The World

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LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING WORLD ON Friday, Aug. 23, WAS PRECISELY 348,010 COPIES.

But even on days when there is no event of extraordinary public interest THE EVENING WORLD sells a few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370 COPIES.

THE FLACK REVELATIONS.

Hitherto it has been agreed that the FLACK case was shady.

In the light of to-day's revelations the infamy and rottenness of the whole proceedings are made plain.

The papers made public through THE WORLD'S efforts tell a story of foul conspiracy that sickens an honest man. Each line of it holds some guilty fact which, scampering, vermin-like, for shelter and concealment, only points the way to the conspirators, FLACK, MONELL, WEEKS, WRIGHT, JARVIS and—alas for it—perhaps a judge as well.

Judge BOOKSTAVER's attitude as an injured party does not improve as the revelations proceed. On his own statement Judge BOOKSTAVER appointed Referee MEEKS because he was friendly to the defendant. And now it appears that, though trained to detect minute flaws in evidence and missteps in court procedure, he was blind to the nature of the most infamous and spurious set to papers ever filed in a court. As a climax, disregarding even the dummy referee's recommendation, he granted the wicked decree of divorce without any provision for the maintenance of Mrs. FLACK or for the costs of the action.

These are matters that Judge BOOKSTAVER should explain.

There's a day of reckoning coming for the whole cabcodle of the conspirators.

PROFESSIONAL ADVERTISING.

There is a strenuous punctilio among doctors which brands as "unprofessional" the dealer who advertises his wares, or who, through the medium of public prints, informs the lame, halt or blind portion of the population where he may be found in case they desire his soothing offices.

But there is such a thing as straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

LEWIS A. SAYRE and WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, high lights in this company of thoroughly "professional" practitioners, are just now reviling each other through the newspapers in a fashion that would better befit two cabdrivers, and threatening thrashings, as might be expected in such a muss.

Possibly the terms "liar," "blackguard," "quack," "impostor," are parts of the language of courtesy in medicine. Possibly it is not vulgar for Dr. SAYRE, speaking of his learned fellow-doctor, to say: "It may be that his understanding has become affected by the BROWN-SEQUARD elixir which he injected into his own system." But the laity lacks appreciation of these fine points in medical etiquette.

And as for advertising. Listen to this other "professional" tidbit from Dr. SAYRE's interview:

There is certainly something wrong with the man. He is taking the most extraordinary means to advertise himself by getting into a controversy with me. Of course he understands that my name is known to the medical profession all over the world, and he recognizes the value of that fact, no matter how baseless his own claims may be.

These are eminent controversialists to whom young, struggling members of this polite and mercy-loving profession must look up with reverence and esteem.

Go to! Go to!

KISSING THAT ISN'T ASHAMED OF ITSELF.

It was pretty small potatoes for two proper old ladies, themselves having outgrown the delightful folly of osculation, to complain to a big policeman of a boy and girl who were honest enough to kiss one another in broad daylight upon a Harlem street corner. If ELLA WHEELER WILCOX fails to speak her mind in vigorous spondees to those two prudish old people she will fall short of her poetic duty.

Justice WELDE discharged the children because he could find nothing even in his musty old law books that made kissing a crime. Puritanism mustn't be piggish. Law-makers have a lingering respect, after all, for the romantic models of Arcady and Provence.

The only pity is that more adults do not conduct their kissing in the open air and in view of everybody who shall choose to look on. There would be less business in divorce mills then, fewer pistol tragedies, and the "skeleton-in-the-closet" might attire himself in sackcloth and ashes and go hunting for a job.

Follow the example of CHARLEY STANTON and TENNIE MARDEL. Confide your kissings to the sun, that great apostle of honorable osculation. He has been kissing everybody since the world was new, and, strange to relate, has not yet been made defendant in a breach-of-promise suit or co-respondent in anything worse.

Gen. SHERMAN talks of taking 100,000 of "SHERMAN'S bummers," and SHERMAN'S bummers' sons, and going South, with the Government's permission, to "finish up the job" in which he was engaged in Georgia in 1864-5. Then he adds jocosely: "The truth is these incidents come back to me in a humorous vein." Gen. SHERMAN is a fine old man, but in this instance he speaks brutally, ungenerously. There is nothing humorous in the desolation which to this day reigns where his fiery and iron heels strode across the fair homelands of Georgia and the lower Carolinas.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows" and if "a man is known by the company he keeps," what does Dr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW think about resigning from the Spellbinders and leaving the functions of membership in that august clan to the reverend "SHABBY-HORN" and evanescent A. BENTLY WORTHINGTON?

A PIECE OF EFFRONTERY.

