The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 4.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

PER MONTH..... 30c.
PER YEAR..... $3.50.

Vol. 31.....No. 10,849

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

☞ BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

LOVE AND TRAGEDY.

Because he loved pretty MARIE FOSTER, whom he had known long ago in Paris, FRANCOIS PETTIT, an ex-butler, was taken to the New York Hospital yesterday, the doctors said to die. Also because FRANCOIS loved her, MARIE was taken to the same institution, suffering from a bullet wound which will not kill her, but which will leave a scar always to mar the beauty of one rounded cheek. PETTIT shot the girl when, for the third time, she refused his offer of marriage. Then he turned his glittering weapon on himself. One girl friend of MARIE who saw the tragedy, saw, too, that PETTIT, after he had fallen bleeding to the floor, dragged himself inch by inch along until he could lay his head gently upon the breast of the woman whom he had meant to kill.

There is nothing new about this tragedy of passion, but it prompts the ever new question: What is true love? A jingle in the opera has it that such a devotion "must all unselfish be." Surely it is not unselfish when one whose love is rejected insists not only in destroying his own life, which he believes to have been broken by the rejection, but also demands that the other life, that may hold promise of untold happiness for itself and others, shall not remain to the world. This is passion that destroys. It cannot seem like the love that builds up. Yet who can tell what oceans of pity, of repentance and loving grief may not have surged over and above the fearful despair which for a mad moment had controlled FRANCOIS PETTIT'S heart and mind when, dying as he believed he was, he crawled to lay his head on the breast of the girl he had wounded? Is it not possible that in that instant, his whirling brain relieved through one frightful outburst, he would fain have restored the one he loved to all the strength and beauty he had sought to destroy?

HIS FIGHT OVER.

Dr. BOTHWELL'S long fight with Death is over. The grim destroyer has won. But the glory is all to the man who made such a good fight. Throughout the whole period of his suffering Dr. BOTHWELL has been the object of the deepest sympathy from the public. It is not too much to say that thousands who a fortnight ago had never heard his name will heave a sigh of almost personal regret over the news of his death.

The reason is simple. SHAKESPEARE gave it so long ago: "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin." There is not a feature of Dr. BOTHWELL'S case which does not strongly appeal to the warmest human feeling.

The big, strong, hearty man swallowed the cork which killed him while laughing with boyish enjoyment at the antics of one of his children as he was prevailing on the other to take its medicine. Then he did his duty as long as he could, preaching till his voice was reduced to a whisper. Then he suffered. Patient unrepining, too full of life not to love more of it, and yet resigned to any issue, he fought hard and submitted to painful operations till even his magnificent physique was worn out. In the intervals of consciousness in the last moments he called to his wife, full of tender affection for his own to the very last.

Such an example is so human and so fine that whoso has heart within him must love and respect the noble fellow who has gone. He has won his laurels by the exercise of the most common human qualities most uncommonly displayed.

It is a pity that a life so worthy could not have been spared. But it is something to know that his death awakens the feelings in his fellow-men which he would have most wished to touch. They are feelings which do credit to them and to him. The one comfort is that he suffers no more.

ART AND TEMPTATION.

Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, in a harangue in which he yesterday opposed the Sunday opening of the Museum of Art, pronounced that "the devil is in those paintings," and told at length of terrible temptations to men which he declared to exist in the pictures on the Museum walls. If the Colonel's reasons are good, as against the Sunday opening of the Museum, they are just as strong against opening it on any day, or against allowing people to view such collections under any circumstances.

It happens, however, that the temptations which Col. SHEPARD has found exist only for those who choose to find them. The Colonel should stay away from the Museum.

The next Congress should provide our navy with one or two good torpedo-boats. Also with sufficient torpedoes. One hundred are being made at present. The success of the torpedo in the Chilian operations has stimulated to greater interest in these effective instruments of warfare. The Whitehead torpedo, which is the class we make, is regarded as the best in use. Bring them along.

The grip has begun to monkey with Liverpool, and with the humor which seems to characterise this sportive epidemic it started in by downing the clergymen and knocking out the whole staff of the hospital. If Liverpool has been given to jesting remarks about the grip they will probably cease.

The Poles of New York celebrate to-day the first centenary of Poland's last Constitution. These men in free America recall with gratitude the freedom which that Constitution accorded to their brethren in "the fair land of Poland." What finer cause for exaltation can freemen have than that which has made them free?

