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SECRETARY NOBLE AGAIN.

Secretary NOBLE has written a letter in answer to the one sent to him by Gov. HILL, which expostulated against the inadequate census of the Federal officials.

The dominant tone of this letter, written by a Cabinet officer to the Governor of the greatest State in the Union, is one of puerile petulance. It is full of charges against Gov. HILL, to whom the unworthiest motives are ascribed, and with a virulence wholly in bad taste.

The public cannot read this letter of the Secretary of the Interior without feeling how deplorably it lacks the calm impersonality which should characterize an official communication from the head of a State Department. Everybody will realize from the most cursory reading of the document that Mr. JOHN W. NOBLE lost his head and tried to "let down" the Governor by pouring out the vials of his wrath upon him.

The Secretary also displays an animus quite akin to this in his letters to Mr. W. J. K. KENNEY, the accredited representative of Mayor GRANT to him in this matter of the census. He made demands for a surrender of the proofs of accuracy in the official census which Mr. KENNEY holds in his hands.

Mr. KENNEY declared his readiness to submit these proofs to the Secretary at any time or place he might elect, but firmly contended for his right to be present during their examination.

Secretary NOBLE therefore retorts, with a more decided pout, that he will not tolerate the suspicion of the Department indicated by Mr. KENNEY's course, and tells him that he must either do as he (the Secretary) says or he can take his proofs away and he will proceed with the business without them. Criticism on this course of Secretary NOBLE is quite unnecessary.

FIX THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A terrible collision took place on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad yesterday afternoon between an express train and a coal train. Four lives were sacrificed, a number of passengers injured and a loss of several thousand dollars occasioned by a blunder.

The youthful telegraph operator at Rock Cut, the scene of the disaster, "thought" that the switch had not been set and rushed out and turned it. The express train, deflected from its right course, thundered along into the coal train.

The horrible consequences of such "thoughts" as this on the part of men whose responsible position should lead them to be so well informed as to their duties that they need not think, but know, make the public wince. It is so hard to call a man to severe account when the integrity of his purpose is beyond question. It was to avoid precisely what he precipitated that the young telegrapher rushed breathlessly down and turned the switch.

But such mistakes are offenses and ought not to be condoned. Punishment should attend them if for no other reason than to set an example to others who have responsible places of trust. It is a misguided mercy which merely sighs over such mistakes and regrets them.

TIMELY DETECTIVE WORK.

A man named NEISE was arrested for a burglary committed in Pacific street, Brooklyn, last August. While the burglar was robbing the room of a young woman she took a good look at him, and afterwards confidently identified NEISE as the man.

Subsequently a man arrested for another burglary was suspected by a detective to be the Pacific street burglar. The detective, who is credited with mesmeric power, so worked on the burglar that he confessed to him that he was the one who committed the burglary, for which NEISE was in jail awaiting trial. He bore a marked resemblance to NEISE.

Whatever may be thought of the detective's mesmeric power, it is a satisfaction to know that an innocent man has not paid the penalty of a criminal's evil deed.

MISS CAROLINE STOKES PHELPS has purchased a lot in Ansonia, Conn., on which she will erect a handsome public library. It will be endowed sufficiently to make the purchase of books and everything needed for its full equipment an assured thing. Miss PHELPS's family has always had great business interests in Ansonia. Such a spirit of public beneficence is highly commendable and is one of the best of examples.

CHARLES PRATTE got disgusted with life and took several drinks and attempted to take his life yesterday. He was unsuccessful in the second attempt, being a greater expert at drinking than at suicide. When he found that he had cut his throat a little he rushed to the police station and told of his attempt. Suicide is not bravery, but it requires some determination. One ought to fully make up his mind to it before attempting it.

A steer had an outing the other day in Williamsburg, and his triumphal progress was marked by the arrival of hospital ambulances. There was no sense of gallantry in the brute for he bowled over a dear old lady who was doing him no harm whatever. He was eventually lassoed.

If Dr. HOWARD CROSBY's charge that a police captain netted $70,000 in one year as a blackmailing crop be true, how mad the other captains must be!

The barkeepers of New York City would like to have election day come once a week at least. Reform in ballot has not yet touched the tap-rooms.

