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UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

MAY 7, 1889.

AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THE CIRCULATION BOOKS, PRESS AND MAIL ROOM REPORTS AND NEWS DEALERS' ACCOUNTS OF THE "NEW YORK WORLD," ALSO THE RECEIPTED BILLS FROM 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."

President of New York Clearing-House.

President of American Loan and Trust Co.

President of Lincoln National Bank.

MARCH, 1889, - - - - 10,709,520

AVERAGE NO. "WORLDS" PRINTED DAILY DURING THE LAST EIGHT MONTH, 337,367

UNFOLDING BLOSSOMS.

The Christmas Trees are ranged in goodly show in their respective halls, and they are thick with blossoms. To-morrow, under the fostering touches of kind fingers, they will burst into bloom, and will in their radiant and beautiful fruitfulness be despoiled by the same quick fingers which have contributed to their adornment.

The good work is practically done. THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Trees are proofs of the thousands of warm hearts who, at this time of the year, feel for those who have none to care for them. The poor children will cluster around those pretty trees and be happy.

It was a graceful idea, and it has been warmly taken up by thousands of generous hearts. Money presents and services have been prodigally offered. And not a soul will feel sorry for having done this good deed.

THE BRITISH FLAG IN AFRICA.

SERPA PINTO is not helping on a friendly feeling between Portugal and England. He is said to have insisted on the natives hauling down the British flag. Senhor GOMES, the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, begs Lord SALISBURY to await further information before he takes any other action.

SERPA PINTO has had a great deal of difficulty in his explorations, being deserted even by his own porters. LIVINGSTONE and ARNOT went over the same route with perfect satisfaction, and were admirably treated by the natives. This seems to show that PINTO is not the most desirable person to promote any of Portugal's schemes for colonization in the "Dark Continent."

If the little kingdom gets embroiled with England seriously she will find it is worse than entertaining DOM PEDRO.

LET THEM BE FREE!

The Congo Free State has given itself with ardent zeal to the suppression of the infamous slave traffic which still exists within its borders, to the scandal of the civilized world. Civilization has something lacking to it so long as any human beings can be made the personal property of other human beings. That poor mortals with a black hide and small intelligence should be therefore reduced to the level of beasts and made articles of commerce is a wrong that the world should not suffer to exist anywhere upon this sphere.

Freedom is the inalienable right of man, and nothing can compensate him for the loss of his independence.

On, Congo, on!

The aged Zaugbar, with MUATHA on his back, startled the concourse at the Clifton races yesterday by panting in at the head of the procession. The bay gelding completely disappointed those bookmakers who were offering 100 to 1 on him, and presented Melodrama, the favorite, with a neat view of his heels. Horse-races are delusive things. Zaugbar's bad reputation is considerably improved.

The scarcity of the canvas-back duck this year is ground for deep regret in the epicure. One reason for the diminishing number of this toothsome bird is that the eggs of the canvas-back are eaten in quantities, being esteemed a delicacy. There should be a law against eating them at all.

"MY JACK"

"My Jack," produced last night at the Grand Opera-House, is said to have been a great success at the Surrey Theatre, London. It is a roaring, raging, rattling, rampageous melodrama, full of the most time-honored devices, and just the kind of thing which Noah must have produced at the private theatricals given to kill the monotony of the sojourn on the Ark. It has five acts, and—let me see! how many scenes!—twelve of them, and all beautiful. The scenery was the thing in "My Jack." The artist excelled himself, and Mr. Benjamin Landeck's blood-and-thunder trash was charmingly framed.

No, it is Christmas Eve, and I positively decline to tell you the details of the plot. Sufficient to say that it deals with a wicked baronet called a "bard" on the programme. This naughty being (all baronets are naughty; he has his title by a fraud. There is a rightful heir, and, of course, missing documents. If all the documents missing in modern dramas could be massed together there would be no safe deposit company in the world large enough to hold them. They have been accumulating. Great goodness! How they have been accumulating! Then there is a thieving son who is killed, and the lover of the heroine who is suspected of the murder; an Italian ruffian called Ciro, of course, an Irish sailor, a pert soubrette and a gurglesome heroine. Virtue is overwhelmed for five fearfully long acts, during which vice chuckles. It all ends in the conventional way.

I do not see that "My Jack" contains a single new idea. Some of its situations win applause, because there are numerous misguided young readers of dime novels who love to see their heroes and heroines on the stage. If I had a boy, I would forbid him to cast his eye on even the cover of a dime novel, or to put his nose into the doors of a theatre where a modern melodrama was played, at least until he was old enough to appreciate its absurdities. "My Jack" is not nearly as bad as many of its kind. Such utter nonsense would never harm a flea.

