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THE AMERICAN SALON.

Esprit de corps is, if not essential, most helpful and desirable for the success of the projected Salon of 1892. The Academy of Design declined to send a representative to the last meeting of artists, held in the interests of this scheme. The reason alleged was that the Council of the Academy felt that National Art would be best promoted by strengthening existing Art Associations instead of creating a new one.

This showed a dense misconception worthy of the Academy. There is not question of "creating a new" Society, but simply of getting up an exhibition which should foster American Art, and in which every existing art association ought to feel equal interest.

Such live men and artists as STANFORD WHITE, CARROLL BECKWITH, HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER, WILLIAM M. CHASE, JOHN FRASER, AUGUSTIN SAINT GAUDENS and the most prominent art workers in New York sufficiently vouch to the public for the wholesome vigor and large-minded views which will obtain in this project.

The Academy as yet can be only charged with a rather stupid misapprehension of the point. If it obstinately refuses to aid and abet the undertaking when its attention has been drawn to the real nature of the scheme, it will bear out the feeling existing in many minds that the usefulness of the Academy as a promoter of American Art has entirely lapsed after having never existed to any great extent.

PROFIT BY THE LESSON.

The town is still suffering from the lack of telephone connections. Although a numerous body of men has been steadily at work since Sunday repairing the tremendous ravages of the snow and storm, things are still very imperfectly righted. The public naturally suffers.

If in the face of a lesson so practical, and which has been brought so forcibly home to everybody concerned, the telephone people calmly restring their wires by the scores on poles sixty or seventy feet high, it will be an impudent outrage.

The almost morbid endurance of the New York citizen is capable of being overtaxed. When the long-suffering creature does rise and protest the bruised worm will not be a circumstance to him.

The fact that a certain per centage of the wires are underground is a still stronger argument for putting them all there. Although the storm of Sunday was quite exceptional in its character, it is only reckoning on the vagaries of this blessed climate to argue that its like may happen again before a month is past. Then this same trouble would have to be all gone through with again.

Bury the wires. That is the solution, the only solution. Difficulty and expense are always the two deterrents from remedies like this. But difficulties go to the wall when there is interest enough felt in the accomplishment of a work. Bury the wires.

WHIP IT ON.

There should be no flagging in the matter of Rapid Transit. It is the most important question of the hour in New York City. The citizens want it. They must have it. They will get it.

It will cost no more to get it now than at any other time, and the sooner it is had the less discomfort will there be in the daily life of the citizen. They are the truest friends of New York who work with the most energy and sincerity for it.

Legislators at Albany will show a clear-headed appreciation of the situation if they will only be permeated with the sentiment that it is their bounden duty to whip it on and bring it to a speedy end. Cut away any garnishings that have nothing to do with this prime object, and do not saddle the bill with a rider that has no business there.

Keep the ball in motion. Push it vigorously ahead until the term is reached.

WHAT WILL BE DONE NOW?

The Flack business has been further complicated by the elimination of an important personage in it, no less than the injured wife. Mrs. FLACK died yesterday.

District-Attorney NICOLL is reported to have said he saw no reason why this event should dispense FLACK and son from the new trial which was granted to them. Aside from justice to the victim, the abstract question of punishing evil doing is a very important one in the law. Why should FLACK and his consorts be released because the poor woman who had so large an interest in their course has passed from the scene? The public is still concerned in the question of their guilt.

ASSEMBLYMAN SULZER.

The point which Assemblyman SULZER, of the Fourteenth District, is trying to make in the Legislature is a very worthy one. He wishes the school-rooms where the Free Lectures are delivered to be arranged more commodiously for that purpose, and, if need be, that halls in the different lecture fields be provided.

This is not asking too much. It is reasonable and directly concerns the people. Assemblyman SULZER deserves to succeed. His efforts will secure him the gratitude of the many working people who attend the Free Lectures even if he fails. But he deserves to win the Legislature to this moderate, wholesome view.

The Jersey City Board of Aldermen had a sweet little row at a meeting last evening. One of them charged the other with being a "tool of the railroads," "not fit to be in gentlemen's company," and laid the death of Fireman DINAN at his door. The Alderman thus attacked retained enough vitality to retort that his vituperator "was not fit to be an Alderman" and was "a low-lived cur." After these little amenities the meeting passed from recreation to business. Cheerful Board, that!