The last of the BORGIAS has died a pauper in Germany, leaving his titled relict a very distressed washerwoman, who is dying in a public hospital. What a fate for a BORGIA! How the poisonous LUCREZIA would resent such degradation of the name! Poor man! He was not even a brilliant murderer.

Paducah, Ky., has had a tussle with a tornado. These wild Western cyclones when they get in their fine work on a thickly inhabited region win ever so much more respect for their prowess than when whirling around on prairie lands. May none of them strike New York City.

A delightful experiment was made by the Prince and Princess BLUCHER at a dinner they gave lately, where the lettuce for their friends was grown on the table under the guests' eyes. What a pleasing relief it must be for a dinner with a bore on each side of him to watch the salad grow!

RUDINI has come down to considering BLAINE undiplomatic and the New Orleans controversy a bootless one for Italy. This is very different from talking of gunboats and of ordering Minister PORTER home.

Three hundred persons at the reception in Brooklyn to the Parnell delegates! Good proof of how PARNELL is regarded just now. Not long ago it would have been three thousand, not three hundred.

State Senator FASSETT declares himself not a candidate for renomination. He must, then, be content with the fame and vetoed bills for investigation expenses that he has already achieved.

The saddest evidence to her friends of the change in ANNA DICKINSON must be her own present utterances on the platform.

SPOTLETS.

A great many "got a move on" on the 1st of May.

Salvation army men are making light of the Gospel the wrong way when they elope with other people's wives.

It is perfectly just to weigh a peanut in his own scales.

"But" is grammatically a conjunction. But from a goat's point of view it is something more.

The gas may fail, the wells go dry,
Grates be without a flame,
But he who reads the meter's dial
Gives you the usual bill to file
And gets there just the same.
—*Exchange.*

The home-plate of the Millionaires' Club will be of "tin," which the millionaires must supply.

Malaria in Central Park is pond-erous.

The United States seems to have more difficulty with the high seas than a good tenor does.

The strictly American dinner is something of a tex all by itself.

Something must have "gone against the grain" with "Old Hutch."

WORLDLINGS.

Miss Lizzie Chase, a young artist of Louisville, has achieved an enviable triumph in having two pictures admitted to the Paris Salon this year. The pictures are the first she has painted since leaving the studio of her teacher.

Secretary Rusk's "Horse Book" is in great demand at Washington. The first edition of 20,000 copies has been exhausted and a new edition of 100,000 copies is in the press.

According to a writer in *Harper's Young People*, "foolscap" paper derives its name from the act of the English Rump Parliament in ordering the use on the paper of a water mark representing a fool's cap and bells in place of the royal arms. This is the "sentimental" etymology of the word, which is really derived from the Italian *foglio capo*—literally "head leaf" or sheet—the name given to that particular size of paper by the early Italian paper makers.

A St. Louis physician is authority for the statement that hypnotism has been very largely introduced into the every-day practice of the doctors of that city.

Mrs. Alexander, the novelist, is a tall, handsome and rather portly woman, with a fresh complexion, fair hair and blue eyes. She is in every way a striking figure.

VAGRANT VERSES.

My Lady's Spring Flowers.

I love the lily of thy brow,
The violet of thine eye;
The rose that of the cheek learned how
To flush and flush and die.

I love the modest mignonette,
Sly symbol of thy grace,
That somehow hath contrived to get
Its quiet in thy face.

The orchids kings, amid the crowd—
Which match thine empress air,
I love these in thee when thou'rt proud,
That I should call thee fair.

I love the pansies velvet-clad,
The rosemary and rue,
For once, when thou, my love, wast sad,
These comfort flowers grew.

But most of all, forget-me-not,
I love thy promise true;
To doubt thee, it doth let me not,
And it doth grow there, too.
—*H. C. C., in Brooklyn Life.*

Woman Architects.

And so a woman took the prize
For her design in architecture,
A world's-fair building will arise
To do her honor, I conjecture.
Thus women's work puts on new features;
They always were designing creatures.
—*Judge.*

A Singer to a Singer.

A robin sat upon a tree.
And sang and sang and sang and sang.
"You do that well, O Young Birdie!"
A poet said as by passed he.
"It could not be
Much better done by me
Or Andrew Lang!"
—*Puck.*

Induction from Particulars.

[*From Judge.*]

Watson—Benson, how was your play received?

Benson—Well, sir, the crowd laughed itself sore.

Watson—Ah? I didn't know it was a tragedy.

A Compliment Appreciated.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Uncle Tom (teasingly)—It seems to me I noticed a tell-tale blush on your cheek last night when Jack came up for his waltz.

