The World

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

There is a certain propriety in making Thanksgiving Day a day for the rendering of thanks. To be completely successful as such it should be borne in mind that the stomach is not the organ of gratitude, and hence the full function of Thanksgiving Day is not peformed by filling that interesting cavity with the juiciest of roast turkeys, the best of cranberry sauce, and the richest of mince pies.

Fill some other fellow's stomach with these things if you want to key yourself and your brother man up to a high pitch of Thanksgiving. There are thousands of poor men, poor women, poor children, in this great city to whom these viands would seem a benison. A word may precipitate an avalanche and a strong tingling in epigastric nerves whose vigor and perfection are rarely drawn upon and bring about a rush of mental feeling that is beautiful.

Go and make some poor family happy to-morrow by a Dickens-like appreciation of what good, warm, nourishing food can do for ill-fed mortals!

NOW FOR WORK.

The management of the World's Fair seems to have had oil poured on its troubled waters, and now we can look for direct practical work for the Fair. The Board of Lady Managers is complete, Mrs. RUSSELL HARRISON being the ninth, or Vice-President-at-Large, whatever that may mean.

It is a good thing that matters are at last adjusted in the human machinery which is to set the big undertaking on its feet. President HARRISON will be asked to "announce" the Fair to the world. After this Chicago is committed either for glory or disgrace. It cannot be supposed that the country will fail in putting its mighty shoulder to the wheel, and if the Lake City does its best nothing but desirable results need be expected. Courage and confidence!

FRIGHTENED INDIANS.

If there is to be any scare in the question of our relations with those troublesome wards of the nation, the too exuberant Indians, it is only right that those festive redskins should shoulder the scare and be the ones to get frightened. The restraint of fear is the most potent coercion for natures whose fibre is not delicate enough to respond to or be swayed by any finer emotion.

The concentration of troops in South Dakota has awed the copper-colored turbulents till their knees quake in the ghost dance. It will be well for the Government not to betray too panicky a feeling over a ghost dance, but every reasonable precaution against foes whose chief trait is treachery is in order.

DON'T FORGET IT!

On Christmas Day you will feel happier in the gladness of your own comfortable Yule-tide celebration if you know that THE EVENING WORLD'S Tree for poor children is richer in fruit, more glowing with light and fairer in its trappings on account of your generous aid.

Remember, too, that generosity is not magnificence. You don't have to send a check for $25 in order to be generous here. Send a dollar, and you will still be a benefactor worthy of the name. But there should be hundreds of such benefactors. Come, good friends, this is the time.

HAIL!

Through the cold gray mist of the bay the sharp detonation of the Dolphin's and the Yorktown's guns barked a hearty welcome to Brazil's Aquidaban and Guanabara. It was the United States of America shaking hands in warmest greeting with the Republic of Brazil.

Admiral DE SILVIERA brings a medal from his Government in gratitude to this Republic for its prompt recognition of its new-born South American sister. Our country has rightly deemed the occasion one worthy of conspicuous National courtesy. This is meet.

The good old lady who sits on the British throne has addressed her Lords and Commoners in a strain of placid rhetoric, in which Her Imperial Majesty seems to regard the rest of the world as the back-yard of England. She alludes very fittingly to Ireland, but makes a bad break when she says it has "sensibly improved under the salutary legislation which you have applied to it." This is a beautiful bluff.

The Flower Show has been very successful in its massing. Few people appreciate the labor involved in getting up such a beautiful show. The Madison Square Garden has shown itself capable of handling big things in a big way in the Horse Show and this Flower Show.

Major MCKINLEY asserts that no changes will be made in the Tariff Law by the Republicans. Experience is such a good teacher, but how seldom do teachings avail.

The good ladies who hate all inebriating liquid that can go into the human throat have besieged the President and Secretary of War, entreating them to issue a ukase against the army "canteens." The ladies say these be naught but drinking saloons under the patronage of officers. Such high approval gives respectability to the guzzling of rum, which the ladies deprecate.

