The World

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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,*	307 5th ave.,
9 *Pine st.,*	438 *Broadway,*	812 6th ave.,
32 *Nassau st.,*	843 *Broadway,*	988 6th ave.
155 *Fulton st.,*	954 *Broadway,*	753 *Madison ave.*
7 *Murray st.,*	1206 *Broadway,*	985 *Madison ave.*
29 *Murray st.,*	11 *University pl.*	

AN INTERESTING LITIGATION.

The suit against a firm of cigarette manufacturers by an actress, Miss WADE, for damages alleged to have been done her by scattering broadcast over the country photographs of her arrayed in tights, involves a novel question and an important one. Miss WADE asserts that she has never appeared in tights and that she has steadfastly refused to do so at the sacrifice often of lucrative engagements. To her such apparel is immodest, immoral and repugnant.

The practice of using photographs of prominent people for advertising purposes is universal, and it is well, perhaps, to have it settled within what bounds it may be done.

If by the verdict in the Wade case it shall be decided that the fair plaintiff has been damaged in good name, fame and credit by picturing her in tights, will it reflect upon those other stage beauties who revel in them?

Suppose that some ill-natured cigarette manufacturer should insist on portraying in long skirts and a Puritanic style some stage nymph who glories in her shapely form and its exhibition, what is the damage done her?

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

The idea that a public office is a public trust finds no lodgment in the minds of the patronage-mongers, who are undertaking to parcel out the Federal offices in this city. To them the man is nothing, the machine everything.

According to the scheme of these intensely practical politicians, when an office is accorded to a man, it is not to him but to his "deestrick" that the plum is given, and should he move from that particular bailiwick, he forfeits his office, no matter how faithful and efficient a servant he may be.

Such a view of the public service is grotesquely absurd, and would be amusing if it was not so vicious and debasing.

A WISE ADMONITION.

The custom of invoking the aid of the criminal courts by angry litigants in order to facilitate the settlement of civil causes is notoriously common. It is nothing but a species of blackmail and reprehensible in the extreme. Judge COWING did well to caution the Grand Jury yesterday to exercise special care in ferreting out cases brought before it tainted with malignant spite, and refuse to sanction the use of the criminal court machinery to grind grists of malice for venomous extortioners.

A CHEAP SWINDLE.

How Some Irresponsible Parties Try to Cheat the Public Out of a Cent.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I beg to inclose a corner of your Sunday edition for which I have paid six cents, instead of the usual five cents. You will observe the retailer has put stickers over the heading, advertising another paper and changing the printed price to six cents. Kindly say through your evening paper if I have to submit myself to the new tariff. I don't see why (although your paper is the most interesting Sunday paper) I should pay more for it than for the other papers.

A CONSTANT READER.

Most decidedly, "Constant Reader" or any one else is not obliged to submit to the petty swindle perpetrated upon him. The price of the Sunday WORLD is five cents. Everybody knows that. There are only a few unscrupulous parties among the many hundreds of newsdealers in this vicinity who will lend themselves to such a low-down swindle as de cribed by Constant Reader. The way to resent such an imposition is to decline to further patronize the dealer responsible for it.—[ED. WORLD.

The President's Fine Horses.

[*Washington Letter to Richmond Dispatch.*]

President Harrison has been taking a good many drives this week and has been out twice with his old friend, Gen. Lew. Wallace, of Indiana. Yesterday afternoon they were seated snugly in the White House landau, with big black Hawkins on the box. Gen. Harrison looked truly diminutive by the side of Gen. Wallace. The President was dressed in a loose-fitting suit of gray mixed Summer goods and had a soft black woollen hat on his head, which he took off every now and then to get air, as the atmosphere was decidedly choleric. The fine team of bay horses which the President brought on from Indiana are the finest equines which have been worked at the White House since Gen. Grant was its occupant. They are more stylish and faster moving animals than the seal browns which President Cleveland had, but the asphalt streets of the capital city will soon stave up the Indiana nags, and when Gen. Harrison's term is out the horses will probably not be worth much.

OVER $1,100!

The Booming of the Babies' Fund Goes Gayly On.

The Children Everywhere Have Taken the Cause in Hand.

