The World

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MONDAY EVENING, MAY 25.

THE GRAVESEND TRACK AFFAIR.

As was to have been expected, the extraordinary state of affairs at the Gravesend race-track has led to the institution of a number of suits for damages, and yet more of them are promised. From these proceedings and their outcome the Brooklyn Jockey Club management will probably learn a lesson or two about the rights of the public in public places. Over-patient as the American people may be in some matters, they have not yet arrived at the stage where they will calmly and without protest submit to being unlawfully imprisoned behind high board fences at the whim of a race-track owner.

That some such idea as this has been gathered at Gravesend already is made evident by the fact that there has been a slight modification of the autocratic methods at the track. The relaxation is not so complete as is to be desired, or as it should be, but at least some of the more brutal features have been eliminated from the special police service. In the fact that his extraordinary efforts have been of no avail in the direction toward which he had pointed them—that of knocking out the business of the pool-rooms—President DWYER should see, if he sees it nowhere else, good reason for ceasing to employ his unusual methods of warfare. He will continually hurt his cause by continually imposing on the public. Let him conduct his fight strongly as he will, but not by means which are themselves violations of law.

A Mexican Don who kept a grocery store was fond of saying: "He who dies pays all." Whatever he meant doesn't clearly appear, as he was not heavily in debt, nor impecunious. He believed in his own saying so thoroughly that he hung himself last Saturday leaving a card with this favorite remark written upon it.

It is awfully hard to restrain a violent fit of sneezing, but it is seldom that anybody breaks a rib in his endeavors to do so. A New Jersey doctor shattered one of his in this way. It is kindly recorded that at least he stopped the sneeze. This remedy is not patented, so that anybody who wants it may use it.

Not long since a surgeon, in poking round in a man's insides with his hand, found that the man was alive by feeling his heart beat. Now they have tapped a boy's pericardium in Boston and he is doing nicely. The heart seems to have been cracked up too much for sensitiveness.

Supt. MURRAY yesterday passed very quietly the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the New York police force. A quarter-century in the public service was never spent more faithfully than in the case of this official.

A four-year-old girl in Illinois can tell the denomination of a card or the spots on a domino without seeing anything but their backs. The child should be taught draw poker at once.

White wings will spread this week. The yachting season opens formally on Saturday.

The people want all their own. The parks are theirs.

These are stormy days for the theological craft.

SPOTLETS.

With the abolition of the toll on the Bridge should not the cent-a-knoll business go also?

Goodword says he knows a lazy man who must have been a blacksmith once, he tires so easily.

A busy baker may not be an idler, but it must be admitted that he is a loafer.

The Italian opera scheme for next season has got to Grau.

"T was little that she had to say.
But that she said so charmingly
That holiest wisdom since that day
Has seemed an empty thing to me.
—*Puck.*

"Guide" is coming out as a weeder of current literary matter.

Some of the Metropolitan Opera-House boxholders find they are all in a box now, which is neither Parterre nor First Tier.

In the coal regions miners are not excluded from the variety theatres.

The Reading Railroad has got the laugh on that Pennsylvania farmer without doubt.

It won't do for the artists competing for the prize coin designs to never say die.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Mackay's new London house contains two ideal bathrooms, the one in Pompeian style, the other Japanese. In each of them abundant use has been made of cloisonne enamel. The entrance halls to the mansion contain some of the finest decorative work ever seen in England.

Senator Blackburn's daughters are ardent admirers of thoroughbred horses. They are always to be seen at the Lexington races and are thoroughly accomplished in equine lore.

The present Czarina of Russia is said to be the most popular Empress the nation ever had. She is loved for her charities, and is as bright and clever as she is elegant. She is passionately fond of dancing.

It is estimated that at least $50,000,000 of the Government's paper money supposed to be in circulation has been lost or destroyed. By the sinking of one vessel off the Atlantic coast some years ago $1,000,000 in greenbacks was lost.

The prevailing Sunday sport in Cuba is cock-fighting, and it is not an infrequent sight to see a Cuban gentleman going about the streets of Havana with his pet bird on the way to a fight.

Not the Kind Wanted.

[*From the Jeweller's Circular.*]

Angelina Hamfatte (of the Frivolity)—Is there much likelihood of these diamonds being lost or stolen?

Jeweller—The construction of the settings, madam, has so carefully been attended to that it is next to impossible to lose the stones or have them stolen.

Angelina Hamfatte—Then they are hardly what I want. Good-day.

One Superstition Verified.

[*From the Somerville Journal.*]

"Are you superstitious?" asked a bystander of a slowly rising young tragedian.