The *Herald's* attempt to take credit for the making public of the FLACK divorce papers is a bold-faced piece of presumption and deceit. The *Herald* had nothing to do with it, save to stand around and wait till THE WORLD gave it the news. The application made in court upon which Judge ALLEN gave the papers for publication was made in due legal form by THE WORLD'S city editor and presented by THE WORLD'S attorneys.

Why don't you tell the truth?

(From Life.)

"I heard Mrs. Fisher say she wouldn't mind marrying that young man of yours."

"I'll never give her the chance. The man a widow would marry is pretty sure to make a good husband."

The Pipe Is Down, Too.
(From Time.)

Snoderass—Simeral, if you contemplate buying stoves now is the time to do it.

Simeral—Why?

"Because they are down, now."

He Was Safe.
(From Judge.)

"Are you not afraid to play ball? I notice that a noted physician says ball-playing is conducive of heart disease."

"No, I'm not afraid. I belong to the Washington Club."

A Strong Appeal.
(From Judge.)

Van Setmeup (fils)—Come, father, be generous. Let me have a thousand and I'll make it last for a month, 'pon honor.

Van Setmeup (pere)—My dear boy, consider. If you go on spending at this rate you'll be as poor as I am before long.

Didn't Realize It.
(From Light.)

Jake—Fathers looks like a freak. I wonder why he dresses so terribly loud.

Al—Well, the poor fellow is quite deaf and I suppose he doesn't realize it.

A Future Financier.
(From Texas Siftings.)

"Pa, I'll be sorry when you get well," said a little Austin boy to his sick parent.

"Why, my son?"

"Because I won't get any more empty medicine bottles to sell. I sell 'em for five cents apiece to the drug store."

He Was Engaged.
(From the Boston Courier.)

Fond Lover—Is your pa in, Addie?

Gentle Maiden—Yes, but you may come in.

"I don't think he likes me, and he might"——

"There's no need of being afraid; he is engaged."

"Engaged, is he?"

"Yes. He stayed out till after 12 o'clock last night, and he went off this morning without giving me a chance to talk to him. She is talking to him now, and he won't be in this part of the house for the next three hours. Come right in."

Proud of Her Ancestry.
(From the Merchant Traveller.)

"Are you interested in athletics?" asked Miss Twillick of a young travelling man who had been paying her some attention.

"I didn't care much about those matters until recently."

"But you are exercising now?"

"I should say so. I can jump a ten-foot fence at one bound and outrun any bow-legged dog that ever invested a dooryard."

"And to think," she murmured fondly, "that it is to my father that you owe all this."

MOTHERS say they would not be without MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. Price 25 cents. *

FOR THE BABIES.

Fairs and Entertainments in Aid of the Free Doctors' Fund.

Public Sympathy Enlisted for the Wee Sufferers.

Nell Nelson Describes a Pretty Fair in Yorkville.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Already acknowledged	$5,881.70
Fifty-seventh Street Fair	23.93
H. C.	1.00
D. K.	10.00
C. B.	.50
F. E. B.	5.00
Miriam Nash	2.80
Mamie Clark	.60
Ninety-fourth Street Fair	10.00
E. Milton S.	1.00

Money and Clothes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept the inclosed 50 cents and bundle of odd clothes. I wish I could do more for the babies. C. R.

A Little Girl's Collection.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find the inclosed 60 cents, which I have collected for the Free Doctors Fund.

NANNIE CLARK, Yonkers, N. Y.

Here's Another Fair.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find check for $10, which please apply towards the Sick Babies' Fund. This amount is the proceeds of a fair held at the residence of Mrs. J. Leopold, 159 East Ninety-ninth street, on Thursday last, under the auspices of the following little girls, ranging in ages from ten to twelve years:

STELLA LEOPOLD,
ROSIE ETTENHEIMER,
FRANCES WINTERBERG,
CHARLEMETTA LOVEJOY,
SUSSIE LOVEJOY,
ROSELLA LESSER,
SARAH HARRIS.

Thanks—Received All Right.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

A large bundle, consisting of babies' clothes and clothes for grown persons, also a smaller package containing three tablecloths, were sent last Monday by Brunner's Express. Please inform me if they were received. Respectfully, HARLEM.

Wishes for Success.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept the inclosed $5 for the help of some sick babies. May you have great success in your noble work. F. E. B.

From Baby Milton.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $1, Baby Milton's mite towards helping on your noble cause.

Brooklyn, N. Y. E. MILTON.

Miriam Collected $2.80.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

My mamma told me about the sick babies, so I asked some of my big friends to give me some money for them, and I send you what I got. MIRIAM NASH, six years old.