It is so touch and go with New York that when anything novel or good comes up the imitators thereof have to be pretty lively or by the time they get in line the public is sick to death of that particular wrinkle and will have none of it.

Police Commissioner VOORHIS is very bitter in his comments regarding Comptroller MYERS, relative to the non-payment for the election booths. There is no doubt that the bill should be paid if what he says is correct.

Senator HOAR, to encourage his friends, has issued an address based on the beauties of the McKinley Bill. It is understood that the Massachusetts Republicans are accordingly elated.

Now, how will SUCCI feel on Thanksgiving Day? His stomach must fairly shrink when the people come in to see him as an appetizer for roast turkey and the other good things.

There is a little underground movement against Mr. BLAINE, and the latter's friends are meeting it with explanations. Explanations, however, never do much good.

A man has recently had his tongue removed. How much harder it would be for a woman to undergo such a deprivation.

The New Hampshire legislative fight grows apace. The Democrats say they are for war to the knife if necessary.

Who will the new Park Commissioner be now that Mr. HAVEN refuses the office?

Mr. POWDERLY wants recognition in the Farmers' Alliance.

SPOTLETS.

There is little difference in education between the untaught child and the taut rope.

Little Tommy Jones has a decided objection to the golden rod as the National flower. Tommy knows where his papa is wont to plant a "golden rod" of correction, and he loves it not.

The more dissipated it is the tighter money gets.

A dressed turkey objects to a low-cut neck.

The moon shines down for two short weeks
And then a rest awhile it seeks,
While on the clouds the fairies sit
And try to shine it up a bit. —*Exchange.*

Jones is such an ardent observer of the feast of Christmas that he would like to have his boots Christmas-treed on the 25th of December.

Sometimes a publisher is more of a neither to an author than author is a neither to the publisher.

The Society for the Prevention, &c., would like to pick a bone with the boy who was helped by a bone from a dog's leg.

Now that we have got Delphi, Americans will feel Apollo-getic. He was the fellow who ran the Oracle, wasn't he?

Rudyard Kipling is trying a new kind of writing. He is righting himself.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

A Few Golden Rules to Prevent Wrinkles — Turquoise Blue Received With Favor—Favorite Flowers.

Here are a few golden rules to prevent wrinkles:

Be not unduly elated, neither be ye cast down.

Emulate the sister of charity and be always placid.

Never sleep on a pillow.

Never smile. If you must laugh, do so with your mouth, but keep your eyes still. You will be taken for a lunatic, but that won't matter.

Keep out of the sun and avoid strong lights. Never be without a fan large enough to shade your eyes.

Affect broad-trimmed or pord cars. Don't fret and never grow old.

Mme. Clemence Royer has written a paper of anthropological and biological interest in the quarterly *Bulletin*. She draws important deductions from the circumstance that an Australian lizard walks upon its hind legs.

Mrs. Farey, of Regent street, West End London, has this remarkable inscription over her door, "Milliner and Artificial Florist."

It is many years since any color has been received with the genuine affection by lovers of the æsthetic that turquoise blue has been, and it will reign supreme for the awhile at least. The dahlias are coming to the front and rapidly asserting their claim to distinction, their claims being many and varied. They are particularly effective for the dark, rich-looking brunette, and the dark shades are wont to give the warm appearance, which is one of the chief charms of coquelicot red.

Kind-hearted woman, who protects the birds, should start war upon the idiotic snobs who burn and bang horses' tails.

Old-time lemon-colored kids are again in vogue. Even the men are wearing them stitched with black.

Although many people are still unwilling to give up their carpeted floors, they are quite willing to add to them the rugs which have now come into general use. A carpet upon a carpet is an absurdity, except as used by our careful grandmothers in small spaces where there was danger of unusual wear. Where people insist on both rugs and carpets, plain ingrains and floor terry in solid colors are used as backgrounds for the Oriental square. But this double bondage to dust has neither reason nor fitness, and is one of the most mischievous forms in which the pride of possession, that folly of sudden wealth, and inartistic taste, most often appears.