The value of a Scripture text and of a retort were strongly brought out during the public subscription to a church charity in Scranton. Somebody read the text which forbids doing alms before men to be seen of them; and the minister, who was scoring down the contributions on a blackboard, retorted that he had heard that text quoted before by one of the meanest men he ever knew who never gave a dollar in charity.

Nine cellar fires in Brooklyn in one afternoon looks as if the firebug was abroad in the City of Churches, or else that the natives are not brilliant successes in the lowly task of caring for heating arrangements. What with fires in the cellar and barbering the hair of little girls Brooklyn is really looking up as an exciting centre.

The talk about ROBERT RAY HAMILTON'S presence in this nether world as a living personality is rather silly with the testimony which exists of his death. It seems to have arisen through some defect in technical proofs in the eyes of the law, which will probably be supplied as soon as possible.

Senator CAMERON'S effigy will throw a lurid glare on Wood's Run when the critical torch is applied to its combustible coattails. But the Senator will probably reflect with a philosophic smile on the vagaries of American humor and go calmly on his way.

A vast amount of energy and a more than equal degree of "offensive partisanship," will go out of the United States Senate with Mr. ISHAM'S retirement. What is to take the place of these qualities only time and Senator PEFFER can demonstrate.

The news that LEONARD JEROME is dying in London will cast a melancholy feeling over club circles in New York. Such a man as he is a loss to the social life of the city. There are not enough such men for a metropolis like this.

It is suggestive enough that anybody should feel relief at the reduction in the chances for getting all tangled up in a mass of curling wire bunched on a sidewalk!

SPOTLETS.

The real lover is a sigher before marriage and frequently a sire after it.

A man need be no chicken to engage in a shell contest.

It is the waltzing man in society who goes round the most.

The Fire Department will help to fire the wires.

It takes a scholar now to teach a school.
An artist to design a simple gown,
Yet some think they or say other feel
Can run a paper in most any town.
—*Binghamton Republican.*

"Break, break, break, in thy snow-white shell, O chick!"

"A Mann's a man for a' that," has been severely tested of late.

The Wagnerites think that next year's season will be a continued performance of the Gotterdammerung.

The new Imperial Baby in Germany is named Joachim Josef Humbert. Now who, pray, is Joachim? Can it be the fiddler?

The Queen Regent of Spain is "improving." Whom? or what?

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Riley Echo.

When the crop is on the market and the cash is in your sock,
And you hear the clink and jingle of the key turned in the lock,
And the clinking of the "pennies" and the clanking of the "tens,"
And the grocer man is paid up and no more his bill he sens;
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
When he rises from his supper, then downward pulls his vest;
As he smokes his pipe in comfort and then goes and winds the clock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in his sock.

There's something kind o' cheerful-like about the farmer's eyes
When he knows the Summer's over and he doesn't have to rise
About the time the daylight's a-peepin' thro' the gloom,
And work until the moon's up 'mid the grain that's all in bloom;
But, instead, he sorter calculates he'll hook old "Buck" and "Jiles"
To his cutter in the evenin' and put on his Sunday dress;
Then go a-courtin' Lizer, with her apron and new frock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in the sock.

Oh, the huskin' and the spellin' bees—the Winter's harmless fun;
The raspin' of the fiddle when the dancing is begun;
The jingle of the sleigh-bells, your best gal in the sled;
The kissin' and the huggin' when the old folks are in bed;
The roastin' of the chestnuts, the neighbors drop-pin' in;
The satin' of the apples, drinkin' cider from a tin;
Oh, it sets my heart a-prancin', like a struttin' turkey cock,
When the crop is on the market and the sash is in the sock.
—*Horsehead's Bazoo.*

A Legal Point.

When Jinks, a famous legal wight,
Met Dobbin's dog Ambition,
His garments disappeared from sight
With wondrous expedition;
And so about his native place
It was straightway after bruited
That Lawyer Jinks had met a case
Wherein he'd been non-suited.

He'd barely reached his bedroom door
When Mrs. J. repeated
The village rumor; then, before
His open wardrobe seated,
He said—as with no little zeal
He looked his raiment over,
"This case is surely on a peal
And I'll forthwith re-cover."
—*Wade Whipple in Yonkers Gazette.*

Her Beautiful Eyes.

