The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company.

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including Postage):
PER MONTH..... 50c.
PER YEAR..... $3.50

VOL. 31.....NO. 10,576

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1207 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

A WORD OF PROTEST.

Civilization can never merit the full approbation of thinking men if any step of material progress is accompanied by the sacrifice of humane feeling. Civilization means nothing but the better environment and support of the citizen, and whatever eliminates humanity or dooks any degree of noble, generous feeling in man should not even be admitted to consideration. It is a retrogression towards barbarism.

A most startling instance of such barbaric cruelty, masquerading as a phase of advanced humanity and hence of higher civilization, is the feature of the new law of electric death for criminals which leaves the poor wretch in ignorance of the hour of his dissolution.

This is worthy of ELIZABETH's era of brutal cruelty or the devilish cruelty of the Japanese towards the preachers of the Gospel.

Everybody knows the awful agony which suspense engenders. Could there be a more fiendish, useless piece of torturing than to have a poor wretch for days, which lengthen out into ages, apprehend in every footfall along a corridor, in every rap at his door, in every human form which looms before him, the prelude to his taking off?

This is to torture the soul, to torture it without any sufficient justification, and to inflict the horror of a hundred deaths on one poor quivering wretch, of whom only one is demanded.

Terror prevents the guilty soul from preparing itself for the dread event of dissolution and its consequences. The criminal's waking and his sleeping moments are a hell of dreadful, foreboding, wearing apprehension. It is a device which Nero could have been proud of, but which the most ordinary humanity should blush for very shame at having ever tolerated.

In the name of justice, in the all-sacred name of humanity, abolish this fiendish, heartless, unnecessary cruelty, which is a foul blot on our legislative escutcheon.

THAT LOTTERY BUSINESS.

The public at large will feel that RUSSELL HARRISON's skirts are not clean, and that the taint of lottery patronage clings to his name. The ways of the HARRISON family are a little peculiar and decidedly painful to good American citizens.

The President denounces lotteries, and his son seems to support them for mercenary motives. The President does not receive gifts, cottages or otherwise, but Mrs. HARRISON is said to be the fair recipient in these cases of benefaction. The President does not buy real estate to boom a new resort, but impecunious members of his family are said to do so.

All of which should not have foundation enough to furnish ground even for malicious rumor. The negative integrity of President HAYES seems a bright and shining sample by force of contrast.

OH, MY!

There is an awful possibility that the World's Fair Bill may be vetoed by Gov. FIFER. A constitutional question is involved and there be those that claim that the grant of the Legislature, which permits submerged lands to be filled in and reclaimed as a site, exceeds the concession of the bill, which makes no mention of such creation of a site. It would be a great set-back to Chicago if sense of duty were to lead the Governor to put an obstacle in the way of the World's Fair.

The President of the Federation of Labor has come out strongly in favor of the proposed air garden. Commendation from such a source is important, because in Mr. GOMPERS tens of thousands of laboring people speak. They are the ones most interested because they would be the greatest beneficiaries, and if their sense of the advantage of such a spot amounts to a unanimous demand for it, the Air Garden becomes perforce subject for consideration by the City Fathers. Think of it well.

A man drove four long nails three inches into his head. He meant to kill himself, but they drew out the nails, and he survives and is as well as ever. Now, the doctors cannot determine whether this is complimentary to his brain power or not. Given that he had brain enough to come within the area covered by the nails, it seems as if he had a bang-up brain—for hardware, anyhow.

A native East Indian has taken up one of the most atrocious of his country's abuses, and cries for its remedy. Infant marriages may easily produce girl widows of nine or ten. The fateful law of India dooms them to perpetual widowhood, which amounts to the same thing as an enforced virginity. Such a law is in violation of nature's demands, and should be done away with.

Prince GEORGE's social career in Halifax has reached no dizzier culmination than his appearance in a fashionable lobster saloon, where he presumably disposed of a lobster. And if he had come to Newport he could have had all the lobs he wanted for nothing. If the boy were like his grandam this would amount to a consideration.

A Paris paper says a dynamite mine was discovered under the railroad which Kaiser WILHELM would have to take in his coming tour to Russia. Can it be that, not satisfied with the Czar as an object for explosions, the Nihilists want to experiment on the young German Emperor? This is low.

A colored preacher has poisoned ten people. He used rat poison, and altogether he does not seem to be a glowing light in the pulpit.

SPOTLETS.

Many of the letter-carriers are named Sam. They may be "nephews of their Uncle."

"So much cabbage w.l run me," said Smythkins as he paid his eighth cab fare.

Now what a pity that there was no Miss Crœsus.

