The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 22.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION
(Including Postage.)

PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

VOL. 39.....NO. 10,168

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., NEW YORK.
BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD.

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.

LOCATION OF
Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

36 New st.,	1 Broadway,	202 5th ave.,
10 Wall st.,	45 Broadway,	397 5th ave.,
9 Pine st.,	438 Broadway,	812 6th ave.,
252 Nassau st.,	843 Broadway,	988 6th ave.
153 Fulton st.,	954 Broadway,	763 Madison ave.
7 Murray st.,	1200 Broadway,	985 Madison ave.
29 Murray st.,	11 University pl.	

"THE EVENING WORLD" AHEAD.

One hundred newsboys, in ten of the newspaper selling centres of this city, testify that of the 12,501 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 its closest competitor the profits are less than half that amount.*

SUMMARY.

Total Number of Papers Sold	12,501
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	13.51½
Daily News	12.02
Telegram	8.07
Mail and Express	5.82
Post	1.44
Graphic	.36
Commercial Advertiser	.35

NO THANKS DUE.

Among the resolutions adopted by the Patriotic Order Sons of America before the close of their annual meeting at Washington was one thanking President HARRISON for receiving them cordially at the White House. Well! well! Such conduct as that is not patriotic, but sycophantic. Or did the Patriotic Sons have reason to doubt their claim to be received cordially by the President?

Why should any body of Americans thank the President for receiving their visit in the nature of respectful recognition of the high office temporarily held by him? It was his duty, official cares permitting, to receive them. A President raised to the pinnacle of honor by the people is, or should be, always glad to welcome American citizens to the Executive Mansion of the nation.

Let it ever be borne in mind that in the United States the people are the sovereigns, officials their servants. A society bearing the suggestive title of Patriotic Order Sons of America will do well to set a good example in refusing to exalt the servant above the master.

THE BABIES SPANKED.

Those Cleveland "babies" are getting their just deserts from the Giants. With a friskiness not warranted by their years, they have danced on New York's pets and made themselves odious by their antics, which distracted the attention of the champions from the ball with disastrous results to the pride of the metropolis.

But yesterday those incorrigible Infants were taken on the individual laps of the Giants and basted until they saw stars.

Go it, ye Giants! We're fixing a splendid ground for you to play on when you come home.

EXPENSIVE MEDDLING.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that one THOMPSON shall pay $30,000 for meddling with the family affairs of Mr. and Mrs. BEALE. The defendant, becoming possessed of some information of alleged misconduct of Mrs. BEALE before her marriage, took it upon himself to write a letter to Mr. BEALE, relating the scandal, and poisoned the husband's mind against his wife. A separation followed. The abused woman, who was the hapless victim of THOMPSON's vicious and malicious meddling, sued her traducer, and a jury vindicated her and awarded her $30,000 damages, which THOMPSON must now pay.

Every right minded person will applaud the verdict. What is more contemptible than the breaking up of a home, the estranging of hearts, and the precipitation of the woes that follow the fiendish work of the scandal-monger?

The Court truly remarked in its opinion:—

The defendant owed no duty to the husband to inform him of his wife's conduct before her marriage, and there is no evidence that he was acting in the discharge of any duty, moral, social, or legal.

IS THIS TRUE?

The story told by Mrs. NELLY DENTON of the manner in which her complaint against young WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER for insulting her was dismissed at the Yorkville Police Court, if true, is one which seriously reflects upon the integrity of that tribunal. The record in the case shows that HAVEMEYER was discharged because of the non-appearance of Mrs. NELLY DENTON, the complainant. That she was in the building, awaiting an opportunity to appear, is also a certainty.

Now, was she detained downstairs by a conspiracy among the attaches of the Court until the case was called, in order that HAVEMEYER might escape? The defendant is wealthy; the complainant is poor. Does this signify anything?

It is not enough that Judge McMAHON has ordered a rehearing in the case. He should probe this matter thoroughly and ascertain if any one connected with his Court abetted this attempted miscarriage of justice. It is a very serious matter.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

The Boards of Emigration Commissioners and Police Commissioners are without Presidents, owing to long-continued deadlocks. In the estimation of the people they are headless in more ways than one.

