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CONDEMNED NO. 7 ON HAND.

Another New York City jury brought in yesterday a verdict of murder in the first degree, and another name is to be added to the six already standing with the court's death sentence against them. It took twelve men eleven minutes to decide that the prisoner in this latest case was a fit subject for the extreme penalty prescribed under the law. An Assistant District-Attorney said that a clearer case of deliberate, premeditated, intentional murder had not been presented to a jury for many years.

It remains to be seen if the law will now be allowed to take its course, or if there is to follow the same old line of appeals and applications for *habeas corpus* and stays of proceedings which have marked the cases of the six murderers lying in their cells at Sing Sing. This murder by JAMES MINNAUGH—it was he who was found guilty yesterday—was not more premeditated than that of MCELVAINE, who killed Grocer LUCA in Brooklyn. It was less exasperating, indeed, in its circumstances. Yet MCELVAINE is living, two years after his crime and after having been repeatedly sentenced to death. And WOOD lives, and SLOCUM and JUDGE and the rest.

Yesterday, in referring to the inefficiency of the fire-alarm apparatus in Jersey City, an officer said: "For twenty years the Department has been merely playing with fate." Is it not also playing with fate to cherish and protect the lives of the condemned murderers whose number increases so rapidly upon the hands of the State?

THREE SUICIDES.

Three items of to-day's news deal with suicide, and each instance is worth attention from the motive which actuated the self-killer. A Lowell man cut his throat and told his wife he did it for her sake, as he could not recover his health and refused to live to be a burden upon her. A Baltimore man killed himself because he had dissipated his fortune in lottery tickets. A Paterson youth of twenty, a young tough, after an interview with his good old mother, tried to hang himself in his prison cell, probably through disgust.

It is the relatives of a suicide who have to bear the disgrace of his cowardly act. What respect can be due to a man who seeks death to sneak out of troubles that he has brought on by his folly or perversity, leaving his innocent family to endure them unaided?

There was a specious air of generosity about the man who died lest he should be a burden to his wife. How much has he brightened his wife's life by leaving this shadow on it? In most suicides selfish consideration is the main motive. Where one is absolutely free from ties of blood or marriage he may not seem so craven to desert his post in life, but where there are duties towards others the suicide is a deserter who deserves contempt.

A little workman in South Plainfield was worried by some practical jokers who made him think his wife was flirting. In a spirit of retaliation he sent telegrams to his mother and sister in a false name announcing his death. Then he got drunk and secreted himself behind a pile of poles to see them come to his funeral. How he thought this was getting even with his wife is not apparent, unless he fancied her mortification at having a funeral party without any corpse for it. The little workman's soul was cased anyhow, which shows what a nice little soul he must have.

Two red lights right before him on the track made a Jersey Central engineer reverse his engine, sand the track, shut his eyes and wait for the fearful crash which seemed inevitable. As the train slowed up near the crossing, instead of crashing into anything, he heard a mocking laugh and saw two bicyclers wheeling away. His hair had turned completely white from the strain. The real funny part of this joke will not be felt till those bicyclers are caught and their claims as humorists are fully recognized and rewarded.

It may or may not be that Senator BUTAN's declaration and reiteration that QUAY had expressed the purpose of turning the Pennsylvania delegation over to BLAINE, in 1892, has to do with the shaking of hands that has just taken place between the President and the Pennsylvania politician. It is delightfully stated that the new compact of peace is for "mutual benefit."

There is about a late expression in the Hartford Common Council that pathos always attaching to innocence striving against temptation. The question before the body was that of an appropriation for Sunday band concerts. "We don't want to be as wicked as Chicago," said an opposing Alderman. The appropriation failed.

Milwaukee car-markers are not all like the one who has had a six days' nap and is still to be caught napping. It is a beautiful dispensation of Providence that the part of night-watchman is not the only one open to him.

Nine little uptown boys yesterday surreptitiously secured a stick of blasting powder with copper wire around it. To get the wire off they decided to burn the stick. This worked admirably as far as getting the wire off, but there is a choice assortment of burnt legs and powdered eyes as a result, which left the small boys badly used up and with a little wisdom dearly bought.

The Chilians have carried out on water the like of that incident of warfare on land preserved in the old versified legend of the monarch who marched his thousands of men up the hill and then marched them down again. Government ships sailed near enough to Iquique to fire a harmless shot or two and then sailed away, straight off.