Where a carpet is used to cover the floor, it is always the part of wisdom to buy the best quality. An inferior grade is unsatisfactory in design and colors, and soon becomes so shabby that it spoils the effect of everything else in the room.

The woman in tight gloves and short shoes is looked upon with the same contempt as the lady with jewelled dirty fingers.

Gerdenias, orchids and violets remain the favorites, though there is now a great rage for the ragged, soulless chrysanthemum for street wear. The swell wears a white one in the lapel of his coat and madame carries a cluster very gingerly in her gloved fingers. The roses, the dentelas, fragrant roses, with their great, luscious, dewy hearts, are pushed one side for these flowers, void of perfume or soul.

Emma Abbott is said to have $100,000 worth of Government bonds salted down for the rainy day when the frost may be in her now bird-like voice.

Col. Ingersoll in his review of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's book has made that lady cry a little. Commenting on her wholesale denunciation of low-cut gowns and the display of beautiful shoulders and matchless arms, he remarks: "What a curious opinion dred apples must have of the fruit upon the tree."

Here is a bright woman's recipe for a cold: First a mustard plaster on your chest. Wear it until you have an area low it must feel to be in the Inferno and have the best direct that your chest shall be fired and that alone. Then take a black draught. A black draught is the hell in its name. It is as black as the ace of spades, and it tastes and smells like a combination of a photograph gallery and the morgue, but it is wonderful in its effect. Some people take a whole bottle of it, but they belong to a race of giants; others consume half a bottle, and I take two tablespoonfuls. After the joys of the mustard plaster and the bliss of the black draught sleep with the hot-water bottle—let it be a movable piece perambulating around wherever you may be chilly. This treatment will cure a cold and is the only one I recommend under any circumstances. It is true that some people prefer to have the cold, but they are people who do not really enjoy life at its fullest.

"A Thanksgiving Episode," an original story, in To-Morrow's EVENING WORLD.

THE CLEANER.

The other night, at the opening meeting of the Yale Alumni Association, Dr. Chauncey Mitchell Depew told the story of his visit to the Passion Play at Oberammergau last Summer in a manner that brought tears to the eyes of several venerable Connecticut clergymen present. Mr. Depew's vacation talks have become the feature of the opening meetings of the Association each year, and his fellow-Yalensians turn out in force to listen to the account of his wonderful experiences. One old-time traveller remarked: "Our Chauncey certainly seems to see more in the three months that he is abroad than an ordinary man could pick up in three years, and he knows how to tell it, too." As an offset to the picturesque pathos of the Oberammergau recital, Mr. Depew told how he visited the birthplace of the original Delmonico in a little town in Switzerland. "I never before experienced so exalted a feeling of patriotic pride," said Mr. Depew, "as when I beheld that humble spot. I am sure every American, and especially every New Yorker, must feel the same way when he sees it."

* * *

When the market is lively and stocks are jumping around in a manner that makes the heads of outside speculators swim, Henry Clews keeps up the spirits of the big contingent of customers who gather in his office at such times by giving them half-hourly speeches on the state of the market, interspersed with interesting reminiscences of his past experiences in panics. Mr. Clews is a good talker, and is always liberal with his points.

* * *

Among the familiar faces I saw at the Flower Show yesterday afternoon was that of James Lewis, the comedian of Daly's Company. Mr. Lewis was the object of great interest, especially among the feminine portion of the sight-seers who crowded the arena, as he strolled around among the mazes of chrysanthemums and orchids with his pretty wife. He seems to grow younger and more boyish-looking every year.

