The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 11.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

PER MONTH..... 30c.
PER YEAR..... $3.50

VOL. 31.....NO. 10,583

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

☞ BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 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.

FREE Messenger SERVICE.

EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANT" Advertisements for THE WORLD.

EVERY Mutual District Call Box can be used for this purpose, and no charge will be made for messenger service.

ALL MESSENGER BOYS Of the MUTUAL DISTRICT COMPANY are provided with Rate Cards and will take "WORLD" ADS. AT OFFICE RATES.

LOCATION OF MESSENGER OFFICES:

36 New st.	1 Broadway.	202 5th ave.	
10 Wall st.	45 Broadway.	390 5th ave.	
9 Pine st.	438 Broadway.	832 6th ave.	
32 Nassau st.	843 Broadway.	988 6th ave.	
153 Fulton st.	954 Broadway.	763 Madison ave.	
7 Murray st.	1209 Broadway.		
20 Murray st.	11 University pl.	985 Madison ave.	
	275 W. 23d st.		

WHY NOT ARBITRATE?

The strikers on the New York Central have declared to Vice-President WENN their willingness to submit the points in dispute to the State Board of Arbitration and their willingness to abide by its decision. Mr. WENN declined to submit to any arbitration on the ground that there was no ground for arbitration. The Central had discharged for sufficient reason some of its employees and it would not take them back.

The object of arbitration is to secure from an unprejudiced, impartial judge decision of a point over which the disputants feel too warmly or too strongly to entertain other than one view about it. A willingness to submit to arbitration shows a liberal, fair mind and argues a strong confidence in one's position.

So far the strikers have done nothing violent, and their consent to rest the decision of the case with an arbitrator should conciliate public feeling in their regard. The State Board of Arbitration was created for the purpose of settling difficulties such as this now existing on the Central, and it would have been graceful, to say the least, in Mr. WENN to have acceded to this proposition of the strikers.

The public, for whose benefit railroads exist, can reasonably protest against being inconvenienced unnecessarily by troubles of this kind. However sure of his position Vice-President WENN may feel, he should be willing to leave the matter in dispute to the State Board of Arbitration out of regard for the public if for no other reason. The public has a right to complain of his refusal to do this.

NEVER!

A Republican Senator has introduced a resolution to appropriate $300,000 for the erection of a monument to General GRANT provided his remains be transferred to Washington.

The breathless way in which the present Republican regime has depleted the Treasury surplus makes such a proposition doubly annoying. The attempt to raise a monument to the deceased General by popular subscription has not been as successful as could be desired, and the present unworthy shrine on Riverside Drive for his dust is an eloquent appeal for more generosity in this matter.

But this does not seem sufficient reason for removing Gen. GRANT's remains to the capital and plucking the money required for a fitting monument to him there from the pockets of the people.

There are enough rich men who were friends and admirers of General GRANT to supply the deficiency in the popular subscription to his monument, if need be, out of their own pockets. To raise the monument in the way proposed by the Republican Senator, would be to raise with it a lasting humiliation to the man whom the nation would honor.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The sudden death of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, has removed a singularly beautiful character from a world which he adorned and benefited. The key-note of BOYLE O'REILLY's being was sweet robustness. He was athlete, journalist, lecturer, novelist, poet, patriot and gentleman. In each of these fields he was able and brilliantly successful. Probably his only enemies were political ones, for his personal magnetism was notably strong. Death cut him down in his prime and has deprived Ireland of one of her truest patriots and America of one of her noblest countrymen. The grave which receives his remains will be honored ground.

Prince BISMARCK is getting into hot water by his journalistic methods in Montana. The good people of that State have a law in force since May of last year which is directed against any one who advertises a lottery or upholds it in the press. This is what the Prince's son has done in his Montana paper, and the people of that locality object to it most strenuously. How far BISMARCK HARRISON's "pull" will go to shield him in this matter remains to be seen. If he escapes it will probably be due to the fact that the man who has violated Montana law by advertising lotteries is the son of the President of the United States.

The Grenadier Guards have arrived at Bermuda and are ecstatically content with their heavenly exile. Instead of the vile London weather and the most wearisome duties they have a ravishing climate, beautiful scenery, and only the ordinary routine of military life in clean, sweet barracks. Exile! Well, perhaps, but Bermuda is no Siberia. Altogether it looks as if this were putting a premium on mutiny.

Some rude policeman hustled FREDDIE GEBRARD about while that gentleman was viewing the burning of a confectionery shop. It really seems a little hard that FREDDIE could not gaze with childish delight on the incandescent sweets without being interfered with by a rude, coarse "copper." True, the man in blue has to be heard from.

