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CCCXLVCCCCLXVIII Worlds Per Day.

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY!

MAY 7, 1889.—After a thorough examination of the Circulation Books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and Newsdealers' Accounts of THE NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from the various paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were **Printed and Actually Circulated** during the month of March, 1889, a total of **Ten Million Seven Hundred and Nine Thousand Five Hundred and Twenty (10,709,520) Complete Copies of "The World."**

W. A. CAMP,
Manager of the New York Clearing-House.
O. D. BALDWIN,
President of the American Loan and Trust Co.
THOS. L. JAMES,
President of the Lincoln National Bank.

March, 1889, - 10,709,520

AVERAGE NUMBER OF "WORLDS" PRINTED DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH LAST WAS

345,468.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF "WORLDS" PRINTED DURING THE LAST SIX MONTHS:

342,206.

NONE TOO SOON.

The boy HEYMAN SHAPIRO, is free! That he should have suffered the imprisonment he did was an outrage; that he is released is not ground for any exalted feeling. The only comforting sense is that wrongs like this are too foul to endure. Yet the illegal constraint on this boy of sixteen, who was an important factor in the support of his indigent family, has been only one of several similar wrongs.

THE EVENING WORLD has done in this case what it has done, and will ever do in like ones. It couched a doughty lance against a hideous evil. The evil has disappeared.

What remains is that some measure be adopted which shall make a recurrence of this wrong impossible. THE EVENING WORLD has shown how this can and should be achieved. This last sample ought to be the prick which should goad on to demanding this measure.

NOW THEN, GO!

The Finance Committee of the World's Fair has elaborated the scheme for subscriptions, and it is now possible for all to hand in their contributions. That this result should have been reached, slowly and painfully, is satisfying enough to bar comment on the proposed plan as cumbrous and needlessly complicated.

If subscriptions are tardy it will be the business men of New York who will deserve censure. Do we want the Fair? We have got to shoulder some responsibility, pay out something in energy and in cash. Do this promptly, because never was it truer that "he gives twice who gives quickly."

Be prompt. The longer the delay the weaker will be the effect of a subscription.

ARGUMENTATIVE ANARCHY.

Occasionally an Anarchist belches forth the supreme argument of his ilk by emptying a gun at a crowned head. Though royalty is considerate enough not to wander at large with that offensive symbol decorating its poll, the Anarchist cannot restrain himself when he has a rush of crown to his head.

The recent attack on Prince WILLIAM of Wurtemberg, was an explosion of this kind. Usually such intemperate feeling is more disastrous to the Anarchist than to his target because public sentiment is opposed to this kind of spirit.

It is an argument of Anarchy which proves too much.

The Grand Duke NICHOLAS, once a regal high-roller, after being stripped of all control of his estates and interests by his nephew, the Czar, is now corroding under a malignant cancer in the head. He is such a dismantled wreck that he is only sustained by injections, and wearily waits in a darkened room, from which even his immediate family is rigidly excluded, the happy moment when the cancer shall have bitten through his carotid and he can bleed to death.

A picture, this for VERESCHAGIN.

Chef ZIEMAN, the "blue ribbon" of the White House, says he would desert the palace of a king who would eat pie for breakfast! But this is a free country, ZIEMAN, and the ballot still remains open to the matutinal pie-eater.

It is a fact which speaks for itself that labor strikes are still going on in Europe. These ebullitions of industrial feeling are the rumbling of a coming storm.

SPOTLETS.

The country's upper-crust will now rest more easily. Ex-Steward Zieman says there is no pie at the White House breakfasts.

***

It was not an every-few-days event that filled Tappan with congratulations yesterday afternoon. John Tallman and wife were celebrating the seventieth anniversary of their wedding-day.

***

Telling stories about his old sweetheart after she had married another man is proving costly to a Franklin street barber. He has paid $100 fine and has a $2,000 suit for defamation on hand.

***

The baseball season's near its end
And there is cause for glee.
The fifty cents we used to spend
To see the game we now may lend
To aid an impecunious friend,
And thus do good, you see.

***

An old American custom has worked across the sea. In Edinburgh it is announced that an actress has been robbed of $15,000 worth of jewels.

***

Londoners exhibit an inclination to look up. It is proposed to build an Eiffel Tower there which shall be 1,250 feet high.

***

A Bloomfield theological student varied his occupation of seeking out texts by running down a chicken thief and holding him for the police.

***

Pauline Hall recognizes that there are other shrines. She burned incense to Joss Sunday night, and for a time Chinatown forgot that there were no electric lights in Chatham square.

