IN THE CITY ALMSHOUSE.

Peculiar Characters Who Are Dependents on Government Charity.

An "Evening World" Reporter's Visit to the Island Home.

How the Inmates Are Cared For and How They Spend Their Time.

The City Almshouse buildings are situated at about the centre of Blackwell's Island, opposite the foot of Seventieth street. There are two main buildings, one for males, the other for females, located at a

WARDEN M'NAMARA.

distance of 650 feet from each other.

They are precisely alike in form and dimensions, each edifice consisting of a centre building with two wings, the centre building being 50 feet square and 57 feet high. The wings are 60 by 95 feet and rise 40 feet to the roof cornice.

There are four staircase towers in front and two in the rear, each 12 feet square and 50 feet high.

The basement floor in each building is one step above the ground, and there are three stories above the basement in the wings.

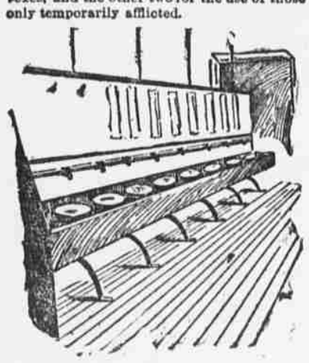
These buildings are all constructed of blue-stone rubble masonry, the material being obtained from the rock on the island.

The almshouse proper is about fifty years old, but besides the main building it has been found necessary to erect two new additional pavilions to accommodate the overflow of paupers, and there is now in course of completion a new two-story brick building which will accommodate 120 females.

The convicts on the Island are also excavating the foundation for a similar building to accommodate as many more male paupers.

In addition to the buildings used for housing the city's poor there are four hospitals, two each for males and females.

Two of these are for the incurables of both sexes, and the other two for the use of those only temporarily afflicted.



IN A WASH-ROOM.

There are also cook-houses, wash-houses, tin-shop, carpenter shop, where cabinet-making is also practised; a blacksmith shop and a bake-shop.

In the latter all the bread used in the city prisons and hospitals and in the institutions on the Island is baked, and it is of excellent quality.

An EVENING WORLD young man tested a slice of it yesterday, and it was of better quality than most of that sold in the small bakeries around town.

William S. McNamara is the Warden, and under his careful managent the Almshouse is almost self-providing. He has been in charge of the Almshouse as Deputy Warden and Warden for fourteen years.

To reach the Almshouse, the quickest way, if you are bent on seeing queer sights and quaint faces, is to go by the little steam boat Wickham from the foot of East Fifty-second street.

Puffing and snorting, it crosses the turbulent waters of the East River and lands at a quier little wooden pier almost in front of the frowning Penitentiary, which rises in gloomy solidity against a background of blue sky.

Sloping down from the grim walls of the prison are broad grass plots, cut here and there by well-kept walks, to the doors of the jail.

At the edge of these grass plots is a broad, level, unpaved road.

Along the road an EVENING WORLD reporter and a staff artist walked about noontime yesterday, with the fast-flowing river on one side and the "Pen" on the other.

Across the river sounded the hum and bustle of busy New York.

Turning to the right along a path at the end of the Penitentiary, the EVENING WORLD young man went along past the prison keeper's comfortable home, and from this spot groups of convicts at all sorts of labor could be seen. They seemed happy and cheerful as they toiled, some digging, some sweeping, some breaking stone, and others again like horses, with ropes instead of harness over their shoulders, hauling huge masses of rock out of the quarry to the stone crackers.

The reporter and artist stopped a moment to view the busy scene, but a burly keeper suddenly emerged from a sentry box, and gruffly cried, "Move on there!" and they moved.

Within five minutes they had passed out of these sights and sounds, and reached a big unbarred gate, in front of which a sturdy man in the garb of a keeper paced with a big club in his hand.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

A pass issued to THE EVENING WORLD was shown to him and he stepped aside, calling aloud: "You may open that gate."

On the other side there appeared a prototype of the first man, who, with much apparent difficulty, turned the ponderous lock, and the reporter and artist passed through to catch their first glimpse of the almshouse in the distance. Five minutes later they were in the midst of the paupers.

