The World

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LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"THE EVENING WORLD" AHEAD.

One hundred newsboys, in ten of the newspaper selling centres of this city, testify that of the 12,531 papers sold by them daily, 5,782 are Evening Worlds, while 2,711 was the figure of the next highest, and that the profits realized from sales of The Evening World *are $28.91, while upon the closest competitor the profits are less than half that amount.*

SUMMARY.

Total Number of Papers Sold	12,531
Evening World	5,782
Evening Sun	2,711
Daily News	2,404
Telegram	807
Mail and Express	582
Post	144
Graphic	36
Commercial Advertiser	35

The following table shows the profits made by the boys on each paper:

Evening World	$28.91
Evening Sun	12.51½
Daily News	12.02
Telegram	8.07
Mail and Express	5.82
Post	1.44
Graphic	.36
Commercial Advertiser	.35

FITY THE LITTLE ONES.

The appeal of THE EVENING WORLD in behalf of the sick babies is meeting with flattering responses, and the fund for this beautiful charity is growing larger every day. There is no danger of its becoming too large. No matter how generous the contributions, it can all be used in alleviating the sufferings of the sick children of the tenements.

Many of the letters accompanying contributions heretofore received have breathed the spirit of sweetest charity, and many young people have made sacrifices to add their mites to help the suffering poor. Such exhibitions of humane impulses are gratifying. The height of true happiness is only reached in a consciousness of making others happy.

Help on the noble work, ye fathers and mothers, for by so doing will you testify to the depth of your feeling for your own offspring.

SUICIDE FOR ANTI-FAT.

Because she was more corpulent than she thought consistent with symmetry of form, NETTIE COLBURN, a thirteen-year-old girl in Indiana, committed suicide. To what proportions NETTIE had attained at so tender an age is not stated, but, anyhow, she was very foolish to kill herself. It is no disgrace to be fat; in fact, the number of bad people among those whose waist measure is abnormally large is very small.

And what joy NETTIE might have experienced had she risen to the dignity of a freak in a museum. Did she ever hear of the crowds that do gather about the colossal form of the fat woman in a show? Besides, no matter how frivolous other girls might be deemed, she would always have been accorded the virtue of being substantial. With what crushing force she could have sat down on those she didn't like.

Poor, misguided NETTIE! She threw herself away without sufficient cause.

HUMILITY DOESN'T PAY.

That was a touching assurance given by ex-Congressman CROWLEY, of Lockport, to President HARRISON, yesterday. While admitting that those he represented were hungry, oh! so hungry, for spoils, yet, said CROWLEY, if they were turned away empty-handed, they would still kiss the hand that smote them. With all his faults they'd love him still.

Now, Mr. CROWLEY ought to know better than to talk that way. Such Moses-like meekness is bound to get left. It is the fellows who threaten to smash the crockery in the establishment if they are not placed at the crib who get the offices.

The Biblical injunction to turn the other cheek for a repetition of the dose when one has been already smitten will not work in politics. Brace up, Mr. CROWLEY!

THE PROHIBITION DELUGE.

Truly, it never rains but it pours. The Prohibitionists are just now feeling the force of this old adage. No sooner have they been deluged in Pennsylvania than Rhode Island's flood-gates are opened and away is swept every vestige of hope for their cause.

That the Prohibitionists are sincere there can be no doubt; that their zeal is displayed in a hopeless cause must now be apparent to the blindest of them.

To change human nature by statute is impossible. To abolish the use of liquor is also impossible. To regulate the traffic by stringent restrictions is a clear legislative duty. This the people favor as overwhelmingly as they reject Prohibition.

ABOUT BETTING.

FREDERICK MEIRE was one of the thousands who lost money on the Suburban race. The trouble in his case is that it was not his money that he lost, but his employer's. As a result he is now in limbo, with the prospect of a suburban residence, deprived of his liberty.

Upon such uncertain things as a horse race the safest plan is not to bet at all; but if a young man will bet, it adds mightily to the riskiness of the transaction to bet money not his own. Bet your own money or none.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

The attempt to establish a "club" where women might congregate and bet on races and other risky things meets with the determined opposition of the police. In their estimation a good woman could be no better, and a naughty one should be taught better than to bet her cash.

* * *

The Aqueduct Commissioners seem to think that they can now safely do without their Church. The worst being over, they consider themselves able to go it alone. Just like other sinners, aren't they?

