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BRANCH OFFICES: WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1267 BROADWAY...

ALL HONOR TO HIS ASHES

Capt. JOHN ERICSSON has done too much for these United States of America...

It is imperative rather than proper that the dead inventor of the Monitor should be borne back to his native shores...

No! Let the United States of America send back to his native land the noble old Swede who has conferred so much benefit on the country by his adoption...

MR. BLAINE TALKS The clam-like reserve in which the Secretary of State loves to bury himself has been broken in a positively startling manner...

MR. BLAINE has written to Mr. FAYE in a spirit of positive hostility to a strong position in the McKinley Bill...

In the exposition of the "but" clause, the Secretary sets forth what he regards as the shortcomings of the bill...

Postmaster VAN COTT has sharply reprimanded captains of freight steamers and sailing craft for tardy delivery of the mail...

Citizen GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has established a villa at Fern Hill, a suburb of Tacoma. It is naturally a good deal of a cross between a nursery, a dime museum and an inn...

A mule was brutally beaten by a young fellow. It said nothing, but watched the youth out of the tail of its eye...

It is very unsatisfactory after a frightful collision between two trains of cars to find that the train that was not on time was misled by his watch!

Another man has yielded to the fascination of Niagara and has gone over the cataract. Naturally, one does this but once in a lifetime and never lives to tell the tale...

A worthy tar tried to steal forty dollars' worth of boots from a landlady. What a free-booter he wanted to be!

A farmer's wife, mare and cow have all been delivered of twins and are doing nicely.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who is now in Aix les Bains, has just sent a receipt to Surgeon-General Ransom for the \$75,000 allowance paid last month.

Miss Alice Proctor Otis, the editor of St. Louis's Review, has her bread and butter day for day. Mrs. Senator Platt is another devotee of the doll, and in one corner of her Fifth Avenue Hotel parlor is a small stand, where a group of talking doll-babies sit with staring eyes and parted lips.

Beefers and blazer jackets are made in silk, serge, or flannel and are the favorites for outdoor wraps.

Vieux rose brooches and forget-me-not silk is one of the many beautiful combinations that will be displayed on the hotel piazzas along the beach next month.

It is not every one who knows how to change the sheets of a bed on which a helpless patient lies. It is not so hard, however, when you know how. Let the patient rest towards one side of the bed and roll the soiled undersheet lengthwise up beside him, spread the clean sheet on the part of the mattress thus uncovered, and up near the patient place the folded unsoiled half of the sheet. Then gently lift the shoulders of the patient towards the other side of the bed; then his hips and feet; and then remove the soiled sheet thus liberated, and bring over in its place the other one-half of the clean undersheet.

There are seventeen bath-rooms in Mrs. Thomas A. Scott's residence, on South Walter Street, New York. The house contains as many suits as an ordinary hotel.

Ladies' shirts are in greater variety as the demand increases. Dotie mullin, percale and linen are used in negligee attire.

Miss May Rogers, of Dubuque, Ia., is the author of a Waverley Dictionary, in which the 1,300 or more characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels are described, with illustrative extracts from the text; the book is said to be a complete key to Scott's works.

In some of the prettiest Summer gowns of washable fabric—a new-old idea in trimmings—the bottom of the petticoat is edged with a piece of a net a quarter of a yard wide, on which are stitched folded bands of the dress material in imitation of the ribbon trimmings which have been worn.

The Moldavian Princess Cusa is an unworshipful girl. Her young husband, who died not long ago, left to her all his property, worth about \$800,000. She is devoting the whole of her yearly income to charities and is a nurse in a children's hospital at last.

Here's some hat trimming lore from the Ladies' Home Journal: For trimming hats the velvet or silk rosettes are much in vogue. They are easily made after one knows how. You must conclude how large a rosette you want, and widen or narrow your material to suit the size. The rosette most favored is just about the size of a rose, and the material, cut on the bias, is folded to be as wide as the strip is then gathered and drawn into shape, it being fastened in that way on a circle of stiff net. Sew it securely and do not attempt to slip it to shape—it must be gathered. One, two or three rosettes are used and the number usually decides the style. An eighth of a yard of velvet, cut on the bias, will make one medium-sized rosette, and this seems to be the best liked. Amateurs usually err in over-trimming a hat or bonnet; so, as straw ones are not as troublesome to arrange as those of velvet, do not commit this fault. If you cannot see the really good styles in any other way, then look at them in the milliner's window. Read her art and, marking it, learn and outwardly imitate. Chapeaux "just tossed together" always look like the work of a child, and the proper consideration and time has been shown in the one that approaches the nearest to being "a love of a bonnet."