The cast was an excellent one, but nobody had many opportunities. Wilton Lackaye was positively conventional, which shows that the part makes the Lackaye and not the Lackaye the part. J. H. Gilmour, as an aggressively good young man was acceptable. Miss Isabella Evesson, as one of those heroines who decline to smile and who seems to be sniffing a tragedy even in the sunshine, was melancholy enough. Old Dan Leeson played the part of an insufferably tedious old man tediously, and Miss Katherina Rogers was nicely blind, just like Mrs. Whiffen at the Lyceum.

There was one allusion that caused an universal smile last night; it was a reference to the much-feared grippe. ALAN DALE.

SPOTLETS.

Russia is doing away with the telephone in its dominions. Everything that tends towards free speech there is dangerous. They are afraid of the Nihilist "grip" in Russia more than the other.

Judge Brewer wrote poetry once. Now he is on the Supreme Bench. 'Tis thus that greatness rises from even the lowliest condition.

Jersey City's water is wretched. This isn't as great an affliction as it might be in some places, but is bad enough. One hates to bathe in bad water.

Nearly all the Judges on the Supreme Bench are bald. Now there's a Bench show for you!

Yesterday was eclipse day. It does seem hard to have the sun go out just as we are in this electric-wire darkness.

Somebody was shot in trying to get into his own house. This seems a little hard. Let him in.

We are all waiting with trembling for the wrong present to be given to us to-morrow, and by people we don't like a bit.

The jury system is getting more complicated, now that the juries are set on if they don't "return" rightly.

Nellie Bly made a good break in China.

Chauncey Depew would make a nice boarder in a cheap boarding-house.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

After Tammany is through with the reorganization of the Third Assembly District, its present leader, Register James J. Slevin, will wear a countenance which ought to make him one of the most successful funeral directors in the business.

Ex-Alderman John Cavanagh is spoken of as the possible organizer and leader of a new County Democracy faction in the Ninth Assembly District. Cavanagh has the trucking and carting contract for the elevated railroad, and it is said that any faction which he might lead would not be averse to a fusion with Republicans on occasion.

Ex-Congressman Tim J. Campbell, of Corlears Park, was intended by nature for a busy man, and as the people have refrained this year from giving him anything to do, it is reported that he will busy himself with promoting legislation in the Third House at Albany.

Maze, of Dutchess, is said to be slated for the Chairmanship of the Assembly Committee on Railroads, and Andrus, of Erie, for that on Cities. The Wicked Gibbs had hoped to get the latter Chairmanship.

Mayor Grant expects to recommend some bills relating to municipal reforms in this city for the consideration of the Legislature at its coming session. He is not deterred in his resolve by the fate which many of his measures met at the hands of the Republican majority in the last session.

The Tammany Hall primaries will probably be held Jan. 10.

FADS AND FRILLS.

There are pretty little sugar baskets of green china with ribbon-like handles of pink on the market, extremely novel and less than fifty cents each.

Court plaster cases made of sterling silver are used as dinner favors by women who cannot refrain from overdoing their dinners.

Baby bath robes of cheese cloth lined with flannel and tufted with worsted may be bought for a dollar.

One can pay as much for a foot muff as a hand muff.

It has come to that point when the rapid girl demands a silver case for her cigarettes and a smoking set as well. On her dressing table among the pieces of silver and ivory, shell and porcelain is a flask, and something is wrong when it is empty.

Designs composed of scrolls and arabesque are printed on cloth and used for table covers.

There is a deal of nonsense about Mrs. Cleveland's knowledge of French. It is a fact that she has studied the language, and that she couldn't conjugate a verb to save her sweet life.

If you want music in the air tack a fringe of little bells along the edge of your door.

Nobody says good afternoon any more. Leave a house any time between breakfast and dinner and the fair lady will bid you good morning. The candles lit, it is good night with a how d'y do as a greeting.

In a Strange Land.

From the New York Weekly.

Kindly Old Gentleman (in Chicago)—Pardon me, but you appear to be in distress. Can I aid you?

Young Lady—Oh, what a providence it is that I met you. I am a stranger in this great city and have lost my way, and I have been hunting for some one who could speak English.

IN GARRET AND CELLAR.

Two of Many Families Who Will Be Made Happy.

And this is Christmas time!

Merry, blessed Christmas, when the anthem of peace and good will resoundeth through the world with cadence as sweet as the music of celestial symphonies.

At this season of the year it is as easy for the human heart to be gay as "for skies to be blue or love to be true."