It doesn't seem just for a woman to drive her husband out of the house because a fortune teller had predicted his death and then insist on the man's supporting her. She wouldn't support him. Yet a Police Justice made the ejected husband give up one third of his weekly wage to this evicting wife.

A steamboat making into a Southern port encountered such swarms of lightning bugs that the landmarks were obliterated. The pilot could not see for the light. On the principle of like cures like, the electric light was turned on, and killed off enough fireflies to permit the boat to proceed.

Five New Jersey Justices of the Peace are the subjects of Grand Jury presentments at Newark. It is kindly explained that their bad methods are due rather to ignorance than a desire to wrong anybody.

Oh, the feast of strawberries for those 10,000 children, and oh! the feast for the eyes of kind-hearted lookers-on, in the big Garden.

All things change with the seasons. It is the Indiana pear, and not the Delaware peach, which is now endangered by a plague.

The poor and their children we have always with us. It is good to remember them.

ALGER, like all the rest of them, is for BLAINE if BLAINE will have it.

SPOTLETS.

A Bishop ought to figure well in lawn tennis.

Some of our American bankers ought to be like the Prince of Wales and want the counters where they can see them.

It is evident how well seasoned some millionaires are from the fact that they do not "give" at all.

A Free Delivery may be too free sometimes. Witness the "L" guards and the passengers who are put off!

Our darling should bear Katharine's name
Decided we; but, auth is fate,
Twins came to us, and thus we had
The one we'd named and—dupli-kate.
Exchange.

Goodword says he knows nothing so rare as a perfect day in June except an absolutely raw steak.

Gordon-Cumming never played a stronger card against the Prince than in this trial. He played the deuce with him.

When a sea captain puts the screws on his crew he is cruel.

The American in London who is most conspicuous on the Strand is not the most stranded.

A sick man differs a little from a cheroot, because he is a man ill while the cigar is a Manilla.

WORLDLINGS.

The best coffee that is exported from Mexico is raised by a colony of Confederate refugees who settled in Cordona, in the State of Vera Cruz, at the end of the war. They have devoted all their attention to this industry and it has proved very profitable to them.

The color adopted by the royal family of England is scarlet. The royal households of Portugal, Prussia, Sweden and Germany are blue. Russia's color is dark green and Austria's black and yellow.

One of the delusions of the crazy King of Bavaria is that the carpets of his apartments are of thin glass and must not be trodden upon. Another of his hallucinations is that the walls of the rooms are hung with newspapers, and from them he reads aloud to his attendants imaginary stories of the events of the day.

The output of whiskey from the Kentucky distilleries last year amounted to 25,000,000 gallons, nearly 8,000,000 gallons more than the average annual product.

The great Treasury vault at Washington covers more than a quarter of an acre and is twelve feet deep. Recently there was $90,000,000 in silver stored there—an amount that weighed 4,000 tons and would load 175 freight cars.

What Spoiled His Chances.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"He is a young man of exceptional morals, isn't he, Maud?"

"Perfectly."

"Intelligent, well-educated and good-looking?"

"He is."

"Well-read and a man of excellent literary tastes?"

"Indeed he is."

"Yet you rejected him?"

"How could I help it, Laura? He wears a ready-made necktie—black, too—and in May."

He Had Good Reason to Be Afraid.

[From the St. Joseph News.]

"Your uncle," said a friend to a young fellow who has great expectations from a rich uncle, "told me to-day he was going to seek a change of air."

"What? Oh, don't say it. Not that, of all things. What would have possessed him to do it?"

"Do what?"

"Look for a change of heir."

The Dear Girls.

[From Truth.]

Sallie—So Mr. Sincal told you that he was glad George and I were married, did he?

Maude—Yes. He said he hated both of you, and now he was revenged.

A Child of Fortune.

[From the Rochester Post-Express.]

"You remember little Dickey who ran away from the field at Bull Run?"

"Yes, very well."

"I understood yesterday, that he had come into about $10,000 a year."

"Well, you know fortune favors the brave."

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

THE NERVES

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

RESTORES HARMONY

to the system and gives that strength of mind, nerves and body which makes one feel well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Blue Jay Liar.