Any actress who doesn't go abroad in the Summer has absolutely no claim nowadays to histrionic distinction.

What in the world have Mrs. Durston's dogs got to do with Lowder's execution?

It is not all play and no work with a German band, though there is an awful amount of play.

Some people like both a horse and a remark to be racy.

Hail to the bald man who named his country place "Mud Knobs." He's a good man to have an account with you.

The farewell business is getting bald when a performer farewells this week and reappears the next.

WORLDLINGS.

Minister Phelps owns $1,000,000 in real estate in and about Washington. Last week he sold for $250,000 a tract of land in the outskirts of the city that cost him $80,000 a few years ago, and he has been offered $300,000 for a piece of land opposite the Chinese Legation, for which he paid $30,000 in 1883.

Representative Hitt, of Illinois, is said to be nearer to Mr. Blaine than any man in Washington.

One of the guests at Sea Grit is the Baroness von Frieser, formerly Miss Smith, of Philadelphia. The Baroness is a petite brunette with small but pretty features, brown eyes and jet black hair. Her husband is a tall and robust blonde.

One of the most persuasive orators in the National House of Representatives is W. J. Stone, of Missouri. He is tall and thin and a typical Southerner. He has straight black hair and high cheek-bones and the gift of eloquence.

It is estimated that fully 4,000 Pennsylvanians are in the employ of the United States Government.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

W. H. Hildebrandt is one of the leading spirits of the Arthur Kull Rowing Association. He holds an important business position. He strokes the club's junior four.

A. T. Davenport belongs to the Atalanta Boat Club. His forte is single sculling. He weighs about 160 pounds and is well developed.

J. M. Beam is one of the supports of the Ravenswood Boat Club. He has not yet taken to shell racing to any great extent. He says the gigs are good enough for him. He has the making of a crack oarsman in him.

H. W. Slocum, the tennis player, has the reputation of being able to "get into condition" faster than any devotee of the game. He says the secret of this is that he never allows himself to get far out of condition.

STOLEN RHYMES.

Love Is Out of Town.

How quiet the place, no soul around,
The house is wrapp'd in deepest gloom;
Not even the semblance of a sound
Is waited from the drawing-room.
'Twas recently so light and gay,
But now the blinds are all drawn down.
Ah, sorrowful reminders they
That love is out of town.

I envy the caressing wave,
That bears her on its silv'ry crest;
When daily she goes forth to love
In daintest bathing-costume dress'd.
Mine is the dearest lot of all,
That pleasure's goblet fails to drown;
I languish here in lonely thrall
Since love is out of town.

Her heart is mine, but 'tis not strange
(So weak, they say, is woman's will)
It may have undergone a change
Ere she returns to Murray Hill.
Some duke, perhaps, of high decree,
Who knows the weight of Fortune's frown,
Might win her—marry her—ah, me!
That love is out of town.

Broadway is dull, Fifth avenue
Is dim and (I entreat a pa.)
And I—I'm feeling rather blue
Away from her, my queen, my all;
The club's delights have long grown stale,
I'm tired of Smith, De Jones and Brown;
Oh, tear me to some cool, sweet vale
Far love is out of town.

—*Eugene Geery, in New York Saturday Review.*

The Big Trombone.

You have seen him in the orchestra,
With aged, thoughtful face,
Where care and time have both combined
Their furrows to trace;
His eyes out wearily far-off look,
As if he were alone,
When he plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.

It isn't much—a note or two
The harmonies to fill;
It doesn't take remarkable
Intelligence or skill;
With teetingless precision,
Once to hold it has grown,
He plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.

And yet the face is delicate,
The forehead broad and high;
No doubt replete with promise
Was the youth of years gone by;
O'er a lot of faded memories
He looks when no skill one,
Ere he plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.

—*Washington Post.*

August.

'Tis August when your skin begins to peel,
And perspiration down your face doth pour;
You're sure you know all that you're living for
Except to broil and boil and roast and feel
The much abused caloric o'er you steal.
You swear, complain, and swallow drinks galore,
But after all you only sweat the more
And find your sufferings you cannot conceal.
But, August, though my temper you do tire,
I will confess I think you near "a little mind,"
And keep myself from acting like a fool,
If some mean mortal, feeling all the while,
In people that do almost drive me wild
Wouldn't come and tell me ten times to "keep cool."

—*Nathan M. Levy, in Judge.*

LABOR SAVERS FOR LAZY MEN.

Two Unique Devices Invented by Ingenious Yankees.

