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BRANCH OFFICES: WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1207 BROADWAY.

THE TRIAL OF FRENCHY. This was the day set for the trial of "Frenchy," the man who stands accused of killing CARBINE BROWN in the East River Hotel.

It is important, in New York's interests, that the murder of old "Shakespeare," as the woman was known, should be convicted.

THE AIR AGAIN SULTRY. Summer heat is once more in the air, and this time it is burdened with the humidity which makes it doubly hard to bear.

While Mrs. KEHOE, of Everson, Pa., kept her \$3,000 she had it in a satchel, being distrustful of banks.

An Ontario girl, tired of the monotony of home and school life, had her hair cut, dressed in a man's attire and hired out to a farmer.

Naples is to have an Elevated road. What a shock to that old Latin poet, were he to revisit the city where he was once content to pass his "peaceful days."

JOHN BARDSLEY is getting heavier at the Hovansing Prison. He's expected to throw off quite a weight, however, when he makes that full confession.

To Minneapolis's frenzied appeal for the Republican National Convention, St. Louis chillingly replies that the place is too near the North Pole.

In the death of ex-Senator McDONALD, of Indiana, the nation loses a statesman and the Democracy a staunch, faithful and able leader.

Vermont's Citizens' Alliance has cut loose from the National organization and will dwell in its own special green mountains of hope.

Mr. HARRISON is reported uneasy on the subject of free coinage. Is he quite as ease on the subject of the tied-up Treasury?

There is a theory that the Giants were laying low with the Phillies so as to be all fresh for those Brooklyn fellows.

A Pennsylvania married woman who refused to elope was shot by her tempter. It was not the reward she deserved.

Emperor WILLIAM's latest snarl to BRITAIN will not increase his popularity. And he just yearns for popularity.

Census Supt. PORTER announces that he will not resign. New York is not resigned either to his unfair conduct.

Brooklyn's firebugs are again on the wing. The police should be after them.

Custom-House economy is exciting wonder. What is behind it?

The "Tickets for '92" so much talked of are not for college commencements.

Hiring landmen in police courts should be barred.

Send your mite to the Sick Babies' Fund.

Summer hotel and mosquito bills are due.

There is a boom in the picnic season.



Why Not Change?

He was talking in a very loud voice all the way over on a bridge train, declaring that a country where the weather changed so often was not fit for a white man to live in.

"I tell you, it's one of the worst climates in the world—in the world, sir!"

"Yes, and I've been wondering why you didn't try Hades instead—Hades instead, sir?"

Why Do They? I was having a glass of soda water the other hot day at a fountain in Fourteenth street.

"I want you to witness me count the contents."

There was exactly \$2.13, and he noted down the amount and placed the portmanteau in a drawer.

"I left my portmanteau here—Russet leather—dark silver clasp—B. H. engraved on clasp."

"Yes, in this is it."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she gasped as she received it. "And much obliged to you for your great kindness."

"Now, then, why did she do it?"

"You tell," answered the clerk. "We pick up ten a day here when business is running, and I never know a case where they didn't do it."

"It was very careless of her to leave it."

"Say! Don't you believe it!" he laughed. "The chances are she left it on purpose."

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TINY PATIENTS.

The Free Doctors Will Have Many to Look After.

Help Their Work with a Small or Large Contribution.

Neil Nelson Tells About Poor Little "Bumpy."

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes 'The Evening World' \$100.00, 'Previously acknowledged' 697.74, 'D. L. King' 10.00, 'A. H. W.' 25, 'Miss Schwartz' 10, 'F. W.' 1.00, 'Residual' 2.00, 'Three Little Girls' 40, 'A. Friend' 1.00, 'Archie and Baby Ruth' 25.

"BUMPY'S" HARD LOT.

Neil Nelson's Story of a Little One Who Died from Want of Care.

His right name, the one written in the back of the prayer-book, was John Michael Murphy, but he was called "Bumpy," and it suited the child for his whole life seemed to have been spent in bumping, banging or dropping his tender little body about the premises.