Somebody has dug up a pot containing $5,000 in gold. What luck some people have!

SPOTLETS.

When a belle dies they do not bill her as such on her tombstone. It would wring the hearts of her friends.

* * *

When Patti takes to issuing promissory notes she will be taken for her face value, perhaps.

* * *

When it is question of a stocking, the best of men may put his foot in it.

* * *

Baby McKee's nurse is a constant Shock to him. Miss Katie Shock will indorse this statement.

* * *

A capital match, the minister said,
As the couple before him stood;
The service was said and the couple were wed—
The giggling girl and the dude.
—Boston Courier.

* * *

A burglar hater to cross a creek as badly as a cat does.

* * *

One remedy for consumption is to keep away everything that can be consumed.

* * *

It seemed fit for such a leader as McCoy, the West Virginia outlaw, to be a heavily leaded article at his death.

* * *

A poor man hit by a piece of flying rock was not intemperate of speech when he said the blasted rock hurt him.

* * *

People who are not fond of politics in the pulpit think a month's salary should be docked for certain preachers in this town.

WORLDLINGS.

The interesting information is vouchsafed that Blanche Willis Howard (now Mrs. Teuffel), the authoress, has a different finger-ring for every day in the year.

Many people consider the Emperor of Austria the richest man in Europe. At any rate, his wealth is enormous, and in his charities he is most munificent. Very recently he paid out from his own private fortune the sum of $500,000 for the relief of the sufferers from the inundation.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is fond of smoking, and is said to have declared that her cigarette is more essential to her comfort than anything else in life.

One of the most valuable of the curiosities in the National Museum at Washington is the set of Japanese gold coins in the Grant collection. It is the only complete set in existence, except the one in the Japanese treasury, and is worth thousands of dollars.

Squire Bob Allison, of Fairplay, the Gretna Green of Wisconsin, makes the boast that he has married 800 runaway couples.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

D. E. Sturges, of the New York Bicycle Club, who is one of the most persevering long-distance riders in the Club, is only sixteen years old. He is dubbed the "Little Wonder" by his club-mates.

George M. Hendee, famous for so long a time in the bicycle world, he'd several records during his sixteenth year. He developed very early, being a well-built man even at that tender age. He is now in business in this city.

C. M. Moffat, who is the latest addition to the Crescent football team, and who relieves Bull at the full-back, is the famous ex-Princetonian whose kicking was the marvel of the football world half a dozen years ago. He is now in the publishing business in this city.

Baseball a La Mode.

[From Life.]

"Look out, Sport, dis is low ball."

"Home run."

No Danger.

[From Puck.]

Jameer—What are you doing nowadays?

Spacer—I am writing the lives of great men for a Biographical Dictionary that is being compiled.

Jamer—Aren't you afraid to undertake work of that sort?

Spacer—Oh, no! The men I am writing about are all dead.

A Legal Tilt.

[From the Puck.]

Briefless (a young lawyer—Well, I'll be hanged!"

Old Practitioner—I wouldn't be surprised—that is, if you defend yourself.

MOZELL'S TEETHING COMFORT relieves children while teething. Price 25c. Sold everywhere.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Factory Girls Who Earn But Fifty Cents a Day—The Smart, Close-Fitting Street Gown—Increasing Trade in Cast-Off Garments.

Factory girls in the East End of London receive wages varying from 50 cents to $1.50 a week. So pitiable is their social condition, that in Gateshead the United Friendly Society has organized them into a "Working Girl's Club" for the simple purpose of keeping them off the streets at night and giving them enough tea and biscuits to keep them alive. The club-room is open from candle-light till midnight, and games, recitations and music brighten the senses of of the unfortunate young women, many of whom come from lodgings into which a civilized woman would not have the moral courage to venture.

The English novelist, Miss Yonge, has begun work on her 101st book.

Gilt frames are disappearing from mirrors and lambrequins. As soon as they become tarnished they are painted the same color as the wood-work.

The purchase of left-off clothing is gradually becoming a woman's occupation. Some of the buyers who do an aristocratic business make their rounds in a carriage.

