The World

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

NOT A TEMPERANCE ORDINANCE.

A Kansas City Alderman has proposed, at a session of the Common Council, an unique addition to the municipal ordinances. It is a section providing that all who drink liquor, in the city after Jan. 1, 1892, shall pay a license tax into the City Treasury for the privilege. Drinkers are divided into four classes, as follows: Beer drinkers, exclusively, shall pay $20 a year; beer and wine, $25 a year, excluding champagne; beer, wine and whiskey, $30; champagne, $50. The Alderman estimates the city will derive a revenue of $1,000,000 a year from this source.

From the local brewers' point of view such legislation as this might be favorably considered as almost in the line of protection to home industries. For these men can argue that if a citizen pays $20 a year for the privilege of drinking beer, he will use his utmost endeavor to get the full good of his tax, and a corresponding increase may be expected in the consumption of malt beverage. But if the same course of reasoning be applied to the other classes of license provided for, up to and including champagne, shall we not see all Kansas City eventually bloated and staggering and head-achy under its united effort to live up to the benefit of its license?

Men will not submit to a new tax for old privileges. The extension must work both ways. It is to be feared that the Kansas City Alderman's idea is not in the best interests of temperance and the community.

SUPPOSED DEAD MEN RETURN.

Joy unmingled comes with the sudden reappearance as a living man of one who was supposed to have been drowned in the Johnstown flood. In the case of another man, however, who turns up alive in Kansas after having supposedly been dead eighteen years, the feeling is modified by the fact that a poor fellow was hanged four years ago on the charge of murdering him.

Certainly, the proceedings in the latter instance were not marked by undue haste. It took ten years to capture the alleged murderer and four years to put him through two convictions. The case proves again how utterly fallible the strongest circumstantial evidence may prove to be.

The Minneapolis Summer girl, in the eyes of the *Tribune* of that city, exhibits, as she swings in the hammock, "the grace of a CARMENCITA, the *chic* of a Parisian favorite and the languor of a Spanish senorita." As the eye of the St. Paul beauty rests on this paragraph all the late hopes of twin city consolidations will vanish into thin air.

The great American custom of treating receives a sad blow in the news which comes from Norwood, Mass. One man died and another fell deathly sick after imbibing from a bottle passed by a stranger on a train. Travellers will take warning and be careful of whose "pizen" they partake while en route.

"Sweets to the sweet" was, perhaps, the thought of Founder BRADLEY yesterday when he gave out his pound boxes of candy to the cherubs in the Asbury Park baby show. Every box of candy was like every other, though, while every mother's baby in the show was the sweetest of the lot.

Presently the provincial press will be establishing a permanent news department under the head of "New York Murders," following the lead of a Philadelphia paper of to-day. And yet we have a secret Electrocution law.

The G. A. R. will present a new plan of placing the stars on the National flag. Since its members did so much towards keeping all the stars there, perhaps they are entitled to give advice on the arrangement of them.

Rochester has the true spirit of martyrdom. Having incurred the prospect of one State convention this Fall, she now expresses a willingness to sacrifice herself to the extent of taking another.

Ex-Senator INGALLS is to speak at Atchison on "Eli and Dennis." As he recently failed to "get there" he can't be Eli. The inference is plain, therefore, that his name is Dennis.

So the dory Sea Serpent is to beat the dory Mermaid across the ocean. Well, long ago the sea serpent myth supplanted the mermaid myth in the skippers' weird tales of sights at sea.

These are red-letter days for the boys in blue at Detroit.

His Ludship Is Relieved.

[From Brooklyn Life.]

L Road Brakeman (as the train stops at Forty-second street)—Warraburrandstree!

Lord Chumley—AW, Jove. How nice. You Americans still wetain the old Indian names for your streets. I heard you didn't. Very picturesque they are. Charming.

CLEANER.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's poverty strikes me as amusing. I fancy that her wardrobe is more elaborate than that of any actress in town, and that Felix's books can show how good a customer she is. She impressed those who saw her in Paris recently as anything but poverty-stricken. Her style almost took my breath away. I was seated at a table in the Grand Hotel Court when she drove up in a private carriage with liveried servants, and in exquisite attire. She had come to take two American actresses to Felix's, and when the party was driven away I heard queries as to who the possessor of so much grandure might be.

* * *

Charles Coombe Tennant, Mr. Stanley's brother is stopping at the Everett House. He is a clever young Englishman, and has been roughing it in the West for several months.

