The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 6.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage.)

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

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,182

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

☞ BRANCH OFFICES.
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., NEW YORK.
BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
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LOCATION OF
Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

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29 *Murray st.*,	11 *University pl.*	

345,468 WORLDS PER DAY

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY!

MAY 7, 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,
President of the American Loan and Trust Co.
THOS. L. JAMES,
President of the Lincoln National Bank.

A Simple Problem:

31.) 10,709,520 (345,468

The average number of WORLDS Printed daily during the Month of March last was

345,468.

Average daily Circulation during the second quarter of 1889,

343,551.

The second instalment of WILKIE COLLINS's New Story,

BLIND LOVE,

will appear in the SUNDAY WORLD to-morrow.

Those who have read the Opening Chapters are delighted with the mystery and the plot. Don't miss a single chapter of this great serial.

THOSE DEADLY WIRES.

In a horse race there is much life added by the all-absorbing question as to which steed will pass under the wire ahead. For such an one there is glory, and for the owner and backers ducats. Not so with the human race in this city. To pass under the wire at all is very risky. Indeed, he who bolts the track altogether and shuns the wire is the stake-winner in the end.

Day after day the populace is threatened by dangling electric wires. They are said to be dead. Persons they touch are certainly.

There is criminal heedlessness in the management of these dangerous wires, and it is about time to make a salutary precedent in the prosecution of the responsible parties.

AN OVERDONE INDUSTRY.

The collapse of the walking match at Coney Island because of a lack of patronage is indicative of public weariness at such exhibitions. The walking match business has been overdone.

At best, when fleet-footed contestants are piling up miles, by which records are being broken, the sight is not pleasing, because the sufferings of the pedestrians are too apparent. Add to the natural unpleasantness of the scene a dull, spiritless race, with no probability of phenomenal achievement, and the show is stale and unprofitable. There is manifest a ravenous appetite for a rest from walking matches on the part of the public.

PRISON COURTESIES.

To the French is generally attributed the palm for politeness, but according to Mme. NOLLE, at present quartered in Ludlow Street Jail, Americans, and New Yorkers especially, can give the Frenchmen points in the matter of prison courtesies. This sportive Parisian female, who is charged with complicity in swindling a Paris bank, shudders at the idea of being extradited and subjected to the cold, impolite manners of a French jail. She likes the Ludlow street caravansary. The officers, she says, make it very pleasant for prisoners. Just so. We seriously doubt, however, whether the delicate compliment of the madame is very much of a compliment. There is such a thing as being too polite to jailbirds.

GREED VS. HUMAN LIFE.

The wicked negligence of the New York and Long Branch Railroad Company to place a flagman at the crossing at Little Silver, N. J., caused the death in a horrible way of four people yesterday. Why was there no one at that point to give notice of the approaching train? Was it because of niggardliness? If so, then the Company should be mulcted heavily for its parsimony. At what a fearful cost this greedy corporation saved a few dollars a mouth.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

The bank official who just now engages public attention because of his embezzlement of funds is young Hoyt, teller of a Hoboken institution. How did it happen? He speculated with the bank's money of course. And of course he lost. It is the old, old story.

He received a comfortable salary, but he wanted to be rich. He isn't, though.

He is poor now both in character and purse.

THAT EVIL TRUST.

Two Millions a Month by Robbing the Poor Man's Sugar Bowl.

The Sugar Trust continues to receive its share of malediction from the poor people who are being robbed every day by this giant conspiracy, and if it depended on the action of the people alone the Sugar Trust would be wiped out of existence in short order.

The people are thoroughly up in arms against the Trust, and it looks as though the proper authorities could not defer taking action against the giant monopoly much longer.

Since the formation of the Trust the price of refined sugar has been forced up from 5 cents to 9½ cents, and the combination has divided $2,000,000 per month.

"Just to think of it," said a retail grocery-man this morning, "the action of the Sugar Trust in increasing the price of sugar 40 per cent. robs the people of over $2,000,000 a month.

"It is an enormous amount of money, an amount far beyond what we can realize, and it is a shame that the consumers should be compelled to pay this enormous tax. I think that they should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

"Another reason why sugar is so dear is that the wholesale grocers have combined to raise the price, or rather, to use their own language, add a quarter of a cent to refiners' price to pay them for handling the stuff.

"Their aim is that they have been selling sugar at a loss during all these year and that now they want to make enough to pay them to continue selling it.

