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THE WALL STREET CRISIS.

There is nothing particularly startling in the existing state of things in Wall Street. It is not a new thing, and there are many who will not find it altogether unexpected. But when the market gets puckered up in this way, some are squeezed in its folds, it may be to death or it may be simply to discomfort, more or less protracted.

A large amount of the Wall street jugling is gambling, and gambling is playing for a stake where possible loss is the game. So the loss must come at times. Then the only thing is to weather the storm the best one can, and gather instruction from it.

Americans love gambling too well to be dissuaded from the fascinating vice. They will gamble, and hundreds will continue to play the Wall street game. The men who wander into the street and buy stocks with an amateurish sense of finance generally go to the wall. The old shearers are too much for these artless lambs. Sound advice to such men is, "Don't." But sound advice is usually too unpleasant to be taken. So they go on, making their stake, are beautifully done up, and then excerate their luck. They are not beyond the pale of sympathy, though they cannot deserve it as much as men who lose in more legitimate ventures. Many will learn their lesson too late. But to the young man who meditates a descent on Wall street the best advice is still, "Don't!"

GREEN GOODS CARRIERS.

Recent developments show an exceptional activity in the green goods industry. Several letter-carriers have been detected in collusion with the handlers of the counterfeit money. For a consideration they delivered letters to these men.

All letters believed to contain matter forbidden circulation in the mails are on the XD list of the Post-Office, XD being an abbreviation which signifies that letters are not to be delivered. Carriers are expected to turn over such to the Postmaster.

Suspicion attached to several carriers of delivering XD letters to green goods men. They were trapped by decoy letters, and seven confessed to their guilt.

Where a servant of the public prostitutes his trust he richly deserves punishment. This is blasting the bed-rock of society.

INCREASED MORTALITY.

The death rate is large at present in this city. The causes are not hard to find. Such weather as this sows broadcast colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and pulmonary affections generally. Even with care it is hard to ward off the ever-changing thrust of this blessed climate. And most people are not very careful.

Dr. Koch's discovery cannot be ready for application too soon. It is good to note that every effort is being made to push it. The discoverer has no mercenary motive in his work which can retard its being brought before the public, and he has the German Empire backing him. We shall soon have the lymph. May it be a powerful blow to consumption.

SALVATION WARRIORS GALORE.

The Salvation Army is in this city in its strength. It has rallied from the length and breadth of the country, and last night Association Hall was thronged after a monster parade in the street. One object of this assembling is to bring all the army officers into staff consultation, and the other is to show the strength of the body.

It is a queer mixture of minstrelsy, proselytism, sincerity and zeal. There seems little reason to doubt the sincerity of the Salvationists, and their aim is one beyond reproach. As to their methods, the army holds everything good which nets the sinner.

OUR HOG.

The invidious spirit which levies a nasty duty on the American Hog has broken out in Mexico. A prominent dealer in this wholesome quadruped has been obliged to give up handling live pork in Mexico because the fat, sensual beast cannot stand up under such a strain of duties. Reciprocal commercial relations between the United States and Mexico are not as near as they might be. When our hog is rudely set upon we are cut to the quick.

There is such a thing as brilliant thieving, and when it is accomplished with great eclat the exquisite skill may be admired, while the depravity of the sinful deed is thoroughly deprecated. Cigars have been filched from cases which had detectives watching them from the tobacco field to the hands of the consignee. This is clever larceny.

RINALDO, the hatter, who ran against TIM CAMPBELL for Congress without doing Tim any harm and benefiting himself much more than the "boys," is still cheerful. His daughter was married yesterday and received two diamond necklaces for presents.

At a fire in Providence immense quantities of burning sparrows' nests were very instrumental in disseminating conflagration. Score another against the sparrows.

Connecticut Republicans claim that representatives in the Legislature chosen on the basis of increased population as shown by the Porter census should not be seated. New Hampshire Republicans, in precisely similar cases, insist that such representatives shall be seated. In each case the decision will settle a United States Senatorship.

Mr. KENNY is to poke up Supt. PORTER. He goes to Washington with a full-blooded municipal request from the city of New York for PORTER to furnish the census report of the Second Ward. PORTER has made Supt. BYRNES as mad as a hornet, and deservedly, by his strictures on the police count. They were mean.

Speaker REED makes this little comment on the result of the election: "Well, you know the Republican party always did like big things and always strives after big things, and this time it has surely got a big thing—the biggest licking it ever got in its life."

