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Unimpeachable Testimony!

7th May, 1889.

After a thorough examination of the circulation books, press and Mail Room Reports, and newsdealers' accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from the various paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY 10,709,520 COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP,
Manager of the New York Clearing-House.
O. D. BALDWIN,
Pres. of the American Loan and Trust Company.
THOS. L. JAMES,
Pres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM.

31)10,709,520(345,468

The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the Month of March Last was

345,468.

Average daily Circulation during May

345,808 Copies!

BLIND LOVE.

An intensely Interesting Story by the Great Master of Fiction,

WILKIE COLLINS,

will be published in the "Sunday World" as a Serial, beginning June 30.

"The World" has secured the exclusive rights to this new romance for North America. Newspapers desiring to share with us in the publication should address at once for terms "World Publication Department."

A STRONG COMBINATION.

A large number of the graduates at Yale this year who have achieved class honors are prominent also for their athletic powers. With brain and muscle both highly developed, those young men start in the race for distinction in the field of human endeavor splendidly equipped. It is a winning combination.

WHEN HARRISON'S GREATNESS BEGAN.

President CHENEY, of Bates College, has made an important discovery. He said in his baccalaureate sermon yesterday that when President HARRISON refused to drink the glass of wine tendered him on the occasion of the industrial parade during the Centennial his greatness began. This is probably intended as complimentary, but we imagine that the President will hardly agree to the proposition. Has he not always been the grandson of his grandfather?

Upon that occasion he did what almost any other man in his position would have done. The attempt to magnify that little action into something grand, glorious and sublime is simply ridiculous. President CHENEY's remark may be attributed to the inanity incident to the silly season.

SQUABBLING AT JOHNSTOWN.

The report of an impending quarrel at Johnstown between the Local Relief Committee and Gov. BEAVER as to the disposition of the fund for the relief of the flood sufferers will grate harshly upon the sensibilities of the generous contributors. The local Committee desires the Governor to allow it to disburse the money, and its view of the legitimate use of the fund differs widely from that of the Governor.

In the grave emergency precipitated by the awful calamity which befell the residents of the Conemaugh Valley Gov. BEAVER was naturally the chosen medium through which the nation's charity should be applied, and his performance of the onerous and perplexing duties thus put upon him has been satisfactory. The Local Committee will do well to yield to his views. This is no time for squabbling.

MORE FELLOWS WITH A "PULL"

In the opinion of politicians of the cheap variety one of the perquisites of their ilk is immunity from punishment for infractions of the law. They reason thus: We make lawmakers and judges, and as a stream may not rise higher than its source, ergo, the law cannot reach us.

Unfortunately there are evidences that politicians do enjoy to a considerable extent this box-ticket exemption from the law. Of course, they cannot always escape, but the very assumption that they may is offensive to every more sense.

Upon the arrest by an officer yesterday of three politicians for disorderly conduct the policeman was threatened with dismissal from the force for his temerity in daring to interfere with the "leader" of the ward. Could arrogance go further? Things have come to a pretty pass if policemen risk their buttons by doing their duty.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

High license may be the most formidable foe of prohibition, but it is the friend of true temperance reform.

* * *

Bishop Potter having said that the fact that Architect Potter is his brother is sufficient cause for his not being the architect of the Episcopal Cathedral, will be taken by the Republican papers as another flagrant insult to the President at the hands of the Bishop.

* * *

Sunday excursions are now called "Presidential recuperations."

* * *

Several old sailors are wandering outcasts from the Snug Harbor because it is alleged that they sold their votes at election time. And yet men who raise corruption funds to debauch voters are rewarded by Cabinet offices and other fat official plums. This is a queer world.

* * *

"Liverpool Jack" asks for justice. Most decidedly that is what he ought to have. And he is likely to get it.

* * *

Gen. Manderson, the handsome and agile Senator from Nebraska, is now described as a "physical wreck." This may be necessary in order to sustain Commissioner Tanner in granting him a large increase of pension without the General's request, but it is tough on the Senator, than whom there is no rosier-cheeked, well-favored member in the upper house.

Curious Chinese Customs.

[From an Exchange.]

