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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

MAINLY DONE FOR SHOW.

Commissioner BEATTIE's men clean the fashionable streets uptown, but neglect the poorer streets on the east and west sides and downtown. Mr. BEATTIE may not know this. But now that his attention is called to the fact there is no excuse.

It is most necessary that the streets in the tenement-house districts should be free from filth, for it breeds disease and death in these quarters.

What cleaning there is appears to be done more to make the best showing rather than for the best interests of the people. A larger amount of money is spent than ever before, and there is good reason to believe that much of it is wasted. Commissioner BEATTIE should brace up and do something. The EVENING WORLD's crusade is made in deadly earnest, as he is likely to find out later on.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Ex-Assemblyman IRVING is complainant to-day against two men, whom he asserts assaulted him with bricks, and whom he asks the law to punish. That he should be beaten this way is a kind of retributive justice, for there is no one man who assaulted more people in New York than this same IRVING.

He kept a dive on Sixth avenue, into which unsuspecting strangers were lured. After their money was gone his "bouncers" would throw them out. Did they resist, IRVING sneaked up behind and smashed them over the heads with a club, a bottle or whatever might be handiest. One day he pounded a man nearly to death with a pistol butt, was arrested and convicted. His political pull saved him from jail until another man was nearly murdered in his place. The papers took up the case, and he went to the penitentiary for two years.

On his release he appeared in the saloon, of which he says he is manager, but of which he is said to be proprietor, in spite of the law which forbids the granting of a license to convicted felons. It is in this saloon that he was assaulted.

DESPERATION AT THE RACE TRACK.

Luck is, indeed, a fool at the race track and the pool-room. And is Pluck the hero also there? Never. In his stead there sits Desperation, feverishly playing for all he can get when Fortune turns his way, or as intemperately striving on in the face of loss after loss, in the impotent madness of a belief that the tide of reverses must end at last.

What is the consequence? To one who makes something on his ventures, hundreds lose all they risked and more. No, not more, on second thought, for business, honor, reputation, all are at stake as the speculator becomes more and more desperate. The truth of this is borne out in the news columns of the papers almost daily.

"He was a prosperous merchant five years ago. He bet on the races." So read one of the headlines above the story of a recent suicide. "Lost three small fortunes; temptations of the race track too great for him to resist," is the way the headline writer has just summed up the case of a man arrested for raising money by petty forgeries. Does it pay to take these chances in a wild rush for Tantalus visions of wealth?

THE SIN OF KISSING.

"Some say that kissing's a sin," wrote BURNS, the poet, and under certain circumstances it is, as a Jerseyman may be willing to bear witness this morning. Pleased with the appearance of a married woman, into whose house he had ventured, he attempted to sip the nectar of her lips. But he didn't.

The lady, who was as muscular as she was beautiful, threw him down, stepped on him, smashed a gridiron over his head and, with the assistance of her husband, who arrived later, threw him into the street.

It may be well to read the poets sometimes.

ALMY says that his crime was a brutal one, but insists that he is not a brute. He doubtless considers himself an amiable, gentle young man, against whom the fates have conspired. Here is a case in which a bungling electrical execution would not seem so horrible.

A woman who deserted her husband and children was found in New Jersey living with another man and arrested. She is now locked up under the law, which makes adultery a statutory crime, and deserves no sympathy.

The waiter who insisted on serving a customer with hard-boiled eggs when steak was ordered, did not know he was a prize-fighter, and is painfully reflecting to-day on the fallacy of human intuition.

Rather a big price is $350 for a misfit coat, but that is what a Washington man paid yesterday for one rejected by ANDREW JACKSON. He might better have followed the General's example.

The Lick Observatory astronomers are in a flutter over the startling discovery that there may be snow on the moon. Just think of the old man of the moon pelting us with snowballs.

The ASTORS are said to have withdrawn their opposition to cable cars on Fifth avenue. Quicker transit on this thoroughfare would benefit the hotels the ASTORS are erecting.

Col. LAMONT says Mr. CLEVELAND would make an excellent Governor of New York. Of course he would. His former occupancy of that office shows it.

There is more in the Navy-Yard payroll peculation than was thought at first. Spare no one. That a public office is a public trust should never be forgotten.

Jersey City's police should make extra efforts to capture the thief who got into a hospital on pretense of being sick and then robbed all the helpless patients.