* * *

The Philadelphia *Press* comes out with a new story about Gen. Grant's punning in a State paper and quotes him as writing that "agriculture was the groundwork of our National prosperity." This is worthy of Lincoln.

* * *

I hear that the poet Whittier is fast growing feeble. His eyesight is failing and he has abandoned all literary work.

* * *

Roosevelt Hospital has the youngest house surgeon in the city. He is Dr. Otto H. Schultze, a brother of Coroner Schultze. He is a very able young man or else he could not hold such a responsible position. In his professional capacity he is frequently called upon to testify in court, and Recorder Smyth recently complimented him highly for giving a clear and intelligent account of a case without resorting to medical terms, as doctors usually do.

* * *

Ex-doodle Alderman Duffy's wrath against John Keenan has not yet abated. He says when he meets Keenan there will be a lively scene for those in the vicinity to enjoy.

* * *

An enterprising individual in an advertisement which I saw yesterday offers to furnish eligible young men between twenty-one and thirty years old, in batches of from five to twenty, to proprietors of seaside and other Summer resorts. The young men, he further avers, are experts in boating, tennis and dancing, and are "to let" for not less than two weeks or more than four.

* * *

There is a misunderstanding between the police and Coroner Schultze about the case of Charles E. Goodwin, the victim of Bookmaker Webster's pistol. Coroner Schultze is blamed for not taking the man's ante-mortem statement. He told me he was not notified until an hour before the man died, and then Goodwin was in no condition to talk. The police shift the blame. The Coroner's office seems to be right this time.

SPOTLETS.

In good spirits—Brandied peaches, usually.

* * *

Forging one's way to wealth is by tried blacksmiths and expert penmen.

* * *

Marital bickerings might give rise to doubts about marriage being a civil contract.

* * *

Cranks would not be so bad if one could tell which way to turn to avoid them.

* * *

Men are but bullets by fair Nature shot—
Aimed at the Target of Successes Human;
Her frequent misses show that Nature's not
A better shot than any other woman.
—*Puck.*

* * *

Thought so—The report that something is the matter with the peach crop has arrived at last.

* * *

A San Jose horse is said to be a lover of baseball and to regularly attend the local games. Next.

* * *

Talking about ex-Presidents, what is Hayes doing nowadays?

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Last Request.

Farewell, sweet maid, a fond adieu;
The hour is fraught with tend'rest pain;
To linger here with love and you
I sign—alas, I sigh in vain!

We part—O Time, a moment stay
Thy hurried flight, and let me hold
My sweetheart yet another day
Within my arms' encircling fold!

Time lingers not—then, love, good-bye—
I cannot bear to leave thee so;
But business calls, and I must fly—
His mandate sternly bids me go!

And only this I ask of thee,
When I have vanished from thy sight—
To set me from adoring free,
Just burn the letters that I write!
—*John B. Keet, in Brooklyn Life.*

She Couldn't Help It.

"The summah time agrees with me,"
He twirled a straw hat on his knee,
And prattled to a little fairy,
"I quite pwefer it, doutcher know,
Because the weathah makes it so
That we can weah what's light and airwy."

The maid looked up with glance so sly,
And said, with twinkle in her eye
Quite visible to all beholders,
"Some people the opinion share
That's just the reason why you wear
That kind of head upon your shoulders."
—*Boston Courier.*

People Called Him Great.

"How big was Alexander, pa?"
"As big as all creation,
But only half as big, my son,
As the gateman at the station."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE WORLD'S OFFER!
A Special Midsummer Discount Until Sept. 30 on Board Wanted.
15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

Nature vs. Fashion.

[From Puck.]

"Mandy, you're the purtiest girl in the country. Why don't you bang your hair an' set the rest of the gals jes' crazy?"

"Cause 't ain't no use, Tom; my hair won't stay bang."

Every Little Counts.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

Clerk—Hadn't you better take half a dozen of these dress ties?

Customer—No; I wouldn't know where to put more than one.

Clerk—Why, they don't take up any room.

Customer—You are evidently not aware that I live in a Brooklyn flat.

Went Through.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

Wife—Why, how on earth did you get those holes in you trousers?

Husband—I must have sat down on some of your bread crumbs.

Seashore Love.

[From Judge.]

"That's Miss Young down there with her fiance."

"How do you know?"

"See that half-acre of purple and yellow light swinging in the darkness? That's her new engagement ring, and she's waving her arms for us to notice it."

