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ALL HONOR TO HIS ASHER.

Capt. JOHN ERICSSON has done too much for these United States of America not to have the country accord to the remains of the sturdy Swede a particle of honor which is due.

It is imperative rather than proper that the dead inventor of the Monitor should be borne back to his native shores on one of the stateliest of our war-ships, whose perfect excellence cannot be challenged even by the most critical unfriendly eye.

It would have been an ungracious thing, not in thought or purpose, but in fact, that so great a benefactor to our Navy, and the main promoter of all modern steamship navigation through the invention of the screw-propeller, should have been returned to his native land, after death had stilled his sturdy, active brain, in an old third-class boat!

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 of his adoption. Let a guard of honor keep constant watch over the still form, and solemn music float about it as Sweden receives her own again.

This is not sentiment. It is reason, gratitude and sense of national dignity.

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. He admits that "in many respects the Tariff Bill pending in the Senate is a just measure, but..."

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

To find the foremost man in the Republican party, and that man the Secretary of State, opposing an essentially party measure to which Congress has committed the party as strongly as its powers permitted, and making this opposition while the bill is still pending, is an interesting spectacle.

Postmaster VAN COTT has sharply reprimanded captains of freight steamers and sailing craft for tardy delivery of the mails consigned to them. This is entirely right.

There is a fine imposed for delinquency in this matter, and as pinching a pocketbook usually makes more impression than an appeal to sensibility, it would be well to make the delinquent captains pay for their remissness if they err in this matter. Prompt delivery of the mail is of an importance which even the slowest mind should grasp.

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. Next to himself there is nothing in the world that this sweet old man loves as he does children, and in providing a home for himself he has considered his little proteges. Peace to his roof-tree!

A mule was brutally beaten by a young fellow. It said nothing, but watched the youth out of the tail of its eye as if it were his mother-in-law, and the next time the young man got within reach lashed out and kicked his jaw off. This is a case of not sparing the lash and yet spoiling the child.

It is very unsatisfactory after a frightful collision between two trains of cars to learn that the official who regulated the running of the train that was not on time was misled by his watch! The indignation is somewhat modified when the official suffers as much as any victim on the hapless train.

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. It is a swift, dramatic sort of suicide. If they would only think of the hard, cruel rocks below!

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

A wealthy old widow stole spoons at the Stanley wedding. This is a new way of spooning on Stanley.

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

A Very Stale Air. (From Brooklyn Daily.) "One has to go to the country to find fresh air."

I can quite believe it. The only air in the city is "Annie Rooney."

Not Very Forward. (From Dr. Ross's Magazine.) Mr. Lobster—How's the kid?

Mr. Lobster—He doesn't seem able to catch on yet.

BABIES' FRIENDS.

Helping Hands Extended to the Poor Sick Infants.

Join the Banks with a Small Sum for their Comfort.

A Monster Entertainment to be Held at Far Rockaway.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS. Previously acknowledged \$1,040.75. United States Savings Bank \$100.00. Mrs. Anna Prange, May Wears and Maggie Commercial Trust \$50.00.

She Believes in Fresh Air. As my dear little son is enjoying fresh air in the northern part of the State, and I can see the great good it does, I cannot but pity the poor little ones who cannot leave the city.

Peggy is Enthusiastic. Please find enclosed \$1 to be added to the Sick Baby Fund, Hurrah for The Evening World and its good work.

Thanks! Send to Dr. Foster, 30 West Thirty-fifth Street.

For a Baby's Sake. I intended before leaving on my trip last week to enclose \$1 to your Babies' Fund. I neglected until now in doing so.

From a Mission. I have just received \$1 for the Sick Babies' Fund.

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ARVERNE'S EMULATORS. Far Rockaway's Benefit for the Fund at the Taok-a-Pou-Sha.

George M. Wood and Miss Marguerite St. John seem never to tire of well-doing. The splendid success which attended their efforts in arranging and carrying out last week's entertainment at R. H. Stearns' hotel at Arverne-by-the-Sea, by which the neat sum of \$302 was realized for the Evening World Sick Babies' Fund, followed by urgent requests for cotagers and sojourners at Far Rockaway, has induced them to prepare a similar entertainment in behalf of the same noble charity for that delightful breathing spot.

As before, other members of the theatrical profession—that most charitable and tender-hearted guild—have volunteered their assistance, and will again devote a bit of their vacation time to the aid of the Fund which provides free medical attendance, free excursions and other much needed relief to the pious children of poverty and ignorance.

Another open-hearted friend comes forward prominently in the person of Mr. David Roche, with an offer of the use of a large square hall in his hotel, the Taok-a-pou-sha House, free of charge.

The Taok-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 southeast breeze waft health and comfort to the sojourners there.

The Rockaway Indian tribe, who once pitched their tepees here, called the plateau "Takanaswahala," meaning "place of laughing waters."

Old Taok-a-pou-sha was their big chief, and in 1825 he led 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 Taok-a-pou-sha House one's eye scans a beautiful panorama. To the south, as far as the eye can reach, old ocean rolls in his 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 twenty-five years ago.

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

Great preparations have been made for the benefit for THE EVENING WORLD'S SICK BABIES FUND at the Harlem Theatre this afternoon, Sunday, July 14th, at 8 o'clock.

Master Sigmund Wachter, who has had charge of the affair since its inception, has worked hard in the cause and has gotten to be a little out of breath.

