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## WILL-O'-THE-WISP PROFITS.

The desire to make money quickly so affects the judgment as to often lead men of intelligence to invest in unsound enterprises. The blind confidence exhibited by moneyed men in financial schemes, the nature of which they know nothing of, is often astonishing. The $17,000,000 gathered in by FERDINAND WARD is a striking illustration of this, and we constantly hear of similar cases, although on a smaller scale. The author of "The Proud Miss McBride," whose wealthy father, after accumulating a fortune by saving and industry, lost it through unwise speculation, laments over this variety of human weakness in these words:

Alas, that those who have their box
Of cash beneath the strongest locks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks
And rush upon speculation's rocks,
Without the least apology.

The outcome of the failure of the Winner Investment Company in Kansas City shows that the example of the elder McBride is still being followed. The heaviest losers are New Englanders, and the wonder is how people living so far East would stake their all in an enterprise so removed as to be beyond the obtainment of correct intelligence of its operations. The amount of money received last year from investors in the Boston office of this Company alone amounted to $3,000,000, and the allurement held out was simply a high rate of interest, from six to ten per cent. being offered for money advanced. If a financier in their own vicinity should have gone to these same investors and offered to pay them ten per cent. interest, tendering good real estate security, they would undoubtedly have refused the offer, thinking that there must be something behind it, and yet they place their money without security so far away that they can know nothing about it after it leaves their hands.

Mr. FERDINAND WARD adopted a very beautiful method for obtaining money. He offered large interest, and paid it out of the capital that was intrusted to him. What can be easier, where one is not bothered by scruples, and if he can obtain large sums of money without security, than to pay fifteen or twenty per cent. of it back to its owners, and then going quietly into the hands of a receiver. The best thing to do with hard earned money is to invest it safely and be satisfied with legitimate interest. No one is going to make a fortune for any one else through pure philanthropy, and all enterprises offering extraordinary inducements should be looked upon warily. The unfortunate parent of the proud Miss McBride should be considered as a terrible example.

## THE DEADLOCK AND THE LEGISLATORS.

The deadlock has been widely prevalent in legislative circles far and wide during the past Winter and thus far in the Spring. Both State and National bodies have felt its paralyzing force, and on certain men and measures its effect has been scarcely less fatal, in a political and legislative way, than has that of the grip epidemic in a real mortuary way upon the world outside the lawmakers.

At Albany there have been several acute attacks, and now there is another, which, like its predecessors, is attributable strictly to the presence of political microbes in the atmosphere surrounding the affected organization. It is in the Senate that the present case of deadlock has appeared. Grave fears are expressed that it may extend over all the remainder of the session and even lead to the necessity for a special session. The trouble springs from a resolution authorizing a roving investigation of the canal system in the State. This the Democratic Senators denounce as an attempt to provide a pleasant Summer pastime, at State expense, for Republican committeemen, with the furnishing of an incidental opportunity of making Republican capital in various districts for use in the Fall elections. In support of this interpretation of the resolution's purpose, the refusal of the Republican Senators is cited to allow an Assembly Committee, which would have a Democratic majority, take part in the investigation.

To denunciation the Republicans make reply with allegations which, it would seem, should have been brought out earlier in the session, if founded on fact. Meanwhile important public business waits, and there are only nine working days for the Senate before April 30th will be past.

It seems pretty certain that on the second balloting in the Geestemunde district, BISMARCK will be elected to the Reichstag as the National Liberal candidate, since many who voted against him in the first event will either vote for him now or abstain from voting entirely, rather than aid the Socialist candidate in any way. While the old ex-Chancellor would undoubtedly have been gratified at an election on the first polling, he is yet fond of a good fight, and having deliberately chosen the candidacy in a district where the opposition to him would be the strongest, he may pride himself on the success which now seems clearly at hand.

The rewards which come to a good man through his own well-doing can't quite cover up the sense of injury just now felt by JOHN CARROLL, of Bethune street. During Thursday night's big fire he opened his home to shelterless sufferers through the flames, and in pursuit of his kind object had permission to pass the fire lines. An officious policeman clubbed him outside the lines, broke one of his thumbs and locked him up. He caught cold in the station-house and the bluecoat is liable to catch something else when Mr. CARROLL gets well.

