DID HE TOUCH HER BACK HAIR?

Lawyer O'Leary Thumped for an Alleged Insult to Mrs. Shanton.

Charges and Counter Charges of Assault by Race-Goers.

Justice Manley, of the Long Island City Police Court, had a lively time this morning.

Oliver P. Keyes, a bookmaker whose huge form and weather-beaten face is familiar to all the "regulars" at the race track, charged Lawyer William J. O'Leary, of this city, with assaulting him.

O'Leary made a counter charge of assault, and to clinch matters his friend, Augustus B. Fields, also of this city, also charged Keyes with threatening personal violence and asked that he be held to keep the peace.

Keyes then turned around and induced Mrs. Lilly M. Shanton to charge O'Leary, Field and a companion named Bradish with insulting and abusing ladies.

There was a lively row between all the parties in Long Island City last night as they were returning from the races. There are two versions of the fight.

According to Bookmaker Keyes he was returning from the Sheepshead Bay races in company with his wife and Charles Shanton, his cashier and his better half.

They reached the Thirty-fourth street ferry-house and were going aboard the boat when somebody reached over and touched Mrs. Shanton's back hair with the handle of an umbrella.

Mrs. Shanton is a beauty. She is of medium height, well built, and has a rosy complexion. Diamonds sparkled in her ears, and two handsome horseshoe pins clustered at her throat.

Thinking her companion wished to speak to her, she looked back and smiled.

"I didn't do that," said Mr. Keyes. The party then came to a stop, and Mr. Shanton inquired who had.

"That man over there, with the black mustache," said Mr. Keyes, pointing to O'Leary. "He's a stranger to me. Do you know him?"

Mr. Shanton walked over to O'Leary and angrily asked him what he meant by his action.

Hot words were exchanged, and "You lie" was heard by the bystanders.

Shanton's fist shot out from his shoulder and caught O'Leary in the face. He fell flat.

Then the men went at it for all they were worth. Fields interfered and caught Shanton by the throat.

Keyes, who had been looking on, is a tall man and about three times the size of either O'Leary or Fields. He grabbed Fields by the shoulder and threw him to one side.

Fields, however, declared that he was thrown a dozen feet away.

Shanton was urged to go aboard the boat with the ladies and Keyes stayed behind to settle the matter.

"Why did you insult that lady?" asked Keyes, when O'Leary had picked himself up from the ground.

"You're a liar!" retorted O'Leary. "I didn't insult her."

Keyes caught O'Leary in the face and he fell. Then they clinched.

O'Leary got his antagonist by the throat and there was a lively exchange of blows between the men.

In the melee O'Leary's neck was scratched and Keyes's clothing badly disarranged.

Policeman Moran came along and arrested both parties. In the mean time the boat left the slip and came to New York.

The first charge brought up this morning was Keyes's complaint against O'Leary. After considerable wrangling the examination was set down for Monday night. O'Leary wanted it disposed of then, but Keyes wanted a short delay to get a lawyer.

The same disposition was made of O'Leary's complaint against Keyes. Each was bailed in $500.

Then O'Leary and Fields put their heads together and decided that it would be unsafe to venture out of the court-room, as Keyes had threatened to "do them up."

Keyes was accordingly held in $500 bail to keep the peace.

The bookmaker then played his trump card by bringing Mrs. Shanton forward. She charged each of the three with insulting her, and they were each required to furnish an additional $500 bail for their appearance Monday evening.

"I've lost $700 in less than two minutes many a time before," said Bookmaker Keyes, "and I'll be willing to pay $500 for a two minutes' crack at those fellows."

O'Leary, Fields and Bradish each deny that they insulted Mrs. Shanton, and say that they were taken by surprise when attacked by Shanton and Keyes.

Keyes on the other hand, says he saw O'Leary nudge Mrs. Shanton and speak to his friends about her. Mrs. Shanton also claims that O'Leary, who is a good-looking little fellow, ogled her and nodded his head in a coaxing way.

Keyes says he has not finished with him yet, but does not say what he will do.

After the cases were disposed of both parties left the court-room and went to the ferry in separate cars.

MR. WHITNEY'S WORD FOR IT.

He Neither Seeks Nor Desires the Tammany Leadership.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney arrived from Europe yesterday on the White Star steamship Majestic. He lost no time in denying the story published in a Philadelphia paper to the effect that he was to succeed Richard Croker as boss of Tammany Hall.

"I have neither ambition nor desire for political leadership," said Mr. Whitney. "Neither have I time, and if I could I would not supplant Mr. Croker."

Mr. Whitney laughed as he told of his encounter with a pickpocket at the Ascot races.