The smart gown for street wear is the one that can only be called "close-fitting," and yet the clever tailor knows so well how to fit a skirt that walking in it is not only quite possible, but somehow when the gown itself is assumed there is a desire to go out in the open air if only to see how the sunshine looks, as well as to give all the world of women an opportunity of admiring the exquisite fit.

Many of the crown jewels have found their way to New York. Besides the famous necklaces in the possession of Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, and the beautiful jewels of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, there is the famous collier, composed of four rivieres of brilliants, which was bought by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, and a garland of leaves, a remarkable specimen of diamond work, which was sold in part to an English lady and in part to Mrs. C. H. Godfrey, Mrs. T. Y. Rhodes and Mr. George Lehr, of New York. A briolete diamond, the finest specimen of the collection, was purchased by D. B. Safford, and a large belt or girdle, composed of old-rose brilliants and colored stones, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, amethysts and topazes, was divided among two New Yorkers and two Parisians.

The little son who has just been born to the Princess Sophie, of Greece, and who is shortly to be brought over at the Queen's express wish to visit his royal great-grandmother, has already been photographed, in order that his portrait may be placed in one of the two bracelets always worn by Her Majesty. In one of these ornaments is a likeness of the late lamented Prince Consort, the other is always devoted to the portrait of the youngest grandchild, and the little Greek Prince is, of course, the latest claimant for this honor. Her Majesty has taken a special interest in this baby, and is looking forward with eagerness to the coming of the Princess Sophie and her first born.

The cry goes up that fashions are only designed for slender figures, while in reality they were never better adapted for stout persons or for remodelling. To begin at the foundation of dressing for fleshy persons, all of the underwear should be made with yokes and the corsets made to order. If such an expense is beyond the purse, buy a long-waisted make, but not a long corset. Dress shirts can be corded at the top in place of sewing them to a band, and if of a prominent figure in front, allow a slope over the abdomen to prevent any drawing up of the skirt in the centre front. A slightly gathered front, or one caught in a few folds on either side near the top, to give a draped or "broken" appearance, is better than a severely plain front. The sides may be laid in double or single box-plaits or kilts, and the back in gathers, confined to a small space, fan or box-plaits. Narrow plaits give a more slender look than wide ones.

The expenditure for a new baby is generally governed entirely by the purse, which will stretch in a wonderful manner if the purchasing is done with judgment and the outfit made at home. Ready-made outfits are from $20 to $150, those that are made by hand costing about a fourth more than the machine-made garments; but the making of these tiny articles should be a labor of love not to be delegated to another. It is well to buy one ready-made garment of each kind, so as to see just how they are put together and finished. Besides one nicelcut off dress, white English nainsook and flannel skirts, it is well to have four day dresses of French nainsook; six slips of cambric, dimity or checked nainsook, that answer for nightgowns, as well as the first day dresses; four cashmere skirts, four fanne bands, three barrow coats or pinning blankets, four dozen napkins, three flannel skirts, three cambric skirts, two wrappers, one flannel skirt, two crocheted jacquets, four pairs of socks, a bath blanket, six bibs and a well-furnished basket. The cloak, cap and veil may await the little one's arrival before being purchased.

CHANGES AT THE THATRES.

"Good Old Times" Welcomed at the Grand Opera House.

"Iza Clemenceau" and Pauline Hall Shining for Harlemites.

TONY PASTOR'S.

The second week of Tony Pastor's "double company" at the little theatre in East Fourteenth street began last night as auspiciously as the first. The house was crowded and the performance an excellent one. It included Tony Pastor himself, Miss Bessie Bonehill, Maggie Cline, Lottie Gilson, Musical Dale, the national trio, the three Haytors, Seeley and West, the Sisters Hedderwicks, Turle and Turle, clever gymnasts; the Coleman Sisters, and Edith Vincent, a dancer and vocalist.

BIJOU THEATRE.

George Thatcher's minstrels began a week's engagement at the Bijou Theatre last night, and the audience enjoyed a very hilarious evening. Many favorites appeared, among them being George Thatcher, "the autocrat of negro minstrelsy;" John Wild, who has evidently abandoned starring (very sensibly); Wood and Shepard, Tom Le Mack, Ed Marble, Frank Le Rondine, Wilton and Mora, John A. Coleman, George W. Lewis, Jay Quigley, R. J. Jose, H. W. Fridman, W. A. Patterson, Raymon Moore and Thomas Lewis.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE.

