

The Evening World

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SUFFERING CHILDREN. As the gentle breath of Spring comes to cool the brow and the hot air of Summer is felt in its stead THE EVENING WORLD naturally bestirs itself for the care of the little sufferers of the heated term.

The experience of past Summers has shown thoroughly both the amount of good accomplished by this organized relief for these children of the poor and the ready liberality with which men, women and children respond to a call for assistance from them for this worthy cause.

There should be no delay in this good work. When the Summer comes and begins to mark its victims for one or another malady, peculiar to their tender years, the corps of Free Doctors should be already in readiness to leap into the breach and fight the foe.

The readers of THE EVENING WORLD will show the same spirit this year which they have shown in past ones. The conditions remain the same. This charity is one so beautiful, so thoroughly human and fundamental that it appeals to every generous heart. Subscriptions will soon be in order. Let them be promptly given.

A BAPTISM OF DUST

The merry breezes of a May Sunday found plenty of playthings ready to their touch in New York's streets and avenues yesterday. They were the piles of dirt swept up several days ago from the thoroughfares which Mayor GRANT said were clean.

These piles stood, were elegant contradictions of the Mayor's claim, and they became more so after the breezes began to frolic with them. Not even the brooms of New York women who might follow the lead of their Cincinnati sisters, who swept up several blocks in the Park on the other day, would suffice to ward off such a baptism of dust as those breezes stirred up.

And it is interesting, indeed, to reflect that the taxpayers' money paid for this dusty baptism. Employers of the so-called Street-Cleaning Department laid up the piles of dirt, but no cartmen came to take the piles away. The wind scattered them, and they must again be swept up, probably to the same end as before.

This is a beautiful system of aiding the wind in its play, but it is not cleaning the streets.

THE LUMBER BOYCOTT

The lumber boycott which goes into effect to-day is very serious and may be the means of throwing into prolonged idleness thousands of workmen.

Many butchers have combined with the lumber dealers, and say they will stand by them. The trades unions assert that they will not give in. This makes it appear that a hard struggle is ahead. The lumber dealers claim that the demands of the unions are so high that they will prevent their conducting business profitably, and that they may as well close up first as last.

The men claim that they are underpaid and that they will get no redress unless aggressive action is taken and maintained. The result will be in any instance a large loss of money to the employers and much suffering and hardship to the employed. The situation is deplorable.

The Kaiser is a man who feels strongly about everything, and he is not content with letting his brain spend its energy in merely theorizing. Some of the practical results of his views are embarrassing to others; but WILHELM probably regards that as a trifle in the great benefit of a one-man government, in which he is the one man.

The managers of the banquet at the Cologne festivities contracted with some French wine merchants for champagne, which was to be supplied gratuitously, under an agreement that every other wine should be barred. The Kaiser heard of this, and forthwith ordered that only Rhine wine should be served at the banquet. The Frenchmen threaten suit for the broken contract. WILHELM is German or nothing.

Another ocean greynob is speeding hither on her maiden trip. It is the Furst Bismarck, of the Hamburg-American line. Everything in the way of modern improvements has been put into this latest boat to the Normanna, and beside safety and the utmost luxury a high rate of speed is expected from the new boat. The more of this class of boats, the merrier.

Mr. GLADSTONE, while declining to give his views as to what should be done in the matter of American copyright law, declares the existing act as "highly unsatisfactory." He thinks it falls to meet the requirements of labor interests, an author's dignity and America's good. Mr. GLADSTONE is an author and a great man. His views are entitled to consideration.

Love laughs at bolts. The fourteen-year-old daughter of Canal-Boatman MCLAREN, who sails the gallant "Sadie," set fire to the boat. Papa unlocked the cabin-door to get help, and the flames were out in a flash. So was Miss MCLAREN, she had slipped with her own true love, a coaler of thirty-five. She will make a very knowing "child-wife."

M. ROCHFORD writes his articles with a loaded pen and with which to recruit

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

In the Perspective. She had on what they call "half-morning," to signify that six months had passed since her husband was laid away. She had stopped to look at some pictures displayed by a second-hand dealer in Grand street, and he stepped out to say: "Sell you that beautiful steel engraving and carved frame for only two dollars, ma'am—just as good as new, and never cost less than ten."

