The World

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DIVORCE BY "PULL."

New York has had its full share of sensational divorce suits, but none of them have equalled in startling developments the mysterious proceedings by which Mrs. JAMES A. FLACK has been divorced from her husband, the Sheriff of this county.

The alleged plaintiff denies that she ever asked for a divorce. And yet she is no longer the wife of the Sheriff. Every stage of the transaction was enveloped in darkest secrecy and the papers under seal. "By order of the Court."

The danger to morality from entire publicity in divorce proceedings is infinitesimal compared to the evils that may and do result from the Star Chamber proceedings, whereby people are divorced without knowing it.

BISMARCK, THE SOCIALIST.

The significance of the extraordinary legislation in Germany, rendering a species of old age insurance compulsory for German workmen, is gradually being recognized.

The general tone of the interviews with labor leaders and Socialists here, published in THE EVENING WORLD, is that the measure is intended as a check to Democratic tendencies. BISMARCK, in other words, favors a peace of Socialism which shall nevertheless be under the thumb of Monarchy. He is doubtless prepared to go to still greater lengths in this direction.

But Monarchial Socialism is a long way removed from Popular Government. As THE WORLD has well said, the only real remedy for Despotism is Democracy.

CHICAGO TALK.

It has been truthfully remarked that "money talks." This is true of almost every conceivable enterprise, but especially so with respect to the proposed World's Fair.

People may talk, and talk, and talk,
And rival the jackass's bray:
But they can't start a fair
By sawing the air.
For those things ain't started that way.

The ridiculous fiasco at Chicago yesterday, whereat an indifferent gathering of citizens met to inaugurate measures for securing for that city the location of the World's Fair, and adjourned without an attempt to sound those present upon the financial problem, shows plainly that Chicago has been rightly named the "Windy" City.

Before New York, the natural place for holding that affair and the choice of almost everybody, can secure a lien that cannot be disputed, its men of wealth must come forward with pledges of cash. The quicker they do it the better. It is time for substantial action, not oratorical froth.

THE CAMPAIGN POET RECOGNIZED.

A forger, undergoing a term of imprisonment in California, was recently pardoned at the solicitation of the HARRISONS. The moving cause of their interest in the convict was that during the recent Presidential campaign he wrote a song glorifying HARRISON. For this his sins are forgiven and the prison doors swing out for him.

There is a solemn thought suggested in connection with this event. Will not such treatment increase the number of campaign poets and swell the volume of sickening doggerel with which the American people are deluged about election time? If such should be the result then there is no forgiveness for BENJAMIN. The campaign poet should be suppressed, not encouraged.

A PECULIAR PROCEEDING.

Before Gov. BEAVER, of Pennsylvania, would consent to deliver to the South Carolina authorities a negro preacher, held on the charge of murder, he wanted the Governor of that State to give assurances that the prisoner would have a fair trial. This was a peculiarly cheeky performance. By what process of reasoning the Pennsylvania Executive considered himself called upon to insult South Carolina's Governor it must be interesting to know.

NOT A WALL STREET ROBBERY.

Vice-President Fuller Went to Headquarters to See the Sights.

George W. Fuller, Vice-President of the Consolidated Exchange, was very much put out this morning by a paragraph in the papers to the effect that he had called at Police Headquarters last night in company with a well-known broker, and that their object was to effect the arrest of a man for embezzlement.

Mr. Fuller said this morning: "That is not so. I did call at Headquarters with a friend last night, but we were merely seeing the sights."

WOULD NOT BECOME A HYDE.

George Fish Suicides Rather Than Yield to an Evil Transformation.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BRISTOL, CONN., Aug. 2.—A singular case is is that of young George Fish, a compositor, who shot himself in this place yesterday.

He left a letter explaining that he felt a growing impulse to commit crime—"to kill, rend or damage"—and that he considered that in ending his life he was doing what was best for himself and the community.

He was positive that unless he ended his life his will power would all leave him and he would be insane.

BABES OF THE POOR.

Tenderly Cared for by the Corps of Free Physicians.

Medicines and Clothes Bring Joy to Mothers' Hearts.