"That is all bosh in my opinion. Their action is actuated by a desire to jump in while they have a chance and make more.

"The claim that they have been losing and that the extra quarter of a cent will just pay them is absurd on the face of it. The idea that it costs one-quarter of a cent a pound to handle it, why, it's downright nonsense," he concluded.

"I think so, too," said a woman who was in the store at the time.

"These stories are simply lies manufactured to deceive the public. It is a shame that they should be allowed to go on the way they are, and it seems to me there must be some way to stop them.

"Since sugar went up I have been compelled to do with less of other things, such as bread and meat, and to reduce the consumption of sugar in the bargain.

"There are many poor families who eat a loaf of bread less every day than they did before," she concluded as she left the store.

Belva Lockwood writes the SUNDAY WORLD of Lax Marriage Customs in Paris.

Has Any One Found This Pocketbook.

A working-girl on her way home to 129 Garden street, Hoboken, on Wednesday evening, between 5.30 and 6.30 o'clock, lost her pocketbook, she thinks on the Ninth avenue Elevated road. The pocketbook was of black leather, and contained a $5 bill, about 30 cents in change, one Hoboken ferry ticket, a key, and a silver pencil and pin. She cannot afford to lose it, and would like it returned.

Don't Miss Wilkie Collins's Latest Story, "Blind Love," in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Music on the Mall This Afternoon.

There will be music at the Mall in Central Park at 4 P. M. to-day by Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band. On the programme are favorite pieces by Auber, Verdi and Rubenstein and a cornet solo by Walter Rogers.

Belva Lockwood Writes of the Loose Morals of the French for the SUNDAY WORLD.

Very Green.

[From Drake's Magazine.]

Hotel Clerk—Good night, sir; mind and don't blow out the gas.

Green Guest—Don't blow it out, you say; why you don't expect a chap to sleep with all that light in the room, do you?

Malicious.

[From Texas Siftings.]

An author reads his latest farce to the manager of a theatre, who listens sadly without saying a word. The author says: "I wish to call your attention to the fact that at this one I have written, 'Here the Duke laughs.'"

Manager—He does, eh? Lucky Duke.

A Wide Parting.

[From Judge.]

"Do you think you could train this beard of mine to be parted in the middle?" asked Callow, on entering the barber shop.

"Yes, sir," returned the artist, "by shaving all but a small patch on either cheek."

Their Sixth Contribution.

To the Editors of The Evening World:

Once more we take pleasure in sending you our sixth contribution. Inclosed $2.43 is the result of penny contributions dropped in glass globe by our generous customers during the past week. BOLLE BROS.,

Men's Furnishers, 45 Cortlandt street.

Instead of Firecrackers.

To the Editors of The Evening World:

From the money my papa and mamma gave me during my sickness I saved $1, which I send to the Sick Babies' Fund rather than spend it for firecrackers.

WALTER ROSENBERG, 2325 Seventh avenue.

Interesting and Complete Review of the Cronin Murder Mystery in Twelve Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD.

A BOOMING FUND.

The Free Doctor Subscriptions Nearly Reach $1,300.

An Actors' Walking Match that Realized $40.

The Children Everywhere Are Putting Their Shoulders to the Wheel.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	1,234.75
Proceeds of actors' walking match	40.00
Bell Bros. collection	2.43
Kate and Willie Hennessy	1.00
Mrs. E.	1.00
Lizzie Lauth, 820 West 17th st.	.50
A. Linny	2.00
Nellie Hirsely, four years old	.10
Cash	.50
L. W. R.	.25
Claude L. Deshain	.50
Marion Fox Lan	.25
Walter Rosenberg	1.20
A. A. C.	.25
M. E. C.	1.00
Jessie Ehrlech's and Helen Ansbach's collection	2.00
A. A.	15.00

THEY WALKED FOR THE BABES.

Histrionic "Peds" Who Raised a $40 Fund on July 4 at Stamford.

A pleasing addition to THE EVENING WORLD Free Doctors Fund was made this morning in the shape of a check for $40, the amount of the subscriptions of a party of professional people who are stopping at the Hamilton House, Stamford, Conn.

The subscription was handed in by Mr. Branch O'Brien, who will manage Charles Bowser in his coming production of "Check," which Roland Reed made so popular.