"You New Yorkers brag about your rapid transit," observed the Blue Jay Liar from the West to a Broadway merchant, who sat beside him in a Sixth avenue L car, "but this is really one of the slowest towns in the whole United States. It is transit, but nothing deserving of the title of rapid."

"Where can you beat it?" asked the merchant.

"Ever in Denver, Kansas City, Omaha or St. Paul?"

"No."

"I thought not. You New Yorkers take a skip up as far as Albany, down to Philadelphia, over to Paree, and then flatter yourselves that you have seen the whole world. My dear man, suppose I am in Denver and want to make a jump of six miles to catch a man who is about to put on his overcoat to go out of his office."

"Yes."

"Do I climb a Jacob's ladder to reach an Elevated road, and then wait three or four minutes for a train which only runs at the rate of 15 miles an hour? Not much. We can't afford to do business that way."

"Do you call a coupe?"

"Coupe! Coupe! Why, man, we don't use that sort of a vehicle out there except at funerals, and slow funerals at that! No, sir! Every twenty feet along the street is a Pneumatic Passenger Tube Station. You drop down on an elevator, instead of climbing up with your legs—there's a click and a rush, and where am I? Taken me just 14 seconds to go six miles! The man I wanted to see has only got one arm into his overcoat!"

"It doesn't seem possible!" gasped the merchant.

"Of course not—of course not. You've just plugged along here in what you call the great metropolis of America—selling a few dry goods at wholesale to such little towns as Highkill and Kinderhook—bragging about your 400—building a small bridge, and making yourselves believe that the rest of the earth revolves around you. You sell dry goods, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm a silent partner in a little concern in Kansas City. Couple of boys wanted something to sort o' fool around with, and so I set 'em up in a shanty. What do you suppose the sales were last year?"

"Perhaps $25,000."

"That's it—that's New York all over! My dear man, our books show that we sold exactly $28,367,422.85 worth of dry goods, and being it was the first year we labored under many disadvantages."

"I—I can't hardly believe it," stammered the merchant.

"Oh, of course not! All the business is done in New York, you know! This year we shall have 3,240 travelling men out, and we hope to make things a little lively. By the way, we've got a steamer—our own—coming into port some day this week with goods from our French, English and German mills. Like to have you drop down and see her, if you happen to want a couple of million yards of dress goods I'll give you our bottom figure and all the time you want. I get off here. Glad to have met you. Some of our travelling men will call on you every day or two, and I hope to secure a fair share of your orders. So-long!" M. QUAD.

A Novelette by JOHN HABBERTON, author of "Helen's Babies," &c., will begin in THE EVENING WORLD to-morrow. Don't fail to read it.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Flirtation.

I've been flirting to-day with a baby
In a window right over the way.
And the neighbors are gossiping, may be;
But I didn't care a bit what they say.

He's a dear little curly-headed fellow,
With eyes that are laughing and sweet;
His hair was like grain, golden yellow,
He'd blue shoes—for he showed me his feet.

He glanced at me, pleasantly smiling,
As though saying, "I wish you'd remain."
Then he tapped on the window beguiling
And flattened his nose 'gainst the pane.

He threw me a kiss for a greeting,
He showed me the lace on his dress,
But, ah! why are moments so fleeting?
The time came for luncheon, I guess.

Then I waved him good-by—oh, the saddest,
And smiled to him over the way.
And he looked, of all babies, the maddest,
When the nurse came and took him away.

But sometimes he will peek thro' the curtain
And box the lace edges apart,
So I'll watch every day, for I'm certain
That baby has broken my heart!
Once a Week.

Love vs. Dyspepsia.

The honeymoon had scarcely aged,
Yet pain and sorrow dim his eye,
The first affair since they were wed
That drew from him a heart-felt sigh.
Why is it that a cloud has spread
Across their clear and sunny sky?
Because the fired girl has fled,
And "lovely dovey" made a pie.
—Brooklyn Life.

All Were In It.

The girl who dressed in her Summer clothes
Before the first of May,
The man who got out his old straw hat
On the first smashing day,
The fellow who opened the window
And sat all day in the draught—
All these can explain in a minute
Why the little grip microbe lingered.
—Buffalo Express.

Circumstances Modify.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

In a town up North an ex-judge is cashier of a bank. One day recently he refused to cash a check offered by a stranger.

