The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 19.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

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

VOL. 31.....NO. 10,591

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.	307 5th ave.	
9 Pine st.	436 Broadway.	812 6th ave.	
52 Nassau st.	843 Broadway.	988 6th ave.	
153 Fulton st.	954 Broadway.	763 Madison ave.	
7 Murray st.	1200 Broadway.		
20 Murray st.	11 University pl.	985 Madison ave.	
	275 W. 23d st.		

NATURAL DIGNITY.

The strikers on the New York Central Railroad certainly deserve credit for the manner in which they have conducted themselves in this movement. Quite independently of the right or wrong of the strike, independently of the expediency or inexpediency, it is clear that these workmen have not had recourse to violence either in word or deed. They have maintained a dignity which reflects favorably on the manliness and common sense of the American workman.

Mr. POWDERLY's letters to Third Vice-President WEBB are calm, clear and strong. "You may feel that you are right, the men may feel that they are right; both are partisans, and if an impartial verdict is to be reached impartial men must arrive at it by hearing both sides and then judging." These are Mr. POWDERLY's words to Mr. WEBB, and they express the point involved very exactly.

Mr. WEBB assures Mr. POWDERLY that no one of the employees discharged was discharged because he was a Knight of Labor. If the New York Central discharged these men for cause no reasonable man would take exception to its course. Arbitration would settle the matter with an assurance of justice, and the public, which is a largely interested party to the dispute, would be relieved of the present strain.

Mr. WEBB would do wisely to submit the question to arbitration.

LET IT BE NOT REPEATED.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the example of the man who first utilized the Washington Bridge as a suicide's jumping-off place yesterday is not to be followed by others from the ranks of despairing humanity.

Aside from the horror attaching to self-destruction in any form, there is the consideration that Washington Bridge forms, with its own beauty of structure and the scenery visible from its roadway, too attractive a place for pleasure-seekers to be rendered gloomy by a fame like that which French suicides thrust upon the old column in the Place Vendome in Paris.

The bridge is a difficult place to thoroughly patrol with a view to prevent such rash acts. There is ample opportunity for the suicidally inclined, who have the necessary determination to take the 190-foot plunge; but if die they must, let them be generous, choose other means of destruction and spare us the association of a noble piece of man's work with dark and troublous thoughts of man's fatal weakness.

EIGHT.

It seems to demand apology when a judge is praised for doing justice and not iniquity. But there are many abuses which are practised under specious pleas, and to detect and punish these promptly is creditable even to the just judge. Many of the small lawyers who hang around the police-courts and pounce on prisoners to exort retainers and fees are a nuisance.

Justice POWER, in the Harlem Court, yesterday obliged a lawyer to return $25 to an insane man who had been found in the street. Because a man is a prisoner he does not forfeit all his rights, and those which he has are as strong as those of the most upright citizen and merit protection. The Police Justices will do well to imitate Justice POWER's example and repress this mulcting of prisoners.

The feat of swimming across the English Channel has been accomplished by an American named DALTON. It was done before by Capt. WEBB, so the glory of being the first to do the feat does not belong to a citizen of the United States. Still, DALTON is the first American who has shown the endurance necessary for a twenty-three hour swim across the Channel with its stiff current, and lovers of sport and physical achievement will be glad of his pluck and muscle.

The frequency of cholera morbus during the past week awoke some distrust of the water brought through the new Aqueduct. Dr. CYRUS EDSON, of the Board of Health, says that cholera morbus has not been any more prevalent this month than usual at this time of the year. There is nothing soluble in the Aqueduct but lime and the whole scare is probably unfounded.

The World's Fair Directors will meet to-night at Chicago, and some important results may be expected. Views on the different sites suggested will be ventilated, and it is to be hoped that this important question will be settled promptly. If there is to be a World's Fair, the preparation for it should be as great as possible.

Queen VICTORIA has indulged in her usual speech on Parliment's being prorogued. The British subject must hear with unbounded delight the complacent utterances of the old lady who talks as if she carried the United Kingdom in her dress pocket. When will they get tired of this sort of thing?

A grocer and his clerks were robbed quietly and peacefully in Brooklyn. The thieves coolly let themselves out of the front door, and made off without any obstruction. Where are the Brooklyn police? Has the somnolent character of the city across the stream dulled them to all activity?

SPOTLETS.

The Weather Bureau man if he does his duty has the consolation of knowing that he has done signal Service to his country.

⁂

You don't have to be a farmer to know how rare is the American flag.

⁂

"Within each rope there lies a central strand." But there is a bad knot in the New York Central strand when it is "tied up."

