The World

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THE CASE OF MEYER.

By the way, why does not Gov. HILL take some action in the case of JOHN MEYER?

Here is a German immigrant of excellent antecedents, who, having served his term in prison on a charge of larceny, protests his innocence *after* his discharge, and asks for a pardon to remove the stigma upon his character *in order that he may become a naturalized American citizen.*

In support of his application is the confession of the real criminal, made voluntarily, MEYER's previous good record here, and a great deal of important circumstantial evidence.

This case involves the question of simple justice, than which there can be no higher issue.

Why does not Gov. HILL give this matter prompt attention?

THE EVENING WORLD, at all events, will take good care that the case of JOHN MEYER is not forgotten until adequate investigation and decision is made.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.

The failure, for a time at least, of the scheme for forming a Salt Trust is a hopeful sign. The foreign capitalists, whose co-operation was necessary to the successful carrying out of the gigantic enterprise, were deterred from subscribing to the stock of the Trust because of the lively opposition of the American press.

The brazen attitude towards the public assumed by the promoters of the Salt Trust, and the impudent assertion that the people's efforts to curb their aggressions through reductions of the salt duties would be powerless, were the climax of monopolistic arrogance. By it the people were aroused, and the expressions of the press were the reflections of public sentiment.

There never was a more offensive combination of capital attempted than this same Salt Trust. Its offensiveness did not consist merely in its intended robbery of the people—for that is the aim of all Trusts—but it was aggravated by its scandalous effrontery in advertising in public prints the announcement that the mass of consumers were bound hand and foot and utterly helpless to escape its extortions.

It is cause for joy among the people that this audacious swindle has met with embarrassment.

There is still potency in public opinion. By it Trusts may and must be overthrown.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The revival by THE WORLD of its warfare against that relic of barbarism, imprisonment for debt, is opportune. A new Legislature is about to be chosen in this State, and this subject may well be agitated from now until the assembling of the lawmakers at Albany in January next.

The existing law serves no good purpose. The idea that a poor debtor should be deprived of his liberty in this enlightened age is monstrous. The law as it now stands is simply a means of torture brought to bear by heathen creditors upon their luckless debtors. To place such power in the hands of greedy shylocks is contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

Let those guilty of obtaining money by trick or false pretense be punished by penal statutes, but honest poverty must not pine in a felon's cell. Abolish the odious law!

A MILIONAIRE'S BAD SPELL.

CHARLES BROADWAY ROUSS is an eccentric millionaire who is proud of his earthly possessions. He is erecting a mammoth building on Broadway, and is desirous of simultaneously tooting his own horn and encouraging those who may be struggling with poverty. To this end he has posted in a conspicuous place a placard conveying the information to passers-by that his vast wealth is the accumulation of but a few years, and that from a condition of almost hopeless insolvency he has become an opulent citizen.

The manner of spelling the words in this card is as wonderful as the career of the writer. To him "det" is no drawback, honor "brite" the best backing, and the "simity" dollar not a necessary means of success. To what extent he attributes his prosperity to bad phonetic spelling he does not say. It is probable that he was successful in spite of it.

START THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

Now, boys, play ball this week. Don't have any more trifling with those tailenders. The Phillies will try hard to lower the percentage of Beantown the next three days, and the same period should see New York's percentage go booming pennantward. In the latter part of the week the conditions will be reversed. So start the genuine triumphal march to-day, and keep it up with the momentum of victory through your re-encounter with the Phillies.

Did He Take It So.

[From the Cincinnati Porcupine.]

Mr. Softly—A girl winked at me to-day, by Jove!

Mr. Softly—She must have had St. Vitus's dance.

PUBLIC SYMPATHY.

It Takes a Substantial Form for the Sick Babies.

Proceeds of Entertainments and Fairs Applied to the Fund.

Children in the Front Rank of the Helpers.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	3,077.75
An admirer	1.00
Germania Bowling Club	4.00
A. Lange	.35
Maude and Kathleen	.50
W. B. Boyd	1.00
Sympathy	1.00
Effie, Gertrude and Leon Feltman and Lizzie Reid	5.00
Gracie	.50
Jos. Ben and Florrie	3.00
Alice and her brother	3.00
Morris Phillips	5.80
The Five Fakirs	1.25
Summit House Entertainment	18.19
Julie Portingall	2.00
Mrs. S.	1.00
Florence and Clara	1.00
Bath Beach	1.20
Willie and Lucie Endler	1.00
Ella and Frank Harris and Marie and Freddy Russell	7.75
C. R. C.	10.00
Cash	5.00
H. B. V. and H. S. J.	1.00

Not Deserted Entirely.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1, for the poor woman whose husband has gone to Canada, and who thinks God has deserted her. I send her this in his name, and tell her that when God seems far away, he is often very near. H. B. V., H. S. J.

