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LIGHT THE TUNNEL.

The terrible accident in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel, in which six lives were lost, was but a repetition of another disaster which occurred nine years ago within the same tunnel and within a block of the same spot. On September 23d, 1882, an inbound Harlem train crashed into the rear of the Portchester special. Three cars were telescoped and loss of life resulted. The same outburst of indignation happened then as now, and the Grand Jury took up the matter.

Among other things it recommended that the tunnel be lighted by arc electric lights and equipped with some method of ventilation.

None of the recommendations were carried out.

It is claimed now that if the tunnel is lighted the present light signals can not be seen by the engineers from their cabs.

But the signals were not seen on Friday when six lives were lost in the unlighted tunnel.

It is also claimed that on misty days the smoke never clears out of the tunnel. This is because no ventilating system is in use.

It is absolutely apparent that there is less danger where the engineers can see where they are going than when they are dashing ahead blindly, no matter what experts may say, and if the present signal system will not do with a lighted tunnel, get some other system. On foggy days crowd the tunnel with flagmen if necessary and have signals at either end notifying the engineers what is before them and what is expected to follow.

Much attention is paid to tunnel lighting in London; and what are our fogs to those there?

It will cost some money to light and ventilate the tunnel. But human life is more important than dollars, although railroad companies do not always so consider.

Light and ventilate the tunnel.

HORRIBLE CRIMINALITY.

One of the most awful crimes which depraved human beings can conceive is to set fire, through a spirit of revenge, to a building filled with families. This terrible crime is believed to have been committed at the tenement-house fire in Brooklyn on Saturday, in which six persons lost their lives.

Fire Marshal LEWIS and the police have good grounds for believing that it was the work of an incendiary. Suspicion has even attached itself to a person as the criminal, and hopes are entertained of the speedy apprehension of the wretch.

If this belief is a correct one no pains should be spared to get the guilty man and make an example of him. Even if the only thing aimed at by the attempt was the destruction of property, this should not extenuate the offense. In point of fact, six persons were destroyed by an inexpressibly painful death. Any one who would apply a torch of an incendiary to a large double tenement-house of very combustible material could not help knowing that he was imperilling human life, and should be held strictly to account for this.

Arson is a hideous crime. It should have no place in civilized communities. Even a savage ought to have enough humanity in him to shrink from such appalling wickedness. Every effort should be made to detect the culprit, if it was incendiary work.

A MOURNFUL SPECTACLE.

Without entering into any question as to the credibility or beauty of the doctrines of Spiritualism, the spectacle of a man, reputedly of brilliant mental force, trailing into it in the wake of a woman like Mrs. DIXIE DEBAR, and exploiting with portentous gravity features of it which the most liberal minded must regard as puerile and undignified, is a deplorable one.

Mr. LUTHER R. MARSH has the most undoubted belief in Spiritualism and all its trick features. He has the courage of his convictions. Instead of quietly nursing his Spiritualistic tenets in the seclusion of his home, Mr. MARSH, at the behest, he declares, of his father's spirit, has taken to the lecture platform and devotes himself, body and soul, to the propagation of "Christian Spiritualism."

It is a privilege of the free-born American to adopt whatever faith he may please, but it remains no less a mournful spectacle to friends and sympathizers that Mr. MARSH should feel constrained to something which every sensible person must regard as unworthy a man of intelligence. It is charity to consider such conduct in the light of some strange mental aberration and to hope that Mr. MARSH may rally from it.

CINERARY JOLLITY.

A merry tapster of fair Staten Island was jovial in his life, and in death his gayety did not forsake him. He left orders that his body should be burned and his ashes scattered to the winds from the top of the Statue of Liberty, while his erstwhile boon companions should drink steins of foamy lager to his wind-blown particles.

As long as the departed tapster will be ashily dissipated in the bay and not in the street, it may be that his last wish will be respected, or at least carried out. It looks like drinking life's glass to the dregs to order such juggling with one's remains, but the Penal Code allows a person the free disposal of his dead body. In any case, peace to the tapster's ashes. They will escape the ash-barrel in any case.

The pretty milliner who fired her little shop and burned her bonnets that she might get the insurance and go to her young man, will probably get away from the law on the plea of insanity. The whole scheme was artfully concocted, even to the point of her writing letters derogatory to herself, which were sent to persons in Islip to convey the impression that somebody was hostile to her. She was under the care of a physician for a long time last year. This fire-setting girl of nineteen has been quite cool and smilingly unconcerned since she confessed her misdeed.