The death-chair is not without its value. It may deter from crime. A man imprisoned in Long Island City for murder tried to kill himself through dread of the electric seat. Such a tribute is undeserved but gratefully felt. The man could not have read the papers, or he would have believed the sentence to the death chair seems to mean immunity from speedy or sudden decease. In its shadow men live long and peacefully.

Prince BISMARCK has not lost his courage. Yesterday, in receiving a deputation of Kiel Conservatives, he said: "The Emperor would do well to desist from conceding further reforms, and to revert to the conservative policy maintained by his grandfather." The old statesman insists that he has a right to express his opinion on public affairs.

The Commercial Congress at Kansas City has split on the rock of politics, against which it was blown by a committee report on free coinage and the tariff. For a time there was a tumult rivalling some of the scenes in the late Fifty-first Congress at Washington.

Inspector WILLIAMS about hits the nail on the head when he says: "There may be such a thing as an individual member of the Mafia, but I do not think any organized band bold enough to threaten the lives of citizens has an existence here. It's all nonsense."

The blacksmith's apprentice who resented the badgering of some small boys by seizing one of them and burning a hole in his abdomen with a red-hot iron committed an awful deed of cruelty. But it is an eloquent tribute to the powers of a small boy to annoy.

That wasn't such an ill wind from Italy. It wafted to Uncle Sam the idea that it might be just as well to hurry up his coast defense plans and the armor plates for his new navy; and these things he is now proceeding to do.

Italy is taking measures to strengthen her army. With more strength and grasp in some of her diplomatic departments she might have less call for adding to her already burdensome military budget.

The suit to recover a grocer's bill from a granddaughter of the late Commodore VANDERBILT reveals a condition of affairs, the privacy of which seems worth far more than the amount of money asked for.

We should not worry about a tight money market here when gold closes at 252 per cent. premium, as it did at Buenos Ayres yesterday.

Of course, the Indians do not want to enter the army. It is too much like hard work. They prefer to do nothing and be supported.

The People's Municipal League protests against the Saxton Ballot law amendments and accuses the learned Senator of blundering.

The Park Board permitted the flower market to remain open until 8 A. M. to-day. It should be open at least until noon every day.

Minister POSTER is likely to remain in Italy until summoned back by the Home Government.

All that is now necessary to make the Tunnel Safety Bill a law is the Governor's signature.

Make the Bridge promenade free.

# THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

## Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

### Long Skirts Are Unhealthful—Don't Buy Cheap Gloves—Chiffon Ruffles Are Expensive, but Preferable—Lorgnette Handles—Lady Barter's Gowns.

Trailing and "dipping" skirts are dirty. This is not a season of boisterous health, and women disposed to throat troubles cannot afford to sweep up the germs of disease to be found under foot, for future inhalation.

Lace flounces will probably be worn this Summer, but not the very deep ones reaching to the waist. From twelve to eighteen inches will be the more general depth, and set rather full on to a perfectly plain skirt, and with a heading of trimming or lace. These skirts will be adaptable, insomuch as a short bodice, with panier affixed, or a tea jacket may be equally worn; while it is especially suitable for the Louis Quinze coats, or for a deep tabbed basque with a full basque of lace fixed beneath. Embroidered and printed flouncing will be very generally set in large flat plaits, but in some instances the embroidery is used for the back, and the front is of the plain material, slashed to show plaitings, and the slashes outlined with the narrow embroidery. Corslets are cut in the most fantastic of forms, but those tabbed or cut in battlements top and bottom are the newest and most generally admired.

Fashion is ever gay, but one cannot dress too severely out of doors. For the street-cars, the L trains, the stage, the shops, for market and church, the well-bred woman is simply, quietly, plainly dressed.

If you buy gloves pay at least $1.25. There is neither beauty nor economy in cheap gloves.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas who belongs to some thirty clubs and knows all about bee culture is a great lover of clocks. Striking clocks are in every room in the upper and lower hall and on several niches. At noon and at midnight when all these ring out the hour a stranger might say it was 132 o'clock.

The light fluffy ruffles of embroidered and plaited chiffon are very expensive, 85 cents to $4 a yard, but they give a waist a finish that no other ruching will.

At the Margaret Louisa Home, in East Sixteenth street, built and maintained by Mrs. Elliott Shepard, 6-o'clock dinners are served at 30 cents. The diner has a choice of two meats, with soup and vegetables, a dessert and coffee. The service is nice enough, but the waiter-girls have the hauteur of princesses and the foods are as cold as charity.

