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ARBITRATORS IN SESSION.

The inquiry into the causes of the strike on the New York Central Railroad, which began yesterday, was conducted in a manner to create much satisfaction. Vice-President WEBB showed proper respect for the authority of the Board, and when thus brought to bay answered most of the questions which were propounded to him.

By advice of his counsel Mr. WEBB refused to answer the question as to what his arrangements with the Pinkertons were, although the Board decided that he should do so. This looked somewhat like reading the Board a lesson on its duty and authority.

A very interesting feature of the inquiry was the correspondence between Mr. POWDERLY, the General Master Workman who sought to dissuade from the strike, and Mr. LEE, the Master Workman who ordered the strike. Mr. POWDERLY predicted the failure of the strike, and warned Mr. LEE that it was the policy of the Central to precipitate it now.

Mr. POWDERLY's analysis of the situation was a masterly one and showed him a long-headed and cool-headed leader. The testimony of some of the discharged employees seemed to show that their association with the Knights was the cause of their dismissal, though Mr. WEBB reiterated his assertion that none of the men were sent away for this reason.

GO TO, WEST.

Lord SACKVILLE-WEST will not endear himself to Americans by his action in regard to the Shakespeare Memorial presented to the town of Stratford-on-Avon by Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia.

Lord SACKVILLE-WEST has made a claim against the Town Council of Stratford-on-Avon for encroachment. The Council were indignant at his lordship's demand for rent of an open space which has been used for a market for six hundred years.

Lord SACKVILLE's agent wrote to the Council that his Lordship might graciously waive insistence on his claim if petitioned to that effect. But the Council declined to admit the pretentions which such supplication would recognize, and ordered that WEST's letter, declaring that he would feel bound to maintain the undoubted rights of the manor, be laid on the table.

Whatever his right, the conduct of Lord SACKVILLE-WEST in this matter is very mean.

JUDICIAL MOCKERY.

When an investigation is conducted with every effort to screen the person whose conduct is under investigation it is time for the law-abiding citizen to feel his gorge rise.

The manner in which Pension Commissioner RAUM has been investigated is a flagrant scandal. It should be regarded as an all-sufficient reason for demanding his resignation. It is a simple principle that the man who has done only what is right has no need of concealment. On the other hand, where strenuous efforts are made to cloak things and to favor the person against whom charges have been preferred, it is strong ground for suspecting that there is good reason for the charge.

The removal of RAUM would be the wisest step which could be taken and Mr. HARRISON should demand his resignation.

THE CITY IS AHEAD.

It is some comfort to know that the New York Central does not own the Harlem River, and that the millions at the back of this corporation are not strong enough to carry a point which conflicts with the interests of this city.

The best thing the Central can do is to put a tunnel under the Harlem River, and not try any longer to block the improvements in that stream which will increase the commercial advantages of New York.

The late little exhibition in Maine by a Republican member of Congress is another blemish on the party to whom he belongs. The Republican party has had good training in the matter of weathering scandals, but it is poor policy to let flagrant violations of political integrity and honor accumulate and send forth a malodorous exhalation with uninterrupted vigor. Such perfume is apt to linger about the polls and have a determining influence on the honest voter.

To object to the activity displayed by members of an organization, and to object to their membership in the organization, are not such very different things. If members of an organization are not to labor to promote its interests, organizing at all seems rather a senseless thing.

The suggestion to make a memorial of the late JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY by setting apart a portion of the Boston Public library for a collection of Celtic literature is a worthy one. To carry out a project dear to the heart of one who has passed beyond the sphere of earthly energy is something honorable to the dead and gratifying to the living who were his friends. This need not interfere with the erection of a memorial more distinctly commemorative of Mr. O'REILLY. Both are in order to a man of his worth and ability.

Most people may think it a little surprising that a Police Justice of New York who has two or three hours' work a day of a kind which is understood as not demanding the severest mental strain, and who enjoys, moreover, a vacation of several months every year, should draw the same salary as a Judge of the Supreme Court or a member of the President's Cabinet. But this is the fact.

Prince Louis of Battenberg is a printer. Now, what is Prince HENRY of Battenberg the husband of Princess BEATRICE?

What does TOM REED think of his fellow townsman, Mr. MILLIKEN?

SPOTLETS.

"The Bottom of the Sea" is a play that must have McGinty in the cast.

***

"Sweet Sixteen" is all right for girls. They do not smoke the noxious weed.

***

A sick man in Baltimore shrunk a foot. Washing? No; sickness. Happily, flannel shirts do not get sick.

