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WHAT WILL SECRETARY NOBLE DO?

Mr. Noble, Secretary of the Interior, asked for proofs of inaccuracy in the Federal count when the Mayor demanded a re-enumeration of this city on account of the falsity of the first.

Supervisor Ketchum left for Washington today, taking with him the enumeration books of the first five wards, and the affidavits of the policemen who made the count in these wards.

The Chicago Government building is sinking rapidly and has become positively dangerous. It cost six millions, which really seems too much money to run into a structure not able to hold itself up.

Doesn't it have a cheerful inquisitorial ring to hear that a strong iron cage in the Post-Office is being prepared for Democratic voters? And oughtn't John I. Davenport to be proud of himself as the inventor thereof?

Something bizarre in the accident line is afforded by Pennsylvania. A railroad train got off the track and ran through a hotel. Can't an hotel guest feel secure even from runaway locomotives?

The snow flies in Tennessee. It is mournful to see the Winter in such hot haste to get in its work.

SPOTLIGHTS

Half a loaf is better than no bread. Some of the candidates will get a hot one on the hot-bread.

Where is the man who is not willing to be put in a position to know whether wealth brings happiness or not? It takes a good deal to make really a really.

He had an abiding faith in the lottery. About his belief in Fate, he'd tell. But his fate was that of the piece of pottery which went too far of the well.

Can a saucy drummer be called a free-trade organ? Embodiment tries to explain Emperor William's restlessness by saying he is off on his ear. This is a near guess.

There would be more elation in the schools if there were more ventilation. It is all right for rich men to give a receipt for their wealth. The difficulty is in getting the ingredients for the receipt.

"Jack the Ripper" has to do with the seamy side of life. "Where have you located your headquarters?" Congressmen candidate Tim Campbell was asked to-day. "In one of Binado's hats," was Tim's reply.

Red fire and lurid oratory will attract many thousands to the great Democratic mass meeting in and about Tammany Hall to-morrow. The band will also play.

Patricia McCann, the Fassett Committee prize witness, is elocutionary for Lawrence McManis, the County Democratic candidate for Alderman in the Eighth City District.

Gov. Hill, on his way to help the Democrats of Connecticut with his presence and advice, was at the Hoffman House this morning.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions that Delight the Gentler Sex.

Little or No Trimming on Children's Clothing—Manual Training of Women—The White Lichen Shade in Favor Again—Few Distinctively New Shades in Evening Silks.

Little or no trimming is put on children's clothing. The materials are plain and heavier than usually deemed suitable for children.

Mr. John Wasmaker has a little pond near Northfield, Mass. It is encircled by a wooden fence which of late has been illuminated with texts from the Scriptures.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt takes the airy ground that Government clerks may contribute to the Republican or to the Democratic campaign fund, or may, with the most serene conviction of immunity, contribute not at all.

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White chubbish shawls, with narrow border brooches in white wool, are made into house dresses with lovely effect.

There are few distinctively new shades in evening silk. Jewel colors, turquoise blue, and yellow, are all excellent colors.

Decorated china of recent importation is a feast for the artistic eye. Patterns and colorings are new, and some of the plates, for example, are so beautiful that even a crust of bread would probably taste like gold if served on them.

Here is a sketch of Ouida by a Florence correspondent. In the distance a square, yellow woman, with short, obstinate hair and a general air of being some one in particular.

No persuasion could make Gabriel Marx, independent candidate for sheriff, withdraw from the contest. He has said "no" to Mr. Cooker, to Mayor Grant and other Tammany men who have tried to secure his withdrawal.

Johnny Davenport has had his old opinion case in the Post-Office building put in order to receive liberal votes on Election Day. Johnny is not to have a monopoly of arrests, however.

Zach Cooper, the Manhattan Athletic Club pugilist, is developing into a sprightly ally. Billiards and bowling are likewise favorite games with him.

Luther Carey, the famous sprinter of the Manhattan Athletic Club and Princeton College, is of medium height and is training weights 125 pounds. A peculiarity is that he cannot train for any length of time without getting weak.