* * *

It is denied that Gov. Hill used acid to erase his signature from certain bills. The Governor's tart manner of scoring his political adversaries gives rise to the surmise, however, that there is an acid barrel on tap in his office.

* * *

Railroads and women are alike in their quarrels—they go for each other's switches.

* * *

Foraker says that he is not a candidate for renomination for Governor of Ohio, but, of course, if renominated he would accept. We would like to see anything in the shape of an office that an Ohio man would decline. The world isn't coming to an end just yet.

* * *

The formation of trusts has become epidemic of late. The only "Trust" the dear people have is the old one, in Providence.

* * *

The members of the family being provided for, the President is now shedding his favors abroad in the shape of consulships.

* * *

The officials of the Patriotic Order Sons of America resent the imputation of being "Know-Nothings." They insist that they know a thing or two.

* * *

Those employees of the Department of Public Works who have been wont to loaf most of the time will have to economize their loafing or be bounced by Mr. Gilroy. They will probably consider "half a loaf better than none."

Belva Lockwood Writes Her Observations of Paris for the SUNDAY WORLD.

GRADUATED FROM THE CITY COLLEGE.

The Awards for High Standing in Scholarship.

The Commencement exercises of the College of the City of New York were held at the Metropolitan Opera-House last evening. Gen. Alexander S. Webb, President of the College, presided, and among the distinguished guests upon the stage were Gen. W. T. Sherman, and J. Edward Simmons, President of the Board of Education. President Webb made a welcoming address and introduced Ezra Ketchum Waterbury, the salutatorian of the class. He was followed by Julius Prince, Charles Francis Horne, the fourth honor orator; Livingston Schuyler, and Gano S. Dunn. Frederick M. Pedersen was the valedictorian. The other honor men of the class were Arthur Smith, Stephen T. Carter and Christian J. Lause, jr. After the class orations, degrees were conferred upon the fifty members of the class.

President Webb distributed medals as follows:

Cromwell gold medal to Herbert Powell Lee, and certificates to Howard S. Meighan, Samuel Friedwald and Louis E. Van Norman.

Ward medal in chemistry to Frederick M. Pedersen. Mr. Pedersen was also awarded the Ward medal in natural history, in philosophy and in composition, and a certificate of equal merit in Spanish.

The other Ward medals were given to Julius Prince in natural philosophy; logic, to Howard S. Meighan; political science, to Paul L. Sauvel, also in English and German; in Greek to Julius Mogenstern; Latin, to Livingston Schuyler; French, to Carl Theobald; Spanish, to Gano S. Dunn; English, to Otto F. Louis; composition, Livingston Schuyler; history, William Carl; drawing, Thaddeus H. Beal; algebra, Johann C. Henckendorff; geometry, George E. Jennings; botany, Gilman S. Stanton, and astronomy, Julius Prince.

Riggs medals were awarded to Montague Lessler and Max J. Kohler; Claflin medals to Julius Mogenstern, Arthur F. Remy and Stephen S. Wise; Lockwood prize to Paul S. Laurel, Kelly prize to Max J. Kohler, Bolitia prizes to Arthur F. Remy, P. L. Sauvel, Frank Schlesinger, Charles Brodek, Burton C. Meighan, Samuel Friedwald, Louis Dreyfuss, jr., Howard S. Meighan and Emanuel Libman, and the F. W. Devoe prizes to Fred J. Foster, Truman S. Holt, Douglas Knox and Harry P. Cochrane.

J. Edward Simmons and Gen. Sherman addressed the graduates.

KILLED AT A RIFLE RANGE.

Young Dubrity Accidentally Shot in Bromme's Union Park.

Frank Dubrity, fourteen years old, of 2326 Second avenue, died in the Harlem Hospital late last night from the effects of a bullet wound in the abdomen, accidentally received at Bromme's Union Park, at One Hundred and Thirty-third street and First avenue, yesterday.

There is a 200-foot rifle range in the park, the top and sides of which are of wood, impenetrable by bullets. At the end is a bank of earth, in which the bullets imbed themselves after passing through the target.

Young Dubrity, with some companions, scaled the park fence and started to cross behind the earth bank, to the other side.

He was about half way across when a bullet fired at the target went through the upper rim, cleared the earth bank and struck the boy in the abdomen, the shot entirely penetrating the body and coming out the back.

His companions picked him up, and later he was removed to the hospital.