* * *

Fish stop the engines of the Jersey City Water Works. Fish also blocks the machinery intended to wind up the affairs of the Centennial Committee in this city. Ours is of the "Stuye" variety.

* * *

Lawyer Townsend addressed the jury in the case of his client, Clothilde Thornley, vs. the Brooklyn Crosstown Railroad in rhyme. His speech therefore had one merit, it wasn't prosy.

* * *

A dramatic company composed of Chinamen will hold forth at the Windsor Theatre, commencing next Monday. In connection with this event, it is obviously true that the Chinese must "go."

* * *

The Lewistown *Review* says that a goodly number of eligible young men are wanted to take possession of some of the young ladies of that place. There is a suspicious absence of any guaranty as to the qualities of the ladies. Are they warranted sound, kind, gentle, broken to the bit, to drive well double, and all that sort of thing? If not, boys, beware!

MISSING EDDIE KELLY.

He Is a Bright Eight-Year-Old and Has Been Lost for Six Days.

Little Edward Kelly, a bright lad eight years old, is mysteriously missing. He left his home, 540 West Twenty-ninth street, at 5.30 o'clock Sunday evening, and has not since returned. He was last seen on the North River pier at the foot of West Twenty-sixth street.

A general alarm sent through the city from Police Headquarters has failed to find him. His parents fear that he has been either kidnapped or drowned.

He had fair hair, grayish brown eyes and light complexion. He wore a little Tweed hat, a little spotted waist, Knickerbockers, black stockings and new shoes. He could read and write, and knew the city well.

His father is a wheelwright and lives in No. 540 West Twenty-ninth street.

The Weather for Next Week.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The weather next week will be remarkable for three things over the United States. First, for rapid rise in the temperature. Second, for violent thunder storms, followed by floods in the Mississippi Valley. Third, for a great fall in the temperature, with frosts in the Northwestern States. In New York City and vicinity it will be as follows:

Monday, 24, close, sultry and showery.
Tuesday, 25, very hot and showery.
Wednesday, 26, violent Easterly gales; rain.
Thursday, 27, close, sultry and showery.
Friday, 28, violent thunder storm.
Saturday, 29, great fall in the temperature; overcoats needed.

A. J. DE VOE.

Hackensack, June, 21.

Resented the Imputation.

[From Puck.]

Hired Girl (to tramp, tattered and travel-stained)—Well you're a dandy!

Tramp (surveying himself sorrowfully)—Yes, I'm a dandy; but I'm no dude!

Qualified.

[From Time.]

"I understand your daughter Sal has been jilted by a New York drummer."

"Well, your understanding is entirely wrong. There's no truth in the story."

"There ain't?"

"No, he was from Cincinnati."

Midsummer Drama.

[From Time.]

Supe (to Manager)—Say, Boss, th' leading lady has struck on doing the water scene to-night.

Manager—What's the matter?

"She says the water's too warm, and that she won't do any swimming until you put some ice in the tank."

Positive Proof.

[From Time.]

"Bill was very fond of his wife," said a Dakota man, speaking of a bereaved comrade. "I actually believe he thought as much of her as he did of his dog: it's a fine bird dog, too."

A Woman's Spite.

[From the Epoch.]

"What an awfully small mouth Miss Bagly has," remarked Jennie.

"That is only a deceptive trick she has acquired," replied Miss Snyder. "You ought to just see her out in the yard on wash-day with five clothes-pins in her mouth."

Refined Lard.

[From the Epoch.]

Mrs. Hubber—I understand, Mr. Porker, that you have some very refined people in Chicago."

Mr. Porker—Well, I don't know about the people, Miss Hubber, but our refined lard beats anything you can brag of in Boston.

His Reason for It.

[From Time.]

Will—Harry doesn't seem very cordial to-day; did you notice how coldly he spoke to us as he passed? I wonder what's the matter?

Bill—Don't you see he's wearing his silk hat for the first time?

IT'S A NOBLE FUND.

To Send a Corps of Free Physicians to the Sick Babies.

The Crying Need in New York's Crowded Tenement Districts.

John H. Colvin Sends Fifty Dollars to Help Save the Little Lives.

Send What You Can Afford Promptly to "The Evening World."