He had fallen out of the window, out of his high chair and out of bed so often that repetition had made the disaster commonplace.

He had been burnt at the stove, at his father's pipe and at the very end of matches proffered by obliging neighbors a few years his senior.

And so the mother went out to work day after day, the disheartened man walked the streets in an aimless search for work, and Bumpy was left alone with little sister.

Some days he went to the local industrial school, and was bathed and lunched and amused like the rest of the scholars, but he did not take kindly to the routine of study.

He was full of the mischievous ideas that numbered an otherwise worthless estate and the special charge of a ten-year-old sister.

Bumpy's father was in bad luck, and the wheel of fortune showed a stubborn disposition to turn up nothing but blanks.

For almost three years his home was supported by the hard earnings of his young wife. The food he ate and the roof he shared at her expense called him, but when a man's spirit has been crushed as his has become utterly helpless.

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Bumpy was given syring and paregoric and cholera medicine, but still did not improve.

Two days the father remained with him, and Saturday the mother stayed at his bedside, she tried everything but a doctor.

As she put it, "I could not bear to call one in, have him ask me if I had the money to pay, and go away when I told him the truth."

I thought I'd wait a little longer, for Bumpy never was an alling child.

She waited till Sunday, till the delicate little limbs began to grow stiff and the boy had at the left white feet, crept up to the tiny heart and left the human form a marble image.

Yesterday friends and neighbors gathered in the sorrowing house, and among themselves elected the money that will pay for a small shroud, a small coffin and a small plot to the cemetery.

One-twentieth of the sum needed would have saved little Bumpy had we only known of his condition.

Know now that there is some need in this city among the poor, and do make some provision for the poor. Let the Bumpies and little sisters know that the Babies' Fund is for them, to be relied upon in cases of necessity, and that you stand ready and willing to strengthen it.

June is nearly past and the field work should commence at its close. The Free Doctors are ready for action, but their number must be restricted and their territories extended to fit the limits of the fund.

Address a note to the cashier and inclose whatever sum you can easily and conveniently afford.

NEIL NELSON.

A Little Girl's Gift.

Every Dime Helps.

For the Sufferers.

Three Little Helpers.

A Ten-Dollar Gift.

A Friendly Dollar.

Brother and Sister.

To Smooth a Rough Road.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

100 Doses One Dollar.

THE CLEANER.

Seated opposite me in a restaurant the other day was a man whose general appearance denoted that he had dined late the night before.

While waiting for his soup he seized a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, filled a glass about half full and drank the contents, remarking as he finished: "By George! but that tasted good!"

Just as a Third Avenue train rounded a curve yesterday, I saw a small boy down in the street running for dear life, pursued by four other boys.

The pursued, picked up a hair-leave and stood at bay. The pursuers halted at various distances and stared at the boy, making an interesting gladiatorial picture as the train carried me from the scene.

It was not thunder that was heard yesterday. It was the combined heart-felt mutterings of discontent from proprietors of seaside resorts over the state of the weather.

St. Judge Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, strolling in Madison Square the other evening, the ex-Minister to the Court of St. James is hale and hearty in appearance.

James is hale and hearty in appearance, and regarding Yale students seems to be an occupation that is congenial to him.

With his rugged features and his mutton-chop whiskers he looks more like a prosperous English merchant than a native of the Green Mountain State and a typical Yankee.

The Professor has a host of friends among the aristocratic set on the other side, and in company with other Americans of wealth and leisure, is going abroad to spend the summer months and renew his old acquaintanceship.

Senator Stewart, the Nevada silver king, was in town recently, and I noticed his tall form looming up in the Hoffman House safe room evenings ago.

He is a man of herculean proportions, and wears an apostrophe beard of silvery whiteness. Despite his millions he is simple and unassuming in his manner, and has never lost the bluff heartiness of the old pioneer.

Albert Arveschow, the baritone singer, tells some amusing stories of the trouble which the types have in spelling his Swedish name.