When a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not ask him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question: "Won't you stay and dine with me, please?" the visitor will then know he is not wanted.

When a Chinaman expects a present and it does not come it seems one of lesser value.

A rich man's servant gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of the common people, but few make applications. The requisites of the former often more than triple the salaries of the latter, which is the sole reason of these differences. To encourage honesty and sincerity, confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business, besides their regular salary.

The highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral.

In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debt of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the deeds of her own husband.

When a Chinaman meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands and covers his head. If great friends haven't seen each other for a long time they would rub shoulders until they got tired. Instead of asking each other's health they would say: "How is your stomach?" or "Have you eaten your rice?" "How old are you?" "How much did you pay for your sandals?"

Men wear long petticoats and carry fans while the women wear short jackets and carry canes. Boats are drawn by horses, carriages moved by mules. Old men fly kites, while children fold their arms and look on. Old women, instead of the young, are the idols of society. Love-making is only done three days before marriage. It is not only considered the safest way to get ahead of a rival, but the surest way to get a wife without losing much time.

A previous acquaintance between the male and female prevents them from marriage. For this reason a man seldom marries a girl of his town. If a Chinaman desires the death of an enemy he goes and hangs himself upon that enemy's door. It is considered a sure way to kill not only that particular enemy but members of his entire family will be in jeopardy of losing their lives.

Down in Tennessee.

[From the Chicago Times.]

"You all gwine down to Knoxville to court next week?" asked Bob Martin, as he climbed up on the fence beside Bill Thomas down in Claiborne County, Tennessee, last month.

"I reckon I am. Got the papers last week."

"Witness or prisoner?"

"Witness agin Al Myers in a distillin' case. I got Al's emiled las' yeah, and Al he's gwine to git me the trip this time. Got a little buyin' ter do, an' mout as well make the gov'ment pay fer it."

"What's gwine to put in Al's crop in case he's set up ter Albany?"

"Tom Corbett, I reckon. Tom's shinin' round Al's oldest gal purty lively."

"How'd they git the evidence agin Al?"

"Al was drunk in the still-house, 'an they had 'im ridd'n he end git at his gun."

"Reckon he'll go up, then?"

"Reckon he will, onless he kin prove an alibi, an' he kain't very well, bein' as he was caught in the still-house with a kittle on at the time."

"Done give bond, didn't he?"

"Yaas; he didn't wanter git in jail. Up to Albany it's all right but in that jail they put niggers and white men in the same cage. They wuz foh yu w'en I wuz in."

"How many days do you all expect ter stay down t'ere read?"

"'Bout a week, I reckon. Git foh dollahs a day an' my rail cardin'."

"Gv me to give evidence against Al?"

"Not much. Only 'n fif ter end 'im up fer a year. A kain't stand moh'n a year. They all didn't raise bun foh pigs an' a little patch o' corn this yea."

"Gwine to ride down to Corbin?"

"Ef you dl will lend me yoh mewl I will. Ef you kain't I'll hoof it."

"Ye kin have 'im ef ye'll send 'im back by a boy."

"All right. 'Bleeged ter yer. Good day."

"Good day. The mewl's out 'n the lot. Ketch 'm, an' the saddle's in the barn."

Fishing for Alligators.

[From the Lee County (Ga.) News.]

Mr. R. S. Williams, who lives out near Muckalee Creek, was in town Monday, and said that he had, within the past week, caught four large alligators in the creek aforesaid. These gators have usually been feasting on the four-legged animal, known as the hog, in that settlement, and the people out there have determined to put an end to these depredations on their property by catching the beasts. The way they catch them is this: They bait a large hook with a piece of fresh meat, then tie the line securely to a limb or small tree near the water. In a short time his 'gatorship comes up and swallows it, and thus he is fastened.

Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

All Tired Out from the depressing effect of the changing season, or by hard work and worry—you need the toning, building-up, nerve-strengthening effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla to give you a feeling of health and strength again. Be sure to get Hood's.

LIFE SAVERS!

That's What "The Evening World's" Free Physicians Will Be.

Sent to the Rescue of Poor Sick Babies in the Tenements.

