The World

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SCIENTIFIC ROBBERY.

The monopolistic spirit is running mad at the present time. New schemes for plundering the people are developed daily.

Monopoly and speculation are in league. The worst element of Wall street is rampant again. The greed of these financial cormorants is insatiable.

The very acme of scientific robbery is attained when, after the formation of an iniquitous, unscrupulous Trust, the value of the stock is inflated beyond all semblance of its intrinsic worth, and it is then placed upon the market as the football of stock gamblers. Not satisfied with forcing up the price of the necessaries of life, and thereby exacting tribute from the helpless people, the stock is thrown out as a decoy to catch the eye of the unwary and invite investment at fancy prices.

And when the bubble bursts, as burst it must, the monopolistic gamblers fatten their purses upon the dire distress of the weak.

How long must this brazen system of scientific modern robbery endure?

HUMAN NATUR'.

BY "THE EVENING WORLD" POET.

When things with a feller is boomin',
And he carries a stiff upper lip;
When he's healthy 'nd wealthy and so forth,
And often remarks, "Let her rip,"
He ain't in no siterwation
Tu size up the crowd he is in,
'Nd kinder pick out the wheat from the chaff,
The gold from the brass 'nd the tin.

With the blazin' sun of prosperity
A shinin' right squar' in yer eyes,
Of course you can't be expected to see
A little black cloud in the skies,
It ain't in the natur' of human
That a feller who's had a good dinner
Can enter intu the feelin's of some
Poor, half-starved, penniless sinner.

It's puffictly natteral, also,
Fer fellers who ain't scasick,
Tu laugh at the woes and sorrows of those
Whose stomachs are raisin' Old Nick.
It's easy tu tell a poor critter
Tu "brace up," especially when
It don't cost a cent tu show yer intent,
Tu sorter encourage poor men.

But let Dame Fortune once hit ye
A swat longside of yer head,
And then proceed tu stomp on ye
'Till y' wish to the Lord y' was dead,

You'll find that the fellers who aliers
Were pattin y' nice on the back
Before y' went down, will turn with a frown
And give y' the very wust whack.

If you want to find out what a man is
And bring out his naterral tone,
Take riches away from a millionaire gay
And set a poor man on his throne.
It won't take 'em long, I imagine,
Tu show what they're made of, 'nd then
If out of their place they'll soon about face
And find their own level again.

It's a mighty tuff way tu git wisdom,
But lessons once learned that way,
Although they come high, cause many a sigh,
Are worth all they cost, for they stay,
Sometimes we poor human creeters
Git cranky and troubled with gall,
But find when a tumble larns us tu be humble,
We ain't no great shakes arter all.

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

KILLED HIS SWEETHEART.

THE CRIME COMMITTED BY EUGENE EMERY IN A JEALOUS RAGE.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 25.—At Oak Orchard, a small harbor on Lake Ontario, in Orleans County, Cora Grimes, aged thirteen, was murdered last night by Eugene Emery, aged forty. She was his sweetheart.

He struck her with a stick of wood in a fit of jealous rage.

He fled, but is reported to have been captured. The village is in a state of great excitement.

SALLY IN COURT.

He Sheds Tears When Hatton's Sister Testifies.

More Witnesses Show That Hatton May Have Drowned.

The Accused Man Sent Back to th Tombs by Justice Hogan.

Big, burly, solemnly dull William Sally, the man whom the lad Beadles and Kalisch, the candy peddler, positively identify as the man who threw another and much smaller one overboard from the excursion steamer Blackbird Saturday night, was brought be-

BENJAMIN HATTON
(the missing excursionist).

fore Police Justice Hogan again this morning in one of the private rooms at the Tombs Police Court.

He was the towering central figure in a curious group of thirty people standing at the end of the table opposite the silver gray mag strate.