⁂

There is a special service by a Christian agency for reclaiming the messenger boys. The boys are certainly not fast.

⁂

Full many a suit of latest Summer style
The swell young men in social circles wear;
Full many a tailor hungry sits the while
And at his unpaid bills is wont to swear.
—*Chicago Post.*

⁂

Miss Blanche Willis Howard has married Dr. Teufel. Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer will think the young woman has found a fitting mate.

⁂

The Emperor William has a larger visiting list among crowned heads than any potentate. How do they say "Not at home," to an emperor, any way?

⁂

Has the noble anise-seed chase fallen into "innocuous desuetude?" There is no record of the thrilling sport this season.

⁂

Mr. Webb may not be a masher, but he wants to reduce the strikers to a pulp.

⁂

Ferdinand Ward is up to date. He has made a calendar for 1890-91.

WORLDLINGS.

J. B. Haggin, the turf man, is a slender man medium height, wit dark eyes and a close-clipped iron gray beard. His career as a horseman began in 1885, and he is said to spend $135,000 a year on his stables.

A daughter of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, is a member of a noted Boston comic opera company. She was eight years old when her father was shot.

Alexander Dumas is said to do his best literary work when seated in evening dress at a table brilliantly lighted by wax tapers.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a great consumer of cigarettes, smoking almost as many as Henry Labouchere, the editor. Nearly all the men in public life in England, except Mr. Gladstone, use tobacco.

One of the earliest women office-holders in the West was Miss Jenkins, who was County Recorder at Abilene, Kansas, two full terms previous to the passage of the Kansas Woman's Suffrage law.

STOLEN RHYMES.

The Modern Martyr.

As soon a teacher leaves the house I jes sits down an' looks
At yellow men an' azure dogs in great big picture books,
I'm always fixed up pretty, an' my dresses are so neat
That I'd be mos' sure to spo I 'em if I went out on the street.
My Ma is in society, an', though the weather's warm,
I daun' play out doors becos it Ain't Good Form.

I think that oor folks' children have an awful jolly time,
When I see them from the window—how they run an' jump an' climb!
An' they, bear their clothes jes frightful, an' they never seem to care,
I wish that I was with them as I watch them playing there.
But I'm Mother's little lady, an' I know that she would storm
If I went out on the sidewalk, cos it Ain't Good Form.
—*Philander Johnson, in Puck.*

At Twilight.

Softly the sable wing of night
Descends upon the hill;
The last faint lingering streak of light
Be silvered pool and rill;
And on the home the farmer now
Acroutly milks the prancing cow.

I hear the music of the wave
Upon the distant bar,
While on the heaven's purple pave
Appears the evening star;
Away his meal the tired ducks,
The bluebird's dreaming on her chicks.

The last reflection of the sun
Now gilds the idle sail;
The chickens all begin to run,
And settle on the rail;
The bat about the clover seeds,
A moonbeam through my whiskers steals.

So while Night's mantle black as coal
Falls on Old earth, all tired
And care must go the while I roll
A spicy cigarette,
And thus I blow athletes through my nose
To join the sweet breath of the rose.

I watch the lightly outlined cow
That to the moon caresses—
Asleep upon her knees—an' now
To-morrow I'll treat—I know
And swim, and thank my stars no more
I'm wedded to a dry-goods store.
—*E. S. M., in Puck.*

After the Races.

The races were over,
And I was in clover;
I'd won quite a roll on the mare.
The boys quickly knew it,
And swore that I'd rue it,
If I didn't act on the square.

Their thirst was surprising
And amazing to sing—
They'd drink not a thing but champagne.
Hey-ho! the wine sleeth,
And each one took twenty—
The knaves had no cause to complain.

But now I'm in trouble,
I owe at least one le.
My conscience—I haven't a dime.
Next year at the races
I think we'll change places—
They'll bet and I'll save the good time.
—*Market.*

At Long Beach.

(*From Judge.*)

He—Why do you call this a sun umbrella? she—Because it has spots on it.

She Was.

(*From the Epoch.*)

Masher—Are you travelling alone, miss? Maiden—I am, sir; good day!

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

"The Master of the Magicians," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and the Rev. Herbert D. Ward, just out, is said to have been written during the honeymoon of the gifted authors. It is a biblical story of deep interest, with the Oriental splendor of the time of King Solomon. The book suggests a tremendous amount of research.

Jarbeau is living in a pretty Summer house at Lawrence, L. I., making bread and butter, raising chickens, which she converts into salad and pot pie as soon as they are ripe, and learning a new play. She has made a lot of money and her heart is as light as her biscuits.

