and Fine Bills.

A number of excellent entertainments in aid of the Johnstown sufferers take place this afternoon and evening, and the outlook is for a large sum to swell the fund devoted to the flood victims. At the Metropolitan Opera-House this afternoon Miss Helen Barry and company present one act of the play called "Arkwright's Wife," Eben Plympton will give a recitation entitled "In Bohemia," Louis Harrison will be funny, Harry Edwards will recite, and Booth and Barrett with their company will be seen in the third act of "Othello." This, however, is not all. Prestidigitateur Herrmann, assisted by his charming wife, will mystify; Joseffy, the pianist, will be heard, and music will be rendered by an orchestra of 500 musicians, furnished by the Aschenbroedel Society and under the direction of Anton Seidl. Theodore Thomas and Walter Damrosch. This orchestra will include the Seventh Regiment Band of 100 pieces, under the leadership of Sig. Cappa.

At the Casino this afternoon an interesting programme will be enacted. It will be opened by an overture from the Hungarian Student Band. The first act of "The Brigands" will then be sung by Lillian Russell, Fanny Rice, Edwin Stevens, Fred Solomon, Henry Hallam, R. F. Carroll and the full Casino company. W. T. Carleton will sing the ever-popular "Rose Marie," and Minnie Palmer, with R. A. Roberts, will be seen in the sketch called "The Ring and the Keeper." Louis Harrison will monologue, and the second act of "Erminie" will be given. Flower stands will be in charge of Aunt Louisa Eldridge, Isabelle Urquhart and Sylvia Gerrish.

At the Madison Square Garden this evening a monster sparring entertainment will be given, and the following boxers and athletes are announced to appear: John L. Sullivan, Charles Mitchell, Jack McAuliffe, Jack Dempsey, Billy Myer, Billy Edwards, Prof. Austin, Prof. Laughlin, Jake Kilrain, William Muldoon, Billy Madden, Johnny Reagan, Johnny Murphy, Cal McCarthy, Prof. McClellan and Prof. Mike Donovan. Pat Sheedy will be Master of Ceremonies. There will be a "wind up" between Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell.

At the People's Theatre to-night Manager A. M. Palmer's company will appear in "Jim the Penman."

"BISHOP" WEST'S NERVE.

A Stage-Driver of the Rockies Who Was Famous for His Daring.

[From the Denver News.]

"Bishop" West was one of the most noted of the old overland drivers. He was born in the Delaware Valley in Pennsylvania; drifted to the border when quite young, and was just wild enough and just reckless enough to make a typical stage man. He soon became known all along the line from Atchison to Salt Lake as one of the most expert and daring reinsmen of the plains. He was one of the few drivers who had held the lines over the "Lightning Lantern" team, which for years drew the coach up and down the perilous Weber Canyon road, and was known as one of the nerviest and gamiest six-in-hands that ever dashed at ten miles an hour along the tortuous windings of a mountain pathway. "Bishop" was a nickname which the boys had given him, after the Mormon Bishop West, who kept a stage station for many years west of Ogden. The namesake had no use for the Mormons, as few of the stage men had, and he found it healthful to get out of Utah. He drove frequently in 1867-8 between Denver and Central, and between Central and Idaho Springs, and his expert horsmanship and nerve in handling the reins made him an admirable mountain driver. Old residents of Central will remember the dashing, almost reckless manner in which he used to send his team along the narrow Main street from the post-office, and make the sharp turn into Eureka street where the express office was located, and "Bishop" often offered to bet $100 that he could wrap his lines around the brake-rod and drive his six-in-hand between these two points by word of mouth but no one ever took him up.

An incident is related regarding him which well illustrates the character of the man, and which occurred while he was driving between Central and Idaho Springs. The six miles between the two points consists of three miles up hill and three miles down hill. The road down Virginia Canyon, from the summit to Idaho Springs, was one of the finest in the mountains, although its grade was seven or eight hundred feet to the mile, always winding, and at places very narrow. "Bishop" pulled out of Central one bright morning with a single passenger and began to climb slowly up the mountain towards the head of Virginia Canyon. The lone passenger had come West for an adventure evidently, and began to express his disgust at the slow pace of the team in very vigorous language, and to deprecate the reputation of Western stage drivers, and mountain drivers in particular. As he talked he failed to observe the devilish gleam in Bishop West's eye, who sat apparently unconcerned on the box, and made no effort to quicken the speed of his horses. Just before reaching the summit he stopped to let his team "blow," and got off and carefully adjusted his brake-blocks. The passenger's impatience burst out afresh. "In God's name, driver, ain't we going slow enough now? What do we need brakes for?" exclaimed the tourist.

"Climb on the box, pardner, we'll need 'em before we get there," "Bishop" indifferently replied as the snail-like gait of the team and coach was resumed. In a minute or so the summit was reached, and as the coach turned the knoll there came an exultant look over "Bishop's" bronzed face, his rein tightened, the long silken snapper of his whip played about the flanks of his leaders and cracked over the ears of the swing team, and at a wild gallop, almost a run, the descent of Virginia Canyon began. It was a reckless gait, a wild, frighful ride.

"Driver," shouted the now alarmed passenger, "driver, for God's sake, don't, don't go so fast." A fresh application of the long whip was the only response.

"Driver," he frantically yelled above the noise and rattle of the coach, "we'll be dashed to pieces down the canyon," but the wild speed was only increased, and Bishop sat still as a statue, with a firm hold on the lines and the whip still cracking in the keen mountain air, while a glow of satisfaction enlightened his face.

A look of mingled despair and desperation spread over the features of the passenger, and as the coach swung around a point where the precipitous mountain side came close to the driver's box, he sprang from his seat, and the coach dashed on.

With infinite skill and bubbling over with laughter, "Bishop" reined his panting team up in the front of the Beebe House at the Springs. "No passengers this morning?" remarked Mr. Beebe as he looked into the vacant coach.

"There was an Eastern chap started with me; he'll be along on foot after awhile," replied "Bishop" with a chuckle, as he drove off to the barn.

An hour later the affrighted passenger, scratched and somewhat bruised, and not yet recovered from his scare, walked into the hotel. He had had his adventure; he had learned what mountain drivers were and wanted no more of it. He came down to Denver in a buggy.

The famous descent of Virginia canyon, three miles from the summit to the Springs, had been made in 11½ minutes. Those who have travelled the road and heard the story have never failed to wonder at the nerve and skill and reckless driving of the man who made it.