At his right, nervously twisting and rolling, unrolling and folding a handkerchief, sat Annie Hatton, the sweet and grief-stricken sister of Bennie Hatton, the nineteen-year-old lad who is supposed to have been the victim of the Hercules.

Annie Hatton was overcome by sorrow, and big tears glistened in her great, sad, brown eyes and tricked down her pale checks as she told Justice Hogan what sae knew of her brother.

"He was a dear, good boy," said she, "and he always came to visit me every Sunday. I saw in Sunday's paper that some one had been thrown overboard on the excursion, but I didn't worry till yesterday I saw in THE EVENING WORLD that Bennie had not been found after the excursion of the American Bank-Note people.

"He did not come to see me Sunday," said Annie, softly, and then she paused to wipe away the tears and to choke down her sobs, after wh ch she related that she and Bennie and Thomas, younger still, were orphans, and that she was at service in West Eighty-seventh street, and never knew exactly where either of her brothers were living.

During this recita, Sally's gigantic frame shook with suppressed emotion, and finally the big fellow went off into a corner of the room and cried with his face in the corner.

His mother, a large elderly woman, and his sister and two brothers were present, and they wept unostentatiously.

Lulu Bannon, a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl of fifteen years, who was Ben Hatton's "company" on the excursion, re ated in a pert way that Ben had asked her just before the boats reached the Brooklyn side if she did not want to alight in Brooklyn.

She replied in the negative, and he said he was sorry, as he wanted to see Katie Kane, a Brooklyn girl. Then he left, saying he was going after a glass of beer.

Ten minutes later another boy, Charles Hewitt, of 191 Bedford avenue, Williamsburg, told her that John Doyle, of the American Bank-Note Company, had said that Ben Hatt n was overboard. There was a good deal of yelling of "man overboard" at the moment.

Ben Hatton and Lulu had a tin-type taken together at the picnic, and it is to the kindness of Miss Bannon that EVENING WORLD readers are indebted for the likeness of Hatton as he looked when last seen.

Annie Hatton then explained that James Cunningham, of Division avenue, Brooklyn, an uncle of Katie Kane, had been to see her to say that Bennie had not called on him nor upon Katie.

Joseph Keating, a telegraph operator, stepped forward and stated that Ben Hatton roomed in the same house with him; the house of Patrick Sullivan, 90 Elm street; that Hatton went away Saturday morning and had not yet returned. Mr. Sullivan was sent for and corroborated this statement.

Indeed, it was made quite clear that Bennie Hatton had disappeared from all the haunts that knew him, and also that a number of people among the 500 excursionists knew that he was overboard Saturday night. Certainly some of them besides Beadles, Kalisch and Kalisch's eight-year old daughter must have seen him thrown overboard if he was thrown overboard, and this is Judge Hogan's view.

At the request of Joseph Moss, counsel for Sally, the hearing was adjourned till Monday morning next and Sally was returned to his cell in the Tombs.

Annie Hatton, all her fears confirmed, was in a pitiable plight. She shook like an aspen, and her tottering, girlish frame was led out of court by kind friends.

Sergt. Firth, of the Patrol, says that a boat has been detailed to look for young Hatton's body, and it ought to be recovered to-day or to-morrow

THE BURKE PAPERS SIGNED.

The Prompt Extradition of the Winnipeg Prisoner Very Probable.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, June 25.—A despatch from Washington brings the information that the Secretary of State has countersigned the extradition papers in the case of Martin Burke, the Cronin suspect, under arrest at Winnipeg.

Messenger George A. B. Baker, who went to Washington with the papers, will at once return to this city, and Burke will most probably, in a few days, be in the presence of the Chicago police.

COMMISSIONER COLEMAN'S VACATION.

He Will Probably Make Several Appointments Before Starting for Europe.

Street Commissioner James S. Coleman leaves to-morrow on the City of New York for a two-months' trip to Europe. Before going he will probably make several appointments of foremen and assistant foremen to look after the cleaning of the city below Fourteenth street, which has had his personal supervision since May 1.