In Hopes of Good Fortune.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Going on a long journey, and being everything except good, I think it may bring me good fortune to give $5 to the poor sick children. "CASH."

Wants the Work to Be Permanent.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please place the inclosed $10 in the hands of Mrs. Dr. Wooley for distribution to those most needy. Your charity is a most noble one, and I trust it may become permanent. Most sincerely, C. R. C.

Another Juvenile Fair.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We send you $7.75 from a fair held by four little people for the benefit of the sick babies.

ELLA HARRIS (ten years),
FRANK HARRIS (seven years),
MARIE RUSSELL (nine years),
FREDDY RUSSELL (six years).

From Bath Beach.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1.20 for the babies.

BATH BEACH, L. I.

From a Brooklyn Matron.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund to help the good work which you are doing. Mrs. S., Brooklyn.

Two Hoboken Children.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed you will please find $1, which you will please add to your relief fund for sick children and oblige.

WILLIE AND LUCY ENDLER,
West Hoboken, N. J.

For the Noble Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 to help swell the fund for the noble work which your enterprising paper has taken up, for the relief of the poor little sick babies.

RAYMONDIE,
FLORENCE,
CLARA.

The Summit House Entertainment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Last evening the guests of the Summit House had a musical and literary entertainment, as per inclosed programme, at the close of which a collection was taken up, the net proceeds amounting to $18.19, for which we herewith inclose you a check for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund.

FRED'K A. FOX, Treasurer,
East Windham, N. Y.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Overture	Orchestra
Piano Solo	Miss Walters
Recitation	Miss Fannie Trautmann
Recitation	Mr. Bachem
Song	Mr. A. Lynch
Recitation	Mr. R. R. Perkins
Song	Miss Maud Reiff
Recitation	Miss Elsie Trautmann
Duet	Mrs. Garsia and Mr. Phelps

Menagerie.

If you don't laugh you will be put out, and so will the performers.

PART II.

Piano Duet	The Misses Reiff
Recitation	Miss Bacon
Song	Mr. A. W. Phelps
Recitation	Mrs. Garsia
"Something Good"	Mr. Cammeyer
Chorus	By the Company

Dancing at 10 P. M.

A Little Girl's Good Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $2, which I've collected for the sick babies. I live in Brooklyn, and had to work very hard to get this money. The people whom I asked for money said that we have sick babies here to take care of. I was discouraged at first, but persevered, and think I've done pretty well for a little girl eleven years old. JULIE PORTINGALL,
329 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

Sympathetic Children.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept inclosed $3 for the benefit of the poor sick children of the tenement-house district, from ALICE AND HER BROTHERS.

For the Noblest of Charities.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $1.25 for the grandest cause ever instituted under the auspices of a daily paper, the Babies' Free Doctor Fund. Five of us each donate 25 cents to the above worthy cause, and hope that the success you will attain through your good work in behalf of the Fund will be unprecedented in the history of your valuable and peerless paper.

J. P., B. M., E. O., M. C., L. C.,
The Five Fakirs.

Another Gift from a Brooklyn Fair.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We once more take pleasure in sending you the inclosed $5, being the generous contribution of our good-hearted customers. We have lots of goods left and we will continue our fair for the balance of the week. We will sell goods cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere for the benefit of the poor sick children. Inclosed find papa's check for the $5. May God bless you in your good work is the prayer of yours

EFFIE FELTMAN,
GERTRUDE FELTMAN,
LEON FELTMAN,
LIZZIE REID,
478 Hancock street Brooklyn.

Money and Medicine.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Joe, Ben and Florrie send the inclosed $3 for the fund to supply doctors and medicine for the poor suffering children of the tenement district. A bottle of cod liver oil is sent also for the poor woman who needed it.

Children Set a Good Example.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find 50 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. Hope it will relieve some poor sick baby. MAUDE and KATHLEEN,
Harlem.

The above was handed me to send THE EVENING WORLD. I cannot help thinking that the children of this city are putting to shame their seniors in their practical sympathy for your Sick Babies' Fund. Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the shortest and one of the most successful on record. His text was: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." His sermon: "Brethren, if you like the security, down with your dust." Send me one or two of your subscription cards to address inclosed, and will try if I can do anything for your Fund.

MAUDE AND KATHLEEN'S FATHER.

