The World

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

### CONGRATULATIONS, UNCLE JERRY.

Late returns from Midland, Texas, indicate that Uncle JERRY's experts have been successful in their rain-making experiments. This is cheering news. It now looks as if there need be no more droughts, and that every farmer may have showers at will. The latest experiment was made Tuesday night. The following is an extract from the presumed official report:

The night was as clear as it is possible for a night to be. Not a cloud was in sight. The air felt dry as it swept over the alkali prairie. The barometer said innocently that the weather was fair, the hygrometer remarked that it was midway between dry and very dry. The cowboys, who are expert weather prophets, said that it would be dry for a week.

Five balloons were sent up, and then the bombardment began. After the explosion of the balloons, the rain-makers fired a quarter of a ton of rack-a-rock powder and dynamite in packages of from ten to twenty pounds. Five hours later rain began to fall, and continued for five hours.

Uncle JERRY is to be congratulated.

### FORTUNE'S HIDE AND SEEK.

A young fellow who thought he was tired of life which was a constant struggle, killed himself the other day in a city west of this. Not long after, there came a message for him from across the sea, saying that a great estate awaited his claim. It was good tidings that came too late. A similar piece of news, however, going still further West, reached and cheered and lifted out of his wretchedness another young fellow who had been reduced to begging from door to door.

So Dame Fortune plays a great game of hide and seek with sons of men. Now here and now there comes the story of a child of toil being dropped suddenly and unexpectedly into the lap of luxury. Sometimes it is a legacy from a deceased and wealthy relative which causes the change. Again, it is the development of rich oils and minerals in previously unsuspected soil. Yet another time golden returns come quickly from a fortunate investment.

These sudden acquisitions of wealth become conspicuous because tidings of them are always widely spread in the news columns. So they come to seem really more numerous than they are, in proportion to the cases of those who toil on and on and find wealth ever beyond their grasp. A result of this seeming is that many a man lives constantly in a vague hopefulness that some day one of the golden blessings may fall to him.

Such a hopeful feeling is not a bad thing if, holding the thought of good times possibly to come, it simply acts as a preservative of good spirits and contentment with things as they are. It is a very bad thing if, through expectation of a toilless future, it causes one to live a slothful present. Lacking such a feeling entirely, a man may become despondent and even desperate enough to put an end to the life which seems so unpromising, just as did he whose case is first mentioned in the matters of fact referred to above.

This enigmatical cablegram is printed to-day:

The body of Eagle Star, the Indian Chief who died recently, was buried to-day in Brompton Cemetery, London, by the side of another Indian, who died in 1887 under similar circumstances.

Exactly where the "similar circumstances" comes in is not explained.

A family of counterfeiters have been unearthed. They came here from Italy, and consist of father, mother and daughter. When they felt called upon to pay the butcher or grocer they just put on the metal pot and struck off the necessary coin. The mint was always in the house if roast lamb was wanted.

It is hard on a man for a tramp to elope with his wife, and then to have the tramp kick him. Yet this happened in TOM REED's State yesterday. The jury which will try this husband for shooting the destroyer of his home and trousers should carefully consider the provocation.

In a pickerel's stomach has been found the watch and chain of a man who disappeared two years ago. The fish is too small to have swallowed the man, and it is not reasonable to suppose that it picked his pocket. Hence the mystery.

Croton water is not nearly as bad as it is made out to be. There are no real grounds for fright. Make it better, of course, but don't go thirsty if you want a drink.

The pirates who attacked the stranded El Dorado off the Bahamas have withdrawn. A hose was turned on them, and they had a long standing objection to baths.

Who says that our city government is not conducted economically, when the Park Commissioners have refused to buy a lovely $275 tapir for the Zoo?

The sea serpent, described as usual, has been seen off the Richibucto shore. He is a little late, which may be due to the high price of rye.

President HARRISON struck the right chord when he praised Vermont's women and horses. He knows the assailable side of a man's heart.

The startling information comes from the Agricultural Department that the calla-lily root is to be tried as a substitute for the potato.

The Newark man who spread the story that he had been killed in the Park place disaster is perhaps rejoicing in the notoriety he courted.

BALMACEDA proposes to annex Bolivia. It was the general impression that Chili was more than he could attend to.

The accusation of robbery made against the public stores officials must be proven or disproven at once.

Sunol is once more reported as "all right." If she is, what is the use of explanations?

Gov. CAMPBELL should not show discouragement. Faint heart never won an election.

The objection to the big guns is that very little firing disables them.