No one at the shooting gallery knew of the accident until a policeman arrested the keeper of the range, Frank Roth, twenty-four years old.

He will be brought before the Coroner to-day.

SCRIMMAGE BETWEEN LAWYERS.

Edward F. James Says Franklin Bartlett Tried to Choke Him.

Lawyer Franklin Bartlett, of this city, is being sued in the Supreme Court by Edward F. James, another lawyer, of Saratoga Springs, for $5,000 damages for alleged assault.

Mr. James in his complaint states that on April 1 when he called at Mr. Bartlett's office the latter clutched his throat and attempted to strangle him. The object of his visit was to get a money allowance under the will of Frederick P. James, by which he is a beneficiary.

Lawyer Bartlett's statement in defense is that he told Mr. James he was too busy to talk to him and accompanied his visitor to the door, when the latter suddenly turned and made an offensive remark. Thereupon, as Mr. Bartlett alleges, he merely seized Mr. James by the left lapel of the coat, and dropped it.

BISHOP'S PROPERTY IN DISPUTE.

His Mother Says the Widow Has No Legal Right to It.

Mrs. Elanor Fletcher Bishop, mother of the late mind-reader, and Mabel Tabor Bishop, his widow, are disputing for the possession of his property.

The mother bases her claim on the grounds that her son's second marriage was not valid in this State, as his first wife, Mrs. Helen Bishop, had obtained an absolute divorce here, which prohibited Bishop from remarrying.

It is claimed, therefore, that she has no legal rights of a widow in this State.

Surrogate Ransom directed counsel to present briefs within three days. Samuel H. Randall appears for the mother and J. H. McCarthy for the widow.

THE spasms so common during teething are prevented by MOSELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. Price 25 cents.

TO SAVE LIVES.

Push the Fund for the Sick Babies in the Crowded Tenements.

That Corps of Free Doctors Cannot Be Made Too Large.

Send In Your Donations Promptly for This Good Samaritan Work.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	820.24
Lathrop Ely Baldwin	5.00
Mrs. T. J. D.	5.50
Four Little Girls in Hoboken	4.01
Through Brill Bros.	2.17
M. A. P.	2.00
G. G. D.	1.00
Peter J. Gannon	1.00
Number Three	1.00
Agnes Herndon	1.00
Tommy Davis	.53
King's Daughter, from Florida	.25
M.	.10

The fund for sending free doctors to the sick babies of the poor is booming at a gratifying pace, but it might grow faster, and ought to just now, for the sun is rapidly nearing the zenith of his power and the dog days with all their miseries will be upon us very shortly.

Let those who recall what a change they experienced on stepping off one of the bay steamers after an excursion and resuming their life in the paved and brick-walled city reflect that the sick children whom the fund is intended to relieve get no chance to compare the cool breezes of the bay with the stifling sultriness of the city.

They, alas, are stifled in the poor, cramped tenement-house all the time, their fevered brows and parched skin getting no relief, and their parents unable, through poverty, to get them medical attendance.

Let others, like Edward J. Woolsey, who sent $100 for the fund on the eve of his leaving the city for his country home, think of the babies who are sighing in the crowded tenements and contribute their mites towards sending out a corps of free physicians to minister to the sick little ones.

Dr. COX, THE EVENING WORLD physician of 1888, did a world of good and saved many lives, but his reports showed plainly that there was work for many more sanitarians, and the contributors to the fund will help to make the corps of free doctors an accomplished fact.

His Little Heart Touched.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a little boy, only seven years old. I want the babies and little children in New York to be well this Summer. I have saved and collected $5, and send it to you and hope that your doctors may do good with it.

LATHROP ELY BALDWIN, Flushing, L. I.

Care for the Sufferers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed $2 for your fund started for Sending physicians to attend sick children in tenements.

I hope every one's heart will be touched and your fund enlarged so as to enable every little sufferer to have the proper attention.

M. A. P.

With Purse and Voice.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I send you $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund, and I desire to tender you my services as an elocutionist for any benefit performance you may inaugurate in New York. Very respectfully,

AGNES HERNDON.

The Willomere, Bath Beach.

From Four Little Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $4.01, being the contributions of four little girls in Hoboken for the Free Doctor Fund to help the poor little sufferers of New York. May their little mite help swell the good cause to thousands.

MARTHA, BEATRICE, LOUISA and FANNIE,
Hoboken, N. J.

