The World

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

TIRED OF THE IMPOSITION.

There are miles of streets in New York that are cleaned by private subscription. Street-Cleaning Department sweepers and wagons never enter them. They are the cleanest streets in the city, and are those that have been pointed out to show that BEATTIE's men do some work well. It costs less per mile to clean them than it does to not clean the streets that the Department men are responsible for. They prove that the people's money is wasted.

One contractor, who sweeps part of Broadway, agrees "to clean in as thorough manner as possible once in every twenty-four hours, before 9 A. M. in Winter and before 8 A. M. in Summer," and that it "be swept so thoroughly that sprinkling shall not be necessary." And this he has done for years.

Mr. BEATTIE has gone from New York—where, none of his subordinates will tell. Mayor GRANT is back for a time at least. It is his duty to look after the workings of all the departments of the city government. He must realize the misery his neglect is causing in the tenement districts, where, owing to the filthiness of the streets, the air is so vitiated as to be almost unbreathable.

It is no excuse to say that the streets would be cleaned if more money were appropriated, when the big allowance made is not expended as it should be.

The people are tired of being imposed upon.

CAPTAIN SARAH.

We hear with pleasure that SARAH BERNHARDT contemplates chartering a vessel to take her and her company around the world. This is novel, and novelties are always welcome. But there is another feature which may prove most interesting of all. SARAH has a habit of running things on occasion, especially if they do not run her way.

If a storm should come up and the lightning flash and the thunder roar, not to mention giant waves and things, she would order the captain below decks and woman the bridge herself. Then, in her best La Tosca voice, she might order the tiller spliced to the mainsail, or the spanker-boom furled, and get into a fine Adrienne Lecouvreur frenzy when informed that her orders could not be carried out.

Of course, the public would miss this at six dollars a miss owing to the difficulties of ferriage, but the rest of the company might enjoy it, if they found time to stop praying for the storm to cease, or dared to leave off lowering the life-boats. But SARAH would enjoy it, and, after all, it would be her ship.

WHAT DOES HE EXPECT?

Lieutenant-Governor JONES is not appreciated as he might be. There was a time when the very fact that he paid the freight gave him a place in the hearts of his countrymen. But little is heard of the freight-paying nowadays, and JONES isn't heard of as much as he was. But he is the same individual, and still has that charming flow of wit for which he was so noted in the up-counties.

He was in town yesterday, and the ubiquitous reporter corralled him, and asked if he expects to get the nomination for Governor. After a moment of thought the Lieutenant-Governor replied: "Once upon a time a negro went out one night to get a chicken. He did not get a chicken, but he got arrested. You see he got something."

What does Jones expect to get?

DR. HOLMES'S BIRTHDAY.

Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is to-day, according to his own happy calendar, eighty-two years young. This he believes, in his own words, to be "better than forty years old," and every one whose privilege it is to meet the famous poet indorses his view.

His is a veritable green old age. Happy in his home, in his family, in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen, and secure in his eminence in the world of letters, he passes his declining years in the vicinage of his youth and prime, one of the best-beloved of Americans.

It is gratifying to learn that the Autocrat is in good physical and mental health, and the whole nation will unite in wishing him many happy returns of his birthday.

A little Plainfield girl with strong mercantile instincts has gone into the business of pounding cattle. Yesterday she bagged twenty-seven calves and a cow, on which she got seven dollars. She is not a popular child in Plainfield.

Here is cause for grief. Gov. RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, is a confirmed lawn-tennis player. Picture him in a striped jersey and flannel cap. Why doesn't he spar or row or fence if he wants exercise?

"Who is WILLS, any way?" was Secretary HALFORD's question when asked if that gentleman would succeed Secretary PROCTOR. This was rough on the General, LION.

The Russian peasantry, goaded by starvation and brutality, have revolted in several provinces. It is only a matter of time when this despotic Government will be overthrown.

The fall of BALMACEDA does not necessarily end the Chilian war at once. But it is hoped, for the benefit of the country, that it will soon be settled one way or the other.

Queen VICTORIA has given orders that Great Britain's representation at the World's Fair be well looked after. This speaks well for her intelligence.

