The World

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HELP THE TREE.

The time remaining between now and the Merry Christmas Day is very short. All who wish to contribute, either by donation of money or of articles to put upon THE EVENING WORLD Christmas Tree for poor children, should not defer sending their offerings.

The charity is such a beautiful one that little need be said to commend it to any warm-hearted person. To gladden on that day of gladness hearts of poor boys and girls who so rarely taste the buoyant intensity of happy content is something wholesome in the extreme. They who give in this gracious cause are purchasing a soothing sense for themselves which will diffuse its gentle peace over the holiday as a subtle perfume fills the air.

Give something to help on the Tree. Many contributions have already been made and the prospect of a beautiful tree, whose spreading boughs will bend with the weight of presents in a very good one. But it is impossible to make the Tree too good or to quicken it to an abundance of fruit which will be too great to harvest. The richer it is the more children will be delighted, for the more there is to bestow will increase the number of those who are to receive.

Send in, then, anything that suggests itself to your mind. Send it soon, and do not neglect to be in the roll of those who love little children.

GIRL ENERGY.

A fair young girl is regarded as the most beautiful ornament of society. She is felt to have achieved a fitting function if she is beautiful, sweet and graceful. Lovely maidens are rarely subjected to a rigorous drain on their capacity for usefulness.

But the young girl occasionally rises above the level of passive attractiveness. Some strong feeling seizes upon her susceptible soul and she girds herself for battle. Then the young girl is a Boadicea and fights like a terror.

A beautiful example of this is afforded in the person of a charming miss, who approached Gov. HILL with winsome pleadings for an office for her papa. The Governor must be more than bachelor if he turn a deaf ear to the filial piety of this fair diplomatist.

Another instance where the young girl rose in her wrath is the encounter between a maiden with a dog and an ungallant catcher of canines. A doctor came to the gentle creature's assistance, and while he was fisticuffing with the dog-robber the girl released her pet from the cage and incidentally let out all the collected canines. What a merry maiden was she!

FREE SKATING PONDS.

One of the benefits of Winter is the ice which it supplies to the steel-shod foot of the healthy boy and girl. There is no more fascinating pastime tthan the graceful skimming over a sheet of frozen water on the blade of singing steel.

Central Park offers a charming stretch of icy flooring for the skaters. But the Society for Parks and Playgrounds for Children proposes to make a skating pond at Ninety-second street and Second avenue. The Central Park lakes have seemed sufficient for the skaters, but there is no harm in supplying the boys and girls bountifully in this respect.

Two mournful examples of the effects of suddenly acquired wealth. A country merchant received a large sum from the death of a rich friend, and it worked on him so that he hanged himself. A clerk stole eighty or ninety thousand dollars, and finding himself on the brink of disclosure, laudanumed himself out of reach of disgrace. He who steals should fire steel his own heart against remorse. A sensitive rascal is such a tearful thing.

JOHNSON SIDES is an advanced Indian. He is a Pinto chief and a jim dandy. In a burst of educational ardor worthy of the German Emperor, JOHNSON resolved to give the ignorant little Pintos a schoolhouse, and thereupon abstracted lumber from the wood piles of the whites, offering no vulgar compensation for the same. JOHNSON would steal anything from a coffin-plate to a reputation. As a Messiah Mr. SIDES is hardly in it.

Rivals of Mr. BEATTIE are in the field soliciting contracts for keeping the pavements clean. Any corporation which can do this ought to be hired at once by HANS, and thus the wear and tear on his brain will be spared. Mr. BEATTIE should read the Apocalypse and see what nice streets are promised for the heavenly Jerusalem. How can he ever hope to get there if he has no better record as a street-cleaner?

Emperor WILLIAM let himself out at the Conference on Higher Education yesterday. He said that well-educated students were the best protection against Socialism. WILLIAM dwelt on the value of hygiene in schools and the need of gymnastics. WILLIAM seems to be there on the educational problem.

The public of to-day shies at a miracle as it would at a mad dog. Two full-blown ones are recorded, with the corroborating force of eye-witnesses. A paralytic was deparalysed, and a broken jaw was restored to an uncracked condition. Happily, it was a man's jaw, which makes it not so wonderful.

