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THE TARRYTOWN DISASTER.

A terrible disaster near Tarrytown yesterday, on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, sent a thrill of horror through all the vicinity and all over the country. It was a catastrophe that came without warning. A carload of dynamite standing on the track suddenly exploded with a force of which the mind cannot conceive. Death and ruin were spread about the place, and for miles around houses were rocked and the ground shaken as if by an earthquake.

Following closely upon the shocking story of the disaster and its consequences comes the declaration from people who were near the scene that the awful affair might have been averted by the adoption of the most ordinary precautions. It is charged that the handling of the dynamite used in the blasting operations on the Central road has all along been extremely careless; that the dangerous explosive has been carried over the rails and left standing about in such ways as to seem almost like invitations to disaster.

It is declared that a simple tarpaulin covering thrown over the car which held the dynamite yesterday would have prevented the catastrophe of the day, and that such a precaution would have been only a usual one, had the risks accompanying the transportation of the explosive been considered at all.

These allegations will furnish subjects for careful investigation by the Coroner's jury, and by all the authorities of law into whose provinces the Tarrytown occurrences may come. The inquiry over the disaster must extend to the minutest particular connected with the handling of the dynamite and the causes of the explosion. If there is such a grave responsibility for the casualty as is indicated in the declarations referred to, it must be promptly placed. And while these allegations are being dealt with at the inquest, it might be well to inquire also why it happened that a carload of stuff, the handling of which is always so full of uncertain peril, was allowed to go as part of a regular work train bearing its gang of laborers, instead of being transported separately and carefully over the road.

A COMING RAPID TRANSIT REPORT.

The gentlemen making up the Rapid Transit Commission announce that they will have their report ready for the Board of Aldermen by Tuesday next. This does not mean that detailed plans for a Rapid Transit system will then be presented, but that a general idea as to route, distances and character of structures will be submitted. The engineer's detail of the plan may be fully prepared a month later.

Nobody who has given the matter a serious thought can be surprised at the frank acknowledgment by Chairman STEINWAY that the Commission has found itself with a much bigger contract on its hands than it had ever dreamed of. To secure the adequate system of Rapid Transit which the people of the city have a right to expect will prove indeed a gigantic task. Aside from questions of finance, structure and motive power, there are to be considered many facts in regard to lines of development and growth in population. The system must be such an one as to accommodate to the very greatest extent the very greatest number of people. Planned and constructed as speedily as possible now, the road or roads must yet be calculated to a standard of efficiency to endure far into the future.

The Commission has not acted hastily. It has taken three months to look over grounds and conditions and to discuss plans and questions. Its members declare themselves satisfied with the progress they have made. Sincerely let us hope that the plans they present may be such as to infuse the same sense of satisfaction into the immediately concerned public.

HELP THE CHILDREN.

There is nothing like doing a good work with a cheerful alacrity. The fund for the Free Doctors, for which contributions are now coming in, should not be slow in mounting to a creditable figure. It is as easy to give at one time as another. Do not put off your donation for the benefit of the poor children whose sufferings will begin when the hot weather sets in.

You are only invited to give what you can conveniently. No sum is too small to be offered, provided it represents the giver's ability at the time.

The only point of importance is that each reader of THE EVENING WORLD should give something to the good cause. It has to be supported by these voluntary subscriptions. Suffering childhood appeals to everybody who thinks of it for a moment. Send in your contributions promptly and willingly, therefore, and all will go well.

The flying-machine is rapidly vindicating a position for itself by the side of perpetual motion and the squaring of the circle as a spur to the inventive minds. Each new inventor has a hardy assurance of having made a machine which will fly at last. Unfortunately, the machine doesn't mount into the air and skim around. No flying machine, however, can be regarded as a full success unless it flies, and no one will believe that one can until it does. It will be some time yet before the doubters will have to retire.

Gov. HILL has pardoned a young man whose eight years' sentence to Sing Sing still had five years to run, on the condition that he abstains from drink for those five years. As it is simply question of liberty and no grog or imprisonment and none, it seems as if the young man could deny himself and remain at large. He must beware of the "Come! Have one with me" man.

