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SPOTLIGHTS.
A Window-Glass Trust is to be organized. Its motive is transparent.
The turkey that's present being
And strutting round so proud and gay
Will soon be slaughtered for Thanksgiving
And stuffed with sage, etcetera.
There is no rest for Catekill Mountain watchmen. Now that the summer guests are gone the bears begin their annoying calls at the hotel doors.

TIES TO HOLD HIM.
Allurements Which Chain the Married Man to His Hearthstone.
Charms of Wife More Lasting Than Those of Sweetheart.
Home Secrets Revealed to Readers of "The Evening World."

husband. His ideas are mine, and so it has been all through my sixteen years of married life.
Keeps Him in Order, Too.
I know a better method for keeping my husband at home than the "hot-water" process. I keep my house in order. I keep everything in order. I keep my husband home evenings by the home ties of order.
For Poker-Playing Husbands.
When my husband comes home he gets his accustomed glass, then he gets his supper, and then while I clear the supper table he reads me the evening paper. When I am finished he gets the cards, and we have a good game of poker. That is my method of keeping my husband at home. Some wives may be shocked, and at I do, but this is the only way of keeping my husband from going to the club.

MAKE THEM HAPPY.
"The Evening World" Starts a Subscription for Christmas Trees for the Poor.
And Heads the List with a \$100 Contribution.
The Little Folks of the Tenements to Have One Happy Day.
A Beautiful Charity in Which Everybody Should Join.

"THE CANDIDATE."
The sentimental interest of "David Garrick" was exchanged for the laughter-provoking situations of "The Candidate," at Palmer's Theatre last night, and Charles Wyndham appealed to his friends from the comedy pedestal upon which he has stood so often and so convincingly. "The Candidate" is an adaptation of "Le Depute de Bombignac," rendered into English, and infused with the breath of English politics by Justin McCarthy. M. P. I am glad that the M. P. was not forgotten on the programme, for it is really at the root of Mr. McCarthy's work. There are so many political allusions and opinions, that at times it looks as though the admirable Justin had made extracts from his own "History of Our Times."



THAT TERRIBLE WEAKNESS.

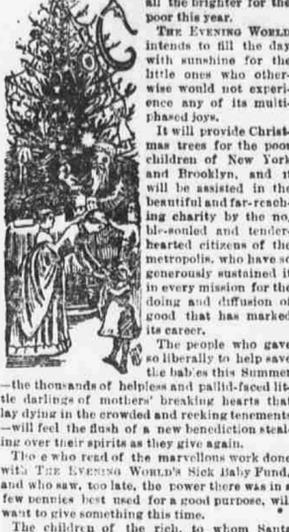
Why do many women are faint, weak, tired, nervous and exhausted.
Women are great sufferers from nervousness, weakness, nervous prostration and debility. Thousands of girls droop and languish in the close, confined atmosphere of shops, factories or offices, and hundreds of thousands wear out their nerve force and power in household work which never ends.
Here lies the great strain upon the nervous system of women. Here is the cause why so many women complain of being weak, nervous, tired and exhausted.
They have little or no rest, their life is one continual round of work. What wonder that such women go to bed at night fatigued, and wake tired and unrefreshed in the morning? What wonder that their nerves are so weak, their heads, in nerve and vital power? What wonder that they have great weakness, exhaustion, pain in back and limbs, together with the distressing female complaints which are always caused by loss of vital strength and vigor? Yes, they keep their nerves weak and their system is prostrated. They think that they must do their duty, and as they continue to "work upon their nerves" day after day, until finally some comes a collapse, and the overworked and exhausted nervous system is prostrated. How many thousands of women in the above true and sad condition of daily life. They have worn out and exhausted their nerve force and physical power. Yet they cannot stop work, so they remain many duties yet to be done, and there is no one else to help them to do them. They must work, but it follows as surely as the day follows the night that they must receive from some source a renewal of nerve force and physical energies or the human machine will soon cease to run at all.