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	843.80
John J. Colvin	50.00
James J. Cavanagh	5.00
American Lead Pencil Company	5.00
S. Herbert	2.00
Bessie	1.00
Carrie	1.00
Annie	1.00
Gussie Wedekind	1.00
No Name	1.00
A King's Daughter	1.00
Anxious Mother	.10

The fund for sending free doctors to the sick babies of the poor is booming at a gratifying pace.

Close upon Mr. Edward J. Woolsey's $100 donation comes another generous contribution to the fund.

The sender is Mr. John H. Colvin, of 52 Broadway, the modest helper of many a charitable cause, whose check for $50 accompanies his letter of hearty good wishes for the success of THE EVENING WORLD'S work for the sick little ones.

Now, let other philanthropists enroll their names alongside of those of Mr. Woolsey and Mr. Colvin.

The contributions should be made promptly, for the sun is rapidly nearing the zenith of his power, and the dog days, with all that they mean of misery and sickness in the crowded tenements, are close at hand.

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 ailing 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.

John H. Colvin's Good Deed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I send herewith my check for $50 for the sick and poor infants fund, wishing you success in your great work. JOHN H. COLVIN,

52 Broadway, New York, June 28.

From a Mercer Street Firm.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find our check for $5 to aid you in obtaining relief for the suffering little ones. Wishing your project the success it richly deserves, we are yours very truly,

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL COMPANY,
21 Mercer street.

To Relieve a Sufferer.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 to help swell the fund for Free Doctors, and hope many more will do the same, as each dollar will help relieve the suffering and perhaps save some poor little life. BESSIE.

June 20.

Would Like to Send More.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. I would like to send more, but haven't it. Hoping you will accept it, I remain yours truly, GUSSIE WEDEKIND.

From a King's Daughter.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Babies' Fund. Wishing you a grand success in this noble work.

I. H. N., "A King's Daughter."

Brooklyn, June 21.

Five Dollars for the Fund.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept this check for $5 for the Sick Baby Fund and oblige, yours very truly,

JAMES J. CAVANAGH,
201 East Thirty-first street.

Help the Little Ones.

[From the Metropolis.]

Johnstown is all right. Seattle is being rapidly rebuilt. Now, save the children here in New York by sending $1—or less, if you cannot spare $1—to THE EVENING WORLD Fund for Free Physicians. One dollar will save a little child's life this Summer. THE WORLD is not exclusive about this fund, and does not propose it for advertising purposes. Any paper is welcome to collect and send in subscriptions, and Mr. Pulitzer will pay for all the details of the work. Only a few thousand dollars are needed, and they ought to be paid in this month.

Just How It Feels to Be a Tramp—Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

Arizona Is All Right and Can Go Ahead.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Attorney-General Miller, at the request of the Governor of Arizona submitted through Secretary Noble, has considered at great length the question whether, in the absence of an enabling act of Congress, an act passed by the Arizona Legislature and approved by the Governor "to provide for the holding of a convention for the purpose of framing a State constitution to be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection" is valid. The Attorney-General holds that it is valid, and cites numerous precedents where Territories were admitted into the Union without enabling acts.

A Collision Blockades the Erie.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NEWBURG DEPOT, N. Y., June 22.—A train of thirty-two freight cars crashed into a standing freight train in the Erie freight yards here last night. Eight cars and their contents were broken into splinters, and from thirty to forty cars were thrown off the tracks. No lives were lost. The collision was caused by the failure of the brakes to hold the train while descending a steep grade. The damage is about $40,000. The tracks will be blockaded for at least twelve hours.

Little Better than Thugs Are the Joe Coburns of New York—See SUNDAY'S WORLD.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL produces calm and healthful repose during all stages of teething. Mc.

CHINA'S STARS ARE HERE.

TAKA WING, MOO SING JEE AND THEIR COMPANIES.

In "He Lon Tou Moo" They Will Show Us Heathen New Yorkers What the Real Drama Should Be—All Mott Street in High Feather—They Say They Are Pleased with America and Are Glad to Be Here.