I Was Tired

And discouraged, troubled with a kidney complaint and debility so prostrating that I could not work. But I read that Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong, and began taking this medicine. It has done me so much good, made me feel so much stronger and better, that now I call

Hood's Sarsaparilla

my family medicine." MRS. AMANDA WILLIAMS, 69 Charlevoix street, Detroit, Mich.
N. B.—Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Cordial Did It.

A New Yorker who came down from Oswego to Syracuse the other day was accosted by a man on the train, who said he had toothache, and asked if the other had anything about him which might act as a remedy.

"I always carry a little cordial with me for fear of sudden sickness," replied the New Yorker, as he produced a flask.

The patient took a large swallow to hold in his mouth and resumed his seat, but in the course of five minutes he returned to say:

"The ache is purty near gone, and I think one more dose will finish it."

He got another swallow and went away, and the second time he returned he said:

"Just growls a leetle now, and if you don't mind I'll make a complete cure."

"Oh! certainly—take some more."

It was about ten minutes this time before the patient returned. He was looking pretty chirp, but he put a finger in his mouth and said:

"Jest sorier gives a leetle jerk now and then, and if it wouldn't be askin' too much I'd"—

"Help yourself, sir—take right hold!"

When he came back for the fourth and last time he seemed to be top-heavy, and had a very wise look on his face.

"Well, how's the tooth?" asked the New Yorker.

"Thooth all right—all right, sir, but I want to ask you qushun."

"Drive ahead."

"Would er same thing be good f'r headache, too?"

"But there is none left. You have taken it all."

"Have I? All right! Then I don't have er headache—not unless I can find 'nozzer man from New York wiz shame short o' remedy!"

An Interview with a Bouncer.

I had been talking with a slight and very gentle-spoken man for a quarter of an hour before it came out that he was filling the situation of bouncer for a Bleecker street saloon. He didn't call it by such a vulgar name, but spoke of being in "attendance" on the place.

"Is it necessary to have such a man about?" I asked.

"Quite so, sir. In the first place, the idea is to prevent any brawling. I don't care how rough a place is in a general way, the fact of brawls there will keep even fighters away. If a man insists on raising a row then he must be handled. This is always left to the attendant."

"And how's this handling done?"

"In various ways, sir. I estimate that seven men out of every ten will scare. That is, if I walk right up to them and declare they must either shut up or go out, they'll shut. Of the other three two will jaw around for awhile and then go out, while the tenth will fight."

"And you often find him a tough customer, eh?"

"Well, not so often. He's generally a big duffer, with lots of muscle but no science. I'm right there and watching him. The instant I see he means fight I spring for him. Here's my usual trick."

He reached around and slipped his soft, white fingers down behind my collar, gave a half twist to bring the knuckles against the Adams' apple, and it didn't take two seconds to realize what a terrible leverage he had.

"I give a twist—so—and a twist—so—only more vicious, of course," he continued, "and out comes the man's tongue. If he has any sense he quits then."

"But, suppose he doesn't?"

"Well, now and then I have to tap a man on the jaw, but I don't put any extra force into the blow. It's the regular knock-out blow, and you'd be surprised to see how it humbles them."

"There are free fights now and then in a saloon?"

"Only at rare intervals, as it takes four or five ugly-tempered men to start one. One evening last Spring I was trying to put a young loafer out and a crowd of seven piled on me at once. They used chairs, bottles, glasses and whatever else they could lay hands on, and things were hot for five minutes."

"How did you come out?"

"Oh, I downed them, of course—had to do it or lose my job. I had a loaded billy, and some of 'em were pretty badly hurt."

"And do you like the work?" I asked as we separated.

"Illess you, no! No one likes to be fighting half his time, but I must earn a living, and I'd rather be in front of a bar than behind it. You may think it queer, but I drink nothing but water, not even tea or coffee, and I don't smoke once a week. As for swearing, I do so little of it that the boys have nicknamed me 'The Parson.' Bouncing the bums may not be as dignified as medicine nor as profitable as law, but I don't want to see it degraded as a profession."

M. QUAD.

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An Old Saw Reversed.

[From the Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Will—You're a wretched little flirt! How many strings must you have to your bow?

Kate—None. But there's nothing like having a lot of beaus to my string.

A Modern David.

[From Judge.]

Citycus—You call this house of yours only a stone's throw from the station?

Rusticus—Yes.

Citycus—Then I'd like to see the man who threw the stone.