The captain of a fine clipper ship, rather than pay the price of having a tug tow her into port, attempted to sail her in during a furious gale. The result of this economy was the loss of an $80,000 craft, a $100,000 cargo, and the lives of the captain and seventeen of the crew, which considerably more than offsets the saving of the price of a tug. Another sad feature arising from this economical spirit of the thrifty captain was the death of the captain of the lifeboat which went to the clipper's assistance when she was driven on the rocks. Altogether it was extravagant economy.

The death of Dr. HARRY STEVENS is a nut for the pathologists to crack. It is said that he died of peripheral neuritis. But he had hurt his hand in dissecting, and an anatomical tubercle had formed. Then the scab covering this was broken while the Doctor was working a dead hydrophobic patient. Then he was inoculated with attenuated virus of hydrophobia thirty times. And then, he died. Now the doctors are trying to find out what killed him. It must be difficult to tell, specifically.

The Central Labor Union will supply Supt. BEATTIE, of the Street-Cleaning Department, with a novelty in the line of worriment, in pushing its charges against an employee of the Department. The Union regards Supt. BEATTIE's reply to their demand for an investigation of the charge of blackmail brought against one of his men "as a courteous evasion of the question," and it wants to be around when the investigation takes place. The charge should certainly be thoroughly sifted.

Four thousand dollars for a St. Bernard dog is a fancy price for picturesque dogmeat. The utility of this brand of canine is chiefly exhibited in blinding Alpine snowstorms, where he charges through the unshovelled slopes with a keg of grog around his neck, like a benevolent barkeeper, for the release of snowed-in tourists. He is only a pretty feature for bench shows in non-Alpine lands.

There was a church celebration of GEORGE's birthday yesterday. The Sons of the Revolution went to St. Bartholomew's, and the first eight pews were filled with the colonial dames. What an audience for Washington's birthday!

The hair-cutting fiend has introduced a new variation. He is in Willimantic now, and when he pounces on the young maidens he first steals a kiss before clipping their tresses. This is adding insult to injury.

This climate is a regular pousse cafe of layers of temperature, clouds and sunshine.

SPOTLETS.

By good church people what is Lent is kept.

The roll of Congress is not as great as the roll of the Congressman at times.

A bell-ringer yesterday said he was afraid his wife would use him as a wringing-machine when he got home.

How proper it seems to tender a benefit to an engineer. He is so used to tenders.

The first step often shakes and starts a man'
When he would climb ambition's lofty stair;
But it never trips him like a last step does
When in the dark the last step isn't there.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

When Springtime comes the schoolboy tries to find "plenty of room at the top." Unless he plays marbles.

The Kaiser would like to have Bismarck send away all his speeches.

Insuring one's life is almost as good as insuring one's happiness.

A man killed himself at a card party. Of course, it wasn't "on the cards."

Sole is not a leathery fish, despite its name.

VAGRANT VERSES.

As to Kickers.

The kicker was kicking as people expect
A well-behaved kicker to do;
There were very few things that he didn't reject
As usually before he got through.

The earth that revolves from the west to the east,
He is often accustomed to say,
Would have been more practical uses increased
If it whirled in the opposite way.

"There isn't a reason," he often has said,
And he makes half think it is true,
"Why violets shouldn't have come to us red
And roses should not be made blue."

He will arguments make until both your ears ache;
You will think, are he goes from the spot,
That each thing here below is a fearful mistake—
And that he is the worst of the lot.
—*Washington Post.*

A Wail from Boston.

The Browning and the Ibsen fads are getting worn and old;
My interest in Tolstoi, too, has recently grown cold.
I'm tired of solving riddles and I'm tired of all the hue
And cry of pessimistic bores—I want a fad that's new.

A pleasant, cheerful little fad that won't wear out the brain;
That won't disturb my sleep at night or call for constant strain;
A fad that's inexpensive, too—(this between me and you),
Is just the fad I'm looking for—provided it is new.

Of course it must be quite select, since I am Bostonborn,
And, like my fellow-Bostonese, would sneer at Gabriel's horn
Unless he played it just in tune on every note he knew—
A fad to suit me must be choice, and it must be brand-new.

It ought to be religious, though it might do quite as well
If it implied some startling views on disbelief in hell.
If it were based on Brahmic faith from any point of view
I'm quite sure it would please me—provided it were new.