The license of Mr. JOHN J. WOGAN has been continued. This means that the license of Mr. THOMAS GOULD is licensed to continue unlicensed. Now, where does the "pull" of that notorious dive come in with the Excise Commissioners?

Another lunatic has escaped from the Flatbush Insane Asylum. It is the second time he has broken loose. The laxity of restraint in this institution will soon be clearly demonstrated. But this runaway lunatic may not have a homicidal mania.

Gen. VAN CAPRIVI and Sig. CRISPI are discussing the formation of a European league as a rejoinder to the American policy of commercial obstruction. Let us hope that before it is formed the reason for it will be removed.

BOGRAN, President of Honduras, has fled from his capital. The Southron must have the hot sauce of revolution and rebellion to make life endurable. Well, we learn in this way the names of their rulers.

The Aldermen are besought to pass an ordinance to sell vegetables by weight. It is thought to be in the interests of the consumer. Sell them by weight.

It looks as if WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN might get the Speakership of the State Legislature. If he does, Mr. HUSTED is liable to have an unhappy time.

Candidates for the vacancy on the City Court Bench are beginning in point of numbers to rival the hunters for the Speakership.

At the Convention on constitutional prohibition yesterday those present were appointed a committee to look after things.

The Farmers' Alliance leaders are planning for a third National party, to take part in the campaign of 1892.

OLLIE TEALL has resigned from the P. M. L. His reason is that he doesn't want to become a professional citizen.

A squeak of regret is heard from the Hamilton Republican Club, which is now sorry it joined the P. M. L.

Secretary WINDOM did not hurry to the relief of Wall street yesterday as briskly as he did before election.

The binder tie was not a tie that bound the farmer States to the McKinley Tariff chariot wheels.

BLAINE and PETTIGREW appear to be Iowa's idea of the next Republican Presidential ticket.

Mr. SCOTT's campaign expenses were only $30.85. He got off almost Scott free.

MCKINLEY is now going about explaining.

SPOTLETS.

The Czarewitch is in Greece. He would rather be in clover.

***

The Czarewitch's papa recently paid his way into a circus. He will not be a "dead-head" any sooner than he can help.

***

Labouchere's paper, *Truth*, has been burned out. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," but, will she fire up once more after being combusted?

***

Three generations will make a gentleman, and enough gimp rations will make a madman.

***

In straw hat and a cape of fur
Your wife can venture forth.
O Man! dared you to dress like her,
'T were all your life were worth!
—*Puck.*

***

The Democratic results were dreadfully monotonous. It was the same thing all round, a gain and a gain.

***

One voter used a laundry slip instead of a ballot. It was certainly a slip.

***

A man came home and found his wife dead at the foot of a tree she had half chopped down and no supper for him. He should have taken some of her coops.

***

Parisians now leave cards on dead people. Death has such a call on everybody that they think it should be returned, probably.

***

The political microbe that has been so destructive in the Republican body was deposited by a bill.

WORLDLINGS.

Baron Hirsch, whose enormous wealth, as well as his intimacy with the Prince of Wales, has brought him into publicity, is fifty-nine years old. He is the son of a wealthy merchant of Bavaria, who was ennobled in 1869. The baron's principal residence is in Paris, but a great part of his time is spent in England.

The Marquise de Lante is reputed to be one of the best-dressed literary women in the country.

Mme. Adam, the noted woman editor and author, is graceful and fascinating at fifty-four. She has a large fortune and an immense capacity for work. Her dresses simple and in the best of taste.

Prince Albert, of Prussia, is a first-class bookbinder, and his two sons are learning masonry as a trade.

Novelist Howells was able to set type with some facility when only seven years old. He was brought up in a printing house.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Louis Smith is one of the pluckiest little boxers in Brooklyn. When his strength gives out he spares no his grit. He does not know when he is whipped. His scales about 120 pounds in training.

S. D. Bee, of the Acorn Athletic Club, is in great demand as an official at athletic competitions. He usually acts as starter or timekeeper. He has been dubbed the "official" starter of the A. A. U. He is considerable of an athlete himself.

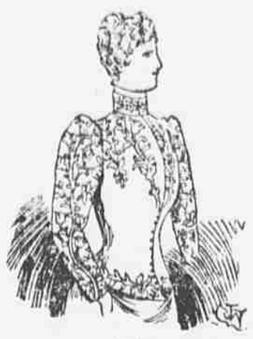
James Mullens, of the West Side Athletic Club, is a beautifully built man, every muscle being thoroughly developed. He is a very hard man to beat with the gloves. He is in business and is a hard worker.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Hats of Surah and China Silks—Children's Costumes Miniature Imitations of their Mothers'—Stiff Skirt Linings Not Popular.