Accounted For.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

He (after four hours)—I wonder where my overcoat has gone. I hung it on the rack when I came in.

She—Did you? Why, the milkman must have stolen it.

The Snob.

[From Puck.]

"Gabby never forgets that he is a gentleman."

"That's all right; but he never remembers that others are, too."

SAVE THEIR LIVES

Every Penny Helps to Snatch a Babe from the Grave.

Swell the Fund to Send Free Doctors Among the Poor.

Nell Nelson's Picture of How the Rich and Poor Spent Sunday.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Previously acknowledged	$4,336.97
Asbury Park Entertainment	60.00
Mortimer Wolff	25.00
Employees of B. Sturman & Son	3.50
In His Name	.50
H. H. C.	3.00
F. L. F.	14.00
A Father	1.00
S. F. D.	5.00
H.	.50
V.	.50
F. Aronson	2.00
Edith and Bessie	.50
Willie D. Sloan	4.04
Harold Atwood	1.00
Sidney Rosenberg and others	4.36
J. C. Demarest	5.00
A. V. Folsom	2.00
Elberon Cottage	1.25
German Friend	2.00

All contributions sent to "The Evening World" office for the Sick Baby Fund should be directed to Cashier, New York "World," Pulitzer Building.

Packages containing clothes, &c., should be addressed to Mrs. Roberts, 36 West Thirty-fifth street.

Any one whose contribution to the Sick Baby Fund is not acknowledged in these columns will confer a favor by notifying the Editor of "The Evening World."

TWO PICTURES OF LIFE.

Nell Nelson Tells of a Sunday in City and Country.

You were out of town Sunday, weren't you? You had a good time, you enjoyed yourself and you are glad you went, aren't you?

Wasn't the sea glorious? Wasn't the music of the waves sweeter than any anthem that ever was sung? Was there ever a cathedral picture or a memorial window anything like as lovely or inspiring as the rainbow that threw its delicate arch of exquisite coloring across the eastern sky? In all your church experience did you ever drop into a cushioned slip or an upholstered pew half as inviting as the yellow sand along the beach?

And was there ever a service as holy or as impressive as the softly lapping tide, the shining beach, the gleam of silver along the wavetops, the melodious voices of the billows replete with mystery, the melancholy notes of the lone sea bird, and the changing sky above that restlessly, jealously picked the tints up and reflected the moods of this radical of Nature?

And how happy the children were. Didn't the music of their sweet, thin little voice fill your ears and your soul as no choir ever could?

And wasn't there a sermon in every sound and a salon of pictures in every view your eyes rested upon?

And wasn't there in the minor tone of it all, in the lowering skies, the soft rain and the subsequent clearing, a pensive, quiet beauty that filled your soul with gentle melancholy?

Weren't you glad you came? Didn't the women look pretty and the men happy?

Wasn't the breakfast at the hotel good and the dinner sumptuous and the tea appetizing?

And wasn't the bed soft and wasn't your sleep sweet, and don't you sincerely hope that the favoring gods will be gracious enough to carry you back next Sunday?

You are not a wolverene; you don't want the earth; you have no longing to stay in the shining sand all Summer, and you don't let luck take you unawares. You know well enough how to make the best of things, how to be happy—honestly, thoroughly happy—with a penny poppy show, a tin trumpet and a picture book. You take your pail and shovel down on the beach and work hard enough to excavate a scarabea from a burned city.

You give your lungs a bath of sea air, you play dolphin or dolphinette in the surf, you do justice to the bill of fare, and with a good cigar and THE SUNDAY WORLD, you sink down in a rush-bottom, hoist your heels up on the piazza rail and give your stomach the rest it needs.

Next morning you come back to the city feeling not only rejuvenated but regenerated. You have the civil, kindly, considerate feeling for your fellow man that is the very manifestation of a sound mind in a healthy body. And how you can work! There is go in you and you pitch in.

Somehow things move along with amazing smoothness, and when the day's work is done and you get back to your little flat on a side street, between a school-house and a livery stable, with the L trains plunging past, your thoughts tell you that the outing was worth treble the sum it cost you.

This is the sort of medicine that cures. One dose is worth a whole pharmacy of therapeutics, for it not only puts you on good terms with yourself, your fellow-man and the world at large, but gives you a knowledge of nature that brings out the poetry and sweetness of your being.

You must be wise and prudent; you must stint your tastes; you must lop off your extravagant habits and thereby save the necessary $10 to give you another Sunday by the sea.