Then festoon your walls with Christmas green! Frame the pictures of absent faces in garlands of balsam and box. In every window hang an emerald wreath jewelled with holly berry, and over each door pin the mistletoe bough, that shall be to every guest the warrant of a welcoming kiss.

Load the fire logs with yule logs, and as they crackle and blaze toss among the dancing flames a handful of cherry stones or orange peel, to be a sweet incense on the altar of home—that heaven, if earth holds one.

Tie your little sister's curls together with bits of cherry ribbon bright enough to mock the roses in her cheeks.

Pin a posie in your grandmamma's cap; cover your mother's face with kisses, and, as the dear old "attic philosopher" used to say, "button every feature of your own face with a smile, and drink in with your eyes and soul the beauty of your surroundings."

But before you unbridle your joy, let me take you in fancy first to a cellar and then to a garret, where Poverty has imprisoned two families that belong to the very aristocracy of democracy.

Never mind the French family's name, for I don't know it myself; and never mind the number, for the people are proud and their weight of woe already too heavy to be increased.

I found them in a basement this morning, and, would you believe it, the children were actually barefoot?

Some truths are very sad, and this is one of them.

There was a fire in the big kitchen stove, the only luxury of which the damp cellar could boast. In a small chair, securely tied for the day, sat a baby, cooing and crowing like some happy creature, heaven sent to cheer the hearts of men.

It didn't bother him that his feet were bare and his stockings ragged.

What are shoes and stockings anyway but a nuisance when a baby can't walk?

Baby didn't express his indifference to footgear in those words, but his eyes danced merrily and his feet kept time to the rat-a-plan he beat upon his tin tray with his tiny fist.

Two elder sisters of three and five were less happy. The younger was suffering from a swelling in her face. Both wore dresses and nothing else. Not a stitch else. Not even a shoe or a stocking.

Both were pretty and fair, with pale, dimpled faces, and both were as shy as deer. So long as I ignored them they remained in the room, looking at me; but the moment I attempted to approach they fled and hid themselves under the bed in the dark middle room.

Ernest, aged seven, a real, living Little Lord Fauntleroy, was braver.

Large for his years was he, with light golden hair and fair face of the English type, but there was not a trace of color in his cheeks. Roses do not bloom in cellars.

The beauty of the child made me glad, but his poverty made me sad.

He was dressed in a threadbare suit of clothes, through the patches of which his flesh gleamed warm and white, and he wore on his feet a pair of woollen muffs that, he told me, his father had made of some rags.

"Mamma," he said, "has gone to work. She makes dresses, and every day goes uptown before we are awake. We never hear her go, but we wait for her at night. At half past six she is home.

"My papa?" shaking his head sorrowfully, "he has everything against him and never can find work. He is away now trying to get orders for a sofa pillow. He can do many things—beautiful embroidery like that," pointing to a needle-worked sofa-pillow upon a shelf in the little shop-parlor; "make soap and colognes, and do lots of other things. But there is no work, and every day he comes home sad."

He said he was born in Montreal; that his grandpapa had taught him to read from a history of Napoleon, and that every evening his father read about the Christmas trees THE EVENING WORLD was providing for poor children.

"Will you come to one of the trees if I send you some tickets?"

"No," with a mournful glance at my face.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't want to."

"Yes you do. Now tell me the trouble and perhaps I can help you."

"Because—because," and the delicate lips quivered and the sad eyes were pressed to keep back the tears he was too proud to have me see, "because I haven't got any shoes."

"But I'll get you some, dear."

"But I wouldn't let you. My mamma would be displeased," and the little autocrat drew himself up in proud defiance of any further temptation, put his hands in his pockets and began to pace the small room whistling a bar of the Marseillaise.

I did not see the children's parents. From a neighbor I learned that the mother is a beautiful creature, well born and accomplished, whom the reverses of fortune had driven to that middle ground of misery where despair seemed to be getting the better of hope.

The grief-stricken husband, who was willing to do anything, could find nothing to do. He has a patent for making some delicate soap, but could find no market for it; the grocer reluctantly taking one tub of it in payment for the little bill against his family.

The first friend I met after coming from the cheerless abode was Jeannette Hutchinson, a small, rosy-cheeked, gentle girl, with an armful of books for the Christmas harvest, and a purse of money for a couple of opera tickets.

I told the little maiden about the live Lord Fauntleroy and his three barefoot sisters and brother, watched her face darken and her eyes fill, and, presto! she began to cry for very pity and gave up the matinee.