* * *

I was rather amused at my club the other evening. "Let me offer you a cheroot," said a man to an elegant and gilded youth. He spoke with a twenty-five-cent-apiece-selected-leaf-Manuel-Garcia accent, and the elegant young man murmured, "Thanks!" appreciatively. Five minutes later, he exclaimed, "Why, what is this!" This was a tenpenny nail robustly protruding from the burning end of the cheroot.

"I don't see how they can afford so much hardware to a cigar that cost only a cent and a half," said the donor, with the courage of his convictions.

* * *

While calling on some ladies the other evening I had the pleasure of enjoying these *bons mots*. Said one: "Mr. Brown is going to give a little dinner—a stag party, you know. Wouldn't you like to go, Miss Smith?" "No," said the other lady; "I never could bear venison." Then the conversation took a lighter tone, and the ladies began discussing the ether which surrounds the world. "It's a gas," said she, who disliked venison. "It's a fluid," corrected the other. "I have always seen ether and chloroform in bottles."

* * *

I hear that Edward Fales Coward, who enjoys the reputation of being the brightest scintillating star of the amateur theatrical firmament of the metropolis, is about to assume a leading role in a Philadelphia presentation of the old and always popular drama "Marriage." Miss Mabel Ridgeway, the charming and accomplished daughter of Surveyor Ridgeway, of the Quaker City port, and an heiress, will play the chief lady's part. The presentation will take place Dec. 4, and more than 3,000 invitations have been issued, so as to include at least one representative for each thousand of the friends of Mr. Coward and his bride.

* * *

I met to-day ex-Congressman John J. Finerty, of Chicago. There was a time when Finerty was never happy unless he was twisting the British lion's tail in the attempt to make that poor beast howl. He has gone out of the tail-twisting business entirely now, and is devoting himself quietly to his editorial duties on his paper, the *Citizen*.

* * *

I liked the feeling which prompted a young man in a florist's to-day: "I want a bunch of bright red flowers with some green with them. They are for a funeral, but I don't want white. I am tired of nothing but white for dead people. If they liked bright flowers when they were alive, why shouldn't they receive them when they are dead." The young man was the right kind of iconoclast, it seemed to me.

* * *

Mr. Daniel Kellogg, recently made city editor of one of our leading dailies, is a cool-headed, intelligent young man from the upper part of the State. You can often see him dining at the Fellowcraft. Modesty is one of his strongest characteristics.

* * *

A great many of the older newspaper workers in this city will learn with grief of the death yesterday of Ben Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"). It was a great heart that was stilled, one that always beat with truest and kindest human impulse. Few men have counted more personal friends or deserved more.

* * *

Dr. Abraham Meuer was one of the passengers on the Magestic, which sailed from New York this morning. The doctor is well known in New York newspaper circles, and formerly practiced in this city. Two years ago he went out to Denver, Col., where, besides becoming one of the most popular physicians in that wild and woolly town, he actually got the small band of newspaper men it contains together and helped to organize a Press Club. Dr. Meuer is now on his way to Berlin, to see the famous Dr. Koch. He is sent abroad by a syndicate of wealthy Denver people, and if he succeeds in making arrangements with Dr. Koch for a regular supply of the precious consumption-curing lymph, $100,000 will be subscribed to build a poor people's hospital for him when he gets back to Denver.

* * *

I met fat and ruddy-faced Police Justice John J. Gorman at the City Hall to-day. "It has not yet been settled whether I shall resign as Police Justice now or wait until Dec. 31," said he, when I asked him if the rumor about his resignation was true.

EXHAUSTED THE SNAKE.

The Reptile Ran Well, but the Man Beat It.

Said the man from Punxsutawney, according to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, "I never knew that snakes would run at you until one day about three years ago. I was out clearing up a piece of ground, and one of these darned black snakes, or black runners, whipping up out of a bush, put his tail in his mouth and came rolling at me like the driving-wheel of a Shoo-Fly express. But didn't I run? Jehosaphat!"