Charging 25 cents a head for the privilege of seeing prisoners flogged, as was done at Raleigh, N. C., yesterday, speaks poorly for that city's government.

Even the worm will turn, and speaking of turning, young JIM BLAINE intends defending his wife's divorce suit, and in a way that will surprise her.

Lynching is becoming too common. If it keeps on there is probability of the lynchers being lynched themselves, just for example's sake.

Women are not as popular in the German Post-Office as they were. Protests against them are pouring in from all quarters.

WENDELL PHILLIPS's memory is to be honored in Boston by a public hall bearing his name. It is well to honor such men.

It is funny that elderly lawyers should wrangle over the awarding of a medal, but that's what the Bar Association is doing.

Look here, Uncle SAM! Can't you do something to stop these cloud-bursts? They are entirely too frequent.

A French Baron has just won $1,000 by crossing the ocean in the steerage. He got the worst of the bet.

The Building Inspection Law covers the Park place disaster. That it was not understood is no excuse.

EIFFEL wants Chicago to give him $1,000,000 for a World's Fair tower. Too much, dear boy.

BALMACEDA did have the wire Wednesday, which accounts for his "victory."

New York's baseball-players are not Giants in these days.

President HARRISON has concluded his speech-making.

The Maine chance seems to be BLAINE'S.

The cold wave has rolled in upon us.

Rain-making is the latest fad.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

What has become of the asylum for homeless cats?

Is the peach crop as well as the wheat due to the McKinley bill?

Why does the Chilian Consul never get to his office before 9 A. M.?

Why are not those four vacancies in the list of police surgeons filled?

Why will the summer girl walk down Broadway in white shoe shoes?

Why don't society women follow the example of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and shop in America?

Women are doing such admirable work as factory inspectresses, why not try them on public buildings?

Why are cart merchants permitted to sell rotting fruits and sections of withered melons in the tenement quarters of the city?

WORLDLINGS.

The young Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, is said to be a model Prince, intellectually and morally. He is an only child, idolized by his parents, and a scholar and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

The new City Hall of Philadelphia will be the tallest building on the continent, excepting only the Washington Monument. It will be two inches more than 347 feet in height and will cover an area of four and a half acres.

Among the permanent decorations to be added to the vestibule of the White House are portraits of Washington and Lincoln, painted on the wall over the mantelpieces.

The words in common use by the ordinary individual are estimated at from 1,000 to 3,000.

The log cabin which was the boyhood home of Lincoln and which is to be exhibited at the World's fair in Chicago was built in 1831, and is constructed of oak logs cut by Abraham and his father in the river bottoms and hauled to the spot where the cabin was erected.

Slightly Tanned.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

"Have you seen Jennie since she returned from her vacation?"

"Yes. She looks like a mere shadow of her former self."

"What are you talking about? She told me she had gained six pounds."

"Oh, I alluded to her complexion."

A Happy Escape.

[From the New York Weekly.]

She—It is useless to urge me to marry you. When I say no I mean no.

He—Always?

She—Invariably.

He—And can nothing ever change your determination when you once make up your mind?

She—Absolutely nothing.

He—Well, I wouldn't care to marry a woman like that anyhow.

Vitality

Is so greatly desired and so much needed by many people who are in a run-down, all-gone, nervous condition, that we earnestly urge them all such the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine possesses just those elements of vitality and strength the system craves so. It purifies and enriches the blood so that it carries health instead of disease to every organ; it invigorates the kidneys and liver so that all waste is properly carried off; it tones the stomach so that food is readily digested and assimilated. Besides this,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

gives nerve and mental strength, so that life's duties may be performed calmly and efficiently.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Man with a Cough.

A man and his wife and four or five children sat in the Erie depot across the river the other day, and it was plain enough to the most careless observer that the relations between husband and wife were somewhat strained. She sat upon the end of a bench as stiff as a poker, while he made a thin pretense of being sleepy. All of a sudden a new idea seemed to strike him, and he began to cough. It was a cough from way back. It was a regular old New Hampshire cough which shakes the dried pumpkin down from the poles in the kitchen and pulls the pin out of the barn-door 400 feet away. Everybody in the room looked up, and the oldest boy took on an anxious look and said to the mother:

"Maw! Maw! Dad's got an awful cold!"