And the Fund Is Sure to Grow Now at a Lively Rate.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	1,001.65
Ethel and Elton Parks	10.36
Collected by Carman L. Sheldon	2.47
A Child's Fair at Newark	1.68
F. W. A.	4.99
Robert Grimshaw, Ph. D.	1.00
Maysie, Sander and George	1.00
Kicky Poker Club	1.00
"Merry-Makers"	1.00
Hattie C. Lawrence	.50
Hilda Lander's collection	1.00
Sympathy	.25
Three Bootblacks (Colly Winter, George Lauer and Pete Krebs)	.05
Fuchsi	.05

A $4.99 Postal Note.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed $4.99 (postal note) for the Sick Babies' Fund. F. W. A.

A Fair in a Backyard.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We would like to have you give to the Babies' Fund the inclosed money ($1.68), the proceeds of a fair held in a backyard on Van Wagenen street by two little girls, Bessie C. Coddington and myself.

CLARA H. LEWIS, Newark, N. J.

Collected by a Five-Year-Old.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $2.47 for the Baby Fund, which I have collected from my parents and some of my friends for a good cause. MASTER CARMAN L. SHELDON,
Five years old, Bloomfield, N. J.

From Ethel and Elton.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $10.36 for the sick "Babies' Fund." Papa has been telling us about it, so we went to work to get what we could from our friends, to help increase the fund. We love little babies, and hope that everybody, who can, will help them. I am nine years old, and my brother Elton seven.

ETHEL AND ELTON PARKS,
129 Hancock street, Brooklyn.

They Send Their Savings.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Three little children send you the inclosed for the Sick Babies' Fund. Be kind enough to acknowledge same through your columns. It is their savings for five weeks and wish it was more. Maysie, 50 cents; Sander, 25 cents; George, 25 cents.

Proceeds of a Jack Pot.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Knowing that THE EVENING WORLD is always on a call, never bluffs, is always straight and flush, we herewith inclose you $1, the proceeds of several jack pots, which please apply to the Sick Baby Fund.

THE KICKER POKER CLUB, OF HARLEM.

From the Deaf Mutes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 collected by the "Merry-Makers" at a party on June 7. It is a club of the pupils of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes on Lexington avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM, Treasurer.
531 Lexington avenue, June 27.

Her Birthday Present.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My father gave me this 50 cents for my birthday to do what I liked with it, and I send it to the sick babies.

LITTLE HATTIE C. LAWRENCE.

It Will Do Good.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have collected for the Sick Babies' Fund the inclosed $1, hoping it will do some good.

HILDA LEANDER,
219 East Twenty-third street.

Foregoes His Candy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My papa gave me five cents to buy candy with, but I thought I would rather send it to you. I am seven years old. My name is Fuechsl. I live at 117 East Fourteenth street.

Save the Babies.

[*From the Metropolis.*]

Money enough has been subscribed for the Johnstown sufferers to buy each of the survivors a house and lot, a gold watch and a sealskin dolman. Instead of being grateful the Johnstowners have let part of the town burn down and make fresh demands upon the charitable. Let us now give our dollars to some other worthy cause. The Free Physician Fund of THE EVENING WORLD is the most pressing. Save the babies, and then, if there is any money over, give their mothers an occasional excursion on the Sound or in the country. Charity ought to end where it begins—at home. Johnstown is making people tired.

Uncongenial Room-Mates.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

It was late in the evening and the sleepy passengers on the steamboat had retired to their respective berths. A tremendous noise, as of heavy bodies being flung recklessly about, was heard in one of the forward staterooms, mingled with loud, variegated and unstudied profanity. Presently the door flew open and a shapeless and dishevelled object bearing some resemblance to a man was fired out into the main saloon of the steamer with great violence.

"Captain," yelled the man who still remained in the stateroom, as he thrust his head out and glared savagely about him, "your clerk made a mistake when he put that man and me in the same berth. He's one of the leading rascals in the Sugar Trust and I'm the inventor of a patent lemon-squeezer!"

A Story with a Moral.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

A story is told of an aspiring girl in Dorr, Mich., who loved music and longed for a cabinet organ, but could not afford to buy one. Last year she planted a patch of ground with onions, and raised 350 bushels of them, which she has just turned into money, and now she has her long-sought organ. This beautiful little incident, children, of the Michigan maiden who, by her own exertions, was enabled to exchange so many small tearstar ers for one more powerful and effective than the whole 350 bushels of the others combined should teach us perseverance, humility and various other things.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL relieves children while teething. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

SKETCHES DRAWN AT RANDOM BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Prospect Park Lake the Scene of Many Surreptitious Swims.