Cotton is king and in spite of modes and modistes the world is wearing gingham, lawn and cambric dresses brightened with colored braids and heavy wash lace.

Few bodices are made without lining, for if they are to be worn in the evening and show the neck, then they are cut out a little, and it is considered in better taste than to have the neck showing through the thin stuff. The days when womankind walked the streets with neck and arms visible through thin muslins have gone by, and really the lined bodice is quite as cool and certainly more refined than that which is not, for to permit one's neck to show in daytime is bad form.

Mrs. Gen. Grant dresses in black and is never seen without $2,000 worth of diamonds at least.

Girls do not know how much they cheapen themselves in the eyes of all men when they permit and indulge in a familiarity of speech and manner. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is an old saw that holds the concrete wisdom of more generations than our young people have lived minutes, and like all other maxims based upon the facts of human experience, it will be true until the race of Adam is extinct. It is as easy to have good manners as it is to have bad ones; but to have them they must be taught in the nursery, and used habitually at home. The practice of habitual courtesy at home will make you courteous abroad, and to be esteemed well bred is certainly worth all the trouble that can be taken to acquire it.

Mary Anderson-Navarro will sit for Felix Moscheles, the London artist, in her bridal robe. During his visit to Chicago the ideal Galatea was the model for a study in green, showing the classic beauty of the actress in a gown of apple-green silk.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, nee Anita McCormick, will inherit a fortune of $10,000,000 from her mother. She has property in her own right from the income of which she supports the family and patronizes various charities.

That fashionable ladies in Parisian society sometimes inject morphia to calm nerves which have become agitated by excited days and sleepless nights is beyond doubt; but do they go so far as to inject patchouli and other perfumes? And if they did, what would be the advantage over simpler methods of diffusing sweet odors from their dainty persons? It has been gravely stated in quarters which would not be expected to libel even Frenchwomen that this is the new craze; but this is one of those bits of news which you may believe or not. It is not difficult to scent the feminine garments in such wise that the wearer, like the goddess in the Odyssey, should waft around her a cloud of sweet odors. To perfume the blood seems to be, to say the least of it, unnecessary. But are not women just now rather too much given to perfumes? A drawing-room with a half a dozen ladies in it is apt to have an atmosphere a good deal too reminiscent of Mr. Rimmel's shop. A little perfume goes a long way—at all events with men.

This is the way to make Sally Lunn: One teacupful of yeast, one pint of warm sweet milk, a tablespoonful of butter, two pints of flour, two eggs and one tablespoonful of sugar. Work thoroughly and put to rise. About 4 o'clock make into round shapes the size of a deep jelly tin—roll a half inch thick. Put into the greased tin—rub over with melted butter, and place on top of it another round of the dough rubbed with the melted butter. Cook when light in a moderate oven. Butter before sending to the table, and cut as you would a pie. This is a real Southern bread, and "befoh de wah" no menu for a party was thought complete without the hot Sally Lunn, which was brought in steaming from the kitchen.

Black is never out of style, but it has received a new lease of life this Summer, the lovely black grenadine being among the most elegant and appreciated toilets, as are also the black nets and figured laces which never go out of style.

The latest description of Margaret Deland, the Boston writer, represents her as a slender young woman plunging through the snowdrifts of Beacon street with a market basket on her arm and her big dog at her side.

Carr—Walsh.

The marriage of Miss Katie V. Walsh to Mr. Edward J. Carr, took place yesterday morning at St. Leo's Church, Twenty-eighth street and Fifth avenue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Walsh. After the services the happy couple left for Lake George on a wedding trip. Mr. Carr is well-known in this city and Brooklyn, and the bride's home was at 15 East Thirty-first street.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Frank English, one of the Friendship Boat Club oarsmen, is much given to taking trips about New York waters, either in the Club barges or the big cutbeat belonging to the Club. He has been captain of the Club.

Howard Taylor, the expert tennis player and winner of this year's Waterbury Cup, is still young, despite his length of service on the tennis field. He is but twenty-four, having entered Harvard at sixteen. He graduated in 1886.

Stephen Millett is one of the cleverest tennis players who play in Central Park. Some of his peculiar "cuts" are most effective. He usually plays in singles.

William Newmann, one of the fast Kings County wheelmen, spends all his vacations on the bicycle.

No Physic Like It.

(*From the Epoch.*)

"Why, how did you cure that game leg? I thought you would be lame for life."

"So did I before I got a verdict for $5,000 against the railroad company, but that straightened it out in no time."

Elastic English.

(*From the Epoch.*)

Col. Wantrox—Evelyn, my daughter, I thought you said Charley Tynlack was surrounded by wealth.

