The World

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THE MAIN POINT.

The execution party of Auburn jail, who juggled with the wretched KEMMLER till they managed by dint of shocking and roasting to kill him off, are now engaged in shifting the blame for their bungling onto other shoulders.

Warden DURSTON says Dr. SPITZKA was to blame in ordering the current to be shut off too soon. DURSTON seems to be right. Dr. SPITZKA indignantly throws the responsibility on DURSTON for having the arrangements most defectively made. Dr. SPITZKA seems to be right. So with the others who had any responsibility; they lay it elsewhere, and seem to be right.

What is the upshot of it all? That there was a general bungle, and that those on whom most depended for the success of the execution were the most deficient. These same blunders can occur again. The manner in which this first electric execution was conducted will not be any support or sedative to the flurried executioners in others.

The most luminous outcome of it all is that there never should be another. It has been tried and has proved a failure. The details have been more shocking than the most brooding mind could have imagined.

At all events, if the law is not repealed, where will you find a jury of human beings who will condemn one of their fellows, whatever his guilt, not only to death, but to a horrid scene of torture? No nineteenth century jury would condemn a man to be burnt at the stake. Why any more condemn him to be broiled by electric wires? Repeal the law!

DIFFICULT JUSTICE.

When a Judge has to mount his judgment seat with bayonets bristling in a cordon about him to protect him from deadly assault for impartial rendering of justice, the moral atmosphere of that locality needs purging very badly.

This is the state of affairs in Perry County, Ky. It cannot be a cheerful place of residence, except for gentlemen who are fond of pistol practice with a human being for target.

The Judge very rightly declared that such a condition of affairs was a disgrace to Christendom. He avowed that he would elevate the tone of the community till the murder of a man was regarded as a more serious crime than stealing a horse.

The Judge may have a larger contract than it would appear. Perry County Kentucklans have keen sensibilities—for horses!

Chicago has invited Warden DURSTON to come and lecture on the Kemmler execution, and bring along a model of the chair. Of course, it would be too much to ask the Warden for all the details of the graceful, dainty affair at Auburn, but he might discourse on the gentle mercy of a quick, seemly and painless death by electricity. Slitting the victim's trousers up and trimming his shirt to effectively apply the wire to his spine might be humorously treated to lighten the severe scientific treatment of the subject. Chicago might enjoy this.

The outcome of the Dunlo case is better than could have been expected from a British scandal involving a Lord and a houri of the music halls. Lord and Lady DUNLO are perfectly reconciled with each other now. The Earl of CLANCARTY threatens to cut off his son's source of supplies if he persists in living with his wife. If DUNLO should have "sand" enough to snap his fingers in his mean old father's face and actually work to support the woman whom he deliberately wedded, his stock as a man will rise very decidedly. Do it, DUNLO.

That royal darling, Prince GEORGE, will go home in May and be promoted to the command of one of the royal yachts. May be he will be captain on his own papa's craft, the Arline. He is losing all the fun which his cousin's visit to England might have let him in for, but the next time WILLIAM comes to Cowes he may sail around on Prince GEORGE'S boat. How nice!

An old pocketbook vender, who recently died, had $4,000 sewed up in his clothes and a deed for the house in which he lived. If there is anything absolutely barred from human sympathy it should be a miser.

Emperor WILLIAM got nearly crushed by a carriage. He has also sampled British beer. If he returns alive to Germany the nation may well sing a Te Deum.

The Volunteer has come in ahead in another yacht race. There are no flies on Gen. PAINE'S daisy boat. Who said she had warped out of line?

They Do Him Honor.

(From Chatter.)

First Youngster—I don't think young McKee need be so stuck up. All the papers call him baby.

Second Youngster—Yes, but they spell Baby with a capital B.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

There is no fabric equal to jeans for embroidery and punto tirato work.

Instead of hemstitching the choice handkerchief the corners are ornamented with drawn work.

If you must wear black brighten it up with a flat silver braid quarter of an inch in width and girdle it with a silver belt.

Ladies are wearing striped silk belts buckled with a silver S. This is a pretty fancy for a cotton waist or flannel blouse.