From a Bowling Club.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find check for $4, being the proceeds of one night's bowling session at our club in aid of the Children's Sick Fund. We trust that other bowling clubs will follow in our footsteps, as every little helps. Keep on with your good and noble work and your reward will be the thanks and appreciation of thousands of sick, poor and destitute, as well as the admiration of all mankind.

GERMANIA BOWLING CLUB,
Terrace Garden.
HARRY WEILL, President.
L. Stadeker, Secretary.

A Workshop Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I take great pleasure in sending you the inclosed amount for the good cause of the Sick Baby Fund, collected from our workmen in shop on first loft of 86 Canal street:

Mrs. Katie D. Hoffman, 25 cents; Miss I. Streicher, 15; Miss B. Meltzner, 15; J. Frank, 50; S. Rosenfeld, 50; A. Harris, 50; Morris Lewis, 25; J. Bloom, 25; M. Hirsher, 25; Rosenthal, 10; M. Germansky, 15; A. Rosenberg, 10; S. Meyerson, 25; B. Horowitz, 25; Guteswillen, 10; Charley Adelson, 25; J. Weinger, 25; Max Nettler, 25; R. Mien, 15; Morris Finkelstein, 15; Morris Ragovin, 15; Davis Hirshowitz, 10; Max Cherlich, 15; Harris Ragavin, 25; Myself, 35.

MORRIS PHILLIPS, Bookkeeper.

Wants to Join the Cause.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The work of aiding the children of the poor as inaugurated by you, is likely to prove a far reaching and lasting benefit. I wish I could join in it. Reading the account has been to me very helpful. Please find inclosed $1. WM. R. BOYD.
Newark, N. J.

Two Infants Contribute.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a little girl six years old and my little sister Lucy is four years old. We have saved 50 cents for the poor sick babies. GRACIE.

The Death Rate.

The total number of deaths during the past twenty-four hours have been 117, 67 of which were children under five years of age. The causes are as follows:

Cholera infantum	25
Marasmus	4
Diphtheria	3
Pneumonia	6
Croup	1
Diarrheal diseases	8
Whooping Cough	2
Other diseases	19

WORLDLINGS.

Commander-in-Chief Warner, of the Grand Army of the Republic, was recently presented with a gavel made from the table that Gen. Grant used in his headquarters at Vicksburg.

A "find" of old furniture in a house near Alexandria, Va., made recently by a Washington collector, contained what is supposed to be a portion of the household furniture of Gen. Braddock, the hero of colonial days.

One of the best gentleman drivers of trotting-horses in the country is C. F. Dunbar, a prominent business man of Buffalo.

Chief Justice Fuller has the reputation of being the worst penman in Washington.

She'll Get Over It.

[From Time.]

Ada—Is Lottie bashful?

Lu—Yes, she won't even allow the New York *Observer* in her room.

No Wonder He Wept.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Smith—Why do you grieve so much about the death of your uncle? I know very well you were deadly enemies.

Jones—Yes; but still he was a blood relation, and besides he didn't leave me anything in his will.

Absent-Minded Fulton.

[From Puck.]

Jefferson—Come in here, Fulton, I want to have a little talk with you.

Fulton—I can't stop now, Jefferson; I've got some outcets here for supper, and if I don't get home on time I'll have to eat mine cold.

A Wrong Impression.

[From Puck.]

Jimmy Badgers (to his small brother)—Git on ter th' gal-boy, Moggy!

Little Lord Fauntleroy Halliwell—Say, chummy, got any chew'n' terbacker 'bout yer?

The Liver

And kidneys are organs which it is important should be kept in good condition, and yet they are overworked and abused by nearly everybody, until they become worn out, clogged up, or diseased. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all difficulties with these organs, rouses them to healthy action, and tones the whole digestive organism.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

WILY RICH DRESSMAKERS.

COSTUMES FURNISHED BEAUTIFUL SPINSTERS ON SPECULATION.

Nets Spread for Wary Dukes in Uptown Mediates' Parlors—London Raving Over American Beauties—A New York Costumer's Valuable "Tip" from M. Worth's Corsetiere—A Feminine Gossip Headquarters.

It is said that dressmakers occasionally furnish costumes on pure speculation and run the risk of ever being paid at all, the medium of this speculation being some pretty girl of good social position and empty purse who has a right to expect that she might marry well were she properly presented before the fastidious eye of the eligible bachelor, says a New York letter to the Chicago *News*.

There is a story told, for whose truth I'm not altogether prepared to answer, but which one hears told very often, about a certain famous New York beauty who has very little money and a great deal of physical loveliness, and who made the mistake of fancying that English peers cared enough about American beauty to marry it without fortune. She is exquisitely pretty, as well as clever and high-bred looking.