Evelyn—So he is, sometimes. He's janitor in a bank.

Dental Note.

(*From Texas Siftings.*)

A—Where are you going?

B—To the dentist.

"What are you going to do there?"

"Get my little bill."

NEW LIFE FOR THEM.

Thousands of Infants Helped by the Corps of Free Physicians.

The Generous Public Responds Nobly to the Call.

Nell Nelson Tells How the Poor Make a Living.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$5,870.44
F. N. S.	5.00
Hotel Brighton entertainment	37.85
Jacob J. Koch	1.00
Cash	.15
Business Fair	8.00
G. Budd	2.00
Cicero	.10
A Cheerful Giver	1.00
Florinda Montealegre	1.00
Mrs W. Cocke, of Somerville, Tenn.	3.00
Little Harry	.25

A Fair in Harlem.

To the Editor.

Inclosed find $8.60, being the proceeds of a fair held in 161 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. We received donations from A. S. Stone, of Washington market; Corn, Kaliske & Co., and Thos. P. Ryan and L. F. Hall. Hoping it will do the sick babies some good.

Jennie F. Nolan, Sadie P. Sherry, Mamie Nolan, Tom Nolan, Bobbie Jones, Tom Peoples, Willie Foster, Richey Nolan.

Florinda's Collection.

To the Editor.

Inclosed you will find $1 collected from friends. FLORINDA MONTEALEGRE.

F. Montealegre, 25 cents; Mrs. Thiele, 25; Mrs. Menendez, 10; Mrs. Pereda, 10; Mrs. Sawyer, 5; Mrs. Seibert, 5; Mrs. Le Broome, 5; Frankie, 5; Mrs. Alejos, 10.

In Memoriam.

To the Editor.

Inclosed find $1 for the Sick Baby Fund, which is sent in remembrance of a little one gone to rest, with the hope that possibly it may save some little life or help to such end.

JACOB J. KOCH.

WORKING FOR SCANT PAY.

Nell Nelson Describes the East Sider's Mode of Living.

It would do the malcontent a deal of good to follow a free physician through an east-side district, for while hunting for sick babies he would be impressed by the enormity of the debt he owes gratitude.

Contrast would teach him the extent of his blessings, and the lesson would be a wholesome one.

Listen to this.

One of Dr. Hallwood's patients lives in an Allen street den with his two children, a son of three and a girl of six years. The old man keeps a school, the poverty of which would discourage the hopes and weigh the spirits of any American teacher. In the larger room his pupils are received, the appliances and conveniences consisting of an old five-octave piano, a fair violin, a pine table, four chairs, some printed heads of musicians and a few pieces of musical composition written by himself and an old Hebrew primer. One sheet of music bore this melancholy title. "When a man is poor he is neglected," referring no doubt to his own condition.

He spoke but little English, and though roughing it, was brave in his endeavor to be gay. Both children are ill just now. Ordinarily the little girl keeps house for the old musician, who is hoarding his penny earnings in order to pay the passage for his wife, who is still in Russia waiting to be sent for. Every pupil who comes to the "den" for a lesson is regarded as an angel in disguise, hastening the arrival of the wife to her husband. The comforts of the home are few and simple, but no murmur is heard and hope never lags. A measure of happiness was poured into his pathetic life by the good doctor, who ministered to the little ones and left directions for their physical welfare in case of recurring disorder.

To this little family there would be unbounding joy in the food, clothing and home conveniences against which the average taste rebels.

In the same street there are several widows who earn a living for large families of children by plucking fowls in the poultry shops and markets. Some of them leave home at dawn, the elder children preparing their own breakfast before starting to work, while a child of fourteen or less looks after the home and cares for the little ones. The fact that there is always an infant on whose tender life such neglect cannot be other than injurious makes the hardship of these mothers most distressing. And yet they are cheery about it and absolutely happy in their ability to find constant employment.

You would be amazed to know how many young wives work in tenement-house cigar factories nine and ten hours a day, with their babes sleeping at their feet on the gunny cloth that covers the barrel of stock to keep the leaves moist. Some of these unfortunates are the happy wives—happy wives, I repeat—of young cigar-makers, and some are alone with their offspring, scorned by parents and abandoned by the man in whom they believed and trusted. A lunch of brown bread, a piece of smoked beef or cheese and a bottle of pop, supplied by the factory peddler for a few cents, is a feast among these women, whose vitality is drained by the nursing child, the hard work and the exhaustive heat of the season.