The Fund Being Daily Swelled by Popular Contributions.

Every Dollar You Send May Be the Salvation of a Little Life.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	911.90
Through Hortense Hartman	6.00
Mrs. M.	2.00
J. de P.	35.00
Cash	3.00
Mrs. Gertrude Liebeskind	4.00
Miss Anna Ritters	4.00
John Meyer	2.00
The kind Mother	2.00
Through Joe Levi	1.02
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A. Reed	.25
T. C. Burgis	.50
A. F. Lewis	.50
Mr. Good	.25
H. Behrens	.50
R. Warner	.50
J. Goldstone	1.00
Jessie and Selma	.50
John M. Musson	.25
Anonymous	.25

John Dyer's Gratitude.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

THE EVENING WORLD helped me when I came out of Auburn Prison, an innocent man who had served a term for a crime I never committed.

It made my name clear before the public and befriended me, as it has hundreds of others. Inclosed find $2, my contribution to the worthy fund of sending free doctors to the sick babies. Respectfully,

New York, June 24. JOHN MEYER.

From a Box in His Store.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find one dollar and two cents contributed by me to the Free Doctors' Fund. This is through putting a small box in our store. Will try and send more.

JOK LEVI, 1608 Third avenue.

She's a Baby Herself.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find one dollar for the Babies' Fund from

ELEANOR YOUNG, aged two and a half years. 16 Broad street, June 22.

Will Send Every Week.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please add the inclosed $1 to the Sick Babies' Fund. It is all I can send at present. I will try to earn or save a little extra money every week and send it to you for the poor little ones. JOSEPH ALOIS.

His Second Batch of Subscriptions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Again I am pleased to send you a subscription list with $5 for the Sick Babies' Fund. William Kunstler Bros., Robert Reis & Co., L. Burger & Co., "Lion Brand" Collars and Charles Carpenter each gave a dollar to the worthy cause you have taken in hand.

Trusting that your appeal to the community of New York will meet with a grand response, M. ULRICH, 2294 Third avenue.

It's a Noble Cause.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for THE EVENING WORLD's Sick Babies' Fund. I hope it will save some little baby's life, and admire your paper for espousing this noble cause.

MRS. P. J. GANNON, Jersey City.

Selected the Most Worthy Charity.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I found a purse containing some money and a card bearing the name of the owner, to whom I wrote asking her to call at my house for the purse. The lady called and got her purse, and, upon my refusing to accept a reward, left $2 to be donated to some charity. I have selected the Babies' Fund, and herewith inclose $2 from the lady (Mrs. M.) and also $3 from, yours truly,

J. DE P.

His Young Heart Touched.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Inclosed find $1, which I hope may help some poor suffering infant. I am a boy twelve years old, and I like to see justice done to everybody. JACOB BAER,

336 East Eighty-third street.

Take Pattern by Little Hortense.

If all the little girls in New York were as much in sympathy with the poor sick babies in the tenement-houses as little nine-year-old Hortense Hartman, of 54 East One Hundred and Twelfth street, THE EVENING WORLD's fund for their benefit would soon be jumping away up into the thousands.

Hortense visited THE EVENING WORLD office Saturday afternoon, with her mother, to turn over the money which she had collected all by herself for the fund from her family friends, her schoolmates and her companions.

It amounted to just $6, and the list of all who contributed is given below.

She heard her father reading in THE EVENING WORLD about the efforts that were being made to raise a fund to take care of the sick babies, and made up her mind to do something herself.

She began collecting two weeks ago and was spurred on by the success of two of her little cousins, who have already made large collections on the fund.