Now, if you can assist me I real'y hope you will;
It's anything but pleasant to collect aid, but still,
Although I live in Boston, and so my wants are few,
Just now I sorely need a fad. Who's got a fad that's new?
—*Somerville Journal*

OUR TYPEWRITERS.

Nell Nelson Tells a Few Things About This Class of Fair Breadwinners.

Various Classes of Womankind That Attend the School of Instruction.

Some Who Succeed and Others Who Give Up in Despair.

Ten years ago women took up the study of typewriting. Now the profession belongs to the sex, and unless a man has the genius of a wizard and the speed of a steam engine he cannot get even office room for his services.

Bitter as the admission may be, it is a fact, nevertheless, that his clerical days are numbered, and it won't be a very great while before his sister has his desk and his cousin his stool.

The signs indicate that woman has her eye on mercantile life, and that she will have the field to herself in less time than it took her to drive the men from the counter.

"And what will the robin do then, poor thing?"

There is scarcely a business firm of any importance in the city of New York, excepting, perhaps, banking houses, that does not employ a lady clerk, as she designates herself.

Strong as she is numerically, her ranks haven't begun to fill up yet. Recruits are coming in from all directions, and before he knows what he is about the business man, the broker and the professional will be overwhelmed by a stupendous army of shorthand and typewriters in shoulder capes and trailing dresses.

The agencies that furnish this fresh, sweet material are interesting, not only as places of instruction but amusement as well.

Take almost any school for typewriting in the city and you will find that fully 60 per cent. of the pupils are women. A few of them come from the suburban towns. The rest are local. All, however, are studies.

There are young widows, any number of them, and they are invariably the best scholars in the schools. There is no nonsense about them. They work for a purpose and with a will. Some have mothers and little children to support; some are homeless and some have hopes of meeting another breadwinner and home maker. All wear black and in the mournful ranks there are long crape veils, widows' caps and snowy linen cuffs and collars.

The influence of this stuffy, depressing garb is most remarkable.

It gets for the wearer, if she is but passing fair, the indulgence of the teacher and the utmost consideration from the classmates, especially among the male members.

Then, too, it gets her work. Men are kind at heart, and the knowledge that the applicant cherishes a grief, under which perhaps is a breaking heart, makes them doubly kind.

There may be no opening at the time, but there is generally an invitation to come in again that gives hope a pair of stilts; there is often a letter of introduction or a suggestion to visit another firm, and always the most beautiful respect that courtesy coupled with sympathy can render.

Occasionally a woman with her history in the past will enter the class and apply herself to the intricacies of the science of stenography with what wit and eyesight time has left her. Few spectacles are more pathetic to contemplate than the mental efforts of a dependent and aged woman. Somehow the mind associates her with the sheltering warmth and love of a chimney corner and prattling grandchildren.

These poor old creatures with their dim eyes and withered hands struggle along, first with the copy and then the keyboard, and after a few lessons give up and go off—nobody knows where.

Then there is in nearly every school "the woman in trouble." She is Mrs. B., Widow B., Mme. B., Lady B. or whatever else the class dubs her. Invariably she is "detached."

If divorced, then she works with the fire of the free. She means to get even with the sex or somebody. She is "determined to master the thing," and down deep in her rheumatic heart she has vowed to make no mistakes next time.

If she is only separated, then she works the machine for distraction.

Drop a bit of the oil of sympathy into her heart, by way of getting at her confidence, and she will sigh, squeeze her eye for a tear or two and say, "Oh, I must not think."

A pupil of this sort cannot be depended upon as a rule. Her heart is never in her work and she, generally drops out of the class before the term is half finished.

Let me tell you a secret!

Wives—especially young wives—are jealous of the typewriters.

This has always been hinted at, but never verified till lately.

For a long time the "star scholar" of an uptown business college has been the wife of a successful business man.

She goes to school in her own private coupe, with two men on the box and a prancing team in harness. She has diamonds in her ears, under her chin and on her hands; her wrap was cut from "selected skins;" her dresses were tailor-made and well made, and the securities in her silver-tipped pocketbook were thought to be very fair.

To do her justic, this ambitious if amusing vulargian studies. She prepares her lessons with care and bought a machine for home practice.

She has made herself agreeable to her classmates, and when the lesson is over all the school goes to the window to see her get in her carriage.

Both teachers and pupils have understood that Mrs. Solidsilver "is going to help her husband."

But the majority of the would-be business women are just from school. Some of them failed in the examination for teachers, others were tired of school and many were forced to leave on account of bad times.