***

Allentown has a pretty sensation in the reappearance of an embezzling bookkeeper, who was supposed to be in Canada. He declares he has spent the two years of his absence from sight right in his own house, and that by the State law his offense has passed under the Statute of Limitations.

VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Annie Louise Cary-Raymond has a pair of diamond butterflies that measure three inches from tip to tip. With a sleeveless corsage these brilliant insects are worn as shoulder-clasps.

Mrs. William Astor's shoulder ornaments are in the form of diamond love-knots and are said to have once belonged to Cardinal Richelieu.

In the "Iron Master" Miss Florence Cowell displays a couple of extraordinary parasols. One "paragon" is covered with a patch of real green grass, in which flaming poppies are choked. Another lizard effect has a very venomous-looking snake coiled about the handle that wriggles so natural like as to make a body in the rear row creep.

If you want to give a young mother something ultra as a christening favor, send her a weighing basket. The hamper is about as roomy as a bushel measure, fragrant as sandal wood, tissue lined, with rose pedal silk and finished with a scales encased in silver and enamel.

The "Connemara," that most hideous of all circulars, which puffs out of shape a slender woman, and gives a plump one the circumference of a hogshead, is to have another season of life—the last, let us hope.

Audacious butterfly bows of bright-hued ribbons are put on broad-brimmed hats.

Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland has a small voice, about the size of one of her sunsperies, and sings old ballads of the "Molly and I Were Sweethearts" style very delightfully.

Children have been taken out of black and brown frocks and socks and put in red clothes of the cardinal, Boulanger or Mephisto tint.

Every well-bred child is taught what is called round English, and flat vowelled nurse girls are at a discount.

Raspberry pink is a new color.

The watch bracelet, side bag, silver chain belt and hair dagger are a few of the season's novelties that, like Summer, have been retired.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

"Lo" Sessions has been prevailed on to withdraw from the contest in the Thirty-second Senate District, and leave the field to Tom Platt's man, Commodore Perry Vedder. The Republican State Committee fixed "Lo."

George O. Jones has played his annual farce known as "The Greenback State Convention." He hadn't enough actors so that he could properly cast the State ticket. Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, heads the list as candidate for Secretary of State.

There were hints of a big defection from the County Democracy organization yesterday because of a refusal of 9,000 Democrats to be sold to the Republicans. When sifted the big defection was found to be simply the resignation of Assemblyman William H. Hornidge, of the Twentieth Assembly District.

Long Island City's big fighting Mayor, Patrick Gleason, has been renominated as the citizens' and taxpayers' candidate.

The Republicans have failed to find a man who is willing to run as a candidate for Congress against Amos J. Cummings in the Ninth District. Both Col. E. A. McAlpin and Wm. A. Gans have declined the dubious honor.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Edgar Allan Poe, the quarter-back on the Princeton football team, weighs only 135 pounds. He is very wiry and muscular. This is his first year on the team. As his name indicates, he is a connection of America's great but erratic poet and writer.

H. S. Vorhurh, manager of the Columbia football team, is himself an athlete who has won many laurels on the athletic field. He possesses a number of medals earned by fleetness at the short distances and hurdles.

"Ben" T. Tilton, captain of the Harvard University crew, is a youth elevated a distance of 6 feet 3 inches, and of an avoirdupois amounting to 195 pounds. He has handled an oar pretty nearly ever since he learned to walk.

J. W. Cole, of the S. I. A. C., is partial to athletic sports of all kinds, particularly bowling. He has just been elected captain of the Club's bowling team.

WORLDLINGS.

The dry-goods king of Boston is Eben Jordan, of the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co. He is worth between $5,000,000 and $10,000,000, a great part of which is in real estate.

John C. Heenan, the pugilist, is buried in Troy, N. Y. A monument of Scotch granite, erected by his sisters and his widow at a cost of $12,00, marks his grave.

Among the historical relics in the Libby Prison War Museum in Chicago is a wooden bootjack that was once the property of Abraham Lincoln. For twenty-five years it has been reverently kept in a glass case.

A Valuable Talent.

[From Puck.]

Seedy Individual—Say, can't you take me with you out West and give me a job?

Chicago Business Man—What can you do?

Seedy Individual—When I'm well dressed I can borrow more money on less credit than any man in the city.

Chicago Business Man—By Jinks! Come right along. I'll take you into partnership.

"OUR FLAT."