"The check is all right," he said, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, Judge," was the stranger's response.

"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful."

Shameful Ignorance.

[From the Somerville Journal.]

Father—Dr. McClure seems to be a very intelligent, well-read man.

Son—Nonsense, governor! I talked with him at dinner yesterday and he does not know a thing about baseball.

His Shining Virtue.

[From the St. Joseph News.]

"I have got a boy," said the proud father, "who is destined one day to shine brilliantly in the political firmament."

"Shows an aptitude for statecraft, does he?"

"No, but he can't write a letter."

They Were Loud.

[From Truth.]

"Were you waiting for me?" asked Spatts, as his sweetheart opened the door before he touched the bell.

"No, Dick, she replied, "I heard your new clothes turning the corner."

HELP THE BABES.

They Want Many Friends During the Heated Term.

Free Doctors Are Their One Ray of Hope.

Nell Nelson Tells What the Physicians Have Done.

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M. E. A.	1.00
One Who Loves Babies	1.00
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Freddy	.25
A Well Wisher	1.00
C. K.	.25
Hoping	.10
An Old Soldier	2.00
Hattie Mueller	1.00
Birdie Meyer	

A Marvellous Cure.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

Doctor—It was the most difficult case I ever saw. I exhausted every resource on him, and at last I was successful with a very complicated system of injections of cocaine.

Layman—But, doctor, he died.

Doctor—I know very well that he died, but he died cured.

A Woman's Eternity.

[From Judge.]

She (icily, to rejected suitor)—Did I not say "never!" to you yesterday? Why do you ask me again?

He (bravely)—Well, as this is the next day after "never" I thought I'd call to see if you hadn't changed your eternal resolution.

Regular Rates.

[From Judge.]

Young Man—I have a poem here.

Editor (after examining it)—Well, how does $10 strike you?

Young Man—That's really more than I expected.

Editor—Well, we can't publish such a poem as that for less than $10.

An Epigrammatic Epithet.

[From Puck.]

Dr. Precise—You call Micklowsky a rank Communist. Isn't that a contradiction in terms?

Dr. Punctum—Not at all. He is one who, ignoring caste, wishes to hold the title to everything owned by somebody else.

Expert Opinion.

[From the Somerville Journal.]

"What is the matter with me, doctor?" the patient asked, in a despairing tone.

"Matter with you, man?" was the doctor's cheery reply. "Matter with you, do you say? Why, man, you're sick."

Too Late.

[From the Pittsburgh Bulletin.]

In the wardrobe—"My hat, please."

"Here, sir."

"That isn't mine."

"Excuse me. Here it is."

"That isn't it, either."

"This one, then. No? What kind of a hat was it?"

"A new one with white silk lining."

"What! A new hat—at 9 o'clock? I ask your pardon; but here all the new hats always go away before 8."

The Waiter's Idea of Game.

[From the Superior Evening Telegram.]

Patron (looking over restaurant bill of fare)—Well, I don't care for beef, mutton, pork, veal or any of those things to-day. Haven't you any game?

Waiter—Yes, sah; clams.

Draughts and Thoughts.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

"Why don't you drink good old whiskey, as I do, instead of muddling your brain with beer? You know the man who drinks beer thinks beer."

"Well, I would rather think beer than think snakes."

Inseparable.

[From Truth.]

Twyn—Stanzer is always fired with his subject.

Triplett—Yes, I understand he and his poem always leave the editor's den together.

"Maid, Wife or Widow?"

[From Kate Field's Washington.]

He—Won't you be mine? I would give my life for you.

She—You may take me—on those terms strictly.

Safe With Him.

[From Truth.]

Totling—I'd rather trust a wine-dealer with a secret than any one else.

Dimling—Why?

Totling—He keeps Mumm.

Muffins with Royal Baking Powder

SUMMER RAGE FOR OPERA.

Throughout the Country Music Has the Field.

Gossip of Live Interest in the Theatrical World.

