The World

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THE PEOPLE'S OWN.

Stuyvesant Park last evening was a most eloquent protest against the action which for so much of this Summer has barred the people out from the cool, green retreat.

Last evening they were there, and the quiet, orderly crowd of men, women and children, for the park is a little paradise for children, sat about on the benches or walked through the gravelled paths, their faces bright with content.

What a shame it would have been to have let this green breathing spot for the hot and tired people be tightly shut up during the Summer months, useless and irritating. Such a course would be absolute stultification, because it would nullify every end of a park.

Not even the aristocrats who dwell in the immediate neighborhood of Stuyvesant Park would have had the satisfaction of looking at it, for they are out of town at cool, gay watering-places. The casual passer-by who would be a stranger in the city might have asked: "What is the park for?" And the answer would have been: "For nothing."

Last night anybody who saw the neat, happy Sunday gathering in the cool, quiet park would not have needed to ask any question. The park is the people's, and the people had it last night.

INCENTIVES TO VAMPIRES.

In Bavaria the graveyard keepers have lately been detected pillaging graves.

There is no more revolting theft than snatching a corpse from the grave, stripping it of all that is worth anything, and perhaps carrying the body to a dissecting room to be carved up by an embryo physician.

What can stir the feelings of relatives more than the thought that avaricious ghouls should dare to wrest tenderly loved ones from the bosom of the earth where they sleep in the long solemn slumber of death!

But it is almost to encourage these mercenary graveyard thieves to consign a corpse to the earth with jewels, or rich clothes, or other articles of value about their persons. Sometimes an object to which the deceased was greatly attached is buried with him, and this may pass. But to make the casket of the dead a jewel casket is to encourage the grave robber.

Such a proceeding is unreasonable and should be discouraged.

Pittsburg policemen have been indulging in indiscriminate slaughter of dogs. They expected 50 cents a head for every dog they killed, and they consequently killed all they could. The dogs might be tied up in a back yard or held in leash by a little girl or sitting in a window of a house. It mattered not. The "copper" saw 50 cents in his corpse and killed him. Over a thousand dogs, many of them valuable animals, were killed before the "coppers" were restrained. Nice policemen in Pittsburg.

An elephant, two camels and five horses were recently stolen from a circus. It seems a little odd that an elephant could be quietly stolen, and it would be still more strange if the thief could conceal the bulky creature after he was stolen. No elephant could be carried about in a waistcoat pocket nor tucked away in the back of a bureau drawer.

Prince GEORGE isn't coming to Newport because, somebody says, he couldn't very well visit an American port after not visiting Newfoundland. Another somebody says GEORGE heard they would just dinner him to death in Newport, and wanted to die some other way. But the fact, the mournful fact is, that GEORGE isn't coming.

The Argentine Republic has whisked through a revolution in double quick time. A South American Government whether monarchical or democratic, seems to have a bias towards violent change.

An old lady has gone for one hundred and twenty days without food or drink. It seems safe to predict that there will be one old lady less in some neighborhood very soon.

A Cranberry Trust! What next? Is there anything in the world that can't be trusted?

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

"Eddie" Nelson is known as one of the liveliest carsmen in the Dauntless Rowing Club. He is brimful of fun. A firecracker and a nail have caused him many anxious moments latterly. He handles either sculls or swep with exceeding cleverness.

Jack Gorman, known as the clever 125-pound champion amateur boxer of the Star Athletic Club, is a good man with the oar. He will daily win a sweep in the races this Fall.

William Dixon has been showing good sprinting ability latterly and Trainer Jim Robinson believes he can push him into the front ranks of the Manhattan a short distance men.

George Schneider is constant in his attentions to the Harlem River, and can be seen almost daily paying his compliments to that noble stream in a single shell. He will do more racing in the future than he has yet done.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Do you want some sound suggestions on the promotion and preservation of beauty? Well, eat fruits three times a day; prefer vegetables, eggs and soups to meat and bread; drink water in wholesale quantities, but not one drop of ice water; spend an hour at each meal, and if possible take a nap after dinner; make a medicine of water for internal and external application and use laughter as a laxative. In olden times tea and toast were prescribed for sick headache and bilious attacks; now wise women drink hot water for a day at intervals of two hours. Sleep eight hours at night and as many hours during the day as you can steal. When you want to look your very best for a company or entertainment take a hot bath and go to bed and sleep for an hour. If on presentation Lohengrin does not remark on your charming appearance it will be because you have outlived his liking. Pretty clothes are wonderfully refining, too.

