The World

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LIGHTS IN THE TUNNEL.

Incandescent lights have been placed in the darkest part of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel—between Eighty-sixth and Ninety-sixth streets. They are of about forty-candle power and strung 140 feet apart. This is the New York Central's first experiment at tunnel lighting. It demonstrates one thing that the Company has hitherto denied, which is that the colored signal lights are not obscured. It also shows the absolute necessity for better ventilation.

A representative of THE EVENING WORLD visited that portion of the tunnel this morning, and observed that after the passage of a train neither the electric lights nor the signal lights could be seen at a distance of forty feet, owing to the smoke and steam from the locomotive.

The experiment is also good, inasmuch as the New York Central has been finally made to realize that something must be done, and is the first earnest of victory for the side which THE EVENING WORLD is championing. What is gained in knowledge by these experiments will prove of great service in the instance of the passage of the Sulzer-Byrne bill, which makes the ventilation and lighting of the tunnel mandatory.

After the collision of Sept. 23d, 1882, although held responsible for the resulting deaths by the Coroner's jury and directed to ventilate and light the tunnel by the Grand Jury, this corporation remained absolutely passive until another accident with greater loss of life aroused the public's indignation. This is the strongest argument for compelling the ventilation and lighting of the tunnel.

THE SEARCH-LIGHT OF THE PRESS.

A most bold conspiracy to defraud has been frustrated, and through the publicity given by the newspapers. It is one more illustration of the fact that the press is the best protector of the people's interests. A man known as unmarried died leaving a fortune of two million dollars. Before its division among his heirs a lawyer appeared with a woman whom he alleges was the dead man's wife, and put in her claim for part of the estate.

Taking advantage of the statute which in this State holds as marriage the living together of a man and woman and his acknowledgment of her as his wife, a chain of evidence was worked up. The relatives were aghast, and a suggestion for a compromise was seriously considered. Then a bright newspaper man discovered the plot, and it was exposed in THE WORLD. The woman was a frequenter of low resorts and had been hired for the occasion, the lawyer and two other conspirators furnishing the money for the deception.

The boldness of the scheme is startling, and suggests the lengths to which the unprincipled may go. Had not the light of publicity been thrown upon this conspiracy it would undoubtedly have succeeded, and not only would the heirs of the millionaire have been defrauded of an enormous sum of money, but a good man's fame have been smirched. The conspirators fortunately are all under arrest, and their punishment may prove a warning to others of their ilk.

THE G. A. R.'S SILVER JUBILEE.

The Grand Army of the Republic celebrates to-day the first quarter of a century of its existence. From the most modest beginning in 1866 the organization has grown to majestic proportions. It has not stopped growing yet, and if this year's augment to its ranks is in keeping with the rate of increase in the past the next June meeting of the G. A. R. will number close onto half a million members.

Such vitality in a body of which the corner-stone is strong National feeling is cause for pride. The annual expenditure from its relief fund is about a quarter of a million. Its records show a disbursement of over two millions since its inception. The Grand Army of the Republic may then well celebrate this twenty-fifth anniversary of its hardy existence to-day, when it can look upon 7,178 posts, scattered through forty-four States and Territories. It shows no sign of decay and has by no means run its course.

The English Government has intimated that it cannot appoint MICHAEL DAVITT on the Royal Labor Commission. That he is well equipped for the position is not denied, and it is admitted that his knowledge of the oppression to which the working people are subjected would be of great service. Several reasons are advanced, but the true one appears to be that the Queen objects to him politically, and does not fancy addressing him as "our right trusty and well-beloved MICHAEL DAVITT" in the official notice of appointment. And England is objecting to our Constitution!

A new variety of strike is now going on in Berlin. The dog-catchers claim that they are underpaid. Heretofore they have received 12 cents per day; now they want 25 cents. Their demand has been refused, and the outcome is being watched for with interest.

Is it not strange that peaceful and respectable citizens, after leaving their bodily form, should return to do card tricks, slate writing and the like? The Adelphi Hall seance yesterday might be thought over carefully by those believing in Spiritualism.