Here is the result: Papa, 25 cents; cash, 25 cents; cash, 25 cents; mamma, 25 cents; Mr. Michelsohn, 10 cents; Mr. Feldman, 5 cents; Mr. Kinderberger, 25 cents; cash, 10 cents; cash, 10 cents; Hortense Hartman, 15 cents; Clara and Veronica Hessen, 10 cents; Alice and Willie Sayer, 30 cents; Mr. D. Eller, 25 cents; Amelia Bauer, 25 cents; Louis Bauer, 25 cents; Hannah Bauer, 15 cents; Carrie Bauer, 15 cents; Phœbe Mendelsohn, 20 cents; A. Goldberg, 15 cents; Blanch Hartman, 25 cents; Agnes Andash, 10 cents; Stillgebauer, 25 cents; Lau, 10 cents; Lindpold, 25 cents; Annie Heymen, 10 cents; Bessie Hirsch, 10 cents; Laura, 10 cents; Anything, 10 cents; cash, 10 cents; Ansanpi, 10 cents; cash, 10 cents; cash, 10 cents; H. Shiff, 10 cents; E. Prager, 15 cents; Birdie Starr, 10 cents; Baby Mabel, 5 cents.

ELOPED ON A BICYCLE.

Love That Was Not Blighted, Although an Unkind Fate Tried It

[From the Buffalo Courier.]

"Rachel, you sob in vain. Never again shall the young man darken the doors of this palatial dwelling. A master in humble uniform, who will go to church in his bicycle pants, and add to the prevarication by taking up the collection in that attire, can never be a fit companion for my daughter. Go to your chamber, Rachel, and try to forget him, and I may take you to the circus in leafy August."

A shudder shook the young girl's frame, and with a moan she crept from the room. "And must we then be wrenched apart?" she asked of the serene moon three hours later. "Must Eugenio's life and mine pursue different destinies? Must I glide swiftly down the glittering, turbid tide of blighted hope, thwarted love and unrequited trustfulness, to the ocean of despair?"

A shrill sound smote upon her ear. It came nearer. She saw the pale moonlight glint against the wan metal.

"Hist!"

"Psh!"

"Darling!"

"Eugenio!"

"Come, fly with me!"

"Oh, Eugenio!"

"He's in a moment to leave; your bright moon will soon sink into the bosom of the mere; haste, then, during Rachel!"

"Shall I bring a trunk?"

"Heavens, no, my angel; I have only my tandem here; bring a shawl strap!"

The whispered words smote upon the vibrant air and made the lucent moonbeams quiver with ecstasy. In ten minutes the beautiful creature was prepared. She put her golden head on one the window, and the moonbeams made an aureole around here own. "Eugenio," she said, in a whisper like the dying cadence of an Æolian harp "Shall I slide down the water-spout or go down the stairs?"

"Are the stairs clear, love?"

"Yes, but"——

"Then come down the stairs; why the water-spout?"

"It would be so romantic, Eugenio."

"Oh, that's all right, Rachel; we will write your father that you climbed out the window. Come."

A moment later the door of the mansion opened, the girl tripped down the marble stairs, fastened her a awl trap on the bicycle chine, and an instant later the pet other had escaped into the tandem bicycle and were speeding toward the dawn and Clarence, where Eugenio had ordered the wedding breakfast.

The Wise Druggist.

[From Life.]

"Well, sonny, what is it?" asked the drug clerk, peering over the counter at the three-foot mite of humanity.

"Mamma sent me to get a piece of soap—cast-iron, I think she said."

"We don't keep any Summer hotel soap here," returned the clerk, "you must have mistaken the metal. Wasn't it Castile?"

A Terrible Case.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Let me die. I cannot afford to live."

"Why?"

"Well, my time is worth $5 an hour, so that it costs me $40 every night to get eight hours' sleep. That is 14,600 a year for sleep alone. I can't do that on an income of $5,000."

The Gates Wide Open.

[From the Boston Courier.]

"I don't know," said St. Peter, shaking his head dubiously, "I don't know. You look as if you had been dissipating—all the buttons off your shirt, your coat frayed at the wrists, your collar unfrocked—no, I'm afraid I'll have to put you on the elevator when I swing my own."

"But, St. Peter"——

"Well?"

"I married a woman with a mission."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Excuse me, my dear sir. Come right in. The gate's wide open for such as you."

So he went right in to have his buttons sewed on and so forth.

He Was Very Sick, Indeed.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"I hear your papa has been ill, Miss Wayste?"

"Yes, Miss Leroy, he has."

"Anything serious?"

"Oh, yes indeed. Why, for two whole weeks he was unable to sign a check."

A Terrible Strain.

[From the Epoch.]