Somebody is talking about nominating Uncle JERRY RUSK for President. Uncle JERRY has not made such a bad Minister of Agriculture, and the new book on bugs that he is about to issue will doubtless win him the farmer vote.

The only fault with the Christmas literature of the papers and magazines is its slight previousness. They are delightful things to read, but one would wish to see their beauties with the glare of the Yule log on them.

When it is said that a man had the nerve to ask ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, to write a comic opera for $1,000, need it be added that this desperado was from Chicago?

The women of the Methodist Episcopal Church want to take a hand, or rather, a voice, in church discussions. Who wants to see a pretty woman dogmatise?

"Tiddle-de-winks" is a new Boston game. They shut their eyes to name and play it with their teeth set.

Those hardy racers, the Teutonic and the City of New York, had more weather than racing on their last trip.

SPOTLETS.

A woman, if she is an actress, can easily break a contract, but a good woman the other day contracted a break. Her flexor muscle drew up and split her thigh bone.

Some of the painters are great gourmands. At least they get a canvas-back very often.

When a man speaks on the spur of the moment it must be hard to be composed.

"Is this man Bach composing still?" asked Mrs. Gotthere of Goodword. "No; he is decomposing," said Goodword.

True woman a punch's fair merits inherit—
Much sweet with some acid and plenty of spirit.
—*Judge.*

Furs on a woman are more warming than furze on a hillside.

"I give no quarter to beggars," said the miser.

One can't expect to have a good time with nothing but a Waterbury.

If the Indians will only be content with the ghost dance and not take any new steps!

Red Cloud was mist when he was a little boy. He was missed by his family. He was kidnapped.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Ex-Judge Leicester Holme's petition for the opportunity to clear himself as co-respondent in the Fuller divorce case is believed, by the politicians, to be made so that it may be possible for Mayor Grant to appoint him a Police Justice.

The dinner to retiring Chief Judge McAdam, of the City Court, will be given at Delmonico's on the night of the 23d instant. Besides the Judges of the City Court, there will be present the Chief Justices of the Supreme, Superior and Common Pleas Court.

Although the terms of office of Police Justices Smith and Power will expire next Wednesday, it is believed by many Tammanyites that their successors will not be named until about Christmas time. The appointments will then go to the fortunate ones as sort of holiday gifts. Then, too, Mr. Croker will have arrived home from Germany about that time.

Excise Commissioner Edward T. Fitzpatrick, the Tammany Hall leader of the Fourth District, is slightly disturbed. Mayor Grant refused to appoint James W. McMarrow a School Commissioner as a political favor to Mr. Fitzpatrick, but did appoint him later at the solicitation of many prominent business men, and the Fourth District leader did not like it.

Three hundred Tenth District Stecklerites will remember Manager Frank B. Murtha with a theatre party at the Windsor to-night.

WORLDLINGS.

The Southern author Cable is a man of slender physique and medium stature. His beard and eyes are dark and his high forehead is surmounted with a head of jet black hair. He has a soft, almost feminine voice, and is forty-five years old.

King George, of Greece, is one of the most democratic of rulers. He has a thin and rather elegant figure, a fresh complexion and is bald. He is a fine horseman, but prefers walking to riding.

Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, who is now one of the most popular of Chicago's preachers, is an Ohio man, about thirty-three years old. His name is a corruption of the Spanish Gonzales. He was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1878, and has been preaching ever since.

Joe Jefferson is a stoutish man of medium size. His eyes are blue, his manner charming, and he is sixty years old. He takes a two-hour nap every afternoon.

Jean Ingelow is sixty, but her cheeks are as rosy and round as a girl's. She writes but little now and lives in an old stone-house in Kensington, England.

MUSICAL NOTES.

At the Lenox Lyceum yesterday, the New York Chorus Society presented Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," a cantata that was originally written for the Leeds festival in 1886. Mlle. Clementine de Vere, Mrs. Hattie Clapper-Morris, Messrs. J. W. Lavin and Carl Dufft sang.