A. H. Green, the Harvard sprinter, is also a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club. He is something of an all-round athlete, being clever at gymnastic work as well as at track athletics.

Taking His Temperature. The orator had talked for half an hour. "Oh, come out; let's go," said Harley.

LABOR LOST.

A TALK OF TWO HATS AND A HIGH WIND.

Here are a few rags the gave the literary women of America. "You have no women writers in America, have you?" Omnia asked.

"No; there are no women writers in America," said Omnia. "I remember reading some of them. They give perfect pictures of the Italy one sees in Italian opera in Manchester."

"I tried to read one of her books. I couldn't do it. "Oh, her style is so simple and so simple, mademoiselle. Keep a jug of ice-water on the reading-table."

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ON HALLOWEEN.

"To-night is Halloween. Won't you come and see me? Just for old-time sake, you know."

It was a pretty woman who gave the invitation, and there was a half-pleasing look in her brown eyes although her man never seemed more playful than earnest.

"You are sure you want to see me?" he asked. "Quite sure."

"Then you may look for me at eight."

"Mr. Roberts' reply was a nod and a smile. The man watched her with a half-tender, half-cynical look, as she tripped up the steps to the Elevated station."

"Same as ever," he said under his breath. "The same combination of contradictions."

He brought his teeth together fiercely on his unlighted cigar and walked down Fourteenth street towards Fifth avenue.

It was two years since Jack Hastings had seen the one woman he had ever loved. And it was an accidental street meeting at that. He knew she had married during his absence. She had been considerate enough to write him about it.

"She is a real character," said Ouida, "and there is one thing—the American can always adapt herself; or rather she adapts her society to her circumstances."

"I don't like to leave you," he said in reply to this. "Something will step in between us. Absence dries up love, and I fear that you may marry some one else."

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DOCTORS

McGOY and WILDMAN.

Office: 5 EAST 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY. BROADWAY, COR. 14TH ST., N. Y. CITY.

Where all curable diseases are treated with success. Specialties—Tubercle, all throat and chest diseases, etc.

Work of the Free Doctors. Twelve Thousand Sick Babies Treated in Three Months.

I have the honor to report to you the completion of the work of the Corps of Free Physicians for the season of 1890.

One of the most gratifying results of our manner of conducting this work is the great number we have relieved who were found suffering from the most distressing diseases.

During the season 1,205 applications for relief have been received, and 9,775 articles of clothing have been distributed.

In this connection it should be mentioned that the Messrs. Schmidt & Berlin, of 16 East Forty-second street, have generously furnished eleven pairs of spectacles and one artificial eye free of charge.

Medical treatment was by no means confined to young children, but whenever we found sick and poverty hand in hand we did what we could to relieve them.

In this way 13,821 patients were treated during the three months we were in active service. Respectively submitted, M. L. FOSTER, M. D., Chief of Corps.

WORLDWISERS. It is interesting to know that the hair which waves from the helmets of French dragons is the real article, being the product of Chinese and Turkish skulls.

Lady Florence Dixie, the famous Englishwoman who has been famous, is a slender woman of pretty figure. Her hair is brown and wavy. She is very restless in manner, and is said to be an occasional victim of nervous prostration.

One of Denver's most popular belles is Miss Mary Cooper, a daughter of the Governor of Colorado. She is a woman of stately presence, with round, full lips, beautiful gray-blue eyes, and a fine complexion that betokens her good health.

The late Justice Miller was the oldest judge on the Supreme Bench in point of service. He had served twenty-eight years.

How to Raise Money. "Have you any money?" "No, sir." "Well, I have got it up, you see, so I must have raised it somehow. Couldn't you possibly have raised the money any other way?"

Another little story. "I've got a good idea," said the man. "I'll go and get it." "What's that?" "I'll go and get it."

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ALL HIS DOUBTS VANISHED.

SO DID HIS TROUBLE, WHICH MADE HIS LIFE MISERABLE.