A King's Daughter Enlisted.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed 25 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. I am going to try to take up a collection for them soon.

A "KING'S DAUGHTER" FROM FLORIDA.

Another Savings Bank Emptied.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The inclosed 53 cents is for the Sick Children's Fund and is all the money that my savings bank contained.

I had a lovely little sister and a handsome little brother die of diphtheria in March last, and I hope my 53 cents will help to make well some other little fellow's sister and brother.

TOMMY DAVIS,
(Aged six years) 526 East One Hundred and Fifty-third street.

He Exhorts the Bartenders.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $1 for the Free Doctors' Fund. If every bartender would give $1 it would do some good for the sick babies of New York. I hope I will hear from the bartenders, as I know they can do so.

PETER J. GANNON, Jersey City.

Contributed by Their Customers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $1.17, which was the result of penny contributions by our customers during the past week.

BRILL BROTHERS,
45 Cortlandt street.

A WORLD Reporter Disguised as a Tramp Tells His Experiences from Maine to New York—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

The Big Deal Is Off.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

HARTFORD, Conn., June 21.—The attorney of Senator John J. Macfarlane, of Philadelphia, has received a despatch from Mr. Macfarlane saying that he has given up his $501,000 option on the control of the Phœnix Mutual Life Insurance and that President Goodman has released the $25,000 forfeit that Macfarlane put up with the Central Trust of New York. The option expired to-day and it is understood this ends the deal. The bill to enable the policy holders to get the control had not been signed by the Governor at last report.

A Tramp's Life and How He Is Treated—See SUNDAY'S WORLD.

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. BRATE, 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

NEITHER SIDE WILL YIELD.

THE BATTLE OF THE CROWS STILL BEING FIERCELY WAGED.

Mr. Kantrowitz Says "Lost" Must Go, While Mrs. Giavelli Says He Will Not—Mr. Giavelli Crows a Defiance from the Housetop—An "Evening World" Reporter Tries to Make "Lost's" Acquaintance.

The bitterness of feeling between the Empire Underwear Company and the Giavelli menagerie is more intense than ever. All the principals in the case are at fever heat. Sig. Giavelli has pushed the war into the enemy's country. On the other hand, Mr. Kantrowitz is spurring on the minions of the law to some measure of direful import. If some enterprising Nationalist would like to keep his hand in by "removing" the irritating "Lost," he could doubtless secure a job from Mr. Kantrowitz.

Messrs. Goldstein and Kantrowitz were still able to attend to business this morning, though their tempers were very much in the condition of the plumage of the Giavelli robins—sadly ruffled.

"Last night the Italian came out on the roof of his tenement with the crow perched on his shoulder," said Mr. Goldstein, with fire in his eye.

"Crow," he said to his bird, and when the bird wouldn't, he crowed himself. Then his little wife came out from the trap-door and hauled him in.

"He doesn't know Kantrowitz and I was sitting at that window and he thought I was him. He talked a good deal to me under that impression. This was at 6 o'clock, just before we shut up."

"It may sound funny in the papers," broke in Mr. Kantrowitz, "and the reporters deserve to be complimented on their style. But if they had to sit here and hear that "caw, caw, caw," till their ears buzzed, they wouldn't think it was such undiluted fun. I'm going to press the thing. I don't mean to let up."

The windows of Kantrowitz's office command a lovely birds-eye view of the rear court of the Giavelli mansion, where "Lost," "Sam," "Dan" the dog, the robins and the cat, move and have their being.

When the reporter looked down on the bucolic scene, pretty little Donna Giavelli was supplying "Lost" with his manual nourishment. Dan was engaged in one of those emotional excursions to his kennel, which seem prompted by nothing but sleepiness or a bad conscience. Sam seems to labor under the idea that every day is the 1st of May.

Frequently he will come to an abrupt halt and go through some lively calisthenics in which extremes meet, as his nigh hind leg does duty for a comb on his left ear.

Finding the flag nailed to the mast in the Kantrowitz camp, THE EVENING WORLD young man descended to the Giavelli quarters. Pretty, brown-faced Mrs. Giavelli was leaning wearily against one of the pillars of the hall. She greeted the reporter with a faint smile and led him into the drawing-room.

"I ain't goin' to let anybody in here today. I'm goin' to lock the door and stay inside and let him holler."