Few smiling woman are seen abroad nowadays. "Why so sad?"

Among the ornate sticks, handles and rods for lorgnettes is a slender bar of aluminum as long as a lead pencil, cut in squares and set with alternate diamonds, sapphires and spinel rubies. These lorgnette sticks are perfectly dazzling and suitable only for house, ballroom or ceremonious occasions.

Mrs. Langtry is delighting the world of women by a magnificent exhibition of nice dresses in her play of "Lady Barter." There are five changes, each one of which seems prettier than the last. In the first act the Lily wears a riding habit. The bodice is of the regulation coat-shaped, black in color. Underneath there is a waistcoat of horsecloth with large blue spots. The skirt is beautifully fitted. The horsecloth referred to is a kind of goods new with the season. It comes in many shades and is diversified by large hairy spots of the same or a contrasting color. The spots are oftimes of ecru upon a black ground, giving a leopard-skin effect. Again they are of white and brown upon a blue ground, or yet black and white upon a deep red foundation. The effect is showy and generally good. In "Lady Barter" Mrs. Langtry lays claim to wearing the largest sleeves ever seen in a dress. The gown which bears them is a polonaise dress with a petticoat of pearl gray satin, with scroll work done in gold and fawn color. The polonaise is of fawn silk trimmed lightly with gold passementerie. The sleeves are fashioned on the leg of mutton pattern, and are immense above the elbow. The prettiest dress of all is said to be a light blue crepe de Chine tea gown. On one side of the skirt is a cascade of pale yellow, slightly draped. The bodice is sufficiently tight-fitting to show the contour of the waist. Zouave forms of gold embroidery outline the armholes, and a gold embroidered collar stands smartly upright. Two pairs of sleeves accompany this gown, producing at will an appearance so different as to suggest a change of gowns. One pair of sleeves is of yellow material, to match the cascade on the side of the skirt. The other is of blue crepe de Chine. Both pair of sleeves are full and flowing.

## SPOTLETS.

Look out for a creek in the door in the time of freshet.

⁂

Making mistakes is entering into knowledge by the side door.

⁂

Tenny's coronet is safe from the American heiress.

⁂

A man may forge ahead without being considered a forger.

⁂

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
"Were I rewarded as my worth
I'd own the big and bloomin' earth?"
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

⁂

It shouldn't be a reproach to the farmer that "he wants the earth."

⁂

Goodword, seeing the rowers on the Harlem, said the river was a perfect Golgotha, a place of sculls.

⁂

Nobody should complain if this year's Spring chickens are undersized. Consider the Spring!

⁂

Kate Field Kate-ers to thought pretty well.

⁂

Blaine is a man of note, but the Italian Government wants him to be a man of notes. There is no satisfying some people.

## VAGRANT VERSES.

### The Unseasonable Serenader.

Out in the chill of the midnight gloom
Stood the youth with his light guitar,
Unheeding the microbe's threatening doom
And the chanticleer's note afar.
And he sang full long, full loud, full sweet
To his lady love on the window-seat
Who gayly sent him from time to time
A bud or a nosegay to cheer his rhyme.
And this is the lay
That would skyward stay
When he cleared his throat and began to play.

"Oh, lady sweet, whose smile I prize,
Unloose to me, I pray,
The tettering fringes of thine eyes;
Keep not their light away.
The stars above are gleaming clear,
Each sylvan voice is still,
Nor comes the prying sun to peer
Across the eastern hill.

"Come forth then, to claim all the homage that's due
From devotion to beauty—from me, love, to you.

"No ray thad gilds the arch above
Cad e'er so steadfast be
As the libbeasurable love
Thad fills my soul for thee.
Thed be not coy to leab thy hobe
Ad ramble here and there,
For dights like these were made to roab
Ad breathe the balby air.

"Cobe forth—this id awful—the hobbage thad's due—
From devotion—atchoo!—beg your pardod—atchoo."
—*Washington Post.*

### The Laborer's Hire.

There are thousands of workers who ever work
With a seat and ambition grim,
Who never see their toil complete
Or the wages that they win.

Where the crowd is busiest there they throng,
Their poison they scatter free;
With a willing hand they labor hard,
For a master they never see.