There was no at once. Her mamma added two more bills. I wrote out the address, and by this time tiny Armand, sick Lily, small, shy Flora, and proud, handsome Ernest have shoes and stockings, and a great many more clothes than I care to tell about.

They have tickets, too, and they will be at Nilsson Hall Christmas morning.

The garret in one of the tenements in West Thirtieth street shelters an English family.

I called very early and found Hugh in bed—and brother Bob on his knees praying for a express wagon. Sister was in the kitchen helping her mother, and both were so poorly clad that your hearts would bleed had you seen them.

Hugh is a rollicking, happy-go-lucky fellow, about as high as your mother's dressing table, and Bob, aged eight, is a hero if there is one in New York City.

One day last July Bob was cut in the street with his baby brother watching a bonfire. Fuel was needed, and without the least thought of neglect he ran off to do what he considered his share of the work, leaving little Tom sitting in a door step.

Fascinated by the dancing flames, baby Tom ventured to the curb stone.

A reckless boy, thinking it would be fun to give Tom a little scare, raised him by the arms to swing him, and threw the little fellow into the pile of burning faggots.

It was all an accident, but horrible enough, for when the child was rescued his hair was singed, his face and hands scarred, and his little body frightfully burned.

For many weeks the poor mother nursed her little one night and day, and a short time ago some kind lady induced her to take him to the hospital.

Dr. McDonnell, who had charge of the poor little fellow, went to the flat one day and said he wanted a piece of flesh to graft in the hollow of Tom's arm.

Sister offered herself at once, so did the mother, but the doctor rather preferred another kind, and, after waiting a little while, Bob rolled off his jacket, set his thin lips firmly together and, tightly clasping his hands, said: "Here, doctor, take all you want of me. I can stand it, and any way I owe it to Tom, for mother told me not to leave him."

The doctor got out his sharpest knife and dug into the warm, white flesh of the round arm, and peeled off a circle of Bob as large round as a half-dollar.

During the operation he never moved a muscle.

"It hurt awful," Bob said yesterday, "but I want to see Tom back, and wouldn't mind if the doctor had cut my whole arm off. He gave me 50 cents when it was all over and said I was braver than a man.

"I don't want any ticket to THE EVENING WORLD Christmas trees, neither does Hugh—do you, Hugh?—nor sister. We only want one for Tom. He can't come home, but it won't matter, 'cause Santa Claus won't be here.

"We will go to the hospital, though, to see him, and I wish we could take him a present. All day he lies in bed with a little pillow under his arm, and the only thing he has to play with is the fringe on the quilt."

What could be sweeter than the tender regard of these little Britons for their suffering brother, or more touching than the faith that voices itself in earnest, reverent prayers for such simple favors as a toy wagon, a box of blocks and a little doll with a bonnet?

In all the visions that fancy weaves what can be lovelier than the dream of childhood with its airy frames garnished and festooned with graceful, beautiful, impossible adornment?

The pleasures of the poor children if you look at them with a child's eyes are poorer than poverty, for the reason that the tender hearts are forced to share the sorrows of life before they are able to enter into its enjoyments.

Christmas comes but once a year, and it's here now.

Let's make it a royal day.

Let the magic wand of love, kindness and compassion touch every bough and branch of the green tree till they bend and sway in beauty and richness to the music of laughter, song and childish delight, and until no gloomy shadow can be cast.

Let the youngsters kick their legs out in irrepressible glee; let their eyes stretch and shine in all the affection of anticipated pleasure, and let the shouts of wonder and the screams of merriment with which the development of every package is received be a chorus to the holy anthem of peace on earth, good will towards men.

The time is up now for solicitations, and the hours in which subscriptions can be made are numbered.

There is a debt that prosperity as well as pomp owes to the aristocracy of nature, the payment of which is voluntary.

The only agent to enforce sentiment is conscience, and the slightest propagation of goodness and generosity will set the heart of mankind throbbing and rejoicing.

Your mite then before the Fund closes, dear, good, kind readers, and in receipt take a blessing for a madly merry Christmas. NELL NELSON.

"The Evening World" Christmas Parties will be fully described in the Christmas afternoon editions.

PRIMITIVE CAROLINA HOSTS.

Graphic Description of a Night Spent by a Traveller in "The Hills."

A night in the mountains—that is, in the average log house common to the country—is a curious and unique experience compared to that in the warm houses of Virginia, says an Oconee letter to the Richmond *Dispatch*. Most houses here are bare of any kind of furniture; the space between the logs are unchinked with mud or any other material.

One room usually comprises the mansion; in it all the work is done and all the family sleep in it, frequently consisting of a dozen males and females, children and adults.