A DISGRACEFUL PERFORMANCE.
"Class spirit," so called, has led to a pretty pass among the students of Hensseler Polytechnic Institute at Troy. After a riot which transcended all the traditions of Donnybrook Fair undergraduates were seen wending their ways along the streets with h's a cracked and bleeding.
People of common intelligence, not expert in the higher learning, are willing to countenance a deal of brutality in these latter days, when it comes in the cloak of college athletics. Your university football gentleman may punch and butt and kick and pummel and throttle his adversary, provided he makes proper pretense that it was accidental and shuns the watchful eye of the referee. A lot of latitude must be allowed for the effervescence of boyish spirit.
But when candidates for the degree of A. B. in an American college take to bruising and maiming one another, and rioting like Comanches in the public streets of a decent town, shades of Erasmus, to what straits has poor old scholarship come?
These boys are citizens—most of them voters. They enjoy the protection of the law. They should be forced to obey it, to live within it, and suffer for its violation the same penalty as the dough-farmer, who, by the way, is the superior of many a collegian.

FOIBLES OF THE FAIR.
At the coming "afternoons" of society will drink "loving cup" this winter instead of seeing how much of grape-juice is in the punch.
Brother—Your papa does not take other boys.
Tommy—Yes, he does, I heard him tell Mr. Brown that he was out with the boys last night.—Troy Freeman.
Connection has a wickedest town. It is Monroe, with 1,000 inhabitants, a murder record of ten in fifty years and the possession of fifty divorced or separated couples.

No Slackening in the Competition for the Double Eagle Prize.
Conditions of the Contest.
A Gold Double Eagle, "Evening World" prize for the best recipe for keeping a husband at home.
Competitors must address their recipes to "The Editor," giving their name and address, not for publication, unless so desired. The recipe must not be more than 200 words long, and must be written on one side of the paper only.
He Will Not Get Out.
RECIPE.
Be ready to greet him With kisses sweet. That he'll fondly declare "I'll not go to the meet."
But stay with Ceddie, And the ladies so fair, In the evening (of course this is rare.)
Be pleasant and cheerful In whatever you do, And love him just think There's no woman like you.
Let his friends to your home (they'll come twice a week), Be asked to play euchre, Chess, poker, bridge, etc.
Then by way of diversion Teach him to play cards. And when it's over, Let his friends and stay.
Then what will he do, if you have a care? Since his wife's a bore, Let him borrow M. TRAVELER.
This Is One Man's View.
The ladies are rather hard on our poor fellows. We are described as greedy animals, whom nothing short of a good meal and a woman who forgets all womanly dignity and favors and waits on him like a butler, will satisfy. I, for one, love my home and do not think a good woman needs any recipe to keep her husband at home, but I will give you a few hints.
Be true to yourself, never forget your self-respect and love and respect your husband.
HOMEBODY.
Catch the Right Man and Don't Preach.
To the Editor:
I catch a man civilized enough to recognize the rights and sympathize with the feelings of others.
With this foundation the husband will willingly remain at home, if the wife is neat, a good cook, or, with servants, properly oversees a good cook; is prompt with meals, considerate of the husband's feelings and prejudices, while showing independence enough to cause him to continue to recognize her individuality and individuality.
If he smokes she should allow him to smoke in the parlor if he drinks, she should allow him to drink in the parlor if he smokes, and if he smokes and drinks, she should allow him to smoke and drink in the parlor.
She should refrain from meddling with his social, political and business interests.
Above all show that she loves him and desires his happiness. Never fail to meet and part with a kiss, and don't preach.
Mrs. J. L. Sanford, Fla.
Thirty Years of Honey-moon.
The honeymoon should never wear. This advice is applicable to both. The woman who has tact enough to understand this and follow it will never be found among deserted, lonely and unhappy wives. A man wants honest, modest affection; if he receives it he will return it with interest.
If you have drawn in the lottery of married life, and prize as a warm, loving man, careful in his habits, and who is not a drunkard, it is to worry how to get him back after the habit of going out with his friends.
The great secret of happy home is contentment, neatness, sunlight, carefulness, mutual confidence, freedom of speech, modesty, and actions on both sides, a cheerful bearing of each other's burdens and pulling together at all times.
THIRTY YEARS MARRIED.
Javenport, Ia.
Study Him, Then Influence Him.
I have been married four years and my husband never leaves me alone if he can possibly help it, not because I ask him not to, but as far as I know because he seems to think no one else's company half as good.
I am a good walker, dance and love amusement of all kinds. I never object to his talking to or reading other women, for I can always manage to please him best because I have studied all his tastes and flatter myself that I know him better than he knows himself.
I try to be to my husband a "bon camarade," and so far I am pleased to say I have kept him at home by my company and conversation. I never work. If any wife will only take the trouble to study her husband's nature she can make him do anything for either her or his own sake.
MATHIEDEL.
Her Marriage Was Not a Failure.
To the Editor:
My husband always spends his evenings at home. We always pray to God every night to bless our home, to watch over us and to lead us in the right path; and my husband never spent an evening from home since we were married, except absolutely necessary.
If some of the ladies who read your paper would try my plan they would find that marriage is not a failure after all.
LILY.
Don't Have Secrets from Him.
To the Editor:
One way to keep husbands at home evenings is to have no secrets from one another.
SALBY.
She Learned This, Courtin'.
To the Editor:
After I have eaten his supper put the hands of the clock to an early hour and tell him he had better lie down for a few minutes. As soon as he has fallen asleep put the hands to a late hour, and then when he awakes he will find it too late to go out.
MRS. J.
A Good Many Doubt This.
To the Editor:
The best way to keep a husband home evenings is for the wife to go away herself.
M. H. R.
Have One, You Keep the Other.
To the Editor:
When your husband goes out and leaves you let your thoughts turn to a recipe for keeping him at home, but for a recipe for holding his love.
ANGEL.
Reciprocity in Privileges.
To the Editor:
I do not propose to keep my husband home evenings when he wishes to go out, it being the only time he has to see his friends. I believe in equality. I am out in the afternoon; I am healthy, and it is very seldom he wishes to go out and leave me.
Men must mingle with men to retain their manhood and know what is going on around them. Have the man's world confidence in your husband. I treat him all the privileges of a