"Him" was "Lost" evidently. The reporter looked through the casement, on the ledge of which reposed a withered bunch of radishes, and discovered that fascinating and now historic bird on the topmost round of a home-made ladder. "Lost's" eagle eye detected the alien gaze at once, and with a coyness which was strangely on the brazen thing he drooped about a quarter of an inch of tail feathers and slunk into the mansard roof of his eyry.

"What are you going to do about him?" asked the reporter soothingly of the small, meek-faced woman.

"Keep him," replied she with Spartan brevity.

She denied that Mr. Giavelli had taken the crow to the roof last evening. He had taken himself there and cawed himself hoarse, but he had not borne "Lost" aloft.

"Call him out" said the reporter.

"Lost! Lost!" chirped her soft voice.

There was a muffled croak from the crow's retreat in plaintive recognition of the voice of love, and then "Lost" hopped into view, put his feet together and made a big jump to the ladder. When he turned and saw the reporter he was so embarrassed that he made an abortive attempt to push out his tail feathers with his jetty claw. So much misdirected force against absolute vacuity nearly toppled him over, and in rank confusion he hustled over to the perch where Sam was brooding in stoic calm. This is the only brood Sam is likely to have, as he is a confirmed bachelor.

"Lost" pecked his ruminative brother. Sam bent his head like deacon leading in prayer, while Mrs. Giavelli explained that Sam liked it. This is doubtful, however, for "Lost" crowded against him so that his little brother was forced off his perch. After this bold excursion, he hastened to hop up at once on the other side and began to brood more heavily than ever.

The cat was out making calls, but the trio of tailless robins were in the best of form and bobbed their rudementary tails as proudly as if they were peacocks.

"I shan't let him go," repeated Mrs. Giavelli firmly, referring to her bob-tailed "Lost."

Relations are so strained between the Empire Underwear Company and the Giavelli troupe of pet animals that nothing short of legal intervention can bring anything about. This is evident. The fate of the wanton "Lost" is hard to forfeit. Mrs. Giavelli says she would slay him with her own hand rather than let him fall into the power of strangers who would not surround him with an atmosphere of kindness.

In the mean time "Lost" is as gay as a cricket in that ignorance which is bliss.

After Dark in the Nineteenth Precinct, as a Messenger Boy Sees Life—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

Rhody Cleanly Knocks Out Prohibition.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PROVIDENCE, June 21.—The official count of yesterday's vote on the Prohibition amendment to the Rhode Island Constitution will not be announced until July 20, but the figures show today that the repeal of the amendment is decided upon by a vote of 28,449 to 9,853.

This is a severe blow to many Prohibitionists, but to others of the same party it brings a feeling of positive relief, as they are sick of the contest farce in the laws non-enforcement.

A WORLD Reporter Disguised as a Tramp Tells His Experiences from Maine to New York—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

Lost—A Boy Lacking Two Front Teeth.

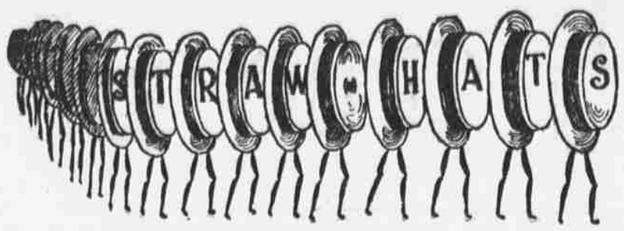
Eight-year-old Edward Kelly, of 540 West Twenty-ninth street, is reported to-day as missing from home since Sunday evening. He has light hair, and has lost two front teeth. His father, Michael Kelly, is anxious for his safety.

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of the Wonderful Jugglers of India for the SUNDAY WORLD.

$50 GOLD WATCH $50
FOR $38.
One Dollar Weekly.

Having the advantage of ample capital and special trade facilities for purchasing watches in large quantities, we can afford to offer at the above price and terms an elegant engraved, hunting-case, stem winding gold watch with the world-renowned P. S. Bartlett (Waltham) or G. M. Wheeler (Elgin) 15-jewelled movement. The easy terms and good value offered should be a sufficient inducement for every gentleman and lady to supply themselves with a handsome, durable and reliable timekeeper at such a very moderate cost. Inspection of our stock is solicited, or on receipt of postal card agent will call with samples.

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,
196 Broadway.



MACKINAW DUNSTABLE, DIAMOND BRAID, MILAN, OR MANILLA.