New Rochelle.

THE FAIR WAS A SUCCESS.

And the Youthful Promoters Materially Aid the Sick Baby Fund.

Miss Nelson:

Won't you please come to Walter Schlecht's Summer-house, 446 East Fifty-seventh street, and get the money we made for the sick babies? The fair is over. We sold all the things, but we have $20 in Selina Carples's bank. Selina was the President.

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET GIRLS.

In response to the above letter I called at the place indicated and was received by Jennie Adlum, a sweet, small girl with yellow curls floating from under a blue and white tennis cap, and a solitaire dimple buried in the pink of one of her smooth, round cheeks.

She took me through the lower hall and out into the kitchen garden, which is planted with oleander trees, petunia and marigold, gorgeous in their blossoms of rose, magenta and yellow. At the extreme end of the lawn was the Summer-house, overgrown with lupine branches, in and out of which bunting and flags waved and fluttered. Truly an ideal place for a children's fair.

But gayer than the Stars and Stripes, brighter than the garden and prettier than the buds and blossoms, were the boys and girls, forty-six in all, who filled the arbor, and after greetings told me all about the wonderful fair just closed, the trouble they had and their anxiety about the sick babies.

Selina Carples, a brown-eyed maiden with a hat the size of a cart wheel, "got the fair up." First she got a little brother Dick, just about the size of her birthday doll. Her mamma had been reading about the poor sick babies only the day before little Dick arrived, and when Selina learned that he had "two great big baskets just piled with clothes," the thought occurred to her to try and buy some dresses for the babies down in Fifteenth, Thirteenth, Mulberry, Oliver and Washington streets.

When, that evening, her papa gave her 30 cents for candy, her mind was settled, and the next day the girls in Fifty-seventh street resolved themselves into a committee; Selina was made Chairman, and the whole scheme planned and in operation three days later.

It was impossible to do anything without the boys, and so fifteen were put to work. While the girls made sachets, chair-bags, pincircles, tidies, needle-books, photo-cases, pen-wipers, washrags, bedclothes and street clothes for dolls, cushions and toilet articles, the boys draped the arbor, printed and sold tickets, distributed handbills and importuned parents, friends and neighboring grocers, bakers, butchers and fruiterers for "something to start a baby fair with."

Success not only followed, but went hand in hand with every boy engaged in the work. The only spot cash on hand was the 30 cents contributed by Selina, and $1.05, with which Jennie Coggensburg, a dimpled blonde of eight, had intended to open a bank account. Under the persuasive influence of Harry Fried, Arthur Kerwin and Milton Steinweg, fruit, lemons, chocolate, chewing-gum, candy, cookies, 6-o'clock biscuits, loaf cake, nuts and bonbon favors were contributed by friendly shopkeepers, and with the help of some amiable big sisters were resolved into tempting forms.

Lemonade, sausage sandwiches, chocolate creams, cake and cream, tea and biscuits and cups of bread and milk were retailed at the uniform penny price and purchased and devoured by the enthusiastic champions of the wee sufferers.

A dainty little girl named Gertie, who had forget-me-nots in her eyes and daisies in her hat, kept the lemonade stand, and kept her receipts, 700 pennies in all, in a little yellow butter dish.

Agnes Marshall crocheted a doll's overcoat and a doll's counterpane, and at auction realized $4.91, and a little bisque rose, with a bottle of scent that Agnes Schlecht had received from Santa Claus, was raffled and returned to the owner, again donated and disposed of at private sale, and returned and resold, and finally presented to the fine-eyed maiden, who realized more than $2 on her gift.

Mention must be made of Alfred Liebenstein, a deaf mute, who having the interest of the babies at heart, undertook the position of detective at the box office to guard against counterfeit money. In the evening he swept the lawn, and his contribution of chocolate, candy, cigarettes, peaches and snap-caps was realized from pocket money provided for his Saturday outing.

Edwin Schlecht attended to the printing; Jo Ahern kept the cash and accounted for every penny intrusted to his care, and Alfred Coggenburg, Nick Betjeman and Carl Schlecht retailed puns and jokes that threatened to convulse the fair and fairkeepers.

But it was a jolly fair, held in the prettiest Summer-house you could find in New York, managed by the sweetest of sweet girls, and supported and maintained by an awfully nice lot of boys.

A delegation of the pretty workers for charity called at THE EVENING WORLD office yesterday and left precisely $23.93, as the proceeds of the fair.

NOTES OF THE WORK.

Fred Tartler, the manufacturer of orthopedic instruments, of 654 Sixth avenue must imagine the relief and comfort bestowed upon the little lame coat-maker in East Fifteenth street, since no words can express her appreciation. The splint is a blessing in beach, and you will rejoice to know that it will enable the little woman to return to her work and to move about with hitherto unknown comfort and ease.