Over in Jersey a judge has declared that a man may be intelligent and have read the newspapers without becoming ineligible to a seat in a jury-box. New Jersey is a singular State. They seem to think men alive enough to know what is going on and intelligent enough to have views about it are still capable of discerning what the evidence in the case may show.

There is nothing like making the best of affairs. To disinherit and heap maledictions on a child who has married the one loved may make an interesting father in a novel. But in real life, how much nicer to forgive the young things after the knot is tied and take them home, as a White Plains father did last week. Everybody is happier.

The experiments with the guns of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius have been thoroughly satisfactory. Shots were fired from the boat while stationary, and also while at full speed, and all showed the perfect working of both guns and projectiles. This is the kind of a cruiser we want.

A doctor recently refused to treat a man for his eyes because the man had once sued an oculist for malpractice. Is this a reflection on the patient or the doctor? Of course, if medical skill has done its best it doesn't like to be sued.

A clergyman in the West has organized a society which promises help to the souls of deceased persons. If he could guarantee souls against any unpleasant contingencies after death his scheme ought to be an immense success.

There seems to be a firebug in the district west of Harlem. It is hoped that he may be as speedily gathered in as his blazes have been thus far put out.

Confidence in the Charleston's ability to take the Itata is wisely limited by the phrase "wherever she sees her."

It is announced that the Assembly Investigating Committee will take the canals in tow about the 1st of June.

The country breathes easier on learning that the Harrison Cape May cottage has not been sold.

Contribute early to the fund for Free Physicians for the babies of the poor.

Real Rapid Transit will not come in on stilts.

SPOTLETS.

A dude objects to spatters more than to "spats."

Now they say it was a policeman who hit the Czarewitch with a sword. Lucky that our policemen do not carry swords.

From a Slav to a slavery is not so much of a change.

A mild old man, held up by a tramp, declared he would give him no quarter. Brave old man!

The poet loves the glad some Spring,
The violet, the peeping daisy;
And loves to hear and of them sing,
Because he's so infernal lazy.—*Puck.*

A Tory swept away by a volcanic eruption would be a lava-tory.

Why has no one advanced the truly reasonable theory that "Jack the Ripper" is a hackman. He does enough hacking to warrant it.

The monument to Theodore Parker in Florence is a structure of one Story. W. W. Story.

"Pigeon wings" need to be always "on ice."

The strawberry shortcake lingers too long.

WORLDLINGS.

The British novelist Blackmore is a hearty and well-preserved man of sixty-five years. He looks much like a typical back-country squire and rarely appears in society, preferring to live the life of a literary recluse. He is an Oxford graduate and a lawyer.

Cleveland has for years had a deaf-mute on its police force. He has the record of having been a thoroughly efficient officer, and as he cannot hear a sound he is obliged to be more than usually watchful.

M. Eugene Bertrand, the new director of the Grand Opera-House of Paris, served an apprenticeship as a theatrical manager in the United States. He is fifty-seven years old, and abandoned medicine for the stage.

Seven children—three sons and two daughters—of the abolitionist John Brown are now living. One of the sons, Salmon, is a farmer; John is a fruit-grower on Put-in-Bay Island, L. ke Erie, and Jason is a lecturer.

Mrs Van Rensselaer Croger is a very handsome woman of rather more than the average height. She is noted for her beautiful arms. Her hair is brown and curly. She is fond of outdoor exercise, and her pink cheeks exhibit the ruddy hue of health.

A Sad Case.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Papa—Well, has that young spendthrift beggar promised to cease his impertinent attentions to you?

Penelope—Yes, sir.

Papa—Well, what are you crying about, then?

Penelope—I'm afraid he'll keep his promise.

[From Truth.]

Mrs. A.—Is Mrs. C. giving any balls or parties?

Mrs. B.—Balls in Lent? Way, my dear madam, Mrs. C. is so strict an observer of Lent that fishballs are the only kind she will tolerate.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Slightly Off.

"Go on!" he growled as a woman stopped him on the Bowery and held out her hand for alms.

"I'm very poor, sir."

"But you are a fraud!"

"Never! Never! I always tell the truth!"

"No, yer don't! Didn't I give ye a dime to tell me fortune last Monday?"

"Heaven bless you, but are you the gentleman? And I told you right."