Such an innocent girl and so modestly sweet,
What a pleasure it was just to kneel at her feet.
Her teeth were like pearls and the sunshine her hair;
While her form was superb! I was ready to swear
Her cheeks were like roses that blossom in Spring.
Can you wonder I soon was secure "on her string?"
I had scoured of her kind the superlative prize;
I was won by the light of her beautiful eyes.

Alas! love is blind, or how can we explain
Its blunders unless we shall say 'tis insane.
When I made her my wife my sweet idol was gone;
Her form and complexion were simply put on.
Her teeth they were false. Then I ceased to applaud
Her innocent grace, for I found her a fraud.
Her hair was made golden by terrible dyes.
Alack! I was snared by her beautiful lies.
—*Chicago Herald.*

He Despised Flattery.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

"Now, Jimmy," said a Texas mother to her croupy son, "you just take this ipecac, and I'll say you are the noblest and most intelligent boy in the United States."

"After that I don't think I need the ipecac. What's the use of nauseating me twice?"

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Hairdressing Now Demands a Comb—Mrs. Cleveland Refuses a Tempting Offer—Flowers for Table Decorations—The Princess of Wales's Buttons.

The present style of hairdressing almost demands a comb, and one of the newest is after the Spanish form, made of light colored tortoise shell, with a large fly in garnets.

Mrs. Cleveland recently received a letter from a leading magazine, inclosing a check for $600, with the request for an article from her pen on personal recollections of the White House. The check was returned at once with a polite declination.

A magnificent amphitheatre for the Chautauqua is to be erected at Glen Echo, near Washington, D. C. The cost is to be over $1,000,000. The amphitheatre is to be completed by June 1, 1891, and the first session will be held June 2, 1891, and will include, among other attractions, a woman's department, under the auspices of which lectures will be given on home-making and decoration, and society and literary and art topics. The special woman's Executive Committee appointed to take charge of the work, is as follows: Mrs. John A. Logan, Miss Clara Barton, Mrs. Dr. Hanlin, Mrs. John W. Powell, Mrs. M. Tunock, Mrs. Susie Birch Jennings and Mrs. Ida A. Harper.

The Cleopatra dress does not yet deserve to be called characteristic. It is a sporadic fashion, and yet such is the witchery of Egypt and the wile of Bernhardt that, like many sporadic and especially many Bernhardtesque fashions before it, it becomes epidemic, and she begins to see many replicas of its flowing sleeves of lotus-embroidered gauze. The Cleopatra toilet is responsible for a considerable development of lovely tulles and gauzes, beaded and embroidered, but otherwise it is not laden with consequences. Its massive gilt or silver girdle, though one calls it Oriental, is not unlike that worn in the thirteenth century, when it served a more useful purpose than any to which we are now likely to put it, the skirt being pulled through it to disengage the feet from the long draperies.

Under the firm name of "Elita et Cie" the Misses Barrett, daughters of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the tragedian, announce themselves as costumers in the ranks of lady dressmakers in London.

The "tumbler" scent bottles have stoppers now, instead of silver or silver-gilt tops. The stoppers are just like those used in large glass bottles, and fall into the neck, the only difference being that they are of silver.

A tilled bride has started the new fashion of the marriage ring being inlaid with blue enamel, and the tide has turned from using the plain circlet to employing the style of ring each bride may happen to fancy and choose. This fad has its advantages and its disadvantages, for the wedding band can thus rarely be distinguished from the ornamental circlet, which may or may not be desirable, according to circumstances.

Prints and etchings framed in white wood an inch wide are considered very choice. Those combination frames with horns, oars, brush and fishing nets for marine and sporting subjects have had their day.

The Princess of Wales has a penchant for artistic buttons, and has the finest collection of jewelled gold, silver, and carved buttons in the world, including a set consisting of crimson carbuncles set in oxidized silver, recently presented by her sister, the Empress of Russia. The Empress Eugenie has a set of beautiful real pearl carved buttons, that graced her colored riding habits in the days of the Empire.

A very pretty manner of arranging flowers for table decoration, which is also a novelty, is by using the slender cut glass vases which come for this purpose. At a dinner last week fully fifty of those vases were used about an oblong mirror in the centre of the table. This method is particularly pretty when fine flowers like lilies of the valley are employed.

If Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins had not already written "Neither Saint nor Martyr," Mrs. Conway could, if she chose, say a word or two that would interest on that much-discussed topic, the domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. One day—read this with the character of domestic churl usually attributed to Carlyle well in mind—the Conways were invited to dinner with the pair. When they arrived within sight of the house they found Mr. Carlyle on the steps in the keen wind. He came down the walk to tell them Mrs. Carlyle was very ill and the dinner must come off some other time. He had been there fifteen minutes, waiting to intercept them and guard against a peal on the doorbell. How many husbands have equal consideration for a wife's headache and "nerves?" Mrs. Conway pays glowing tribute to the conversational abilities of Jane Welsh Carlyle, but she says she was wholly destitute of housewifely gifts. At the period, for example, of the famous bread-making episode—the bread she set up until midnight to bake with many heroics—Mrs. Carlyle had three servants. Mrs. Carlyle could not cook, Mr. Carlyle was a dyspeptic; let it not be assumed that Mrs. Carlyle ought to have made herself a Savarin or a M. Blot, but let not Mr. Carlyle have his character taken away.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL in teething soothes the gums and calms the nerves. 25 cents.

THE CLEANER.

When "Poor Jonathan" was produced in German at the Amberg Theatre a critic of one of the morning papers alluded to the singing of "The Suwanee River" in the third act, and deplored the fact that the Casino people had seen fit to omit this feature. The Casino people wrote and denied that "The Suwanee River" had been introduced by Millocker, the composer, but the critic took no notice of the letter. When the souvenirs of the hundredth performance, in the shape of musical boxes were distributed, Business Manager Barton hunted about and found one that played "The Suwanee River," which he sent with the Casino's compliments to the aggressive critic.

* * *

Sam Alexander, the proprietor of the busy and thriving little book stand at the Coleman House, has been absent from his post for a couple of days. He was married on Sunday. Mr. Alexander, who reads and sells so many romances, now has a little one of his own.

* * *

A typical Westerner is Stewart, of Nevada, the famous "Silver Senator," and one of the few Republican opponents of the Force bill. When he makes his appearance among the swells of Fifth avenue he is found to cut a conspicuous, not to say startling, figure. I met him the other morning at the Windsor Hotel, when he came to town on his flying trip from Washington to see his friend Senator Stanford, and as he paced up and down the luxurious corridors, his big sombrero tilted over his left ear in a rakish style, his hands deep down in his pockets and the long tails of his frock coat flapping behind him as he sailed along, he attracted more attention from the regular habitues of the place than half a dozen railroad presidents would. In stature he is a giant, and the long, full, snow-white beard that flows down over his breast gives him a truly patriarchal appearance. He has a kindly, benevolent face, and when he speaks betrays a slight Southern accent. No one who talked with him for two minutes, however, would fail to distinguish in him the bluff, open-hearted Westerner.

* * *

William A. Cobb, who has been chosen as Chairman of the Twenty-first Assembly District Republican Association in the place of William Leary, represents the silk-stocking element of the brown-stone neighborhood. Mr. Cobb is a lawyer of some prominence and for many years past has been one of the trusted lieutenants of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew in the administration of the affairs of the Yale Alumni Association, of which he is the treasurer. He is not unknown in politics, having served on many of the committees in the District Association, and has always been found among the hustlers in a lively campaign.

* * *

Prof. William Gilmore Thompson, of the New York University Medical College, has been making some highly interesting experiments on the brains of various animals, and he recently announced to his class that very shortly he should be able to issue a directory to cerebral location by which one may inform himself as to just which particular atom of his gray matter enables him to wiggle his little finger, which acts when he winks at the pretty girl across the car, and which helps him to draw his jaw down in expression of sorrow when he says he's so sorry his wife's mamma must end her visit to his home.

* * *

Late statistics say that $600,000,000 has been spent in drilling for oil. Is there so much money in the world?

* * *

The Chinese buccaneer is a fearfully and wonderfully constructed creature, who shows no partiality as to plunder. Two American missionary ladies were attacked by a band of these gentlemen some weeks ago and were robbed of everything even to their wire hairpins.

* * *

Dr. Phelps and his mysterious bone-grafting experiment on Johnny Gethins and his dog apparently do not meet the approval of his class of students at the Medical College of the University of New York. The young men say that Dr. Phelps promised the class the day after the operation on Blackwell's Island that he would give them a full account of the experiment. Rumors have reached them that the failure of the operation was definitely assured two whole months ago, yet the doctor still refuses to inform the young men. This is why the entrance of Dr. Phelps to the lecture room is greeted by the students with barking and growling, much to the annoyance of the mysterious surgeon.