G. J. Gray.—Advice is impossible. There are no "bright, healthy, handsome boys of eleven or twelve" found in the walks of the free doctors. Poverty is cruel and when misfortunes tread on one another's heels, little remains that is "bright and beautiful" but youth and less that is healthy.

S. A. Anderson.—Your box of clothes was duly received.

White Elephant.—Thank you for the liberal check. It is to be invested in shoes and stockings for twenty-five little girls under eleven years. Not long ago the married men of Catlin & Co. sent us 316 yards of white muslin and 995 yards of gingham, which the Jenny Wrens, of Larchmont, are making up into underwear, nightgowns, aprons and dresses for the sisters of the sick babies. The garments are expected in a few days, and when finished we are to have a "dress up" and a lunch party. Each guest is to be fitted with two suits of clothes, and your gift will pay for one box of new shoes and two boxes of black stockings.

The following letter explains itself, and the generous offer of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson is gladly accepted. The friends of the sick babies are legion, and with their patronage the matinee next week cannot be other than a success. Aside from the beauty and worthiness of the object "Bootles's Baby" is a play of numerous attractions and infinite fun. It is put upon the stage in a clever manner, and the various parts are distributed among a company having the ability to make the play "go."

We take a heartfelt interest in your good work and wish to tender you a benefit for the "wee sufferers" you are so interested in. My husband and I offer you the entire proceeds of a performance of "Bootles's Baby," to be given Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 4, at the Madison Square Theatre. Very sincerely yours,

KATE STEVENSON. (Kate Claxton.)

The "Jenny Wrens," a quartet of ladies living in Larchmont, have been spending their Summer in a sewing room and from time to time letters similar to the following have been received:

Inclosed please find the size you telegraphed for: One dozen dresses, seven years; one dozen skirts, seven years; one dozen drawers, seven years; one dozen waists, seven years; one-half dozen nightgowns, seven years. To-morrow we are going to take a holiday and go to the matinee, but we will commence again Monday morning. This makes 127 pieces this week. I hope they reached you safely.

Faithfully yours, THE JENNY WRENS.

Another note of Saturday reads:

Inclosed please find the "Wrens" work for the past three days: 12 infant slips, 16 infant shirts, 14 four-year aprons, 34 one-year aprons. We will commence on a bolt of gingham for two-year-olds to-morrow, which you will probably receive on Thursday. If you can suggest any attractions in sizes or patterns please let us know. THE JENNY WRENS.

Still another yesterday:

We received to-day by express from Mr. Cowdrey five pieces of plaid gingham, 1000 yards, and two pieces of striped muslin, 108 yards. We have already cut one of the pieces of gingham into thirty-one one-year aprons—the same pattern we sent you before—as we thought that was the best style we could use. It comprises both dress and apron. We have finished since yesterday twelve white infant slips, sixteen flannel skirts and fourteen aprons, which you will receive to-morrow. I think out of the goods we can get about one hundred and twenty dresses, which, with what we have on hand, will make, well, say 150, and when they are finished you must put us on the shoulder and say "Well done, my Wrens."

These unselfish Jennies have had no vacation and no time to enjoy the beauties and attractions of their Summer homes.

Not only have they devoted their entire time to the work, drafting patterns for the little slips, skirts and underwear, feather-stitching hems about flannel bands and barrow coats and gathering dresses and yokes, but they have hired seamstresses to meet the demands of the corps and from their own private purses have purchased soft dimities, flannels and cambrics, and paid for expressing the goods to the city.

Nothing like their contributions have been received at the office, for aside from being brand-new the little garments are beautifully made, put up in boxes plainly marked as to size and the ages for whom intended, and in the entire lot there has not been a single garment that would retail for more than $1.

Viewed from a financial point the gifts of the Jenny Wrens rank with the contributions of Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, "Wall Street," Chauncey B. Ripley and "White Elephant."

The Wrens have done nobly and not only deserve the "well done" patting on the shoulder, but THE EVENING WORLD corps sends them a warm, close hand clasp and a tight little hug from 200 babies now wearing the Wren finery and the blessings of the poor mothers, whose hearts have been touched by the kindness shown their helpless little ones.

Harry Barton.—The address you ask for is 440 East Fifteenth street, and for any interest the gods reward you.

Mrs. M. C.—We can use the bed and mattress you speak about. Please send to 36 West Thirty-fifth street.

