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UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

MAY 7, 1889.

AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THE CIRCULATION BOOKS, PRESS AND MAIL ROOM REPORTS AND NEWSDEALERS' ACCOUNTS OF THE "NEW YORK WORLD," ALSO THE RECEIPTED BILLS FROM VARIOUS PAPER COMPANIES WHICH UPPLY 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 MONTHS, 337,367

THAT DUCK OF A PIG.

BENJAMIN the Ducker is back in the White House after playing his little game in Virginia. The President said he had a real nice time. Unfortunately he brought home a very scanty bag. In fact, not to mince matters, he didn't bring home a thing in the way of spoil. The Cabinet officers, whose mouths have been watering over the prospect of canvas-back duck for New Year's dinner, are gnashing their teeth in bitter disappointment.

There is a wild report that the President mistook a giant porker for a Virginia raccoon and blazed away at it to the great loss in pig of its African owner. This is denied, however, semi-authoritatively. It does seem improbable that Mr. HARRISON should not know the difference between a coon and a hog, no matter how dim his knowledge of the coon.

It is also garrulously averred that BEN brought down three ducks. One bloodcurdling rumor has it three Virginia Amelie Riveses came to the yacht and got into the President's berth, just for fun. Whether there is an evolutionary connection between these two items must be left to conjecture, but if the three girls were the "ducks," they were left, because Mr. HARRISON brought nothing back with him except his fowling-piece and high-necked boots.

Baby MCKEE is reported to have said "Pshaw!" when his Grandpa came into the house without any game.

MR. GLADSTONE.

A life like that of the celebrated British statesman, GLADSTONE, demands longevity as its most fitting attribute. The Grand Old Man has put in eighty as well-filled years as any human being alive to-day. He presents the magnificent spectacle of a man foremost in the most aristocratic Government in the world who has no titles except those which intellect and integrity have forged for him on the anvil of fame.

His powers show no weakening. The great Commoner has in no sense survived himself. Every year adds another sheaf of honors and good deeds to the granary of his high repute.

The greatest effort of his life is that which crowns his latest years. The statesman of Hawarden has thrown himself like a youthful athlete into the arena to fight for the downtrodden Irish nation. Home Rule has commanded the best that Mr. GLADSTONE had to give.

All honor to the large, mighty, serene old gentleman! Life has been well worth living for him. Every added year is a gain to the world.

TOO BEAUTIFUL.

An actor, RAFFAEL by name, is the victim to his too pleasing cast of countenance. A young married woman, who played in the same company, became mashed on the auburn-tressed youth. She made love to him and wrote letters to him. The handsome RAFFAEL refused to become infatuated.

Then the husband came on the scene and "cut" RAFFAEL's pleasing cast of countenance. It was a change in the cast which RAFFAEL did not like at all, as the razor gash had to be tailored by a surgeon.

The only consolation RAFFAEL has that if "a stitch in time saves nine," he is in two hundred and thirty-four stitches. It is a bad thing to be too deliriously beautiful.

Amid the sneer of the incredulous and the groan of the fearful the visitor from Russia to our shores is quietly knocking out the inhabitants of these cis-Atlantic shores. It makes very little difference whether we face the grip as an admitted identity or scoff it as a pretender. His touch upon our throat is the same, and the disagreeableness of dying from his constricting clutch is not mitigated by noisy disclaimers that 'tis he.

Call it what you will, it is an alien which the American Constitution wishes none of.

DEATH THE DEMOCRAT.

As the crown of the BRAGANZAS was planted on the brow of young Dom CARLOS, of Portugal, that stanchest of Democrats, Death, was binding with his icy circlet the brow of the discrowned Empress of Brazil.

There is something touching in the last words of the exiled woman: "Alas! Brazil, Brazil! That beautiful country! I cannot return there!" The most loyal son of the newest of Republics can heave a sympathetic sigh over this dying aspiration of her who regretted not her crown as much as the fair land over which she once held sway.

Death did not come too soon to one who could so keenly feel the loss of her beloved country.

Mr. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR said about Chicago that the palatial residences there were opened to the visitor by a hired girl. This brutal giving away of the Windy City's palatial "help" may have saddled a burglary on to Mr. ASTOR. A bold man held a knife at the servant girl's breast, gagged her, and then burgled the palace. See what you've done, WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR!

There was a contest Saturday afternoon between the troops on Liberty Island and a Texas Ranger. The Texas contingent was an escaped steer, and when the boys tried to take the invader by the horns they found it a job. They do not want any more beef on the hoof.