Grace (a girl of the period, delightedly)—Did you really? I tried awfully hard to blush, but I was afraid it wasn't noticeable.

An Undercut.

[*From Puck.*]

Jenny (at the window)—There go Clara and Tonie. I don't like those girls.

Kitty—But you must learn to like them, dear, now that you are engaged to Tom.

Jenny—What has that got to do with my liking or disliking them?

Kitty—They have both agreed to be sisters to him.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Pete Went to Camp-Meeting.

We were driving along a highway leading to Olmstead Falls, O., when we met a farmer's team driven by a farmer. As we came opposite he pulled up and saluted us and then asked:

"Gents, perhaps you've got a little whiskey with you and wouldn't mind giving my son Pete a nip to brace him up till I kin git him home?"

"Where is your son?" I asked.

"Right here," he replied, pointing to a young man lying at full length on the hay in the wagon-box with three or four grain bags for a covering.

"Yes; here's a flask of whiskey. The boy seems to have been badly hurt."

"Badly hurt hain't no name for it. He's had the life lambed right out of him!"

"Got caught in the tumbling-rod of a threshing machine?"

"Oh, no. He's bin down to the camp-meeting at the Falls. The consarned idiot! but I told him to keep away! I told him Elder Davis was there, for I saw him myself and if he went down there and begun to kick up kangaroo the Elder would light down on him like an owl on a meddermouse. No use, though. The tarnel fule started right out just the same!"

"And what happened?"

"This happened!"

And he pulled off the bags and showed us a stalwart young man with his front teeth gone, his nose broken, his eyes blacked and one eyebrow split open.

"Then he found Elder Davis?"

"Oh! no! Elder Davis found him! Pete was a-spittin' over his left shoulder and upsetting the benches to the tune of 'The Sweet-By-and-By,' when the Elder came along and reached out for him and drew him in. Pete, here's some whiskey to keep life in you till you git home. Raise your head up a little, so. How you feelin' Pete?"

"Orful, dad, orful!" he whispered.

"Went to camp-meetin', didn't you, Pete?"

"Y-yes."

"Went agin my advice, didn't ye?"

"Y-yes."

"And Elder Davis stopped preachin' long 'nuff to lamb your constitushun into a continential cocked-hat, didn't he? I told ye, Pete, I've knowed the elder since he was ten years old, and he's allus bin jist as good on the lamb as on the preach. You went out to slay, and you got slathered, and I'm pizen glad of it! Much obleged, gents. I'll git him home and git a doctor, and try to patch him up. Don't reckon he'll ever be able to jump 'leven feet agin on the level, but mebbe he kin airn his keep layin' up rail fence and milkin' cows."

Criticising a Woman's Job.

At 10 o'clock the other forenoon a woman appeared on the steps of a house on West Tenth street with a paint-pot in one hand and a brush in the other. Three or four new boards and a part of the railing had been put in last Fall without painting. She had probably spoken to her husband four hundred times about that little job of painting, and on three-hundred and ninety-nine occasions he had replied:

"I'm going right by a paint shop and I'll stop and send a man up."

On the other one occasion he had probably growled in answer: "Hang it! Give a fellow time! I'll bring up some paint and run over it myself."

Those steps were now to be painted. You could read that fact in the woman's eye a hundred feet away. The paint-pot contained some old white lead, which she had soaked up with water, and the brush could have been used as a hammer had there been any nails to drive.

The boards were damp with the dew of the night previous, but this cut no figure.

She brought out a bottle of sewing-machine oil and poured it into the keg, and then added a pint of kerosene from a bottle.

The mixture, as she dipped the brush into it, seemed to be a combination of stewed pumpkin, crushed strawberry, mangled pie plant and slaughtered huckleberry, so far as color went, and she flew into the house and brought out what appeared to be a bottle of camphor.

When she had stirred this in, the general hue of the paint resembled a brindled dog chasing a rabbit through a thicket of alders.

With a cautious look up and down the street the woman began to use the brush. She was delighted to find that it slipped over the wet boards so easily, and the aroma of mixed camphor, kerosene, fish-oil and sulphur did not disturb her in the least.

She first used her right hand and then her left, then took the brush in both and smoothed the combination down. After every "swipe" of the brush she'd look up and down, and twice in a few minutes she dodged in to escape pedestrians who might be critical.

There were wet spots where the paint would not take hold, and she was going over these for the third or fourth time when an old man, smoking a very short clay pipe, came along and stopped to view the job.