Opera and comic opera are at the present time having a very vigorous innings in this vicinity, and the number of singers employed just now is very large. Taking the current week, for instance, it will be seen that throughout the country the gentle strains of the music that requires no key to be explained are in full possession of the field. This city has "Apollo" at the Casino, "Wang" at the Broadway, "The Tar and the Tartar" at Palmer's, English opera at the Grand Opera-House, English opera at the Columbus and repertoire at Terrace Garden. In Washington at the New National Theatre the Lamont Opera Company, including Helen Lamont, Lizzie Annandale, Walter Allen and W. H. Hamilton, are singing "The Royal Middy." At the Grand Opera-House in that city "The Chimes of Normandy," is the attraction with Lily Post, W. H. Fitzgerald, Alice Vincent and Fred Huntley in the cast. In Baltimore, at the Howard Auditorium, "The Chimes of Normandy" is also being sung by Blanche Chapman, George Denham, Edward Temple and others. In St. Paul, the Wilbur Opera Company, including Susie Kerwin, J. E. Conley, George Fisher, E. A. Clark and Belle Hamilton, are interpreting "The Grand Duchess;" and at the Park Theatre, in that city, there is also comic opera. At Schnaider's Garden, St. Louis, "Erminie" is being presented by the Casino Opera Company, including Jennie Reiffarth, Marietta Nash, George Laure, Douglas Flint, Tellula Evans and W. A. Mafin; and at Uhrig's Cave, in St. Louis, the Alexander Spencer Opera Company opened Monday night in "Said Pasha," with a company including Addie Cora Reed, Mabella Baker, Agnes Sherwood, Emily Seymour, Will S. Rising, George H. Broderick and Jerome Sykes. In Philadelphia Manager Kelly has a magnificent company, including Del Puente, Guille Kronold, Charlotte Walker, Clara Poole, Helen Dudley Campbell and Fanny Gonzalez, and is this week presenting "William Tell" and "Faust," to be followed next week by "La Gioconda." At the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, the Pauline Hall Opera Company has been doing good work, and at the Girard Avenue Theatre the Ideal Opera Company, including Sylvia Cornish, Dorothy Sherrard, Laura Lorraine, Charles Campbell and Harold Leslie, claims attention. In Michigan the Bostonians prevail; in South Carolina there is the Grand Opera Company; Taunton, Mass., has just been listening to the Taunton Opera Company, and New Orleans, to a juvenile opera company.

* * *

The English Opera company, now at the Grand Opera-House, goes to the Academy of Music in July, and will remain at that house until the melodramatic "Soudan" opens. Manager Gilmore says that Niblo's will open in August with a "grand spectacular production" that is not yet named.

* * *

The negro baby used in "The Tar and the Tartar" has been causing a little agitation. It was discovered that the original infant was too thin and not quite black enough; so the stage manager was requested to institute a search for a chubbier child. He made the search, and successfully. A new baby was used Monday night, fat and black as the ace of spades. Yet it caused consternation in the company by crying as loudly as its lungs would permit it to do. Last night it was less aggressive, and Manager Askin hopes that the severe discipline of his organization will not be without a speedy effect upon the infant.

* * *

Miss Leonora Bradley is about again. She had a very severe illness. She is going with Eugene Moore's company for a short Summer season.

* * *

It is said that in one of the plays to be presented by Joseph Haworth this season there will be a scene in which a dissecting-room will be accurately portrayed. We are now waiting to hear the name of the actor who has been engaged to play the corpse. The Rialto is full of those who could give a most faithful interpretation of the role.

* * *

Here is something anent the Baldwin Cat, the latest London sensation, that will interest the managers of specialty companies: "It springs, at the word of command, up a perpendicular rope, hanging from the roof, and seats itself on a box attached to a parachute, which is fixed by a string tied in a running knot. At the words 'Let go,' the cat pulls the string, and the parachute expands and falls slowly." A drama might surely be written around this.

* * *

It is quite likely that a No. 2 "Tar and Tartar" company will be organized to tour the South.

* * *

Sunning themselves on Broadway yesterday were Miss Adelaide Stanhope, Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, Miss Helen Barry, Miss Lodoski Young, Miss Esther Lyons, Miss Nellie Lingard, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Miss Virginia Harned.

* * *

"Aunt" Louisa was also on Broadway yesterday, but as she was "saying good-by to the boys" she deserves a little paragraph all to herself, and she shall have it, too. She sails to-morrow on the State of Georgia, and is going to spend some time in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Then she will visit Miss Edith Kenward, the vivacious Kangaroo of "Dr. Bill."