One of the rich dressmakers thought so, too, and hearing her one day bewail the fact that for the want of clothes she could not accept an invitation to spend the season in London offered to furnish her with a handsome wardrobe on speculation, providing that she would pay a certain interest on the money after she had married her Earl or Duke, as the case might be.

The girl jumped at the offer, for her looking-glass had always told her that she only needed the proper setting to make her a jewel which a Duke might be glad to place amid the strawberry leaves, and she firmly believed that a London season with beautiful clothes was the one thing needed to set her before the world in her proper light and enable her to popularize the fortune she bore in her face. Well, she got the clothes, and charming ones they were, for the dressmaker's artistic pride was aroused, and she wanted the world to see what she could do with a good subject. The London world raved over her. She sat for famous artists. Her photographs were in all the shop-windows. Her picture was in all the illustrated papers, and all the poor guardsmen and impecunious younger sons lost their heads sufficiently to propose love in a cottage.

But when the dukes and earls found she had no fortune, and that the fine clothes did not represent Government bonds or a pork-packing establishment, they came to the conclusion that she was too expensive a luxury, and at the end of the season the beauty returned unwedded and with no means of paying that dreadful dressmaker's bill, which seemed a mere bagatelle to her when she had sailed away to become an English peeress.

That was two years ago. She is still unwedded; that dressmaker's bill is still unpaid, and the talk is now that she is about to accept a wealthy gentleman with a curved nose and an Oriental surname who will not mind trifles of a few thousands for clothes when it means the securing of so beautiful a woman, whose connection will give him an entree into the fashionable society where he so longs for an opportunity to spend the income of his millions.

Some of these speculations, however, have turned out much more fortunately, and, strange to say, one of them was in the case of a very plain girl who had nothing but her witty tongue and stylish carriage to recommend her, and who with a setting of good clothes managed to marry an excellent parti. Within one season she had not only paid her bill, but had purchased dozens of splendid new frocks, for which she was enabled to pay down her husband's ready money.

One of the most successful costumers in New York took advantage of a hint she got in Paris one season from Worth's famous corsetiere, over whose corsage alone the great man milliner would fit his creations. This woman was very famous in her day and has been succeeded in her business by her daughter-in-law, though she left a fortune and the family might easily have retired from business years ago and lived on their means.

She had a charming little gem of a house in a fashionable quarter, and her small drawing-room was the very daintiest and coziest little apartment imaginable; there her patrons dropped in for a cup of tea in the afternoons on their way home and found a charming little table decorated with a bouquet of violets, Sevres cups, and a hissing urn drawn near the fire amid a circle of comfortable chairs, and madame herself in a trailing black robe cut by her friend Worth, with her white hair beautifully arranged in the style of a Pompadour and looking a good deal more aristocratic than most of her titled customers.

She was always full of the very latest news about everything and everybody, and never an afternoon in the season passed that there was not a knot of great ladies drinking tea about her fire and questioning madame concerning the very latest gossip, while some of their number slipped away behind the curtain of the next apartment for the last fitting of the satin corset.

It was a regular feminine club, and so popular and agreeable was madame, and so much did her business flourish under this system, that she, like M. Worth, used to retire for the Summer to an exquisite chateau of her own which had once belonged to a Marquis, and when she died she left a fortune of more than 1,000,000 francs.

The New York dressmaker went over to Paris one Spring for ideas, and while studying the question of corsets happened to see one of these afternoons of madame. She began gradually to feel her way to something of the sort here when she returned, and now her little boudoir and its tea-table are well known to all the well-dressed women in New York.

Groups of them may be found any Winter day gossiping there over their steaming cups while they wait for a chance to try on their gowns, and the woman who has introduced the custom here finds that it is well worth the expense entailed in saving the wear and tear on her customers' temper and patience while they wait, and in the attraction they find in stopping in there after some tires me day for rest and refreshment, which puts them in good humor and favorably disposed to consider questions of new gowns.

A Virtuous Husband.

[From Life.]

He—Is your husband jealous, Mrs. Swift?

She—Indeed, no! He has all the virtues—faith, hope and charity.

(So they adjourn to the conservatory).

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL produces calm and healthful repose during all stages of teething. 25c. *.*

PROUD MOTHERS.

Which Has the Greatest Number of Living Children?

Contestants for "The Evening World's" $100 Prize.

Some Who Count Up Nearly a Dozen Sons and Daughters.

Mother of Nine Boys and Girls.

