

TOLD BY THE MERRY FOLKS.

A FEW SAYINGS THAT HELP DRIVE AWAY DULL CARE.

A High-Priced Poem. (From Time.)



"What's this?" asked the editor, scanning a bill for \$25 "for a poem," just handed to him by a stranger. "My dear man, I have used no poem of yours in my publication."

"There are a great many suicides now," remarked Mr. Fangle. "Yes," replied his wife, "an example ought to be made of some of them."

"My dear," asked hubby, "if I should be the victim of a premature autopsy, how would you feel?"

Justice—Drunk and disorderly. What have you to say? Prisoner (not fully recovered)—Hic—take som'thin'.

How It Affected Them. (From the Boston Courier.) The curtain had dropped on one of the tragic acts of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room."

"Poets are born, not made," remarked the chimney-corner editor, as he lighted his cigarette with "He strolled down the blossomed path, but piped not off the Bull; by Ferdinand Bellarophon Fotts."

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Untipped Waiter (to departing guest)—Er—you've forgotten something, sir, haven't you? Guest—Eh? Oh, to be sure—toothpicks—thanks. (Exit.)

The Sward of Damascus. (From Harper's Bazar.)



Van Bidder—Why so silent, Miss Crosses? Miss C.—To tell you the truth, Mr. Van Bidder, the thought of leading the German to-night is hanging over me like the sword of Damascus.

How a District Messenger Boy Sees Life in New York—In the SUNDAY WORLD.

HER FATAL CHOICE.

The Simple Story of a Loving-Hearted Girl and Unrequited Sacrifice.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT. Author of "Jacob's Wife," "Under Fate's Pressure," etc., etc.

Lizzy Blackwell, by hard work in a London shop, supports her drunken grandparents and pays for her brother's schooling. Her best young man is Edward Primrose, a dapper grocery clerk, with a patronizing manner. By his request she saves enough money to buy a cheap new dress, and thus attracts the attention of the old lady's eyes. Her dress is the object of disapproving glances from all, particularly Edward's mother.

THE COMING NINE-DAY RACE.

A DECIDED NOVELTY IN THE WAY OF PEDESTRIAN MATCHES.

Joe Howard Advocates Maud S. as a Suburban Contestant—An Unknown "Profraser" Wants to Spar Sullivan Three Rounds for \$10,000—The Danlessless "House-Warming" and The Chicago Derby To-Morrow.

The entries for the nine days' race at the Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island, close to-morrow. The laying of the track will be commenced early next week and unusual pains will be taken to make it a "fast" one. This is the first race of its kind that has ever occurred. The conditions are that the pedestrian to thump the sawdust during twelve hours each day, from 11.30 o'clock in the morning until 10.30 o'clock at night. This arrangement affords them ample time in which to recuperate their energies between times, and thus there will be no jaded and pinched faces or pitiful limping about on strained and wrenched limbs. But the feature races, calculated to amuse the public, are decidedly ingenious. Fred Carlton is training hard to beat the record in the five-mile run on the opening day, June 29. The New York Letter-Carriers will sprint five miles for a handsome gold medal and the championship on June 30. "Who's who" in the horse world will turn on the sawdust for the Richard K. Fox Police Gazette gold medal and the championship. The five-mile match race between T. F. Delaney and P. McCarthy for \$250 and the championship of America on July 6 is creating considerable interest in sporting circles, and money on the result is being wagered freely. July 7 the fat men perspire and puff over a mile of sawdust for the championship of Coney Island and a copulent gold medal. One must tip the beam at 250 pounds or over to be eligible. Altogether, an interesting program for Mr. Slewin.

A contemporary says: "It takes a horse to win the Suburban. What's the matter with Maud S.?" "Joe Howard in the Press." There's nothing the matter with Maud S. Joseph. But when did she win a Suburban? Confidentially, she is so nearly a perfect trotter that she can not run as fast as she can trot. Her record mile was made in 2:08.6, while the best running record is a trifle inside of 1:40.

Billy Meyer will leave for Asbury Park to-morrow to enjoy the ocean breezes until June 29, when he will be himself to Coney Island to start the pedestrian in the great nine-day go-as-you-please race.

Betting men are now interested in the Chicago Derby, which is to be run to-morrow. Spokane is generally regarded as the probable winner.

The recklessness of some people is quite astounding. Prof. John Dixon—whoever he is—of Lexington, Ky., wants to spar any man in the world, Sullivan preferred, three rounds for \$10,000. Quennersbury rules, the conditions to be that he loses unless he knocks his opponent out within the three rounds.