SPOTLETS.

The N. Y. Central must sincerely wish that the "Webster's Dictionary" of their employees is not "unabridged."

∴

When a lost is lost in the Found it cannot be said to have become insatiable.

∴

Vice-President Webb thinks the strike is a big bluff. To the public it seems as if the Central had put up the bluffs.

∴

A young fellow has eloped with Jennie Bond. It is doubly incumbent on him now to be as good as his bond.

∴

Five young women were found in a raided dive. The women in these places do not have divers reputations.

∴

Bathers in a public bath have got sore eyes from it. The sewer, emptying into the bath, is not sewer-ly against disease.

∴

He will be a bold man who will wear first the unstarched linen shirt.

∴

Somebody says there are lots of fleas in Turkish rugs. They ought to be more fleecy, then.

∴

It is Emperor WILLIAM's ambition to be the right the strongest kicker in the world. He would like to kick everybody.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

JAMES Mazee is one of the fast men of the Queens County Wheelmen. He is a stayer, too. He has a road record of 123 miles in less than twelve hours.

JACK Haggerty does his best to push the Ravenswood Boat Club to the front. He is a clever performer in the single shell and strokes the sig four.

R. J. McCredy is an Englishman who recently won the 25-mile cycle championship of Great Britain, with a record of 1 hour and 25 minutes.

W. H. Hildebrandt, who stroked the Arthur Kull four to victory recently, is a powerfully built young Hercules, with a fine knowledge of the niceties of scientific rowing. His rowing has been much admired by Passaic oarsmen.

STOLEN RHYMES.

City and Country.

I find no joy in such midsummer madness
As bathing, flirting, dancing by the sea;
I am content, and feel no touch of sadness
Because I'm forced to dwell here, busily
Recording names and dates beyond all measure,
Until at times I nearly fall asleep,
For I've found out a way of getting pleasure
Within the city that is twice as cheap.

Whene'er old Sol distrails me or displeases,
And all my efforts to keep cool doth mock,
I woo the very fresh and healthful breezes
From off a seat upon my favorite dock;
And if at times I'm thirsty and o'ercrowded
And feel as if out sight I'm going to thaw,
Upon a stool I managed to get seated
And sip the sparkling seltzer through a straw.

Be mine the city joys without all number
From which the seaside visitor is barred;
His slumber is no deeper than the slumber
I get by sleeping in my big back yard;
And as for "summer girls" upon whose larking
And play at love the visitor so cooes,
Does he have chances such as I for sparking
On picnic platforms and excursion-boats?
—*Nathan M. Levy, in Judge.*

Dreams.

There are dreams too false and dreams too true,
Dreams that are fraught with a fond delight,
But my tenderest dreams are my dreams of you.

There are dreams of sleep and day dreams too;
Dreams both of life and eternal night;
There are dreams too false and dreams too true.

My whole sad life is a dreamland blue
With the warm mists of a mountain height,
But my tenderest dreams are my dreams of you.

There are dreams of love—when I would woo
Dreams that my pen can no more indite.
There are dreams too false and dreams too true.

I'm a dreamer of things that I wish to do,
Not for myself, but for you, my sprite,
But my tenderest dreams are my dreams of you.

It is all my life your heart to woo.
"Tell me, my sweet, am I dreaming right?
There are dreams so false and dreams so true,
May my tenderest dreams still be of you?"
—*Tom Hall in Massey's Weekly.*

A Twilight Episode.

Evening's shade has fallen now,
And I at my window stand.
There is gloom upon my brow—
Clinched is my angry hand.

I must climb upon a chair
To the whole wide street displayed;
While with hammer and with tacks
I fix up that fallen shade!
—*Puck.*

The Power of Propinquity.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Snodgrass—Have you any vinegar?
Mr. Litewaite—Wa'al, now, I'm just on—Oh, be you goin' to take it with you?
Mrs. Snodgrass—Yes, I do.
Mr. Litewait (to assistant)—John, give Mrs. Snodgrass a quart of that nice sweet cider.

Good Reason Why.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Wife—You dance a great deal better than you did before we were married. Then you always tore my dress in dancing, but you don't now.
Husband—Humph! Then I didn't have to pay for it.

Not a Struggling Author.

[From Merchant Traveler.]

"There goes a man who has made a fortune by his pen."
"Indeed; he doesn't look like a literary person."
"He isn't at all literary, but he manufactures the best fountain pen in the market."

Took Him at His Word.