Pearl-gray suede leather low shoes, with silver buckles and laces, have taken place of the russet ties.

There is a girl, not yet seventeen, in the town of Essex, Conn., who wished much to go to school and gain some special instruction and training. She cast about for a way to earn some money, and finally hit on the making of two articles in which she excels. They are brown bread and cream cakes. She made some and carried them round to those whom she thought would buy, and obtained many orders. Her time is now fully occupied in making brown bread and cream cakes and delivering them. By Autumn she will have money enough to go to school besides paying expenses.

For a woman to affect indifference to dress is in the highest degree absurd and reprehensible, and when you meet with a woman who indulges this affectation you may be sure that she is utterly devoid of taste, has no sense of form or color, and knows not a well-made gown from a veritable sack, or else, for some reason best known to herself, she is practising hypocrisy.

Here is the most approved way of making waffles: First be sure the irons are smooth. In the first place, if your irons are rusty or rough, make a batter of simply flour and water; grease irons thoroughly and heat well. Put this batter in and cook till done; take out, and if it does not come out easily have patience, and get all the waffle flour out by scraping with a sharp-pointed knife. Repeat this process, and you will be surprised how smooth your irons will become. Then to one pint of buttermilk or sweet milk use two eggs and soda or baking powder as you would for pancakes.

The "Lanztry Albert" is the rather peculiar name that a London jeweller has bestowed upon a fob chain. Crossing the silk ribbon are guards and a buckle set with fine diamonds. Three links of beaten yellow gold form the chair proper and at the opposite end is a pendant representing a globe of gold encircled by a crown beautifully wrought in a bas relief of dull twisted wire.

The swell attachment of a family which is blessed with small children is now an East India ayah or nurse. These Hindoo attendants have for many years served in England the same purpose that the negro nurse did with us in the era of slavery. They are supposed to be a token of a certain official distinction on the part of their masters, and their introduction dates from the days of Great Britain's grandiose career of conquest in the East Indies. Colonial officials, military and civil, sent these native attendants home with their children. Their presence thus had a meaning in the existing caste distinctions of the time. Nowadays it means nothing at all in England. Here in America it signifies the adoption of a foreign practice because it is foreign and for no other reason under the sun.

Miss Mary Lee, the youngest daughter of General R. E. Lee, possesses a wonderful memory for faces and names. Even a casual acquaintance met years before is not forgotten, and meeting him several years afterwards she at once speaks his name and recalls all the details of their former meeting. Miss Lee came from Egypt to witness the unveiling of the statue of her father. She has spent the last five years in Portugal, France, Russia and the Island of Madeira. She is a tall woman, of distinguished presence, and possesses that vivacious charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation which are nature's best gifts to her sex. Miss Lee will remain in America visiting friends in the South until next Spring, when she will sail for Rome.

Shot alpacas are deservedly fashionable. The finer makes are silky, and resist water 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.

An excellent way of testing tea is to put a teaspoonful in a glass of water and shake it thoroughly. If the tea is pure the water will be a pure amber tint, but if adulterated, strongly colored.

The small Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, is said to be growing exactly like her mother. The little girl is an enthusiastic entomologist, and never leaves the Castle of Laxenburg, where she lives, without a butterfly net.

An exchange thus describes the flower petal game: It is of Japanese origin, as I believe very many of our cleverest games are. Upon a large sheet of paper a human face is traced. Lots are then drawn in order to decide who is to be blindfolded first. If one of the little maidens of the party is chosen she hides her pretty orbs behind a big handkerchief and tries her luck. The children hand her a leaf of a bright-hued peony. This she tries to place on the mouth of the picture. Of course it is only once in a dozen times that she hits the mark. All sorts of ludicrous mistakes occur, sending the little ones off in wild bursts of childish glee. Delicately tinted rose leaves are supposed to supply the two nostrils; the pink petals of the azalea for the cheeks; the blue petals of the gloxinia for the eyes, and for the hair a number of the yellow leaves of the gourd plant. As you may imagine, a wonderful picture is the result of these efforts and one calculated to furnish an immense amount of fun. Whoever comes nearest to a really artistic picture gets a pretty prize. Sometimes it takes the form of a little straw basket filled with delicious bonbons, again a dainty flower vase or some Japanese trifle.