There is a breezy little smirk upon the ever-expressive and ultra-mobile features of the patriotic Mongolian population of Mott street. It is not often that these intellectual, pleasure-loving citizens have an opportunity to indulge in a little wholesome theatre-going. They have a soul above the "Brass Monkeys" and "Rag Babies" and "Tin Soldiers" of metropolitan favor, and don't care a snap for the ridiculous records of current events, called plays, produced at the Madison Square or at Palmer's Theatre. To the Mongolian nothing is interesting, from a dramatic point of view, that doesn't take place B. C., and Americans selfishly gratifying their own desires for A. D. occurrences have entirely overlooked this fact.

As before remarked, however, there is a breezy little smirk dominating over Mott street this morning. It lingers frivolously round the laundries; it comes very near to baloing the eating-houses, while at the Joss Temple at 10 Chatham square its dimensions assume such ample proportions that only a sense of decency restrains this pen from calling it a grin, undiluted and obtrusive.

A real Chinese company has come to town, with fifty real dramatic Chinamen in it, and two Mongolian stars, M. Taka Wing and big Moo Sung Jee.

Only a few weeks ago South Fifth avenue quaffed its absinthe in an agony of glee at the advent of Coquelin, and Avenue B ate its succulent sausages in a frenzy of enthusiasm at the arrival of Herr Junkermann. Who shall deny to the honest, collar-loving Chinese the right to eat their rats in fervent welcome of the celebrated Taka Wing?

A representative of THE EVENING WORLD who has had some faint experience in interviewing repaired to the Joss House this morning trusting to find there Taka Wing. All the Mongolians had secured shelter at the Joss House with the exception of the two stars, who had been carried off to the houses of hospitable friends. It is not generally known that the Chinese are excessively hospitable, and where Europeans merely request, "Come and break bread with me," the Chinese remark, "Come and eat rats with me," which is, of course, a more luxurious and tempting form of invitation.

The Joss House this morning was extremely interesting to look at. It was littered with one hundred trunks containing all the dramatic "props," of this famous company that produces twenty-four dramas in two weeks, or an average of two dramas for every working day. Some of the trunks were merely bundles hieroglyphically marked, and of course incomprehensible to the average American.

Nearly all the actors had arisen, and were walking up and down smoothing little bits of "Hi Lon Tan Moo," the play in which they are to open. Even in their unceremonious delivery it was easy to see a remarkable histrionic talent in the features of these Celestials. The author of "Hi Lon Tan Moo" is Koong Ming, who, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, is a lineal descendant of the potent and all permeating Confucious.

A little Chinaman who understood English introduced the representative of THE EVENING WORLD to Moo Sung Jee, Chow Loon Yin—an excessively dudey-looking fellow-ette—Way Loo Woo, Mo Ki Wing, Nani Chi Wo, Han Choon Li, Chow Kwo Kin, Ju Knee Low, New Toon Geen, Teah Kwi Lee, Woy Chong Chi and Ho Lean Koo.

"And now," said this English-speaking Chinaman, in his own inimitable jargon, "I would like you to meet Taka Wing."

The great Chinese star was lolling in an affable way, yet a way pregnant with an inchoate dignity, upon a trunk. It was not a very strongly constructed box, and it is easy to see that Chinese actors, unlike their American brothers, do not expect to "go home on their trunks" at the end of every other engagement. Taka Wing was looking at his colleagues in an earnest, paternal way. He was Chinesely, but not gaudily clad, and he seemed to feel, in a charmingly unpretentious way, that he was—to put it vulgarly—head man and bottle-washer of the occasion.

"What do you think of America?" asked the interviewer, trying to regard Taka Wing as a brother of Irving or Barrett, or Bernhardt or Coquelin, and therefore considering his views upon America as highly important.

Taka Wing shrugged his shoulders in a very chic way and spoke for about fifteen minutes. What he said was apparently of absorbingly interesting, for everybody listened. It was all lost upon the questioner, however. The kindly interpreter came to his assistance.

"Taka Wing says," he explained, "that he loves America and the Americans, and is so glad to be here. He is delighted with Mott street which he considers one of the most superbly constructed thoroughfares he has ever seen. Nothing like it exists for him in China. He is surprised at the luxury to be found in the Mott street houses, at their wonderful cleanliness and at the bewildering array of modern improvements that he finds. He has seen as yet very little but Mott street. He is much impressed with the glimpse he had of Elizabeth, Mulberry and Baxter streets. Baxter street particularly delighted him with its display of quaint American clothes. He is delighted, ravished.