No adequate description can be given in cold type of the scene presented there. A long line of old women, all in the same position, sat basking in the bright sunshine in front of the building for females.

Such queer old women as they were.

They squatted on the veranda with their backs against the wall, and their knees almost up to their chins.

They all wore the same gowns, of some dark woollen material, and gingham bonnets that came out far enough on the head to keep the sun out of the old people's eyes.

And there they sat and chatted, recalling memories of their youth and telling of the days when they were belles, perhaps, and nimble of foot.

Twenty-four out of twenty-five had an ailment of some kind. If it was not the rheumatism it was the asthma, and if not the asthma it was paralysis or bronchitis. Withal, they were cheerful.

The appearance of the reporter among them silenced their chatter for several seconds, and they stared in stolid solemnity as the reporter paused and returned their inquiring gaze.

One old dame with a crutch by her side made bold at last to ask for a "bit o' 'bacey." When possession of the weed was denied, she suggested, with a knowing laugh, that money would do just as well, and when this was given her she gloated over the dime in silent admiration, and her companions glared at her enviously.

Suddenly there was a movement among the old women and two or three of the more vigorous sprang up with unusual agility and stumped away to one end of the building, where a young woman with Madonna-like features came slowly along, feeling her way by the side of the building as she walked.

She held her head high in the air, and it needed but a glance to see that she was totally blind.

The three old women surrounded her, and with many manifestations of affection guided her lovingly to the most comfortable part of the uncomfortable seat and let her sit down there to enjoy her sun-bath.

"Who is she?" the reporter asked one of the women.

"That's Blind Mary, sir. She was a lady once. God bless her, and her gentle ways have won us all to love her.

"How she ever came to this place none on us knows, 'cause she never will talk about herself; but my! she's jest the kindest, sweetest one there is in the almshouse."

Blind Mary would not talk about herself, so the young men from THE EVENING WORLD wended their way along to Warden McNamara's office.

IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.

He was found in the midst of a group of garrulous male and female inmates, all of whom wanted something. One wanted to go to the hospital.

"But you were there last week and would not stay," interjected the Warden.

"Oh, yes, sir, but I wanted a bit o' fresh air then and now I feel bad again."

He was an old man and the Warden signed the order admitting him to the hospital.

"He is dying of consumption and nothing can save him, so we let him do pretty much as he likes," explained Mr. McNamara.

An old woman wanted a pass to go to the city.

"You know I only give passes on Saturday, Ellen," said the Warden kindly.

"But I was sick last Saturday, sor."

"Ah, we can't break a rule on that account, I hope you will be all right next Saturday. Come to me then and I'll give you the pass," he said, and she hobbled away. She was an old worn-out woman, and did her walking on two crutches.

"Do you permit the inmates to go to the city?" asked the reporter.

"About once every two months we do," he answered.

"Many of the inmates have old cronies in the city whom they like to visit for a day or two, and we let them go. It does no harm."

Under guidance of the Warden the reporter then visted the various departments of the almshouse, going to the sleeping wards first.

On the way he explained that there were 889 male tenants, including 44 blind, and 966 women, of whom 42 are blind.

Mary J. Mullins is the matron in charge of the women, and she showed us where her charges slept.

The sleeping apartments are divided into wards and each ward contains from twenty to forty straw pallets, on iron bedsteads, well furnished with blankets.

The inmates arise at 5.30 o'clock every morning during the Summer and at 6 in the Winter.

In platoons they repair to the wash-house, where they thoroughly cleanse face and hands and comb their hair.

Breakfast, consisting of dry bread and coffee, follows, and then those who wish to repair either to the Protestant or Catholic chapel on the grounds to hear religious service.

After that those who are able to work are employed about the grounds cleaning or scrubbing and keeping the place generally tidy.

At noon-time they are summoned by a bugle-call to a dinner consisting of meat, soup and bread without butter.

On Fridays they have codfish.

Supper consists of tea and dry bread, and by 8 o'clock every one of the paupers is supposed to be in bed.

Some who are afflicted with asthma and similar complaints are permitted to stay up longer, though.

The most pitiable sights are to be seen in the incurable hospital. Here the dregs of humanity lie dying, afflicted with all manner of diseases.

