The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 5.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

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

VOL. 31.....NO. 10,608

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.

## RADICALLY WRONG.

A number of young children in this city are deprived of the advantage of receiving an education because there is not sufficient accommodation for them in the public schools.

This is one of the most disgraceful things that has ever been said about New York City. It is so bad that comment, beyond the barest statement of the fact, seems unnecessary. Yet it is too bad to let it escape the severest strictures.

The obligation of educating children is the very corner-stone in the duties which concern American citizens. It is not parents alone who should justly complain when such an immense benefit is denied to their offspring. Every American man or woman must feel outraged by this shameful neglect.

This is the most democratic government on the face of the earth. The people rule themselves. What is so important to the citizen, then, as that the people should be equipped for the task of ruling? Ignorance is the worst handicapping a citizen can have.

Very little actual ability in point of intellect is demanded in order that the citizen may cast his vote. But to give force to that vote a good education is imperative, and that is impossible without the public schools.

See that the children have schools enough for their needs.

## FEAR AS A PEACEMAKER.

War is so great an evil that in a perfect civilization it would be impossible. Arbitration can adjust these differences without any bloodshed, by the exercise of some of the highest qualities inherent in human nature. The brotherhood of man need not be an empty, glittering catch-word, and one of its most beneficent results should be peace between nations.

Yet all the inventiveness of the human brain seems to have been taxed to devise new instruments of destruction. Guns of enormous power, smokeless powder, the most violent explosives, these are the factors of modern peace. The policy of the modern state is to make itself so powerful for the destruction of its enemies that they dare not take the field against it.

This may secure peace, and the material blessings which flow from it. But terrorizing fear is not the element which cements nations into the highest accord. A man in the grasp of a bulldog's teeth is quiet, but what are his feelings towards the dog? Peace which is tremblingly maintained at the mouth of murderous guns is not the most beautiful condition in which a nation may repose.

Conciliation and amity are what should be advanced in our modern civilization. We have gone far enough in the production of agents of destruction.

## ONE FORM OF FLATTERY.

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery." This is true, no matter what the reasons for the imitation may be. But order of sequence does not seem to be enough in some cases to constitute imitation. For instance, Mrs. BROWN-POTTER played Cleopatra. Now the incomparable BERNHARDT has her eye on the "serpent of old Nile" and proposes to play the Egyptian Queen.

Can any one suppose that SARA wishes to imitate CORA? Hardly. But the report comes that Mrs. LANGTRY is going to do Cleopatra in London. Is the Lily imitating SARA? Or is the beautiful Mrs. POTTER? It is hard to tell.

FANNY DAVENPORT has also made arrangements to present the play whose leading part is that of Antony's love-lorn queen. Is FANNY imitating anybody?

Mrs. LANGTRY, Mrs. POTTER and Miss DAVENPORT are handsome women, and SARA is as fascinating as any of them. The clue to the assumption of the part of Cleopatra may be, therefore, the dusky beauty of that siren.

When Mr. REED describes the Force Bill as an "innocent measure," and says that its only object is to provide that "all honest votes shall be cast and honestly counted," who can be so bold, so bad, as to object to this? Ah, Mr. Speaker, the counting of the honest voters' honest votes should be also honest, and somehow the bill doesn't seem to have any provision that secures this. It is so hard to be honest sometimes.

It is a piece of unparalleled impudence for any one to stuff mail matter with circulars with which the sender of it has nothing to do. A subscriber to THE WORLD found in a copy of the paper a campaign circular on behalf of Delamater, the Republican candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania. The postal authorities have no right to permit such an abuse of the mails.

It is almost time for Mr. BEATTIE to bring out some new idea in the matter of street cleaning. This sort of thing looks as if he were exercising his mind, whether the streets are cleaned or not.

The dignity of the member of Congress does not seem to be a very jealously guarded prerogative. The representative of the people cannot afford to be negligent in maintaining the self-respect which his constituents have a right to demand. When he does fail the people have a chance for partial redress at the polls and they should avail themselves of it.

The fault of the professional hospital nurse in administering a wrong medicine is one or which there can be little extenuation. But there may be some excuse for the hospital authorities, however. What they should do is to be very severe in dealing with such cases. False mercy is sometimes the worst cruelty.

## SPOTLETS.

What the "coppers" want now is to get a puff from the small boy.