An interesting performance of piano music was interpreted yesterday afternoon, at the Madison Square Theatre, by Herr Rummel. The "Appassionata" sonata and the ever-popular "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, were among the numbers offered.

A Ballad.

He was a funny man,
A creature always chaffing
And praising jokes till no one could
When with him keep from laughing.
Why, were he at a funeral he
Would start upon his chinning,
Till every one would sing aloud,
And even the corpse shut grinning.

One day, alas! he sought a maid
Who his young heart had captured.
He knelt and asked her to be his,
His vows with ardor enraptured.
But she began to think, and said:
"Young man, I know you're joking.
He: "But, it's good." She sighed so hard
She nearly died of choking.

Poor man, he tried his best to win
He really loved the maiden.
When he insisted with his suit
His times with grief were taken.
But she could not bear to be his wife
And would not keep from routing
When he upon his bended knee
His passion was outpouring.

Disheartened, he resolved to die,
So scenic he could not.
A goodly dose and, naturally,
Death very quickly followed.
They found him stretched upon his bed,
Wrapped closely in the sheets;
They felt his heart, and found, of course,
That member had stopped beating.

But even then, and later, when
He lay out in his coffin,
They could not see at him without
They strain their sides with laughing.
And every one who viewed him then
Would say, their mouths a-quaking
With handkerchiefs to hide the laugh:
"I do believe he's shamming!"
—*Boston Traveller.*

Johnny's Christmas.

[*From Puck.*]

"And what did you get in your stocking Christmas morning, Johnny?" asked the district visitor.

"Me fob," replied Johnny, tersely and gloomily.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

China Matting and Rugs in Drawing-Rooms—The Pointed Shoe Still High in Favor—How to Sit Down.

China matting, varied with rugs, is largely used for drawing-rooms during the Summer. It is very cool and delightfully clean and simple. China matting is generally plain, but some are patterned with fans, tattoo-marks, Japanese umbrellas and figures. It looks rather pretty. Antique Persian rugs, on which perhaps a thousand prayers have been said, have fallen heavily in price. A particularly prayerful rug can be got for $8.

A bride of last week, aged twenty-one, is said to have cost her father, a stock broker, $25,200, or $100 every month of her life.

For fashionable foot covering the pointed shoe is still in high favor, retaining its popularity. For walking shoes the flat, low heel is much worn, but one's foot looks so much smaller in a pointed toe shoe than in the broad and square toed boot, and, of course the one in which the foot looks better will be the one which will be favored by the ladies, just as black is always in demand despite the tempting variety of colored shoes put on the market. Women try styles, but they retain the really becoming ones.

Miss Letitia Calhoun, who is employed in the United States Treasury, is able to count 85,000 coins a day.

When you sit down, sit upright. Never let the contour of your back be convex. Keep the distance between your hips and the top of your ribs as long as nature will allow. Your interior organs need all the space they can get, longitudinally as well as latitudinally. You will find it hard not to "slouch" at first, but stick to it; get up and walk about if it becomes too wearisome. When you lie down (in the daytime) lie flat; don't prop yourself so that you are half lying, half sitting. Never heat your spine with feather pillows or cushions. Keep your spine and all that region cool and the circulation of your blood will keep it warm. If you lie on a sofa, let it be a cane-bottomed sofa, or of some non-heating material. The great nerve centres in your back must be kept fresh and healthy. Never read when you are lying down, but only when you are sitting erect.

The Princess of Wales is said to be extremely partial to white flowers, and whenever she carries a bouquet it consists of white orchids, roses, carnations or gardenia.

Yellow walls rage everywhere, and this prevalence of yellow has knocked out the Indian carpet and orientalism in rugs. English Axminsters have a better chance now. They are made in subdued shades so as not to clash with the yellow walls. One, for instance, was of pale terra-cotta, with a cream border, patterned with cornucopias and flowers. Terra-cotta walls are also in favor. A good many walls, however, are panelled out. Silk cord is substituted for moulding in some instances. But yellow or, as it is called, golden, to vary the style, is undoubtedly the prevailing tint for wall papers and hangings.