Lately my experience in this direction was novel. Nightfall caught me in "the hills." Upon application at one of these small homes for a night's rest I was told by the hospitable lord of the castle that I could be accommodated.

There being only one room in the house I hesitated about asking for a night's lodging, but it was either that or a dismal night in the woods by a camp fire—"neck or nothing," as it were.

My host was a newly married man. That night I lay in bed and conversed with him across the room, and the negro driver slept on the floor. "the mule" stood a short distance from the door of this hospitable home, a pig penned near the chimney on the outside grunted in unison with the snores of the sleeping Zenegambian.

"Everything was lovely," and we were not in the least embarrassed.

An Afflicted Family.

From the Epoch.

Mrs. A.—I think Mrs. Smith's death is such a sad one. My heart fairly aches for Mr. Smith.

Mrs. B.—Yes, and the poor little children. It is a terrible visitation. Will you be at the funeral?

Mrs. A.—Oh, yes.

Mrs. B.—What are you going to wear?

An Unexplained Mystery.

From Texas Siftings.

A.—Who is that man over there who wears such an air of resignation?

B.—He may be a bank official about to visit Canada, or he may only be a New York city official who is about to be investigated by a Retrenchment Committee. You can hardly tell the difference nowadays.

A Great Student.

From Time.

Lancaster—I hear that you have been burning the midnight oil. What study interests you so much?

Forrester—How to get the baby to sleep.

Rheumatism

is believed to be caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood, owing to the failure of the kidneys and liver to properly remove it. The acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and causes the usual manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders and in the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine neutralizes the acidity of the blood and also builds up the whole body.

MORAN'S BIG BOOM,

He Still Leads "The Evening World" National Guard Election.

Capt. Wilson Second, Col. Ruppert Third and Major Kipp Fourth.

No Ballots Will Be Received After Six O'Clock To-Night.

Lieut.-Col. Moran's friends are booming his canvass in THE EVENING WORLD National Guard Election with a vengeance. He leads to-day with a total of 205,298 ballots. Capt. Wilson is still second, with 92,139. Col. Ruppert holds third place, with 85,501, and Major Kipp fourth with 59,530.

To-day is the last day of the contest, and the last opportunity for voters to help along their favorites. As votes received after 6 p. m. will not be counted, the advisability of getting all votes in early is apparent.

The sword which the successful candidate who receives is to be a most magnificent affair. In the first place, it is to be made upon an entirely new design, richly ornamented, and of the best material to be obtained.

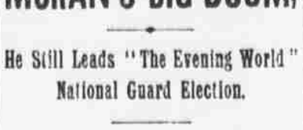
The blade will be of the finest Damascus steel. The handle and guard will be of brass of special design, furnished and hand-chased, as will also be the mountings upon the scabbard, which will be of steel and nickel-plated. The grip will be either of sharkskin or of embossed metal, silver-plated and burnished, the design depending on the rank of the officer receiving it.

The shape of the blade will also depend upon the rank of the winner; if he is a line officer it will be straight, and if a staff officer it will be a sabre and curved in form.

A medallion mounting of burnished and hand-chased metal on the upper part of the scabbard will be inscribed with the name of the winner, with his rank and regiment.

The sword will be manufactured by B. W. Whitlock, of 99 Fourth avenue, the well-known maker of military equipments, and this announcement of itself guarantees the best of material and workmanship.

If you have not already done so cut out and send the following blank, properly filled, to THE EVENING WORLD:



THE EVENING WORLD POPULAR VOTE ON THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY.

MY CHOICE IS—

RANK AND POST—

SIGNATURE OF VOTER—

RESIDENCE—

Conditions.

THE EVENING WORLD *will present to the most popular officer of the National Guard of the States of New York and New Jersey a beautiful sword of unique and appropriate design.*

The most popular officer to be determined by the ballots cast by readers of THE EVENING WORLD.

Each reader may vote once only.

Fill in the blank as prescribed and mail it to The Editor.

Gens. Hill and Green, Commanders-in-Chief of the National Guard of their respective States, are excluded from the contest; all others, from lieutenant to general, now in the militia service, are in the race.