The VANDERBILTS are after the Long Island Railroad system. But is not a more important thing the making safe of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel? What good would the Long Island Railroad be if the New York Central's cars were stopped at Mott Haven?

The man who tried to force Italy into war with the United States formerly controlled the Mafia and owes to it his political advancement. To the contrary notwithstanding, our Constitution has something in it.

President HARRISON's trip across the continent is said to be mainly for the gathering of points for a platform. He wants to cut his coat according to the cloth.

Pugilist ELLINGER, who so brutally chopped his wife to death in Jersey City, says he "is willing to hang." The public is quite willing that he should.

The Farmer's Alliance "intends to have reform or know the reason why." If it is for good, go ahead by all means.

"What the South needs is capital and to be let alone" is Senator GORMAN's conclusion after his extended trip.

ROSWELL P. FLOWER sometimes spends hours at the game of euchre. Perhaps he is practising up for JONES.

England is finding fault with our Constitution. But we can manage to get along with it for the present.

A six months' trial of the McKinley tariff shows higher taxes and a diminished surplus.

A momentous question—What is to be done with JOHN I. DAVENPORT?

Baron FAVA is still in Washington.

SPOTLETS.

In Ireland the measure of a politician's weight is expressed in stones at present, and not pounds.

It should be very easy for a detective to get on the trail of a woman now, if she is at all in the fashion.

The Italian question here will have to be considered without Fava.

The 1st of April is not duly appreciated by those to whom it is dedicated.

Girls, dress well, what'er you do!
It speaks, though you be mute;
Then if men don't follow you,
Why, they may follow suit. —*Exchange.*

One champion hillsdriist is always willing to take his one from a rival champion.

Sometimes a schoolmaster will sit down and get up convinced that he was on a wrong tack.

Another cuticle result: In the McCarthy-Dixon slugging match the application of black skin to a white man resulted in blue skin.

It is a little strange that Father Ignatius should have waited till Congress adjourned before giving his Washington mission. Is there no hope for the Congressman?

Gen. Booth thinks he is a great type-righter. He wants to right the bad types.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Geraldine's Fan.

I.

A dainty thing of silk and lace,
Of feathers and of paint;
Held often to her laughing face
When I assume the saint.

II.

Too dainty, far, to mix with these
Old pipes, cigars and books
Of bachelordom—rare life of ease,
Rare friends, rare wines, rare cooks.

III.

'Twill smell of stale tobacco smoke
For many days, I fear;
And bear full many a rattling joke—
And feel, perhaps, a tear.

IV.

Why is it here? Alas for me!
I broke it at the ball.
"Apologize—repair it!" See?
Five dollars gone. That's all.
Tom Hall, in Munsey's Weekly.

The Spot in the Veil.

I wouldn't be a rosebud in my charming Nora's hair,
Because, when I was faded, she would have another there;
Nor would I be a lily, 'tis so languorous and frail,
But, really, I would like to be that spot in Nora's veil.

I wouldn't be her slipper, for I couldn't see her face;
I wouldn't be her glove, because I might get out of place;
I wouldn't be her tiny cane, for fear my strength might fail;
But I would like to be that spot in darling Nora's veil.
—H. R. Heath, in Judge.

The Shame of It.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Customer—Why did you take your boy away from school?

Grocer—They were ruining him. Why, they were trying to teach him that sixteen ounces make a pound!

Caws and Effect.

[*From Puck.*]

"By Jove, old man, that is a nice crocheted necktie you have on!"

"No such thing; it's simply an ordinary black silk one."

"Well, that's crow-shade, isn't it?"

Of the Same Opinion.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Daughter—Father, Mr. Hendricks is a very bright young man.

Father—He must be. I notice that you never have a light in the parlor the nights he calls.

This is the Season

in which to purify and enrich the blood, to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the system, as the body is now especially susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar medicinal merit of, and the wonderful cures by, Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it the most popular Spring medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all humors, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood.