The detective may be a sharp man, but the man he is trying to bag is a sharper.

One swallow doesn't make a Spring. Anybody knows there are thousands of swallows in a Spring.

"Why do you always get into a stew at breakfast, Mr. Smith?" said the landlady. "You have to do that or go hungry at your breakfasts," said Smith, bitterly.

She wished me joy and happiness,
Though in her heart I know
She hoped there was no wretchedness
I wouldn't undergo. —*Judge.*

Cyrus W. Field has hundreds of hens. Seldom has the garrulous hen found such a field.

In nominating Judge Earl the Republicans may learn to get in good work earlier.

A Protection organ is one that goes with a crank.

When Mr. Cannon is fired the House should kick.

The Park Commission has booted its officers. Whatever the Commission does hereafter, this will be its last act.

## WORLDLINGS.

There is one ward in Chicago, the Thirty-third, that is ten miles long and three miles wide. It embraces 19,200 acres, and contains sixty railroad stations, seven post-offices and 100,000 people.

Harvey Watterson, the hale old father of the Kentucky editor, is a privileged member of the *Courier-Journal* staff. He has a well-knit frame, a ruddy face and earnest gray eyes. Everything in his appearance indicates that he is good for many years of life yet.

One of the pretty women at Saratoga this Summer is Mrs. Lyles, of Covington. She is tall, slender and graceful, with pretty blue eyes, brown hair and a pink and white complexion.

The Church of the Covenant, in Washington, the President's house of worship, is always crowded. It is a Presbyterian Church and pays more attention to the forms of worship than do many other churches of the same denomination.

A piece of the lithographic stone from which the $10 bills of the Confederate Government were printed was discovered in a cemetery near Anderson, S. C., recently.

## ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

A. F. Saurel wears the colors of the Staten Island Athletic Club. He is one of the fast runners of the Club. He has covered the hundred yards in 10 2-5. He is also somewhat of an oarsman.

Tommy F. Hoey, one of the Xavier Boat Club's shining lights, is a good man in a boat. He and his valuable watch-chain recently had an adventure. He got ahead of the chain though.

Joe Donoghue, the champion amateur skater of the world, is only nineteen years old. He is well built and weighs about 160 pounds. He has a boyish countenance.

Dick Thomas is the crack light-weight boxer of the Standard Athletic Club. He has handled the mitts since he was a mere boy. He is also a plucky cross-country runner.

## STOLEN RHYMES.

### The Old Melodeon.

When mother married father, thirty-five short year ago,
'Twuz the days when dresses sorter sagged, they cut 'em out so low;
An' hair wuz parted mighty prim an' looped up on each ear,
An' the men folks wore long beauty locks, so thick they couldn't hear;
An' folks wuz mighty cheerful then, ex her weddin' fixin's shown—
Every thread wuz spaced an' counted an' the stitchin' set in rows.
Wal, amongst their weddin' presents this old melodeon stood,
All gallus with its shinin' keys an' case o' bright rosewood.
Ef ye worked the pedal stiddy an' still contrived ter play,
Sech tunes ez these meandered an' gently riz away:
"Lord Lovel" an' "Long, long ago" an' "Roll on, silver moon"
An' "Hours there were," an' old Tom Moore—*Ala* wuz the kind er tune!
Them wuz the days o' sentiment an' "Roses o' Lucerne,"
"Old mistletoe-boughs" an' "Buy a broom" an' "Jamie's return."
But by an' by a sorter march come stealin' down the keys,
Mixed up with sad, heart-breakin' tunes that sorter went like these:
"Down wher' the patriot army," wuz the earliest tune that grew,
"Oh, Willie, we shall miss you" an' "The ragged coat o' blue,"
"When this cruel war is over" an' the "Tramp, tramp, tramp",
The songs o' lonesome women an' the shoutin's o' the camp;
But the sobs an' groans grew fainter an' it wuzn't very long
Before the old melodeon sorter hummed a cradle-song;
An' the years wu'n't very many when ye'd hear it go, by chance,
Jest ter play old-fashioned lancers fer the little feel ter dance.
By an' by—there's jest one tune it's jest a-achin fer ter play,
An' then I guess its music days is sorter passed away;
It'll brace fer one more effort like it knew old memories,
When the weddin'-march 'll echo down its yellier, wheezy keys.
—*Florence E. Pratt, in Judge.*

### Perchance.

A COQUETTE'S SONG.

