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STOP IT, MR. VAN COTT.

It has been discovered that a number of robberies have been committed on the letter-boxes of this city. Efforts have been made to detect the thieves, but with no success. Even Postmaster VAN COTT on several nights patrolled the streets in the district worked by the thieves, hoping to get on their track.

There cannot be too much solicitude felt over a thing as serious as this. The obligation of transmitting from one citizen to another communications which are intrusted to the mail is of the most sacred character. When it becomes apparent that official guarantee for the safe conduct of such matter cannot be assured it is time for a community to become alarmed. Business interests, reputation, happiness and one's purse are concerned in the safe delivery of the mail. There can be no peace of mind without it.

It is disturbing in the extreme to learn that these repeated robberies are taking place and that the robbers have not been apprehended. It is important enough to call for extraordinary measures. Every letter-box in town should be watched, if necessary, and scores of detectives put at the work. If a small band of thieves can carry on a scheme of plunder like this, then our detective body is not what it should be.

CENSURABLE ACTION.

The action of the New Orleans Grand Jury in failing to find indictments against the men who instigated the Parish Prison lynching, places this Government in a most uncomfortable position. The Grand Jury's justification of its finding appears to be because "the act seemed to involve the entire people of the parish, so profuse is their sympathy and extended their connection with the affair." Sympathy should never be taken into consideration when facts are presented. It was not the business of the Grand Jury to consider sympathy at all. The inciters and leaders of the mob were known, and there was no lack of evidence that they had committed violence. There was proof enough for indictments, and the innocence or guilt of those indicted should have been left for the petit juries to decide. The whole complication is worse than ever before, and Mr. BLAINE's position is anything but enviable.

DUCAL GROGGERIES.

The peers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain are not "blue ribbon" men, as a rule. The degree of aristocratic intemperance may be conjectured when excessive inebriety is expressed by the proverbial phrase to be "as drunk as a lord." It is a little startling, however, to read in a blue-book just published by the English Government, that 1,539 "gin-mills" in Albion are owned by 152 peers!

What a bond of union between the nobs and the plebs! The collier's ha'pennies for "'arf 'n 'arf" go to swell the princely incomes of such blue-blooded dukes as IVERY, PORTLAND, RUTLAND, DUDLEY, NORTHUMBERLAND, DEVONSHIRE, BEDFORD and others of the same kidney.

Nay, more, and *prok pudor!* a Bishop is on the list with two groggeries. Oh, my Lord of LLANDAFF, sell out to the dukes!

The American Citizens' People's Rights Association, which is composed of colored men, protested in Convention yesterday against President HARRISON's failure to recognize their race. It is ashamed whatever offices they got have been in the South, where they could render service by sending delegates to National Conventions, but in the Northern States they are entirely neglected. The colored man is beginning to get a better insight into politics.

The grip since it left us has been ravaging England and Mexico. It has no regard for rank. Among its present victims are the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH, President DIAZ, of Mexico, and Gov. CEBALLOS. That it has no fear of the law is shown by its attack on the Chief of Police, CRNOLUOOO. The Archbishop of York died from its effects yesterday.

The small orphans of the Newark Asylum are literally "bagged" when they misbehave themselves. It does not seem to be a very fearful punishment to tie an unruly boy up in a clean bag. It keeps him out of mischief and doesn't injure him any. Perhaps it does him good. There is no room for indignation over this treatment of the bad orphan.

The Ninth National Bank officials appear grieved over the fact that out-of-town customers have withdrawn deposits amounting to $600,000. It is hard to understand what else they could have expected. The whole conduct of their establishment has not been the best to insure confidence, and depositors are justified in not taking unnecessary chances.

Chili is tired of war and would like to get into quieter waters. Both Government and insurgent forces are used up and sick of the struggle. The best thing Chili can do is to let the United States, Brazil and France settle the dispute by mediation. They are Republics and will have proper feeling and calm judgment to guide them.