Don't mind about the 50,000 working girls in this big city who have never slept out of New York one night in their whole lives. Don't think anything about the poor, old, careworn women or the poor old toilworn men who have never been on board a pleasure boat or excursion train and have no conception of the revivifying charms of the sea.

Don't waste a thought on the poor sick babies who are being born in the slums, who live in the slums and are dying in the slums hourly. Put them out of your thoughts as well as you can. What good are they any way? Why should their condition bother you? What does nature care? Doesn't she allow them to die off at the rate of four an hour? Didn't the Register of Vital Statistics report ninety-seven yesterday, ninety-two the day before, ninety the day before that and eighty-six the fourth day previous?

Arent half of our dead little ones, wee lambs, tiny creatures five years and under? Is it your fault if the flies and mosquitoes pester them, if diseases prey on them, if the elements of Poverty crush out their little lives? Have you anything to do with their nakedness? Is it your fault if they starve to death?

Are you to blame if their bed is laid in fruit baskets, if their only cradle in a soap box and their only wrap the table cloth? What are they to you, any way, that your pleasure should be molested and your peace of mind disturbed? Nothing?

Then let them die, eight dozen a day.

Milk is only 10 cents a quart, the sweetest and purest in the market, but let them die. Fifty cents would pay for a pair of shoes and stockings, but never mind, let them die, 630 a week.

Plenty of dresses, and flannel petticoats, and soft warm shawls lie in your closets and bureaus, picnic places for moths; but what of it? Let the babies get sicker and die. Let them die at the rate of 2,520 a month. In a city like New York they can be spared.

One dime would carry the baby and the mother to the Iron Steamboat pier and $2 would make them both decent and tidy, but don't mind that. Let the woman stay home, where she has been ever since she was born, and let the baby die.

They are nothing—are they, after all, nothing?

Do you owe the wretched, the sick, the poor, nothing but brutal neglect and inhuman treatment?

Are you quite sure you have no duty to humanity?

Think it over, and if there is a grain of justice in you the babies will not be neglected.

You have had your taste of sunshine and sea beauty, now let some poor baby have a turn.

NELL NELSON.

Raffled Goat Wagon and Harness.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $25, proceeds of the raffle of my goat wagon and harness, which took place at East End Hotel, Rockaway Beach, yesterday.

I have had the goat wagon and harness seven years, and am now twelve years old, and being desirous of doing a little charity for the poor babies, having heard and read a great deal about them, I concluded to donate the proceeds to that purpose.

Holding the poor children will derive great benefit and pleasure thereby, I gladly send you the same.

MORTIMER WOLFF.

A Babe's Concert.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1.25, collected by Andrew Loehl, aged six months, at a concert given among ourselves. Rosalie Loehl played the violin, Vida Talk sang.

ELBERON COTTAGE, Bath Beach, L. I.

Little Folks' Collection.

To the Editor:

We send you $4.30, which we four children, between the ages of seven and eleven, have collected from friends and neighbors for the Sick Babies' Fund.

SIDNEY S. ROSENBERG,
MOSES COHEN,
MARC ROSENBERG,
IRMA ROSENBERG.

He Read and Worked.

To the Editor:

I read about the Sick Baby Fund and I pity the poor little tots so much that I collected $1 for their benefit. Hoping it will do some little child good.

HAROLD ATWOOD.

Magic Lantern Show.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $4.04 for the sick babies. I had a magic lantern show and fair and charged five cents admission. I also received a few donations. I was assisted by Ada Lockwood.

WILLIE DOUGLAS SLOANE,
107 India street, Brooklyn.

A Father's Gift.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the babies.

A FATHER.

From a Broadway Store.

Employees of B. Sturman & Son, 640 Broadway, contribute $3.50 to the Sick Baby Fund, collected as follows: Jacob Turk, $1; Abe Hurshman and Henry Kochler, 25 cents each; Mr. Crook, 50 cents; Jos. Morris, L. Harris, A. Wolff, J. Lowenberg, Schmuel Builder and Sidney Samuels, 25 cents each.

HE BEAT THE BULLET.

A Bangor Man's Remarkable Race with a Confederate Soldier.

It was in a well-known hotel in Bangor. A party of gentlemen were conversing on one subject and another, says the Bangor *News*. During a lull in the conversation one gentleman noticed a scar on the hand of another and interrogated him as to the cause. The other answered that he received it in a very curious way, and told the following story in regard to it:

I got that wound in the battle of Gettysburg. I had been fighting all day and felt very tired, and so sat down on a rock and shot from there.