Mrs. Arnold, wife of the senior partner in the firm of Arnold & Constable, paid $500 for an orchid at the flower show last week. The variety was a hybrid of the lady-slipper family, as near the color of a piece of cinnamon bark and as woodeny in appearance as can be imagined.

The long lace scarf seems a necessary addition to outdoor dress. Many women imagine they don't look dressed without something of the sort about their neck. The scarf is worn carelessly knotted at the throat. Lace and muslin fichus are a good deal worn. One of the newest shoulder capes is made of fine cord and silk interwoven, and bordered with a deep silk fringe. These old-fashioned silk fringes are being revived for carriage, theatre, opera and ballroom use.

Apple and tomato shaped pin cushions are new.

A recipe for coffee-making is not out of order, for who doesn't love a finely prepared cup of coffee, the preparation of which is an art of the gods themselves? Nothing can cheer a person's spirits like a delicious steaming cup of Mocha, or anything that will cast one into a state of dyspepsia and despondency greater than an ill prepared one. Now, Max O'Rell, who is said to serve the best cup of coffee in London, is said to have learned the art when he was a soldier in Algeria. This is his recipe: Take an ordinary saucepan, a small one, and pour into it as many cups of water as you require cups of coffee. Let the water boil, then put in as many tablespoonfuls of ground coffee as you have cups of water. Put in sugar to suit the taste at the same time. Wait until the coffee boils and hold it until the bubbling subsides. Put it back on the fire until it boils again. Repeat this five times. The fifth time let it remain on the fire for a minute or so, when the scum will rise to the top of the saucepan. Then pour out the coffee into cups and let it settle; above all thing do not stir the coffee. There will be a rather unappetizing sediment in the bottom of your cup when you are done with it, but if you succeed in this process as well as Max O'Rell does you will have enjoyed a delicious cup of coffee before you see the sediment. Coffee is now served as frequently as tea to visitors, and nothing is so welcome in cold weather as a daintily prepared and hot cup of coffee during a call. The custom of offering refreshment is quite the right thing to do, and certainly it seems a cheery fashion if only to break the monotony of fashionable calls.

FOR the Holidays
FINE fashions fine fanciful
CHRISTMAS for first families.

THE CLEANER.

One cannot help admiring School Commissioner Miles M. O'Brien. He invariably champions the just cause and is an indefatigable worker, with the courage of his convictions. When he gets up to speak one is at once impressed with the idea that he has something to say and that he will say it well.

* * *

City Chamberlain Crain is a book worm and loves the seclusion of his cozy library better than the hubbub of society's whirl. He lives in East Fifty-third street with his father, who was a warm friend of Gen. Grant, and was once Consul-General at Milan. If in years to come Mr. Crain is not heard of as one of New York's great lawyers, I will resign the occupation of prophet.

* * *

I was much pleased last evening at the reunion of the Southern Society by the graceful way Mr. Sydney Logan put every one at his ease. As a master of ceremonies Mr. Logan is a success.

* * *

The artist sketch and scrap exhibition at the Fellowcraft Club this afternoon and to-morrow afternoon is well worth seeing. I had a private view of it this morning, and rarely enjoyed anything more. There are contributions from the studios of New York's best artists, and those lucky enough to get invitations should not miss the opportunity.

* * *

Police Justices are not selected so much for their knowledge of law as their political pull. I heard Judge Andrew J. White say recently that he had never seen the inside of a law book until he went on the Police Court bench. "I used to tend bar when I was eleven years old," said he, "and I owe to my knowledge of human nature gained behind the bar, my ability to properly dispose of thousands of cases which come before me."

* * *

Henry H. Buckbee, the attenuated young man who is frequently mistaken for Sig. Succi at the Hall of Starvation, where he does duty as a newspaper committee watch, is the amateur champion as a standing high kicker. When he throws his golosh into the air it goes up like a campaign liberty pole and becomes a towering flagstaff above his head. In short, he might split himself quite in two, but that his necktie confines the two halves of him at the chin.