"Why didn't you stop? He'd have stopped if you had stopped," interrupted a listener.

"Yes," continued the gentleman from Punxsutawney; "but, by the holy horn spoons, I wouldn't have stopped. I ran down the road two clean miles for home, and every time I looked over my shoulder there was that reptile coming like a scared greyhound. I couldn't get in the house, but had to keep running around it; didn't even have time to think of getting tired, and I kept on running until that infernal reptile died from sheer exhaustion."

THE MUSKRAT AND THE STORK;

OR, THE FATE OF A TATTLE-TALE.

[*From Judge.*]

1. The Muskrat—Ah, my dear friend, I have pleasant news for you. A family of nice fat frogs have just moved into yonder creek.

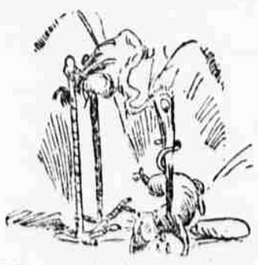
2. The Stork—Lead the way and we will pay them a visit.

3. The Muskrat—Hist! You remain here and I will go and engage them in conversation.

4. Father Frog (in the water)—I believe there's something wrong going on there. Reckon I'd better go ashore.

5. The Muskrat—How are you, neighbor? Hope your's feeling well to-day.

6. Father Frog (with sudden vigor)—Never better, I assure you.



7. The Stork—I really beg your pardon. I aimed at the gentleman in the green dress.

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

POOR AND UNHAPPY

That Is the Condition of Thousands of Children in This City.

It Rests With You to Make Their Burden Lighter.

Money, Toys or Clothing Needed for Christmas Day.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Previously acknowledged	244.57
W. F.	1.00
Upper Three	.10
Willie Tennies	.2
Waldo, Clarence, Eddie and Bertie	1.75
Mabel and Arthur	.50
Harry Ames	.10
Thomas, Harry, Walter, Fred and May Hopper	1.00

Five Good Children.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Christmas boxes for poor children, from four little brothers and a sister.

THOMAS,
HARRY,
WALTER,
FRED, and
MAY HOPPER.

A Dime from Jersey.

To the Editor:

I send ten cents for the Christmas Tree Fund. HARRY AMES, Jersey City.

Thanks, Mabel and Arthur.

To the Editor:

I am a little girl and I thought I would save some pennies with my little brother for your Christmas Tree. We send you 50 cents and hope some poor little child will be made happy.

MABEL and ARTHUR.

Proceeds of a Show.

To the Editor:

We four little boys, age six, eight, ten and twelve, inclose you $1.75 for the poor children's Christmas tree, the proceeds of our Saturday afternoon polyopticon show at three cents admission.

WALDO,
CLARENCE,
EDDIE,
BERTIE.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Willie's Quarter.

To the Editor:

Here I send 25 cents to assist in making Christmas Day a little happier for the poor children of New York. WILLIE TOENNIES.

From a Four-Year-Old.

To the Editor:

Inclosed I send you 10 cents for your Christmas fund. I am a little boy four years old. I hope that you will get a lot of money, so that all the poor little girls and boys may have a merry Christmas. EFFIE THEEL.

The Dollars Count.

To the Editor:

Find inclosed $1 for the Christmas Tree Fund. W. F.

SEND IN YOUR OLD TOYS.

They Will Help to Make the Poor Children Happy.

Mr. George M. Wood, representing THE EVENING WORLD, is doing excellent work in behalf of the Christmas Tree Fund.

He will have charge of the business arrangements, the selection of halls, goods and general management of the distribution of gifts.

He is authorized to receive donations of either goods or cash, which will be duly acknowledged in THE EVENING WORLD, and a storehouse has been arranged for the reception of the goods from Dec. 1, prior to their Christmas distribution.

Parcels of toys, children's books, clothing, underwear, everything that will bring either comfort or pleasure to the hearts of these little ones, whose young lives are strangers to all Christmas joys, will be most acceptable and will be faithfully distributed by THE EVENING WORLD.