"No, yer didn't! yer said I was to climb up and be rich. The very next day I climb up the steps to the Tombs and get fined seven dollars for chinnin' a cop who had collared my brother! Git off the earth!"

A Boy's Way.

"I want a pane of glass," said a boy about ten years old, as he entered a glazier's on Sixth avenue.

"What size?"

"I dunno."

"You are a bright boy to come after a pane of glass and not know whether its 8x10 or 30x40! How do you expect to get it?"

"Got the measure on my back—see!"

He turned his back and exhibited some chalk-marks, and the glazier put the rule on to find the size 9x11.

"Just as good as bringing a string with a knot in it, ain't it?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"That's what I told ma. Only trouble is if you meet a messenger boy and get up a fight, and he's the biggest, and he flops you down and rolls you over in the dirt, the marks might get rubbed and you'd take 'em for 11x9."

A Street-Car Pantomime.

On a Third avenue surface car the other day I saw a pantomime which set me to hunting for a gymnasium, where I might develop a bit of what is generally known as "science." There was a handsome girl of sixteen on the car, and quite alone. She sat down beside a small man, about thirty years of age, who wore glasses and had the appearance of a music teacher. Opposite the pair sat a full-chopped, heavy-weight bluffer and masher. You'd have bet your last dollar to a dime that the quiet-looking little man wouldn't have dared to say "sugar" in his presence. That was the situation, and the pantomime began at Thirtieth street.

The big masher deliberately smiled at the maiden.

The maiden blushed, looked frightened and turned her head away.

The quiet little man looked full into the masher's face and clinched his fists and shut his teeth together hard.

After a moment or two the girl faced across the car again, and then the masher renewed his smile and added a wink to it, searing her half to death.

The little man rested a fist on each knee.

The big man followed suit and looked him over with brazen impudence.

The little man gave himself a sort of shake—a movement which somehow told of muscle, and at the same moment his left foot took position in advance of his right.

The big man rolled himself right and left took on the airs of a true duffer. His demeanor satisfied me that he was saying to himself: "Ah! you jay, but I could break you in two with one hand!"

The little man understood, and there was a crafty look in his eyes and a swelling of the veins in the neck as he seemed to answer:

"I want just one upper cut at that chin of yours!"

The girl continued flustrated and embarrassed, and at Thirty-ninth street she rose to leave the car. There were only four passengers of us at that point.

The big masher arose to follow her.

The little man arose to see that the masher didn't do any such thing.

I sat still, knowing that I wasn't in it.

The girl passed out.

The little man was next after her, and he hung in the doorway.

The big masher sort o' fell against him, calculating to fire him out by sheer weight.

Biff! Bang!

The little man half-wheeled, delivered a sturdy uppercut with his right, and the big duffer staggered backward, clutched a strap and swung himself into a seat. For full two minutes he held his head in his hands. Then he spat out a mouthful of blood, carefully felt of his jaw, and as he arose and staggered out to drop off the step the pantomime was ended by his growling:

"I'll git de gang together and pull dat chap out nine feet long to pay fur dis!"

M. QUAD.

Never Thought of It.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"I hear you have given up smoking."

"Yes."

"What did you do it for?"

"My wife couldn't stand the smell of stale tobacco."

"Why didn't you get fresh tobacco?"

Makes a Difference.

[From the Somerville Journal.]

Bjonks—What will you take for that horse of yours, Bjenkins.

Bjenkins—Two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars! Why, man, you told me last week that you were disgusted with him and would sell him for fifty dollars."

"Yes, I know I did; I have found a man now who wants him."

Not Strange After All.

[From Texas Siftings.]

First Tramp—I never failed yet to make money out of anything I tackled.

Second Tramp—You ought to be rich.

First Tramp—But I ain't. You see I never tackled anything.

Peculiar to Itself

That Hood's Sarsaparilla does possess curative power Peculiar to Itself is conclusively shown by the wonderful cures it has effected, unsurpassed in the history of medicine. This absolute merit it possesses by reason of the fact that it is prepared by a Combination, Proportion and Process Peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, known to no other medicine, and by which the full medicinal power of all the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berries, and other well known vegetable remedies. It has won its way to the leading place among medicines by its own intrinsic, undisputed merit, and has now a larger sale than any other preparation.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar

HELP THE TOTS.

