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WRONG RIGHTED.

It is not to much to say that few wrongs are ever to fully righted. But it is certainly gratifying to see one who has done an injustice endeavor so far as may be to redress it.

When MICHAEL BOTZ, scalded laborer, was sentenced to the island for two months for "disorderly conduct," because friends of his summoned hospital assistance three times, there was no doubt that MICHAEL BOTZ, scalded laborer, was wronged.

Unhappily, in most cases of this kind there is no one to raise a voice of indignation and demand that such injustice be brought to a standstill. So the evil is perpetuated and no one is the wiser. Some poor wretch has suffered, but who knows or who cares? So he suffers.

But in the instance of MICHAEL BOTZ, THE EVENING WORLD, with the sense of justice and regard for the poorer people of the community which has characterized it from the beginning, was cognizant of this perversion of judicial power and raised its voice in strenuous protest.

The case was reheard yesterday, and MICHAEL BOTZ, scalded laborer, was returned from the island, his two months' sentence cancelled.

Nothing more can be done. Nothing less should have been.

HARRISON AND SON.

President HARRISON has taken the right attitude towards lotteries in regard to them as something hurtful to the public and believing that the law should take most active measures to repress them. But however grateful the stamping out of a big evil like the Louisiana Lottery may be it must be accomplished by strictly just measures.

Circulars and advertisements about the lottery can be forbidden, but unfortunately through the agency of banks and express companies the Louisiana Lottery can always get remittances. If President HARRISON can devise a means of preventing this he will be a man with more integrity than is believed.

One bad way of choking off lottery is to print enthusiastic accounts of the big fortunes (?) which young men of limited means have secured by buying one lottery ticket. Large, glowing advertisements setting forth the strict honesty with which a particular lottery is conducted is likewise an ineffective scheme for repressing it.

RUSSELL HARRISON is alleged to have taken this latter course in regard to some Mexican and Texas lotteries. In this way the Harrison efforts in regard to lotteries are a little conflicting.

TOO BAD.

LEE CHANG, a lowly but Celestial laundress, was run over by a railroad train and rendered entirely useless for the laundry or any other business through the general pulpiness to which he was reduced.

LEE belonged to the Lun Gee Tong Freemasons, and would have had a bang-up thousand-dollar funeral as an officer but for one thing.

Evidence was adduced which showed a suicidal purpose in LEE CHANG. He was poor and tried to cure his poverty by letting a train run over him.

LEE CHANG thought that other poverty-stricken officers of the organization (you don't have to be a millionaire to belong to it) would do away with themselves if they could die with the thought of a thousand-dollar burial in their eye.

POOR LEE CHANG!

Mrs. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD will leave Eastern Point, Gloucester, because the whistling buoy there is too much for her. There is no doubt but that Mrs. WARD is worth more than a whole orchestra of whistling buoys, but then she is not so useful to mariners. Gloucester sustains a loss.

The Aqueduct is now supplying 50,000,000 gallons of Croton water to this town. There need be no famine of thirst or of dirt under these circumstances. Let every citizen keep himself neat and tidy, and use the water plentifully on his outside, whatever he does about it with his interior.

The intense rivalry between St. Paul and Minneapolis broke out again over the census, and each city has had to submit to a recount. They padded the returns in great shape.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is going on a record-breaking trip around the world. Pretty soon GEORGE FRANCIS will be signing for a bigger world.

The moon has been full twice this month. Naughty old moon! But she doesn't do it often.

And now it seems that GEORGE HROD didn't fight that duel after all. This is quite disappointing.

A Master of Fricco. From Messrs. World's. "Is that the milk wagon or the watering cart?"

Impossible to tell until you inquire the price per gallon.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Mrs. Frances Hart Day, daughter of Senator Day, of Michigan, lives in Kansas City and is an enthusiast on the subject of women's federation of clubs.

Mrs. E. M. Habcock, President of the Belles-Lettres Club, of Oil City, Pa., has published in tablet form some suggestions for club literary work. Under the head of George Eliot she gives these hints:

Sketch the life of the author. Honorifics in George Eliot's novels. Religion. Compare Dinah Morris with Catherine Elmore.

Compare Gwendolin with Donatello in "Marble Faun." What idea of George Eliot as a woman does one get from her letters compiled by her husband.

Give illustration of a stroke of genius by some other author which equals that in "Adam Bede," when Arthur takes the little pink silk handkerchief from the waste-paper basket.

Under brother and sister in literature she names Charles and Mary Lamb, Wordsworth and Dorothy, and Emerson, following the reader and each member is required to bring some item of interest to the subject.

Queen Victoria has presented to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild a bust of her mother by Boehm in memory of her recent visit to his estate of Waddesdon.

The young Crown Prince of Italy is a devoted lover of his beautiful and clever mother. When he is absent from her he sends two long telegrams to her each day besides writing her a letter. Like the Queen, the Prince speaks and writes fluently French, English and German.

The Tuscans hate this season are very large, but they are soft, light and most ingeniously woven. A pretty fawn-colored material has an openwork pattern around the wrists which looks very much like pastels.