A Maine man recently devised an apparatus with which a lazy man might set the kitchen fire a-going without leaving his bed, says the Lewiston *Journal*, and now an inventor in Madison has produced an arrangement by which the lamp lights itself on dark winter mornings when the alarm clock jingles. The mechanism of the alarm lifts a catch that holds a piece of sandpaper under the point of a match. The sandpaper flies back, quickly ignites the match, which is inserted in a socket in the end of a plunger.

As the match burns, the plunger slowly descends into the chimney of the lamp to the burner, when it remains stationary for a few seconds, giving ample time for lighting the wick, and then returns to its place free and clear of the lamp.

"No getting up in the dark and fumbling with a match," says the inventor; "but, also, you have to get up just the same, and there's the rub!"

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

The travelling bag that fashion carries to the seashore or mountain is a dark brown alligator skin with trimmings of French gilt warranted not to tarnish. Price $18 on Broadway and $11 in cross-town shops.

Russian net with pastilles in velvet is very nice for a dinner dress, if you are rich and partial to these dreamy gowns.

At home red Russia leather ties with hosiery and dress to match are striking and enlivening.

Colored linen embroidered in seaweed pattern is being used for covering sofa pillows.

Mrs. Robert Collyer, wife of the distinguished Unitarian minister, is a sweet, amiable little woman who rarely leaves her room. It is said that at the suggestion of the Woman's Unitarian Society she has undertaken to arrange a book of selections from the sermons, speeches and talks of the doctor. In Chicago as well as in New York this little volume will have an immense sale.

Miss Dorothy Tennant's last act as an unmarried artist was the sale of her picture of "Street Arabs at Play" to a great soap-selling firm for a pictoral advertisement.

Summer demands special fans, simpler and less ornamental than those under whose shelter bright eyes cast their captivating glances around the evening salon. Summer fans are large and light-colored. The frames are made of plain wood; the cover of crape. Young ladies of artistic talent can exercise their taste in painting their fans in floral or figure design. The parasol fan is coming into use as a novelty. It is easier to hold than a parasol, and a good shade from the sun's rays. These fans are chiefly made of green gauze, sometimes even of paper. They can be ornamented with either birds or ribbon bows.

A platinum fleur-de-lis in the centre of a disk of gold flower-work forms the pretty design of a pair of cuff-buttons now in the market.

Shot alpacas are deservedly fashionable. The finer makes are silky, and resist wear as only alpaca can. A very tasteful dress is of old-rose alpaca, shot with white. To be used in conjunction are several yards of like material striped with a darker tone of vieux rose, the stripes narrow and arranged in groups of three. Pale blue mohair, shot white, and green shot a delicate primrose are among the color mixtures in these pretty, durable fabrics.

To make lemon drops grate the rind from two lemons, and cut the middle very fine, discarding the thick white part. Add one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, a small pinch of soda, and flour to make a stiff batter. Drop it in large balls on a buttered tin, and bake twenty minutes. Serve with lemon sauce.

A cement for India rubber, by means of which a worn spot in the overshoes or any rubber article may be repaired without expense or trouble is often found useful. To make a small quantity of such a cement, sufficient to keep for emergency, purchase five cents worth of red rubber from some dealer in dentists' supplies. Cut it into bits put it into a bottle and cover it with chloroform. In about ten minutes it will be dissolved, it should be applied with a brush like a mucilage brush. Do not leave the bottle uncorked for an instant, except while removing the brush, and apply the cement as rapidly as possible, or it will harden. Where there is a large hole a piece of what is known as "rubber dam," which may also be purchased from a dealer in dentists' supplies, may be useful. Cut out a piece of this of suitable size, fasten it over the hole with a few stitches and brush over the rubber with the cement. Care should be taken not to inhale any chloroform nor to leave this cement where children can get to it.

Those who attribute all our social ills to the fact that "there are too many people in the world" will not find much comfort in the conclusions just expressed by Dr. William Ogle in his very interesting paper on "Marriage Rates and Marriage Ages." For instance, it is not very consoling to learn that in order to equalize the birth rate and the death rate it would be necessary that the present annual number of marriages should be reduced one-half. In view of this startling statement one feels but little impressed by the news that there are not so many early marriages now as there were twenty years ago, and that, if anything, the annual total of marriages tends slightly to decrease. The most serious part of the matter is, as Dr. Ogle points out, that the proportion of celibates is highest among the well-to-do and the independent classes, and lowest among those who have to work hard for a living. Moreover, young people of the artisan class marry at a much earlier age than those in a better position, and while this state of things continues to exist, how can we wonder at the amount of misery and distress that cries aloud from the wretched courts and alleys of our cities and towns? Unless our working-class youths and maidens can be brought to obey the dictates of common prudence, it is to be feared that poverty and want will claim an increasing number of victims as the years go on.