Miss Geraldine Ulmar, more charming than ever, is once again in this city. She will shortly sail for Paris, where her new play is to be produced.

This pathetic little letter, addressed "To My Dear Mama in Heaven," was found at the Cincinnati Post-Office:

HOME.

DEAR MAMA: I am so lonesome sins you went to heaven. I want to go to you. The time seams so long. You said I could come to you. Mrs. Clark is so kind to me, but she is not like you. you she this to god and send for me sune. My arm hurts me so, and you sad I would be well in heaven. I send a kiss. From your little DORA.

Some elegant round hats laden with ostrich plumes have just made their appearrance among importers of Parisian millinery. Hats thus trimmed have been worn at some fashionable weddings.

Black nainsooks, plain and barred, and all thin black materials, have now hosts of adopters. Black embroidered lawns and Swisses are come, we hear, and black with rainbow side borders.

A London review makes the following report of a very sweet and simple charity: On Thursday, July 3, the Countess Cadogan again showed the interest she is taking in the Children's Happy Evening Association, by opening a series of "happy evenings" in a penny Board school in Kensal New Town. Lady Cadogan, in a charming little speech, told the children what a pleasing sight it was to her to see them all so happy, and what a pleasure it was to be present at this, their first "happy evening." A vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Annesley-Owen and seconded by Mr. C. A. Whitmore, M. P., called forth hearty cheers from the children for Lady Cadogan. Mr. Helby, M. L. S. B., in announcing the kind gift of cherries and buns sent by Mrs. Hoffnung, spoke most favorably of the movement. Games were started, and, being a fine night, the "evening" was held in the open playground, where the boys got up an impromptu football match, and the girls started off their pretty singing games, in which Lady Cadogan heartily joined, to the great delight of the youngsters. Among others who helped to play with the children were Mrs. Annesley-Owen, Mr. Latter, Rev. G. Lawson, Miss Abraham, the Misses Martin, Miss A. Edwards, Miss Young, Miss Ada and Miss Edith Heather-Bigg (Hon. Sec. C. H. E. A.)

Beautiful white toilets for Summer receptions and dinners are made of the finest and richest of China and India silk scattered over with tiny white silk buds, leaves or rose sprays.

As many as three and five rows of tiny buttons are seen on bodices, and they are also plentifully on cuffs, collars and coat-tails. These coat-tail basques will be the thing for all Fall suits.

Queen Victoria's dinner hour is not until 9 in the evening. At about 11 she retires to her private apartments.

Silver jewel boxes are distinctly the fashion. The prettiest have Grecian and Watteau figures in low relief, with etched backgrounds. They are oblong. Sometimes they are divided, have two covers, and unlock at each end. Glove boxes and handkerchief boxes of silver have bands of repousse work, and the object of the box engraved on the top.

The newly married Archduchess Valerie, of Austria, ought to be a proud and happy young matron, with eighty-nine clocks, nineteen high lamps, seventy gem bracelets, forty-five rings, nine watches, a hundred pairs of gloves, a hundred pairs of stockings, eighty-seven diamond tiaras, two emerald and ruby coronets, twelve suits of furniture, several thousand yards of lace, an American parlor organ, seven pianos and a casket of paintings. But these magnificent gifts do not come at quite the best time to be appreciated. They find the Archduchess wrapped in the two Indian shawls bestowed upon her by the generous sovereign of the British empire, and oblivious to all the world in her absorption in the same ruler's fascinating masterpiece of literary art, the "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" and the "Life of the Prince Consort."