I.

Perchance 'twas in the Summer time,
Perchance 'twas long ago,
Perchance 'twas near, perchance 't was far,
But you must never know;
I saw a face, I heard a voice,
Perchance you know them well;
Perchance he loved, perchance he scorned,
But I shall never tell.

II.

Perchance he kissed my hands, my lips,
Perchance he turned away,
Perchance he whispered loving words,
I really must not say.
Perchance we plighted tender vows,
Perchance he's dear to me,
Perchance—dear Jack, why grown so cold?
Perchance, sir, you are he.
—*F. McGahan, in Mosey's Weekly.*

### To a Poet in Exile.

"I cannot sing!" the grieving heart-harp sighed;
"The breeze that touched me lives beyond the foam."
A rough wind struck it, and its voice replied
In sweeter music than it made at home.
O Sorrow, Sister Sorrow! thou dost rive
A richer tone to poets when they cross
To seek Eurydice, from where love lives,
And make their golden lyres through thy gift of loss.
—*Maurice Francis Egan, in September Lippincott's.*

### An Argument.

ADOLPHUS.
Why, O Melissa, tarry?
This is the time to marry.
MELISSA.
Oh nay! 'tis past the springtime,
The only proper ringtime!
ADOLPHUS.
Then to elope it! high time,
For this, you know, is fly time! —*Life.*

### Withering Sarcasm.

[*From the Clothier and Furnisher.*]

Shopkeeper—Well, sir, how did you like those shirts I sent home to you yesterday?

Customer—Oh, very well; only you neglected to enclose the button-hole to get the collar on with.

# THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

## Fads, Facts and Fancies That Interest the Gentler Sex.

### Mrs. Millionaire Mackay's Popularity—Don't Make Costly Presents—Automatic Dish-washer Wanted.

MRS. MACKAY is as popular with the poor artists, embroiderers and decorators of London as she is with the Prince of Wales's set. Her drawing-rooms are open one afternoon to a swelldom, the next for a charity school bazaar, again for an "at home," and following fashion are the exhibitions of Irish needlework, the presentation of prizes to trained nurses or an entertainment that is to benefit a ragged school, a hospital or asylum for cripples.

At each and all the millionaire's wife not only lends her gracious presence but provides refreshments for all the patrons and visitors, and music and flowers to lend enchantment. Mrs. Mackay deserves to have money. She is a sweet, wise and gentle custodian.

The speed at which gentle woman is making this staid old world of ours go round, gives one an occasional spasm of surprise. To the footlights of remuneration as well as sensation comes a feminine bull-fighter.

Lisbon is lavishing bouquets, bonbons, ornaments, and serenades on Fraulein Johanna Maestrick, a German beauty nearly six feet tall agile and strong as a prize athlete who has been in training for the last three years, and who at nineteen, has laid her two bulls in the sand, after the most approved Spanish notion of elegance and distinction.

It doesn't pay to make expensive presents. A little 30-cent ivory paper knife, a 50-cent silver thimble or a 40-cent key ring is worth a whole gross of velvet-colored calendars, thermometers, cuff-boxes, shoe-bags and whisk-holders. A very large fraction of presents could be dispensed with. It is a sordid practice, and at best but a polite exchange of nonsalable merchandise.

The girl who plays "The Maiden's Prayer" still lives.

If you want a flying, fluttering, fetchy effect on a lace or white dress, make a belt of ribbon half an inch wide and to it tack pendent streamers the length of the skirt. Have them touch at the top and select some color or tint that will light up well. A confection of this sort represents an outlay of about $1, and you must see it to appreciate its Frenchiness.

Dresses for young girls are made very long this year—that is, the hem reaching to the shoe top.

For a nice dress nothing is prettier for a miss than a round skirt, full waist shirred at the neck and waist-line, and large sleeves of white or cream veiling, China silk, crepon or albatross, with a garniture of white ribbon.

A tasteful walking and church dress may be of Summer-weight cashmere, fine cheviot, &c., with yoke or jacket trimmings, large sleeves, plaited or gathered skirt, pointed bodice or round waist full in effect.

When a dress has become too tight across the shoulders cut it down to a low neck and fill the space with a full yoke gathered under the edge of the low neck, and shirred around the neck to form an erect ruffle.

Sleeves are made larger by putting a puff at the top and slashing them to the elbow, then filling this space with a continuation of the puff.