* * *

It was at the Garden Theatre during the recent visit of certain distinguished French Royalists to New York. A party of gentlemen filed into one of the boxes, and at the same moment a faint little burst of applause rippled over the house. Every glass was brought to bear on that box, and I overheard these remarks made by a dapper young man for the edification of his ladies: "The boy with the smooth, round face is the Duke d'Orleans, and I should judge the tall, soldierly man with the dark beard is the Count of Paris, but I don't recognize the others." Here was a commentary on the uncertainties of fame. The "Duke" was Senator Arkell, of *Judge*, and he enjoyed the joke with me a little later. The "Count" was Stall, the famous horse artist, and the rest of the royal party were Editor John A. Sleicher and the editorial and art staff of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, while the ripple of applause was occasioned by a bald-headed, handsome young man of the box party, known to some extent as Russell B. Harrison, son of the President of the United States.

* *

The Orpheus Society, one of the leading male choruses of New York, is under the direction this season of Arthur Mees, who has labored with the Club so successfully that it bids fair to astonish its friends in the coming concerts which are announced. Mr. Mees is a wonderful man in his way, and knows how to inspire enthusiasm as well as to get good work out of his men. He is not a German as many have supposed, but a straight out American through and through.

* * *

One of the queer things noticed in this metropolitan town is the sight of a young lady teacher in a public school who is driven to the school door daily in her own victoria, with blooded horses and a liveried coachman. The young lady, too, is an excellent, faithful teacher, and earns her salary as fully as do any of those dependent upon it for bread. She is the daughter of Lawson N. Fuller, and teaches in the new Grammar school at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street and Lenox avenue.

She Found Out All About It.

[*From Judge.*]

His Cousin (from St. Paul)—What are Saratoga chips, Jack?

Jack Buckpasse (promptly)—Whites a dollar, reds five, and blues ten on a twenty-five-dollar limit.

How He Got On.

[*From Masey's Weekly.*]

Cobwigger—So your son is learning the real estate business. Is he getting on well?

Bradshaw—So far he has learned to take the real estate off the office windows and the boss's shoes.

The Pink of Propriety.

[*From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*]

He—Now, Miss Evelyn, you wouldn't kiss a young man under any circumstances, would you?

She—Of course not.

He—And why?

She—Because he should take the initiative.

He Is in a Position to Sympathize.

[*From Masey's Weekly.*]

Dolle—Jaysm is says he doesn't approve of vivisection.

Cumso—I don't wonder. He's been cut by all his acquaintances.

Thwarted.

[*From Life.*]

Head of Firm—Oh, by the way, Mr. Travers, I shall have to ask you to stay in the office all day next Wednesday; I am going out of town.

Travers (aside)—Hang the luck! That is the very day I had arranged to have my grandmother die.

Life Is Misery

To the thousands of people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It has cured the severest cases and it will benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

SWELL THE FUND.

Christmas Day Is Only Twenty Days Distant, Now.

The Poor Children Look to You for Aid.

Trees Must Be Filled and Poverty's Waifs Made Happy.

A pleasant little incident occurred in THE EVENING WORLD office yesterday. A kind-faced gentleman, smiling mysteriously, approached the editor in charge and laid a slip of paper on the desk, together with $15 in crisp bills.

On the paper was inscribed the names "Isa, Franky, Gretchen, Mamma and Papa," with $5 written opposite each name.

The unknown gentleman refused to give any other names, and smilingly left the office.

There are plenty of Frankys, Isas, Gretchens, Mammas and Papas in this big city, and they are the ones who can make the poor children happy.

Of course $3 is a large sum for a child to give, but if every one of the above children's namesakes was to give a dime or a nickel it would amount to considerably more than $3.

There are just twenty days more to Christmas, and in that time there is plenty to be done. So lose not a minute, little ones and big ones, too, but send in your mite, and when you read of how the poor children were made happy, you can proudly say, "I helped them to enjoy this day."

All cash contributions to THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas-Tree Fund should be sent to the Cashier of "The New York World."