Perpetual Echoes of Courtship Days.
The best way to keep a husband at home is to be and to act as in the courtship days, greeting him with pleasure and love, entertaining him with those little arts and devices which were so pleasing and attractive to him in his courtship days.
Mrs. C. E. Fizer, Minnola, N. Y.
To Be Given in Large Doses.
Recipe: Cheerfulness, 8 parts; pleasure, 12 parts; selfishness, 10 parts; pleasant surroundings, 30 parts; spirit of true love, 50 parts.
Administer unsparringly at all times.
"MARLEM."
Hold His Love and Respect.
To the Editor:
Conform to his tastes as far as you can. A wife knows what her husband likes best. Let him see you think his ideas are perfect, no matter sometimes if they are not. Love and absolute trust are necessary to keep him by you.
Also, let him see you are intelligent in speaking to others.
Convince him, by your acts, dress, conversation, and social habits, which will show him as good if not superior to all others of our fair sex. A wife should be truthful, sincere, independent and self-reliant. It is the forerunner of unhappiness.
Wives, adhere to above rules, and I promise if your husband is a good man, he will never leave you alone evenings except when required. Mine never does.
A LOVED WIFE.
Kisses Count for but Little.
I have been married near six years, and during that time my husband never met me with a kiss when he came home from work, and I never expected it, because I don't believe in all that fool-ness. And we live happily all the same.
I don't kiss and don't expect to be kissed, but I will make a home happy; it is the cozy appearance of his home when he returns that will help brighten the Christmas of the children of the poor.
Mrs. A. RESE.
Don't Tease Him.
It depends on the man and the woman, you know.
From the right kind of wives few good husbands will go.
At least be good enough to give cause for complaint. To hold a man in keep him free from restraint. For a wife to be "bores," and they take to it, while girls in their homes look for comfort contentment.
When a girl speaks of going don't raise a big row.
Let her cheerfully out with an unruffled brow. For if then you detain him by show of displeasure.
He'll tell you all that evening, and far from a treasure.
But when he returns let him gracefully see you have missed him a little, but don't fret.
Chat pleasantly of your evening's enjoyment.
All classes and all ages can feel and appreciate the sweet influence of the Christmas charity, and what each will not miss, when massed in the general contribution will make a fund of surprising proportions capable of lighting the hearts and irradiating the eyes of thousands of poor children.
The Evening World heads the subscription list with a donation of \$100. The columns of THE EVENING WORLD are open to them all. That remains is for the people to do what they can, and they should start in with the idea of making poor children's Christmas trees as big a thing as Christmas itself.
AN HEIRESS OF MILLIONS.
Fortune Hunters Will Ecstasize This Beautiful Belle from Chicago.
The millionaire's daughter who will undoubtedly cut the widest swath in society this winter, and who will be followed with most persistency by shift and accomplished fortune hunters, is Miss Mary Leiter, the daughter of L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, says a New York letter to the Philadelphia Press.
Miss Leiter is a tall, slender girl, who has a vivacious and attractive manner, and dresses in exquisite taste. She is only twenty years of age and accounted very beautiful. She has spent a season or so in Washington, made a very brilliant success at Newport this past summer season, and the Leiter's, it is now understood, have taken a house in New York.
They have all the money necessary to carry out any social plans which the ambitious daughter may have in view. Mr. Leiter is the retired partner of Field, Leiter & Co., of Chicago, and it is believed that the \$5,000,000 with which he retired from that firm has been increased by judicious investments in Wall street. He is now building an immense structure in Chicago to cost \$2,000,000.
MORRIS'S TERTIUM QUIDIAN is a remedy to babies and a blessing to mothers. 30c each.