The Hamilton House is located in a pretty spot in Stamford, not far from the Sound. It is owned by Gustave Frohman, of theatrical fame. The hotel is a rendezvous for actors and actresses, and there is at present quite a colony of them located there.

Among them are J. Edwin Brown, Joseph Adelman, Charles Bowser, Gustave Frohman, Mrs. Sol Smith, Alice Benecke, Theo. Benecke, Benny Benecke, Edward Benecke, Hubert Frohman, H. C. Winchrenner, W. Frank Calder, G. Rauft, Joseph Adelman, S. Gran, J. A. Kapp, Otis Turner, Branch O'Brien, P. Mitchell, J. R. Boyd, Joseph and Anna Hesdorfer, jr., Charles Jehlinger, C. E. and F. L. Crossey, D. Kaiser, Tony Grossbaum, Alice Brown, "Little Elmer," Clarence Cohen and Mrs. Ludington.

The Fourth of July is generally a quiet day out-side of the large cities, and the merry players set about to make the day an enjoyable one.

It was decided on Wednesday to have a five-mile cross-country race, and preparations were made for the event.

Shortly before noon of the Fourth the party was on the lawn preparing for the walk. The track was laid on the carriage road around the hotel, which measures eleven laps to the mile.

The "peds" were getting ready to start on their journey when Mr. O'Brien made a speech that was short but to the point, as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are here to-day enjoying ourselves; we are having a good time. There are many in the city who are not. Let us not forget them.

Think of the sick children in the crowded tenements that never get out in the country for a breath of air, and how much many of them need the care of a physician. Now I propose that we take up a subscription, in the form of an entrance fee for this race, to be sent to THE EVENING WORLD'S Fund.

"Good, good," said several. "We will all enter the race, but will not be compelled to start."

Mr. O'Brien produced a sheet of paper and in less time than it takes to tell it $40 was subscribed and the race was started.

Charles Bowser was confident of winning, and was disappointed at only getting a "place."

J. Edwin Brown, the winner, who is a son of Mrs. Sol Smith, was a dark horse in the race.

After the race the entire party had lunch and then went bathing. In the evening there was an immense display of fireworks costing several hundred dollars, and the festivities lasted until a late hour.

Mr. O'Brien called at THE EVENING WORLD office this morning and handed in a check for $40, the amount to the "entry fees," accompanied by the following letter:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The theatrical colony located for the Summer in the famous Hamilton House, at Stamford, Conn., held a joyous celebration Thursday in honor of our National independence. Among the sports was a five-mile go-as-you-please walking match around the carriage drive on the lawn of the hotel, there being eleven laps to the mile. Before starting this race I invoked the aid of those who desired to enter, and called upon all hands to pay an entrance fee, any amount making one eligible, the proceeds to be devoted to THE EVENING WORLD Sick Baby Free Doctors' Fund.

The result is the inclosed check for $40, which please accept to the same spirit in which the entries were made. Charley Bowser is rehearsing his "Check" company at the Hamilton House, and of all the entries every four made the five miles and they were all members of "Check." The time made I consider good and herewith append the same, together with a list of the entries and the amounts paid in.

J. Edwin Brown, five-mile in	45.03
Charles Bowser, five miles in	51.15
Joseph Adelman, five miles in	54.30
Gustave Frohman, five-mile in	55.20

Mr. Frohman walked her and took the entire distance; the others ran at times.

THE ENTRIES.

Mrs. Sol Smith, $5; Alice, Theo, Benny, Edwin Benecke, $5; Hubert Frohman, $5; H. C. Winchrenner, Bowser Company, $2.50; W. Frank Calder, Manager Bowser, $2; R. Rauft, $2; Joseph Adelman, Bowser Company, $1.50; Charley Bowser, Bowser Company, $1; S. Gran, $1; J. A. Kapp, $1; Otis Turner, Bowser Company, $1; Branch O'Brien, $1; P. Mitteil, $1; J. R. Boyd, $1; Joseph Hesdorfer, jr., $1; Anna Hesdorfer, $1; Charles Jehlinger, $1; J. Edwin Brown, Bowser Company, $1; C. E. Crossey, Hamilton House, $1; F. L. Crossey, $1; D. Kaiser, 75 cents; Tony Grossbaum, 50 cents; Alice Brown, 50 cents; Little Elmer, 50 cents; Clarence Cohen, 50 cents; Mrs. Ludington, 25 cents; Cash, $1. Total, $40.