Mary de Morgan, who is a stanch friend of the English workingwomen, is making a strong effort to rescind the Sunday law and break down the prejudice against innocent public amusements. In an article on labor legislation among women in England she writes: "Saturday is a day of great temptation to many of the lower-class factory girls, and more drunkenness prevails then than on any other day. Yet some form of weekly holiday is certainly essential to working girls, not only for rest and pleasure, but for work which at other times must be sadly neglected. On Saturday the workgirl makes and mends her clothes, and performs all those little duties which constitute so important a feature in other women's lives, but for which little time is left in the life of a factory hand who works from 8 in the morning till 8 at night. Beyond a doubt Sunday might be rendered far more valuable than it is to the poor by the abolition of the laws concerning the observance of the Sabbath. The Puritanical spirit which closes all museums and picture galleries and forbids concerts or entertainments, while it leaves open gin palaces, is a real enemy of the people. Various societies are at work giving Sunday concerts, opening museums, &c., which by issuing tickets beforehand evade regulations, but all have to be done surreptitiously, and in spite of rather than with the sanction of the authorities. But public opinion is growing on the subject, and most probably ere long Sunday may become a day when refreshment of the mind and spirit as well as of the body will be a possibility.

At present little is possible to working girls on Sunday save walking about the streets with their young men, or joining with them in the rough play which is carried on in the parks.

THE great Remedies of MORELL'S TRAPPING Cob. Still are instilled to by all who use it, 50 cents.

PITY THE BABIES.

Help to Alleviate Their Misery During This Hot Spell.

Every Dollar Will Make Some Little One Happy.

Nell Nelson Answers Some Inquiries About the Work.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$2,051.70
Christian	5.00
Flora and Mabel Grotecloss	4.10
Five Little Rocks	1.00
Georgie	1.00
Mrs. W.	1.00
Joe Stevens	1.0
A Grateful Mother	1.00
Care A. Harstrom	1.00

Gave His Earnings.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find ten cents, which I made by working for J. W., running messages. JOE STEVES, New Rochelle.

Georgie's Collection.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1, which I have collected among my friends. Martie, 25; Mamma, 10; Katie T., 10; Clara Mitchell, 5; Jimmie, 5; Davie, 5; Johnnie, 5; Clara, 25; Emma, 5; and myself, 5.

GEORGIE, aged seven.

A Thanks Offering.

To the Editor:

My own little one was spared me when near death's door. In return I add my mite to others to help the poor sick babies.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

Florence and Mabel Again.

Florence and Mabel Grotecloss, of 205 Reid avenue, Brooklyn, who have sent in several subscriptions this year, again come to the front with $4.10, collected from the following: Mrs. A. G., 25 cents; Mrs. W. D. E., 25; Mrs. W. J. A., 25; Miss M. E. R., 25; Miss C. H. A., 25; Mrs. Conen, 5; C. Miller, 25; Miss Woolsey, 5; Miss Clauss, 5; Little Ernest, 10; Little Freddie, 10; Mrs. Lord, 25; Cash, 11; Mrs. Barber, 20; M. A. D., 9; Pete, 25; D. D. B., 25; Mrs. Flagg, 25; Mrs. Bischof, 25; Mrs. Hurst, 50.

LONG BRANCH ENTHUSED.

To-Morrow Evening's Entertainment Already an Assured Success.

Everything indicates that the entertainment at the West End, Long Branch, to-morrow evening, in aid of THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund, will be an unqualified success, artistically, socially and financially.

The committee of ladies, at whose head is the stately and charming Mrs. A. J. Dittenhoefer, Mrs. Dr. S. Baruch and Mrs. Gernsheim, have placed a very large number of tickets, and the auditorium is certain to be filled with a brilliant and appreciative audience.

The West End Amusement Hall, by the kindness of Landlord Meredith, will be the scene of the entertainment. The programme of the affairs at Arverne, Tackapousha and Knaterskill have been enlarged and varied, and assures a treat to its spectators and auditors.

Miss Marguerite St. John, as in the other entertainments, will be the central figure. She will appear as Belle Huntington in the bright comedietta, "Man Proposes," with Miss Helen Mowat as Dinah and Walter J. Brooks as Capt. Huntington. Miss St. John will also appear as Kate Hardcastle in a scene from "She Stoops to Conquer," with George M. Wood as Charles Marlow.

Recitations of rare interest will be given by the deservedly popular Miss Emily Rayner, and songs by Miss Jessie Ollivier Feeley. There will be other recitations by Mr. A. C. Feeley and illustrations of "Peculiar People" by Thomas J. Rayner.