"I was walking with a lady," he said, "when I felt a man snatching the pin on my scarf. I grabbed the man's hand and detained him. He gave up the pin and I was about to let him go, not caring to be bothered with prosecuting him, when a detective pounced upon the thief. The detective assured me that the man was a notorious pickpocket."

THIS COUPON

When properly filled out with name and address,

WILL ADMIT BEARER FREE

to the Sixth Annual Picnic and Games of the

Independent Newsdealers and Carriers' Association

of Eastern District Unions Nos. 1 and 4,

AT EULER'S WASHINGTON PARK,

Friday, July 4.

NAME. .....

ADDRESS .....

Howe & Hummel's chapter of the great composite novel now running in THE EVENING WORLD will appear on Saturday. Owing to the number of readers who will be out of town only the synopsis of first four chapters will be printed to-morrow.

Sensible Freddy.

[From the Epoch.]

"Now, Freddy," said Dr. Keneen, after prescribing for Freddy's little sister, "suppose you take a dose of this medicine."

"No, sir," replied Freddy, decidedly; "there's nothing the matter with me, and you ain't going to run up a big bill against papa on my account."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

AMONG THE PLAYER FOLK.

They Comment on the Postponement of "Gabrielle Gerard."

The Jolliest and Most Genial Star to be Met.

The production of Miss Blanche Marsden's play, "Gabrielle Girard," it was said yesterday, will be postponed for a week, for reasons that seem to be somewhat deplorable. Theodore Moss was perfectly willing that the play should be presented at Palmer's Theatre, and gave his consent. William J. Gilmore, however, whose "Sea King" is now occupying that house, is reported to have declined to admit the inroad of another company, even at a matinee performance. His contract read that while he occupied Palmer's he was to occupy it exclusively. Of course he has right on his side, and Theodore Moss cannot compel him to succumb, but the proceeding was discussed yesterday in a way that Mr. Gilmore would not have appreciated. Mr. Moss has offered the Star Theatre for "Gabrielle Girard." Rehearsals are to be begun this week under the classic surveillance of David Belasco, who comes in from the country to take charge of the piece.

* * *

"R. I. P." is the seemingly irreverent title of a new burlesque that is to be presented in Chicago very shortly. In case of failure, the name may be appropriate. Capt. Alfred Thompson, relieved from the anxiety of the Madison Square Garden ballets, has gone to Chicago to look after "R. I. P."

* * *

"Mary Anderson," said an actress yesterday who played with Miss Anderson in London, "is the jolliest and most genial star I have ever met. People think that she is all dignity and majesty. Not a bit of it. She was always full of fun, and even on the stage she was untamed. She would pull faces at the actors and actresses, and when her back was turned to the audience she would indulge in all sorts of facial contortions. It wasn't dignified, but it was amusing. She had to fall on the shoulder of one man, and she invariably made a point of biting his shoulder. It makes me smile when I hear people talk of the stately, queen-like Anderson. She was like a jolly schoolgirl to me."

* * *

Miss Bettina Padelford, who was heard recently in John Stetson's production of "The Gondoliers," is now singing with the Junius Howe Opera Company in Baltimore

* * *

Manager Daniel Frohman is expected from Europe at the end of next week, and we shall then have news galore. Mr. Frohman in his sedate and unobtrusive manner is a keen observer. He will have made a clear bird's-eye view of the European theatrical world, and he will know how to transmit it to his friends.

The story of "Nerves," the adaptation made by T. Comyns Carr of "Les Femmes Nerveuses," secured by Mr. Frohman for this country, deals with the everlasting mother-in-law. The heroine, who is a meeklike wife, suffers from nerves. The mother-in-law makes the husband jealous, and there are the usual boisterous farcical situations, in which everybody is at cross-purposes.

* * *

Miss Fay Templeton is positively here. The Majestic had the honor of landing her yesterday, with her nineteen little trunks of clothes. Miss Templeton will remain until Aug. 18 getting rid of her French accent, upon which no duty was charged at the Custom House. She will then open at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in the new burlesque called "Hendrik Hudson," under the management of W. L. Lykens.

* * *

Manager J. M. Hill is certainly a loyal friend. As soon as he found out that E. J. Henley had been arrested the other night he set to work to liberate him. Mr. Hill went all over town in his efforts to find a judge. His daughter was leaving for the country and he had promised to spend the evening at home, but that made no difference. From 7 o'clock until midnight Mr. Hill labored. Henley is no longer under engagement to Mr. Hill, but he agreed to appear with Mrs. Leslie Carter next season, so that the manager's actions were purely disinterested and dedicated to friendship. Metropolitan managers are as a rule not addicted to that kind of thing.

* * *

Wilson Barrett's new theatre is nearly ready for him, and he will shortly sail for England. Miss East ake, it is still said, will star in the United States next season.