What a lively time the Chilians are having! Fights every day.

### PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Why don't the Jersey folks get together and give "the terrible sea puss" a dose of rough on cats?

Why doesn't Nurse Nelson get the Bloomingdale Asylum house physicians to diagnose her case?

Why can't an American build a tower as well as a Frenchman, if the World's Fair must have a midair point of view?

Does Ward McAllister know that his "Society as I Found It" has reached the second-hand bookstore and the patent clothespin with an "Only 30c." sign at the other end?

Why doesn't some enterprising genius devise a bottom box or canopy top for the United States mail boxes to protect books, papers and packages from the rain?

How old are the twenty-five inspectors who do all the work that is done by the Building Bureau, and what do they know about the city structures on the safety of which so many human lives depend?

### THE CLEANER.

Queen Victoria, I am told, has a mechanical device under her carriage seat which, by the pressure of a button, enables her to rise without any effort to bow to her enthusiastic subjects. Very powerful springs furnish the motive power.

* * *

There has been an epidemic of treasure finding during the past few months and reports of great wealth dug up in various parts of the country have been going the rounds of the press. The latest is from Bloomington, Ind., where some farmers found two large sacks full of Spanish and American coins.

* * *

Some of the toy store windows on Broadway exhibit novelties in the shape of automaton figures which are wound up at intervals and go through certain evolutions. Some of these represent tradesmen at work, others are dancing figures, but the most hideous of all is a grinning skeleton whose head rotates on a pivot and whose revolting grin freezes the marrow in one's bones. It is needless to say that these windows attract a great deal of attention from the passers by.

* * *

A very pretty girl, clad in a becoming yachting costume, entered a bridge car the other day. She was the picture of health and beauty, and every male eye was directed at her. She sank gracefully into a seat, drew a tiny cambric handkerchief from her pocket, wiped a few beads of perspiration from her brow and remarked to her companion in a loud voice: "Gosh, but ain't it hot!" Somehow she didn't look quite so pretty after that.

* * *

Gleeson White, I hear, has resigned the editorship of the *Art Amateur*, and will start for London some time next month to resume his literary work there.

* * *

J. Nicholas Crulsius, the Washington street wine merchant of this city, is the most prominent of the promoters and backers of the North Hudson Driving Park Association. He has made a large fortune out of the liquor trade and is to be found at the Guttenburg track every race day. Mr. Crulsius, Gottfried Walbaum, President of the Hudson County Jockey Club, and ex-Civil Justice John C. Carr, are among the principal owners of the Saratoga race track, which they recently acquired at a cost of $350,000.

### VAGRANT VERSES.

**Exposed Too Often.**

She said: "I wonder how I look?
A glass makes all maids fair."
I said: "Last night my quick heart took
Your likeness. Trace it there."

She smiled.—"It blurs and seems to fade,
Because, I grieve to state,
Too many pictures have been made
Before upon that plate."
—*Puck.*

**One Consolation.**

I didn't want to gamble;
I know it wasn't right
Now that my hard-earned money
Has vanished out of sight.
But there's one consolation,
So it's no use to fret;
I showed, although a loser,
That I had nerve to bet.
—*Buffalo Express.*

**Accounted For.**

Since Brown's wife died he's grown quite gray.
Not that he grieves so much, they say;
But—and the fact there's no denying—
When she stopped living he stopped dyeing.
—*Judge.*

**Sensational News.**

[*From the Saturday Evening Herald.*]

Smiley—Did you hear of the great movement in real estate yesterday?

Riley—No—what was it?

Smiley—The earth made a complete revolution upon its axis.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock and other vegetable remedies, by a Combination, Proportion and Process Peculiar to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and giving it medicinal merits never equalled by any similar medicines.

N. B.—Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

**Biding His Time.**

A good two months ago a clothing dealer on Fulton street, Brooklyn, put a lot of Summer vests in the front window and marked each one at 75 cents. They hadn't been on display but a day or two before a young farmer entered and looked them over and said:

"I want one of them, but seventy-five is too much. I'll give you sixty."

His offer was refused and he walked out. In about a week he returned, but the market was still firm. Regularly every week since then he has dropped in to renew his offer. On his last appearance he observed:

"It's only a few days to September now."

"Yes."

"They all say we are going to have an early Winter."

"Yes."

"Shouldn't wonder if we would have snow by the middle of September."

"I see."

"There won't be any sale for Summer vests after the 1st."

"No."

"Give you 60 cents for that striped one with smoked buttons."

"Couldn't do it."