There are girls of fourteen, girls of sweet sixteen and lovely nineteen, and girls in the very beauty of budding womanhood. All nationalities are represented and all grades of intelligence.

The Normal College girl who spells until with six letters is in the class; so is the grammar school maiden who writes a blind hand, chews gum, can't add, and can't quit giggling.

Another character is the maiden lady who has to have a bassock for her feet and "don't quite understand" anything.

She, poor thing, has been a modiste—one of the designing craft who lure customers by means of a show-case dummy, superbly fitted, both body and bodice being the work of the same concern.

She has a pain in her back and another between her eyes; she is poor and alone; she feels relentless age creeping over her; she knows that typewriting can't be any harder than dressmaking, and if she can only get the hang of it and $10 a week she will be so very happy.

Every encouragement meets her effort, but there are many things to be learned, and even if mastered there is the obstacle of age, with its density and deliberation, not to be conquered by art or science.

Her spirits are leaden, and after the course of sixty lessons, she, too, drifts away into the great somewhere.

Night brings out the noble army of little winners martyred by the cruelty of fate and the heartlessness of corporations. They come from dressmaking shops, business offices, retail stores and manufactories. They are discontented and many of them unhappy.

They see in this profession less labor, lighter work, better pay and better prospects. And so without rest or dinner they go from their day's work to the school of instruction, and in the interim prepare the transcription assigned for the lesson.

There are no dildoes about these little women. It is immaterial to them whether there are cushions on the chairs, bassocks under the desks or strips of carpet on them. They have no linen cuffs to soil, no fads to air.

With love and the luxury of plenty these small women could be so much to a household. And it is all very sad when you come to think of it that there are not fathers, brothers or husbands enough in the world to place them and keep them where they belong—on the altar of home.

NELL NELSON.

THE CLEANER.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Financier O. D. Baldwin should have been twice brought to grief through the disclosures made by a discharged clerk. It was due to the hints and insinuations thrown out by a young man who had received a summary walking ticket from Mr. Baldwin that an investigation of his management as cashier of the Fourth National Bank followed, and his resignation was requested. Now, it is because Clerk Rich knew too much that he has been brought to grief in the American Loan and Trust Company.

* * *

Bill Nye's lecture for the benefit of the Press Club last night was interesting from beginning to end. Incidentally, Nye always is interesting. Amos Cummings will help swell the hot dog fund next week, and after him Col. Bob Ingersoll will take his turn.

* * *

While passing the Grand Central Depot last night I was accosted by a well-dressed, frank-looking young man who asked me to oblige him with 14 cents to make up the price of a ticket to Dobb's Ferry. In a few rapid sentences he informed me that he had been standing there for four hours trying to muster up courage to ask a passer-by for the needful sum. He wore a hand-some overcoat, watch chain and scarf pin, and looked so embarrassed by his position that I handed him 15 cents, whereupon he tendered me a cent change, and, amid profuse thanks, made a bee-line for the depot. If he was a swindler the novelty of the dodge was well worth the price of experience.

* * *

The Fellowcraft Club's monthly dinner takes place to-night in its pretty club-house, 12 East Twenty-ninth street. This promises to be one of the most delightful affairs that the Fellowcraft has yet given, and the list of those to be present indicates a most enjyable evening and entertaining speeches. The little dissection of a few weeks ago has blown entirely over and the Club never was in a more harmonious or flourishing condition.

* * *

During a flying trip to Boston last week I encountered a well-known telegrapher and practical joker, formerly of this city, who recently had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye. The patch covering the missing organ reminded me of a funny incident in which its owner figured. Shortly after the accident which cost him an eye, he was riding on a crowded car, when a brother operator, who had recently lost an arm, got on board, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Hello, Lou, what's the matter with your eye?"

"A car ran over it," was the grave reply.

"What happened your arm?"

"I got a cinder in it," was the equally grave answer, much to the amusement of the passengers.

* * *

Everybody is wondering why Mr. Brayton Ives is disposing of his magnificent collection of books and porcelains. It cannot be because circumstances have compelled him to part with his art treasures, for he is known to possess abundant wealth. An intimate friend of Mr. Ives tells me that the only reason for the present sale is that the owner of these splendid collections realizes the fact that they are now so complete from a collector's point of view that it would be useless to add to them. Mr. Ives, in the twenty years that he has been gathering these treasures, has become a victim of the collector's frenzy, and as he cannot remain idle as long as there is anything to collect he has determined to scatter his treasures and begin over again.