HALF HIS TIME IN PRISONS.

A Respected Brooklyn Man Who Is Well Known to the Police.

A detective from Police Headquarters was showing a visitor to Brooklyn the sights of that city the other day, says a writer in the *Epoch*. While the two were standing at the entrance to the Park Theatre the detective pointed to the City Hall steps opposite and called his companion's attention to an aged man who was slowly making his way to the sidewalk.

"That man," said the detective, "has been in prison more times than any other man in the county."

"You don't tell me," exclaimed the interested listener.

"Oh, yes," continued the detective, with a wearied air; "he is no sooner out of the Penitentiary than he is in Raymond Street Jail, and he has no sooner left the jail than he is back again in the Penitentiary. Not only that, the police know that he has crooks constantly calling at his house and he is often seen calling at their homes."

"Good gracious!" said the visitor, "that is simply outrageous; they ought to send the old fellow up for life."

"Well, they can't arrest him very well," observed the detective, dryly.

"Why not, I should like to know?"

"Because he is the Chaplain of the Penitentiary and of Raymond Street Jail."

The gentleman referred to was the Rev. J. G. Bass, who, for many years, has been connected with the Kings County penal institution, and who is highly esteemed.

Unkind.

(From the Clothier and Furnisher.)

Miss Summit—Did you have a good time at Long Branch?

Dashaway—Exceedingly. Indeed I had a hard time to get away.

Miss Summit—No baggage, I presume.

GIVE THEM LIFE.

Tiny Sufferers Need the Help of Every Charitable Person.

Every Dollar Means a New Lease of Existence.

Success of the Richfield Springs and Tarrytown Entertainments.

Dr. M. L. Foster, Chief of THE EVENING WORLD's Medical Corps, renders the following report of work done up to date:

Number of houses visited	5,705
Number of families visited	49,267
Number of sick prescribed for	4,075
Number of revisits	779

In addition to the above, 235 cases of abject poverty were relieved with food and clothing.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$3,833.80
Tarrytown Entertainment	180.00
W. G.	5.00
J. K. Postman	.35
Jessie, Harold and Drew	2.00
"C. B. D."	2.00
Friends in ship	5.10
A. M. S.	1.00
Henry Morris	9.00
A Father	1.00
May	1.00
Jennie Siegel and Gussie Schwersenski	10.00
Flatbush fair	4.82
Harold	5.00
Nellie Byrne and Flossie Ackerman	3.10
Sympathy	8.00
Morton	1.00
Anna S. Reardon	3.05
Irma Hess and others	1.12

TARRYTOWN HAS DONE WELL.

The Guests at the Mott House Raise $200 for the Sick Babies.

To the Editor:

We are glad to announce that our concert, held last Friday evening, was a great success. Our Lyceum was crowded and our audience a most select and appreciative one.

The Ideal Company excelled their previous performances and were frequently encored. The sum realized, over and above expenses, was $200, but I am only sending you $180, as a local case so attracted our sympathies that we gave $20 in that direction.

I am sure if ever the sick babies could know the particulars of this case they would have advised our giving more. Our thanks are due to the gentlemen of the Mott House, who aided the babies' cause so much; to Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Lowerre and others, of Tarrytown, who assisted us to make our entertainment a success, and in a particular measure to Mr. Chilton, the able business manager of the Ideal Company.

Next year we will redouble our efforts and hope to send you a much larger sum, but when you consider that Tarrytown has few if any transient visitors, you will, I am sure accept our humble efforts with the sincere wish that each dollar may become as a hundred in the good results to the sick babies.

THE LADIES OF THE MOTT HOUSE.

To the Editor:

The undersigned little children of One Hundred and Third street have collected $1.12 for the Sick Babies' Fund, which is hereby inclosed. Irma Hess, Florence Lingard, Stella Appel, Ferdinand Bernstein, Louis Rothschild and Jerome David.

New York, Aug. 2.

Little Anna's Party.

To the Editor:

With mama's permission I gave a little entertainment in our dining-room on Thursday evening last for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund, and the following little girls assisted me: Maggie Hayes, aged ten; Mamie Sullivan, aged ten; Jennie Brown, aged ten; Maudie Moran, aged nine; Tessie Sullivan, aged fourteen; Minnie Reardon, aged six; Ella Long, aged four; Gertie Reardon, aged three and Jack Scott, aged three. We gladly send you the sum of $3.05, which we collected at our little entertainment and hope it will help to relieve the poor little suffering babies.