"For a first-class Spring medicine my wife and I both think very highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla. We both took it last Spring. It did us a great deal of good and we felt better through the hot weather than ever before. It cured my wife of sick headache, and relieved me of a dizzy, tired feeling. We shall certainly take Hood's Sarsaparilla again this Spring." J. H. PRANCE, Supt. Granite Railway Co., Concord, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Gloves Seen on Fifth Avenue—Oddities in Iron Work—A Summer School of Art—Crepe as Serviceable Fabric—Miss Eastlake in Mourning.

A great many girls are seen on Fifth avenue morning and afternoon beautifully gloved in white kid, stitched with black or violet braid.

Bessie Bradwell Helmer, daughter of Judge Bradwell of Chicago, studied law as soon as she could read. Her mother, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, has been editor of the Chicago *Legal News* since the great fire of '71. From the time of her graduation to the birth of her little child Mrs. Helmer compiled ten volumes of Bradwell's Appellate Court Reports. Catherine V. Waite, editor of the *Law Times*, is another shining light of the Fair City.

There are 500 different shades of sewing silk in the complete stock of New York merchants.

Some of the swellest English walking hats have a single rosette or a single stiff quill for trimming. They will be much worn for Spring shopping and travelling.

Crepes are the most serviceable fabrics in the market as well as the most artistic and least weighty. They wear like gunny, never crumple and are the artist's choice. That they will be worn for travelling there isn't a doubt. When Sarah Bernhardt came to America she was dressed in a short toilet of wine-colored crepe trimmed with narrow watered ribbon and she looked like a rose.

A Summer School of Art has been projected by Mrs. W. S. Hoyt, and she is seconded in her scheme by Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Austin Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, Mr. Stanford White and a number of other equally well-known men and women. The teachers of the new Shinnecock Hills schools are to be Miss Lydia T. Emmett and Mr. W. M. Chase. Two large farm-houses, commanding a fine view of the ocean, have been engaged, and in these art students will find good lodging and food at a low price. A housekeeper will manage domestic affairs, and the belief is that the pupils will progress much faster in out-of-door study than in a studio.

Bonnet pins are more popular than ever. The designs are quaint but very small, and some good stones are used in the setting.

In knickknacks iron work is much admired. Candelabra with several lights, toilet mirrors, set in handsome frameworks, with candle holders above and on each side; hall door bell-pulls (in imitation of old ones), and handles to white enamelled furniture, fire-iron stands, candlesticks and supports of flower vases of all kinds. A pretty design for a hanging night-light glass was a large bat with outstretched wings, holding the chains of the little red lamp.

The Chicago Board of Health has five women inspectors. The first thing these hygienic angels did of note was to have their pictures taken, framed in ivory and silver and presented to the Mayor and Chief Health Inspector.

Miss Eastlake the English actress is in mourning for her mother. She began her engagement as a star in the new Olympic Theatre London last month in "The Yorkshire Lass." It is true that Miss Eastlake is engaged—engaged for an American tour beginning Oct. 5 in Philadelphia.

Miss Alice Fletcher was lately given a brilliant reception by the Wimodaughsis Club, in Washington, in honor of her becoming a Fellow of Harvard. The fellowship has been endowed with $10,000 by Mrs. William Shaw, of Pittsburg, Pa., as a memorial to her late husband, and to facilitate the philanthropic and scientific work of Miss Fletcher. It is given to the Trustees of Peabody Museum, with which Miss Fletcher has been connected as a special assistant.

A charity, to be called the Mary Eleanor Benson Gift, has just been founded by the Archbishop of Canterbury and endowed with £2,000, which devolved on His Grace at the recent death of his oldest daughter, and which she expressed a wish should be thus applied. The Secretary of Lambeth Palace writes: "The interest is to be used for placing poor good girls, in whom Miss Benson took the deepest interest, for training as domestic servants in training homes, also for helping such girls with an outfit, or with caution-money on their becoming servants or shop assistants, and for sending any former recipients of the fund to convalescent homes or for a needed holiday at the sea or in the country."

Only 50 Cents on the Dollar.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"Vocalist, the tenor, charges $5 for singing one song. Isn't that high?"

