The World

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Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

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7 Murray st., 1264 Broadway, 985 Madison ave.
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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.

A CONSIDERATE CHARITY.

The systematic method of affording relief to the sick children in the tenements adopted by THE EVENING WORLD will commend itself to all. The city is districted, and competent and faithful physicians assigned to each district. Thus the work is thoroughly done. The needy ones are known, and their sufferings promptly alleviated, so far as it is within the power of medical skill to do so.

The most commendable feature of the charity, however, is the consideration shown for the feelings of the unfortunate poor who are aided from the Fund. THE EVENING WORLD recognizes the existence among the worthy people who struggle for livelihood amid surroundings of poverty of a repugnance to publicity of their sorrowful condition. Those who are the recipients of the bounty of the Sick Babies' Fund are not humiliated by the publication of their names, and are spared the portrayal of their misery in the public prints. We are sure that those contributing to the fund have sufficient confidence in THE EVENING WORLD to trust it with the conscientious distribution of the money confided to its keeping, without such a publication of details as would wound the pride of the beneficiaries.

It is this recognition of their sensitiveness in the matter of advertising them which opens the doors of many a home of the disease-stricken ones to THE EVENING WORLD Medical Corps which would otherwise be barred. There is a right way and a wrong way to go about doing good, and, of course, in the management of the Sick Babies' Fund the right way is adopted.

POST-MORTEM IRE.

The reputable citizens of Charleston, S. C., are just awakening to the serious injury done to the fair fame of that community by the acquittal of McDow, the murderer of Editor DAWSON, after a trial that was simply a farce. The energy are now crying out from the pulpits against the condonation of a foul crime, the press is getting its voice again after a period of remarkable dumbness, and all the better elements of society deplore the manifest presence of such a lawless spirit in their midst.

It is rather late in the day for them to learn that such a proceeding as the acquittal of McDow is a deadly blow at the prosperity of their city. They should have had more foresight, rather than so much hindsight. Had they never heard "a stitch in time saves nine?" The sincerity of their present pretensions to lofty indignation will be best proven by the ultimate fate of the public officials through whose laxness the murderer went unwhipped of justice.

THE FALL OF HERR MOST.

That erstwhile loud-mouthed apostle of anarchy, Herr Most, is no longer the idol of the followers of the red flag. An assembly of his fellow-revolutionists has denounced him as an aristocrat and unworthy of their homage. This blow has fallen upon Most, probably, in consequence of his conservatism born of incarceration on Blackwell's Island.

There is nothing so cooling to the ardor of an Anarchist as to feel the strong arm of the law. The yawning of a jail door before a ranting flaunter of the red flag is calculated to close his beak. When some of the fierce denunciators of Most have tasted the bitterness of the gall of imprisonment, they too will learn that discretion is the better part of valor.

Although Herr Most is consigned to the outer darkness of Aristocracy, it will doubtless become time before he is admitted to the fold of the Four Hundred.

WELL DONE, MESSRS. GIANTS!

All New York rejoices at the superb victory of the Giants over the Cleveland aggregation on Saturday last. Always proud of its great ball-players, New York, since their rout of the Ohio hustlers, is prouder than ever of them.

It would now seem that the champions are safely intrenched in second place, and it remains for them to press forward resolutely towards the goal of first place, now held by Boston. Do not flag in the race, Messrs. Giants! There awaits you a crown of glory if you play winning ball to the end.

RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS AGENT.

That was a cunning trick whereby a barkeeper sought to evade the Sunday Liquor Law, but it did not work. The concoctor of spirituous drinks left a friend to tend bar while he went out yesterday, and the obliging friend having been arrested for selling liquor on Sunday, the plea was put in that the barkeeper could not be guilty as he didn't do the selling. The plea was also made, that, not being a barkeeper, the obliging friend ought not to be held. Justice SMITH enforced the old legal maxim that whatever a man does by his agent he does himself, and held the barkeeper. The head of the aforesaid Justice was very level.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Pickett, widow of the celebrated General, is one of the handsomest women of the languid Southern style of beauty. She is a trifle over forty and is a brunette, with rosy cheeks and a perfect figure.