Nearly all of them are bed-ridden or so crippled as to be only able to sit up in chairs by their bedsides.

John McTayne has lain on one cot in the hospital for twenty-two years.

He is an ossified man. His head and arms are perfectly formed, but his chest is shrivelled to almost nothing and his lower limbs are not any thicker around than a policeman's baton.

The toes turn downward and are long and talon-like. The soles of his feet are calloused and cracked. He is forty years old and was admitted to the institution at the age of eighteen. Where he came from is forgotten.

Orderly John Hult has attended him for twenty years. He told THE EVENING WORLD young man that when McTayne first entered the institution he wasnot much bigger than

MARGARET SMITH.

a baby, but he has grown in bed until he now is of man's size and sports a full red beard.

He is an imbecile, but harmless, and the caretaker of good nature.

Another man in the incurable ward is old Fred Auspake, once the envied foreman of Black Jake Engine Company, No. 33, of the old Volunteer Fire Department.

He commanded her in '42, and was then one of the most popular men in town.

To-day he is wearing the cheap garments of charity, forgotten apparently by all those who once courted his society.

He is sixty-eight years old and has been in the Almshouse eighteen years. Paralysis is his affliction and he will never recover.

He is cheerful and contented, and in answer to the reporter's question he said: "Of course, I would like to end my days amidst pleasanter surroundings than these, but I never was one to croak, and if I have to die here I will never whine." Back of the rude cot on which he sleeps is a figure of "Big Six."

In the female incurable hospital the Warden introduced the reporter to Margaret Smith, aged eighty-five years.

She has been a pauper since 1870, and is slightly demented. Her face is shrivelled and wrinkled. She has lost all her teeth, and her skin and nose nearly meet; but she has one attraction still. That is her hair. It is white and soft as down, but not very long. The old lady is still vain of it, and spends much of her time in smoothing and combing it.

"How do you feel to-day?" the Warden asked her.

"Fire, sir, fine!" she yelled in a high-pitched voice. "I am eighty-five years old, and I can wash my own handkerchiefs and socks yet. Born in Cherry street—buried three husbands—die in the poorhouse—great life—fine time—oh, I am fine, sir, fine!" and the old woman's voice died away in faint tones, half sob, half moan.

"She is crazy. She was in the lunatic asylum before she came here," said the female nurse, but perhaps the old woman is not near so crazy as she looks.

Another repulsive sight here was a woman with the body of a girl and the head of a giantess.

"She is afflicted with hydrocephalus," the nurse said.

Passing out of these gruesome surroundings, the Warden led his companion into the lounging-room for males.

Here were gathered the old-timers. Nearly all wore spectacles and were reading scraps of newspapers, while they sucked black old pipes or chewed fine-cut with a great smacking of the lips.

"These old fellows spend nearly all their time here swapping stories of their youthful days," the Warden said.

"What do they do for amusement?" asked the reporter.

"They have none, or at least none that the majority of them can enjoy. Most of them are Catholics. George Bliss, in 1888, built a chapel here called the Church of the Good Shepherd, and in the basement he put a good quantity of reading material, checkers and boards.

"But some of the men won't go there, and they suffer for amusement. Any one charitably inclined could perform no better action than erecting a library and amusement hall here for the benefit of these unfortunate wrecks of life. It would be a boon beyond price," he concluded.

In the male half of the almshouse, the Warden entered, saying, "I will show you one of our oldest boarders.

POOR OLD CARROLL.

"Carroll, Carroll!" he called aloud, and to one of the orderlies who came running up he said, "Where is Carroll?"

"Here I am, sir," said a deep gruff voice, and up from behind the big stove where he had been lying down on the floor there arose the massive gray head and broad, powerful chest and shoulders of a Samson, but the lower limbs were thin, bent and twisted.

"James Carroll, gentlemen," said the Warden, and the unfortunate pauper bowed courteously and looked inquiringly.

"They want to know how long you have been here and how you received your injuries," explained the Warden.

"Well," replied the old man, "I have been here fifteen years. I was making money and supporting myself nicely as a huckster in Washington Market, when Mayor Havemeyer drove us away and would not let us do business there any more."

"How did you lose the use of your lower limbs?" asked the reporter.