Taka Wing though he didn't understand a word, smiled most beatifically and extended his hands.

"May I ask you to synopsize for me the performance in which you open Monday night?" he was asked.

Taka Wing, through his interpreter, replied as follows: "It all takes place ten years before the Christian year. The first act shows a conference of the genii, who resolve to help the Chinese in their wars with the Northern Tartars. Gen. Yung Zoon Pow marries the Princess Koon Joo, and then leaves at the head of his army. In the next act the gallant Yung Zoon Pow is captured and marries the daughter of the Tartar who caught him. He becomes the father of a son by her, and five years later returns to China. A war has broken out there, all his family have been killed, with the exception of the Princess whom he married, and who awaits him with burning impatience. She has been saved from massacre by Zoon Gaeng, a slave, but is just about to kill herself, when her husband arrives. There is much pathos in the meeting that follows, and upon the affecting tableau the curtain falls. In the third act young Zoon Pow triumphs over the Tartars and restors Ton Tai Zoon to the Chinese throne. He then proceeds to live happily with his two fond wives. There is a great deal of comedy in 'He Lon Tou Mow,' but it is impossible to describe it in a few words."

Taka Wing then begged to be excused as he had to go over to the Windsor Theatre and inspect the stage. Before leaving he said he was immensely pleased to see that the Mott street Chinamen were still consummately patriotic.

It is thought that Chatham Square will become a sort of Mongolian rialto in a few days and that all the Chinamen anxious to secure dramatic engagements will loiter there.

Charley White Writes of the Old-Time Negro Minstrels for the SUNDAY WORLD.

Making It Unpleasant.

[From Time.]

Will—The landlady's daughter plays the piano a good deal lately. I wonder if it's for my entertainment?

Phil (sadly)—No, for mine. My board bill is several weeks in arrears.

OUR BLOODHOUND VISITORS.

BELHUS, WHO TRACKED AFTER JACK THE RIPPER, AND ROSEMARY.

Popular Delusions as to Their Ferocity and Fondness for Gore Knocked on the Head—Belhus and Rosemary Are of Purest Breed and Wouldn't Hurt Even a Child—Taken to Mr. Winchell's Farm in Vermont.

Two distinguished passengers have just arrived on the Holland, of the National line. They are two bloodhounds of the widest reputation for purity of breed. Belhus, the

ROSEMARY. BELHUS.

dog, and Rosemary, of the gentler sex, are imported here for breeding purposes, being consigned to I. L. Winchell, a dog-fancier who has an extensive kennel at Fair Haven, Vt.

The gentleman who sent the dogs to Mr. Winchell is the greatest bloodhound breeder in the world, Mr. Edwin Brough. He is a wealthy English gentleman, a Member of Parliament for a long term of years, and a charming writer.

The Holland, with the precious dogs on board, could not get in at the National line pier yesterday as the Helvetia and the England were there, but she came down stream to let off the dogs and some prize horses and mules. While waiting for her Mr. Winchell told THE EVENING WORLD reporter a great many things about bloodhounds that were almost oppressively novel.

The idea current in most people's minds anent the bloodhound is that he is a huge thing so savage that he would rather bite himself than have nothing to bite, fond of gore, a terrible engine of destruction which used to be turned on the trail of a poor fugitive slave, and that when he had run down the panting black man, he let a bay out of him that nearly killed the victim with fright, and then, almost beside himself with gaiety, tore the poor man to small bits. Cerberus himself was hardly worse than the popular idea of a bloodhound.

Here is what Mr. Winchell said about this terrible monster:

"The full, thoroughbred bloodhound is one of the gentlest, most affectionate creatures in the world. They are a ladies' dog more than anything else. They are of no use as watchdogs, they are so quiet. To illustrate their sweetness of temper here is an instance: I have a little three-year-old boy who is awfully fond of the Duchess of Ripple."

The reporter looked so artlessly amazed at such precocity that Mr. Winchell hastened to add:

"She is the most famous breeding bloodhound in the country. One day I heard the Duchess giving a bay that seemed a trifle expostulatory. This was repeated two or three times. It was unusual enough for me to go in and see what the matter was.