ANNA S. REARDON, age, ten years.
23 Brook street, Tompkinsville, S. I.

They Sold Paper Wreaths.

To the Editor:

My little friend Flossie and I thought we could make some money for the Sick Babies' Fund by selling paper wreaths, and we tried and our little friends bought them and we made $3.10 which we inclose.

NELLIE D. BYRNE,
FLOSSIE E. ACKERMAN,
332 and 323 West Eighteenth Street.

A Flatbush Fair.

To the Editor:

The inclosed $4.82 is from Laura Sweeney, Flora Lyons and Caroline Oberglock, three young Flatbush girls, who held a fair at the residence of Edward Sweeney, Flatbush, for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD's Sick Baby Fund.

Nyack's Pretty Workers.

To the Editor:

Jennie Siegel and her cousin, Gussie Schwersenski, each less than twelve years of age, have been touched with sympathy for the sick babies of New York, and to-day they brought $10 to the *Evening Journal* office to be forwarded to THE EVENING WORLD for the Sick Babies' Fund. They raised the money by earnest solicitation, and hope it will relieve the suffering of some little ones of the great city who have not blessings of fresh country air and cool, shady groves.

NYACK EVENING JOURNAL.

THE SICK BABIES' FUND.

A Large Amount Realized for This "Evening World" Charity.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, Aug. 3.—The entertainment for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund at the Summer Theatre here was a remarkable success. Over five hundred dollars was raised through the efforts of the well-known actor G. M. Ford and Mrs. Margaret St. John. Heretofore over $1,000 has been raised by Mrs. St. John. The best-known people of this fashionable watering place were in attendance and the postponement of the full-dress ball, also on for Saturday night and put off because of the Sick Babies' Fund entertainment, added greatly to its success. It was an occasion that will long be remembered at this quiet Summer resort. The large sum realized for THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund speaks well indeed for the charitable disposition of the kind-hearted Summer residents.

SARATOGA IN A BUSTLE.

Rivalry Among Ladies to Dispose of Sick Baby Benefit Tickets.

There is great rivalry among the ladies in Saratoga Springs as to who will sell the most tickets for the entertainment to be given Aug. 7 for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD's Sick Baby Fund.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is canvassing the United States Hotel; Mrs. John H. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, the Taft House; Mrs. Benno Wolf and her two daughters Congress Hall, and Mrs. Manager Adams and Mrs. Layton the Grand Union.

This entertainment promises to be the most successful of the season as everybody at the Springs is interested in it and the sale of tickets has been unusually large.

The half of the proceeds is to be divided equally between the two charitable institutions at the Springs, the remaining half to be sent to THE EVENING WORLD's Sick Baby Fund.

(Eyes want to relieve the diseases of breathing nasly give BOSANKO'S TREPHINE CORNELL, 25c.)

SWIMMING TWENTY HOURS.

Terrible Experience of a Shipwrecked Young Woman.

Nerve and Heroism Rarely, if Ever, Equalled by Man.

In the history of this century there has, perhaps, never been known an instance of greater courage, endurance and pluck than that shown by Emily Lacy, a young girl under sixteen years of age, at the time of the wreck of the Quetta.

As Miss Lacy is related to some personal friends of my own, says L. T. Meade in *Woman*, I have asked permission to publish a few more particulars about her.

She and her younger sister, aged thirteen, were coming to England to complete their education. When the crash came Emily immediately rushed to the cabin to try and rescue her younger sister, and the two succeeded in reaching the deck, where, however, they were at once separated, and they never met afterwards.

Miss Lacy says that as the vessel was going down, a gentleman in whose care the girls were said to her: "You look after yourself and I will take care of May." Both this gentleman, however, and the little sister were drowned.

"When we got aft," she writes, "the ship suddenly went down, and as I was drinking in the salt water I thought I was going to be drowned. But I came up again and was surrounded by Cingalese and sheep. I felt myself being pressed down by them. It was terrible.

"Then I saw a raft a short distance out, and was dragged on to it by the purser, who was very kind to me. We were attached to a bigger raft, crowded with Cingalese. When we got away some distance, as the Cingalese became very noisy we cut our raft adrift, and I remained on her with the purser for a long time, till we were, as I thought, two miles from the shore; and as he told me that he could not swim, I left him and swam for the shore, but I did not reach it, as it was so far away.

I went on swimming towards the land, and saw another raft, on which were two Cingalese, to which I made my way, and got to it; but, as they were very rude and excited and I thought they might be drunk, I left it and took to swimming again."