"Give you the cash right down on the nail."

"No, sir."

"All right for you—all right! There's no great hurry about it, and I'm a great hand to wait. Feller wanted to ask me $3.50 for a pair of yaller shoes about two years ago, but I waited and got 'em the other day for ten shillings. There's a gal up our way who has bin expecting me to ask her to marry me for the last four years. I may some day, but there's no great rush. Won't take 60 cents to-day, eh?"

"No."

"All right. That's my limit. I'll call about once a week from now on, and along next Winter mebbe you'll come to time. No hurry at all, you know. I've got the yaller shoes and a red necktie, and I ain't suffering the least mite. I shall be drawing sand by here all Winter, and it won't be no trouble for me to step in occasionally. If you happen to be looking out of the window as I drive up I'll hold up six fingers for 60 cents. If it's a go, nod your head; if not, shake. Good-day."

M. QUAD.

### Citizens Thank the "Evening World."

*To the Editor:*

I notice in to-day's issue of your paper, that the Standard Gaslight Company's works have been declared a nuisance. This news is welcomed in the homes of thousands of Harlem citizens.

Now that the Board of Health has declared the gas works a nuisance, too much credit cannot be given for the help your valuable journal, "the friend of the people and the foe of grasping corporations," has lent us.

We attribute our victory mainly to your persistent hammering at the nuisance, and on behalf of the Committee and the long suffering people in vicinity of the Standard Gas-House, I extend to you our most sincere thanks and assure you that THE EVENING WORLD will always be remembered and its columns perused with pleasure by residents in this vicinity.

I am very confident that your action in this matter will add largely to your already great popularity. J. F. ROSENHEIMER,
Chairman Citizens' Protective Association of East Harlem.

New York, Aug. 26, 1891.

### A New Cure.

[*From Judge.*]

Brown—What the deuce is the matter? You look as though you were a prisoner in your own house.

Smith—I find by reading the census reports that prisons are the healthiest places in the country, because of the mode of life; and not feeling well, I thought I'd try it at home.

### WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Cruger (Julien Gordon), is described as "the conventional woman of high society." She is a woman of aristocratic beauty, with a languid manner and an apparent disposition to take life easily. Nevertheless, she accomplishes a great deal of hard literary work in a short time when the spirit moves.

One of the prominent guests at Saratoga this season has been Mr. D. O. Mills, the banker. He is a small and wiry man of about sixty-five, with a bright face and clear, blue eyes. He dresses most modestly, and does not look as if he had an income of nearly $1,000,000 a year.

Gen. Maury is the third distinguished Confederate officer to have a desk in the War Records Office in Washington. The other two are Gen. Marcus Wright and Gen. George Field.

Mrs. "Bob" Ingersoll is a tall brunette, with hair of ebony blackness, fine features and a pretty mouth.

**Her Candidate.**

[*From the Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*]

A hard-working woman was asked:

"Madam, are you a Woman Suffragist?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "I haven't time to be."

"Haven't time? Well, if you had the privilege of voting, whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for the last ten years."

"And who is that?"

"My husband."

**Something in a Name.**

[*From the Pittsburg Bulletin.*]

The Guest—How this? Four dollars a day? Stopped here a year ago and paid only half that much.

The Proprietor—Just so. Then it was the "McGinnis Tavern." Now it's the "Hotel McGinnis."

**Labor Statistics.**

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Gilhooly—I see Hostetter McGinnis walking the streets all day long. What is he doing for himself?

Gus De Smith—He is looking for employment and congratulating himself that he can't find any.

**Decoys Often Useful.**

[*From the New York Weekly.*]

Theatrical Manager (out duck hunting)—No luck at all; not a duck in sight. Boy! Where are those wooden decoy ducks I ordered?

Boy—In the boat, sir.

Theatrical Manager—Bring 'em here and get 'em out. I see we'll have to paper the house.

# POOR AND AILING.

## Babes in Tenement-Houses Want the Help of Everybody.

## Send in Your Mite and Be One of the Life-Savers.

### Food, Clothing and Medicines Needed by Hundreds of Tots.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously acknowledged | $7,228.40 |
| Olympian Club Entertainment | 12.10 |
| Cash | 5.00 |
| Mrs. T. A. A. | 5.00 |
| W. H. B. | 5.00 |
| Fleetwood Avenue Fair | 2.43 |
| A. L. M. | 2.00 |
| O. A. P. | 1.00 |
| Washington street | 1.00 |
| E. E. W. | 1.00 |
| In Memory of Tootsey | 2.00 |
| Willing Workers | 1.50 |
| Ethel and Arthur Murray | 1.00 |
| C. | 1.00 |
| A Friend | .50 |
| J. C. | .25 |
| Mrs. S. F. M. | 1.00 |
| Albert Cohen | .25 |

**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."**

**A German's Dollar.**

*To the Editor:*

Being a German, who in the two years of his sojourn in this country is deeply impressed with the elevating and educating influence which the American press has on the people, especially with regard to promoting charity, and having an excellent time in the cool country, I add a small gift to your noble fund, hoping that it will give some relief to the poor children. C.