"A little," said the actor sadly. "I have learned from experience that to have just thirteen people in the audience inevitably means bad luck."

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.

I heard him in Tenth street, while I was yet a long ways off, calling out:

"She makes thirteen revolutions of the roller for every pull on the towel; can't get out of order; saves a tenpenny nail and a quarter of a yard of towelling on every one you buy! Who's the next lucky man to git one of my Seek-No-Further patent kitchen roller towel-racks?"

"Well, how does it go?" I asked as I overtook him.

"That you? By gosh! but I'm as glad to see you as Elder Spooner was to see daylight the night he broke his leg in our graveyard!"

"And you haven't gone home yet?"

"Not a gone! I cum down here to New York to sell the benighted inhabitants the best kitchen roller towel-rack ever invented on the face of this earth, and though its bin uphill work, I begin to see sunrise ahead of me."

"That's good. Taken some orders, eh?"

"I hev, and what's more, the public is beginnin' to take an interest. Folks begin to see that it's a heap better to hang up the kitchen towel than to walk on it. Heard from Silas yisterday. He says corn is up an inch high, and 'taters are beginnin' to sprout. Sent me $4 more to hang on with. Say!"

"Well?

"Some mighty smart folks in this town. Yisterday a feller comes up to me just after I had put some hayseed on my collar, and says he: 'My friend, couldst thou change a two-dollar bill for me?' I couldst and I didst, and after he had skipped I found it was a bad bill. I pegged along for about half a mile, and then I set eyes on the very same chap agin. I took him by the collar and says: 'My friend, couldst thou fork over about twenty shillings in less'n a York minit, to save bein' broke in two!' And he couldst and he didst, and I guess I'm a little ahead of the game. Eh?"

"You certainly are. Does the towel rack seem to take among the rich?"

"She takes with all classes, if I git time to explain her merits. The trouble is to git into the houses. Down at Huckleberry Plains you kin walk right in on anybody, except when they are having family prayers or washin' their feet, but there's a good deal of beatin' around here. Yesterday I went to go into a house on Fifth avenue, and a sassy young feller steps out and wants to know my business. 'Sellin' the celebrated Seek-No-Further kitchen roller towel-rack—sunthin' wanted by the rich and gay, as well as the poor and sorrowful,' says I."

"'You can't go in,' says he. 'We don't want nuthin' of the sort.'

"'I demand to see the wimin folks of the house,' says I. 'The minit they see this towel-rack they buy. The minit they buy they wouldn't part with it agin for a dollar. I'll bet a yearlin' calf agin an old hay-rake that the kitchen towel in this house can't be found in an hour's huntin', and it's as likely to be under the spare bed as down the 'tater bin.'"

"How did you come out?" I asked.

"He gimme s'more sass, and I grabbed him back-hold and flopped him down. Didn't let him up till he took two of 'em at regular figgers. She's got to sell, even if I have to wrassle the hull town. Say!"

"Well?"

"I wouldn't a believed it if Elder Spooner had a swore to it, but I'm fallin' right into the ways down here. What time d'ye think I go to bed? It was a quarter after nine last night! Hain't bin up so late since I sot up with Hank Richmond's body when he got killed by a railroad. And say!"

"Yes."

"Smoked a hull cigar this forenoon—clean up to the end! The only feller in Huckleberry Plains who kin do it is a hoss-doctor, and he's considered almost as big as a circus performer. Lands! but wouldn't Elder Spooner open his eyes! I'd be hoein' in the garden, and he'd come around the corner of the woodshed and sot down on the grindstone frame and fold his hands and say: 'Noer David Hammerhill, you went and invented a a kitchen roller towel-rack out of your head, and then you went down to New York to take orders and work up a toweily feelin'. She sold. It hit the public like cocoanuts at seven cents apiece. You got rich. You've cum back to run fur town trustee, and you are the only man in Huckleberry Plains as dast to stop a dog fight on the street without knowing which dog belongs to who. But, Noer, what good is it to a man to be rich 'nuff to attend the circus four times in one Summer and then finally bring up among sulphur and brimstone?' That's what he'd say, and he'd have me all-fredly pennied up. I kin realize that I'm gittin' reckless, and I've got to hold myself down. Goin'? Well, it's time I slashed around myself. I've stinted myself to take three more orders this afternoon, and I'll do it or bust the handle to the grindstone." M. QUAD.

Even Smaller Game.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Arabella—Is it true that Grace Stedley has eloped with her father's coachman?

Felix—Oh, no, she didn't do as well as that; he was only the footman!"