"He hain't neither," she bluntly answered; "he's jest puttin' it all on to git sympathy!"

"Yes, Danny," said the old man, as he gave the boy an affectionate look; "your daddy is a-wrenching himself all to pieces. It's only a question of a few days when he'll be follered to the grave, and you young 'uns will be left fatherless. It'll be awful on you, but I can't stay."

"How'd it be awful on them?" sharply demanded the wife.

"In varus ways," replied the husband, after indulging in another cough, which almost stopped the clock. "Them children will miss my tender ways, for one thing."

"Your tender ways! You're allus scoldin' and nickin'!"

"I am, eh? Very well, you can have your way about it. When I'm gone there won't be no disputin'. I did hope to die in peace; but I see I can't."

"Maw, is dad goin' to die?" asked Danny.

"Naw!" she replied. "He's jest got one of his pudgy fits on."

"He has, eh?" queried the old man. "All right for you! When I throw up a lung perhaps you'll change your tune. When I am gone I wouldn't be in a certain person's shoes for no money. There won't be no use of weepin' around and askin' my forgiveness when I'm gone. Danny hitch along a little and give me room to cough agin, and if I burst a blood-vessel I want ye to remember how your mother abused me."

This was a cough which would have twisted the head off of a hitching-post clear across the street, and when it died away in a faint rumble the wife looked somewhat anxious and observed:

"Why, Saul'l, you must hev got your feet out o' bed last night."

"Never mind my feet!" he replied as he reached out to stroke Danny's hair. "This is the same cough that has bin hastenin' me to the grave for a year. I don't complain, though. Nobody'll ever hear me complain 'bout anything. I'm one of them kind what suffers and endures and never says a word. Don't cry, children. Allus remember that yer father loved ye."

"Mebbe you'd better take some perrygoric," anxiously suggested the wife.

"It's too late," he whispered, as he grabbed a coming cough by the neck and throttled it. "Perrygoric never drawed a man back from the grave. You'll find the deed to the farm in that valler chest."

"You don't want to die, Saul'l," said the wife in coaxing tones, as she laid a hand on his shoulder.

"No, I don't want to, but I feel that I've got to. I'd like to live for the children's sake, of course, but if I can't that ends it. I wanted to make a preacher of Danny, and a lawyer of Bill, and eddecate Susie to play the pianer, but '——

"I wasn't mad, Sammy," interrupted the wife.

"Yes, you was, Mary—mad at your dyin' husband, but it's all right! I shan't haunt ye after I'm gone."

"Better go out and git ye some cough-drops, Sammy."

"How'm I goin' to get 'em without a red cent?"

"Here's half a dollar."

"But you'll blow about my extravagance if I take it. 'Member how you blowed about them seventeen cents for a watermelon?"

"I won't blow, Sammy—not a word. Here the money, and you go'n use it."

"Well, I'll take it to oblige you, Mary, and mebbe it'll be the means o' savin' my life. You take keer of the young'uns and I'll be back purty soon."

Saul'l brought up in a near-by saloon and said, "Schooner!" to the man behind the bar. As he got it he spread his feet apart, uttered a "ha!" of deep satisfaction, and observed to a man sitting at a table:

"I think the crisis has passed and I'm am goin' to git well!"

M. QUAD.

OLD HATS AT GOOD PRICES.

Ingenious Plan of a Small Boy to Make Money.

The wind was blowing stiffly and the bridge at Dearborn street was open, says the Chicago *Mail*.

"Look out for your hat, my boy!" shouted an old gentleman, of portly appearance, but he was too late. The hat, a battered straw, rolled into the river. The boy began crying and dug his knuckles into his eyes.

"Well, young man, you'll have to buy another hat now."

"Ain't g-g-got nuthin' ter buy with," snuffled the youngster.

"That's too bad. Here's a dollar for you."

Twenty minutes later I was at the Clark street bridge.

