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THE SICK CHILDREN.

The arrival of Monday means beginning the week's work again. To-day hundreds who returned to the daily tread-mill of labor which turns to grind the bread of sustenance returned with fresher muscles, lighter hearts and new vigor. Many of the working people, and even millionaires work in this Gotham bee-hive of activity, had enjoyed a three days' holiday, and the rest and delightful soothing of country scenes or sea breezes has proved a very tonic.

When one is feeling the encouragement of content it is well to recall to his mind the need of some suffering brother mortal. He is attuned to a more sensitive appreciation of others' woes. So to these freshened mortals who have been renovated by this short but sanitary outing it is good to suggest the pains and weary hours of the poor sick babies.

They have had no outing. Hot, close air has feebly fanned their foreheads, and their small frames have tossed feverishly on their poor cots. Nothing has come to alleviate the misery which enters so largely into their budding lives.

But they can be solaced, can be relieved. The Sick Baby Fund is the fountain head of numberless small but precious benefits to them. Have you contributed your mite to that Fund? Can you lay the soothing thought to your soul that out of your own, perhaps limited, resources you have given generously to assist those in great need? If not, procure for yourselves this sustaining, ennobling thought by sending a contribution at once. The sick babies are waiting for your help.

CHINESE RETALIATION.

Do unto others as you would that they should do to you is an injunction which all do not obey. But certainly when one treats another badly, if that other reciprocates in kind no man can marvel. The *lex talionis* was recognized centuries ago by Rome, and has been accepted as a most natural and inevitable movement of human nature in all times.

The Chinese Exclusion law has not been received by the Chinese Goverment with unbounded delight. To have the door of a nation slapped in their faces is not soothing even to aliens.

We regard Chinese in this country as a nuisance, and we have had recourse to law to abate it. But if we keen them out we cannot complain if China says "Not at home" when America knocks at her portal.

This is what the new Minister from China, Excellency TSUI, who arrived on La Bretagne yesterday, says his Government will do if the law is not repealed. Americans have much more capital invested in China than the Chinese have in the United States. A rigid policy of exclusion might pinch us more severely than it does them.

At all events, no one can blame China for getting on her dignity and shutting the doors of her realm to the Americans who have done this to them.

TROTTING STOCK.

Palo Alto, the famous stallion of the Pacific Slope, has been matched against the Chicago gelding Jack, which has a record of 2.15. The race is to be in mile heats, the best three in five, to harness.

Every lover of horse-flesh will watch the outcome of the race with great interest. Young trotting stock is having its inning now. Maude S., Rarus and some of the other banner-bearers of the turf won laurels in their full maturity, after they had attained their majority, as it were.

But this new trotting blood is speeding over the track in the elastic buoyancy of its youthful sinew. Three-year-olds have records that would make their grandmothers snort with surprise. Such development is fine, and every encouragement should be given to it.

JUVENILE CRIMES.

The prevalence of items relating to crimes by children is significant. Is this a natural development of our mode of life or of our social conditions? Or is it a temporary outbreak?

Little boys of eight and ten budding out as burglars is not a cheering or wholesome sight. Very young people should not let their fancy stray to thoughts of theft and arson. This is the training-school for toughs, and the diploma for graduates has been generally conferred in the yard of the Tombs.

If anything can be done to nip these germs of depravity in the bud let it be done by all means.

The street-cleaning squad of sixty policemen made a number of arrests on Saturday for violation of the ordinance about throwing dirt into the streets. It is gratifying to see that they are getting in good work. They may be very useful auxiliaries to Superintendent BRATTIE, and anything that helps him as a street-cleaner will meet with public approval.

One of the most dastardly things a man is capable of is to throw some burning acid into the face of an enemy. Such an assault is cowardly, despicable in every respect, and utterly unmanly. In point of fact, this sort of fiendish deviltry is generally the work of a desperate female. Woman may plead her inability to get even with a man who has wronged her in any other way. But the man who does this has not even this weak excuse, and should be dealt with most severely. It is the action of a fiend.

Count SALA, First Secretary of the French Legation in Washington, did a very plucky thing. A hansom-cab horse was tearing down Vermont avenue and threatened to seriously injure some women and children on the street. The gallant Count rushed out and arrested him at the cost of a broken leg. This will naturally make the gallant Count more popular than ever.

The river has given up WENDLANDT, the dead poet. There is a sort of pathos in the separation of husband and wife. Poverty, trial, sorrows, found them in each other's arms. Death alone parted them. The three unfortunates will be buried together. Thus ends another chapter of human misery.