First Bohemian—I never knew what fear was except once.

Second B.—When was that?

First B.—I was seated penniless in a beer saloon, a friend entered, and I was afraid he wouldn't treat.

Trouble in the Kitchen.

[From the American Glassworker.]

Irate Wife—John, this is the fourth time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook.

"Well, my dear."

"The next time I find you here I'll—well, I'll discharge her—and do the cooking myself."

He has never offended since.

A Free Menagerie.

[From Drake's Magazine.]

Lady Visitor (in hospital)—Poor man! how he groans! What is the matter with him, nurse?

Nurse—He's got the delirium tremens.

Lady (to man)—My friend, you should give up strong drink. Don't you know what you would be happier and have more pleasure with it?

Patient—Don't kin w about that, mum! I've been seeing green snakes an' menageries an' snakes an' blue monkeys with pink tails for two days, an' I didn't have to pay to see 'im, nuther.

The Real Boy-Aristocrat.

[From Puck.]

Mr. Crusty (in Park)—I am surprised, sir, that you allow that boy to speak so impudently.

Great Man's Servant—This isn't my boy, sir, he's my young master. If he were one of my children, I'd give him a good hiding.

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

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

FROM HUMOR'S STOREHOUSE.

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT FROM THE LATEST CROP OF JOKES.

Social Rivalry Is the Mother of Invention.

[From Puck.]

I.

(Mrs. Van Court'andt, having boasted how much handsomer her standard lamp was than the Stamford Hovles', has invited them to dine, and orders one from Bizanty to make good her statement. Five minutes before the dinner hour she is horrified to discover that they have omitted to send the shade.)

II.

Mr. Van Courtlandt (about eleven or eight minutes later—it seems a pity to drive Mabel of the pleasure of appearing in her new ace dress, but, the dear child will get over her disappointment at the matinee tomorrow, and in the consciousness that she has helped her parents to down those arrogant upstarts.

Worthy of the Best.

[From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

He had explained to St. Peter that he was a New York policeman and desired admittance.

"We have no use for policemen in here," responded St. Peter; "particularly New York policemen. What have you ever done to warrant this presumption?"

"I held my fire once on a street-car."

He was cordially invited to step inside.

Her Wish Was Agreeable.

[From the Jewelers' Weekly.]

Miss Yorksome—Emma, you have not noticed my new ring. It was presented to me by a Boston admirer. Why don't you tell me how you like it?

Miss Kulchie—Well since you seem to expect one, I think it worthy of a great hub bub.

Sense and Nonsense.

[From Life.]

"I cawn't see why there should be so many jokes about wide twousers," said Paperwaite. "Surely a gentleman is not expected to appear in tights."

"No, indeed," returned Wiggins, with a critical glance at his friend's medium of support; "I'm afraid tights would bring about a comparative disappearance of nearly half of you!"

Matter Enough.

[From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

Wife—Why, what is the matter, dear.

Husband (angrily)—Matter enough. I've just broken the last collar button I've got.

Wife (sweetly)—Oh, well, John, I wouldn't make such a fuss. It was only a button one.

Husband—Yah!

The Best Lingual Effect.

[From the Jewelers' Weekly.]

Yank Yahoo (to jeweler from whom he has just purchased a gold plate engagement ring)—Naow, Mr. Jewelryman, what had I ower say when I put this 'ere ring on Mandy' finger. Dew I say "I ring yer," "I rang yer" or "I rung yer?"

Jeweler (repressing a smile)—You should say, "I wrong you."

Enough to Induce Pair Pulling.

[From the Jeweler's Weekly.]

Miss Acrimone (to a old maid whom she hates)—How wonderfully fresh you look this morning, Miss Simpersome. If you were only in Paris you'd be married within a month.

Miss Simpersome—Do you really think so?

Miss Acrimone—Indeed you would. Paris people are just raving about American chaperelling.

The Judge Would Not Trifle.

[From the Jewelers' Weekly.]

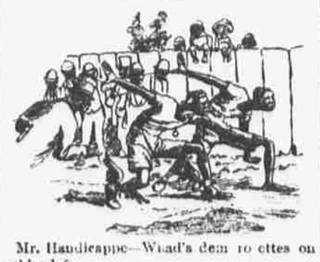
Severe Judge (to lawyer fumbling in his pockets)—What ails you, sir?