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$496.61
Mrs. D.'s collection	5.35
J. E. Jr., Jr.	.10
Arnold W. Francis	1.00
A Cuban	1.00
Cash	.55
Mamie Stoermer	1.00
H. Kirwin	.10
Marie F. Monneaux	.05
Ava B. Jackson	1.00
Lillian Masterson	1.00
Maggie Kay	1.00
Katie Fisher	.27
Katie Gotthold	.25
Isa	8.00
Franky	8.00
Gretchen	8.00
Mamma	8.00
Papa	8.00
E. M.	.10
A Mother	.25
Tessie and Puddy	.10
Edith and Helen	1.00

Good Wishes and Money.

To the Editor:

I beg leave to inclose you my mite for THE EVENING WORLD Christmas Tree. Hoping this small amount may gladden the heart of some little one, I am A CUBAN.

Alberta and Francis.

To the Editor:

My sister Alberta and I send a dollar, 50 cents from each of us, for you to use for some poor children for Christmas.

ARNOLD WM. FRANCIS, East Orange.

Mamie's Collection.

To the Editor:

I am taking up a collection among my friends for your Christmas Tree Fund. So far I have collected $1, which I send you, and as soon as I can I will send you more.

MAMIE STOERMER,
121 Palmetto street, Brooklyn.

From the Quaker City.

To the Editor:

I have many toys that I can spare and will be very pleased to give them to some poor little girl, and if I don't find any in Philadelphia I'll send them over in a box to you.

I am five years old to-day and have lots of pre-cents, and this dollar was one. Please buy a toy for some poor child with it.

AVIS B. JACKSON, Philadelphia.

From a Child Actress.

To the Editor:

I want to become a helper with you. My mamma will do all she can to show me how to make poor children happy. I am Gertie, the Waif, on the stage in Katie Emmett's play, and feel so sorry for the real little waifs.

Use this dollar for some poor little girl. I am now nearly seven years old, and hope to be a better child every day I live.

LITTLE LILLIAN MASTERSON.

Maggie's Dollar.

To the Editor:

I inclose $1. I intended to send some toys, but finding a poor family here I will give them all I can spare. MAGGIE KAY,
Oakdale Farm.

Kind Little Katie.

To the Editor:

My papa gave me 25 cents to spend, but I had rather help some poor child to have a good time. KATIE GOTTHOLD (7 years old).

A Good Collection.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $5.35 for the Children's Christmas Tree, which amount I collected as follows: S. M. B., 50; J. H., 25; G. L., 25; P. A., 25; P. R. D., 25; J. B., 25; S. M. C., 25; S. M. L., 25; J. G., 25; C. M., 10; M. O., 25; W. C. D., 25; O. K., 10; Walter, 10; Henry, 10; John, 20; S. K., 25; Marc, 10; L. B., 25; G. G., 25; A. J. B., 25; P. J., 10; R. F., 2, and S. G., 50 cents. This is the first collection I ever made, and I am much pleased with my success. MRS. P. R. D.

Hopeful.

[*From Puck.*]

"And are you really engaged to young Charlie Quibble? Why, he's nothing but a poor lawyer."

"Well, he won't be long, if he pleads every suit as successfully as he has his own."

Good Horse.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Why, that is a very spirited horse. I thought you told me it was on its last legs."

"No, I didn't; or, if I did, I meant that it was always on its hind legs."

He Feels the Slippers.

[*From Judge.*]

Mr. Goslin (to the preacher's boy)—How thoughtful the ladies are, Josiah, to give your papa so many pairs of slippers at Christmas.

Josiah (bitterly)—They ain't very thoughtful of my feelings.

Scientific Item.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

A.—There is a most remarkable echo in a cave of Kentucky.

B.—What is there remarkable about it?

A.—If you call out, "Hello, Smith!" the echo says, "What time do you mean?" no less than fourteen distinct times.

Worth Reading.