It may be against the regulations of Prospect Park for them to do it, but a great many Brooklyn small boys take infinite pleasure in swimming in the big lake in that pleasure ground in spite of all commands to the contrary.

The boys hire a boat and row to some sequestered spot away from the gaze of the park policemen, and then proceed to "go in."

They undress and wrap their clothing in bundles, laying it carefully in the boat, and then dive into the water.

After they have had a good swim they go ashore and dress and then return to the boat. They generally leave one boy in the boat, so that if a policeman should come around he would not see it deserted.

The water in Prospect Park lake is not any too clear, but the boys don't seem to think of that and enjoy it just as much as if it was eau de cologne.

An Old Sea Captain Who Wants to Shake Hands With Early Friends.

Capt. Thomas W. Jones is a gray old ship captain who followed the sea for thirty-six years, was wrecked on tropical islands and sailed into all the ports in the world from Singapore to Sandy Hook. Since the war tariff scuttled all the American ships and left American sailors with nothing to do but walk on shore the old captain has been at anchor in a little snug harbor of his own at No. 7 Morton street.

Years ago he was in command of the schooner Samuel Martin, and he has just had the following advertisement printed in one of the morning newspapers:

I would like to hear from any of the crew or their friends that were in the schooner Samuel Martin, that arrived in Liverpool about June, 1864. Write or call on Thomas W. Jones, No. 7 Morton street, New York City.

Capt. Jones said this morning that he had advertised thus that he might shake hands with old shipmates again.

Many old sailors called on him, smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of grog and told old yarns again, but none of the old tars of the Samuel Martin had ever come and he wanted to see them before he died.

An "Umbrella" Tent the Latest Thing in the Sporting Line.

A dealer in sporting goods in this city has invented a new tent for the use of hunters and those who camp out.

It is called an "umbrella tent," and, as its name indicates, folds up after the style of a parachute.

The tent is about seven feet high and of sufficient width to accommodate two persons.

It is made of canvas, blue and white in color, and its covering falls to the ground in wide folds, that may be spread out far enough to allow a good-sized man to lay down under it.

When folded up it has the appearance of one of the large sun shades that used to be so familiar on the top of the Broadway stages. The tents are becoming quite popular, on account of their neatness and being so easy to handle.

A Bachelor's Smoking-Room.

[*From the Philadelphia Press.*]

Mr. Frank Furness, of Philadelphia, has a smoking den that is regarded as one of the notable rooms in the country. Philadelphia has several distinctions; among others it is a city of back alleys. This is not only a convenience in the matter of ash barrels, which Philadelphians send out the back way, but it allows for many pleasant eccentricities of building. It is on this back alley exposure that Mr. Furness has built his smoking den. Mr. Furness is a mighty hunter, and has travelled many times to the Rocky Mountains and returned home laden with spoils. This den is one story high, built of cedar slabs unplaned and with a sloping roof. Inside there is a dado of unbarked young cedars and a fireplace built of rough blocks of gneiss. The rafters are exposed, and the beams are hung with skins and Indian blankets. The table is a cedar slab, mounted on unbarked cedar legs, the chairs are rough in form and workmanship, but made easy with the skins of buffalo and bear. The adornments of the room are antlers of moose, elk and deer, the horns of the buffalo and the huntman's arms. One side of the room is hung with engravings. It seems that a man could not express himself in a more ideally virile manner than in this room.

Unfortunate Princess Stephanie.

[*London Correspondence of Philadelphia Press.*]

The unfortunate Crown Princess Stephanie, whose husband Rudolf was such a bad lot during his life, which ended in a disgraceful murder or suicide, will soon be able to leave Vienna and the Austrian Court, which she detests. According to the law of the country she is obliged to remain in the capital as long as there is be slightest possibility of a posthumous heir being born to Prince Rudolf, for this baby, if it should come along, would actually be the Emperor of Austria. The doctors have certified already that no heir is possible, but that is not sufficient, and the young woman must remain for ten months of her widowhood to make sure. At the end of that time she will take up her residence on the little island of Lacrima, and it is supposed that she will not live in Austria any more, but spend her time on the Riviera and in Switzerland, where a villa on Lake Lucerne is being built for her. This young woman, so unfortunately married and so tragically widowed, is only twenty-five years old and good looking, so that she may still make up for early marital hardships; in fact, Vienna gossips are already arranging the matter for her in advance and have discovered one or two successors to Prince Rudolf, who would do admirably.