It is said that one of the presents the Princess Louise of Wales will receive on her marriage to Lord Fife will be a ruby necklace valued at $20,000, the gift of one of the Baron Rothschilds.

Francis Parkman, the historian, is spending the Summer at Jamaica Plain, near Boston. He is fond of roses and horticulture, and for exercise takes a row on the lake.

During the first six months of the present year 1,522 miles of new track were laid by the various railroads in the country.

"Give in Season—Give Now."

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Naught is there in this city's history that should move more tender compassion than the condition of its helpless sick and dying children, and nothing is there more beautiful than the blessed work in which THE EVENING WORLD is now engaged. It cannot be that those who revel in affluence are blind to this crying need. Let the rich man give of his abundance and the poor man give of his little. Give in season—give now. THE EVENING WORLD is giving its energy and its columns, and many a tale of pity it does reveal. Who can read the story of the physicians' first round in THE EVENING WORLD of yesterday by Nell Nelson and not shed tears? Inclosed please find check for $10. I wish I could give more.

J. F. DOUTHITT,
84 West Twenty-third street.

Hot Weather Police Jokes.

Gen. Emmons Clark's appointment as United States Consul to Havre was the occasion of a capital joke on him by Major Kipp. The Major suggested to all who called to congratulate the General to address him in French. Here is the way he did it:

"Voulez-vous Havre drink?"

They went away together.

Dr. Bryant, of the Board of Health, had his little joke to-day at the expense of President Wilson.

"What will you do about the docks?" the doctor was asked.

"Oh," he replied, "that is President Wilson's pet. He takes care of the docks and I look after the doctors."

In Inspector Steers's room this morning Inspector Conlin referred to Steve McClave as a well-read man.

"So he is an American Indian," was Steers's cute response.

A Clever Scheme.

[From Puck.]

Lobbe—By Jove, this coming down from Albany every few days is mighty expensive, and the N. Y. C. won't help a man out a bit.

Robbe—That's so; but why don't you work some scheme? I haven't paid any fare on the Central for six months.

Lobbe—You don't say! Got a pass?

Robbe—No.

Lobbe—How do you work it?

Robbe—Come down on the West Shore.

Comparing Dinner Notes.

[From the Epoch.]

First Miser—Had your supper?

Second Miser—Yes; found a piece of bread in an ash barrel. Had yours?

First Miser—Yes; my wife baited the rat-trap, and I stole the cheese.

Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

Do not delay taking Hood's Sarsaparilla if you have a feeling of languor or exhaustion, which is often the warning symptom of approaching sickness. This medicine expels all impurities from the blood, creates an appetite, assists digestion, strengthens the nerves.

SICK BABIES.

The Corps of Physicians Hard at Work Among Them.

Nell Nelson Makes Another Tour Among the Poor.

Her Pitiful Tale of Poverty and Privations Which Abound.

More Children Died Last Week Than Were Born.

During the week which ended at noon yesterday, 1,187 deaths occurred in this city, of which 761 were children under five years of age. There were 745 births, or nineteen more deaths than births. The necessity for prompt action is obvious, and the more money received the greater number of cases can be attended. Let the dimes continue to roll in, swelling the Fund for this most admirable work.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	1,305.85
Bookkeeper	1.00
Ada's Papa	3.00
J. A. S.	2.00
[illegible]	1.00
David Hirschfeld	1.00
Little Girls' Fair	1.00
Baby Constance	.25
Gus Bowski	.10
F. S.	2.50
A Mechanic	1.00
Mac A.	.25
Lulu and Willie H.	2.00
H. H. Lehman	10.00
W. S. Crolby	1.00
H. G.	1.00
H. B. R.	.25
Mrs. E. Boehm	1.00
J. F. Douthitt	10.00
Belle Sutcliffe	.05
Three children	.15
Grace Moore	.25
Eli Claude	3.00
A Lawyer	5.40
Sympathizer	.10
Baby Nellie	.05
Wireman	1.00
Brooklyn Girls' Fair	6.50
L. L. W.	1.00
Cessalina	1.00
Dora Sampinsky	.15

200 SPONGES OFFERED.

Thanks; Please Send Them to Dr. M. L. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If you will please inform us where we can send you 200 sponges, to be distributed by your corps of physicians for the poor sick children, you will oblige, yours truly,

ISAACS & HEINEMAN,
Importers of sponges and chamois, 153 William street, near Fulton.