Stage-manager Halpin has combined the attractions into an interesting programme, and everything that could be done to insure success has been done.

The theatre is really reached from any part of the city, and those who attend will not only have the satisfaction of helping the sick but also the pleasure of an entertainment far superior to the ordinary.

A Subscription List and Found. A letter containing \$1.50, collected by "J. C.," little daughter for the sick babies fund, was brought to THE EVENING WORLD office by a gentleman who refused to give his name.

These handsome and elegant cottages are filled these July days with lovely women, sweet Summer girls, strolling business men and lively, romping, happy, laughing children. Children who are in marked contrast with the sickly, half-dressed, half-dressed children who in their health and exuberance of spirit remind 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 Cedarhurst, Ocean Crest, Wave Crest, Lawrence, Arverne, Baywater and Far Rockaway is interested in the coming en-

FLY TIME IN TURKEY.

A Tragedy of the Constantinople Court.

The Sultan sat and smoked with glee and said "There are no flies on me."

There was but one solitary individual at the new Aqueduct gate on the northern end of the Eastern Park this morning.

Thousands of Gallons Poured in on the Trial Trip.

An "Evening World" Reporter One of the First Spectators.

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FROM CROTON LAKE.

Arrival of the Water at Central Park Reservoir.

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WIT AND HUMOR ABIDE HERE.

Mirthful Clippings from the Funny Men's Notebook.

An Upper Cut. (From Judge.)

Grimesy—Now, Castaway, when I counts 'ree, you chucks up-der cake. See? One, two—

MR. WILLIAM DOYLE. 300 Union St., N. Y. City.

My throat would get sore about once a week regular. I could not swallow anything without pain. I could not sleep at night, and in the morning I would awake tired and unrefreshed.

After to-day, if the season does not continue to dry the water may return to its old level in the lake as it is only intended that the new conduit shall convey to the Central Park reservoir the surplus water which formerly ran to waste over the dam.

WON BY THE CHEAP BALLOTS. Prohibitionists Hope to Get Their New County Ticket Printed Free.

The Prohibition party has surprised the old-fashioned by nominating a midsummer county ticket. It is early in the field with its candidates, and proposes to inaugurate and maintain a lively canvass, expending at least \$430 to secure the success of its ticket.

Most of the party's nominees are veterans of many hard fought battles in which they were victorious. They are: For Mayor—William Jennings Demarest. For Comptroller—William T. Westcott. For District Attorney—Charles F. McCall. For Sheriff—Prof. John McCallan.

One of the difficulties which confront the Prohibitionists of this county, this year, and may make the success of their party, is the fact that the water had arrived.

"By George, it's here!" quoth Mr. Dwyer, and then he looked at his watch. It marked 6.10 o'clock. There was no one else present, so this time must be official.

The little drops of water tumbled along one after another until they had resolved themselves into a little stream of what resembled a solution of iron rust.

Faster and faster they came and finally the full stream burst out upon the waters of the half-filled reservoir with a rush and a roar.

The four pipes were in full blast by 7 o'clock, and the glistening yellow bubbles

With so small a showing in the city, it is considered doubtful by the politicians of the old parties if enough votes will be obtained for the certification of candidates to be voted for in the several districts—Congressional and Assembly.

Should this be the case the party would be put to the trouble and expense of printing the ballots as formerly, except that the ticket to be used this year would be a much more expensive affair, being the "cheap" variety, to be pasted over official ballots containing names of the candidates.

Since the last campaign of this most consistent political body a new party has been called into existence, and as it has not founded its platform on prohibition, nothing of the kind ever having come under the observation of the officials of the Institute.

The Westerner doesn't know but that at any minute he may become a victim of the skunk-bite. He fears a really terrible pox, the daily skin-uncturing process which patients undergo at the Institute for the treatment of this disease.

He retreats with emphasis that four men in Arizona, who were afflicted with hydrophobia, the result of wounds received from the same species of pestiferous animal that attacked him.

To-day marked the third day of his treatment, and he is confident that the information that he will be all right.

Rephrased, the sixty-five-year-old patient from Boston's "conscience" officer, had been notified that the water was flowing, and he was the next person to appear on the scene.

Mr. Hancock, the gate-keeper, carefully inspected and inspected everything that he needed inspection. When he got through he said he was the happiest man in New York.

Keeper Hankinson increased Chief Birdwell's joy when he arrived with the announcement that the water was rising in both reservoirs very rapidly.

He had measured it at 8 o'clock with his tape line and the water in the measuring line showed a depth of 22 feet 10 inches.

He was going to measure it again officially at 10 o'clock, but before coming over to the new gates he had measured, and found that half an inch had been gained.

An "Evening World" reporter accompanied Mr. Hankinson to the lower end of the reservoir, in order to be present at the measurement.

The first measurement of the basin leading into the western reservoir. The tape dropped with a splash and then Mr. Hankinson announced a two-inch gain.

In the eastern reservoir where the new gates open into it, there was a gain of four inches, or a total depth of twenty-four feet two inches.

Taking the two measurements the average gain is three inches. Mr. Hankinson said that the use of water on the surface of the reservoir means that 2,500,000 gallons have poured in.

So in two hours 7,500,000 gallons of water have flowed into the two receptacles. The experiment having proved satisfactory, Chief Engineer Fesey ordered the gates closed, and made his report to the Aqueduct Commissioners at their meeting this morning that everything was in readiness.

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