The new hats for the smaller half of creation are made of surah and China silks, with immense crowns and shirred brims, having no other trimming than a large silk pompon. One Parisian baby-cap is made of thick, cream-white satin, trimmed with three ostrich tips, in which any baby would look very charming, though it must be acknowledged that the shirred ones of white China silk are the prettier, and have the merit of being more easily cleaned.



Long-haired children are wisely going out of fashion. So are short-haired women.

Mrs. C. L. Hunt Wallace, of Chicago, has written a book with the strangely carnivorous title, "Flesh-Eating a Fashion."

Some of the new styles for children and misses are exact miniatures of those affected by their mothers, the cloaks seen being especially similar. Accordion-plaited garments with long capes are not considered effective by lovers of true art in dress. Embroidered flannels, designed for misses, made exceedingly pretty and stylish dresses. They are worn with straw hats trimmed with a new sash material made for the purpose.

Mrs. Huggins assists her husband, Dr. Huggins, in his astronomical researches, and has lately been engaged with him in some important studies of the spectrums of the great nebula in Orion.

Senora Dona Emilia Pardo Bazan lately delivered before the Spanish Athenæum at Madrid a short course of lectures on Russia. It was the first time a woman had ever been invited to address that body, which is composed of the leading representatives of Spanish literature and scholarship.

Tailors refuse to use stiff skirt linings. Muslins and a lesias are ignored, and, if silk is objectionable on account of expense, a lightweight cashmere or alpaca is selected for the foundation.

When you are tired all over, don't collapse and drink tea. That is how too many women ruin their complexions, nerves, tempers and digestion, says a writer in the Indianapolis *News*. "Take a glass or two of milk, and stop work awhile and lie down if you can. If you cannot, then go on the best you can, but don't learn to depend on tea for inspiration. It will make your depression, nervousness and exhaustion continually worse. Tea tipers are always irritable of temper. It is doubtful whether an alcohol drunkard is much worse than a tea drunkard. Bah! Drink tea till your back teeth are under water if you want to, only, dear, gentle kettle, queens and caddy suckers, don't tear your friends to pieces.

No respect or consideration is ever shown the women of Brittany. "Once married, ever a beast," is the pathetic proverb among these peasant slaves. None of the men have good forms, and they are tall, shapely, grave and fine. Some even possess classic faces, intensified by their long, coarse hair and wide, black, low-crowned hats. But a Breton peasant woman is a shapeless block of wood, wrinkled and bent by stormy wind and weather, her spotless white cap, her shapeless bodice and her huge wooden shoes giving her limp and lifeless form grotesqueness, but never picturesqueness and interest. You have seen the beaten, half-fed donkey, as it caught a moment of rest, spread its legs for support and drop its head upon its rough, old breast. That is the nearest picture one can give of this human drudge. Standing before Millet's "Angelus," those who have never seen Brittany and its people exclaim, "What a marvel of devotion the artist has put in that peasant woman's posture!" I tell you, he has drawn with infinite realism the universal posture of these dumb and sodden beings, the endless legacy of brutal slavery, dolor and pain.

According to good authority there are in the city of New York 100,000 homeless women, including the very best and most intelligent class of workingwomen. The trained nurse is a vagrant; the teacher is a modern Bedouin; art students, young doctors, newspaper women, special teachers and thousands of clerks are ancient pilgrims who, by the very force of circumstances, are knocked about from the shelter of one roof to the temporary convenience of another.

No advertisement is becoming more frequent than something like the following from the Sunday WORLD:

Young lady occupying nicely furnished four-room apartment desires congenial, educated young lady to take parlor and bedroom and share expenses.

The ordinary flat is too expensive for the average woman. Boarding-houses are an abomination. If one wants the comforts of her own "things" about her she must find a partner to share the expenses of an apartment; and how hazardous is this undertaking! How unlikely that the reply will come from a woman of similar or congenial tastes! No, what is needed is a house giving us apartments of one or two rooms and bath, at a rental not exceeding $10 or $15 a month. Though the home may be dispensed with one must still, however, be housed; and one of the most pressing necessities of the present time is perhaps suitable accommodations for homeless women. What wealthy woman will come forward and supply this convenience for a small proportion at least of the homeless gentlewomen of New York? The investment would not be hazardous.