Packages have been received and used from "Harlem," "L. H. S.," "Little Port Jervis Friend," "Little Bergen Point Girls," "J. S.," "M. S.," "R. W.," "A. S.," "J. H.," Mrs. C. W. Golt, jr., "Mrs. B. L.," "Jersey City," "South Amboy Dollie," "Orphan," S. A. Anderton, K. B. Merling, Eddie Hirschfeldt, Mrs. A. L. Perkins, "L. K.," "M. B.," E. L. Killip and "S. I. S."

May I increase the obligations of the sick babies and their sick parents by asking for another supply of cordials? There are five very sad cases uptown for whom nourishing food and some sweet, light stimulants are needed. NELL NELSON.

Please Send to 36 West Thirty-fifth Street.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

We are manufacturing a delicious quality of beef extract, which might prove appetizing and nutritious to some of your sick friends. If you can use it where good can be accomplished, we will be pleased to forward same wherever you may be pleased to suggest. Wishing you every success in your noble work, we are very truly yours,

ARMOUR & CO.

W. G. Hill, 182 Duane street.

The Death Rate.

Yesterday there were eighty-seven deaths, and forty-seven of them were children under five years of age. The causes were:

Cholera infantum	20
Diarrhoal diseases	4
Marasmus	4
Whooping cough	2
Croup	1
Pneumonia	2
Diphtheria	3
Other diseases	11

MRS. HARRISON'S SISTER.

Mrs. Scott Lord and Her Popularity in Washington Social Circles.

[Washington Correspondence of Philadelphia Press.]

The news of Mrs. Lord's improved condition since Mrs. Harrison reached her at Nantucket is received with pleasure here, where Mrs. Lord has for years had a quiet popularity, quite apart from her relationship with Mrs. Senator, now Mrs. President Harrison. She has resided here as a companion to her aged father during his service in the Pension Bureau. She used to receive with Mrs. Harrison on her Senatorial Thursdays, but had her own modest reception day as well in the parlors jointly occupied by her father and herself.

She is scarcely eighteen months older than Mrs. Harrison, looks the younger and is more intellectual of the two. She was married very young at Honesdale, Pa., to Mr. Russell Lord, a widower of fine social standing, much older than herself, who left her a youthful widow with three children and several step-children. The latter by some legalized injustice secured the lion's share of his property, and Mrs. Lord has had barely enough income to educate and rear her interesting family.

Her son, Walter Scott Lord, a young civil engineer of great promise, died of consumption several years ago at Albany through exposure to inclement weathers in his vacation. Her daughters have become by marriage respectively Mrs. Walter Dimmick and Mrs. John F. Parker, U. S. N. They are both on the way home from Europe with Lieut. Parker, hastening to their mother's side.

Mrs. Lord's health has been delicate ever since the death of her son, which was a well-nigh mortal blow to her affectionate heart. She was several months at a sanitarium in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania last year, but came away to respond to Mrs. Harrison's urgent request to come and "help her out" at Indianapolis after the election. She came on at inauguration time with the Presidential party. She has been practically Mrs. Harrison's unsalaried private secretary ever since last November, and especially since last March. The two sisters, though of dissimilar temperaments, are very near in heart.

Russell Harrison was named for his aunt's husband, Mr. Lord. Afterwards he added the "Benjamin" of his own volition. Mrs. Lord sometimes writes her name "Elizabeth Scott Lord," but on her cards it is engraved "Mrs. Russell Lord," as she prefers to be known. There was a somewhat eminent Scott Lord, who was law partner at Utica of Senator Conkling and was once a Democratic member of Congress; and she has grown tired of being asked, since the correspondents began writing of her as "Mrs. Scott Lord," if she was that gentleman's widow.

England's Great University.
[From the Richmond Times.]

It is difficult to give a just conception of what Oxford is. Suppose all the colleges in Virginia with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Williams and the other leading colleges in the United States were taken up and set down in the district which lies west of Shockoe creek and south of Leigh street; suppose their architecture should be magnified ten times and beautified a hundred times into the likeness of hoary old cathedrals and cloisters; suppose they should have sweet gardens and extensive grounds behind them, as lovely as the greenest portions of the Capitol Square, washed by a clear and tranquil stream; that they possessed the Congressional library and the best parts of the Smithsonian Institution; then suppose that the National literary associations of 600 years and the historical associations of 1,000 could be concentrated and should hallow them, and you may get a faint conception of what Oxford is; a true conception you can never get until you see her where she has lain for 1,000 years, "spire ding her gardens to the moonlight."

A Delicate Censure.
(From Judge.)

Mr. Culbertson—Do you notice what a willing little horse I've got to-day?

Miss Sherwood—It struck me he was rather trying.

Mr. Culbertson—Trying?