"I thought I liked it at first, but it don't amount to much," she replied. "Beg pardon, ma'am, but please look at the details. There's a farmhouse, to always remind you of the country; there's a forest, a meadow, two horses and a cow, and there's a very common," she interrupted.

"Perhaps, ma'am, but in that house is a lady—a widow—waiting for the gent who is coming through these woods to climb this rail fence just here. You can't see 'em, of course, but they are there, and he's going to propose to her as soon as he reaches the house. She'll accept and they'll be married in the Fall and be very, very happy."

"Two dollars is too much," she said, as she looked more closely and exhibited more interest. "But, consider, ma'am, consider that he's going to pop the question, and he's rich and handsome! Can't tell how this picture may affect your future, you know?"

"I'll give you a dollar and a half," she said, as she took out her purse. "Oh, well, I'll have to take it, but it's an awful shame. Fit for any parlor in the land—drawn by an artist who used to milk the very cow—and in the perspective is one of the happiest marriages ever made in this country. Here it is, ma'am, and after the match has been fixed I know you'll drop in and give me the other 50 cents."

Settled in Advance. There was something suspicious in the general looks of the stranger who dropped into a Bowery bootblack's chair with a grunt of relief. The shiner closely scrutinized him as he worked away, but couldn't decide whether he was French No. 8, meant to stand him off for half price, or had lead nickels to pay his way. He therefore called to a boy who stood about ten feet away: "Oh, there, Sammy—will ye do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked the other. "Run down to my private office in the next square and ask my private secretary for a small parcel under Exhibit A, and be careful as you bring it along."

"And what is it?" "It's the left eye of a gent who got a shine here yesterday and tried to stand me off for 10 cents. Perhaps this 'ere gent would like to examine it as a curiosity while he waits."

"I don't want to see no bloomin', bloody eyes!" growled the customer, and he handed out a quarter for the boy to make change in advance. The Confidence Game. "Sir!" called a lady passenger on a Court street car in Brooklyn as she alighted the conductor to stop, "didn't I tell you I wanted to get out at First place?"

"Yes!" he replied, "that you did," stammered the well-cord man. "And you have carried me three or four squares beyond! Is this the way you attend to business?"

"I-I beg!" "I shall send my complaint to the office!" she observed as she made ready to step off. "Madam, let me explain. Every one in the car was admiring your beautiful bonnet and wrap, and I was so charmed myself that I really forgot my duty. If you would overlook..."

"Was that the reason? Ah! I see! Conductor, your duties are very exacting and onerous, and I shall not add to the situation by any complaints!" M. QUAD.

Such is Life. She could sing and she could play. She could dance and she could sing. She could make the hours away. She could make the hours away. She could make the hours away. She could make the hours away.

She could walk eight miles a day, and she could sing. She could sing and she could play. She could dance and she could sing. She could make the hours away. She could make the hours away.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex. Bell Sleeves Are Out of Date—Rosina Vokes's Curis—Prices of Gingham and Satens—Daggers as Ornaments—Lace Sales—Park Equestriennes.

Sleeves are still made long, wide above and narrow toward the wrist. The bell-sleeve is no longer the dressmaker's favorite. Large puffs with narrow cuffs, nice epaulets and wavy capelets are sure to meet favor. Contrasting sleeves in silk, velvet, &c., have been worn and will again be favored.

Rosina Vokes is quoted as saying, in reply to the value she put upon her wonderful shock of shaving curls: "I would rather go without my breakfast the rest of my life than surrender one hair; I think, too, I could do without my dinner if it came to a test between the cook and the barber."

The handsome American gingham and zephyrs are retailing at 15c, 20c, 25c and 30c. The Scotch zephyrs are 25c, 30c and 35c. The American gingham is 15c, 20c and 25c. The Scotch zephyrs are 25c, 30c and 35c.

Blond hair is a better selling article than any other natural color. This means that the women with colored tresses are in the majority among patrons of the hair dealers.