Kilrain and Sullivan are very evenly matched physically. Both weigh upward of 240 pounds untrained, and will fight at about 185. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches; Kilrain, 5 feet 11 1/2 inches. Kilrain's chest measures 40 inches, upper arm 16; forearm, 14; waist, 36; thigh, 21; calf, 16 1/2. He dons a No. 9 shoe and wears a 7-inch collar. Sullivan's measurements are about the same.

The following are the revised dates for the college races at New London: To-day, Yale; Pennsylvania University race, four miles; Yale-Pennsylvania Freshman race, June 25, two miles; Harvard-Columbia Freshman race, two miles, June 26; Columbia-Cornell University of Pennsylvania, June 27, ending with the grand wind-up between the Harvard and Yale University eights, June 28.

Members of the Danlessless Boat Club have been looking forward for some time to the opening of their new boat-house. The "warming" will take place shortly now and will be commemorated with appropriate jollification.

The Friendship Boat Club, which aims rather to have a good time than to win prizes by its rowing prowess, will make one of its biennial trips around Manhattan Island July 7. Capt. English says he expects several eight-oared crews will make the voyage.

The time set for the start in the Long Island rowing regatta to-morrow is 3 o'clock P. M.

A special train will leave the city for New Orleans on the afternoon of July 4 to accommodate those who wish to see the Sullivan-Kilrain fight.

It seems to be pretty well understood now that Mike Donovan will aid Charley Mitchell and fight the Danlessless in the battle royal with Sullivan.

Edward held his peace. But he did not go to meet Lizzy that afternoon; at the usual trying-place. He told himself that he could not possibly leave his mother and Miss Atkins.

Meanwhile Lizzy hung about the streets in her new pink frock, waiting for the lover who did not come—waiting, although as the afternoon wore on the sky clouded over and heavy drops of rain began to fall. She was obliged to go home at last, and reached it drenched to the skin, with her new frock ruined, and her heart bursting with grief.

Her home-coming was disastrous. Her grandparents had failed in getting a bottle of gin "on tick," and were raging like wild beasts at the prospect of prey. Little Dick had hidden himself under the bed for safety, but no such resource remained to Lizzy; she was seized on as soon as she entered the room, called an ungrateful hussy, pitched and shaken by her grandmother, and beaten with a stick by her indignant grandfather.

When at last they let her go she crept away to bed, her bones aching, her limbs trembling beneath her; the poor pink frock was torn and wet and soiled, and could never be worn again. The Sunday that was to have been so joyous was a failure after all. Lizzy could not get up the next day nor the next, but on Wednesday she went back to her work, and in the evening she made an errand to Mr. Atkins's shop. Edward Primrose waited on her, and while he was making up a parcel they managed to exchange a few words.

"You wasn't out on Sunday afternoon," said Lizzy trying to smile. Her voice was hoarse, and she choked a little over the words. "You couldn't expect it when you'd made such a figure of yourself," said Mr. Primrose, viciously. His mother's words rankled in his mind. "A figure!" gasped Lizzy. "Oh, my! The pink—didn't you like it, Edward?" "It was too gay and flimsy. It didn't look respectable. I hope you won't wear it again."

"I can't. It's spoilt." "Spoilt already? What was the good of getting a thing like that? I'm afraid you won't make a good wife, Lizzy, if you don't manage your money better."

PEN PICTURES OF CITY LIFE.

DRAWN AT RANDOM BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Penal Industry to Be Undertaken by Chinese Workmen.

It is not very generally known that the Gulf of California contains very valuable pearl fisheries, which extend for hundreds of miles along the coast of the California peninsula and Mexico as well.

These have been owned by a Mexican citizen named Salvador Solavio, and were acquired by him at a cost of about \$6,000. They extend southward from a place called Escondido to Cape St. Lucas, and from there cover nearly the entire Gulf side of lower California, a distance in all of about 1,800 miles.

It has recently been announced by a paper published in San Diego, the southernmost city in California, that all these vast interests, which have hitherto been almost entirely undeveloped, have been leased to a Chinese firm in San Diego, Yee Chong Long & Co., for a large sum of money.

They agree to work the fisheries and develop the industry, but are going to employ their own countrymen exclusively in this work. It is said that they will spend \$10,000 right away in establishing fishing stations, and they will send to China immediately for a large force of expert pearl divers, who are easy to obtain in the vicinity of Hong Kong, and the intention is to bring over 300 Chinamen in the first shipload and put them at once to work.