[From The Alarm.]

Skewsay (to collector)—I can't pay you to-day. Please call again.
Collector—This is very annoying. I don't want to do that.
Skewsay—Then stay away; but don't say that I don't invite you."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads and Fancies That Interest the Gentler Sex.

Embroidered Flounces to Elaborate Skirts—White Driving Gloves—Thousands of Gems in Queen Victoria's Crown.

Some of the elaborate skirts are made with deep flounces of beautifully woven, lace or embroidery which being protected from wear can be removed when the garment needs laundering.

Beautiful gauze ribbons in checks and plaid are selling at a third less than cost.

Now there are lounge robes made of silk very after the cut of the masculine garment.

The lazy ladies, who, childless, husbandless and aimless, lounge about the piazzas of the seaside hotels, kill time by working ten-cent tray cloths. Poor dears! and Kate Field's Kitchen and Mackerel Point filled with naked children and bedraggled women who are unable to pay for threads and needles.

A number of celebrities were present at the afternoon party given recently by M. Blonet (Max O'Rell) and Mme. Blonet at 11 St. James's terrace, Regent's Park. Every one was somebody, and there was a pleasant feeling of homeliness about the party, although it was so distinguished. Literature was represented by Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. B. L. Farjeon, Mr. Joseph Knight, Miss Mathilde Blind, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, Mr. Arthur Stannard, and Mrs. Frank Leslie. Art by Mr. Phil Morris, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Frederick Villiers, M. Jean de Paeleologue, Mr. Lawrence Phillips, and Mr. Pinker. Music by Mr. Carl Armbruster. Miss Pauline Cramer, Miss Zelie de Lussan, and Miss Dinelli, while the dramatic element was strongly represented by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Palmer (of New York), Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre Miss Grace Hawthorne, and a strong contingent of the Daly Company, including Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, and Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly. M. and Mme. Blouet made the kindest of entertainers, and the guests lingered till late. Mme. Blouet looked extremely well in black silk, with the front of white silk, veiled in black lace, and carried a posy of the sweet peas. Among those present were: M. Gennadius the Greek Minister, Sir Grahame and Lady Berry and Sir Samuel Montagu, M. P.

It will amply repay for the trouble taken if embroidery silks to be used on linen or any wash material are tested. Place a cup of boiling water on the stove; drop into it a piece of castile or any other pure soap the size of a pea, and suspend a skein of the silk over the cup, so that about a third of the skein is in the water, holding it in the boiling suspends for two minutes; then gently squeeze the skein and hang it up to dry.

Some new driving gloves of white chevrette suede have the palm and linings of thumb and finger of tan kid, with a narrow embroidery in white or cream on the back. It is quite a fad to order a box of gloves as a gift, with the giver's initial worked in silk across the top in imitation of the handwriting. With black and silver or gold toilets black gloves are worn having tinsel stitching on the back and a tiny gimp finishing the top edge. The same story is to be chronicled that suede is the leading kid and tan the chief color worn at all times.

Queen Victoria's crown is gemmed with 11 emeralds, 17 sapphires, 9 big rubies, 273 pearls and 3,452 old mine diamonds.

Here is a recipe for buckwheat muffins: Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda (not heaping) in two cupfuls or one pint of buttermilk; add a teaspoonful of molasses and a little salt, and stir in one cupful of sifted flour and one and one-half cupfuls of buckwheat. Bake in gem pans or muffin rings.

Canvas dresses for outing are favored by ladies, who prefer comfort to elaborate dressing. White canvas dresses, trimmed with rows of narrow braid, are effective and pretty; they wash easily. White braid, if washed before being sewed to the dress, will not shrink and need not be removed. Colored braids must be removed and resewed to light dresses after the dresses have been washed.

One rule, often disregarded by second-rate salad-makers, is that a plain French salad should consist of one kind of vegetable only, lettuce, endive or Batavian, as you will, but never two of these mixed together, else their delicate and subtle flavors are impaired, if not destroyed. The English olla podrida of lettuce, watercress, mustard and cress, beetroot and radishes is a different thing altogether, although when craftily compounded, very appetizing.

The most conspicuous toilet at the last state ball at Buckingham Palace was worn by the Duchess of Leinster. It was her night to wear diamonds, and she fairly glittered in them. She wore diamond epaulets, a diamond corselet, coils of highly mounted diamonds among the laces of her wondrous gown, a diamond tiara, diamond bracelets, a diamond necklace and more diamond brooches and buckles than the dazzling beholder could count. And yet this woman does not live for dress alone. It is related to her credit that at Maynooth, Ireland, she has established an industrial school for women and girls, where the pupils are taught various industries. The Duchess herself at times teaches a class in the institution, and the verdict is that she ought to cover herself with diamonds if she wants to.