Theirs the reward that comes for aye,
With the last-drawn sobbing breath,
When the sight of eternal sleep comes on—
For the wages of sin is death.
—*Edwin Ralph Collins, in Texas Siftings.*

### Consolation.

They say the baby looks like me,
Bald-head, short and slim;
But no one's said—and hence my glee—
That I resemble him.
—*Geo. W. Neepap, in Judge.*

# FUN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

## A Few Illustrated Witticisms Culled from Various Sources.

### An Impossibility.

[*From Puck.*]

Amateur Actor (to Prompter)—Say, Billy, I'd give ten dollars to be out of this. When I go on the stage I'm sure that I'll have a bad case of stage fright. My t-t-teeth are ch-chatterin' now.

Prompter—Well, there is one point you can rest easy on.

Amateur Actor—Wh-what's that?

Prompter—Your knees won't knock together.

### City Accomplishments.

[*From Judge.*]

Deacon Hardscrabble—An' how's your nephew gettin' along in college, squire?

Squire Oatcake—Purty well, I guess. Th' last time I was in town I noticed that he could eat in French, smoke in Spanish, and drink in German.

### An Ethical Point.

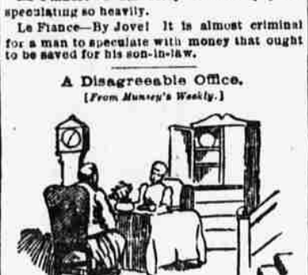
[*From Life.*]

La Fiancee—I am sorry to hear papa is speculating so heavily.

Le Fiance—By Jove! It is almost criminal for a man to speculate with money that ought to be saved for his son-in-law.

### A Disagreeable Office.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]



She—Do you think ladies should be allowed to hold offices in the church?

He—Certainly, but I shouldn't think the dear creatures would care to be elders.

### Hard to Please.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

St. Peter—You say you are from New York, and that you are a mugwump?

Applicant—Yes.

St. Peter—Well, come in. We will do the best we can.

### Matrimonial Item.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Parson Smith—You have been married more than thirty years, and now I hear that you are applying for a divorce.

Venerable Parishioner—Yes, Parson, but remember "better late than never."

### It Would Be Appropriate.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

"We are a nation of typewriters," said Cynicus.

"Then we should have a Dictator instead of a President."

### A Logical Conclusion.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Jack—I want to marry a woman who does not consider marriage the chief end and aim of existence.

Dick—I suppose you want to marry a married woman, then.

### Two Views.

[*From Puck.*]

Boston Girl—I have always been taught that marriage is the end.

Chicago Girl—Well, I haven't. Out here we regard it simply as a means to the end.

### Still Human.

[*From Puck.*]

"Is your musical critic in?" asked the little woman.

"Yes, madame," returned the editor. "That is he, over by the window, whistling 'Annie Rooney'!"

### In Connecticut.

[*From Puck.*]

"Willy, you have been stealing them preserves."

"No, I haven't, neither."

"Yes you have. Where do you expect to bring up if you continue this way?"

"Over in Gov. Hill's state, I s'pose."

### Too Sound.

[*From Puck.*]

"'A kick may kill a sound divine,' as the poet says."

"Well, I'll bet it wouldn't faze Phillips Brooks."

### A Worse Slavery.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Guzzler—You are ruined by your sentimental ideas, Gusher. You are a slave to woman's smiles.

Gusher—All right, old man. You're a slave to your own smiles.

### Aid for the Deserving.

*To the Editor:*

Mrs. Hershfield, President of the Ladies' Fuel and Aid Society, requests me to inform you that, owing to the article of Nell Nelson's headed "Among the Poor" and published in THE EVENING WORLD of Wednesday, April 15, she received three ladies' suits, one pair of men's shoes and $2 in cash for the Society from Mrs. W. D. Fitzhugh, of Mount Morris, Livingston County, N. Y.

JULIUS BLUMBERG, 17 Canal street.

New York, April 17.

MOFFETT'S TEETHING CORDIAL produces calm and healthful repose during all stages of teething. 25c.