The masculine girl is dying hard, but the end is fast approaching.

A sick-room screen should be made very light, so it can be moved easily. A clothes-horse will answer for the frame. Buy a couple of tubes of darkest green, thin with linseed oil and a little turpentine, and with a flat bristle-brush paint the light wood frame. Dark green silesia, tacked on one side firmly to the wooden frame, will shut out light. On the other side you can pin up one picture at a time. If there is color in that one picture, so much the better. The nearer you make your sick-room screen like the screen an artist uses in his studio, the better for the recovery of the sick child. The use of this screen is to rest and protect the eyes. The use of the picture is to amuse the sick child. When you want him to go to sleep turn the dark side of the screen towards him.

A specialist on children's diseases advises the use of a flannel apron to be worn by the mother or nurse who gives Mr. Baby his bath.

Here is a little list of novelties: Gauze ribbons, lilac face powder, sloping shoulders, colored lace capes, fringe boas, white slipper chairs, piano bench of mahogany in lieu of the plush-covered stool, miniatures set in silver, demi-trains and scarlet cloth jackets.

Miss Young, the Honorable Secretary of the "Children's League of Kindness," which was started in April, 1889, the object being to induce rich and happy children to help poor children, is pleading for more associates, either working or honorary. She says: "We ask so little from each that we feel we have only to make our wants known to insure much ready sympathy, and help-members (children) are asked for two garments annually, or one garment and a toy or scrapbook. Especially we ask boys to make us some toys or scrapbooks for Christmas presents and prizes—everything is welcome and useful. Associates (working) are asked for 1s. annually in addition to their garments, and honorary associates are asked for an annual subscription of 2s. 6d. instead of work. If any lady will start a branch of the League for us in London or in the provinces we shall be extremely grateful." The address of the League is St. Luke's Mission, Branch Buildings, Peckham, S. E.

### An Old Adage Attacked.

[*From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*]

"Time flies."

"Not always, sir."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, occasionally I hear of some one 'carrying the day.'"

### "For Who Shall Say Him Nay?"

[*From Puck.*]

Examiner—What is Stanley's place in history—I mean as a historian?

Thoughtful Candidate—A soft snap.

# FRIENDS OF THE POOR.

## They Have Helped Sick Infants to Battle with the Heat.

### Hundreds of Crowded Tenements Visited by Free Doctors.

### Suffering Babes Nursed Back to Health and Life.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged | $7,291.53 |
| Pierre F. | 4.00 |
| King's Daughters, Nyack | 4.00 |
| Clinton Place Entertainment | 1.00 |

### Another Dollar Added.

*To the Editor:*

Find inclosed $1, which you can add to our $13.80, as it had not been collected until the present time.

Performers of 113 Clinton place.

### King's Daughters.

*To the Editor:*

Inclosed please find $4 for the Sick Babies' Fund, from a circle of the "King's Daughters" of Nyack.

## VOODOO WORSHIP.

### Many Colored People in the South Influenced by the Superstition.

There are many colored people in the South, especially in Louisiana, more or less under the influence of the Voodoo superstition, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

The worship of Voodoo is paid to a snake kept in the box. The worshippers are not merely a sect, but in some rude, savage way also an order. A man and woman chosen from their own number to be the oracles of the serpent deity are called the king and queen. The queen is the more important of the two, and in Louisiana, where the king's office has almost or quite disappeared, the queen is still a person of great note.

The reigns as long as she continues to live. She comes to power not by inheritance, but by election or its barbarous equivalent. Chosen for such qualities as would give her a natural supremacy—personal attractions among the rest—and ruling over superstitious fears and desires of every fierce and ignoble sort, she wields no trivial influence.

One of the most famed of the Voodoo queens was Marie Laveaux. Her dwelling was in the quadroon quarter of New Orleans, but a step or two from Congo square, a small adobe cabin just off the sidewalk, scarcely higher than its close board fence, whose batten gate yielded to the touch and revealed the crazy doors and windows spread wide to the warm air, and one or two tawny faces within, whose expression was divided between a pretense of contemptuous inattention and a frowning resentment of the intrusion.

In her last years visitors would find her in the centre of a small room whose ancient cypress floor was worn with scrubbing and sprinkled with crumbs of soft brick—a Creole affectation of superior cleanliness quaking with feebleness in an ill-looking old rocking-chair, her body bowed, and her wild, gray witch's tresses hanging about her shriveled, yellow neck.

