The World

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WRONGS TO CHILDREN.

Women and children have a right to protection, and not chivalry alone guards the former nor tenderness only fosters the latter. Justice and humanity should stir every man worthy of the name to vigilance in guarding these weaker vessels from harm.

The paucity of schools which deprives thousands of children of the education to which they have a constitutional right is an outrageous wrong which it is hardly possible to anathematize too strongly. Now another evil which threatens these little ones is hardly less to be execrated.

A physician of standing, who is an Inspector of Public Schools, has declared that the sanitary condition of a primary school attended by nearly a thousand children is so bad as to seriously threaten the health of the scholars. The physician shows that the school surroundings are highly calculated to breed fever and malaria, since the loose earth in the unpaved yard and the miserable construction of the water closets are fruitful in miasmatic vapor.

What makes this scandalous neglect more inexcusable is that the attention of the school authorities was drawn to the state of things before the school was opened. To deprive children of education or to grant it at the cost of their health is not a very commendable condition of things in the school authorities.

A SAD HISTORY.

The wreck of a promising young man through the baleful seductions of a worthless woman is matter for pity. It is useless to rail at the infatuation which can thus sweep a man headlong to destruction. The passion of love is as irresistible, when it grasps its victim, as the swirling waters which hurl themselves over Niagara.

The blasted career of ROBERT RAY HAMILTON has reached a melancholy conclusion in his death by drowning in Yellowstone Park. Youth, wealth, position, and a name as honored as any in the roll-call of New York's distinguished families, all were swamped through the Circean charms of a coarse adventuress who had dragged his reputation through the mire.

Even in his dealings with this infamous creature, HAMILTON was not all forgetful of the bearing of a gentleman. While he is to be pitied, he is also to be blamed. *Noblesse oblige.* He should have conquered his passion no matter what it cost.

As it is, his career is a melancholy object-lesson that the way of the transgressor is hard, and his life preaches as eloquently as the wreck that rots upon some wave-sweptledge. All that he possessed has only served to barb more keenly the arrow of disgrace which has laid him low. Honor is the highest attribute of the gentleman, and nothing can compensate for its loss.

RESTORED TO HIS OWN.

The remains of sturdy JOHN ERICSSON have been handed over to his native land by the country which he had adopted and which was proud to honor him.

One hundred thousand Swedes looked reverently on as the flower-hidden bier of their countryman was borne back to the town where decades ago the infant Ericsson first breathed the breath of life.

Rich harvest of glory for a long, full life. He who can be thus honored dead has not lived in vain. That man must needs be great above whose grave two great nations mingle their tears. Americans can feel proud of their country that it has shown such dignified courtesy and regret for the honored son of her adoption.

Secretary of the Interior NOBLE thinks Supt. PORTER has done very well with the census. Who records the motion?

The statistics of the departments of building in the principal cities of the country for 1889 show New York as easily first in the money invested in these structures. One can hardly walk the streets of this city for five minutes without coming across some splendid building in process of erection. The immense activity in this direction does not tally very well with the deficiency in population which the census returns tell of.

A gentleman with a marked tendency for matrimony espoused three women consecutively without any divorce proceedings at all. Now the different States in which he bigamized are giving him their penitentiary views on his conduct. Such conduct, while seeming to be a strong compliment to the matrimonial state, is not really so. If a man could slip the matrimonial knot when he chose views of matrimony would be different. This gentleman thought he could.

SPOTLETS.

William had to turn his toes out when he marched in front of Augusta Victoria's imperial eye.

As Artemus Ward says, the man with a tapeworm is justified in saying "We." This is on account of his wee worm.

The descent of the Matterhorn has one very difficult thing connected with it—viz., the ascent of the Matterhorn.

More waltzing business is done in Nantucket with the voice than with a harpoon.

On verse and novels I employed
Much time and many pads,
But never made a living 'til
I took up writing ads. —*Chatter.*

One of the worse presents a man can have is a bad past on a ruined future.

The brunette who bleached her hair to please her young man is going to be exhibited in a dime museum as "the girl who dyed for love."

"He has such a strong face!" said Amanda, enthusiastically, speaking of "him." "Well," said papa, hesitatingly, "I knew he had a strong cheek."