In a city like New York, where the wives of city, barkeepers and ward politicians walk up in the night and find themselves in great need for department stores where they can acquire the art of dressing milder than a showcase, getting in and out of a carriage without bumping their heads and falling over their own ankles, wearing gloves and shoes at least half the size of their palms and soles, and keeping their diamonds and sapphires out of the public and butcher shop.

To watch the antics of these purse-proud ladies and dames as they dash through the Park, thumb-nail the shade roof and roll up to the dry-goods shops only to tumble into the arms of the expectant groom, honest and temper-tossed, is very amusing to those who cannot ride in a coach and wear a silk gown.

In Central Park some of the dashing equestriennes wear white kid gloves and diamond earrings. In the level clothes, jet, passementerie and cloths of gold, there are great needs for the equestrienne and the equestrienne, for the equestrienne and the equestrienne.

Among the unique doings of women in America which find their way to the press, one reads of Miss Lizette Regan, of Birmingham, Conn., who was a member of a fire department; of two deaf-mute students in Texas who edit a newspaper; Miss Kate Chute, the first travelling saleswoman for a shoe house; Miss Clara V. Duhl, recorder of deeds for Logan County, Alabama, and Miss H. S. Gough, of Georgia, one of the main instruments in the creation of the Covington and Macon Railroad.

Daggers are rampant. They appear as corsage ornaments, with jewelled hilts; they are shown in carved shell for the hair and tortoise and in mottoed ivory for fan sticks and paper cutters.

Nearly all shops have lace sale. It is possible to get 25-inch Swiss embroidered for cut dresses at 32 cents a yard, Irish point embroideries at 15 cents that cost 50 cents to import, hemstitched flouncing 45 inches wide at 69 cents, 48-inch flouncing at 79 cents, polka-dot flouncing the same width at \$1.75, pure silk drapery net 45 inches wide at \$1.75, and a lace, magnificence lace for ruffling dresses at 30 cents.

It is just possible that the author of the following, taken from the Richmond Dispatch, is a modern Esop: "The longest suit of hair in the world is perhaps that which grows on the head of Miss Asenath Philpot, of Gainesville, Tex., her trailing on the ground when she stands, nearly four feet, and measuring in all ten feet seven inches. Miss Philpot is a slight, delicate woman, approaching middle age, and regards her magnificent tresses as rather a source of embarrassment. The present growth is her seventh year, as in 1884 her head was shaved during a spell of brain fever. It is necessary for her health to cut out large quantities of hair every few months, and she has a goodly store for some large wig manufactory in the East, which pays her well for it, as its genuineness and silky gloss is exceptional, besides being of a much admired red-gold tint. Miss Philpot says she has been several times approached by enterprising speculators of dime novels, who have made offers to travel with them as a freak, and has also been requested to act as agent for sundry hair tonics. She claims that her family has for generations been noted for the beauty and length of their tresses. Miss Philpot, her grandfather having a beard that fell to his feet and being obliged to cut his hair every day or two. Her mother's hair was such that when she lay in her coffin it swirled up from head to foot and was then obliged to be folded back several times.

HEARD IN THE STAGE WORLD.

Manager Hammerstein Talks of His New Theatre. Carmencita to Head a Company of Her Own in a Tour.

Manager Oscar Hammerstein leaves for Europe next month to look after various theatrical interests, and possibly to engage some people to sing in German opera at the new theatre in Thirty-fourth street. Said Mr. Hammerstein on Saturday: "The plans for my new theatre were sent to the Bureau of Building on Thursday. Friday they came back to me rejected. No I must submit some more, and am about to do so. I am undecided yet whether I shall call the new theatre the Manhattan or the Murray Hill. It will probably be the latter, as I do not think that the Germans would care for the former. There will be sixty private boxes in the house, and until they have been subscribed for I shall be very low. You do not imagine?" (Mr. Hammerstein says that he will be supported in England, not yet at all.) "I shall intend to 'jump' any money in the scheme? Not a bit of it. If Germans want German opera they can have it. If they would like me to sing for them I will do so too with pleasure, for I am of a most amiable disposition. The engagement by me of German artists in Europe will depend upon the sale of the boxes."