Three generations of her children were within the faint beckon of her helpless, waggling wrist and fingers. They said she was over 100 years old, and there was nothing to cast doubt upon her statement. She had shrunken away from her skin; it was like a turtle's. Yet withal one could hardly help see that the face, now so withered, had once been handsome and commanding.

## SUNSHINE ON WEDNESDAY.

### An Odd Superstition Which Is Invariably Correct.

There is an odd superstition about the weather which I find very few people know of, although I have heard it since childhood, said a St. Louisian.

"It is that, however gloomy and dull it may be on Wednesday, the sun is sure to show itself, if only for a few minutes, as Wednesday was the day on which it was created.

"Whenever I have noticed it has been so, and it is certainly a curious coincidence."

### A Seaside Idyl.

Baby McKee had been for a long time plunged in thought, says the Chicago *Times.* Only the murmur of the surf and the rustle of grandpa's newspaper broke the silence until the precocious youngster looked up and asked:

"Is this your birthday, grandpa?"

"Yes, my pink," replied grandpa.

"Well, why don't you have a birthday party?"

There was no answer.

"Did you invite anybody, grandpa?" the child queried.

No answer.

"Isn't Mr. Blaine coming, grandpa?"

No answer.

"Didn't you invite him, grandpa?"

No answer.

"Wouldn't he come, grandpa?"

No answer.

"Were you afraid he'd eat all the cake, grandpa?"

The President looked up.

"Nurse," he called out, "little Benny is growing tired. Won't you please take him down to the beach and amuse him?"

"I wonder what's the matter with grandpa," mused Benny as nurse led him away.

"He looks awful cross."

### Very Painful.

[*From Puck.*]

First Musician—I can't stand it down at Brighton any longer. I'm going to quit.

Second Musician—Why?

First Musician—Because the sea air takes all the curl out of my moustache.

### An Excellent Reason Why.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Miss Rose—How dreadfully stuck up that Miss Paiste is.

Jack Rounder—Well, she ought to be. Her father owns one of the largest glue factories in the country.

### A Feast of Reason.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Mrs. Cobwigger—Why do you always do the carving at breakfast?

Mrs. Brown—Because I don't want to go hungry. My husband has the morning paper then, you know.

## Purity and Strength

The former in the blood and the latter throughout the system, are necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. The best way to secure both is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels all impurities from the blood, rouses the kidneys and liver, overcomes that tired feeling, and imparts that freshness to the whole body which makes one feel perfectly well. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

# PARK BOOTS AND SADDLES.

## New Equipments for the Sparrow Mounted Policemen.

### Jackboots for the Troopers, Improved Bridles for the Horses.

President Gallup, of the Park Board, is Captain in the Signal Corps of the First Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., and knows how a cavalryman ought to look when he is in the saddle.

Nothing is so offending to his sense of the eternal fitness of things as to see a man present a slouching and unmilitary appearance when mounted, especially if he wears a uniform. This is the reason why he made such a grand kick, as soon as he became a member of the Park Board, against the prevailing accoutrements of the mounted Park police, and set to work at once to institute radical reforms.

As a result of his efforts, which were embodied in a resolution passed last Spring by the Board, the mounted park police have at

FULLY EQUIPPED.

last blossomed out in a new rig which is both attractive and appropriate, and in which they present a decidedly natty and cavalry-like appearance.

The most noticeable feature of the new uniform, to the casual observer, is the wearing of top-boots. These are made in regulation cavalry style, coming above the

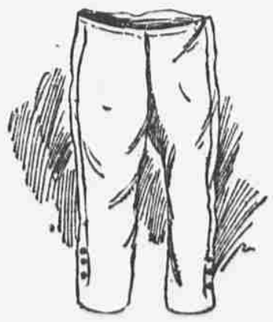
THESE ARE THE NEW BOOTS.

knee in front, so as to form a broad shield for the leg. They are made of cowhide, and according to regulations, must be kept black and shiny by the owner himself.

Each policeman must provide himself with his own boots, although they must all be made in the same fashion. This is the only part of the uniform that the Park Department does not furnish to the men gratuitously.