* * *

E. D. Price, Mrs. Leslie Carter's manager, sailed for Europe yesterday in the Lahn. He only returned from the other side a few weeks ago. Mr. Price, however, is not in the best of health. After his last trip he had a light sunstroke. He goes across for a week or two, and will return to settle down into serene manageriahsm.

* * *

"A National Bank" is the title of a new farce-comedy by George C. Jenks, who is responsible for "U. S. Mail." The title of the new effort does not seem to be very mirth-inspiring, but in all probability, as is usual in these farces, the title has but little to do with the case.

Howe & Hummel's chapter of the great composite novel now running in THE EVENING WORLD will appear on Saturday. Owing to the number of readers who will be out of town only the synopsis of first four chapters will be printed to-morrow.

When baby was sick we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss she stuck to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

FROM THE WORLD OF LABOR.

The Furniture-Workers' strike at Boss Brown's shop is over.

Most likely the trouble at Rokohl Bros.' cigar-shop will be settled before this evening.

The former Marquetry-Cutters' Union has been amalgamated with Furniture-Workers' Union No 7.

Cigar-Manufacturer Herman Jacobi, 987 Bowery, has broken his agreement, and his men are on strike again.

Bricklayers' Union No. 35 has appropriated $25 in aid of the striking building trades of Hamburg.

A mass-meeting of the Machine Woodworkers and Wood-Turners' unions this evening, at 231 East Thirty-third street.

Hahn & Brussell offered a compromise to their striking cigar-makers yesterday, but the men refused to listen to the proposition.

The Farriers' Union has taken in ten new members this week, and a large number of applicants are upon the list.

Second annual picnic of the New York Letter-Carriers' Association to-day at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, the proceeds to go to the S. S. Cox Monument Fund.

The *Building Trades Record* will appear to-morrow for the first time as the organ of the Building Trades Section of the Central Labor Union.

Machinists' Progressive Union No. 1, Branch Brooklyn, will have its new flag dedicated on July 27 at the Union Hill Schuetzen Park.

Seidenberg & Co. have asked for a committee from their striking cigarmakers, and the advance asked for will probably be granted to-day.

Branch Mapleth, of the Newtown Section, Socialist Labor party, has elected Fred. Grunau, Organiser; Ch. Muddlesee, Secretary; F. Gruler, Financial Secretary; J. Fisher, Treasurer.

An agitator is to be sent to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Milwaukee by the Executive Board of the International Bakers' Union to reorganize the local unions at those cities.

The silk-ribbon weavers' strike at Yonkers still continues, and the employees of the John Cogent Manufacturing Company ask all labor organizations to send them financial assistance.

Bakers' Union No. 11 has elected Recording Secretary, Jacob Rice; Financial Secretary, G. Hanson; Treasurer, L. Adams; E. Kuhr, Sergeant-at-Arms; Geo. Fry, Charles Rub and Henry Martin, Trustees.

The New York branch of Machinists' Progressive Union No. 1 has elected J. Dow, Recording Secretary; W. Metternich, Financial Secretary; M. Schwarz, Treasurer; Messrs. Weiss and Pricke, Auditors.

Cigar-Makers' Union No. 10 enrolled thirteen new members at their last meeting. An assessment of 75 cents was announced to be paid in monthly instalments of 25 cents up to Sept. 30.

Furniture Workers' Union No. 7 requests all men in the trade not to work for Rose Ubel, Seventy-fifth street, because he has failed to pay his workmen regularly and otherwise violated the rules of the union.

The different lodges of the Amalgamated Societies of Carpenters and Joiners will meet this evening at Central Hall, 140 West Thirty-second street, to consider the proposition of forming a carpenters' trade council for New York and vicinity.

About 100 framers, housesmiths, carmen and laborers are on strike on the new buildings in William Merz has been elected a member of the International Executive Board of the Furniture-Workers, in place of H. M. Stoffers, who resigned because his time is entirely occupied by his duties as a Walking Delegate.

The officers of Bakers' Union No. 41 are W. Ostrander, President; Emil Sherer, Vice-President; H. Baggeser, Corresponding Secretary; Thomas Dorion, Financial Secretary; Nicholas Hoffman, Treasurer; Jas. Lees and John Boston, Trustees.

For violating the ten-hour rule Barbers' Union on 42d street has fined H. Bikaige, E. Kaltenberger, A. Reed, E. Hansen, K. Kohler, Charles Decker, W. Mohl, J. Roedinger, F. Warth, E. Christman and J. Johnson 50 cents each.

The American Order of Star Builders introduced the eight-hour rule in their trade this week. All the men in New York and Brooklyn are working eight hours, but the Jersey City boycott was: then nine and nine and ten hours, and there is still a strike.