SPOTLETS.

There are a few pushing dandy lions in the Park, but this is not due to the Spring-like weather.

Mr. Gladstone owes much of his health at eighty to his having been Haward-ened for so long.

Little Annie Simpers married Goldsborough Jones only when the lights were turned down. Annie was eighty and Goldsborough twenty-five. What a simpering boy Jones must be!

A school teacher named Cloud was fined $50 for whipping a fifteen-year old girl. That Cloud had a silver lining.

Now it has leaked out that there is a Mrs. Ward McAllister. She and Ward do not apparently move in the same set.

If Street Commissioner Coleman says the New York streets are clean there must be a mote in his eye, a regular D. P. P. cartload of a mote.

While a prisoner's papers were being made out to bind him over to the Grand Jury he walked out of court and has not been heard from since. So unconventional!

Wednesday next will witness the usual crop of blooming perjurers. If some lawyers now would also be bar and sep their oaths!

Two women and a Texan steer were temporary occupants of New York Bay yesterday. The women went in for baptism and the steer for a fight, which he got on Liberty Island.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

George M. Hendee, who gained renown as a bicycle rider when only sixteen years old and who subsequently won the championship, has gone into business heels over head and no longer competes in races. He is still in the twenties.

E. C. Carter, the official handicapper of the National Cross-Country Association, takes great pride in giving satisfaction in his work. He is himself one of the fleetest runners in the world.

C. C. Hughes, Secretary of the Manhattan Athletic Club, is one of the principal backers of the Club. He devotes most of his time outside of business hours to furthering the Club's welfare. He is Superintendent of the Wagner Palace Car Company. Despite the fact that he has been prominent in athletic management for so many years Mr. Hughes is still a young man.

W. J. Clark is learned in bicycle lore. He can ride well up among the leaders of the bicyclists whenever he wishes. He is a candidate for the Presidency of the Long Island Wheelmen.

George Kessler is very much a member of the Union Boat Club. Besides being skilful with the oar he takes a leading part in all the social doings of the Club.

WORLDLINGS.

President Harrison turned aside from his duck-shooting expedition long enough to visit the old Harrison homestead near Brandon, Va.

Ex-Speaker Randall's married daughter bears a striking resemblance to her distinguished father. She can converse intelligently on the most intricate political matters, and has a wide fund of general information.

The Osage Indians, who number 1,501, have in the United States Treasury $7,758,694 of their own money, drawing interest at 7 per cent. This amounts to a capital of over $5,000 for the entire nation—men, women and children. Besides this they have nearly a million and a half acres of fine agricultural land.

STOLEN RHYMES.

Time's Revenge.

Years, years ago, when I was young,
I loved a fair and gentle maiden;
Her praises day and night I sung,
My heart with deepest passion laden;
But learning that she loved me not,
I did not drop a tear or quaver,
But bowed to my unhappy lot
And wooed another sweet enslaver.

How quickly time doth turn the scene
With wonders strange and changes plenty!
My pretty girl is just eighteen,
My first love's boy is four and twenty;
Her child loves mine. How merrily
I'll lead his hopes unto the slaughter!
His mother would not marry me
And I'll not let him wed my daughter.
—*Sunday Mercury.*

Protest of the Rear Guard.

This smokeless powder's very well
For those who like the fray;
But rather hard its use will tell
On those who'd slip away.
It's very well to have no smoke
For those who feel no fear;
But, ah! it was a handy cloak,
When getting to the rear.

There'll be no fun in war at all,
If things are fixed, no doubt,
So every leaden, whizzing ball
Will find a yellow out.
Though some upon the change will joke,
The situation's thus:
When none's the shelter of the smoke,
No soldiering for us.
—*Boston Budget.*

A Tear for the Time.

Woe to the age! The age that men call free,
That lets so rank an imposition pass.
I saw last night an imitation tree,
And lit—no, not with candles, but with gas.
—*Puck.*

Proof Positive.

'Tis evidence quite certain
Of a wooing rather rash,
When you see a tinge of powder
On a young man's dark mustache.
—*Judge.*

FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE.

Costly Decorations Affected by the Aristocracy.

Nell Nelson's Chat with the Leading Floral Firms.

"You newspaper women," said the monarch of the Elliott Floral Company, "make us a lot of trouble with your extravagant pens and superlative adjectives. You write Mrs. A.'s $50 order away up, and when Mrs. B. comes in with the article and wants us to beat it for $500 we are nonplussed, for the description calls for $1,500 worth of flowers.