The fast men will have to look out now that Succi has arrived, because no matter how swift they may be he is a faster.

WORLDLINGS.

The tallest member of the British peerage is the Marquis of Dorchesta, who stands six feet five inches in his stockings. He is one of the jolliest men in the Kingdom.

Mrs. Langtry has $150,000 invested in mortgages on New York City property.

Actor Crane is said to have made $70,000 last year out of "The Senator." His entire fortune is reckoned at $250,000. A dozen years ago he was playing leading comedy parts on a salary of $150 a week.

A curious bird flew into Charleston, S. C., from the swamps the other day. It is about the size of a hen, with white plumage and a face that looks like a human being's. Its eyes are almond-shaped like a Chinaman's, and its bill has the shape of a human nose.

Claude Matthews, who is at the head of the Democratic State ticket in Indiana, is a man of handsome appearance and noble bearing. He is an eloquent and forcible speaker.

STOLEN RHYMES.

The Sporting Craze.

Away back in 'sixty, as you will agree,
The craze in this nation was powder and ball.
It wore itself out when "Virginia" Lee
Got tired of fighting and went to the wall.

When 'seventy came, with the trouble cooled down,
The craze in this nation was politics wild.
It surged in the city and set daft the town,
While the "outs" grumbled hard and the "ins" sat and smiled.

With 'eighty's arrival the die turned again:
The craze in this nation was Wall street stock crops.
It dazzled our women and razzled our men
With its "margins" and "flyers," its "rises" and "drops."

And now here in 'ninety (the wildest one yet)
The craze in this nation is sport above all.
The war, gold and statesmen we can't quite forget,
But flannels and muscle and brawn have the call. —*G., in Judge.*

Experience Teaches.

"Be it ever so noisy there is no place like home." —*Old Song.*

I.

To the bright golden strand I meandered away,
Afar from the city's commotion;
And I thought with great joy of the splash and the spray
Of quiet old somnolent Ocean.
Alas, for my hopes for a comfortable hour,
For a day full of rest, killing gloom!
I slept not a wink in my five-dollar bower,
All because of the breakers' loud boom—
Boom—boom!
Boo-oo-oo—boo-o-o-o-o-o-m-m-m!
Oh, I slept not a wink in that sixteenth-floor room
Because of that horrible boom!

II.

So I fled the next day to the sky-piercing heights,
I sped to the balsam-clad mountains,
Where there dwell all of Paradise's fairest delights,
Where spouteth the life-giving fountains.
Here I hoped to recall my appetite jaded,
In the haunt of the deer and the fish.
Alas for that hope! Like the other it faded
As I listened at dawn to the swish—
Swish—swish!
Swi-i-i-i-sh—swi-i-i-i-i-i-sh-sh-sh!
Of the broom of the hall-maid at dawn with its swish—
Its vile and mind-weakening swish.

III.

Then I took the first train to my cliffed nest,
Received there to seek what I needed.
Where there's never a boom to break in on one's rest,
Where swishes have ne'er sleep impeded,
And Morpheus gathered a magnificent crop—
—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Way Of It.

The fast train bears her out of sight
Three weary months from me away.
She told me she would often write,
And I said I'd write every day.

A WEEK LATER.

She writes me thus, while on her tour:
"I hear the strangest laughing gurl."
Some other beau she's got, I'm sure!
But then—I've got another girl.
—*L. H. C., in Puck.*

Defining It.

[*From the American Grocer.*]

"Pa, what does a wooden boot-jack look like? Did I ever see one?"

"A boot-jack, my son, is an object existing nowadays only in the brain of the newspaper thinker who uses it to clap at inadmissary cats in the back yard.

Dyspepsia

Intense Suffering for 8 years—Restored to Perfect Health

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well-known citizen of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and even I was reduced to 127 pounds, suffering constant sensations in the stomach, rapid pulsation of the heart.

Nausea and Indigestion

I could not sleep, had all heart distress much, had fits of melancholia and for days at a time I would lay awake all night. The most remote, quiet and tractable food for eight years did was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a worker in employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it had cured his wife of dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to

Feel Like a New Man

The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nature slept (years), and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and condition. I am to-day well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Interest the Gentler Sex.