Make No Mistake

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. Be sure to get

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

THE BABIES' FUND.

And the Babes Themselves Are Helping It Grow.

We Shall Have That Free Doctors' Corps Started in Due Season.

Let Everybody Help On the Good Cause by Their Contributions.

The Steckler Brothers Send in Substantial Sympathy This Morning.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	956.92
Alfred and Chas. Steckler	25.00
Dick	2.00
W. A. B. G.	1.00
Helen	.25
C. E.	1.00
Collected by Lillie Cohn and Isabella McGovern	3.00
Kate A. Ruehl	2.00
A. B.	1.00
Laurie, Cammie and Robbie	.25

Generous Steckler Brothers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept the inclosed $25, our contribution towards THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Children's Fund. It is a most worthy and commendable undertaking, and deserves the full support of a charitable public.

ALFRED AND CHARLES STECKLER,
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law.
47 Centre street, June 25.

Dick's $2.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I send $2 to the "Sick Babies' Fund."

DICK.

Now Let Us Hear from "C."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed $1 for Sick Babies' Fund. A. B.

$2 with Good Wishes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed you will find $2 for the Babies' Fund. Hoping you will succeed, I remain, yours, KATE A. RUEHL.

Two Little Girls' Collections.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We are two little girls, and, knowing every little helps, we have collected $3 among our few friends for the Sick Babies' Fund.

LILLIE COHN, 479 Avenue B.
ISABELLA MCGOVERN,
203 West Sixty-first street.

In Memory of a Babe in Heaven.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In memoriam of my baby in heaven I send the inclosed dollar, hoping it may save some little baby to its loving mather.

New York, June 23. W. A. B. G.

Their Money for the Fourth.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept our mite for the sick babies. This is our money for the Fourth of July. We send it to the sick babies instead.

LAURIE, CAMMIE, ROBBIE.

IN TOPICAL SONG.

"The Evening World" Free Doctors' Fund Advocated at the Casino.

The following stanza has been introduced into Solomon's topical song, rendered nightly to large audiences, in the third act of "The Brigands," at the Casino. The sentiment's O. K., except that we've no doubt Mr. Gould would be glad to contribute to the fund if it was brought to his attention:

THE EVENING WORLD'S call, we should all try to meet,
If we've got it,
And subscribe to give poor, sickly babies a treat,
If we've got it.
Each sum they receive, will the funds help to swell,
Now matter how small, every nickel will tell;
J—y G——d thought he'd send them one hundred as well,
But he forgot it.

BIRTH OF TWIN NIL-GHAUS.

TWO MORE "BLUE COWS" ADDED TO THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.

The first pair of nil-ghaus, or blue cows, ever born in America may be seen in Central Park, where they first saw the light (it was a lantern light) last night.

The nil-ghau is a large antelope, next in size to the eland, and its habitation is South Africa and India.

It has been hunted in both countries until, like the American buffalo, it has almost entirely disappeared.

Dr. Conkling, the naturalist in charge of the great collection of animals in Central Park, which, by the way, is the largest in the country, bought two of them from a Mr. Roberts for $300 apiece. One was from South Africa and one from India.

The nil-ghau was named by the Boers in South Africa, who are really the cousins of the Knickerbockers of New York.

It is called the "blue cow" because it has rather a bluish cast and is not at all like a cow. Usually the nil-ghau has one calf. The nil-ghau in Central Park had twins. One is a male and one a female.

They are beautiful little creatures, with large, luminous black eyes, and look like the doe of deer. They are red in color, with white markings. Though not twenty-four hours old they were able to walk around their stall to-day and took an intelligent interest in everything. They are very gentle and always happy to meet visitors.

The mother, nil-ghau, takes a pardonable pride in them. She is not afraid of their being hurt, but watches over them with maternal solicitude.