Villard's Romantic Career.

[*From the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*]

Henry Villard is once more a recognized power in Wall street. He has been elected Pres dent of the Oregon and Transcontinental Railroad af er a desperate struggle by a majority of 16,999 shares. Thus begins another chapter in one of the most romantic lives of this generation. A youthful foreigner, poor, unknown, depending on nothing but pluck and brains, becomes clerk, newspaper reporter, correspondent, confident al friend of millionaires, specula or, millionaire himself, constructor of a railroad across this continent, guest of princes, dweller in his own palace that a prince might envy. Then the wheel goes the other way. Stocks shrink, friends deceive, enemies bear down hard and a big fortune made like magic is lost more rapidly than it was won. The palace is sold and its owner seeks employment to earn his daily bread. By dint of fine sense and invincible energy he gets on the upward turn again and is soon on top, once more a millionaire, once more a railroad king, once more honored, flattered and hated as only successful men are.

All Run Down

From the weakening effects of warm weather, by hard work, or from a long illness, you need a good tonic and blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives a good appetite, strengthens the whole system, purifies the blood, regulates the digestion.

"I was all run down and unfit for business. I was induced to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it laid me right up so that I was can ate to resume work. I recommend it to all." D. W. BRATT, 4 Martin st., Albany, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

CHINESE FARMERS RAIDED.

CELESTIAL METHODS OF FARMING DO NOT SUIT THE LONG ISLANDERS.

Ah Quah and Sing Sing Fined and Put Under Bonds by Mayor Patrick Gleason—Violation of the Health Laws the Charge—An "Evening World" Reporter Visits the Farm.

Sing Sing and Ah Quah are two bustling young Celestials who have deprived China of their presence for awhile that America might not be deprived of it. They came to these shores to gain the festive shekel.

The strange part of their story is that they did not hire a basement with dingy windows, hang a red rag up as a curtain and "washee, washee" all day long the soiled linen of the Occidentals.

Not they! Sing Sing and Ah Quah had souls above dirty linen.

They wandered by some occult twist of fate to Steinway, near Astoria. The lovely stretches of arable land decked with the unprofitable gayety of the daisy caught the almond eye of the Celestial pair.

So they became farmers.

They hired four acres of one Mr. Conover, and proceeded to set forth lovely plants which are full of nourishment for the human race.

They planted the foliating cabbage, the ruby tomato, the emerald cucumber, the gayly growing parsley, and the sweet sweet-pea. Others also did they plant, and their plants grew and were taken in the full maturity of their succulent adolescence to Mott street, where they were sold for good hard coin.

Thus, for a brief while, the golden pair prospered, and they led a life of idyllic gentleness and gracious toil.

But one day, in fact, yesterday, a minion of the law in a sky-blue coat swooped down upon the farmers two and transplanted them to the county jail.

Why?

Because, although successful agriculturists, Sing Sing and Ah Quah had liberal views on the question of manuring. They did not rely on the horse, the cow or the ass as their sources of supply. They got it elsewhere.

This did not interfere with the hardy growth of their China vegetables, but the weary artisan who toiled along the country wilds of Steinway, or the lovers who strolled down to Bowery Bay were smitten worse than ever. They were smitten by the perfume which exhaled from Sing Sing's recently fertilized patch of land.

They kicked, the artisans and the lovers.

They kicked so hard that they landed Sing Sing and Ah Quah in the County Jail.

This morning Mayor Gleason lectured them on their fault and fined them each $10. Likewise did he exact bond of them that they would not make Steinway any worse a spot for human being to dwell in than nature had done.

They gave their bond for $50 and departed with more American ideas of agriculture than they had hitherto entertained.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at the lovely farm of Sing Sing and Ah Quah this morning. They were not visible. They were suffering from nervous prostration on account of their confinement.

But Chung Lee was pottering around the farm. He is an employee of Mr. Sing Sing and drives the vegetables to market in a little rickety cart.

He greeted the reporter with surprise and sweetness. At least the reporter took this for granted as most of the salutation was in very superior Chinese.

"What have you got on your farm, John?" said the reporter, smiling.

"Keepa bowa mucha," said the almond eyed.

"Oh, indeed. That'll be nice," said the reporter, not wishing to let Mr. Lee know that he had not grasped the remark fully.

"What do you raise here?" and the reporter swung his arm around over the acres which Sing Sing had redeemed from sterility to the verdant China vegetables.