Straws are fair indications of the direction of the wind. The split over PARNELL at the Municipal Council of the Irish National League last night is powerful evidence that until the controversy across the water is brought to a close Home Rule will receive small assistance from America.

Good for the Ladies' Health Protective Association. It has won a victory in stopping the cause of the unhealthy odors on the east side. The residents in that vicinity owe these earnest women a debt of gratitude.

Senator STANFORD is going to see whether or not America can make as good champagne as France. It will cost him a lot of money, but what is gold when National pride is at stake.

President HARRISON has become quite a speech-maker, and is turning complimentary sentences in a way which should win the heart of the woolly West.

Woman is progressing. Yesterday at Parkersburg, W. Va., a girl threw herself in the river and rescued two young men who were unable to swim.

The Anarchists with torch and dynamite are again startling Europe. These pests of society deserve no quarter. They should be eliminated.

There is no just reason why the Metropolitan Museum of Art should not be open to the people on Sundays.

Recorder SMYTH is proving himself a match for the District-Attorney and his young assistants.

SPOTLETS.

The cost of the mint is not essentially connected with flying lamb.

When a glass eye is substituted for a dead one it is one "blind" taking the place of another.

The principle of some bankers' interest is interest in the principal.

"Why do the front rows always place
With bald-headed men?" said she
"To let the girls who high hats wear
See what is on the stage," said he.
—Puck.

The Platters of this State do not hold the best shoe in novel to the State.

That was a modal lady who left the table because the lettuce appeared undressed.

"Old Hutch" said he was twenty-one, and so free to go without anybody's permit. "Old Hutch" was used to getting away with a majority.

The coke men in leaving Frick, the born coker, were only showing the result of Frick-shun.

When the crops are best there is the loudest cry for mower.

There is a certain modest truthfulness in certain insurance companies styling themselves assurance association. They have no much assurance.

WORLDLINGS.

It is the boast of Dr. Gallinger, the new Senator from New Hampshire, that he has set type in nearly every newspaper office north of Mason and Dixon's line and between Maine and the Mississippi. His political career began in 1884, when he was elected to Congress.

Milagro Gorje, the little prima donna who is enchanting Madrid, is only ten years old. She is thin, white and sickly, but her voice is wonderfully fine, and she is a clever emotional actress.

Horace Chilton, who has been appointed to succeed John R. Reagan in the Senate, is but thirty-seven years old. He is said to have a great deal of ability and is an eloquent orator. He comes from a Virginia family famous in politics.

A Missouri man, whose name is withheld from the public, offers to furnish the World's Fair management with "Billy the Kid's" famous and deadly gun. Billy was only twenty-one years old when he died, but the stock of his gun contains twenty-one notches, cut there by the owner to represent the number of the weapon's victims.

Nearly one-fifth of the entire population of the United States live in the fifty chief cities, which have a population of over 11,000,000.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Turtle and the Katydid.

"Dear Turtle," chirped the Katydid, "what makes
you walk so slow?"
(They're easily ungrammatical, are Katydids, you
know).

"Oh, Katydid," the Turtle cried, "why don't you
change your tune?
You sing the same old silly wrangle, morning, night
and noon."

"Walk slowly!" asked the Turtle. "Katy, Nature
made me so.
And there's no place to which I wish especially to
go."

"Sing other songs?" asked Katy. "Why, 'twas
nature made me so.
I cannot sing another; it's the only song I know."

So, both commending nature knew just what she
meant to do.
The Turtle went on crawling; Katy chirped the
song she knew.
—Harry Robinson in *St. Nicholas.*

The Last Meeting.

We met at dinner. I wonder
If ever we'll meet again.—
Alas! 'twas a cruel decree of fate
That brought to together then!

I remember his every feature,
And the look in his eyes so brown,
For he was the clumsy creature
Who upset his soup on my gown.
—*Brooklyn Life.*

Miss Paynt.

As pal as a rose is she,
With her lace of rouge and paint;
But however true she be,
I know her complexion ain't.
—*Judge.*

Much Worse Off.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Raggies—Don't beg there. Them folks is worse off than we are.

Beery Ben—They don't show it.

Raggies—Oh, I know 'em. They're tryin' to cut a dash on $4,450 a year and five children to feed.

She Was Green.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"My husband is the dearest, most considerate man in the world."

"How does he show it?"

"He knows I hate tobacco smoke in the house, and so he goes to the club every night after supper and smokes there."

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

"Look In Yer Bute."

I saw four or five gamins surrounding an old chap at the Bridge entrance the other day, and as he seemed to be in trouble of some sort, I stepped up and inquired what it was.

"He's lost a circle!" shouted one of the boys, in answer.

"I hain't neither!" added the old man. "I've jest went and lost an all-fired big silver dollar through this infernal hole in my pocket!"

"Didn't your hear it drop?"

"Don't remember. When I was back there a piece something kinder fell kerchug on the planks, and a minute later I heard a kersplash way down in the river, but I didn't think it was my old dollar. Must ha' bin, though."

"Have you looked along?"

"Bin lookin' for more'n an hour, but can't find it."

"That hain't much for a man to lose," observed one of the boys.

"It hain't, hey?" he smartly answered. "Might not be if I was wuth ten millyons, but when a feller is thirty-two miles from home and hain't got another red, the case is different. This comes of my squashing down around here to see this old suspended bridge when I ought to have taken the noon train for home. I jest felt all the mornin' as if I was goin' to make a fool of myself, and I've finally done it."

"Sure you didn't spend it?" I queried, feeling that he needed consolation.

"Spend it! Jest you look a-there! See that hole in my pocket—big 'nuff to shove my fist through! I changed that dollar from this pocket to that when I was feelin' for my knife, and she's lyin' on the bottom of the river at this very minit!"

"Look in yer bute! Look in yer bute!" shouted the smallest gamin of all as he stood off and pointed to the well-worn and badly wrinkled cowhides.

"'Taint no use. If it was in there I'd have felt it rubbin' my ankle bone. I'll look though."

He sat down on one of the benches and tugged and pulled and grew red in the face, and the boot finally came off with "ah-u-u-uff!" which could be heard thirty feet away. He tipped it up, and lo! the missing dollar rolled out, to be greeted with a wild yell of delight.

"Waal! by gosh!" chuckled the old man as he grabbed for it. "Still right down my leg and I never felt it! Gone and wasted a hull hour and got the hull town excited, and it was in my boot all the time!"

"I was the one who told you!" shouted the little one.

"So ye was, sonny, so ye was; and I'll show ye that I kin appreciate a faver. Here's a hunk o' lickerish I was takin' home to the hired man, and it's all yours and welcome. This 'ere dollar goes right down into my coat-tail pocket, and here's a pin to pin her in with, and I'll now walk around a little and see how this suspended bridge is suspended over the river. Lands! but what a difference in my feelins! To jump from the shadder of cold dispair right into a hundred cents inside of two minits makes me feel as weak as if I had bin run out of the barnyard by a crazy steer!"

Making Her Proud.

He was a carpet-cleaning man and he had solemnly agreed to have everybody's carpet cleaned and sent home by Tuesday. He sat in his basement office Tuesday afternoon when a woman entered and curtly demanded:

"Well?"

"You are Mrs. Blank, of Second avenue?"

"I am."

"Your carpet was to be delivered this morning."

"It was, and it's now 3 o'clock!"

"Mrs. Blank, I'm sorry to be obliged to inform you that"—

"Your wife is dead, or you had a fire, or the machinery broke down! Those are no excuses, sir."

"Certainly not. The trouble is that your parlor carpet got mixed up with one belonging to a nabob on Fifth avenue and we haven't got it back yet. The wagon has just gone after it. We sometimes get these elegant fabrics mixed up in spite of all we can do."

"Oh! That was it? Went to a nabob's, eh? Well, Mr. Renovator, I know you must be worked and worried almost to death, and if you get it around to-morrow it will be all right."

He Wouldn't Promise.

He was leaning against the door of a saloon in Houston street when a benign-looking old man came along and turned aside to ask:

"This is a place where men's souls are destroyed, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Sell the stuff here which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?"

"Yes."

"Breaks down strong men, wrecks our youths, desolates our homes and ruins our happiness."

"Yes."

"Well, my friend," continued the benign as he laid a fatherly hand on the other's shoulder, "let me trust that you, at least, will never darken the door of this den of infamy. You look like an honest, truthful and sober man, and I wish you would promise me."

"I couldn't, sir," was the reply. "Couldn't possibly do it, as I'm the man who owns and runs the den."

M. QUAD.

Spring Medicine

Seems to be only another name for Hood's Sarsaparilla, so popular has this excellent preparation become at this season. It possesses just those curative properties desirable in a Spring Medicine. It recuperates the weakened strength, purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and overcomes That Tired Feeling. This spring take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla the best spring medicine, and can truly say that it 'Makes the Weak Strong.' I take it all seasons of the year when needed and would give five dollars for a bottle of it, if I could not get it for less." ALBERT A. JAGNOW, Douglaston, L.I., N.Y.

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 remarkable cures of Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other blood diseases, effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla, have won for it the title of "the greatest blood purifier ever discovered." It acts promptly and radically, thoroughly expelling all impurities and poisonous germs from the blood and giving to the vital fluid the quality, quantity and color of health. It has gained unequalled popularity as

The Spring Medicine

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. RIDDLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

N. B.—If you have decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

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.

Jet Is Dressy and Always in Favor—Invisible Hair Nets Will Be in Demand—Tortoise Shell Better than Other Hair Ornaments — Styles in Parasols.

Jet retains the favor it has enjoyed for some years. It is dressy and the most effective ornament of a black dress or a black hat. Modern fashion makes it also a favorite on light colored dresses or bonnets. On cloth dresses black or light jet is also used, chiefly in rich, beautiful designs which cover the whole front length or the side of a skirt, also covering the sleeves, and are reproduced in smaller sized design on the plastron and standing collar, the Stuart collar and girdle. This style of trimmings are exact imitations of soutache cording, in which the fine mohair or silk cord is replaced by jet.

Lace flouncing for trimming India silks, which is especially desirable, has an edge on the upper as well as the lower part.

There will be a greater demand for invisible hair nets, especially the oval-shaped nets, than there has been for years, for the soft curls and the frizzed fronts are apt to become quickly disordered under hats and bonnets. Great care should be taken in putting them on, or with fine hair a most unbecoming line is apt to be formed over the forehead. Jewelled nets for the back of the hair, and other curious varieties known to the past generation and in favor when middle-aged women were young, are being resuscitated.

Mme. Bellocq makes an earnest appeal for homes to be established in London for the dying. It is hard to realize, yet it is true nevertheless, that there is no refuge or hospital but the workhouse for the dying poor. In Dublin the Sisters of Charity have established a splendid hospital for those approaching their end. Mme. Bellocq pleads for the establishment of such a home in London. Miss Davidson, a Scotch lady, has anticipated Mme. Bellocq's appeal by the small home she organized at Mildmay, containing ten beds, intended for the dying. This home is called Friedenheim, and every year the lady who keeps it up at her own expense refuses some three hundred applications for admittance from dying men. The average number received during the year at Friedenheim is forty.

French laces to be applied as ruffles, and heavier laces, as point de Genes, to be laid on flatly, are sold in large quantities for trimming plain and figured silk grenadine and net gowns.

The new parasols are truly wonderful and show a faith in coming sunshine which it is to be hoped will be justified. One of the newest under the name of Flots de Mer is quite a novel departure, and true to its name, the outside surface presents very much the aspect of sea waves. The one rib raised, the alternate rib depressed. The specimens I have seen were made in coffee-coloured-silk lace, or in black or white lace, or of chiffon. This white silk lace, fringed with grass, is to be a feature in fete parasols, and in lieu of ordinary fringe, silk is cut up into strips and introduced as trimming.

Tortoise shell will continue in favor as the more refined of any material for ordinary ornamentation for the reason that it suits the Greek style, and can be worked into so many different styles of ornament. How much prettier and more suitable is it, to see a young lady's coiffure finished off with a fancy shell comb or ornamental pins than those big, glaring imitation stones and false jewelry, which latterly have done duty too often for real stones and gold. The comb used for the small chignon, high up on the back of the head, is not large, but approaches more the size of an ornamented trident pin.

A home for lonely women is about to be erected at Helsingborg, in Sweden. The home will provide a pleasant and cheap residence for women, and there will be a common room, with piano, a library, &c.

It may safely be taken for granted that in this land of the free no fashion, however costly, remains exclusive. Even if it be not reproduced in cheaper materials, as is often the case, once let the average woman ascertain that it is fashionable and the heavens may fall, her family go hungry and her husband be bankrupted, but she has it. Any foreigner who took a walk through any tenement-house district on a fine Sunday afternoon would be amazed to see the clothing worn by the young women who emerge from these squalid quarters. Few are the hands without kid gloves and plush coats; ostrich feathers and artificial flowers are abundant. Often they represent incredible toil and struggle, for the slaves to dress are not the rich moneyladies who order what they fancy from their tailors or dressmakers, but the women who laboriously imitate them, making their own clothes and putting into them an appalling amount of time and vital energy. From a tiny little one-story frame shanty, the last remnant of one of the up-town squatter districts and apparently the abode of abject poverty, we have seen emerge a woman, evidently the occupant, dressed in a silk gown, kid gloves, fur cape and velvet bonnet.

MOZELLE'S TEETHING cordial allays irritation from teething. Everybody can buy it. Price 25c. **

Oh! What Pleasure

You will experience when you drink a glass of BRIEN'S SODA WATER. **

THE CLEANER.

An interesting case of canine sagacity came under my observation the other evening. At a house where I was visiting, the baby, seated on the floor, began to cry. At the sound, Nana, a small fox terrier, ran to a pile of toy blocks in the corner and deposited them one by one at the baby's feet. A rattle and a rubber ball were in turn deposited near the blocks, and the baby's cries ceased. Then Nana resumed her interrupted nap in a corner. The dog had not been taught the trick, the owner said, and had done the same thing repeatedly.

* * *

Tschaikowsky conducted his marche solennelle at the music festival on the opening night with force and decision, but great simplicity. There was no attempt at graceful lines in the movement of his arms, such as most of the conductors undoubtedly aim at, and deservedly. The more graceful a figure a conductor presents, if he conducts equally well, the better it is. The audience have something pleasant to look at.

* * *

The general feeling of the new Music Hall was to me a trifle too light in tone. The arch over the stage where the singers sit is too large a stretch of unrelieved white. But everything was exquisitely neat and there are quantities of electric lights. The building exteriorly is one of the most successful in the city.

* * *

I see that Edwin H. Blashfield's picture in the Salon is attracting attention. It is a group of choir boys, which, I believe, Mr. Blashfield painted while in Florence. It is a very characteristic work of this strong young artist.

* * *

Mayor Grant has said, I am informed, that Edward F. Hagan never was a candidate for a Police Justiceship. After this, all suggestions of disappointment in the "Gas-House" district because Hagan was not appointed will be out of order. My impression is that Mr. Hagan's ambition will be satisfied by a State Senatorship.

* * *

What a nuisance it is for people to have to wait for their carriage when there is no system in their approach and no comfortable place in which to wait for them. Fifty-seventh street, in front of the Music Hall, was crowded with coupes last night, and I saw unhappy persons wandering along the sidewalk trying to pick out their coachman.

* * *

Conde B. Pallen, of St. Louis, a son of the late Dr. Montrose Pallen, is in New York. A convention of the editors of Catholic papers is to be held to-day, and Mr. Pallen has been the chief mover in effecting it. The Catholic Club will give the visitors a reception this evening, at which the prominent Catholics of New York will be present. To-morrow evening there will be a meeting in the hall of St. Francis Xavier's College, on West Sixteenth street. Mr. Pallen was looking very well when I saw him yesterday.

* * *

The Independent Democratic President of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, just retired, left large portraits of ex-Mayors Grace and Hewitt hanging on his desk. The independent Democrat who succeeded him has had them removed.

* * *

The Fine Arts Society has sent to its members a neatly executed drawing of the building which it is to erect this year on Fifty-seventh street. I am glad to see that it is a structure really pleasing to the eye. A bad building is always an offense, but when that building is erected in the name of art and as the home of art it is infinitely worse to have it hideous. The Society is thriving. New subscribers to its fund are desirable, however, and I sincerely hope New Yorkers who really love art will heartily support this most worthy effort.

"WANG."

"Wang" will fill the box-office of the Broadway Theatre with the subtle aroma of prosperity, and there will be smiling faces around Mr. Sanger's house for some time to come. Classical "Ganelon" brought frowns and imprecations; mournful "Guido Ferrani" made the air heavy and black; Edwin Booth called forth the idiers out repelled the crowd: "Cleopatra" could not exercise her wiles upon the Gothamites. "Wang" will succeed. "Wang" is the kind of entertainment the Broadway Theatre wants. Shades of the classics, avaunt! "Wang" is here.

"Wang" is an operatic burletta, if you please (also, if you don't). The mistake of calling it a comic opera was most zealously and most politically avoided. Comic opera nowadays is so comprehensive. Its range begins with "Carmen" and ends with "O'Dowd's Neighbors." Everything between these is comic opera. Lecocq and Offenbach and Strauss and Audran are old fashioned. "Wang" is an operatic burletta. You don't know what that is. You have never stumbled over an operatic burletta? Well, then, go and see "Wang." It is *sui generis.*

This operatic burlesque was written by J. Cheever Goodwin and composed by Woolson Morse. I do not think that the Muse of Music, Euterpe, will ever nestle her head in Woolson Morse's lap. If there happened to be a Muse of Jingle, Morse could claim her as his own. His music is very light, very insignificant, absolutely unoriginal. There is no solitary motive to his work. Occasionally it is reminiscent, as for example, the opening of the second act, that boldly suggests the French song "Le Petit Bleu," that Angele sang for us.

Mr. Goodwin's libretto, on the other hand, is bright, clever, with much literary merit. His songs have snap; they are rarely vulgar, and they are agreeably legitimate. "The Man with the Elephant on His Hands" is an excellent piece of work, and the sorrows of the unfortunate who

Tore his hair
In wild despair
And piped his lachrymal glands,
And current his lot
That ever he got
An elephant on his hands,

are most graphically depicted, while as for the moral—

Remember the saying trite,
That to over-indulge don't pay!
And a steady di—
—et, even of pie,
Palls on one's palate may!

it speaks for itself. There are many neatly turned songs in the burletta, and they are a relief. The lack of sentimental nonsense is also grateful. In works of this kind the hero and heroine whenever they met burst into poesy; I can recall but one such meeting in "Wang."

De Wolf Hopper is toning down and—improving. He is much funnier in "Wang" than he has been for a very long time. He has safely passed that critical period when the comedian looks upon run and noise as synonymous terms. Some men are funny, and some men are noisy; but those that are funny are not always noisy, and those that are noisy are not always funny. See?

Miss Della Fox is very winsome as the Crown Prince of Siam, and Miss Marion Singer has an excellent voice and a capital dramatic instinct. Miss Anna O'Keefe is one of the women who can be called pleasant, and Miss Jeannette St. Henry, if she would keep a few of her ultra-high notes for the privacy of her own home, would make a hit. As for the beer-drinking elephant, he stands alone.

I wonder what Lecocq, Audran, Offenbach and Planquette would say to a beer-drinking elephant. Bah! They, after all, wrote nothing but comic opera. I am forgetting that "Wang" is an operatic burletta.

ALAN DALE.

THE CRAFTY PAINTER.

A New Way to Sell Pictures to an Unwilling Customer.

(From the Fliegende Blätter.)

POINTS FOR HOME MAKERS.

A Place Which It Is Profitable to Visit.

At this season of the year, when so many people are moving their homes from one point to another or are refurnishing their old homes the question naturally arises, "Where can I get the most for my money?"

There is one place in the city where a person is repaid simply by making a tour of the vast warerooms—Sol Heyman & Co.'s, 267-269 Third avenue. The goods are offered at prices that surprise one.

Elegant parlor suits range from $27 up. A remarkable offer is being made in bedroom suits. A special bargain for this week is a solid oak suit at $12.

Sideboards with mirrored fronts are away down. The folding beds, of which there is a great variety, ranged from $6 up. Handsome sideboards with elegant finish and mirrored fronts are selling at $24.

The stock of carpets is very extensive and of wide variety.

The variety of the stock and its quality at low figures is doing much towards the elevation of the popularity of this house. For those who have not the ready cash, arrangements have been made at the purchasers' own terms. **

Inferential.

(From Life.)

He—Dearest, this is our engagement ring. It has "Mizpah" in it—that is, "God be with you till we meet again."

She—I suppose that's a delicate way of saying that whenever you're around you want to have me all to yourself. Oh, you jealous creature!

Wanted to Go Out.

(From Funny Bits.)

A fly was buzzing against the window panes. Little Fanny noticed it and said: "Mamma, shan't I open the door?"

"Why do you want to open the door, my child?"

"Because I s'pect that fly wants to go out."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Is Superior to Every Other Known.

See latest U. S. and Canadian Government Reports.

"Pretty hard sleddin'"

—washing without Pearline. Whatever you do is done "by the hardest"—the hardest of work, and the hardest of wear. Pearline makes washing easy—easy for the washer, easy for the things washed. It is easy to see why millions are using it; if it were harmful or inefficient, it would be hard to get it used.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE. Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

PLAYS AND THE PLAYERS.

The Twelfth Night Club's Matinee at the Lyceum To-Morrow.

That Extremely Interesting Creature of Ibsen's, "Hedda Gabler."

Edwin Booth has sent his check for $100 to the Twelfth Night Club; also his regrets that he will not be able to be present at the entertainment to be given by this organization at the Lyceum Theatre to-morrow afternoon. Stuart Robson has bought a box and paid $25 for it. Richard Mansfield has purchased another, and Rosina Vokes a third. The entertainment will undoubtedly be interesting. "The Violin Maker," by Jerome K. Jerome, will be played by Effie Shannon, Frederick Bond, Thomas Wise and Edward Greer, and will be one of the features of the afternoon. The Twelfth Night Club has many laudable intentions. One of them is to furnish any of its members who may secure engagements that call for excessive dresses and who may also be temporarily in financial embarrassment, the means with which to equip themselves. This is indeed a boon. Many a girl has been obliged to decline a part for the simple reason that she could not dress it.

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The heroine of Ibsen's play, "Hedda Gabler," must be an extremely interesting creature. An English critic says of her: "Hedda suffers from anæmia of the affections, with hypertrophy of the æsthetics." This is indeed a horrible condition of things. How many actresses could portray this successfully?

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Thomas Q. Seabrooke has discarded his crutch, but he is still unable to appear with De Wolf Hopper. The accident from which he has been suffering for several months was a peculiar one. He hurt his leg while doing a dance on his toes, and the displacement of certain cartilages caused him grave trouble. In the Autumn he is to star in Bill Nye's comedy "The Cast," and in that there will be no toe dancing. It seems strange that an actor should displace his cartilages by comic opera. It is a sort of a comment upon the present condition of comic opera. Mr. Seabrooke denies that he is to appear in "King Kalko" at the Academy of Music, as has been announced.

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A well-known actress who has been on tour during the past season bought a nickel-in-the-slot accident insurance policy for herself and for every member of her company every time she made a journey. The organization was a singularly lucky one, and the well-known actress reaped no reward for her outlay. Not a dramatic one was broken—not a theatrical drop of blood shed.

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Henry Beimer, whose novel experiment to be made at the Windsor Theatre next month with new plays has attracted a great deal of attention since it was announced in THE EVENING WORLD, says: "My principal object is to give the American author a chance to prove to the American public that we have in our very midst talent equal, if not superior, to much of that made known by foreign writers, whose works hold our boards to-day, and for which our managers pay fabulous prices. Special scenery will be painted for the production and Messrs. Mueller and Shaeffer are already at work upon it. Short plays will be preceded by curtain-raisers, and during the engagement no two plays of a similar character will follow each other."

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Manager McGeachy said yesterday that Miss Anna Dickinson will not go to Europe until the Autumn. She will remain here during the Summer working in the interests of her lawsuit, which will be tested in October.

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Miss Rose Coghlan presented an "afterpiece" at Palmer's Theatre last night. It was entitled "Nance Oldfield," being a dramatization made by the late Charles Reade of his sketch called "Art: a Dramatic Tale." Miss Ellen Terry will appear in this play in London May 12, when it will precede "The Corsican Brothers" at the Lyceum Theatre.

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The silver-voiced damsel, Helen Rainsby, who was wicked enough to ally herself with a farce-comedy, has, it is said, been engaged by Manager Rudolph Aronson.

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Several new plays will be presented by Miss Margaret Mather next season, and she will also be seen in a star production. In fact, her coming season will be an interesting one. The young actress is never caught napping. Her plans are already mapped out, and of them—more anon.

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Nelson Wheatcroft invited a number of people to the Lyceum Theatre yesterday to see a young woman, Miss Anna Ward Chappelle, whom he has been teaching how to shine in the gay dramatic line. It was really awfully kind of Mr. Wheatcroft, and it is so interesting, don't you know, after a vicorous season of theatre-ing, to look at a dramatic "pupil." Miss Chappelle appeared in "Jean Marie," and in comedy scenes from "The Hancock."

WE'd like to go gunning for the chap who thinks that H-O means anything but Hornby's Oats. And we'd like to see the breakfast-table that's complete without it.

There isn't one.

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IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.

M. Quad at Home—Read the "Cotton Blossoms" or "The Transplanted Lime-Kiln Club," "The Arizona Kicker," and Other Sketches; Wit, Wisdom and Pathos.

The Fireman's Woolng.

(From Cape Cod News.)

"You are out with Miss Rox?"

"Yes; her father put an extinguisher on the affair."

"You've done sparking, then?"

"No; I've come back to an old flame."

Three of a Kind.

(From Rider and Driver.)

"Ah, ha! there goes a great combination—horse, rider and vehicle are all alike."

"How so?"

"Can't you see? They're all sulky."

Wanted Instructions.

(From the Yankee Blade.)

Assistant—There's a gentleman out there wants to buy that brindle pup. Worth 1 charge him?

Dealer—I told you to get rid of that pup for two dollars, or whatever he'd bring.

"This great in stock on him, sir!..."

"Oh, is he? Then tell him he can't have that pup for less than $5."