Sunol is not "all right again," notwithstanding the report to the contrary. Let her better her three-year-old record, and then it will be believed.

CATILLO, the bandit, has died in his boots, and presumably happily. He held six men at bay and was killed only after a three hours' battle.

Mr. CRIMMINS makes the cheerful announcement that Broadway will be fit for use by Nov. 15th. If it is only true, contractor.

Senator GORDON believes discretion to be the better part of valor. He has fled from the Alliance cross-examination.

Here's cheerful news for our Italian colony. A macaroni company has been incorporated, with $30,000 capital.

McKINLEY fires his first gun in the Ohio campaign to-day. CAMPBELL is still on sick leave.

Hester street is clean and its residents are rejoicing. They thank you, Miss DANIELSON.

Brooklyn is to be congratulated. Its investigation shows that it has no leprous Chinamen.

PEFFER and SIMPSON are now called the Siamese Winds.

BLAINE is the most talked of man in the United States.

Chestnuts are on Peru's free list.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

When will there be more tone in the police courts?

Isn't the latitude of the American girl slowly working her ruin?

How long will it be before there will be reform in the Coroner's office?

If there is such a glut of peaches, why are they not cheaper to the retail buyer?

What part is the Jenness-Miller legelettes going to play in the Chautauqua uniform?

Is there any limit to the capacity of the Sandy Hook boats, especially Saturday afternoon?

Doesn't Amelia Rives in "According to St. John" show herself the victim rather than the master of Ollendorf?

WORLDLINGS.

Each of the two nominees of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention is a soldier. Gen. Gregg, the candidate for Auditor-General, fought at Gettysburg, and Capt. Morrison, the nominee for State Treasurer, saw hard service in several Southern States.

It is told of Dr. Fordyce, a noted English physician of the last century, that for twenty years he dined regularly at "Dolly's" chop-house, and at his meal, which was of the plainest but most substantial kind, he always took a jug of old ale, a quarter of a pint of brandy and a bottle of port. Then he walked to his lecture-room to discourse to the students on the principles of hygiene.

A man fishing at Jersey (England) was caught by the rising tide, and a boat had to be put out to rescue him. The next day the magistrate sentenced him to eight days' hard labor "for the trouble he had caused."

The way to tell a well-bred dog, according to a canine fancier, is to grasp him by the back of the neck and hold him up. If a cur, he yelps; if well-bred, he never utters a whimper.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Romance and Reality.

I sat at lunch in a cafe downtown,
And gazed intently at a pair of eyes
Behind the cashier's desk. They were dark brown.
And, while I gazed, I saw the blue blood rise
Into their owner's cheeks, and at the floor
She quickly levelled both. I did relish
Until I finished lunch and through the door
Was going, when I heard her gentle voice.
I hastened back. The brown eyes looked at me;
I saw their owner nod to me and beck.
I drew beside her, thrilled with joy. She said:
"Excuse me, sir, you haven't paid your check."
—*Puck.*

The One Thing She Lacked.

She is versed in ichthyology,
Psychology,
Biology,
And can hold her own with any Ph. D.;
She she discourses on astronomy,
Gastronomy,
Phlebotomy,
And on physics she can talk most perfectly.
She's accomplished on the banjo,
Piano,
Oboe,
And can warble as the nightingale sings;
She exactly knows what are pneumatics,
Delmatics,
Emphatics,
And numerous other dainty little things.
She has studied the latest fashions,
Poems of passion,
Arts of mashin',
And giddy youth consider her quite a catch;
But she lacks one little quality,
Not a frivolity,
Neither jollity.
She merely doesn't know how to wind her watch.
—*Jewellers' Circular.*

A Cordial Invitation.

The juicy watermelon now
Is inviting in the south,
Red peaches burden every bough.
Come South, young man, come South!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

I Lost

My confidence, was all run down and unable to work—in an extreme condition of debility, when told that Hood's Sarsaparilla was just what I needed. As a drowning man grasps at a straw I decided to try this medicine, and to my great surprise, from the first day I began to improve. By the time I had finished my second bottle I had regained my health and strength, and from that day I can say I have been perfectly well. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to my friends, whom I know have been benefited by it. It is indeed peculiar in itself, in that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

not only helps, but it cures. H. C. PIDCOCK, 49 Delevan st., Lambertville, N. J.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

It Didn't Stop.

A Brooklyn ambulance was rushing up Court street, with the horse on a dead run and the bell ringing, when a woman ran out from the sidewalk and waved her parasol and shouted:

"Hold on a minute—hold on till I ask you a question!"

The vehicle continued its pace, and she looked after it a moment and then turned and said to a policeman who had come up:

"Well, it won't be my fault if they are put to a lot of extra trouble. I was going to tell them how to handle him."

"Do you know who has been hurt?" asked the officer.

"I think they are after my husband up on Sackett street. He isn't hurted, I don't think, but he's fallen down in a fit on the street."

"I should think you'd be alarmed and anxious."

"Oh, no. He takes those fits very often. Every time he wants a dollar and I refuse it he goes down on the sidewalk, begins to dance and holler, and ends up by falling in a fit. I wanted to tell them how to manage him to save trouble."

"How do you do it?"

"Elevate his head, lower his feet and blow in his ear with a bean-shooter. Mebbe they'll have the sense to do it, and mebbe they'll call it a case of sunstroke and gallop him off to the hospital. They can't blame me, however. I wanted 'em to stop, but they wouldn't."

The Man Who Slept.

It was a hot day all over New York, but there seemed to be more hotness in the Broadway cars than anywhere else. In one of them, which was toiling downtown from Twenty-third street, every man had his hat off and every woman was fanning herself with anything that would create a breeze. As everybody felt sleepy no one was surprised when a fat man placed his dove-colored beaver on the seat beside him and closed his eyes and nodded at intervals as if some one were pulling a string to bring about such a motion. At Union Square a man who had been asking a policeman where to find Clinton place got on. He might have been wondering whether the steers at home had broken into the cornfield, or a tin peddler had come along and hooked that sheep skin nailed up on the corn-crib door. At any rate, his mind seemed far away as he sat down alongside the sleeper. He didn't even mind the noise made as his 180 pounds of agricultural avoirdupois flattened that hat as thin as an old-fashioned slap-jack. Everybody woke up and nudged and chuckled and grinned—all but the fat man. He slept on until the conductor pathetically announced that Bleecker street had been reached. He wanted to get off there. He awoke with a start, jumped to his feet, and called out as he looked around:

"Where's my hat? Stop the car! Here, are you sitting on my hat?"

"Mebbe I be," said the man who wanted to find Clinton place. "Is this it?"

He held up to view a circular object which would have stopped a six-inch stove-pipe hole, with something to spare. It was the hat.

"Blast you, sir, but you've ruined my hat!" shouted the owner.

"Yes—jess so—sat right down on it!" replied the other.

"That hat cost me $5, sir!"

"Exactly. They never get much below five!"

"You sat down on it."

"Yes, I know. Kinder felt it slidin' around. Better draw it on over a hitching-post to git the shape back!"

Everybody was laughing, the conductor was impatient and the man with the hat had to get off. He turned on the platform, though, and shook his fist and called back:

"If you'll get off the car I'll lick you in less'n two minutes!"

"Jess so—jess so," replied the other. "Wall, I ain't goin' to git off. I'm no fighter, and it's too hot to wrassle anybody back-hold. Cut some notches in the rim and make a buzz-saw of it!"

M. QUAD.

UNLUCKY NUMBER 13.

A Hotel Guest Who Explained Why He Refused a Room.

Leo Mandlebaum registered at the Richelieu from Germany, and was assigned to room 13, says the Chicago *Herald*. He had been in the room but a few minutes when he came rushing into the office and asked for another room at once.

"Think I'd sleep in room 13?" he explained. "I'd sleep in the park first.

"That ill-fated number was never so dreaded in Germany as it is to-day. In most of the hotels there it has been changed to some other number. Von Moltke's death is attributed by some to that number.

"The Field Marshal could never retire without his game of whist. When he was before Sedan he had his rubber every night. The evening before his death he sat down to play as usual, and his luck was phenomenal.

"While matched against a skilful player he won trick after trick. The last game he scooped the entire thirteen tricks. Then he retired.

"The fact that he died soon after taking thirteen tricks of whist has caused horror with all the superstitious people of Germany, and I assure you they are many.

"I'm not so bad as that, but I will not sleep in room 13, and especially so as to-day is Friday."

He was changed to 31 and his old room renumbered. There is no 13 in the hotel now.

Daddie 'Rastus's Idea of Heaven.

[*From Judge.*]

"What did you see in New York that was most like heaven, Daddie 'Rastus?" asked his small-boy admirer.

"Well, honey, I ain't see nuffin like I tink oh heb'n, but I see suppen made me tink wot it could be like."

"What, Daddie?"

"De deef and dumb 'sylum; 'cause den I tink perhaps de chickens in de coops up deer ain deef and dumb."

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

SAVE THEIR LIVES

Poor Sick Babies Dying by Scores in Tenement-Houses.

A Dime or a Dollar From You Will Help Them to Live.

Nell Nelson Tells How the Poor Tots Suffer.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$6,316.43
By Mrs. J. J. Ryan	41.00
Fair at Sharon Springs	34.31
Helen T. B. S.	9.00
G. and L. C.	5.00
Baby Jack	2.00
L. C.	1.00
Baby Hazel	2.00
Children's fair	3.60
Boys of First street, Brooklyn	3.00
G. Von Rehm	1.52
Herkimer street fair	3.13
Mrs. E. A. V.	5.00
C. H. W.	3.00
An Actor	2.00
Alb. S.	1.00
St. Elmo Villa entertainment	6.00

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."

BABIES IN MISERY.

Nell Nelson Tells What the Poor Tots Have to Contend With.

Words cannot describe the sufferings of the poor babies and young children in the slums of New York City at this season of the year.

All through their little lives they are the victims of hunger disease, and neglect, but in the hot weather their woes multiply, each attack weakening their chances of life. Misfortunes, gregarious by nature, fly in flocks, dart about at haphazard and perch upon the heat-enfeebled little creatures who are least able to bear their assault.

Go into any of the overcrowded streets, courts or alleyways of the tenement districts and you will look long and searchingly before you come across a single child who is not raw with prickly heat, pitted with hives or gnawed to the quick by ravenous mosquitoes and other insects.

Nothing is done by the wretched parents to relieve them, for the reason that ignorance and poverty renders the adult almost as helpless as the child, and continuous scratching adds to the torture by poisoning the delicate flesh. To see the scarred and bleeding little bodies of these poor children is most distressing.

The doctors do all they can to relieve them, but their surroundings, their habitations, their beds and their privileges are so very mean that relief is temporary at best. The pests that damp cellars, overflowing garbage-boxes and unkept streets breed are only exceeded in number by those that infest the walls of the dilapidated buildings, but it is hard to say which set is the most harassing.

There is not a physician on the staff who does not have a hundred cases of this kind to prescribe for every week. Where it is impossible to have the child sent down the bay for a sea bath, such simple remedies as camphor, glycerine and carbolic acid, or a soothing extract, is provided. For a permanent cure a sum sufficient to move the family into a habitable place and buy new furniture, or disinfect the old stock, would be required.

If you care to pay a mouth's rent in a clean, substantial house the addresses of 500 unfortunate families can be provided, any one of which will be in every way worthy of your assistance.

Perhaps you would prefer to pay for a bedstead and furnish it with a new mattress and suitable covering, or you might like to take a child in hand, and round out the Summer of his discontent with some homely, humanizing comforts.

Innumerable letters are received at this office from kindly disposed persons anxious to adopt children. These letters are invariably ignored for the reason that THE EVENING WORLD could not be responsible for the would-be foster-parents or the safety of the foster-children, nor would it be easy to find parents willing to surrender their little ones to strangers. It is, however, more than willing to bring the rich and the poor, the happy and the wretched, the able and the helpless, the strong and the weak together, in order that one may be benefited and the other assisted. No one does or can do a good deed without benefiting himself and helping some one else.

There is more mission work in this city between the bridge and Grand street, East Broadway and the East River than the whole African continent can produce, and the saddest feature about it is the studious way in which it is neglected. To be sure this is frightful weather to go slumming, but there is a way out of it. Pin $5 to your card, indicate your wishes in a note on the reverse side, post it to the cashier of the Sick Babies' Fund, and your directions will be carried out to the letter.

If you can't subscribe that sum make it 50 cents or five cents, but make it something, and make haste, for the staff has been enlarged, the demands for free medicine, groceries, infants' food and clothing are incessant. The minimum deaths among the babies is fifty a day or 350 every week. Don't keep on intending to do good, but just take a philanthropic plunge and do good now, at once.

If the good folks over in Jersey can be believed, the fruit crop is in good shape. The days of peach preserves and crab apple jelly are not far off, and just as many jars and glasses as the housewives can spare Mrs. Roberts will gladly dispose of. All Summer long the Free Physicians have been asking for table delicacies to tempt the appetites of poor convalescents too weak to digest the coarse foods their circumstances but ill afford.

The manifold miseries of the world would swamp us all if it were not for the rescuing hand that sweet charity extends.

NELL NELSON.

FAIR AT SHARON SPRINGS.

Acting Upon a Child's Suggestion, $34.31 Were Raised for the Babies.

To the Editor:

Guests of Fethers's Hotel, Sharon Springs, mindful of their own temporarily blessed condition, thought that in their happy surroundings they ought not to forget those unfortunate little ones who, though badly needing recreation, are deprived of the luxury of salubrious fresh air in desolate homes. Upon the laudable suggestion of a ten-year-old child, Edna Isaacs, of One Hundred and Thirty-first street, New York, the hotel guests decided to hold a fair, the proceeds of which to go to THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund. The small affair took place yesterday.

It is the joint desire of the guests of Fethers's Hotel that the proceeds, $34.31, may be used, under THE EVENING WORLD'S supervision, for the above-mentioned purpose.

As the result of the fair is especially due to the efforts of the younger people of the hotel, it is perhaps proper to mention their names. They are: Edna L. Isaacs, Gwendolyn A. Nathans, Birdie Black, Jerome Herzog, Sophie Oeters, Richard Geis, Clarence Isaacs, jr., Aline Pleuge, Ettie Oeters, Albertus Gehrs.

J. ACKERORD.

Fair in Herkimer Street.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $3.13 realized from a private fair held by some children at the residence of Mrs. V. Guill, 748 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, last Wednesday. Please accept the same, with best wishes for the Babies' Fund, and we sincerely hope that other children will do the same and try to swell the fund for relief of the little ones.

Eugenia Guill, twelve years old; Georgina Wood, twelve years old; Oriel Guill, nine years old; Isabel Wood, nine years old; Ida Guill, six years old, Committee of Arrangements.

Children at Sheepshead Bay.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $6, the proceeds of an entertainment held at the St. Elmo Villa, Sheepshead Bay, Sunday night, consisting of tableaux, recitations, &c., rendered by the following children: Miss Ethel Johnson, Miss Alma Blau, Miss Alice Mooney, Miss Fairy Nabb, Miss Millie Nabb and Miss Edna Lyon.

A Sailor's Dollar.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $1 for your Sick Babies' Fund. I am a sailor and enjoy always plenty of fresh air, sometimes too much of it. A couple of days ago I came into port, and got fairly disgusted with New York tenements and streets. Hoping it will do some good for the great cause.

ALB. S.

Fair in Harlem.

To the Editor:

A children's fair for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund, held at 850 East One Hundred and Sixty-first street, brought the sum of $3.60 through the working of materials by Emmy Rattey, Willy Rattey, Lilly Rattey, Emmy Owens and Harry Robitzek.

Helen's Birthday Gift.

To the Editor:

Again my birthday has come. This year I am nine years old, so I send $9 to the sick babies as a birthday gift.

HELEN T. B. S.

It Will Be Done.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $5, our mite towards helping your noble cause. Apply it where it will do the most good. We earnestly hope you will continue your good work among the sick babies.

G. and L. C.

Boys' Fair in Brooklyn.

To the Editor:

The boys of First street, Brooklyn, send you $3, the result of a fair held for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund.

Masters Speck, Brown, Abel, Quick and Stout.

Children in the Mountains.

To the Editor:

The children of the guests at Dortncourt, Schooley's Mountain, N. J., have collected $1.52 for the sick babies.

G. VON REHM, Manager.

Woman's Temperance Union.

To the Editor:

The Williamsbridge Woman's Christian Temperance Union herewith sends $5 to the Sick Babies' Fund, "helping just a little."

Their Treasurer, MRS. E. A. V.

Superannuated.

[*From Money's Weekly.*]

Jones—Those nickel in the slot machines are not a new thing, after all. This paper says that they are nearly a hundred years old.

Smith—Indeed! Perhaps that is why they so often fail to work.

Culinary Item.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

She—What shall I cook for dinner? You know the cook has left and I'll have to do the cooking myself.

He—Well, just cook me some dish that I don't like—something that I wouldn't eat anyhow, even if it was properly cooked.

A Rural Experience.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"What kind of seeds ought I to plant, Uncle Si, to get a good squash crop?"

"Squash o' course. What did yer suppose? Lilicks?"

An Extremist.

[*From Puck.*]

"That mild-mannered man an Anarchist? Why, I though they were wild-looking fellows!"

"Most of them are; but Fritz is such a thorough kicker that he won't even look like the rest of the gang!"

Unprecedented.

[*From Money's Weekly.*]

"Here's something in the paper about a family in New England who have lived in the same house for a century."

"I heard of something stranger than that the other day—a family in New York who lived in the same flat for eight months."

A Bad Diagnosis.

[*From Judge.*]

Dr. Pringle—The trouble with you, Mr. Blubberton, is that you don't take enough exercise.

Blubberton—Ah, deetah, that's vewy absurd, ye know. Me valet walks five miles evewy day of me life.

A Kind Young Man.

[*From the Epoch.*]

"What I like about Charlie," said Ethel, is his kindness to animals. Why last week when he took me to the menagerie he gave a whole peanut to one of the elepnants."

The Official Report.

"The Royal Baking Powder is superior to any other powder which I have examined; a baking powder unequaled for purity, strength and wholesomeness."

"WILLIS G. TUCKER, M.D., PH. D.,"
Albany, N. Y. *Analyst.*

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Tea-Jackets of Light-Printed Muslins—English Women Return to Square-Pointed Shoes—French Salad - Dressing — No Dress Reform for Chautauqua.

Tea jackets are for the present being made of light printed muslins—blue and white or pink and white principally. These are closely tucked and trimmed with wide frillings of lace, being drawn in at the waist by ribbons. Soft silk is used for the same purpose. The sleeves are broader and fuller than they have been and are not too high.

A ladies' regatta took place the other day in Stockholm. There were nine boats, all rowed by young ladies in pretty and suitable dresses. On account of the presence of the French fleet the Fralhafoet water had been selected and the boats had been towed out in the morning. The three-oared Zenia at once took the lead kept it throughout, compassing the course, which was two and one-fifth English miles, in about twenty-eight minutes. The ladies afterwards paid a visit on board the French flagship, the Marenzo, where they were presented with bouquets by the officers.

English women have returned to square-toed shoes, but the Piccadilly pointed toe is still preferred in America.

French Salad Dressing—Stir a saltspoonful of salt and half as much pepper into a large spoonful of oil. When the salt is dissolved mix in four additional spoonfuls of oil, and pour the whole over the salad. Turn it well, then add two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Mix the whole thoroughly and serve without delay. Cucumber or common vinegar may be substituted for the tarragon, which is more frequently used in France than any other. Salad should not be dressed in this way until the instant before serving.

The celebrated collection of fans brought together by Lady Charlotte Schreiber, is now deposited in the Print Room of the British Museum.

The Chautauqua dress reform is a nightmare. The Jenness Miller legletts hung on for four years, but that is four times as long a term as Miss Willard's duplex pantaloons will survive. The most feminine thing about a woman is her skirt, which will endure while there is a man alive to love, adore and admire. And as for the corset, no robust woman can be decently dressed for company without it. Those saffron-hued, slab-sided, shingle-breasted females who subsist on catabric tea, seed cakes, chip beef and canned vegetables and who do not accumulate enough animal tissue to cover their own bones might as well assail skirts, whalebones and curbelows, for there is nothing in the realm of ribbons and stuffs that they can wear without desecration.

Lady Aberdeen gave a garden party to barmaids at Dollis Hill on the 20th inst., and issued invitations also to them for a breakfast at the German Exhibition on the 31st.

Why doesn't Frances Willard do something of this kind now and then for the miserable girls about Chicago?

Pasquelina Robertiello, the unfortunate little Italian girl who killed the father of her unborn child, has tried to support herself since the trial by finishing boys' knee-breeches, for which she is paid 9 cents a dozen. By working twelve hours a day she managed to make $1 a week. This sum barely paid for her living. When her baby daughter was born she did not have a single garment to put on it. Among those classes on whom the pinch of life comes sorest there are a thousand things so hard to bear, so terrible to understand and so cruelly unjust, that crime often seems to be the only escape from unbearable and seemingly unending difficulties.

Countess Tolstoi, wife of the novelist, lately made a successful business trip of St. Petersburg. She secured an audience with the Emperor, who was extremely amiable to her, and promised to protect her husband from all the annoyance to which the Committee of Censors has been subjecting him.