"Half the trouble in this world comes from distorted facts and the other half is the result of bad cooking. The dream of Bellamy will never be realized until truth becomes chronic and the product of the kitchen digestible.

"There is no leading style in flowers or floral decorations, and no standard but that of individual taste. People pick their plants and cut flowers as they do their clothes and furniture.

"The moneyed people like roses and orchids; the artists love palms and ferns, and many women would rather have a bunch of mignonette than a basket of voluptuous Beauty roses—those crimson, living, almost human things that intoxicate the senses.

"Just now we are in a blaze of beauty, a cloud of glory, a heaven of perfume, and you have only to choose and I'll send you anything you want.

"Here is the 'Magna Charta,' the rival of the American Beauty; both the same price—$15 a dozen.

"Here's white lilac—the poet's own flower and smell—now close your eyes! Can't you feel Spring in your heart? My æsthetic soul, but it's good!

"How much? Six dollars a bunch and six sprays in a bunch. Rolled up in parafine paper and boxed in cotton batting. I don't know a nicer bit of fragrance for a New Year's offering. Do you?"

I said I didn't.

"You see, the man or the woman who sends a flower to a friend wraps himself eternally in its perfume, and wherever the breath of that blossom is caught, up he comes in face and form and voice, or the woman has no soul—that's all.

"I once had the measles when I was in aprons," the horticulturalist confided to me; "and while I was sick a little girl sent me an apple to smell, but not to eat.

"I can smell that rosy piece of fruit now, and I never pass a greening or a russet or a pippin that I do not see the wee maiden in fancy and bless her dear little heart. That's the sentiment of it, but here's the business.

"Flowers are abundant, but the demand amounts to a real tax, and prices are high as ambition.

"We never mix flowers. We don't believe in it. There is as much individuality about blossoms as there is about belles, and so we arrange them, not in tulle and pearls, but in the very severest of vases, so as not to let the holder detract from the bouquet.

"We are daring enough, too, to put pearl roses in pearl cups, golden tulips in primrose-yellow bowls, and crimson roses in ruby forms—a privilege we have been encouraged to take with chromatics, by the audacity of Alma Tadema, Whistler and Burne Jones.

"We never build a table piece as high as the line of vision, and not even a child's view across a dinner-table is obstructed. Orchids, roses, tightly bound hyacinths, spicy carnations, sweet-scented tulips and the dainty ma capucine buds, which are salmon-like in color, are all in demand for table decoration, and an art committee would be puzzled to tell which is choicest.

"About the biggest order we have filled this year came from the Union League Club fellows the night they entertained the Pan-American Society.

"There were flowers everywhere but under foot and in the air. We hung the little theatre with foliage tapestry, banked the stage with the glossiest and greenest of palms, and fringed the footlights with asparagus and mosses, that caressed a ridge of growing orchids.

"In the library there are six large tables niched between bookcases, and we piled the files and folios under the boards and on zinc covers planted the choicest flowers that the State afforded.

"One table was a solid bed of cut orchids, fringed with ferns, that cost us $600 to spread; another oblong had nothing but American Beauties for a cushion, and each rose was worth $1.75 that night; another was upholstered with pink, white and damask cyclamen, and roses, violets and carnations embossed the remaining boards.

"The bookcases in the room are all low, and we used them for a bank of encircling palms, at the feet of which we planted wired and fantastic orchids that seemed almost human in the pale candle-light.

"The supper was served in a suit of three rooms, and each board had a different flower piece. One was a massive rose cluster, the second was a rose piece with a streak of white narcissus running through it, and I can't remember the other.

"At the Delmonico banquet, prepared for the same tourists, we put Summer on the table and festooned the balconies with her garlands and hanging plants, and pendent from the ceiling we hung a great globe of laurel, orange, lemon verbena and sweet-brier, with Central America picked out in true geographic position with closely stemmed cluster flowers.

At this point a Van Rensselaer came in, and in a low rich contralto voice, with a pronnced English accent, asked for white violets, and I fled.

Dunder, who grows the roses that belong in the bowers of the Four Hundred, sighed when asked to name the ideal table decorations.

"The best way to answer that is to show you my book. Here's an order for to-night. The lady gives a dinner party for which she will use a solid gold service.

"There is a towering epergne to go in the centre of the table, and in it I will put orchids of delicate lavender and pure white, with the queen of ferns for relief.