Harp playing is a very picturesque and artistic accomplishment which constantly finds new votaries. A pretty woman with a golden hair ornament her shoulder, her slender hand and apple wrist outlined against its strings, is so suggestive of cherubim and seraphim, of white wings, so enveloped in a misty atmosphere of saintliness and general loveliness that a man can even think the profane things that she says holily about the piano banger and violin scraper, even if no two strings are tuned in the same key. But harp playing is one of the most expensive luxuries a woman can indulge in.

The long suffering pianoforte is as patient as a two-hundred-candle and bears uncomplainingly the abuse heaped upon it, but a harp wears out easily, the whole mechanism goes to pieces sometimes all at once, like the time-honored "one-hoss shay." The little Grecian, the cheapest of harps, costs \$100, the best of the most popular variety, is usually \$750; and the "grand" is sold as high as \$1,200. In addition it is very expensive to keep them in condition, their trim being affected by every change in the weather and having to be renewed at least every second year.

Notwithstanding the lavish and magnificent array of colored head trimmings mixed with silk cord or intermingled with gold, silver or copper, cut jet ornaments are far too tempting to be passed over.

Here is an economical dish: Boil a ten cent soup bone for two hours, and when the water is boiled down to one quart, pour half of it into a small basin and set it where it will keep hot. Then make dumplings as you make baking-powder biscuits, and lay them on the bone. Keep the little closely covered, until the dumplings have had time to cook, then pour over them a gravy made of the rest of the liquor and serve at once. It is as palatable as it is economical.

A box of powdered borax should always be kept on the sink shelf. A little added to the water in which dish-towels are washed will help much to keep them clean, and at the same time keep one's hands soft and smooth.

If you write a letter to a man friend, don't put in black and white that you are "his lover," or that you send a great deal of love, even if it is only in jest, but remain either his "very cordially" or "very sincerely," says a writer for the Ladies' Home Journal.

Sincerity and cordiality are possible even with acquaintances that do not demand either love or an affection that is to last forever. I wish girls knew how very ill bred it is to give or permit familiarities in word or pen from either men or women.

Learn to keep your personal affairs to yourself. Learn to believe that your first name can only be used by those connected with you by ties of blood or having the right given by a deep love. Believe me, you will never regret your self-respect as shown in this way, and you will never cease lamenting that you have a too familiar intercourse, that in the future will rise up before you like a skeleton at a feast. A perfect friendship is like a rose, after the time of its glory is passed the leaves may be thrown into a jar, covered with the dew of time, and kept as mementos of days that have gone by. For a while there is a sickly sweet smell, and then they are blackened and discolored and no odor comes from them. Conclude then, in forming your friendships, to make those only that can, when time separates you two, make a pleasant memory for the future, and one that will not cause a blush to come upon your face.

SPOTLETS. "The Duke's March" should be followed by "The Duke's April."

How many revolutions does a South American republic make in a day?

A Detective Bureau plays a good part in a drawer game.

John L. Sullivan ought to be able to "make a hit." He is a strong hitter, you know.

Who are the men that know? The men who are not known.

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FIGHTING DEATH.

Help the Poor Sick Babies in Their Unequal Battle.

This Hot Weather is a Formidable Foe to Oppose.

Entertainments on All Sides for the Fund's Benefit.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table listing names and amounts for the fund's benefit.

Major Atom's Collection.

Though dwarfed in stature my heart is not similarly dwarfed, so while playing an engagement here, and enjoying the luxury of sea air, I thought I should like to contribute a mite towards affording the poor babies of New York the same treat. I asked each person engaged here this week to give a trifle, and indeed you will please find the result of my effort, \$7, together with the names of those who so quickly and willingly responded to my request. Yours very truly, Major Atom.

My Auntie's Good Work.

Little Mary L. Austin and two young friends had a small sale of fancy articles made by themselves and sold \$1.50 as the result to the Babies' Fresh Air Fund.

An Asbury Park Affair.

Not to be outdone by other seaside resorts, Asbury Park comes to the front with a musical entertainment for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund.

Entertainment in Harlem.

The use of the Harlem Democratic Club House Hall has been donated for an entertainment for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund, on Friday evening, Aug. 1, under the patronage of Miss A. J. Whitcomb, assisted by Mr. Ward Livingston, director of the Union Square Observatory, of this city, by whose courtesy the society at large is permitted to participate.

Another Long Branch Benefit.

Willington Workers Getting Up an Entertainment for the Sick Babies.

The generous people who are summering at Long Branch are proving a veritable boon to the unfortunate sick babies of the metropolis. No sooner is an entertainment for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD'S fund finished than another is announced.

The second is to be given at Leland's Ocean Theatre, Friday evening, Aug. 1, under the patronage of Miss A. J. Whitcomb, assisted by Mr. Ward Livingston, director of the Union Square Observatory, of this city, by whose courtesy the society at large is permitted to participate.

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LIFE AMONG THE POOR.

Life, as the Free Physician sees it in Poverty's Lane.

Notes of the Fund.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Tired All Over.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Wanted.

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.

DOCTORS BLAIR & COPELAND.

WATCHMAN TEXTER'S SUFFERING.

JUST THINK OF BEING A VICTIM OF CATARRH FOR THIRTY SIX YEARS.

WATCHMAN TEXTER'S SUFFERING.

WATCHMAN TEXTER'S SUFFERING.