"Catch that ha', please, mister!" and as the old, worn out head-covering floated into the river a small bareheaded boy sank down on the pavement sol long violently. Three men's hands went into their pockets and three silver quarters gravitated toward the small boy. I peered into his face. It was the same lad.

THE WORLD'S OFFER.

A Season Midsummer Discount until Sept. 30 on Ads Wanted.

15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

GIVE TO THE TOTS.

Every Dollar Makes Some Sick Infant Happy.

Be One of Many to Save Their Little Lives.

Nell Nelson Tells What the Free Doctors Do.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Previously acknowledged	$7,284.33
Asbury Park Benefit	11.50
West Forty-third street entertainment	14.00
Fair in Harlem	18.05
L. A. Esart	13.50
J. B., jr.	5.00
Harleyville entertainment	8.00
Leslie and Her Friends	.50
H. E.	1.00
J. A.	2.00
Haines Falls entertainment	1.10
Daisy	1.00
A Poor Man	.25
Walter P. Taltavall	1.25

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, 30 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."

DOING HEROIC WORK.

Nell Nelson Tells What the Free Doctors Encounter.

There is just one word that will describe the work the Free Physicians are doing—and that is "heroic."

Aside from prescribing for the poor and sick of all ages and sects, they relieve suffering and contribute to the comfort of the miserable and helpless in a hundred different ways. Nuisances are abated, shocking masses of refuse and offal are removed, gloomy walls are whitened in the hope of brightening the dreary outlook of Poverty's prisoners; foul-smelling cellars, courtyards, passageways and hall-sinks are cleaned and disinfected; now and then a landlord is induced to put a pane on a sun-baked window, to repair the roof with a cheap patch, was to insure the safety of the little children who have no other bedroom or playground and sweeten the dingy kitchen by giving the dirt-besmeared walls a coat of whitewash. Shoes, sewing machines, crutches, baby wagons, braces, spectacles, glass eyes, chairs for invalids, perambulators for crippled and cripplet children, fruit, meat, poultry, prepared foods, toys, books, bedding, fuel, household goods and traders supplies, are a few of the miscellanies the members of THE EVENING WORLD corps help to purchase all directly or indirectly beneficial to the poor babies of New York. Scarcely a day passes that some poor family is not helped with real money while the distribution of clothing among naked infants and neglected children is only limited by the supplies provided to the readers. Free medicines and druggists' supplies are provided hourly; some days hundreds are given car fare in order to avail themselves of the free excursions and outdoor entertainments of St. John's Guild, the Volunteers' Fresh Air Fund, the United Hebrew Association and other organizations of charitable nature.

The Fund and the services of the doctors belong to the babies and children but it is often impossible to ignore some of the human wrecks encountered in the search for ailing little ones.

To illustrate:

There lives in the rear of 40 Roosevelt street an old woman who has survived the troubles and vicissitudes of ninety years. She is all alone in the world, wholly dependent upon the generous support of a daughter too poor to suffer any division of her resources save for love.

Her care of the childish mother is most tender, but medical aid is far beyond her means, notwithstanding the extremity of her needs. Over one of the dim eyes is an open sore, cancerous in appearance, which is gradually extending to the eye itself. The poor old creature is so emaciated that she seems to be nothing more than skin and bones, and yet she begs and implores, not for food and clothing, but for soothing washes for her eye and tonics to increase her appetite.

She protests that the vitality of youth still remains in her feeble constitution, and that all it needs is fuel to make it as fresh and vigorous as ever. Dr. Hubbard has the case in hand, and the intuitive features that characterize it justify the care he has bestowed upon it. And it is safe to say that there is not a man in the corps who is not doing all in his power to smooth the pillow of a boy or a girl in its second childhood.

Perhaps there is some able-bodied man among the readers of THE WORLD who can and will help a crippled brother to find employment, and perhaps there are a dozen or more big, bouncing, crowing babies about the nurseries of this great city who can and will send a fraction of their treasures to a young fellow who is pulling up stream with small hopes of keeping the right side of his bark on top.