A Utica woman is dead who had a "storm chamber" in her residence, to which she retreated when the thunder and bolts were bolting. The room was bolted, but happily the woman was not. The bolts spared her.

The Jokoma raft is going to pieces in Portland Harbor. In a cruise with a craft like this it is absolutely necessary to keep the log. Otherwise, no raft, and hence no cruise.

In personal altercations it is not right to bite off your foe's nose. This is barbarism and cannot be allowed. Don't.

SPOTLETS.

A Summer breeze is a beautiful air; it is one that flags but is never played.

∴

One way to prevent war is not to go to it. But the better one is not to let it come to you.

∴

Boston is worried over the term "artificial ice," because she says the ice so called is real true ice. So it is, bless it! How would it do to call it "hand-made?"

∴

It is in vain to look to the ruddy watermelon as a partial solution of the negro problem. Alas, no!

∴

There is one word which woman speaks
That till old gabriel's trumpet blow
Will never leave the mind of man,
And that one word is "no."
—*Chicago Times.*

∴

"Well begun is half done" does not apply to a beefsteak.

∴

Chicago ought to be divorced from hot weather on the ground of incompatibility of temperature.

∴

Love is blind. He is used to blinds however.

∴

"Dear me! I wish Monday didn't come so soon after Sunday!" said Smithers. Now, if Smithers would only end Sunday at midnight Sunday evening!

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

"Bob" Pelton, who has won strings of medals yards long by his skill in sculling a shell and pulling a sweep, attends very closely to business these days and doesn't get on the water nearly as often as he would like. He is in great demand as an official at all the big regattas.

George P. Douglass is one of those enterprising canoeists who would rather be right on the water all the time than President. He has gotten paddling down to a science. He says, though, that sailing the canoe is easier "work" in hot weather. He has won almost a canoe full of trophies and medals, so they say.

Jack Beiffel is one of the members who stood by the Gramercy Boat Club in its recent stormy financial fight for existence. He is a baseball-player as well as an oarsman.

Alex. Jordan, who plays centre field for the New York Athletic Club, was the object of much interest at a recent ball game in which he played, particularly from the fair sex present, who made their escorts recite at length the history of his triumphs on the athletic field. The boys passed word out to Alex. to "look his prettiest," explaining the condition of affairs. He got a little more sunburned, perhaps, but otherwise refused to get "rattled."

WORLDLINGS.

The Countess Tolstoi is said to be one of the most beautiful women in Russia. She is quite tall, with a figure that is beautifully moulded. She is very fond of society.

Miss Dorothy Tennant, Stanley's betrothed, is about thirty-four years old. She is a woman of more than the usual height, has a plump figure, blue eyes, fair hair and a beautiful complexion. Her hands and feet are remarkably small.

Herbert Gladstone is described by a London letter-writer as "a milk-and-water young man, a member of Parliament, a good tennis-player and a dawdler at 5 o'clock teas. He is about thirty-eight years of age."

The Baroness Julie de Fontenilliot, who has decided to go upon the stage, is a pretty blonde of slight but well-rounded figure, and is of medium height. Her eyes are gray and her face most attractive.

Eighty women are employed in the Post-Office Department at Washington, with salaries ranging from $720 to $1,600 a year.

STOLEN RHYMES.

The Old Cradle.

I'm banished to the garret now,
My busy days are o'er;
Within my skeletonic embrace
The babies sleep no more.
No more, as in the bygone hours,
My drowsy best keeps time
In patient, sleepy monotone
With the old nursery rhyme:
"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

The last rays of the setting sun
Flout through the windows small;
They light the dark's dusky gloom,
And on my cheek they fall,
Along their level lines of gold
Odd pictures come and go;
Again I hear the mother's voice
Singing so soft and low:
"Rock-a-by baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

Ah me! where once the baby heads
The downy pillows pressed,
Within my simple oaken hood
The spider has her rest;
Empty, forgotten, and alone,
A useless thing am I,
The last words of the quaint old song
Fall like a parting sigh.
"When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
Down will go baby and cradle and all."
—*E. M. Griffith, in Harper's Bazar.*

On My Lady's Flitting.

Sunlight never shimmers here,
Moonbeams never stay,
Life is now all dark and drear,
For my *Belle's* away.

Gone the breath of triolets,
Alone centered on road,
Madrigals and violets,
Pichus and *chi, sauz.*

From—*roo*—feathers—ribbons—ring!
No other day left town—
All demoralizing things,
In an Empire gown.