"Lassa day policeman keepa pass Cilly Hallee," returned the Chinese conversationalist.

"I am not a policeman," said the reporter. "Don't be afraid."

Thereupon the Chinaman, who had on a blue jean blouse and overalls, suddenly opened the wooden door of his cabin, and making a sign to the reporter, entered. The reporter followed.

Chung vanished in a little cubby-place and then reappeared with a box of cigars, which he extended to his visitor, evidently wishing to placate him. This was soothing, but it did not help to a nicer knowledge of Chinese views of agriculture.

John took a long-stemmed pipe, with a bowl that held a pea's weight of tobacco, and lit up himself. The cigars were for company.

"What is that? Opium?"

"No smokee opee. Opee no good. Keepa how mucha?"

The last remark was a question, as appeared by the way he raised his eyebrows, but what it meant heaven knows.

So the reporter smiled in an assenting sort of way and looked pleased, and then harked back to agriculture by asking:

"What do you raise on the farm?"

John looked distressed, and then went to the side door. "He must be going for whiskey this time," thought the reporter, but he wasn't. He went to call Wang Lee from the field.

In a few moments another fascinating Celestial showed up. He had on blue jean breeches and a white undershirt (once white), through which his hide gleamed like a counterfeit gold dollar.

"What do you use for manure?" asked the reporter, narrowing down his inquiry.

Wang Lee turned and took a small barrel off another smal barrel and then extracted a thin, round cake about half an inch thick and ten inches in diameter. Wang declared tha this was imported from China and was a perfectly charming fertilizer.

"Good eates," he cried, enthusiastically and daintily nibbled a bit of the dry cake. "Smelles?"

He poked it over to the reporter, who in the interests of science consented to smell it. There was no odor. He did not partake of any of it.

Further investigations were useless after this. They were evidently false, wily men where manure was in question.

Though the vegetables they raise are the same sort of thing as those mentioned above, they are generally different from the American variety. Thus the cucumber is prickly and has black seeds, and the cabbages are frizzly and of a strange color, and so on.

So the reporter bade them farewell, and Wang hurried back to the field, while Chung lit his little pipe for the fortieth time. Wang has a badly fertilized mustache and imperial, but he seemed very proud to have any.

There are six Chinese farmers in Steinway, and hereafter they will be more particular about their fertilizers.

"Gath's" Home in the Mountains.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

George Alfred Townsend, who has just sailed for Europe, is another author who has quit the city for a home in the country. He told me rather early one day that when he wanted to work on his books he had to leave New York. He has built himself a splendid home on the Catoctin Mountains, near Hagerstown, Md., about seventy miles from Washington. It is right in a historical mountain gap where there was a battle during the war. His place is called Gapland, and the rich family of Cramptons gave the name to that whole region. Although he has a nice home in this city, he does not spend one-third of his time here, and his intention is, so he informs me, to spend less hereafter. He has just finished his historical novel on Dr. Priestly, and is about to begin another laid among scenes along the Potomac River. It looks to me very much as though Mr. Townsend was to do less newspaper work in the future and write more books.

THE REALIZATION STAKES.

GREAT THREE-YEAR-OLDS TO RACE TO-DAY FOR $40,000.

A Noble Struggle Promised in the Great Monetary Event of the Coney Island Jockey Club—The Best Three-Year-Olds and Most Skillful Jockeys to Take Part—The Last Day of the Meeting.

The greatest event on the Coney Island Jockey Club's programme, from a monetary point of view, is the race for the Realization Stakes, which takes place to-day, and which, with the accompanying events, affords a card equal to any of the meeting. The Realization Stakes is for three-year olds, at a mile and five-eighths. The prize to be contended for is close to $40,000 and will be worth over $30,000 to the winner, the second and third coming in for a share.

It promises to be a great race indeed, for all the best three-year-olds, barring perhaps the Faverdale colt, are entered, and the most skilful of the jockeys will ride them. Mr. J. B. Haggin will start Salvator, who will be ridden either by McLaughlin or Garrison, both having been retained. The Dwyers will be represented by Longstreet, ridden by George Taylor; Senator Hearst will start Philander, with Hamilton up; D. T. Pulsifer will start Tenny, for whom Littlefield has been engaged, leaving Billy Donohue to ride Mr. Littlefield's colt My Fellow. Mr. Rye's colt Long Dance will also start and may be ridden by Barnes or Williams. The latter is here and the former is expected. Rancocas Stable will start Katea, who will be ridden by Johnny Reagan; B. G. Thomas or J. T. Clay will start Jewel Ban, and last, but not least, Mr. Cassatt will start Eric, who will be ridden by Hayward at 118 or 122 lb. It depends on the value of the Belmont Stakes which, as "Goodwins" give it, was worth $5,010, whether the weight will be 122 lb.; if less than $5,000 Eric is entitled to an allowance of 4 lb. and he will only have to carry 118 lb.