They occupy a stall in one of the animal houses which is now closed to visitors. In a week, the public will be permitted to see them, and they will be so interesting that the fickle public will forget the hippopotami and the polar bears.

With the little seal, which is just learning to swim, and the little nil-ghaus, the Zoological Garden in Central Park will be very strong in juveniles for some months to c me. But the little nil-ghaus will be more attractive to the children than the baby seal.

Dr. Conkling says that African animals are getting scarcer every year.

A few years ago he could buy a zebra for $500. Now the Burchel zebra, or quagga, costs $2,000, and the true zebra would be hard to get for $5,000. The nil-ghaus are disappearing in Africa, like the zebra, but they are increasing rapidly in America, and some day Central Park will have a herd of them.

Keeper Tom Donahue has been appointed keeper of the little nil ghaus, and will have charge of them during their minority. He says that they have grown to maturity in the zoological gardens of Europe, and that the climate here is favorable to them.

DISCHARGED AGAIN.

Young Havemeyer Clear for Good of Mrs. Denton's Charges.

An Effort to Prove that She Was Willing to Settle the Case.

Anyway, It Will Be a Warning to Young Men Who Do Insult Women.

The case of young William F. Havemeyer, who was accused by Mrs. Nellie Denton with having insulted her in Central Park last Thursday evening, was called in the Yorkville Police Court this morning.

On Friday, although she was in court, the case was rushed through without calling her to the stand, and young Havemeyer, who has very rich relations, was discharged.

The papers took up the case, and it was reopened.

Justice McMahon volunteered to look out for Mrs. Denton's side of the case this morning, while the Havemeyers were represented by Lawyers De Lancey Nicoll and Ira D. Warren.

Mrs. Denton took the stand in her own behalf, and told the story of the alleged insult, which was printed in last Friday's EVENING WORLD. She said that while she was walking on the Mall the defendant came along with several companion and called her a vile name.

She spoke to him, and he said he was sorry and ashamed of himself.

"I didn't know whether he was poor or rich," said Mrs. Denton. "He was a tender looking boy, and I was awfully sorry that he did it."

When asked to identify Havemeyer she picked out young Carrick Orde Cleveland, who was standing near her, but promptly corrected her mistake.

Cross-examined by Mr. Nicoll, she said she had lived in New York three years, and supported herself by dressmaking, her mother also assisting her.

"Did you not say on Friday night that you would settle this case if you were paid a sum of money?" asked Lawyer Nicoll.

"No, sir; I did not," answered the witness.

"Did you not tell an officer yesterday that you would settle the case for $50?"

"I did not," answered Mrs. Denton.

Officer Samuel S. Cox was called and Mrs. Denton was asked whether she had seen him Friday night and if she had not said that the Havemeyers ought to give her $500, but that she would settle for $50, and she denied it.

She also denied that she had conversed with either Lawyer Warren or Capt. Humphreyville relative to settling the matter for money.

A witness was shown her and she was asked whether she had not offered to settle. She didn't recognize the witness and denied that she had had any such conversation with him.

Mrs. Denton pointed to Lawyer Warren and Capt. Humphreyville as the men who had talked with her in the hallway of the building.

The Sergeant of the Court Squad said he saw the woman sitting in his room all the morning, but he paid no especial attention to her as it was a common thing for witnesses in civil cases to do.

Young Havemeyer then testified.

He said that he was walking along with three companions, Delancey Cleveland, jr., Carrick Orde Cleveland and Harry Bloodgood. They were laughing and talking when interrupted by Mrs. Denton, who accused him of insulting her.

"'I didn't say a word to you,' said I," answered the accused. He then flatly denied that he had spoken to her.

Delancey Cleveland, jr., was called for the defense. He said he had no business and didn't go to school.

He confirmed the story previously told by Havemeyer, and then Lawyer Warren testified that he had seen Mrs. Denton downstairs on Friday morning, but had not told her to remain away from the court-room, but had told her to come upstairs.