I am the mother of nine living children. My name is Susan Rodier, and my nationality is German. My maiden name was Susan Schwalb and my age is forty-two years. Date of marriage, Aug. 27, 1871, and place, Waterford, N. Y.

The father's name is Edward Rodier, and his age is forty-two years. His nationality is American.

Our children are:
Marie Grace, born March 1, 1873.
Susie Martha, Feb. 8, 1876.
Edward Schwalb, Aug. 22, 1877.
William Schwalb, April 14, 1879.
Bessie Gertrude, March 27, 1881.
Amelia Agnes, Jan. 30, 1883.
Octavia Regina, Dec. 7, 1884.
Robert Schwalb, March 3, 1887.
Florence Edith, April 28, 1889.

SUSAN RODIER.
Potter Place, Bedford Park, Brooklyn.

Allow me to testify to the correctness of the above report. DR. C. C. BEADLEY.
Fordham, July 27.

Her Flock Numbers Nine.

My name is Franciska Dennler, before marriage, Franciska Morat. I was born in Hirlingen, Baden, Germany, forty nine years ago. My husband's name is John Ulrich Dennler, born in Berne, Switzerland, and his age is fifty-two. These are my children living:

Friderica, now Frau Lorenz, born 1860, in Switzerland; living in Philadelphia.
Albert, 1862, in Switzerland, married; living at Union Hill, N. J.
Louisa, 1864, in Switzerland; living at home.
Otto, 1865, in Switzerland, living at home.
Hermann, 1869, in Switzerland; living at home.
Frances, now Reinhardt, 1871, in Switzerland; living at 521 West Forty-ninth street.
Hulda, 1873, in Switzerland; living at home.
Pauline, 1877, in Switzerland; living at home.
August, 1881, in Switzerland; living at home. FRANCISKA DENNLER.

July 27. 521 West Forty-ninth street.

The foregoing was sworn to before me this 25th day of July, 1889.

J. A. RINCKHOFF,
Commissioner of Deeds, New York.

Twelve Young Hanrahans.

I have twelve living children. My name before marriage was Ellen Dwyer. I was born in Ireland forty years ago and am an American citizen. I was married on Aug. 8 in the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Avenue A and Fourteenth street. Father's name, Michael Hanrahan, aged fifty years, born in Ireland.

My children are:
J. W. Hanrahan, born May 26, 1866.
Josephine A. Hanrahan, born Aug. 8, 1868.
John Hanrahan, born March 29, 1869.
Elizabeth Hanrahan, born Feb. 29, 1871.
Michael Hanrahan, born Feb. 29, 1873.
Edward Hanrahan, born Jan. 29, 1875.
David Hanrahan, born Oct. 12, 1877.
Thomas and James, twins, born April 23, 1879.
Ella Hanrahan, born April 28, 1882.
Lillie Hanrahan, born April 23, 1884.
George Hanrahan, born Oct. 23, 1886.
All born in the city of New York.

MRS. ELLEN HANRAHAN.
Port Morris, N. Y., July 26.

The above is indorsed by Rev. John J. Hughes, Rector of St. Jerome's Church, 230 Alexander ave., N. Y.

Two Girls and Eight Boys.

I enter for the prize for the mother who has the greatest number of living children.

I am forty-five years of age, and was born in Baden, Germany. I got married June 30, 1867, at the Christopher Street Church, this city, by Pastor Held. My husband is George Rubien, aged forty-six, born in Lubeck, Germany. I have ten children, eight boys and two girls, all born in this city and living at home with me at 270 Avenue A, top floor. Their names are: George Henry Rubien, born March 30, 1868, at 268 Avenue A; William John Rubien, born Aug. 15, 1869, at 268 Avenue A; Charles Frederick Rubien, born June 1, 1871, at 434 East Fourteenth street; Louis Philip Rubien, born July 24, 1873, at 436 East Sixteenth street; John Christian Rubien, born July 25, 1875, at 436 East Sixteenth street; Edward Rubien, born Dec. 11, 1877, at 436 East Sixteenth street; Katharine Louise Rubien, born Feb. 15, 1879, at 270 Avenue A; August Rubien, born April 20, 1882, at 270 Avenue A; Christine Rubien, born June 5, 1884, at 270 Avenue A; Henry Rubien, born Dec. 23, 1886, at 270 Avenue A.

KATHERINE RUBIEN, nee Fischer.
New York July 26.

This is to certify that the above statement is true. Henry Rubien, 247 Avenue A; Anton Kempf, 602 West Seventeenth street.

Expects Only Third Prize.