The family lives in 3 Hamilton street, and the outlook is anything but rosy. Misfortune began when the husband broke his leg. He remained in the hospital such a long time that not only was every penny of his savings used up, but numerous debts were contracted in order that the children might have food enough to keep them alive. The mother has a young baby to care for which prevents her going out to work.

Just now the poor little thing is ill. Medicine and strengthening food has been provided, and Mrs. Roberts is trying to piece out some comfortable uniforms for the other children. Fifty dollars would put the family on its feet and start the same workman on the road to prosperity and happiness. Couldn't you be one or fifty or hundred to give him that much of a boost? Life under the very best conditions is discouraging.

But when you consider the restrictions of impaired health and the crushing weight of sickness, debts and enforced idleness, the struggle is indeed hard.

Find it convenient and make it possible to extend some little help for the benefit of these people who are fighting against such heavy odds.

NELL NELSON.

Children's Tableaux.

To the Editor:

The children request me to send to you the proceeds of an entertainment which they gave to the guests on Aug. 26 for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund. All credit is due to Arthur Friedman, Florence Steinhart and Joseph H. Wise for their efforts to make the entertainment a success. Unaided, they conceived and most skilfully presented a series of Tableaux Vivant, surprising in the originality of preparation and the faithfulness and elaborateness of presentation. The wet weather prevented any very large attendance, and consequently the collecting of any large sum. Trusting that this amount will do some little good, I am, truly yours,

STEPHEN S. WISE, Haine's Falls, N. Y.

A Profitable Fair.

To the Editor:

The inclosed $18.60 are the proceeds of a fair held Aug. 24 by some children residing in One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, between Lenox and Seventh avenues, and is to be devoted to the Sick Babies' Fund.

E. THATEL,
H. STONE,
A. EINSTEIN,
J. MCGONIGAL, jr.

They Made $14.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find check for $14, the proceeds of an entertainment given by Annie O'Brien, Sophie Seckel, Irene Brown, Stella Strauss, Lulu Berger, Norma Dreyfuss, Myrtle Bray, Nellie O'Brien, Lilly Berger, children from West Forty-third street, in aid of the sick babies. We hope that our contribution will be of some benefit to the dear little ones.

IDA STRAUSS, Manager.

Entertainment in the Country.

To the Editor:

We, the following little girls, who are spending the summer at Mr. Hall's, Hurleyville, Sullivan county, held an entertainment last evening to aid in relieving the poor little babies; being tired better the next time, we send you the sum of $3.

Anna A. Brandon, Mabel Carraher, Lillie Gerdes, Hattie Hall, Edith Gerdes, Ada Carraher, Minnie Brandon, Gracie Hall, Gertie Brandon.

OUT OF THE MAIL BAG.

Pleased to Hear It.

To the Editor:

Since the inauguration of your crusade against the Department of Street Cleaning I have noticed a perceptible change for the better on the part of the employees of that Department. The carmen take all the dirt which the sweepers have left, whereas, before they took about half. The Ninth Ward, which is perhaps the cleanest ward in the city, is now cleaner than ever. Wishing success to crown your efforts in this crusade,

WILLIAM A. CARR.

Filthy New York.

To the Editor:

Is it not time something was done to check the criminal carelessness of our city officials? To the notorious shame of our city fathers our fair city is now nothing short of a disease-breeding hole. Let our Mayor direct his attention for a moment from the Park place disaster horrible as it is, and reflect on his criminal's listless attitude on the street-cleaning question. The city's millions are absorbed with a recklessness that make it appear that our public servants are our masters. Breathe grossly incompetent, is retained with no word of apology. Our Mayor seems to glory in our polluted city. Foul odors and smells are everywhere in the air to the menace of thousands. Our streets reek with the accumulated filth of days. The increased mortality and sickness are not noticed. Side by our wagon, your car, the elevated train, everywhere the mountain of refuse and rottenness becomes a stench unbearable.