The savoy flannel shirt for men and boys sell at 75 cents in the dry goods stores. Silk ones may be bought now for $1, and strips that sure pin when introduced are offered for 5¢.

A pretty and girlish toilet of very sheer and beautiful white cambric has pale-rose silk border along its selvage, where appears at the foot of the round skirt and is carried up at one side in Greek taste to the waist, disclosing an accordion-plaited emulant underskirt of rose-tinted crepe de chene. The Empire bodice—without darts—lays loose from the right shoulder, showing the rose silk bordering on the left arranged in Greek folds beside the open V at the neck. There are full bishop sleeves of the veiling, with rose silk cuffs, showing a lining of the silk bordering. Looped ribbons of white and rose brocade fall at the left side. Rose silk stockings, black patent leather ties, flesh colored gloves of Suede kid and a Persia fan of white marabout feathers, with pink ribbon tied on the handle, give the "finishing touches" to this charming gown.

THEIR MANY ILLS.

You Can Help the Babes to Battle with Them.

Thousands Are in Urgent Need of Assistance.

The Free Doctors Have Hundreds of Patients Each.

Dr. M. L. Foster, chief of THE EVENING WORLD's Corps of Free Physicians, makes the following report of work done by his staff since its inception:

Houses visited	7,141
Families visited	62,573
Sick babies seen	5,226
Number of revisits	916

In addition 244 persons were assisted by food, clothing and other necessary articles.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$5,039.64
Mrs. Sarah Sherry	1.00
Mamie and Willie	0.17
Wm. Bennett, Jr.	2.00
G. Cagne, Hoboken	0.50
Mrs. A. R. Williams	1.00
J. H. S.	1.00
Grace Barringer, Grace Thayer and Beatrice Goldsmith	5.00
S. F. Bogart, Cincinnati	0.10
Jane	2.00
A. W. Wilmot	2.50
Harold Spencer and Beatrice	5.00
Wolf and M.	2.00
G. F. Crosby	2.00

Employer and Employees.

To the Editor of The World:

Please find our check to pay for contributions as per inclosed list.

S. F. BOGART & SON.

C. F. Bogart, $5; J. Stone, 25c.; C. F. Baker, 25c.; C. W. Terrill, 25c.; W. A. Ryan, 25c.; A. C. Woods, 25c.; Chas. Gay lam, 25c.; F. A. Crosby, 25c.; F. F. Dominick, 25c.; W. Morris, $1; J. L. Scrivens, 25c.; E. D. Tergent, 25c.; J. Gay, 25c.

Collected Articles and Sold Them.

To the Editor of The World:

Three little girls—Grace Barringer, Grace Thayer and Beatrice Goldsmith—have collected some articles from the neighbors and exhibited and sold them at the studio of Mr. Goldsmith, 1,139 Bedford street, Brooklyn. Please accept $5 as the amount of the sale for the benefit of the sick babies.

THEY DREW FOR A WATCH.

Ex-New York Turner Cadets Raise $111.40 for the Babies.

Happy mothers, smiling fathers, laughing children, brave lads and lassies by the hundreds gathered at the piers foot of Fifth and Sixty-third streets, East River, bright and early yesterday morning.

They comprised the wives, babies and swe-thearts of the Ex-New York Turner Cadets and their friends, who were about to participate in the Society's annual excursion.

The barges Sands and Haskett were greeted with cheers as they hove in sight at each pier, and to the accompaniment of the liveliest kind of music, the barges bearing the happy throng "set sail" for Idlewild Grove on the Sound.

An event of particular importance was about to take place on board the barges, and when the signal was given, dancing and quiet love-making was suspended, while a drawing for a ladies' beautiful gold watch was in progress.

Mr. David Ferro had donated the watch, and at a meeting of the ex-cadets some days before it had been decided to devote the proceeds of the drawing to THE EVENING WORLD's Sick Baby Fund.

Out of the 1,500 people on board 1,140 had bought chances at ten cents each, and naturally a swain had promised to give his sweetheart the beautiful timepiece should he be the lucky one.

At the proper time, the slip was drawn amid great excitement, and a ringing cheer went up when it was found that popular Frank Aiello had drawn the winning number—154.

At the grove the merry party indulged in games which resulted as follows:

Three-Legged Race—Won by Oscar Young and partner; second prize, Roller and Miller.