I was just loading up my gun when a long, lean, lank fellow darted by me, making for the woods like a streak of greased lightning. I up with my gun and let drive at him, but he didn't drop, and, as I had shot just one and didn't want to lose the thousanth, I started after him.

I never saw a man run so fast in all my adventurous life, and I could see that I was gaining upon him, but every once in a while I lost sight of him behind a tree or rock.

I noticed a lull in the fight, and glancing aside, I saw that both armies had stopped fighting and were straining their eyes to see the race.

That raised my courage, and I forgot all about being tired. Just then I made a spurt of speed, and as I did so I felt something strike my hand, which spread out like the fan of a windmill.

Well, to make a long story short, I caught up with him and was about to collar him when he turned about and tried to stab me. I dodged his blow, and just then something hit him and he fell over dead.

I sat down beside him to rest, and as I did so noticed blood trickling down my hand. On closer investigation I found that there was a bullet hole in my palm.

The dead man had a bullet in his breast, and I am positive in my belief that both wounds were made by the same bullet, and that it was the same bullet that I had fired at the Confederate.

The race was so hot that I caught up with and passed it at some time during my chase. That is why I now wear that scar.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Foulards Made with Severely Plain Skirts—Mrs. Grant's Love for Diamonds—Feather Collars for Throat Troubles—White and Yellow Seaside Dresses.

The foulards are made with severely plain skirts and full bodices showing no perceptible fastening. Yellow printed with black finds favor, and grey with designs in black or white, and plain pink with black lace trimmings. Many skirts are of plain color, or are composed of black lace and accompanied by brocaded or velvet bodices. A black gown, for instance, had a violet brocaded coat and plain velvet sleeves and waistcoats. Shot silks are used for parasols and dresses. Some of the waistcoats are inordinately long. The favorite sleeve is puffed to the elbow and tight to the wrist, the gauntlet piece is frequently in contrast to the rest, and sometimes the material is puckered on the arm.

Frau Lina Morgenstern, the foundress of the people's kitchens in Berlin, was presented with several addresses at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of these kitchens, in the Berlin Town Hall. The Empress of Germany sent a telegram of congratulation, and the Chemnitz Union for the Protection of Food against Adulteration elected her honorary member of their society.

Mrs. Gen. Grant has an intense love for diamonds. The stones in her ears are as large as gooseberries and very fiery.

It is clever to have a throat trouble and nurse it in feather and fur boas, chiffon and flower ruffs. The daintiest feather collars are put on as throat protectors. One kind is composed entirely of white or pale-tinted ostrich tips, and is after the Tudor shape, high and spreading outwards in front. The other takes the form of a short boa, tied with gold cord and tassels or ribbon. Other wraps are of crepe de chine, wide, three yards long, and bordered with emu feathers. They are thrown over the head, as well as around the throat. In the day, large white or colored chiffon ties are in vogue; some made up into a large bow and others about two and a half yards long. They are also tied in a large bow, and the ends either hang downward to the waist or are pinned to or tucked into the bodice, like a full vest. Some have a broad frill down one side. With these waistbands are often worn, with clasps composed of steel, jet or gilt, and jewelled in deep points in front.

Miss Hawker's novel, "Mademoiselle Ixe," in Cassell's Unknown Library, has been prohibited in Russia by the official censor.

A new industry has been commenced at Amsterdam in the manufacture of vegetable butter, mainly extracted from cocoanuts. The retail price is 8d. per pound.

The fancy for yellow is seen in an effective seaside and yachting dress of white serge. The coat waist has revers of yellow serge of a pale shade on the jacket fronts, which open on a vest of the yellow serge. This vest is very long and wide and is lapped double-breasted, with the collar notched like that of a man's frock coat. Two rows of large pearl buttons are set down the front and on pocket flaps, which are put low on the vest. The sleeves have deep yellow cuffs that are turned back to flare widely. A white collar and white crape scarf bow is worn. The skirt is in close bell shape, without trimming. Yellow shoes and chamois leather gloves are pretty with this dress. The yachting cap is of white cloth, with visor of yellow leather and band of gold braid.

Lillian Russell gets $600 a week, Pauline L'Allemand $700; Mrs. Eames-Story $800 a night, and Sibyl Sanderson $2,500 a week for three operas. Verily, a musical voice is a real mark of beauty.