Teach me now where Pleasure sings,
To appease my woes!
In the air and Echo rings—
Only "*Adieu.*"
—*Howard Seely, in Figaro.*

Both Can Do It.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"How is your wife now, Smithers?"

"All right now; able to go out."

"I congratulate you."

"Hum! Well, I dun'no; she goes to the dressmaker's every time."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

At christening parties all the favors savor of the nursery—craddles of polished, carved and canopied wood, filled with flowers; cut glass scent bottles, silver boxes marked "Baby" for soap, powder, pins, and combs and brush; ribbon trimmed and satin-lined bassinets; enamelled hand glasses and satin-wood cases for finer linen, laces or hand-wrought bibs.

Having always had the night to himself, the owl is now having his day. He is a favorite in jewelry; he is being carved in jade and cameo for book and box cover ornament; he makes a smart pepper cruet, sits in state on chocolate, claret and ale jugs, and has usurped the perch of the raven above the chamber door.

Queen Victoria has presented Miss Tennant, Stanley's fiancee, with her miniature and a lock of her hair.

A Boston woman who invented a shoe sewing-machine sold the patent for $150,000.

A well-shod foot is as necessary to beauty's outfit as a well-gloved hand.

Queen Victoria is said to entirely lack consideration for those about her.

The old magenta red of twenty-five years ago is making its appearance in many different shades and seems likely to become a popular color, although it has by no means replaced the assertive scarlet and the rich, warm crimson, which so far hold their own against all comers.

The clever woman can freeze out familiarity without giving offense.

Flecked woollens and bourettes with knotted threads are favorite rough-surfaced fabrics just at present. They are light in color and are also light weight. They are imitations of the handmade homespun, are forty inches wide and can be had for 50 cents a yard. A darker shade of China silk is used for the full front of the waist, the collar and cuffs.

The new mackintosh is silk, with cashmere pattern, in shades of old gold, light blue and glace red. The shape is that of the gathered pelisse with tight back, called the dolman back.

Jane Hading, the actress, makes these remarks on fashion: "Popular actresses have always proved the most immediate and the most powerful inculcators of fashion. The incomparable Vestris 'set' at least a dozen 'modes.' The patterns of her dresses, her coiffures, her hose and her slippers were enthusiastically copied. The exquisitely simple but beauteous costume of Giulia Grisi in 'Norma' incited the fashionable world during an entire season to appear at balls and assemblies in the snowy robes of druidical priestesses, and for a time sickles were carried instead of fans. To come to our own time, the dresses in 'Frou Frou' took all the town by storm, as those in 'La Famille Benoiton' had done a few years before. A popular actress made fashionable the swathing of the neck and the pectoral muscles with lace and the embellishment of the left clavicle with an enormous bouquet. If I may be allowed to adduce an instance personal to myself, I may here say that a few years ago I introduced a new bonnet of quite unusual shape, which bears my name, and is still fashionable in the beau monde."

They sat upon the portico—
The hour was late, indeed!
Fair Nellie yawned incessantly,
But Harry took no heed.

"Why are you like that blasted tree?"
Poor boy could not conceive.
"Because," she answered sleepily—
"Because you do not leave."
—*The Jury.*

Here is some advice on letter-writing taken from the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

Write the date distinctly, the day of the month and the year—not just the day of the week.

Write on plain, unlined paper.

Write your "q's" and "y's" differently, their tails turned in opposite directions.

Write your "t's" with a cross and your "i's" with a dot.

Write an answer to your friend's questions; if she had not wanted to know she would not have asked you.

Write with black ink—pale or faded ink has broken off more friendships and love affairs than one would imagine.

Write your name distinctly. If you are a married woman sign it, for example, "Virginia Andrews," exactly as if you were not married; but if it is a business letter the Mrs. should be put in parentheses before your name; or, better still, the letter may be written in the third person. This same rule applies to an unmarried woman.

Write a short crisp letter, a concentration of brightness. It will be much more appreciated than one more longer drawn out.

Write as little as possible on the subject of love. Words of love are much better said than written.

Write yourself down a bright, sensible girl, and you will then have written the very best letter a girl can possibly write.

Save rose petals, mix dried lemon verbena, sweet clover and sweet lavender with them and fill a silk bag for a chair roll or sofa cushion.

A first-class milliner fits a straw hat to the head so that it belongs to the wearer as much as does her own waist or skirt. The hats as kept in stock in these establishments are large in the crown and with flat brims. One of these is placed upon the head of the customer and there looped and draped into becomingness, while the crown is wired and lined to fit the head and head-dress of the wearer.

An open vial of lavender salts will sweeten and invigorate the atmosphere of a room or closet. This pungent is an excellent deodorizer.