That Tired Feeling

Prevails with its most enervating and discouraging effect in spring and early summer, when the toning effect of the cold air is gone and the days grow warmer. Hood's Sarsaparilla speedily overcomes "that tired feeling," whether caused by change of climate, season or life, by overwork or illness, and imparts that feeling of strength and self-confidence which is comforting and satisfying. It also cures sick headache, biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia.

Best Spring Medicine.

"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.

N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

PITY THE BABES.

They Look to You for Help During the Heated Term.

Swell the Fund to Send Them Free Doctors.

Nell Nelson Gives Some Valuable Health Hints.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"The Evening World".....	$100.00
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C. L. D.....	1.00
Disappointed.....	1.50
Carl Williams.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. W.....	1.00

A Generous Family.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find check for $15, for the Babes' Free Doctor Fund from: Papa, $3; Mamma, $3; Greby, $3; Franky, $3; Isa, $3.

Thank You, Carl.

To the Editor:

Inclosed I send $1 for Sick Babie's Fund. I am only a small boy yet, but when I grow big and rich I will do better. Your little St. Nick friend, CARL WILLIAMS.

From Up the Hudson.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find money order for $1.50 to be added to your Free Doctors Fund.

Hoping for good results.

Nyack, N. Y. DISAPPOINTED.

Money and a Blessing.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $1 for the Sick Baby Fund. Heaven prosper your good work. C. L. D.

A Baby's Savings.

To the Editor:

Inclosed you will find $1 for the sick babies, from the savings bank of our six-weeks-old baby. Mr. AND Mrs. H. H. W., Grove street, Jersey City.

THE CLEANER.

Children are great improvisers of amusements for themselves. I was coming down Sixth avenue Sunday evening and saw a little girl swinging on a swing which had been made by utilizing the cord of the awning to a store. It had been caught over the hook in the wall and then fastened to the iron frame of the awning. It made quite a comfortable swing.

* * *

A negro boy was beating a heavy rug on Park place this morning just at the time when the L station was discharging a great many passengers who came in for the annoyance of a thick cloud of dust. I was glad to see a roundsman step up to him and make him give o'er. This beating of the rug could have been done at an earlier hour when it would not have been such a nuisance to the public that passed that way. The officer was intelligent enough to see this.

* * *

I noticed on the arm of a sturdy window-washer a large piece of tattoo work. He confided to me that he was once a jolly tar on the ocean blue and that the sailors used to tattoo each other to beguile their leisure moments. This man's embellishment on his right forearm consisted of a comical-shaped willow which looked like a cascade of blue ink tumbling over a monumental shaft. Inscribed on the face of the shaft were the words: "In memory of ——, ——." She was his deceased wife. What a nice time he will have with that arm if he marries again!"

* * *

Stanford White, the architect, with some friends occupied a box at the Garden Theatre the other night. White is fond of this theatre as being his own work. He had on a Tuxedo dress coat, although this bobtail half-and-half evening attire does not suit his style of architecture as well as a "clawhammer" coat.

* * *

I see that the Tenderloiners are going to resume the monthly Saturday night concerts. Music and jollity join hands tightly on these occasions. Sig. Tagliapietra is a prime mover on these occasions. He is a pillar for the melodic stratum in the Tenderloin, and the thick atmosphere of blue smoke shakes with delight under the vibration of his vigorous voice.

* * *

Many of the swell houses have already boarded up their front doors, and the dust is gathering on the blinded windows and in the corners of the doorsteps. The deserted air of so many town houses during the Summer is an aggravation to those who have to stay in town during the heated term.

* * *

I saw School Commissioner Guggenheimer, with his usual thoughtful air of seriousness, yesterday morning, though he was just escaping from the hands of the barber in an uptown hotel. He usually patronizes this tonsorial artist, though it takes him a little out of his way from house to office. Mr. Guggenheimer still wears a perfectly smooth face, and with a little suggestion of clerical attire would pass for a minister.

* * *

I hear that a successor to that picturesque figure Ollie Teall, has been appointed by the P. M. L., in the person of Frank A. Lewis. The bosses of the reform movement have recognized the power of the press in this appointment. The new "organizer" is a newspaper man.

* * *

Spying her autograph on the page of the St. Cloud, I called upon Marie Carlyle yesterday. The actress has escaped from her long and well-nigh fatal siege of la grippe and pneumonia in Boston with nothing worse to show for it than a dash of lycoum culture and a Bostonese dialect. She protests that she has been too ill to acquire these things deliberately, and that, if she has them, she caught them out of the Boston atmosphere, as involuntarily as she originally caught the grip. The little comedienne is nothing if not *en repte*, so her complaints may be more fashionable than real. I am pleased to believe that's the fact, for Mlle. Marie is as bright and talented a little woman as ever came out of the West.