"During a childish quarrel when I was about ten years old. I was struck in the small of the back with a brick. My spine was injured and the circulation of blood in my lower limbs was stopped.

"I get around now in a perambulating carriage."

A visit was next paid to Matron Donigan, in charge of the sewing-room, where seventy-five old women sat like girls in a school-room on benches, busily sewing on all kinds of garments. They do all the sewing for the institution.

Thence to the cobbler-shop, where all the shoemaking and repairing is done.

Three physicians, Drs. Von Raitz, Henry and McCann, and two ministers, Revs. Father Blumensaat and Dr. French, attend to the physical and spiritual welfare of the inmates.

Charity Commissioner Sheehy visits the Almshouse nearly ever day and goes among the paupers to see if any of them have any complaints to make, but they never have.

Indeed, it is surprising to notice the affection and respect with which they seem to regard Warden McNamara.

Day was fast waning ere the reporter and his companion had seen all the sights and were prepared to return to New York, which they did in a rowboat commanded by Capt. Kennedy, who landed them at the foot of East Seventieth street.

THREE CHILDREN MISSING.

They Were Last Seen Skating and Are Probably Drowned.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PORT HOPE, Ont., Dec. 13.—There is mourning in two households, to-day, for three children who were probably drowned by breaking through the ice on the Electric Light Pond, last night.

Two of the children were sons of Joseph Mallotte, the third was E. H. Mitchell's boy.

Their bodies have not yet been found, but they were last seen skating on the pond and there is little doubt as to their fate.

TWO DOWN THE AIR-SHAFT

Terrible Fall of Workmen in a Norfolk Street Tenement.

While at work in an air-shaft in the tenement house 110 Norfolk street early this morning Martin Ellenburg and Wm. Beck of 631 East Ninth street, fell from the third floor of the structure to the basement and were terribly injured.

They were removed in an ambulance to Gouverneur Hospital.

A TERRIBLE FIRE.

The great fire in Boston demaged many million dollars' worth of goods. $200,000 worth of fine clothing was saved from the fire, and the goods have been shipped to New York, by order of the Insurance Company, and have been placed in the Insurance Company's salesroom, 765 Broadway, near 8th street. Some of the goods are not damaged at all, as they were removed by the Insurance Company before the fire reached the building. This great fire sale began yesterday and will last but five days, as a settlement must be made immediately with the manufacturers. The stock of fine high-grade Clothing will be closed out at almost any price, as they must have the money at once. Come prepared to buy, as the goods are so nice and the prices are so low that it is almost like giving them away. You cannot help buying, as such bargains occur only once in a lifetime. Yesterday, at the grand opening, the crowd was so great that hundreds were turned away, unable to get near the building at 765 Broadway, near 8th street. Every one that was lucky enough to get into the store yesterday was surprised to see the fine stock and such wonderful low prices. All agreed that they were the greatest bargains that had ever been offered in New York. Come early to-day, as there is sure to be a big crowd. Don't miss this great fire sale. Come at once or you will be too late. We have only space to mention a few of the bargains, and remember the goods are of the finest quality: Men's elegant Beaver Overcoats, $12.75; guaranteed worth $15.00. This overcoat is latest style and genuine beaver, and if you don't think it worth $15.00 bring it back and get your money. Men's heavy Cassimere Pants, 88 cents; worth $4.00. This is real good quality, well made, latest style, and we agree to return your money if these 88-cent pants are not worth $4.00. A splendid suit of Men's Clothes, $6.65, worth $15.00; very fine, and if you don't think it a bargain at $15.00 bring them back and get your money. A splendid suit of Boys' Clothes, $1.95, guaranteed worth $6.00 or money returned. Boys' Overcoats at a terrible sacrifice. Men's finest quality Prince Albert Suits, elegant Cassimere Suits and Suits and Overcoats, lined throughout with satin, being the finest quality of high grade custom work in the market, all must go regardless of cost or quality, at the Fire Insurance Company's Salesroom, 765 Broadway, near 8th street. Don't miss this great chance. Don't delay, come at once, or you will be too late, as this great fire sale must close in five days. Remember the address, 765 Broadway, near 8th street. Open till 9 o'clock at night.