I might add that I remained in the race for four miles and then gave up because I was accused of being handicapped by a heavy mustache. BRANCH O'BRIEN,

Business Manager Charles Bowser's "Check" Company.

New York, July 6, 1889.

From a Sinner.

To the Editors of The Evening World:

For the sick babies, from A. SINNER.

Collected by Two Little Girls.

To the Editors of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find the sum of $2, collected by Jessie Ehrlich and Helen Auspach for the Babies' Fund. We hope this small sum will help some poor baby.

J. EHRLICH,
H. ASSPACH.

Thanks: Received O. K.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did you receive a contribution signed A. A. for the Babies' Fund. It was mailed at Fifty-sixth street and Eighth avenue Monday evening, July 1. It contained a $5 and $10 note. Please answer in THE EVENING WORLD.

A. A.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL at 25 cents a bottle will give relief to infants teething. Try it.

"CLARA BELLE."

Her First Fascinating Letter to "The Evening World."

These Epistles Will Be a Regular Saturday Feature Hereafter.

They Are Read with Avidity All Over the Country and "The Evening World" Readers Will Have Them at First Hand.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEW YORK, July 6.—There are women "sports" in New York without number, and at this season, when horse racing is in full swing, they have a chance to go into business as systematically and openly as the men. In the Winter-time the women who gamble are compelled to rig up little "lay outs" in their private apartments, and the reckless spirit that rules them is known only to their immediate associates. The most thoroughly equipped private gambling establishment that I know of is found in the rooms of a well-known actress who is just now in London. But with the opening of the racing season the women come forth and play their favorites as undisguisedly as any one. The female "sport" is a type worthy of the playwright or the novelist. On any afternoon you may find her in the grand-stand at the Sheepshead Bay track, calmly and methodically "buying" horses from one of the agents who go about for the purpose. As women are not allowed in the betting ring they have to work through these agents. I was interested in watching a handsome but somewhat conspicuous young woman the other afternoon. With her was a fellow whom I took to be her husband. From their conversation I learned that the woman managed things as she chose, and that he was down there with her much as a child would go to the circus with its mother. But they were both "sports," and their discussion of the horses was in a purely professional language. She very generally had different opinions from his concerning the chances of the horses, and when she gave $10 to him to go down and place on Loantaka for the first race he pleaded with her to let him "buy" Belinda. But the better half remained firm on Loantaka. The race was run and Loantaka was the winner. Presently the husband in this little firm of gamblers returned to the grand stand. His face wore a gloomy expression and he seemed afraid to look at his wife. The latter said:

"Well, Billy, you see I was right, and you've won $14, haven't you?"

Billy did not reply, but sank into his chair, fixing his troubled eyes upon the surf that rolled in on the beach beyond the track. His wife looked at him for a moment and then said:

"Billy, were you such a —— fool?"

Billy nodded his head.

"And you played Belinda with that $10,

Billy nodded again.

"Well, you're a chump, and you won't have a dinner out of me for a week."

The tears were in Billy's eyes by this time. This appeared to be too much for his wife, for after telling him somewhat roughly not to be a big baby, she took his hand and patted it, and said that Belinda was a good filly, and that if she had won, of course there would have been a great deal more money made. So she forgave Billy, but for the remainder of the day she bought her pools through the agents in the grand stand. And out of five races she picked four winners, being unsuccessfully opposed each time by Billy. As a rule, I understand, women make more money in the racing season than a proportionate number of men do.

THE INSIDE OF A YACHTING EPISODE.

There is a girl of astonishing loveliness who has just become engaged to a middle-aged member of a certain yacht club, and, if I can believe the story that I heard from the unsuccessful rival of the yachtsman in the race for the sweet creature's favor, the prize was won in a decidedly unique and ingenious way. The successful suitor owns a large steam yacht and also a small racing cutter. On one recent afternoon, when there was a smart breeze blowing, he had a little company take a spin with him down the bay aboard the cutter. The beautiful prize made one of the party, and merry indeed was the dash out to sea and return, to the jolly tinkle of banjos and the pleasant refreshment of a champagne luncheon. As the cutter bobbed up the bay and into smooth water the company was sprinkled about the deck talking and singing, and having a generally good time. The beautiful girl was lying back against the mainsail near the mast, listening to the compliments of the owner of the cutter, who stood just forward of the mast. Suddenly, and before any warning could be given, the man at the tiller permitted the boat to luff. That brought the main boom round with a rush. The beautiful girl was swept without any shock whatever clean off the rail and dropped with a splendid splash into the water.