* * *

I see that Millionaire John W. Mackay has been raising a rumpus in San Francisco by sailing into his confidential agent in the Nevada Bank and knocking him out in one round. Mr. Mackay is not one of the easiest tempered men in the world, as many of his acquaintances in this town have reason to know, and when he is stirred up he is regarded as a dangerous customer. Western mining millionaires as a rule are not the right sort of persons to monkey with recklessly.

WORLDLINGS.

St. Louis is now the largest fur market in the United States. At a recent sale of pelts in that city more than a million skins of the 'coon, muskrat, skunk, mink, gray fox and opossum were disposed of.

A Boston wigmaker says that the bulk of the hair used in this country for wigs and switches is imported from France and Germany. This hair is less brittle and lasts longer than the hair of New England women.

Queen Victoria, when dining alone, drinks very weak whiskey and water. This is in accordance with her doctor's orders, but at banquets she takes two glasses of Burgundy.

Lieut.-Commander Berry, who had command of the expedition sent out to relieve the Arctic explorer De Long, is now stationed at Memphis in charge of the light-house districts.

One reason why New Mexico is settled so slowly is that the great majority of land grants are held by native Mexicans, one Don sometimes owning an entire county.

Well Up in Arithmetic.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Little Johnny Samuelson goes to school, and he has become quite proficient in arithmetic. Johnny is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuelson, but the latter was a widow with six children when she married Mr. Samuelson.

"How are your little brothers and sisters coming on?" asked a lady friend of the family.

"All three of them are well," responded Johnny.

"Why, there are six of them, Johnny."

"Yes, ma'am; but you forget they are only half brothers and half sisters, and it takes two halves to make a whole one."

An Insult.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Chollie had just purchased his first razor.

"If your father doesn't find it just what he wants," said the cutler, "of course we'll change it for him."

Cold Wet Weather

Drives the blood from the surface of the body, and causes congestion of the liver and kidneys, which are thus unable to fully perform their duty of eliminating impurities. Hence lactic acid is accumulated in the blood and deposited in the joints and tissues, resulting in the pains and aches we call rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had great success in curing this disease, both chronic and inflammatory. It purifies the blood, neutralizes the lactic acid, and restores the liver and kidneys to natural action.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

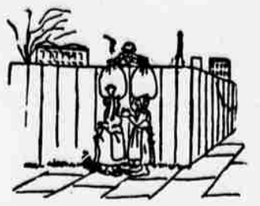
AN ITALIAN OPERA.

[*From Puncey's Weekly.*]
IN FIVE SCENES.

I.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

II.



While the two daughters of sunny Italy are discussing the prospects of trade, Jimmy takes advantage of the opportunity.

III.

And when the two ladies, wishing each other good luck, start on their respective ways.

IV.

There is a heavy fall of stocks.

V.

Jimmy—Well, this is better than a dog fight.

THE VALIANT HUNTER AND THE KICKING GUN.

[*From Puncey's Weekly.*]

I.

"I'm loaded for bear this time."

II.

"Somethin's goin' ter drop in half a minute."

III.

Something does drop.

The Model Husband.

[*From Puncey's Weekly.*]

Brown—Here's another big bill from Snips, the tailor. I declare I'm a perfect bonanza to the man who makes my clothes!

Mrs. Brown—That's more than you are to the woman that mends them.

A Practical Maiden.

[*From Puncey's Weekly.*]

He—Marry me and your life shall be one long dream of blissful content.

She—How many hired girls does that mean?

REPEATERS TWENTY YEARS AGO—Read Capt. Coleman's Political Reminiscence in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

AMONG THE PLAYER FOLKS.

Manager Hammerstein's Plans for the Harlem Opera-House.

"Afternoon Tea Plays" the Latest London Fad.

Manager Oscar Hammerstein, the restless, the ambitious, was on Broadway yesterday, with plenty to say about the new stock company that he is organizing for his Harlem Opera-House next month. "I have come to the conclusion," he said, "that a high-priced combination house is hardly the thing for Harlem, so I am getting a stock company ready. I shall produce new plays, changing my bill as often as the public wants it changed. You see," said Mr. Hammerstein, laughing, "I am the obedient servant of the American public. We shall open next month with a farce called 'Husbands and Wives,' adapted from a French success known as 'Pitt.'"