FROM MONTANA.

HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888.

FLEMING BROS.

GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS and find them to be a wonderful pill—all that you claim for them. They act like a charm in case of biliousness, sick headache, dysentery, &c.

Box 954. MRS. HENRY WINKELMAN.

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburg, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of the same pronunciation. Always make sure of the words "Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa.," on the wrapper.

RETURN OF DAN M'GINTY.

THE WIDELY MOURNED MAN TURNS UP SAFE AND SOUND.

He Disproves the Prevalent Impression That He Is "At the Bottom of the Sea"—The New Song and Where It Can Be Heard—McGinty's Statement.

If there is a man, woman or child in this city of New York who has not sung, hummed or whistled "Down Went McGinty," he or she must lack a musical soul, and what is more, be without a sympathetic chord in his or herheart. Mournful men and lachrymose maidens have bewailed McGinty's untimely falls and sadly sighed when ruefully contemplating the maireatment of poor Mc.'s faultless apparel.

If Berry Wall's forty pairs of trousers were torn to tatters, or—heaven forefend—had Baby McKee's grandparent found himself minus his unmentionables when freed from the ruthless rushers of the "Windy City," it is doubtful if so much general interest would be felt in the matter concerning either gentleman.

What, then, must be the feeling of those who have chanted McGinty's sad story when they learn that, like many other affairs in life, McGinty's troubles were only imaginary ones.

The truth is now out: McGinty in person has returned to tell of his adventures, and the public mind may be set at rest regarding that hero's troubles.

Yesterday, while the clerical force of Brown & Pulverman were busy, and the genial Oscar Schonfield and Theo Hagen were telling funny stories to the boys, a long, lean, lanky individual, with carrotty hair and rubescent woolly whiskers of the Galway order entered, disclaying as he strode a faultless suit of black, and a shining tile; his shirt was clean, his face dirty; his necktie was red and his cheeks ruddy; there was a dangerous light in his eye and an element of tragedy in his voice as he shouted:

"The top of the mornin' to yiz, gintlemen. 'Tis plain to be seen that I'm a stranger amongst yiz, but whin I tell ye that I'm the much maligned McGinty, whom evil report—bad luck to it!—has placed in the bottom of the say, and otherwise disposed of in various ways, to the great detriment to my good kar-akter, the total dismemberment of my body and the ruin of my best suit of clothes, and that I am here to deny these tales, you will, I believe, believe me. I am here in the flesh to deny all these divers allegations and I'll—well, I'll sing it to yez."

Before those present could make their escape from the impending calamity the intruder had smoothed down his Galways, cleared his esophagus and commenced to sing:

MCGINTY'S RETURN.

Friends, I wish a word with you, but before I get half through
You'll be with me, I am sure, unto a man:
You've heard the boys all bawl about the top of the stone wall,
And how I won five dollars from McCann:
You've heard that I let go, and when I landed down below:
That I broke my poor ribs, back and nose,
But now without vexation, I deny that allegation,
Nor did I wear my best suit of clothes.

Chorus.

Boys I am Dan McGinty, I returned here to-day;
When I jumped, I struck the ground,
Sure I landed safe and sound;
But once more pray let me say (in an incidental way),
That I didn't wear my best suit of clothes.
I was bound to win the five, whether dead, maimed or alive,
And I knew McCann would never let me fall,
So I jumped down like a man, and I laughed at Pat McCann,
And to Mary Lanigan's I rushed for a ball;
There I drank full an' plenty, 'till I heard a young McGinty
Had put in his appearance as my heir,
Then homeward I did stroll, but tumbled into a coal hole
And was covered with a ton then and there.

Chorus.

Yes, down boys I went, to the bottom of the hole,
Big Mark Lanigan had my live,
I was more dead than alive,
But, though, in that situation, I have still the consolation,
That I didn't wear my best suit of clothes.
I was taken home by McGinnis, the kid was christened Dennis,
My wife Bordella didn't dare to skip,
I never went to jail, nor did I look thin or pale,
But from the deck I stepped aboard a great big ship,
In auld Erin I landed square, an' I bought the World's Fair
For the John Doris whom the world knows.
I'll place it in New York, just outside of Central Park,
And give Chicago my best suit of clothes.