And yet these girls sing as they work. In a Forsyth street tenement there is a cigarette factory managed by two little girls of twelve and fourteen respectively, who, judging from the fact that they roll 1,800 cigarettes a day, must have begun the work at a very early age. The family consists of the parents and four children, the youngest being mere infants and in poor health. They live in two rooms. Adjoining the sick bed is the tobacco table. Here the frail little tradeswomen sit eight hours in the day filling the rice paper tubes with fine tobacco, which are gauged, cut and packed in boxes for the wholesale trade. Not a word of complaint ever comes from these hapless prisoners of poverty; they have nothing for their unnatural labor but food, covering for their bodies, a shelter and the hard bed on the floor. They never handle a penny of the money they are earning at such enormous expense to youth, health and intellect; nor does it ever occur to them that they are among the heroines of the world.

If you cross the Long Island ferry often you may have noticed Loretto, a ten-year-old girl, who refers to THE EVENING WORLD Physician who cured Patsy of "brownsketes" as the "Boss doctor."

Loretto lives near the Long Island depot, and is the oldest of four children, two of whom "she raised," according to her own statement. Just now she has been "bringing Danny up," by what "Pip" described as the hand process.

Danny in his endeavor to cut a few teeth has broken open in several places, each expansion being marked by an ugly swelling.

Loretto reasoned that a change of air would be good for him, and at once raised the grieving boy in her little arms, carried him to the ferry-house and in some unaccountable way made the acquaintance of a deckhand. Through his influence Miss Loretto was invited to take a ride across the ferry, and she has been crossing and recrossing at the rate of five round trips a day ever since. She is so quiet and demure and so careful in the seat she selects for herself and Danny that few passengers notice her, the supposition being that she is with an adult.

Poor Baby Dan is having a hard time with his teeth. Every one cuts through an ache or pain of some sort, and his small wizen face is an iliad of pain, while his little body is diversified by swellings, boils and abrasions of varying sizes and degrees of soreness. All good come to the kind-hearted deckhand whose guests the infantile couple are and may the future hold in store the reward due the slip of nobility whose childhood has been devoted to the cares of infancy.

NELL NELSON.

MORE MONEY FROM LONG BRANCH

Little Guests of the Hotel Brighton Raise $37.85.

Through the kindly efforts of a number of benevolently inclined little people at Proprietor John Stokes's Hotel Brighton, at Long Branch, Sunday evening, THE EVENING WORLD'S fund for the benefit of the sick babies received a most substantial addition. Not one of the young folks was over thirteen years of age, and they gave a truly delightful and enjoyable concert.

This was the programme:

Piano Solo	Helen Heidelsheimer
Recitation—The Prayer	Winnie Levy
Recitation—Flag Stripes	Willie Keyes
Song—Punchinello	Elsie Harris
Recitation—Sixty Years Ago	Gypsey Keyes
Song—Marguerite	Frances Craig
Song—Annie Rooney	Bessie Smith
Recitation—Charlotte Russe	Nettie M. Black
Song—Nursery Rhyme	Fannie Hartz
Tableau—A Game of Cards. Babes in the Woods. The Fairy. The Sleeping Beauty. Blue Beard.	

The entertainment was in the hands of Misses Ella Bolton, Gypsey Keyes, Nettie M. Black, Frances Craig, Clarence Armstrong and Eddie Keyes.

The sum of $37.85 was realized and THE EVENING WORLD received a check for that amount from Mr. Stokes, through E. Martin Black, editor of the *Wall Street Daily News*.

Excursion Tickets for the Poor.

St. John's Guild has sent 1,600 Floating Hospital tickets and 200 Seaside Hospital tickets to Dr. M. L. Foster, Chief of THE EVENING WORLD'S Corps of Free Physicians, for distribution among poor families. There will be rejoicing in hundreds of families, thanks to this generous gift.

Maple Lawn Benefit.

Guests of the Maple Lawn House at Cairo, N. Y., recently got up an entertainment for the Sick Baby Fund, which netted about $10. The programme consisted of singing, recitations and musical numbers, and was heartily enjoyed by those who attended.

IT WAS A FOUNTAIN PEN.

He Tried to Explain How It Worked but Didn't Quite Do It.

He was a prominent lawyer of Topeka, says the Kansas City *Star*. Briefs with him were as thick as the sunflowers that fringe the low bottoms of the silent Kaw in August.

Always dressed in the most spotless of fashionably cut garments, he was the envy of struggling barristers and the cynosure of the ladies who promenaded the aristocratic avenues of Kansas's fair capital.

It was a terribly melting day in the scorching month of June, when, with a cool array of immaculate linen and suggestively airy, snow-white duck, he entered the State library, where the ever faithful custodian of the precious volumes of legal lore was poring over his desk busily engaged in answering a mass of correspondence ever accumulating, the burden of his daily life of routine.