Need of a Hotel for Workingwomen—New French Hosiery—How to Keep the Hair in Trim.

IN association of New York ladies has been formed for the purpose of establishing female police stations, where the women vagrants and criminals will be taken when arrested, instead of being put in a common mixed jail. That matrons and separate and distinct quarters are needed in the precincts of New York there is no denying, but it is a little strange that helping hands are not extended until the downfall of our women and girls begins. We have dozens of institutes, asylums, retreats and missions for the fallen and the depraved, but not one decent boarding-house where a poor working girl or a broken-down woman can go and live like a free-born American at nominal expense. A. T. Stewart tried to fill this want, but his plans were thwarted. The woman who has worked all her life, who is tired in body and soul, who has perhaps $500, the result of years of saving and privation, cannot afford to live in a hotel, where she will be free, and will not go to a charity or church home, to be quizzed and catechised, examined, lectured and prayed for, where freedom is restricted and comforts are taxed. She has the alternative of going to an old lady's home and being socially ostracized, or to the island and being morally so. What New York wants the worst kind is a woman's hotel, where room and board may be had at $3, $4 or $7 a week. An institution of this sort might not pay a very large dividend, but it would have a moral value above financial estimates.

The Queen of Italy, who used to be very willowy, but has of late been growing stouter and stouter, wishes to diet; but it is very difficult to do so, as she enjoys every dainty of the table, and the court revels in the National *frittura* of artichoke hearts, liver, mushrooms, brains, and cockscombs, served in a solid gold service.

All the rough stuffs will be worn in woollen textures, both as cloaking and dress material.

The "robes" are more than usually artistic. Small patterns are embroidered in a field, bordered with a narrow band of fur dyed the color of the goods. Browns sell at $32, but the dress is one of those novelties which to be serviceable should be donned at once.

A French line of hosiery in fast black printed with white dots from hem to toe is coming to be regarded as a staple, serviceable and tasteful style. Only black, brown and blue grounds are woven and in each the dots are white.

If your hair is not dead or dyed or bleached you can keep it in beautiful trim by two brushings a week. For this purpose get a barber's brush—that is, a wooden-backed boar's bristles brush, cut short. The silver-bound camel's-hair brushes are very pretty for company and bureau ornamentation, but no good for keeping a wig in order. Pour a few drops of alcohol, an ounce altogether, over the scalp to stimulate it. Then apply a fine comb to remove the dandruff, and, that done, brush the head and hair by sections. It may take a month to clean a heavy head of hair, but that accomplished one brushing a week will suffice. And it will not be necessary to wash the head. Any hair that is well kept and becomingly dressed is beautiful, but unfortunately that part of the toilet is neglected for some unknown reason.

Pretty Miss Mabel Jenness has this to say on the subject of salutations: "When I am asked to tell people 'just how to bow,' I always reply that I do not believe in teaching people to bow, but that I advise the practice of simple genuflections, exercises which call into play and give freedom to the muscles used in a courtesy; for if the muscles are carefully trained in the technique of motion, and the heart is kindly, the bow will be gracious. Grace is physical freedom governed by a gracious attitude of heart. But when one becomes self-conscious the movement is stereotyped, and lacks that delicate subtlety which is the outgrowth of kindliness."

In London the women post-office clerks are paid full salaries during sickness and one and a quarter rates for extra time. The telegraphers receive £0.50 a week (38s), and the remainder of the staff £7.50 or 30s.

Hearts, stars, half moons, anchors, foils and clovers are a few of the designs in white velvet that are pasted over the fashionable veilings.

An exaggeration in one direction nearly always leads to excess in the opposite direction. It is possible that the rumor that sloping shoulders are "coming in" has some truth in it, and just as likely is the fulfilment of the assertion that crinoline, if not the awful hooped skirt, is to once again appear. It is certain that skirts are being made by leading ruling ateliers with accentuated fulness at the foot, produced by means of very full ruches, or fan-plaited insertions of lace or silk, let in at the lower edge of the gowns, while others are "battlemented" or vandyked at the bottom, with a full flounce of plaiting set beneath. Skirts so distended—if history repeats itself—will lead by degrees to further increase in volume, till the ugly grotesque crinoline proper will be established before we are aware.