From Two Healthy Toddlers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We are two little toddlers whom, during the Summer months, the Long Island sea breezes kept rosy-cheeked. We are happy and healthy, if we are sunburned, and our only sorrow is that there are poorer children who cannot share our rompings. Please accept herewith our little mite and place it where it will afford some little one a happy hour.

LULU AND WILLIE H.

Candy Pennies Saved.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a little girl five years old. My grandma gives me a penny every day for candy, but I saved them until I got twenty-five so I could send them to the doctors for the poor sick babies. MAY A., Brooklyn.

It Is Never Too Late.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find ten cents for your Doctors' Fund. It is late, but better late than never. GUS BOWSKI,
208 East One Hundred and Sixth street.

Twenty-five Cents from a Baby.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am small and my purse is small, and though I'm only ten months old I send my mite to the Babies' Fund.

BABY CONSTANCE.

From Five Little Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1, which is the proceeds of a little fair given by five little girls. We hope that it will count towards the recovery of some little child.

JESSIE MAYCOCK,
ADDIE MAYCOCK,
HATTIE LEVY,
MAGGIE LUDLUM,
CLARA DUNNING.

To the Point.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $2 for the little ones.

T. A. N.

With Good Wishes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for Free Doctors' Fund for sick children. Wishing you success in your enterprise, I remain yours, &c.,

BOOKKEEPER.

From Ada and Her Papa.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My little daughter, aged twenty-one months, on being asked by her mother how much she was going to give out of her bank to the sick babies immediately replied "Dods," meaning a dollar, and as she is now in the country for her health you will please receive the inclosed $3 for that worthy object, the Sick Babies' Fund. Hoping it may help to alleviate the sufferings of some little ones, I remain sincerely yours, ADA'S PAPA.

Mr. Luthin's Generous Offer.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We inclose $10 as contribution to Sick Children's Fund, with heartfelt good wishes for its continued growth. Please announce to your readers that we will, until Sept. 15, prepare all prescriptions, from whatever source, for needy persons, at a uniform rate of 20 cents each, and in cases of complete indigency, where such fact is indicated by the prescribing physician, gratuitously. We invite physicians to avail themselves of this arrangement for the benefit of their poorer patients. Very truly yours,

R. H. LUTHIN, 191 Bowery.

$6.50 From a Fair.

A fair was held last Thursday afternoon at 747 Union street, Brooklyn, for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund of THE EVENING WORLD. Miss Ada Stout took the part of Rebecca at the Well; Miss Mamie Powers took charge of the fancy table. The cake table was under the management of Miss Mabel Copeland, Miss Maggie Powers took the tickets and had the grab bag. Miss Stella Stout had charge of the candy table. Miss Katie Twiss and Miss Harrie Powell took the part of two gypsy fortune tellers. The receipts, which amounted to $6.50, were turned over to the fund above named.

Twenty-five Cents from Gracie.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find my little mite to help the poor Sick Babies' Fund.

GRACE MOORE, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Hopes to Send More.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed five cents for the Babies' Fund. Hope to send more soon. From BABY NELLIE, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Soda Water Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Three little boys send to the Fresh Air Fund 15 cents that were given to buy soda water with. Hurrah for THE EVENING WORLD.

JOHNNIE READDY, DANNIE ALEXANDER, PUSH MONAHAN.

Thanks to Mrs. Boehm.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Baby's Fund. MRS. E. BOEHM,
315 East Fifty-seventh street.

Wishes He Could Send More.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $1 for Sick Babies' Fund. I wish I could send more. H. G.,
434 East Seventy-sixth st.

Blesses the Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find the small amount of 25 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. The amount is small, but so is the pocket. God bless you in your good work. H. B. V.,
H. S. I.

Where Are the Millionaires?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. With much surprise, as well as regret, I find on reading the columns of the paper that none of New York's millionaires have contributed, where they might as easily give a hundred dollars as I would a cent.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE CROTTY.