***

They have music for the mites up above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. The Harlemites, you know.

***

"Darlinguettes with golden tresses, clad in dainty cooking dresses—
I never saw such figures in my life;
Let me get my glass adjusted—ah, that's right—oh! Well, I'm busted!
The hussies are my sister and my wife!"
—*Charter.*

***

Men who step on the upturned point of a tack are not necessarily George men because they are vociferous single-tacks men.

***

The Cats' Home is a sort of a grim, mocking affair. This is deep.

***

Nobody could look at the Manhattan Beach fireworks without a Pain.

***

The great trouble in the women baseball games is to secure a blonde young man for umpire. But this is the only sure way of getting a fair umpire.

***

Gossip on the round may be very "square."

WORLDLINGS.

David Mail, of Allegheny, Pa., is six feet tall, but he weighs only 45 pounds. A year or so ago he weighed 148 pounds. He is in fairly good health, and the doctors are unable to tell what is the matter with him.

M. de Lesseps is passing the Summer on an estate that was once the property of Agnes Sorel, the favorite of Charles VII. He is fond of hunting, and passes a good part of his time on horseback.

The latest "star" pupil of Mme. Marchesi, in Paris, is Miss Kate Bensberg, a St. Louis girl. She is to make her debut in Rome during the Carnival week of next Winter, as Ophelia, in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet."

There are several women real estate brokers in Chicago. Probably the most successful of them all is Mrs. Emma Case, who makes an income of $5,000 a year.

Marshal Canrobert is one of the oldest, as he is probably the most popular, of the soldiers of France. He is now eighty, and is still in vigorous health.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

W. G. Lipsey is one of the ambitious members of the St. George Athletic Club. He strives to get higher and higher, for he is a high jumper by inclination and training. He is sure to rise still higher in the athletic world.

J. H. Lacy can lace the cricket ball out very effectively while guarding his "stumps." He is prominent in the business affairs and games of the New York Cricket Club.

Walter B. Peet, the coach of the Columbia College crews, graduated from Columbia in the class of '80. While in college he stroked the Varsity eight.

A. A. Zimmerman, one of the fast wheelmen of the New Jersey Athletic Club, still prefers one of the old-fashioned big-wheel-in-front bicycles to the more popular safeties. He can ride his machine, too.

STOLEN RHYMES.

To an Old Apple Tree.

Those maimed limbs plead thy story;
The wounds upon thy body speak for thee;
Thou art a veteran soldier scarred with glory,
My brave old apple tree.

Oft hast thou borne up under
Onset of storming wind and shot of hail;
Aye, one a shrieking band of assailant thunder
Flashed down thy barken mail.

Old age, disease and battle
Have scathed and crooked, and crippled all thy form,
And thy Briarean bare arms clash and rattle,
Lost in the Wintry storm.

I seem to feel thee shiver,
As on thy naked one a hair rags of snow;
May charitable spring, the gracious giver,
Clothe her mantle thrice!

She will, and sunshine stilling
From blue skies thou again shall drink as wine,
And feel afresh the rush of young blood thrilling
Through that old heart of thine.

For in the season duly
Each year there rises youth's perennial power
Within thee, and thou then rejoicest newly
In roses of leaf and flower.

Ay, though thy years are many,
And sorrows heavy, yet from the Winter's gloom
Thou lastest with the young trees, glad as any,
As quick of green and bloom.

The bluebird's warble mellow
Returns like memory and calls thy name,
And, as first love, the robin's plumage yellow
Burns through thy shade like flame.

Thus thou art blest and blessest—
Thy grace of blossoms fruiting into gold;
And thus, in touch with nature, thou possessest
The art of growing old.
—*Charles Alkman, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Poet's Wooing.

In weaving rhymes about her name,
Her auburn locks, her rose cheeks,
The beauty she could rightly claim,
I squandered hours, and days, and weeks.

In weaving rhymes about her soul,
The subtle music in her speech,
The hours and days away did roll,
Yet she was never within my reach.

I spent a year, it seems to me,
In weaving rhymes about her heart;
Yet I was alone in misery,
And from all happiness apart.

Alas, for the unhappy times
That come to mortals when they err—
While I was busy weaving rhymes,
Another youth waltzed off with her!
—*Arthur W. Acty, in Mooney's Weekly.*

An Incident in Camp.

He was a brave militiaman;
A soldier born was he
And bound to grow—in peace, you know—
A general to be.