The roaring farce written by Mrs. Musgrove, and presented last night at the Lyceum Theatre by Mr. Daniel Frohman, will be something of a surprise to the patrons of this house, who are accustomed to the dainty art-delicacies of comedy rather than the boisterous methods of rude farce. Condensed into a funny little curtain-raiser, one act long, "Our Flat" would be intelligible even at the Lyceum Theatre, but as an evening entertainment of three hours' duration it is not good enough.

Yet there are some very funny things in the farce. The dialogue is at times scintillant, though frequently it is spoken with deadly dulness. This caused a laugh: Reginald Sylvester is visited by his father-in-law, whom he mistakes for a money-lender. He is told by a friend that this is not the money-lender. The father-in-law, anxious to keep up the deception, says that he represents the firm.

"Ah!" exclaims Reginald, "I am glad of that. I was afraid you were lending money on false pretenses."

In the second act the furniture hired by the young married people in the farce is taken from them by the owners, from whom it is being purchased on the instalment plan. The wife, confronted by the sight of an empty parlor, sets her ingenuity to work. Of some soap-boxes, an ironing-board and some cushions she makes a sofa by throwing her Paisley shawl over the lumber; of a bath she constructs a handsome lounge-chair by enveloping it in a silken portiere: from a clothes-horse she develops a screen by drapery happily disposed. The room looks charmingly furnished. But none of the furniture will brook being sat upon. Of course, the irate father-in-law falls into the bath; and the plump domestic does likewise, remaining there for some few minutes with her feet in the air, a position that was hardly tinged with Lyceum propriety. But this second act is the best; the first is rather dull, and the last is merely puerile.

H. B. Conway, the actor imported for Mrs. Blaine's company, played the young husband, Reginald Sylvester. Whatever Mr. Conway's talents may be in the legitimate direction, they certainly are not to be discovered in farce. He was funereal instead of funny, and as awkward as the clothes-horse introduced upon the stage.

Some very excellent work was done by Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault as the young wife. The lady looked lovely, and her performance was artistically facile. Miss Marion Russell was as successful as Mrs. Boucicault, albeit she only had what the profession call "a character bit." As the inquisitive maiden in the lower flat she was extremely felicitous. It is in these bits that dramatic talent is really discovered. R. F. Cotton made a hit as Nathaniel Glover, a theatrical manager, and Thomas Whiffen was as quaint as ever. Miss Lillian Alliston overdid the part of Bella—if it be possible to overdo anything in the roaring complications made known by "Our Flat." ALAN DALE.

JIM GUEST IN HARD LUCK.

He Could Not Win a Bet on the Number of a Man's Fingers.

A stout, sunshiny-looking gentleman sat in the rotunda of the Grand Hotel last night watching the white-ashed tip of his fragrant Havana, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. His well-trimmed beard was gray, and his ruddy countenance indicated good living.

He was Col. Jim Guest, the noted horseman, whose fame on the turf has been perpetuated by his namesake, the gallant steed that so often bore his owner's colors first past the wire. The Colonel, between puffs, was good-naturedly bewailing his ill-luck.

"How have I done at the races?" He repeated in his bluff way. "Haven't won a bet. When I backed a horse for first place he ran second. When I put my money on him for second he came in third.

"And so it has been the whole meeting. Why, awhile ago I was back there in the bar with a party. 'Gentlemen,' said I to them, 'I'd like to win one wager before I leave town. I'll go a bottle of wine I can pick out two men here with twenty-one fingers and thumbs.' You see, I thought I had a sure thing. I knew a friend at my side had five fingers on his left hand. Bill here took me up. 'Well,' said I laying my hand on my friend's shoulder, 'John has eleven fingers, and any one of the rest of you will do for the other man. I ran my eye over the group and selected a chap. 'Uncle Jim,' he said, holding up his paw, 'I'm sorry, but you lose. I shook hands with a shell at Chickamauga, and it cost me three fingers.' If that isn't dead tough luck, demme if I know what is."

A Little Learning Is a Dangerous Thing.

[From Time.]

Sloan—Say, do you remember that $5 I borrowed of you?

Smart—Yes; how did you ever come to think of it?

Sloan—I've been taking a lesson of Loisette.

Smart—Well, you'd better go take another lesson and see if you can't remember that ten you borrowed before that.

STOLEN RHYMES.

Corn in Egypt.