He looked so good natured that she asked for his opinion. He looked into the pot, gave the hard brush a "tunk" on the railing, and after a general survey of the streaks and dashes and daubs, he replied:

"Well, mum, it isn't for the likes of a workingman like me to criticise a real artist like you, but being as you have asked for an opinion, and being as I always speak the truth, I will make bold to say that if you had added more vinegar and pepper it would have been more to my humble taste."

"Vinegar and pepper? How do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, mum, begging your parding agin, it is sort o' betwixt and between. It is neither what they calls a h'artistic chromeo nor yet a cabbage salad, and I'm advising in my humble way that you drop in a dozen clothespins, a few herrings, a couple of old boots and a box of strawberries and pass it off for what they calls a h'artistic h'etchin'. Good day, mum."

M. QUAD.

Free to Hope.

[*From the Washington Post.*]

"May I hope?" he asked, after his seventeenth rejection.

"Yes," she replied, "you may."

"Because——" he said pleadingly.

"Because," she responded earnestly, "this is a free country."

Nothing New.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

"I hear Browsie died of consumption."

"Yes—consumption of cigarettes."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Kingsley's Opinion of Women—Shell Hairpins Frequently Seen—Turquoises Are in Demand—Oscar Wilde's Mother Writes a Book—The Advantages of Learning a Dressmaking System.

Here is Charles Kingsley's opinion of women. At an Introductory Lecture at Queen's College, 1848, the late Mr. Kingsley said: "In teaching women we must try to make our deepest lessons bear on the great purpose of unfolding woman's own calling in all ages—her especial calling in this one. We must incite them to realize that chivalrous belief of our old forefathers among their Saxon forests, that something divine dwelt in the counsels of women; but, on the other hand, we must continually remind them that they will attain that Divine instinct, not by renouncing their sex, but by fulfilling it; by becoming true women, and not bad imitations of men; by educating their heads for the sake of their hearts, not their hearts for the sake of their heads; by claiming woman's divine vocation as priestess of purity, of beauty and of love."

Hairpins of shell, with ornamental top of twisted gold, valued at $75 each, are not uncommon in the streets of New York.

Turquoises were never more popular. Heart-shape stones are the rage for pins, earrings and finger rings.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, it is said, means to make princes and princesses of her children. Hence her long residence abroad. Mr. Astor, who has taken Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, at a rental of $25,000 a year, is not paying that large sum for a mere dwelling-house in a fashionable locality, for he has with the mansion a very fine collection of sculpture, principally the work of Canova. Lansdowne House dates back to the reign of George III., and it was the very centre of the fashionable world a generation ago. It was there that the celebrated Sarah Lady Jersey held her brilliant receptions when her three beautiful daughters were the belles of London society. Lady Jersey survived all three; the youngest, Lady Clementina, died unmarried, and Lady Adela, who made a runaway match, was one of the last, if not the very last bride who was married at Gretna Green.

Encouraged by the financial successes of her son, Lady Wilde has written a book of essays called "Men and Books." This grand old lady is a gifted linguist and still holds her famous London salons.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has arranged that at the great University to be erected in memory of her son at Palo Alto, Cal., both men and women will be admitted on equal footing. Although everything is to be as complete in its equipment as it can be made, £40 a year is to cover the sum of maintenance for each pupil.

The first element of our idea of womanliness is, of course, external, and is derived from gentleness of bearing, from movements not so soft as to be subtle, not so slow as to be indolent; yet there may even be swift and brisk motion, with this ideal in action retained, provided there be nothing rude or boisterous.

The masculine woman is strong only with other women and with womanish men. The womanly woman conquers every one. With men her power is in the inverse ratio of her approach to anything resembling themselves; the woman, not the man in her, attracts; and singularly enough, her power is greater with most women also from this heightening of her feminine side. This, however, is a very insignificant matter beside the circumstance that a woman is fulfilling her destiny, and living the life appointed her, and developing herself on the lines of nature, by keeping in view the greater use she can be, and the greater joy and comfort she can give, through the exercise of those traits which seem to have been set apart for her characterization.

There are constant demands for women who can charm snakes. The supply is very small, and the wages are $100 a week, with all expenses paid.

Crepons are likely to be even more popular this season than last. These beautiful textures are embroid-red with sprays of flowers throughout their entire length.