Lawyer (much worried)—I fear, Your Honor, that I have mislaid my spectacle case.

Severe Judge—I have frequently caution d counsel to exercise greater care in handling important documents. I shall fine you $1 for contempt.

Just Before the Starting Start.

[From Puck.]



Mr. Handicappe—Whaud's dem rotttes on yo' heels?

Mr. Gettetha—Chick'n wings. I seen a picture of a feller name Atalanta, 'n Quicksilver 'n sumpin like dat, 'n de say he lebber lost a race. Luff her go, Mist'r Starter!"

$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, heavy coin-silver stem winding gold watch with the world-renowned E. Howard, Waltham or O. 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.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Jerusalem Snaggs Is as Good as Any Other Name When You're Fighting.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Ha! Caught you at last, have I?"

The tall, powerful man who uttered these words stood in the centre of a group at a street corner in a far Western town. As he spoke he brought his hand down heavily on the shoulder of a mild-looking stranger who was passing by and turned him half way round.

The tall, powerful man had previously winked at the bystanders.

"You don't remember me, I s'pose?" he continued, with a fierce frown, as he tightened his clutch on the traveler's shoulder.

"Why, no, I can't say I do," replied the mild-looking man, looking at him wonderingly.

"You've forgot all about the time you leaned out of a car on a train jest pullin' out of Cheyenne and knocked my hat off, I reckon?"

"I certainly don't remember anything of the kind," protested the bewildered stranger. "I never saw you before."

"Oh, yes, you did. You may have orgot it, but I've said a thousand times since then that I ever meet you a in I'd make you apologize or fight."

"Now that I think of it," said the mild-looking stranger, starting to pick up his hat, which had fallen to the ground during the shaking process, "It seems to me I do remember something. I suppose I am bound to give you satisfaction or it. Put up your dukes."

This lowered look had all gone by this time. Placing himself in an attitude of defense he danced about the big man in a way startlingly suggestive of previous practice.

"Before I mop the sidewalk with you," said the other, "I want to be sure I ain't mistaken. You're name is—ah Saggs ain't it?"

"Snaggs," replied the stranger, punching a blow on his antagonist's jaw "certainly. Snaggs will do as well as anything else. Sure's I live."

"But hold on! I want to be dead sure. The man I'm lookin' for is Jerusalem Staggs."

"You've found him, my friend," exclaimed the stranger, as he banged him on the nose. "I'm Jerusalem Snaggs," he continued, making a feint with his left and administering a vicious upper cut with his right. "Oh yes, I am Snaggs—Snaggs, biff! from (whack) Snaggsville, Snaggs County (bang), near the hog waters of Snaggs creek. Office hours from 1 to 24. Come early and avoid the rush."

With a final blow under the ear he laid the burly fellow flat on the ground.

As he turned to go he said:

"My name, gentlemen, is Jerusalem Snaggs, of course, but for convenience sake I go around under an alias."

And he took from his vest pocket a card and threw it on the prostrate body of the big man. After he had gone away somebody picked it up and read:

D. JEMPSEY,
Professor of Scientific Boxing.
Special Attention Devoted to
Training Pugilists.

An Antidote for an Electric Overdose.

[From the Providence Journal.]

Just as Murderer Kemmler, who has been sentenced to be killed by electricity, or electrocuted, as they are getting to call it in New York, insures for himself a new lease of life by appealing from the sentence on constitutional grounds, a Boston man comes forward with the discouraging information that a man can take enough electricity to be killed and may still get over it if he is simply given the opportunity. This man is H. M. Stevens, Assistant Superintendent of the Boston Electric Light Company. Four years ago, he says, while on a tour of inspection through the works he accidentally slipped and fell on a dynamo, so that a circuit was made through him and the dynamo charged him with about 1,500 volts. Total asphyxiation was the result. His pulse and heart showed no activity. Any amount of whiskey had no effect on him. He was lying on a floor when, on the suggestion of an attendant, he was taken out and laid on the ground he began to show signs of life. The electricity was slowly passing out of him into the ground. And the more it poured out the more conscious he grew, but he suffered terrible agony. He is now a robust man and says he doesn' believe in killing men by electricity, because too little is yet known of its qualities.