"Oh, I don't think so. A five isn't much to pay for a tenor."

Weighing the Chances.

[*From the Epoch.*]

He—Would you be mad if anybody should see me kiss you?

She—Is anybody looking?

A Paradox.

We shall always wonder why men constantly complain of physical ills, and continually act so as to increase them. Notwithstanding everybody knows that dyspepsia, skin diseases, rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, &c., are from impure blood, produced by ill living, the diseases still exist. The next best thing is to purify the blood by HOOD'S BLOOD CURE and neutralize results. *

THE CLEANER.

In an uptown hotel there is a neat device for lighting cigars. It is the bronze figure of a boy with a stick in his hand. You take the lighter and rub the tiny brush of exceedingly fine wire at its end along the figure to the stick when it lights! There is a little battery, and the electric spark generates the light. It was an interesting cigar lighter.

* * *

A new theatre, a new hotel or a new chea lunch counter—when will the time come that New York will not hold out promise of patronage to them? Let a new one open and it is filled at once. Of course the town is growing constantly. Then theatre-goers in these days of long runs of plays find themselves too soon at the end of their ticket and are glad to find a new play-house to add to the list. But the theatres, the hotels and the lunch counters all flourish, which is proof enough that the new ones are not superfluous.

* * *

I regret to see that Dr. Fordyce Barker is not fully equal to the demand made upon him for professional services. Much of his work has to be delegated to his assistants. Dr. Barker's fine old age is still vigorous, however, and he is only treating himself with a consideration worthy the patient and the physician.

* * *

F. J. Allen, of the Astor House, is as comfortable a Boniface as the town affords. I saw him in the corridor of his famous caravansary a few days ago, and he looked a stranger to the grip or any of the ills which mar this sublunary lot. Cheerful intercourse with one's kind is a good preservative. I hope he has not gotten the grip since.

* * *

The imperturbable calm with which Mr. Charles Coon moves about creates the impression that whatever may be the thoughts or feelings in his mind in regard to a Treasury position, he does not subtract anything from his hours of sleep to indulge in them. And I do not think he does.

* * *

A paper devoted to the interests of letter-carriers has made its appearance. It is called the *Mail Coach*, and judging from its first number, it promises to be an interesting and chatty periodical. It is to be issued every two weeks.

* * *

What a mysterious influence style has in making a fashion of dress attractive or the reverse, quite independently of prosperity, fitness, or elegance in the thing itself. Is there any casuist, male or female, who can say one word in favor of the trail of a street gown sweeping the unutterably dirty surface of our New York streets, except that—it is the style? And is there any apologist, man or woman, who can say a word in favor of the loose unlifting tagginess of a truly swell box-coat, except that—it is the style? That can be said for each, and it is enough to insure their irrational existence till it will be equally true to say of each that—it is not the style.

* * *

I saw F. K. Hehn yesterday as he was leaving his studio in the Chelsea. Hehn is an excellent marine painter. On this occasion he seemed slightly irritated. "I have just broken a frame in trying to place it myself, instead of getting help, and I am mad enough to kill two or three men," he said. But there was no gore in his eye, and he probably resigned himself to the loss of seventy-five dollars as philosophically as he could.

* * *

Seeing the portrait of our beloved Mayor Grant in several places of late has led me to wonder a little what can be the motive that leads to this cult, so to speak. It is no injustice to Mayor Grant to say that his countenance, regarded merely from an æsthetic point of view, is not such that lovers of pure beauty feel an insatiable longing to rest their eyes upon it simply for delight. One of the places where the portrait hung was a shop window, and doubtless it was a bid for the attention of passers-by. But another place was a rather fashionable restaurant. It couldn't have been put there as an appetizer. Perhaps it is simply a question of friendship. Quien sabe!

* * *

A lift is shown to have a pretty good carrying capacity when fifteen or twenty stout men get in it and are whisked skyward. But one of these heavy office safes was put upon a downtown elevator the other day and the lift refused to budge. It did look like taxing a dumb thing's powers a trifle.