An American Lilliputian company is now on the road. It is already being engaged in Philadelphia, and is to be one of the "attractions" (most misleading of expressions) for next season. The success of the German Lilliputian has, of course, suggested the American company. The "little ones," as they are already explained, have made heaps of money in all the larger cities. They were among the few profitable sojourners at Niblo's.

Carmencita, at the head of a company of her own, is booked to appear in Harlem in January in England, and will be supported in a variety of organizations or as the star of a farce-comedy. Somebody will probably write a play around her Spanish dances.

Miss Marie Tempest has been interviewed by a very ingenious Canadian. Picture her saying: "Here in Canada I am at home. I sing in English, and you will know how much this means to a woman who loves home and domestic life." Her voice trailed off into a wail, low cadence and the bright eyes were a little dim for a moment. "But for me," she said presently, with a little shake, as though casting all home regrets from her, "I can sing the same tune, met with unparalleled success in the States. The 'trailing voice' and the 'little shake' are simply superb."

Miss Lilly Post has been engaged to sing in the Carlton Opera Company during the summer months, and will be supported in the Capital, in the shape of the Ford Opera Company. So much musical festivity for Washington seems to be her Utopian.

The history of "Nance Oldfield," the one-act play presented by Rose Coghlan last week, is worth recording. It was first produced in London in 1885 by Charles Hodge, with Miss E. Hirston, Mrs. Kendal's sister, in the cast. It was then called "The Girl of the Year" and "The Girl of the Year." It has since been produced in "Tragedy," which has been seen on the English stage at various times, and in "The Girl of the Year," "Comedy and Tragedy" or "The Tragedy Queen."

The big elephant that plays such an important part in "Wong" at the Broadway Theatre is really worth looking at and will bear close watching. The elephant has had the opportunity of bearing the elephant in its own den and the scene Saturday night. It took sixteen weeks to build the animal, and the mechanism is quite intricate. It is worked by two men, one of whom is particularly strong. When Dr. Wolf Hopper sits astride the elephant, the poor little de workers do not enjoy themselves, and the elephant does not enjoy the large enclosure of beer, and the liquid is put into the tank. No. 4. A wire in the table holds the schooner in place, and the elephant is kept in place by a screw. The bear goes through the table, though there is no hole in the table, but that would be a great nuisance.

Clement Scott, the well-known dramatic writer of London, has been hit £18,000, it is said, by a young woman who admired his work. He is said to be a man of great energy and of inventive to brilliance. Come forth, admitting young women, come forth! And if you should invent something like the machine of "Clement Scott's" doing one don't forget that it is to say, remember."

Metropolitan managers say that the first Saturday night of a production is as important as the first Monday night. To be sure on the Monday night the audience is the largest, but the "first-nighters" put on the Saturday night the theatre is purified by the beautiful theatre, and the audience is the largest. If the first Saturday night is satisfactory the play is in for a long run.

Almost Forgotten. Youth (in an old newspaper to the Grant Monument Fund). What was that? "That's all right," he replied, "forewarned is forearmed, you know."

That Silly Child. "Your dear little girl is such a pretty compliment; he said I looked real handsome," said Mrs. Hostetter to Mrs. Lydia Plunkham. "Did he say that?" "Indeed he did, the little angel."

It Was the Measles. "I think," said a lion T. Saxe parent, "that Tommy is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat, and sits by the stove all day and thinks and thinks."

Meteorological Item. A German Colonel, who had a spite at the major of his regiment, took occasion to rebuke the major severely for some trifling oversight of duty. The major, in reply, in the same strain, whereupon the colonel's countenance upon your face.

Perils of the First Born. Young Mother—"Oh, the first one come here! Baby's face an' arms are all broken out with an eruption!" (sobbing)—"What on earth shall I do?" "Young Father—Send for the Quarantine officers at once, oughtn't we?"

THE PORTER, THE BANANA-SKIN AND THE BARREL.

THE REPORTER'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE. Eastern Newspaper Correspondent—What are the chances, Chief? Is there going to be another Indian outbreak during the—

An Acquired Accident. Citizen—Take off yer hat, there, when you're talking to the only lady in town!

A Tribute to Eloquence. "Sir," said the prisoner to his eloquent counsel, "I was about to confess myself guilty of the crime, but I'll be hanged if you haven't made me believe that I'm innocent."