"Why don't you buy a fountain pen?" he asked, in an enthusiastic tone, as he pulled one of these little instruments out of his vest pocket. "You can't imagine what a vast amount of time one can save. I purchased one this morning, and, if I could not procure another, I would not take a thousand dollars for it.

"Why, don't you know that a man's arm travels, in dipping his pen in the ink alone, more than half a dozen miles in an ordinary day of hard writing? Just think what a waste of muscular energy! Let me show you how easily the thing works."

As he spoke he attempted to unscrew the little cap, upon which a jet of the deceitful fluid, as fine as the spray from a lady's rubber-bulbed perfume bottle, spurted out and struck him fairly between the eyes and slowly trickled down his face.

"I guess that I have unscrewed the wrong end. Wait until I try the other." Then, without replacing the cap he had withdrawn, he slowly took off the other, which, permitting more air in, out the treacherous ink flew in a stream as thick as a lead pencil, completely covering his face, vest and permeating his hair, falling down on his trousers, until his whole suit resembled the map of a swamp.

With evident disgust depicted on every lineament, he slowly ejaculated: "Perhaps if I had been educated in a polytechnic school I would understand the mechanism of the darned thing better. Have you a lavatory here that I may try and repair damages?" Whereupon he went out, a discomfited man!

A Popular Error.

(*From the Epoch.*)

"Gemmens thinks we porters make a heap ob money, but we don't," complained a sable attendant on a Pullman car.

"Is that so?" replied the passenger.

"Yes, sah. I's only made $1·3 to-day, sah."

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

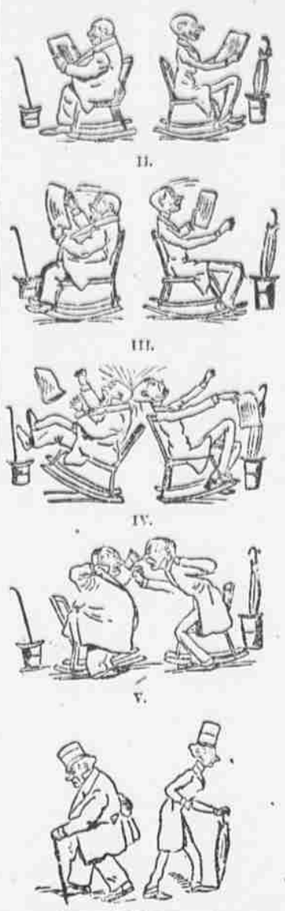
Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

A GOOD JOKE.

(*From Life.*)



WHAT A PHONOGRAPH HEARD.

A Warm Night in an Attic and Its Dreadful Effect.

The Indianapolis *News* reprints the following from its editorial phonograph:

"Gracious powers, how hot my attic is! The air has stood still here until it has grown stagnant. The bed is so hot I seem to be broiling on a griddle.

"Let's see. This is the bed rail; here, it runs right along here. Ah, this is the footboard; I'll try my head down here—maybe it will be cooler. There, the clock is striking 11—if I could only sleep. Whew! I'm melting—where's my handkerchief? I certainly left it here on this table—thunder! there goes the ink—I remember now, I laid my handkerchief on the bureau—no, it doesn't seem to be here—where can that measly sweat rag be?—I'll have to give it up and use the sheet—what is this?—it feels like—why, it is my handkerchief—I remember now. I stuck it under my pillow when I came to bed—oh, it I could only sleep!

"I wonder how hot it is here anyway—I believe I could see the thermometer if I'd hold it there in the moonlight—53 degrees!—what a miserable, lying thing a thermometer is any way—why it's a hundred if it's a degree in here—there, take that—you're such a good liar, lie there till the woman picks up the pieces—what a fool I am—that thermometer has been out of fix ever since I threw it at that cat last week. Great heavens! there it is midnight, and not a wink of sleep have I got yet—this pillow feels as hard as a rock—there now—see if it lies any better that way—not a bit—if I had to run the weather I'd never let the mercury get out of the bulb—I wonder if that window can't be pushed up a little higer—no, it's as tight as wax.