There are at present 205 candidates. The vote of the fifty highest stands to date:

Col. Appleton, 7th Reg., N. Y.	3,168
Capt. Abrams, Co. G, 7th Reg., N. Y.	457
Col. Austen, 13th Reg., N. Y.	444
Major Auchmuty, 3d Brig., N. Y.	1,250
Lieut. Babcock, Gun Detach., 4th Reg., N. Y.	5,203
Lieut. Beecher, 1st Battery, N. Y.	3,071
Capt. Bascom, Co. I, 71st Reg., N. Y.	3,578
Lieut. Ball, Co. G, 22d Reg., N. Y.	427
Col. Cavanagh, 69th Reg., N. Y.	382
Lieut. Croton, Co. F, 13th Reg., N. Y.	10,798
Capt. Clark, Co. D, 71st Reg., N. Y.	7,847
Lieut. Cleveland, Co. B, 9th Reg., N. Y.	1,771
Lieut. Carscallen, 9th Reg., N. Y.	2,[illegible]
Asst.-Surg. Collins, 69th Reg., N. Y.	1,748
Lieut. Daly, Co. K, 22d Reg., N. Y.	1,230
Capt. Delcambre, Co. H, 71st Reg., N. Y.	2,086
Lieut. Despard, Co. G, 23d Reg., N. Y.	921
Lieut. Dox, Co. H, 22d Reg., N. Y.	1,977
Capt. Dewar, Co. I, 8th Reg., N. Y.	883
Brig.-Gen. Earle, Gov. Hill's staff, N. Y.	602
Lieut. Golding, Co. C, 71st Reg., N. Y.	1,334
Capt. Goss, Co. K, 71st Reg., N. Y.	476
Lieut. Hussey, Co. F, 22d Reg., N. Y.	609
Adjt. Hoagland, "Old Guard," N. Y.	10,610
Major Japha, 9th Reg., N. Y.	372
Lieut. Jonasson, Co. H, 12th Reg., N. Y.	496
Capt. Kennedy, Co. A, 71st Reg., N. Y.	2,609
Major Kipp, 7th Reg., N. Y.	59,530
Capt. Knip, Co. B, 7th Reg., N. Y.	13,377
Lieut. Kornberger, Co. I, 9th Reg., N. Y.	787
Capt. Leo, Co. I, 22d Reg., N. Y.	2,080
Capt. Morgan, Co. H, 69th Reg., N. Y.	1,090
Lieut. Meyer, Co. D, 9th Reg., N. Y.	1,022
Capt. Murphy, Co. F, 12th Reg., N. Y.	708
Capt. Maidhof, Co. B, 22d Reg., N. Y.	713
Lieut. Col. Moran, 69th Reg., N. Y.	205,298
Capt. Nesbitt, Co. B, 7th Reg., N. Y.	511
Lieut. Penny, Co. C, 9th Reg., N. Y.	682
Lieut. Pasco, 2d Battery, N. Y.	32,070
Capt. Preser, 11th Reg., Cav., N. Y.	1,080
Col. Ruppert, Gov. Hill's staff, N. Y.	85,501
Lieut. Scanlon, Co. F, 69th Reg., N. Y.	1,333
Major Stanton, 1st Brigade, N. Y.	1,070
Capt. Sloan, "Old Guard," N. Y.	3,127
Capt. Swazey, Co. F, 47th Reg., N. Y.	1,777
Capt. Thurston, Co. E, 22d Reg., N. Y.	456
Lieut. Tompkins, 14th Sen. Co., N. Y.	455
Lieut. Wilson, Co. F, 7th Reg., N. Y.	348
Capt. Wilson, 2d Battery, N. Y.	92,139
Capt. Zabriskie, 71st Reg., N. Y.	620

Why He Wept.

From Texas Siftings.

Jones—What makes you look so blue?

Smith—My only brother is going to marry Miss White.

Jones—I don't wonder you feel bad about your brother marrying that heartless flirt.

Smith—Oh, it isn't that; I want to marry her myself.

Horrors of Mormonism.

From the New York Weekly.

Small Son—Ma, what's Mormons?

Mother—Um—men who have a good many wives.

"A good many?"

"Yes; thirty or forty sometimes."

"Goo! That's awfu."

"Yes, my son.

"Just awful. I wouldn't like to have thirty or forty mammas to spank me."

Nervous Prostration.

I suffered for a long time from nervous prostration. Indeed, the exhaustion of nerve power was so great I became almost helpless, even speechless, at times. Several doctors were consulted and many medicines were tried, but without relief. Learning of the great efficacy of Dr. Greene's Nervura, I began its use with almost immediate benefit, and under its continued use for two or three months I became strong and well.

MRS. ELIZA B. MCFARLAND,
1707 North 9th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

What Is Going On Among Promoters of Sport.

More Opinions on the Great Baseball Squabble.