Persistent.

[*From Puck.*]

Mrs. Goodenough—You're the sixteenth tramp that's been around here to-day and I can't do anything for you.

Mr. Obadiah Toogood—Sorry, ma'am, but if you'll lemme sleep in the barn over night I'll be the first tramp ter ax for breakfast ter-morrer.

INFANTS treated during teething with MORSELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL are exempt from pain. The "."

THE LIFE-SAVERS.

The Free Doctors Visited 7,546 Families in One Week.

Five Hundred and Thirty-three Infants Prescribed For.

Nell Nelson's Timely Remarks on Clothes for the Poor.

Following is the report of the Chief of THE EVENING WORLD'S Corps of Free Physicians for the week ending July 5:

Houses visited	806
Families visited	7,546
Sick children prescribed for	553
Revisits	45

In addition to the above figures ten extreme cases of poverty were relieved by proper food and medicine.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$1,210 51
Dora Conn	1 00
J. Faulkner	1 00
EVENING WORLD wagons	1 05

Collected in New Orleans.

To the Editor

My niece, who lives in New York, sent me a copy of THE EVENING WORLD. After reading over the columns I saw about the little children making collections for the sick babies. I send you $1, amount which I have collected, and hope to send you more next time. DORA CONN,
445 Magazine street, New Orleans.

His Fourth of July Money.

To the Editor

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund hoping it will help some poor little baby. I saved this money for the Fourth of July but thought I would send it to the sick babies. J. FAULKNER.

THEY LACK PROPER CLOTHES.

Nell Nelson's Appeal on Behalf of the Poor Babes.

"My good woman, are you trying to make an angel of this child?"

"For God's sake, doctor, what are you telling me?" asked the frightened mother, as she raised the naked child from her lap and pressed its body to her face.

"I'm telling you that you will need to buy a coffin to-morrow or next day if you don't put clothes on your baby."

The poor woman swaddled the little fellow in her calico apron and kissed away the tears that were falling on the small upturned face. She did not speak for a moment or so, and then turning aside her head, and tightening her hold of the little one, said sadly:

"I have no clothes to put on him till the slip is dry."

Dr. Mason made the pretense of wrenching his collar lose and without further reference to the woman's distress, proceeded to treat the child against the approaching attack of pneumonia.

Dr. Gillespie in his work through Cherry street reports most heart-rending conditions of the poor. In one block there are seventeen cases of cholera infantum, and in every instance the suffering little ones need flannel, foot wear and dresses. In treating the prevalent diseases, pneumonia, cholera morbus and bronchitis, it is absolutely necessary that the arms and neck of the child be covered and that woollen be kept on the small feet and sore stomach. Slight as the cost of these garments is, it is a pitiable fact that they are beyond the reach of the mothers.

There are thousands and thousands of families in this city who have absolutely no use for the little garments that the happy runabouts have outgrown; frocks that the boy in his first knee-breeches scorns, and dainty slips and barrie-coats that the doll-loving daughter will never be able to wear again. These cast-off baby-clothes may be very convenient for dusting furniture and cleaning windows, but cheese cloth at 3 cents a yard will answer the same purpose, and the rescued garment prove a godsend to the naked babies of Cherry alley, Mackerel Point, Little Italy and Flat-Iron Square.

Last Summer more than a thousand complete outfits were contributed to the Sick Babies' Relief Fund and distributed by the physicians, many of whom attributed the success of the special cases to these little flannel shirts, woollen socks and white slips.

So far not a single garment has been donated. That they are missed and needed is verified by the foot notes which appear on nearly every report submitted to Chief of Corps Dr. Foster.

One member of the corps wrote "must have them;" another penned these words: "If my case in Baxter street is not assisted I shall lose it." A doctor in Seventy-sixth street who has little ones of his own and a tender place in his own heart for all the sick babies of mother nature, has been obliged to carry clothing from his own home for the unfortunate children in his district.

The certainty of an abundant supply of baby clothes will justify the demand for an immediate instalment. Socks, skirts and slips for babies under six months are wanted at once. Many of these dots of humanity are fighting for life, and while banners and drums can be dispensed with a certain amount of armor is necessary for success. Any material thing will serve a purpose provided it is clean, and for any contribution there will be a debt of gratitude to the credit of the donor.

For speedy and careful distribution these baby clothes should be sent to **Dr. M. L. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth street**, where they will be repaired, sorted and arranged in outfits.

For the convenience of out-of-town friends packages of clothing may be expressed, the charges payable on delivery at the doctor's office. It is requested that all cash contributions be sent to the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD.