When famine swept the country, and the fabled Horn
Of Plenty was exhausted, and there wasn't any corn,
Jacob called his sons together and told the eldest boy
That in far distant Egypt—not Egypt, Illinois,
But that other ancient country, where the ox Nile water drinks,
Celebrated for its mummies, its pyramids and Sphynx—
In Egypt there was plenty, they must the journey make,
To purchase the material for their daily johnny cake.
"And without corn," said Benjamin, in a voice as soft as silk,
"How can we our appetites indulge in mush and milk?"
"Without it, too," another cried, "and dad will miss his horn,"
And Jacob beamed upon him and acknowledged the corn.
—*"Grip," in Texas Siftings.*

When My Darling Comes to Greet Me.

When my darling comes to greet me,
With the blossoms burst in bloom,
Will the birds at our time silent
Sing their brightest, dearest tune?

Will the grasses seek to kiss her,
Clinging soft about her feet?
And the tree tops bend to bless her,
Thinking her as good as sweet?

All things seek to charm my darling,
Jealous of my love alone.
Seek to share with me the treasure
That so wholly mine has grown.
—*Minnie C. Bassard in the Philadelphia Times.*

She Got One.

"Oh, what is that belt for?" the maiden inquired
Of her lover who sat by her side.
"Why that is a life buoy, in danger required,"
The happy young fellow replied.
"I think I'm in danger," the maiden went on,
"And I need a life boy very badly;
I guess I must have one ere the year is gone."
Said her lover, "I'll be that boy gladly!"
—*Ocean.*

Tacking Required on the Return.

[From Life.]

"How far is it to the nearest saloon?"

"Three miles straight away—round trip, ten, more or less."

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL, at 25 cents a bottle will give relief to infants teething. Try it. ***

NIMROD'S LETTERS.

Enthusiastic Hunters Who Are Desirous of That Double Eagle.

"The Evening World" Prize Excites Lively Competition.

Wonderful Tales of Lucky Shots and Skilled Marksmanship.

Conditions.

THE EVENING WORLD *hereby opens a hunting contest as a timely and interesting feature. The fish story contest created a great deal of interest, and tales of adventure with dog and gun will prove no less entertaining. The prize—a double gold eagle—will be given for the best hunting story submitted.*

Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve, who is a great hunter himself, has consented to act as judge and award the prize.

They may be as short as the authors desire, but must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, Hunting Story Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, *New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Nimrod.*

A Mount Kisco Bear Hunt.

To the Editor:

One cold morning at daybreak I awoke with the determination to shoot some big game. I shouldered my rifle, took a brace of hounds and started. The bushes were so thick it was almost impossible to get through. My dogs started a flock of turkeys and I killed two. Just as I had shouldered them the dogs barked and ran through the underbrush and were soon out of sight.

I followed as fast as I could till I came to the edge of an open prairie when I saw a huge bear. Throwing turkeys aside, I advanced. When within a few rods of him he saw me and stood upon his haunches.

I aimed at his breast and fired. As I did so he came down on all fours after me. I tried to run, but could not; so, with bowie-knife in hand, I prepared for the awful fight. As he came up, roaring like a bull, I jumped aside, stabbing him in the neck. He reeled, and I stabbed him in the side and he fell dead on top of me.

TRAPPER, Mount Kisco, N. Y.

A Very-Much-Killed Rabbit.

To the Editor:

I have shot at, but never hit much. I did, however, kill a rabbit. If you could have seen that rabbit you would have believed him to be dead without holding an autopsy to prove it. He was shot with duck shot at a range of thirty feet, and, consequently, was ripped from alpha to omega. I am an absent-minded man. Please remember this.

In Canada, about six years ago, I started to hunt partridges, commencing at one clearing and working through the brush to another. I reached the second clearing without seeing any partridges. Suddenly, out of the bushes, jumped a rabbit and sat looking at me in a tantalizing sort of way. I raised my gun. Snap! No explosion. Snap again; same result. I repeated this experiment. The rabbit still looked at me. Then I opened the breech of my gun. It contained no shells!

I had hunted half a day for partridges with no shells in my gun! Hastily and shamefully I slipped in two shells, and, in my excitement, duck shells. Then the rabbit commenced to run. Bang! I got the pieces, but I have always wanted to apologize to that rabbit.

SHORT RANGE.

An "Up-Country" Hunter's Story.