When lifted out of the water she could not have kept up for another half hour. She was quite without clothes, and burned nearly black with the sun. Before lifting her out of the water a sailor threw his jacket over her, and then laid her tenderly in the bottom of the boat.

For twenty consecutive hours she had been swimming and floating, sometimes on her back, sometimes on her side. She spoke of the heat as so intense that she had continually to keep her head under water to escape sunstroke. She says that she had never any conscious fear of death, either from drowning or from a worse or more terrible enemy, sharks, but she often felt her powers of endurance giving way, and it was only the thought of the agony her death would have caused her parents which enabled the heroic girl to continue her exertions.

The wreck took place at 9 P. M. Friday, Feb. 28, and Miss Lacy was not rescued until 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Twelve hours out of that time she spent with the chief officer, Grey, who had got on a raft. As he could not swim, the brave girl swam by the side of the raft and tried to tow it towards land.

Finding, however, that she was making no progress, she left him, hoping to reach land, which did not seem far away, and so get food and water for herself and him. She soon, however, got into cross-currents, and when the Albatross rescued her she was drifting out to sea.

Miss Lacy is now recovering from the fearful shock she has undergone, and has before now returned to her home. She expressed a great dread of going again on the water, and it is scarcely likely that the intrepid girl will ever visit England.

THE END OF YOUTH.

[F. C. MORTIMER, IN "CHATTER."]

This is how Clairon, the actress whom all Paris worshipped a hundred and fifty years ago, describes in her memoirs the terrible moment when, for the first time, she realized that her youth had fled:

"I had reached the age of forty without having noticed any change for the worse in my appearance. It may be that the elaborate toilets necessitated by my roles had blinded the eyes of others; perhaps the illusion of my youth had been sustained by the wide variety of characters I personated; it may be that the passions I depicted or the deceptive light of the stage had something to do with the matter; whatever the explanation, all my friends declared me charming, and my lover adored me madly. In short, I was content.

"One day, being unusually desirous of looking my best, I called to my assistance all those elegant adornings which we women always have in reserve, and which many people say 'Ah!' when they see us. As I studied the mirror closely, to see if my hair was arranged to the best advantage, there came to me a suspicion that my maid was getting negligent, that she had forgotten what became me, or that she had for once intentionally made me less attractive than usual.

"Nevertheless I called with confidence for the charming little bonnet which was to complete my toilet. Turn and adjust it as I would the effect was still unsatisfactory. Throwing the bonnet aside I had the maid bring me twenty others, and amazed to find that none of them restored the something I had come to miss I studied my face closely.

"With the drawn curtains letting in a flood of light, and with my face close to the mirror, I discovered faint wrinkles on my forehead, in both corners of my eyes, in the curve of my neck! the whiteness of my teeth had lost something of its brilliancy! my lips were less fresh, my eyes not so bright! and, unhappily, I felt that at that moment I was perfectly well!

"Forced to confess that the chaunts was not the fault of my maid or of my bonnets, I burst into tears. 'What weakness!' do you say? Alas! I loved. My happiness depended on my power to please, and reason told me I could no longer expect to do it."

OUR CHAUNCEY'S SPEECHES.

The Great After-Dinner Speaker's Facility in Preparing Them.

"Mr. Depew's addresses are mostly all written out before delivery—that is, the most important of them," says a writer in the Chicago *Journal*, "and he is exceedingly facile with his pen when once he gets started. I remember an instance when I was at his house at 7 o'clock one evening. He was to deliver one of his most important addresses that evening at 8 o'clock. He had not written a line of it.

He talked leisurely with me as if there was not a thought on his mind. At 7.15 o'clock he went into his library; at 7.30 o'clock he was reading over his manuscript entirely in his own writing!

"In ten minutes more he was wheeling through the streets to the hall, and at 8.10 o'clock he was on his feet talking, gleaning at his manuscript only three times during the entire address of forty-five minutes' duration. And the address was as good and able a one as has ever come from the pen and lips of New York's popular speaker."

A CHANCE FOR THE JOKERS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold eagle to the person who has sent in the best joke for the accompanying illustration. No further contributions will be received in this contest.

Incompatibility That Could Not Be Overcome.

George—Is this your final decision?

Elizabeth Arabella Dupont—It is, George; I can never be yours. I do not like the way your hair is cut. E. T. S.

When He Was in Her Thoughts.

He—And do you sometimes think of me, love?

She—Yes, dear, sometimes; but when you wear that glass you occupy my whole thoughts.

He—Why so?

She—Because you are then my one idea (one-eyed dear). MANHATTAN.

She Had Been Made Tired Before.