The Sick Babies' Fund, which now amounts to nearly $1,300, is a sturdy, fragrant little annual, that is having what the landscape gardeners would call a gorgeous growth. Thirteen hundred dollars in thirty days time is not bad by any manner of means.

But the field is a big one. The districts want reducing and the corps enlarging. As the work is now planned the doctors are obliged to be off at 7.30 in the morning.

If you haven't made your contribution, do so at once. Play martyr for a day and sacrifice a dollar's worth of creature comfort. Forego a day's cigars, a claret cup, a play or an outing, you big, broad-shouldered, warm-hearted patrons of home industry, just for the sake of the Light Infantry; and you, gentle, thrifty, prosperous mothers, save the price of the Sunday dinner ice-cream for the babies of poverty, and make a dessert of tea-biscuits swimming in apple or gooseberry sauce for your precious chickens.

Do you, Miss Beauty, tell your sighing sweetheart to give you the price of the mignonette bouquet or box of bonbons, and like the sweet girl that you are, post it to the invalid infants care of THE EVENING WORLD editor. A dose of self-sacrifice now and then is a tonic for the soul. Try it once if you don't believe it.

NELL NELSON.

ALL BROILING IN THE SUN.

Sweltering and Sizzling in New York Streets To-Day.

To-morrow will be a good day to put on flannel shirts and visit the seaside.

July 8 has a record for heat to preserve, and to-morrow will do its best to keep up the reputation of the anniversary. Indeed, the ragged edge of a hot wave, gotten up for the occasion in the far West, reached New York this morning.

The official thermometer on the roof of the Equitable Building struggled hard to mislead the people into believing the weather was only 82 degrees hot at noon; but 74 per cent. of humidity succeeded fairly well in frustrating this attempt at deception.

Sergt. Dunn reluctantly admitted that to-morrow we should swelter under a broiling sun, and that it would continue to "warm up" for the next thirty-six hours.

A blessed breeze, wafted up from off the bay at five miles an hour at 8 o'clock this morning, had increased its gait to twelve miles at noon, but down on the heated pavement, between the high walls of the city blocks, this breeze is hardly felt, and pedestrians found it hard to believe that we were not suffering a sirocco.

The weather is generally fair and warm throughout the country, with excessive heat in many places west of the Alleghanies.

At 8 o'clock this morning New Orleans was roasting under 86 degrees Farenheit; Washington, Chicago and Philadelphia reported 74, and Boston 72; but at Helena, in the new State of Montana, the thermometer registered only 48 degrees.

There was rain last night in the far Northwest, in the Lake regions and along the South Atlantic Coast, Charleston getting 1.86 inches.

The forecast is for fair weather and rising temperature for the next thirty-six hours.

In 1870, New York suffered with 98 degrees of caloric July 8, and in 1887 we had 93 degrees on that day, while we have hovered around the 90-degree mark the 8th of July in every year since 1872. To-morrow we shall in all probability reach the average.

WHO THREW THE VITRIOL?

Little Prospect of Discovering Ernest Miller's Assailant.

The vitriol fiend has again materialized, and this time his unsuspecting victim is Ernest Miller, an inoffensive young clerk, who resides with his parents at No. 65 Willett street, in this city.

The young man is badly burned about the face and neck and is disfigured for life.

Miller is employed as a clerk in a tea store on Grand street, and at midnight Saturday night in company with a fellow-clerk named Charles Matthews he left the store and went to an oyster saloon on Rivington street.

The pair then walked down Goerck street where Matthews lived and Miller returned to his home on Willett street after leaving his companion.

He had almost reached Willett street when his attention was attracted by loud talking on the opposite side of the street.

Suddenly a big and powerful looking man in his shirt-sleeves loomed up on the left of Miller and said in an angry tone:

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing at all," said Miller, who started to move away.

Suddenly the man flung some liquid at Miller's face from a cup he held in his hand and darted away.

The young man's face and neck began to smart and burn and his screams brought Policeman Hastings, of the Delancey street station, to his side.

After describing his assailant Miller went to a drug store, where it was found that the liquid thrown at him was vitriol and that it had burned his left ear, part of his left cheek and portions of his neck and scalp.

The wounds were dressed and Miller went home.

The police of the Delancey street station were notified of the fiendish assault, and they have undertaken to ferret out the culprit.

From indications it is quite probable that Miller's assailant will never be captured, as the young man says he would not know the man if he should see him again.

MONOPOLIZED 7 CAMP STOOLS.

Mr. Mouved Pummeled in a Coney Island Iron Steamboat.