To the Editor:

I'm from 'way up country, but I manage ter get yer paper once a week, and I tell yer that when yer asked ther hunters to write yer some stories yer sot me ter thinkin' of ther night, many years ago, when Reuben Carter began ter balkerlate in a very short space of time what a terrible sinner he had been during his life. It cum about in this way:

Wallup, ther dog, and me started for our nex' day's meal in a terrible snowstorm, and believin' ther somethin' would soon cum our way I got inter a large hole in ther rocks and sot down ter wait fer our game. Finally Wallup began ter sniff ther air and I-ees:

"What's up, Wallup?"

But he laid his head between his paws and kinder didn't rest easy. Again ther dog sniffed and began ter growl.

Suddenly he grabbed me by the coatsleeve and was pulling me towards the entrance, when I heard an unnatural yell, and I felt my-self bein' torn ter pieces by somethin' that hed jumped on me.

I knowed no more til I felt somethin' lickin' my face. It was Wallup, covered with blood and all torn to pieces, unable to stand on his feet, and at my side lay three large wildcats dead.

I am on crutches now; but poor Wallup never left that cave, dying shortly after I came to.

UP COUNTRY.

Killed By the Wind, Not the Shot.

To the Editor:

While at Delhi, New York, last year, the villagers were very much annoyed with chicken hawks, who committed daily raids on the poultry yards.

Determined to get a shot at one of these thieves if possible, one afternoon, while securely hidden from observation, gun in hand, there flew past with lightning rapidity a hawk, about fifty yards away. With equal rapidity I sighted my gun, fired, and down came Mr. Hawk.

Upon gaining my prize, I was very much surprised at being unable to discover any wound whatever. I took the hawk up to the village doctor, who after a close examination, and failing to find any mark on the body, declared positively that the wind of the shot had undoubtedly caused the bird's death. HEN HAWK, Jr.

Four Vultures at a Shot.

To the Editor:

While on a recent trip to Havana, Senor Zamacana and myself were riding through the valley of the Vuelta Abajo when suddenly five vultures descended upon the carcass of a mule.

The senor smilingly remarked, "Show me some of the shooting you Americans all boast about?"

Quietly raising my rifle I shot four of the five vultures.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. BOREMSKY,
203 East Seventy-second street.

Arthuro Alvarez, 24 Calle Galeand, Havana, Cuba, will verify my story.

Kangaroo Hunting in Australia.

To the Editor:

Being fond of hunting, and having done considerable in that line in different parts of the world, I read your wonderful shots with great interest.

A friend of mine, an old resident in Queensland, invited me to a kangaroo hunt. Two good Australian horses, a dozen kangaroo hounds and my Winchester rifle and off we started at 4 A. M. Everything went well, and I quite enjoyed the ride, more so as it was the first time for me on horseback.

Suddenly the hounds started off and our trained horses followed like chain-lightning. To the left of us, on the top of a small hill, studded with large trees, we espied a herd of about 100 kangaroos. In less than a second I saw right ahead of me the before almost motionless animals having a jumping match which I shall never forget.

At the same time I fancied myself to be on one of those jumping devils' backs, and jump I did, that is off my horse's back, sailing about ten yards through the air.

Coming to again, horses, kangaroos and hounds were gone, and taking a more comfortable position, the rifle across my knees, I felt like being shipwrecked.

Hardly ten minutes could have expired when there was another stampede and turning around I saw the bounding animals coming directly towards me.

Being well sheltered by a large tree I waited until I had them abeam. A quick aim, and two beautiful bucks rolled on the ground, one shot through the neck and the other one with a bullet in its head. E. T. B.

The Greenhorn Bagged the Squirrel.

To the Editor:

One morning in October Jim Edwards and myself shouldered our guns and started for Moffat's Woods, squirrel hunting. Dave Ross went along, armed with a new single-barrel Wadsworth gun. Dave was a green hunter, and we took him along to teach him how to shoot.

Jim and I were walking ahead, Dave bringing up in the rear just like any green hunter would. We saw a gray squirrel on a rail fence running for dear life. Quick as thought Jim and I had our guns to our shoulders.

Bang! bang! whang! bang! the squirrel kept on running faster than ever.

I looked around for Dave. He was running for the fence and had hold of his gun-stock and holding it high above his head. He got to the fence and brought the gun-barrel down with tremendous force. We expected to see his barrel bend double, but it came down with a dull thud square on the squirrel's back.

Dave picked up his squirrel and then looked around for Jim and me. Of course it's useless for me to say that Jim and I coaxed Dave to say nothing about it. W. R.

Panther Hunting with Dynamite.