Officer Cox said that Mrs. Denton told him she would settle for $500 and dropped a hint that she would divide.

Capt. Humphreyville then exonerated the court officers. He said he supposed Mrs. Denton referred to him when she said she had been approached by an officer, as on the day of the hearing he wore a blue suit.

Lawyer Nicoll then closed the case and asked his client's discharge.

"Complaint dismissed," said Justice McMahon, and the crowd filed out of court, leaving Mrs. Denton sitting on a bench.

"If young Havemeyer did not have rich and influencial friends he would not have got off," a friend of Mrs. Denton said. "Suppose she did say she would take $500 and not press the case. She is a poor woman with a mother to support. Anyhow, no matter what she may have done, that does not clear the boy of having insulted her in the park."

PRIZE ILLUSTRATED JOKE.

JUDGE M'DOUGALL AWARDS THE TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE TO "GURNEY."

THE PRIZE JOKE.

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

THE JUDGE'S COMMENTS.

In awarding the prize to the above illustrated joke as the best one produced by the contest, I wish to express some surprise that none of the professional "comic artists" have contributed to my misery as judge. The joke selected for the prize bears more indications of real humor, open and unconcealed, than any of the large number submitted for my perusal, and which have enriched our pages from time to time without regard to expense. In our journey through life we are cautioned to smile by the way as frequently as possible, and Mr. Gurney is to be congratulated upon the possession of the pure brand of American humor, which arouses dormant and torpid smiles and lightens the burden of existence, as well as snatches the twenty-dollar gold pieces.

WALT MCDOUGALL.

THEY ALL CONDEMN IT.

Nothing Good Said of the Huckleberry Railroad.

Suffering Uptowners Ask "The Evening World" to Help Them.

The Railroad Not Even as Good Now as It Was Thirty Years Ago.

The efforts of THE EVENING WORLD in behalf of the long-suffering patrons of the so-called "Huckleberry Road," in the Annexed District, are meeting with grateful appreciation from the people who live in the vicinity of Fordham and West Farms.

The worst portion of the route is that which was described the other day in THE EVENING WORLD. It runs from One Hundred and Seventieth street, the terminus of the Suburban Rapid-Transit line, to Fordoam, a distance of about two miles.

It is on this section of the route, extending south to the Harlem Bridge along North Third avenue, that the miserable accommodations described are furnished to passengers and the annoying delays occur daily, and where overworked horses cause a throb of pain to every citizen who sees them.

The opinion seems to be practically unanimous in the locality for which the road is supposed to furnish public accommodations, that it is the worst managed concern in the country.

No one has a good word to say for it, and complaints are so numerous and frequent against the management that they have become an old story, and those who have been unable to get satisfaction have been obliged to grin and bear it, or patronize the New York Central.

A reporter of THE EVENING WORLD visited Fordham yesterday and interviewed a number of its citizens upon the subject of the "Huckleberry road" and the accommodations it furnishes to the public.

The result fully bears out the charges made by "A Victim" in his indignant letter published in THE EVENING WORLD last Friday.

"I was one of the original stockholders in this road," said an old gentleman, who did not want his name published, to the reporter, "and I can assure you it does not furnish as good accommodations to the residents of his neighborhood as it did thirty years ago, when it was built.

"It is hardly possible to believe this, but it is the truth. Then, at least, we had new cars and a good road-bed, and the cars were run on schedule time.

"Now some of the cars are unfit for use. The tracks are all out of order, and in the evening especially passengers are subjected to frequent delays of from half an hour to an hour long."

"Why do the people who are compelled to patronize the road submit to this?"

"Because they cannot help themselves. No attention is paid to complaints, and a great many have now abandoned travel on the road altogether.

"In the day time at this season of the year the accommodations are half-way respectable, but it is in the winter time and in the night that the Company is careless of its passengers.