"Strings of asparagus will be trailed along the cloth and carried up to the arms of the candelabra.

"Mrs. W. D. Sloane's dinner tables are always decorated with American Beauties. That's her favorite flower. Saturday night I sent her a flat basket, six feet in diameter, planted with those roses. The cluster was as big as a rose bush.

"Over the white cloth we scattered sprays, three feet long, with blossoms as large as cauliflowers, and turned them so that the gorgeous flowers threw the splendor of their color and perfume in the very faces of the guest.

"The prettiest novelty for a table was, in my mind, an order we filled for one of the white dinners for which Mrs. William Baylis is famous. With her white porcelain and and satin polished silver, we used Puritan roses, the finest white flower cultivated.

"In the corners of the mahogany were small English egg-baskets of split willow, filled with lilies of the valley, and about the cloth were mats of mistletoe, heavy with their opaque berries. Those egg-baskets are very fetchy. They are rude, you see, and have the appearance, when filled, of being just sent in by some friend.

"Pertinent to the season are the scarlet baskets, which we have sold by the thousand. Some we fill with English holly, some with crimson tulips, others with *point sette* leaves and a few with carnations and mistletoe."

A call came over the telephone from no less a personage than Mr. Ward McAllister, and I was alone.

From a good-natured belle who has been in social circulation for several decades I learned that each leader has a flower to which she is as devoted as she is to a special perfume or grade of linen.

Mrs. W. W. Astor uses American Beauties at all her dinners. So does Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt prefers Gloria de Paris roses; Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard considers the La France the queen of roses; Mrs. Orme Wilson cheerfully pays $2 apiece for Magna Charta roses, and has from twenty to seventy on her table at a time.

Mrs. ex-Secretary Whitney has a weakness for white and gold, and pearls. Puritans, Niels, Nun Hoste and Gabriel Luizet alternate in her dining parlor, while Mrs. Paran Stevens delights in Spring flowers and buys tulips, narcissi, daisies, May bells and hyacinths by the hamper.

The regulation flower for the bridal board is the Amazon lily, a peerless cup-shaped blossom that seems pouring its soul out in floods of perfume.

This lily is new, and like all rare things costly. For the price of a bowlful of Amazons you might have Dickens in calf, a Persian wool bath robe or roast young goose every day for a whole week, with a peck of apple sauce besides.

NELL NELSON.

"SOFT SNAPS" AT THE CAPITOL.

Officers of Congress Who Draw Fat Salaries and "Perquisites."

The Sergeant-at-Arms is, after the Clerk, the officer drawing the highest salary," says a Washington letter to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. He has $4,000 a year, a good deal of patronage and some perquisites. He is not only the Chief of Police of the House, but is also the head banker. His deputy sergeant receives $2,000 a year and the cashier of his bank $3,000.

The Doorkeeper has the largest patronage of any of the officers of the House, and very nice perquisites. He receives a salary of $3,000 a year, and may legitimately swell that sum by several thousands.

The Postmaster's is also an elective office, and the Postmaster receives a salary of $2,500 a year. He is not really a postmaster, but is a clerk who receives and gives out the mails of the members and officials. He has an assistant, who gets $2,000 a year.

Outside of these offices, those having the highest salary attached are the clerkships of committees, the pay for which is from $2,000 to $2,500 a year.

The clerk of a committee is also in some sense the private secretary of the Chairman of the committee, and, though some of them are worked hard enough, the majority have an easy time of it, and the office is considered one of the most desirable within the gift of the House. These clerks are chosen by the committees, and are not elected, as most of the high-salaried officials are.

In the Senate a private secretary is allowed each Senator, except the Chairman of a committee, who is expected to utilize the clerk of the committee. A number of the clerks of the Senate committees are sons or other relatives of Senators, and in such case the work of that clerk usually devolves on other employees, while the clerk draws and spends his $2,000 or more per year.

"ABE" LINCOLN'S COACHMAN

An Indianapolis Barber Who Was a Servant of the Martyr President.

A reporter of the Indianapolis *Journal* sat in the barber's chair. He was gliding into a doze when he thought he heard a remark about George Washington's body servant. "No," said Joseph Christian, a barber in the basement of Vance's Block, "I was not Washington's body servant, but for a year or more I was Abraham Lincoln's coachman."

Mr. Christian is a Frenchman by birth, born in Paris, but was brought to this country when but a year and a half old by his father, Charles Christian, who was in his day a well-known circus man, famous as a tumbler and acrobat.