"There I found my little boy astride the Duchess of Ripple's back. He had a pair of scissors and was cutting at her long silky ears. He didn't mean to hurt the dog, but he had clipped her ear in two or three places so that the blood came. The Duchess simply bayed a little with the pain, but wouldn't even throw the little chap off her back for fear of hurting him.

"Then, if there is any time when bad temper shows itself it is with a female dog who has a litter. But you can go right into a bloodhound's pups and play with them and the most she will ever do is to push your hand away with her nose. You can't get a bloodhound to bite any more than you could a sheep."

"Well, what are all these tales about bloodhounds mangling the poor escaping blacks?" said the reporter, in dismay. "Is the Southern bloodhound a creature of Harriet Beecher Stowe's imagination?"

"Not entirely," said Mr. Winchell. "The bloodhounds of the South are all crosses between a thoroughbred hound and the great Dane, a savage Russian dog. So they are fierce. There are not more than three hundred pure strain bloodhounds in the world."

By this time the Holland had brought up to the pier and Mr. Winchell and the reporter scrambled onto her. Belhus and Rosemary were taken out of their boxes. The dogs is the best breeding bloodhound in the world. He was the dog that tracked after "Jack the Ripper."

He is a beautiful hound, with only one blemish, he is rather low set on his legs.

The points on a bloodhound are the long head, long ears, and loose leather. "Leather" is dog for skin. In the best specimens the ears are frequently twenty inches long, and the dewlap is very large, and the skin loosely settles about the eyes, which show the red very much. The frontal bone is strongly developed.

Bloodhounds are black and tan or red and tan. Belhus has tan legs and a blanket-shaped mark of black on his back. Rosemary is a French bloodhound.

Mr. Winchell took the hounds to his farm in Vermont to-day. These hounds have such a wonderful keenness of smell that they will follow a trail even of the "clean boot" at several yards distance from it.

Far-Away Alaska as a Summer Resort—Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

A Dismal Drive.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

She—I am sorry, Mr. Browne, that I cannot be otherwise than a sister to you. It is getting late, by the way, and I think I had better be home soon; would you mind hurrying up the horse?

He (savagely)—Oh, not at all; but you see I expressly asked for an old horse, and we are seven miles from home, and this nag only makes three miles an hour. Get up, there, you!

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

Do Not Delay taking Hood's Sarsaparilla if you have that feeling of languor or exhaustion which is often the warning symptom of approaching sickness. This medicine expels all impurities from the blood, cures scrofula and all humors, creates an appetite, assists digestion, strengthens the nerves, and imparts health to every organ of the body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hotter the Weather Bigger the Proof.

As the weather grows warm, the sale of James Pyle's Pearline Washing Compound rapidly increases. This proves that many women recognize the fact that Pearline makes washing and cleaning very much easier than when done with the ordinary means. Proves also that summer clothing, being of delicate texture and color, will not stand the rough usage necessary when washed with soap, and establishes the fact that PEARLINE, in doing away with the rubbing, lessens the wear and tear and fills a very important place. Delightful for bathing in fresh or salt water. Its ingredients render it harmless to the most delicate skin. Especially during the hot weather it is to your advantage to use Pearline, and only humane to supply your servants with it, and thus lighten their labors; besides you insure much better results.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous.

106 Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

GEBHARD'S BIG STOCK FARM.

LOCATED IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF THE NAPA VALLEY.

About Eighty Miles North of San Francisco in a Picturesque Region—The Stocking Delayed by the Railroad Accident Last Year, in Which Some of His Best Animals Were Killed.

When Frederick Gebhard made up his mind a little more than a year ago to start a stock farm in California, he commissioned his friend, Gen. W. H. L. Barnes, to look about for the best farm that could be procured on the Pacific coast.

As a result of his efforts, Mr. Gebhard soon became the owner of what is now known as the Guenoc Stud Farm, a magnificent piece of property in Lake County, California, containing about 3,300 acres of land.

It is about eighty miles north of San Francisco, right in the midst of that region the beauty and grandeur of whose scenery has made the upper sections of the Napa Valley so famous.

It can only be reached after a stage ride of twenty eight miles from Calistoga, the last ten miles of the way from Middletown the road running along the edge of the valley, which is now owned almost entirely by two persons.