**A Little Defender.**

*To the Editor:*

Inclosed you will find 25 cents, my second collection for the Sick Babies. From a Little Defender. ALBERT COHEN,
1035 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn.

**Poughkeepsie Helpers.**

*To the Editor:*

Please find inclosed $1, our contribution to the Sick Baby Fund.

ETHEL and ARTHUR MURRAY,
49 South Hamilton street, Poughkeepsie.

**From the Olympian Club.**

*To the Editor:*

Inclosed you will please find $12.10, the proceeds of the "stag" entertainment of Aug. 22 given by the Olympian Athletic Club. Hoping that this small but heartily extended sum will do good where most needed,
E. M. BENGER.

**Six Willing Workers.**

*To the Editor:*

Please accept the inclosed $1.50 for the Sick Baby Fund, the contribution of six little girls calling themselves the "Willing Workers."

LILLIE SAMUELS,
BLANCHE VERTEAN,
JESSIE MARSH,
LENA SCHEUR,
FLORENCE PRICE,
AUGUSTA HERSCH,
Newark, N. J.

**Four Leaf Clover Club.**

*To the Editor:*

The inclosed $2.43 are the proceeds of a fair held by four little girls living on Flatbush avenue and calling themselves the "Four Leaf Clover Club." We wished to do something in aid of the Sick Babies' Fund and hope this little contribution will do its share towards making some of the babies happy.

ELSIE TORGES,
ETTA BARNARD,
FRANCES SCOTT,
ALICE SCOTT.

**In Memory of Tootsey.**

*To the Editor:*

One year ago our first and only little darling went home to the angels. In memory of "Little Tootsey," I send $2, and that it may help, if ever so little, in doing some good, is the earnest wish of PAPA,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

## TYPOS WELL ENTERTAINED.

### The Newspaper Dramatic League's Creditable Performance.

The performance given by the Newspaper Dramatic League at the Academy of Music last night was most creditable to that organization. The audience was a large and appreciative one, and the performers were applauded without stint.

A double bill was given—the first act of "The Shaughran" and "Our Boys."

The Conn of Thomas Hield in the former was a splendid portrayal. John Lanagan as Father Dolan, A. J. Macaulay as Molineux, Robert Frost as Kinchela, J. D. Weldrick as Harvey Duff, Miss Agnes Boyton as Claire Ffolliott, Miss McGowan as Arte O'Neale, Miss Florence Wood as Moya, and Miss Jennie Lace as Mrs. O'Kelly, were all good. Mr. Lanagan ably carried off the honors as Middlewick in "Our Boys," and he was ably supported throughout.

A handsome sum was netted for the burial fund of Typographical Union No. 6, for the benefit of which the performance was given.

**Asking Too Much.**

[*From the Yankee Blade.*]

Dealer—This picture represents David killing Goliath.

Customer—But where's Goliath?

Dealer—He's on a separate picture. We give both of them for thirty-seven cents. You can't expect the whole business on a twenty-cent picture.

# THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

## Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

### The Latest In Skirts—Milking Stools for Parlor Ornaments—Continental Ties for House Wear—Navy Blue for Winter Wear.

Skirts are still plain, but cut with slopes or gores at the back. These skirts barely touch the ground at the front and sides, but fall gracefully in the slightest of trains at the back, and may be easily raised from the ground with one hand. All superfluity of material is carefully avoided, and the skirt, when off, appears far more scanty and condensed than when worn.

Milking stools of white enamelled wood, mahogany and polished oak are in great demand for parlor corners and window seats.

English women have taken up domestic science in real earnestness. From the report of the National Training School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, just issued. It appears that, "during the year of 1890, 5,601 pupils entered for training and 76 teachers obtained diplomas; since the opening of the school the total number of pupils amounted to 40,407.

Navy blue for the late Winter and early Spring of 1892 is now talked of.

The Continental tie, with its large flap tongue and paste buckles, is very neat for house wear.