Many succumb to the contagion and die. A little death notice of three lines mayhap marks the demise, with death attributed to other than the true cause, and all is soon forgotten. Listless New York moves on, tolerating a nuisance far more dangerous than we can imagine. Her people seem wholly unconcerned, probably realizing that it would do no good. Her richer contingent are away from the deadly odors in Summer and breathe them not. To these people the lumber look for redress or relief. Money seems to be spent freely in employing "paper chasers." Petty arrests are of daily occurrence. We must submit quietly or incur the enmity of the big organizations. Meanwhile THE EVENING WORLD is making a great battle. If it wins it is worthy to go in history. If it loses it will fall in a noble fight.

CITIZEN.

Seats in City Hall Park.

To the Editor:

Why don't the Park Commissioners place a few more seats in shady parts of City Hall Park? Hundreds of people pass through the park every day who would like to take a few minutes' rest but cannot on account of the few shady seats being occupied, and they do not wish to sit in the sun and probably get sunstruck. There are plenty of seats lying idle in a corner of the Tax Receiving office. I have seen them myself, and there is no reason whatever why they should not be put in use.

SUFFERERS.

S—i. { draw your breath in through your teeth. }
Ptch Ah!
This is the nearest
we can come to
spelling that smack
of your lips as you
drink Root Beer
made in five minutes with

Knapp's
ROOT BEER
EXTRACT

TRADE MARK

25 cents a bottle.
Grocers and Druggists.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Bolsters Are No Longer in Favor—Fashions in Parasols—Silk Petticoats—A Wholesome and Easily Prepared Dessert—Long Sleeves and Two-Button Gloves

Bolsters are being forced out of favor. The leading upholsterer if left alone to fit up a sleeping-room will strain and rug the floor. Use a brass bedstead with a fine woven bottom, one thick hair mattress, four square pillows of down and feathers, linen sheets and cases, Marseilles quilt and no shams or top pieces. By way of a touch of elegance a lace spread may be added and an eiderdown quilt of red or blue silk. The furniture covered with India cottons or English cretonne is preferred to costlier fabrics. With the indispensable cheval glass, small dressing table, and a confidder, is more desirable than a bureau or dressing case.

A great deal of grill work is seen in private New York houses about hallways, landings and entrances, to correspond with the light carvings in the Adams style of furniture.

Large sun-shades, overloaded with lace flounces and colored flowers, are no longer fashionable this summer. They are made quite simply, of plain silk of every imaginable color, matched to the toilet. Some have an embroidered border round the edge, but most are quite plain; all the ornament and fantasie are lavished upon the handle. The most sober and really costly are with gold knob, engraved with crest and initials, but there are a number of more fanciful ones of ivory, old silver or chiselled ivory; and the most unique of all, the fureur of the season, is the handle of carved rustic wood, headed with insects, flowers and fruit, admirably imitated from nature.

Turn-over collars on soft silk shirt-waists and a knotted sailor tie is much more comfortable than a choker and a stiffly starched Vassar shirt-waist, but both are in vogue.

Only think of petticoats of rose-colored silk batiste, trimmed with plisses of rose and black silk gauze, and fairy-like ribbons to match—the acme of luxury and extravagance, for one wearing, or almost half a wearing, must crush and spoil them. And some people have not bread to eat, though, indeed, the evil might not be cured by the sacrifice of the silk gauze petticoat of Madame la Princesse. Well, with the black and rose petticoats were provided black silk stockings embroidered in rose to match, while with the jupons of lilac and white there went stockings seemingly made entirely of point d'Alençon applique on lilac; and here, apropos de bottes, an old friend long unseen is making its appearance again, in the shape of white silk stockings with high colored clocks, to go with the popular white shoes.

Stage dancing is becoming a popular feature at a large number of evening parties. Private theatricals send many aristocratic young ladies to the theatrical dancing masters, and some of the pupils have acquired so much proficiency as to make hostesses eager to secure their services. The dances are not always confined to the stately figures of the minuet, but extend to many of the Gaiety movements. At some houses professional dancers have been engaged.

Long sleeves on all manner of dresses and wraps have revived two-button gloves and forced the value of bracelets below par.

Nine out of every ten women in New York jump out of the street cars with their backs to the horses, and nineteen out of twenty bite their lips either from habit or to save the price of rouge.