## THE CLEANER.

None of the many friends of Supt. William A. Conklin, of the Central Park Zoo, felicitates him upon his marriage more sincerely than does The Cleaner. The circumstances attendant upon his courtship form a basis on which to predicate the confident assumption that the handsome blonde Irish lass will prove to him a helpmeet in every sense of the word. They have in common love for and much culture in natural history. The sly manner in which the bridegroom secured his leave of absence for the wedding, "to see if he could cure his grip," is characteristic of the man's modesty. May the pair live long and be happy.

* * *

I saw Mrs. Gen. Grant disappearing into her house with a maid one of these pleasant days. The relict of the great General had been taking the air on foot, a very sensible thing at this time of the year.

* * *

The Twenty-second Regiment Armory, on Fourteenth street, looks as if it had suffered an assault. Every pane of glass in the building, and there hundreds of them, is broken. Very suggestive of desertion and the playful Davids of the street, who would rather attack a building than a man with their pebbles.

* * *

I got my lunch in quite a fine "coffee and cake" saloon one day, being pressed and hungry. The appointments were considerably better than usual, and everything was scrupulously neat. I found that a young man not twenty-three was the proprietor of this establishment, which he had made the money to start himself. There is American enterprise.

* * *

There is an artist in town rejoicing in the name of "G. Washington." Whether the "G." is for George and the good man feels unable to live up to the whole of such a name, or whether it is Gilbert, and he consequently retains only the initial in order to recall more the Father of his Country, I do not know. But it is a name to suggest the need of fame as a support for it.

* * *

I saw that reverend lecturer, Dr. Maynard, conveying a pronounced limp down Broadway on one of these radiant Spring days. The unfortunate limp was in his left leg, and is not as serious for the Doctor as if it were in his speech. He had on a pair of pearl isle-thread gloves, which seemed a reminiscence, a vernal reminiscence of the past Lent.

* * *

A tiny Gavroche of the streets was bowled over by a reckless truck-driver at Madison Square the other day, but happily escaped any broken limbs, though his face was badly scratched. He was just the child for a painting, with his large eyes and small features. The driver also injured the dashboard of a Broadway car. It makes little difference to these impatient teamsters what they run down, but it is a pity they can't spare the sparrows of the street.

* * *

Said a practical business man to me: "If the Elevated road needs more room for its South Ferry west side terminus, why didn't it utilize the street space to the eastward of its structure instead of clamoring for greater width on the park side. It builds without hesitancy over Park Row, Sixth avenue and Forty-second street. Is State street more sacred than these?"

* * *

I saw a party of politicians who had stayed over after Gov. Hill's reception to have a quiet chat with His Excellency, trying to get into the Executive Chamber in the Capitol at Albany Thursday afternoon. The massive door to the ante-room, instead of opening inward, as is usual, opens into the corridor. The leader of the party turned the heavy bronze knob and pushed, but the door would not yield. He turned again and pushed harder, but the door remained obdurately shut. A suggestion was made that he change his tactics and pull. He did so, and with the exertion of just the least effort the heavy door swung open. "I ought to have known that," laughingly remarked the gentleman. "No matter how pushing a man may be he must have a little 'pull' to succeed here."

## TREATING A CUSTOMER.

### But His Purchase Was Not Up to Expectations.

A short time ago one of St. Paul's prominent dealers in musical instruments gave an opening, embracing an attractive entertainment, to the public, says the *Globe* of that city. The succeeding day a young man, denominated in circus patois as a "Reub" walked leisurely into the establishment and said:

"Got any ice-cream on draught?"

"This is not a refreshment bazaar," replied a salesman softly.

"I knowed that, but yer had some in here yesterday."

"Oh, yes, that was an opening day, and we did entertain a large number of our friends with cream. You should have been around."

"I waren't though, but I kinder reckoned you might have some left over. Couldn't yer manage to give away some if a man was ter buy a musical instrument?" And the youth picked up a $40 guitar, thrummed it carelessly, at the same time resting his basilisk eye on a $550 upright piano.

"I think we could; Charlie, see if there isn't some cream in the back room for this gentleman. Please walk right in, sir."

The prospective customer walked in as directed and was handed a nut-brown chocolate ice.

"Yer give some cake, too, yesterday, I understand."

A plate of macaroons, jelly cake, and lady's fingers was promptly placed beside him, after which he demanded a glass of ice water. The repast over, he re-entered the salesroom, wiping his mouth on the back of a big hand.

"Wall, I'm through," he said.