Chorus.

So you see here is McGinty, I am not in the say;
And if I want my wet,
I can get it, you can bet;
I have saved my reputation, I'll be honored by the nation
When Chicago gets my best suit of clothes.

Soft as the sweet sighing of a Summer zephyr his voice died away, borne on the circumambient breeze, which, when it entered the office, did so in advance of Mr. John B. Doris, the popular museum manager. Aye! it enveloped Doris, too—not only enwrapped his figure, but followed it as it entered.

Doris soon saw the turn things had taken, or, in other words, he recognized McGinty, and on the spur of the moment engaged him to sing "McGinty's Return" at the Eighth Avenue Museum for a period covering several weeks, and to do so while arrayed in his "best suit of clothes."

The genial manager, who had entered Brown & Pulverman's for the purpose of placing his "ads" in the daily papers, happened in just in time to catch Dan McGinty, and will see that "Dan" shows up.

COLUMBIA DANCES TO-NIGHT.

Class of '91 Gives Its Annual Ball in the School of Arts.

To-night the second annual junior Christmas ball will be given by the class of '91, School of Arts, Columbia College.

To-day the college exercises close until after the Christmas holidays.

Early this morning the work of removing the chairs, desks and tables in the college library was begun, as the spacious department will be used for the ballroom.

The floor has been highly polished for the feet of the blithesome dancers. It was not polished last year, and the defect was very noticeable.

The Committee in charge of affairs are Mr. Francis Dawson Gallatin, Mr. Julien Townsend Davies, jr.; Mr. Charles Conover Kalbfleisch, President of the class; Mr. Richard Suydam Palmer, Mr. Alexander William Stein, jr., and Mr. Henry Richmond Taylor.

He Was Not "Tipped" with Checks.

James Johnson, a waiter in the St. Cloud Hotel, was remanded by Justice McMahon in the Yorkville Police Court this morning on a charge of forging the signature of ex-Senator Bixby, a boarder in the hotel, to a number of checks for small sums and passing them on various tradesmen.

Check Turned Out "N. G."

Alexander Beer, of 98 Eighth street, was held for trial in the Essex Market Court this morning, charged with passing a worthless check for $20 on Henry Albers, a butcher, at 118 First avenue, in payment of a small bill, recovering the difference in money.

Mechanics' Bank Scores a Defeat.

Judge Patterson, of the Supreme Court to-day denied an application of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank for an injunction restraining the assignee of Loucheine & Co., from parting with the firm's property.

New York Schooner Stranded.

A telegram to this city to-day from St. John, N.B., states that the schooner Alaska, which sailed from Canso, Dec. 3, for New York, is stranded at Roshea.

EXCHANGE! EXCHANGE! EXCHANGE! *Anything you don't need for something you do need by means of the EXCHANGE Department in THE EVENING WORLD. Only 50 cents for three lines.*

Bloomingdales

3rd Ave. Corner 59th St.

SPECIAL SALE IMPORTED JERSEYS

3,000 Fancy Imported Fine Cashmere Jerseys in Evening Shades, also for House and Street Wear, real value from $3.50 to $6.00,

at $1.98 each.

CLOAKS--Three Remarkable Specials.

Directoire Jackets, with separate vest $5.95
Connemaras of all-wool Fancy Cloakings, worth $14.00, at 7.95
Empire Newmarkets, with puffed sleeves, value $16.50, at 8.75

☞ DOLLS of every size and style. TOYS enough to supply the entire city. BOOKS, GAMES and FANCY GOODS by the hundred thousand. PRICES guaranteed the lowest in the city.

OPEN EVENINGS.

Bloomingdale Bros., THIRD AVE., Cor. 59th St.

BOOM FOR THE FAIR.

New York Congressmen Hold a Meeting in Washington.

At last the ball has been started a-rolling for the World's Fair in favor of New York. It was not much of a roll, to be sure, but it is a straw which indicates the direction of the Exposition wind.

Congressman Flower, at his residence in Washington, entertained the New York Congressmen last night, and speeches were made enlarging enthusiastically on the advantages of this city for a site, and finally a Committee of five was appointed to act in an advisory capacity, the remainder to be divided into pairs, to canvass the Representatives from other States.