I am a mother and would like to try for third prize, as I have six fine, healthy children, and my husband is the father of all. His name is John McWilliams, born in Baltic street, South Brooklyn, Aug. 10, 1854. I was born in Canada, May 16, 1856.

We were married in 1875, and my oldest daughter, Sarah, was born in 1876.

My second daughter, Maggie, was born in 1879. My third daughter, Mary, was born in 1880, and my fourth daughter is Bessie, born in 1882. My fifth child, a son, born in 1884, and his name is John. My sixth child, James, was born in 1886.

They were all christened by the Rev. Vicar-General Keegan, in the Church of the Assumption, corner of York and Jay streets, with the exception of Maggie, who was christened in St. Ann's Church, on the corner of Gold and Front streets.

I can get Supervisor Conly, of the Second Ward, to substantiate all I have written.

MRS. MCWILLIAMS.
22 Flint street, Brooklyn.

They Are Seven.

In reading THE EVENING WORLD of yesterday I see that all mothers can compete for your prizes.

My maiden name was Anna Smither and now is Anna Goode. I was born in Sussex County, England, sixty years ago, June 28 last, and was married in Allegheny City, Pa., April 26, 1849, to David T. Goode of Washington, Pa. He was twenty-one years old, and I was over nineteen. His parents were Germans and lived in Virginia.

These are my jewels that are living:
Walter B. Goode, born March 27, 1856.
Nellie B. Goode, born Aug. 23, 1858.
Dora T. Goode, born July 20, 1861.
Ettia M. Goode, born April 22, 1864.
Harry Clinton, born April 26, 1867.
Loten Howard, born Dec. 16, 1869.
Harvey Davis, born Oct. 1, 1872.

All but the last-named were born in Pennsylvania, and he was born in Virginia. All live in this city, except Walter B. Goode, who lives in Virginia and has five children.

Our minister has gone to Europe and doctor has gone off to the mountains; will send you a slip when he comes back. All of my sons can be Democrats; that will satisfy me.

ANNA GOODE,
101 Bergen street, Brooklyn, July 27.

Mrs. Gilner's List.

My husband is Louis Gilner, born in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, May 19, 1842. My maiden name was Mary Scheffel, and I was born in New York Feb. 22, 1843. Our children are:

Elizabeth Gilner, born Aug. 12, 1866.
May Gilner, born Jan. 15, 1872.
Louis Gilner, born Jan. 28, 1874.
Charles Gilner, born Dec. 18, 1876.
Peter Gilner, born Nov. 26, 1879.
John Gilner, born Nov. 13, 1877.
Katie Gilner, born Feb. 13, 1881.
George Gilner, born Jan. 1, 1883.
Henry Gilner, born Jan. 18, 1885.
James Gilner, born Nov. 27, 1887.

All were born in Brooklyn. Present residence is 184 Conover street, South Brooklyn.

MARY GILNER.

I have known Mr. and Mrs. Gilner for the last twenty-five years, and I take great pleasure in vouching for her statement.

PATRICK TOMAN,
145 Wolcott street, South Brooklyn.

Eleven Left of Fifteen.

Wishing to take a chance to get your $100 prize for my mother, I inclose the names of the children she has raised—fifteen, of whom eleven are living.

Her name is Sophia M. Murphy and she is English by birth; she was Sophia M. Mills before marriage. Father's name is James B. Murphy, born in Ireland. My mother is now a widow, father having died about two years ago.

The children's names are: Joseph H. Murphy, age 33; Evelyn Delano, age 31; James E. Murphy, age 27; Alexander F. Murphy, age 25; Emily S. Henderson, age 23; George W. Murphy, age 21; Annie Murphy, age 19; Edmund F. Murphy, age 17; John F. Murphy, age 15; Frank C. Murphy, age 13; Sophia M. Murphy, age 10.

All are living and in good health. We have all lived in the Twentieth Ward for the last thirty years and everybody on Seventh avenue can vouch for what I say.

My mother lives at 366 Seventh avenue. Mother had altogether fifteen, eight boys and seven girls; there are seven boys and four girls left. Respectfully,

JAMES E. MURPHY.
329 West Forty-third street, July 27.

Proud Mother of Nine.

Having seen your offer of a prize to the mother having the largest number of living children, I respectfully offer the following list:

My name is Lydia A. Cook; was born at Providence, R. I., May 20, 1826, my name before marriage being Lydia A. Albert. I am sixty-three years of age and was married Jan. 1, 1845, in Hoboken. My husband is James A. Cook, age sixty-seven years, and he was born in Hoboken, Sept. 20, 1822.