Without hesitation the yachtsman jumped over the side and soon had the spluttering girl grasped tightly in his arms. In less time almost than it takes to tell it the boat was rounded up alongside of them and they were lifted dripping to the deck.

"It was an act of inhumanity and foolhardiness," said the young fellow who lost the girl. "I could fox was willing to risk her life in order to place her under obligations to him. But it is just here. She has promised to marry him, but I shall be within hailing distance of her all this Summer, and if I don't break the match then I'll stay a bachelor the rest of my days. I have one last resort when I can't win her by honest attentions."

"What is that," I inquired, startled at the insinuation.

"I own that man at the wheel who let the boat luff. I got him a place a place on the yacht of a friend of mine, and I'll pay him $100 if I find that his testimony is needed."

It looks very much as though court-ship in these latter days was developing into a science.

THE ABSURD FAUNTLEROY CRAZE.

I wonder how much longer the mammas of good society will stand the Fauntleroy sweetness without nausea. I have been to Newport and Narragansett Pier within the week, and at both places a feature of the sights is Little Lord Fauntleroy in multiple. Chaps big enough to be boyish are kept girlish by this maternal craze, and the unwilling imitators of Mrs. Burnett's goody-goody youngster are often unhappy in their long hair and feminine touches of toilet. They are juvenile Grosvenors descended from Gilbert's "patients," really, for that effeminate character is realized in miniature by the Fauntleroy of the story. It is funny to see how some of the duplicates at the seashore incongruously drop the manners of angelic desuetude and become hearty roisterers, while still wearing the costume of sickeningly sweet goodness. The Fauntleroy nonsense yielded this veranda dialogue:

Mamma—Now, remember, Bertram, you mustn't run too hard, or you'll perspire and spoil your Fauntleroy shirt.

Bertie—Yes, dearest.

Mamma—And you mustn't wipe your nose on your Fauntleroy sash, or mamma will have to whip you.

Bertie—No, dearest.

Mamma—Above all things, remember under no circumstances take you hat off, because your Fauntleroy curls are sewed in the brim.

Bertie—Yes, dearest. Oh, cuss that Fauntleroy boy, dearest!

Some writers assure us that life at Narragansett is particularly slow. These have caught wrong glimpses of the place. They have evidently gone in when the crowd went out and gone out when the crowd went in. The people here have a routine, and their pleasures are taken spasmodically. About the only way to realize the immensity of happiness, beauty and blithesomeness which finds haven at the Pier is to stroll down the Ocean Drive to the little crescent beach at noontime and take a chair under the roof which runs the length of the bath-houses. You can't get into a hotel with a crowd because all the hotels are nothing more than good-sized boarding-houses. You must therefore watch for the contents of the long line of these houses to converge, and the best opportunity you get for this is at the bathing hour. Bathing is the soul of Narragansett. It is carried to the point of frenzy. It inaugurates, it sustains, it brings to a crisis innumerable affairs of the indiscreet and intoxicated heart. I doubt if at any other place in the world the seashore man and the Summer girl are found in such a profusion of callow excitability as right here on this short strip of sand.

A BIT OF SEASHORE LIFE.

A case in point. Yesterday I took a central position on the bath-house piazzas and studied human nature with its stays loosened, so to speak. I will not go over the old ground of description concerning the saucy costumes of the girls, though I will say that I never saw such an extensive display of unfastened curves. I was not surprised at the manner in which the men in a single garment, minus its legs and arms, and fitting them rather too well, would stand before young women who wore little suits that were indeed fascinating and chat with them across the safety rope. I had become used to this sort of thing in former years and knew it to be the best of good form. Every one knows how pretty the sight of a bevy of splendid girls disporting themselves in the playful waves is at all times, so there is scarcely need of my relating the interest that male observers felt in a remarkably fine figured creature who lost control of herself in the waves here yesterday, and was brought in feet upward, and deposited gracefully upon the sand with some very important parts of her costume disunited. As for me, I was a little startled, but as it is an occurrence quite in the order of events it is not worth mentioning. But a few minutes after the dripping naiad had sidled into her dressing-room to repair herself, I overheard a conversation which did fairly shock me, and I began wondering if these sea beach vistas of our damsels were not just a trifle dangerous to the impressionable mind. A boy of twenty and a girl of seventeen were reclining in the sand under an umbrella. They were both dressed for the bath, she in a pale blue suit which revealed every dainty line of her figure, and he in white tights cut so as to leave him as free as Adam. They were talking together with low voices, and were not aware that they were overheard.