Putting the Heavy Shot—Old Men—won by David Ferro, donator of the watch; second prize, Daniel Blouet, of Williams Post.

Three-Hundred-Yard Dash—Won by Koffler, Miller second.

Ladies' Egg Race—Won by Miss Pfeiff.

Card-Cutting Match—Won by Miss Pflug and Mrs. Young.

Handsome prizes were awarded in each event.

The arrangements were perfect, thanks to the efforts of the Committee of Arrangements.

Those most interested in the watch drawing were Miss Lillie Clayton, Fannie and Helen Jacoby, Frances Hartfield, Mrs. Ferro, Mrs. Gebhardt and Mrs. New, to whose efforts are due the success of the drawing, which netted $111.40 for the sick babies.

The excursion returned to New York about 10.30 o'clock, everybody happy although tired, with their admirable day's sport.

ARRESTED HIS SWEETHEART.

A Soldier's Presence of Mind Gets Him Out of a Scrape.

It is tedious enough, in all conscience, to stand sentry at a lonely powder magazine, but when you are hungry into the bargain it is positive torture, says a German exchange.

You will thus easily guess how Private Schneider felt when he saw approaching the figure of his sweetheart, Hetty, a cook in a gentleman's family, with a large basket on her arm. Discipline and precaution were thrown to the winds, and soon Schneider was reveling in kisses and sausages.

Suddenly he espied a few helmets glittering in the distance, and with the cry of terror, "The patrol!" he flung the tempting eatables into the basket just as the lieutenant hove in sight. Hetty stood petrified. What was to be done? As Schneider took up his gun an idea flitted through his brain.

"Quick, into the sentry box!" he shouted to the cook, who allowed herself to be pushed in without offering any resistance.

"Well, what have we here?" exclaimed the officer as the sentry shouldered arms.

"A woman under arrest, Herr Lieutenant," Schneider stolidly replied.

"What has she been doing?"

"She stepped three paces in front and then stared at me. I ordered her three times to go away. But as she wouldn't budge I took her into custody."

"Hum! Hum! Anyone out there?" the officer called out to the trembling cook.

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant," stammered Hetty, who was beginning to take in the situation. "I—I—I kiss him so."

"The officer laughed and said, "March! Be off! And mind you look some where else for a sweetheart, but not at the guard post."

A Boating Accident.

[From the Boston Courier.]

"How is Miss Sue to, George?"
"I don't know. We are no longer friends."
"Gracious! What has happened?"
"We were out rowing and she found fault with my way of handling the boat. I replied somewhat tartly; one word borrowed another, and she got mad."
"Yes?"
"So she threw me overboard."

DENOUNCED BY HIS BROTHER.

Remarkable Letter from Murderer Smiler's Nearest Kin.

He Says the Condemned Man Is a Terrible Liar and Schemer.

Harris A. Smiler, the Salvation Army lieutenant, who was convicted of the murder of Maggie Traney, one of his converts, and was under sentence to die by electricity next week, has met with an unexpected reverse in his little scheme for escaping the extreme fate.

Smiler is detained at the Tombs pending appeals, where he has spent most of the hot days of Summer by writing letter after letter in his cell, seeking to get a new trial.

He latest effort was a letter to his counsel containing the following alleged communication received by him from a relative and since anxious to relieve him from the charge of Maggie Traney's death.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1, 1890.

H. A. SMILER: I am the man who murdered Maggie Traney. I have come to tell you to forgive me for all the trouble I have cost you. May God have mercy on me.
JAMES MALLOY.

This alleged confession was printed in THE EVENING WORLD on Tuesday, and to-day Smiler's brother writes a remarkable letter denouncing his brother as a schemer and "Malloy's" letter as a fake. Here is the letter:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My attention was called to an article in THE EVENING WORLD of the 30th inst. containing an alleged confession of one James Malloy as to the killing of Maggie Traney, which occurred on the evening of April 1, 1890, and for which crime Harris A. Smiler was arrested and convicted of murder in the first degree before Judge Cowing in Part II. of the Court of General Sessions.

Enough strange facts are introduced regarding this case to cause the public who have to bring out at the City Prison to pay to a part of a lunatic, which he doubtedly would bring upon them very disastrous results.

Now, my object in writing to the editor of this paper is to state that Harris A. Smiler, who is now confined in the Tombs City Prison, is not my real brother, and I must candidly admit that he is one of the most remarkable schemers and liars that God ever permitted to live at the breath of life. What his cunning and ingenuity cannot invent is worthless to mention.

I can solve the mystery of that letter or confession supposed to have been sent him by one James Malloy.