Financial aid was sent to the clockmakers yesterday by Lodge 5, Piano Makers' Union, $7.50; Silver Star Council, 50 cents; A. W. Moore, $2; D. W. Lacorte, $2; Anonymous, 50 cents; A. Marchand, $1; A. Family, $20.00; Anonymous, $1; W. Brown, Newark, $2.

President Gompers was informed yesterday that the brassworkers of the Yale Lock Company, Stamford, Conn., are on strike against the treatment received by a young man who, it is said, was given a prohibition to wash their hands or faces before G. F. M. by punishment of dismissal.

Cigar-Makers' Union No. 90 gained eighty new members last week. F. Schatz, A. Herz and A. Jablonowski will represent the Union at the conference called by the Socialist Labor party to take steps for political action. On July 13 the Union will have a sum to spare.

Bricklayers' Union No. 11 has elected the following officers: Joseph Cramer, President; Michael Hoy, Vice-President; William Bauler, Recording Secretary; William Gerhardt, Corresponding Secretary; Philip Baier, Treasurer. To the striking bricklayers of Hamburg the Union donated $25.

Henry Lloyd, vice-president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, is in this city. He came from Boston, where 700 carpenters are on strike to over nine weeks in order to gain the eight-hour day. They are determined to win. Mr. Lloyd is here to ask the local branches of New York and vicinity to aid their Boston brethren.

The Philadelphia cigar makers, encouraged by the success of their New York comrades, have resolved at a meeting held yesterday to raise their price on cigars of all kinds, and cigar makers' strikes are likely to be the order of the day in Philadelphia hereafter. Unions No. 100, No. 165 and No. 263 were represented at yesterday's meeting.

In place of Charles Lukadorf Matthew Barr has been re-elected delegate to the Central Labor Union by the Iron and Steel Iron Workers' Union. He said at yesterday's meeting of the Building Trades Section that he was anxious to have the charges pending against him investigated as soon as possible.

The machinists' unions of Brooklyn have been centralized by forming the Consolidated Organization of Brooklyn Machinists, with the Labor Lyceum as its headquarters. There will be no politics discussed at its meetings. To agitate for the objects of the new central body, a mass-meeting is being arranged for July 20.

New delegates were admitted yesterday to the Building Trades Section of the Central Labor Union from the Tinsmith and Sheet Iron Workers' Union, Progressive Painters No. 3, Progressive Woodworkers and Granite Cutters' Unions. The Italian stone masons who asked for admission will be visited by the Organization Committee before they can be admitted.

Greene street, between Bleecker and Third streets, against the employment of non-union cartmen by Contractor A. T. Dooks, Bethune street and North River. For the same reason the building trades will strike to-day against C. L. Buckeye & Co., Thirteenth street and North River.

The Brooklyn Plumbers and Gasfitters' Union elected J. J. Doody President, Peter Woods, Vice-President, Richard Mays, Recording Secretary, Frank Preteroy, Financial Secretary, Harry Ick, Treasurer, John Toll, Business Manager. Delegates to the National Convention, John O'Connell, J. J. Doody, A. Essex, John Hand, M. J. Driscoll and James Hickey. Conference Committee, I. Sylvester and George Heath.

Berlin labor papers in commenting upon the plaintive wail on the part of the organs of the manufacturers of Germany in regard to the McKinley bill declare that it will become the men who, although they saddled their "fatherland" with an infamous "protective" system, are the most unscrupulous in the world, who, according to official statistics, lead the manufacturers of other countries in introducing price, deceptive patterns with which they cover miserable products at scandalously high prices, and that these men are more audacious in undervaluing than any other capitalists.

The Flatbush Benevolent Society, composed of employees of the Flatbush avenue line of the Brooklyn City Railroad, enjoyed themselves yesterday at their annual picnic which was held at Harper's Arcade Pavilion, Rockaway. There was swimming, dancing and plenty of good beer and eatables. The officers of the organization who had made the arrangements were Timothy Walsh, President; James Mannell, Vice-President; Walter Walsh, Recording Secretary, Alonzo Hussey, Treasurer, Patrick Hackett, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Sweet Girl Graduate to the Fore.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Graduate of Yale—This encyclopædia is very imperfect. I have looked all through the letter "P," and I don't find a single word about "Possum."

Graduate of Harvard—It is not worth a continental! I have carefully examined the letter "C," and not the slightest allusion is there made to "Coon."

Vassar Graduate—Suppose, Uncle George, you look under "O" and "I."

Graduates—"Oh!" "Ah!"