A Matter of Habit.

(From Judge.)

Mrs. Wrounder—What do you mean, sir, coming home at this time in the morning?

Tom Wrounder (haughtily)—Ah, yesh; mornin' m' dear; hash you used Zayres'h pope?

Justifiable.

(From Puck.)

Judge (severely)—Young woman, you are charged with playing Wagner's compositions until your victim expired in agony.

Prisoner—It was in self-defense, your Honor. He persisted in explaining baseball to me, against my expressed wish.

Judge (to Sheriff)—Release the prisoner!

WEE SUFFERERS.

Willing Hearts and Hands Come to Their Rescue.

Life Savers Doing Noble Work Among the Poor.

This Hot Weather Brings Death to Babies.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$4,911.06
Mr. G. C. Rich	20.00
Tarrytown Fair	17.00
K.	5.00
F.	2.00
Sagamond Fleux	5.13
B. T.	1.00
St. Cecilia Brown	5.00
Children's Concert	2.00
Employees of Cloak House	7.00
Mrs. R. Sharpe	1.00
Elenor Collins	1.65
Little Girls' Fair	3.00
A Sympathizer	2.00
Five Beach de Boys	5.00
Fred and May	5.00

Tarrytown Again Heard from.

To the Editor:

Yesterday afternoon and evening a fair under the management of the undersigned four little girls, was held upon the lawn of ex-County Superintendent of the Poor, Joseph W. Tompkins, for the Sick Baby Fund. The lawn was beautifully decorated with bunting and Chinese lanterns, and the merry faces and sweet songs of the children soon brought a goodly attendance.

The fair netted $17, which sum we herewith hand you for the benefit of the poor little ones, for whom so much good can be done by the little girls having entertainments of this kind.

MARIE RUSSELL,
CLARE BARNES,
BESSIE TOMPKINS,
FLOY ANDREWS.

Little Girls' Fair.

To the Editor:

We are three little girls who have heard from our parents of the Sick Baby Fund, so we contrived a plan and made up a little fair, whose gains we now send to you, which are $11. We hope it will help you do lots of good. The babies' three little friends,

BERTHA CRASWELL,
STELLA BAER,
ADELE BOILLOT.

Miss Collins's Collection.

To the Editor:

Please find inclosed $7.65 collected by me from my friends. I hear so much about the poor, sick little ones in your paper, I thought I would try and do a little to help on the good work.

MISS ELINORE COLLINS.

Collected in East Twenty-ninth street: Mrs. Dunne, 25 cents; Mrs. Mullaney, 25; Miss M. Quirk, 10; Miss Edna Dunne, 25; Miss Hattie Keegan, 25; Mr. William Pollock, 25; Mr. G. Brannan, 10; Miss J. Hanning, 25; Miss L. Hanning, 25; Mrs. D. Walsh, 25; Miss K. Cummings, 25. In North Washington Square: Miss Annie Collins, 25; Miss M. Kingsbury, 25; Miss R. Finnegan, 25; Miss M. Sweeney, 25; Mr. D. O'Brien, 25. In East Seventy-eighth street: Mr. Philip Walsh, 25; Mr. John Hughes, 25; Mr. Lichel, 25; Mrs. Herbs, 10; Mr. J. Meyer, 25; Mrs. M. Frazer, 25; Miss Lizzie Byrne, 25; Mr. D. Byrne, 25; Mrs. Looney, 25; Mrs. Wurl, 15; Mrs. Fullam, 25; Mrs. Kennedy, 35; Miss Louisa McConnell, 10; Mrs. Sheridan, 10; A Friend, 10; Papa, 25; Mamma, 25; my little sisters, Annie, 5, and Maudie, 5; myself, 15.

Saratoga's Benefit Successful.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

SARATOGA, Aug. 8.—The entertainment held here last evening for the benefit of the sick babies was a complete and gratifying success. Full details will be published tomorrow.