From a Mechanic.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Free Doctors' Fund. W. E. B., a Mechanic.

POVERTY AND SICKNESS.

Scenes of Misery Which Nell Nelson Witnessed.

It would have made your your heart ache, reader dear, and your eyes dim, if you could have been with us when we entered flat 24 of 7 Norfolk street.

It was noontime, and the hot sunlight streamed into the little kitchen. Not a breeze was stirring. Plasterers were patching the walls along the stairway, and the fumes from the lime were stifling. Over the cooking stove a saucepan of gruel simmered, and two little children under four years stood before the hot fire and fed themselves from long-handled pewter spoons. Poor children they didn't mind the fiery heat of the stove or the enfeebling heat of the sun, for they were hungry, and hunger dulls the senses. In a corner, his elbows resting on his knees and his face buried in his hands sat the father—despondent, helpless and almost hopeless from ill-health. At one of the open windows, seated before the little white table, was his wife, so ghastly pale and so very still that she looked as if she were dead in her chair. There was nothing on the table but a dish of gruel, and the poor woman was so weak that she could scarcely feed herself. The thin white hand that held the spoon trembled, and most of the liquid was spilled before it could be carried to her mouth

"My good woman," asked the doctor, "what is the matter?"

"Thank you, I am all right. My baby was born a week ago and I got up yesterday. To remain in that bedroom another day would have killed me. I do not know that I am alive; I seem to dream, I am so weak, and yet I must live for the child. Her arm is broken. We could not afford a doctor and the woman—well, she was good to me, God bless her, but the little arm is broken. Don't mind me. If you can only help the child I will be grateful."

In the crib lay frail little Annie, who came into being on Independence Day, handicapped by poverty and misfortune, while that glorious bird of freedom hovered above her cradle. Swaddled in a piece of coarse unbleached muslin the wee thing rested on its right side. Nothing was visible but the round black head and the purplish-red face. The eyes were tightly closed, there was silent reproach in every line that wrinkled the forehead, and the stern, almost contemptuous expression about the mouth seemed a mockery of fate.

The broken arm had been bandaged in a careless, clumsy way that was positively cruel. No splint had been used. It lay between two pieces of cotton batting and was strapped to the puny mottled body, the bandages winding about, first under the arm and then around the neck. When the doctor unwound the coarse strips the bit of humanity was irregularly but indelibly edged with red and blue lines. Nothing could be done. Splints had to be made. The doctor placed his note-book under the tiny arm, took a lead pencil sketch of it and replaced the bandages.

In the little ears were knotted brown strings which were not noticed until the babe was brought to the light.

"What are they for?" I asked of the feeble mother.

"Each is a knot in the devil's tail, and here's another charm," she said, raising the sound arm and showing the bit of red yarn tied about the little wrist, to propitiate the evil spirits.

"I had to put them on; they can't do any harm and she has nothing to lose. It is too bad that misery alone welcomed her. Poor girl! If Nature is half as good as the world she will live in spite of Fate."

The father is a teamster by trade, but unable to work, and the privations suffered by his family are harder to bear than his sickness. There are five children unprovided for. Clothes and flannels are needed for the baby, and unless the mother is provided with nourishing food she will not be able to nurse her child. The doctor called again at 5 o'clock, put the broken arm, which is not as long as a lady's hand, in a new splint, gave Miss Annie her first bath—in a bread and milk bowl—and dried her in his pocket handkerchief. Then he took a bottle of sweet oil from his breast pocket, poured a drop in each crease of the puny body and with the tip of his finger rubbed and rubbed very gently, but the flesh had chafed and the red lines would not come out. All through the treatment he was as gentle as a woman, and he did what few men ever succeed in doing, made a lap of his knees. The poor, pale, sad, sick mother watched every movement, praised him with her blessing and blessed him with her tears. An hour later the husband was treated at the doctor's office, and if the consciousness of doing good sweetens rest, Dr. Freeman's dreams were angels' whispers.