Free Doctors Can Alleviate the Sufferings of Thousands of Babies.

And You Can Assist Them by Contributing to the Fund.

Every Little Helps, So Send Along Your Mite.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"The Evening World".....	$100.00
Previously acknowledged.....	210.88
Amy D.....	1.00
Leopold Wolf.....	.50
Five Girls.....	.25

The fund to provide free doctors for the poor babes in tenement-houses has got a fair start on the necessary amount to organize the corps, but much more is needed. This is a charity that appeals to all, more particularly to the children of well-to-do parents, who are better able to appreciate the contrast between their condition and that of their unfortunate brothers and sisters, confined in stifling tenement houses through the hot season, dying by hundreds, when a dose of the proper medicine or a word of advice to the sorrowing parents, is often sufficient to bring back the little one from the verge of the grave.

The organizing of the corps of physicians is no experiment. The records of the past three years is a convincing argument of the good that can be done by a few experienced physicians.

Cases of the most abject poverty were met with and relieved with food and clothing besides the requisite medicines and from hundreds of homes went up heartfelt blessings for the generous people who subscribed to THE EVENING WORLD'S Free Doctor's Fund.

This summer the same conditions prevail as in former years. The tenement houses are as crowded as ever, the heat will be just as intense and the suffering just as great, although in many cases the parents will have profited by the advice given them in previous years.

Still, there are new faces in many houses, and new complications of diseases which a skilled physician only can understand and properly care for.

Remember that every dollar helps to save a little life, or if disease has made too great an inroad on the tiny constitution, a few dimes will at least aid the little sufferer to pass to his last sleep painlessly.

Send in the dimes then, for the sooner the doctors start out the more good can be done, for, as the old saw says, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

Five Good Hearts.

To the Editor:

We five girls made up a plan to ask our papas for five cents each for the sick baby fund. We got the money and send it to you, with best wishes for your success.

JENNIE WILSON,
MARY MARTIN,
JOSIE S. LATHROP,
BERTHA MADDOX,
ANNIE SEARLE.

Little Amy Helps.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the baby fund.

I am a little girl only five years old, and mamma tells me that there are so many little girls of my age in this city who need a little assistance to enjoy themselves during the Summer, I therefore open my bank and send the above, hoping that other little girls will be induced to do like wise.

AMY D.

THE CLEANER.

Happy the lot of the Broadway policeman! He hasn't much to do except look fat, fine and imposing, and occasionally untangle a snarl of vehicles. The little push-carts with the golden orange and the simple sweets offer him a limited but toothsome "free lunch." I saw one yesterday help himself to a piece of "taffy" while the owner of the same looked on at his own despoiling with a smile.

* * *

Lost, strayed, but not stolen. A hairless dog with a light-blue blanket was seen running around in Park place this morning like Japhet in search of a father. People stopped and looked at him because he gave such certain signs of being lost. He had a spotted skin—a salmon color alternating with black in his side. He looked like a dog valuable enough to be missed by his owner.

* * *

The new Havemeyer house on Fifth avenue at Sixty-sixth street has a peculiar front door. The panels are of thick green glass, which, in the daytime, look a little like bronze of the *vieil antique* order. At night when the light from the house comes through there is a cold, pale green in the door which suggests a stationhouse.

* * *

This is the kind of a morning when the driver of a mail wagon wraps his blanket about his legs while he sits waiting for his load. He does this if he is wise.

* * *

I saw Mr. Edward Stokes wandering up Broadway yesterday with a Spring suit on which fitted "like the paper on the wall." He had the placid air which goes with him. It is time for Stokes to be getting the Fra Diavolo into trim for runs up the Sound and North River.

* * *

In a trip down the bay lately I was distressed at the appearance which Castle Thunder has assumed. It is getting old and ugly and contemptible. It is of no earthly use except to fire salutes from on gala occasions, but if it exists it should be treated to the courtesy of a new coat of cement and paint, or at least covered with new wallpaper or something. It is mangy in its appearance now.