Miss Sherwood—Yes; trying to keep ahead of the flavor of that cigar.

Wouldn't Beat His Way.
(From Time.)

Farmer's Wife—I'll give you some dinner if you'll beat that carpet for me.

Tramp—Madam, I'm strictly honest. I always said if I couldn't get along in the world without beating my way I wouldn't go. Good morning, ma'am.

Hot Days

Have a weakening effect, causing loss of strength and a languor of mind as well as body. This condition permits the development of affections and diseases otherwise inactive. In such cases the system readily rallies under the influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, tones and strengthens the digestive organs, and infuses fresh life and energy. Try it this season.

A STATE SECRET REVEALED.

HOW MEXICO WAS HELPED TO DRIVE OUT MAXIMILIAN.

Gen. Lew Wallace's Special Mission to Brazos Santiago Without the Knowledge of Seward—Preventing the Armed Confederates from Uniting with the Imperialists—Gen. Sturm's Part In It.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 26.—A secret page in the history of our Government during the days of Maximilian in Mexico is now for the first time made public. It was a State secret, shared by Lincoln, Stanton, Grant and Gen. Lew Wallace, but carefully hidden from Seward. The story is now told by Gen. Lew Wallace in a letter sent to President Diaz, under date of Aug. 15, 1889. The main purpose of Gen. Wallace in writing is to explain how he became instrumental in involving Gen. Herrman Sturm in the affairs of Mexico at the time referred to. After premising that the statement can be verified by Señors Romero and Mariscal as well as by State archives, Gen. Wallace proceeds as follows:

"In 1864 Gen. U. S. Grant foresaw the collapse of the Southern Confederacy, and thought it not impossible that the adherents of the 'Lost Cause' might in large bodies, and with their arms, cross the Rio Grande River to join the Imperialists of Mexico. In that event he saw a possible necessity for the Government, of which he was the ablest and most successful soldier, following them. He also foresaw the enormous cost of such a movement, since, besides an indefinite continuance of the war in which we were then engaged, it would certainly lead to hostilities with France. Gen. Grant was more than a sagacious soldier; he was a just and generous statesman, especially scrupulous where the pride of a friendly power was concerned, as will be seen in the course he decided to take. He was then at City Point, where he was conducting the operations against the Confederate capital, while I, as Major-General commanding the Middle Department and eighth army corps, was at my headquarters at Baltimore. He sent me a note to come and see him. After repeated interviews he gave me an order in writing, which I was at liberty to make public, directing me to go to Brazos Santiago, an island near the mouth of the Rio Grande, and inspect the Federal post on the American side of that river. The suggestion that Brazos Santiago was our only post—the rest from the mouth of the river to Brownsville, and thence northward, being in possession of the enemy—will of itself confirm the statement that the public order was but a cover for something of greater importance.

"Your Excellency's memory will serve me when I recall that my Government was the only one in all the world which then continued to recognize the Republic of Mexico as a Government, and Benito Juarez as its President. With equal clearness you will also remember that my Government was, owing to the exhaustive struggle engaging it, bound for the time to the policy of neutrality in your struggle. Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, had contented himself with protests to Napoleon, and was opposed to any positive step which might serve the Emperor as an excuse for recognizing the Confederacy, of which Mr. Davis was chief. For that reason the objects of my mission to the Rio Grande were without Mr. Seward's knowledge. In fact, of the persons constituting the Administration they were known only to President Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. In an interview with President Lincoln on the subject he admonished me not to mention the business to Mr. Seward. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton accepted Gen. Grant's view of the failing condition of the Confederacy, and agreed with him that the time was come, in our own interests as well as those of Mexico, to help President Juarez at least privately.

Gen. Wallace then tells how he was instructed by Gen. Grant to put himself in communication with the nearest trustworthy representative of the Liberal Government in Mexico, and ascertain what the authorities would be willing to do if the Confederates crossed the Rio Grande in armed bodies to unite with Maximilian. If Juarez was willing to arrest them, then Gen. Wallace was to inquire what assistance they needed. If it was arms and material, Juarez was to be assisted to get them. Such was the extent of Gen. Wallace's instructions, but he has no doubt that had the emergency arisen our Government would have openly allied itself with that of Juarez. Gen Wallace went to Brazos, Santiago, found the left bank of the Rio Grande held by the Confederates, while Maximilian's force patrolled the right bank, and contrived to open communication with Gen. Jose M. J. Carjal, who was then in the mountains drilling a small force armed only with bows and arrows. Finding that Carjaval had authority to act, Gen. Wallace induced him to come to Washington. The letter then proceeds:

"Nobody except Gen. Grant, Secretary Stanton and President Lincoln knew of his arrival or how he came, and they only knew it through my official reports. Suffer me now to show Your Excellency how Gen. Sturm came to be connected with the business. Under full persuasion that Gen. Carvajal's authority was ample to justify him in attempting, assisted by Minister Romero, to place a loan in my country, from the proceeds of which the two together could supply the needs of President Juarez. Persuaded also that this was the best course to be taken to prevent the Confederates joining Maximilian, particularly after Gen. Grant had approved my action, I returned to my command at Baltimore. About a month afterwards I received a note from Gen. Carvajal informing me of his inability to do something and claiming my help, as proposed, I advised President Lincoln and Gen. Grant, and obtained their permission to go to his assistance.