ONE PRETTY CHINESE LADY.
Surprising Photograph of the Wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington.
I was lucky enough the other day to catch a glimpse of the new Chinese Minister's wife as she sat at the window in the south front of the Legation house on Dupont circle, looking pensively out upon the street and park, says a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia News.
Not only that, but active work brought an accomplished artist upon the scene in time to sketch the lady in one of the prettiest poses, with her dainty hand up to her head, and a mirror resting upon the window ledge close by.
The picture was one which attracted much attention from passers by, and provoked the comment that the wife of the Minister must have been a belle in her own country, and that it is a great pity she cannot see the society of the American Capital and convince all beholders that China has produced at least one pretty woman.
The wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington is a woman who has more liberty than a convict of the galleys, and is already known in the neighborhood of the Legation, which is the old house commonly called Stewart Castle, as "the Minister's wife."
She is not permitted to drive out alone, nor to go shopping or to mix with the world in any manner. The story that she rebelled one recent day and went out in the park and sat on one of the benches till the gathering crowd drove her back into the house, is a mistake. She has never dared show so much of her face since she came to her husband's authority, and would probably be sent back to China in disgrace and perhaps have her pretty head cut from her slender neck if she did.
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CALL THEM BACK.
Lament, lament in your gium silence, ye of Gotham, for the street music that is no more, the cadences, and softleggios, and to-riolates, and "Homs, Sweet Homs," and National airs, and marches, and waltz music, that used to set the poor man's little ones circling round in childish dance upon the dirty pavement. No more is the step quickened, the heart softened, by all that deal of melody for a penny.
Call the banished musicians back. They don't dally with "Tannhauser" overtures nor flounder among classic symphonies, but they made music that the tenements loved to hear.
Call them back. All these poor people can't pay to hear Thomas or the German opera.