$5.00 Reward in Gold

will be paid to any one securing a customer for us. Six dollars deducted from lowest price to any inventor presenting this notice. Twenty years' experience enables us to obtain best patents, in shortest time, at lowest figures. National Patent Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are

Exceedingly small and sugar-coated. One is a dose.

KITTY'S ALLEGED BURGLAR.

Young Frank England Denies That He Stole Her Five Dollars.

The Courts to Investigate the Mystery of Pretty Miss Anger's Flat.

Kitty Anger, a pretty seventeen-year-old miss, has brought herself into prominence by accusing Frank England, an apparently respectable young man, who is agent for Marquand Brothers, real estate dealers, 1590 Fulton avenue, Brooklyn, of burglary and larceny. The accusation has created a profound sensation in the city over the river.

England was arraigned before Justice Kenna yesterday, and paroled for examination Saturday, July 12.

The alleged robbery happened June 18, about 9 o'clock in the morning. Miss Anger had been to church, and on her way to her home, at 530 Macon street, did a little shopping. She had about $8.75 in her pocket-book when she arrived at her flat.

The purse she carelessly tossed upon a bed and taking some sewing went upstairs to spend the day with Mrs. J. M. White on the second flat.

She had been there about ten minutes when she got up and went downstairs to get some thread. When she opened the door, she says, she heard a noise, and peering down the private hallway she saw a man standing in the doorway which opens into the dining-room.

She screamed, and the man left by a rear window. The burglar, she declares, was Frank England.

She immediately called the son of Mrs. Noe, another tenant, and sent him hurriedly around to Marquand's office. They have a branch at 282 Reid avenue, where Frank England was in charge.

Mrs. Noe's little boy ran around, and soon came back with Frank England. Miss Anger says England went all through the flat and searched thoroughly, but failed to find any one.

The found that $5 had been taken from her purse. Then she accused England. He denied the theft. He was arrested on a warrant yesterday and taken before Justice Kenna with the result as above stated.

An Evening World reporter called at the flat this morning and cross-examined Miss Kitty. She reaffirmed her story in every particular.

Kitty says that England came up through the air-shaft, which opens into the dining-room. She showed the reporter scratches on the wall which she thought were from his shoes. She believes he came through that way, because there was whitewash on his shoulder when she saw him again.

Miss Kitty lives all alone in the flat during the day, her father being at work and her elder sister working in a store.

England, it is said, visited her frequently and was rather "sweet on her." Kitty denies the love part, but admits the visits. The reporter asked her how soon after she discovered the burglar she had notified England.

"Immediately," she said.

THE EVENING WORLD man was told by a Mr. Dodge, who keeps a milk store next door to Marquand's office, that England was with him at least ten minutes before the boy ran around and told him that a man was in Kitty's flat.

That England was in the milk store was corroborated by Tommy McCarthy, a boy who does office work for Marquand. He saw the boy Noe come and call him out of Dodge's place.

If the testimony of these witnesses be true, it is hardly to be believed that England could have jumped through a rear window, have gone down through the cellar and got around to Dodge's in time to stay there ten minutes before the boy came to call him, especially as Miss Kitty says she stood in the door of the house all the time. She must have seen any one who came out of the cellar.

As soon as Miss Kitty declared her loss she remembered that her sister had lost $8 some time before in a mysterious manner. Then Mrs. Noe remembered that she had lost a carpet, and a Mrs. Hasbrook had lost a pocketbook containing $7.

Kitty admitted that England had recommended that an officer be called in and a thorough investigation made.

England is about 21 years old, with a very frank, open countenance. He denied each and every allegation made by Kitty.

He said that petty robberies had been frequent around the neighborhood, and that often the door plates and the batteries for the electric bells had been stolen and taken away.

He denies that he ever made love to Kitty, but admits frequent calls at the flat on business only. This Kitty corroborates. England handles hundreds of dollars for Marquand Brothers when he collects rents, and not one penny has ever been missing.

England says that there have been attempts made by Kitty's father to intimidate him.

"I was arrested the morning after that robbery," he said, "and taken to the police station, but the Captain would not take any notice of the charge and discharged me.

"Since then Mr. Anger has called on me twice. He demanded $5 the first time and said he would hush the matter up if I gave it to him. I refused, and a few days afterwards he called again and made the same demand. When I again refused he said, 'You young rascal, I will give you a year in State prison for every dollar you took.'

"I told him to go ahead, and then I believe he went to court and got the warrant."

The charge of burglary against England was dismissed, but Kitty was determined he should not escape, and she then preferred a charge of larceny.

England knows of no reason why she should prosecute him. Perhaps Kitty knows, but if she does she won't tell.

FOR CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

The Sentiment Breathed at a Big National Club Banquet.

[SPECIAL NEWS BY CABLE.]