Children of the wealthy, tired of their old toys, and who will be delighted with hosts of new ones at the festive season, may give delight to hundreds of little hearts by asking their parents to let them send them to their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

The gifts, which you will never miss or feel the want of, will bring weeks, perhaps months, of childish joy and gratification to many squalid homes.

The misery of their wretched surroundings will be for the time forgotten; even the pangs of hunger will be felt less keenly, the cold seem less bitter, and the knowledge of this will surely give the generous donors an ample reward.

THE BOY TALKED TOO MUCH.

He Thought a Theatre Was a Church and Shamed His Mother.

A lady and a boy came to one of our matinees and got their tickets at the box-office," says an interview in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"I was standing near, and something seemed to tell me that the lady was a stranger or unaccustomed to a theatre, or something of the sort, so I saw her inside, and as the ushers were all busy I showed her where the seats were. As I was doing this I noticed the boy's eyes were becoming enlarged.

It was evidently his first matinee if it wasn't his first sight at a theatre. As soon as his astonishment began to wane, so that he could get his breath, he asked, "Mamma, is this the church you told papa you was going to to-day?"

His mamma gave him the usual maternal shake, but the boy was having innings right along. The next was, "Mamma, this is the funniest church I ever seen. What church?—

He was caught out in that one, and his mamma scored one by remarking, "You talk too much for a boy of your age. Now keep quiet, or I'll take you back home."

MAN AGAINST WOLVES.

A Farmer's Terrible Battle with a Hungry Pack.

Andrew Phillipot, a farmer living near Sallisaw, I. T., set out to visit a sick neighbor half a mile distant last Friday night, and while passing through a lonely woods on his return home was attacked by a pack of wolves, says the Dallas *News*.

He was unarmed, but seized a large stick, and as the wolves came closer and closer he kept them at bay while he hallooed for help.

A big wolf sprang at him, but he beat it off, wounding it, and made a break for a tree. The wolves followed, snarling and snapping at his heels.

Again Phillipot drove them back and ran to another tree. In this way he succeeded in getting in sight of his house and his cries brought assistance. The rescue was timely, as Phillipot fainted from exhaustion just as help reached him.

CONVULSIONS during toothing are impossible where MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL is used. 25c.

NEWS FROM THE THEATRES.

Pitiful Tale of Little Gracie Sherwood's Invalid Mamma.

The Lambs' Club's Travesty of "The Clemenceau Case."

Little Gracie Sherwood, the "cute" child, who is so prettily mamma'd by Miss Jennie Yeamans in "Blue Jeans," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is the daughter of Asa R. Waterman, the Brooklyn manager who was recently tried for murder. Gracie has been living with her mother, who goes by the name of Mrs. Sherwood, but the lady has been very ill, and Manager Rosenquest has been obliged to hire a trained nurse to look after her. Yesterday Mr. Giles, of Manager Rosenquest's forces, received a very pitiful letter, asking that Mrs. Waterman be sent to the hospital, as she had tried to jump from the window, and was at times uncontrollable.

Little Gracie, since her mother's illness, has been taken care of by different members of the company. Miss Judith Berolde has had charge of her. Mr. Giles was at his wits' end. He did not know what to do for the best. Appeals have been made to the Actors' Fund, and Mrs. Waterman will probably be cared for. Gracie in her part in "Blue Jeans" has to ask where her papa is. The story of her own little life is as intricate as the web woven by Mr. Arthur. She often asks the same question when she is not upon the stage.

* * *

The Lambs' Club seems to have had a very jovial time of it on Sunday night, according to a little story that has oozed from the organization's exclusiveness. It is said that a travesty of "The Clemenceau Case" was presented for the delectation of the members, and that young Harry Woodruff, of the Madison Square Theatre, appeared as Iza, on a pedestal. "And he looked lovely," was the comment made upon his appearance. Sibyl Johnstone, Estelle Clayton, Laura Biggar, Jennie Joice and Harry Woodruff—whew! what an army of Izas.