"Yes, sir; now what can I do for you?"

"Of course I don't propose to eat your cream under false pretenses. You've toted squar with me an' I'll tote squar with you. You may give me one of them nickel-apiece kazoos I seed in ther winder."

### Not Her Own.

[*From Boston Post.*]

"In the bright lexicon of youth," simpered Miss Oldemade, "there's no such word as fail."

"Ah," queried Miss Bud, kindly, "whose lexicon have you?"

### Reduction for Quantity.

[*From Judge.*]

Chicago Woman—How much do you charge for securing a divorce?

Chicago Lawyer—One hundred dollars, ma'am; or six for five hundred.

The Red Flag is Flying.

Many imitations and simulations of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are being sold, and it is our duty to raise the "danger signal."

HEED THE WARNING.

You cannot be too careful: you cannot scrutinize too closely. When you ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS you want "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," Don't Be Imposed Upon, see that you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," refuse all others, take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

WARNING BELL OF SPRING.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA,

Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.

WONDERFUL SPRING MEDICINE

The Great Strengthener of the Nerves.
The Finest of all Stomach Medicines.
The Best Blood Tonic and Invigorator in the World.
Sure Restorer from Weakness.
Perfect Regulator of Liver and Bowels.

*Are you nervous, restless, irritable?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Do you get nervous easily, lose your nerve?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Does your heart palpitate, your limbs tremble?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Do you pass sleepless nights, wake tired mornings?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Have you strange, faint feelings, loss of memory?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Do you feel blue, have sense of anxiety, foreboding?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Are you weak, tired, without ambition or energy?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Is your blood poor, your vitality low?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Are you bloodless, thin and want to grow stout?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Do you have headache, dizziness, dull-feeling head?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Do you have dyspepsia, indigestion, gas, bloating?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

*Are you bilious, your kidneys disordered, bowels constipated?* Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York, the well-known specialist in the cure of all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted FREE OF CHARGE, personally or by letter.

Sufferers at a distance should send a description of their cases by mail. Send for symptom blank.

## WORLDLINGS.

The new Earl Granville is a pale-faced lad of nineteen. He is at present a student at Eton, and cannot take his place in the House of Lords until he attains his majority.

Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, is an omnivorous reader, and his house is the first destination of all the new books received at the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa. He is a man of great charm of manner and of exceeding tact.

Lucas Pass, an aged resident of Barcelona, in Spain, is the head of a family of 279 persons. He has thirty-nine living children—sixteen daughters and twenty-three sons.

One of the finest artists of the day in Spain is a woman—Mme. Anselma Lacroix. She has a studio in Paris, and the work of her brush is said to be so admirable as to place her at the head of the women artists of the present decade.

Sir Charles Dilke is very fond of fencing, and in one of the rooms of his London house he has a choice collection of old swords and handsome rapiers.

### Could She Have Looked Beneath the Surface.

[*From Pun.*]

Miss Recherche—Will you join our opera party for Thursday evening, Mr. Demarest?

Poor Jack Demarest (easily, but mentally speculating as to how much he can get on his watch)—Well, I think so, Miss Recherche, but it will depend a little upon my uncle, who is inclined to be capricious.

### Amounted to a Good Deal.

[*Harvard Lampoon.*]

Baggs—And you say you have addressed the leading judge in the State.

Jaggs—Yes, sir.

Baggs—What did you say?

Jaggs—Not guilty.

Baggs—Why, that wasn't much.

Jaggs—It wasn't, eh? Well, I got six months for it.

## A WONDERFUL STONE.

### When Broken, Each Half Had a Perfect Likeness.

When Mr. Loughton was Spanish consul at Boston, says the St. Louis *Republic*, he was one day standing near where some ballast stones were being thrown overboard from a vessel that had recently arrived from a European seaport.

Among the rubbish was a flint pebble somewhat larger than a hen's egg, which, when it struck some of the larger stones, separated in the middle. Mr. Loughton stooped and picked up the two halves.

On each half, in marks made by the natural growth of the stone, were two perfect human heads in profile, all of the outlines of features and hair being perfectly distinct, the natural portrait being much darker than the surrounding stone. The most surprising part of the whole incident is the fact that, even though the two halves fit together exactly, one of the faces was clearly that of a male, the other that of a female.

Even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to the sex, yet in the stone they were face to face.