"In New York it soon became apparent that other assistance was required, and I suggested the employment of Gen. Herrman Sturm, then Chief of Ordnance for Gov. Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana. I knew him to be an honorable man and expert in arms and munitions of war, full of experience in their purchase, and especially favored with a general acquaintance with the business men of New York, outside of which it was hopeless attempting anything. His military rank was that of Brigadier-General. But what was of special influence, I know him to be possessed of money in his own right, and that he could command more from members of his family and friends. I say this was influential, for Gen. Carvajal did not have means sufficient to pay his hotel bills. I was doing that for him. At the same time Minister Romero was in no sense responsible for Gen. Carvajal's condition. He would doubtless have assisted him if it had been in his power. The suggestion proved acceptable to both Gen. Carvajal and Minister Romero. I telegraphed Gen. Sturm, then at Indianapolis. An arrangement was effected with him. The terms of the arrangement I do not remember. I only know that at the time neither of the contracting parties had any approximate idea of the time and labor that would be exacted of them. The first effort was to place a loan in behalf of the Mexican Republic. Bonds were printed and the certification was all that could be asked. They proved unacceptable. In his efforts Gen. Sturm was so efficient, so energetic, so faithful, that he commended himself to Gen. Romero, who, when Gen. Carvajal retired, continued the business, and Gen. Sturm was his chief assistant.

"In the course of that attempt it was discovered that the bonds could be made available for the purchase of guns, pistols, cartridges, powder, sabres, torpedoes, ships, &c. The loan was abandoned. In the new scheme Gen. Sturm was again invaluable. Here his experience, skill, knowledge of dealers and prices, his tirelessness and loyalty were successful. Minister Romero, in one of his reports, states that six or seven armies of the Republic were provided through the instrumentality stated. This was due in very great part to Gen. Sturm. The arms were good. With them every time your troops met the enemy they were victorious. One thing I know: Gen. Sturm impoverished himself, his family and many of his friends in the work to which he dedicated himself. I would be very happy to hear that your Government has dealt with Gen. Sturm in settlement speedily and generously. LEW WALLACE."

A Cowardly Assassin Acquitted.
(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 26.—Andy Johnson, of Pineville, Ky., a noted mountain desperado, has just been acquitted for a triple murder. The trial was held at Barbourville, and Judge Boyd, who had been here conferring with Gov. Buckner about sending troops to maintain order in that section, heard the case. On Sunday, May 16, 1885, Thomas Napier and F. J. Hoskins and their families were driving in a wagon along the principal street of Pineville on their way from church. Johnson, standing behind the corner of his house, fired upon the wagon. At the first shot Napier was killed. In the confusion that followed Johnson fired three more bullets into the crowd. One fatally wounded Hoskins, who died within an hour, and another killed his seven-year-old daughter.

SOME FAIR SPORTSWOMEN.

THEY CAN HANDLE THE RIFLE OR SHOTGUN WITH VETERAN SKILL.

Many to Be Seen in Hunting Regalia in the Adirondacks—Guns Made Expressly for Women's Use—Mrs. Pierre Lorillard a Fine Shot—Mrs. Cleveland Has a Gun but Seldom Uses It.

[New York Letter to Savannah News.]

Now that the season of outing is under way many of the fair Maid Marions who wander under the greenwood tree are proving themselves adepts with something more dangerous than the clothyard shaft, Robin Hood's weapon. Ladies' shotguns and rifles are manufactured expressly for the more enterprising sportswomen, and once the lincoln green has been donned the half-savage joys of the chase, in many an erstwhile gentle creature's bosom, cause the charms of tennis or even the mad delights of croquet to pale.

Dressed from head to foot in flannel, with felt hat and high easy boots, weapon on shoulder, the woman who shoots is making ready to tramp the Adirondacks from North Creek to Paul Smith's, and with her cartridges to shove headache, nervousness and about all the ills that feminine flesh is heir to into the beautiful steel tube and with the instant's pressure of her finger blow them all away.