* * *

Rev. Walter Elliott is still engaged on the life of Father Hecker, the sturdy Paulist who founded and gave such vigor to the congregation of priests of that name. Father Elliott is a fine, earnest worker in the same field as the good man whose Boswell he is, and admiration for the subject of his biography makes his pen facile in reproducing the well-known character of his late superior.

* * *

Maurice Barrymore on the street and Maurice Barrymore on the stage are two very different individuals to the eye. In his dress suit, and carefully groomed, Barrymore is severely elegant, but his ordinary appearance is not that of the man of fashion at all.

WORLDLINGS.

A San Diego firm is building a vessel entirely of soap, and will sail it about the bay during the reception of President Harrison. It will be the first boat of the sort ever launched.

The Recorder of Deeds for Logan County, Alabama, is a woman, Miss Cora V. Diehl. She is only twenty-one years old, and is a talented stump speaker as well as a clever politician.

Dickens's home, Gad's Hill Place, is a great object of interest to Americans in London. It is now the property of Francis Law Latham, and remains just as it was when the novelist died.

There is still a great deal of superstitious nonsense in the mind of the average mariner. Even the best educated sailors refuse to put to sea in a vessel that carries the body of a dead man.

The fact that many of the houses of Portland (Ore.) and San Francisco are built of redwood is given as a reason for the few destructive fires that occur in those cities. The wood is almost uninflammable, and, though a fire will smoulder in it, it never blazes. The great objection to the use of this wood in the Eastern States is that it will not stand the alternations of heat and cold.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Mamie Peterby, of Austin, Tex., became separated from her little brother while they were out walking.

"What's the matter?" asked a kind-hearted gentleman, as he observed her perplexity.

"Have you seen a gentleman anywhere walking around unaccompanied by a lady?" asked Mamie.

A Disturbing Force.

[*From Judge.*]

Mrs. Cumso (reading)—Austria has been disturbed by an earthquake.

Cumso—Oh, well; any country would be.

A Mining Note.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

"A meerschaum mine in Florida is the latest discovery."

"I'm not interested in mines. I've invested in too many mines that turned out to be mere sham mines to care anything more about them."

A Possible Case.

[*From Life.*]

Jones—It's the most curious case on record.

Brown—Tell me about it.

Jones—Well, you see, he kissed his wife in the dark, supposing it was her sister. She kissed him, supposing it was his brother. They embraced each other for ten minutes before they discovered the real state of affairs. Now they are outs trying to get a divorce for kissing each other.

FUN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A Few Illustrated Witticisms Culled from Various Sources.

HE FOUND OUT.

[*From Judge.*]

I.

Country Member G. A. R.—By gum! here I've been tryin' in a quiet way fer more'n ten years to get a pension when these city fellers hang out their application on their front windys. I'll try that game myself when I get back to the 'Corners.'"

II.

He found out.

At Last.

[*From Life.*]

"Bress de Lawd. It's come; it's come!"

"What's come, mammy?"

"Why, de Judgment Day, yo' brack ignyramus. Didn't yo' heah dat Gabriel's trumpet? An' dere goes yo' good ole fadder up at de first sound."

Theatrical News.

[*From Puck.*]

Mr. Hamlet Ticounter (on the homestretch)—What are you doing, me boy?

Me Boy—I'm hidin' eggs an' savin' 'em for Easter.

Mr. Hamlet Ticounter—Ah, indeed! What company opens here at Easter?

Impatience.

[*From Judge.*]

The wrecked seamen are shaking dice to see which shall furnish provender for the other.

Bill—Tie shake, by all that's green! You had an ace full on fives an' there's another jest like it.

Jack—Say, Bill, let's take a bite out of each other afore we shake it off. I can't wait another minute.

He Meant It Well.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"Fo' de Lawd, Missus, but dat chile hab got a fine voice."

"You think so?"

"I do fo' suah, ef it was only powed."

"Powed, Uncle Ned! I guess you mean cultivated."

"Yes, dat's it. I knowed it had someting to do wid a farm."

Most Likely.

[*From Puck.*]

"It was just like Paris to give the apple to Venus."