True to His Memory.

[*From the Indianapolis Journal.*]

"Lemme see. Her husband has been dead more than a year and she has put no stone over his grave yet."

"Probably that was his wish. You know he never believed in advertising."

Failure to Some One.

[*From the Jewellers' Circular.*]

"Is marriage a failure?" asked the youth.

"Yes, to Alice Ponsonby," answered the maid, as she gazed down at the ring which Horace Fledgely had given her.

Moneyed Misery.

[*From the Indianapolis Journal.*]

"You ought to be very thankful," said the old gentleman, "that such nice clothes belong to you."

"The clothes don't belong to me," answered the over-dressed little boy. "I belong to the clothes."

THE spasms so common during teething are prevented by MORELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25c.

CALLING in at GEO. C. FLINT CO.'S, 104 West 14th st., will enable you to see elegant FURNITURE in endless designs, all marked at bargain prices. Room must be had at any cost.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

For hats elderly women may wear in the country or for shopping the quiet pokes in black straw, with a touch of black lace, ribbon and subdued flowers, but Dame Fashion no longer demands that well-preserved women of this age shall dress as genuine old ladies. Something with ties is always recommended, as age shows too quickly down the side of the neck and under the chin.

Women in Italy who work in the olive oil presses, carry building material up the terraces and help in the orchards receive 20 cents a day. This is the maximum pay and calls for twelve hours hard labor.

The following schedule of proportionate weights to heights, adopted as the standard by the Equitable Life Assurance Society, is interesting in showing the professional idea of how lean perfectly healthy persons should be:

Height.	*Average weight.*
5 feet.....	115 pounds
5 feet 1 inch.....	120 pounds
5 feet 2 inches.....	123 pounds
5 feet 3 inches.....	130 pounds
5 feet 4 inches.....	135 pounds
5 feet 5 inches.....	140 pounds
5 feet 6 inches.....	143 pounds
5 feet 7 inches.....	145 pounds
5 feet 8 inches.....	148 pounds
5 feet 9 inches.....	155 pounds
5 feet 10 inches.....	160 pounds
5 feet 11 inches.....	165 pounds
6 feet.....	170 pounds
6 feet 1 inch.....	175 pounds
6 feet 2 inches.....	180 pounds

Ginghams with a lace design can be bought. Trimmed with black velvet ribbon they are as pretty as silk.

Lucy M. Salmon, Professor of History in Vassar College, has devoted much time during the last three or four years to a study of the domestic-service problem from a scientific standpoint. The results of her investigations are embodied in a series of four lectures, which she has delivered lately in Boston and vicinity to very appreciative audiences. In the statistical work, which is remarkably thorough, she had the benefit of suggestions from Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor. Probably no two women in the country are doing more to untangle the difficulties in this knotty problem of domestic service than Miss Salmon and Miss Marion Talbot, of Boston, who teaches domestic science as an elective study among the Seniors at Wellesley College.

New York is said to employ an army of cash girls 30,000 strong, many of whom are nearer twelve than fourteen years of age. Not being governed by the factory laws of the State unprincipled employers do not hesitate to avail themselves of the services of infantile clerks of ten, eleven and twelve years.

Leghorns will be very good later on, as is now indicated. These have the familiar low crown and wide flap brim. The newest brims are fluted and scalloped on large flats and are very neat for misses and children, with lace effects in the brims and plain crowns. A noticeable hat is of the turban effect, having a fluted poke front, trimmed with crepe de Chine, box plaited velvet, lace, aigrette, roses and gold ribbon. Skeleton wire frames for lace are good.

Three out of every five women who ride in street cars sit with their toes in, and if a shoe dealer can be believed only one in five wears shoes that she can "toe in."

Enamelled snakes are demanded in the jewelry trade and tinsel snakes from the milliner and dealer in fancy goods.

Information Wanted.

[*From Judge.*]

Hayseed—Does this car go to Central Park?

Conductor—Yes, yes; hurry up. I've lost two minutes now waiting for you. Jump in.

Hayseed—Oh, I don't want to go myself. My Marthy's a-comin' to town next week an' I want ter be sure she gets on the right car.

What She Said.

[*From Puck.*]

Mr. Wiggles (just in from the "Road")—That's a deuced pretty girl you have in the kitchen. Call her in and say something to her.