Senators Evarts and Hiscock and Vice-President Morton sent letters promising to aid the project to the best of their efforts.

Iceman Turner was present, who paid a handsome tribute to New York, and said that Congress had at last "got a move on."

Another important action has been taken by the Senate in deciding that a Quadro-Centennial Committee shall be appointed to consider all matters relating to the World's Fair, consisting of sixteen members.

Nine of them are to be Republicans, and Senator Hiscock will be the Chairman. Senator Farwell will look after Chicago's interests, and Mr. Cockrell or Mr. Vest will shake St. Louis's flag.

A bill asking for the location of the World's Fair in Washington was introduced by Senator Gorman yesterday. It provides for the issuance of $15,000,000 of District of Columbia bonds to meet expenses.

Senator Hiscock is in favor of sending a band of "hustlers" to Washington, to emulate the methods employed by Chicago and St. Louis.

He says there is nothing undignified in having a committee at the seat of the contest, and is of the opinion that much good could be done by them.

J. M. Bowers, member of the General Executive Committee, says that the Legislature should pass bills enabling the city to acquire lands for Exposition purposes, thus rendering most valuable aid to the city in securing the World's Fair.

Another bill which Mr. Bowers says will probably be presented to the Legislature, is one allowing a corporation, created by an act of Congress, to hold and improve real estate for the Exhibition, and to prevent seizure of articles placed on exhibition.

Subscriptions to the Guarantee Fund are coming in in small parcels. The total amount received to date is $5,201,079.

NOTES OF FASHIONS.

Rumor has it that chignons are coming into fashion again, and that the bustle is put in every imported dress.

Annie Jenessa Miller pounds at an air-bag every morning before breakfast to get up color and physical vim.

Much of the decorative furniture used on library tables is made of scorched ivory.

The piano stool has been replaced by the musical chair, an old-fashioned design made in ivory or gilt-finished wood upholstered with bright silk plush.

Pearls rival diamonds for full dress. Gold is seen at dinner parties, and silver on the street.

The new pieces of Royal Worcester are decorated with Italian designs of curved branches, open-mouthed serpents and beautifully modelled figures done in imitation of carved ivory on massive jars, bowls, vase forms, plaques, comports and trays.

Tea plants form the decorations on the Royal Worcester tea caddies.

Smiling.

It makes us smile to see how cheap the ready-made Clothing Houses are advertising to sell when business is dull with them.

We always sell Cheap, therefore do business at all times.

WE WILL SELL TO-DAY and TO-MORROW

Men's Overcoats, WORTH $20.00. . $4.00 UP.
Suits, WORTH $15.00. . $4.00 UP.
1,000 Pants, . 75c.
Ulsters, all shades . $6.00 UP.
Pea Jackets & Vests $3.00 UP.

All Reliable Goods or money refunded.

MISFIT CLOTHING PARLOR, 1 and 3 Prince Street, NEAR BOWERY. OPEN EVENINGS.

Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, ONYX, FRENCH MARBLE AND CUCKOO CLOCKS. MARBLE STATUARY, OIL PAINTINGS, MUSIC BOXES AND OPERA GLASSES. ALL SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS, BEING OUR OWN IMPORTATION AND AT REASONABLE PRICES.

A. Frankfield & Co., 52 West 14th St.

DIAMONDS.

BUY YOUR DIAMONDS DIRECT FROM THE CUTTER AND SAVE 25 PER CENT. WE ARE ALWAYS PLEASED TO SHOW AND EXPLAIN TO VISITORS THE ART OF CUTTING AND POLISHING DIAMONDS FROM THE ROUGH.

ROBT. H. RAMSGATE & CO., IMPORTERS AND CUTTERS OF ROUGH DIAMONDS, 10 MAIDEN LANE.

THE GREATEST POLICE BANQUET.

Big Arrangements For One on Jan. 27 at Delmonicos.

The annual banquet of the Captains of Police will take place Jan. 27 at Delmonicos. Arrangements are being made to have it one of the most successful of the series.