His ways were so magnetic-like
He drew all men to him
And once in a year he drew too near
The seething wine-cup's brim.

And so it was that August night
When the boys were all in camp;
The corks popped out, and there's no doubt
The stuff behind was damp.

For when our soldier-boy went home
At something after three,
With many a groan he tried to ope
The tent flap with a key.
—*Sunbeam (O.) Dispatch.*

The True Reason.

(From Mooney's Weekly.)

"What is the ostensible purpose of a summer vacation?"

"To find out what a delightful place home really is."

Very Fortunate.

(From Mooney's Weekly.)

Edith (soliloquizing)—I'm so glad he proposes by letter. No fuss—no helping him on, and plenty of time to run down to papa's office and look him up in Bradstreet before I give him an answer.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Interest the Gentler Sex.

Caps Are Now in Demand—The Senseless Parade of Wealth—Pay of Cooks and Typewriters Compared—Slumber Slippers.

THE demand now is for caps, and if you haven't one get it at once—a tennis cap, a conductor's cap, a yachting cap, an officer's cap, any sort of a cap, in white, cream or blue serge, in black, brown or bottle-green cloth, in anything, so long as it is a cap and a little, little masculine.

The sickening, senseless ostentation, the parade of wealth and the vulgar striving to outrival one's neighbor goes madly on. Women have never been more lavishly dressed, more brilliantly bedizened with jewels than during the season now waning. Diamonds have sparkled in necklaces, bracelets, rings, brooches, shoulder bows, slipper buckles, stomachers and hairpins; not only have solitaires been collected, but orchids, sweet peas, lily of the valley, asters, marguerites and violets have been reproduced and are still in demand at prices that an entire family could live on for a year. Crushed roses, snowballs and sprays of lilac made of pure linen and by French artists have formed the garniture for the clinging silks, crepe and crepon in which fashion has arrayed herself. The sweet, old-fashion flowers that breathe of memories too sacred for reference have been banished and in their place has been set costly palms in jardinieres worth from $15 to $100 each, and orchids and roses "forced" into bloom and retailed at 75 cents each. The beau, the dude and the club man, either too lazy or too tired or too boyishly brusquetie to make himself agreeable to the young ladies, has been coaxed into the dance and rewarded with costly presents, by courtesy called favors. Hostesses craving distinction have flung away their whole income on dinners and cotillions, and the spirit of snobbery has characterized not only the superfluous attendants but the spread, the draperies, the plate, the music and the toilets as well. It has all amounted to display, to show, to exhibition. Real sociability has been smothered; the soul has been crushed out of hospitality and friendship; conversation has been ruined; merit driven away and the stamp of gold set upon every value—moral and mental as well as material. Society is still seeking for the flesh pots and the golden calf has the place of honor in the midst of worshippers.

The average cook is paid $25 a month, with lodgings and board of some sort. The pay of the average typewriter or copyist in the downtown offices is $24 a month. Draw your own inference.

It is the opinion of Charles Dudley Warner that the best education for women is that which will make her most agreeable to the men of the nation. She is the weaker plant and her place is in the shelter of an oak.

Every child, especially every girl, has an instinctive desire to make and meddle wherever any culinary processes are going on: and every mother and every kitchen-maid is accustomed to give the little one a bit of dough when mixing bread or cake, and of letting her bake her own little confection in a saucer. It is a wise mother who takes advantage of this natural inclination in a girl to make her a cook betimes, and to turn the taste and tendency to account in the family. To be a good cook, to be a good nurse, to be a good needlewoman, are the three things absolutely essential to the happiness, and to the continuance in happiness, of the great majority of all women, whatever more it may be given them to be; and if the things leading to such desired proficiency are taught in season there will be so much more time left for all the other things that invite after the foundation of the positively necessary is laid.

Rough-looking woollens that will endure stormy weather come in great plaids, fleecy spots and irregular stripes for cloakings. For those who desire quieter effects are diagonal cloths showing a melange of colors with rough bourette threads though them.

The new way of hanging a skirt is to cut the goods on the bias and gore the breadths over the hips without a crease or gather. All the fulness must be caught at the back under a rosette of ribbon. The effect is as striking as the pull-back ever was.

Sherry cobbler is the favorite beverage of Murray Hill ladies who sleep in Twenty-third street, take lung baths in Madison Square and constitutionals between the Plaza and Washington Square. The cobbler is 30 cents. It is a cool, but peppery compound, served in an etched tumbler on a lace doyly and taken through a pair of straws. Unless accustomed to it one needs to have a couch and sofa pillow brought with the check.