It is a good plan for any one who fits her own dresses to learn "a system," so that she can do it properly. In that case her dresses will not have that crude look which the dressmaking or millinery efforts of one who is merely an amateur are apt to have. Study also the test fashion plates and notice the changes in the cut and seams of the new bodices and the general "hang" of the skirt. The present effort of the dressmaker is to give a tapering effect to the waist and a slender, willowy effect to the figure, in direct contrast to the bouffant fashions of a few weeks ago. In order to do this the side seams of the back of the bodice are made straighter than they were, but tapering in at the waist till the middle forms are very narrow. It is quite a common thing to bring the seam of the side forms to the shoulder. The darts are also tapered in and brought very near together in front. Sleeves remain large and high on the shoulder, but are closer to the forearm than they were. They are very long. In elaborate dresses they fall over the hand, but this extreme length is not yet worn in the street.

WHEN an article of furniture at FLINT'S (14th st. and 6th ave.) does not quickly sell at cost price, a lower and lower price is marked until the bargain is taken.

THE CLEANER.

I saw in a druggist's shop a petition to which a number of names were annexed, asking for the opening of the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday. The clerk told me that several ships had been filled with names before this one. These petitions are scattered through the different shops. I sincerely hope this may mean a universal popular demand for the Sunday opening which will shake the directors into assenting. I wonder if my genial friend, Oliver Sumner Teall, is at the back of this? He was on the war path with such a petition some weeks ago.

* * *

Mrs. Calvin Brice, who, wherever Mr. Brice may belong, considers herself very rightly a New Yorker, was in a box at the theatre a few nights ago, looking very well indeed, I thought. Mrs. Brice is as inclined to *embonpoint* as her husband is to spareness, but she carries it with such lightness that one does not realize that she is a heavy woman.

* * *

I see Mrs. Poultney Bigelow is in New York this week. She is a charming Boston woman who spends a great deal of her time here. Mrs. Bigelow has an exquisitely delicate face, and her gray hair gives her the distinction of some Marquise of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

* * *

Few men in Harlem are getting themselves more talked about at present than Rev. Drs. Day and Virgin. Their efforts to arouse public sentiment for the betterment of public morals are commended in the spirit; but several good Harlemites emphatically protest against the wholesale charges made from the pulpits that the uptown suburb is filling up with disreputable resorts. If the reverend gentlemen will give a bill of particulars, say real estate men and property-owners, effective measures to block the inroads of vice will be taken at once.

* * *

I was in a restaurant one day lately where a number of Germans are wont to go. Two small frauleins, about four and five respectively, ambled about the place while their parents discussed dinner. One of the little towheads so captivated an old gentleman that he bestowed his ice upon her. Her sister then took a turn at flirting with the venerable man, and was rewarded with his strawberries. It was very funny to see the tots bearing off their spoils with perfect gravity.

* * *

Tom Kelly, the *premiere* of New York male skirt dancers, was rather bothered in his graceful *pas seul* at a late entertainment by the slow time at which the orchestra took the music. He vainly tried to quicken the leader into a more vivacious tempo by two or three glances, but it was of no use. It was very irritating for him evidently to have his movements clogged in this way. It made his dance much more difficult for him.

* * *

I saw Edgar Fawcett wandering about in the Springtime, apparently not a bit stirred to poetic reverie by the several blandishments of earth and ear. Mr. Fawcett does not look the poet, with his well-fed, florid corporosity, but he gets the muse under his thumb as well as he writes novels. Better, some people think.

* * *

The steam yachts are beginning to course up and down the North River. This is another sign of the advent of Spring. The yachts and the robins come out together. Nobody can blame the yachtsmen for taking to this delightful pastime as soon as weather permits. The Summer seems only too short.

* * *

I hear that Mr. O. D. Seavey and his wife will sail from Jacksonville for New York next Thursday. Quantities of New York people will recall "mine host" of the Ponce. Miss Maria a' Becket, the artist, will come North with the Seaveys. They have been taking a rest at Ormond, with its sea-scented breezes, for the past week.

A CURE FOR THE CROUP.

Simple Remedy for the Terrible Affliction Discovered in France.

Several papers of Paris have published that Dr. Laugardierre, of Toulouse, had at different times experimented with success with a new treatment of sure efficiency for the cure of that terrible disease, the croup. The new treatment consists in the use of sulphur. Dr. Laugardierre narrates thus his first experiment in the Paris *Temps*:

"I called for some sulphur powder, took a tablespoonful of it, which I diluted in a glass of water, ordering to drink one tablespoonful of the mixture every hour, shaking it before using. Next day the child was better. New potion for the next day. The following day the child was cured. The only thing left was a loose cough, which I attributed to the false membranes circulating in the tracheal artery.