Little Dot Clarendon will, of course, win all the hearts that she has not already a full title to.

Mr. H. N. Baruch, who has just signed a two-year contract with Manager Field of the Boston Museum, will, by request, recite "The Maniac."

In the cast of "The Rough Diamond," Mr. George M. Wood will play Sir William Evergreen, Cousin Joe will be delineated by Mr. Fred C. Brooks; Capt. Blenheim and Lady Plato will be represented by Walter Granville and charming Mrs. Granville.

Among guests and cottagers at the West End who have taken active part in promoting this entertainment in behalf of the suffering babies of the poor are Mr. John Hoey, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Editor George W. Childs; the famous starter of Monmouth Park, Mr. Caldwell; Jacob Bernheimer, Jacob Seligman, Brewer Beadleston and very many others.

Two winsome lads, Masters Harry and Philip Moeller, have distinguished themselves by their zeal and success in disposing of tickets.

"SICK BABIES OF NEW YORK."

Nell Nelson Tells an Inquirer All About the Fund.

A little Brooklyn woman who signs herself "Emma S., a Willing Worker," sends the following note:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please let me know something about these Sick Babies of New York, where the institution is, what the money goes for, and whether a Protestant or Catholic institution.

Am collecting money for the babies' fund and would not like to send the money without knowing where it goes and for what purpose.

DEAR SMALL EMMA:

These sick babies of New York are not in an "institution." If they were they would be cared for.

They are helpless inmates of crowded tenement-houses, little garrets and damp cellars. They are confined in close kitchens, where the atmosphere is heavy with tobacco fumes, sewer gas, cooking smells and the steam from washtubs and clothes-boilers. They are in dark bedrooms, where the cleansing influence of fresh air and sunlight never penetrate. They are in broken cribs, in small wooden boxes, in fire-escapes, and sometimes they are left on a pallet of rags in one corner of the room, exposed to the dust and nastily.

Nothing can be done for them except to feed, clothe and cure them.

The subject of religion cuts no figure in the work at all.

Few babies are church-goers. Pain has no creed, no sex, no nationality. The child of a Protestant woman does not suffer any the less with cholera infantum than a tiny infidel, and the diagnosis of a case of Catholic and Unitarian measles would entail the same amount of suffering and require the same sort of treatment.

No, dear investigator, the religious wars were fought long, long ago.

The old order has been changed and even zealous begin saving souls by redeeming the body from the evils of ignorance, neglect and poverty.

It is enough for the free physician to know that the child is sick.

He may be bolstered up with the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer; he may be surrounded by images and emblems, he may be destined for one of a dozen of the established religions, but all that makes him have a claim on the doctor is the disease that threatens his innocent life.

By "institution" you doubtless have reference either to the Corps of Free Physicians or the Sick Babies' Fund.

The corps is composed of a body of medical men, each true, trusty, able, earnest, sound of head and tender of heart, who go from house to house in sun and storm and ask at every door, "How is the baby?"

These men carry visiting books in which the name, address and disease of the wee sufferer is recorded. They bring intelligence and experience to their work; they bring sympathy, too, in large doses, and not only diagnose the case, but prescribe for it, provide medicine, food, clothing and often money for immediate needs.

They give dense mothers oral instruction in nursing, practical hygiene and economy; they frequently wash a little unfortunate and, in emergency cases, find clothing and swaddle the mite of humanity.

They distribute health tracts, give letters of introduction to specialists for skilled treatment and fill out hundreds of cards of admission to sanitariums and seaside hospitals.

They do a great many very sweet things for the comfort of the babies and the convenience of the parents that are never told or talked about.

Dr. McKew has personally canvassed a neighborhood for provisions to keep alive families that were actually in distress.

Dr. Mary Herrick has gone to corner stores and bought milk and cereals for sick babies and then prepared with her own hands the nourishing food that saved the little ones.

Dr. Hallwood has taken money from his private purse for the purchase of opiates to soothe the nerves of an agonized mother, and Dr. Mason has carried bread and meats to miserable homes, and after his duties has gone to irate landlord agents not only to beg for an extension of time but to make payment on the bills so long due.

Dr. Vaughn's work is in "Little Italy," and not a few descendants of C. Columbus owe him for medicine, their cases being too urgent for delay in sending to the free dispensaries.