* * *

It seems to me it would almost be a pity to have the St. Luke's Hospital pass into the Union Club's hands. To sick people it must be comfort to look out on a circle of green trees surrounding them. Of course the Club fellows would enjoy it, too, but they are not sick and do not need so much tonic.

* * *

Sydney Mortimer Lawrence, the young New York artist, who, since his marriage two years ago to Mlle. Dupre, has lived in Saint Ives, England, is forging rapidly ahead to success. He will go up to London on a flying trip to look at pictures, and will take in the naval evolutions at Chelsea in order to get good material for his own work. Saint Ives is a place after Lawrence's own heart, a quaint Cornish town on the coast with picturesque fisher folk in abundance and craft with richly colored sails floating in the bay. Mrs. Lawrence has fully recovered from the ill health she felt some time ago.

The Streets Not Built that Way.

[From the Boston Courier.]

Teacher—Johnny Greyneck, you are a very bad boy, and I want you to go straight home.

J. G.—I can't.

Teacher—You can't?

J. G.—No, ma'am; this is Boston.

MOSELLE'S TOOTHING POWDER is soothing to the gums and calms the nerves. 25 cents.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Sleep a Preserver of Good Looks—Style in Decorative Millinery—Dresses for Girls—Vienna Salad Bowls—Women Good Hypnotic Subjects—The Popular Bracelet.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller advocates plenty of sleep for the preservation of woman's youth and good looks. It is her custom to take every fifth week off and do nothing but sleep, nap and lie around. In view of the lawsuit Mrs. Miller has on her hands it is just possible that she will be in dreamland when the case is called.

Snakes, pom-poms, wings, birds' heads, lace and tinsel butterflies, fruits, leaves, flowers, nuts, cones, acorns and thistles are some of the things used in decorative millinery.

The Kate Greenaway designs continue to prevail for girls. The long, quaint slips, the old-fashioned bonnets, the shapeless little jackets—all the odd features that originated with the famous Englishwoman's clever pencil are represented in the dresses shown for our smaller girls until they reach the age of "miashood." For "best" dresses the girls are wearing India silks in the pronounced shades suited to children. These are made to be worn over guimpes of white lawn, with profuse lace trimming. The waist is shirred and the skirt plain and full. There is often a sash.

Quaint china salad bowls, set in brass, come from Vienna, and are furnished with a spoon and fork with china handles. Some are in polychrome decoration, but others are of the familiar blue china pattern.

Beware, my lady, in this age of hypnotic rule. Keep your eyes open, your mind awake and your intellect alert. Be not subjugated by a pair of magnetic eyes or conquered by a determined will, for the announcement is made by a well-known physician that women are the easiest subjects for hypnotism, especially those past forty years of age. Little women with black eyes, abundant black hair and thick eyebrows are more favorable subjects than pale, lymphatic ones. Nervous women are seldom brought under the hypnotism influence. Delicate, languishing women, especially those with some chronic maladies, submit instantly to the mysterious influence at this weird art.

The average waist measure in New York is said to be 25½ inches, with the knee band 12½. These figures come from the girls who make corsets and garters for a living.

Hand-painted women were never more admired or more adroit than now. The tints are very sparingly used, but they are laid in well, nicely dusted with egg-shell powder, and the effect softened by a full, fluffy bang or a veil of cob-web gauze.

The bracelet par excellence is a gold bangle with an Egyptian inscription.

Lover's knots of ribbon give the latest touch to a lace flounce.

A pretty style for hair that is too long to curl, and too short to do up, is to be seen a great deal lately on the drive. It is a cut short bang in front and curled fluffily. The hair drawn to the back has the ends slightly curled and drawn out, and is tied together with a knot of black ribbon, always black. A clasp is sometimes used, but a ribbon is much prettier. There is a very simple, pretty style for those who have abundant, wavy hair of their own. It must be arranged in a loose knot and fastened low on the neck. With this style a short bang is worn, parted far forward, with the most of it brushed back. This style is to be worn without ornament.

Proper Discipline.

[From Life.]

Meek little Henpeck lay at the point of death. With streaming eyes the family had assembled about the bedside to hear his last sad words.

"John! John!" cried the weeping wife, "you mustn't leave me!" Slowly Henpeck's dimmed eyes sought her face, and in an apologetical little voice he murmured meekly, "Just as you say, Maria, just as you say."