Oscar Mouved, of 115 West One Hundred and Nineteenth street, was complainant in Tombs Court to-day against Wendon Rydell, of 164 East Houston street.

Mr. Mouved, with his family, and about 1,500 others, including Rydell, were passengers on a Coney Island iron steamboat yesterday, when Rydell, who was somewhat under the influence of beer, took exception to the Mouved family occupying seven of the boat camp-stools. A fight resulted and Mouved received a scalp wound.

Justice Patterson held that he could not adjudicate in the case, and referred the complainant to one of the police courts on Staten Island. The trouble occurred in the bay.

SAWDUST MUST GO IN BAGS.

Aldermen Adopt an Ordinane and Adjourn Until Tuesday Week.

At the meeting of the Board of Aldermen to-day the assessment rolls for 1890 were received and referred to the Finance Committee. They show an increase over last year of $66,711,716 in real estate and $26,427,561 in personal property.

The ordinance requiring sawdust dealers to carry that article in bags instead of in barrels in bulk was adopted, and the Board then adjourned until Tuesday a week.

Alderman John A. Dunkel, the successor of the late Alderman Schlamp, was present at to-day's meeting. His desk was ornamented by a large number of buttonole bouquets, with which he invited his colleagues to decorate themselves.

The desk formerly occupied by Alderman Schlamp was draped with black.

Missed Her Husband, Hit a Boy.

Mary Blattner, of 2129 Third avenue, was held in Harlem court to-day to await the result of eight-year-old Moses Kahn's injuries. She threw a stone at her husband yesterday and hit the boy in the head, fracturing his skull.

NEW YORK'S BOYS IN CAMP.

Millionaires of Troop A Scrubbing Down Their Own Horses.

They Have No Looking Glasses and Use Tin Basins as Mirrors.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PEEKSKILL STATE CAMP, July 7.—Life with the New York boys in camp started in full sway this morning. The men immediately got down to duty, and they did the policing work with a will.

The Ninth Regiment and Troop A have the camp all to themselves.

The hours devoted to sleep were quiet, no one being in the guard tent this morning.

After tattoo and taps all was still among the tented host, except in a few cases, where a faint murmur could be heard as some innocent's cot was tripped in under him.

The handsome men comprising Troop A, the millionaire cavalry soldiers of the camp, retired to their cots as soon as permitted, white Sergt. Holly, Corpls. Wynkoop and Throop and Privates Spiers, Knight, Thornwall, Robinson, Swift, Segaman and Tweedie kept guard. At guard mount at 8.30 this morning they were relieved by Sergt. Badgley, Corpls. Cable and Pentz and Privates Knight, Kerr, Lee, Ludington, Marcellen, Marquard, Porter, Patterson and Reed, and thus the millionaires keep the rebels from their quarters.

Capt. Roe, the two-million-dollar captain, said: "I had a very refreshing sleep."

Eddie Gould, when asked how he liked the life, said: "I am going to enlist as a regular."

First Sergt. Badgley rubbed his sore spots when asked how he felt, and said all the boys were asleep as soon as they struck their cots.

Another millionaire was sewing buttons on some wearing apparel this morning.

W. R. Butler said: "I had a fine night's sleep," and said he liked it.

A. Colgate came hobbling down the troop street. He said he liked it "pretty well."

It was 6.30 when Troop A fell in and drilled for a half hour, when they went to a breakfast of oatmeal, hash and beefsteak.

After 5 A.M. these wealthy men blackened their own shoes and curry combed and brushed their own horses. All were well, for though Private Thomas was kicked by his horse he was all right in an hour or two.

The morning was given up to the drill of the soldier. At 8.30 guard mount occurred, when Capt. Walsh, Officer of the Day, was relieved by Capt. John D. Walton, of Company D; Lieuts. H. L. Dessar, Company E, and W. F. Penney, of Company C, as Senior and Junior Officer respectively.

Boots and saddles sounded at 9.30 in the cavalry camp. At 10 the men were mounted and rode out on the new parade ground for platoon, company and skirmish drill.

Six of the horses were sick, having been overheated in the ride up from New York, but for the most part horses and men are feeling very fresh.

The heat was very oppressive and were it not for the southern breeze that blew would have been unbearable.

As it was several of the Ninth had to leave the ranks.

The camp presents the appearance of a regular army frontier fort to-day, with cavalry drilling on the new parade ground, the infantry on the old parade and the artillery on the bluff.

Gov. Hill's dog, "Judge," was among Troop A's tents this morning making friends with the boys. By the way, they have no looking-glass and have to comb their hair and make their toilets by looking into a tin basin.