This deal has created a big sensation in Southern California and in San Diego. Everybody is excited over it because it is the intention of the Chinese firm to do their business direct with China through San Diego, and all goods will pass through that port.

Another feature of this remarkable contract is that the company now in charge of the fisheries intend to buy up all the Mexican silver currency they can get hold of and float it in China at a profit. It is the only country in the world where it will pass.

Passengers on a Sandy Hook Steamer Amused by a Shark. "A shark!" cried out one of the passengers on the Sandy Hook steamer St. John as she was leaving her dock at Atlantic Highlands early one morning last week.

The passengers, among whom was an Evening World man, rushed to the side of the steamer and curiously watched the motions of the man-eater. He was of a dark gray color and about six feet in length. He glided swiftly along with the steamer with his sharp fin cutting the water like a knife.

Now and then his white belly would gleam in the sunlight as some passenger would throw an orange skin or a lead pencil, or anything at the fish. He swallowed everything thrown to him. About half way across the bay he gave a sudden dive and disappeared.

"Was it a shark?" asked the reporter of Steward Burgess. "Oh, yes. It was a shark. There are any quantity of them here, from the small dog-fish up to the regular man-eater. It is a dangerous thing to be in these waters if you are away from shore. We clean up ship after getting down here, and I suppose the scraps we throw over attract them inside the Hook."

Many So-Called French Wines Which Are of American Vintage. "You can depend on it that seven-tenths of the wine that is consumed in this country, purporting to be imported, is of American vintage," said a well-known wine merchant a few days ago.

The "French" clarets that are served in hotels and restaurants, especially with table d'hote dinners, are grown in California and Ohio, and are bottled and labelled with French trade-marks, only to increase the expense to the consumer.

It is used to be the practice to send wines from this country to France, where they were mixed with a solution of logwood and sent back here as native wines, but this has been discontinued and the "fixing" is done right here on this side of the water.

French wine can be safely said to not more than three-tenths of the claret that is served as imported is genuine.

A World Reporter Disguised as a Tramp and What He Experienced—See the SUNDAY WORLD.

Once Was Enough. (From the Columbia Spectator.) Tubbs (recounting his experience at a musical a few evenings previous)—They did not even ask me to sing.

Miss Whiteley (placidity)—You've sung there before haven't you? "Yes, once. Why?" "Oh, nothing."

Bill Nye at the Race Track—Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

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DIXEY'S NEW DEPARTURE.

HIS NEW PLAY IS "THE SEVEN AGES" AND ISN'T BURLESQUE.

Miss Lolo Fuller Explains Her Departure from "The Chimes"—Gustave Frohman's "Chic" Produced at Stamford—Aunt Louisa Eldridge Out Again—Nat Goodwin's Summer Rest.

Miss Lolo Fuller, looking very natty in a dark green walking dress, was seen on Broadway yesterday with Miss Marion Erie, of Nat Goodwin's company. Miss Fuller sang the role of Serpente in "The Chimes of Normandy" at the Grand Opera-House Monday and Tuesday, Miss Nina Bertini filling out the rest of the week. "I was only engaged to sing one night," said Miss Fuller emphatically, "but I sang two. There was no inconsistency in the matter at all, but a question of business between my manager and Mr. Morrissey. Any way there is no need to compare Miss Bertini and myself. She is a regular comic opera singer, while I was really nearly my first attempt." Miss Fuller says that her plans for next season are not decided. "I don't know where my manager is going to put me," she said, laughing, "and I do not care very much, as I draw my salary, any way, as per contract."

Dixey's new play to open the season at the Standard Theatre is to be called "The Seven Ages." This is the piece that the Ricess says isn't burlesque, but an entirely new departure.

Nat Goodwin is going to spend the Summer at Ed Stokes's hotel in Saybrook Point. Next season only three members of the company that went with him to San Francisco have been re-engaged. He will probably play a repertoire including "The Gold Mine," "The Bookmaker" and "The Nomine," the last being an adaptation of "Le Depute de Bonbignac."

William Westmeyer has engaged a young German woman from Frankfurt, named Annie Seebold, for his "Tourists," a Fullman Car. Miss Seebold can hardly speak English, but is said to have a fine voice. So she can be expected to come on in "The Tourists," remarking "Now I will do my little specialty," and proceed to sing.