A Benefit in Harlem.

An interesting entertainment will be given at the hall of the Harlem Democratic Club this evening under the auspices of several Harlem children for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund.

The hall has been kindly donated by the officials, and from every indication the affair promises to be a huge success.

TABLEAUS AT BABYLON.

A Pretty Entertainment Gotten Up for the Sick Babies.

A novel and interesting entertainment for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund was held at the Argyle, Babylon, L. I., Tuesday evening. The programme consisted of a series of tableaus, in which the children of the hotel guests participated.

The affair was a most gratifying success, the sum of $23.65 having been raised.

Some of those who participated were:

Miss Lesley Temple, Miss Tessie Coman, Miss Fannie belle Leland, Miss Lillie Baird, Master Hardy Coman, Master Robert Lyons, Master Mathew Baird, jr.

The tableaux opened with "Indecision" and closed with "Good Night." The stage was handsomely decorated with birch trees.

Those who were present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Loeb, Mr. and Mrs. S. Barnum, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Falk, the Misses Falk, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coman, Miss Coman, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Charles Clark, Mrs. Richards, Miss Logan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Berry Wall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fosdick, jr.; Mrs. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, the Misses Schwartz, Mrs. Arnold, Mr. Edgar Arnold, Miss B. Arnold, Miss Fannie Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. M. Baird, Mr. William Baird, Miss B. Baird, Miss V. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Donohue, jr.; Mr. T. O'Donohue, Miss Delmonico, Mr. C. C. Delmonico, Miss J. C. Delmonico, Miss Nast, Mr. and Mrs. S. Leland, the Misses Dolan, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Gans, Mr. Howard Gans, Mr. and Mrs. Werner, Mrs. J. C. Temple, Mr. G. Ewing, Miss Scholer, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Hart, George G. Hart, jr.; Mr. Frank Hardy, Miss Voulin, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. A. C. Baum, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Higgins, jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norton, Mr. and Mrs. George Barnet, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Erhart, Mr. W. Erhart, Mrs. Thomas H. Cockran, Arthur Werner, Master E. Werner, Mr. Blood, Mr. and Mrs. J. Salters, Miss Logan, Mr. Tom Coman, jr., Mr. Charles Baird, Mr. S. Barnum, jr., Mr. J. Barnum, Mr. M. Barnum, Mrs. Morton, Mr. L. Schwartz, Mr. Walter L. Loeb, Mr. Charles Loeb, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Speyer, Master Du Witt Speyer.

The music was by Prof. Mohnheim. The performance was under the management of Miss Annetti Loeb, Miss Anna Clark and Mr. Morgan Coman.

OPERA IN CONNECTICUT.

An Amateur Troupe Will Sing for Sick Babies.

Guests of the Weantinaug Inn, New Milford, Conn., are preparing for a charming entertainment for the sick babies, to be held in the hotel parlors Aug. 12.

The programme consists of a series of tableaux and a short operetta called "Cups and Saucers."

One week later a more elaborate entertainment will be given under the leadership of W. W. Thomas, Musical Director of the New York and Brooklyn Amateur Opera Association.

Leading society people of New Milford are embodied in the cast, and all are working diligently to insure a smooth performance.

The little troupe will present their opera at Washington, Conn., and Lenox, Mass., as well as at New Milford, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails among them.

FISH TEMPTERS.

Scientific Devices with Which Anglers Lure the Finny Tribe.

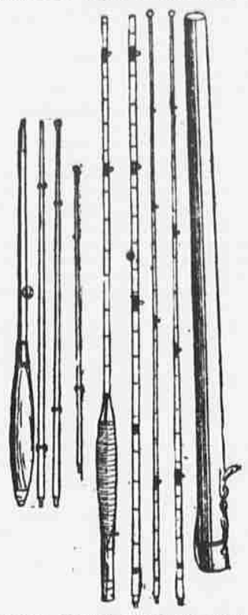
Rods, Reels, Lines and Flies to Delight the Fisherman.

A Very Respectable Outfit Can Be Obtained for About $200.