"Wasn't it? I suppose Boston would have given it to Minerva."

Fatal to Piety.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Wool—Why are you so sure Bilkins's piety will be short lived?

Van Pelt—He had a birthday yesterday and his wife gave him a fountain pen!

An Unavoidable Delay.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Bingo—I went into the antique furniture dealer's to-day to get that seventeenth century chair you admired so much, but he had just sold it.

Mrs. Bingo—How unfortunate.

Bingo—Yes. He said it would be at least a week before he could turn out another like it.

All Broken Up.

[*From Puck.*]

The Shah (on the morning after the dinner)—"What was that, Effendi, that we so much partook of last night?"

Attendant—"It was labeled 'American cocktails,' your highness."

The Shah—"Have a thousand gallons sent to Teheran at once. It shall be used to remove the plotters against my throne."

Same Line of Business.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Two old friends met on Madison avenue the other day for the first time in ten years. After the customary shaking of hands, &c., one of them said to the other:

"What are you doing now?"

"Me? Why, I am a doctor. What are you doing?"

"I've killed a lot of men myself since I saw you last. I am sheriff of a frontier county out in Colorado."

INFANTS treated during teething with MOSELLE'S TEETHING CORDIAL are exempt from pain. 25c.*

CURRENT SPORTING GOSSIP.

Lyman and Daley Fight to a Finish This Week.

The Misfortunes of the Nonpareil Athletic Club.

The wheelmen were not slow in taking advantage of the fine weather yesterday, and in consequence there were representatives of nearly every club in this vicinity to be seen on the various drives on the outskirts of the city and on Long Island leading out of Brooklyn.

* * *

The yachting men are beginning to stir themselves and get in good shape for the fast approaching season.

* * *

The kid-glove fight to a finish between Jack Lyman, of this city, and Eddie Daley, of Providence, will take place during the present week.

* * *

Dexter Park, Long Island, will be occupied by a gun club nearly every day this week. The Waverleys shoot there to-day, the Acmes to-morrow, the Parkways Wednesday, the Unknowns Thursday and the Wauntgans Friday.

* * *

Joe Hornung, who had a three years' contract with the New York Club management and who has been released, has given up the fight and has signed with Manager Pat Powers of the Buffalo Club.

* * *

The games rolled Saturday night in the Kings County individual bowling tourney resulted as follows: Kopper, 132, 157, 110; Lowery, 129, 144, 181; Kopper, 176, 138, 139; Durkee, 129, 136, 123; Lowery, 172, 164, 154; Durkee, 140, 149, 150; Smith, 121, 199, 145; Muster, 131, 123, 126; Smith, 189, 175, 164; Kopper, 166, 137, 96; Smith, 129, 175, 172; Kopper, 156, 117, 123.

* * *

The Nonpareil Athletic Club has had the misfortune to be turned out of its club-rooms, which were in an old stable, for non-payment of rent, it is said. It was a club which turned out more good fighters than any other athletic club in this city or vicinity.

* * *

The scrapping element of the Nonpariel Athletic Club is clinging to Patsy Doody, and has formed an organization which is to be known in the future as the Peerless Athletic Club.

* * *

A lively mill was going on Saturday night between Johnny Banks, the clever colored pugilist of this city, and Tom Kelly, of Philadelphia, when the police put a stop to it. They were in the sixteenth round.

* * *

The New York Athletic Club applied for member-hip in the Eastern Amateur Lacrosse Association, but was unsuccessful in its efforts to get into the charmed circle.

* * *

The cross-country runners are getting themselves in prime condition for the three great events which are to take place before the close of the present month. The annual run of the Suburban Harriers is to be held April 11, the annual championship of the Long Island Association, April 18, and following that comes the amateur team championship races at Morris Park, the great event of the season.

* * *

The New York League Club had a very close call Saturday in its game with the Princeton College boys, and it was only the fine rally in the ninth inning that saved them.