Here is a recipe for a wholesome, toothsome dessert, easy to prepare and very inexpensive. Select nice fruit, apples, peaches, pears or quinces, one for each member of the family, and stew whole. Make a light syrup or rich sauce flavored with ginger, lemon or almond, and pour over each dish. A slice of loaf cake, a lady-finger or a cream cracker is all that you will need to complete the course.

The influence that clever women have, and the way in which it can be used for the advantage of their husbands, is well exemplified in the following anecdote, told by the late Sir John Macdonald: "I remember," Sir John is reported to have said, "when Wolseley was out here during the first Red River rebellion. He was nothing greater than a Colonel then and I took Mrs. Wolseley down to dinner one night at Lord Lisgar's. She talked brightly of her clever young husband, and wound up by asking me if I would not make him Governor of the Northwest Territories. 'I will,' said I, and I fully intended to do it; but while I was at work in my room in the East Block of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa a few days later I was seized with a sudden illness, as every one knows, and lay there helpless for weeks. In the meantime Sir George Cartier assumed control of affairs and appointed one of his friends to the Governorship. Wolseley was passed over and became in time the greatest General of the day. If I had had my way he might have become Governor of the Territories, and in time even a Canadian Cabinet Minister." It is an open question which Lord Wolseley would have preferred.

THE CLEANER.

I hear that there is a movement on foot to erect a public hall in Boston in memory of the late Wendell Phillips. This, it is said, is due to the fact that Mrs. Phillips objects to having a statue of her distinguished husband built.

* * *

Plums, so a fruiterer told me yesterday, were never so plentiful as this year. Reports from growers around the country state that the crop is abundant and of unusual excellence.

* * *

Managers of the World's Fair in Chicago, I understand, are not likely to accept M. Eiffel's proposition to erect a tower. His plan is merely a modification of the Parisian tower, and in addition he wants the Board to furnish all the money, which may amount to $1,000,000.

* * *

A friend, lately returned from England, tells me of an ingenious scheme profitably followed by a woman in London. Just before the exodus from the city to country took place she advertised to care for plants during the owners' absence. She secured a number of customers and added materially to her income.

* * *

Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall was among the passengers who arrived on the Britannic yesterday. During her absence abroad Ollie has been devoting himself to real-estate enterprises in Westchester county.

* * *

Now are the funny men vindicated. That which they have pictured for years in various ways has come to pass. A small boy in Pennsylvania put a quantity of paper caps in his hip pocket. His mother spanked him and the caps exploded, leaving the boy minus trousers and plus a few burns. The mother got a bad fright. She didn't know he was loaded.

* * *

The proprietor of Taylor's Hotel has seized the trunks and wardrobe of Ann O'Delia Diss Debar, which, in addition to her unpaid board bill, were left behind when she disappeared with averred suicide tendencies. The last time I saw the fat spook priteress, by the way, was on Third avenue, a few weeks before her disappearance. She was trying to borrow $25 from a friend.

* * *

A gentleman in Brooklyn is the possessor of a valuable white cat. Last night while sitting on the stoop he saw pussy running about the street and spent half an hour trying to coax or drive her back into the house. He gave up the chase, hot and tired, and returned to find his cat peacefully reposing in the dining-room. He had been chasing the wrong animal.

* * *

Ex-Gov. Person C. Cheney, of New Hampshire, whom President Harrison is said to have in view for the Secretaryship of War, when Mr. Proctor becomes Senator, is well known in business and financial circles in New York. He is one of the most extensive paper manufacturers in New England, and several times a millionaire. He is genial, cultured, liberal, and when I met him in the Astor House rotunda the other day, he seemed the picture of health.

IT WAS A SOFT JOB.

But Then Henry Worked Overtime and That Wouldn't Do.

There's a sensible old mechanic living up on Sixth street, with a pretty daughter and a young man coming to see her, who is Secretary of an Eight-Hour Club and is generally a stickler for rights of labor, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

Last Saturday night he was at the house for the seventh time that week and the clock had struck 12, without knocking him out. Pretty soon the old man's sock feet were heard in the hall above and he called downstairs very gently:

"Mary! Oh, Mary!"