Anent the coming season comes the etiquette of the drawing-room. An attempt has been made to do away entirely with the ceremony of introduction, but it has proved futile, for American men and women when brought together and left to themselves appear awkward and hesitate to break the ice. In European drawing-rooms every one speaks to every one else, and a gentleman may take down a lady to supper without, perhaps, even knowing her name. It is usual, however, to exchange cards and thus pave the way to future exchange of civilities. It is well to remark that it is a provincialism to introduce a newly arrived guest to every one in the room. This is no longer done except in small towns, and even there it is an unnecessary and awkward ceremony. It would be impossible for one to remember all the strange faces, and a hostess of taste should bring together only those whom she fancies would be congenial to each other.

BABES CARED FOR.

The Free Physicians Have Saved Hundreds of Little Lives.

Infantile Ailments Cut Short by Proper Medicines.

"Evening World" Readers Banded Together in Charity's Name.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$7,422.82
M. M.	1.00
Charlie Banker and Harry Bouton	.25
Ella Donaldson and Louisa Schaefer	.75
John H. Byrnes	1.50

Dr. M. L. Foster, Chief of THE EVENING WORLD'S corps of free physicians, makes the following report of the work done by his staff up to date:

Number of houses visited	15,038
Number of families visited	131,519
Number of sick babies treated	10,506
Number of revisits	2,065

In addition to the above, 864 cases of needy poverty were relieved by food, clothing and other necessaries.

Amateur Theatricals.

To the Editor:

I send you for the Sick Baby Fund $1.50, being the proceeds of a theatrical performance in which the following girls took part: Hattie McClain, May Byrnes, Florence Shepard, Elenor Atkison, Bella Horn, Edna Black, Irene Byrnes, Grace Fugnot and Nettie Vail.

We expect larger audiences when we are better known, and hope to send a larger sum for the poor little babies next time.

JOHN H. BYRNES, Jr., Manager.

Another Entertainment.

To the Editor:

Please use inclosed 75 cents for sick babies, as the result of a little entertainment given at our home.

ELLA C. DONALDSON,
LOUISA H. SCHAEFFER.
451 West Twenty-fourth street.

A Bayonne Performance.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 25 cents, the proceeds of a show, for the Sick Babies' Fund, managed by

CHARLIE BANKER and HARRY BOUTON.
Bayonne, N. J.

A Friend in Jersey.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the sick babies.

J. M., Morristown, N. J.

A Kind Offer.

The Columbia Transfer Company has kindly volunteered to deliver all packages for THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund, when so marked, free of charge.

A Latter-Day Flood.

[*From Judge.*]

I.

Miss Pondir—I'm sorry you don't enjoy diving. It's heavenly.

II.

Mr. Gussey—Help! (gurgle—silence.)

Well Equipped.

[*From Mussey's Weekly.*]

First Kansan—A child with long, sharp claws instead of fingers was born at Boomopolis last week.

Second Kansan—Goodness! What will his parents do with such a freak?

First Kansan—They have already engaged to apprentice him to a real estate agent, who predicts a brilliant future for him.

His Neighbor.

[*From Mussey's Weekly.*]

She—Did you enjoy the Casino dance last night?

He—No; I sat half the evening beside a very disagreeable man, and it made me mad.

She—Yes, I daresay you were beside yourself.

He Remembered.

[*From Chatter.*]

Johnson—Were you at the concert, Jones?

Jones—Yes, part of the time.

Johnson—Did you hear me sing "The Wolf?"

Jones—The Wolf? How did it go?

Johnson (singing)—"Whilst the wolf, in nightly prowl, bays the moon with hideous howl-w-w-l."

Jones (expressively)—Oh, yes; I remember the hideous howl.

Land and Water.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Mr. Parker—I see that the immigrants land at the Barge Office now.

Mr. Gotham—Yes, and they water there, too! there's no fear to be had.

A Busy Man.

[*From Judge.*]

At Washington: Stranger—Is Congressman Binks in the House?