My brother has no doubt composed that letter himself, given it to his so-called wife, who has taken it out with her upon one of her recent visits, had it recopied and mailed to him, making it appear that it came from the said James Malloy.

I have letters in my possession, which were sent me unsigned, of a threatening character, which would make your hair stand on end, yet I detected the author of them by the language therein contained.

I tried to assist my brother in every possible way while confined in the Tombs, but his malicious and treacherous nature would not permit him to rest content without doing something to overthrow the good will and meaning of his friends, of whom he has but a few I must admit.

My life would not be worth one five-cent piece were he to obtain his liberty, and I am positive of this from what I have heard and seen.

I have been called a "traitor," "poisoner," "murderer" and various other things because I would not go out and beg money to pay his lawyer in defending him.

I tried it one week and wherever I went I was laughed at and refused, and was told I ought to be ashamed to have anything to do with such a man, especially when he wanted to put me and my wife out of the way in order to benefit his own ends.

I am very sorry indeed that I am compelled to write this about my own brother, but duty towards myself and others compels me, and I trust that the public at large will not call me an unnatural brother and condemn me for what I am forced to do and consider my duty.

I am his brother, and yet do not know him thoroughly, and no one could solve him, as he is one of the most mysterious men that ever lived, and his mother's and father's last words have come true, and I am glad that they are not living to witness this great disgrace which his violent nature has brought upon them and their honored name.

I wish him no harm, and may he yet learn to see his folly in the right light and repent of his many transgressions towards his God and his fellow-creatures. Very respectfully yours,
WILLIAM V. SMILER,
155 West Twenty-sixth street.

TWO INTELLIGENT APES.

They Challenged Each Other, Loaded Pistols and Fought a Successful Duel.

Belief in the theory that man is a descendent of the monkey may be strengthened by a story told in the London *Daily Telegraph*. Two acrobats belonging to a circus in the French capital had a falling out, which was followed by a calling out.

They blazed away at each other twenty-five paces apart, and the imitation by these nimble gentlemen of the manners and customs of Paris journalists and other distinguished Frenchmen was completed by the failure of either to hit his mark.

It seems, however, that the affair of honor had a most unexpected and unique sequence. Among the witnesses of the bloodless contest were two apes. The imitative faculties of quadrumanes are well known, but the instance under notice is the first recorded in the history of the race.

Of course, being Paris monkeys, a higher degree of intelligence than is found among monkeys in any other city of the world was theirs.

Still it is a surprise to learn that they found pistols and cartridges, loaded the weapons and faced each other and fired. They had improved on the pattern set them by standing at only five paces apart and by killing each other.

What was the cause that led up to this terrible tragedy? Was it love or jealousy? Was there provocation at cards, or a lie seven times removed, which could not be avoided even with an "if?" Ah, that we may never know, for on that point the chronicler is dumb.

Curiosity, too, may be forever balked in efforts to ascertain who gave the word, if there were seconds, how long their friendly relations had been strained, Having learned as much as has been recorded, who could they not discover the missing links (happy phrase at this moment) in the chain of circumstances?

TAMING BY ELECTRICITY.

Novel Method of Subduing Wild Animals.

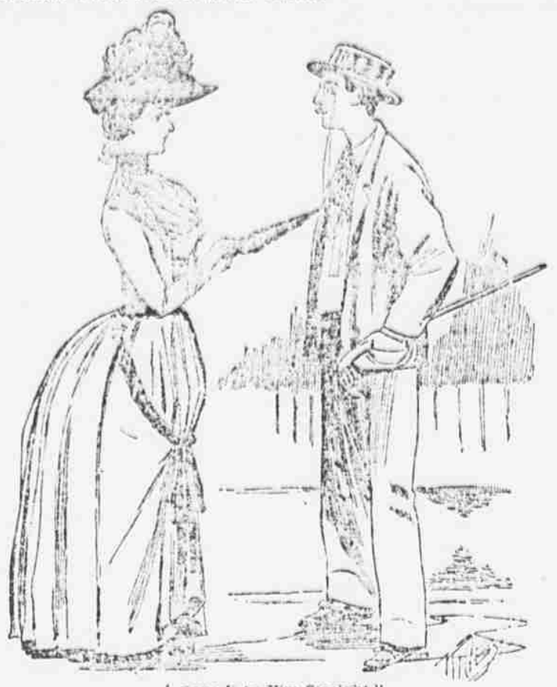
The latest application of electricity will be a boon to wild-beast tamers, lion kings, serpent queens and such like, says *Vanity Fair*. Instead of having to assert their authority by means of a whip of plant steel, which has hitherto been their chief resource, except in those desperate straits in which red hot irons come into action, they will now carry a light wand, with an insulating grip for the hand, connected by a flexible wire with a battery of which the power can be varied according to the necessities of the case.