In the Same Neighborhood. Two wretched-looking tramps were brought up before a Texas justice of the peace, addressing the world looking one, the justice asked: "Where do you live?" "Nowhere."

A Delightful Thing to Contemplate. "I don't think papa cares much for you, Fred," she whispered, sotto. "That's all right," he replied, "forewarned is forearmed, you know."

Why He Was Late. "What makes you so late coming to school this morning?" asked Mr. Leonard, a teacher in one of the New York public schools, of a tardy pupil named Horner Brooks. "I've arrested a burglar in Fifty-eighth street and his sent me to the station house to see if it was he. It was the burglar."

The Candid Little Boy. "Now, little boy, what is the meaning of the word hypocrisy?" asked a Texas Sun day school teacher, of his favorite pupil. "I can't explain what it is, but I know just the same."

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A Slight Misunderstanding. "I read in the paper that after a fire was under control, the flames played all night on the rains. Why children? say to me home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"

THE GLEANER. I met Mr. George Seavey, the artist, yesterday on Fifth avenue. He has just come North from the Fifth land of St. Augustine, where the past winter he has had one of those de Leon studios. He told me that his brother would be in New York very soon, and would make preparations for opening Fort William Henry Hotel at Lake George, of which he will have the management this Summer. Mr. Seavey looked nippy and hearty as if a Winter Summer agreed with him.

Chandos Fulton passed me on Twenty-third street, looking as bright as ever. Chandos is still one of the mainstays of the Lotos, and varies the intellectual labor of his pen with excursions into the popular field of photography.

I understand that a casual remark made by the Gleaner about the dancing and stinging of a chorus girl at the Casino was charmingly appropriated by every one of the vocal ladies of the chorus. Each had no doubt but that she was the one referred to.

New York is not prodigal in the matter of under observance. The saloons lack their front doors after the looting has changed the hour of midnight, but the gent in white behind the bar does not return from active exercise at that time. The Four Hundred are broader still. I saw guests just arriving at Mrs. Whitney's house Saturday evening after 11 o'clock. The guests could not have gotten away by 11 of course. So the merry-making was a part of Sunday's devotion. There is no harm in innocent amusement on Sunday, but I wish some of the Metropolitan directors who may have been at Mrs. Whitney's reception would reflect that a reception to the people at the Art Museum on Sundays would be fully as innocent and proper.

I am not surprised to see that Mr. William Coffin's admirable landscape at the American Artists' Show should have bagged the best prize. The subject was one well suited to Coffin's style and ability. He called it "Hail," a most apt title for a very fine piece of work. The soft, dusky tone of the landscape, swept by the falling shower, was beautiful, and the feeling of the thing very true. This subtle quality of feeling, which is the soul of a painting, is nearly always caught by Coffin in his oil paintings.

Carriages were as thick as flies in Summer in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The lovely day had drawn out everybody who owned horses and a vehicle of any kind, and a great many who owned neither. It is very easy to spot the hired trams and the Central Park professional. The coupe may be beautifully painted, the coachman attired in quite a respectable livery, but something about the turnout says that it is a public thing of hire.

NO WORD UNTIL. New Novlette by OCTAVE THANET. Begin it in THE EVENING WORLD To-morrow.

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Men's Fine Business Suits. IN OUR BARCAIN DEPARTMENT We continue the surprising sale of Men's Fine Business Suits in Sacks or Cutaways, of Mixed Cassimeres, Corkscrews and Diagonals, reliably made and warranted to wear well.

Your own choice suitable, serviceable Spring Suits in Sacks and Cutaways, reliably made in Mixed Cassimeres, Corkscrews and Diagonals, at

BOYS' CLOTHING. BALL AND BAT FREE TO EVERY BOY. 1,500 School Suits, sizes 4 to 14 years, plated styles and dark colors, at

750 Short Pants Suits, All Wool, Fancy Cheviots and Cassimeres, such as competitors charge from \$4 to \$4.50, at

Open evenings until 9 o'clock. A. H. KING & CO., THE LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS, 627 AND 629 BROADWAY, NEAR BLEECKER STREET.