* * *

Johnny O'Reagan, the oarsman, who used to row double with Gouppert under the colors of the Metropolitan Boat Club, and who won the championship of America in 1886, has decided to row again this season and is having a new single shell built by Waltis, the boatbuilder. Johnny has been running a saloon on the Bowery and another one at Coney Island during the past few years and has therefore become quite rusty in his rowing.

* * *

The Manhattan Athletic Club members are not saving much, but are working like beavers to gather in all the first-class men in every branch of amateur sport. They are not satisfied with their share, but they want everything in the shape of banners and medals.

* * *

The Domitian Athletic Club gave a reception Saturday night on its departure from its old club rooms. Over two hundred invitations were sent out for the occasion. This club has been organized since December last and has a membership of sixty-seven. The rapidly increasing membership compelled the club to seek other rooms, which are being handsomely fitted out.

WAS IT SPONTANEOUS?

The Peculiar Fate That Overtook a Drunken Southern Negro.

The supporters of the much-disputed theory of spontaneous combustion have received fresh grounds of belief from the case of Milton Hardcastle, of Baltimore, whose remains were recently found nearly consumed in his shanty on the outskirts of that city, says the Kansas City *Globe*.

Hardcastle was an old negro of unknown age, enjoying a small monthly income left him some years ago by his former owner, Col. Eustace Hardcastle, and which went almost entirely for whiskey.

It is said that the negro consumed a gallon and a half a day, and would often buy and drink the pure alcohol in large quantities, often for days at a time partaking of no other nourishment.

He lived all alone, being of a singular, taciturn disposition, so that it was some days before he was missed, but his shanty was observed to remain closed, and search being instituted he was found in his bed burned nearly to a crisp, while the mattress and clothes were only slightly scorched.

The room was in perfect order and no trace of fire was found on the hearth, which was swept clean, and as Hardcastle was known to have been unique among negroes in never smoking the whole affair seemed shrouded in mystery.

Dr. Everhardt was called upon by the authorities to make an investigation and gave as his opinion that it was a case of spontaneous combustion. In this he has been supported by several other prominent physicians, who agree in declaring the circumstances admit of no other explanation.

A Considerate President.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

"Is Harrison the kind of a man to cherish resentments?" we asked of a prominent Republican who had recently returned from Washington city without having acquired an office.

"Oh, no; he is of a very forgiving disposition."

"He is forgiving, is he?"

"Yes; he is for giving everything to his personal friends."

A Significant Present.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Mrs. Bronson—What did your husband give you as a present for your wooden wedding?

Mrs. Hicks—The mean thing gave me a handsomely painted decoy duck.

A Deferred Settlement.

[*From Puck.*]

Highwayman—Your money or your life!

Mr. Slowpay—Aw—I'm sorry to say I'm on of funds just now, but can't we compromise matters? Suppose I give you a little thirty-day note?

A Bad Aim.

[*From Puck.*]

"How did the cough mixture work that I gave you?"

"Badly. I spilled it all over the bed clothes."

"How did you come to do that?"

"I didn't notice that they were hanging out on the line."

AMONG THE PLAYER FOLK.

Plaint of Members of the Emma Abbott Opera Company.

The Circus Having a Gloomy Effect on the Theatres.

Many of the members of the late Emma Abbott Opera Company have been unable to obtain positions since the death of the kind-hearted woman who was the star of the organization. After Miss Abbott's death there was some talk of reorganization, but the schemes fell through, as theatrical schemes very frequently do. And now there is some dissatisfaction in the air, and side-lights begin to twinkle. A member of the company openly expressed his dissatisfaction yesterday. Said he: "It is not generally known that Miss Abbott, shortly before her death and when in a condition of semi-exhaustion, signified her desire that the members of her company should be paid. At least I think it can be interpreted in that way. Her manager was in the room. She gasped forth, 'I want you to pay'——. She could not finish the sentence, but its import was clear to me. She meant that we were not to suffer the pecuniary loss that her death would entail. She knew that she was dying, and she asked later that her treasurer should be sent to her. The treasurer did not see her in time. If he had done so things might have been very different with us now. The large fortune that Miss Abbott left and the many charities and churches that she aided would surely point to the fact that she had no intention of leaving a large organization adrift in the middle of a theatrical season. She was a lovely woman in every way, charming, considerate and amiable. She is to have a monument and she deserves it."