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BABIES' FRIENDS.

Helping Hands Extended to the Poor Sick Infants.

Join the Ranks with a Small Sum for Their Comfort.

A Monster Entertainment to be Held at Far Rockaway.

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FLY TIME IN TURKEY.

A Tragedy of the Constantinople Court.

From the Turkish.

The Sultan sat and smoked with glee...

And said: "There are no flies on me."

He dozed, as did his black slave boy...

And the wicked flies buzzed with joy.

He drew his scimitar bright and keen...

While the little slave slept all serene.

And then when his rage was fully ripe...

The Sultan smote a test his swine.

He drew his scimitar bright and keen...

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A ROE HER ONLY WEAPON.

Brave Fight of a Mother with a Huge Panther.

It Was Carrying Off Her Child and She Gave It Battle.

The wife of Morris Kapper, a ranchman...

owning an extensive place near Harrold, Tex., says a special to the Philadelphia Times...

from that place, had yesterday an adventure with a large feline panther...

in which the lady succeeded in killing the animal with a hoe.

Her husband had requested her on leaving the house at dinner to send him some medicine...

which he was taking at regular intervals, when these intervals occurred...

which she did, despatching her son, a boy of nine or ten, to his father, who was employed in his vegetable garden...

situated about three hundred feet from the house, Her second child, a little girl of three, begged several times to go instead of her brother...

so in the cool of the evening Mrs. Kapper, to gratify the child, sent her instead with the medicine.

The path, though bordered with tall bushes, was all the way in plain view of the piazza where the lady sat watching the little girl...

as she toddled off, but remembering her mother's examination her work she lost sight of her, and the next moment was horrified to hear the child scream out in sudden pain or fright.

Running as fast as she could down the path she found that the little girl was no longer in it, but the crushed grass and broken twigs clearly showed that some large animal had just left it.

The mother, following the trail which was perfectly distinct, soon came upon a panther dragging the child by its little dress along the ground, but the weight prevented the animal from going faster than a walk...

so without its directing her she ran back and caught up the hoe that her husband had left in the garden and returned. The panther had then dropped the child, but was a moment or two on seeing Mrs. Kapper began to snarl, showing its pointed teeth.

She ran up to it when it again seized its prey in its teeth, and she tore her hair out in her despair, and putting it behind her, met the panther as it rushed at her, uttering the cry of its toothy maw with a blow of the hoe which missed the head, yet severed its left ear.

The panther paused in its attack on her and began to try to reach the wound with its mouth, screaming and tearing up the earth. Mrs. Kapper then brought the hoe down on its head with such force as to crush its skull, and the next moment the animal lay dead at her feet.

Turning to the child, she found it insensible from fright, which accounted for its silence while being dragged by the panther. The little thing is still in a precarious condition from the nervous shock it sustained.

Mr. Kapper, who had left the garden for a few minutes, on his return was surprised to see his wife crawl in sight, and instead of calling to him signally him to approach. When he did so he found her so exhausted by her late excitement that she could not speak a word.

He carried her and the child home, where they were placed in bed. The heroic lady, however, managed to tell her adventure to her husband, cannot hear it mentioned without going into vivid details of the scene.

The carcass of the panther was brought to town this morning to be preserved as an interesting relic and instance of a mother's devotedness to her child.

George M. Wood, besides being a whole-souled, big-hearted man, is an artist on the stage, and these two, together with Helen Mowat, the clever authoress and playwright; Fred C. Brooks, Walter J. Brooks and others, will appear in pretty scenes from the classic or popular plays.

Miss Jessie Olive Feely will, by permission of Frank Daniels of "Little Puck," sing from her repertoire of sweet melodies. Emily Hayner, one of the most clever of recitators, and A. C. Feely, playwright, stage manager, mimist and actor, will also appear.