"It is all very well for Mike Tiernan to get $5,000 for next season with the New York League Club, and $3,500 for the succeeding two seasons; but if the Brotherhood scheme falls through what will he get the fourth year," asked a Brotherhood man during a discuss on over Tiernan's signing with President Day. "Just now, of course, the National League is extremely generous, but will it be so liberal when there is no Brotherhood to contend with? If all the players should back down and the Brotherhood League become a thing of the past, where will the players be then? At the mercy of the National League. If the Players' League does not succeed it will be because it is defeated by the players themselves."

* * *

James Burns and Samuel Kelly, two well-known bantams of the Ninth Ward, will meet at 105 pounds inside of four weeks for a purse of $150, subscribed by John Hughes, prominent sporting man of the Eighth Ward.

* * *

There is again talk of a meeting between these two famous little men, Chappie Moran and Tommy Kelly. If it is arranged the meeting would be for $1,000 stakes and an added purse.

SUNSET COX'S ESTATE.

Profitable Property in Washington and Valuable Copyrights.

Mrs. Sunset Cox is here looking after her Washington property, says a Washington letter to the Philadelphia *Press*. Mrs. Cox, though not rich, is left in comfortable circumstances. Her husband left four houses in Washington, from which she will derive a comfortable income.

The house on Dupont Circle, which Sunset Cox bought originally for $30,000, he sold on his departure for Turkey for $50,000. Upon his return he bought the same house back for about $40,000, and it will rent for $150 to $200 per month.

Add to this $100 a month which Mrs. Cox will have from the two new houses just completed in the rear of her residence on New Hampshire avenue, and her income from Washington real estate will be $250 a month.

Sunset Cox was a money-maker and a money-accumulator. He made money at his law practice while he was in New York, and during his last days in Congress his writings were very popular. He received $12,000 for the "Diversions of a Diplomat" before the book went to press, and his estate will get an income from it for years to come. His "Why We Laugh" still brings in something, and his "Three Decades of Federal Legislation" is still selling.

The greatest of his literary profits have been on his two larger works which have appeared within the last five years.

A TRACK WALKING SPOOK.

Story of a Ghost That Haunts a Western Railroad.

A ghost-like object which is said to haunt the evening train on the Elkhorn, between Lincoln, Neb., and Fremont, is creating great excitement among the trainmen, says the Chicago *Tribune*. The train leaves here at 6.30 and it is said to make its appearance from one of the many thickets along Salt Creek, when it keeps with them until Davy is reached, about ten miles out.

It was first observed by Fireman Henry Conley, who declares his belief that it is the ghost of a man killed by the cars some time ago. It disturbed him so that he resigned. The new fireman, Will Fisher, and Engineer Nelson confirm the story as told by Conley.

Christmas Joys.

[From Time.]

Miss Slimmer—Yes, we have such lovely times at the old place at Christmas. I always hang up my stocking in the old-fashioned way.

Miss Cutting—What does Santa Claus fill it with, a match?

Tangle's Difficulty.

[From Nonsey's Weekly.]

Tangle—Well, I'm in a box now.

Gazzam—What is it?

Tangle—I accidentaly discovered what my wife and daughters are going to give me at Christmas.

Gazzam—How does that put you in a box?

Tangle—Why, it'll be awfully hard to pretend to be surprised when they spring them on me.

Misunderstood.

[From Life.]

Snodgrass (to grocer)—Those apples I got from you were not half bad.

Grocer (cheerfully)—I'm glad you liked them.

"Yes; only about a third of them were bad."

Mistook His Meaning.

[From Time.]

Temperance Reformer—Do you smoke cigarettes, my dear boy?

Boy—No, sir; but that slim chap over there does, an' he'll treat if ye ask him.

Memory Doctor Wanted.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Caller—Are you the memory doctor?

Professor—I am a professor of the science of—

"Yes, I know; you fix up memories."

"In common parlance, yes."

"That's what I heard. Well, I want my memory doctored."

"That is very easily done. All you have to do is to adopt my system, and in a little while you will get so that you can remember anything at all."

"My stars! That isn't what I want. I want my memory made so I can't remember anything. I have been called as a witness in a boodle trial."

WORLDLINGS.

The oldest of the Indian delegates to Washington is Chief White Swan, of the Cheyenne River Agency. His hair is long and still coal black in color despite his age. He wears a costume of "store clothes" and a red necktie.

A. H. Day, of Toombeboro, Ga., claims to have been the youngest soldier of the Confederacy. He enlisted in 1863, when only thirteen years old.

Charles Dudley Warner, the author, is a tall man, who looks young despite his snow-white hair. He is muscular and vigorous.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL soothes the irritation of the gums. Try it. Price 25 cents.