Salad Dressing—For a moderate-sized salad, pound very smoothly the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs with a small teaspoonful of made mustard, the same of caster sugar, and a pinch of salt. Into these mix gradually three or four tablespoonfuls of oil, and then very slowly two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. This may be varied in many ways—by the addition of a teaspoonful of eschalot, cucumber, or cayenne vinegar, soy, essence of anchovies, or catsup. The salad bowl, too, may be rubbed with a cut clove of garlic. The eggs, if new-laid, should be boiled for a quarter of an hour, and allowed to become quite cold in water, before pounding, or the mixture will never be smooth. If it should curdle—which it will do without great care—add to it the yolk of a fresh raw egg.

Mrs. Besant announces that she will not be able to present herself as a candidate at the coming School Board election. The death of my honored friend and chief, Mme. Blavatsky (she writes), throws on me heavy additional work in connection with the Theosophical movement, and believing, as I do, that in the progress of that movement lies the hope of a better religious, moral and social order than we have to-day, I elect to leave the more popular work in other hands, and devote myself wholly to the less understood and less attractive duty of pressing the claims of a spiritual philosophy on a public largely dominated by materialism.

Mrs. Richard Proctor, the widow of the astronomer, will leave London shortly for America, where, after a lecturing tour in the States, she will settle to work as the curator of the observatory at San Diego, Cal., which is being built as a memorial to her husband. Mrs. Proctor describes the climate of San Diego as most delightful.

Mme. Patti has a room in her Welsh castle furnished in oak and hung with purple velvet, in which is kept her souvenir silver, consisting of chocolate jugs, water cups and pitchers, vases, salvers, potpourri jars and toilet articles, all of coin silver and inscribed with her name and that of the donors. Minnie Hauk, in her Swiss chalet, keeps a little Summer room for the wreaths and garlands presented to her during the last twenty years. The ceiling drapery is made of the ribbon streamers that were attached, which have been fashioned into a mosaic canopy. The cards, individually mounted, form the border for the dado that breaks the wreathed walls. Even H. R. H. is affected in the same way, having devoted a room in Marlborough House to silver trowels which have been presented to him. Every new addition pleases him, and he has grown to be as proud of his collection as is the schoolboy of his stamp album.

NONE BUT ROYAL

Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

The official chemists of the United States and Canada, State analysts, municipal boards of health, and physicians indorse the great qualities of the Royal Baking Powder.

# THEATRES IN THE DOG-DAYS.

## Actor Willard's Interesting Controversy with Playwright Jones.

### Heat and Humidity Play Havoc in the "Wang" Company.

E. S. Willard, who is due in this city from London on Sunday, will, it is thought, have plenty to say, on the subject of his recent controversy with Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright and author of "The Middleman," "Judah" and "The Dancing Girl." Just before he left London, as told by the cable, Mr. Willard waxed exceedingly wroth with Jones, who was ungrateful enough to assert that in the future he intended to produce all his plays himself, because he hated actor-managers. Now Willard happens to be an actor-manager himself, and he felt that the shoe fitted.

New York is a delightful city for the actor with a grievance, and the American public loves a nice, meaty controversy. Mr. Willard, moreover, needs advertisement very badly, while Henry Arthur Jones, whose "Dancing Girl" will be seen at the Lyceum next Monday, will undoubtedly interpose no objection. Controversies have their uses, as managers know full well. Willard is a man of education, Jones is another. What they say must be interesting.

* * *

"The Dancing Girl," says Manager Frohman, will illustrate the fact that Henry Arthur Jones loves violent contrasts in his play. In them he thinks the strongest dramatic relief is to be found. In "The Dancing Girl" are two. There is in one scene a settlement of simple, pious Quakers, living humbly in an obscure island home. Another scene shows a swell London drawing-room in the full blast of an extravagant social revel. The contrast, great in itself, is said to be accentuated in every way.

* * *

Miss Fay Templeton, who still loves to be considered an artless little puss, has not yet left town. She beamed from a box at the Standard Theatre Monday night, chaperoned—for the proprieties must be observed—by mommer.

* * *

Miss Perdita Hudspeth is the name of a young English actress formerly a member of the Kendals' company, and last season of the Court Theatre, London, who comes to this country by the Bothnia to try her dramatic fortunes here. It is understood that there will be no duty upon her name.