AMONG THE PLAYER FOLK.

Three Weeks of Rose Coghlan at the Star Promised.

Miss Mabel Fenton Will, It Is Believed, Soon Recover.

Miss Rose Coghlan, who is at present at the Grand Opera-House in this city, will appear, so it was yesterday announced, at the Star Theatre a week from next Monday in her brother's play, "The Gray Mare." She is to play at this house for three weeks, and there is a possibility, in the event of success, of a Summer run. Now that Miss Coghlan is virtually her own manager—there is no more Pitou as far as she is concerned—it looks as though she would be kinder to New York than she has been, and tarry more frequently in the metropolis.

* * *

Miss Mabel Fenton, of the Ross and Fenton "firm," is still unable to leave Paterson, N. J. It is believed that she will soon recover from the effects of the terrible burns she received. Her place in "A Knotty Affair" is filled by Miss Mattie Earle, who came from that funeral play, "The Envoy." From "The Envoy" to "A Knotty Affair" is a leap—but it cannot be a disagreeable one for Miss Earle.

* * *

Mrs. Langtry's house in West Twenty-third street is pathetically adorned with glaring yellow bills, announcing plaintively that it is to let. People still gaze at it as they pass. The Langtry is not forgotten. America still holds a few dollars for her, as the mine of curiosity has not yet been absolutely exhausted.

* * *

E. J. Buckley, the well-known leading man, is still very ill at his house. Some time ago he had a slight paralytic stroke, from which he has not thoroughly recovered. Mr. Buckley is one of the few actors who cannot well be missed.

* * *

An actor returned from the South yesterday minus his trunk and plus a good many grievances. He had been a member of Miss Rose Osborne's company. Miss Osborne is the star of a play called "Satan," which, it will be admitted, is a good vehicle with which to go to the devil. (Joke.)

* * *

The startling statement is made that Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew have made a great hit before the Maharajah of Bettiah and the Maharajah Sir Jotindra Mohun Tagore. It is very nice to make a hit before such eminent personages, but the joy must be tempered with a discreet yet tetanic sorrow when it is necessary to mention their names.

* * *

"Blue Jeans" will be played by two companies next season, with Jennie Yeamans as June No. 1, and Laura Burt as June No. 2. The play has met with much approval in Chicago, where Miss Yeamans has been interviewed and discussed and criticised a great deal.

* * *

Maggie Mitchell is to have a new play, next season. This is not particularly surprising, but it is worth recording. Time deals very kindly with Miss Mitchell, and it looks as though she would be playing Kittens for a few decades to come. In spite of disadvantages Miss Mitchell gives a better performance than dozens of the so-called soubrettes of to-day. Next week, in Yonkers, she is to try a play called "Lady Tom."

* * *

It is said that Sarah Bernhardt is very anxious while in this country to appear as the Empress Faustina, a role created by Mme. Jane Hading. Maurice Grau is to send her from Europe the Polish author's manuscript.

* * *

E. S. C., East Orange.—You need not tell us that you are settling a wager; of course you are. The two organizations you mention are entirely distinct. The Hanlons who appear in "Fantasma" and "Un Voyage en Suisse" are still to the good, their latest being "Superba."

* * *

William H. Crane will close his season after next week, and, with his wife, will take his new yacht, the Tantalus, to Cohasset. Joseph Brooks, Mr. Crane's manager, will also be of the party.

* * *

The Academy of Music will have no theatrical attractions until next season, when "The Soudan," which has been so vigorously "soundvenired," will be presented. Fortune has not favored this house since "The Old Homestead" closed. "Home, Sweet Home" was a failure, and the backer of "King Kalako" backed out. The house will have its usual array of Commencement exercises.

A Coontown Classic.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Yallerby (over the four-handed game)—Yo's not a-goin' to break up de card party, Mose?

Johnsing—Yes, sir, I is; dat pardner ob mine am too Shakspearian in hees play.

"Wha—what's dat?"

"He plays, gentlemen, tricks dat would make de angels weep!"

Extreme Old Age.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"How is your father coming on?" asked Col. Percy Yerger of a darkey he used to own before the war.

"He am dead!"

"Dead, is he? He must have reached an advanced age."