In these days of luxury and extravagance it is possible for the disciple of Izaak Walton to invest a small-sized fortune in providing himself with what is commonly supposed to be indispensable to a fisherman's outfit.

In the first place he must have at least five or six patent-jointed rods of various sizes, weights and materials, depending upon the particular kind of game to be captured.

It would never do in the world for the true sportsman and angler to try to hook a bass with a trout rod or vice versa, or



BASS AND SPLIT BAMBOO TROUT RODS.

attempt to impose upon a simple minded porgy with a weakfish tackle, all of which goes to show how absolutely essential it is to observe the conventional rules in this respect.

It doesn't make any difference if the angler, who has provided himself with a full assortment of rods, the best laid cuttyhunk lines, an amply stocked fly book and patent bait and quill floats of all kinds, after beating all the way up stream and then beating down again, doesn't catch anything to speak of.

The backwoodsman's boy cuts a pole in the next lot and with no more tackle than a piece of packing twine, a two-for-a-cent hook, a pellet of lead and a handful of worms, goes over the same brook and captures a fine basketful of trout.

This, however, only proved that the scientific angler was right, at least in his

BEE, GRASSHOPPER, HOUSEFLY, LADY BUG.

own opinion, for a whole cargo of fish caught by such rude and barbaric means would to him be as nothing in comparison with the one or two measly specimens landed on a twenty-five-dollar split bamboo rod with a twenty-dollar reel and all the modern improvements.

Fishing rods can be obtained at almost any price from 25 cents up. The plainest styles are made of ash with three or four joints and single ferrules. A little more elaborate style has double ferrules, reel bands and guide rings. Neither of these styles runs higher in price than $3 or $4.

The prices begin to mount up, however, when the lines of split bamboo rods for trout and black bass fishing are reached. It is difficult to get a good split bamboo for less than $5, while the best are worth $25. In the case of the latter only the very best selected bamboo is used. The

PHANTOM MINNOW.

ferrules are fitted without cutting the bamboo, thus adding strength to the rod instead of weakening it, which is the great objection to most ferrules.

The mountings of a fine rod like this are all in German silver, hand made and fitted, and has five raised tie guides. There are two tips, and the whole thing is eleven feet long and weighs only seven ounces. Such a rod as this will land the biggest trout that swims without breaking.

What are known as the six strip hexagonal split bamboo rods are a light, strong fly rod of the same class with that just mentioned. They lack, however, the zylonite cushion and water-proof zylonite case, which go with the former, and the material is not so carefully selected and guaranteed. They cost $12 each.

Among the black bass rods the best and favorite makes are the "Forest and Stream," the "St. Lawrence," the "McGinnies," the "Southern Bass," and the "Trunk Fly Rod." They average about $12 in price, and are handsomely made of the finest split bamboo. They also have solid metal reel seats above the band and fine raised tie guides in grooved wood form.

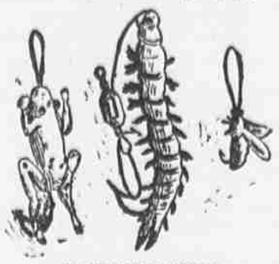
Rods intended for weakfishing and blackfishing are built somewhat more stockily than those used for trout fishing, and range in price from $6 to $15, according to the quality of the material used and their finish.

They are commonly made either wholly or in part of lancewood, the tips being invariably made from this wood. The more expensive rods are made with a fine finish and German silver mountings. This is a very serviceable rod for almost any kind of small fishing, where the lightness and delicacy of a fly rod is not necessary.

Recently fly rods of the very lightest class have been made with steel tips. The metal is very highly tempered and will bend double without breaking, at the same time preserving a firm and even tension.

One of the most important attachments to the fly rod is the reel. Old style reels of the best make can be bought for $5 or $6, but they are now rapidly being displaced by the newly invented automatic reel, which is especially valuable when it is necessary to fish with a long line.

It recovers "slack" with astonishing rapidity, the winding in being accomplished by simply touching a spring like



BLACK BASS FAVORITES.

that in a tape measure. At the same time the pull is not sufficient when tightening up to tear the hook out and let the fish escape.