The members of the troop are the butts of many good-natured jokes about the "dainty" way in which they go to work to clean their horses. Not that they are afraid of work, but rather they seem to be afraid of hurting the horses. They handle them gently, although probably no one would be rash enough to suggest that the beasts were fashioned at all slenderly. An old army officer who stood by watching them at work remarked gruffly that "they would satisfy themselves with throwing the curry combs and brushes at the horses before the end of the week."

Saloon-Keeper Dumphy, who has erected a saloon on the outskirts next to the Y. M. C. A. tent, formally opened his place this morning. The officers look upon it as a blessing, as it will stop the breaking of the guard and going to Annsville Creek.

The saloon-keepers in Peekskill are very indignant, but they have got license and, should the Government allow him to keep his place open, they will open places on the south of the Y. M. C. A. tent.

This afternoon will be spent in recreation, and after dress parade this evening Gatland's Albany Band will give an open-air concert.

DYING FOR THE WIDOW.

A Newark Man Shoots Himself Because of Unrequited Love.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWARK, July 7.—Thodore Fischer, of 65 Magazine street, is lying at St. Michael's Hospital in a dying condition.

Fischer had been paying court to Mrs. Jacob Schell, a widow, who keeps a saloon in Hamburg place. He had nursed the widow's late husband for two years, and after the latter's death mistook the gratitude of Mrs. Schell for evidence of love.

Yesterday he proposed and was rejected. Disgusted, he left with the expressed intention of shooting himself. In the evening, however, he again visited the widow and proposed for a second time, when his importunities grew so burdensome that she was forced to call the police.

Upon his promise that he would not again annoy her Mrs. Schell withdrew her complaints.

At 8.30 the people in the house where he lived were startled by a pistol shot, and upon gaining an entrance into Fischer's room they found him prostrate upon the bed with a bullet wound in his temple.

Up to noon to-day he had not recovered consciousness. He will surely die.

GOT AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

Dynamite Sent Through the Mails to a Jersey Assessor.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 7.—John M. C. Marsh, Assessor for Westfield, a prominent and influential citizen, Saturday evening received through the mail an infernal machine.

The mysterious package was postmarked New York, had on it one of the old issue 10-cent postage stamps and was addressed to "J. M. C. Marsh, Westfield, N. J."

The package was neatly wrapped in heavy brown paper. In it was a box twice the size of and resembling a domino box, with a sliding cover.

On the under side of the cover there was a strip of sandpaper which just touched the parlor-matches held upright by a netting of wire-work, and around each match was a fuse which led to a dynamite cartridge fully five inches long.

It was doubtless meant for Mr. Marsh to slide the cover off thus igniting the parlor matches, setting fire to the fuse, and exploding the dynamite.

The infernal machine was examined by Dr. Bayard, and then soaked in water and the fuses cut. The post-office officials had been notified.

Distress After Eating

Is one of the many disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia. Headache, heartburn, sour stomach, faintness and capricious appetite are also caused by this very widespread and growing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the Stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves the headache, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia.

"Having been troubled with dyspepsia, loss of appetite and a feeling of no ambition to work, I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and am now entirely cured. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house." CHAS. PARKER, Cor. Shelby and Congress sts., Detroit, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

THE JOKERS' ROUND TABLE.

Here the Merry Men Gather and Amuse Their Friends.

Had Him There.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Gentleman—I'm afraid you're a bad egg. This is the third time I've caught you poaching.

Pat—Sure, av I wuz a bad egg I wouldn't poach.

Her Nationality.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Is your cook French?"

"No; American. Sort of Pan-American."

An Appeal.

[*English Joke.*]

Mr. Justice Norris, in the Calcutta High Court, recently delivered what is understood to be the shortest summing up on record. It was as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner has nothing to say, and I have nothing to say; what have you got to say?"

Indian Eloquence.

[*From the Chicago Times.*]

Stranger—You say that big fellow there is a very eloquent Indian?

Agent of the Reservation—Yes, he can raise your hair.

There Are Exceptions.

[*From the Clothier and Furnisher.*]

Dashaway—I saw you walking on the street yesterday with your trousers turned up. Don't you know that isn't the proper thing now?

Cleverton—It is when you only have one pair of trousers.

Not Enough to Be Her.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Old Gentleman—Louise, I heard some one being kissed once or twice in the hall last night. Was it you?

Louise (blushingly)—Once or twice did you say, papa?

Old Gentleman—Yes.

Louise—Then it wasn't I.

Routing the Enemy.