"He did dat, for a fact. He was hitin' up to de berry day of his deff."

Safety.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

The Blase Girl—Don't ask me for another dance, Van Reney. Go and dance with Kitty. There she is ready to fall down and worship you.

Van Rentsselaw—Aw, yes! But don't you know she lets every one know that she worships me, while you conceal it. It's safer to be with you.

The United States Official Report

Of the Government Baking Powder tests recently made, under authority of Congress, by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., furnishes the highest authoritative information as to which powder is the best. The Official Report shows the ROYAL superior to all others in leavening power; a cream of tartar powder of highest quality.

MR. SMITH IS A HAPPY MAN NOW.

HE TELLS HOW DRS. McCOY, WILDMAN AND BLAIR CURED HIM OF CATARRH.

Until July 1 They Will Treat All Cases of Catarrh for $5 a Month and Furnish All Medicines Free—Those Taking Treatment Before July 1 Will Be Treated at the Same Low Fee Until Cured—Read the Reasons for Extending This Liberal Offer.

Mr. Charles H. Smith now lives at Patchogue, Long Island. Until a short time ago he resided at 52 Willoughby street, Brooklyn, but now his Post-Office address and residence are Patchogue, Long Island. In an interview Mr. Smith said: "I had been troubled with catarrh for about fifteen years. It had stopped up my nose so that I could not smell much through it, and I had to breathe through my mouth mostly. I had a bad cough and a dull pain over my eyes a good deal of the time.

MR. CHARLES H. SMITH, PATCHOGUE, L. I.

"I went and saw Drs. McCoy, Wildman and Blair, and they told me they could cure me, and I am happy to state that now I do not have any of the symptoms of catarrh left after treatment under those able physicians. Now my nose is perfectly clear and I can breathe through it as well as I ever could. There is no more dropping back of mucus in my throat from my head, and I don't have any more dull pains over my eyes. In fact, I am happy to state that I am cured of it all, and by the treatment of Drs. McCoy, Wildman and Blair."

$5 A MONTH UNTIL JULY 1.

Drs. McCoy, Wildman and Blair will treat all cases of catarrh for $5 a month until July 1, and furnish all necessary medicines free. Those taking treatment before July 1 will be treated at the same low fee until cured.

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"THE WITCH."

Miss Marie Hubert Frohman should be a very smiling and grateful woman, for in "The Witch," now running at the Columbus Theatre, she has an excellent play, one of the really good things of the season. I am quite sure that she does not realize this, and am equally convinced that she knows very little about the stage in any of its many directions.

"The Witch" is a genuine drama—the programme calls it "a great American drama," and, for once, I find nothing to smile at—by Philip Hamilton and Marie Madison. It is in five acts and it does not suggest either "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Shenandoah," a fact that is rather surprising when it is remembered that "The Witch" is American. The drama deals most interestingly with old witchcraft days in Salem, Mass., and tells a really pathetic love story with a wealth of picturesque and apparently accurate coloring. The subject of the play is one in which we have all felt the pulse of interest. It is one that puts us, moreover, upon very good terms with ourselves, for it shows us that with all our little pet superstitions enlightenment in two centuries has swept away a thousand degrading beliefs with the energy of a cyclone.

I confess that the scene on the old Salem street, where Marguerite found herself suspected of witchcraft merely because she had come to a strange town to hunt an apparently mythical husband, interested me intensely. The old pillory holding in durance vile a man and woman who had been convicted of the heinous crime of kissing on Sunday was wonderfully realistic, while the gossip of the old Salem townspeople was full of literary merit. The fourth act, laid in the old Salem Court-House, where the witch was tried, proved to be admirably engrossing. Mr. Hamilton and Miss Madison have done their work nobly. No more artistic piece of literary execution has been seen in this city during the present season, and it cannot be set aside as merely literary, for it is also intensely dramatic.

There is a strong love story running through "The Witch"—one of those love stories that we all like, even though we have heard them five hundred times before. The history of the man who, through a cruel wound in the head, is led to repudiate his wife, because he cannot remember his marriage, is told without any undue sensationalism or struggle for Bowery effect.