* * *

Frank Mayo and company closed for two weeks in Columbus the other night. Harry Courtaine, one of the members of the company, is now in New York. The pastime known as "laying off" is very popular at this time of year. Many organizations haven't got the moral courage to take the holiday. Some of them invariably suffer for this.

* * *

Miss Leonora Bradley has been indulging in a few little "legalities." She was recently a member of Edwin Arden's "Raglan's Way" company, and she was obliged to attach Mr. Arden's belongings. This she did with much alacrity and complete success. Mr. Arden, she says, was obliged to finish the performance upon the night in question in his street clothes. "I had the satisfaction," said Miss Bradley, "of making it uncomfortable for him." As a rule actors and actresses are afraid to assert their rights, for fear they may be "queered" next season. Consequently many of them get left. In the "profession" there is of more pluck among its members than would be few stories of distressing managerial neglect to be told.

* * *

The irrepressible Teddy Solomon, now of London, is at work upon a comic opera with the redoubtable Henry Pettit. The name of the opera is to be "The Bailiff's Daughter."

* * *

Miss Jennie Hill is to sail from England for Tony Pastor's Theatre on the Teutonic Jan. 28.

* * *

The musical portion of Miss Margaret Mather's production of "Joan of Arc" is to be a great feature. Special music by Gounod has been written for the drama, and it will be interpreted under the direction of Felix Jaeger for the first time in this country, with a grand chorus and orchestra. In addition to this, a "Te Deum" and the anthem "Veni Creator" will be sung by a boy choir in the last act.

* * *

A note was made in this column on Monday of the exquisite Baltimorean sentiment by which Joan L. Sullivan and Duncan B. Harrison played to more money than Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. Another instance of delightfully unusual appreciation comes from St. Paul. When Clarke's International Vaudevilles played in that delectable city one of the papers remarked: "In the bill there is nothing to offend and a great deal to applaud. A succession of such attractions would make an end of Lyceum theatre shop, Palmeresque failures and Immaculate Daly swaddle."

* * *

Teddy Marks, by the bye, came to the city yesterday from Philadelphia, looking as chipper as ever and with a lovely white flower in his coat, la-di-da. He has made a number of changes in his company since its appearance here. He shipped the lovely but overestimated Maude Branscombe back to the shores that presumably clamor for her. Several other features followed suit, the vacancies being immediately filled by more potent attractions. The International Vaudevilles will follow "The Inspector" at the New Park.

* * *

The first musical rehearsals of "Pippins," which is to be presented at the Broadway Theatre to-night, were conducted by Frederic Gagel. Mr. Gagel was in charge until Friday last, when he disappeared in a mysterious way. Nobody could explain his absence, so John J. Braham was sent for and placed in superintendence. It could not be possible that Mr. Gagel's music proved to be too many for him, could it?

* * *

In Daniel Frohman's private office at the Lyceum Theatre hangs a very interesting souvenir of the Kendals' visit to this country. It is a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Daniel Frohman, and Capt. Riddell, taken at Niagara Falls. It is not beautiful, but there is plenty of it. Mr. Frohman has an expression on his face that suggests the heavy villain in one of Sims's melodramas. Mrs. Kendal looks mad-colored and peevish, Mr. Kendal appears to be wondering where he is, and Capt. Riddell is stolidly indifferent to everything. Business Manager Hustler is not in the picture, lucky man! He was obliged to go to Toronto. An explanation of the generally excruciating group is that it was raining at the time that the photographer plied his instruments of torture.

* * *

The cyclorama of "The Battle of Gettysburg" at Fourth avenue and Nineteenth street is always largely patronized by the Thanksgiving visitors to the city. It is now in the third year of its existence and its pictorial beauty is as vivid as ever. There are so many features worth studying in Philippteaux's giant painting that half a dozen visits to the cyclorama are not too many.