"The Clemenceau Case" is not going to make Manager Hammerstein's two theatres jealous of each other. Last week it played at the Columbus Theatre; last night it was the attraction at the Harlem Opera House. The theatre was packed. Miss Sibyl Johnston as Iza was, of course, the cynosure of all eyes. "The Clemenceau Case" is, luckily, played by a good company. It will undoubtedly repeat its success of last week at the Opera House this week.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

"Good Old Times" was presented at the Grand Opera-House last night by the members of Col. W. L. Sinn's excellent company. The play is one of the best of its melodramatic kind; the situations are stirring and the dialogue well written. The Grand Opera-House audience applauded it enthusiastically. So many melodramas go to this theatre—some of them so weak—that when a good one is announced it deserves a little extra recognition. "Good Old Times" got it.

COLUMBUS THEATRE.

Miss Pauline Hall made her first appearance as a star in this city at Hammerstein's Columbus Theatre, Harlem, last night. The last time New Yorkers saw the comedy actress she was a member of the Casino company. The opera presented last night was "Amorita," with which New Yorkers are familiar. It was well presented. Miss Hall was in excellent voice, and she wore some very elaborate costumes. The support was good.

H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE.

"The Red Spider" was the attraction at H. R. Jacobs' Theatre last night. The stars of this sensational play were Joseph J. Dowling and Miss Saone Hasson, who are well known and liked by the patrons of this play. "The Red Spider" was carefully put upon the stage and full justice was done to its vigorous situations. It will be repeated to-night and to-morrow. "Nobody's Claim" will be offered for the rest of the week.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.

"The Dumb Girl of Sevnie," with the sinuous Carmencita as the dumb girl, was witnessed last night at Koster & Bial's concert hall in West Twenty-third street. Miss Marie Lloyd, a clever young English woman, introduced some new songs and dances, and was much approved of by the audience. Other attractions at Koster & Bial's were Lotta and Devine, the gymnast, and Topsk and Steele, comedians.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

At H. C. Miner's People's Theatre last night "Laff On," H. Grattan Donnelly's gymnastic farce-comedy, was the attraction. It no longer has the attraction of novelty, but the songs and dances introduced serve as a veneer that will not be overlooked. Hallen and Hart, the stars, did their usual vigorous work and pleased the audience. Their supporting company included some very capable people.

HUBER'S PALACE MUSEUM.

The Palace Comedy Company was seen hourly upon the stage of Huber's Palace Museum yesterday. It included Charles Fay, John and Cora Nesbit, Clark and Angelini, John Manning, Frank Lawrence, the Butlers, Ida Meredith, Mlle. Cerito, "Billy" Clayton and others.

DORIS'S MUSEUMS.

The Woods Comedy company gave capital entertainments each hour yesterday upon the stage of Doris's Eighth Avenue Museum. The audiences were large and they received plenty for their money. The curio halls were full of attractions.

At Dor s's Harlem Museum, on Third avenue, near one Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, the Shester and Mantell Comedy Company were the attraction in the theatorium.

Brooklyn Theatres.

Miss Cora Tanner, always a favorite in the City of Churches, opened last evening at Col. Sinn's Brooklyn Park Theatre in Kidder's new play "One Error." The pretty actress's work in the role of Judith Orme was appreciated by a large audience, and she was called before the curtain several times. The supporting company was excellent.

Champion John L. Sullivan proved a winning card at Holmes's Star Theatre last evening in the role of James Daly, in Duncan B. Harrison's five-act drama, "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," in which the author also appeared. Sullivan is improving as an actor and acquitted himself more creditably than some other members of the company.

At Huber & Gebhardt's Casino last night a most excellent programme was offered. Johnnie Carroll and Minnie Schult continue in the favor of the "regulars" of the Casino. The All Brothers gave a startling exhibition of tumbling and gun-spinning. The bill was filled out by others equally well known in their various acts.