* * *

Miss Mabel Fenton has very nearly recovered from the effects of her burning in Paterson, N. J. She is able to go out. Next season she will appear with her husband, Charles J. Ross, in "A Knotty Affair."

MRS. DODGE'S MAID DEAD.

Supposed to Have Thrown Herself from Her Bedroom Window.

Mary Ann Skinner, a maid in the employ of Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, the wife of the wealthy lumber merchant, died at Bellevue Hospital this morning, from supposed self-inflicted injuries.

John H. Campdeu, a messenger boy, was passing through East Thirty-fourth street about 10.30 last night when he was startled to see the girl fall from the fourth floor of Mrs. Dodge's residence, at the corner of Park avenue.

Mr. Dodge said this morning that he thought it not unlikely that Miss Skinner threw herself from the window of her room while temporarily insane.

She had been acting queerly ever since the death of a relative several weeks ago.

Of Miss Skinner's private affairs little is known. She was born in England twenty-eight years ago, and was unmarried.

ROBBER OF LETTER BOXES.

Post-Office Officials Think They Have Bagged a Much-Wanted Thief.

John Hosey, who says he is a longshoreman, was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court to-day, having been caught stealing a package left on the top of a mail box at Washington and Charlton streets.

At the request of Post-Office Inspector Beavis, the prisoner was remanded. Many similar thefts have been recently reported, and Mr. Beavis believes Hosey is the thief.

FELL DOWN THE L STAIRS.

A Woman's Skull Fractured as the Result of a Misstep.

Mary Schmidt, a German woman about forty-five years old, fell down the stairway to the L station of the Third avenue line at Fourteenth street this morning and, striking her head on the pavement, became immediately unconscious. She was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where it was found that her skull was fractured.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Sleeve of the Future, What Will It Be?—Princess Pignatelli's Baby Carriage—A Few Hints on the Great Subject of Dressing.

The future of the sleeve is a burning question, but on this point there is nothing definite. There are almost invariably full, but the fulness may either be pushed upon the shoulder into a hotte or allowed to fall downward in soft folds. In the latter case the sleeve is generally finished by a deep poignet. Skirts are much out on the bias. The latest innovation is a seam down the middle of the front and back joining two bias edges. In striped materials an excellent result is thus obtained.

The Princess Pignatelli of Naples is credited with having not the most beautiful baby in Italy, but the most beautiful baby carriage.

This perambulator runs with the utmost lightness, is rather high, so that the little occupant will escape the current of air that always is to be found near the ground, and is upholstered in the daintiest fashion with dark blue cloth, the small hair-stuffed cushions being covered on both sides with silk. The hood pulls forward, so as to form ample protection from a shower, and is absolutely draught-proof. All the metallic portions, which in an ordinary carriage are black, are silver-plated, and the handle is ivory. For protection from the sun there is a large canopy of tussore silk in its natural color, edged with a deep silk lace to match, and lined with very dark blue silk as an additional protection to the baby eyes. In fact this carriage balanced so evenly on its see-springs is probably the best thing of the kind that has ever been made.

Miss Mary E. Byrd, teacher of astronomy and director of the observatory at Smith College, has been elected a member of the British Astronomical Association.

A room for sick nurses, called the "Mrs. Harry Ingersoll Endowed Room of the Nurses' Beneficial Association," has been established in the new Polyclinic Hospital in Philadelphia. The room has been endowed by the lady whose name it bears, and was opened for inspection and use on Thursday, April 2, on the occasion of the formal opening of the new building for polyclinic.

Since cornflour-blue has become the rage bright blue foulards with white figures are exceedingly fashionable, and these are made with white corsings and relieved with little chemisettes or full habit-fronts of soft white silk. Zephyrs in a bright butcher or cornflower blue are made with borders and woven designs, and plain or faintly pattern blue cottons and sateens are trimmed with the new washing cotton passementerie.

Cut-glass soap dishes, with silver tops, are $50 each. It may comfort the reader to know that there are cheaper goods from Russia at $38, while the domestic are but $15 apiece.