Mrs. Wiggles (with rapidly formed resolution)—Molly, come in here a moment. Your month is up to-morrow. As I am going to get a new cook I will give you two weeks' wages and you can go at once.

Mitigating Circumstances.

[*From the Jewellers' Circular.*]

Harold Harrington—Did I not see you talking with Downtown yesterday? Don't you know he is in twade.

Cholly Cholmondeley—Ya'as. But it don't agwee with him. He has failed three times.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Romance of Miss Bertram, Late of "The Tar and Tartar."

Rumors of Many Managerial Deals for the Next Season.

Miss Helen Bertram, who resigned her part in "The Tar and the Tartar" at Palmer's Theatre Saturday night, because her husband, Sig. Tomassi, was not engaged as musical director, met her liege lord under rather romantic circumstances. Miss Bertram is a pretty young girl, while Tomassi is dessicated and a trifle yellow. The young soprano was, some years ago, a member of a church choir in a Western town, and while she was still warbling to an organ accompaniment the Emma Abbott Opera Company came to town. It was the correct thing for church singers to have their voices tried by the director of this company. The reputation of the Emma Abbott company was so excellent that church members were not afraid of the organization. Miss Bertram—or Bert, as she is really called—went to the musical director of the Emma Abbott company to be told if she was vocally remarkable. Tomassi was the director, and he fell in love with the young American instantly. He told her that she had a lovely voice and that she would be famous one of these days. So Helen left her peaceful surroundings and her parents and became Mrs. Tomassi. Her husband placed her in the Emma Abbott opera company and she remained there for some time. Miss Bertram was engaged for all next season with "The Tar and the Tartar" company, but she did not like her part, and it is said there were reasons, other than the non-engagement of her husband, for her hasty departure. "Mr. Askin promised me a good part," she said, "and I do not think that I have it. Of course it is not his fault. Digby Bell is everything in 'The Tar and the Tartar.' Whenever I appear it is as though I were dragged in simply because a prima donna is necessary." Before she joined "Tar and Tartar" Miss Bertram sang a tenor part in Conried's "King's Fool" company, and she says that this hurt her voice very seriously.

* * *

Sydney Rosenfeld has just signed a contract with Manager Millward, of the Chicago Auditorium, to write a burlesque to be presented there during the World's Fair.

* * *

An English critic writing of the play "Carl's Folly," in which there is a great realistic sheep-shearing scene, suggests that a magnificent play might be written for the purpose of introducing an elaborate machine by which a man can have his hair cut, a shave, and shampoo, in three minutes. This would give the low comedian a great gag in "Next." A bootblacking play, and a melodrama with a sausage factory sensation are still to be heard from.

* * *

The gossips say that Augustin Daly would not permit John Drew to take a curtain call in Boston the other night. The audience clamored for him, but he came not. Cruel, cruel Augustin!

* * *

Sig. De Vivo says that his star, Mlle. Marie Decca, will be surrounded by an excellent concert company next season. He has been working very hard to bring this young woman prominently before the public, inasmuch as he has great faith in her. Sig. De Vivo attributes her unfortunate debut with the Emma Juch Opera Company in Harlem to the fact that she had not rehearsed with the orchestra, and being extremely near-sighted, could not see the directing baton.

* * *

It is said that Miss Coghlan will be managed by George Wotherspoon, the suave and agreeable young man who went to Australia with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and did good work for that attraction.

* * *

"Cinder-Ella" is the name of the next burlesque to be done by the Gaiety Company in London, at Christmas. The name alone tells the story. No other organization believes in such ghastly titles.

* * *

Miss Marion Singer, of the "Wang" company, was taken suddenly ill the other day and notified Manager Stevens that she would not be able to appear. Mr. Stevens was undaunted. He used to manage Marion Manola, and after that nothing could possibly daunt him. He singled out a comely chorus girl, Miss Dorothy Madigern, and instructed her to study the part and wade through it as best she could. Miss Madigern was not only able to sing the music, but had, in an incredibly short space of time, completely mastered the dialogue.

* * *

The first act of "A Knotty Affair" is going to be altered and toned down. The farce-comedy will then be greatly improved, the second and third acts being very funny and lively.

* * *

"Poor Jonathan" has been presented in Milan, where it is said it met with dire failure. Millocker's other operas had been well received.

* * *

Mrs. Langtry has been visiting Jersey, her native isle. She appeared there in "As You Like It," "Twixt Axe and Crown" and "The Lady of Lyons." Mrs. Langtry was enthusiastically received. She had not been seen in Jersey since her theatrical debut.

Little Shavers.