Its usefulness is especially appreciated when the angler has a particularly gamy fish on the end of his line, which requires time and patience to land. This reel costs $10. The best balance-handle reel in the market is sold at $31.

In the way of fishing-lines there is a great variety of choice, but the best for both trout and bass fishing is a fair quality of enamelled silk water-proof line at from $4 to $6 a hundred yards. The usual length of a line is twenty-five yards, and four lines is enough to start out with.

The best quality of bass-flies can be bought in assorted lots for $1 to $2 a dozen, while trout flies range in price from 25 cents to $3 a dozen for the largest sizes, which are used for catching the big Maine lake trout.

There is a very large variety of flies used for trout fishing, and the following are the names of some that are kept in stock at the best stores:

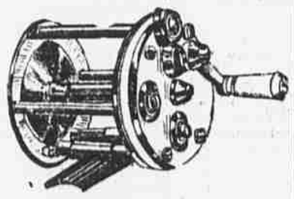
Professor, red hackle, Gen. Hooker, Canada, red dun, red grouse, abbey, brown hackle, spider, oak, magpie, alder, coachman, gray hackle, cooper thistle, yellow may, red spinner, black hackle, stone, widgeon, shoemaker, last chance, grizzly king, brown ant, orange dun, brown hen, yellow dollie, hawthorne, ibis, white miller, grannom, black gnat, gray dun, silver-brown, Montreal, march brown, governor, wren tail, gray drake, gravel bed, turkey brown, cinnamon, blue bottle, imbrie, gray dollie, fern, silver-black.

In addition to these special insect hooks are sold representing the bee, the grasshopper, the ladybug and the housefly or any other insect that would be likely to tempt a particularly fastidious old brook trout. These are sold at 25 cents a piece.

Besides these there are helgramites or dobsons, frogs and phantom minnows, which are useful at times and are sold at 35 to 60 cents each, according to size.

The fully equipped fisherman would also need a few long gut leaders, say nine feet in length, one or two double gut minnow gangs, a landing net No. 2, tackle book No. 1, trout bag No. 2 and a leather case for the rod, No. 8.

Of course, a fisherman going out on a long excursion, whether it be for trout or bass, can take as many other things with



REEL.

him as he may think he will need and can conveniently carry, but the outfit which is given above includes everything that is considered absolutely essential by an experienced sportsman.

Possibly he may not need all the tackle that has been enumerated, but it is better to have a good supply of everything on hand than to fall short in an emergency.

One of the new fangled schemes for the convenience of lake trolling when a person is alone and has no one to row the boat for him, is the fishrod-holder, which can be attached to either gunwhale of the boat. In this way two or three trolling lines may be kept out at the same time, and the handles and reels are in easy reach of the rower in case of a sudden bite.

On this basis a very respectable outfit can be procured by a beginner for about $200, which is not so very much after all when one considers with how little expense such an outfit can be kept up to the standard, and in the case of the most expensive articles at least it would probably never be necessary to make a second purchase.

LINES ON FRIENDSHIP.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.
—Goldsmith—The Hermit—St. 19.

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why? To find one good, you must a hundred try.
—Claude Mermet—Epigram.

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
—Pope—Homer's Odyssey—Book XV., line 83.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend.
—George Canning—New Morality.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere.
—Ali Ben—Abu Talab.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe as from my friend comes good;
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe what I should.
—Schiller—Votive Tablets.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—Bulwer Lytton—What Will He Do With It—Book II., Chap. 14.

The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef; love, like being enlivened with champagne.—Boswell—Life of Johnson—Vol. II., Chap. 11.

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.—George Eliot—Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, Chap. 7.

No discovery of defect in a character essentially good can so damp friendship as the suspicion that something is kept back.—Channing—Friendship.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.—Sydney Smith—On Friendship.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them we only see their virtues.—Marc-Monnier at Fresh.

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.

Heard at Newport by the Sea.

Soubrette—You look exceedingly stupid, Drew.