Call your little girl "sweety," "beauty," "lovely," "charming," "sister" or "daughter," but never by her Christian name, if you want to be thought æsthetic.

The fancy work of the hour is the slumber slipper. Crochet them with two colors, sole them with felt or cork, put them in a fancy case, send them by express or special messenger and you will get yourself liked by all the hens and doves in your set.

The Princess of Wales has a species of face wash that gives her the beauty of color and freshness of complexion belonging to sweet sixteen. What the stuff is even Miss Knollys, the best known of the ladies-in-waiting to the Princess, and thought to be the favorite, does not know. If Hattie Harver-Faith gets a letter to H. R. H. and a peep at the royal dressing cabinet the mystery will be solved.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is getting plump. The Australian climate agrees with her.

Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber, who intends to make a brilliant musician of her daughter, is collecting an album of sonatas for the little girl's recreation. The child is tutored at home, and instead of being filled with geography, theory of arithmetic and rules of grammar, she is taught good English, history of music and literature, the modern languages and the art of being charming. She is likely to excel not only as a linguist and musician but as a conversationalist.

INFANTS' 3 years and upwards are not possible while Mendel's Teething Cordial can be had. 25c.

JERSEY'S PARADISE.

Nell Nelson's Visit to the Quaint Town of Seabright.

The Different Types of Human Nature She Met There.

Girls Who Are Sociable and Girls Who Are Studious.

Seabright is the paradise of Jersey. It is also the pilgrim grounds of the Brahmins, the old noblesse and the ultras of resident and transplanted New Yorkers. The horses are blooded, the turnouts matchless, the cottages palatial, the children miniature knights and ladies and the hotel life as exclusive as the heart of the aristocratic guest could desire.

Life here is very much as it is anywhere on the seashore, only the participants have their own peculiarly elegant way of enjoying it.

The girls are raging beauties, the men are chivalrous and remarkably ubiquitous and their *entente cordiale* is real, their gracious activity unswerving and their courtesy unflagging.

They seem to have caught the enthusiastic spirit of elegance from "Beau Brummel" and beg ten thousand pardons for the slightest remission.

It is easy to see that with this delightful thoroughness and habitual affability how much heartiness and willingness can be put into a straw ride, a sail down the river, a surf bath, a beach flirtation, a game of cards or tennis, a drive, a promenade or a dance.

Even the chaperons have a special code of etiquette, and while their convenient retirement may be expressive of the most harmonious relations, it is not always judicious. The young lady, knowing her taste for current literature, buys the standard periodicals as soon as they appear, and while maturity is enjoying herself "Among the Sea Cups" youth and beauty are couched on the shining sands in the shelter of a sun umbrella.

Both have on caps and blazers, scarfs and white shoes, while the young man puffs his cigarette rings, scarf-pins, confidences and hearts are exchanged.

These lounging lovers are artistically grouped and the pictures they make in the glittering landscape are enjoyable in various ways.

Fashion in her bathing robe is both beautiful and audacious. She can swim and does a little, but from one to three hours are spent promenading the beach with never a one, but two, denuded cavaliers, for the sun bath, to get the almond shade of tan.

Their surf toilets are most captivating—every one high necked, every one sleeveless to show a pair of gleaming white arms, and all cut close to the knees so as "to carry as little water as possible, don't you know."

Blue rules the waves, but there is a belle who dips under the foam in a suit of pistache twill, another who wears a screaming scarlet with a flesh-colored corsage, and a third beauty from town who has a row of bells fringing the gray skirt.

All are as tightly laced in ocean stays as a French model, and how they swim or manage to fight the treacherous undertow is a marvel.

The brainy girl is here in all the strength of numbers and intellectuality. But there is something the matter with her. She doesn't take. Doesn't have any fun, any beaux, and "chuddy" any soda water, any moonlight sails, any letters, any flowers or any fluttering in her left side.

She can tell you all about the tides, their time and variation, cause and effect. She knows the classification of the creeping things in the seaweed; the jelly fish and crustaceans along the shore; the shells in the sand, and the plants that grow along the rippling Shrewsbury.

She has read everything; heard all the intellectual giants of the age, and will tell you in the most polished style the difference between the classic, scholarly speeches of Gladstone and the logical reasoning of John Bright.

She has heroes at home, and while differing with the politics of Secretary Blaine considers his the master brain among American statesmen.

She has an intimate acquaintance with Emerson, Browning, Dante and the Lake school of poets. She is not pedantic, nor obtrusive, never presuming, never tedious and never altogether companionable, for the reason that she cannot help being didactic.