[*From Kate Field's Washington.*]

"The governess was awful cross to-day," the children said in the evening. "Well, mamma, maybe we were bad; but we soon pacified her. I gave her a big, rosy apple; Fanny gave her a hearty kiss, and Fred gave a promise to behave better hereafter."

"And, Bessie, what did you give her?"

"I?" stammered Bessie, "I—I—gave her the—the—slip!"

Divided Up.

[*From New York Weekly.*]

Sweet Girl (with many admirers)—I've been taken out sleigh-riding twenty-three times this Winter.

Practical Father (meditatively)—Twenty-three times? Two hundred and thirty dollars if a cent. My dear, do you really think you are worth all that expenditure?

Sweet Girl—Oh, it wasn't much for each one, you know; there were twenty-three of them.

The Truth About It.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"You have been convicted," said the Judge, sternly, to the prisoner, who stood meekly facing his accusers, "of wilfully deserting your wife and baby. There is no punishment which the law metes out too severe for such a base and cowardly act. Now, sir, have you anything to say why the utmost sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?"

"Your Honor," replied the prisoner, hastily brushing away a tear, "I ran away in self-defense. My wife wanted me to go and have the baby's picture taken."

Great Shakes.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"Mrs. Wanamaker has shaken 20,000 hands since her husband has been in Washington."

"That's nothing. Her husband has shaken twice that number in the Post-Office."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOR SHOOTING HER LOVER.

Evidence for the Defense in Pasquelina Robertiello's Trial for Murder.

Probability that the Case Will Not Go to the Jury To-Day.

Hope was faintly depicted in the features of pretty Pasquelina Robertiello when she was brought down to the Court of Oyer and Terminer this morning, where her trial for the murder of her faithless lover, Nicolo Pierro, March 2 last, was continued.

She took a seat on the extreme east side of the court room before the opening of court, next to Ella Nelson, the accused murderess of her lover, Samuel Post, whose case was set down for to-day, but has been adjourned.

Lawyer Blake said this morning that there was a possibility of the defense closing its case to-day, although it was probable that the testimony might go over until to-morrow.

Pasquelina, Mr. Blake said, would be called as the last witness in her own behalf.

Giuseppe Pierro, brother of the deceased, was recalled by the defense, and swore that his mother was still alive and in Italy.

This was in rebuttal of the witness's testimony for the prosecution.

Adam Sutherland, a West Hoboken blacksmith, swore that Nicolo Pierro worked for him two years and left his employ the latter part of February.

The witness was not allowed to tell why Pierro left.

Katie Brown, of 330 One Hundred and Tenth street, had seen all the inmates of 332, where Rosina Baffa claimed to have rented rooms to Nicolo Pierro for Pasquelina, in January, but had never seen Pasquelina.

Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, of 334 East One Hundred and Tenth street, gave similar testimony.

Michael Damelio, of 318 East One Hundred and Tenth street, swore that he knew Rosina Baffa and that she did not move into No. 332 until the first Saturday in February.

Amidio Spadola, of Newark, knew Rosina Baffa. He met her at 153 Canal street, this city.

He was present at Pasquelina's house in December when Nicolo Pierro, the deceased, Giuseppe, his brother, and Pasquelina's two sisters were present.

He didn't hear Pasquelina make any threats against Nicolo. All she said was:

"Now that your brother is here, let us get married."

Giuseppe said to Nicolo:

"If what I hear is true, you had better marry Pasquelina."

Then the party had some beer, there was general good feeling all around and Giuseppe promised to have the marriage come off the next Sunday.

Pasquelina's father came in before the party broke up, but he said nothing about buying a revolver for Pasquelina.

On cross-examination the witness said he had never bought a revolver for Pasquelina, and that he had never seen the weapon that killed Nicolo.

He was sure Giuseppe was present at the conversation referred to and positively identified him.

When her pretty little fifteen-year-old sister Pappina was called, Pasquelina sobbed aloud and her lawyers' interpreter with difficulty quieted her.

Pappina said that she slept with Pasquelina, who was always a sound sleeper until she met Nicolo Pierro.

"Then," said Pappina, "she used to walk the floor all night and hold her head in her hands and moan.

"I said: 'Why can't you sleep?' and she said: 'I can't, I feel so bad.'

"After Pasquelina's disgrace my father slapped her face several times and finally put her out of the house.

"She came back and he tried to put her out of the house again, but my mother said: 'Do not go.'

"My father said, 'If she stays here I must go,' and he went away to Newark."

Pappina confirmed Amidio Spadola's testimony as to his visit to her home.

She had never heard her father say that he had bought a revolver for Pasquelina, and she never heard Pasquelina threaten to kill Nicolo.