"Ah, Mabel, what was the use of refusing to see me this morning, just because you were in a wrapper?"

"Why, I couldn't. How can you be so bold? I shall have my room changed if you come calling so early. Please, Willie, don't peep at me any more when I am in a mere chamber robe, is awfully naughty of you."

"Why, it's nonsense to refuse to let me peep through a door ajar at you just because you have taken off your elaborate dress and are in a muslin wrapper. What difference does it make? Look at yourself now, with only a yard of skirt and"——

At this point Mabel jumped up and ran for the water, the youth pursuing her. I watched them during their long bath, and noticed that while Mabel clung to one of the life lines and screamed, her companion held her—for safety—whereat she would scream the louder. But she enjoyed herself thoroughly, and when she came back to the bath-houses she was arranging her stockings that were both down about her ankles, and had to turn her back to fasten her dress that had become unbuttoned in front. Neptune is awfully rude.

THE NARRAGANSETT LICENSE.

The hour after the bath is a delicious, gay and melodious one at Narragansett. Before returning to their hotels to dine all hands crowd into the Casino, thronging the lawn and piazzas and forming an impressive and variegated picture as they dally with pretty ices and picturesque drinks. The drink part of the arrangement is somewhat surprising when it is remembered that Rhode Island is a prohibition State. A special favorite after a dip in the sea is the fragrant mint julep. The young women prefer this because the bunch of green which crowns it sets off so prettily the clean pinkness of their faces, just as ferns display the delicate rose with an added beauty. At any rate, I have counted fully two dozen juleps in front of as many girls during one sitting on the Casino lawn. A string orchestra discourses the while most entrancing melody, and what with the mutual loveliness of the gray granite building, the exquisite toilets of the women, their beauty and vivacity, and the blue sky blending into the bluer sea, the noon hour at the Casino is as fair as anything in the calendar of summer days. It is not unusual to see a girl seated alone at a little table with a glass of mildly alcoholic beverage before her. It does her no discredit, according to usage here. The same maiden wouldn't think of doing such a thing at Saratoga or Long Branch, Narragansett has special privileges of laxity.

Let me give a pointer to young New Yorkers of the masculine gender, and at the same time give away certain of my sex at Narragansett. If you are an utter stranger you wander idly about the piazzas, the beach, the cliffs, and always the feminine eye regards your movements. You need not bother yourself about meeting with these pretty creatures. Time and chance will look out for that. One of them simply has to say: "I would like to know that fellow," and she knows him within half an hour. The last resort is to request the hotel clerk to lead the victim up to his fate, as was the case with a by no means good-looking young fellow who came down from New York one Saturday night to stop over Sunday. This young man had thought of no greater luxuries during his little outing than a change of fare, a swim and a ride. But after eating his supper on Saturday night he discovered that he was not to be let off so easily. He had lounged up to the parlor door in his hotel to watch the dancing, for a quite pretentious ball was going on, and, while leaning gracefully against the jamb a group of women espied him. The ringleader—a very sweet and stately blonde, shrouded in diaphanous draperies—discussed the situation for a moment with her friends, and then began searching for some one to perform the act of bringing the lamb to the shrine. She met the obliging young clerk of the house coming away from the ice-water tank in the office, and to him she indicated the innocent New York youth at the door of the parlor. The clerk was not in the least surprised at the request the air damsel made, so he advanced directly upon his prey. The young visitor listened to the proposition made, looked at the source from which it had originated, and yielded himself up with a gracious smile. He danced the hours away with the truly lovely blonde, and ate ices with her in the refreshment room. The next day he floated her over the rollers in the bath, on Sunday night he strolled about the piazzas with her—there are no electric-lights at Narragansett—and when he started for New York next morning he promised he would be down every Saturday night for the remainder of the Summer. There is no easier place on the coast to meet beautiful girls, and to have a better time after you do meet them, than at this same jolly Narragansett Pier.

A DESPERATE CASE.