The theatre-going public is victimized so frequently by the false promises of the play-holders, each of which invariably has the greatest show on earth, that like the young man who suffered from his perpetual legend of "Wolf," the play-holders are beginning to lose their grip upon the confidence of the public. I had heard too much of "The Witch" before I saw it, and I will admit that I anticipated something that may best be described as "fakey." I humbly apologize. I cry "*Mea culpa!*" I declare that the play is one of the best I have seen in months, and that it is worthy of—say, the Garden Theatre, or some equally picturesque uptown house.

The star, Miss Marie Hubert Frohman, is a most peculiar young woman—a mass of hopeless and irritating mannerisms. I have never seen anybody like her except James Owen O'Conor. Miss Frohman throws herself at her part, jerks through the situations, twists about like a dancing dervish, and gesticulates like the ventriloquistic dummies to which I was introduced the other day at Tony Pastor's by A. O. Duncan. She has an uncanny voice, and a generally uncanny air. As the play proceeded I saw that it fitted her extremely well, and at the end I had ceased to notice her mannerisms as vividly as at first. Her managers have cleverly done the best they could for her.

In the cast the small parts were well done. Franklin Garland as the President of the Court was excellent. Miss Flora Redding as Goody Barrier was amusing, while Miss Viola Whitcomb as "a respectable woman and peaceful" made a distinct hit. Charles Jehlinger was rather rabidly tragic, while Robert G. Jenkins was refreshingly comic as the amorous sailor.

ALAN DALE.

Well Utilized.

[From the Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Chawles—What have you done with that dweadful patch of new trousahs, my boy?

Dolphins—Sold to a life saving station on the Jersey coast. They can be heard foah miles from shoah and they cost 'em loss than a fog horn.

Stern Bros.

TO-MORROW,

SPECIAL SALE of 2000 yds. MOIRÉ FRANCAIS, in all colors, at 63c.; Formerly 98c. a yd.

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SUBSTANTIAL SIDEBOARDS, $18 AND UPWARD.
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VAGRANT VERSES

A Paradox.

Oh, matters mundane now and then
Get sadly, hilarity mixed;
Here is an inconsistency
That hardly can be fixed.

I know a hard and narrow man,
A miser, and no one
Who, though a million miles away,
Would still be just as close.

—*Boston Courier.*

A Stage Picture.

She stands with rapt, ecstatic glance,
As if in an inspiring trance,
A heroine of old romance
Before the footlights on the stage.
She looks enraptured into space,
A seraph's smile upon her face;
In all her beauty, youth and grace,
Who can her soul's emotion gauge?

Her lips are parting, and I glean,
That she, always so cold, serene,
Some one-time lover's face has seen
Amid the crowd whose eyes she looks.
Or does she hold obeisance in thrall?
Or inspiration seek in vain?
Ah no! I see I'm wrong again—
She's only counting the receipts.

—*Americo.*

Spring Songs and Signs.

The poets all sing
How welcome is Spring,
But their songs are inclined to deceive;
For I notice each year,
When Spring arrives here,
That the trees and the bushes all leave.

—*Boston Herald.*

A Timely Suggestion.

[From Texas Siftings.]

He was a young man who had been talking loudly of his father's riches and his own prospects, when an old woman leaned over the seat and asked:

"Young man, did you say your paw was rich?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"He'll be apt to found some charity, won't he?"

"I think so."

"Settled on anything yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then please call his attention to an idiot asylum."

Where the Hitch Was.

[From Life.]

"I understand that Miss Pasie was quite a belle once."

"Yes, indeed, with swarms of admirers."

"Why did she never marry?"

"Declined rapidly for years—then heart failure set in."

"That was sad—but she seems to have reached a good age."

"Ah—but her admirers had the heart failure."

IF your condition is normal this should be your relative height and weight:

HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.
5 feet, 0 inches	115 lbs.
5 " 1 "	120 "
5 " 2 "	125 "
5 " 3 "	130 "
5 " 4 "	135 "
5 " 5 "	140 "
5 " 6 "	145 "
5 feet, 7 inches	145 "
5 " 8 "	148 "
5 " 9 "	155 "
5 " 10 "	160 "
5 " 11 "	165 "
6 " 0 "	170 "

If you're under weight there's a quick remedy—Eat H-O.

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