He has given it every imaginable twist, and never manages to get it right more than once in a dozen times. Friends whom he meets have still greater difficulty in pronouncing it, and he has been called everything from a quack to an over-looker.

A friend suggested that he should call himself Gums or Goshes and be done with it. Mr. Arveschow himself pronounces it Arveschow-kow, with the accent on the first syllable.

Among the genial gentlemen who are prominent in Harlem politics, few are better company than that staunch member of the Harlem Democratic Club, Mr. Antonio Basines, a member of the Board of School Trustees of the Twelfth Ward.

Mr. Basines is an ardent sportsman and particularly inclines to yachting.

A. B. Humphrey, the President for a time of the State League of Republican Clubs, is one of the most striking-looking men in the city.

He is over a foot 2 inches in height, he is middle-aged, and an enthusiastic organizer of partisan clubs. His latest is the Hamilton Republican Club, seventh avenue, and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

When Women Meet.

At this season of the year one quart of ripe berries or cherries is worth a wagon-load of meat and a ton of sweets.

Moonstones are much employed for brooches, bracelets, etc., a charming design for the former being a moonstone heart between two swallows set with diamonds.

The little gold "true lovers' knots" are very pretty for face-pieces, and are a change from the white and horsehair, which have been in favor so long.

Other face-pieces are formed of gold shankrocks, with a single tiny diamond, like a dewdrop, just in the centre of the leaf white filices and gnats, with jewelled eyes and wings, are bright and effective.

For fair people, lilac-of-the-valley, semipalmira, forget-me-nots, violets, small pink roses and apple-blossoms are most effective, while brunettes would wear with advantage primroses, mimosa, yellow jasmine and staphanotis.

Making Expenses.

Tom—I'd like to join the Murray Hill Club, but the initiation fee staggers me.

Dick of more experience—Oh, you'll soon get that back. I've only been a member there three months and my bar bill amounts to more than that already.

Had an Article that Would.

Shopper after dropping several bracelets into an umbrella—None of these suits me. A jeweller producing handkerchiefs—Here's just the thing for a lady of your style.

Bad News.

Mr. Slabs (of Arkansas)—I've got some mighty bad news, Lyddy!

Mr. Slabs—Two bad bits. In town, that Andrew Jackson is dead. Bears to have happened some time ago, but it seems that I wasted my vote last election, an'

Mr. Slabs—That so? I was afraid at first that the day the dogs was dead, you'd looked so worked up.

A Scientific Explanation.

"Why do you want to get married?"

"Oh, heredity has something to do with it, I suppose."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Some Remarkable Things in the Way of Jewelled Laces—Bread and Honey by the Ton—Central Park Tennis Courts—Moonstones in Brooches and Bracelets.

Jewelled laces are new, and in these moonstones and lot are important. Flying birds and bouquets tied with the Empire bow, wrought in jewels and beads, are thus represented.

Central Park Tennis Courts. Moonstones in Brooches and Bracelets.

Reassured Solon Smith Republicans in the Twentieth.

Special Treasury Agents Wilbur and Chance paid an official visit to the Custom-House recently, and the proposed wholesale-bidding is understood to be the result of their investigations.

Those said to be marked for the slaughter among the older employees, who long since ceased to be potent factors in ward politics.

While it is alleged that the dismissal will be alleged for economical reasons, it is pretty well understood that the veterans will be filled, sooner or later, with lusty young ward workers.

About \$200,000 a year would be saved by the contemplated dismissals, provided the vacancies are not filled again.

The Special Treasury Agents are said to have recommended the abolition of the office of Deputy Naval Officer and Naval Officer's private secretary as unnecessary positions.

Guns Enrolled with the Stockholders. Police Justice John B. Smith and his Republican friends in the Twentieth Assembly District, are jubilant that they are to be left in undisputed control of the organization.

Councilor William A. Gans made them quake in their shoes when he organized an opposition to them last winter, and he had promised to resume the fight next year.