Another mode of misfortune was met in the baby in a half-clothed condition, so frightfully bitten by mosquitoes that scarcely a patch of skin could be found on the little face, neck, arms and legs free from the red contusions. For an hour we treated hygienically, the doctor giving practical lessons in the preparation of broths, baths, teas, fruit drinks, disinfectants, bandages and insect poison. I looked after the dresses, slips and little socks, showed one woman how to make a bed and another how to scrub her floor so as to save soap and strength. Soap! There are various kinds, and one kind is a brown bar, hard as a brick, strong as ammonia and so gritty that you can pick the cinders and ashes out of it. What do you think of such an article of toilet? Not delightful if your skin is sensitive. Well we found mothers scrubbing young infants with just such soap. Of course, the children's bodies showed soreness and irritation, for the lye in the soap would burn the hide of a pugilist. Next time we will go provided with Castile soap, for it is torture to think even of lathering the delicate skin of a two-weeks-old babe with the coarse soap used in scouring kitchen tins. As a result, we found dozens of little children suffering from scalding sores at the joints of the arms and legs, all of which the doctor treated with oil. Once he asked a parent for a little flour to puff over an infant's body which was burning red under the arms and about the knees, neck and hips. She smiled wistfully and said, "We never have any flour. Rye bread is all we ever have and sometimes that is hard to get."

We could have used a mile of bandage if we had it, for in every house there was a child or an adult suffering from a sore, bruise or scald. One boy of three years whose widowed mother washes for a living, was wrapped in a towel and a little woollen shawl sewed together. He was playing on the floor a week or so ago and the water in the washkettle boiled over and scalded him about he waist and breast. Little boys were found by the score imprisoned in hot rooms by injured feet—one toe had been chopped off, six soles had been pierced by nails, three were gashed with broken glass, two pairs of ankles were sprained and more were scalded than the doctor had time to examine. There were, too, sore necks, sore arms, bruised fingers, hands cut and ulcerated, and not a yard of clean, soft lint to bind them with.

Three children in a garret kitchen were writhing with pain, the result of cucumbers eaten the previous night. One wore a little nightgown as black as an engineer's apron; the other had on a calico slip and the baby was dressed in a gingham apron.

"My friend," said the doctor, after filling two prescriptions, "get strips of flannel, about a hand wide, and pin about the stomachs of these children. Put socks on the baby. Do so at once, please; there is no time to lose. Give the medicine as the directions state and I will call on my way home."

Do you know what the mother answered?

"I haven't had a bit of flannel in the house for five years, and the child has no socks."

Will some little baby, who has grown to be big, send me care of Dr. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth street, three little woollen shirts and one pair of socks for Susie D. and her two little brothers? I'm very sure the children will thank you and bless you, and I will coax the editor to print your name in THE EVENING WORLD'S list for the relief of poor sick children.

In a lofty tenement, at the beginning of Norfolk street, a ten-weeks-old boy lay dying. He is not any larger than a doll-baby for which you may 75 cents, and his wrists are not a bit thicker than your fat little thumb. He has some scrofulous disease that is slowly consuming his strength, and the flesh is withering away from the bones and hangs in bunches in his skin. He has been burned but twice since his birth, and the last time they thought him dead. The excursion tickets from good St. John's Guild are useless to poor Hinnie, for the lightest zephyr that blows makes him gasp. All day he lies in the darkest corner of the hot kitchen in an old cradle that has but one rocker. There are eight little brothers and sisters in the family. They sleep on the roof, and every night before lying down to rest, each on bended knees and with folded hands offers this prayer to the heavens above:

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, don't let it rain to-night. We ask in our Saviour's name, amen.

Three of the children have ulcerated sores growing over their heads, and neither has ever had on a pair of shoes. The mother showed the doctor their feet and asked how she could prevent the collections from covering the soles. He prescribed frequent bathing in warm water, friction and shoes and stockings.

"Then I can't cure them, for shoes are out of the question. We were all barefoot through the Winter; but I thank you, doctor."

NELL NELSON.

A $50.00 GOLD WATCH FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR

per week on the instalment plan. The cases in this elegant watch are warranted for 21 years. The movement (Swiss) jewelled. Only a small cash payment at first. A watch can be held in instalments of $1 per week. As we sell more watches in one city than next seven competitors in other cities, we can afford to sell a Lady's Gold Watch for $50.00 on this easy plan. Remember we deliver the watch with your first payment. This is much better than waiting ten months in a watch club.