"I was in the circus myself two Summers when a kid," continued Mr. Christian, "but after that I was a rider and rode running horses in races, some of which were for big money.

"I was discharged from the Fifth United States Cavalry for disability in 1863 and then got the place as coachman for President Lincoln. You see, I knew him in Springfield long before he went to Washington, and he knew me there as a rider.

"He often rode out with me at Washington on horseback and frequently joked with me. These rides were about twice a week. We would go out early in the morning to Arlington Heights and get back before many people were stirring. On such occasions we went alone, but when he rode in the coach we always had a guard of fourteen cavalrymen.

"Mr. Lincoln was not a graceful rider, but he always managed to stay on the horse; his legs were long, and that was of advantage to him. After I left the position of coachman I went back again to the Fifth Cavalry and served until 1866."

Mislaid.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

Daisy Popinjay—Sister says she would like to be excused this evening, Mr. Poseyboy, if you please. She isn't feeling well.

Mr. Poseyboy—Come now, Daisy, you know that isn't so! Tell me the real reason and I'll give you half a pound of candy.

"And you won't tell that I told—honest, now?"

"No, Daisy, I won't tell."

"Well, then, she can't find her hair."

Occident and Orient.

[*From Time.*]

Wiggs—So you are going West?

Miggs—Into the realms of the Occident.

"Out of the realms of the owe-your-ent, I suppose."

Last Winter

I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my leg as not to be able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I don't feel any aches or pains anywhere, and it not only stopped the soreness in my shoulder and joints, but makes me feel as lively as a ten-year-old boy. I sell newspapers right in

THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET

every day in the year, and have been doing so for 5 years, and standing on the cold stones ain't no picnic, I can tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me it certainly ought to be good for those people who don't stand on the cold stones. I can be seen every day in the year at corner Tompkins and De Kalb avenues. WILLIAM W. HOWARD, Brooklyn, N. Y. N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

BEAUTIES WITH MILLIONS.

A LONG LIST OF PHILADELPHIA DAMSELS WITH LARGE FORTUNES.

A Dozen Heiresses Whose Joint Dots Will Aggregate $30,000,000—Miss Elizabeth Drexel Heads the Roll—Several Other Rich Matrimonial Prizes.

The charmed circle of Philadelphia damsels eligible to matrimony will within a short period lose one of its leaders in Miss Elizabeth Drexel, says the *Record*, of that city. When she meets before the altar rail Walter George Smith, the well-known lawyer, she will bring with her a dower variously estimated from $4,000,000 to $7,000,000. In addition to her vast wealth Miss Drexel possesses personal charms of the highest character. She has a sweet face, though not a beautiful one, and winsome manners. Like her two sisters, she is of a retiring nature, and has shunned the glamour of the social world. She dresses simply, but richly, and, though possessing many articles of adornment, a handsome brooch is the only piece of jewelry seen on her person. Miss Drexel received her vast wealth from her father, Francis A. Drexel, of banking fame.

Another well-known heiress is Miss Gertrude Houston, the daughter of Henry H. Houston. Miss Houston is well known in society as a young lady of rare beauty and vivacity. She is a blonde of medium height and possesses a pair of laughing blue eyes. It is estimated that her inheritance will amount to $3,000,000.

One of the most intellectual heiresses of Philadelphia is Miss Nina Lea, the daughter of Henry C. Lea, the well-known publisher and writer. As there is no one to inherit her father's fortune except a brother, Miss Lea will certainly be blessed with a heavy purse. Her father's wealth is placed at about $3,000,000, and consequently his daughter will step into $1,500,000. She is devoted to intellectual pursuits. While her father was busily engaged in writing his famous work on the "History of the Spanish Inquisition" Miss Lea became deeply interested in the subject, and it is said assisted her father not a little in his literary labor.

Miss Pauline Townsend is the young and beautiful daughter of Dr. R. H. Townsend, of West Walnut street. Dr. Townsend is one of the richest physicians in Philadelphia and has a fortune set down at $2,000,000. Miss Townsend is his only daughter, and will consequently receive a large portion of his wealth. She is a demi-brunette, and her bright conversational powers have made her a society belle.

Among Philadelphia heiresses must be mentioned Miss Pancoast, who is a granddaughter of Mrs. Samuel Smyth. This young lady has inherited the bulk of the Pancoast estate, amounting to $1,500,000. Miss Pancoast, who has travelled extensively in Europe and studied there music and painting, is a demi-brunette, and is twenty-three years old. Society's sons and daughters know her well.