There are women who are bristlingly against all men when travelling unattended. They seem to feel that safety lies alone in resolving themselves into porcupines and shooting barbs at everybody masculine who faces them. I saw a woman return to a hotel after having missed a train.

"Why," said the clerk, "didn't you make the train."

"Sir," replied the irate woman, "I'm not a manufacturer."

"I mean," corrected the clerk, "didn't you get there in time?"

"No; I arrived in a coupe."

"My intention is to ask if—if you succeeded in boarding the train?"

"Any train that wants board can come to this hotel for all me."

The clerk gathered himself for a last effort. "I simply mean did you catch the train," he yelled.

"No," yelled back the guest. "I didn't know it was contagious."

Just as though a woman on a tour hadn't more important things than hotel clerks to overcome. Were you ever in a breakdown? One forgets all about accidents when on the cars a great deal. Besides these jolly little drop-in-a-nickel-and-take-out-an-insurance-policy slot machines around stations make one feel safe. As a matter of fact, having an insurance certificate in your pocket does not really improve a neck-breaking, but there is certainly a soothing sound about the combination of words in life insurance, or, better still as they put it in Canada, life assurance.

Not to speak of the real break downs I have been in, I remember one or two baby ones, just enough to scare the men to death. It is really a great thing if one is perfectly self-possessed, and able to watch how other people bolt for the doors, instead of oneself bolting. When a car, for instance, locks wheels with another on a side track, and lifts gently and steadily into the air, with every evidence of an intention to continue the tilt on one side until the vehicle tumbles entirely over. That is the time the men drop everything and plunge to the ends of the cars. Then, as the locking stops, and the car comes to a slantindicular standstill, back they plunge, telling the women they had left not to be frightened, but to cling to them.

HUMAN NATURE IN A SMASH-UP.

A real smash up is another matter. The car runs comfortably along. Suddenly there is an utter stop, and then a terrifying, reactive, forward movement. It is the rebound that knocks your teeth loose. Every one lunges over the back of the seat in front, and except for the cracking of timbers, there is utter silence for an instant. All did their great shout at the first shock. Presently voices are lifted. People shriek for the most idiotic things. Women with both feet stuck fast in the catch-all overhead, yell that they have dropped their smelling salts. Dudes with their heads smashed half way down their collars, and their boots knocked up above their knees, wail that they can't find their eyeglasses. Children, with ears half peeled off, occupy themselves scraping up oranges and candy lost by the peddler when he plunged into the coal box. Those who can find their feet lose their heads, and tear up and down the aisle, climbing over dislocated seats and into disembowelled lunch baskets. And the popular cry is: "What is it, conductor?" Curiosity is, after all, a dominant passion. Somebody tells you an old friend is dead.

"What did he die of?" say you, in an awe-struck voice.

It is wonderful, too, how good-natured people are in a smashup. Everybody helps everybody; everybody makes the best of everything.

When a long journey runs smoothly people are apt to get to hating each other as the miles go by, but just let a smash-up come, and you cling to the man next to you as if he were an old friend or a doctor. You simply have to be sociable when it comes to sitting on a rail fence fifty miles from nowhere, and waiting for some stray car to come along and pick you up.

Then perhaps there is a ride in the end car of a freight train. You know freight cars are not strung together with spring arrangements between, as are passenger cars; so when such a train comes to a halt, each particular car bumps against every other car, and the last car gets every separate bump and its own included. If the train is long, you feel, by the time the cars come to a dead stop, that your interior has completely faced around, and that your backbone is afloat in sections, heaven knows where. I did an awful freight train ride once after a smash-up. Among all the merry, sociable crowd of wrecked travellers one man sat apart, wild-eyed and wordless. At last some one whispered that he was a hoodoo. He had started weeks before from San Francisco for New York. He had missed every connection up to date, and this was his third smash-up. He had lost something like a week so far, and had begun to give up getting anywhere, much less reaching New York. A few miles further on the train stopped while a cow was induced to get off the track. The hoodoo went out on the platform, and as we started up he quietly, hopelessly and passively fell off. He didn't even run after us, or wave his hat, or shout. He just sat on the track, and I could see tears trickling down his sunken cheeks. I have often wondered if he has reached New York yet.

CLARA BELLE.

[Copyright, 1889.]

Complete Review of the Cronin Murder Mystery from Beginning to End in the SUNDAY WORLD.