"The rule is that every third car from the bridge shall go through to Fordham; but in the late hours of the night sometimes eight or ten cars will be started without a single one going through to the Fordham terminus.

"Passengers are kept standing by the roadside, for there is no shelter provided for them, for an hour at a time. What annoyances they suffer in rainy weather and in the Winter time can be imagined.

"I have travelled in some of the cars where the roofs were so leaky that passengers had to put up their umbrellas inside.

"In the night time I have seen them using horses that could hardly stand, and poor, broken-down brutes that were fit subjects for the bone-yard.

"I could tell you whole chapters about their abuses, but I think I have said enough. I have read the articles in THE EVENING WORLD, and I hope you will keep it up. These things ought to have been shown up ten years ago."

Philip Duffy, who keeps the hotel at Fordham, was very outspoken in his opinions.

"The Huckleberry Road," he said, "is one of the worst managed lines I ever heard of, and I don't wonder that the people hereabouts are down on it. I have given up patronizing it.

"Everybody is waiting for the Suburban to come through, and meanwhile they patronize the steam cars and pay 15 cents fare to the Grand Central Depot. They have some good horses in their stables, but they don't use them in the night.

"My wife once made a complaint against a driver who was beating a poor disabled horse one night and had him discharged. I wonder the papers have never taken the matter in hand before. Fordham people would appreciate it.

"In the Winter it is simply terrible. The cars run off the track a half a dozen times each trip, and there is no end of delay and inconvenience. Jimmy Kerrigan, the Superintendent, is a fine young fellow, but he can't do anything when the Company does not back him up."

A. B. Marshall, a Fordham business man, said: "I only use the 'Huckleberry' in a case of extreme necessity. If a man wants his neck jolted off, he couldn't find a better way than to take a trip over the line in one of the short cars.

"A great many people are obliged to use the line, and at some hours the cars are crowded, with passenge s hanging on all over. They have a terrible lot of horses, and I don't wonder at it, considering how they treat them.

"They say they don't want to make any improvements now, because the Suburban is going to widen North Third avenue, and they are going to wait until after the street has been graded. They should have done it a dozen years ago."

N. S. Wilson, manager of the express office at Fordham, said: "It is the meanest and slowest road in the country. They ought to give better accommodations, and would have been compelled to do so if the people around here had gone to work energetically. The Company pays a big dividend every year, I understand." [About 16 per cent.—REP.]

E. B. Hoover said: "I have travelled twice on the road and I never want to try it again. The horses were wind-broken and had the heaves so bad you could hear them half a mile off. The driver had to lash them all the time to make them go."

A. Pilwicky, who keeps a hat store, said: "I came up the other night and had to wait more than an hour at One Hundred and Seventieth street. I shall not try it again in a hurry."

Here is one of the many letters which THE EVENING WORLD has received upon the subject from indignant residents of the annexed district:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some time last week I noticed an article in THE EVENING WORLD on the infamous "Huckleberry Road, over the Bridge," and to say I am surprised in not seeing more on the subject, is putting it mildly. Your reporter drew a true picture, but I have seen it still worse, a great many times. All that can be said of that road will never remedy the evil, because a company which will show such indifference to the terms of its charter, ever since its existence, will pay no more attention to public opinion than a clam.

The most flagrant violation of their contract with the people is their neglect to keep the street in proper repair, as I am told their charter calls for.

Let your reporter go up there in the Winter or Spring, and if he does not wish he had brought a boat along he will be different from the rest of us.

Hoping that you will give this matter the same push, and so reach the success you do in everything you undertake, I remain (as yet),

ANOTHER SUFFERER.

MRS. HAYES IS DEAD

She Passed Away at Early Morning, After a Painless Night.

Her Family Had Watched Constantly by Her Bedside for Hours.

A Tribute to Her Womanly Life and Genius at the White House.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

FREMONT, O., June 25.—Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, died at 6.30 o'clock this morning.

She was sinking all day yesterday.