FOR SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

"The Evening World" Will Present a $400 Gold Watch to the Most Popular One.

Of Course It Is for the Most Thought-of Lady Teacher.

A Novel Contest that Will Interest New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

That woman who enjoys the happy distinction of being the most popular teacher in the States of New York and New Jersey will wear a beautiful $400 hunting case gold watch in 1890.

This Republic owes to American school teachers a debt second only to that due to American mothers. The teacher takes the place of the mother for an important part of each day in the life of a child, and her influence upon the future character of her pupil is almost immeasurable.

Blessed is the teacher who has so conducted her perplexing task that she has won the love, the honor and the esteem of the children who have been her charges!

THE EVENING WORLD will ascertain who is the most popular teacher in the two States named by ballot, the conditions for the voting to be fully stated in THE EVENING WORLD of Thursday next.

This memento will be a fine gold watch, costing $400, but purchased by THE EVENING WORLD at a great advantage—a watch which could not be duplicated for much more than that sum.

The importer from whom THE EVENING WORLD purchases this watch is Edwin A. Thrall, of 3 Maiden lane, a jobber in American watches, importer of diamonds and manufacturer of fine jewelry and badges, whose name alone is a guarantee of the excellence of the goods.

This letter is in response to one from the editor:

To the Editor:

The watch is one of the finest of movements. It is full-jewelled, with rubies, lever escapement and nickel finish. The cases are hunting cases, 18 carats fine, and very heavy. They are made from nugget or smelting gold, with twelve pigeon-blood rubies, twelve fine sapphires and twelve fine diamonds imbedded in the gold of the case. The price will be $400. Yours truly, E. A. THRALL.

The name of the fortunate wearer of this watch will be determined by ballot. Every reader of THE EVENING WORLD will be entitled to vote for his or her favorite.

This popular election will give the school children of to-day and those who have long since been graduated into other walks of life an opportunity to approve of her whose teachings have helped them, and to testify to their tender recollection of the guide of their early footsteps.

The contest will be confined to New York and New Jersey and Connecticut.

The contest will begin Dec. 26.

Full accounts of the occurrences at "The Evening World" Christmas-Tree Parties will be published in the Christmas afternoon editions.

RUINED BY A CIPHER.

A Train Dispatcher's Error that Cost Fourteen Human Lives.

"There goes a man whose life was ruined by forgetting the simple character 0," said a prominent railroad man to a San Francisco *Examiner* man, pointing to a ragged, besotted man shambling along the street, unmindful of the rain. He was a train-dispatcher on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad once, having worked up to that position from messenger boy in the telegraph office.

"One Sunday he had only two trains on his division, an express train westward bound and a fast stock train running east. The day was warm and sultry, and Bill for that is his name, had hard work to keep awake. He knew that as soon as he made the meeting point for the two trains he could doze, and he impatiently awaited the time.

"When the trains were close enough together for him to figure a meeting point he sent an order to the passenger train to meet and pass the stock train at a little station called Willow Valley, fixing the time at 12.56. To the stock train he sent an order that it could have until 1.25 to make Willow Valley for the passenger.

"See the mistake? He forgot the 0, and hence gave the stock train thirty-five minutes more time than he should. Bill saw his mistake ten minutes after he had made it, but there being no telegraph station between the points where the trains were given the orders or at the meeting point, he could do nothing to rectify it.

"He sent for the Superintendent and ordered out the wrecking crew, then sat at the key pale as death, the cold perspiration running down his face in streams, awaiting news of the collision.

"It came. The passenger train reached Willow Valley on time, waited the required thirty minutes under the time-card rules for the freight train and then pulled out. Three minutes later the two trains met on a curve, both running at a high rate of speed.

"Fourteen lives were lost in the collision, besides $100,000 worth of property destroyed. Bill resigned at once, and the next day disappeared. For a long time it was thought he had committed suicide, but I met him on the street here one day just as you see him—a total wreck."

$50 GOLD WATCH $50 FOR $38.

$35 GOLD WATCH $35

(NON-MAGNETIC MOVEMENT),

FOR $28.

$25 SILVER WATCH FOR $20
15 " " " 12
12 " " " 10

ONE DOLLAR WEEKLY.

Having the advantage of ample capital and special trade facilities for purchasing watches in large quantities, we can afford to offer at the above prices and terms an elegant, correct, limited-time stem-winding gold watch with the accuracy and fidelity, elegant or other first-class American movement. The very terms will prove value offered should be a sufficient inducement to every prudent man and lady to supply themselves with a handsome, durable and reliable tim