We sell two Straw Hats of these braids for the price of one sold elsewhere.

90 Cts. up to $2.25.

A LOT OF BEST MANUFACTURERS' SAMPLES LEFT OVER, ALL SIZES AND SHAPES, AT

19 Cts. Each.

Hackett, Carhart & Co.,

CLOTHING, HATS.

N. E. COR. CANAL ST. AND BROADWAY.

HIS WIFE MISSING, YET QUARANTINED.

And Adolph Brandt Is Almost Crazed With Grief.

Precautions Against Yellow Jack's Spread in Brooklyn.

Adolph Brandt is a big, broad-shouldered, intelligent German-American, but to-day he is much cast down, and, to use his own expression, "dazed and half wild."

He is the cook at St. Barnabas's Episcopal Home in Mulberry street.

Pretty Kitty Smith, a Scotch lassie, was also employed at the home, and she warmed the heart of the robust Adolph.

He saw he loved her and laid seige to Kitty's heart till it capitulated and he was loved. Then they were married.

That was fourteen months ago, and the couple set up housekeeping in a modest little rear room at 184 East Houston street, content to live there until they could pay for a building lot in DeKalb avenue, Brooklyn.

They were very happy until Wednesday last, when Kitty set out with $68 in her purse wherewith to make an instalment payment on the bit of land which was to be the site of their Brooklyn home.

She has not returned, and she never reached the real estate office with the money.

"Oh! I can tell you nothing!" exclaimed the despairing Adolph to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning.

"Can I describe her?

"Ah, yes; she was a mite of a thing, sweet, pretty—adorable.

"Five feet two, I guess, with yellow hair—yes, and beautiful eyes and fair face. She wore a brown gown, with a neat jack Jersey and a black straw hat with blue flowers.

"She was twenty-one years old, and was born in the north of Scotland. She spoke good English, but she was subject to internal hemorrhages, and I think she is lying sick somewhere.

"I have been to every hospital and to every police court and station in the city. I have been to Blackwell's and to Randall's Island—but I cannot find her anywhere."

The big fellow sat down on the edge of the bed and buried his round, pleasant face, now full of trouble, in his big hands.

"Was she happy?" ventured the reporter in an effort to find a motive for the disappearance of the adored little wife.

The stricken husband raised his eyes and with an expression of implicit, loving confidence, replied in a softened tone: "She did not run away for that money. She was an orphan. Her father and mother died long ago. She was happy. She had relatives in Avenue C, but never visited them.

"She had one brother, T. D. Smith of St. James Post-Office, L. I. I do not think she has gone there. They would notify me. If I do not find her to-day, though, I must telegraph to her brother.

"No, sir; she has not run away. I will not believe that. But I have no way to explain her absence, unless she has met with an accident or—or foul play.

"If she was hurt she would tell who she was, and I should know. She can't be at any of the hospitals, and—oh, dear, I do not know what to think!

"May be she had a hemorrhage and is out of her head. Then I will find out where she is when she comes to herself.

"When she comes to herself—if she ever does."

And then the poor fellow buried his head in his hands again, and the reporter stole softly out.

A Suspected Liquor Law Spy Branded.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PITTSBURG, June 21.—A gang of loafers in a "speak easy" saloon seized a man suspected of being a Liquor law spy and branded him by pressing a red-hot cent into his flesh.

FULL WEIGHT PURE
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

CAN'T SCARE O'BRIEN & CO.

THE EIGHTH AND FIFTH WILL BOB UP SERENELY IN SPITE OF REFORM.

The naughty Republicans of the Eighth District are to be recognized.

The County Committee has so decided and Chairman Cruger will appoint a committee of five to perform the arduous task of reforming the O'Brien-Brodsky-Rourke methods which formerly prevailed there.

Similar action will be taken with the Fifth Assembly District organization, from the leadership of which Frank Carroll was recently deposed.

In this district it is more than hinted that that redoubtable reformer, Mr. Theodore Allen, will have a hand in the work of reorganization.

Mr. Allen was the kicker in the January enrolment and it was through his efforts that a new enrolment was determined on.

Allen said recently: "The Allen knows what he is about. I didn't go into this fight without knowing that I would be the winner."

Allen's confidence is said to be born of his close political relations with Shed Shook and other of the old Republican war horses of the County Committee.

The proposition to reorganize the Eighth District does not appear to interest John J. O'Brien and his followers in the least.