### Method In Our Madness.

[*From Judge.*]

Englishman—If you Americans think so much of the American idea and all that, why do you flock to England so?

American—To escape from the most offensive type of Englishman.

### Not Necessarily for Publication.

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

Litewayte—"Know thyself," as the old Greek proverb said.

Bronson—But don't tell anybody, unless you want to ruin your reputation.

THE NEW YORK HERALD

IT COVERS THE NEWS FROM POLE TO POLE

READ TO-MORROW'S NEW YORK

SUNDAY HERALD.

Among other features it will contain

PUBLIC TRUST BETRAYED.
Light thrown on astonishing neglect of duty in a city department.

KEELEY ON HIS MOTOR.
The mysterious inventor explains his theory of latent force.

TIME'S TOUCH ON FACES.
Portraits showing how New York celebrities looked at various ages.

"ELSIE," by Americo Gori.
Words and music of a beautiful song that was heard for the first time at the Manuscript Club Concert.

Shirley Dare's discourse on a subject both difficult and delicate. Mercury and the Sun. Brilliant chapters of "Donald Ross." A delightful story by Octave Thanet. Paris fashions up to date. A capital cartoon. Agnes Huntington's sparkling remarks, and multitude of special features, instructive, entertaining and amusing.

Price 5 Cents.

The Best Time to Take Medicine

Is when it will do you the most good. And there is no doubt that the Spring is the best time, for two reasons.

Because (1st), The system is now

Most in Need

of a good blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to expel the impurities which have accumulated in the Winter months, and which are liable to appear in serious forms of disease.

Because (2d), In sympathy with the changing season, we find ourselves now

Most Susceptible

to the benefits to be derived from medicine. The milder weather has a debilitating effect known as "Spring Fever," or That Tired Feeling, which is quickly overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It is a very wise thing to begin early with a course of Spring Medicine, as many people do, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the popular favorite for this purpose.

It does purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, create an appetite and give great nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

Threatens to Raise His Board.

"Seeing a great many testimonials of the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, I thought I would write and tell the good it has done me. Eight years ago I had inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to the bed three months. Last year I was laid up six weeks with rheumatic fever. A short time ago, just a year after my first sickness, I felt pains all over my body and thought I was in for it again. Just then I saw and read a circular advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla, and thought I would give it a trial. It has done me so much good that I thought I must write and say I made a good investment of one dollar in medicine for the first time. It has driven off the rheumatism and improved my appetite so much that my boarding mistress says I must keep it locked up or she will be obliged to raise my board with every other boarder that takes Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS BURRELL, 99 Tillary street, Brooklyn New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

Of all Seasons
Of the year

Now Is The Time

And of all
Medicines

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best
To take to

Purify Your Blood

And to
Overcome

That Tired Feeling

It is the
People's Favorite

Spring Medicine

Be sure
To get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar

There is nothing more conclusively proven than that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical and reliable blood purifier. If we could show you the many letters we receive from people of whom we never heard before, telling of remarkable cures of scrofula, salt rheum and all kinds and degrees of disease of the blood, you would be as fully convinced of and as enthusiastic over the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla as we are. You may realize the benefit to be derived from this excellent medicine by taking it this Spring.

It Is Invaluable.

"For over a year we have been using that admirable preparation, Hood's Sarsaparilla, among the inmates of St. John's Home, with constantly increasing benefit and satisfaction; we want nothing better. In cases of general debility and loss of appetite we find it invaluable; also when an impure state of the blood is indicated by eruptions, &c. We shall continue to keep it among our regular supplies." SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, St. John's Home, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Weak and Tired.

"Last Spring I seemed to be running down in health, was weak and tired all the time. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did me a great deal of good. My little daughter, ten years old, has suffered from scrofula and catarrh a great deal. Hood's Sarsaparilla did her more good than anything else we have ever given her, and we have tried a number of medicines." MRS. LOUISA CORP, Canastota, N. Y.

Good Health and Energy.

"We have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla in the family for several years. I do wish that every family had it in the house, as it would make times better, *i.e.*, every one would have more confidence and energy after taking a few bottles. Good health and energy improve business, poor health the reverse; if all took Hood's Sarsaparilla there would be no dull times. I will always use it and advise others to." MRS. H. D. FERRELL, Rondout, New York.

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