She is involuntarily a teacher, and no matter what attitude you may assume you find yourself at her feet, an humble learner.

This young woman knows everything but the way to make herself agreeable to the men. They fly as soon as she is in sight. They send her the newspapers and send her their compliments—nothing more.

I asked one of these critics for an opinion. Here it is:

"I won't allow any woman to teach me. I have all the learning I need. I am willing to devote myself, body and soul, brain, wealth, time, to your sex, but I want to be amused, entertained and diverted. I won't talk business. I can't talk theories or books or philosophy, and, to be candid, I don't want to learn."

This is an expression that every woman a familiar with. Men want the society of charming women, and the erudite maiden does not, as a rule, belong to that class.

Here at Seabright she is the least attractive of all the idlers. Her dresses are out of date, her shoes are not pretty, her gloves do not fit, her hat is not becoming; she makes no pretense to dress her hair correctly, and she has far too much common sense to be bothered with ribbons, flowers, fans, crimps, manicure implements, toilet lotions, scents, frills or the hundred other little accessories that give the peculiarly feminine touches to the toilet.

Instead of the light low shoe she has stout soles to walk in the grass and over the pebbly strand; she uses an umbrella on the piazza because it gives a better shade than a parasol, and instead of a bright shawl or gay rug to spread over the sand she carries her gossamer.

She has no bangs, no flying ribbons, no mischief-making veils, no jaunty cap, no shadowy hat pinched into dormer windows with overhanging roses; she has no idea of the dainty ways, none of the senseless prattle or small talk of the fashionable girl and none of the pretty manners that characterize the society girl.

She is smart, very smart, inclined to be sarcastic and is very severely left to herself.

Aside from the gayeties there is another side to Seabright—the study.

No less than a score of little folks keep up their lessons, the mother and tutors taking turn in the work of educating the young mind.

One hears the "Idyls of the King," the "Tales of the Wayside Inn," the "Castle of Indolence," and children's histories by great writers, but not one fairy story. Hans Christian, Andersen, Grimms, Æsop, and even the Doty Dimple class of literature has been condemned as inadequate and insufficient food for the nourishment of the imagination of the diminutive Brahmins.

The most remarkable girl at Seabright comes from New York, whose ambition it is to enter Bryn Mawr College next week.

This young lady is the daughter of a wealthy widow, and while there is no reason for the severe task she has undertaken it is nevertheless her intention to go through Bryn Mawr and come out with honors.

Since June she has remained locked in her room, studying from six to ten hours a day in order to complete the work mapped out by her tutor.

She has read 5,000 lines of Latin, learned thirty-nine lives in English and American literature, reviewed the arithmetic and mastered the last half of algebra.

She passed the examination in German, Greek and geometry last June, and the remaining half will be taken next week.

Bryn Mawr is considered the highest college for women in America. All the Faculty are men, with the single exception of Miss Chamberlain, a senior wrangler, by the way, who occupies the chair of German language.

This very studious young woman is rather pretty, but she is ruining her eyes, has to wear glasses, and if she knows for what she is working she refuses to let the world know.

"I just want to make the most of myself," she says, and there all argument ends.

NELL NELSON.

OPIE REID'S ONE DESIRE.

There Is One Man Whom He Wants to Kill or See Killed.

To look at the jovial, frank, open countenance of Opie Reid, the "Arkansas Traveller," one would not take him to be vindictive, and after a half-hour's chat with him the shrewdest reader of human nature would be willing to stake his reputation that the well-known writer would think twice before making up his mind to kill a troublesome mosquito, and that even then the chances would be that he would compromise by shooing the insect away, says the Chicago *Post*. And yet, despite this peaceful, sympathetic exterior, there is, deep down in Opie Reid's heart, a smoldering desire to commit bloody murder; a desire which will one day burst forth and consume all against whom it is directed.

"Yes, sir," the popular Opie will say when questioned about it, "there is a man who, since first I began to write, has taken a fiendish pleasure in making life miserable for me.

Go where I may, he has followed me, and though I'd steal away unknown to any one to some far distant place, when I got there he would be on hand. He doesn't attack me openly, nor yet does he inflict upon me physical chastisement; but he waits until my back is turned and then hacks at my reputation by making the work for which otherwise I would be widely and justly famed look like the effort of a sick school-boy.

No matter how carefully I write, it's just the same. In fact, it's more so, for the greater pains I take the worse my work looks when it appears in print. But I am going to get even with him some day—and when I do every writer will subscribe for a tombstone to mark my grave.