Dr. Freeman has not only fed the hungry, clothed the naked and healed the sick, but he has thwarted eviction and gone security for back rent.

Dr. Henderson rescued a baby from imminent danger, and has given very many people their first lesson in decency.

One of Dr. Bauer's patients, a little German girl, is suffering from a tumor that is gradually consuming her vitality. The case is distressingly sad because hopeless.

Every few days the tender-hearted doctor calls to see the poor child to tell her a new story and make her guess "what he has brought her." To increase the mystery in his coat-pocket the little one is allowed "to feel with one hand and have three guesses in the bargain."

Disease has weakened the vigor of her mind and she never guesses right, but the new toy is always so pretty and bright that the very sight of it makes her say, "Oh, oh, I love you so, you dear doctor."

Dr. Gillespie is continually making the Cherry Hill women cry. He rummages the Babies' Bureau for novelties, selects the prettiest garment available, arranges them in suits, and carries them down to the needy children.

The tots crow with delight and make mischievous attacks on his whiskers, and when the poor mothers begin to thank him and the tears choke the words back he declares the gift to be a special favor from an EVENING WORLD reader and runs away.

Now, dear Emma S., this is "where the money goes:"

It pays the salary of the corps; it pays for sweet milk, medicine, fresh meat and the necessary materials for infants' food; it pays for an occasional piece of soap, marketing for a destitute family, a railroad fare or a pair of shoes to enable the mother to take the dying baby from the city.

To lessen the death rate; to heal the sick; to help the helpless; to make health contagious; to stamp out disease; to relieve suffering is the purpose of THE EVENING WORLD'S corps of Free Physicians and the Sick Babies' Fund to which you are asked to contribute.

Let me hope that your efforts to help the poor and needy will be crowned with the jewels of success, and that you may be enrolled among the life-savers.

Ever,
NELL NELSON.

HIS SEVEN DAYS OF TERROR.

Adrift on the Ocean With a Corpse in the Boat.

Followed by Ferocious Black Sharks Waiting for Their Prey.

A remarkable story of the sea comes from St. Malo, the narrator being an ancient mariner named Bauche, whose painful experience in a small boat on the ocean, as related in the London *Telegraph*, ought to be a warrant for the truth of his tale.

Bauche had signed articles with the captain of a vessel called the Mathilde, in which he sailed to Martinique.

While in the harbor of St. Pierre in a boat with the cabin boy one day he was driven oceanward by a gale of wind, and was knocking about for a week on the waves before he was rescued by a Norwegian bark.

After the first night at sea Bauche says that the cabin boy became partly delirious. Water was falling on the boat every instant, and in order to prevent the dying lad from drowning in it the old sailor made coils of the legs of his pantaloons and was thus enabled to keep the bottom of the little craft tolerably dry. He had also to deprive himself of his shirt, which he utilized as a flag of distress.

On the third day the cabin boy died, and hardly was the breath out of his body before seven or eight ferocious black sharks began to circle round the boat, which they sometimes almost touched. Rather than deliver up the dead body to the monsters of the deep Bauche kept it until it became decomposed.

Being afraid of illness he at length threw it overboard, after having said his prayers over it, and the prey was speedily seized by the sharks, which disappeared with it, and did not show up again for about twenty-four hours or so.

Bauche now felt so utterly miserable that he was thinking of throwing himself overboard when he was dissuaded from his intention by the reappearance of the sharks, which, after eying him ravenously for some time, actually began to gambol before him as if in anticipation of a good feed off his body.

"I did not want to be eaten alive," remarked Bauche in his narrative of his perilous adventures. "so I remained where I was and awaited assistance." On the seventh day the sailor lost consciousness, fell down in the boat and was rescued in an insensible condition by Capt. Iaderson, of the Wladimir.

In his mouth the Norwegian sailors found what they first thought was an old quid of tobacco, but which proved to be part of the horn handle of his knife, which Bauche was crunching to stave off hunger when he became unconscious.

The rescued sailor, after having been taken to New Orleans, obtained a passage home to St. Malo.

Only the other day he went down to the port to meet his old shipmates of the Mathilde, who had been wrecked off the coast of Newfoundland, whither they had made another voyage since Bauche disappeared at Martinique.