Doorkeeper—No, sir; Congressman Binks has not been in his seat for a week!

Stranger—Can you tell me where I can probably find him?

Doorkeeper—Yes, Col. Binks is at his home writing a magazine article on "The Evils of Absenteeism."

A Flourishing Trade.

[*From Puck.*]

"How is your son getting along?"
"Flourishing."
"What's his business?"
"He's a trumpeter."

NERVOUS MEN in infants need not be feared where MOSELY'S TEETHING POWDER is used. Druggists.

GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life from All Over the Country.

A Woman Who Wanted Her Tooth Pulled Without Any Charge for Sympathy.

She was a mature woman, with high cheek-bones, a dappled face and red hair. Flinging aside her bonnet she got up into the dentist's chair, leaned her head back, opened her mouth and pointed to a tooth on the lower jaw, says the Chicago *Herald*.

"I wish you'd see what is the matter with that grinder," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the dentist in a sympathizing tone. "Has it been hurting you long?"

"Who said it had been hurting me?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I inferred"——

"Well, you don't need to infer anything. If you're ready to look at that grinder, doctor, I'm ready to open my mouth again." And she opened it.

"The tooth, madam," he said, after a brief examination, "is a mere shell. I regret"——

"What occasion is there for you to regret anything? Whose grinder is it?"

"I was going to say it is too late to save the tooth. It is too far gone. If it's troubling you any it will have to come out."

"Well, that's what I'm here for."

"It will be hard to get hold of with the forceps and I am sorry to say it will hurt"——

"Does it hurt you to pull a customer's tooth?" she demanded.

"Of course not, but"——

"Well, then, you needn't feel sorry. I am here on business. I don't need any sympathy. Yank it out."

The thoroughly humbled tooth artist wasted no more words. He produced a pair of ugly looking forceps and extracted the offending molar without delay.

"What's your bill?" inquired the woman.

"Fifty cents."

"That's the regular price, is it? You're not charging anything for sympathy?"

"It is the regular price, madam."

"Here's the money. Good-day!"

After she had gone out of his office the dentist went and sat down by the front window to rest. "If I had that woman's nerve," he said to himself, as he watched her striding down the street, "I could be an Alderman and own a whole ward in less than three months."

HE ARRESTED THE DOG.

The Achievement of a Chicago Police Officer in Bygone Days.

Many a humorous story is related by old-time policemen regarding men who have been and are now members of the Police Department, says the Chicago *Times*. A South Side Captain was talking the other day about the old times when he first joined the force and travelled a post out of the old Union street station on the West Side. One of his "yarns" related to the time when the city commenced the issue of warrants against the owners of dogs upon which no license had been paid. The instruments were commonly referred to as "dog warrants."

The commander of the Union street station handed a dog warrant to Officer "Jim" Libby one day, with instructions to serve it at once. "Jim" went to the house of the owner of the dog, and not being able to get satisfaction from the owner actually carried the dog away and locked it up in a cell at the station. This is probably the only case on record where a real, live dog was arrested and locked up in a police station on a warrant issued by a magistrate.

The Captain, who is responsible for the above, told another story about "Ike" Lansing, who was on the force many years ago. "Ike" was given to "soldiering" during the night, but his disposition was not an exception.

The boys concluded to put him on record, however, and one night told the roundsman to meet them and walk into the station when they were off duty at 4 o'clock in the morning.

About 3 o'clock one of the boys hunted Lansing up and found him asleep in the customary place. Taking a little lamp-black they frescoed his features beautifully, awakened him, and started into the station.

They met the roundsman, who at once noticed Lansing's face, and asked him what was the matter with him. He insisted that he was all right, thereby proving that he had been asleep. He was fined five days' pay, but the fine was afterwards remitted, and the old-timers frequently joke Lansing about the trick they played upon him.

HOW A CAT FLIRTS.

A Series of Interesting Actions by These Household Pets.

We see a cat come stealthily rubbing up against a chair leg, the head inclined coquettishly over one shoulder, regarding us with a furtively coaxing smile. With a flirt like that, whether maid or matron, there is no occasion for ceremony, says the *Saturday Review*.