Mr. Edward Coleman lives at 128 Rivington street, Brooklyn, N. Y. He is a housewife, and is well known in the building firm. He has a very interesting story to tell.

Again she was by his side and her arm twined about his throat. "Do you know, Jack, that women really do all the love-making? Don't you want to marry me?"

"With a husband?" "I have no husband. He died two days after our marriage. I wrote you about it, but of course you didn't read my letters. He was very fond of me and knew that he could not live long. He died when the ceremony took place and married me that I might get his fortune. I did it as much for your sake as for mine, for I feared that you might not succeed and then I knew you'd be too proud to come back. Yes," she added reflectively, "you men are so dense."

Jack's arm was about her now, but Ethel pushed him away. There was a knock at the door and a maid entered. "The minister is in the parlor, marm."

"Show him in here," said Ethel demurely, "and you and the housekeeper must come up as witnesses."

"I thought it best that we should be married at once, Jack, to guard against future misunderstanding," she continued, when the maid had gone, "so I made the preparations this afternoon. Of course I know that you loved me, dear, and, as I said before, the woman has got to do the wedding. And your signet-ring, she added, with a winking glance, "shall be my wedding bonnet."

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES." A mild and amiable little comedy is "A Pair of Spectacles," adapted from the French of Labiche and Delacour by Sydney Grundy, and presented last night at the Madison Square Theatre by the members of A. M. Palmer's company. It is offered very late in the evening, but it is not a theatrical Welsh rabbit like "Men and Women," and will not interfere with a night's rest. In fact the cooing prettiness of the comedy is almost a liability—at least to those people who see everything theatrical.

I told the story of "A Pair of Spectacles" when I reviewed "Goggles," which was an uncouth version of the same play. I shall not therefore tell it again, and I am rather surprised that two people catering for the American public should have been so deeply impressed with it. It is very pretty and very artistic, and is offered very late in the evening, but it is not a theatrical Welsh rabbit like "Men and Women," and will not interfere with a night's rest.

Mr. Palmer has done everything for this play. It is set in a deliciously refreshing way, and metropolitan favorites interpreted in his own style. As Mr. Grundy tells it, as much in Labiche's "Les Petits Dieux," of which I have the original, until I saw Mr. Grundy's version. But I am still of the opinion that it will not be popular here, for the reason that its heroes are two old men, and a people-theatre-going people—would sooner read than see them.

Mr. Grundy is often extremely witty, and originally so, and there are many very admirable touches in "A Pair of Spectacles," of which the last act is the weakest and the most difficult to swallow. Mr. Grundy's humor is especially witty and original, and there were some touches of laughter, which in a theatre are worth their sound in gold.

J. H. Stoddard's performance as Benjamin Goldfinch was completely admirable. In fact I have never seen him do anything as commendable. On the whole, the play is a success, especially in the actor's scene, but otherwise he is not to be criticized. The music was played by E. M. Holland, who overacted and was not at ease. Walden Ramsey as Percy, was very fair. I always think Ramsey great, when I see him with another, but not when he is alone.

Young Mr. Woodruff as Dick was miming and affected. Miss Matt Harrison was charming and made the small part of Mrs. Goldfinch prominent. Miss Annie Craddock also impresses one with the idea that she is going to be emotional without cause, but she is a conscientious young woman.

ALAN DELL. VAGRANT VERSES. An Autumn Song. All the Summer's work and old. The sun has ceased a woeing. I have done my best to do. Blood for murder of the night. I would have been a good. But for all that you are so bold. I'll tell you in the end. Till the careful sun is cold.

Till the watching stars for dead. Go out and cease to lighten it. I would have been a good. But for all that you are so bold. I'll tell you in the end. Till the careful sun is cold.

On a Practical Wife. I swore I loved her but she swore. She'd not believe me. I swore I loved her but she swore. She'd not believe me.

The Baby. Another little story. "I've got a good idea," said the man. "I'll go and get it." "What's that?" "I'll go and get it."

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