Owing to the sudden illness of Miss Emma Juch, M. B. Curtis, in "The Shatchen," took the place of the Juch Grand English Opera Company at Lee Avenue Academy last evening. The change was evidently not disappointing, as "The Shatchen" was most favorably received. Mr. Curtis was inimitable as the Shatchen, and was well supported, particularly by George Osborne and Laura Biggar.

The scene in "The Millionaire," as produced by Daniel Sully at Proctor's Theatre last evening, in which a fully equipped locomotive dashes across the stage under full head of steam, quite captured the house. Mr. Sully and an entirely capable company were warmly received.

Fred Roberts Gaiety Company, which was seen last evening at the Grand Theatre, is composed of people each presenting an attractive specialty, a number of which possessed the novelty of newness.

The first week of Moore's Fulton Theatre as a "combination" house, opened auspiciously yesterday with the smiling skit, "Fun in a Boarding-School." Manager Moore's patrons showed their appreciation by commendatory applause.

The Arizona editor visited the Amphion last evening and was welcomed by a full house. Louis Aldrich was in fine form and his acting was so satisfactory that he received a double curtain call. "The Editor" achieved a notable triumph. The supporting company is exceptionally strong. Election returns will be announced this evening.

Been There.

[From Puck.]

"How much will it cost me to go to the races?"

"How much have you got?"

"About $75."

"Well!"

Dangerous Tendencies

Character as that very common complaint, catarrh. The foul matter dropping from the head into the bronchial tubes or lungs may bring on bronchitis or consumption, which means an immense harvest of death annually. Hence the necessity of giving catarrh immediate attention. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying and enriching the blood, restoring and tonicing the diseased organs.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"THE STEPDAUGHTER."

A sweet little thing in plays, called "The Stepdaughter," was presented at the Windsor Theatre, on the Bowery, last night, and appealed so strongly to the audience that men and women snickered at the wrong time. A joyous, blithesome creation is "The Step-Daughter," into which all the horrors yet invented are crowded to be "livened up" by plenty of broad Hibernian humor on the subject of drunkenness.

"How I hate a man with a crying drunk on him," bellows the sympathetic and womanly Peggy Logan; but her brightest bit of repartee is when she, with a great deal of coile, playfully remarks, "Go to H—eaven."

Let me see if I can remember the story of this arch and pleasing play. There is a bold bad woman (who wears decollete dresses in the early morning and suffers from a severe cold—serves her right!) deeply in love with an amorous youth with aliases. She is already married, but her husband is old, and she specimates with a great deal of naivette (pronounced last night "navity,") upon his death. Her stepdaughter comes home, and Frank falls in love with her instantaneously. The decollete lady is furious. She has a heaving bosom, of course. She declares war. The old gentleman dies, and his widow, just before he breathes his last—before she is his widow, in fact—is arranging a marriage with Frank. Frank, however, is true to his instantaneous love.

The stepmother takes the girl away and locks her up in a tower-room, from which she is finally rescued by Peggy Logan, a faithful and ubiquitous and irritating servant. There is a dear little subplot involving the theft of $50,000 in "U. S." bonds by a young man from his mother, and flavored very strongly with chloroform, laudanum and a shrieking French maid. It is a mistake to say that such plays as these "go" on the Bowery. Bowery audiences are critical and intelligent. "The Stepdaughter" is weak and silly from beginning to end, with nothing to recommend it but a few of Peggy's sayings that were not coarse.

Miss Annie Ward Tiffany was very loud-voiced and aggressive. The roar of the Elevated road could not drown her leather accents. She was the Peggy Logan, who always had the centre of the stage, even when the decollete lady was there. Miss Barclay was the decollete lady, and she has too much merit for such a play. Miss Blanche Bender is a sweet little girl, with great ingenue possibilities. The men were ghastly. What a collection! The sole exception was Arthur Livingston, who had trained his arms into a proper understanding with the rest of his body.

ALAN DALE.

VAGRANT VERSES.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

In the quiet nursery chamber,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
Rest the forms of little children
Kneeling white robed for their rest.
All in quiet nursery chamber,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the Winter stars,
But across the glistening lowland
Blast the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children—
And the mothers's head drops low
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the Winter's snow),
"Take our souls;" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light
As the trailing of his garments
Waking everyone in white.