You snatch her up and on your knee, she pretends to be offended and to struggle to escape. But she curls herself up with a sensuous purr when you begin tickling the fur that lies just behind the ear, and thenceforth it is all plain sailing.

It is very different with a corpulent and sturdy Tom, who, though he may have luxuriated in comfortable quarters all his life, has, nevertheless, had his sad experiences, and seen something of the worst side of human nature.

Mischievous boys have heaved half bricks at him, ill-bred and unsympathetic servants have resented his patrician manners, expelling him with ignominy from the lower regions, and sometimes punching his head.

Even his master, who is the reverse of a passionate one, may never have appreciated him according to his merits. No wonder that a cat of that stamp should be slightly misanthropic and suspicious.

Naturally he mistrusts a stranger's advances, but, nevertheless, there is something in your voice which sends a quiver through his ears and makes him visibly relax the rigidity of his tail.

THE CORPSE AROSE

A Singular Scene in the Office of the Denver Coroner.

A friend of John Bergan, who recently fell dead near Twenty-first and Larimer streets, had a thrilling experience in Coroner Walley's office which may turn his hair gray, says the Denver *News*. Bergan was to be buried and had to be laid out preparatory to being dressed in his burial robes.

He was covered with a white sheet. Early in the evening Bob Roberts, one of the Coroner's assistants, who had been working hard all day, lay down on a long bench near the corpse and, drawing a sheet over him to prevent the flies from bothering him, went to sleep.

The dead and sleeping men were in the above positions when one of Bergan's friends came in to pay the last tributes to his friend. The fellow was a little the worse of several good-sized glasses of whiskey and on entering the morgue asked to see the remains of his friend. The men employed there were busy at the time and one of them, pointing over to the bench where two forms were lying, said, "There he is." The visitor went over to the bench where Roberts was sleeping and, giving him a hearty slap on the stomach, said:

"Poor Jack! it was only day before yesterday I was after asking him to have a drink wid me."

The blow awoke Roberts and he hastily sat upright. The man's hair stood on end as he was faced by his supposed dead friend, and with a howl of terror which stopped the clock he rushed through the building and down Fourteenth street at a gait which would beat the best professional sprinter in the country.

He gave a yell every few jumps and the last seen of him he was nearly to the Platte River and was still going. Friends were trying to find him, and it is presumed he will be heard from after he recovers from his fright.

Roberts indignantly wanted to know why he was thus rudely disturbed, but every one was so convulsed with laughter that they could not answer him.

PROFIT IN SODA-WATER.

Difference in Price but Not Much in Quality.

"The drinker of soda-water finds as he goes about the city a remarkable difference in the price. The aristocratic candy palaces charge 10 cents for plain syrups, and the soda is no better than can be purchased elsewhere for five cents—in fact, it is more carelessly drawn and often not as good," said a druggist to a Chicago *News* reporter. "Most of the drug stores charge eight cents. Often three stores in the same neighborhood will charge five, eight and 10 cents respectively, and the store that advertises ice-cream soda for five cents does a big business.

Competition does more to cut down the price in a neighborhood. The eight-cent soda fountain is a nuisance, because change has always to be made.

"As the cost of soda-water is less than one cent a glass, the profit of the 10-cent fountains is enormous.

"Ever since fountains have been in existence the four first syrups—lemon, vanilla, coffee and strawberry—have been the favorites, with vanilla leading all others by a great majority."

JESSE JAMES'S LITTLE BOY.

Luther James, of Kansas City, Mo., who is in the city with several race-horses, says the Chicago *Times*, resents an article recently published in a morning paper in which it was said that Jesse James, jr., who is now about fourteen years old, is enamored of "b'ood-and-thunder" literature, and seems to be preparing to lead the life in which his father became so conspicuous.

"I have raised little Jesse," he said last night. "He has been with me ever since the death of his father. He was too young to fully understand the significance of his father's murder, and never knew any of the facts in his father's history.

"He has been an office boy for Gov. Crittenden, and is a bright, intelligent and very steady little fellow. He doesn't read 'wild West' stories any more than the average boy, and I know he hasn't the slightest inclination to be bad in any way.