MONTREAL, July 3.—The Club National, which recently passed strong resolutions in favor of the secession of Canada from Great Britain and the formation of a Canadian Republic or Canadian annexation to the United States, concluded early this morning in New Windsor Hall a notable banquet in celebration of the recent victory of Premier Mercier and of the Quebec Nationalists.

Over one thousand guests sat down to dinner, while the galleries were filled with the elite of French Montreal society.

The Queen's health was drunk *pro forma*, but elicited only faint cheers, while unmistakable hisses were heard in various parts of the hall.

Mme. Mercier presented to this club a French flag and the Marseillaise was sung with frantic enthusiasm.

Premier Mercier, the Hon. Willard Larrier, leader of the Liberals, and other speakers made addresses which breathed strongly the sentiment of Canadian independence, though the words "independence" and "annexation" were carefully avoided.

A Distinction.

[From Chatter.]

Brown—You seem to think a great deal of your cousins.

Jones—Yes, they don't seem like relatives to me.

Brown—Indeed?

Jones—No, they seem more like friends.

If About to Travel or Emigrate,

The voyager cannot be provided with a safer remedy and protective medicine than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Abundant testimony exists to prove that it nullifies hurtful climatic influences and the effect of exposure, that it reconciles the stomach to unaccustomed food, and prevents injurious results from impure water. Mariners, tourists, emigrants and miners have all contributed their quota of testimony in its behalf, and its protective influence has been most effectually demonstrated in regions and under conditions where, if not really effective, the fact would long since have been exposed. In no class of disorders have its remedial and preventive properties been more conspicuously shown than in cases of malarial fevers, maladies for which it is the most popular specific in existence, both here and in the tropics, where its reputation is scarcely second to that which it enjoys on this continent. It is, moreover, a most agreeable appetizer and nervine.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

SUIT THE PEOPLE, BECAUSE THEY are tired of bitter doses, with the pain and griping. Carter's Little Liver Pills. One pill a dose.

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE. COOL AS ICE. DE WOLF HOPPER IN CASTLES IN THE AIR. Third Month. Enormous Success. 100th Performance Aug. 11.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Upstairs Theatre in New York. WM. J. GILMORE. OPERA CO. Second Week. THE SEA KING. Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. AUDITORIUM COOLED BY ICED AIR. MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD. Evgs. 8.30. Sat. Matinee at 2. BEAU BRUMMEL.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. WESTON BROTHERS' BIG SHOW. Maggie Cline, Lottie Gibson and 25 great people. MATINEE FOURTH OF JULY.

NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD. THEISS'S NEW MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT, 1261 Lexington ave. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION. TERRACE GARDEN, 58th st., near 3d ave. Summer Theatre and Promenade Concert. To-night, Streitmann and Kiralfy's Gipsy Baron and ballet.

AMUSEMENTS.

MANHATTAN BEACH. THREE GRAND DAYS. THOUSANDS OVER WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND YOUR FOURTH? ANSWER: ALL ALONG THE LINE: DOWN TO MANHATTAN BEACH to inhale the health-restoring and health-giving breezes from the ocean across the broad Atlantic; to listen to the inspiring strains of

GILMORE

AND HIS INCOMPARABLE BAND IN A GLORIOUS AND PATRIOTIC PROGRAMME, AND TO TAKE IN PAIN'S WARLIKE, DRAMATIC AND REALISTIC SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ. The FOURTH, FIFTH and SIXTH will be THREE GREAT GALA DAYS AT MANHATTAN BEACH.

GO! GO! GO!

AND HEAR THE GREATEST BAND ON EARTH.

HARLEM THEATRE, 125th St., bet. 3d and Lex. Aves.

GRAND BENEFIT

IN AID OF THE

Evening World's Free Doctor Fund,

ON

Tuesday Afternoon, July 15, 1890,

AT 1.30 P. M.,

UNDER THE SOLE MANAGEMENT OF MASTER SIGMUND WAGHTER.

A Grand Programme is Promised.

Prices, $1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c.

Sale of seats begins Friday. For sale at box-offices.

PAIN'S SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICAN WAR. THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT MANHATTAN BEACH. Every Evening Except Sunday and Monday.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE, E. FRENCH, Gen. Manager. Every evening at 8. STRAUSS and his famous Vienna Imperial Court Orchestra and 2 GRAND BALLETS. Prices, 50c. to $1.5.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. Matinee Monday, Wednesday, Sat'day. Assisted by the SPANISH STUDENTS. CARMENCITA. First time of LA FILLE DE MME. ANGOT. Extra Matinee Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH STREET. Evenings at 8. The Brazilian, EDEN GARDEN, CONCERT NIGHTLY. Admission 50 cents, including both entertainments.