Mr. Hammerstein has engaged Miss Louise Thorndyke-Boucicault, and it is said that Miss Carrie Turner, Soldene Powell, and Sydney Drew will appear, and possibly Robert C. Hilliard. William H. Daly has been engaged as stage manager. Mr. Hammerstein believes that he has hit upon a scheme that will make his handsome opera-house extremely popular. "I am busily engaged in looking after the construction of my house in Forty-second street," he said, "and I should like" (with a laugh) "to be able to sing there myself soon."

* * *

Mrs. George S. Knight is not acting now. She is living quietly in Lima, O., with her mother and sister. Occasionally she visits her unfortunate husband, whose condition is still as hopeless as ever.

* * *

Jerome K. Jerome's play, "New Lamps for Old," that was made known to the theatregoers of this city at Daly's Theatre, where it had a very brief sojourn, has been translated into Dutch and is to be presented at the Variety Theatre in Amsterdam. Amsterdam can have it!

* * *

Wemyss Henderson, of Chicago, has a new name for farce-comedies. He calls them slapstick dramas.

* * *

An English paper in a series of articles called "Mummers' Memories," written by Arthur Davis, a provincial actor, has been giving a glowing account of Henry Irving's first appearance on the stage. It appears that he was first seen in Sunderland, in a company of which Miss Ely Loveday, a sister of Irving's present manager, was a member. The first words Irving ever spoke on the stage were, "Here's to our enterprise."

* * *

Charles Dickson has left "All the Comforts of Home" and is now in the city looking after his own interests. He has written a "dramatic farce" called "Son at Law," founded upon a Californian legal point. Mr. Soldene Powell has written a comedy which Matt Woodward is looking after, and Lewi Rosen is at work upon a melodrama. There is no cessation of the play factory's machinery.

* * *

The latest London fad is the "afternoon tea play." It is to be introduced by Mr. Alexander, of the Globe Theatre, London. At these matinees delicious tea will be served to the occupants of the stalls and dress circle. Isn't it a great idea? In America enterprising folks give away vases and impossible crockery decorations to the tea purchasers, but they have yet to come to distributing theatre tickets to the thirsty. In olden days one used to hear the tea fight and the muffin struggle; now it is the tea matinee and the theatre struggle.

* * *

Hallen and Hart will not be managed by Harry Hine next season. He and Mr. Pratt, formerly of the Emma Abbott company are to be interested in a farce-comedy called "By and By," by E. Seton Edwards. This is not merely a farce-comedy, but a spectacular farce-comedy. (Don't anybody ask for a definition of the spectacular farce-comedy.)

* * *

Another farce-comedy—the woods and all adjacent shrubbery are full of them—is called "No Better," and is to be brought out by E. E. Rice, with Louis de Lange, as the star. It is said that rehearsals of this farce are now in progress.

* * *

Little Miss Minnie Cunningham now singing and dancing at Koster & Bial's, has been engaged by Mark Murphy for "O'Dowd's Neighbors."

* * *

A London paper says that there is a rumor to the effect that Augustin Daly is after a site for a theatre near Trafalgar Square, London. This can't possibly be, because Mr. Daly has said nothing about it to newspaper men here.

Small Boyish.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Tommy—My pa owns a box at the Metropolitan Opera-House.

Bobby—Huh! My pa's got a seat in the Stock Exchange.

Tommy—Where 'bouts? Family Circle, I'll bet.

No Need of Asking.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Tyler (to friend who is sneezing violently)—What's the trouble? You must have a cold.

Smalley—A cold (chew)! What the deuce do you (chew—ker chew!) think I'd sneeze like this for if I didn't have a cold?

Time for Silence.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the Judge.

"Nothin'. Yer Honor," returned the prisoner coolly, "my lawyer is paid ter do the talkin'."

Good Football Clothes.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"Does the Czar play football?" asked an American sightseer at St. Petersburg, as he inspected the Emperor's steel vest and boiler-iron trousers.

"Oh, no," replied the guide; "these are merely to protect His Imperial Majesty from the Nihilists."

It Is Off.

[*From the New York Weekly.*]

"Don't you like it, darling?" he inquires anxiously, as she critically examines the costly solitaire, with a grave face and slightly corrugated brow.

"Oh, yes, it is a beautiful ring," she answers, in dollar-and-cents-and-short-ones-at-that tone; "but these are not my initials, Mr. Bynthyre; they are my Cousin Clara's."