A Man Without Friends.

[*From Puck.*]

Customer—Have you anything to cure a cold?

Druggist—Heavens! Have you no friends?

MOSELLE'S TEETHING CORDIAL stops irritation from teething. Everybody can buy it. Price 25c. ***

THE MARRYING AGE

"Love Will Always Ignore a Moderate Difference in Years."

What Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Felix Adler and the Duchess of Marlborough Say.

Nell Nelson Analyzes All the Letters and Decides in Favor of W. H. M.

The marriage age contest is over.

Competition for THE EVENING WORLD'S golden prize has brought forth great chunks of wisdom and the ventilation of any amount of sentimental twaddle.

Should husband and wife be near the same age, or should the wife be much younger? is, as the funny man puts it, one of those things that nobody can find out.

I put the question to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and she only answered: "Bah!"

The gentle, thoughtful Mrs. Felix Adler said: "Age is immaterial."

Lovely Mrs. Judge Pryor says that "years have nothing to do with the case."

Conservative Mrs. Kendal remarked laughingly, "What folly!" and serious, earnest Mrs. Dr. Guernsey thought that "a girl could be happy with any husband she respected, that every man will care for the being he loves, and that marriage has no stronger tie than mutual interest."

"It is not a question of age," said the stately and brilliant Duchess of Marlborough, "but of adaptability. A husband will love his wife just as long as she pleases him, and with adaptability she need never hurt his vanity."

The best time for a man to marry is when he is in love, and it doesn't make any difference whether he is twenty-two or sixty-two. It goes without saying that invalids and paupers are excepted.

There are unfortunately masculine failures—men of non-success and negative ability—who will find it advantageous to bide their time until it is convenient to love a mental Juno or an American heiress.

The best time for a woman to marry is when she is asked. The McKinley bill, the popularity of typewriting, the superabundance of clerks, teachers, trained nurses, lady merchants and academy cooks, the advance of seamstresses from common dressmaking to the ranks of the modiste, the ubiquity of specialists in medicine, massage and manicuring, and the influx of society leaders into literary and art work have combined to increase the difficulty for a single woman to walk alone.

There is nothing about board and lodgings, tidy dresses, warm flannels, shoes and stockings, gloves, bonnets, books and bonbons that can be called theoretic or sentimental, and the time for the woman to marry who needs these things is the first good chance she gets.

Of course, no woman with common sense, tact and judgment is going to wed a dotard or a hobbledehoy; but, wanting those characteristics, it doesn't make a great deal of difference whom she marries.

If, for reasons best known to herself, a woman chooses to wed a man her junior she can hold him and rule him just as long as his affection lasts. But it is a great risk. Old women and super-educated women are apt to become didactic and domineering, and if there is anything a live American man will not submit to it is domestic tutoring. Women teachers never succeed in male colleges. But given adaptability and a pupil of one there are even chances of success.

It is generally admitted that there is a better basis for a woman's marriage than love. The rose-colored, red-hot passion is very tender and beautiful in novels and poems, but it is not to be compared to that profound admiration, respect. The adorable creature, with perfume in his handkerchief and mustache, bead-like eyes, rosy cheeks and manicured, much-jewelled fingers, the hero of a girl's affection, doesn't wear. He goes out of style a year after date, no matter what his age may be. An army of his kind is not worth one big-hearted, red-headed, raw-boned man who believes in the nobility of woman. The days of "looking up" to men are all past and gone. As "Newark" puts it: "No man is a hero to his wife, and this 'novel idea' that a woman looks up to a man is all nonsense. They look to each other for mutual health and comfort."

If there is any fighting to be done, if a burglar is in the house, if a curtain or picture needs rehanging, or a woman wants an extra $50 bill, then she may pay her lord and master the compliment of looking up, but under no other circumstances.

As to women growing older sooner than men, is a debatable question. No woman grows old who is properly cared for. What good living will not do for a woman's beauty, good clothes, good powder and soap and an occasional steam bath will redeem.

Sense and sweetness in a woman, strength and character in a man, regardless of age, will bring into home life as much happiness as mortals are permitted to enjoy. Love levels all, as W. H. M. tersely puts it, to whom THE EVENING WORLD'S golden coin is awarded.

LOVE LEVELS ALL.

To the Editor.

There can be no definite answer. Some men age quicker than some women, and vice versa. Custom and popular prejudice say the wife should be the younger, but the majority of marriages show that custom and popular prejudice are poor guides.