Nestling in the most beautiful portion of this little valley, and extending up over the outlying foothills on either side, and surrounded by the most imposing and picturesque natural scenery to be found upon this continent, is Mr. Gebhard's new breeding establishment.

The superintendent and manager is C. W. Aby, who was engaged by Mr. Gebhard to take charge of the farm soon after he had made his purchase. Long years of service on some of the most noted stock farms of Kentucky have fitted him thoroughly for the position he now occupies.

It will be remembered that after his first visit to the Guenoc farm last May Mr. Aby came East to make arrangements for taking out the horses which were to form the nucleus of the breeding portion of the farm.

The celebrated Eole, for whom Mr. Gebhard had been shortly before offered $30,000 for a three years' lease for stallion service, and for whom $45,000 was offered outright, was among the lot, which included three stallions and nine brood-mares.

They started on their Western trip on August 12, last year, and on the following day occurred the accident at Shohola Glen, in which the car containing the horses was wrecked and all were killed except Savoir, by Eolus, dam War Song, by War Dance, and the mare Mineral, by Spendthrift, dam Potosh II, by Lord Clifton.

This accident for a time delayed the stocking of the farm, although the improvements on the property went on all the time.

When it was purchased there were only 300 acres under cultivation, and now there are 800, and it is intended to increase this largely before next season.

It was not until December that Mr. Aby recovered sufficiently from the accident at Shohola to resume his work of selecting stock. Then he came East again and was commissioned to buy the best stallion that money could purchase, and to bring out the other mares owned by Mr. Gebhard.

The horse selected was Greenback, an imported stallion, by Dollar, out of Music, by Stockwell, who is considered to be the very best horse ever imported into America, many Englishmen claiming that they never saw his equal.

Greenback was foaled in 1875. He is a deep seal brown in color, stands almost sixteen hands high, has good legs, plenty of muscle, wide hips and long body, and gives evidence of possessing great strength and staying powers. His movements are graceful and undulating, and he is the ideal picture of the thoroughbred race horse.

His pedigree shows a close relationship with the best racing blood of the English turf, the Flying Dutchman, Bay Middleton, Bariolle, The Baron, Pocahontas, Annandale, Extravagance, Royal Arch, Sultan, Rowton, Glencoe, Touchstone and Voltaire being found in his line.

His sire, Dollar was a French horse whose merit as a sire is famous. He got Salva or, the winner of the French Derby of 1872; St. Cyr, Peria, Almonza Nettian, Fontainebleau, Salvanos, winner of the Cesarewitch in 1872; Torrent and Androcles.

His dam, the Duke of Hamilton's great mare Music, foaled Orphan, winner of the St. Leger, Fiddler, Song, Songstress, Nina, and Poetry, all famous in the annals of the English turf. He is the only direct representative of Bay Middleton's male line in this country.

Mr. Aby took Greenback and a carload of brood mares out to California early in the Spring, and they now form the nucleus of the stud of the Guenoc farm.

During the present season over thirty of the finest thoroughbred mares of California have been bred to Greenback and St. Savior, who is too well known to turfmen of this country to make any account of his famous career necessary.

After the harvesting is over Mr. Aby will come East again and make some purchases of brood mares to enlarge the breeding facilities of the farm, as Mr. Gebhard intends to make it a breeding establishment second to none in the country.

The house which has been built on the farm by the proprietor is one of the handsomest and most country residences in California, and contains everything that can contribute to the comfort and entertainment of guests.

Directly in front of the house a race track has been laid where the performances of the colts can be observed by those sitting on the porch.

At the elevation of 2,300 feet above sea level the air is always cool and bracing, and, altogether, the Guenoc stud farm possesses every natural advantage which could possibly contribute to the success of such an establishment.

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

PRESIDENTS IN THEIR MINDS.

A New and Unique Variety of Crank that Infests Washington.

[Correspondence of the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

The most interesting of the late comers is the man who imagines he is the President, and who resembles the President so remarkably that I have several times mistaken one for the other when they were not close at hand. In close quarters one could detect that uncertain movement of the eye which is found in every crank, and I was curious to know what he was.

"Can you direct me to the insane asylum?" I said to him one day as I met him in the street.