If the lion or tiger becomes surly and refuses to go through his tricks or threatens to bite a sample out of his trainer, a touch of the magic wand will give him a shock that will cause him or more him into submission as the performer wishes.

An experiment in this new departure of applied science is said to have been successfully made in one instance.

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.



"Gave It to Him Straight."

Miss Bright—And so you have finally decided to travel through the West, have you, Mr. Dull?
Mr. Dull—Yes, I anticipate leaving for Idaho Sunday night.
Miss B.—Indeed! Well, look out for bluffs. W. G. S.

Cruel to Twit Him of It.

Mr. Sympole—Do you know, Miss Cuticle, that when I catch cold it always comes first in my head?
Miss Cuticle—Oh, yes, to be sure; doctors tell us that a cold always attacks the weakest spot first. A. C.

By No Aid of the Optician, Either.

Young Pinfeather—Am I—ah—obstructing your view?
Miss Boston—Ah, not at all; I can see through you clearly. H. M. L.

Snubbed on the Sea Sands.

Cholly—Aw, Miss Marguerite, don't you think I'll paws for a swell here at the seashore?
Marguerite—Well, you may, perhaps, but don't you suppose there's a surfeit of swells here now? L. S. F.

Her Parasol Was Not Loaded.

Mr. Costa—Aw, Miss Telfair, you have stood there fully five minutes with your parasol looking at me in such a revengeful way.
Miss Telfair—Yes. Well, I was thinking what funny things you see when you haven't got a gun. MRS. R. L.

Words Wafted by the Breeze.

They met upon the avenue—Lisped he: "Do I intwude?"
They chatted, and he sighed, "Adieu."
She smiled, and said: "A Dude!" MRS. C. E. P.

Very Cutting Remarks.

Gertrude—Good morning, Mr. De Smythe; how do you like the cut of my new gown?
Mr. De S.—I like it better than I did the cut you gave me the other afternoon. M. E. W.

Followed a Righteous Injunction.

Agnes—How dared you kiss me last night before all those people?
George—Well, you gave me a rose, didn't you? And I only returned "a kiss for a blow."

It Might Imply Exertion.

Clara—Why don't you take your hands out of your pockets?
Cholly—Aw, well, you see I was getting so bwoad-shouldered, don't you know; thought I would hold them down; bwoad shoulders are so vulgar, don't you know? L. C. P.

Men Were Scarce, Costumes Plenty.

Ethel (at Newport, with a slight cold)—They are going to have a play at the Casino to-night. Will you take me?
Arthur—What, in this costume?
Ethel—Yes, that's all right. It's a blay, sir (blazer) suit, isn't it? W. L. F.

The Brother Would Mourn.

She—Oh, Charley, what a wonderful get up! What an array of color! Why, I thought you were still in mourning for your brother?
Charley—So I am! I am wearing his clothes, poor fellow! J. G. S.

I'm So Hungry

says nearly every one after taking a few doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla

There is nothing for which we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with greater confidence than for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache and other troubles of dyspeptic nature. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite and regulating the digestive organs that I ever heard of."—MRS. N. A. STARLEY, Canastota, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

DISSIPATING ON SALT.

A Peculiar and Harmful Habit Which Many Women Affect.

Salt, the least harmful of condiments, if such a necessary article of diet can be termed a condiment, is by the medical profession recognized as a species of dissipation in its excessive use among many women, says the *Illustrated American*.

Every one knows how flat and flavorless all food becomes when the system is a trifle deranged. It is just then when men resort to bitters and burning sauces to tone up their jaded appetites, that women find their sole recourse in the apparently innocent salt cruet.

It is the old story of giving an inch to yield an ell, and before the victim knows it her palate demands a double or triple quantity of the mineral to savor every morsel she eats.

Some go so far as to salt not only the substantial dishes, but tea, coffee, fruit, nuts, sweetmeats and wine.

They begin by taking a pinch extra now and then to pique the taste, and before long steal a bit to keep in the pocket or buy a crystal to nibble on the sly.

Nature's revenge on her weak daughter is as insidious as the immutable laws have suffered. She flies her first signals of distress in a deadening of the skin, replacing the pink glow of health by a dim, yellowish pallor.