As usual THE EVENING WORLD will print in its Sporting Extra a prompt and minute account of the race for the Realization Stakes, together with all the other sporting events of the day.

Following is the full card of to-day's races:

FIRST RACE.

Sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward of $25 each, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to the second, the third to have $100 out of the stakes; penalties and non-winning allowances; one mile.

	Lb.		Lb.
Kingston	117	Bohemian	97
Gipsy Queen	108	Fitzjames	97
Sea Drift	102	Lucy H.	94
Reporter	102	Ovid	94
Brian Boru	99	Rizpah	90

SECOND RACE.

Double Event (second running) sweepstakes for two-year-olds, at $50 each, $25 forfeit, $15 only if declared by April 15, $25 if by May 15, 1889; starters to pay $50 additional, which shall entitle them to start in both races; $4,000 added, of which $2,500 was paid to the first, second and third for the first race; of the balance the winner receives $1,000 and all the subscriptions and starting money, the second $350 and the third $150; colts to carry 118 lb., fillies and geldings 115 lb.; winners 5 lb. extra, including the winner of the first race, Mr. Scott's Torso; three-quarters of a mile.

	Lb.		Lb.
W. L. Scott's ch. c. Torso, by Algerine	123		
Madison Stable's b. c. Devotress, by Alarm	118		
J. A. and A. H. Morris's br. c. Mucilage, by Kyrle Daly	118		
C. Reed & Son's ch. f. Petersborough, by Mr. Pickwick	115		
J. Croker's b. c. Prince Howard, by Prince Charlie	110		
Geo. Hearst's b. c. Anaconda, by Spendthrift	110		
G. B. Morris's ch. c. Jersey Pat, by Pat Malloy	110		
Dwyer Bros.' b. c. Flatbush, by Glenelg	110		
Preakness Stable's br. f. Livonia, by Longfellow	107		

THIRD RACE.

Purse $1,200, for all ages, of which $200 to the second; entrance $15 each, to be divided between second and third; selling allowances; horses entered to be sold for $2,000 to carry full weight; mile and a quarter.

	Lb.		Lb.
First Attempt	110	Ten Strike	99
Wynwood	107	Al Reed	99
Ernest	107	Red Prince	99
Boccaccio	103	Red Leaf	99
Highlander	103	My Own	92
Littroll	99		

FOURTH RACE.

Realization Stakes for three-year-olds, horses entered as foals by July 15, 1885, $100 each; $50 forfeit if declared by July 15, 1888, $25 only if by July 15, 1887; horses entered when yearlings by July 15, 1887, $200 each, $100 forfeit if declared by July 15, 1888; starters $250 each, to be divided, two-thirds to the second and one-third to the third, the Club to add $10,000, of which $2,000 to the second and $1,000 to the third; colts to carry 122 lb.; fillies and geldings 119 lb.; penalties and allowances; mile and five furlongs.

	Lb.		Lb.
J. B. Haggin's ch. c. Salvator, by Prince Charlie	122		
A. J. Cassatt's b. c. Eric, by Duke of Magenta	118		
Dwyer Bros.' b. c. Longstreet, by Longfellow	115		
B. G. Thomas's ch. f. Jewel Ban, by King Ban	112		
G. M. Rye's b. c. Long Dance, by Longfellow	112		
Rancocas Stable's ch. f. Katea*, by Mortemer	109		
C. Littlefield's ch. g. My Fellow, by Fellowcraft	109		
D. T. Pulsifer's b. c. Tenny, by Rayon d'Or	109		
Geo. Hearst's ch. c. Philander, by Wild Idle	109		

* Katea doubtful.

FIFTH RACE.

Stirrup Cup, a handicap for three-year-olds and upward, at $50 each, $10 only for horses entered by April 1, or $100, and $25 if declared, for those entered by June 20, with $1,500 added, of which $350 to the second, $150 to the third; mile and a half.