The helmets and boots are the same as of old, but the knee-breches are a decided novelty. Formerly the mounted police wore long trousers, strapped under the shoes. Sometimes the straps broke or got loose, and then the trousers would pull up, and the officer would present an appearance of untidiness that was an eyesore to all fastidious frequenters of the Park as well as to Capt. Gallup.

Now, all this is done away with, for the new breeches are made skin-tight and come just below the knee, so that the lower extremities fit in the boot-leg out of sight. They are made of the same West Point gray woollen material as the coats, and have a black stripe down the side.



NEW REGULATION BREECHES.

The breeches are not all ready yet, so some of the men are still wearing their old long trousers, and they have to tuck them down in their boots. The tailor who makes them says they will all be ready soon.

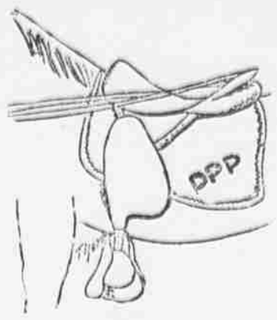
There has been a complete change, too, in the bits, bridles and saddles used by the eighteen mounted Park police. Taking the bits first, the pattern which has been adopted is that in use in the Prussian army. It is a very heavy, nickel-plated bit made in a solid piece. The attachment for the check, which passes under the horse's chin, gives a very powerful leverage, which enables the rider to exercise the most thorough control over the horse in case of an emergency or a runaway, and the pressure is very easily regulated.

A second bit, known as the "Boucher Bradoon," also passes through the horse's mouth. This is the ordinary light snaffle bit, hinged in the middle, and provided with a projection at each side of the horse's mouth, which gives the rider a better command of his mount.

BITS AND BRADOONS.

On ordinary occasions the officer rides entirely on the "Bradoon," which is very much easier on the horse's mouth, but when he is in pursuit of a runaway, or needs to make use of quick evolutions, as in a case of emergency, he uses the military bit and check.

This, of course, necessitates a double bridle rein, which under certain circumstances acts as a double check rein also. Otherwise the bridles are the same as those ordinarily in use. The bits and bradoons were all imported from Germany.



THE SADDLE.

The saddle is the regulation military saddle now used by the United States Cavalry, and is light and easy. President Gallup thinks his mounted police are now in just the right shape to do the city credit, and those who have seen them in their new things are of the same opinion.

The sparrow coppers are as proud of the new uniforms as a boy with the first pair of trousers, and look down with commiseration upon their bone-coated rivals of the Mounted Guard, who still wear long frocks, low shoes and use old-fashioned bits and bridles.

## A SMART MOTHER DUCK.

### How She Imperilled Her Life to Save Her Young from a Dog.

Eli is a thoroughbred pointer, a native Texan, and resides in Burleson County, of the Lone Star State, and justly enjoys the honor and distinction in his locality of being an expert in never failing to point out the woodcock, quail and jack-snipe, says *Forest and Stream.*

From the beginning of November to the end of February he is on duty in the sporting field, and the remainder of the year reposes in the shade about the house, or slumbers in the fresh-ploughed earth about the farm, apparently oblivious to the exciting sport of the past or that which awaits him in the future.

He is always courteous, and when loitering about the farm seems to keep a "ceaseless vigil" towards his master, in testimony whereof he is ever ready to bring back the rolling hat when carried away by a puff of wind. But the most deceptive and exciting episode in Eli's history now begins:

A few days ago, just after I had passed through the farm gate on my way to dinner, I heard Eli spring some game to my left. I looked and saw something decidedly larger than a quail just ahead of him and coming directly towards me. I stood perfectly still and they came within two feet of me.

It was a wood-duck, down on a level with Eli's head, and the tip of its short tail feathers were nearly or quite between his open lips, and I saw it turn its head and look round to one side to see if it was far enough from his mouth. Its wing stroke was successful yet feeble, and I thought it would fall and be crushed to death by the dog in a moment, when the thought occurred to me that it had left young ones behind.

But I witnessed this close race between duck and dog 300 or 400 yards, till they passed out of sight, and, knowing the dog would come back to see if there were any more, I waited to keep him from killing the young ones if possible. Going to where he had flushed the old one, I heard the young ones crying about in the weeds and grass. I waited for the dog's return. I had scarcely a minute to wait till the dog came, tongue out, panting.

Just as he stood or pointed on the first young one the old duck seemed to fall paralyzed on the top of his head; and of course that claimed all of his attention; and away they went again, and, if possible, the duck was this time closer to his nose than before.