"I never was so tired and sleepy in my life—where's that fan?—Ow-w! I forgot the trunk was there—what did I do with that fan? One o'clock!—the night is half gone—say, this is awful—aw-w-ful—I don't believe I can live til mording at this rate—if I had a cool drink I'd feel better—where in thunder is that fan?—I've looked everywhere in the room for it—somebody's taken it—stolen it, that is the plain truth of the matter—ah, here it is on the floor—it's such hard work to use it that it makes me better rather than cooler. I'd give a thousand dollars for ten minutes of sleep—one, two—2 o'clock—this bed is hotter than it was three hours ago—I've felt every square inch of it a hundred times, and there is not a cool spot on it—I'm going to lie right still now and compel myself to sleep—let's see, how does the multiplication table go—two and two are four—no, that isn't it—ought times ought is ought—how in thunder does it run—it's all blamed nonsense anyway—oh, if I could only sleep!

"What's that? One, two, three—that clock woke me just as I was beginning to doze—I'll smash it to-morrow—to-day, I mean—seems to be getting daylight—there's no use of talking, I can't sleep, and I might as well get up and see if I can't go where it is cooler—this is aw-w-ful—another night like this and I'll have a doctor's bill to pay."

NEEDED A NEW FLOOR.

A St. Joseph Woman's Big Business in Jesse James Souvenirs.

There was a party of us on the train going to the Rocky Mountains, says the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News*, and the news agent badgered us so that one of us got a lurid narrative of Jesse James's life just to get rid of the fellow. He read pieces of it to us and we got so enthusiastic that we stopped off a day at St. Joseph to look at the house Jesse was killed in.

When we had climbed the bluff at Convent Hill and a darkey pointed out the shanty our ardor began to diminish. We knocked at the door and a woman opened it, looked at us awhile and then said:

"Want to see the house Jesse James was shot in?"

We said we did.

"Well, this is it. Just come right in. There ain't no shooting around here now." We came into a miserably furnished room, and passing through she showed us a perfectly bare room.

"That it is; just as it was the day they shot 'im. Right that's what he stood. Right outside this winder's what the 'ford boys stood."

The floor was all whittled and pieces cut out of it. One of us suggested that we get some relics to take back East with us.

"We would like to have a small piece of the door as a memento," said one.

"Wal," she said, "we don't make no habit o' selling sich, but seein' as you's all the way from back East, why I'll let you have a piece each at half a dollar apiece."

She cut small slices of the flooring and gave us each one, and when we had paid her and passed around to the yard, we heard the woman saying to somebody in the house:

"John, guess ye'd better hev the carpenter come up and put a new floor in thet room. This is the fourth we've had in and it's nigh all cut away."

FAY TEMPLETON.

A little boat tried to glide upon the stage of the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night. It moved forward with tiny jerks, evidently under protest, and when in full view of the audience came to a stand-still. From it stepped a much be-tighted young woman, with an immeasurable smile and a look that seemed to say, "Don't be nervous, I'm not." It was Fay Templeton; Fay, the elusive; Fay, the transatlantic; Fay, the international. She caught her breath with just a little relief, as she found herself out of the boat, which nearly capsized her. Before going any further I would suggest that stars make their first appearance on foot, stage boats being full of that perversity known as "cussedness."

Miss Templeton wore a costume that was about as large as her voice. You could have packed costume and voice in a small satchel with ease. The tunic revealed a pair of very pink tights, and a chubbiness that was an absolute disillusion. In fact, Miss Templeton's tights looked as though they could have supported the Eiffel Tower, the WORLD Building or a Colossus of Rhodes. Her advisers had been distinctly at fault. A dress more unpardonably vulgar or more ostentatiously coarse could not have been devised for a first appearance. It handicapped Miss Templeton's efforts very seriously, and later in the evening, when her costumes were really artistic and pretty, the memory of this atrocious get-up marred their effect.

Miss Templeton is no longer fascinating. The bright eyes that were once her choicest feature are asked to light up too much Fay, and consequently lose their effect. She has a "variety" expression of face and the demeanor of maturity. Some people can wear this demeanor gracefully, as for instance Nellie Farren and Florence St. John. But Miss Templeton rebels at its invasion. During the evening, however, her Spanish dance was very neatly done, in charming costume, and towards the end of the performance a song with Edwin Stevens, entitled "The Same Old Thing Over Again," was very cleverly rendered. But for these two features Fay would have fallen flat as any pancake. They should be emphasized with everything, while "Hendrik Hudson" should be diminished into nothing.

The burlesque "Hendrik Hudson; or, The Discovery of Columbus," by William Gill and Robert Fraser, is a very irritating affair, without rhyme or reason. Its libretto is vapid and its music of the most primitive order, though the programme declared the music to be "from all sources, arranged and partly composed by Fred Perkins." It was cruel to omit the names of these sources. Had they been mentioned musical arrangers would have known where not to go in future.