The crew of the Mathilde had been rescued off the banks of Labrador by an English vessel. They had, of course, long given up Bauche and the cabin boy as lost in mid-ocean, and great was their surprise when they beheld the former in the flesh and as hale and hearty as if he had never been without food on the deep for full seven days in an open boat and in perilous contiguity to the teeth of the tigers of the ocean.

Work of St. John's Guild.

That the good work of St. John's Guild is appreciated is shown by the contributions to the fund. During the past week the amount received was $481.61, bringing the grand total up to $8,759.97. The ninth trip of the floating hospital was paid for by "J. S." and carried 1,455 sick children and mothers. The Seaside Hospital is now full, but room will be made for others early next week by those whose week's stay has expired. Additional contributions to the Guild's life-saving work are greatly needed.

SPOTLETS.

"What a benign face!" she said, looking at a family portrait. "Yes, a seven by nine face."

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The Latin "Salve" is a good English salve to the weary wayfarer. "Welcome" is soothing in any tongue.

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"I feel doubly insured in your company," said the young man facetiously to the insurance agent.

∴

We have our opinion of the man who will put the peach crop in the Autumn for the sake of getting off a joke on the fall. It was an exchange that did it.

∴

Ye brave tars of Alaska
Who guard our native seals,
I care less your cutters right-side-up
When a frigate sat your heels.—*Puck.*

∴

The way to spell Baroness's name seems doubtful. But the spell of Baroness on the cloakmakers is not doubtful.

∴

The bum who got a head the other night showed a sad falling off, nevertheless.

∴

An effort is being made to boom the cucumber as a health-promoter. It will cucumber the ground more than ever.

∴

The literary tramp should be barred from the lotus in the parks by a sign on it: "Not to be eaten."

∴

The merry men who used to board vessels won't not have made nice Summer boarders. Not very nice ones.

WORLDLINGS.

For twelve years after the war George E. Spencer was one of Alabama's Senators. To-day his name is rarely mentioned. He is now a citizen of Nevada and is said to be making money there in business.

Mlle. Phal Kearney's granddaughter, Mlle. Lelie de Kernet, is one of the belles of Cape May this season. She is an attractive blonde of eighteen, whose manners are charming. She speaks English fluently, but with a marked French accent.

A Detroit statistician says that a million silver dollars piled one upon the other would make a silver column two miles high.

One of the most ingenious frauds in food is that of adulterating powdered cinnamon by grinding up old cigar boxes and mixing the powder of wood with the spice.

Mrs. Burke-Roche, who is still one of the prettiest women in New York, is slender and double in form and feature. She has soft, light blue eyes, light fair and a clear pale complexion. Her figure is slender, but gracefully rounded. She has three children, a girl of six and twin boys of four years.

He Wasn't Superstitious.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Teacher (in grammar school)—Your lesson to-day is on nouns. Nouns are the names of things.

Small Boy—Is ghost a noun?

Teacher—Yes.

Small Boy—How can it be? They ain't no such thing as a ghost.

Park Commissioner Waldo Hutchins—The Air Garden cannot affect the quality of the water in the reservoir. It would make the reservoir at Forty-second street a beautiful place of resort.

A CHANCE FOR THE JOKERS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold eagle to the person sending in the best joke for the accompanying illustration. No contributions received after noon Saturday. Address JOKE EDITOR.

HE "SLID FOR SAFETY."

Courage Doesn't Always Go with Size—in Detroit.

"You are a coward!"

"And you are a liar!"

"Look out! I'll knock your head off!"

"You can't do it!"

"I'll dare you upstairs!"

"I'll go!"

It was a big man and a little man who were thus passing compliments on Monroe avenue yesterday, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

It was the big man who dared the little man upstairs in a business block, as well as preceded him by a minute.

Several parties, who were anxious to see a "scrap," followed the little man up and into a room at the end of a hall. There they expected to see the big man peeling off for the fray, but he wasn't there.

On a nail driven into the window-sill fluttered a piece of pants cloth. On a shed ten feet below was a dent. In the alley below the shed stood a man. It was the big man. He looked up at the faces in the window, shook his fist, and loudly shouted:

"Oh, just let me get hold of you and I'll crush every bone in your body!"