Another of the city's fair ones for whom wealth is stored up is Miss Mary McGlenesy, the daughter of John McGlenesy, the rich wholesale grocer, who died several years ago, leaving a large estate to his four daughters. Miss McGlenesy's share in the fortune was about $1,000,000. There are several interesting and romantic episodes connected with the young lady's European travels. It is said that on three different occasions her hand was asked in marriage by foreign grandees. She is now at the end of her twenties, but still preserves her beauty.

Another Philadelphia heiress, who has been greatly admired by the blue blood of Europe, is Miss Wheeler, the daughter of the late Charles H. Wheeler. Her father upon his death left an estate of over $1,000,000, which she will in time inherit. Miss Wheeler is twenty-five years old and is a vivacious brunette. When Charlemagne Tower, the many times millionaire, died he left his daughter, Miss M. Tower, at least $1,000,000. Miss Tower is a blonde and is about twenty-two years old.

E. C. Knight, the great sugar manufacturer, has only one daughter to whom to leave a share of his enormous fortune. Miss Annie Knight is a brunette of the Spanish type and, like Amelie Rives, is a great lover of horses and dogs. She is one of the most active workers in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She is thought to be booked for about $2,000,000.

Among the other prospective Philadelphia heiresses can be counted Miss Minnie Wanamaker, Miss Amanda Disston, Miss Edith Wright, Miss Catharine Cassatt, Miss Lena Frazer, Miss Helen Harrison and Miss Dobson.

The fame of John Wanamaker as a man of ponderous purse is proof that his attractive daughter, Miss Minnie, will in time be worth $1,000,000. Miss Amanda Disston is the daughter of Hamilton Disston, and will no doubt get $1,000,000. Miss Catharine Cassatt, daughter of A. J. Cassatt, and Miss Lena Frazer and Miss Helen Harrison, daughters of the well-known sugar refiners, will, by inheritance, each receive a similar sum.

Miss Mary C. Blanchard and her sister Annie W., daughters of the late William Blanchard, the famous publisher, were bequeathed $1,000,000 apiece by their father. The recent debutante, Miss Effie Grubb, the only child of Gen. E. Burd Grubb, will receive the whole of his estate.

Miss Fannie Rosengarten has a colossal fortune in her name amounting to over $1,000,000 left by her parents.

A Business Chance.

[*From Puck.*]

Anxious Mamma (of six daughters, to eldest)—Ethel, you really must exert yourself more. Here it is the middle of your second season and you haven't had a single good offer yet. You know I must bring Clara out next season and Maud the next, and there are three to come after them.

Ethel—Yes, mamma, I have been considering the matter, and I think the only way is for you to persuade papa to buy us all a machine and let us learn typewriting.

$50 GOLD WATCH $50
FOR $38.
$35 GOLD WATCH $35
(NON-MAGNETIC MOVEMENT).
FOR $28.
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 price and terms an elegant engraved hunting case stem-winding gold watch, with the world-renowned Waltham, Elgin or other first-class American movement. The easy terms and good value offered should be a sufficient inducement for every gentleman and lady to supply themselves with a handsome, durable and reliable timekeeper at such a very moderate cost. Inspection of our stock is solicited, or on receipt of postal card agent will call with samples. In addition to our stock of Watches we also carry a full line of Diamonds, Jewelry and Silverware, which we will dispose of to reliable parties on easy weekly or monthly payments.

THE MUTUAL WATCH CO.,
196 BROADWAY.

CHOICE IN SCHOOL MA'AMS.

Voting Begun in Earnest for "The Evening World" $400 Watch.

Nearly One Hundred Candidates Already on the List.

THE EVENING WORLD'S contest to decide who is the most popular lady school teacher in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut is now fairly under way, and each mail brings large numbers of ballots. There are already nearly a hundred candidates, and the contest promises to be a most exciting one.

Miss Fannie Cafferata, of Grammar School No. 7, of this city, leads the contest with 50 votes. Miss H. E. Olmsted, of School No. 5, Auburn, N. Y., is second, with 39; Miss Jennie Klapper, of No. 25, this city, third, with 34, and Miss Anna C. Dunne, of No. 68, this city, fourth, with 30 ballots.

In this contest the ladies will have full swing. Several votes have been received for gentlemen, but cannot be counted. Only lady teachers are eligible as candidates.