* * *

Uncle Russell Sage, despite his millions, rejoices in one of the dingiest and shabbiest offices to be found in that district of the city known as Wall street. Everything is covered with a layer of dust to the thickness of an inch, more or less, and all the articles of furniture with which it is provided are in the last stages of decrepitude. A battered cane-bottomed settee, with half the seat torn out, is the only accommodation in the outer office provided for visitors, who have to wait their turn for an interview with the great dealer in puts and calls; and the ground-glass panels of the rickety partition are covered with pencil-flourishes and sketches executed by messenger boys, who haunt the place in droves every afternoon. Economy is evidently the mainstay of Uncle Russell's system.

* * *

I was pleased this morning to see several little lads on the street having the lapels of their jackets decorated with George Washington badges. The recurrence of the anniversary of the natal day of the Father of his country has been look'd forward to of late years simply as a day of recreation. It has been given too little patriotic significance.

THE regular use of MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL during teething averts the diarrhœa. 25 cents.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Latest in Demi-Dress Boots—Bernhardt's Description of a New Play—Lenten Iron Crosses—Mrs. Huntington's Bath—The Laws of Health.

The newest demi-dress boot seen on the promenade when the walks are dry and the day is clear is a kid or soapstone color, tipped and stripped with patent leather.

The shops are filled with shirts for girls. Some are the full regular masculine garments, open in the back and finished with tall gusset and band; others are a girl-waists in checks, spots and hair-lined percale, and the others are the "Lucy," feminine for Dickies, which are likely to be tried by the bachelor-girls when the green leaves come again.

Miss Alcott's birthplace in Germantown stood where the post-office now stands. The house was surrounded by pine trees, and was known as "The Pinery." Here Mr. Alcott taught school, and Louisa May Alcott was born here in 1832. Mr. Alcott's ideas upon educational methods were too original and unusual to commend themselves to Germantown parents and the school was so unsuccessful that Mr. Alcott abandoned it after a struggle of a year or two, and moved with his family to Boston, where the author of "Little Women" worked herself to death and grew sallow and billous and hareboned on a diet of ginger-snaps, doughnuts and pie.

* * *

No girl should be without a pair of red-leather slippers and red-silk stockings. These are some of the femininities that memories are made of for little brothers.

* * *

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, in conversation with a well-known Italian man of letters, has given an interesting description of Gallozzi's new play, which was written expressly for her, and will be produced in French under the title of "La Dame de Challant." "Gallozzi's work," she says, "is a splendid drama in prose. The action passes in the reign of Francis I., and is divided into six tableaux. It is a serious play tending to the historical, with a very interesting plot; something like the 'Conte Rosa,' but with much more movement. The getting-up is not very important, and I am not displeased at that, for the luxury of scenery now in fashion has made critics say that the artist can no longer do without splendid accessories. I wish it were so. But look at poor Cleopatra! In the famous scene of the second act, on the table where the rarest fruits, the most extraordinary dishes, and the most generous wines should be thrown in profusion, what does M. Duquesnil give us? Two biscuits and a bunch of grapes! If that was the kind of feast which Cleopatra prepared for Antony I am not surprised that he returned to Rome."

* * *

Just now the meek and low smart girl who is keeping Lent wears an iron cross at her side pendant from a hanger of dull silver or black pearls.

* * *

Table forks, which are of Italian invention, are only about three centuries old, the ancients knowing nothing of them. Queen Elizabeth was the first royal personage in England to have used them, all classes, high and low, using their fingers. Now there are in general use forks for fish and fruit, olives and oysters, pickles and ice-cream, salad and sardines, beef and game, breakfast, dinner, supper and children.

* * *

Mrs. Mackay has a marble staircase in her London house that cost $100,000. But that isn't a firecracker to the Roman beauty of the $300,000 hat that is to be erected in Mrs. C. P. Huntington's Fifth avenue house.

* * *

A facing of corduroy, velouette, Eleoron velvet, velveteen or velvet put on both sides of the hem of the skirt will admit of any amount of street-sweeping.