Nell Nelson Tells of Wives Who Work for Their Dying Husbands.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	3,200.42
Jersey Lawn Party Festival	57.00
Scotsman	1.00
Evelyn	2.00
Iron Cross	1.00
E. M. H.	.50
Lenora and Emily Reinschmidt	4.00
J. A. H.	1.00
Cash	.25
M.	8.00
Riley Neitz	2.00
D. L. W.	5.00
A. B. Tappen	5.00
Spiritualist	2.00
D. L. H.	2.00
Charlie Banker	.25
Cash	.10
Well Wisher	.50
Harry and Freddy Williams	.50
Florence Reehler	2.00
Rev. J. F. Crane	1.00
Bell Boy	2.14
Children's Fair	7.50
Beatrice Clements	1.20
Third Place Children	1.54
G. R. G.	5.00
F. C. S.	1.00
Sam Simons	3.65
Justice	1.00
N. Y. Life Insurance Co. Clerks	10.00

Twenty of Them Now.

Director Foster appointed the twentieth physician on THE EVENING WORLD corps yesterday in the person of Frank K. Perkins, M. D., of 553 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn. He graduated from the Scientific Department of the College of the City of New York in 1881; graduated from the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York in 1884; was attending physician to the Northwestern Dispensary for some months; served in Roosevelt Hospital Dispensary for two years; practised in this city three years and a half and in Brooklyn one year and a half; served on Board of Health in this city two years.

More Excursions for the Babies.

Through the kind suggestion of Mr. Nathan Lewis, President of the Sanitarium for Hebrew Children, arrangements have been made for some of the little patients of THE EVENING WORLD physicians to go upon the Wednesday excursions of that admirable charity.

From Two Paterson Children.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept for the Sick Fund $2.20 from Lenora and Emily Reinschmidt. Collected also $1.80 from friends.

139 Atlantic street, Paterson, N. J.

Will Be Put to Good Use.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This inclosed $2 is the gift of a dear little boy in heaven, our only child, to the Fund for Sick Babies. If kind-hearted Nell Nelson will tell us in one of her letters what use she makes of it she will confer a favor on

SPIRITUALIST.

Blessings on THE EVENING WORLD'S good work for suffering humanity. May it increase and multiply rapidly.

His Birthday Present.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept this 25 cents a lady gave me for my tenth birthday, and I want to give it to the Baby's Fund. CHARLIE BANKER,

109 Avenue B, Bayonne, N. J.

Taken From Their Bank.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

You will find inclosed 50 cents, which we have taken from our bank for the poor, sick babies. We hope it will help to make one of them better.

HARRY and FREDDY WILLIAMS.

Florence's Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $2, which I have collected for the Babies' Fund. Hoping this may benefit some sick baby I am, yours respectfully, FLORENCE KOEHLER,

120 East Twenty-seventh street.

From a Minister.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 to be used in doctoring the babies in the poor.

Rev. J. E. CRANE, Rocky Hill, N. J.

Their Customers All Contribute.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Our goodhearted customers do not seem to tire of commenting on your noble work and substantiating it by dropping their odd change in our contribution box. Result, $2.14. BELL BOY,

Men's Furnishers, 45 Cortlandt street.

For Jennie.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for Poor Jennie.

Mrs. P. C. S., Paterson, N. J.

Six Brooklyn Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find the sum of $1.75 for the Sick Babies' Fund, collected by six little children of Third place, South Brooklyn.

ADDIE MEAGHER,
DAVIE MARES,
TERRIE LAHEY,
NODIE LAHEY,
FELLA ARGUELLAS,
JODIE ARGUELLAS.

A Little Girl's Collection.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed $1.75 for THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund. Papa, 25 cents; mamma, 25; Mr. Ryan, 25; Baby Florence Currie, 25; Aggie Blackburne, 25; Beatrice A. Clements, 20; Florrie Clements, 11; Walter Clements, jr., 10; Minnie Kulpe, 10.

Hoping to collect some more soon for the poor little sick babies, I am very truly,

BEATRICE ANNIE CLEMENTS.

(Eleven years old: 87 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street.

A Generous Brooklyn Druggist.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Having noticed in last evening's issue of THE EVENING WORLD that you have begun your noble work of relieving the sick babies of the poor in Brooklyn I therefore offer my aid by volunteering to prepare all prescriptions prescribed by your corps of physicians in this city free of charge. H. E. MILLER,

683 Broadway, 88 Cook street, Brooklyn.

For Evicted Families.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed $1 towards helping the poor people evicted from their home, according to your version of their case in to-day's WORLD. God help the poor from such unfeeling creatures. IRON CROSS.

Matawan, N. J.

$3.65 From His Friends.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and becoming possessed of the feeling to do something towards the fund for sick babies, I have made a collection among my friends, and am pleased to forward the inclosed: Joe Mayer, 25; Sam Simons, 25; I. Freundich, 25; Cash 25; Cash, J. F., 25; Sam Saxe, 15; Dave Mulliner, 25; A. Bonart, 25; E. Mayer, 25; B. F. Rees, 50; Z. A. Opfenher, 50; Joseph O. Rees, 25; W. D. Simock, 25. Yours truly, SAM SIMONS.

Proceeds of a Jersey Fair.

A lawn party and festival was recently held at 214 Jackson avenue, Jersey City, by a number of ladies who are interested in the work of THE EVENING WORLD'S corps of free physicians. The affair was a complete success, thanks to the zealous efforts of those who aided in the festival. The proceeds, $57, were handed over to THE EVENING WORLD, with the modest request that no names be mentioned.

A few odd ends, which were not disposed of, will be cheerfully given to any fair or festival which may be organized for the Sick Babies' Fund.

Children of Working Men.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We read your good paper every evening and made up our minds to help the babies, if only a little, as our fathers are only workingmen, but we eat very little candy.

Hoping that you will buy something for the poor children for our pennies,

Eli M. Schiff, 30.
Jacob M. Schiff, 25.
Chas. Strauss, 25.
Bernhard Bookman, 5.
David M. Schiff, 10.
Isaac M. Schiff, 10.

Two Harlem Friends.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 from little Dickie and Bessie Murphy, of Harlem for the poor little sick babies.

DICKIE AND BESSIE, 233 Avenue B.

Referred to Dr. Foster.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I send you for the sick babies one box, containing one dozen cans of Peptogenic Milk Powder for Infants; hope it will be of some relief to some poor mother.

HECTOR ZUCCA, ten years old.

Proceeds of a Harlem Fair.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $7.50 for the Sick Babies' Fund, being the proceeds of a children's fair held in 161 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. Hoping it may do the sick babies some good, we are, respectfully yours,

JENNIE NOLAN,
MAMIE NOLAN,
JENNIE FINUCAN,
CARRIE GRUENEBAUM,
THOMAS NOLAN,
RICHARD NOLAN,
WARD SMITH,
WILLIE FOSTER,
JOHN VAN BEARLE.

For Some Little Sufferer.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $5, my mite for the Sick Baby Fund. I hope it will serve to aid some little sufferer. C. E. C.

Good-Hearted Clerks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $10.10 for the sick babies from the clerks of the New York Life Insurance Company. E. D. MURPHY,

Collector.

"God please their little hearts."

This is the list of clerks:

Murphy, 15 cents; S. H. Mulvaney, 25; cash, 25; Abramson, 25; R. S. Wilson, 25; E. V. H., 25; N. St., 25; N. K., 25; Smith, 25; F. H. H., 25; Franklin, 25; Howard, 25; J. de L., 25; Bopeman, 20; Cash, 10; Cash, 25; G. J., 25; C. G. S., 25; J. G. T., 10; A. Z., 25; E. L., 25; S. S., 25; J. H., 10; Cash, 25; Cash, 25; Hopper, 25; J. O. V., 50; D. H., 50; Cash, 25; Cash, 10; Cash, 10; Reeve, 25; Cash, 25; J. Brady, 25; R. E. Whitney, 25; M. B. Martin, 25; Cash, 10; Mac, 10; Mooney, 10; Cash, 25; Cash, 25; Cash 10; Cash, 25; Cash, 25; Cash, 10; Cash, 25; J. E. Carpenter, 25; Cox, 25.

A Scotchman's Plea.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $1 for to help on the good work that you are doing among the poor sick babies. It's no very much, I ken, but every little helps. Man, it makes my heart sore to read the letters o' Nell Nelson. It brings to my mind, the auld saying that I learnt at my mither's knee: "As haif o' the worl' dinna ken how the ither haif lives." Push on the guid work and the Lord will surely bless you. SCOTSMAN.

Miss Markstein Leads a Hand.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am getting up an entertainment at the Mansion House, Asbury Park, on Thursday evening, Aug. 8, for the Sick Baby Fund of THE EVENING WORLD, and I sincerely trust it will be a grand success. I will do all to make it so. HENRIETTA MARKSTEIN.

He Is the Swimming Teacher.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

You refer to me in your account of today's exhibition swim by Steve Brodie as being the organizer of the baby, which really belong to Messrs. Sand & Keegan. I am only swimming teacher for the above gentlemen.

W. B. JOHNSON.

TOILING WIVES.

Nell Nelson Visits Two Whose Husbands Are Dying.

It takes five hours, $11 and a carriage full of baby clothes to relieve the special cases in Dr. Leppa's and Dr. Hallwood's dispensaries.

From Dr. Foster I received thirty-five garments, big little pieces, such as cars, tables, sofas and framed lanscapes; twenty dozen sponges, fifty pieces of the best castile soap that's made, half a dozen nursing-bottles, one bottle of cod-liver oil, six cans of prepared food and fifty story books.

We go to see a little boxmaker first, whom Dr. Leppa has been treating. She lives at 199 Elizabeth street and is slowly dying of consumption. Poor Maggie is only nineteen, but one of the cutest little women that ever breathed the air of life.

At the age of twelve she started out to fight the world, and for nearly eight years she has been the mainstay of the family. A slight girl, below the medium in height and weight, she has nevertheless carried the heaviest burden, and on her slender shoulders mother, father and younger brothers and sisters have leaned for support and subsistence. From nature she inherited a pretty face, and from her father the insidious disease that is now sapping her strength.

Two months ago, while at work in the box factory, she was taken sick and had to be carried home. She expected to be back the next morning, but hard as she tried she could not leave her bed, and has not since.

The foreman sent word that her place would be reserved for her, but the doctor says she will never go back. And so we made up a special package for this brave girl, and kept the babies waiting just to hear what she would say and to see how she would accept it, accustomed as she has been all her life to giving and getting no thing in return.

First there was a chicken, the plumpest we could find, for a pie and a broth; then a glass of strawberry jelly for dessert; a bunch of sweet peas, for a bit of fragrance; a new soft sponge and a scented cake of soap, just for fun; Dr. Foster's bottle of cod-liver oil for strength; two books to feed the soul, that some sweet woman had sent all the way from Poughkeepsie, and finally a new nightdress, pretty enough for a wrapper, made of fine cambric and yoked and ruffled with flat Val, as the shop girls say.

The favors came near making trouble for me, and as it was, Dr. Leppa told me to "hush" in the middle of a sentence about the pretty garment. Two red spots burned in the pale cheeks, the tender, sad gray eyes closed and the thin hands laid aside the pink flowers and new books to press away the pain in the right side. The doctor watched and worked over her, and from her mother I learned the sore needs of her little household.

"We have this small store, but there are many days when the sales are only 20 cents. All the people are Italians about here, and they will not trade with us. This stock? My dear, I would sell out for $10 in cash this minute. My husband is a consumptive and unable to do any kind of work. I have a little girl of thirteen who makes $3 a week in the box factory, and her wages pay the rent. Since Maggie's sickness, we have been thrown back and I don't know how we are going to live."

The doctor has many words of comfort for the mother, prescribes for the father and cautions the slender little creature in the dark bedroom against excitement, and when we leave she says we are good and THE EVENING WORLD is very good.

Then we see the mother with the dead child and try to tell her our sorrow at not being able to supply the promised shroud. We have dresses and aprons for the children, prepared food for the youngest child and a postal card, bearing the address of an uptown lady who will help the mother and perhaps aid her in getting one of the children's eyes operated upon.

One more dead infant, the victim of cholera morbus, is found and dressed in some of the clothes contributed by Mrs. C. L. Smith. The mother weeps over the tiny coffin, to purchase which she has parted with her ring, her shawl and her shoes. I give her your $2, dear Mrs. Falk, which only seems to increase her sorrow by reminding her of her needs.

At 220 Mott street we go through the big tenement, again greet the children and fit with slips, socks and barrie coats, no less than thirteen babies. Here, too, we get rid of the nursing bottles, a little library of story books and the bulk of Mrs. Elizabeth K. D.'s nice soap. The prepared food is a vexation, for there are only six packages in all, and at least ten were applicants for each. We compromise with milk and provide for sixteen quarts.

There is a young mother in the same house with five children—beautiful little children with marvellous eyes, any pair of which would double the salary of a Jansen. The youngest are sick and so is the mother. We leave clothes for two, a cake of oaten meal soap and considerable of our happiness, because of the disappointment in the faces of the three elder.

There is a bundle for Mrs. Daly's two youngest children, and a letter to a young lady in a Broadway frame factory, who has so generously offered to provide a mattress.

Johnny M., aged seven, the sole support of a widowed mother, is asked to accept $2 towards the purchase of a suit of clothes for which he has already accumulated 70 cents. John is on the sick list, and both he and his mother are dependent on the kindness of friends for a pillow and shelter. He sells papers when his health is not treacherous, to pay for their lodgings. Board is picked up, and so are all the stray sunbeams that happen across their path.

The carriage has a demoralizing effect on Five Points. Not one, but fifty children peer in through the open windows, hang on the spokes of the wheels, "hitch behind," and crawl among the legs of the wondering horse. They scour the panels with their wet little fingers and watery tongues, clamor "please give me something," and have to be scared off with a threatening whip before we can get away.

Dr. Leppa goes to visit a sick child in Pell street, and with four big bundles I drive up to Ninety-seventh street to catch Dr. Hallwood.

The first stop is made at 341 East Ninety-seventh street, where, in one of the third floor flats, an extremely sad case is revealed.

The family comes from Bohemia. There are two children too young to talk, and neither the unhappy mother nor the doomed husband speaks the American language. The man is wasting away with consumption, and for nine months the little woman has supported him, paid the rent and kept herself and family from starving.

I find her in a small room, half filled with tobacco, making cigars and expecting hourly the birth of another child. Near by two white-faced, sweet little children sit side by side, and in the adjoining room is the victim of that dreadful disease in which death and life are so strangely blended.

A neighbor is found to act as a medium of conversation, from whom I learn the sad condition of the family. The doctor said give the man nourishing food, but there's money only to pay the rent, and although she works day and night, she is only able to make 1,000 cigars a week, for which she is paid $5. There is no one to help her, she says to the interpreter, and bursts into tears, which we are powerless to dry.

For the package of clothes which the tender-hearted doctor prepared for the unborn child she is unspeakably grateful, and we give her $3, which will buy the first generous meal the family has had in a year.

Of all the sad and needy cases we have seen since the work began this is the most deserving, and one that must touch a responsive chord in the heart of every mother. How the woman has managed to live for the past year must always be a mystery to me. Everything about the place is as neat and sweet as untiring industry, soap and water can make it.

The children, too, are tidy, and every hour or so the cigar case is left long enough to sponge the clammy, pale face of the dying husband. If it be true that heaven helps them that helps themselves, then succor must come to this heroic woman, who, in her delicate condition, needs not only the sympathy and encouragement of friends, but food, clothing, care and refreshing drink.

Almost as touching is the condition of another patient in 325 East Ninety-seventh street, that Dr. Hallwood has devoted himself to with unceasing kindness. The husband, also a cigar maker, is dying with consumption, the mother has seven children under twelve years, and the babe at her breast is sick, restless and sleepless.

For the past six months the family have depended on the charity of friends as poor almost as themselves. Sympathetic mothers have taken turns in nursing the sick babe; the young children have been "borrowed" to feed and wash that the mother might get sufficient sleep and time to enable her to roll $3 worth of cigars a week. Anxiety for the consumptive husband and languishing baby, the care of the six other children, the demands of the home and the lack of food were too great for endurance, and Monday she gave up, laid aside the fillers and wrappers on which she had tried so hard to work, and surrendered to despair.

Yesterday we found a man at the tobacco pile.

"I have known these people eight years, and I had to come. He is dying I know. Did you see him? One look will tell you that. I shall work here till there is money to pay the rent, to feed him, and put bread and milk in the children's mouths, and then I must go to my own family."

Dr. Hallwood slaps him on the shoulder, says a couple of nice things that makes his face flush and the wrappers fly through his fingers, quiets the sorrowing child with a powder, comforts the weary despondent mother, prescribes for the runabouts, and leaves the bundle of clothes. We should have bread and meat for her, but this is not to be our last visit.

In 422 East Seventy-sixth street children of seven, five, three, two and one-half a year old are crying for food and health. The husband can get nothing to do and his family has had only rice to eat for three months. We hunt up 50 cents, leave the little garments for the pretty, ailing children and the happiness that diffuses itself about the group makes us ashamed of our paltry offering.

NELL NELSON.

The Death Rate.

Yesterday there were 113 deaths, 61 of which were under five years old. The causes were:

Cholera infantum	20
Marasmus	7
Diphtheria	7
Diarrhœal diseases	5
Whooping cough	5
Other diseases	10

How the Big Race-Horses are Carefully Nursed. SUNDAY'S WORLD.

An Enthusiast at the Game.

[From Judge.]

I.

Yal'er Lunkey—Hullos, Mickey, where's yer hustlin' to?

Inventive Mike—Goin' ter the ball game.

II.

Inventive Mike—Play ball there! What's eatin' yez?

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

We want an energetic person in every office, store, factory, workhouse, railroad and workshop to explain our co-operative system of selling watches on the club plan. Any intelligent person can readily organize a watch club at the home, price and terms, among his friends, acquaintances or business associates, without interfering with his business or occupation. For complete details of organization, &c., call or address as below. In addition to the club method of selling, our customers are also entitled to sell on the instalment plan to outside parties without extra charge. Inspection of our goods is invited, or on receipt of postal card agent will call with samples.

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,
186 Broadway.

Do You

Have that extreme tired feeling, languor, without appetite or strength, impaired digestion, and a general feeling of misery it is impossible to describe? If so, Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonder in medicine for creating an appetite, promoting digestion, and toning up the whole system, giving strength and activity in place of weakness and debility. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

THE MISSISSIPPI LOWRYS.

A FAMILY WITH A REPUTATION FOR REMARKABLE NERVE.

A Shooting Affair in Which the Governor's Brother Shot Two Men After Being Mortally Wounded Himself—The Sluggers Expected to Be Pursued to the Limit of the Executive Power.

"Those who imagine that Gov. Lowry will not do his best to capture Sullivan and Kilrain and punish them according to the laws of Mississippi may be sadly fooled," says a correspondent of the *Arkansas Democrat*.

The Lowry family is noted for courage and determination, and it is reasonable to suppose that the Governor will go to the extreme limit of the power invested in him as Executive to bring these fellows back and make them stand trial.

As an illustration of the grit possessed by the family, I will relate an incident which occurred in Mississippi some years ago in which three men were killed in the twinkling of an eye, a brother of Gov. Lowry being one of the number.

Dr. Lowry, as he was known, lived at Johnsville, Miss., on the Sunflower River. He carried on a big mercantile business and at the same time practised medicine. Up the river a short distance lived a man named Holman, who was famous throughout that region as a lawyer.

One day Holman entered Lowry's store, and, because he did not receive the attention he considered due of his rank and station, he made some remarks which speedily aroused the temper of both gentlemen, and they parted in an ill-humor. From this incident starting point arose a difference which threatened to be serious.

Friends of both parties interceded and tried to prevent any fatal encounter, and they flattered themselves that the trouble had all been smoothed over.

One day the steamer Sunflower Bell came up to the landing and Lowry started to go aboard to transact some business. Before leaving the office, however, he was warned by his confidential clerk, John Arnold, that Holman was on board the boat prepared to settle the trouble between them.

"That makes no difference," replied Lowry, "I am going on anyhow," and away he went.

Just as he was crossing the deck of the steamer towards the office he passed Holman, who stopped him and remarked:

"Now's a good time to settle that little difficulty."

"Just wait a minute," was Lowry's answer, "I have a little business to attend to at the office."

With that he started off, but he had scarcely turned around before a pistol shot was heard. Lowry wheeled, drew his revolver and shot at the father-in-law of Holman, who was standing near him with a drawn pistol. He then pulled down upon Holman, but the bullet flew high.

Lowry was stone dead when he struck the deck of the vessel. Holman raised his revolver to fire again, but at that junction John Arnold came running on the boat. Rushing up behind Holman, he caught his arm, exclaiming:

"Don't shoot any more; can't you see that you have killed him?"

"What, is that you?" demanded Holman, as he turned the pistol down against Arnold's breast and pulled the trigger. Another man fell back fatally wounded, and thus it was that three men lost their lives almost simultaneously.

"The nerve exhibited by Lowry in shooting twice after he was practically a dead man himself was one of the features of the deplorable affair which was most freely discussed.

Holman was arrested and tried for the murder of Lowry, but owing to the lapse of time and frequent changes he was cleared. This was considered rather remarkable, inasmuch as the case was prosecuted by Gov. Lowry, who at that time was recognized as one of the foremost criminal lawyers of the State.

The Governor is after the sluggers now, and the incident just related will show that he belongs to a family possessing superabundance of courage and nerve.

Belva Lockwood's Observations of Parisian Immorality in the SUNDAY WORLD.

WORLDLINGS.

Capt. William Heyman, of St. Louis, is said to be the youngest and most skilful Zouave commander in the country. He is a New Yorker by birth and has lived in the Mound City since 1876. His military experience dates from 1863.

One of the most trusted of the mail carriers in the mountain district of Oregon is Miss Minnie Westman. She is a plump little brunette of twenty, and though her route is a most dangerous one she has never met with an accident.

"Pony" Jones, an ancient darky living in St. Paul, was at one time a favorite jockey of Gen. Andrew Jackson. In his youthful days in Kentucky he rode some of the most famous horses of the time.

Andrew Young, the author of "There is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away," is living at the age of eighty years.

THE FESTIVE FLY.

[From Mason in The Clothier and Furnisher.]

How are you, friends and fellows, all?
I'm back again, you see:
Come back to pay my Summer call.
And frisk awhile with glee.

The music of my vibrant wing
Is heard on every side.
From morn till dewy eve I sing,
And round about I glide.

I love to take my morning stroll
On some bald-headed pate;
I love to jump from mole to mole,
And round and round to skate.

But if perchance my drowsy friend
Has hair upon his head,
It makes no matter, I attend
Upon his ear instead.

Oh, what a joy profound it
Is to hear you toss and swear,
While around your head I softly flit
And buzz with not a care.

I love to perch upon your toes,
Half peeping from the sheet;
Upon your nose I love to pose
And fiddle with my feet.

I love to kiss the nectar lips
Of every maiden meek;
I love, between those honeyed sips,
To dally on her cheek.

I love—but I shall have to go,
A furtive hand is nigh.
I'll see you later, as you know,
Until that time good-by!

Bound to Be Exclusive.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Cholly—I say, Bob, what a hideous scarf?

Bob—I know it.

"Then, why in thunder do you wear it?"

"Because no one else has one like it."

He Had the Necessary Training.

[From the Epoch.]

Araminta—You put your arm around my waist so gracefully, George.

George—I have had lots of practice. I was a street-car conductor five years.

DYSENTERY in children cured by MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. Price 25 cents. Give it a trial. *

GERMANY'S MOTIVE

Socialists Say the Insurance Bill Is to Set Back Socialism.

It Was Done to Take the Wind Out of Their Sails.

The Pension from the Old Age Fund Benefits Only Those Over Seventy Years Old.

To learn what the Socialists think of the new German measure of state insurance for the workmen, a reporter called on Mr. W. L. Rosenberg, the editor of *Der Socialist*, a Socialist weekly journal, whose office is No. 25 East Fourth street. Mr. Rosenberg is a young-looking man in spectacles. He studied at the University of Berlin, spent five years in St. Petersburg, and was formerly a teacher of Greek and Latin. When asked what he thought of the new measure, he said:

"The Socialists in Germany are not against it in principle. They oppose it because it is too limited in scope. The law provides relief for German workmen who reach the age of seventy years. But the average duration of the life of a German workman is between forty and fifty years. So, you see, only a few German workmen will ever live to enjoy the old age fund.

"The Socialists had their great fight in the Reichstag against the old age clause. They tried to lower the age therein specified to sixty-five years, but they were unable to do so.

"Here is where the ridiculous part of it comes in. A man who has contributed thirty years in the first class gets on reaching the age of seventy years 106 marks or about $26 a year, a little more than $2 a month. A man in the second class gets 134 marks, about $33 a year. It would be impossible for a man to keep alive on that in Germany. In the third class he gets 162 marks, or about $40 a year; and in the fourth class he gets 191 marks or about $47 a year. Think how paltry these sums are and that a man has to be seventy years old, besides being a steady contributor for thirty years, to get them.

"The first class will be made up of common laborers, mechanics, apprentices and servants; the second class, of officers on public works and railways, of clerks and apprentices in commercial houses, apothecaries excepted, having an income of less than 2,000 marks a year; the third, of employees on vessels, and the fourth, of small employers who have not regularly one employee. There is a fifth class made up of manufacturers at home who have more than one employee. Insurance for the first three classes is compulsory, for the last two classes it is optional.

"The motive of the Government in passing the measure was to stop the progress of the Socialists, to take the wind out of the sail of Socialism.

"It is rather a singular thing that at the time that law was passed 100,000 miners struck in Westphalia, showing that the workmen did not care for the bill.

"Bismarck has taken up Socialistic ideas, especially those of Lasalle, who was his friend. When he gave general suffrage to Germany he was following Lasalle's ideas. He is the first statesman who has widened the horizon of the duties and functions of the State. He has decided that the State should interfere for the welfare of its people, and to improve the condition of the millions of the poor.

"Bismarck is a champion of monarchy. What he hates is not Socialism, but the Democratic idea in Socialism. Some day monarchical Socialism may be arrayed against Democratic Socialism. All the attempts Bismarck has made to organize a Christian Socialist party in Germany have been in vain. Christian Socialism meant not anything Christian, but monarchical Socialism.

"The new measure will be of no benefit to the German workmen. Its value is entirely in its acknowledgment of the justice of the principle of Socialism. The nobility and the other conservatives supported the measure. It was the bourgeoisie, the manufacturers and wine-growers who opposed it.

"It is a great step towards Socialism. Despite the conciliatory intention of the law the Socialist party in Germany will henceforth be larger than ever. The strike in Westphalia did a great deal for the Socialist cause. Socialism is now a general public movement in Germany."

Mr. Albert Jonas, the amiable Socialist who edits the *Volks Zeitung*, said:

"The measure is of no importance, except that it establishes a principle. It is intended to neutralize the Socialistic plans, to take the wind out of the sails of the Socialists. The money amount to be paid is small.

"The workman has to be seventy years old before he can get anything from the old-age fund and he must have contributed a part of it. Seldom the German workman lives so long. The life of the officers in the German army is longer than that of the German workmen.

"Nevertheless the measure is very important in acknowledging the principle that the State has to take care of its people in old age and in cases of illness and accident.

"The measure passed by a very small majority, because the Government wanted to conciliate the growing discontent in Germany. Most of the Conservatives voted for it though some of them stayed away and did not vote at all.

"The lower middle class, representing the Manchester School of Political Economy, voted against it.

"The Socialists voted against it because it didn't go far enough, because it was merely a bone thrown to the workmen. The law never would have passed, nor Bismarck proposed it, if it had not been for the Socialist movement."

Belva Lockwood Writes of the Glaring Social Evils in France for the SUNDAY WORLD.

A Distinguished Exile.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Mr. Dudely—An Italian nobleman in New York offers to sell his title for $20,000.

Miss Commonsense—Dear me! I had no idea it took all that money to buy a hand-organ and a monkey.

Just Once.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Judge—You are charged with breaking up a meeting and striking this woman. What have you to say?

Prisoner—It was this way, Judge. It was a Spiritualistic meeting, and this woman was the medium. When she exclaimed, "I am happy," I could not resist the temptation to strike a happy medium just once in my life.

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per week on the instalment plan. The cases in this elegant watch are warranted for 21 years. The movement full 15 jewelled. Only a small cash payment at first; balance can be paid in instalments of $1 per week. As we sell more watches in one month than most retail stores do in one year we can offer this watch for $58.00. We also sell a Lady's Gold Watch for $35.00 on this same plan. Remember we deliver the watch with your first payment. This is much better than waiting ten months in a watch club.

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