Matthew C. D. Borden, of the Park Board—The feature of the Air Garden, designed as outlined in THE WORLD, would be very effective.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels given,
To all the lower world denied.
—*Dr. Johnson—Friendship.*

The poor make no new friends;
but oh, they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
—*Lady Dufferin—Lament of the Irish Emigrant.*

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.
—*Cowper—On Friendship.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—*Cowper—The Task—Book VI., line 560.*

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
—*Pope—Homer's Ilias.—Book IX., line 723.*

Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see.—*Hermaid—Of Friendship.* line 15.

Friendship is Love, with the either flowers or veil.—*Rare—Gossamer Time.*

There are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.—*Chinese Maxim.*

Friendship is the gift of the gods and the most precious boon to man.—*Lord Beaconsfield—Speech, July 10, 1880.*

True friendship is like sound health—the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.—*C. C. Colton—Lacon.*

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.—*Colton—Lacon.*

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.—*Washington—Sayings Maxims.*

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.—*Bovee—Summaries of Thought.*

To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station or capacity in social life.—*Mrs. Lees—Pictures of Private Life.*

"Wait, my boy," replied the Captain, "in the prosecution of Solomon you will find the following words: 'Was we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him?' when found make a note of."—*Hickson—Index by Jas. Son. Chap. XV.*

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times when he has one to spare, but if he has only one to spare, he is lucky indeed if he has to the last one left.—*Boyle—Ex. Ex. on Read Wh.? He Do with It? Book IX., Chap. III.*

Our very best friends we are thirsty of jealousy even in little things, and when they hear us praised by others, will seem not to smile or and intercession to give us credit.—*C. C. Colton—Lacon.*

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend his faults. If you are sharp with a man, or half a man, it is not hard to speak to him and tell him of his faults. But to love a man that you cannot see, to see the stain of a great soul, and to speak faithful truth through fading worldly shame and pride—that is to be such friends, that we can teach us what we are, at the point of the sword.—*Henry Ward Beecher—Life Thoughts.*

Can't Get Away

If you can't get away to take expensive vacation trips to the seashore or mountains, you may be happy and healthy at home if you follow this advice. Be out of doors all you possibly can, walking or riding, and getting all the fresh air possible; take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify your blood, regulate your digestive organs, and give you that strength and vigor which will overcome the depressing effects of the hot weather.

"Being run down from hard work I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it so built me up that I have continued its use. I have great faith in it as a blood purifier and regulator." J. A. SMITH, Commercial Bulletin Office, Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

HE "SLID FOR SAFETY."

Courage Doesn't Always Go with Size—in Detroit.

"You are a coward!"

"And you are a liar!"

"Look out! I'll knock your head off!"

"You can't do it!"

"I'll dare you upstairs!"

"I'll go!"

It was a big man and a little man who were thus passing compliments on Monroe avenue yesterday, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

It was the big man who dared the little man upstairs in a business block, as well as preceded him by a minute.

Several parties, who were anxious to see a "scrap," followed the little man up and into a room at the end of a hall. There they expected to see the big man peeling off for the fray, but he wasn't there.

On a nail driven into the window-sill fluttered a piece of pants cloth. On a shed ten feet below was a dent. In the alley below the shed stood a man. It was the big man. He looked up at the faces in the window, shook his fist, and loudly shouted:

"Oh, just let me get hold of you and I'll crush every bone in your body!"

Matthew C. D. Borden, of the Park Board—The feature of the Air Garden, designed as outlined in THE WORLD, would be very effective.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels given,
To all the lower world denied.
—*Dr. Johnson—Friendship.*

The poor make no new friends;
but oh, they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
—*Lady Dufferin—Lament of the Irish Emigrant.*

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.
—*Cowper—On Friendship.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—*Cowper—The Task—Book VI., line 560.*

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
—*Pope—Homer's Ilias.—Book IX., line 723.*

Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see.—*Hermaid—Of Friendship.* line 15.