Mr. D. J.—How good of you, Miss Summergirl, to come to talk with me.

Miss Summergirl—Oh, not at all, Mr. D. J. I have listened to so much clever talk this evening that it will be quite a relief and a rest to listen to you, Mr. D. J., I assure you. M. J. R.

Only Athletic in Standing Still.

Mr. Longstay (during a lull in a two hours' conversation)—A penny for your thoughts, Miss Restless.

Miss Restless—Oh, I was wondering if you were an oarsman?

Mr. Longstay—Bless your heart, no; cann't even row a stroke. Upon what was your wonderment based?

Miss Restless—You have such great staying powers. W. D. P.

Caused by the Prevailing Fashion.

Susie (who affects the manners and attire of her brother)—What's the matter, Fred; have you made a discovery?

Fred—No—that is—not a startling one. I did wonder what became of my last—but never mind, it's all right now.

Probably Because He Was Such a Swell.

Nellie—Harry, we must not meet again until I return from abroad.

Harry—Why, Nellie?

Nellie—Because when you look at me now I see (sea) sickness staring me in the face. ED.

The Moisture Was Wholly Artificial.

His Sister—Good gracious, Algernon, you look as if you had been rolled up in a wet umbrella.

Her Brother—Well—aw—you see, I bought a new—aw—hatband to-day, and the—aw—fellows insisted on wetting it with me.

His Sister—Yes, I can see in your eye that you have a glass too much. J. W. HARGREAVES.

He Had Not Counted the Cost.

Mr. McGinty—Aw, your presence is vewy deah to me.

Miss Beautiful Snow—Beg pardon; I am sorry that my presence is so expensive. Good day. Miss M. TABORSKY.

It Was Red, White and Black.

Mabel—Are you fond of music?

Gus—Very.

Mabel—Is that the reason you wear that German band around your hat? MARK A. RANKUN.

Two Souls With But a Single Thought.

Helen—No, Nat; I cannot afford, much as I care for you, to marry so poor a man.

Nat—Then, Helen, my dream of love is o'er.

Helen—I fear so. Our cases are the same, for my dream of love is ore. NAT.

Knew the Old Gentleman's Characteristics.

She—Tom, from your appearance I fear that you have been "working the growler."

He—Really now, beg pardon; but—

She—Oh, I mean asking your pa for money. T. E.

She Must Have Stayed at Home.

Miss Palaver—And you didn't hear of it?

"Not a word from anybody."

"Why, I thought everybody certainly knew it by this time, for I've known it for a week." A. L. SCHMIDT.

Walking Was Good Enough for Her.

He—We can now have that promised little sail together?

She—Well, n-o! I'm not a saleslady this evening. Ta, ta, Ned. JAMES BURKE.

Promoted from the Angelus Pose.

He—I like this job much better than that one in "The Angelus." I got a crick in my neck standing with my head bowed all the time.

She—So do I; I hated that peasant's costume. Just get on to this swell rig, Georgie, dear.

Not a Good Pair to Draw To.

He—If I'm a dude it can be seen
That I'm not far from a dudine. J. PYLE.

No Bell Punch on the Nightmare Line.

Mr. Sleepy Eye—Really, do you know I have walked in my sleep for the last few nights?

Miss Ditto—Why don't you take your car fare to bed with you? G. B. J.

He Was Not in It in Either Case.

Mr. Always Loses—I played a horse named "Situation" yesterday and—

Miss Bookmaker—Well, I suppose he got the "place." G. B.

His One Fault.

(From Judge.)

"He's an awfully nice fellow and a good friend of mine, but he has one grievous fault—he is always quoting French and Latin and all the other languages."

"And doesn't know one, I suppose?"

"That's just it; he does know them and I don't."

Watered Stock.

(From Puck.)

"You seem to be very fond of soup, Mr. Skiparlor," remarked the landlady, as he asked for a second help.

"Yes," he returned, with a meaning of his own; "especially thin soups."

Tired All Over

Is the expression a lady used in describing her condition before using Hood's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is wonderfully adapted for weakened or low state of the system. It quickly tones the whole body, gives purity and vitality to the blood, and clears and freshens the mind. Take it now if you feel "tired all over."

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, with the best results. As a health invigorator and medicine for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. RIZER, Albany street, Utica, N. Y.

N. B. Be sure to get the Peculiar medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

George Stuttered.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

The marriage wasn't a month old, and the young bride and her rising mother sat watching the clock work towards midnight.

"What is that heavy, broken, uncertain footsteps coming up the stairs?" said the mother-in-law sternly.