Lift ye souls, O! stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing far away the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife.
We, who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hand shall grasp the standard
Which to-day you watch run far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In the universal war,
Free to him, the God of battles
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies;
When far down the purple distance,
All the notes of battle dies;
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Boiled Shirt Fashion.

He was sitting on the sofa,
And the gaslight's glimmering glim
Half revealed the startling truth that
She was sitting side of him.

Close they sat, but not too closely—
Not so close that round her waist,
He had reached, and without blushing
There one single arm had placed.

She was luscious, sweet as honey;
Home-made hair she had, hung down
On her neck, but he strange creature,
Wore an angry, full-grown frown.

"What! he blessed; "art growing colder?
Has your love turned to ice-cream?
Are you giving me the shook-shook?
Is it false one, sob will seem?"

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!"
Said the maiden; "George, I do
Love you just as much as ever,
And," she blushed, "I think more too!"

"Then," said he, and humped his forehead
Like the waves make by a tug,
"Tell me why do you refuse to
Let me give you just one hug?"

"George!" she faltered. "Stop!" he thundered.
"No excuses, fickle one;
Just the truth, the whole truth only—
That I want from you. Go on!"

"George," she said, "the reason that I
Won't be hugged"—she clutched her skirt—
"Is—I'm afraid," she sobbed, "you'd rumple
Up my boiled white linen shirt!"
—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

His Rise in the World.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

"Henry," she observed sadly, "you certainly have changed! What has come over you lately to make you so haughty?

"Miss Twilling," stiffly replied the young man, "while the pleasant relations which have heretofore existed between us will, I trust, remain unchanged, at the same time I find it necessary to maintain the proper amount of dignity in accordance with the more exalted position which I now hold in society. You are evidently not aware of the fact, but I have recently invested some of my capital in, and I am now wearing, a suit of genuine silk underwear."

If.

[From Puck.]

Aunt Mary—Four Boss, does your tooth ache yet? If it were mine, dear, I'd have it out at once.

Boss—If it were yours? Well, auntie, so would I!

Reckoned He Could.

[From Epoch.]

Western Parent—Sy, teacher, do ye reckon ye kin make my boy smart?

Teacher—Wal, I reckon I kin, if this ain't his out of mine home out.

The Way of the World.

[From Puck.]

"Plunkitt," said Duckettle, "if you had a million, what would you do?"

"Wish I had another," replied Plunkitt.

Time for Thought.

[From Puck.]

Minister (to prisoner)—Ah, my man! What brought you here?

Prisoner—Drink.

Minister—Terrible! I wonder what your thoughts are now, in your sober moments?

Prisoner—Well, I think mostly of what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Gov—Good day!

Lost and Found.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Mrs. De Slopper (to a friend)—Did I leave my purse here? I lost it from where.

Clerk (who had worked an hour showing Mrs. De Slopper goods without bring able to sell her anything)—I will inquire, Madam. Cash! Cash! Here a minute! Hi—she of you took that an empty purse anywhere around here this morning.

GOSSIP OF THE SPORTS.

Great Boxers to Appear at the A. A. U. Tournament.

Cornell's Remarkable Progress with Its Football Team.

The Standard Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, will be well represented at the A. A. U. boxing championships, Dec. 30. William McGarry, who holds the title of amateur champion lightweight of America, has been in training for the meeting for a week and is determined to retain the championship. Another prominent boxer of this Club is Dan McVeigh, who will enter the special 125-pound class in the championships.

Eddie Lober, the 110-pound boxer of the same Club, also intends to compete in the championship meeting, and has begun training.

The championships take place at the Metropolitan Opera-House.

* * *

The New York Athletic Club will give a series of "ladies' day" entertainments this Winter. The first one will take place early in December. The chief feature of these athletic diversions will be boxing, other events on the programme being wrestling, fencing and swimming. The swimming contests of this Club are always notable exhibitions of the natatorial art.

* * *

The boxing tournament of the Bridge Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, is being looked forward to by enthusiasts of the manly art. It takes place Nov. 11 and promises to be most interesting. The weights are 105, 115, 125, 135 and 158 pounds, and many of the tip-toppers at these figures have signified their intention to compete. The middleweight class contests are expected to be particularly entertaining.