"Yes, father," she answered softly, "what is it?"

"Ain't that Henry down there?"

"Yes, father," and Henry was holding her hand.

"Well, Mary, 'spose you ask Henry before he quits if he ain't working just a leetle overtime here lately. Good-night," and the old man chuckled and retired.

QUIZZED BY LINCOLN.

The Judge Interceded for a Soldier Without Success.

Judge Glenni W. Scofield was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, says the Harrisburg *Telegraph*.

A Warren County private, having knocked down his Captain, was tried, convicted and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas.

His friends urged Scofield to have him released, so he went to see the President and told his story. Listening attentively, Lincoln replied:

"I tell you, Judge, you go right down to the Capitol and get Congress to pass an act authorizing a private soldier to knock down his captain. Then come back here and I will pardon your man."

The Judge says that there was such an air of quizzical earnestness and desire to serve him about the President's manner that they both broke out in an outburst of laughter. The Judge did not press the case further.

The Stern Chase.

[From Puck.]

Young Aspirant (to editor)—I wish to pursue a literary career.

Editor—Well, young man, pursue it. If you ever catch up with it, drop in and let me know.

Oft in the stilly night,
When Cholera Morbus found me,
"Pain Killer" fixed me right,
Nor wakened those around me.

Most OLD PEOPLE are friends of
Perry Davis'
PAIN KILLER
and often its very best friends, because for many years they have found it a friend in need. Accidents generally occur in the daytime, while Cholera Morbus and such troubles usually culminate at night. To get rid of any such pain before it becomes an ache, use PAIN KILLER. Buy it right now. Keep it near you. Use it promptly.
For sale everywhere. IT KILLS PAIN.

He Had to Swallow That.

[From Puck.]

Miss Laymlow—Really, Mr. Squirmley, I do not think that you had better take me out. You don't know what a perfect Jonah I am, and always will be.

Mr. Squirmley (seizing a long-awaited chance)—Oh, Miss Laymlow—Clara—let me be the whale!

Miss Laymlow—This is very sudden, Mr. Squirmley. But I have no desire for a three days' engagement.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

[From Judge.]

Mrs. Laytin (just returned from a good time)—Why, it's only 2 in the morning!

Mr. Laytin—Humph! If I'd been coming home alone, instead of with you, you'd think it was late enough, I'll bet!

His Income.

[From Puck.]

"I am so glad, my son," said the loving mother of the rising young architect, as she fondly stroked his head, "that you have done so well. How much money do you expect to make this year?"

"Well, mother," replied the talented young man, "that is hard to tell, but I am sure of $2,400. You see," he continued, gently pressing his mother's hand, "I have just got an order for four $600 cottages."

She Meant It, Too.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

"This is the woman's age," remarked Mr. Bisbee to his wife, as he read an advanced paragraph in the evening paper.

"Say woman's era, Mr. Bisbee," suggested his wife.

"And why, my dear?"

"Because no woman likes to have her age commented on," was the consistent answer.

More to the Point.

[From Judge.]

Poet (impressively)—I always know when I write something that is very good.

Critic (thoughtfully)—But do you know when you write something that is very bad?

Lucrative.

[From Puck.]

"This is a very wet country. What do you raise here chiefly?"

"Umbrellas."

His Fast Life.

[From Brooklyn Life.]

Briggs—I see that young Pelter has been discharged from his position as bookkeeper.

Griggs—You don't say so! What was the matter?

Briggs—His employer accidentally overheard that he was a graduate of a business college.

A Recommendation.

[From Puck.]

Mr. Keywest—Have a cigar?

Mr. Fewmar—No, thanks. You mustn't be spending money on me all the time.

Mr. Keywest—Tut! These didn't cost much. Take one.

A Perfectly Natural Death.

[From Brooklyn Life.]

Briggs—Did you hear about my barber cutting his throat?

Griggs—No. How did he do it?

Briggs—He was shaving himself.

THE NEW YORK HERALD

If you are curious to know how easily intelligent people are fooled by a

WILDCAT SCHEME

Read the Complete Exposure in to-morrow's HERALD.