"Stories making him out a bloodthirsty little desperado in miniature are all nonsense, and I believe often malicious nonsense."

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
One Dollar Weekly

Reliable persons can obtain gold and silver watches, diamonds, jewelry and silverware by paying small sums down and $1 weekly; goods delivered in any part of the United States; send postal and agent will call with samples; illustrated catalogue free.

MUTUAL WATCH CO.,
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HE STARTED TO SPIT UP BLOOD.

MR. PETZOLD TELLS A REPORTER HOW CATARRH AFFECTED HIS LUNGS.

He Coughed Night and Day, and Finally Got Frightened at His Condition—Seven or Eight Physicians Failed to Help Him, and at Last He Went to Drs. McCoy and Wildman, and He Says He Feels Splendid Now.

Mr. Max Petzold is the head man in the machine shop of the Excelsior Iron Works, on 18th st., between Ave. A and B, in this city, and he lives at 14 Olive place, near Rockaway ave. and Herkimer st., Brooklyn. He has a cosy home, a pleasant wife and a bright, pretty little baby girl not quite two years old, who speaks German like a grown person almost. Mr. Petzold belongs to a singing society, and is well known and well liked. A reporter had an interview with him the other evening at his home, and Mr. Petzold said:

MR. MAX PETZOLD, 14 Olive place, Brooklyn.

"For the past two years I have been bothered very badly with catarrh. I was in a very bad condition. But I don't mind much. Why, I coughed from the time I got up in the morning till I went to bed at night, and after I went to bed I would cough about every hour. I got so weak I couldn't walk up a flight of stairs. I suffered with terrible headaches every morning when I got up. If I would go to stoop over I would get dizzy—very dizzy. I was hawking and spitting up mucus or phlegm all the time. And I would start to cough I would keep it up for ten minutes at a time. I started to spit up blood, and then I got scared. I always had a tickling in my throat. It was awfully sore. My nose would stop up, first on one side and then on the other, so that I couldn't breathe through it.

"I went to seven or eight doctors. They all gave me medicine and I continued to call again. Well, they didn't do me a bit of good, and I couldn't stand it any longer; so I told my wife I was going to see Drs. McCoy and Wildman, and I went. They told me that the catarrh was affecting my lungs, and I am sure from the way I coughed and spit up blood that it was. Well, I began treatment with them at once, and I feel splendid now. My headaches all left me right away, and I don't have them any more. I don't get dizzy any more. I don't hawk and spit or cough the way I did, and I don't spit up blood any more. I feel much improved. Drs. McCoy and Wildman have done me a great deal of good. Their treatment is dirt cheap. Any poor man can go to them and get cured of catarrh for very, very little. I feel splendid, and I am glad to say publicly how much good Drs. McCoy and Wildman have done me."

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

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NOT TIME YET TO FREE CUBA.

But It Is Coming, Says Gen. Antonio Maceo.

The prim and tidy little Spanish Hotel Griffou in West Ninth street shelters a most distinguished guest in the person of Gen. Antonio Maceo, who, though a colored man and but forty-two years old, has played a most important part in the Spanish West Indies and been a retired politician for a dozen years.

Gen. Maceo is a tall man of soldierly bearing and gentle, suave manners. He is an exile, banished from his native land by Gen. Palavieja, the present Governor of Cuba.

The colored exile speaks no English, and Mrs. Morales, the charming hazel-eyed daughter of the hostess of Hotel Griffou, acted as interpreter between the General and the reporter.

Gen. Maceo was born at Santiago in 1848. He was but twenty years of age when the Cuban insurrection of 1868 broke out, but became a prominent figure in the war that followed and continued for ten years. He was in command of the revolutionists in the eastern district of the island.

"During those ten years," says the gentle-voiced General through the fair interpreter, "Gen. Palavieja, in command of the National forces, set a price upon my head. Once $20,000 and afterwards $50,000 was offered for my capture, dead or alive, and bloodhounds were set on my track.

"I received twenty-eight wounds in the course of the several engagements of that prolonged fight, and with a small band of faithful men I maintained the fight in the mountains till after every one else had capitulated. I was the last to sign the capitulation on the downfall of the Cuban Republic, Gen. Martinez Campos signing on behalf of Spain.