"I am going to get a company of soldiers and go for him. Easy enough to find? Yes, indeed. Every newspaper office has him. I will just go into the managing editor's room and say to him: 'You've got a man here I want to take down on the street and have killed.' He won't ask me whom I mean. No, indeed. He'll know fast enough and he'll just turn to his office boy and say:

"'Go tell the proof-reader that Opie Reid wants to see him on the sidewalk.' And when he steps outside the door I'll give the signal, the soldiers will pump him full of lead and then we writers will have a little peace in this world."

SHE KISSED THE SHINER.

How a Tailor-Made Girl Paid a Bootblack for Polishing Her Boots.

She was a dapper little tailor-made girl, and as she walked up Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon, holding her silk umbrella in the latest fashion and gayly chatting with a male companion, she was the cynosure of all eyes, and many young dudes standing at the Post-Office corner would have given anything to exchange places with the young man at her side, says an exchange. The couple crossed Fifth avenue, and at the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office stopped. The object of their remarks seemed to be a young and none-too-clean negro with a bootblack.

The young lady's escort smiled, as if in answer to something, and then called the "shiner" over to him. The young arab was tickled at the prospect of getting a job, but he almost fell over in his astonishment as the tailor-made girl stuck out her foot.

The latter was incased in a neat-fitting boot, which, if the truth be said, did not have a polish glossy enough to reflect the character of the owner.

The "shiner" seemed to be struck all in a heap, but as soon as he recovered from his astonishment set to work on the neat-fitting boots. When the job had been completed the young man, who was treating the affair like a huge joke on the lady, laughingly asked the arab what the charge was.

The "shiner" replied that he "wouldn't charge de lady nothin'," and asked her for one of the flowers she wore in her corsage. She willingly gave it, and, stooping down, kissed the young gamin before the latter had a chance to get away. The color of his face was only equalled by the hue of his hair as he broke away and ran down Smithfield street. It was fully half an hour before he came back. The young lady lives in Allegheny.

A Necessary Requirement.

(From the Epoch.)

Guest (at hotel desk)—I noticed a bat flying about the corridor a few minutes ago.

Clerk (absently)—Has he got any baggage with him?

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A Pretty Chorus Girl's Husband Kidnapped by His Parents.

After a Separation of Two Years They Are Reunited.

There is a little woman living in this city in whose quiet face there are traces of past beauty, together with some lines about the expressive mouth that are indicative of sorrow or suffering, says the Chicago *Times*. The story of the later years of this woman's life is as romantic a one as can be found in the average novel of the period.

Five or six years ago a popular little opera company, the bright particular star of which was Catharine Lewis, came to grief in Chicago. The star fell ill, salaries were in arrears, and there was nothing to do but disband. The principals of the company, having a little money on hand, found no difficulty in getting to their homes.

With the members of the chorus, however, it was different. A parcel of girls of various ages and grades of good looks were left to shift for themselves, having the choice of starving in Chicago until they could get employment or walking to their homes in New York. The little woman with the sad face was one of these.

After two weeks of semi-starvation, during which she subsisted chiefly on the generosity of her former landlord, she secured a place as copyist in a small printing-house.

It was while there that she made the acquaintance of a young Englishman, the son of wealthy and aristocratic parents, who was travelling in this country for amusement under the guidance of a tutor, the latter a grave and earnest gentleman, with a heavy black beard and a rather forbidding cast of countenance. It was a case of love at first sight.

The young Englishman was honest, ardent and persistent. He was a handsome fellow, with a broad, white forehead, around which clustered a mass of rich brown curls.

He courted the girl in an impetuous fashion, and it was small wonder that she capitulated after a brief siege and accepted her enslaved adorer's suit.

The marriage was a secret one and the young pair went to live in a little flat over a shop on North Clark street. The young man seemed to be well supplied with funds and for a while bliss reigned.

The elderly tutor, however, threw a shadow over their path. On being informed by the bridegroom that his services could be dispensed with, and being requested to return to England and report the affair to his parents, he had betrated his charge in round terms.

He stayed in Chicago for ten days, during which time he importuned the young fellow to desert his bride and return home.

He desisted from these efforts only after he had been warned not to appear at the Clark street flat again under pain of bodily punishment. Then he went away.

The husband, when his money became exhausted, took a place as a porter in a wholesale grocery house. Like most wealthy young Englishmen he was not overburdened with brains and had to accept any work that would bring him the means to support himself and his wife.