"I guess it's George, mamma. You know he always stuttered, and here of late it seems to have got somehow into his walk."

An Awkward Situation.

(From the Epoch.)

"I hope, Judge," said the defendant, "that you will grant my wife the decree of divorce. If you don't, she'll starve."

"Starve?"

"Certainly. Fact is, I've asked another lady to marry me, and if my wife don't get her divorce I'll be sued for breach of promise, and the whole family'll be ruined."

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

One Dollar Weekly

RELIABLE PERSONS CAN OBTAIN GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, EMBLEM PINS AND CHARMS ON EASY WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS BY CALLING ON OR ADDRESS.

MUTUAL WATCH CO.,
355 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MICHAEL MURRAY'S LONG STRUGGLE.

HE ALMOST CHOKED AT NIGHT FROM THE EFFECTS OF CATARRH.

Terrible Pains in His Stomach, Chest and Head and a Sore Throat Were Some of the Symptoms—Drs. McCoy and Wildman Have Cured Him Completely, He Says.

Mr. Michael Murray is a happy man now. He wasn't for years. He suffered terribly from the effects of catarrh. Mr. Murray is a stonecutter. He has a family and a happy home at 425 West Forty-eighth street. He is a pleasant man, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He said to a reporter:

MR. MICHAEL MURRAY, 425 WEST 48TH ST.

"Five years ago I was laid up for two or three days, and I awakened one morning with a terrible noise in my head and terrible pains. I was sure I had catarrh. I went to my family doctor and he said I didn't have catarrh. He said I had neuralgia. He gave me medicine, but it didn't do me any good. My head got stopped up and I got terribly dizzy. If I would stoop down I had to put out my hand to keep from falling. I got terrible pains in my stomach. I used to almost choke at night from the dropping of mucus in my throat. My throat got sore. I had pains in my chest so badly that I used to have to lay down my hammer. I had terrible headaches mornings, night and morning.

"Six months ago I went to Drs. McCoy and Wildman and the result of their treatment is that the pains in my chest are all gone now. They cured my sore throat and my stomach, too.

"I'm cured completely.

"I've felt stronger this summer than I have in the past five years. I've felt better every way. I feel different altogether. I'm glad to say what Drs. McCoy and Wildman have done for me. I know lots of people who are suffering with catarrh that could be cured if they would do as I did and go to Drs. McCoy and Wildman."

Drs. McCoy and Wildman furnish all medicines free, and their charges for treatment are so reasonable that they are within the reach of all.

DOCTORS
McCOY and WILDMAN.

Offices:
5 EAST 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY,
Near Grand Central Depot;
BROADWAY, Cor. 14TH ST., N.Y. CITY,
Domestic Sewing-Machine Building;
187 MONTAGUE ST., BROOKLYN,
Opposite Academy of Music,
where all curable diseases are treated with success.
Specialties—Catarrh, all throat and chest diseases, all nervous diseases, chronic diseases.
If you live at a distance write for a symptom blank.
Address all mail to 5 East 42d st.
Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., 7 to 8 P. M. daily. Sundays, 9 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

STOCK TAKING

Has called our attention to various odd suits and pieces of furniture that represent what was fashionable a few months since, but not what we are making up for fall trade, so we prefer the space occupied to any profit that might come by keeping them, and the prices marked make them great bargains.

They are all sound, well made and desirable goods.

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,
FURNITURE MAKERS,
104, 106 and 108 West 14th St.

It is a long way up to the first rung of the ladder of wealth. A World "Want" will help you to reach it.

Nothing on earth that costs so little is so full of possibilities as one of these little advertisements.

On Mondays and Saturdays, half-rate Situation Days, Situations Wanted "Wants" are but 5 cts. per line and Help Wanted "Wants" but 10 cts. per line.

TWO VERY MEAN MEN.

The One from Duluth Could Give the Other Cards and Spades.

"Did you have a big Fourth of July here?" asked a new arrival of the clerk at the Bingham House last night, according to the Philadelphia *North American*.

"No, it was very quiet," replied the clerk.

"Same way with us up at Montpelier. The rich folks up there are rather stingy and don't take any interest in Fourth of July celebrations. Why, we've got some rich people in Montpelier so cussed penurious that they wouldn't chip in five cents to save the Constitution of the United States from dissolution."

"That's queer," suggested the clerk.

"Fact, though! Why, we've got a man up there so mean that he had all the hair taken off his head by some chemical process to save the expense of going to a barber."

"You call that a mean man?" asked a gray-bearded, stunted individual, who had apparently been inspecting the register, but had taken in the above conversation. "Why, that was a benevolent fellow compared with a man I