* * *

Many persons possessed of health, strength, and beauty allow themselves to become gross and ill-proportioned by neglecting to follow the laws of nature. Men and women in the beginning were intended to be a part of nature and to remain in the open air and to be ever on the alert, but civilization has so changed the modes of living and habitation that the average men and women of to-day are confined within the walls of buildings for a goodly part of each day. This naturally has a depressing effect upon the entire system, and in our present age it becomes necessary to adopt some artificial means of exercise in order to keep our bodies healthy and inhale that most important of all tonics—pure, fresh air. Long walks, horseback riding, rowing and calisthenics are probably the most judicious of exercises. In order to allow all the muscles of the body to gain benefit from a walk, high-heeled shoes should never be worn, and the clothing must be loose and roomy; the foot should have a firm hold on the ground, and the arms allowed to swing with the motion of the walk. Turkish baths in moderation will keep the pores of the skin in a healthy condition. Cosmetics and powders of all descriptions are of an injurious nature, and very often poison the skin, so that they become a necessity to cover the blemishes instead of enhancing the beauty. Pure food, very little wine of any kind, and plenty of sleep in well-ventilated bedrooms are also worthy of consideration. Feminine beauty makes slaves of mankind, and as the majority of men are willing slaves, it behooves all women who are possessed of loveliness to exert themselves to retain it even unto old age.

Above Earth's Great.

The French philosopher said, "are those who seek to remove the diseases of others." Alva's Brazilian compound of cactus juice has a wider field of usefulness than any remedy ever discovered, since CACTUS BLOOD CURE in all by neutralizes and eliminates the terrible poisons of scrofula, cancer, cancerous and specific diseases, those heretofore incurable scourges of the human race.

FUN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A Few Illustrated Witticisms Culled from Various Sources.

At the Art Exhibition.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Lady—All your marine pictures represent the sea as being calm. Why don't you paint a storm once in a while?

Artist—We painters in oil can't paint a storm. I have often outlined a storm on the canvas, but as soon as I begin to spread on the oil colors, the waves subside and the sea becomes as calm as a duck-pond.

Lady—Yes; I have read about the wonderful effect oil has in calming the waves, but I had no idea it was so effective as all that.

High Steaks.

[*From Life.*]

A Knocked-Out Rival.

[*From Judge.*]

Miss Blossom—What in d' world's yo' been since Chris'mus, Miss Pettigrew?

Miss Pettigrew—I done got 'xploded at d' party.

Miss Blossom—She!

Miss Pettigrew—Ya'as. Dat low-down Peters jail gimme a chew ob gum, an' when I bit on to it I found hit was a torpedo.

Sound Advice.

[*From Puck.*]

Daisy Flutter—Oh, Maisy, I don's know what to do. Old Mr. Doddering and Jack Margin have both propose, and—

Maisy Marigold—Take Doddering. He's already rich and already old. Jack is not sure of getting rich, but he is sure of getting old.

A Weather Vane.

[*From Puck.*]

Bill—De wind's nor'east, Jim.

Jim—How d'yer know it is?

Bill—Cos ones "His Whiskers."

Looking Ahead.

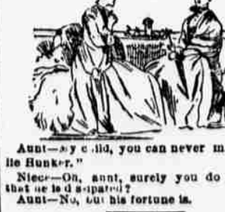
[*From Puck's Weekly.*]

Lawyer—Well, little girl, what can I do for you?

Annie—Nothing just now, but they told me you were a divorce lawyer and I thought it might be well to make your acquaintance.

A Fatal Objection.

[*From Puck's Weekly.*]



Aunt—My child, you can never marry Charlie Hunker.

Niece—Oh, aunt, surely you do not mean that he is dissipated?

Aunt—No, but his fortune is.

Human Nature.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"I stood on the corner during that wind and laughed and laughed and laughed to see hats blown off and umbrellas turned inside out," said Binks. "In fact, I should have been there laughing yet if my own hat had not gone when my umbrella was turned inside out. Then I swore."

AMONG THE PLAYER FOLK.

The Divine Sarah's Remarkable Engagement at the Garden.

Fanny Rice Really Going to Star in Farce Comedy.

It is probable that when Mme. Sarah Bernhardt returns to this city next season she will appear at H. C. Miner's new and wonderful Fifth Avenue Theatre for a period of from four to eight weeks, when she will present her new play, adapted from an Italian source. Negotiations with a end in view have been going on for some time. Bernhardt is a "card" for which managers clamor, and it is not generally known that long before she went to the Garden Theatre at least three theatres in this city had been begging for her, but their terms were not satisfactory.

The engagement at the Garden Theatre has been a most remarkable one. Since last Friday week there has not been a single seat in the house unused at any one of her performances. The American public has paid out a sum of money in the interests of Bernhardt that would astonish any theatre student, but the amount can never be justly estimated, owing to the work of the speculators, which has been furiously energetic and unwearied. The hotel ticket people have already netted large sums from the sale of Bernhardt seats.