	Lb.		Lb.
J. B. Haggin's b. m. Firenzi, 5, by Glenelg	127		
W. Lakeland's b. h. Exile, aged, by Mortemer	124		
W. Lakeland's ch. c. Tea Tray, 4, by Rayon d'Or	114		
W. Jennings's b. h. Dunboyne, 5, by Uncas	107		
G. S. Mesch. ch. c. Barrister, 4, by Bramble	104		
D. D. Wither's ch. f. Intercurick, 4, by King Ernest	102		
W. Hendrie's b. f. Pee Weep, 4, by Pat Malloy	100		
W. P. Burch's g. h. Boaz, 6, by Fellowcraft	97		
J. J. Carroll's br. c. Eleve, 4, by Evens	90		

NOTE.—Inverwick, Pee Ween and Boaz doubtful.

SIXTH RACE.

Sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, at $10 each, $1,250 added, of which $300 to the second, $150 to the third; three-year-olds to carry 115 lb.; four-year-olds, 130 lb.; five, six and aged, 135 lb.; penalties and non-winning allowances; mile and three furlongs over the grass course.

	Lb.		Lb.
First Attempt	118	Le Logos	113
Tea Tray	118	Littroll	113
Prey	113	Bella B.	113
Ten Strike	113	Cortez	108
Wilfred	113	Vigilant	108
Alamo	113	Sam Wood	108
The Bourbon	113	Bob Forsythe	101
Elgin	113		

It is expected that Jimmy McLaughlin will ride Torso in the "Double Event."

A Wire with a History.

[*Philadelphia Telegraph's Washington Letter.*]

A bit of wire was introduced into our conversation at the Club. It was a silent, uncommunicative bit of copper, about a sixteenth of an inch thick and four inches long. Most any hardware merchant would give you a similar bit of wire, because its value would be so little he could not reckon a price for it. But this particular piece Mr. Vail carries in his pocketbook as carefully as if it were gold many times more weighty. It is a passive, pliant substance—an inanimate bit of copper, but it gave the first electric thrill that has brought the inhabitants of the world close together, conquered time and annihilated distance. It is a bit of the first three miles of wire ever used for telegraphy. It is a piece from the experimental line constructed by Morse and Vail, sr., when they were testing their inventions. Only a little of this wire, Mr. Vail, jr., informed me, has been preserved. After it was taken down from the experimental line his father used part of it as a trellis for vines on his front porch. Part of it may have been used in the construction of the line between the capital and Baltimore, but if so it was lost track of. It was from the trellis that the mementoes were recovered. "I think I got less than six feet of it," said Mr. Vail. "After telegraphy became a wonder of the world we began to appreciate the value of such a memento, and we saved what we could of the original three-mile wire. I have given pieces to a few persons who have been specially interested in it, and some was arranged on a card with a photograph of the original instrument, now at the National Museum, that was sent to the Paris Exposition."

Grant as a Wood-Cutter.

[*Judge Lanham in St. Louis Republic.*]

"Grant used to chop cord-wood in a peculiar way, cutting the tree all round instead of half down one side and then on the other, like the ordinary axeman. While President he visited St. Louis and I went with him to his farm, and passing the spot where he once chopped wood I said: 'General, the fellow who cut those stumps was a poor wood-chopper, don't you think so?' The President replied with a sigh: 'That might be true, Judge, but to tell the truth, I was happier then than now. I cut my wood, hauled it to the city, got my price for it and returned to my family and was happy; but now the burden of a nation is on me, and I know no rest. Those were happy days, Judge.'"

TRUCE IN THE GONFALON WAR.

Gen. Butterfield Is on the Ocean and Col. Cruger Is Not Yet Ready to Act.

The sixty-five silken gonfalons borne in the Centennial civic parade, which have caused such a bitter controversy between Gen. Butterfield and Col. Cruger, are still at the Twelfth Regiment Armory.

Though Gen. Butterfield's last communication was so sharp as to lead to a declaration of hostility on the part of Col. Cruger, there is necessarily a truce between the parties, as Gen. Butterfield is on the ocean and intends to make a four months' stay in Europe. Col. Cruger is very mad, but says he is not prepared to act at present.

Capt. Bleecker Barnard, of Company D, Twelfth Regiment, whose men carried the gonfalons, is still short sixteen of the silken beauties, though he resents the imputation that his men have stolen them. He says that they got but $2 each per day and they believed they had a right to those flags as perquisites.