* * *

Edmund Mortimer, the playwright, is ill at St. Vincent's Hospital in this city. Mr. Mortimer contracted a bad case of grip in Boston, where he was reciting. He is now convalescent and will probably be abroad soon.

* * *

Mme. Annie Ruppert is to appear in a "dress-play" at the Academy of Music one afternoon this month. The play, it is explained, was written for the sole purpose of exhibiting a number of costumes in which the Ruppert is interested. Alas, how few are the playwrights who are honest enough to confess that their efforts are sartorial. And yet half the "society plays" of to-day are nothing but dress-dramas.

* * *

The circus is causing theatrical managers to look very glum. In many houses during the past week business has been very bad—many houses, mind you. This paragraph will never be cruel enough to tell which they were.

* * *

The Imperial Opera Company—there is nothing like good high-falutin title—will be heard at the Academy of Music during the Summer. Frank Dupree's opera, "King Kalko," will be the attraction. Miss Camille D'Arville, Frank David, Fred Solomon and Charles Dungan will be members of this organization.

* * *

Actor on Rialto—Yes, he is a very excellent star. He once played Hamlet to my Rosencranz.

* * *

"As plump as a quail and as lively as a monkey, Maggie Mitchell still has her ability to draw. If anything, she is quicker in her steps, and throws her skirts higher than before." This is the pleasing and graphic description of the perennial Maggie that appeared in a Kansas City paper. It is not everybody that can be as plump as a quail or as lively as a monkey. How would Lydia Thompson like such a criticism?

* * *

"The Canuck" led the Niblo management a lively dance last week. Several members of the company were sick and Mr. Rankin was indisposed. On one occasion the curtain was not rung up until nearly nine o'clock. "The Canuck" was to have remained at Niblo's for two weeks, but Mr. Comstock skirmished around for an attraction and secured "A Lucky Man."

* * *

The McCaull Comic Opera Company is rehearsing "The Tar and the Tartar" in Philadelphia. Rumor has it that if Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly is still a member of that organization she will undoubtedly be cast for the Tartar.

* * *

Manager Eugene Tompkins is going heart and soul into the production of "Home, Sweet Home" at the Academy of Music. The scenery is already being painted by W. H. Day, and it is to be of a very elaborate nature. The features of the play will be numerous, as already stated. There will be a horse race with four horses, a cider mill, a double quartet and a hundred supers. There will be in addition to the four horses, two pigs, four sheep, two geese, a competent cow, a dozen chickens and fifteen other actors. Mr. Tompkins's partners in the enterprise will be Messrs. E. G. Gilmore and Alexander Comstock. The date of the production is now set down for May 4, two days after the departure of "The Old Homestead." The authors of "Home, Sweet Home," Messrs. Fowler and Whitton, two young men, are highly elated at the stroke of fortune that has brought to them a production in a metropolitan theatre of such an excellent reputation as the Academy.

* * *

William Ludwig evidently does not consider it a very great honor to be engaged for the season of English opera at the Grand Opera House, under James W. Morrissy. His manager, Francis J. Ward writes: "Announcement of a summer season of opera at the Grand Opera House has been made in your columns. Among the names of artists appears that of William Ludwig. In justice to the public and to Mr. Ludwig will you kindly state that the use of Mr. Ludwig's name is unauthorized? Mr. Ludwig arrives here March 17, and will return to Europe immediately after the Louisville Festival which takes place in the latter part of May. During his brief sojourn here all his time will be devoted to festival, oratorio, and concert work."

A Phenomenal Record.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Dashaway—This mental science is a great thing. They've been doctoring a friend of mine who has been a great drunkard.

Cleverton—How is he getting on?

Dashaway—First rate. He hasn't taken a drink for two days.

She Liked That.

[*From the Epoch.*]

He—You are N. G., Maria?

She—What do you mean?

He—Nice girl.

She—Oh.

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