Temperament, intellect and character are the ruling factors of wedded life; competibility in these is the marriage a success, the want of it a failure. Extremes avoided, similarity or difference in age has little to do with a successful marriage.

Love, born of respect and a kindly heart, increases. In a marriage of heart, intellect and character, a dozen years either way is immaterial.

Love will always ignore a moderate difference in years. W. H. M.

Todd's letter ranks second:

NO MATTER WHAT THE DISPARITY.

To the Editor.

The relative ages of men and women who marry do not necessarily regulate their future happiness, but I think it is generally conceded that the conditions are more favorable where there is not too great a disparity of years.

The husband and wife may be near the same age, or the wife may be much younger, and in either case the marriage prove a fortunate one if the couple are naturally adapted to each other. Love alone is not sufficient to guarantee conjugal congeniality, no matter what the comparative ages are.

Unless there is fidelity and the disposition to harmonize all differences that arise after marriage, love may not last.

It is essential to the best results of a union for life that there be mutual confidences and concessions, and the cultivation of sympathetic tastes and recreations.

In my judgment the recognition of equality of rights tends to develop the utmost possibilities of each and to result in a feeling of mutual contentment.

Good mental and physical health and sweetness of character are of greater importance than years in the selection of a mate; therefore an arbitrary rule would have many exceptions, if based solely upon age. TODD.

It deserves honorable mention.

NELL NELSON.

"THE IDLER."

Herbert Kelcey in the role of a lover, tempted to infamy, was a new sensation at the Lyceum Theatre last night. As a rule, Herbert purrs at his Georgia, and Georgia purrs back for her Herbert; then they have a little fight, and as the final curtain falls they are irrevocably happy. Last night, however, in "The Idler," a new play by C. Haddon Chambers, presented for the first time on any stage, Georgia's loveliness tempts Herbert to forget that he has a clientele of matinee girls, who will never, never, never like him any more after such naughtiness. For Georgia—alas!—is married, and Herbert loves her just the same. Nelson Wheatcroft is her husband, which is such an unusual occurrence that I am inclined to think that the audience sympathized with Kelcey's desertion.

Well, to continue, Nelson has passed his earlier un-Georgia-ed days abroad. He loves his wife and does not tell her that he killed a man in America by accident, for he does not like to vex the little girl. Georgia flirted with Herbert once, but she did not love him—bless her dear little flirtatious, flittering heart—and she hasn't any intention of being his. Herbert is furious when he finds that she is married, and he makes no bones about saying so. He has known her husband, he discovers, and is aware of his American experience. The brother of the man Nelson killed comes to London, recognizes Nelson, swears that he shall be arrested and tried before an American jury.

Georgia is beside herself. Her little gurgle comes forth undisturbed by a season on the road, and she begs Herbert to save her. Herbert says he will do so; that he will prevail with Eugene not to press the suit, but on the condition that if he succeed Georgia shall fly with him. Georgia, who is lovely but not ethereal, doesn't quite see the fitting part of the contract, but she agrees. She visits Herbert's bachelor apartments at night to see if he has saved her husband. He has. She must give herself up to him. Oh, horror! it cannot be. It must not be. He has a mother. For his mother's sake, he must remember her.

Kelcey looks at a chromo of his mamma over the mantelpiece and relents—Georgia shall go. He gives her the key of the door. She shrieks faintly. There is somebody there. Oh, woe, woe, woe, it is Nelson, her husband. She hides, but comes forth at the proper dramatic time. Nelson believes that she is guilty and casts her from him. In the last act she proves that she is noble and not guilty, and just as the curtain falls Herbert announces—and the bathos of the announcement almost ruins the effect of the play—that he is off to the North Pole.

"The Idler" is interesting and admirably told. There is no superfluous character, the construction is extremely good and the dialogue bright. The story goes rapidly toward its denouement in a way that Belasco and De Mille would do well to study. Had they been told to present the story of "The Idler" for the stage it would have been disfigured—as they have so sadly disfigured their play "Men and Women"—by half a dozen comedy couples and as many irrelevant catch-laugh situations.

Herbert Kelcey is highly effective as the lover, but Miss Carvah is only good in spots as the wife—and the spots are small. Nelson Wheatcroft is quiet and repressed, and Miss Shannon better than she has been for a long time.