Pappina was present also when Michael Angelo Pierro came to her house, and she flatly contradicted his testimony that her father and Pasquelina had threatened Nicolo.

On cross-examination Pappina said that her father turned Pasquelina out of the house twice.

On redirect examination Pappina testified that Pasquelina left the house at 5.30 o'clock on the morning of the shooting. She knew from looking at the clock.

Witness said that Pasquelina did not sleep or undress at all during the night before the shooting.

Pappina gave her her dress from off the hook the day before, and there was no revolver in her pocket or Pappina would have felt it.

Pasquelina looked very pale when she went out that morning, but Pappina couldn't remember whether she was very nervous or not.

Concetta Galiano, Pasquelina's mother, was affected to tears on taking the witness stand, and her emotion caused Pasquelina to weep aloud.

Concetta swore that Nicolo Pierro and Pasquelina were engaged in Italy for several months before they came to America. On his arrival here Nicolo fixed the date for their marriage, but postponed it from Sunday to Sunday.

She was present when Michael Angelo Pierro called at her home, and she also flatly contradicted his testimony regarding the reported purchase of a revolver for Pasquelina and her threats against Nicolo.

It was Concetta who told Pasquelina's father of her condition.

"He gave her a good hiding," said the witness, "slapped her face and put her out in the street.

"I went and brought her back, and my husband got very much out of his head and left us," he said.

"'You have played me such a trick I don't want to know you any longer.'

"Before Pasquelina's trouble she was happy and light-hearted, but afterwards was sick and cross. Her face before was rosy, but it then became pale and green (livid)."

Concetta swore that Pasquelina left the house about daybreak on the morning of the shooting.

To Mr. Weeks Concetta said she had never seen the revolver that killed Pasquelina's faithless lover, but later contradicted herself.

"When my husband left the house," said Concetta, "I was crying. Pasquelina said to me:

"'Be quiet, mamma; Nicolo will surely marry me, and has given me this as a pledge (holding out a revolver).'

"Pasquelina never stayed away from home over night, she was always home."

"Did you ever have Nicolo Pierro arrested?" asked Mr. Weeks.

"Yes, sir; I was at a place and he threatened to put his finger through my eye."

"Wasn't the trouble between you and Nicolo caused by his keeping her out over night?"

"No, sir."

Concetta said that she discovered Pasquelina's trouble shortly before Christmas. "She kept crying all the time, and when I asked her she told me."

At 1 o'clock the court took a recess of one hour.

Not II Faut.

[*From the Jewellers' Circular.*]

Emersonia Dorchester—Olivinia Holmes is not the recherche girl I thought she was.

Russellina Waldo—What has occurred?

Emersonia Dorchester—I noticed to-day she was wearing her Winter spectacles.

Thoughtful James.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"James was a thoughtful boy anyhow, in spite of his crimes."

"He wasn't thoughtful when he robbed the bank."

"Yes he was. He got arrested under an alias rather than disgrace his father's name."

A Full Night's Rest

is assured on the Providence Line for Boston. Parlor Car Express leaves steamer's landing 6 A. M., arriving Boston 7.15.

FOUND ONE MORE VICTIM.

Body of Another Man Killed in Tarrytown's Explosion Is Washed Ashore.

Coroner's Inquest On the Great Tragedy Begun This Forenoon.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., May 25.—The inquest on the bodies of the eighteen victims of Tuesday's dynamite explosion was begun here at 11 o'clock this morning. A large crowd was present. The jury was composed of Thomas Radcliffe, C. T. Carpenter, C. W. Dammann, S. C. Norin, W. O. Boyce and C. B. Johnson.

The first witness called was Henry S. Deshone, of the United States Dynamite Company, 38 Pratt street, New York, of whom the dynamite was purchased.

He testified that the explosive was in the form of cartridges, forty-five per cent. of which was composed of nitro-glycerine. The cartridges could only be exploded by the cap furnished by the company. It could not be set off by fire nor by a sudden shock.

The dynamite was made expressly for the New York Central road.

John Quinn, of North Tarrytown, was an eye-witness to the disaster. He saw the flat car on fire. It was a small blaze at first, but increased rapidly. He was stunned by the explosion.

Justus Dearmann, of Tarrytown, lives beside the railroad and is employed as a flagman. He saw the flat on fire and saw two men jump from it. He "flagged" to warn them of danger.

The inquest was interrupted by the arrival of news of the recovery of another body from the river. It was that of Angelo Cintritto, the last of the missing Italians. It was taken from the river at Dobbs Ferry, and will be buried to-day. It was very much decomposed.