Walking Gentleman—It is in the line of business, my dear. I am practising the latest McAllister fad, the Prince George ogle. GILBERT.

Built Up at the Free Lunch Bar.

Softy—I was down to the beach, and I tried the lung-tester. I blew up to the highest mark.

Miss Sharp—What a strong breath! FRANK.

Judged by Appearances.

Kittie—What an ingenious tailor advertisement! See, it opens its lips!! It speaks!!! A phonographized dummy, I do declare. O Pandora Edison! (Passes on.)

Edward (soliloquizing)—She knows me, evidently, but the idea of calling me son. Must be old, too, but, like a singed kittie, deceives by her looks.

UNUS EX PLURIBUS.

Contemplates a Dreadful Emergency.

Miss Nellie—Good morning, Mr. Lookbright; what makes you appear so downcast this morning?

Mr. Lookbright—Ah, Miss Nellie! my papah has refused to give me any moah moneh, and I was thinking if I would weally have to work, dontcher know! G. B. M.

Plain Speaking That Hurts.

Cornelius (who figures on marriage)—Well, Mabel, what am I to be in the future to you?

Mabel—An eyesore. MICHAEL.

He Was in It, Too.

Miss Quick—So you changed your boarding place, Mr. Slow.

He—Yes, it was real horrid; they had beef-stew all the time, and the boarders threw dice to see who would get the meat, and as I never could throw dice I was always getting the soup. H. H. EVANS.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

He—Returning from church, Miss Pious?

She—Yes, Mr. Worldly. I wish you had been there this morning; the *hymns* were divine.

He—The *hims—hims*—ah! yes. H.

No Possible, Probable Doubt Whatever.

Mr. Spooby (chump at the seashore)—Weally, your friend, Miss Jones, is quite a fool, dontcher know?

Miss Fitzalan (pert young lady at seashore)—She is not. How can you make such an assertion?

Mr. Spooby—Aw, weally, she is. Any girl who will flirt is a fool.

Miss Fitzalan—Does she flirt?

Mr. Spooby—Why dontcher know, she flirted with me all last evening, weally.

Miss Fitzalan—Oh, then she must be a fool. CHIC.

Fixed for Either Horn of the Dilemma.

Mr. Kane—Aw, aw-low me to be your protector?

Miss De Kline—No, thanks! I can protect myself with this parasol—when the sun is too bright and when the sons are not bright enough. JAMES E. HILLS.

He Saw the Duck—She Didn't.

In Central Park: Miss Dairy (from country)—Sir, please tell me where I can see the duck.

Mr. City—What Duck?

Miss D.—Up at our place they told me to be sure and see the Aqui Duck that raised the New York Reservoir ten feet when it ran into it. DUCKLING.

An Object Lesson in Syntax.

He—A penny for your thoughts this oppressive evening, Miss Julia.

She—I was just thinking which is the most proper expression—"Will you have a dish of ice-cream" or "Will you take a dish of ice-cream?"

She got it just the same. JOS. MORGAN.

Two Sides to the Mirror Divine.

"Do you know," said he, "your face reminds me of a mirror, for I can see nothing in it but the truth?"

"Oh," said she, "I thought you were going to say that when you looked in my face you expected to see your own."

Then a great light came into his eyes. P. K.

SPOTLETS.

The hog that stays constantly home is a good pen-holder.

Naturally it is a cold day when the iceman gets left.

The best diet for amateur wits is cold wittles.

Edmund About, who founded a Paris paper, was well equipped for the office. He was always about. (English pronounciation with this joke.)

The flies upon his sugar fed,
Buzz round the grocer, fat and free;
The ice man sleeps on downy bed,
And sings: "There are no flies on me!"

Sam Jones says he loves a pretty woman next to a fast horse. It is good, anyhow, that Sam didn't mix his epithets up.

A loving husband poured kerosene over his wife and lit her. This was making light of his better half.

A coffin trust! What a grave business.

Lightning cured a man of deafness. What a pity that deaf people can't hear the thunderbolts so as to run for them.

It is the Prince of Wales's turn to take water. His ma and his nephew have both been ducked.