A Discouraged Humorist.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Mr. Phoneyman—Now that the attempt has been made to murder the Czar, isn't it a good time for me to get in that little joke of mine about the Emperor of Russia getting into his Czar coffagus?

Managing Editor—Not unless you want to get into one of your own.

Bill Nye Visits Paris—Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great Success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. **It is Merit that Wins,** and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it has given this medicine a popularity and sale greater than any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries Lowell, Mass. Give it a trial.

SOME JOKERS' GYRATIONS.

BUBBLES AND SPRAY FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF HUMOR.

Fatal Previousness.

[From Judge.]

Theatrical Aspirant—I've been an amateur for some time, and now that I've got a divorce I want to go on the regular stage.

Manager—I'm afr id you've made a mistake, madam. You should have saved the divorce to bill with your first season.

Black Ingratitude.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Mother—Dar, now, I done tole you not to play wid dem white childens. Dey lick all de 'lasses off yer bread and den call yer nigger!

To Insure Quick Delivery.

[From the Pittsburgh Bulletin.]

"But, Johnny, how could it take you so long to post the letter for uncle in the Post-Office?"

"Oh, I did not go to the Post-Office at all, mamma, but to the letter-box just in front of his house, so that he would get it sooner."

A Woman's Sarcasm.

[From the Boston Courier.]

"You'll never die of consumption, John," said a wife to husband when he came home at a late hour a bit le the worse for wear.

"I won't die of consumption. What makes you think so?"

"Because your lungs are sound."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Because your breath is so strong."

He Had Satisfaction.

[From Judge.]

Irate Father (entering parlor suddenly)—See here, you young sprig! what you trying to hold my daughter for? She's got too much modesty to sanction any nonsense like that, I'm sure."

Young Sprig—On the contrary, sir, I find that modesty sits exceedingly well on youth.

How He Was Caught.

[From Time.]

Outcast—Please mum could you help an unfortunate man who was caught in an elevator and laid up for six months.

Old Lady—Poor man; here's a dollar for you. How did you happen to get caught?

(Pocketing the dollar) "The police was too quick for me, mum."

Bill Nye Writes of His First Ocean Voyage and How Paris Strikes Him, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Exceeded Her Expectations.

[From Judge.]

After the honeymoon.

"Alfred."

"What is it, dearest?"

"You'll take me to the seaside this Summer, won't you?"

"Now, you know, darling, that I can't get away; but if you don't mind going by yourself"——

"Oh, Alfred, how nice you are! That was ever so much better than I could have hoped."

Everybody Who Enjoys Wilkie Collins's Famous Romances Will Eagerly Read "Blind Love," His Last Story, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

According to Hoyle.

[From the Binghamton Republican.]

The King of Uriwandi has three wives, whom he pounds unmercifully when he gets drunk. His course is approved by Hoyle, we believe. A king full always beats three queens.

Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story, "Blind Love," Now Opening in the SUNDAY WORLD.

A Useless Question.

[From Judge.]

"We would like to see your mother if she is not engaged."

Seven-Year-Old Engaged? Goodness, she was engaged long ago and got married before I was born.

All Readers of Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Stories Will Read "Blind Love," His Latest Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

No Meetings Held.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Philadelphian.—So you have Browning clubs and Shakespeare clubs in St. Louis? I am very glad to hear it, and as you are to be in this city some time I hope you will join some of our literary societies.

St. Louis Man—With pleasure.

"The meetings are held——"

"Meetings? Um—er—, I don't care to belong to literary societies that hold meetings. Ours never meet. Too tiresome, you know."

Bill Nye on Board Ship—Read the SUNDAY WORLD

Genuine.

[From Time.]

Elsie—Why has Mrs. Moneybags a negro for a tiger when she drives out?

Ada—He's not a negro; he is from Hindustan, a regular Bengal tiger.

The History of the Great Cronin Murder Mystery in Twelve Chapters in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Social Entertainments.

[From Judge.]

Boston Girl—Are the people in Kansas City very fond of social amusements, Miss Cattleboy?

Kansas City Girl—Oh, yes, indeed. Just before I left home we had one of the most *recherche* barbecues ever held in the West.

Second Instalment of "Blind Love," Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

In the Kansas City Board of Aldermen.

[From Judge.]

President—Did you make a motion, Mr. Sickes?

Alderman Sickers (putting his revolver back)—I did; but I'll take it back. I thought my colleague on th' right was going ter pull a bowie.