Another open-hearted friend comes forward promptly in the person of Mr. Daniel Hockley, with an offer of the use of a large square hall in his hotel, the Tack-a-pou-sha House, free of charge.

The Tack-a-pou-sha House is a fine, commodious and comfortable hotel, located on a rise of ground at the very shore of Rockaway Inlet. Its windows look out upon the ocean, and the ever-prevailing southern breezes waft health and comfort to the sojourners there.

The Rockaway Indian tribe, who once pitched their teepees here, called the place "Rekanawahala," meaning "place of laughing waters."

Old Tack-a-pou-sha was their chief, and in 1855 he sold the tract of land now covered by the village of Far Rockaway to John Palmer for \$25, some beads, ammunition and fire-water. His name is commemorated in the title of Host Roche's caravansary.

Far Rockaway has good hotels also in the United States, Ocean House and Mansion House. From the roof of the Tack-a-pou-sha House one's eye scans a beautiful panorama.

The sea, as far as the eye can reach, old ocean rolls in its majesty. Against the western horizon are outlined the ridges of the Jersey heights, a little nearer is Manhattan Beach; then Rockaway; then beautiful Arverne; then, and close at hand, is Wave Crest and its pretty cottages, risen on the site of the once famous old Marine Pavilion, which burned down a twenty-five years ago.

There is Jamaica Bay and its myriad fishing craft, and Flayswater on its eastern shore, and East New York and Brooklyn beyond the western shore.

There are the windmills and cottage villages of Lawrence, the Leas and Summer residences of Classic, Calhoun and Nantuxki to the south, and Long Beach and the coves and coves of eastern Long Island towards the rising sun.

The natural center of all this Summer paradise is Far Rockaway.

These handsome and elegant cottages are filled these July days with lovely women, sweet summer girls, sterling business men and lively, romping, happy, laughing children. Children who are in marked contrast with the sickly, half-dressed, half-dressed children of the crowded tenement house district. Children who in their health and exuberance of spirits rival fond mothers and thoughtful fathers of the duty they have to perform in relieving the want and misery of the unfortunate babes of poverty, and everybody at Calhoun's, Ocean House, Wave Crest, Lawrence, Arverne, Flayswater and Far Rockaway is interested in the coming an-

WIT AND HUMOR ABIDE HERE.

Mirthful Clippings from the Funny Men's Notebook.

An Upper Cut.

Grimes—Now, Castaway, when I count three, you chuck up your cake. See? One, two.

tree!!!

Why Boston Prefers the Navy.

McCorkle—Boston people are more favorably disposed towards the navy than the army.

Um—Why is that?

McCorkle—There are such things as navy beans, you know.

A Twist.

Mrs. K.—Did you notice how high the thermometer was when you came in, Charles?

Knobson—I never was good at measurements, my dear, but I should say about five feet.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Mrs. Wilkins—who has adopted a new style of arranging her hair, to acquaintance—Mr. Snoodles, do you observe any alteration in my appearance?

Mr. Snoodles—with smiling politeness—None, madam, except that you are looking very well.

Embarrassing.

Miss Pinderast—You're married, he you married?

Clerk—No, ma'am.

Miss Pinderast—I'm sorry. I'm going for her, as I thought you must tell me what brides wear for a trip across the Weehawken ferry 'at back.

Got It All In.

Lawyer—If anybody asks for me this afternoon, tell them I am called away on most urgent business.

Office Boy—Yes, sir.

Stranger—Is Mr. Quinn in?

Office Boy—No, sir; he's been called away to the hospital camp on most urgent business.

Sarcastic.

"Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money?" said an old gentleman to a tramp to whom he had given a nickel.

"I'll go to the races and bet some of it. As I bury I ask instead of going to Saratoga."

The Elusive County Seat.

Tourist—How can I find the county seat, Prominent Kansan—Better set right down your, an wait till it comes by. Visterly a passed up letters from Homopolis went over to Dinkerville, where the county seat was located, at "the end of the records are" tucked in a wagon, an lit out for home. I heard this morning that a gang from Excelsior had come out to the Limestone Hill, an over to Chapman county. Whichever side wins, a delegation of prominent letters from Locket City is about to take it away from us. If they make the rifle, an they're mighty likely to do so, they'll fetch it along by their own way, home. No, all things considered, your best plan is best to set down an' wait till it comes by.