Raving Crazy.

(From Puck.)

Witness—An' then, Mr. Sims, thar, 'lowed he was a rooster, an' strapped on a tin bill, an' went to pickin' corn with the chickens.

Probate Judge—Probably the extreme heat made him a little flighty. He'll come out of it all right, I reckon.

Witness—Next day he wandered out on the street, an' told every new-comer he met that this town wa'n't boomin', an—

Spectators (in one voice)—Raving crazy!

All Run Down

From the weakening effects of warm weather by hard work, or from a long illness, you need a good tonic and blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives a good appetite, strengthens the system, purifies the blood, regulates digestion.

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100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

WORLDLINGS.

Geo. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, who is spoken of for Director-General of the World's Fair, is said to be a noble specimen of manhood—tall, broad-shouldered and deep-chested. He first became known in political life by his speech nominating Sherman at the Chicago Convention.

The historian Bancroft is often seen in a carriage on Bellevue avenue at Newport. He looks old and broken, and though his mind is reasonably clear his bodily vigor is gone. His niece usually accompanies him when he drives out.

The only colored delegate to the Mississippi Constitutional Convention is I. T. Montgomery, who was a slave of Jefferson Davis.

One reason of Senator Plumb's great popularity in his State is that he answers every letter he receives. His mail is larger than that of any other Senator, and he employs three typewriters to attend to it.

The portico that is being added to Whitelaw Reid's residence at Ophir Farm, will contain one hundred handsome pillars of granite.

A Wise Objection.

(From Puck.)

Czar Reed—I hope that in your tariff changes you do not propose to increase the duty on mercury.

Nap. McKinley—Why not?

Czar Reed (mopping his brow)—Because I don't want it to go up any higher.

The Horrid Things.

(From Das Humoristische Deutschland.)

Beggar—Ach, my dear madam, can you not give me a pair of old boots?

Lady—Why, those you have on are quite new yet!

Beggar (in a whining voice)—That's just it; the horrid things rub my business.

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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 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 noon, 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 medicine free, and their charges for treatment are so reasonable that they are within the reach of all.

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only the best artists and most skilled workmen, considering quality of most importance, our furniture is greatly superior to the cheap common product of some factories, and yet, being satisfied with a manufacturing profit, our prices are much below the retail storekeepers' rates, who add 50 to 100 per cent. to cover the large cost of retailing the products of others.

OUR GOODS NEITHER WARP NOR SPLIT WHEN SUBJECTED TO THE SEVERE TEST OF HOT-AIR FURNACES.

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A "Want" one day in THE WORLD will reach more people than you could tell your needs to by word of mouth were you to live 500 years and spend your time in doing nothing else.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

James Craig, to whose great strength the recent victories of the Arthur Kull's four-oared shell crew are largely due, is the chief designer in one of the busiest iron works in New Jersey.

A. F. Camacho, who coxswained the Staten Island Athletic junior eight to victory in the Middle States regatta, pulls a strong oar himself. The Staten Islanders owe their victories chiefly to his good training and coaching. He has the reputation of being a mascot.

Fred Freeman, who pulls No. 6 in the famous "champion" Atalanta eight, is a powerfully built, dark young man, who rows for every ounce there is in his 160 pounds.

F. M. Reilly now captains the Acorn Athletic Club. His chief characteristic is energy, which he will expend chiefly in putting a first-class cross-country team in the field this Fall.

The Peasant and the Bed-Warmer.

(From the Dorfbarbier.)

First Peasant—How is it you no longer put up at the Golden Crown when you drive to market?

Second Ditto—What! They are regular take-in! Last winter, when I lodged there for the night, they made a great fuss, and gave me a big bottle to take to bed with me, and when I opened it, what d'ye think it was? Nothing but hot water!

Will Be Wiped Out.

(From Puck.)

Mr. Wanter Noe—How do you account for the surplus of women?

Mr. Sensus Sharpe—I don't account for it; but, as they have taken to smoking cigarettes, it will probably be accounted for as the G. O. P. accounted for Uncle Sam's surplus.