John Connors, of Albany, the conductor of the wrecked train, was ordered by Foreman James Travis to proceed to Dudley's grove after the dynamite. He loaded it, and on his way to Tarrytown, the train lay at Hastings for twenty minutes.

He had with him about thirty Italian workmen, in charge of Edward Finnigan, who had been working at Dudley's Grove. The witness saw smoke, and then several men jumped from the car.

Dr. James P. Daly telegraphed from New York that four of the Italians in his charge would be unable to be present at the inquest to-day, owing to their injuries.

Connors's testimony is contradicted by Edward Finnigan's statement, which has been published in the EVENING WORLD.

Connors said Travis had used the word "Stuff" in directing him to bring Finnegan with his gang and tools, from Dudley's Grove, and thought he meant the dynamite. He acted only under the orders of Travis.

Beside the dynamite on board the car there were about fifty railroad ties. The Italians sat around the edge of the car.

E. C. Fisher, a brakeman, from Croton, was on the engine when the explosion occurred. He was sure there was no hot box on the car. His testimony corroborated Connors's, except that he heard no orders given to bring the dynamite from Dudley's Grove. He did not think the door to the fire-box was opened on the trip.

George Herrick, of Croton, who was discharged from the Provident Hospital Saturday, was the engineer of the wrecked train. He testified that he saw the fire and reversed his engine. The blaze grew very rapidly. He did not try to uncouple his engine. The door to the fire-box was not open.

Foreman Travis, of Sing Sing, said he told Finnegan at 7.30 Tuesday morning to go to Dudley's Grove after the blacksmith's tools and the electric battery.

He told Finnegan he was not to bring up any dynamite. Finnegan had never before disobeyed orders, and he did not know why Finnegan brought up the dynamite.

Recess was then taken for an hour. The inquest will not be concluded to-day.

Abraham Dervere, of North Tarrytown, conductor of the construction train, was at work near the scene of the explosion. He saw the fire on the car.

He had taken a written order from Travis to Finnegan to bring to Tarrytown all "traps" at Dudley's Grove. The meaning of "traps" is uncertain. It might have included the dynamite, but he thought not.

The other testimony was not materially different. No Italians appeared, but it is expected that they will be called to-morrow, when the inquest will be concluded.

Finnegan's brother-in-law is present in behalf of his accused relative.

MAYOR KENDRICK DIVORCED.

His Wife Wins Her Suit in the Supreme Court.

Judge Andrews to-day signed a decree awarding absolute divorce to Mrs. Laura Kendrick from Greene Kendrick, ex-Mayor of Waterbury, Conn., and the "double" of ex-President Cleveland.

Kendrick installed his wife in apartments at the St. Cloud Hotel, while he maintained an establishment in West Forty-first street, with a tall blonde woman as his companion.

They ate frequently at a Broadway restaurant, where Kendrick had told his wife she must not go because it was not a suitable place for ladies.

This aroused Mrs. Kendrick's curiosity, and she called at the place. Her questions about its patrons elicited the fact that Judge Kendrick and "his wife" dined there often.

BLAINE UP AND DRESSED.

He Will Probably Leave the City Before Next Sunday.

It was stated this morning at the house of Mrs. Damrosch on West Seventieth street that her father, Secretary Blaine, was up and dressed and walking about the house. The gout symptoms are fast disappearing.

While no definite time has been fixed for Mr. Blaine's departure, it is thought that he will be able to leave before next Sunday. It has not yet been decided whether he will go to Washington or Bar Harbor.

Insane and Taken to Bellevue.

William Gray, aged twenty-one, 424 West Twenty-sixth street, was taken to Bellevue Hospital early this morning insane.

Too many cooks will spoil the broth,
And make the guests exceeding wroth;
One cook, one dish, enough to know,
At breakfast this should be H-O.

H-O (Hornby's Oats) is three times as palatable, three times as nourishing, three times as popular as any other oats prepared. Besides, it cooks in three minutes. Your grocer has it.

THE CLOVER MILLS,
71-73 Park Place, New York.

A Bad Break.

[*From Judge.*]

Haggs (to fellow-tramp)—Gosh! Why did they set the dog on ye?

Taggs—I axed that woman up there if she couldn't fix me out wid some cast-off clothes, an', by thunder, she's an old maid!

The highest degree of success has been attained by *Pearline*. It gives the highest degree of satisfaction—it has reached the highest degree of efficiency. It washes with little work and without wear. It cleans with perfect safety and without trouble. Whatever *Pearline* does it does well—you will do well to see what it does.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscr