FOURTEEN!

Another Break for First Prize in the Maternity Contest.

Mrs. Traboid's Large Family the Pride of Manhattanville.

Eight Daughters and Six Sons Living and None of Them Yet of Age.

Mrs. Traboid, a widow who lives in a little cottage in Manhattanville, has fourteen children, all living with her.

The eldest is only twenty years old, and the youngest is a babe that has not yet resided in Manhattanville a year.

Mrs. Traboid is a bright little widow only forty years old. She was born in Germany in October, 1849, and came to this country as a child. Her husband, now deceased, was also born in Germany, and was brought to New York by his parents when he was a little lad. He was a comparatively young man, being only forty-three years old when he died a few months past.

She was married in 1867 at the age of nineteen years, and the fourteen children were born within twenty years. All were born in New York. They are a fine family and quite the pride of Manhattanville, which it is said can boast no other family as large.

The fourteen children are George Traboid, born Oct. 6, 1848; Adam, Dec. 8, 1869; Fred, July 24, 1871; Maggie, Nov. 25, 1872; Emma, Feb. 23, 1874; Lulu, June 30, 1875; John, Sept. 3, 1876; Mamie, Jan. 12, 1879; Henry, Dec. 30, 1879; Lottie Sept. 12, 1881; Tennie, July 1, 1885; Alexander, Sept. 21, 1884; Lillie, Aug. 25, 1886; Etta, Aug. 30, 1888.

Two of the children were born the same year. One when the year was ten days old and the other when it lacked only one day of the new year. The oldest son is a bookkeeper, the second son conducts the saloon which was left by his father, the third son is learning the trade of a machinist and the eldest daughter is learning dressmaking. Seven of the children go to the public schools and three of them are too young to go to school. All the children live with their mother and she is very proud of them.

Fourteen Young Lichtenstadter's.

My name is Rose Lichtenstadter, name before marriage, Livingston, born in New York in March, 1844, married in March, 1862. My husband's name is Henry, born in Bavaria, May 4, 1834. We have fourteen living children, all born in the city of New York, and live at 415 East Fifty-second street. The names of our children are:

Max Lichtenstadter, born Dec. 4, 1862.
Ida, born May 2, 1865.
Moses, born Feb. 1, 1866.
Abraham, born Sept. 13, 1868.
Morris, born Nov. 5, 1871.
Bertha, July 23, 1873.
Henriette, born May 2, 1874.
Millie, born April 7, 1876.
Bella, Dec. 30, 1877.
Amanda, Aug. 4, 1879.
Essie, June 24, 1882.
Milton, Feb. 12, 1884.
Sadie, Jan. 13, 1886.
Silvie, Aug. 23, 1888.

MRS. ROSE LICHTENSTADTER.
415 East Fifty-second street, Aug. 2.

This is to certify that the above statement is correct. DR. A. M. LESSER,
311 East Fiftieth street, Aug. 1.

Mrs. Naylor Has Thirteen Too.

Thinking perhaps I might have some little chance for the prize I inclose the following:

My husband's name is Benjamin Naylor, born Aug. 1, 1827; my maiden name was Josephine Barclay, born Aug. 31, 1831. We were married at New Brunswick, N. J., Feb. 20, 1849. Our residence is 278 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street. Our children, thirteen in number, are all living, and are as follows:

Elias Naylor, born Feb. 16, 1851, resides at Toms River, N. J.
Mary E., born April 20, 1853, resides at 278 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street.
Charles B., born April 4, 1855, resides at Toms River, N. J.
Williamson M., born July 20, 1857, resides at Manasquan, N. J.
Almira V., born Aug. 7, 1859, resides at Hightstown, N. J.
John H., born Sept. 19, 1861, resides at San Francisco, Cal.
Alma A., born Sept. 29, 1863, resides at Toms River, N. J.
George W., born Sept. 17, 1865, resides at 278 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street.
Sarah A., born Nov. 9, 1867, resides at 278 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street.
Amanda R., born Sept. 16, 1869, resides at Toms River, N. J.
Lydia T., born Aug. 25, 1872, resides at Hightstown, N. J.
Frank L., born Nov. 30, 1873, resides at 278 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street.
Harry R., born Nov. 25, 1876, resides at 278 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

We are all American born, and are all alive and in the best of health, father, mother and thirteen children. Frank L. is the only one that has any affliction. He is blind, and the little fellow sells eighty-five WORLDS per day.

For reference I would name Mr. John Vliet, proprietor of Vliet's Hotel, Spotswood, N. J., and Voorhees Pullen, of Hightstown, N. J. Others if necessary.

MRS. JOSEPHINE NAYLOR,
278 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

Thirteen Children Her Solace.

I am only a poor colored woman, but am made happy in my thirteen children, all of whom are living. I was born at Mineola, L. I., Aug. 9, 1834. I received a good schooling from my mother, Eliza C. Cannon. I was married to Abraham Brown at Jericho, L. I., by the Rev. Henry Burch and am the mother of thirteen children, as follows: George W., Aug. 3, 1855; Maria Bella, Dec. 18, 1856; Catherina A., Feb. 11, 1858; Sofia M., July, 1859; Robert B., March 8, 1861; George Dobson, May 26, 1862; Bridget K., Nov. 12, 1863; Laura H., Jan. 15, 1865; John Adams, March 29, 1866; Seth K., Oct. 17, 1867; Kate L., Feb. 6, 1869; William H., June 30, 1871; St. Clair, March 21, 1874.

All were born at Jericho, L. I. A little before the birth of my last boy my husband abandoned us all, and Mr. Samuel Morris and Mr. Thomas Pearsall, both lawyers well known in Brooklyn, will verify my story. I can show you my Bible and give you all proofs you want. REBECCA BROWN,
261 South Portland avenue.
Brooklyn, Aug. 1.

Great Big Tie on Thirteen.

The undersigned respectfully submits to you the names of her thirteen living children, all born in the Ninth Ward of this city:

Robert L. Merkent, born June 15, 1850.
Albert J., July 4, 1851.
Charles S., Nov. 2, 1853.
Archibald, B., May 23, 1855.
Amelia V., June 13, 1857.
Alice E., Dec. 29, 1858.
Eugenia, April 19, 1860.
William E., April 15, 1861.
Sadie, June 15, 1865.
Co a, Jan. 16, 1867.
Jeannette, Sept. 8, 1869.
Henrie ta, Oct. 17, 1871.
Florence P., March 2, 1873.

I am the wife of Abraham Merkent, maiden name, Fuchs; born in Germany. Married by Dr. Furst in this city, June 2, 1848. My husband's business address is 1345 Broadway.

MRS. HANNAH MERKENT,
Rockfield street, Bedford Park, New York City, Aug 2.

This is to certify that I know Mrs. Merkent and her family, and that the above statement is perfectly true. D. N. SMITH,
1376 Broadway.

Still Another with Thirteen.

I live at 254½ Division avenue, Brooklyn. I was married April 13, 1856, at Glenarm, County Antrim, Ireland. My maiden name was Rose Gibson. My age is fifty-two years; husband's name, Francis Saunderson; age, sixty-two.

We are the parents of thirteen children, all living. They are:

William G. Saunderson, aged thirty-two; George, aged twenty-six; James, aged twenty-four; Sarah J. F., aged twenty-two; John, aged twenty; Frank, aged eighteen; Arthur, aged fifteen; Edward, aged thirteen; Charlotte A., aged eleven; Mary E., aged nine; Louise, aged seven. (All these live at 254½ Division avenue, Brooklyn.) Kate, now Mrs. Moran, aged thirty-one, lives at 213 West Sixty-seventh street, New York; and Rosetta, now Mrs. Stevens, living at 211 West Sixty-seventh st eet. She is twenty-nine years old.

Our cle gyman is not at home. He is Father Kyley, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, and lives at Hooper street and Marcy avenue, Brooklyn.

ROSE SAUNDERSON.
254½ Division avenue, Brooklyn, July 29.

Hoboken Heard from Again.

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

I have thirteen children living. My name is Kate Geiger, maiden name Kate Faish. I am German by birth. I was born in Wurtemberg in 1846, was married in Forty-first street, New York, Aug. 13, 1863. I am forty-three years old. My husband's name is Jacob Geiger. He is German by birth, born in 1842.

Following are the names of our children:

Jacob, born May 15, 1864, in New York City.
William, born Oct. 18, 1865, in New York City.
Lizzie, born Dec. 15, 1867, in Hoboken.
Charles, born Aug. 23, 1870, in Hoboken.
Mary, born Sept. 30, 1872, in Hoboken.
Louis, born Aug. 23, 1874, in Hoboken.
George, born April 10, 1876, in Hoboken.
John, born May 16, 1878, in Hoboken.
Rose, born Sept. 29, 1880, in Hoboken.
Emma, born June 15, 1882, in Hoboken.
Frederick, born Aug. 1, 1884, in Hoboken.
Edward, born May 16, 1886, in Hoboken.
Henry, born Aug. 19, 1887, in Hoboken.

KATE GEIGER,
32 Adams street Hoboken.

The above is certified by Harry Snyder, Councilman Fourth Ward, Hoboken.

Takes Pride in Twelve.

I am the mother of twelve little children. I was married in New York City, Oct. 7, 1859. Maiden name Katie Hochstadt; born in Europe. My age is forty-nine May 28 last. My husband's name is George Fornfinne; born in Europe. His age is fifty-three May 16 next.

Our children are: George, born Aug. 18, 1862; William P., born July 18, 1864; Louisa, Aug. 22, 1866; Charles, Aug. 11, 1868; Lena, Aug. 7, 1870; Theodore, Aug. 23, 1872; Freddie, Jan. 22, 1874; Katie, March 17, 1875; Emma, June 15, 1876; John, Jan. 19, 1879; Lillian, Nov. 16, 1882; Tillie, Sept. 22, 1884.

All born and living in New York City.

MRS. FORNFINNE.
182 Orchard street, Aug. 1.

Six Boys and Five Girls.

I read in THE EVENING WORLD that you offer three prizes for the greatest number of living children, and beg to enter the contest.

My name is Marie Schramm, born in Lorraine, France (now belonging to Germany). Before marriage I was Marie Bour. I am thirty-six years of age, and was married on April 15, 1869, in Wilkesbarre, Pa. My husband's name is August Schramm, forty-six years of age, born in Eisenach, Germany. He came to America when about seventeen years old, and served in the Union Army for over three years.

I have eleven children, six boys and five girls, as follows:

Louise M., born April 19, 1870, at Wilkesbarre.
Mary J., born Oct. 28, 1871, at Williamsburg.
Gussie H., born Aug. 31, 1873, at Williamsburg.
Freddie W., born Feb. 16, 1876, at New York.
August, born May 26, 1877, at New York.
Paul, born Nov. 2, 1878, at New York.
John, born Feb. 21, 1880, at New York.
Fritz, born Aug. 22, 1882, at New York.
Willie T., born Dec. 20, 1884, at New York
Sophie C., born March 21, 1887, at New York.
Emilie, born Feb. 11, 1889, at New York.

They all live at home. I have lived at 957 Tenth avenue for nearly six years.

New York, July 27. MARIE SCHRAMM.

Seven So Far.

I am the mother of seven children. My name is Mrs. Edward Miller. My maiden name was Maggie Deenan. I was born in Ireland in the year 1851. I was married on Wednesday, the 10th of May, 1870, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott street. My husband's name is Edward Miller, born in Ireland on the 31st day of May, 1849.

Our children are:

Mary, born March 17, 1871.
Bella, Dec. 24, 1873.
Samuel, Feb. 27, 1875.
Maud, April 1, 1881.
Jenn, Jan. 16, 1883.
Teresa, Jan. 31, 1885.
James, Feb. 7, 1888.

All of the above are living at home, and there are prospects of more.

MRS. ED MILLER,
Brooklyn, July 30. 325 Livingston street.

This will certify that Mrs. Maggie Miller, of 325 Livingston street, is connected with this parish, and pers nally known to me. Her children are also connected with the Sunday-school of this church.

FLOYD E. WEST,
Assistant Minister, St. Peter's Rectory.
345 State street, Brook yn.

Nine on Mrs. Lewry's List.

In response to your invitation for competition for a prize to mothers I would submit the following:

My name is Eliza Lewry, wife of William J. Lewry, born on Sept. 8, 1835, in New York City. My maiden name was Eliza Lanes, and I was married at 160 South Second street, Williamsburg, July 31, 18 1, to William J. Lewry, who was born in Kent, England, June 28, 1829. Our children are:

Frances Elizabeth, born June 1, 1852; married, eight chi dren.
Samuel Daniel, born Aug. 5, 1854; married, four children.
Frederick William, born Oct. 5, 1856; married, six children.
Mary Maria, born Jan. 9, 1859; married, six children.
William John, born Feb. 14, 1861; married, three chi dren.
Christina, born June 5, 1863; married, two children.
Charles, born Aug. 6, 1870; single.
Thomas, born Jan. 8, 1874; single.
Charlotte, born June 13, 1878; single.

All were born in Brooklyn.

MRS. ELIZA LEWRY.
99 Prospect place, Brooklyn, July 25.

Mr. Levine Presented with Ten.

I am the proud mother of ten children.

My name is Fannie Levine; my name before marriage was Fannie Franks; my age is thirty-six years. In 1872 I was married in New York City. My husband's name is Solomon Levine; age, thirty-eight years. We are Hebrews.

The names of our ten living children are:

Beckie Levine, born Feb. 9, 1872.
Jacob and Isaac Feb. 15, 1874.
Louis, Dec. 4, 1876.
Harry, Sept. 22, 1878.
Ida, Oct. 3, 1880.
Albert, March 30, 1882.
Dora, June 27, 1884.
Davie, Jan. 17, 1886.
Mammie, Nov. 10, 1888.

MRS. SOLOMON LEVINE,
31 Orchard street.

The above indorsed by A. Aronson, M. D., 195 East Broadway.

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

OUR NEXT WEEK'S THEATRES

"BOOTLE'S BABY" THE ATTRACTION AT THE MADISON SQUARE.

"The Lion and the Lamb" Will Lie Down Together at the Bijou—"The Brigands" and "Banditti," Also Monday Night Attractions—"The Golah" to Be Succeeded in October by Hamlet, Booth and Modjeska.

"Bootle's Baby" will be produced for the first time in this country Monday night at the Madison Square Theatre. The play is founded upon John Strange Winter's story. Hugh Moss is responsible for the four-act comedy made from the pleasing little tale. The cast will be as follows: Capt. Algernon Ferrers Bootle, Charles A. Stevenson; Capt. Lucy, Charles W. Garthorne; Capt. Gaston Gilchrist, William Lackaye; Lieut. Gray, W. G. Reyneir; Lieut. F. Miles, Augustus Cook; Dr. Blantyre, W. H. Compton; Private Philip Saunders, Frederick Kerr; Mignon, Bootle's Baby, little Gertie Homan; Mrs. Smith, Miss Blanche Weaver; Laura Norris, Miss Nanette Comstock; Humpty Dumpty, Miss Alice Leigh, and Helen Grace, Miss Kate Claxton. The action takes place in the hall of Ferrers Court; in Bootle's quarters in the Blackshamoton barracks; in the doctor's quarters at Billemnister, and in Bootle's quarters at the Idleminster barracks. Miss Claxton will remain at the Madison Square Theatre until Mr. Palmer's regular season begins in November.

Another novelty on Monday night will be "The Lion and the Lamb," by Will B. Wilson and Julius A. Lewis, at the Bijou Theatre. "The Lion and the Lamb," it is said, is not rearingly Hoytian, but tells a coherent story amusingly. It deals with the adventures of a gentleman who is both a lion and a lamb, and satirizes various phases of New York life that can stand satire—and most of them can. An excellent cast has been secured. It includes Charles Coote, Effie Shannon, B. F. Cotton, Sheridan Tupper, Tyrone Power, Charles Charters, H. D. Blakemore, Gabrielle du Sauld, Annie Adams, Jessie West, Wolph Lestina and T. H. B. Wilson.

"The Brigands" at the Casino is still doing a very satisfactory Summer business. The success of the opera in New York has induced the management of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, to make a production of it in that city in September. All the scene models and costume plates now being used at the Casino are to be forwarded next week to London. The Aronsons have never produced anything so interesting from a spectacular point of view as "The Brigands." Rudolph Aronson is expected back from Europe to-morrow. Shortly after his arrival rehearsals of "La Mexicana," which is to succeed "The Brigands" at the Casino, will be begun.

"Banditti; or, Lamb'd in Corsica" is the title of a new burlesque, written and composed by Fred Solomon, of the Casino. It will be produced for the first time on Monday night at Koster & Bial's concert hall. The principal parts will be played by May Howard, George Murphy, Connie Leslie, Jennie Joice and John Marion. The burlesque is said to be full of bright and catchy music. The burlesque of "Mo te Cristo, Jr." will also remain on the programme. The specialties for the coming week will be supplied by the Austin sisters, on the flying trapeze, and by Ferguson and Mack. The usual concert will take place to-morrow.

"Clover" has attained sufficient popularity to warrant the publication of "select ons" from its gems. It will soon celebrate its one-hundredth performance, and the McCaull people will see that the event is properly, if quietly, celebrated at Palmer's Theatre. Harry Askin, of the McCaull forces, leaves his position very shortly to join the Aronson. His place will be filled by Bary Irwin Dixont. Miss Marion Manola and Eugene Ondin are now singing away in "Clover" as though a cloud had ever arisen to darken the atmosphere above them. Miss Manola makes a charming Stella, and Eugene Ondin has one of those voices that can't be found every day.

"The Golah" is merrily pursuing the uneven tenor of his way at the Broadway Theatre, and will continue to do so until October, when Booth and Modjeska succeed Mr. Wilson with "Hamlet." The opera is doing an excellent business. Wilson is the prime factor, and those who remarked on the first production of "The Golah" that there was not enough of Wilson and too much of everybody else could no longer complain on that score. Wilson works untiringly in this opera, and his success is due to nothing else but his own courageous efforts. Hard work overcomes what look like insurmountable difficulties, and it has overcome many little obstacles that, at first, seemed to stand in the way of "The Golah's" success. The Broadway has been doing a surprisingly good business when the heat of the weather is taken into consideration.

"The Battle of Gettysburg" cyclorama at Nineteenth street and Fourth avenue is still open and claiming the attention of visitors to the city. The cyclorama has been a surprise to people who remember the comparative failure of institutions of a like nature. Philippoteaux's beautiful painting has met with considerable success. It has been deftly managed, its directors understanding what the public want. Edison's phonograph can still be seen and heard.

"Gasparone" was sung at Mr. Amberg's Terrace Garden, in Fifty-eighth street, near Third avenue, last night, with Miss Selma Kronold in the leading part. The productions at the Terrace Garden are generally worth hearing. The characters are well cast and Mr. Amberg has been lucky in securing a number of versatile artists. Versatility is a great thing in the eyes of a German manager.

At Manhattan Beach, Pain's "Last Days of Pompeii" is still to be seen in all its gorgeousness. There will be several new effects during the coming week. The rain of the past few days has been rather anti-fireworkian. Its effect has, of course, been very severely felt at Coney Island. The firework show at Manhattan Beach can, however, look forward to hot weather when people will be glad to patronize everything that will take them away from the glaring city.

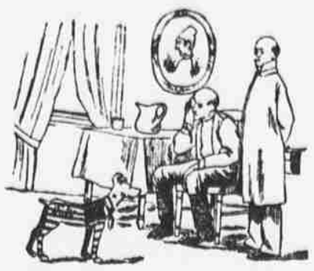
J. L. Ellis will reopen Tony Pastor's Theatre Monday night with "The Golden Gulch." The piece will be elaborately produced and a good cast will support Mr. Little.

Nervousness and Dyspepsia Cured
By CARTER'S LITTLE NERVE PILLS. 25 cents.

ECHOES FROM HUMOR LAND.

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR OUR LAUGHTER-LOVING READERS.

An Indelible Curse.
[From Judge.]



Friend of the Family—I don't think that dog is very appropriate for a case of bereavement.

Widower—Thar's jest the rub. Poor Marthy had him dyed for th' Fourth of July an' we can't git th' color out of him.

Short Shrift.
[From Time.]

First Tramp—What did you get for New Year's, Bill?

Second Tramp—Ten days.

Force of Habit.
[From the Epoch.]

"Does the razor hurt?" asked the absent-minded barber of the dead man he was shaving for the grave.

He Took Exercise.
[From the Epoch.]

Doctor (to sick dude)—Well, what appears to be the matter? Do you ever take any exercise?

Dude (languidly)—Ya-as; I shave meself evvy mawning.

One on the Doctor.
[From the Epoch.]

Doctor—I see you turn in your toes. It's a very injurious practice. You should place yourself under my treatment.

Merritt—If I did I'm afraid I'd soon turn them up."

Mitigating Circumstances.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Pastor—Is it a fact that you throw your boots at your wife, and that she pounds you with the broomstick?

Husband—Yes; but sometimes we change about, and I pound her with the broomhandle, and she bounces the boots on me.

They Got There All the Same.
[From Time.]

Elsie—Did you get any supper at the party?

Ada—Yes. In spite of the rush, Charlie managed to bring me a chicken-croquette he slipped into his pocket

"Dear fellow; and my Algeron brought me a drink of floating island in his—hat."

A Lasting Grief.
[From Puck.]

Dearest—Why are you crying, Cedric?

Cedric—I can't help c-c-crying whenever I think how you wouldn't g-g-give me a steam-y-y-yacht last C-C-Christmas.

Dearest—But dearest couldn't have put a steam-yacht in Cedric's stocking very well.

Cedric—Well, you m-m-might have put the stocking in the y-y-yacht!

Death of a Freak.
[From Judge.]

Dime Museum Manager—Well, is there anything new to-day?

Attendant—I should say so. The living skeleton is dead.

Dime Mus um Manager—Great heavens! What was the matter?

Attendant—Fatty degeneration of the heart.

Hard and Hardy.
[From Puck.]

Fair Tourist—Oh, how interesting! These are real cowboys, aren't they? What hardy, rugged creatures they are! I suppose their every-day life is fraught with the greatest dangers.

Guide—Yis, mum, 'twas only last week we hung three of thim for horse-stealin'.

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

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Favorite Parts of a Steamboat Where Young Couples Like to Sit.

It is curious to watch the throng of people who board some of the large excursion boats on their late trips homeward and see with what care some of them select their seats.

When the gates are opened there is generally a wild rush for the boat, and some of the more athletic of the crowd grab a couple of chairs, rush upstairs and "squat" in some choice spot. Some prefer to sit up in the bow of the boat, while others won't sit anywhere but on the stern. What seems to be a very choice spot, however, is immediately in front or in the rear of the big paddle-wheel box.

This spot seems to be in great demand by the young men who are out with their best girls.

An EVENING WORLD reporter was sitting inside the cabin of a Glen Island boat the other evening when the crowd were let loose from below. A wild rush was made for seats, and about the eighth man to mount the stairs rushed in a wild frenzy for the spot behind the wheel on the port side. The spot was already taken, and he crossed the boat, but only to find that that was already occupied; then he rushed forward, but his hunt was rewarded with the same result.

His girl met him at that moment and he gave her the intelligence that all the seats were taken.

"Oh, very well," said she, "we'll just sit down here" (pointing to a bench in the rear of the cabin). There was nothing else for the young man to do, so he sat there, though it was easy to be seen that he didn't relish the situation.

Canned Corn Steadily Growing in Favor as an Article of Diet.

Canned corn has been steadily increasing in popular favor as an article of diet in the economy of the household, and the packing of corn in tin has advanced to be ng one of the most prominent in the preserved goods trade.

The total amount thus put away during last year, according to a statement prepared by a prominent grocers' paper, was 3,491,474 cases of two dozen tins each, which was an increase of more than 30 per cent. over the year before.

The increase was in the States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and other Western States, the yield of Maryland, Virginia, New York and Maine being many thousand cars below that of 1887 on account of early frosts in September.

Prices vary from 50 cents per dozen cans to 75 to 90 cents for good corn and $1.10 to $1.35 for the best.

The supply is far above the requirements of the country at the present rate of consumption, it being estimated that there is enough in sight to supply the demand until 1890, if none were put up this year.

Peach Trees Suffering From "Yellows" Must Be Destroyed.

A disease that has become prevalent in peach orchards in recent years, is what is known as "yellows." It derives its name from the fact that after the tree is attacked, the leaves turn a saffron hue, and gradually fall off until the tree is left barren.

Great care must be exercised by farmers at the outbreak of the disease, as it seems to spread rapidly if not attended to.

The Peach Commissioners have been active in their attempts to stamp out the disease, and have had a law passed declaring the disease a nuisance and making it compulsory on the owners of orchards to destroy the trees at the first appearance of the trouble.

Failure to do this is a misdemeanor, and the Commissioners are given power to destroy the trees themselves. It is charged by peach-growers that the law is unconstitutional, and they are going to fight the Commissioners if any attempt is made to enforce it.

A Bird's-Eye View of Jerusalem from a Housetop on Mount Zion. Frank Carpenter in SUNDAY'S WORLD.

Bill Nye Lost in the French Catacombs. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

AMONG ERRORS RUINOUS TO HEALTH,

One of the most mischievous and most common is the indiscriminate and too frequent use of purgatives. Such medicines, if well chosen and seasonably resorted to, are certainly useful, but many persons select the worst, fly from one to the other, and employ them when there is no occasion, or their utility has ceased. To establish on a permanent basis a regular condition of the bowels, the finest alterative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is botanic in origin and a safe succedaneum for those objectionable drugs, calomel and blue pill; it does not gripe or drench the bowels like the ordinary evacuents, and it not only reforms irregularity of the habit of body, but remedies the disorder and inactivity of the liver and stomach, which usually accompany that condition. Rheumatism, kidney trouble, malarial complaint and nervousness are removed by the Bitters.

PROFESSIONAL STORY-TELLING.

How a Mere Accident Created a New Society Fad.

"What have I been doing all Winter?" echoed the musical-voiced Laura Dainty, with a smile of mountain-pink freshness. "Well, I've been humoring a New York whim—telling stories to society. A new idea? Of course; Chicago will probably take it up this Winter. A year ago the professional story-teller hired by a hostess to retail a stock of 'off-hand anecdotes' to a company for their entertainment was unheard of. Parlor entertainment was limited to musicales and set recitations, which are now very stale in New York," says the Chicago *Times*.

The discovery of a bright entertainment devoid of all icy stateliness was a mere accident; now it has taken New York by storm. Last Winter I attended a Sunday afternoon reception, such as Ella Wheeler Wilcox gives weekly through the Winter months. Some one asked me to tell a little Irish story I had told before privately. I gave it, with all the elaboration it would bear.

The next day Mrs. John Sherwood, who had been present that afternoon and who sets New York styles in parlor entertainment, sent to ask me if I would not think up a number of stories to tell at a reception she was to give that week.

I ransacked my memory for experiences while reading on the platform and delved into all sorts of places for out-of-the-way anecdotes in dialect that could be garnished, and attended the reception without any one but Mrs. Sherwood knowing that I was engaged to tell 'impromptu stories' prepared beforehand.

Of course I let them urge me to do what I was there especially to do, and nobody but the hostess knew how my anecdotes, apparently hatched up in a minute, had been coldly chiselled out beforehand. From that time I was kept as busy as a bee all Winter telling stories. The craze soon extended to children's parties. For these I had no end of bear and fairy tales.

Don't Forget the Next Instalment of Wilkie Collins's "Blind Love." Now Running in the SUNDAY WORLD

SMOKE
DOGS HEAD

Cigarettes
GOODWIN & Co.
NEW YORK & LONDON.
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BY EVELYN MALCOM.

CHAPTER III.

Wayling stood still with tensely clasped hands, his under lip caught between his teeth, his eyes turned inward, like a man's who is asleep.

"I found myself merging from total unconsciousness into a faint sense of being," he said rapidly. "My brain by degrees became clearer. I endeavored to open my eyes but found it impossible. Then I knew that the trance which had held me at different times from my boyhood held me again. But I was not dismayed, only sorry that the time had come when my wife must be told of my peculiar infirmity. The place was very still. I seem to hear, as I did then, the dropping of the sands in a hour-glass somewhere near me, the bleating of a lamb for its mother, coming, as it seemed, through an open window. I became aware of the soft opening and closing of a door. Somebody entered and stood by my side. One finger was placed upon my forehead, and the person drew a string down my body to the extremest tips of my toes. Then there flashed over me a frightful idea. I was being measured for my coffin! The people around me supposed me actually dead," continued Wayling. "How had such a condition come to pass? Had I fallen into the trance while with strangers? Where was Rao? Where was Cautley? I knew not. I could remember nothing of time or place previous to the attack. Now my sufferings began in truth. I felt that my hands were meekly folded upon my breast and my limbs straightened after the manner of a corpse. The door was opened again. I heard a low cry and two warm arms were placed under my head. It was Mary. Oh, it was my wife! The glorious sense of relief which rushed over me I cannot find words to describe! If my wife was by my side my friend and servant could not be far away. With all my strength I strove to speak to her—to open my eyes. It was as if every muscle was held down in a band of iron and my tongue was paralyzed. But the worst was yet to come. Mary laid her warm cheek against my brow and murmured strange, self-condemning words into my ear. I wanted to shriek out that it was not, could not be true, and then this man entered. He spoke of me as one dead, and from his conversation with my wife I knew the horrid thing she had whispered was so indeed, that he had stolen her love from me, that there was a guilty understanding between them. How he laughed at Mary's tears, ridiculed her remorse; nay, more, he even dared to talk of their future happiness together, while knowing that every word ate through my heart and that he was sending me to the most awful fate a human being could suffer—the supremeness of mental torture! At that moment I would gladly have damned my soul for power to look once into his craven face ere I laid him dead at my feet. Look well at him, Peter—this Judas who betrayed his friend."

"I pray you let me speak one word in my own defense," stammered Cautley.

"Silence!" cried Wayling, turning on him like a madman all the loathing he had repressed overspreading his face. "When you might speak you did not, and you cannot now."

Cautley shrank from him and his head fell upon his knees in an attitude of despair.

"No one else suspected that I was not actually dead," continued Wayling. "The preparations for my burial in the hills de cemetery of that French village were hurried as much as possible. Where was Rao Singh meanwhile? Had his faithfulness been purchased? I could not think so. Nay, I felt sure some treachery kept him from my side. An interval followed of which I can recall nothing. From sheer terror my senses must have left me during the burial. Suddenly I came back to consciousness, life and the power of motion. This I knew by slightly moving one of my fingers up and down. There was an electrical quickening through all my nerves: the beating of my heart sounded like the strokes of a hammer. I remembered all, and at once the question came: Where was I? The awful uncertainty of that moment made my flesh prickly and cold. Where was I? I opened my eyes at length. Darkness like a sea enveloped me, and a silence that could be felt. There are degrees of stillness, but the absolute silence of the grave has no parallel in life. After a convulsive effort I lifted my hand very slowly until it struck the lid of the coffin. Oh, that moment! I cannot find words to describe my sensations. Sweat burst from every pore and my agony was into cradle. Merciful God! to feel that, though living, I was as really dead as the skeleton rotting in the next grave. A nailed-down coffin-lid and six feet of clay separated me from the green earth, air, light and human creatures who would rush to save me if they but knew. If they but knew—there was madness in the thought. I shrieked, and the sound was terrific in the narrow coffin; but I felt an agonizing helplessness, it did not pierce beyond it. Then I grew frantic, yelled madly, continuously; called on God time at my grave clothes, beat my hands against the sides of my coffin and, with a strength born of my need and despair, tried to force the lid. It gave way little by little with a grating sound and presently a handful of damp earth fell upon my face. Then I saw there was no escape, not any. I must die smother, like a rat in a hole. The agony I suffered was infinite, untranslatable. The pressure on my chest, I seem to feel it now, suffocating, dying by inches, when I heard a faint sound. As well as I could I shrieked again and waited, with what suspense you can dimly imagine. The sound became more distinct. A voice! It seemed an eternity before the coffin lid was torn back, and I felt myself lifted, carried up, up!—it seemed to me into the ether of a new world. When I recovered Rao Singh was bending over me; the stars were above, life about me. The delight was too much. I swooned."

Peter had found himself creeping nearer and nearer the edge of his chair as Wayling's narrative proceeded. At the last words, as the speaker sank gasping into a chair, he bounded impulsively to his side and caught his hand, tears rushing from his eyes.

"Alas, poor fellow—indeed—indeed you must have suffered!" he said brokenly. "My word, it was a frightful extreme. And after that, sir? After that?"

"After that, my identity concealed, Rao Singh during weary months nursed me back to life, nay to existence only, for the charm of living was gone. The first glance in a mirror showed me my black hair grown white as drifted snow, and just as changed was all the world to me; there was nothing left me in life worth living for. I learned then from Rao's lips how he had been dispatched on a false mission to England, Cautley having told him the same was my wish. But the Hindoo's preternaturally acute sense or presence told him all was not well, and God willed he should reach that newly made grave in time to save me. During my long illness the thought of my revenge came to me, and I grasped as would a thirsty traveler a spring of water in a rocky place. How often in my delirious hours I fed my hungry heart upon such a scene as this, when I should stand face to face with the evil genius who wrecked from me everything."

He clasped his hands upon his knees and bent a searching gaze on Cautley's bowed head.

"Where is my wife?" he asked.

"Dead this year past," was the muffled answer.

"Is she so?" sneered Wayling; "and who killed her? I know the whole story. Ay, I know how you squandered in evil living the portion she received through my supposed death. I know what her life was with you and how you cast her off, for I stood over her unmarked grave in London's pauper burying ground the day before I sailed from English shores. Say your prayers. You have not an hour to live."

There was a groan of mortal terror and Cautley lifted his face. It was a ghastly sight. A terror so awful had twisted every feature that Peter felt his soul sicken as he looked.

It was the first time in his happy go-lucky life he had stood before the reality of a death like this. It was too deliberate, too horrible. He looked at the Hindoo who stood waiting like the figure of Fate, and deep as he knew Cautley to be his quick sympathies went out to him as he fancied himself in a like extremity.

"It is your settled purpose to kill this man?" he questioned, taking Wayling's arm in an eager grasp. "Nay, then, you will not! What will it profit you to take this wretch's life?"

"Would you not kill a reptile if it stung you?" asked Wayling.

"But look at him, debauched, brutalized, ragged, the laughing stock of all respectable people! Spare him, and he will continue to live miserably, die miserably and be forgotten. His punishment is himself."

"The mercy you ask is impossible. He had none for me," said Wayling trying to shake off his hold.

But Peter threw his arms about him and his utterance was broken and rapid as he looked with desperate entreaty into Wayling's eyes. He scarcely knew what he said, but the thought that this man's life perhaps hung upon his words lent him a persuasiveness and eloquence quite new to him. Cautley sat with open mouth and livid face, scarcely breathing in the agony of suspense.

"See, Mortal fear has set its marks upon his face. Death has terrors for him unguessed by a man like you. And should he live to be a thousand years he could not forget this hour—no, he could not! Ah, he satisfied with this revenge. To stoop to deal him blow for blow is unworthy of you."

"Why do I hearken to you?" asked Wayling impatiently, while his hand nevertheless lingered almost caressingly on Peter's shoulder. "Will you be silent? This is child's play. What! At this last moment renounce the idea which for two years has given stimulus to my life? Useless to ask it. I am not a saint. I cannot forgive in such bounteous fashion."

"For