The ex-chorus girl had apparently found her heaven. She was as true and affectionate a wife as ever man was blessed with, and it seemed as though the twain had found an ideal existence.

It was perhaps two months after that that the English parents, accompanied by the aged family solicitor, arrived in Chicago. How it was ever managed no one will ever know, but the bride on coming home one afternoon found her husband gone and upon the table an envelope containing $500 in American money and a note, unsigned, informing her that she would never see her husband again.

How she bore her loss cannot be known; it can only be imagined. She left the little flat in which her all-too-brief period of happiness had been passed and took rooms in a boarding-house.

She went back to her work, and in the due course of time there arrived a little companion to offer her solace in her desertion. In the touch of its baby fingers she doubtless found comfort, and could see her lost husband's blue eyes mirrored in those of his child.

Two years went by and the saddened woman was still leading her lonely life. It was while sitting on a bench in Lincoln Park at dusk one Saturday afternoon, with her infant playing on the grass at her feet, that she espied a tall, bearded man with a bronzed face regarding her intently.

It was her husband.

Of course the joy of that meeting is beyond my power to depict. He told her how he had been chloroformed and shipped away; that this helpless condition had lasted for thirty-six hours, when, as he afterwards learned, he had been attacked with brain fever.

While weak and almost an imbecile from the effects of this illness, he had been taken home by his parents and restored to health. He was informed meanwhile that his wife was dead, and had then been sent on a long cruise on his father's yacht.

On regaining his mental vigor and finding it impossible to forget the wife whom he supposed dead he had returned to Chicago to visit the scene of his former happiness. His father having died and left him a moderate fortune he was his own master. His meeting with her was purely an accident.

Husband, wife and child were reunited and are living in Chicago to-day. I will venture the assertion that this whole great city contains no happier woman than the former poor little chorus girl, who was faithful to the man she loved in the face of such a piteous separation.

Money Making Made Easy.

(From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.)

Snodgrass—I made $5 very easily this morning.

Simeral—How?

"I saw Jayasmith coming, and I said: 'Hello, old boy, you're the man I want to see. Lend me $5 for a week.'"

"You didn't get it, did you?"

"No; but I prevented him from asking me for a loan."

As it Sounded.

(From the Epoch.)

"Some boys threw a stone through the window, and—"

"Threw it?"

"Yes, through it."

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. STANLEY, 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

BURDENS LIFTED.

Sick Babies Helped to Life By "Evening World" Readers.

The Fund Rapidly Nearing the $8,000 Mark.

Fairs and Entertainments Have Swelled It Greatly.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$7,255.38
Tarrytown Fair	12.75
C. M.	1.00
J. McC.	2.00
A Friend	.50
A Workingwoman	1.00
J. L. C.	1.00

A Friend's Offering.

To the Editor:

Inclosed you will find 50 cents. Use it where it will do the little ones the most good. I hope it may lighten some little one's burden.

A FRIEND OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

From a Workingwoman.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund from a workingwoman who wishes it was more.

HELP FROM TARRYTOWN.

Little Girls Get Up a Fair and the Sick Babies Receive $12.50.

Tarrytown has again proved its loyalty to the sick babies of New York. Several entertainments have been held there this season, which have netted good sums for the Sick Babies' Fund, and last week some of the bright-faced little girls of that pretty town determined to get up a fair themselves.

Minta Jenkin, Lizzie and Etta McCarty and Susie Useted, whose combined ages would scarcely reach sixty years, banded themselves into busy helpers and worked diligently for several days, preparing articles for a fair.

At the proper time the Town Hall doors were opened to the public, and the fun began.

The originators of the scheme, as well as the patronizers, enjoyed themselves greatly, and Treasurer George B. Jenkin yesterday brought $12.50 to THE EVENING WORLD office as the result of the little ones' efforts.

WESTERN HOTEL KEEPING.

Everybody Out and No Supper for Hungry Travellers.

I arrived at Watertown, S. Dak., one day after a tiresome journey of nineteen hours, during which time I had been unable to obtain more than an occasional doubtful sandwich, says a writer in the Boston *Post*. It was 9 o'clock in the evening, and I was as hungry as only a travel-stained man deprived of his natural sustenance for hours can be. I secured my rooms and ordered a hot supper to be sent to them at once.

The clerk scratched the number of my room against the name I had inscribed upon the register and informed me with lordly indifference that supper was over. I accepted the decree, and told him to have one cooked for me.

"Cook's gone to the show," was the laconic response.