Lips and cheeks blanch alike, this change being accompanied by a deepening of every shadow on the face. This is as nothing, however, to the destruction this morbid habit works on a woman's crowning glory, her hair.

And it is astonishing how sensitive the hair is to every fluctuation of one's health. Soon, each time the comb passes through it brings great handfuls of long, shining strands.

No lotion or tonic is effective in checking the loss and, unless corrected, the abnormal amount of salt in the system will prove baldness. Even now quite a number of women are under treatment for some unknown ill and others secretly, for this form of excess.

BEATS LIGHTNING CALCULATORS.

The Remarkable Mental Feats of a Bridgeport Prodigy.

In Bridgeport, Conn., is a young Polish boy named Paul Zilzisky, who has been performing wonders, writes a correspondent of the Boston *Herald*. His personal appearance is described as unpreposessing. He has a low forehead, with hair growing down to his eyebrows; is rather sleepy looking and shambling in his movements. But whenever his father asks him a question relative to numbers he at once brightens up and becomes excited.

The father said: "Paul, how many beans are there in this handful?"

The boy at once commenced to dance around the store, and became greatly excited as his father thrust his hand into a barrel of beans, took out a handful and threw them down in a corner, where they lay scattered about.

The lad leaped into the air, and almost before the beans touched the floor shouted his reply.

The beans were carefully gathered and counted, and while this was being done the boy grinned and waited.

The result showed him to be correct to a bean. He relapsed into his usually sleepy manner again.

The father then seized a handful of oats and put them in a heap upon the counter.

"Paul," said he, "how many oats?"

The boy again jumped to his feet, devoured the oats mentally, and instantly shouted the number. It took a long time to count them, but the number was again found to be correct.

Next the father seized a half-filled pail of water and asked the boy: "How many ounce inches of water in the pail?"

The boy sized it up with his eyes and quickly shouted, "A hundred and sixteen."

A careful computation proved the boy to be right. Other wonderful answers were given, always to an excited manner.

After each and every successful answer the same doubtful expression returned.

Cause for Sadness.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"What's the matter? You look so sad."
"My uncle's cough is troubling me."
"Why, I saw him a little while ago and he seemed to be in perfect health."
"That is exactly what troubles me!"

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 LOW

MUTUAL WATCH CO.,
874 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MR. SCHLAGEL'S USELESS NOSE

FOR TWO YEARS HE COULDN'T BREATHE THROUGH IT.

But It's All Right Now—He Used Catarrh, and He Says Drs. McCoy and Wildman Have Cured Him After Different Doctors Failed to Do Him Any Good.

Mr. William Schlagel lives with his mother and brother in a very comfortable house at 84 Bedford st. He is a very pleasant and very pleasant looking man. He says he is one of others in this big city who suffered from the effects of catarrh, and for two years he was terribly bothered by it. He finally heard of the cure of catarrh by Drs. McCoy and Wildman, and he immediately went to their office and in a few days was cured. He is willing to tell anyone about it. To relate a reporter seems to interest Mr. Schlagel well.

WILLIAM SCHLAGEL, 84 BEDFORD ST.

"I had catarrh for about two years. I tried different doctors, but they never did me any good. My head was always stopped up and I always had terrible pains across my chest. I felt worse in the mornings. In the mornings I was all choked up. I couldn't breathe through my nose at any time. There was a dropping back in my throat of mucus and I was always hawking and spitting. I had spells of headache and a tired feeling in the morning. Tired feeling was no name for it. I felt just dragged out all day long. I didn't feel like working. Didn't feel like doing anything.

"Finally I made up my mind to go to Drs. McCoy and Wildman. I was on a Saturday night and I couldn't sleep all night. I suffered so. The next day, Sunday, I went to see the Doctors and they told me just exactly what was the matter with me.

"We think that they have cured me.

"I feel like a different man.

"Nobody knows how I suffered. It was awful not to be able to breathe through my nose. I don't have any more pains or headaches. My nose is perfectly clear and, as I said, I feel like a different man.

"I advise everybody with catarrh to go to Drs. McCoy and Wildman and get cured. What they charge is nothing to what they certainly are great."

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 lung 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 9 P. M. daily. Sundays, 9 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD

to have buyers shop all over before coming to us. Our prices then are found so much below all others and the styles so neat and artistic that the salesmen look a big order in no time. But as this is the dullest time of the year we have plenty of help for those that wish to look about at their leisure, and the plain figures at what it would cost to replace the goods on each article makes the time pass pleasantly even without a salesman.

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,

Furniture Makers,

104, 106 AND 108 WEST 14TH ST