During our married life we have had the following named children, all of whom are still living:

James H. Cook, born Aug. 28, 1846, at Hoboken. Present residence, Rahway, N. J. Jane E. Cook, born Sept. 18, 1849, at Hoboken. Present residence, 204 Third street, Jersey City. William S. Cook, born Sept. 18, 1851, at Hoboken. Present residence, 204 Third street, Jersey City. Frank W. Cook, born Feb. 22, 1854, at Jersey City. Present residence, 204 Third street, Jersey City. Mary K. Cook, born Dec. 10, 1857, at Jersey City. Present residence, 204 Third street, Jersey City. Louis S. Conily, born May 20, 1859, at Jersey City. Present residence, 204 Third street, Jersey City. Samuel G. Cook, born May 16, 1862, at Jersey City. Present residence, 358 Fifth street, Jersey City. Ernest P. Cook, born June 22, 1865, at Jersey City. Present residence, 204 Third street, Jersey City. Sadie G. Cook, born June 17, 1870, at Jersey City. Present residence, 204 Third street, Jersey City.

For confirmation as to the truth of my statement or any other information I respectfully refer to Samuel W. Stoising, Police Justice, who has known my family for about thirty-eight years. LYDIA A. COOK,
204 Third street, Jersey City.

Of True American Stock.

Having seen your offer of a prize for the mother of the largest living family of children, I add my name to the list.

My name is Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Aims, and I am the mother of seventeen children, eleven of whom are living. I was married in New York City Nov. 20, 1859, my name before marriage being Mary Elizabeth Hill. I was born on the 22d of February, 1844, in Walker street, New York City, of American parents.

My husband's name is Daniel Burtnette Aims, born in this city in 1841 of parents descended of the first settlers. My children are:

Maria Louise Beebe, nee Aims, born on Aug. 14, 1860, in New York City. She now resides at Bristol, Conn.

Joseph Francis Aims, born Aug. 19, 1863, in New York City. Now resides in Hutton street, Jersey City Heights.

Roswell Chamberlain Aims, born June 14, 1866, in New York City. Now resides in South street, Jersey City Heights.

Seymour Baker Aims, born April 30, 1868, in New York City. Now resides at 568 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

Frederick Saube Aims, born Sept. 15, 1869, in New York City, now resides at 569 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

Charlotte Elizabeth Aims, born May 2, 1872, on Jersey City Heights. Now resides at 569 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

Alexander Burtnette Aims, born March 18, 1874, on Jersey City Heights. Now resides at 569 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

Daniel Sidney Aims, born Jan. 23, 1876, on Jersey City Heights. Now resides at 569 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

Henry Angell Aims, born Nov. 23d, 1878, on Jersey City Heights. Now resides at 569 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

Robert Lawson Hill Aims, born Oct. 29, 1880.

John Beebe Aims, born Oct. 6, 1885, on Jersey City Heights. Now resides at 569 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights.

I have resided in Jersey City eighteen years. I now reside at 569 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights. MARY E. AIMS.
Jersey City, July 26.

Another with Seven.

I have seven children—the youngest, Angie, 12, born March 31; Edmund, 15, Dec. 31; Tessie, 17, April 12; Joseph, 20, April 15; John, 21, Oct. 17; Mamie, 24, Sept. 11; Elizabeth, 23, Feb. 10. Yours truly,

MRS. S. J. O'CONNELL.
110 York street, Jersey City, July 27.

Once Only.

[From Time.]

Miss Ada (just introduced)—Were you ever in love, Mr. Smith?

Smith—Once, once only.

"When was that?"

"Well, about a quarter of an hour ago." (They marry.)

Tit for Tat.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Miss Bunker Hill—I suppose the soldiers take care of the Indians out on the reservation?

Mr. Western—Indeed they do, but the Indians take hair of the soldiers every chance they get.

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FOR $38.
One Dollar Weekly.

We want an energetic person in every office, store, factory, warehouse, railroad and workshop to explain our co-operative system of selling watches on the club plan. Any wideawake person can readily organize a watch club, at the above price and terms, among his friends, acquaintances or business associates, without interfering with his business or occupation. For compensation, details of organization, &c., call or address as below. In addition to the club method of selling our watches we are also prepared to sell on the instalment plan to reliable parties without extra charge. Inspection of our stock is solicited, or on receipt of postal card a rent will call with samples.

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,
186 Broadway.

DISCARDING 100-TON GUNS.

EUROPEAN NAVIES ADOPTING LIGHTER BATTERIES FOR CRUISERS.