* * *

A very handsome woman in a brougham on Broadway driving up to one of the dramatic exchanges yesterday attracted some attention. She had the airs of a queen—a Rialto queen—and was elaborately dressed. Her fingers were bedinged in a most lavish manner. Was she a star? Was she some great public pet? Not a bit of it. She was a young woman who has one line to speak in "Fleurette" at the Standard Theatre.

* * *

The hot weather was very disastrous in its effects upon the "Wang" company. Della Fox and Jeannette St. Henry were disabled, and during the last few days two chorus girls succumbed. A theatrical performance in an atmosphere charged with humidity is no joke—to the players, at any rate.

* * *

When Miss Maude Granger's company met for rehearsal this week it is said that there was a diminutive sensation. The great actress (ahem!) dismissed all except two, not deeming them good enough. This is indeed distressing. Genius (ahem!) is eccentric, however.

* * *

Sig. De Vivo speaks in glowing terms of his new star, Mme. Marozzi Diligenti, who is to appear in English, and who has been recommended by salvini. She is twenty-five years old and speaks English, French, German, Dutch and Italian. Sig. De Vivo is not cruel enough to present her in all these languages, however. She is also a pianist and has studied singing under Marchesi. She has evidently a comprehensive repertoire, for she impersonates Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart, Joan of Arc, La Tosca, Denise, Lady Macbeth and half a dozen other roles.

* * *

Rehearsals of "A Wolf's Wedding," the farce-comedy to be put forth by Frank Reynolds, are being held every day. There are new songs, new dances and new business.

* * *

When De Wolf Hopper leaves New York in October he will not appear here again until November, 1892. His season next year will begin in September, for he will rest all Summer. From September to November he will remain "on the road."

* * *

A Minneapolis paper gets into spasms of enthusiasm over Sol Smith Russell's production of his new play, "Peaceful Valley," in that city. The audience is described in a most graphic manner, and the following dainty piece of painting is surely worth quoting: "Here and there throughout the house ladies were in opera costume, without a bonnet, and with only a flower in the hair. Bright colors combined in soft fabrics that loaned (*sic*) grace to many a pleasing face. Huge vases of roses rested just below the upper front boxes and emitted sweet odors. In all the vast audience there were hundreds of familiar faces, and yet there were many absent who would surely have graced the occasion were it not for the recent deaths of dear friends."

* * *

The City of New York yesterday brought a swarm of theatrical people back to the city. Among them were: Marcus Mayer, who will direct the tours of Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Agnes Huntington in this country; George Barrett, who is to star here in "Another Man's Shoes" and "My Uncle;" Frank Sanger, who has engaged an Australian actor named John F. Sheridan for America in "Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, Esq.;" Alexander Salvini, A. H. Canby, Francis Wilson's manager; William R. Hayden, and Joseph Reynolds, who has secured the peerless, the perennial and the undimmed Langtry.

**Brooklyn Amusements.**

"The Merchant," Martha Morton's play, which won THE WORLD's prize, is nightly attracting crowds of theatre-goers to Col. Sinn's New Park Theatre.

* * *

"Castles in the Air" is nightly drawing crowds to Col. Holmes's Star Theatre. The actors have lost the nervousness of Monday evening, and a smooth performance is the result.

* * *

The Amphion opens next Saturday evening. Manager Knowles has had the house newly decorated and has made many other improvements. "My Jack" will be the attraction.

* * *

Dot Pullman receives a large share of the applause at Huber & Gebhardt's Casino. The feats of balancing she performs are marvellous.

**Entirely Impartial.**

[*From the New York Weekly.*]

Traveller—Which is the shortest, quickest and best route to the West?

Ticket Agent—I don't know, sir.

"Have you no opinion on the subject?

"None at all. They all pay the same commission now."

**He Paid.**

[*From the St. Paul Globe.*]

"I believe you are a carpenter," she said to the new boarder. "I am," he replied meekly. "Well," she continued, "then I suppose you can be trusted to plank down your board money."

**How to Shop.**

[*From Good News.*]

Fair Shopper (in great store)—There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up.

Clerk—Don't wrap it up.

"No, indeed. I'll sit down here and read it to kill time while waiting for my change."

**The Sign Was False.**

[*From an Exchange.*]

Owner of Fishpond (to man who is trespassing)—Don't you see that sign, "No Fishing Here?"

Angler (with an injured air)—Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here. Look at this basket.

**Not a Supposable Case.**

[*From the Danville Breeze.*]

"No, Gubbins, you will never be a brain worker."

"Why not?"

"Haven't got the tools."