"The Idler" ought to enjoy a long run at the Lyceum. It is admirably staged, and somehow or other—I can't explain it—the Lyceum itself predisposes one towards enjoyment. When one is feeling particularly cranky and cursedly it is comforting to go into this dainty little house, to sit before those clean refreshing actors and watch a good play, always charmingly acted. ALAN DALE.

LENDING A HAND.

[*From Life.*]

I.

II.

III.

Coming to an Understanding.

[*From Hussey's Weekly.*]

Tourist (in New York)—Say, cabman, just keep on driving, will you, till you come to the Grant Monument?

Cabman—See here, boss, if you done got a sixty-time-per ticket on this cab, I doesn't go with it.

Peace Was Restored.

[*From Light.*]

Mr. Tangle—Maria, I'm going to make it warm for you.

Mrs. Tangle—You are a perfect brute! I shall go right back to mother's—

Mr. Tangle—Now, don't be too hasty, my dear. I'm going to buy you a sealskin sacque.

LOWER THAN AUCTION PRICES
Are those of FLINT CO. (14th st., near 6th ave.) for elegant furniture. ***

CHRISTMAS JOY.

You Can Help Bring It to Hundreds of Poor Homes.

Send in Your Mite to the Christmas Tree Fund.

In the Midst of Your Happiness Think of the Poor Children.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$106.00
Balance from previous fund	14.06
Six Hockey girls	13.35
Ridgewood N. J. entertainment	25.00

The appeal for the raising of a fund to provide Christmas gifts for the poor children is one that appeals to everybody. Those who know what a bright and joyous Christmas is can fully appreciate the voids in the lives of those who are deterred by fate or circumstances from participating in the general rejoicing and feasting of the great holiday.

And how many are there who can recall one or more careless or perhaps heedless Christmases in their own lives?

There is nothing that robs enjoyment of its crowning zest so quickly as knowledge of the existence within arm's reach of the pleasure spot of hollow-jawed and vacant-eyed misery.

While those who have plenty are happy in the possession or presentation of gifts, there are thousands who never know the meaning of Christmas presents, and it is those whom THE EVENING WORLD is going to make happy.

It takes but an insignificant sum to buy a useful and substantial gift for a poor child, and when these little sums are massed together, the amount of joy they will cause is incalculable.

Lose no time, then, but send in your mites at once, or get up some entertainment in charity's name and have the satisfaction of enjoying yourself and at the same time bring joy to the little ones to whom happiness is almost a stranger.

And Then She Went.

[*From Puck.*]

Bridget (her farewell shot).—I'd have ye to know, Miss, as I'm a lady, Miss.

Mrs. Lorgnon—That's just the trouble. You don't go well with the place.

A Graphic Description.

[*From the Atlanta Constitution.*]

Foreman—We still lack one column.

Editor—Run in that "pi" which the boy set yesterday and head it: "The Political Situation."

VAGRANT VERSES.

To Our Baby.

There he lies in royal state
Peeping in at childhood's gate,
Opening wide his azure eyes,
Full of wonder and surprise.
Though the tenderest, sweetest thing,
Yet he reigns a very king—
Cradled in garments of the best,
He will take his royal rest!

Softest lawn and richest lace
Flatters round his dimpled face,
Drapes his white and baby arm—
Not a fly must do him harm;
Not a wilful foot must tread
Heavily about his bed,
Not a whisper—scarce a breath;
Let the house be still as death.

He is not! Our exiled king
Gets his rattle—get the ring;
Do his bidding, father, mother,
Aunt and uncle, sister, brother;
Let him feed, our youthful Hector,
On the richest, sweetest nectar,
Let him not a moment wait,
All his wants anticipate.

When "our baby" grows a man—
Reason if you can—
He will pay us more than double
For our daily care and trouble.
"May be not?" a voice unkind
Whispers rudely. Never mind;
Kiss our darling in his rest—
Let us hope, and for the best.
—*Mrs. H. A. Kidder.*

Sugar.

Half a pound of glucose,
Half a pound of sand,
Make the sugary housewife
And the grocer bland.
—*Boston Traveler.*

The Song of the Snake.

"Coiled under a tussock I lurk,
With a deadly charm in my eye,
With poison ramp in my throat,
In wait for my prey to pass by.

"Hamut the owl the red lizard swalled,
But, before he could change to gray,
I had stilled his Joseph's coat
For my morning meal that day.

"The dun rabbit hopped too near,
But its eyes no more dare face
The fatal flash of my own,
As on lay in my coils embrace.

"The gray squirrel's bark I heard—
Faint I held it unit
From my fangs the lightning flow
Through its veins let work my will.