O'Brien is reported to have said when asked by Justice Solon B. Smith, Chairman of the County Executive Committee, to a conference regarding the matter, that the Eighth District is located in the same section of the city as it was before January last, and that if Judge Smith or anybody else desires to see him they know where he is to be found.

Counsellor John E. Brodsky, one of the County Committeemen from the Eighth who was bounced in January, said to-day regarding the proposed reorganization:

"I have my idea of what we should do in the matter, and that is to leave the committee which comes to reorganize us severely alone. However, if the other Republicans of the district think differently I will acquiesce in their views.

"Whether we are in the county organization or not, I have not the slightest doubt that delegates elected by us will be recognized as regular by the State Convention to be held next September."

Who will control the new organization and who will go to the County Committee from the Eighth are questions which were answered by Mr. Brodsky.

Any man is eligible for enrolment who voted for the Republican Presidential electors last Fall, and whose present intention is to vote the Republican ticket.

These being the only qualifications, all of the O'Brien men may be enrolled if they desire to be, and may elect whom they please to represent them in the County Committee, with the exception of the men who were expelled therefrom in January, who are ineligible for a year.

This does not bar either O'Brien or Barney Rourke, and the probability is that either or both of these gentlemen will have a voice in the Grand Opera-House councils, and all the work of alleged purgation and reform go for naught.

B. Altman & Co.

WILL OFFER TO-MORROW,

SATURDAY, JUNE 22
UNTIL NOON,

AS SPECIALTIES,

IN

Men's Furnishing Dept.

A very Handsome Variety of

SUMMER NECKWEAR,

Comprising FOUR-IN-HANDS and KNOT SCARFS, at

25c. each.

ALSO IN

Hosiery Department.

A very desirable and fine grade of

LADIES' FANCY HOSE
At 25c. per pair.

18th St., 19th St. and 6th Ave.
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LICHTENSTEINS'

Great Clearing Sale.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

100 All-Wool Jersey Pants Suits, 4, 5 and 6 years sizes, worth $4.00	$1.98
300 Boys' Tailor Pants Suits, 4 to 10 years sizes	69c. and $1.12
500 Boys' Blouse Suits, 4 to 12 years sizes	$1.59
300 BOYS FINE ALL-WOOL SUITS, 4 to 14 years sizes, good value at $6.75	$3.79
1,000 PAIR BOYS' ALL-WOOL KNEE PANTS	69c.
100 dozen Boys' Waists	23c.

Men's White Vests & Summer Coats.

Largest selection of FINE KILT SUITS at HALF VALUE.

HERE'S THE GREATEST BARGAIN ever offered in the way of

HATS.

200 DOZEN White Mackinaw Yacht (the popular sailor hat), trimmed with fancy ribbon, for young men and ladies, in all sizes AT 39c.

J. LICHTENSTEIN & SONS,
GRAND, ELDRIDGE & FORSYTH STS.

Our Muslin Underwear Sale

will be continued during this month. All new goods, well made, nicely finished, and at prices lower than ever.

Try our Castile Soap

for Toilet and Laundry use. Sold by the cake, bar or pound.

Lord & Taylor,
Grand Street Store.

Boulangist Leaders on Trial.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)

PARIS, June 21.—The trial of the Boulangist leaders is proceeding amid much excitement at Angoulême. A strong police force is on hand and troops are held in reserve in the vicinity.

Do Not Miss This.

The greatest bargain sale of fine clothing that has ever taken place in New York is now going on at 708 Broadway. The building is crowded all the time. The cause of this great rush is the great closing-out sale of fine clothing at just half of actual value at H. Bach, 708 Broadway, between 8th and 9th streets. This is a reliable firm; they always live up to their statements. The extraordinary values they are giving at this great half-price sale are unprecedented in the history of the clothing trade. They only keep reliable and well-made garments. We went on a few of the extraordinary bargains they are offering. Men's suits in celebrated Glen Manrock cheviot, $7.50, the regular price for this suit is $10.00; men's single-breasted suits, $10.00 in sacks or cutaways, lined with silk, well worth $21.00; fine imported whipcord or wide wales men's suits, $11.50, made in highest class style and positively worth $25.00. It will pay you to call and examine goods and prices at this great half-price sale at Henry Bach's, 708 Broadway, between 8th and 9th streets, New York. Sale closes at 10 every night, except Saturday night open till 10.