* * *

The following are the officers of the Argosy Yacht Club, selected from the active members: Otto A. Rosalsky, President; Nathan H. Lewis, Secretary; Louis Rubenstein, Vice-President; Joe Fields, Recording Secretary; Morris Rosenbaum, Treasurer; Morris Bernstein, Sergeant-at-Arms; Abe Cowan, Captain; Harry Cowan, First Lieutenant.

* * *

The following prominent members of the Seventh Regiment Athletic Association will participate in a moonlight run Nov. 15: Alex. Jordan, Court Busse, Jack Thornton, Harry Morrell, Charley Bostwick, Fred Ware, M. Remington, Charley Jacquelin, A. B. George, Jack Norton, A. W. S. Cochrane, Percy Irving, W. B. Carnelie, Frank Hoyt and Willis Moore. The start will be made from the armory at 8 o'clock.

* * *

Joe Jimitallo, the bantam boxer of the National Athletic Club, says he has to train down too much to be strong at that weight, which is the reason he assigns for his recent defeats. He is now thinking of entering the featherweight class in future.

* * *

The Varuna Boat Club becomes in Winter an athletic club, with boxing and running as the leading features. Its first big athletic entertainment this Winter will occur Dec. 13. It will be held in the Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, and will be open to all amateurs. The open events will be fifty, 300 and 440 yards and one-mile runs, six handicap; 600-yard novice scratch run, handicap mile walk and running high jump.

* * *

The more or less celebrated "Chippy" crew, of the New York Athletic Club, which distinguished itself during the past Summer by winning every race it rowed in, will recommence training probably as early as January, using the new rowing machines recently put into the gymnasium. Trainer Dave Roach will coach his favorites.

* * *

Cornell University only took up football two years ago. Its showing last year, during its first season at the game, was excellent. It presented a very strong team, which made very creditable scores against some of the strongest college teams.

The team this year is not so efficient as that of last year, many of last season's best men having graduated. Great interest in the game is being evinced by the students at Ithaca, however, and each class has its representative eleven, which will play against each other for the class championship.

* * *

The latest addition to the United States pilot fleet has been named Richard K. Fox.

Ben Hogan, the ex-prize-fighter, now turned religious exhorter, has been delivering his well-known lectures all through the far Western States and territories during the Summer and Fall. He will shortly sail for Australia, where he will continue his work of trying to evangelize the sports.

* * *

Jack Burke, the English middle-weight boxer, announces that he will not come to America in pursuit of a match with Jack Dempsey. He does not hanker after a meeting with the Nonpareil badly enough to come to America. He wishes to battle with the American only on British soil.

* * *

Should Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney come together in the ring when Jack goes to England the meeting will prove one of the most exciting pugilistic events that ever took place in Great Britain. Carney is supposed by Britishers to be without a peer in the light-weight ranks, and barrels of money would be put up by them on their favorite.

It is needless to say that McAuliffe would have the confidence of the American betting men to a man.

* * *

Martin Dempsey, the wrestler, brother of Jack Dempsey, is training Mike Brennan, the Montana heavyweight, for the glove contest between Brennan and Nick Burns, to take place near Trenton, N. J., within two weeks.

Spoken Aloud.

[From Judge.]

Elbert (who sees the old gentleman's shadow)—Of course I disobeyed my father in going fishing, but when he finds out that I have taken a nice string to Mr. Cuttley, who holds our farm mortgage, I think he'll not chide me.

A Kindred Experience.

[From the Epoch.]

"Did you ever take a sea voyage?"

"No, but I've used a stomach pump."

A Good Rule.

[From the Epoch.]

Tom—We ought to always look pleasant.

Jack—That's so. We can't tell who may have a camera concealed about him ready to catch you.

Good Reasons to Complain.

[From Puck.]

Proverbiest—It's an ill wind that helps the doctors!

Practicalle—And I just finally got rid of my last year's grip to find I had lost the season's Valse.

She Wouldn't Smooth.

[From the Epoch.]

He (after the quarrel)—Come, now, darling, smooth your wrinkled front.

She—I have not an wrinkle. I am not wrinkled. I am younger than you are. Jack Winters, I'd never speak to you again!"