"The sad moaning dove drew near
As on for the feast I lay,
Drawn by a subtle power
Its weakness could not gainsay.

"Now—Lo! there cometh a boy,
Of my victims the much rare;
His brows, bare legs I will strike,
And then—what?—a club?—Take care!"

But care came too late, for the club,
Being swiftly, came down through the air;
Lizard, rabbit, squirrel and dove
Were avenged on his unkindship there.
—*From an Exchange.*

Nine Out of Ten

Persons one meets have catarrh in a mild or aggravated form, and yet comparatively few pay any attention to it, not seeming to realize until too late that other dangerous diseases, such as bronchitis and consumption, are very sure to follow if the trouble is not arrested. Catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla to effect a thorough cure.

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed-up feeling." Mrs. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life from All Over the Country.

He comes down the street looking like an antique painted on ivory which has stepped out of the frame writes the Dubuque correspondent of the Chicago *Times*. His features are delicate and aquiline, with jet black eyes, which have looked the world in the face for eighty-seven years.

Upon a head of wavy curls, spotlessly white, sits an antique silk hat, polished till it shines anew. The Van Dyke beard is white and curly and the snowy mustachios are artistically waxed.

Around the shoulders hangs a military cape of the pattern of 1840. Under the cape is a long, black Prince Albert coat and a waistcoat of fancy stuff. His boots are small and exquisitely polished.

From his watch pocket a curiously carved golden charm hangs on a black-silk fob. He carries a slender, gold-headed cane.

His figure is light, sinewy, graceful, almost jaunty in its bearing. He stops now and then and looks around him with the wondering air of a man who is in a new and strange country.

An electric street car flashes by him and he watches it out of sight with an almost startled look in his eyes. He has a courtly salute for every lady and a smile for the bright-eyed girls who bid him good-day as they pass.

The writer saw him at the opera the other night, carrying his ninety years as though they were but thirty. He enjoyed the music heartily and between the acts visited the various boxes to chat with the occupants. This is Gen. George W. Jones.

HEARST'S RICH GOLD MINE.

From $150,000 to $200,000 Taken Out Every Month.

"The Homestake mine, in the Black Hills, of which Senator Hearst is a principal owner, is the richest gold mine in the world," said H. C. Rorapaugh, of Deadwood, S. Dak., at the Metropolitan, to a Washington *Post* reporter.

"It is the biggest in a group of mines in the immediate vicinity of Deadwood. The company has 3,000 men at work in the mines, mills and woods.

"For fourteen years they have never missed a dividend, and every month take out from $150,000 to $200,000 in gold. There are 1,200 stamps in operation.

"The vein of the Homestake is 300 feet wide by about two miles in length, and there is ore enough in sight to run all the mills for the next twenty years."

ON A MAN-O'-WAR.

Machine-Like Regularity of the Men in Obeying Orders.

A half hour passes, when suddenly and without a moment's previous warning the sharp rattle of a drum is heard, electric gongs clang noisily, loud and peremptory orders mingle with the rush of hundreds of feet as the crew hurries to "general quarters," says Rufus F. Zogbaum in Scribner's.

To the inexperienced eye what seems to be a scene of disorderly confusion now takes place. That portion of the crew whose stations are on the upper deck come swarming up the hatches; the marine guard, hastily grasping rifles and buckling on accoutrements, falls in; the keys to the magazines and shell-rooms are produced, and stewards, servants, cooks and yeomen rig the tackle over the ammunition hatches in readiness for the work of hoisting shell and cartridges.

The gun crews cast loose the great guns, and the death-dealing Gatlings revolving cannons, and the machine guns. Hatches are hastily put on, ladders torn away and the decks turned "topsy turvy" in an instant.

Rifles are handed out from the armory, accoutrements, revolvers and cutlasses caught from their places, and in an incredibly short space of time order rises from apparent chaos and every officer and man is at his post and the ship is ready for action.

CARNEGIE'S POOR FIGURING.

He Claims that 30,000 People Can Live One Year on $575,000.

According to a newspaper report Andrew Carnegie recently committed himself to a very curious statement. He averred that the annual salary of the Prince of Wales would suffice to keep 30,000 people for a year. Now, the annual salary of the Prince of Wales is $575,000. Divided up among 30,000 people it would amount to about $19 apiece. Mr. Carnegie seems to have very queer ideas as to the sum of money that would support an American workingman, or, indeed, a workingman of any nationality, and enable him to provide the necessaries of life for himself and for his family. But a still more interesting question is this: How many millionaires of the type of Andrew Carnegie could be supported upon the annual salary of the Prince of Wales? And is it not the least bit indelicate for a member of the gilded brotherhood to be assailing a comparative pauper like the Prince of Wales?—Illustrated American.