What the laundresses' life is like in the still far too numerous, small laundries, one hardly likes to think. Take the account given by one of the laundresses present at the meeting in the park. "I have worked on Tuesday from 8 A. M. to 10.30 P. M.; on Wednesday and Thursday from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.; and from 8 A. M. on Thursday until Friday morning at 1. My meals were taken in corners by the copper, which might boil over me. The waste pipe has often clogged the drain and flooded the place, when those of us who could get a board stood on it, and those who couldn't had to do the best they might. I was laid up with sciatica through it. There was no ventilation, or else too much of it. In one place the wash-house was in an empty stable, and the wind and the rain drifted in and wetted us to the skin." Add to this the fur her statement of another woman concerning infection. "What is done in the case of the children catching measles, you ask? Well, it's like this: If the doctor finds it out the linen has to be given out elsewhere; but then the doctor ain't always called in, you see; they dodge him if they can, and there is many a child down with the measles, or it may be scarlet fever, that has been nursed in the thick of it. Oh, yes, there are beds in some of the ironing-rooms, but not in all!"

THE CLEANER.

Citizen George Francis Train writes me that his private secretary, John N. Kleusch, is on his way here from Tacoma to engage in a fifty days' fasting contest for $10,000 with T. J. Welsh and J. B. Collier, who have records of thirty days' fasts, and Charles Henderson, who has a twenty-five days' record. A committee of physicians, he says, will watch the contestants.

* * *

Frank Sperry, Col. Erhardt's private secretary, will start for the West to-day on a hunting and fishing trip, I am told. The Colonel will accompany him. Mr. Sperry bade adieu to the Custom-House yesterday, he having held over to oblige Collector Fassett.

* * *

If you want to find anybody in the Seventeenth Assembly District on the evening of Sept. 1, you will save time by going to Lion Park. The Patrick H. McManus Association will hold a Summer-night festival on that date, and it is safe to say that all but the aged and crippled will attend it.

* * *

I am told that Rene Raoul Duval, who is shortly to wed Mrs. James Brown Potter's sister, is a nephew of Leon Say, the French statesman. Mr. Duval, sr., is at the head of the gas works of Naples and Paris, and is said to have an annual income of $200,000.

* * *

An intoxicated man, with a package of eggs under his arm, started to walk across the bridge the other evening. The paper bag got torn in some way, and at every lurch an egg dropped with the traditional dull thud. After losing about half his burden he suddenly became aware of the big fall in hen fruit and took measures to secure the rest. Then, surveying his eggy trail with a maudlin smile, he continued his uncertain journey.

* * *

I am told that Sadie Traphagen, the friend of unfortunate Annie Goodwin, will shortly go upon the stage.

* * *

The flim-flam game is being played in the large dry-goods stores uptown. The sharper's plan is to ask one of the many girl cashiers for change of a large bill, and subsequently gets her so confused that it is an easy matter to get away with $5 or so. In some of the stores the girls have been instructed to refuse change to anybody except heads of departments.

* * *

The coolness with which New York sidewalks are appropriated by dealers in merchandise, was forcibly illustrated by a scene I witnessed a day or two ago on West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, about 4 P. M. In front of a big market, where piles and stacks of fruits and vegetables already took up a third of the sidewalk, there sat a group of half a dozen employees, with baskets, husking corn! That thoroughfare, always thronged, was particularly impeded in the busiest hours of its traffic, but everybody turned out for the huskers without a word of protest.

Important Discovery.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Col. Yerger—So you are back from Saratoga already.

Judge Peterby—Yes, and what do you suppose I found the day after I got there?

Yerger—A pocket-book full of money?

Peterby—I found out that it costs a mint of money to stay there, so I came home on the next train.

Cause for Anxiety.

[*From the Pharmaceutical Era.*]

Old Lady—Doctor, do you think there is anything the matter with my lungs?

Physician (after a careful examination)—I find, madam, that your lungs are in a normal condition.

Old Lady (with a sigh of resignation)—And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?

Rapid Transit.

[*From the King's Jester.*]

"How did you get home last night, Tom?" asked his friend on the morning after a racket.

"I went by rail," replied Tom.

"By rail! Why, there's no train goes near your house!"

"I know, but I felt my way along the garden railings."

Would Try It Later.

[*From Judge.*]

Mrs. de Grampcey—Where did you get your divorce, Mrs. Downey—in Chicago?

Mrs. Downey—No; in South Dakota.