Now, they say, he has determined to cast his lot with the best of the Republicans and to organize the new party in the Twentieth District.

In Mr. Gans the anti-Tammany movement will secure one of the best political organizers in the city.

Local Political Echoes. Leopold Pfenkinger, the musical composer, has written "The March of the Centuries," which he has dedicated to the new political movement organized by the Stockholder Brothers.

Stanton J. Gans, Secretary of the Unity League, writes that that organization, which comprises some of the best young politicians in the Twentieth Ward, is not a political association, but was created for social purposes solely.

Julius Harburger, independent candidate for State Senator, will deliver a patriotic address at Saratoga, N. Y., next week. Assembly Nicholas T. Brown, the Independent Assembly District, the Tammany Hall candidate for Senator to succeed Eugene S. Livingston.

Matthew P. Green, Clerk of the Third District Civil Court and a leader of the anti-Purro Democratic movement, has been elected to the Twentieth Ward, is not a political association, but was created for social purposes solely.

United States Senator Peffer, of Kansas, will talk on the objects of the Cooper Club movement in the great hall of the Third City night.

LEONARD'S MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Big Reward Offered for His Assassin, but No Clue Yet Found.

SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD. The undersigned is authorized to offer a reward of one hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of Leonard.

No clue to the murderer of Contractor Donald Leonard has yet been discovered, as is indicated by the above advertisement, printed this morning.

The police of Flatbush have worked diligently on the mystery, but without avail. Besides the reward, the contractor has offered a bonus of \$500 additional has been offered by Flatbush officers for the employment of private detectives on the case.

Contractor Leonard was shot last Thursday night a week, while on his way home. He was last seen in front of Supervisor Lyman's saloon at Grand avenue, where he was shot, a week, while on his way home.

MILITIA CALLED OUT.

Negroes in South Nashville Have Again Declared War.

CHICAGO, June 22.—A special dispatch from Nashville, Tenn., says: Varmintown, in South Nashville, was again excited last night and a serious riot occurred. An extra force of police has been on duty in the neighborhood since last Tuesday night's trouble. War has been declared by the negroes.

The watchman guarding Foster's stable to prevent its being burned was shot at by two negroes last night. A crowd was gathered, when twenty-five policemen appeared, preventing trouble.

Two companies of military have been under arms for three days past, and when the first negroes last night a crowd was gathered, when twenty-five policemen appeared, preventing trouble.

A telephone message received at midnight states that all is quiet and that the crowds have been dispersed.

WON'T REST BESIDE A MURDERER.

A Bridgeport Man's Friends Will Find Him Another Grave.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 22.—The funeral of Thomas Thornton, an Englishman, who died Saturday, occurred yesterday.

It was discovered that the grave opened for Thornton was next to that of Jacob Steele, the murderer, who was hanged last Thursday.

The sexton refused to dig another grave and the mourners took their belongings to the house. The widest excitement prevailed for an hour.

Arrangements were finally made to place the body in a receiving vault until friends could purchase a new plot.

Food Saved from Fire by Burial.

HALIFAX, N. B., June 22.—Three stores and seven dwellings have been destroyed by forest fires along the line of the Halifax Bay Railway, in Newfoundland, and the loss of provisions was saved by being buried in holes dug in the earth and covered by sods.

At an Agricultural College.

Professor—What is the best time for gathering apples?

Young Student—Please, sir, when the farmer's barn is burned and there's no dog in the orchard.

An Eye to Business.

Melancholy Stranger—You are sure this potion will kill a man?

Druggist—Yes, sir, I can guarantee it. By the way, if you are going to the cemetery, I wish you'd put out one of our circulars in your pocket. It'll be a big "ad" for us when your body is found.

R-R-Revenge.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband was awfully cross this morning, but I'll get even with him.

Mrs. Dix—How?

Mrs. Hicks—I'll put a mustard plaster on his forehead.

Food people had never prepared straight's set if they ate MORRIS'S TREATING COGNAC. 25c.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

Custom-House Officials Waiting the Political Headsman.

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