"No, sir," he replied, "I am somewhat of a stranger in the city, and have not learned the location of that institution."

"After an office, I suppose?"

"No, sir," drawing himself up proudly, "I am not after an office; I am the real incumbent of the highest office in the land."

"Ah, what is that?"

"Hush," he said in a whisper, "you must not say a word about it, but I assure you I am the President of the United States."

"But I thought Mr. Harrison was elected President," I ventured.

"Hush! I am Mr. Harrison—Benjamin L. Harrison, sir, but you must not tell any one. I am simply hiding my time. It will all come out after a little, the imposture will be exposed without any effort of mine, but merely by the imbecility of the impostor; then I will come into my own and the country will have the real President."

"What will be your policy when you become President?"

"Ah, that is my secret; but I may say to you, sir, that I will fight. I will raise an army of 5,000,000 soldiers and drive every foreign power off from American soil, and then I will march against the monarchies of the Old World and assist the struggling Republicans there to establish the rule of the people. Oh, I'll do it, I'll do it."

"But how long are you going to allow the impostor to usurp your place?"

"Oh, I'm very patient. I'm in no hurry. It may be several years—it may be 00,000,000 years—but I'll get there, never fear. I am the most patient man ever born, and peaceful, too. I wouldn't make any trouble about the matter. You see, the impostor looks so much like me that people will believe he is the rightful President, and so I shall just wait for time to develop the fact that he is so unfit for the place that he cannot be the true man."

The old man utterly refused to divulge his real name, and he remains a mystery, arousing much comment, as he appears rarely on the streets.

"BET WITH HIM, TRACY! BET!"

A Reminiscence of the Enthusiasm Over Smuggler's Great Race.

[From the Kansas City Times.]

"Yes," said an old sport in one of the poolrooms yesterday, "there is a thrill about a horse race you cannot get in any other way. The thrill is intensified just in proportion as your money has gone up on the event. When Smuggler beat Goldsmith Maid at Cleveland back thirteen years ago the crowd almost destroyed the grand stand. In illustration of the excitement which reigned, I recall the actions of a preacher from Elkhart who was present with a friend. As the horses were coring, the parson's friend, whose name was Tracy, and who knew about as much of horses as he did of the glacial period, remarked a belief that Smuggler might win over the Maid. This was about as probable to the experienced turfer as a republic in Russia, and one of the fraternity, overhearing the remark, overflowed in a proposition.

"'I'll bet you $100 to $20 he don't,' he said.

"The preacher was interested, but somewhat shocked, and silently protested by pinching Tracy's arm.

"The start was made, and with the word 'go' the persistent sport renewed his offer, but it didn't take. With the horses on the backstretch and bunched he came again but Tracy wasn't game. As they turned into the stretch the astute Doble, who was behind the Maid, with the assistance of American Girl, had gotten the stallion in a pocket, but his driver, taking all chances, pulled him completely up, and, taking the centre of the track, sent him for the wire like a ghost. No horse for a furlong ever made such speed before or since, and as Smuggler came to the front with the rush of a storm he carried the spectators from their mental feet. Every man was up and yelling, and the Elkhart preacher, who must have had latent sporting blood in his veins, forgetful of his pulpit and pastorate, was flourishing his cushion and shrieking in reference to his last proposition: 'Bet him, Tracy. Thunder and claws! Bet him. I'll split with you on it.'

"It was too late, though; so Tracy didn't bet."

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

Another Society Fad.

[From the Boston Herald.]

A new fad, and one worth adopting, has been sprung on the millionaires. It is painting on fans, and, considering the hard sledding it has been many excellent artists the past few seasons, it looks as though it was a fad to follow them some good. The decoration is confined to no particular genre, as it even includes portraiture, which can be as delicate in execution as miniatures on ivory. To possess a fan painted and signed by artists of note is next to having one of their pictures, and so it seems to ladies who would like to create a breeze by an extravagant patronage of the fine arts.

A Holiday for Her.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Debit—I hear that your office is to be closed early on Saturday during the Summer, John.

Mr. Debit—Yes, dear, and I'm jolly glad of it, too?

Mrs. Debit—Well, now, don't you think you'll have a chance now to balance up your books on Saturday afternoons, instead of keeping me worrying half the night?