To the Editor:

I was moonlighting wells out in Pennsylvania, a business that, as a rule, is trying to a man's nerves, necessitating as it does the transporting of powerful explosives over all kinds of country. I left the business, however, as the result of a panther hunt, and this is how it came about:

Benson's well was to be operated upon, and I set off across the ridge that night carrying four cartridges wrapped in an old coat. I was stumbling along over an old wood road when my attention was suddenly attracted by the sight of two eyes, like glowing coals of fire, staring down at me from a tree beside the road.

I put my thinkers to work at once. Removing my cap, I placed it on my bundle of cartridges and slowly raised it above my head. A snarl and a rush of something through the air that carried my headgear and bundle over into a ravine was the immediate result, followed by the most ear-splitting explosion I ever heard; and if that panther wasn't scattered around the whole State it wasn't for lack of noise.

How I escaped I don't know, but I did.

C. W. S.

An Ancient Musket's Deadly Work.

To the Editor:

When about fourteen I started one morning to beat the dense jungles around Metuchen, N. J., in quest of rabbits. My weapon was an ancient musket I had slipped quietly out of the house and which had been knocking around unused for many years. I knew it was loaded; I ascertained this by inserting the ramrod then measuring outside the barrel, the difference being some five inches in favor of the load.

Soon a large and far-spreading rabbit was "flushed." He appeared at intervals, but seemed to have a wild desire to get somewhere and could not stop for an interview. He was about disappearing finally in an impenetrable forest of horseweeds, when I swung the musket in his direction, closed my eyes and pulled.

I missed him, but I killed three turkeys, four chickens, crippled a calf, broke a horse's leg, dislocated my own shoulder and knocked down a panel of picket fence, where the old gun, excited at the murder it was doing, kicked me through it backward.

The "Governor" paid the freight, but being sued for every sick or dead animal in the neighborhood, went into bankruptcy.

For confirmation of this remarkable shot see the archives of Metuchen. LARNDA.

CONFEDERATE MONEY GOOD.

IN GREAT DEMAND BY PEOPLE EXPECTING TO MEET ROAD AGENTS.

"How much do you want for them?"

"Assorted denominations, 75 cents per thousand; special issues, $1 to $1.50 per thousand."

"Well, make me up three packages of $1,000 each, assorted denominations. Got any old State banks?"

"Yes; what kind would you want?"

"Oh, I'm not particular. If you've got any with a greasy look or a shade of green about them they'll do. I would want about five hundred 'fives' or 'tens.'"

This conversation took place in Broad street a day or two ago, and was overheard, unwittingly, of course, by a reporter for the Charleston *Sunday News*.

The purchaser stood in front of a broker's office, in the window of which was displayed an enticing assortment of gold dollars and sovereigns, silver dollars, Mexican and American, copper coins, gilt-edged certificates of stock, State bonds, county bonds and other securities, and a huge bundle of Confederate bills.

As may be inferred, the inquiries were directed to the Confederate bills, for which, as strange as it may seem, there is quite a market in Charleston, and probably in other cities at this time.

Having given his order, the inquirer, preceded by the broker, entered the office, while the reporter glued his ace to the glass and watched the further proceedings. These were brief.

The broker seized three packages of Confederate bills of the denominations ranging from $1 up to $100. He next picked up a bundle of greasy looking bank bills, some with an appearance of green on their backs; wedged each package of the Confederate (pink and blue) bills between half a dozen or more of the old bills, deftly pinned a border around them and handed the three packages to the stranger, who slipped them into his inside pocket, paid the broker $3.75 and strolled down the street.

Then the reporter entered the broker's office and requested the privilege of an interview.

"What did that man buy?" he asked.

"Confederate bills and old State bank notes," was the reply, which was to the point and satisfactory enough as far as it went, only it did not go quite far enough.

"Why should a Northern traveller—for the purchaser was evidently a Northern man—buy Confederate bills and old State bank bills?"

The broker, who, like all Broad street brokers, is a pleasant gentleman and always approachable to the reporter, explained:

"Within the past three or four months," he said, "there has been a rather brisk demand for Confederate notes and old bank bills. I have had to fill several orders for them from the North and West, and I was myself rather curious to account for the demand.

"A correspondent in New York, to whom I shipped about $10,000 of old State bank bills and $500,000 of Confederate bills, wrote to me in reply to my inquiries that they were wanted mostly by travellers.

"He said that the practice of 'holding up trains' and robbing the passengers had become so prevalent that men nowadays who had much travelling to do, and who are compelled to carry money with them, are providing themselves with green goods as a decoy to the railroad agent. He says they make up packages of Confederate bills, with old State bank bills on the outside, and carry these in their pockets, stowing their money in their satchels or hiding it under the seat.