Please call and examine these watches, or if you will send your name and address one of our agents will call at your house at any hour you desire with samples of several styles of watches and chains. Address Murphy & Co., room 12, 106 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$50 GOLD WATCH $50
FOR $38.
One Dollar Weekly.

Having the advantage of ample capital and special trade facilities for purchasing watches in large quantities, we can afford to offer at the above price and terms an elegant engraved, hunting-case, stem-winding gold watch with the world-renowned F. S. Bartlett (Waltham) or G. M. Wheeler (Swiss) 18 jewelled movement. The easy terms and good value offered should be a sufficient inducement for every gentleman and lady to supply themselves with a handsome, durable and reliable timekeeper at such a very moderate cost. Inspection of our stock is solicited, or on receipt of postal card Agent will call with samples.

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,
106 Broadway.

WON $35,000 AT A SITTING.

JIM RESCHLER'S WONDERFUL LUCK IN PHIL DALY'S GAMBLING HELL.

The Record for Big Faro Winnings at Long Branch Eclipsed—A Millionaire Gambler Who Has Been Almost a Tramp, but Discovered the Little Pittsburg Gold Mine—Twelve Hours with the Tiger.

A short lesson in bookkeeping:

In account with Phil Daly, Long Branch:

Cr.	
July 11. George Law, by cash	$30,000
Dr.	
July 13. Jim Reschler, to cash	$35,000
Profit and loss	$5,000

"Phil Daly would never risk his reputation for a paltry $30,000," confidently asserted a Hoffman House habitue the other day, when it was being fruited about that millionaire George Law had been inveigled into the gambling palace at Long Branch and fleeced to the tune of $30,000 while he was inebriated.

It seemed to be quite generally understood, however, that Law had visited Phil Daly's place at "the Branch" with some of his sporting friends, and had come away $30,000 poorer than when he went in to buck the faro tiger.

The play is always for big stakes at Long Branch and Phil Daly's Pennsylvania Club is the haunt of the most reckless of high rollers. It is a long time that has no turn, however, and the turn was called Saturday night by Millionaire "Jim" Reschler, who hails from the boundless West and was ex-Senator Tabor's partner in the Little Pittsburg gold mine.

Reschler arrived at the Branch late in the week, and was stopping with a friend. Feeling a little out of sorts he did not go to the races, but sauntered, a lonesome and a bilious man, into the various resorts of the Avenue. He dropped into John Daly's Long Branch Club, but there was no life there—only just enough to make him a loser of $700, after which he quit. The same state of affairs was found at the Pennsylvania, which is now under the management of Tom Jolly—Jolly in name and nature—and the suave Ed Marks.

"What's the limit?" says the Colorado man languidly.

"Two hundred to doubles and a hundred to singles," answered Pete, the dealer.

Reschler bought $2,000 worth of chocolate-colored chips and placed the limit. This was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and his stack of chips began to grow at once.

Players left the other tables and crowded around to see the duel. This was at 3 in the afternoon and twelve hours afterwards, when the Westerner yawned and looked at his watch for the first time, there was more than $50,000 worth of chips on the table before him, most of them in pure white disks, to which had been given a special value of $1,000 each, for the occasion, to avoid the use of a bushel basket.

Reschler played on two hours longer, but without life or apparent interest. For twelve hours he won every time except on the "case card," and his repeated break on that last play in the deal made him swear a little. During the following two hours his fortune waned, and fifteen of the little white discs passed back to the dealer.

Then, at 5 o'clock in the morning, Reschler arose, stretched himself, and with a request to the dealer to count up for him, got into his coat. He had won $35,000.

"Come again," said the imperturbable Tom Jolly, as the door was opened obsequiously by the well-tipped porter.

"Oh, certainly," returned Reschler. "I'll give you your revenge later in the season. Ed Walcott did you pretty well last season, but I guess I've beaten him," and the door closed on Jim Reschler and the bank's $35,000.