Whatever you make, order or buy for the season be sure of one dress. It may be a luxury to have a number of changes, but one good garment prettily made, that fits well and suits the complexion, is really all that any lady needs to be well dressed. Better this than a whole rack of toilets that have been remodeled and are not old enough to throw away or nice enough to cherish. Pick up all the house dresses and evening toilets you like, but aim to have one modern costume for general use. Two dresses a year will suffice for every purpose—one cloth for cold and cool days, and a light-weight silken fabric of Oriental weave for warm weather. These can be had for $90, made by a first-class artist, and as novel in style and design as anything in the wardrobe of Bernhardt, Agnes Booth or Rose Coghlan, three women who know so well how to dress. Ninety dollars is a very small sum for a woman to spend in a year; it is what tailors would call bed-rock prices; it is also the actual cost of making a genteel appearance. To be sure, it makes no provision for hats, wraps and gloves, "but that is another story."

Nor does it cover the case of the society incined lady, who, however, is in the minority. The great assembly of women are not fashionable, however cultured, accomplished and refined. Their horizon is limited to a little circle that takes in the home, church concert, play, an occasional opera and a score of informal visits in a year. These gentle mothers, wives and daughters ride in street cars, park phaetons, ferry-boats and river steamers, they Summer at $12 a week resorts; they love their kith and kin; they keep pace with the times and they are content to have one dress every six months. As an illustration: One of these aristocrats of democracy entered a leading dressmaking establishment carrying a silk dress pattern in her arms and asked to see the madame.

That autocrat swept into the reception-room magnificent in navy blue faille trimmed with lace figs and bows appliqued to the bodice and about the front of the skirt.

"What will you charge to make this dress?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"What will the extras cost?"

"Five dollars for cotton linings, $10 for silk linings and the trimmings will be as you select."

"I will take the cotton and allow you $5 for whatever ribbon and silk you may need to finish the skirt and basque."

The dress pattern was a Christmas gift from her husband. The making and findings cost her $35, and the dress is a joy and a delight. She will spend the Summer in the country, and this one dark-blue India silk, with its indigo trimming, will constitute her outfit. Aside from looking pretty and being stylishly dressed, this woman will be spared the annoyance of making three toilets a day and choosing from a stock of dresses. She will have time to enjoy nature, to read and think, and to live for something besides show. What she does any wife of a $30 a week husband can do.

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

There isn't any "just as good" as

Knapp's Root Beer Extract

Root Beer in five minutes, by Knapp's five minute process

Don't be persuaded to take any other.

25 cents a bottle.

THE CLEANER.

I was crossing the bridge yesterday in one of the cable cars, and was struck by the indifference which the workmen on the Bridge show to the rather ticklish nature of their working place. I allude to the cable-way over the water. There are no conveniences for walking there, and big interstices are between the cross fixtures and the like on which the men get along. But they moved about as carelessly as if they had an asphalt pavement under their feet.

* * *

What an individuality even bouquets have. You can tell the florist's bouquet from the amateur's, and a rustic one from a city one. I met a man walking along Park Row in the morning rush to business with a homely little bunch of flowers that that been picked and made up in the country. You could tell it by the looks, just as accurately as you could drop to country-made clothes.

* * *

Luxury is on the increase in this town. There is a modest little coffee and cake shop where the patrons, if they needed a napkin, had recourse to towels suspended here and there on the walls. Now I see that the habitues are allowed individual napkins. This may be a bid for popularity against some rival bakery, but the patrons get the napkins.

* * *

The "Little Judge" is a regular feature of the morning procession on Park Row. He trots along from the Astor House over to the "L" station at the Bridge, umbrella in hand as a rule, even if the sky is moderately clear. Morrisania is some distance away, and there is plenty of time for a shower to brew before he comes back.

* * *

Now that Cornelius Vanderbilt has bought himself a steam yacht, the Conqueror, the family seem to be pretty well provided. While K. has one of the biggest steam yachts afloat, the Alva, and Fred has had one for several years, the Videtto. Then there are several sailing yachts belonging to the family. George doesn't seem to run to yachts and four-in-hands as much as books. He is rich enough to afford to be literary. The Vanderbilt boats would make quite a fleet.

* * *

Ex-Senator Grady has turned up again as a resident of the Sixth Senatorial District in East Fourth street, which leads the gossips to say that he has been promised the Tammany nomination for Senator next Fall. I am told that he will not have ex-County Clerk Keenan's support.