I had nothing to do but laugh and wait the return of the dog, for I knew he would come back. The mother evidently led him a great way off that time, for they were gone about fifteen minutes, when I saw Eli coming apparently much exhausted, and in her soft, feeble, noiseless way the duck some fifteen or twenty feet behind him.

I was within ten feet of the dog when he arrived at the spot where the young ones were; and just at that moment the matron gave him a flap on the head with her wings and seemed to fall on the ground under his nose again.

This insult, linked with his ambition to catch her, gave him new courage, and out they pulled for the third heat. They came towards the house this time, and for 200 yards I could see duck and dog as if fastened nose and tail. The impression left was that the dog had the tips of the duck's tail pinched in his front teeth, knowing that if he relaxed his hold for a better one he would lose the bird, and that a slender mouthful was better than none, and that he would hold on to it if he had to run to do it. Again I waited a long time for Eli to come back. At the end of perhaps twenty minutes I started to the house, and about three hundred yards away I met him, completely exhausted and willing enough to go to the house with me.

## PLAYED OLE BULL'S FIDDLE.

### A Rustic Kentucky Musician Who Captivated the Great Violinist.

When the late ex-Gov. Moorehead, of this State, was a member of Congress, he met, one day in Washington City, a constituent of his from the mountain regions—a big, rough, uncouth citizen, but withal a man of great influence among the natives, and one whom it would not be good policy to mistreat in any way, says the Louisville *Post.*

As it happened, Gov. Moorehead was on his way to a State dinner at the residence of the British Minister, and as a mere matter of politeness explained to the mountaineer where he was going, and invited him to go with him, thinking, of course, that the man would appreciate the situation and would not accept the invitation.

But, to the surprise of the Congressman, the man from the hills said, "Certainly, I'll just go long with ye," and did so. The Kentucky Representative made the most of a bad bargain, and quietly explained matters to his host, who was amused, but not at all offended.

The dinner passed off without a serious accident, though the mountain constituent did more than his share of the talking and eating, and did not hesitate to send his plate back for a second "help" from any dish that struck his palate pleasantly.

After adjourning to the parlor, Ole Bull, who was among the invited guests, favored the party with some of his best and most classic selections.

The Kentucky voter sat still, leaning back in his chair, his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. As the violinist was about concluding, Rusticus went up to him and said: "Mr. Bull, just let me try your fiddle a bit."

The valuable Cremona was reluctantly handed over to him, and he fired away on a number of rattling, short-low country airs, which completely captivated not only the assembled dignitaries but Ole Bull himself, whose music had been too "grand" for the understanding of his hearers.

Before the party broke up, the mountain constituent had made engagements to play on similar occasions at their residences, and during his stay of several weeks in Washington City he was called on every day by Ole Bull, and gave that great musician instructions on the fiddle.

MOSELLE'S TEETHING COMPOUND allays irritation from teething. Everybody can buy it. Price 25c.

# THEY ARE UNLUCKY GEMS.

## A Foolish but Common Superstition Attaching to Opals.

### Jewellers Find but Little Sale for Them and Avoid Handling Them.

"No, we do not keep opals in stock," was the somewhat reluctant reply of one of the managers at the jewelry house of C. D. Peacock & Co. to the question of a reporter for the Chicago *Post* as to the truth of a current assertion to that effect. "But," he continued, "we fill orders for our customers. We get a great many opals during the year."

"Why does Mr. Peacock discriminate against opals?" was asked. "Is there any superstition connected with it?"

"Well, I believe there is. However, we do not discuss the matter. Of course a dealer has a right to handle such goods as he sees fit without giving his reasons. Mr. Peacock simply does not handle opals, excepting as special orders. They are a mean stone to handle anyway."

Another State street jeweler in speaking of the opal and the superstitions which have attached themselves to it confirmed the assertion that it is one of the least desirable stones to handle from the fact that the fissures, filled with air and water which traverse them, make it exceedingly difficult to cut them successfully.

Indeed, a large proportion of opals are ruined in being cut and polished, which fact may account in part at least, for their bad reputation. It being so difficult to cut them makes the engraved opal the rarest of gems. In fact, there are but few of them in the world. The finest and largest of these is an alto relievo, representing the head of Apollo surrounded by rays of fire, and is an inch wide by an inch and three-quarters in length.