Edwin Stevens, the comedian, betrayed the fact that he was not clever enough to be amusing with a bad part. Stevens is more legitimate in his methods than De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson, and given a worthy opportunity might excel these comedians. But Hopper and Wilson have the happy faculty of making what may be called silk purses out of roles that may be compared to sows' ears. Stevens founders with the stupidity assigned to him.

Miss Toma Hanlon, who has a voice like a railway whistle, and Miss Alice Carle, who hasn't worked very hard, but not as successfully as Miss Estelle Mortimer, who as a woman of the future was as successful as anything or anybody in the burlesque. Edward Edwards and Charles Kirke were fairly amusing as two deputy sheriffs. The authors of the burlesque must have just heard of the trouble in the Sheriff's office some time ago. They joked about it. Perhaps—as they make one of their characters remark—they have been living in Philadelphia. In their next effort they will have a chance to make allusions to the boodle Aldermen.

The burlesque was nicely staged. Robert Fraser is a stage artist, and his work was well done. One or two of the chorus girls were pretty, but it was cruel to place that vial containing the water of perpetual youth upon the stage, because it gave rise to suggestions, and—and—under the—er—circumstances—well, you know—it was—er—a trifle—no, I decline to say it.

ALAN DALE.

WHY CATS ARE THIN.

They Are Constantly on the Alert for Food or Danger.

Have you ever inquired how it is that cats can combine with their proverbial idleness such great agility? says "Lagrange's Physiology." Muscular inaction leads just as much in other kinds of animals as in the human species to obesity; the dog which does not hunt, the horse kept in the stable becomes fat and sluggish. Wild animals even, if kept in a cage, where they are forced into the repose of domestic life, very rapidly lose their slenderness of figure and their ease of movement.

Why does the cat escape the ordinary law, and why, in spite of the fact that it rarely moves, does it seldom become fat as does a dog or horse under similar circumstances?

It is because its immobility is not that of inaction, and its nerves are working while its muscles seem at rest. Like the fencer waiting the moment to attack, the cat is constantly ready to spring. It is always watching something; a rat, a fly, or a joint of meat.

A drawing-room cat only makes three or four springs in the course of a day, but each of them has been preceded by two or three hours of latent work.

When we believe that the animal is engaged in a happy dream it is meditating a capture, calculating the distance of its spring and holding its muscles in readiness for anything that may happen.

Hence it is never taken by surprise. If a little bird escapes from its cage it is caught and eaten in three seconds. The cat has been watching it for a week. When it seemed asleep it was lying in wait.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

IS A GREAT LABOR SAVER.
A SHINE LASTS A WEEK.
RAIN AND SNOW DON'T AFFECT IT.
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED.
MAKES A SHOE WATERPROOF.
USED BY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
CAN BE WASHED LIKE OILCLOTH.

Ask for Dry, Paint and Household Stores for

DIK-RON TRY IT.

WILL STAIN OLD AND NEW FURNITURE, WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINA WARE, WILL STAIN TINWARE, WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS, WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH AND Varnish at the same time.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

SHE THOUGHT SHE MUST DIE.

HOW MRS. CONNORS OF BROOKLYN SUFFERED WITH CATARRH.

She Almost Suffocated and Was One Mass of Pains—Everything She Tried Failed Until She Went to Drs. Blair and Copeland, and Now She Says She Is Like Another Woman.

"I want it known. Come right in and I will tell you all about it," was what Mrs. Mary Connors said to the writer during a recent interview. "Yes," she continued, "I am glad of the opportunity to tell how I suffered and how my relief was brought about.

MRS. MARY CONNORS,
74 Middleton st., Brooklyn.

"Two years ago I was attacked with catarrhal bronchitis. It was slight at first, but it got worse, until I thought I must die from it. My nose was blocked up. My head ached. Mucus dropped into my throat from the back part of my head. My throat would get sore. My breath came with a wheezing, whistling sound. My nose would bleed upon the slightest provocation. If I would lie upon my back I would choke up and almost suffocate. I would cough last part of the night. In the morning I was one mass of pains—pains in the head, limbs, back, side and chest. I was always hawking, spitting and raising phlegm, which gave out a bad smell. My breath was offensive, and I had no life, no ambition. I thought I had consumption.

"You may be sure I tried everything one could think of to get relief, but I did not get it until I consulted Drs. Blair & Copeland. These gentlemen made no promises as other physicians did, but they did me a world of good. Why, I am like another woman now, and my husband thinks it is wonderful."

Drs. Blair & Copeland furnish their own medicine free of charge, and the price of their treatment is very low.

Mrs. Connors resides at 74 Middleton st., Brooklyn, where she will be glad to speak to any one regarding her case.