Every Purchaser OF A BOY'S SUIT OR OVERCOAT WILL BE PRESENTED WITH A Wagon Like This.

Boys' Suits,

PLEATED AND CORDED, SIZES 4 TO 14, ELEGANTLY MADE OF CASSIMERE AND WORSTED, 100 DIFFERENT PATTERNS, AT

$2.49.

Boys' Overcoats,

MADE OF FANCY CASSIMERES, KERSEY AND BEAVER, WITH EXTRA LONG CAPES, 100 DIFFERENT STYLES, AT

$2.49.

Our $15.00 Overcoats for Men

IN SINGLE AND DOUBLE BREASTED, PLAIN OR STRAPPED SEAMS, MADE OF KERSEY, CHINCHILLAS, FUR BEAVER OR MELTON, IN ANY COLOR, IN ALL SHAPES, ARE EQUAL TO ANY CUSTOM GARMENTS FOR $30.00.

B. STERN & SON, Clothiers,

458 and 460 Grand, near Pitt St.

Open Evenings Until 9, Saturdays 11.

HE RUNS ON THE ELMIRA EXPRESS.

A TALK WITH TRAINMAN CHARLES DEARSTINE.

Everybody Knows Him Along the Erie Road Up Through New York State and Over at the Jersey City Depot—He Relates a Queer Experience to a Reporter, with a Very Pointed Moral.

Charles Dearstine is a passenger trainman on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. He runs out of Jersey City every Monday and Thursday night on Train No. 3, which is known as the Elmira Express. He is a typical railroad man, a big, jolly fellow, with a heart as big as a barrel. His home is at Owego, and he is known by nearly everybody along the Erie road up through New York State. A reporter found him at the depot in Jersey City the other evening just before he was going on duty, and this is what Mr. Dearstine said:

MR. CHARLES DEARSTINE.

"I have had a queer experience. I couldn't sleep. I had catarrh for six or seven years. My nose was stopped up so that I couldn't breathe through it at all. I would wake up six or seven times of a night, and then my throat was sore and it would fill with the mucus that dropped down in it, and I was bothered a great deal trying to clear my throat of the mucus. I had dull pains over my eyes, and I had a headache most of the time. I went to Drs. McCoy & Wildman and went under treatment. When I went to them I really didn't know what was the matter with me. The whole treatment was very mild and pleasant, and after the first treatment I began to feel better.

"Drs. McCoy and Wildman fixed me up in great shape, and now I can breathe freely through my nose. I don't have that dull pain over my eyes any more, and no more headaches. My throat is all right, and I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

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.

CASH ONLY.

FURNITURE,

The system of selling every article of furniture at a small profit and of a reliable quality is strictly adhered to. We keep no goods we cannot recommend, therefore our customers are absolutely safe in their dealings with us. These principles loyally maintained have secured an uninterrupted and unprecedented success.

THE FURNISHING OF FLATS A SPECIALTY.

FOR $350 WE CAN FURNISH HANDSOMELY AND SUBSTANTIALLY A FLAT OR HOUSE OF TEN ROOMS.

NOTICE TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

Wood Mantels, Inlaid Wood Floors, Cabinet Work and Interior Decorations made to order from special designs at our factory, 154, 156 West 19th st.

"BUY OF THE MAKER."

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,

STORES, 104, 106, 108 WEST 14TH ST.

PANIC.

Moral: Keep your cash in your business and furnish your whole house on our credit system.

COWPERTHWAIT,

PARK ROW—CHATHAM ST., CHATHAM SQUARE.

JOHNNY—There's a boy in our class says he can get anything he wants, and he ain't rich, either.
JOHNNY'S SISTER—My! How does he do it?
JOHNNY—Guess he must advertise in WORLD "Wants."

Not only boys but thousands of men and women get what they want by the same means.

To no class of people, perhaps, do WORLD "Wants" do greater service than to *HOUSEKEEPERS*. They bring immediately first-class help of any sort—cooks, nurse-girls, table-girls, chambermaids, &c., &c., and on Mondays and Saturdays, THE WORLD'S Half-Rate Situation Days, 20 cents will pay for a 2-line "Help" or "Want."