The favorite shotgun of the markswoman is double-barrelled and made after the pattern used by Miss Annie Oakley. The stock is of different shape from the ordinary gun to accommodate the shorter neck and arms, and the weapon is much lighter.

The barrels are 27 inches long or thereabouts and are often beautifully figured. The weight is anywhere from four pounds to five and three-fourths, about five and one-half being recommended. The bore ordinarily is 20. It shoots three-fourths of an ounce of fine shot ahead of two drams of Schultz powder, which gives very little recoil. It has a killing circle of 30 inches in diameter at thirty yards, costs from $100 to $200 and is usually made to order to suit the strength and figure.

A woman is measured about as accurately for a fine shotgun as for a gown. The lower Broadway dealer, who has built more guns, in all probability, for the use of women than any other man in America, has a blank form to be filled in with the height, length from armpit to tips of fingers, width from point of one shoulder to point of the other, chest measure, full breasted or otherwise. In addition to these particulars, if the gun is ordered by the sportswoman in person he always gives her one to handle, getting points as to bends and weights from observation of her carriage.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, who has an excellent reputation for coolness in the field and skill, owns some fine weapons. Mrs. Cleveland has a pretty 12-bore, which was a gift to her on the eve of one of the Adirondack vacations, but which she has not often used. It weighs 5¾ pounds and the barrels are of full weight and strength and of the handsomest finish possible. It requires less skill to kill a partridge with it than when a smaller bore is used, and hence the light 12-bore is quite a favorite among women, at least in their first season's shooting.

Bertha Von Hillern, who won quite a reputation for herself as a pedestrian, is an excellent shot and uses a single-barrelled gun, which is of 28-calibre and weighs a trifle under four pounds.

Miss a Becket, the artist, who for many Summers shared Miss Von Hillern's mountain studio in Virginia, is also an accurate markswoman and shoots with a double-barrelled gun of 36-calibre.

It is told of the pair that one day while they were shooting at a target in the Blue Ridge Mountains a party of mountaineers lounged up and watched the practice, challenging the ladies to a test of skill. The men were armed with old-fashioned Kentucky rifles, while the two artists had modern breechloaders. The mountaineers were invited to set up a target to suit themselves and chose a distance of 100 yards. They shot well, but the women were in good training and the impromptu match ended in a draw.

A woman, who is credited with almost as much skill with a gun as in snap shots with the detective camera, is the wife of ex-Senator Platt, who is off to bag game in Alaska.

The rifle, the weapon of precision, is used by fewer women, though numbers of the old make of the Remingtons are still in circulation. The Marquise de Mores brought down some game during her ranching experiences in Dakota. Her rifle had a short stock, was of 32-calibre, with 24-inch barrel and weighed not over 5½ pounds. The breech mechanism was simple, and it was told of her that first she photographed from horseback a scene of wild life and then she brought the animal which had been its focus of interest down.

More adepts shoot at a mark than at game, but the exodus to Eng and every Summer and the sight of their cousins across the water regularly taking stands at the butts during a grouse drive and bringing the game to bag with the skill of veterans are having their influence on American women. Good double shotguns are beyond the purses of any but the rich, but good single guns and good single shot rifles are cheap enough to enable anybody who is not satisfied with her eyes as deadly weapons to kill in a more effective way.

TOBOGGAN BARGAIN SALE.

We call it "toboggan" because all goods thus advertised are BOUND TO GO. Nothing can stop them. To observe the throngs surging to and our Bargain Counters is a sight both pleasing and inspiring. On every face is depicted pleasurable expectancy. Everything wears a merry aspect. Even the goods smile. Salesmen delighted to wait on customers no eager to be served, customers chuckling over bargains so ridiculously cheap. Everybody come, and those who do not wish to buy will be repaid by the contemplation of genuine merriment and nineteenth century bustle.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

26-inch GLORETTA SILK UMBRELLAS with gold and silverine handles, ...$1.13, worth $2.00
Handsome 2 and 4-blade English POCKET KNIVES, with pearl and horn handles, ... 15c. and 24c., worth 35c. to 65c.
Dr. Snow's TRIPLE EXTRACTS, all odors, bottle.....39c., worth 50c.
Handsome, large-size silk plush PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.....49c., worth $1.00
Large lot of fine DRESS TRIMMINGS, consisting of gimps and galloons in black and colors 19c. per yard, worth 50c.
All the latest NOVELS in book form, 7c. and 9c., publisher's price, 25c.
Fine black and colored silk velvet RIBBONS, all widths, from 30c. to 97c. per piece, worth double.
All our 10c. and 15c. fine JAPANESE FANS reduced to..... 5c.
All our d