"Then have a maid get me up something."

"Girls all gone t' the show, too."

I began to think it must be a drawing land for the show manager, and in despair said:

"Have a bowl of milk and some bread and butter, or something, sent up there lively!"

"Can't. Steward's gone t' the show," was the reply.

With six other hungry men I went out and reduced my hunger with crackers and cheese at a grocery, and libations from beer in original packages. After several experiences of a similar nature I learned to arrive in new towns at 7 o'clock, or go foodless until the following day, as invariably the cook and the steward were out driving or receiving visitors and could not be disturbed.

TERRIBLE DEATH OF A DIVER.

An Anchor Crushes Him While 100 Feet Under Water.

Yesterday a number of the regular diving corps of the Royal Engineers left here, accompanied by one of the Government steam launches, and anchored off McNabb's Island, where Corpl. Nichols went down in a diving-suit in about one hundred feet of water, after an anchor to which a chain was to be attached, says a Halifax (N. S.) correspondent of the Chicago *News*. After he had been down some time the engineers observed that something was wrong, as they could get no signal from him. After six hours the lifeless body of Nichols was taken from the water. He was one of the most expert divers in the engineers.

Nichols was 100 feet under water, and had attached a rope to a heavy anchor in order to have it hauled to the surface, when the rope in some way became entangled in his gear. He cut it in order to get clear and the anchor fell upon him and killed him.

A Doubtful Compliment.

(From Smith, Gray & Co's. Monthly.)

"What do you think of that?" asked Mahlstick, displaying his last picture.

"Why, that's not half bad" replied his critical friend.

"Humph! You could say the same of the devil."

A Returned Thespian.

(From the Epoch.)

New Servant—There's a tramp at the door, Sir, an' the spalpeen says he's your son.

Master—Let him in. That must be John. He started out with a theatrical company a few months ago."

Dereliction of Duty.

(From the Epoch.)

Fangle (reading)—Forty new bills were presented to Congress to-day.

Mrs. Fangle—Well, I think it's a shame that Congress doesn't pay them and adjourn.

A Master of Makeup.

(From the Clothier and Furnisher.)

The Assistant Editor—I have some paragraps on socks here. Where shall I put them?

The Chief—Among the foot notes.

From Different Standpoints.

(From the Epoch.)

Jagway—I was talking the other evening with an old lady of fifty-eight—

Miss Spinster—Why, you don't call that old, do you?

Jagway—I presume you wouldn't."

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 ADDRESSING

MUTUAL WATCH CO.,
203 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.

A SEARCH IN NORWAY, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA, AND THE RESULT.

The Marvellous Story Peter E. Anderson, of Corona, Long Island, Told a Reporter—Although He Sought the Best Physicians in those Countries, He never Got Rid of His Catarrh till He Went to Drs. McCoy and Wildman.

For years it was a mystery to Peter E. Anderson what was the matter with him. The mystery has been solved at last. Mr. Anderson lives at Corona, Long Island, within a short distance of this city. He is a Norwegian by birth, and stand stands high in the community in which he lives. Mr. Anderson told a reporter the other evening a very interesting story. Here it is in his own words:

PETER E. ANDERSON, CORONA, L. I.

"I had catarrh since I was eleven years old. I sought the best doctors in Norway, and they are supposed to be the best physicians in the world. I went to physicians of the army, but they didn't do me any good. I tried doctors in England for three years, but they did me no good. Both the physicians in Norway and in England all said that I was just run down and would soon get better. When I came to America I tried doctors in this country, but none seemed to do me any good, and I never got any relief until, finally, I went to Drs. McCoy and Wildman, of this city, and now I can say I am perfectly cured. The second visit I made to the office I got relief from the severe pains in my stomach. Every one who will go to them the second time—I mean, go to them the second visit—will get relief, provided they take the medicines according to instructions. No man can use his money better than to go to Drs. McCoy and Wildman. They are very gentle and good in their treatment.

"My nose used to be stopped up all the time and my throat was always sore. I was always tired and sleepy in the mornings, and I used to get dizzy, very dizzy. I had pains in the side of my stomach so bad I could hardly walk. My tongue was slimy. I had such a bad breath you couldn't come near me, and I was always so sleepy and tired. The pains are all gone. The sliminess has disappeared. My breath is not bad any more. My nose is clear and free.

"I am perfectly cured."

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

DOCTORS McCOY and WILDMAN.

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3 EAST 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY, Near Grand Central Depot;
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where all curable diseases are treated with success. Specialties—Catarr