A fashion of nearly a century ago has been revised in the shape of quaint pot pourri jars, with perforated lids, for perfuming drawing-rooms and boudoirs. One of the favorite scents of the season is Breidenbach's white lilac, and this is most refreshing when sprayed from a vaporizer. The large embossed silver-topped bottles are no longer in the height of fashion, and some of these tops have been converted into pen-wipers, the bristles being fixed into them and standing upward. Among the dainttiest of boudoir writing table ornaments are the miniature Dresden china lamps. In fashionable bijouterie is the large empire bow, which has stamped itself on lace and fabrics of all kinds this season. It may be large and it may be small, but it is one of the last introductions.

A Genuine Nobleman.

[From Nunsey's Weekly.]

Lucinda—It is my painful duty to tell you, Arabella, that this man who represents himself to you as an Italian Count is an imposter. I have learned that he was formerly a barber in Rome.

Di Perugini—Ah, Precisely so, madame. And the Royal Umberto made me Count because I shaved him every day and not talked him to death.

The Idea.

[From Drake's Magazine.]

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mrs. Yorick, reading the paper.

"Why do you say that?" asked her husband.

"Well, it says here that after they'd got the fire under control they played on the ruins all night. I should have thought, as grown-up men, they'd better have gone home and gone to bed."

"JANE."

Have you ever sat beneath a *Castanea vesca* watching, in mellow ecstasy, the golden-bronzed seeds falling in showers around you, their tinted glossiness filling you with admiration, though you have remarked it years and years ago? Have you never reflected that to scorn this fruit because you have tested it before is cruel wantonness, an instance of the fickleness of the human mind, a merciless reminder of the fact that nothing in this world can last—not even jokes?

I think so. If, anxious to be more explicit and less poetically botranical, I call the *Castanea vesca* by its ordinary everyday title of chestnut tree, I am sure you will agree with all I have said. I sat beneath a chestnut tree last night at the Madison Square Theatre, and a lovely, luscious, gold-brown blossom dropped into my lap. It was "Jane," fresh as a new-born babe, though its substance must have been doing service at the time of the flood, and bewilderingly lovely in spite of cobwebs and antiquity.

Oh, "Jane," "Jane!" By what subtle gift hast thou been able to preserve the semblance of youth in the face of thy moss-covered dotage, thy almost antediluvian characteristics? Perhaps hast thou smiled at the fountain of youth, with a vast and besieging smile? What is it? Prithee tell.

"Jane" is a farce-comedy in three acts, the situations of which will be familiar to everybody less than one hundred and fifty years old. It is absolutely Londonesque in its adaptation, claimed by Harry Nicholls, who has knocked out all the Parisian spice infused by M. Lestocq. Farce in London means complications, the temporary confusion of the threads of a story. Farces that succeed in London are all alike. The English are loyal in their likes. They never change.

The good old typical English farce has had its day here. The grandfathers of American audiences have bequeathed no legacies to their children, and tastes here are not stationary. "Jane," as a curious example of that which once "went" with eclat, may be a success, but it should be put in a glass case, for the fresh, salt air of Manhattan may ruin it.

The story revolves around the impecunious Charles Shakleton, who has been left a fortune on condition that he marries and settles down, and who has been drawing money under the pretense of being married. His trustee, enraged at his extravagance, announces the fact that he will visit Charles and reprimand the young man's wife for her spendthrift habits. Charles realizes the fact that he must get a wife for the occasion. Jane, the maidservant, already married to the butler, assumes the role, and if you can't imagine the complications that ensue, well you must have been living in a community where the theatre is an unknown quantity. The trouble with such farces is that it is almost impossible to keep up the interest for more than a few rapid minutes, after which everything becomes tedious and long-drawn out. There are some funny lines in "Jane," and the scene between the trustee and the old aunt is highly amusing.

The title role was assigned to Miss Johnstone Bennett, a facile young woman who has done some good work in this city. She labored conscientiously, but—and this is hardly to be deplored—she did not seem to appreciate the fine points (ahem!) of the play. She slurred them over. Her work was good, but it lacked dash and piquancy. Still Miss Bennett has a comedy presence and she is decidedly clever. Paul Arthur fell over his lines in the early part of the evening but picked himself up later. His work, however, will not cause any condagration in the vicinity of the East River.