"The railroad agent is generally in a hurry when going through a train, and as the passenger throws up his hands the agent grabs the big fat pocketbook with the roll of Confederate bills in it and hurries along to the next passenger without stopping to examine the pocketbook.

"My correspondent tells me," continued the Broad street broker in his own peculiarly mild way, "that the thing has been tried and that it worked successfully. In fact he gave me the name of a friend who had provided himself with one of these dummy pocketbooks, and who was on a train that had been held up out West somewhere.

"The man had over $5,000 packed away in his socks, and a roll of old Confederate and State bank bills in his inside vest pocket. The agent swallowed the bait and went off with the dummy roll.

"Anyhow, there is now quite a brisk demand for Confederate notes and old bank bills, and nobody, except the road agents, will object to that, I'm sure."

Major and Miner.

[From the Rochester Budget.]

Major Pangby—Stay in the East, Eliza, and be the wife of a Major.

Eliza Hawkins—You are too late, Major Pangby. I have already made up my mind to go West and be the wife of a miner.

Sleep for the Nerves,
strength for the body by using Carter's Liver Pills. ***

THE MONKS OF ST. BRUNO.

VISIT TO THE FAMOUS MONASTERY OF GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

Its Profitable Distillery, the Fabrication of Whose Celebrated Liquor the Holy Fathers Superintend—How the Hospitable Brethren Work, Worship and Live—An Order 800 Years Old.

Did you ever notice what a pleasant effect a little glass of "aid to digestion" liquor has a on a man after a good dinner, and for that matter on a woman also? says Henry Haynie in a Paris letter to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. On such occasions one may safely drink "petit verre" of fine brandy, kummel, benedictine, or chartreuse. A little chartreuse, yellow or green, according to taste—jaune is the best—is just the thing, and with that inside your stomach you'll feel as if all your debts were paid, and you had nothing in the world to worry about.

At the foot of a mountain quite 4,000 feet high, and on which the monks of Grande Chartreuse live, is where a few holy fathers of that order superintend the fabrication of this famous liquor. It is not an easy thing though to obtain admittance to the manufactory, and there are placards stuck up in public places to the effect that "strangers are not admitted to visit the establishment, except by special permission from the reverend father general."

All the glories of a setting sun were on the mountain sides, and the distant trees and ravines were tinged in golden colors when I reached the Grande Chartreuse. The door was opened by a brother, from whom I asked hospitality. He bade me enter, and I was so within a house where no woman, with the exception of crowned heads, has ever penetrated.

My guide led me across a large courtyard, in the centre of which two streams descend from the mountain, making night and day a mournful sound, to the common hall, where pious engravings and carriage notices were stuck on the wall plentifully. People were eating, and an old, bearded brother was at a desk ready to receive orders for food and drink, liquor, rosaries and photographs.

Apart from its cloister the interior of the Grande Chartreuse is nothing much, but the cloister, some 660 feet long and lighted by 110 windows, has indeed an imposing aspect. The chapel is small and quite devoid of works of art; it is divided into two parts, one destined for those of the Chartreux who are priests, the other for the laical brothers. The hall of the charter house, in which are rows of wooden benches and portraits of general fathers painted on the ceiling, has no interest for the profane.

Here each year in the first week of May the priors of all the houses of the Chartreux meet to occupy themselves with spiritual affairs connected with their institutions. In the little cemetery are graves each surmounted with a stone, on which is engraved the name of the defunct, and beneath these stones sleep those who have been at the head of the establishment. On the other side are simple wooden crosses without inscriptions, and these mark the last resting place of the Chartreux.

The library, which possesses 25,000 volumes, is the only part of the institution where there is any evidence of luxury. In it I saw silent phantoms carrying, replacing, seeking documentary volumes, books big and little. The refectory is a beautiful arched room; a table at the end is reserved for the prior of the house; the other monks occupying tables in rank of priority.

The forks, spoons, egg cups and plates are all made of wood, but the little vessels for wine and water are of earthenware. Not a word is spoken during the meal, but a brother chants the lessons for the morning; they only take their repast in common on Sundays and on certain fete days.

Grande Chartreuse monks do not live in cells, but each inmate has his own little house. Near the door is a little wicket gate through which the monk receives his food, which is always without meat, and visitors have likewise to conform to this regulation.