Newcomers.

as they get posted, buy the best furniture for the least money at Flint's, 14th st. and 6th ave.

PLUMS PICKED BY JOKERS.

A Few Minutes in Humor's Big Orchard.

Adapting a Weapon.

[From Judge.]

Mr. Woolson—Da's what I calls low-down mean!

Mrs. Woolson—What's low-down mean?

Mr. Woolson—Dat Eyetalian on d' corner borryed ma razor, t' go t' d' Neepolitan Lazzyroni ball, an he's went an' ground it Garrybaldus style.

Local Pride.

[From Puck.]

"Where are all the prominent citizens this morning?" asked a tourist of the landlord of the Oklahoma House.

"I dunno, pressely," was the reply. "You see, last night, the boys took a hoss thief out to the tree where they allus hang 'em, an' lo an' behold! they found a new-comer had cut it down. The hoss thief happened to know who done it. They're after him now, the hoss thief leadin' the pursuit. He's got a heap uv local pride, even if he does steal. If they ketch the feller they'll be apt to string him up an' turn the hoss thief loose. We air a people who like to encourage public spirit."

Overrefined.

[From the St. Joseph News.]

Mrs. Fangle—How do you like your new maid, Mrs. Jingle?

Mrs. Jingle—Oh, she'd be all right if she were not so overrefined.

"In what way?"

"She never breaks anything but the most costly Dresden china.

Indigestible.

[From the Epoch.]

"Take back the heart thou gavest!"

"Why should I take it back?"

There was a hush of expectancy, and the listeners leaned far out over the veranda to catch the dying note of Love's lyric.

"Because," came the reply, wafted softly on the wings of evening, "because the boarders won't eat it."

It was the butcher.

Much.

[From Puck.]

"What's in a name?" asked Biggs, the other day, in the course of conversation.

"I guess your wife can tell you," said Boggs.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, everything you've got is in her name, isn't it?"

Not February.

[From Street & Smith's Good News.]

Teacher—Which is the shortest month of the year?

Small Boy—Orgust.

Teacher—August?

Small Boy—Yes'm. That's the last month of vacation.

A Success.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Primus—Dodson made his debut in tragedy last night.

Secundus—Was there much enthusiasm?

Primus—Yes, immense. The manager came out on the stage during the trial scene and discharged him on the spot.

Poor Man.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Boggs—I had hard luck at the seashore one night last month. On the evening of the hop I met forty girls, and asked each one for a dance, while there were but fourteen dances altogether.

Foster—Well, what did you do?

Boggs—Took the first train that night for home.

The Trouble with Elasticity.

[From Puck.]

"Our financial system is very elastic," said Kirby Stone, apropos of the recent Treasury purchase of bonds.

"Very," returned Upson Downes, sadly. "I wish we had stung on the return snap, unfortunately."

He'd Been There.

[From the Journal of Education.]

Bunco Steerer—Why, how do you do, my dear sir? Haven't I seen you somewhere?

Uncle Hayseed (from Brightville)—Fears likely, stranger; I've been that.

Wished He Hadn't Spoken.

[From the Epoch.]

Tomson (a writer)—I received $10 for that story, and it took me only one day to write it.

Jackson (a subscription-paper fiend)—Ten dollars in one day, $60 in a week, $3,000 in a year! Come now, Tomson, don't tell me you can't afford to subscribe $10 in aid of the Home for Aged Horses. Put your name right here on this line, please.

Strategy.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Maud—What a dear, good chaperon you are! But how did you manage to get my rival out of the room just at that critical moment?

Chaperon—I whispered to her, in a kind, confidential tone, that there was a rip in the back of her silk waist.

Fly-Proof.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"There are no flies on me," remarked the antelope in the museum.

"There may be a few on me," replied the rhinoceros, "but I don't mind them."

It Was a Warm Day.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Nouveau-Marie (looking up from the morning paper)—We are not fashionable, Henry. We should be divorced, or separated; don't you think so?

Mr. Nouveau-Marie—Yes, my dear; I will go away.

Mrs. Nouveau-Marie—Go away? Oh, how nice! I'll go with you.

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with Thousands.

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of heart action is
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