An Ever-Present Danger.

[*From Puck.*]

"Yes, I like political life," said the candidate, "but, I tell you, you have to exercise such constant vigilance and sleepless care in one way that it keeps you perpetually nervous."

"To avoid being accused of dishonesty?"

"No, to avoid being accused of insulting the Grand Army."

Indeed It Was.

[*From Time.*]

"What do you think, chappie? Six of my creditors were at the house at one time this morning."

"That was a regular owe-vation, old fel'."

Effect of Travel.

[*From Drake's Magazine.*]

Mrs. Magnus—I think travel broadens one; don't you think so, Mrs. Lofty?

Mrs. Lofty—Oh, la yes. Why, I gain ten or fifteen pounds every time I go to Yurrup.

Instantaneous Pedestrianism.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

Bloodgood—Bigsby is a great walker. I understand that he covered a mile in ten minutes yesterday.

De Smith—Pshaw! With his feet he ought to be able to cover a mile standing still.

An Exploded Theory.

[*From Time.*]

"What do you think of the Baconian theory, Mr. Nood es?"

"I—ah—weally, Miss Vassar, I nevah could see any sense in those Baconian's a—and vegetarians y— knaw."

Would Do as Well.

[*From Judge.*]

Timid Youth—I have a poem and I want to see the editor.

Office Boy—The editor is busy. I'll do just as well. I'm on my way to the waste-basket now.

Historical Information.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Teacher—How many terms was Mr. Lincoln President?

Scholar—Two.

Teacher—And in which was he shot?

Scholar—The last.

Superfluous.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

Book Agent—I should like to show you our new cheap edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Vermont Farmer—Mister, you needn't show me any 'cyclopædias. My boy graduated from college this week.

A Useful Work.

[*From the Somerville Journal.*]

"Mamma," said four-year-old, reflectively, "did God make me?"

"Yes, Harvey," answered mamma, soberly. "God made you, for mamma's little boy."

"Humph!" said Harvey, after a little, "God did a pretty good job that time, didn't he?"

An Old Friend.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

Miss Sweetly,—Algy, dear, I have got a distressing piece of news for you. Pa has gone and bought a large dog.

Algernon Tightfit—Where did he get him?

Miss Sweet ip—Of Mr. Brown.

Algernon Tightfit—Oh, I'm not afraid. (So to voce—I made friends with that dog when I was courting Amanda Brown!)

What a Madstone Is Like.

[*From the American (Ga.) Recorder.*]

We were shown, a few days ago, by Mr. William Howe, two madstones which were taken from deer killed by his wife's grandfather, Mr. Bryant, in Montgomery County. They have been in his possession forty-three years and are supposed to be over one hundred years old. They are about the size of a small pullet's egg, a light yellow in color and light in weight. They were found in the stomachs of deer. One of them is broken and discloses in the centre a small piece of lead, from which we infer that these stones are produced by an effort of nature to cover up foreign substances and prevent it from harming the stomach. The formation seems to be gradual and something in the nature of an oyster pearl. These stones have never been used in cases of hydrophobia, but Mr. Howe is willing to have them tested at any time.

Trunks.

Full size 40 inch Trunk, Iron bound at $1.90;
former price $2.35.
Zinc covered Trunks, Iron bound, with tray, at
$1.98, $2.25, $2.60, $2.85, $3.15;
former price;
$2.50, $2.80, $3.10, $3.40, $3.80
Ladies' elegant leather or duck covered Trunks, Iron bound, Iron bottom, heavy clamps, with tray containing Hat Box, Umbrella Case, and double Toilet Boxes;
$5.20, 5.50, 5.95, 6.50, 6.85.
A large variety of Packing, Saratoga, Gentlemen's, and Steamer Trunks, &c. at greatly reduced prices.

Lord & Taylor,
Grand Street Store.

DIED.

CHECKLEY.—On the evening of the 1st inst., SARAH CHECKLEY, beloved wife of John Checkley, at her late residence, 302 West 108th st.

Funeral services will take place at St. Michael's Church, 10th ave. and 99th st., on Wednesday, 3d inst., at 2 P. M.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

We continue on our second floor the

SPECIAL SALE

OF

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S WASH DRESSES

At One-Third of Actual Value.

Striped GINGHAM DRESSES, trimmed, with piped band, 49c.

Checked De Beige DRESSES, Gretchen style, all sizes, 91c.