### "FLEURETTE."

There was something rather pathetic to me last night in the spectacle of the plucky little woman who wrote "Fleurette," the comic opera now running at the Standard Theatre, bravely conducting her orchestra, undisturbed by the volleys of adverse criticism that have been showered upon her. Many a man would have relinquished the baton in disgust and have retired to tell how he was misunderstood, and how there was a gigantic conspiracy on foot to undermine his future. Miss Emma R. Steiner says nothing. She goes on conducting as zealously and as conscientiously as ever.

The failure of "Fleurette" is undoubtedly due to its libretto, which is atrocious. When I say that Edgar Smith, who had a half share in the adaptation of "Indigo," was semi-responsible for the book of "Fleurette," the other semi being Mrs. Charles A. Doremus, Miss Steiner's misfortune will be understood. Sir Arthur Sullivan himself couldn't save so wretched a libretto from a well-deserved fate. There is no fun, no brightness, no lyrics that could possibly be so-called—nothing but a torrent of meaningless verbiage.

Miss Steiner's music lacks originality. It is very pleasant, but it is reminiscent. One moment I was quite certain we were going to hear "The Toreador" song from "Carmen," but the melody switched off into something else. Then there were suggestions of Audran and of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Miss Steiner has been carefully absorbing the works of others, and the time for their complete assimilation with her own ideas has not yet arrived. She was in too much of a hurry to offer her work to the public. That Miss Steiner has keen musical perception must be evident to all. She may write a successful comic opera yet. There are some prettily devised rhythms in "Fleurette."

The cast is not joyous. Miss Mamie Scott needs polishing up very thoroughly. She lacks distinction. Her voice is wanting in purity and tone. As an actress, however, Miss Scott has considerable *cachet*. Miss Rose Newham's dance was very acceptable, although skirt dances have become tabooed subjects. Miss Marie Sanger was very amusing as Mme. Pumpernickel. The others were harmless.

ALAN DALE.

## HIS GREAT THIRST.

### It Was Embarrassing at First Until He Explained.

Sanftherz was a student at one of our leading colleges and boarded during the term and in the vacation with a widow to whom he had been recommended on his first arrival, says the Philadelphia *Times*.

He was the only boarder, and his landlady and her daughter, who did the general housework, looked upon him as the centre and paragon of all the virtues. In fact it was a subject of comment between mother and daughter that they would take his weekly pay with better heart if Sanftherz only gave them a little more trouble.

Such being his disposition, it was a matter of some surprise when he came to the top of the landing one morning and called softly down the stairs:

"Mrs. Bengel? Miss Mary, please?"

The latter heard his voice, and, going up in a flutter of astonishment, saw him standing at his room door.

"I'm very sorry for troubling you, Miss Mary, but won't you kindly bring me a glass of water."

"Of course, Mr. Sanftherz, with the greatest pleasure."

Down she went, and returned with the desired liquid.

"Thanks." Thereupon he retired to his chamber, but scarcely had the girl reached the lower floor when he again called her and requested, with a confused blush at the inconvenience he was causing, that she bring him another glass of water.

This was likewise brought up, and the previous thanksgiving was repeated. On this occasion, however, she had hardly moved from the spot when he once more came out and repeated his former request.

All wonderment, she once more filled the glass, but as he instantly reappeared after taking it into his room and begged her to fill it up again, she couldn't contain herself and had to inquire the object of so much water.

The red flush of painful embarrassment rushed over his face and brow. That he should trouble any one so much that they must bother themselves this way about him drove the steel of anguish to his gentle soul. But this very meekness of spirit forced him to answer, painful as it was:

"Well, you see, Miss Mary, my room is on fire, and I'm afraid it's likely to burn down the house."

**Promoted Without Extra Pay.**

[*From the Indianapolis Journal.*]

"I think you'd orter raise my wages," ventured Mr. Halcede's hired man.

"Don't see how I kin do it, Jim; don't see no way at all to do it. Tell you what I will do, though. When any of the Summer boarders is around I'll allude to you as my private secretary. Put as to givin' you any more money on the month, I just can't do it."

**Girlish Confidence Betrayed.**

[*From Life.*]

Susie—I don't want to seem flattered by the attentions of these men. I don't look as if I hadn't been used to such things, do I?

Amy—No. You look as if you were a belle before the war.

**Made the Moon Blush.**

[*From the Washington Star.*]

"Do you know," he said in a low tone, "that I feel very narrow-minded when I come to see you?"

"Why?" She breathed the question very, very gently.

"Because then I am a man of one nigh dear."