Although jewelers as a rule pooh! pooh! at the idea of attaching any power over fortune for good or ill to a stone, and are fond of calling attention to the fact that by the ancients they were believed to insure every possible good, they do not care to wear them nor to have them among the personal possessions of their friends.

Said the proprietor of one of the largest jewelry houses in the city, as he examined a graceful design of diamonds, oriental rubies and opals arranged on a tablet of soft white wax in which jewellers arrange gems to judge of their effect.

"I don't care to have my family wear opals and I don't wear them myself, but I keep them in stock for those who want them. I can't say that I have any superstition about them, but I don't like them. Now, here is one of the precious opals from the Czerwenitz mine in Hungary. This particular stone was taken from Mount Simonka. You know the finest opals in the world come from the two mountains, Simonka and Limbanka. Of course it is a fine and costly gem, but as personal property I wouldn't accept it as a gift.

"I've known some queer things about opals in my time," he continued, "and I know of no gem which has such a peculiar fascination for the possessor. As it was with the Roman Senator Novirus, of whom Pliny tells us, who was proscribed by Marc Antony on account of an opal about the size of a hazel nut valued at $100,000, and who escaped from Rome with his gem, preferring exile with it to Rome without it, those who once own opals are faithful in their fondness for them.

"The most magnificent set of opals I ever sold was to a young man who gave them to his bride. There was a necklace, and each of the opals was set about with diamonds. I never knew brighter prospects to be followed by swifter or more complete disaster than in the case of this couple.

Financial misfortune and marital infelicity were followed by a divorce suit and the owner of the beautiful opals went to work in an office not six blocks from where we stand. At last she brought me the opals and asked me to dispose of them for her. I never saw such grief as she exhibited in parting with them.

However, very soon after the lady had disposed of her opals her fortunes began to mend. Within six months she married a man of wealth, and I don't know a happier woman in Chicago at the present time than she is. But, of course," said the gentleman, smiling, "the opals had nothing to do with it. It is absurd to attribute any power for good or ill to a bit of irridescent stone."

### Rough on the Cow.

[*From Puck.*]

Mrs. Miggles—Well, what yer groanin' 'n' grumblin' about now?

Tired Treddick—I was wonderin' whether it wouldn't have been less arduous to eat the wood and saw the steak.

### Hide Tommy Sometimes.

[*From the Jewellers' Circular.*]

Mr. Dashboard Poore the other evening invited a few friends to dinner. During the repast, Howells, one of the guests, while roaring over one of Poore's bon mots, accidentally knocked one of those fashionable hock glasses off the table and it smashed upon the floor. No one seemed to take notice of the incident except Tommy, the precocious pride of his mother's heart, who exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it's one of those glasses we borrowed from Mr. Robinson next door."

### Unmasticated Hens.

[*From the American Grocer.*]

Willie—Aw, who ever heard of teeth in chickens!

Georgie (looking over his companion contemptuously)—Say, I guess yer swallers yer grub whole over at your house, don't yer?

### A Change of Footing.

[*From Chatter.*]

She—You should introduce a little change in your style of dancing.

He—How do you mean?

She—You might occasionally step on my left foot; the right has had enough.

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.,
355 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 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 I was incurable, and could get better. When I came to America I tried doctors in this country, but none ever did 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 their office I got relief from the severe pains in my stomach. Everyone who will go to them the second time—I mean, pay 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 dizziness 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 charges for treatment are so reasonable that they are within the reach of all.

DOCTORS
McCOY and WILDMAN.

Offices:

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

MUCH MONEY CAN BE SAVED

By those wanting Furniture this Fall by now looking over our remnants of Spring goods, which must all be closed out that we may have room to show the new styles about coming in from our factories.

The Goods are perfect and not near so old fashioned as the "new stock" in most stores, but we mark in plain figures about half prices, as room is more important to us than any saving by keeping over.

BUY OF THE MAKER.
GEO. C. FLINT CO.,
FURNITURE MAKERS,
104, 106 and 108 West 14th Street.

## A PICTURE OF DETERMINATION.

Much determination with little ability is better than much ability with little determination. It requires a combination of both to win. Form some definite plan for the future and take advantage of every circumstance that will aid in carrying it out. If your plan depends upon the securing of a situation or just the right kind of help, or an opportunity to go into business, or a chance to buy or sell anything, WORLD "WANTS" will enable you to car