PRINCE KANDRICI, YANKI HOE and OMENE at the EDEN MUSEE, 23D ST.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

4-PAW IN BROOKLYN! Corner Sidney st. and Myrtle ave. CONTINUED ENORMOUS SUCCESS. Three Grand Day Performances To-Morrow, Fourth of July at 10 A. M. and at 2 and 8 P. M. JAMES E. COOPER'S WORLD-FAMED, 37 TRAINED DOGS, PONIES, GOATS, FOREPAUGH SHOW, Reinforced with the Great National WILD WEST EXHIBITION! Two Exhibitions Daily, at 2 and 8 P. M. Secure tickets, boxes and reserved chairs at No. 4 Court st., Brooklyn.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

A.—DON'T wait, but start right in at once; beautiful gold watch, American movement, $25; payable $1 weekly; no clubs. Chang & Co., 234 Broadway.

BEAT THIS—$40 Prince Albert suits, $12; $30 outsizes suit, $10; $20 suits, $6; odd pants suits, $15 up. Cameron, 202 Flatbush ave., Brooklyn.

FOR SALE cheap, two thoroughbred English pointer pups, eared, tracks old. Clarke, 3d flat, 845 6th ave.

WILL EXCHANGE for cash a 50-inch bicycle in good condition; no reasonable offer refused, as money is going to have town. Address B. Baum, 1098 Ave. A, near 8th st., City.

$45 SUITS to order, $15; $10 pants to order, $4. Cameron, 202 Flatbush ave., B'klyn.

THE GREAT COMPOSITE NOVEL.

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HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

A ROMANCE OF BAFFLED HYPNOTISM.

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CHAPTER IV.—ONE PURPOSE AND TWO ENDS.

By ALAN DALE.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.

By W. H. Ballou.

Henry Henshall, a young artist, while travelling in a parlor car, hopelessly searches the wonderful eyes of his ideal wife. He is astonished at an old man reflected in the mirror, who is one of a party of four, consisting of an old man, threatenedly her father, a gentleman, and a man with a diabolic architecture. He makes a sketch of the party. During the night the girl plays entrancingly on her violin. He determines to leave her acquaintance, but upon arriving in the morning he finds that the train has been in the Grand Central Depot some hours, and that the party of four have disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

By Kate Wheeler Wilson.

Mr. Crawford, his daughter Edna, Miss Brown, a governess, and Dr. Watson twenty a flat on West Thirty-eighth street. Their names are assumed to hide some secret. Edna tells her father that she hates Dr. Watson and objects to his presence in the house, but Mr. Crawford insists that the doctor's presence is necessary to him. Watson possesses hypnotic influence over Edna, and is engaged with Miss Brown in a secret connect. As predicted by him, Edna plays on her violin at night. A month later Henshall recognizes Watson at a hypnotic exhibition. By means of the sketch made in the car a detective locates the doctor at the Thirty-eighth street flat, but upon calling finds the party has moved. The same day a strange woman calls at the flat seeking a Dr. Henshaw and leaves muttering threats against Dr. Watson or Henshaw.

CHAPTER III.

By Major Alfred C. Calhoun.

Tom Wogly, a detective, calls at Henshall's studio and says that he saw Dr. Watson talking to a woman on Union Square. He shadowed the woman to a boarding-house on Second avenue. Henshall's father calls and tells the young artist that he is in the power of Banker Hartman, who can ruin him. He implores his son to marry the banker's daughter and thus save him. Henry promises reluctantly to do so. Meanwhile the Crawfords have moved further uptown. Edna's kidnapping of Dr. Watson increases and finally picks up her violin and some effects, she leaves the house. While writing an advertisement in THE WORLD office a man asks her to read his advertisement to see if it is spelled correctly. The advertisement is for a female violinist.

Lena Hartman, the banker's daughter, was one of those matter-of-fact maidens who seem to have been created as a useful foil to the sentimental gushfulness of the romantic damsel.

Miss Hartman was more than delicately plump. Her appearance suggested an intense regard for meals. Like the German fraulein, who is not at all disinclined to talk love over a steaming dish of Frankfurter sausages, supplemented by sauerkraut, Miss Hartman was eminently healthy.

As for her amiability, it was simply without limit. Miss Hartman was impervious to the petty worries of life. One of her friends always declared that nothing less than an earthquake would ever cause her the least agitation.

Henry Henshall called upon this portly maiden in due time, and her appearance filled him with a vague affright.

His artistic instincts told him at once that he need never expect from her either sympathy or even interest in his plans and his aspirations.

But his promise to his father dwelt in his mind sacredly intact. He would be a martyr and he must feel some consolation in that. Most men do.