"The concessions to Cuba agreed upon in that compact have never been realized and the Government is always in fear of another outbreak.

"After the war I retired to Jamaica and was in business there down to 1886. Then I began the organization at Port au Prince, Hayti, of an army, to attack the Cuban Government. I was forced to leave Hayti by Cuban influence and went to Panama, where I had some success in business as a contractor on the Panama Canal and as owner of a grocery at Bas-Obispo and in mining.

"My military ardor had somewhat cooled. I had settled down to a business life, and last December I went to Jamaica, where my wife, my mother—all that I loved—were living. I went to Kingston. Then to Port au Prince. Then to Havana and finally to Santiago, my native town, where I had property I desired to sell.

"I had been there six months when the Spanish Ministry was overthrown, the Liberals succumbing to the advance of the Conservative element. A new Government for Cuba resulted, with Gen. Palavieja as the Spanish Governor-General. My old enemy never quite forgot to hate me and presently it was whispered about that I was a dangerous man, that my mission in Santiago and Havana was to stir up revolt and precipitate another revolution.

"Nothing was further from my thoughts. It is not time for Cuba's freedom. But the time is coming when my home land will be free. Free as your grand country, senor! But not yet.

"I got a letter from the Governor Aug. 28, telling me that I must leave Cuba within twenty-four hours, and that a company of soldiers would escort me on board the steamer Cienfuegos, which was lying at her wharf, and was to sail next day for New York.

"My wife was with me," continued Gen. Maceo, and he exchanged an affectionate glance with a dark-skinned but pleasing featured little woman in a chocolate-brown silk gown.

"We got our things together and came away. We arrived on Friday. My mother and sisters are in Jamaica, and we shall go to them as soon as possible—Saturday probably."

The corridors of the little Spanish hotel are literally filled by the twelve trunks and boxes of the distinguished Cubans, and they are receiving many callers of their own race to-day.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

Could have found good places for her superfluous boys and girls with no trouble and slight expense had she put a "Situation Wanted" "Want" in THE WORLD on Monday or Saturday, Half-Rate Situation Days.

Parents should be very careful about the first positions held by their boys and girls. You can make proper selection from the great number that will reply to a WORLD "Want."

HE PROVED AN ALIBI.

How an Old Negro Excused Himself for Sheep-Stealing.

"Nick Durfee," said the Court sternly, "you have been convicted of stealing Major Ranson's prize merino ram. Have you anything to say why you should not be sentenced to the penitentiary for one year?" according to the Chicago *Herald*.

"Yes, sah; I kin prove er alibi."

"Prove an alibi? Wasn't the ram's skin found under your bed? And didn't you tell the Major that you stole the ram?"

"Yes, sah, I did fer sho. But 'twuz jes' like dis, Jedge. I went over to de Majer's dat night ter borrow er lam'. But de Majer he war'n dar, an' jes' as I wus comin' way I run up gin dis hyar ole ram. I didn't wan't no truck wid dat ram, kaze I done knowed 'im gwine on ten year. But dat ar ram wuz er feeroshus beas' he wuz, an' dar I wuz wid er twelve-ril fence berhine me an' dis ragin' mad ram right in front uv me. Wat could I do? Jedge, would you er stood dar an' let dat wil' beas' 'stroy you off'n de face uv de yuth an' nuver do nothin' ter save yo'se'f? De onlies' thing I could do wuz ter kill dat ram right on de spot. I had ter do it, Jedge, er he would a' killed me. I had ter do it in self-defense."

"But what did you carry him home for?"

"Hi, Jedge! You er white gemmen wid eddycation ax question like dat. I'wouldn't been right fer me ter leave dat kyarcase dar ter rot w'ile de Majer wuz 'way f'um home. Dat ain' no way fer Christian man ter do. So I tuk it 'long wid me. An' I wuz jes' sittin' ready ter go over an' tell de Majer 'bout it w'en he come vid de constable. Yas, sah; I kin prove alibi."

More Money in It.

[*From Puck.*]

Teacher—Would you like to be a great man?