Mrs. de Grampcey—Is that so? I must try South Dakota the next time. One gets wedded so easily to Chicago in such matters.

Cause and Effect.

[*From Puck.*]

Mrs. Solomon—George, I shall need a new pair of slippers this week. The soles of these old ones are completely worn out.

Johnny Solomon—Papa, I shall need a new pair of trousers this week. The seat of these old ones are completely worn out.

For 50 Years PERRY DAVIS' Pain Killer

Has demonstrated its wonderful power of KILLING EXTERNAL and INTERNAL PAIN. No wonder then that it is found on

The Surgeon's Shelf
The Mother's Cupboard
The Traveler's Valise,
The Soldier's Knapsack
The Sailor's Chest

The Cowboy's Saddle
The Farmer's Stable
The Pioneer's Cabin
The Sportsman's Grip
The Cyclist's Bundle

and in the homes of sensible people everywhere.

IT BANISHES PAIN.

OUT OF THE MAIL BAG.

More Brooms—Less Politics.

To the Editor:

The best thing you ever did was when you showed up Commissioner Beattie. It is a disgrace that he is kept in office when we know that the streets are not cleaned properly. What does he do with the millions of dollars he gets every year? What that Department wants is more brooms and shovels and less politics. Keep it up; you are right this time.

HARLEM.

Clean the Department.

To the Editor:

The people will never be more thankful to a just cause than to you, in attempting to solve the street-cleaning problem, which you have been so successfully agitating. There are many important suggestions which can be given, but I fear that they would not be noticed by the star chamber politicians. "But a word to the wise is sufficient." When Commissioner Beattie accepted the trust to keep our streets clean his intentions were, I believe, good; but, ere long he found it necessary to give way to the politicians, and take their "wise" council, and the result was and is, that instead of taking the bull by the horns, he did not even catch the tail. In conclusion I will but add that if the city desires clean streets the Department requires a good cleaning itself.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRAT.

Compared to Foreign Cities.

To the Editor:

Returning from a trip through Europe, where I visited all the principal cities, including London, Dublin, Glasgow, &c., I was more than horrified at the state of the streets of this great commercial centre. Without a doubt, in no place on the face of the globe are streets in such a terrible state of filth and dirt. First we have Broadway, all torn up emitting a fearful odor. When we cross to the east side it is simply disgusting. Dirt predominates on all sides, heaps of rotten fruit, dead cats, putrid meat, barrels upon barrels of garbage, broiling under the hot sun, to the detriment of the health of those who are compelled to live in tenement-houses. There is no city in the world that pays so much for cleaning the streets as this does, and yet there is not in any civilized country a city where so much accumulated filth and dirt is to be found. It is disgraceful. The Street Commissioner evidently neglects his duty.

A DISGUSTED TAXPAYER.

Clean Streets with Water.

To the Editor:

As we have had a problem before us for a couple of years as to what is the best method how to have clean streets, I have a novel idea, which is as follows: By having one man in every block appointed (or as many blocks and men as you please) and supplied with a rubber hose, such as are used by our Fire Department, and our streets cleaned nightly after dark. This will certainly do away with the carting of the refuse, which will find its way to the sewers, and, we can then say, that within an hour after commencing the city from the Battery to the Harlem River will be cleaned. As to the expense of purchasing hose and employing men (the former item being an asset and can be used for a number of years), the succeeding years the expense will only be for the employment of men, and this amount will certainly not be as much as has been requested by Mr. Beattie. Figuring that there 3,000 streets, and paying each man $1 for doing this work of one or two hours, the expense for the year would only be about $1,000,000 per annum.

Hoping you will kindly lay this before your readers, and especially before the superintendent of our dirty streets,

M. L.

Spoke Before He Thought.

[*From Judge.*]

Old Snooks had fallen asleep behind the stove. A little hunchback soon after came in and stood in front of the heater, and Snooks, awaking suddenly, caught sight of him at once.

"Here, young fellow," he said quickly, "get away from that stove. You're getting warped."

Summer Yachting.

[*From Judge.*]

Skipper—Has that boat in front of us gone about?

Fair Passenger—Yes; about a mile.

There isn't any "just as good" as

Knapp's ROOT BEER EXTRACT

Don't be persuaded to take any other.
25 cents a bottle.

A cool reception for a hot wave is found in

Knapp's ROOT BEER EXTRACT

It gives a hot wave fits in five minutes.

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