Should the brother require aught else he writes down his needs and leaves the paper at the wicket, and presently he finds at the same place what he had asked for. There is a gallery which in Winter months is a promenade ground, but a little garden in front of each house serves for exercise in Summer time.

On the ground floor I saw a brother working at a woodpile, and above was his bedroom—it had a sort of cupboard bed, a coarse mattress and bolster, cotton sheets and woollen coverlid. Facing the bed was an oratory, on one side a little niche with earthenware basin and a piece of soap; the floor was stone and the walls whitewashed.

On the wall hung a mountain staff, for once a week the monks enjoy a walk in common up the mountain side; then they talk to their hearts' content and make the mountains echo with their laughter. A little workroom furnished with a table, two wheels in white deal wood and a rush-bottom chair completed this monk's lodgings, and they are all alike, though here and there, by way of ornament, may be seen images of saints, a crucifix and a rosary.

The descendants of St. Bruno pride themselves on their rigorous fidelity to Carthusian customs. Although the order is more than eight hundred years old, not a shade of change or reform has ever been made, and not only have they not relaxed in their vigilance, but, stranger still, they have obstinately resisted all modifications that Popes have wished to introduce.

Latin has remained their official language, and they have preserved for the mass in their austere church, quite devoid of ornamentation, special daily unalterable rites, to which none of the pomp of modern days has been added. No musical instrument is permitted; the human voice alone echoes to the mountains.

The order was founded in 1084, by Bruno, a man of Cologne, and since then they have dwelt there, they and their posterity, and neither cold, trials, catastrophes, nor the course of 800 years can detach them from their mountain hermitage. Their prayers had arisen from that spot not more than fifty years when an avalanche of rocks destroyed their dwellings, and two-thirds of their number perished, but the survivors set to and built cells a little distance from the first ill-fated sites.

Then the terrible Baron des Adrets visited them sword in hand, and after that eight times in as many centuries, their monastery was destroyed by fire, which was rendered liable to these repeated accidents from its roofs of willow. They were not too discouraged to bravely build again, however, and at last, in the seventeenth century, the present solid structures were erected.

A hundred years after the order's foundation, fifteen Chartreuses imitated at a distance the virtues of the first, while under Louis XIV. there were as many as two hundred spread over the surface of the whole of Europe, all acknowledging the same General. But all that glory long since departed, and at present there are scarcely twenty such houses in the world. The Grande Chartreuse inmates were forcibly expelled, and replaced by a revolutionary garrison, but the old Vicar-General of the order was permitted to return to the monastery on the restoration, and he died there eight days later.

To-day the French Government allow the use of the buildings they occupy and the surrounding pasture land, with necessary firewood, for and in consideration of the $400,000 annually taken from the profits of the golden liquor.

All Used Up

Strength all gone. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable.—You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the toning, strengthening, building up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla to restore you to health, give you an appetite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists, $1 (six for $5). Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

"THE THUNDERER'S" EDITOR.

Sketch of John C. McDonald, Manager of the London "Times."

Mr. John C. McDonald, is really the power behind the throne in the *Times* office, writes the London Correspondent of the New Orleans *Times*. The Irish leaders insist that it was McDonald who dragged the "Thunderer" into persecuting Parnell and foisted the miserable Pigott upon the Government.

A shrewd, calculating Scotchman he knows the value of a dollar, yet he understands how to make a newspaper that the English people want. Among his personal friends he is described as a capable gentleman with the natural shrewdness and perseverance of his nationality.

He has been the practical manager of the "Thunderer" for years. He still sits at the head of the success. Most of the changes and improvements in that newspaper have been carried out under his supervision.

In personal appearance he is stout with a puffy face, but clear eyes that denote shrewdness, and he gives the observer every evidence of being a practical, go-ahead man. It is strange that he could have been so imposed upon by Pigott and his gang.

The circulation of the *Times* is still as large as ever, and it is not too much to say that it is the most complete newspaper office in the world, and even John Walter, the proprietor, is willing to give the credit of this to his right-hand man, McDonald. It may interest you to know that Mr. Walters spends little or no time in the office of his newspaper.

He is an ardent admirer of America and Americans. He is sixty years of age, and his personal appearance is all that could be expected in a dignified English gentleman, which an education at Eaton, Oxford and Lincoln's Inn could give.

His grandfather published the first number of the *Times*, and the present proprietor has, in addition to travelling all over the world, studied law. He was called to the bar in 1847. He does little or no writing for his own newspaper, although he is abundantly able to do so. He pays no attention to details, but looks after the result. Mr. McDonald is absolutely in charge.

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