In all cases, where possible, indicate the number of the school, as well as city, with which the candidate is connected.

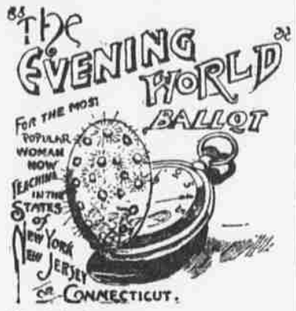
Any lady teacher in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut can be a candidate in THE EVENING WORLD'S contest. The teacher receiving the largest number of votes will be presented with an elegant gold watch, purchased from Edwin A. Thrall, of No. 3 Maiden lane. Mr. Thrall thus describes the prize:

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 antique 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.

The watch is now on exhibition in Mr. Thrall's window.

All votes must be on the ballot printed below. Cut out the blank, properly fill out and sign it, and send it to THE EVENING WORLD.



My choice is—

.....

In school—

.....

At—

.....

Signed—

.....

Address—

.....

Conditions.

Any reader of THE EVENING WORLD *may vote once only.*

The vote must be in on the ballot printed in THE EVENING WORLD.

Only women who are actively engaged in teaching may be voted for.

The vote should give the full name of the teacher voted for, the school in which she is engaged and its location.

The candidate must be now engaged in teaching somewhere in the State of New York, New Jersey or Connecticut. She may be engaged in any school. There is no restriction as to grade.

Envelopes containing ballots must be addressed to Watch Contest Editor, EVENING WORLD.

The vote to date stands as follows:

Adams, Lizzie, Fourth Ward, Astoria, N. Y	1
Bruen, Ada P., Primary No. 10, N. Y.	1
Besseliever, Miss L. M., No. 55, N. Y.	8
Benjamin, M. B., No. 40, N. Y.	10
Brady, Mrs., No. 40, N. Y.	1
Burke, Sarah J., No. 4, N. Y.	1
Barnum, Miss, No. 2, N. Y.	1
Barrett, Miss, No. 2, N. Y.	1
Baffot, Miss, No. 39, N. Y.	1
Boyle, Miss, No. 25, N. Y.	1
Cafferata, Fanny, No. 7, N. Y.	50
Cannon, Miss, No. 74, N. Y.	1
Crowley, Etta, No. 43, N. Y.	1
Coghlan, Miss, No. 2, N. Y.	1
Carry, Charlotte E., No. 40, N. Y.	1
Clark, Miss M., No. 22, N. Y.	1
Curtis, Lilly, No. 25, Brooklyn	1
Carolan, May, No. 60, N. Y.	1
Cooper, Miss, No. 40, N. Y.	1
Cowles, Mrs Sarah E., No. 47, N. Y.	1
Casey, Miss S. E., No. 40, N. Y.	1
Downing, Agnes K., No. 67, N. Y.	1
Davis, Miss M. Josephine, Chicago, N. Y.	1
Doyle, Miss, No. 23, N. Y.	1
Duffy, Maggie J., No. 2, N. Y.	1
Dunlom, Kate A., No. 25, N. Y.	1
Dunne, Anna C., No. 68, N. Y.	30
Dunn, Mrs., No. 47, N. Y.	1
Farrell, Annie, No. 23, N. Y.	1
Finley, Miss, No. 59, N. Y.	1
Fynn, Miss, No. 67, N. Y.	1
Fuller, Miss A., No 68, N. Y.	1
Francis, Miss, No. 68, N. Y.	1
Feassin, Josephine E., No. 50, N. Y.	1
Gardner, Miss, No. 5, N. Y.	1
Gerety, Mary, No. 53, N. Y.	1
Hand, Miss, No. 12, Brooklyn	1
Haynes, Frank E., No. 59, N. Y.	1
Howard, Charlotte F., No. 7, N. Y.	9
Hickenbottom, Anna, Norw. College, N. Y.	1
Hubie, Sarah, No. 15, N. Y.	9
Hanschel, Flora H., No. 72, N. Y.	1
Hall, Mary A., No. 74, Brooklyn	1
Jarvis, Jennie, No. 7, N. Y.	1
Johnson, Miss M. A., No. 3, Brooklyn	1
Jury, Maria E., No. 68, N. Y.	1
Klapper, Jennie, No. 25, N. Y.	34
Matthews, Loretta, No. 50, N. Y.	1
Maxwell, Miss M., No. 34, N. Y.	1
Meers, Joe, Primary No. 9, N. Y.	1
Mahoney, Miss, No. 19, N. Y.	1
McGrington, Miss, No. 68, N. Y.	1
McLaughlin, Miss, No. 4, Brooklyn	1
McPherson, Ella, High School, Trenton, N. J.	1
McLean, Miss, No. 2, N. Y.	1
Mandelbaum, Julia, No. 6, N. Y.	1
Say, Josephine, N. Y.	1
McCabe, Mrs, No. 23, N. Y.	1
McGonough, Mrs, No. 13, N. Y.	1
Nelligan, Bridget, No. 29, N. Y.	8
Nessage, Miss, No. 84, N. Y.	1
Olmsted, Miss H. E., No. 5, Auburn, N. Y.	39
Paton, Mrs. E. A., No. 83, N. Y.	1
Parsons, Miss M. J., No. 25, N. Y.	1
Pratt, Miss M., No. 25, N. Y.	1
Pierson, Mary, No. 25, N. Y.	3
Ryf, Roberta, No. 6, N. Y.	1
Lamond, Miss, No. 51, N. Y.	1
Reynolds, Miss A., No. 50, N. Y.	1
Rich, Kate A., No. 50, N. Y.	1
Rosenberg, Esther, No. 83, N. Y.	1
Ryan, Katie E., No. 13, N. Y.	1
Rourke, Miss A., No. 41, N. Y.	1
Sullivan, Mamie, Transfiguration, N. Y.	1
Smith, Miss M., No. 57, N. Y.	1
Sting, Miss F., N. Y.	1
Shields, Mrs. A. E., No. 40, N. Y.	1
Skinner, Miss, No. 83, N. Y.	1
Shepard, Miss A. F., No. 69, N. Y.	1
Scanlan, Mamie, No. 74, N. Y.	1
Terrell, Lillie, No. 7, Jersey City	1
Tunny, Miss K. J., No. 74, N. Y.	1
Templeton, Miss, No. 58, N. Y.	1
Talbot, Mary, No. 25, N. Y.	1
Underhill, Ella A., No. 74, N. Y.	1
Ward, Miss, No. 1, N. Y.	1
Wall, Miss, No. 42, N. Y.	1
Wheelihan, Miss M., No. 15, Jersey City	1
Wood, Louise, No. 47, N. Y.	1
Walsh, Miss S. V., No. 3, N. Y.	1
Whittier, Rowena E., No. 25, Brooklyn	1
Young, Anna, No. 34, N. Y.	2