POLITICAL ECHOES.
John B. McKean, Police Justice Jake Patterson's Police Court Clerk. It is said, will be made Clerk of the Court of Special Sessions when Tammany Hall is elected to the Board of Aldermen, the latter part of the present month. Although appointed by Republican Police Justice McKean is a staunch Tammanyite and holds from the Twenty-second Assembly District.
The faithful of Tammany are raising their voices in protest because it is asserted that a recent convert, Arthur D. Williams, is slated to succeed Henry Bischoff, Jr., as Attorney for the Collection of Arrears of Personal Taxes.
Police Commissioner John R. Voorhis is left to organize a political party of his own or to join Tammany Hall. The County Democrats have repudiated him.
Now it is the Republican County Committee which is to be disciplined. The National Committee has taken the matter in hand. It is said, with Democratic management Col. Quay thinks that the big Democratic majority in the County will be reduced to 40,000, and Bulldozer John I. Davenport is alleged to be the man selected to harmonize the silk-stocking and short-hair elements of the party in this city.
"A vote is a vote, no matter who casts it," is the sage conclusion of Matthew Stanley Quay.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.
A. A. Jordan, the champion weight-thrower, is a light man for this form of sport. He scales just 155 pounds.
A Brown, of the Pastime Athletic Club, is not so much as an athlete. He takes leading part in the athletics of the club. He is quite good, but is in the presence of 5,000 men and women insulted the American flag. He should be taken in hand and taught that free speech does not mean the right to incite treason and lawlessness.
Make him talk United States or shut him up.
Nobody can get a drink at Vice-President Morriss' "saloon" in the Shoreham, unless he sits at a table. That probably will entitle the customer to the enjoyable privilege of tipping the waiter, as it does in most other places.

WORLDLINGS.
John Hayes Sullivan's old trainer, was held in \$1,000 bond in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, for stealing \$500.
Will Mr. Sullivan demean himself by speaking to so common a person heretofore?
DOMINICK MCCAFFREY keeps pegging away at Sullivan, trying to get the big fellow into the ring with him. Well, he ought to succeed. It's a pity to see a man chancing for a licking, and not able to get it.

STOLEN RHYMES.
She didn't want a Turkish rug, she didn't think them pretty.
She didn't want any oil, for chrome or for waters; she stuck her nose up at the dresses worn by Jones's girls.
The just detested diamonds, and thought jewelry vulgar.
She had no love for ornaments, Romanian or Bulgarian.
She wouldn't drive in coach and four, although she had rubbed along the street, as did her great forefathers.
She didn't like the drama, and she thought the ballet horrid.
She didn't like the weather cold, nor yet so very warm.
She didn't care for household work, and had no love for her mother darn her hose, for she detested stitches.
She didn't care for lawn, and she never wrote a letter to the papers telling how she'd try to make the whole world better.
She was a Massachusetts, she was freckled over with tan.
And all on earth she wanted was a marriageable man.
—Funder.
Falsified His Mission.
Brown-Segard's letter to the editor of the Evening World, which was published in the issue of the 10th inst., is a very interesting and timely contribution to the discussion of the subject of the "Falsified Mission."
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BOUCICAULT GROWING OLD.
His Appearance Greatly Changed from that of Even Three Years Ago.
I saw Boucicault at the Madison Square recently and was shocked by his aged appearance, says a New York writer in the Washington Post.
He looks quite feeble and complains of heart trouble, although I believe that is nothing new. He has been marked for his affections of the heart for rather a long time.
His hair and skin are both very white, and he steps slowly; but he still carries himself erect and gracefully. His dark eyes are expressive and bright, and his voice is as sweet as of yore. Still, it seems hardly possible to look at him now, to believe that he is the same man who three years ago presided over the favorite banquet Irish characters in "The Shaughraun" and "The Jim."
He Could Swim.
[From the Boston Herald.]
Tommy—Mr. Smith, can you swim?
Clara—Certainly.—Tommy, leave the room. You are annoying Mr. Smith.
"Ob, that question does not annoy me, Miss Hearleaze. Yes, Tommy, I can swim. Why do you ask?"
"Ob, I heard Clara tell sister Kate she was going to throw you overboard."