Two Different Things.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"Would you be kind enough to tell me how much that painting is worth?" asked a man of another who had a catalogue.

"I'm sorry, I don't know," was the reply.

"Isn't the price given in the catalogue?"

"Oh, I beg pardon! I understood you to ask about its value. The price is $5,000."

Financiering.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Papa, give me a dollar."

"What for?"

"Oh, just to own."

"All right, Johnny. You can own this dollar I have in my pocket, but I'd play I'm a trust company and keep it for you."

Awful Deception.

[*From the Detroit Free Press.*]

"Here is a watch I bought of a fellow-passenger on the train to-day," said a man to a Woodward avenue jeweller. "Can you tell me its value?"

"Ten dollars would be a big price for it," was the reply.

"But I gave him $20 for it."

"Can't help that."

"But he said it was worth $150."

"It's worth about $8."

"De-e-ar me! I'm astonished. Why, the man must have actually lied to me!"

A Regular Beat.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Debtor—You can't collect that from me, sir.

Collector—No?

Debtor—No, you can't get blood out of a turnip.

Collector (in disgust)—Apparently not, neither can I get money out of a beat.

"HE SAWED WOOD ALL NIGHT LONG."

THAT IS THE SORT OF A RESTLESS NIGHT A CATARRH SUFFERER DESCRIBES TO A REPORTER.

Mr. William J. Calhoun, a sturdy-looking young man, greeted a reporter cordially a few evenings since at his home in a cosy apartment, No. 11 Duffield Terrace, Brooklyn. When asked about his case and what benefit he had derived from the treatment he had received at the hands of Drs. McCoy & Wildman, he became quite warm in his commendations of the popular physicians.

WM. J. CALHOUN, 11 Duffield Terrace, B'klyn.

"I had suffered for more than a year with catarrh," he stated, "and, up to the time I consulted Doctors McCoy and Wildman, I had never received any relief. At night my head and throat became stopped up with mucus, and I was continually awakened, gasping for my breath. The choking sensation which was always present during the night was the cause of great suffering. I woke up in the morning, after a night of restless tossing, as tired as if I had been sawing wood all night long instead of lying in a bed. I was more fatigued than when I came from a hard day's work in the evening. I read of Doctors McCoy and Wildman and went to see them. I was put under treatment on Aug. 13 last. I have not been near their office for a number of weeks now, for I am completely cured and have a new lease of life. There is no more choking and smothering at night; my head is as clear as a bell, my appetite good and I sleep like a top. Their treatment didn't interfere with my work at all nor with my diet nor other habits of life."

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From this date until the 1st day of January, 1891, Drs. McCoy and Wildman make the following offer: They will treat all persons suffering from anything, never mind what the nature of the complaint may be, if it is possible to cure or give relief, for the sum of Five Dollars ($5) a month, and furnish medicines, which will include all medicines prescribed, without extra charge. This means that the public will receive at a nominal cost the same skillful treatment and careful attention that Drs. McCoy and Wildman have given to all their patients in the past.

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A Doubtful Compliment.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

He—May I take the liberty of calling on you this afternoon, or do you prefer other company?

She—As far as that goes, no company is as desirable as yours.

A Good Scheme.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Bingo—If I were rich for just one little hour!

Kingsley—I should like to know what good that would do you.

Bingo—Well, I'd spend just about fifty-five minutes in making my property over to my wife.

How Remarkable!

[*From the Spirit.*]

Gabber—Gracious! you must have been completely unnerved when he slashed you with that terrible knife.

Story Teller—Well, yes, I was considerably cut up over the affair.

Why They Don't Part.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"I don't see what keeps Jimpson and his wife together, as he is such a poor provider."

"Their bad temper."

"What do you mean?"

"They'd both rather fight than eat."

Geo. C. Flint Co