Friendship is Love, with the either flowers or veil.—*Rare—Gossamer Time.*

There are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.—*Chinese Maxim.*

Friendship is the gift of the gods and the most precious boon to man.—*Lord Beaconsfield—Speech, July 10, 1880.*

True friendship is like sound health—the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.—*C. C. Colton—Lacon.*

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.—*Colton—Lacon.*

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.—*Washington—Sayings Maxims.*

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.—*Bovee—Summaries of Thought.*

To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station or capacity in social life.—*Mrs. Lees—Pictures of Private Life.*

"Wait, my boy," replied the Captain, "in the prosecution of Solomon you will find the following words: 'Was we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him?' when found make a note of."—*Hickson—Index by Jas. Son. Chap. XV.*

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NO USE FOR CHICAGO DUDES.

How a Trio of Bright Maidens Worsted a Presumptuous Masher.

"I had the rare pleasure of seeing a presumptuous dude put to rout yesterday afternoon on a South Side grip car," remarked Gen. Cunningham, of Indiana, at the Palmer House to a Chicago *Post* reporter.

"I myself was on the car with one or two others, and at Thirty-fifth street three pretty little feminine buds, each of about fourteen or fifteen Summers, got on, reversing the front seat so that they sat face to face.

"This left a vacant seat, but one which, while one hot seat remained, few men would have thought of taking. The charming little trio, dressed in the purest of white gowns, to which was given a dash of color by small bunches of red roses pinned on their breasts, were evidently out for a lark and their tongues flew like birds before a storm.

"As they were enjoying themselves to their utmost, testifying to the enlivening spirit of their talk by their bursts of musical laughter, a nattily attired dude about twenty-five years old hailed the driver with his cane and getting on the tail-end worked his way up to the trio and plunked himself down into the vacant seat.

"He had passed two empty ones, but neither was what he wanted. He was a stranger to the girls and his presence froze them for a moment. Their fun was apparently spoiled; but he didn't mind that. In fact, by the way he straightened out the kinks in his spine and smiled at the trio he evidently thought he was honoring them.

"I was tempted to give him a pointer, but the actions of one of the girls told me to wait. She at whom he was staring returned his stare. She took him in from top to toe, then bending forward whispered in the ear of the girl facing her. She in turn communicated to the one beside her, whereat all three broke into laughter.

"Then another took an ocular inventory of the chap and whispered to her friend, upon which out poured another flood of merriment.

"The dude greeted the first with a look of profound astonishment; the second with abject dismay; a third, which immediately followed, with terror; but as the three pretty heads went together for a fourth time he feigned to see some one on the sidewalk he desired to speak with, and without waiting for the driver to slow up he jumped off, followed by the laughter of every man on the grip."

F. William Jobelmann—If you will get up a petition asking for this Air Garden I will guarantee to get 250 bona-fide subscribers to the same.

KNOCKED SPOTS OFF TOMMY.

How a Pittsburg Boy Was Dosed with Brimstone and Molasses.

A lady who is studying the occult science of cookery, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, has observed that Pittsburg's good friend Miss Parloa is fond of saying in her recipes: "A level spoonful" of such-and-such an article.

The story has nothing to do with cooking, but I am reminded of it by Miss Parloa's pet phrase.

A small boy, more or less the light of a certain household and the scourge of the neighborhood, showed signs of acquiring the complexion of a leopard. That is to say, his mother noticed that her treasure's face was becoming terribly spotted.

She called the family doctor's attention to the trouble, and he said in the brusque, off-hand way we all know so well: "Give him a level teaspoonful of brimstone every day."

The doctor's word was law in that family, and a considerable shipment of brimstone was procured at once. Omitting the details of administration, we may pass on to the next visit of the doctor to the family of the boy.

"Well, how's Tommy?" was the doctor's first question.

"Oh, he's very much worse. As you ordered, I gave him eleven spoonfuls of brimstone, and he's been raising"——

"Eleven spoonfuls! I never ordered that many," shouted the doctor, as he nervously sprang upstairs towards Tommy's room. "A level spoonful was what I said."

He Will Get More Than the Heirs.

(From the Epoch.)

"Why this sudden determination of yours to become a lawyer?"

"Well, my rich uncle's will is to be contested, and as I am not one of the heirs I will take the case and get some of the money."

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

One Dollar Weekly

RELIABLE PERSONS CAN OBTAIN GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, EMBLEM PINS AND CHARMS