"Oh, by Jove! that's the second time this year I've forgotten to have those confounded initials planed down," he answers in a disgusted tone, and further explanation availeth him not.

An Outrage.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

A shabby looking tramp was in the habit of calling at the office of a local lawyer and receiving a small sum on account of former acquaintance. Last week the mendicant called as usual, but the lawyer said:

"I can't assist you any longer, as I've got a wife now and need all the money I can lay my hands on."

"Well, now, that's just coming it a little too strong. Here you actually go and get married at my expense," responded the indignant tramp.

The Question Refereed.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Good Minister—Your little son asked me what the McKinley bill was. He said he asked you and you referred him to me. Why don't you explain the bill to the little fellow yourself?

Deacon De Good—I was afraid I couldn't without swearing.

Never in Season.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"Binks was arrested for violating the game laws, I hear!"

"Yes. He ran a faro bank."

FROM CATARRH TO CONSUMPTION.

SYMPTOMS OF BRONCHIAL CATARRH WHICH SHOULD BE HEEDED IN TIME.

Forerunners of a Fate Which May Come to You if the Warnings of Dame Nature Are Not Speedily Heeded.

When catarrh has existed in the head and the upper part of the throat for any length of time, and the disease has been left uncured, the catarrh invariably, sometimes slowly, extends down the windpipe and into the bronchial tubes, which tubes convey the air into the different parts of the lungs. The tubes become affected from the swelling and the mucus arising from catarrh, and in some instances become plugged up, so that the air cannot get in as freely as it should. Shortness of breath follows, and the patient breathes with labor and difficulty.

The pain which accompanies this condition is of a dull character, felt in the chest behind the breast bone or under the shoulder blade. The pain may come and go—last a few days and then be absent for several others. The cough that occurs in the first stage of bronchial catarrh is dry, comes at intervals, is hacking in character and usually most troublesome in the morning on arising or going to bed at night, and it may be the first evidence of the disease extending in the lungs.

At first there may be nothing brought up by the cough, then there is a little tough, tenacious mucus, which the patient finds great difficulty in bringing up.

Sometimes there are fits of coughing induced by the tough mucus—so violent as to cause vomiting. Later on the mucus that is raised is found to contain small particles of yellow matter, which indicates that the small tubes in the lungs are now affected. With this there are often streaks of blood mixed with the mucus.

In some cases small masses of cheesy substance are spit up, which, when pressed between the fingers, emit a bad odor. In other cases particles of a hard, chalky nature are spit up. The raising of cheesy or chalky lumps indicates serious mischief at work in the lungs.

A weak stomach and a dislike for food, which seems to have lost its taste, causes the patient to think he has a disease of the stomach instead of the lungs. In bronchial catarrh the voice often becomes weak, husky and hoarse. There is a burning pain in the throat, with difficulty in swallowing.

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$5 A MONTH UNTIL FEB. 1.

Doctors McCoy, Wildman and Blair have decided to treat all cases of Catarrh coming to them before Feb. 1, 1891, at the low rate of five dollars a month until cured and furnish all medicine. Their offices are 5 East 42d st., 225 5th ave., 853 Broadway, corner 14th st., New York, and 187 Montague st., Brooklyn.

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McCOY, WILDMAN and BLAIR,
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"GUIDO FERRANTI."

What queer people those sixteenth century Paduans must have been, to be sure! What they did for a livelihood nobody seems to know. Their principal industry, according to numerous dramatic works, appears to have consisted in gathering in market-places, grouping in palaces, or posing at gates, when a hero or heroine had anything to say that was particularly impressive. They have been known to murmur "Ah!" when particularly agitated, and to groan forth "No!" when their dissent was likely to be picturesque.

In "Guido Ferranti," the play by Oscar Wilde, that was presented for the second time at the Broadway Theatre last night, the Paduans were a very nice crowd, a trifle gloomy, as the play would naturally make them, even if they started in with the most exuberant spirits, but quite interesting for all that. They made nice little grooves in their midst for the leading actors to occupy; they swarmed at a moment's notice, and they were very tidy.

"Guido Ferranti" is a well-written play, though it makes one feel inclined, like the dove on the mast, to mourn, and mourn, and mourn. Guido, the hero, wasn't a Paduan. Parma, a town that gives us such lovely cheese, also produced Guido. In fact, the schoolbooks might ask: Name the products of Parma? And the answer could be Guido Ferranti and cheese. Guido's poser had been killed by Simone Gesso, Duke of Padua, and the son swore to be avenged, egged on by Count Morannone. At the end of the first act we have "The Oath—a Legacy of Revenge!"