M. C. Daly was excellent as the old trustee, and R. F. Cotton acceptable as the butler. The hit of the piece was made by Miss Jennie Weathersby, an admirable character actress. Miss Amelia Summerville must be congratulated for her interpretation of a small part, as must E. Schmitz Edwards, who seems to be weaning himself from the abominations of the variety performance. "Jane," for an old lady, is healthy, but she has grandchildren and great grandchildren that are more entertaining.

ALAN DALE.

THE WORLD'S OFFER!
A Special Midsummer Discount Until Sept. 30 on Board Wanted.
15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

A Real Aristocratic Load.

[From Puck.]

"What I like about Cubleigh is that he gets drunk like a gentleman."

"How is that?"

"Never breaks less than a hundred dollars' worth of anything, you know."

A Dead Certainty.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

Kingley—Hello! what have you got your best clothes on for and that red rose in your button-hole?

Bingo—I just told my wife I was going fishing.

Kingley—Ha, ha! Do you expect to catch anything?

Bingo—I do when I get home.

A Study in Meals.

[From Drake's Magazine.]

"Do not call every meal your dinner, my love. There are three meals—breakfast, dinner and supper. Now, what meal do you take first?"

Little Boy—Oat meal.

What Might Have Been a Tragedy.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

De Sapp—Yaas, at the club last night, do ye know, the fellaus actually put my hat up and shot weal bullets through it. I have bwought it around as a curiosity. Here is where the dweadful bullets went through.

Miss Summit—How very interesting! Did it hurt much when it went through your head?

Whew!
Handkerchief,
Fan. But still hot.
Try Root Beer
made with

Knapp's
ROOT BEER
EXTRACT

It will cool
you off in
five
minutes.

25 cents a bottle.
Grocers and Druggists.

FRANK REINHARD'S NARROW ESCAPE.

HE SAW IN TIME THE DANGER THAT WAS STARING HIM IN THE FACE.

The Ravages of Catarrh Began to Tell on His Constitution—He Got Frightened and Went to Drs. McCoy and Wildman and They Cured Him.

"I believe if I had not gone to Drs. McCoy and Wildman, and followed their directions, that I would have gone into consumption."

The speaker was Frank Reinhard, of 954 1st avenue, a strapping big fellow, with a jolly disposition and a heart as big as a barrel. He is in the employ of Kahn & Bros., 325 East 19th street.

FRANK REINHARD, 954 1ST AVENUE.

"I had catarrh almost since childhood, and for the past year and a half I had it very bad. I had the most trouble with my nose and throat and stomach. I got so bad that I couldn't sleep. Mucus dropped from my throat into my stomach so that I couldn't hold food on it. I had to throw it up. It would take me two hours in the morning to clear my throat of the mucus. My nostrils were clogged up so that I couldn't breathe. My mouth was all coated up. I had heartburn and dyspepsia. After the third visit to Drs. McCoy and Wildman I began to get well. If people could only be convinced as to what Drs. McCoy and Wildman can do for them, there wouldn't be so many people suffering with the catarrh. I feel like a new man. I'm cured as far as that goes. I'm all right now. Drs. McCoy and Wildman's treatment is a number one."

Drs. McCoy and Wildman furnish all medicines free, and their charges for treatment are so low that they are within the reach of all.

DOCTORS McCOY AND WILDMAN,

5 East 42d street, near Grand Central Depot, and Broadway, corner 14th street, New York, and 187 Montague street, Brooklyn, where all curable cases are treated with success. If you live at a distance write for a symptom blank. Address all mail to 5 East 42d street. Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M. daily. Sundays, 9 to 12 A. M.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.

ATTENTION ECONOMICAL BUYERS.

We shall offer at special rates large lines of all kinds of furniture, comprising patterns which we have stopped manufacturing; also articles which, owing to the rapid changes in the styles, have become somewhat out of fashion. These goods MUST be sold, and we shall mark them at such extraordinarily low figures as shall make them sell.

Also numerous odd, unmatched pieces such as Bedsteads, Bureaus, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Chiffonnieres, Dining Chairs, Extension Tables, &c., &c.

The workmanship and quality of the goods are warranted in every respect.

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,
Furniture Makers,
104, 106 AND 108 WEST 14TH ST
Factory, 154 and 156 West 19th st.

AN INTERRUPTED TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

[From Judge.]

Hungry Hawkins (the tramp)—Won't you give a poor man a nickel, boss?

Mr. S. Peake Easy (seeing an opportunity for a temperance lecture)—To be spent at once for strong drink eh! You poor wretch why will you so demean yourself? Why, even this——