It was hardly expected that she would sur-

MRS. R. B. HAYES.

vive the day, and her family remained constantly by her bedside.

She was free from pain last night and up to the time of her death, but her breathing was irregular, she perspired freely and hourly grew weaker.

The funeral of Mrs. Hayes will take place on Friday afternoon!

Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes was born at Chilicothe, O., about fifty-six years ago, the daughter of Dr. James Webb.

She was married to Mr. Hayes Dec. 30, 1852.

Eight children have resulted from the marriage, of whom four sons and a daughter are living.

Mrs. Hayes exhibited much devotion and patriotism in attending wounded soldiers during the war, and has always manifested a strong sympathy with the work of reformatory and philanthropic organizations.

Her temperance principles led to the banishment of wine from the White House at Washington during her husband's administration, an innovation which attracted much and varied attention and comment during the four years.

The Washington *Star* of yesterday said of Mrs. Hayes:

She was a woman of education and refinement. She understood the art of entertaining better than most women even in high social position do. She knew how to make the greater and the lesser alike feel perfectly at home and enjoy themselves when at her house. Few women would have attempted what she did successfully, to entertain entirely without the use of wines at the table. The persons connected with the official household of the President during the four years of the Hayes Administration were attached to Mrs. Hayes and the news of her dangerous illness has caused them much sorrow.

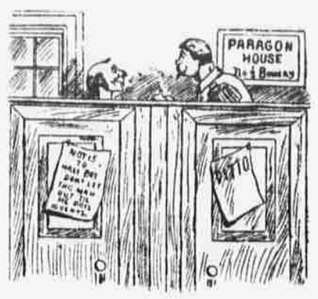
Several of the present officials were at the White House at that time, and their recollection of her is coupled with a warm personal regard. Senators—Democrats and Republicans—were often heard to give expression to most extravagant compliments of her grace as a hostess. Senator Gordon, one of the most ardent partisans the Democrats had in the Senate, became one of her most enthusiastic friends after meeting her at the White House. He spoke of her as a rare woman.

Every Thanksgiving while she was in the White House Mrs. Hayes gave a family dinner, at which she and the President and their children sat at the table with the Private Secretary, the assistant secretary and the Executive clerk. At these dinners everything was as charming and home-like as possible. The devotion of everybody in the house to Mrs. Hayes was manifest, and her gentleness and refinement are often spoken of in terms of high praise.

Mrs. Hayes's illness began on Friday with a stroke of paralysis, induced by an apoplectic shock. There was but faint hope of her recovery from the first.

A Mutual Recognition.

[From Judge.]



First Citizen-Soldier (after an anniversary celebration)—Hullo!

Second Citizen-Soldier—Hullo!

First Citizen-Soldier—Ole Guard, N' York?

Second Citizen-Soldier—Yep. Ansh'n 'n' Hon'rable, Boston?

First Citizen-Soldier—Yep.

Both—Shake.

No More Sales.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Confectionery and Ice Cream Man—We'll lose ten of our best customers next week.

Assistant—We will? Are they going to Oklahoma?

"No; they're going to get married."

The Least of Two Evils.

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

"If you are so warm, dear," said a lady to her husband, "why don't you go down cellar? It's dry and cool there."

"What! and have that blamed gas meter stare me in the face? No, ma'am, I'll stand the heat!"

Only One Way.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Westerner—Yes, sir, I believe it is absolutely impossible to reform a horse thief.

Easterner—Nothing easier. Make a sailor of him.

Anticipated.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

First Tramp—Well, you are putty well used up! When they got after you, why didn't you take to your heels?

Second Tramp—I couldn't pard. You see, the dog took to 'em.

A Hopeless Task.

[From the Cloak and Suit Review.]

Husband (100 years' hence, when women rule)—My dear, I expect to go to town to-day. If you could spare me a little cash——

Wife (from bed)—Certainly, darling. You will find some loose change in my pocket.