The Short Life and Difficulty of Handling Mammoth Ordnance More than Counterbalance Their Effectiveness—What the "Life" of a Gun Means—Italy Alone Retains the 100-Tonners.

The tendency in European armies has long been to increase the mobility of the troops. Lighter guns and fewer equipments have come into favor, and many old-fashioned ideas about drill have been discarded. The same tendency is now shown in European naval armaments, smaller guns being substituted for the big ones, rapidity of fire and ease of handling being especially sought.

The great 100-ton guns on which so much reliance was placed by the naval defenders of England have proved disappointing. In the first place, they probably could not be used at all in a heavy sea, and when they are used they shake the iron-clad from keel to deck, jarring every plate and bolt in her.

In the second place, the active life of heavy guns is a very brief one. Every shot fired from a 100-ton gun weakens it. It is not believed that the best of them will ever be able to fire a shot more than 800 rounds. Some of them will probably become worthless after firing 100 rounds. It is considered that the average life of the great guns carried by the Italian Navy, and by the Inflexible and the Thunderer of the British Navy, has been reached when 200 rounds have been fired from them.

The big guns are destroyed in two ways—by erosion and by disintegration. Erosion flattens the grooves or rifling of the gun, so that its aim is inaccurate. It is caused by the projectile wearing against the grooves. Disintegration is a change in the molecules of the metal, and is caused by the tremendous blows which the gun receives from the bursting of large charges of powder. This weakening goes on till the life has been pounded out of the gun.

Another important reason for discarding the big guns is that they are losing the advantage which caused them to be made. They were built to admit of the employment of large charges of powder, and thus send a projectile at a high velocity. At first they accomplished this, and projectiles from them had a greater penetration than those from guns of small calibre.

In the last year great improvements have been made in gunpowder in Germany and especially in France. With the new powder the initial velocity of a cannon-ball has been increased to 2,400 and 2,600 feet a second. This increases the velocity of the projectile of the new six-inch rifle 75 per cent. and makes its energy great enough to penetrate 15½ inches of iron.

Now this new powder is so strong that the great guns are not able to stand more than a few rounds of it, and it cannot be safely used in them. Hence the smaller guns are to take their place, as less cumbersome and as having very high penetrative powers.

The change has already begun. The Howe, of the British Navy, which it was at first intended to arm with 67-ton breech-loaders, is now to be equipped with 46-ton guns, and it is thought that hereafter this will be the maximum calibre of guns employed on British men-of-war.

Within the past year six British cruisers have been armed with 6-inch, rapid-fire Armstrong guns, though formerly these would have been thought too light for a main battery. Compared with our new American cruisers, these British cruisers have each 9,000 tons displacement, 20,000 indicated horse-power and a continuous sea speed of 20 knots an hour.

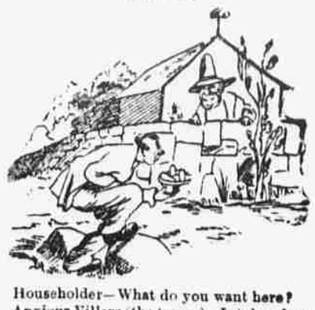
The new cruiser Piemonte, built in England for the Italian Navy, has a displacement of 2,500 tons and is expected to make 21½ knots an hour. Her main battery consists of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles and six 86-pounder rapid-fire guns. Sir William Armstrong & Co. built her.

In her larger vessels Italy has increased the size of her heavy guns, but is the only nation that has done so.

The batteries on nearly a dozen English cruisers have been decreased in calibre to meet the new requirements. The new 6-inch, rapid-fire Armstrong gun throws a projectile of 110 pounds with forty pounds of powder, and may be fired eight times a minute. Eighteen and twenty ton guns are considered superior to the ponderous 100-ton guns on account of their lightness and the ease with which they may be handled.

Quick Restitution.

[From Puck.]



Householder—What do you want here?

Anxious Villers (the tramp)—I stole a dozen cucumbers out of your garden an hour ago. Here's six of 'm. I'll deduct the (ouch!) price of the rest from the doctor's (wow!) bill.

Wrong This Time.

[From Life.]

Mrs. Pittie (strolling on the beach)—So you are an orphan, little boy?

Little Boy (turning up stones with his toes after shedder crabs for bait)—Yessum; pa died last week.

Mrs. Pittie—What did he die of?

Little Boy (putting a crab in his pocket)—Ammonia.

Mrs. Pittie—You mean pneumonia.

Little Boy—No I don't; I mean am-monia. Guess I know; I seed him drink it.

Conditions Favorable to Truth.

[From the Chicago Globe.]