And the good, sensible old moon, who had seen so much of that sort of thing, made all possible haste to retire behind the nearest cloud.

# SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

## Again the Giants Are Within One Point of Boston.

### Sullivan Challenged in Australia to a Match with Slavin.

The race for the pennant proceeds vigorously, and the indicator on the dial wabbles with its familiar vibration. By snatching that game from the Cincinnatis yesterday the Giants called the turn on two games out of three of the series. The Giants put up one of their old-time heart-cheering games, and administered a well-defined defeat. The Bostonians failed to make connections with the Pittsburgers, and were retired for the second time this week.

The two old friends are in company once more, with the Beaneaters in the lead, as usual. If the Giants only get up enough steam to pass Boston's dangerous lead of one point, they might climb higher. The Bridegrooms almost won a game from the Windy Citys, but were queered in the eighth inning. The Forest Citys and Quakers battled for eleven innings to no advantage. The game was called, the score standing 4 to 4. The Association games yesterday resulted as follows: Boston 12, Milwaukee 7; Baltimore 6, Columbus 5; Washington 2, St. Louis 2; at Philadelphia, rain. The relative positions of the several Clubs to-day:

| *League.* | *Won.* | *Lost.* | *Ave's.* | *Ass'n.* | *Won.* | *Lost.* | *Ave's.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 65 | 39 | .625 | Boston | 75 | 32 | .701 |
| Boston | 59 | 42 | .580 | St. Louis | 68 | 40 | .630 |
| New York | 55 | 40 | .579 | Baltimore | 67 | 45 | .559 |
| Philadel. | 52 | 48 | .520 | Athletic | 63 | 50 | .515 |
| Brooklyn | 46 | 53 | .465 | Columbus | 50 | 57 | .467 |
| Cleveland | 47 | 56 | .456 | M'waukee | 45 | 59 | .433 |
| Pittsburg | 40 | 62 | .392 | Louisville | 37 | 71 | .343 |
| Cincin'ti | 40 | 63 | .388 | Wash'ton | 34 | 68 | .348 |

* * *

Since Kelly has cleared the Association the Boston Reds find that they didn't want the King very much anyhow, despite the floral horseshoes, applause and approbation that greeted him on his return to Boston but a few days ago.

* * *

The Williamburg Athletic Club's members were out in force last evening to practise for their midsummer games to be held Saturday. Gilliland turned his hundred yards in 11 seconds.

* * *

A race will be sailed on Newark Bay Saturday between the Viola, of the Essex Yacht Club, and Our Own, of the Newark Yacht Club, for $250 a side.

* * *

The Berkeley Athletic Club, of which Herbert Mapes who was recently drowned at Fire Island was a member, has adopted a set of resolutions expressing sorrow at the loss of such an enthusiastic member.

* * *

It looks very much as if Alex. Meffert, who was disqualified as an amateur, cannot enter the National swimming championships to be held at Nyack to-day. It is announced, however, that Meffert will swim over the course with the intention of breaking the record.

* * *

The Larchmont Yacht Club will hold its annual oyster-boat regatta Saturday. The annual Fall regatta will occur Sept. 5.

* * *

The following has been received at the *Police Gazette* office from Sydney, Australia: "John Dougherty informed John L. Sullivan, the American pugilist, that he will put up £2,500 to match Slavin to fight Sullivan here or in America, and deposit the stakes with Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, or the Melbourne *Sportsman*. He insisted on a forfeit of £500 being posted. Sullivan said when he returned to America he would consider over it."

* * *

Jack McAuliff and Austin Gibbons are reported as being in fine condition at this stage of their training. Both men have met with slight mishaps, but nothing serious.

* * *

The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club held a very interesting shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., yesterday afternoon for the Epping medal. Nine men made clean scores of seven shots each. E. A. Vroome finally won.

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Reports from the West state that the Brooklyn baseball management has secured several new players. They are needed.

* * *

The Manhattan Cricket Club won from the Mystics at Cottage City, Mass., yesterday by a score of 133 to 35.

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A dinner will be given the victorious N. Y. A. C. eight who honored themselves and the Club at the National Oarsmen's Regatta at Washington. The N. Y. A. C. people are proud of their oarsmen.

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The N. Y. A. C. lacrosse team is getting into shape for its exciting contest with the Staten Island A. C. team on Labor Day.

## HE GOT THE SEAT.

### Ingenious Scheme of a Young Man to Sit Beside a Girl.

A nice young man got into a tram-car a few evenings ago, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance, says London *Tid-Bits*.

He made for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his with delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he asked