Met but to Part Forever.

[From the Boston Herald.]

"He went right by without noticing us. I thought you knew him. Haven't you ever met?"

"Oh, yes; the last time he borrowed $10 of me and we haven't really met since."

MOTHERS say they would not be without MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. Price 25 cents.

THOSE FISH YARNS.

The Piscatorial Imagination Begins Work Promptly.

A Few Extraordinary Experiences for the First Day's Instalment.

Ananias Himself May Be Able to Get Pointers in This Column.

Here's a Good Starter.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

I am not imaginative, and I trust that for the sake of fairness the contestants in the Fish Story Prize Race will be held down to truthful statements of fishing experience. Last Summer while I was taking my best girl for a ride on one of the iron steamboats to Long Branch, I discovered that my fine hunting-case, Raymond-movement, gold watch was gone from my fob. Of course my first thought was of pickpockets, but there was a big crowd of passengers, and it would be idle to search them all, and so I stood the loss.

Well, last week I went down on the banks for a day's fishing. About the first thing that happened to me I pulled up a handsome big sea bass. I noticed that he was awfully fat and hard, but when the cook opened him at home, what do you think she found in that fish?

No, you needn't ring the bell. It's no chestnut. It wasn't the watch at all, but pawn ticket No. 9,999, and when I presented it to the pawnbroker I got back my property by paying him the sum loaned on my watch.

MODEST FISHERMAN.

This Is Genuine.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This story is true and can be verified in New Rochelle. Two gentlemen were fishing for blackfish, and $10 was wagered on the biggest fish caught. Each fisherman got a bite at the same moment and pulled up fishes that looked like twins. "How will we know mine from yours?" asked one. "Cut off a bit of his tail," said the other. It was done. When they came to weigh the fish the gentleman who had advised the tail-cutting won, his fish beating the other just by the weight of the amputated scrap of tail. J. M.

Two Lobsters at a Haul.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Two hundred words are hardly enough to tell a good fish story, so here is a little one which I hope will take the prize. I was fishing in Long Island Sound for striped bass and suddenly got a very strong pull. I hauled in a big lobster, which had one claw clutching the bait and held with his other claw a smaller lobster. It reminded me for all the world of a nurse taking a child out for a walk. WALTER SANDS.

Swallowed a Jack-Knife.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On the register of the Lewey Lake House, in the Adirondack Mountains, is this entry: "Walter Harris, June 3, 1888, caught five lake trout, average weight nine pounds. N. B.—In one of them was a jack-knife that the fish had evidently picked up from the bottom of the lake." L. S. R.

A Tale From the Southern Seas.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I don't know much about fishing in these waters, but I have seen some curious sights in the Southern Seas. The most interesting was a fight between a swordfish and a shark. We were on board a brig and saw it all. The shark had been swimming around the vessel for a long time, and seemed to be hungry. Well, the swordfish came along and tried to stab the shark, which dodged. Then there was was such a flopping and flurry that we couldn't see much. After that they rested awhile.

The shark then dived down, and the next minute had bitten the swordfish in half and disappeared. The following day the captain baited a hook with a piece of salt pork and threw it overboard. Two hours later a shark was landed on deck. When we opened it we found inside the two halves of the swordfish, showing that it was the same shark, and had fol owed the vessel more than a hundred miles after killing its enemy. SINBAD.

An Effectual Disguise.

[From the Cloak and Suit Review.]

"Miss Blondine," said Mr. Baxter to his typewriter, "my wife is coming down to the office to-morrow. Would it—er—be asking too much of you to—er—appear as awkward as possible?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Blondine, "and," she added thoughtfully, "in order to have no doubt about the matter, I will wear a dress that buttons up the back."

Cause and Effect.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Enamored Youth—Your father seems worried about something to-night.

Sweet Girl—Yes, poor pa has so many business cares.

Little Brother—That ain't it. He's mad because the big dog he bought didn't come.

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