Ex-President Cleveland, Gov. Hill, Mayor Grant, Chauncey M. Depew, W. Burke Cockran, Senators Brown, Ives, Cantor and Masher, Gen. Horace Porter are on the list of speakers to regular toasts. Covers will be laid for one hundred and fifty persons.

Furniture and Carpets.

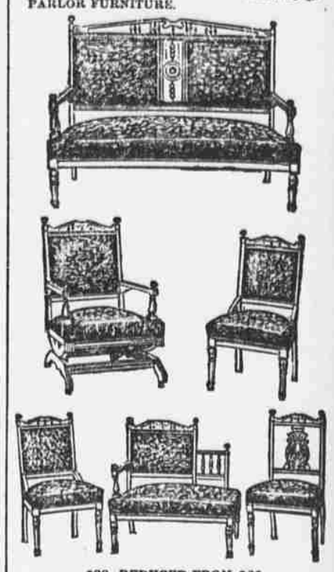
THE LARGELY INCREASED ATTENDANCE AND GENEROUS BUYING IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF OUR IMMENSE ESTABLISHMENT DURING THE LAST FEW WEEKS INDICATE ATTENTIVE READING OF OUR REMARKS ON THE SUBJECT.

OUR ONLY REQUEST IS THAT THOSE WANTING FURNITURE AND CARPETS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

WILL COME HERE, AND WE WILL SHOW THE LARGEST STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS FOR BOTH YOUNG AND OLD AT EXTRAORDINARILY LOW PRICES. OUR CUSTOMERS BELIEVE IN US; OUR SALES PROVE THAT. OUR NEW STYLES ARE TAKING EVERYBODY BY SURPRISE.

WE NEVER DID SUCH A BUSINESS IN PARLOR FURNITURE.



$38, REDUCED FROM $60, FOR THIS ELEGANT PARLOR SUIT, COVERED IN MOTTLED SILK PLUSH, ALL COLORS.

PARLOR SUITS FROM $25.00 TO $300.00. OVER 100 SUITS ON ONE FLOOR.

ELEGANT PARLOR SUITS, COVERED IN WILTON RUGS, FOR $56.00
PARLOR SUITS IN LATEST COVERINGS 32.00
BED LOUNGES IN FANCY COVERINGS. 4.75
LOUNGES COVERED IN GENUINE LEATHER 15.00
CHAIRS COVERED IN GENUINE LEATHER 2.00
BEDROOM SUITS IN ANTIQUE OAK... 14.50
BEDROOM SUITS IN CHERRY 14.50
EXTENSION TABLES, SIX FEET LONG 3.75
FOLDING-BEDS OF ALL MAKES AND DESIGNS FROM $8.00 UP.

CARPETS.

MOQUETTES, PER YARD $1.25
VELVETS, PER YARD 1.00
BODY BRUSSELS, PER YARD ..... .83
TAPESTRY, PER YARD ..... .45
INGRAINS, PER YARD ..... .15
LACE CURTAINS ..... 75c. PAIR
DRUGGETS, 2¼x3 YARDS $1.50
SMYRNA MATS ..... .40

INCLUDING A FINE SELECTION OF RUGS, ART SQUARES AND DRUGGETS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

TERMS TO SUIT EVERYBODY, CASH OR CREDIT.

SOL HEYMAN & CO., 993 and 995 3d Ave., BETWEEN 59TH AND 60TH STS.

THE First Japanese M'f'g. and Trading Co., 18, 20 and 22 East 18th Street, (Between B'way and 5th Ave.)

Have on exhibition new Importations of Christmas goods, just received per S. S. "Gaelic."

Branch Store, 929 Broadway, OPEN EVENINGS.

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES IN FURNITURE

FANCY PLUSH ROCKERS FROM $4.00
WILLOW ROCKERS FROM 3.75
RECEPTION CHAIRS, PARLOR AND MUSIC CABINETS, EASELS, SCREENS, SHAVING STANDS, LADIES' DESKS, BOOKCASES, BOOK SHELVES, LIBRARY DESKS, SECRETARIES, &c.

CATELY & WILLIAMS, Furniture, Carpets, &c., 136 AND 138 WEST 23D ST., BET. 6TH AND 7TH AVES.

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