Sarah, at the Garden Theatre, has the dressing-room that was occupied and fitted up by captivating Sadi Martinot. Miss Martinot was very comfortable during the long run of "Dr. Bill." She bought mirrors and other *articles de luxe* with which she decorated her dressing-room. When she left, Manager French purchased the mirrors, and now Sarah has them. The apartment is not very large, but it is very agreeable.

* * *

Miss Fanny Rice, of the Casino, who has been threatening to star for a long time, has secured, it is said, a farce-comedy by John J. McNally and Charles Vincent, entitled "Everything Goes." It is to be hoped that the fair Fanny will not find the title a misnomer.

* * *

The Liliputians are not going back to Germany at the end of this season. They expect to rent the Thalia Theatre in this city and give a long series of representations there. Manager Rosenfeld, of this organization, is negotiating with the Berlin management of a great German spectacle which has been running for more than two years in Germany. He has made a good deal of money here with the Liliputians, and it is said that he would have made more had he been more familiar with the country. In Philadelphia the little people made a phenomenal success. They have played in the Quaker City at four different theatres.

* * *

Manager H. C. Miner leaves for California on Wednesday. He is to be away six weeks, during which he will try and forget business.

* * *

It has been reported that the scenery and costumes of the unfortunate "Babes in the Wood" company have passed into the possession of W. S. Gilmore, of Philadelphia. Not a bit of it. These costumes and scenery are safely immured in the cellar of Niblo's Garden. E. G. Gilmore, of New York, holds them, and holds them with a firm grip, too.

* * *

Herbert Hall Winslow is a very busy young playwright. He has just completed "A Knotty Affair," in which John C. Rice is to star. The first production will take place at Hoboken May 4. The company will contain seventeen people, including, besides Mr. Rice, Minnie Dupree, Sallie Cohen, Charles Ross, Manel Fenton and George W. Barnum. The regular season begins in Brooklyn next September.

Mr. Winslow's "melodramatic comedy" entitled "A Barrel of Money" will probably be seen in New York this Spring. It has been on the road since last August, and opens in San Francisco next month. He is at work on a comedy entitled "The German Minstrel," which is to be produced by Charles T. Ellis in New England next month. All of which goes to show that Mr. Winslow is not permitting the grass to grow beneath his feet.

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Miss Hattie Delaro-Barnes—Mrs. Barnes of San Francisco—has been engaged for the classic drama to be called "O'Dowd's Neighbors."

* * *

Managers are beginning to wonder whether farce-comedy will be as prevalent next season as it has been during the present one. Its reign this year has been wonderful, and almost devastating. Farce-comedy writers one and all affect a disdain for their work, excusing themselves on the ground that they are catering to the public. Their motto is the old verse:

Tickle the public and make it grin—
That's the way to bring money in;
But teach the public—you'll never get rich,
You'll live like a beggar and die in a ditch.

* * *

It is said that it costs D'Oyly Carte £320 to raise the curtain upon a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," and D'Oyly Carte is the man to be recklessly lavish.

* * *

The title of the play, "The Power of the Press," that is to succeed "Mr. Potter of Texas" at the Star Theatre, is something of a puzzler. The management, aware of this fact, has announced that there is no newspaper man in the play, and no scene in a newspaper office.

* * *

The pretty housemaids' dance, from "The Babes in the Wood," is to be introduced into "Noah's Ark," at Niblo's Garden.

WORLDLINGS.

In leaving Richmond young Mr. Astor and his bride travelled with a little ostentation as ordinary passengers. He did not secure a special car over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, but simply purchased three ordinary tickets for his wife, her maid and himself.

One of Sir Edwin Arnold's diversions in Japan was a weekly kite-flying party, to which each guest brought his own kite. On Sundays he received his friends in his drawing-room. His bedroom was severely Japanese in its furnishings.

Lady Stanley, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, is very popular with the Canadians and is simple and pleasant in her manners. She is a handsome woman, with a tall and graceful figure, and she looks surprisingly young for the mother of a grown-up family.

Gen. de Galliffet, the gallant hero of Sedan, looks like a young officer just come out of a lady's boudoir. He wears his white hair brushed up so that it gives the appearance of a wig touched by a powder puff, and though now over sixty he is straight and supple as a young lieutenant.

The oldest native of Astoria, the oldest white settlement in the Northwest, is Roland Macdonald, a grandson of King Kumkumly, the Indian chief. He is sixty-seven years old, well preserved, and he has had a most interesting personal history.