A possible conclusion from Mr. Stevens's experience seems to be that the electric fluid is a peculiar and powerful stimulant. Too much of it, like too much whiskey, is disastrous in its consequences. But if properly understood, electricity seems to be safer. There is no way to banish the poison from the body of a man who dies of a cobolism but the man who dies from too much electricity, may be presumed, can be revivified by any apparatus that will readily confiscate the electricity he has been charged with.

A Romantic Courtship.

[From the Pall Mall Budget.]

How the late Mr. James Maybrick made the acquaintance of Miss Chandler (his future wife) has already been vaguely hinted at and described in various ways. But the following is the authentic version of the incident, which is even more romantic than any of the previous accounts: One day, about eight years ago, while on board a westward bound steamer from America, a lady stumbled in descending the companion-way leading to the dining saloon.

She would have fallen to the bottom but for the fact that Mr. James Maybrick was there and caught her in his arms. In doing so he sprained his ankle and was laid up for some time. The lady was none other than she who now lies in Walton Jail accused of the terrible crime of poisoning him who had become her husband. Later on, the then Miss Chandler (daughter of a Mobile banker) recalled the gentleman who had saved her from an awkward accident; and subsequently, when she was staying at the Childwall Abbey hotel with Major and Mrs. Hazzard, of New Orleans, Mr. Maybrick visited her. It was a case of pure love, and the Liverpool cotton merchant felt that he could not do better than marry this young American belle who had so captivated him.

Plenty of Fishing.

[From Puck.]

Young Walton (at Puck Lake, a new fishing resort)—See here, Mr. Wetthay, I've been fishing in your lake for six days, paid you fifteen dollars board and haven't caught a thing.

Mr. Wethay—Well, that's because you don't use the right sort of tackle. Them hooks and lines and things ain't no good. Just you go a piece of stout twine, put her on a pole, tie the piece of red flannel on the end of twine, just ahead of a hook. Then when he bite, just hitch out pretty like, an' quick as they land, cut their hind legs off.

An Unmistakable Hint.

[From the Epoch.]

"I'm afraid that George is trifling with your affections, my dear," said he mother. "He has been calling here nearly a year and hasn't proposed yet."

"You shouldn't blame him for that, Ma," replied Gracie, "for you stay in the room so long every evening that he hasn't a chance to say anything to me."

A Humorous Curiosity, Indeed.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Here is a joke from an ex-contributor to *Punch*: "Robert Elsmere with his doubts reminds us of a certain kind of fence—the Bobbed Wire." We reproduce it simply as a curiosity.

DIARRHŒA and dysentery are averted during teething by MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

"JOCELYN" TO THE RESCUE.

ROSE COGHLAN IN A ONE-ACT RUSHING SUCCESS AT HER DRESSMAKER'S.

Mme. Michaelis Lost $10 and the Actress Saw the Edge of a familiar Handkerchief Peeping Out Under Mrs Lynch's Bonnet—Brief Struggle—Money Recovered—Exit Mrs. Lynch—Curtain.

Rose Coghlan, the actress, had a queer experience just before she left New York last Thursday for California, where she intends to spend the Summer.

She came up from Manhattan Beach on Tuesday and took a suite of rooms at the home of her dressmaker, Mme. Michaelis, who lives at 48 West thirty-fifth street, and had just about completed a new wardrobe for her next season.

There were twenty new Jocelyn gowns to be fitted, and Miss Coghlan, who has known Mme. Michaelis for the last fifteen years, went to live at her dressmaker's house, so that she could be on hand all the time and supervise the finishing touches on her handsome gowns.

On Wednesday morning, while she was thus engaged, Mrs. S. H. Lynch, who had known Miss Coghlan for some time and had worked for her as well as Mme. Michaels, came in to be the actress's goddess, he said.

Miss Coghlan, who was very busy, asked her to go on and make a purchase for her, which she did very willingly.