Guido then sees the Duchess of Padua, wife of his father's slayer, and before one has time to murmur "Jack Robinson!" he has fallen dead in love with her. Oh! how his heart—his dear, earnest Parma heart—went out to her, as she stood in that market-place awaited in white loveliness, and wearing a handsome fluffy auburn wig and a sweet smile. Guido must have been about three and fifty, but he was very chivalrous, and the Duke remarked, "Look to your wives, my lords, when this gallant comes to Padua." I must admit that the Duke's tribute to the good taste of the wives and daughters of Padua was not excessively complimentary.

Be that as it may, Guido doted on Beatrice and Beatrice doted back with a mad unreasoning dote, worse than any dote imagined by the firm of Libbey-Clay & Co., and one for which there was no anti. Beatrice hated the old duke, her husband, and one day the silly little girlish thing killed him, in the hope that it would please Guido. She took a nice sharp dagger and plunged it into the aged ducal chest. Then she came out of her room, told Mr. Firranti what she had done and wanted a kiss. The noble Parman grew indignant. She was a murderess. She had done the cruel deed, and he could never kiss her. It was too horrible. Get away! Avant! Oh, hasten, pussy!

That naturally made Beatrice angry, and, to avenge herself, she informed the officers that it was Guido, who had killed the Duke. He was captured and tried. He declared that he was the guilty man, and Beatrice in a lovely black velveteen dress ($1.98 per yard) stood on the steps of the Court and sulked. They cast Guido into jail, and sentenced him to the block. Beatrice visited him in prison, and cruel to the last, she seized the cup of poison that he had prepared for himself, and drank it off as the Grand street maiden will drink a glass of vanilla soda. After a few speeches she wriggled and died, and Guido, having politely asked for a little poison from her lips, stabbed himself and died, too. Take it all in all, "Guido Ferranti" is a cheery little affair.

Lawrence Barrett was the Guido, and though he worked very hard, it must be admitted that he did not do justice to the part. No Duchess of Padua would have made a fool of herself over this Guido, with his peculiar features and his sing-song delivery. Mr. Barrett has produced the play very conscientiously, and it is not his fault that he cannot act it. I wonder why actors hanker so much after the emotional, anyway. Lawrence Barrett would make the hit of his life in farce. Think of him as the man with the cough in "Nerves," or one of the three Southern gentlemen in "A Texas Steer." Miss Gale was a painstaking Beatrice, and John A. Lane excellent in the small part of Morannone.

ALAN DALE.

A Startling Cure.

This certifies that I was stricken with paralysis of the left side in 1866, and have since that time been under the treatment of many physicians and tried various remedies. *I could not in all the years that have passed since stricken lift my left foot from the floor.* I commenced taking Dr. Greene's Nervura, and I am now able to walk without a cane, having good use of my foot and side so long useless. Dr. Greene's Nervura has cured me of my terrible trouble.

ALEXANDER HORN,
Marine Asylum, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of December, A. D. 1887.
J. S. PHILLIPS, Notary Public.

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ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS.

CREAM OF SPORTING GOSSIP.

McAuliffe and Corbett Must Put Up or Shut Up To-day.

Charley Barnett Wants a Go With Danny McVey—General Notes.

This is the day that McAuliffe and Corbett will have to either put up or shut up. Mr. Richard K. Fox stands ready to make his word good and back McAuliffe to fight at any figure up to $5,000, and he does not limit his man to Corbett's unknown, or any other heavyweight fighter in the world, barring Sullivan and Slavin.

Corbett has been making remarks which will place him in rather an awkward position if he fails to make good to-day. It is all well enough to make sweeping statements if they can be substantiated, but if it is being done at the expense of another to further one's own interests it is very bad policy. There will either be a match of some sort made, or some one will certainly be called down in a lively manner.

* * *

Mr. Banta, of the Greenwich Angling Club, still holds the palm for the largest bass ever caught by any member of that Club. It was hooked off the dock at Riverside Station on the Hudson River Railroad. Mr. Dan Payne, the Ninth Ward fish dealer, helped him to land it after nearly an hour's fight. It weighed over fourteen pounds.

* * *

Charley Barnett, of the