Senator Ed Walcott, of Colorado, made a winning of $26,000 at the Pennsylvania last summer, and this is what Rechsler referred to.

Reschler is a man more than fifty years of age. He is of middle height, swarthy-skinned and wears a big, stiff iron-gray mustache. He ran away from his Arkansas home and went in search of fortunes with the Forty-niners. He struck luck and had made a fortune when but a youth. He began to gamble early and lost two or three fortunes which he had grubbed out of the gold diggings before he was twenty-one. But he became one of the best known mining experts. In 1878, dead broke, he landed in Denver. He left a wife in 'Frisco, and, fortune still frowning upon him, he pushed on to Leadville. In 1879 his wife died, and Reschler went "way down on his luck."

At this time Reschler cleaned out the Little Church saloon for a grub stake, and while here an assayer named Metcalf, hearing of him, employed him at a small salary till he had saved a little and then he opened an assay office for himself near ex-Senator Tabor's store in Wild Horse Gulch.

Pete Finerty, an old miner, persuaded Reschler to go prospecting. They had little luck, and Tabor once gave them their dinner when they were starving.

Later they found a vein of $80,000 gravel, which developed into the Little Pittsburg Mine, out of which $30,000,000 worth of gold was taken. Finerty is dead and Reschler may gratify his gambling propensity as much as he likes without fear of going broke.

His winnings are the largest ever made at Phil Daly's at a sitting. He has returned to Colorado.

Her Tender Point.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Poseyboy—Oh, Miss Sweetlips! I throw myself at your feet, I——

Miss Sweetlips—Please don't Mr. Poseboy. I shall have to confess that I have corns.

He Was Prepared.

[From the Allegheny Republican.]

Jones—Why don't you lay by something for a rainy day?

Brown—I have done so. I'm keeping the umbrella Smith loaned me a week ago.

A Philosophic Memory.

[From Puck.]

Jones (turning back to hail the Congressman from his district, who has just passed him without speaking)—Why, Col. Bunco, you don't know me! Don't you remember Jones, of North Fork, who distributed tickets for you in a Fall?

Col. Bunco—Of course I do. Why, Jones, old fellow, how are you? Wasn't expecting to see you, you know. Knew your name perfectly, and was just trying to recall your face when you spoke. How's everything down your way?

A Fascinating Game.

[From Judge.]

"Oh! do tell me what you men have at your clubs," asked Miss Smarker gushingly.

"Well," said Jones, carelessly, "we have bowling, and pool and billiards."

"I don't know much about bowling or pool," he ke in Miss Smarker, "but billiards is that dear, delightful game where they have kissing, isn't it?"

Her View of It.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Now, grandpa," said a little Chicago five-year-old, as she entered her grandfather's study, "if you are not too busy, we'll play school awhile."

"All right, my child," said the professor, good-humoredly. "I am ready. Where are your books?"

"That is for you to say," said the little one severely. "I'm going to be the teacher."

The professor collapsed.

No Fireworks.

[From the Lowell Citizen.]

Ella—Well, Ada is to be married next week. I understand it is to be a very quiet wedding.

Bella (who abhors the bridegroom)—I should think they would want to keep it as quiet as possible.

THE SPASMS so common during teething are prevented by MOZELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. Price, 25c.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

The Maiden with the Sunburned Nose Who Delights in Outdoor Sports.

[From the San Francisco Argonaut.]

Along the Atlantic seaboard the female athlete is almost as common as the Summer girl. But she is a different type. She has few frocks, and those are not gauzy trifles of lace and muslin, but stern realities of duck and jean and wiry flannel. She has a skin rather than a complexion, the brown of her face meeting the white of her neck in a hard line about her throat, which she conceals of evenings beneath a black velvet band. Her curls neither go to bed in a cardboard box nor in mere little paper nightgowns, but are subjected to heroic treatment with a pair of stiff bristled, handleless brushes. She prefers iced ginger beer to boxes of candy, a stout racket to the reddest of parasols, sunburned nose to a strained wrist. "The Culture of the Muscles" to the most luxuriant outpouring of Ouida's muse, the chalk-lined squares of the tennis-court to the most secluded nook on pillared balcony or shady lawn.