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HOW SHE BOUGHT HER TICKET

The Exasperating Woman and the Line of Would-Be Passengers.

Patience Ceased to Be a Virtue and They Attacked the Stronghold.

It was 6:45 p. m. A long line of men stood impatiently in front of the Reading ticket office at Wayne Junction, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, awaiting their turn to purchase tickets for the 6.50 train to Ninth and Green. A stout woman in black headed the procession and planted herself squarely in front of the ticket office.

"What time does the next train go to Bethlehem?" she demanded.

"7.23," sententiously replied the polite young man behind the window.

"Ain't there one before that, young man?" asked the woman suspiciously.

"No 'm."

"Are you sure, young man?"

"Positive. Do you want a ticket to Bethlehem?"

"Well, I dunno. What time does the train get there?"

"8.47."

"Madame, won't you please make haste. Our train is due in another minute," appealed an elderly man who was stamping with impatience in the middle of the long line.

"Goodness me! don't bluster me so. There's no hurry. Now, young man, what time did you say that train got to Bethlehem?"

There were several loud snorts of disgust from the waiting line as the young man again repeated the time of arrival.

"What's the fare to Bethlehem?" queried the woman.

"Seventy cents."

"My, my! That's too much. Haven't you any second-class tickets?"

"I'll pay it, madame, if you'll only hurry," put in the old gentleman, who was now bordering on St. Vitus' dance.

"Mind your business, sir," snapped the woman. "Can't a respectable widow go a travelin' without being insulted? Young man, give me a ticket to Bethlehem."

"Thank heaven!" burst from a dozen waiting men.

"Single or excursion?" asked the young man.

"Hey?"

"Do you want a ticket one way or a return ticket?"

"For heaven's sake, woman, hurry!" groaned the old gentleman in unison with a score of others.

"I'll take a single ticket," replied the woman, calmly, not deigning to notice the interruption.

"Here you are, mum. Seventy cents, please."

"Have you got change for $2?"

"Yes'm."

The rumble of the approacing 6:50 train was heard, and with a volley of groans, curses, and exclamations of disgust the long line of ticketless men broke up and made a wild dash to catch the train. "Damn that woman!" gasped the old gentleman as he grasped the rails of the smoker just in time to escape missing it.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the wondering woman as she put her ticket and her change into her pocket-book; "I never saw such a disagreeable, unmannerly pack of men in all my born days. What time did you say that train starts for Bethlehem, young man?"

THE BODY IN THE ROAD.

One Mississippi Woman Who Was Able to Take Care of Herself.

On a road in Mississippi we met a young lady on horseback, a plain-looking miss about eighteen years old, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. We were in a wagon, and as we met the driver halted his mules and saluted:

"Mawnin', Miss Libbie."

"Mawnin', Sam," she replied.

"Gwine long up?"

"Yes."

"All the folks tolerable?"

"Yes."

With that she rode on and our team started up. The road was rough and wound through the woods, and we had proceeded about thirty rods when we heard the report of a pistol.

"Quick, we're needed!" shouted my companion and he flung down the lines, leaped to the ground and took the back track at a run. I followed him and directly we came in sight of the girl. She was on her feet, working at the bridle of her horse, and lying on the ground not ten feet away was the body of a negro, hatless, coatless and barefooted.

"He was hidden behind that tree," explained the girl as we came up. "He got hold of the bridle and broke this rein. I think I killed him."

A small revolver lay on the ground by the side of her. We went over to it, when the legs began to kick, his eyes opened, and the fellow scrambled to his feet. He seemed dazed for a moment, and as he stood before us I saw blood oozing out over his chest. Then, of a sudden, he wheeled and bounded away into the thicket.

"You didn't kill him, Miss Libbie," said the driver as we went over to her.

"It's better, perhaps," she replied. "Here, Sam, give me a lift."

He helped her to the saddle, and as she gathered up the reins and cantered off she waved her whip as a farewell and was out of sight in two minutes.

"She's got nerve," I observed, as we stood looking after her.

"Yes," he replied, in an absent way, "but none to brag of. She orter finished after she got off the hoss."

With some people *EVICTION* must go before *CONVICTION*.

These people might have secured lodgers for some of the rooms of their flat, and thus paid their rent.

The husband and father need not have been out of work so long; he might have advertised for a position in the "Want" columns of THE WORLD at the time he lost his last place—six weeks ago.

In fact, WORLD "Wants" might have prevented the above scene if only *CONVICTION* had gone before *EVICTION*.