THE TIME IS PASSING.
Chicago has loaded its guns and is now ready to assault Congress with a view to getting the World's Fair. In the bill which the Wudy City has framed for presentation at the coming session is the primary proposition that Chicago doesn't want a dollar of loan or appropriation from the Government for World's Fair purposes.
It is the money that talks now. And New York is yet lingering in the neighborhood of the three-million mark. That will never, never do. Open your pocketbooks, you Cruseses, right away, if you don't want this show ruined by sending it to Chicago.

WATER OUT.
Now there is a new trouble upon HARRISON'S mind—how to keep his first message to Congress from getting into the newspapers before it has been read in the House.
He distrusts the printer, does Ben, as he distrusts every human being save I. HARRISON, and proposes to have a female typewrite perform the work of transcribing his composition.
Watch out, Ben! some one will steal you if you don't take care.
A Stopper should be put upon Editor FOREVITCH, the Anarchist orator. He talks too much with his mouth. This SCHEVITCH stood in Cooper Union last night and in the presence of 5,000 men and women insulted the American flag. He should be taken in hand and taught that free speech does not mean the right to incite treason and lawlessness.
Make him talk United States or shut him up.
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OUR UNPARALLELED ARRAY!!
PARLOR SUITS.
Prices Exceedingly Attractive.
BRUNER & MOORE
41-43-45 W. 14th St.
PARISIAN BARBER SHOPS.
Quaint Signs and Uncomfortable Chairs.
Their Distinguishing Features.
Long ago a royal decree compelled barbers and naildressers to hang at their door a white basin, so as to distinguish them from surgeons, who sheltered themselves behind a copper basin, and these basins are still used for sign purposes, says a Paris letter to the New Orleans Picayune.
They are of oval shape, and a small piece is chipped out at one end. This is intended to show that the basin will fit the neck under the chin.
But nowadays there are no such basins inside French barbers' shops. You must wash the lather off your own face when Figaro has finished having and cutting you. Then, if you want your hair dressed, you get back into the chair, and such uncomfortable chairs as they are too—again, and the follow recurrences.
There are some hairdressers who are not barbers, but all barbers are hairdressers, and some of them are also wig-makers. They put some very queer signs over their shop doors sometimes.
There is one man up by the College of France who has an oil painting outside his premises which represents Absalom hanging by his hair to a large tree while his horse is galloping away in the distance; and below the following words are written: "If he had worn one of our wigs, this misfortune would not have happened him."
A barber of my neighborhood has a sign which reads: "I have done here today for money, and to-morrow for nothing." This "to-morrow" that never comes, and which the evening before is so often promised, is it not the most litter sign of all the illusions of life that we are acquainted with?
LAWRENCE BARRETT'S AFFLICTION.
An Allment of the Neck Which May Cut Short His Stage Career.
The glandular swelling on either side of the neck from which Lawrence Barrett suffered last season, and which induced him to go abroad this summer and consult an eminent specialist, is increasing at such a rate as to give serious alarm to his friends, says the Chicago Journal, although the eminent tragedian himself laughs at their fears.
He is extremely sensitive, however, on the subject, and when on the street envelops his neck from his ears down in a thick white silk muffler.
When on the stage the affliction is clearly apparent to the audience, and the opinion prevails in theatrical circles that unless the ailment yields to medical treatment the tragedian may not be seen on the boards next season.
If She Was Strong.
[From Harper's Weekly.]
Listener (to farmer praising his wife)—She must be a very robust woman. Her back and arms are so strong.
Gosh, that woman was strong I don't think what work she couldn't do.
Knew a Good Thing.
[From News.]
Mr. Byer—Thou'st shows that I got for my little boy just a week ago to-night are worn out.
Mr. Shoeman—Well, he was another pair just like 'em. Myer knew boys' shoes to wear so long in my life.