"Aunt" Louisa Eldridge, gruff, but genial, was "about" yesterday. She says that after each of the recent benefits at which she presided over the flower stands she had to go to bed for two days. "I am not going any more this season," she said, "but next season, yes, very decidedly if I can. You don't suppose I'm going to retire, do you? If so, on what?"

Gustave Frohman's "Chic" was produced in Stamford, Conn., last night. The leading part was played by Miss Adelaide Goudrie, who made her debut as an actress.

Miss Gertrude M. Rice, only daughter of Major Charles Rice, is to be married to Mr. S. Weston Thayer, of Boston, shortly.

Little Miss Kate Foley is still at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O. She hasn't captured a veteran yet, though, as she said herself, she went to the Home with the express purpose of so doing. She has been playing in three pieces, called "Stricken Blind," "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and "The Bonnie Fishwife."

Thomas Whiffen sails for England to-morrow. Mrs. Whiffen is in San Francisco with the Lyceum company.

The Actors' Amateur Athletic Association of America has stirred up one of the London dramatic papers to advocate a similar institution in England. Instead of "five A's," it would be "Four A's and a United Kingdom."

Two Chances Left. (From Time.) Alphonso—So I have no voice of sufficient quality to sing in opera? Professor—No. "But I must sing." "Well, join a church choir or yell straw berries."

A Tramp's Travels—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

FLEMING FROM. DEAR SIR: For a long time I have suffered from the effects of indigestion and sick headache, and on trying your Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, could quite and satisfactory relief. A very few doses does the work, and I would not be without them. Sioux Falls, Dakota. GEO. H. HARRIS.

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price, 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. The market is full of imitations of this preparation. Always make sure of the words "Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa." on the wrapper.

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LADIES' SOLID GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, BEAUTIFULLY CHASED AND ENGRAVED, SYSTEM WINDER, AMERICAN MOVEMENT, \$18. GENTS' SOLID GOLD STEEL WINDERS, \$10. WATCHES, BEAUTIFULLY CHASED AND ENGRAVED, \$10.

BOWERS' SOLID SILVER HUNTING CASE STEEL WINDERS, \$10. A GENUINE E. HOWARD & CO. WATCH WITH 14 CARAT SOLID GOLD CASES, FOR \$65. A HEAVY SOLID 14 CARAT GOLD HUNTING WATCH, SWISS MOVEMENT, \$18. GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, GENUINE SWISS MOVEMENT, ELGIN OR WALTHAM, CASES CHASED AND ENGRAVED, GENTLEMANLY \$15.

GENTS' STEEL WINDING WATCHES, GENUINE SWISS MOVEMENT, ELGIN OR WALTHAM, CASES CHASED AND ENGRAVED, GENTLEMANLY \$15. PEOPLE WHO SELL ON INSTALLMENT CHARGE \$25 FOR.

WE GIVE WRITTEN GUARANTEE WITH EVERY WATCH FOR THREE YEARS. IF NOT AN REPRESENTED MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

Solid Gold Wedding Rings, 14 and 18 carats. Garnet, Turquoise, Seal, and 14-carat Initial Rings a specialty.

CASPERFELD & CLEVELAND. Open EVENINGS until 9. SATURDAYS, 10.30 P. M.

WANTED DETAILS. He Was a Married Man, However, and That Explained It All. (From the Boston Transcript.) Fogg meets Brown, who sports a new necktie.

Fogg—Hello! Got a new necktie? Where did you buy it? Brown—Got it at Rhoads's. "How much?" "Seventy-five." "Did you pick it out yourself?" "Of course I did." "Where there many people buying neckties when you bought it?" "I had a dozen, perhaps." "Did anybody buy more than one?" "I didn't notice." "I'm sorry for that. But what colors seemed to be most in request?" "Oh, some tawny black, and some black and red, and others took blue or green." "Did any of them choose white?" "I think not." "You are sure of that?" "I didn't see anybody." "How old were the people—the people buying, I mean?" "Oh, in the thunders do you suppose I know?" "Not over eighty, for a guess?" "No, I am sure of that." "That's good! And none under ten?" "Sure of that too." "Thank you, Brown. Very much obliged. You don't know how much I'm beholden to you. Of course I don't care anything about it myself, but when I tell my wife you've got a new necktie she'll want to know all about it—she always does, you know—and it makes a fellow feel queer when he can't answer a few simple questions from his wife."

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