The Summer girl's tactics, when she opens the campaign, are like those of her Puritan forebears, who, on landing, "first fell down on their knees, then upon the aborigines." But the female athlete makes war on none. She is the advocate of a peace policy. She is frankly friendly with all the men, politely defiant with all the women. With the boys, she is one of them; with the girls she is extremely gentlemanly, though, perhaps, a trifle stiff and condescending. But her manners are considered very enviable by all the chaperons, for there is a sort of splendid boredom about them, without the least suggestion of being either stupid or sleepy—and this the chappies have never yet been able to reach. She uses only slang in the rare moments when these same perfect manners are *en deshabille* and not to be produced at short notice.

When she goes for a walk she is always clad in trim, close-reefed dark skirts and coat, a stiff, high hat, dogskin gloves and polished shoes. She carries a tight rolled umbrella, loosely gripped by the middle in her right hand. Her walk has the real "Regent street swing," her elbows bow out in the true curve, her shoulders are slightly sloped, and, as she walks, her knees give gently with each long, swinging step. As for her manner of "giving the grin," it is said to be unrivalled on this side of the Atlantic. The smile of recognition starts more suddenly into being on her glum but handsome face than the lightning leaps from out a cloud—and he or she who can accomplish this feat has no more to learn in the art of "giving the grin." On meeting a lady of her acquaintance she greets her in a deep, cheery voice, pulls her cuffs well down over her knuckles after the manner of embarrassed young men, stops the car for her friend with imperiously beckoning umbrella, assists her in and then continues on her way down the avenue, creeting her acquaintances with brusque, decisive nods.

She has never flirted with any one. When she was eighteen, she was quite a chaperoned sometimes to wear an eye-glass, talk with an English accent, look curiously at her companions from under lowered lids, and call people whom she did not like "awful duffers," till she grew quite unpopular. But she has passed that hobbledehoy stage now, carries the eyeglass dangling at her buttonhole, gets glasses of water for exhausted and thirsty ladies, has a hearty, strenuous handshake, and has substituted a mild, "rather a bore" for the "awful duffers" of former days. Though she is very handsome, the boys would as soon think of falling in love with her as they would with the man who mows the tennis-lawn. One frank, preoccupied glance of her brown eyes would quench the flickering flame forever. Among the very youthful chappies the pale and delicate ones, who "can't play tennis, 'cause it's so awfly exhausting," it has long been the fashion to try to win love with her. All the best chappies have done it, so that of course makes it the correct thing. The Athlete submits to their devotion with absent-minded indifference.

The female athlete does not confine herself to any department of manly sports. She is a fine oarswoman, and has her own "single" in the boat-house. On sweltering afternoons, when the Jersey shore shimmers through a trembling veil of heat, when not a breath of air blurs the mirror of the bay, when the broad leaves hang limp on the horse-chestnut trees, when the tramp sleeps in the deep, cool wayside grass under drooping elm-boughs, when Bertie is wilting over his desk and carries two clean collars in the lining of his hat, when young ladies not female athletes are sitting in cool deshabille behind closed shutters, eating candy and peeping through the chinks at the great yachts drifting down the bay with idly shivering canvas, the female athlete, in rowing gear, sun-browned, muscular, imperturbable, wends her way through the still dust to the boat-house.

Universally Qualified.

[From Judge.]

Dressler (of the Athletic Club)—I thought you fellows were going to give an amateur dime-museum entertainment to discount the circus?"

Pason (of the Knickerbockr)—So we were, desh boy, but each of our men insisted on pawsonating the living skeleton and it fell through.

An Unbearable Insult.

[From the Jeweler's Weekly.]

Miss Terrier Jefferson (exhibiting her engagement ring)—Mistah Jewelah, am dat an eing a slap up simon push Ih'me stone?

Jeweler—Undoubtedly.

Miss Jefferson—I'll cahve de gizzard outen dat meddlesome Sai Washington. She done an' tell me it wa'nt nuffin but a imitation diamond.

Couldn't Stand Any Worse.

[From the Epoch.]

Mr. Curtis—I tell you what 'tis, you could have a far worse husband than I am!

Eunice (his wife)—I don't want one.

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