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL relieves children while teething. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

TOMMASO SALVINI AT HOME.

HIS RESIDENCE IN FLORENCE FILLED WITH TREASURES OF ART AND HISTORY.

Socially a Great Favorite, a Stern Critic, but a Fond Parent—New and Interesting Anecdotes of the Great Italian Tragedian Now in America — Salvini's Wonderful Vocal Powers.

The home of Tommaso Salvini is in Florence, where his family have long been established, writes a Florence correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. When here he divides his time between his luxurious town house, No. 17 Via Gino Capponi, and his country villa Il Cupolino, situated on the top of a high hill a few miles from this city, on the Bologna road, and commanding glorious views of the valley of the Arno and the Apennines.

In this retreat, during intervals of rest, the great actor leads a truly patriarchal life, surrounded by children and grandchildren. When in town he is very hospitable, gives splendid dinners to male friends, and is easily persuaded to favor his guests with recitations from favorite parts. Now and then, too, he opens his doors to the fashionable world, by whom his invitations are gladly accepted.

Ladies find him the most charming of hosts and eagerly seize the opportunity to inspect the room devoted to memorials of his career in the shape of royal presents, costly trophies, garlands and valuables of all kinds.

An artist in all things, Salvini has a great love for music, and his excellent singing proves him to be an exception to the rule that no one endowed with a melodious speaking voice possesses the gift of song.

He is often to be seen driving about the town under the trees of the Cascine in a victoria drawn by a pair of handsome steppers of which he is justifiably proud. In fact, this strenuous artist, who is never satisfied with his own performances, but always striving to bring them up to an ideal standard of perfection, is naively proud of the possessions won by his genius: horses, house, cellar, &c. His chronometer keeps better time than any other chronometer in the world; his billiard-table is unrivalled, and he will frankly boast of his skill with the cue.

A few years ago he was also renowned as a player of Pallone, a game resembling rackets, though on a grander scale, and requiring great strength of arm and general agility; and I believe he still makes