* * *

Local politicians by the score have gone or are bound for Europe to spend their Summer vacation. The latest to announce his intention to cross the Atlantic is Civil Justice Sampson Lachman, of the Sixth District Court, who will sail on Wednesday next.

* * *

Henry Clews, the banker, looks younger and is more chipper and blithesome in his manner than ever in these days of comparative financial stagnation and uneasiness. His friends say that he would make an excellent financial barometer if you only knew just when to copper him. Just at present he is firmly imbued with the conviction that there is a great time coming for Wall street.

* * *

Since he has assumed the responsibility of looking after Uncle Sam's millions that are stored away in the Sub-Treasury vaults, Assistant Treasurer Ellis H. Roberts has completely divested himself of the cares of his newspaper. He has by no means, however, given up his interest in the workers in the profession, as is shown by the fact that he has recently become a member of the Fellowcraft Club, of which he has frequently been the guest in the past.

* * *

Dr. Seward Webb seems to be showing more business activity than any member of the Vanderbilt family. Just now he is engaged in building railroads, bluffing the State Commissioners, buying up Adirondack forest land and generally stirring up the people in the sleepy little towns of the northern tier. Besides this he finds time to engineer coaching expeditions in the White Mountains. His intimate friends are said to regard him as the coming man in railroad enterprise.

* * *

Joseph Steiner, the popular Secretary of the Steckler Association, will make the launching of a new boat at Canarsie, on Sunday next, the occasion of a celebration to which he has invited about one hundred friends.

TAILOR THEISS A CURE-ALL.

He Sets Up as a Physician and Combines Both Callings.

A man who promises to cure all the ills to which human flesh is heir, has opened an office at 508 West Fifty-eighth street. He calls himself "August Theiss, practical physician," and is a tailor, working at his trade and performing his wonderful cures at the same time. His workshop is his office, and his needle is his lancet.

Besides being tailor, physician and benefactor of mankind, Theiss is an author. He has written a book in German, in which he reveals himself to an unsuspecting public as the "discoverer of the causes of dangerous diseases."

A reporter found the great discoverer in his modest office, seated at his "goose," without coat, without vest and without suspenders. He has a long pale face and long hair.

The reporter said he was looking for "Dr." Theiss, and the man in shirt and trousers replied, "I am he. What can I do for you."

"I am sick," replied the reporter, "and having heard of your wonderful art of healing have come to be cured."

The doctor proceeded at once to business.

"Your symptoms?" he asked.

The visitor described the most minute and accurate symptoms of kidney and liver complaint, and the cure-all answered promptly:

"You have rheumatism and you are getting bald."

The reporter stuck to the liver complaint theory, but "Dr." Theiss brushed it aside with an imperative wave of the hand, saying:

"I know better than you, my friend. You have rheumatism and I can cure you."

The "doctor" was then questioned in regard to his remedies. He had the only cure on earth, but what it was he wouldn't say.

His discovery was superior to Koch's lymph, which he declared to be a humbug. Bacilli were not the cause of sickness, but were caused by sickness, according to this savant of the needle.

His remedy was very simple—as simple as Dr. Sangrado's, whose cure for all ills, whether headache or smallpox, was hot water in copious doses and blood letting. This modern Sangrado simply punctures the skin with an instrument composed of needles, producing an irritation which causes the wound to fester, and all the bad is let out. All you do then is to rub a little of "Dr." Theiss's great discovery over it and you are as sound as a dollar.

This cure is applied to a cold or yellow fever alike.

"A Hint to Governments, Judges and Lawyers: a book for everybody; everybody his own physician; cure thy neighbor as thyself," is the inscription of the marvellous medical treatise which is signed "August Theiss, practical physician."

The book costs $1, the "cure for all ills" $4, and a bottle of the "doctor's" blood regulator $1.50.

"Dr." Theiss's case may be one for the Board of Health and the County Medical Society to look after, and it will no doubt be attended to before he can accomplish many of his "cures."

Matchless for every purpose of cleanliness—*Pearline*. Nothing saves as much work; nothing does as much work. It cleans without corroding, and washes without wear and tear. It does better than any soap, anything that soap can do. Any housekeeper will tell you how cheap it is, but it is so dear to her that she will never give it up.

Never peddled. JAMES PYLE, N. Y.