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Flint's Fine Furniture. KNOW YE THAT BUYING FROM THE MANUFACTURER GENERALLY SECURES FOR THE PURCHASER A BETTER ARTICLE, FOR THE SAME MONEY than BUYING FROM ONE WHO RETAILS ONLY! The assertion is obvious by one moment's reflection—for at least one PROFIT IS SAVED TO THE PURCHASER. THE MORE HANDS AN ARTICLE PASSES THROUGH, FROM THE MANUFACTURER TO THE CONSUMER, THE HIGHER THE GOODS MUST NECESSARILY COST. Hence, BUYING FROM THE MANUFACTURER is certainly a SURE WAY TO BUY CHEAP. We therefore call attention to our superior line of FURNITURE of every grade, from the well-wearing ASH to the rich and almost everlasting WALNUT, ANTIQUE OAK and MAHOAGANY, in large assortment, variety of designs and tasteful harmony of shapes. IN ADDITION WE SHOW FULL LINES OF UPHOLSTERY GOODS, PARLOR SUITES, FANCY CHAIRS, &c., AT THE MOST TEMPTING PRICES.

Financial Items. Debtor—You can't collect that from me, and Collector—No? Debtor—No; you can't get blood out of a turnip. Collector (in disgust)—Apparently you neither can I get money out of a bear.

Information Wanted. Judge Duffy—Why don't you work? Trump—I can't afford to work. It's too expensive. "Why, how is that?" "You see, if I work I soon become thinny, and I have to drink beer, and the money I get from work is not sufficient to pay for the beer, so you see I have economic reasons for not working."

Why He Was Late. "What makes you so late coming to school this morning?" asked Mr. Leonard, a teacher in one of the New York public schools, of a tardy pupil named Horner Brooks. "I've arrested a burglar in Fifty-eighth street and his sent me to the station house to see if it was he. It was the burglar."

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Is Superior to Every Other Known. See latest U. S. and Canadian Government Reports.

It is just possible that the author of the following, taken from the Richmond Dispatch, is a modern Esop: "The longest suit of hair in the world is perhaps that which grows on the head of Miss Asenath Philpot, of Gainesville, Tex., her trailing on the ground when she stands, nearly four feet, and measuring in all ten feet seven inches. Miss Philpot is a slight, delicate woman, approaching middle age, and regards her magnificent tresses as rather a source of embarrassment. The present growth is her seventh year, as in 1884 her head was shaved during a spell of brain fever. It is necessary for her health to cut out large quantities of hair every few months, and she has a goodly store for some large wig manufactory in the East, which pays her well for it, as its genuineness and silky gloss is exceptional, besides being of a much admired red-gold tint. Miss Philpot says she has been several times approached by enterprising speculators of dime novels, who have made offers to travel with them as a freak, and has also been requested to act as agent for sundry hair tonics. She claims that her family has for generations been noted for the beauty and length of their tresses. Miss Philpot, her grandfather having a beard that fell to his feet and being obliged to cut his hair every day or two. Her mother's hair was such that when she lay in her coffin it swirled up from head to foot and was then obliged to be folded back several times.

Among the unique doings of women in America which find their way to the press, one reads of Miss Lizette Regan, of Birmingham, Conn., who was a member of a fire department; of two deaf-mute students in Texas who edit a newspaper; Miss Kate Chute, the first travelling saleswoman for a shoe house; Miss Clara V. Duhl, recorder of deeds for Logan County, Alabama, and Miss H. S. Gough, of Georgia, one of the main instruments in the creation of the Covington and Macon Railroad.

Daggers are rampant. They appear as corsage ornaments, with jewelled hilts; they are shown in carved shell for the hair and tortoise and in mottoed ivory for fan sticks and paper cutters.

Nearly all shops have lace sale. It is possible to get 25-inch Swiss embroidered for cut dresses at 32 cents a yard, Irish point embroideries at 15 cents that cost 50 cents to import, hemstitched flouncing 45 inches wide at 69 cents, 48-inch flouncing at 79 cents, polka-dot flouncing the same width at \$1.75, pure silk drapery net 45 inches wide at \$1.75, and a lace, magnificence lace for ruffling dresses at 30 cents.

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