I am 67 years old and had a nervous trembling in the limbs for over 8 years, and for the last two or three years have been very bad. The doctors I called in could not relieve me nor tell me what was the matter. *After taking four bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura I feel like a new man.* I was terribly constipated, but now my bowels are all right. I could not sleep at night, I suffered so much with pain, but the first bottle made me so much better that I felt encouraged to continue, and to-day *I feel 10 years younger, and can eat, sleep and walk like a young man.* I recommended everybody I knew to take Dr. Greene's Nervura.

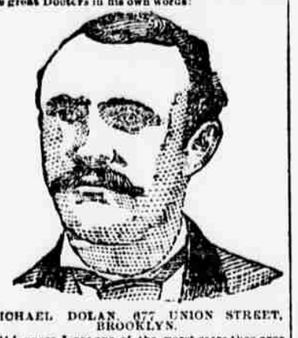
JOHN MULLANE,
183 E. 70th st., New York City.

HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DIE.

MICHAEL DOLAN HAD TO FIGHT FOR HIS VERY BREATH, AND FELT THAT THE STRUGGLE WAS USELESS.

But He Heard of Drs. McCoy and Wildman, Went to Them, and Now Is Well and Strong as Ever—A Remarkable Case.

In a comfortable flat at 677 Union street, Brooklyn, the reporter found Michael Dolan, a patient of Doctors McCoy and Wildman, in whose case a wonderful cure has been wrought. Mr. Dolan is a sturdy-looking man of 41 years and the head of a thriving family. For years he suffered untold agonies from catarrh of the head and throat, and spent, according to his own statement, nearly $400 in doctors' bills, but without finding even temporary relief, until he read of Doctors McCoy and Wildman. But let him speak his commendation of the great Doctors in his own words:



MICHAEL DOLAN, 677 UNION STREET, BROOKLYN.

"I guess I was one of the worst cases they ever had," he said. "For many years, as my wife can vouch, my life had been a burden to me. My throat was raw as a running sore, my ears were discharging all the time; when I lay down to sleep I almost had to fight for breath all the night through; my sleep consisted of dozes of perhaps an hour a night. I had to fight myself out of bed in the morning, so loath was I to get up. Many a time when at work I'd lay down my tools and determine to give up and die. But I read of the case of a man in Garfield place, whom I knew. Doctors McCoy and Wildman cured him and I talked with him about it. Then I went to them. That was eleven months ago. I don't look sick now, do I? Not much. Thank God I'm well, and I bless the name of those generous doctors, as do all my family. They saved my life."

$5 A MONTH TILL NEW YEAR'S.

From this date until the 1st day of January, 1895, 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 skilful treatment and careful attention that Drs. McCoy and Wildman have given to all their patients in the past.

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NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

A Funny, Unscheduled Incident Presented in "The Inspector."

A funny incident was noted at the New Park Theatre last night during the performance of "The Inspector." One of the tableaux is entitled "Photographing a Rogue." It is shown on a platform placed about seven feet above the stage, and is acutely illuminated by calcium. On this occasion John E. Kellerd was seated on the front of the platform on a chair, and the other members of the company were picturesquely grouped around him. Suddenly the platform gave way, and Mr. Kellerd and his chair fell backwards.

The others fared equally ill, and it was some time before equanimity and equilibrium were restored. By the bye, "The Inspector" goes from the Park next week, and takes a little holiday before starting on the road. It did a good business at this house, and the indications are that its career on the road will be a prosperous one. The author and manager have been informed that "The Inspector" is too local, but they rightly believe that people out of town are very fond of New York-isms. The next best thing to living in New York is hearing about it.

* * *

Capt. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's manager, had rather an amusing story to tell of a well known photograper here. Through Capt. Riddell's instrumentality the gentleman secured several clients, and naturally he felt grateful. One day Riddell was approached by one of the photographer's men. "My employer," said this worthy, "will be very glad to make a head of you, if you will give him a sitting." The Captain was surprised.

He lifted up his hat and displayed a shiny, hairless head. "What do I want with pictures of this bald old pate?" he asked with a smile. The photographer's agent approached him in solemn mystery and whispered: "My employer is an artist, sir, and if you would like hair on your head you can have as much as you want, I am sure."