"Asking the parents to save it for me in case the child should expectorate them, two days later a sudden fit of coughing expelled them, and three dried-up pieces the size of a large bean were brought to me."

After that cure the doctor obtained several others, but none more convincing than the following:

"A little girl was dying; neither cry nor the least sound could come from her larynx; the pimples of diphtheria were on the ears, neck, head and cheeks; her wheezing breathing could be heard twenty meters off."

The doctor had secured a probe to insufflate nitrate of silver into the larynx. The parents opposed that, but consented to make the child swallow the sulphurated potion during the night.

"On the next day the child, which I had considered as lost, was resuscitated—the voice was restored; the potion was continued during that day and the next day the child was cured."

The communication of Dr. Laugardierre is of too much importance not to be the subject of a serious and immediate examination and it is for the Academy of Medicine to order such.

Well Schooled.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Army Officer—A war with some foreign power would be a great thing for us regular officers.

City Girl—But just think of the hardships that you would experience.

Army Officer—Oh, they would be nothing. I've been living on a lieutenant's pay for nine years.

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. PEARCE, 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.

WHAT A PUP CAN DO TO AMUSE A LONELY BACHELOR.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

I.

Mr. Bangs buys a Pup.

II.

Mr. Bangs thinks how lively a pup makes his apartment.

III.

Mr. Bangs takes the pup to his bedroom with him.

IV.

During the night the pup amuses himself.

V.

Mr. Bangs's discovery in the morning.

VI.

Mr. Bangs as he appeared going to get a new outfit.

Righteous Retribution.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"What's become of the big baggage-smasher you had last year?"

"Dead."

"No? What killed him?"

"Grip."

A Different Set.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"You mustn't associate with the chickens," said Mother Duck to her ducklings.

"Why, not, mamma?"

"Because they are not in the swim."

Pills vs. Bills.

[*From Puck.*]

Mr. Hacking Kough—Doctor, didn't you make a mistake in going into medicine, instead of the army?

Dr. Eagle—Why?

Mr. Kough—By the way you charge your friends, there wouldn't be much left of an enemy.

Boarding-House Pleasantries.

[*From the American Grocer.*]

"Bread is the staff of life," observed Mrs. Hashem.

"Yes," remarked the new boarder as he wrestled with a homemade slice, "and I think this might be used effectively for a club."

Time to Pay.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"You'll have to pay half-fare for that boy, madame," said a conductor. "He is certainly over five years old."

"Indeed he isn't!" replied the passenger. "I have taken that child free for over six years I'd have you understand, and I don't intend to begin paying fare for him now."

Lost in the Winning.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"I met my ideal once," said he, "but lost her—woe of life!"

"How came the loss?" I asked.

"Ah, me," he then replied. "'Twas thus, you see: I made the maid my wife!"

"YOU'LL FIND ME HANGING."

Salesman Rathburn Wrote to His Father and Committed Suicide.

Had His Photograph Taken and Left It with the Letter.

The deliberate suicide after two weeks' preparation of Charles Rathburn, a young salesman, was reported to the Coroner this morning. He had hanged himself with a clothes-line from a telegraph wire cross-arm on the roof of his home, 100 West Fifty-third street.

His body, which was warm, was found shortly before midnight by his father, William Rathburn, a decorator, who had started out to find his son after reading a letter left by the latter declaring that he was about to end his life.

Young Rathburn was eighteen years old and lived with his parents on the top floor of the house which stands on the southwest corner of Fifty-third street and Sixth avenue.

For several weeks he had been working in Hanrahan's gents' furnishing store in Sixth avenue near Forty-eighth street. He was regarded as a promising young man by his employer. His parents considered him a model son.

He spent most of yesterday in the house, and was in unusually cheerful spirits, and towards 5 o'clock in the evening he accompanied his sister and two younger brothers on a visit to a cousin on Second avenue.

The three Rathburns returned to their home about 8 o'clock, Charles bringing with him a box of ice-cream of which he partook.

About 10 o'clock the young man bade his parents good-night and retired to his room, which faces on Sixth avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Rathburn retired later.

Towards 11.30 o'clock Mr. Rathburn had occasion to leave his bedroom.

He went into the front or sitting-room, and was surprised to find his son's bedroom door wide open.

He peeped into the room, but the young man was not in bed. Then Mr. Rathburn stumbled on something on the carpeted floor and to his amazement he found a letter addressed to him and a newly taken photograph of his son.

He tore open the envelope and at once saw by its contents that his son was a suicide.

He called to his wife and gave her the letter and at the same time rushed out and darted up the slender stairs leading to the roof.

There in the moonlight, hanging from a wire crossarm near the back edge, was his son. Rathburn quickly cut down the body, which was still warm, and, with the aid of his wife, who was frantic with grief, he carried it down into his front room.

A doctor was sent for, but when he came he pronounced the young man dead.

When an EVENING WORLD reporter visited the house at 10 A. M. the body of the suicide lay on the floor awaiting the arrival of the Coroner.

Mr. Rathburn said he was at a loss to account for his son's rash act. He had been at times subject to fits of melancholy, but aside from this he knew of no motive that would prompt him to kill himself.

He gave THE EVENING WORLD reporter the letter which was written by Charles before killing himself. It was in lead pencil and read as follows:

"NEW YORK, May 3.

"DEAR FATHER: You have been very kind to me, but I think I will have to leave you all forever.

"I hope I will meet you all in heaven.

"I have had no trouble with anyone.

"I have been on special good terms with my employer for the past three or four weeks. I am discouraged with everything. There is too much trouble in this world.

"Now, my darling father, I know there will be a disgrace to the family from my act, but as soon as you read this tear it up in pieces so no one will see it.

"You will find me hanging on the roof—kisses to you all. The next world is happier than this. I am all ready to be put in the coffin. I think it will be better to hang than to shoot myself.

"I know this will be hard on you all—Father, you must not think I have had any trouble. I have had none. Your loving son,

"CHARLES."

A portion of the letter was devoted to bequeathing his personal effects to his father, mother and brothers.

TO BURY GEORGIE ARLINGTON.

Her Body Lay 26 Hours Before a Coroner Would Attend It.

It was past midnight this morning, after waiting twenty-six hours for a Coroner to grant a permit, when an undertaker was allowed to remove the body of Georgie Arlington, the young girl who committed suicide Saturday night in the flat of her sister, Annie Arlington, 207 West Fortieth street.

Police Capt. Cross tried hard to find a Coroner. He sent officers to the houses of Coroners Levy and Schultze, but they were not at home. Then he placed officers in charge and notified Headquarters again, but no Coroner came.

After waiting twenty-six hours a friend of Annie Arlington called at the house. When told that the body could not be prepared for burial until a Coroner came he said:

"I'll go to Coroner Schultze's house. I know him, and know what will fetch him."

Off he went to Coroner Schultze's house, and about midnight the Coroner arrived. The body was then removed.

The Board of Coroners, after recent complaints about dereliction in duty, decided to inaugurate some reforms, with a view of securing promptness and attention, but it seems that the result was not an instantaneous success.

The girl suicide swallowed carbolic acid. Her sister said she had threatened several times to kill herself. Her father had disowned her after a wayward marriage, and the sisters came here from Chicago.

PRETTY IMMIGRANTS DECOYED.

Beautiful Young Women Missing from the City of Chicago.

Gen. O'Beirne, of the Barge Office, to-day asked the assistance of the police in finding two exceedingly handsome young women immigrants who arrived yesterday on the City of Chicago, and who were taken off the vessel surreptitiously, as is alleged, by a mail sorter known as "Henry," who keeps a bar on the ship.

The girls are named Bridget Cunningham and Mary McKiwy. The latter is twenty years old and is said to be remarkably pretty. She came in company with Bridget Cunningham and was recorded in the ship's manifest as Miss Cunningham's sister. It is feared that the girls have been decoyed away for immoral purposes.

It was not known that they had landed till Miss McKiwy's sister, Mrs. Annie McVeigh called at the Barge Office this morning to meet her.

The steamship company is liable to be fined $300 for allowing the girls to land.

Big Grist of Contract Laborers.

One hundred and twenty-five immigrants were detained at the Barge Office yesterday and to-day, supposed to be contract laborers on the way to Chicago for employment on the World's Fair buildings.

Baby Mary's Bad Fall.

Mary Shaw, twenty months old, fell on a broken cup this morning at her home, 106 Suffolk street, and received a severe cut on the neck. She was taken to the Gouverneur Hospital.

Pride Comes Before a Fall.

[*From the Harvard Lampoon.*]

Miss Caustique—I hear you won the 440-yards run.

De Boaster—Oh, easily. The other fellows were n't in it.

Miss Caustique—Ah, you were the only one entered, I presume.

They All Do That.

[*From Judge.*]

Mrs. Brook—My husband keeps account of every drink he takes.

Mrs. Banks—Are you sure?

Mrs. Brook—Oh, yes; the dear fellow says he never gets one that he doesn't put it down!

INFANTILE fevers and spasms are not possible while Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Cordial can be had. 25c.

VOTING WITH A RUSH.

THOUSANDS INTERESTED IN THE THOUSAND "AD" PLAN.

Something About the Working of the Novel Scheme and Gude & Co.'s Method—Changes to Be Made To-Day on the Ninth Avenue Line from the Battery to Central Park.

MANY a happy bridegroom has purchased the engagement ring for his bride with the cash which came from a situation secured through a WORLD "Want" ad. There is nothing extraordinary in this, and it is only mentioned at this time because the text happens to be about the merits of THE WORLD as an advertising medium—because, also, the initial artist insists on dangling a ring of that sort under the big gate-post sort of an "M."

A glance through the establishment of O. J. Gude & Co., who have undertaken the contract of the 1,000 signs for THE WORLD, would surprise almost any citizen. When thousands upon thousands of signs are to be turned out, when scores of various articles are being pushed upon the public attention, when dozens of avenues of access to that public attention are being driven energetically along, there must of course be a scene of no small bustle and push, but directing all the merely mechanical part of the work is the man who decides what is to be said—the man who crowds much in little, who trims down all the praise into a single word and dings that word into the public ear until he has crowded out the faintest echo of every rival's name.

All this has a bearing upon the Gude WORLD sign scheme, which may serve as a shining example of one of the ways of doing just this sort of mixed lightning literary legerdemain. It is what you say and how you say it that catches the multitude, and then, of course, you must have a good article in the end to follow up the advertising. If there be not merit in the article pushed, there is a good deal of a sky-rocket experience in the business. In this, our present scheme is all right. Once read THE WORLD and you will continue to enjoy it. Once use its columns for advertising purposes and their efficacy will be so impressed upon you that you will remain one of THE WORLD'S multitude of advertisers.

To-day a big mail-bag full of postal cards, each with the carefully considered three numbers on it, shows that the week's voting is on with a rush. It will be no small task to arrange the ballots, but it can be done in time to make an announcement for Wednesday morning. Meanwhile, this morning the peripatetic posters will start on the Ninth avenue line and do that thoroughfare from the Battery up to the Central Park line. There are not many stations, and it will be an easy day's work. It is the start of the third week's work on the big job, and the figures covered will be from 321 to 540 inclusive. On these will be the voting choice for the third week's prize of $10.

THEY LOSE WILLIAM CLARK.

Clark Thread Mills Lose Their Manager of a Quarter of a Century.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NEWARK, N. J., May 4.—The formal announcement this morning that William Clark, manager of the Clark Thread Company, of this city and Kearny, has at last resigned, after having been with the Company more than a quarter of a century, did not cause surprise.

It is believed that a rupture occurred when his two sons resigned a month ago, and that he has since been trying to sell his interest to the other members of the Company. It is stated that Mr. Clark and his sons will build a thread mill in Pawtucket, R. I.

Celebration by the Archbishop.

Archbishop Corrigan, to-day commemorated the Eighteenth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop of Newark, by celebrating pontifical high mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

A wail of distress

comes from tortured clothes. Save their feelings and your own back by washing them with Pearline. Your clothes will last longer—your hours of labor will grow shorter. It takes away the dirt without taking away your strength. Nothing that "will wash" is too good for Pearline—no praise is too strong for Pearline.

Beware of imitations. 218 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

As stylish as can be found, thoroughly constructed, exclusive, novel and original in design and at very low cost.

Our samples of natural white maple are much admired.

PARLOR FURNITURE.

Among our many Parlor Suits are some twenty patterns designed from the latest and richest styles, so exceedingly tasty, so very novel and elegant, that the prices seemingly do not represent one-fourth their value.

BEDROOM FURNITURE.

We beg an inspection of our Bedroom Suits. An extraordinary variety, included in which are some fifty entirely new styles in Cherry, Antique Oak, Mahogany, &c.

DINING-ROOM.

Especially attractive and complete is our line of furniture for dining-rooms. Very stylish Sideboards, Dining Chairs, upholstered in best leather, Extension Tables, Side Tables, Couches, China Closets, &c., at wonderfully low prices