It is well to reflect that one is a martyr even though too late to be included in Fox's book.

The face of his unknown ideal blotted from his mind the large, immobile features of Miss Hartman the instant he left her and he felt that as a reward for her sacrifice he could at least indulge in the luxury of thinking of this strangely met, strangely lost woman.

Lena Hartman was motherless and had recently engaged as companion a woman whom Henshall regarded with undefined mistrust. She was a light-haired, blue-eyed woman, who years ago must have been extremely handsome, but her features were now livid with care. Her movements were furtive and cat-like, and she seemed to regard the life she was living as unreal.

"What induced you to engage her, Lena?" asked Henshall one day, with the privilege of a newly made fiancé. He had glided into this position in such an unutterably commonplace manner that the chains so easily forged were hardly galling.

"Because she interests me," declared Miss Hartman. "I feel that she has a history. You always tell me, Harry, that I am the most uncomantic being on earth. I know it. I can, however, appreciate romance in others, though I am aware that you think even that impossible."

Mr. Henshall sighed. He wondered stupidly if Lena would feel interested in his own brief, pointless romance.

He dimly saw the jealous demon requiring for admittance at the smooth doors of Miss Hartman's placidity. He saw the baffled retreat of this demon. He declined to admit even the possibility of Miss Hartman's jealousy.

His acquaintance with women was very slight. He imagined that the passionless affection evinced for him by his promised wife was one of those airy trifles, the presence or absence of which was of but slight significance to the welfare of the woman.

One morning Mr. Henshall called at Mr. Hartman's house, more with the object of "reporting for duty," as he styled it in mental irony, than with any well-defined object in view.

Mr. and Miss Hartman were out, he was informed. Mrs. Smith, the chaperon, was at present the only member of the family now at home. She was in the drawing-room, ventured the domestic, discreetly.

Henshall never knew afterwards what it was that prompted him to enter instead of leaving the conventional card to indicate his unsatisfied visit.

THEN HE STOOPED AND RAISED IT FROM THE FLOOR.

He told the servant he would stay for a time and await the arrival of the father and daughter. Then leaving his hat and cane in the hall he walked to the door of the drawing-room, and, with a slight, premonitory knock, entered.

The room was unlighted save by a full, red-shaded lamp that cast a pink effulgence on objects in its immediate neighborhood.

The young man saw seated on a low chair close to the lamp the anæmic form of Mrs. Smith, the chaperon. She had not heard his knock and remained seated, her hands folded listlessly in front of her, her head bent slightly forward, until the sound of his light footfall reached her ear. Then with a start she rose and placed her hand upon the region of her heart.

"You alarmed me, Mr. Henshall," she declared, with an attempt at a smile that was a signal failure. "I did not expect anybody because Mr. Hartman and Lena have gone out. Let me see," hesitatingly, "I think they went to a reception at Mrs. Van Auken's house on the avenue. Did—you—wish"—

"Nothing," interrupted the young man with a reassuring smile. "I thought I would come in for a few minutes and rest myself."

The absence of Miss Hartman was by no means regrettable. In fact, Mr. Henshall felt a distinct relief at the respite from bald platitudes that her visit on the avenue afforded him.

He looked at Mrs. Smith's face. She had evidently been weeping. He had undoubtedly interrupted a painful meditation.

Well, he reflected, she ought to thank him for that, at any rate. If she was not inclined to express any gratitude either by words or by looks was very apparent. It was clear that she did not consider herself bound to entertain Miss Hartman's guest.

After a few uninteresting remarks, uttered uninteresting, she rose and announced her intention of retiring to her room.

"I leave you," she said, "provided with a couple of readable books, and am sure that you will find them capital entertainers. Of course you will wait to see Lena and Mr. Hartman. I know it would be a great disappointment to you if you failed to meet them."

She accompanied these with a faint, significant smile that was irritatingly visible to Mr. Henshall. He colored slightly, and bit the end of his mustache to restrain the rather impatient retort that rose to his lips.

Mrs. Smith moved noiselessly about. There were the same feline suggestions about her walk that he had noticed before.

"Good night," she said, indifferently.

As she passed him something fell at his feet. He saw it there before him, but made no effort to pick it up for a few seconds. Then he stooped and raised it from the floor. It was an old-fashioned gold brooch, one of those trinkets that we have seen our grandmothers and great-aunts wear, and have admired in the days of our childhood.

At the back of the brooch was a portrait, beautifully colored, standing out conspicuously from the dull gold frame.

As he looked at it Henry Henshall was conscious of a mental shock such as he had rarely received. The picture conjured up a whole train of reminiscences that for the last few weeks he had hardly ventured to disturb; for in the startling eyes and