Before she came back, Mme. Michael's maid, who had been sent to the dyers to get some cloth for one of Miss Coghlan's gowns, came back with the change of a $25 check which had been given her by the actress for the purpose of paying for the goods.

There was less than $10, together with some tickets for other pieces of cloth to be called for later.

Mme. Michaelis took the money and tying them up in the corner of her handkerchief stuck it in her belt and went on with the fitting of her gowns.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lynch returned, and what follows is best told by Mme. Michaelis herself.

"Just as Mrs. Lynch started to go," she said, "I felt in my belt for my handkerchief and found it was gone, and I exclaimed that I had lost it.

"I didn't care for the money, but for the tickets, without which I could not get the pieces from the dyehouse, and as Miss Coghlan was going away the next day every moment was precious.

"I was looking all around for it, and so were my partner, Miss Doyle, Miss Coghlan's maid, and two other people in the room.

"Mrs. Lynch got up to go out saying it was so hot, when Miss Coghlan suddenly astonished everybody in the room by exclaiming in a most theatrical tone:

"'Mrs. Lynch, what is that in your hat?'

"'I don't know, nothing at all,' said Mrs. Lynch, who was evidently very much frustrated, and she began to rumble up her front hair.

"With that Miss Coghlan stepped forward just for all the world as if it was in the play, and, taking Mrs. Lynch by the shoulders with one hand, whipped off her bonnet with the other, and there, sure enough, was the handkerchief and the money and tickets.

"We were all completely dumfounded, and nobody more than myself. I nearly went into hysterics, the whole thing was so sudden.

"'Why did you do this?' asked Miss Coghlan sternly.

"'It was only for a lark,' stammered out Mrs. Lynch. 'I found it in the bathroom.'

"Then she got downstairs and out of the house as quickly as she could.

"The next morning I heard Miss Coghlan calling to me from upstairs, 'Michaelis, Michaelis,' as loud as she could.

"I went up and found her in bed with a letter, which she pitched at me and said, 'There Mickie, read that. What shall we do with this woman?' She has always called me Mickie for years when we were together.

"I took the letter and read it. It was from Mrs. Lynch, and she said the most terrible things about me. In fact she said that I was a regular thief and was trying to cheat Miss Coghlan out of her money.

"She wrote that I had put her up to taking the handkerchief and that I often did that with other customers to make them pay twice. In fact, it was an awful letter."

Mme. Michaelis showed the reporter of THE EVENING WORLD the letter.

"Of course Miss Coghlan knew that everything in it was false, and wanted me to prosecute her. She gave me the letter and told me to use it as I saw fit.

"At first I was going to give it to the police, but I decided not to do so, for I know Miss Lynch and her family and I could not bring her into such trouble.

"Yesterday I wrote her if she would write to me a retraction of all she said in her letter to Miss Coghlan I would let the whole matter drop, but if not I must do something. She had not written me a line.

"I don't see how it got into the newspapers, but now that it has I must say something in my own defense, for only a part of the truth has been told.

"When Miss Coghlan went away she left all her things with me, bric-a-brac, as you see," pointing to various expensive articles of furniture with numbered labels on them, "just from the auction, and her silver, she wouldn't do that unless she trusted me."

Mrs. Lynch lived at No. 616 Sixth avenue, and the name is on the doorplate of the flat. All access to her was denied this morning and her husband, who, it is said, was formerly associated with Miss Coghlan's manager, was not to be found. A woman who appeared at one of the windows said Mrs. Lynch had gone away.

The case was reported to Sergt. Schmittberger, of the Thirtieth street station and a detective had been assigned to investigate the case.

Mme. Michaelis says she will prosecute her detractor for libel.

A Lack of Enthusiasm.

[From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

Stranger (to Louisville Citizen)—I just came from the political meeting around the corner, and the people there are wild with patriotic enthusiasm. The audience here is as quiet as the grave.

Louisville Citizen—What is the orator around the corner moistening his lips with?

Stranger—He has a quart bottle of whiskey on his desk.

Louisville Citizen—Yes, and this chap has a glass of water, that's the whole trouble. He isn't *en rapport* with his hearers.

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