* * *

Manager Dunlevy, of the New Park Theatre, is seriously ill with intermittent fever.

* * *

Manager Josh Hart has rented Niblo's Garden from Feb. 18, and is going to present a new, spectacular local drama in a very elaborate way. Mr. Hart, who years ago managed the old Globe Theatre, will be once more near the spot where he was so well known. He refused yesterday to divulge the name of the drama and the details, but will make them known very soon. This production will follow "The Babes in the Wood," and "The Babes in the Wood" will follow "My Aunt Bridget."

* * *

Miss Marie Tempest was in the city yesterday. She was a pleasing Broadway stroller, in clothes astrakhan.

* * *

Lieut. Frank Travis, the London ventriloquist, who is with "Teddy" Mack's International Vaudevilles, and will therefore be seen at the Park Theatre next week, has signed his stay in this country acquired so many Americanisms, that his work is considerably changed. Travis, by the bye, is a hypnotic enthusiast, as well as a ventriloquist, and during the company's Western tour, he gave a number of private seances.

* * *

Miss Lotta and Miss Maggie Mitchell, those tireless soubrette-cities, both played against each other in Baltimore last week, the former at the Lyceum and the latter at Harris's Academy. Both met with cordial receptions and both made money. As a rule every effort is made to prevent the appearance of these ladies in the same city and at the same time. Lotta now has a very good company, including Mr. Charles Walter Allen, George Broderick, Lionel Bland, Mabella Baker and Harry Brown. As a rule "Mamma" Crabtree doesn't like Lotta's away to be disputed by a very good company.

* * *

Mr. Sinclair, Mlle. Rhea's latest manager, has left that lady and is now one of Broadway's pedestrians.

* * *

Manager Eugene Tompkins has a great idea for a souvenir to celebrate the one-hundredth performance of "The Soubrette" at his Boston theatre. It is to have flash-light pictures made of the men who go out between the acts on a certain night and distribute these among the audience. Alexander Comiskey, of the Academy of Music, is torturing his brain to think of a suitable souvenir for the thousandth performance of "The Old Homestead." A bale of hay for each visitor is his idea, but he sees difficulties in the way of such a gift.

* * *

John J. Ruddy, the cheerful avant-courier (isn't that nice?) of "A Trip to Chinatown," is in the city, paving the way for his attraction, which opens at Hammerstein's Harlem Opera-house on Monday.

* * *

John Kellerd is attending to the version of "The Clemenceau Case" in which Maurice Barrymore is to appear. As Mr. Kellerd has played for so long in the piece, he is able to direct the rehearsals. The Iza will be Miss Blanche Curtiss. Mr. Kellerd remains in New York.

* * *

Miss Isabelle Urquhart, the lady of curves and symmetry, is at present a member of an organization entitled the Lester Opera Company. She is singing the role of Mlle. Lange in "Mme. Angot."

Didn't Like the Prospect.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Is this a healthy neighborhood?" asked the poor tired little woman.

"Healthy!" ejaculated the landlord's wife. "I guess it is. Why, when I came here I was run down just like you, and now I do all the housework for my husband and six children."

"Then I don't think we'll come."

"Why not?"

"I too have a husband and six children."

No Chance.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Do you see any green in my eye?" said he.

"I don't get the chance," said she.

"Why not?"

"Because when I look into it your lids always drop."

A Lack of Romance.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"This is regular Fall weather," remarked the wit: "the leaves are falling, the nuts are falling and the rain is falling."

"Humph!" growled paterfamilias, "but coal isn't."

Disappointed Hopes.

[*From Puck.*]

Mr. D. P. Works (Christmas Eve)—Well, I got the sack, after all.

Mrs. Works—Oh, you dear! Did you get the sealskin or the other?

Mr. Works—I got the other—the sack—the bounce—discharge! I've got no job—understand?

A Solicitous Daughter.

[*From Life.*]

Old Gentleman (at head of stairs)—Sally, isn't it time to go to bed?

Sally—Yes, father dear, don't put it off another minute; your health, you know, is not robust.

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