[*From Chatter.*]

"A friend of mine—a consumptive—was set upon by ten cowboys out in Arizona one day. He fought like a tiger for ten minutes and then his assailants took to flight."

"What did your friend do?"

"Stayed where he was—he had to. They'd killed him."

Force of Habit.

[*English Joke.*]

Hostess (to young Spriggins, M. D.)—Dr. Spriggins, will you have some of the tongue?

Dr. Spriggins (absentmindedly)—Oh—er—let me look at it, please.

An Indication.

[*From Chatter.*]

Scribuler—I see Stanley is to be married.

Cynicus—What an infernally brave fellow he must be.

He Drew the Line.

[*From Chatter.*]

"Will you marry me?"

"Ask papa."

"No, Gertrude. I'm willing to run the risk of marrying you, but I wouldn't tackle the old man for $5,000,000.

A Tender Chord.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Rev. Dr. Primrose—I'll forgive you this time, but if I ever catch you again in the hen-house I'll give you up to the law.

Sambo—Thank yo', sah. Kindness like dat touches a tender chord in dis ole man's buzzum.

Rev. Dr. Primrose—That will do, Sambo. Be sure you don't touch that cord in the back yard on your way out.

Two Kinds.

[*From the Fliegende Blatter.*]

Guest (not at the bier stube)—This wiener-wurst smells, landlord.

Landlord—Of course it does. The violet smells also.

Sisterly Sympathy.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Ethel—Well, whatever the spiteful things say about me they can't say I'm old.

Maud—No, dear, the worst they can say is that you look old.

A Difference.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Mrs. Major Schmidt (whose husband has just been promoted)—Oh, governess, I want you to bear in mind from now on that you no longer have charge of Capt. Schmidt's children, but of the children of Major Schmidt.

Why She Whisked Out of the Room.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

Young Peduncle (trying to be agreeable)—So you've resigned, have you? You are not the President of the Shakerag Literary Circle any longer, but just plain Miss Kajones.

Miss Kajones—Sir!

Too Bad.

[*From Chatter.*]

"Well, I'm glad you are better, Emily. You don't look like an invalid."

"I know it, and I think it is just too horrid for anything. People will say that I pretended to be an invalid because I had no spring clothes to wear."

In Vain.

[*From the Journal of Education.*]

Smith—You have been pretty successful in gold mining, haven't you, Brown?

Brown—Yes, and ret most of my searching for gold has been in vein.

Village Small Talk.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Farmer Carrotfoot—Is that the old suit of clothes you had when you first came here?

Farmer Squashead—No, it's the new suit I bought in the Spring of '50.

Guiltless.

[*From Judge.*]

Mr. Gaul (leaning forward suddenly)—*I sees yo!*

Mr. Brethers (somewhat new to the game)—Well, s'posin' yo does? I warn't doin' nuff'n t' be ashamed of.

THOUGHT HE HAD CONSUMPTION

MR. KELLY HAD CATARRH VERY BADLY FOR NINE YEARS.

His Left Lung Was Affected and He Spent a Small Fortune Without Getting Relief. He Says that Doctors McCoy and Wildman Saved Him at Last After Everything Else Failed.

William H. Kelly lives at 374 Oakland ave., Greenpoint, Brooklyn. He is a pleasant-talking man, 28 years old. He is married and he is very fond of William H. Kelly, junior, his little baby boy. Mr. Kelly was a sufferer from catarrh for nine years and is that time he tried all sorts of so-called cures and spent a small fortune without being benefited. He told a reporter the following story:

WILLIAM H. KELLY, 374 OAKLAND AVE., GREENPOINT, BROOKLYN.

"I had catarrh for nine years. I was troubled greatly with it. My head was always stopped up. I couldn't breathe through my nose. I was raising phlegm out of my throat all the time. I thought at times I had consumption. I had a cough so hard that my left lung was affected. I was troubled with a constant singing in my ears. I had dull pains right across my forehead continually. I had pains in my left chest and in the morning I had a tired feeling. I had no ambition at all. The catarrh affected my appetite. I tried everything that was recommended to me. It cost me I couldn't tell you how much. I doctored three or four years, but it didn't do me any good.

"Three months ago I went to Doctors McCoy and Wildman and put myself under their treatment. I was recommended to them by a friend they had cured. The third time I went to them I commenced to feel better, and I got better right straight along, until now I feel all right and don't have any of my old troubles. Yes, indeed, Doctors McCoy and Wildman have done me a great deal of good and I can recommend them highly."

Doctors McCoy and Wildman furnish all medicines free, and their charges for