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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

A BARGAIN WITH KIDNAPPERS.

Probably few fathers able to raise the sum required would let $5,000 stand between them and the chance to recover a dearly loved child from kidnappers. Therefore the first thought of every parent will naturally be one of glad sympathy over the case of DAVID T. BEALES and the boy who has just been restored to him on payment of the amount mentioned in Kansas City. The boy was stolen Thursday night and returned last night.

But there is a question whether in living strictly up to his agreement to let the go-between go unmolested and unfollowed Mr. BEALES acted either for his own best interests or those of the public.

Has he not by his course, which makes him appear as a comparatively easy victim of the kidnappers, lent direct encouragement to men who are ready and willing to engage in such nefarious operations? Has he not even laid himself open to a fresh attack of the same sort?

It is a fine question of morals as to how far a man may go, in the interest of right and justice, in violating a compact made with thieves. They are prompted solely by dishonest and discreditable motives. Is it utterly dishonest and discreditable to meet them, in a case which may be exemplary, by the temporary use of their own methods of business?

If Mr. BEALES had broken his promise, arrested the thieves' agent and devoted his $5,000 to charity rather than to the encouragement of kidnapping, would not the end have more than justified the means?

THE ONONDAGA RETURNS MUDDLE.

Justice KENNEDY, at Syracuse, continues his distinctly partisan efforts to make the inspectors of election in certain Onondaga districts correct their returns after a fashion utterly opposed to their convictions of right. He has somewhat modified his expressions regarding what he chooses to consider an interference from a high officer, meaning Gov. HILL, but still indulges in veiled criticisms of the State Executive not becoming in a man sitting on the Supreme Bench.

The inspectors who have refused to do the Judge's bidding are now threatened with the Grand Jury and proceedings for contempt. They declare, however, that they will remain firm in the stand they have taken. The proceedings are most remarkable, most surprising and such as should not have been possible in a free State.

A Greensburg, Pa., young man who attempted suicide said he did it because a brother with whom he had been reared had just been married and he couldn't bear the thought of separation. This explanation is a bit disphanous. There is more likelihood of the truth of another man's story that the would-be suicide wanted the girl his brother married.

Russia and France form a defensive alliance and will wage diplomatic warfare—to maintain peace. Germany boasts of the dependence it can place on its fine army—to maintain peace. Austria boldly speaks the truth. The situation in Europe, it says, gives ground for fear.

Two Botzum, O., men are reported as engaged in settling an interesting wager as to which can sit the longer on top of a rail fence. Many fellows having been on the fence all their lives, it is hardly probable that either Botzum man will make a new record.

It is painful to read of France's lack of interest in the World's Fair, for while the lack of a full exhibit from any one country will not affect the material success of the Exhibition it will detract from its completeness.

Sir WILLIAM GORDON CUMMING, of baccarat fame, will now, it is said, endeavor to force society to recognize him again. Well, he forced the Prince and the rest of them to show their hands, didn't he?

The anti-lottery people have issued an appeal for funds to the people of New York. Without them they say they will be unable to fight the monopoly that is holding Louisiana down.

An importer and broker is accused of undervaluing Italian cheese. Such an act seems hardly possible to those who know the article only superficially.

Of course, Chancellor CAPRIVI is not ready to resign. A resolute man does not so easily give up the place of first assistant boss of a great Empire.

Those British Guards at Aldershot evidently meant what they said when they remarked that that disagreeable corporal could go and be hanged.

Five more instances of people being run over in the city streets were reported yesterday. Is there to be no reform here?

Property owners along the proposed routes should not wittingly delay the new Rapid Transit scheme.

The police do a particularly gratifying piece of work every time they catch a badger gang in its den.

THE CLEANER.

Gen. Johnston, who is here in behalf of the anti-lottery people, told me yesterday that the lottery craze is dwarfing New Orleans. A man buys a ticket, and until the drawing is worthless for business or anything else. He calculates what he will do with the first prize, lives in his air castles and awakens to find his prospective gold pot, clay.

* * *

I see that Henry S. Ives, the late Napoleon of Finance, has come before the public again, this time in the wake of a handsome opera-singer. He is a weird and wonderful young man.

* * *

Ernest A. Jurgens, late of the Eden Musee, is an example of a poor man trying to keep up a very large end. He got in with a fast set, and the result is that he has skipped off to Europe. There is a $15,000 hole in the Musee's finances. Otero's coming to town was unfortunate for the whilom manager.

* * *

I wonder how much longer the Biglins will run the Custom House.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Besant is with us again, and Mr. William Q. Judge is also back from the Pacific coast. There should be consequent joy among New York Theosophists.

* * *

I hear that Fanny Davenport is to join the colony of actress ranch owners in California. She is said to have purchased three hundred and eighty acres of land near the property of Mme. Modjeska, and will establish game preserves and poultry yards.

* * *

The December number of the *Club* has just been issued. It is a handsome periodical, profusely illustrated and full of good reading matter. I find in it many items of interest regarding men prominent in club circles.

BOOK NOTES.

"Harold: An Experiment," a novel by Beckles Willson, a New York newspaper man of the younger generation, is a fascinating and cleverly told tale of the race question from a startlingly new standpoint. It is the history of an experiment by a speculative philosopher by which he hoped to rear a black boy baby from the wilds of Africa in a hothouse of British culture and aristocracy into a refined English gentleman. He succeeds, but at the expense of exquisite torture to the subtle sensibilities he has propagated under Harold's black skin. Harold finally concludes that a black man cannot hope to be other than black, and returns to Africa in middle life, hating the experimentalist. The story of Old Messiah is a folk lore masterpiece Harold is very interesting, indeed.

Presidential Policy Playing.

[From the Chicago Times.]

There will be 444 votes in the next Electoral College. This is cheerfully suggestive of the darkies' favorite "gig."

Light on a Dark Subject.

[From the Chicago Post.]

England possesses 1,900,455 square miles of African territory, which probably accounts for the negroes in the British woodpile.

Both Were There.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

It is said the New York horse show was a great success. It's a pity the scientists didn't make use of it to authoritatively settle the old problem of the white horse and the red-headed girl.

Why Not? Plenty of Boomers.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

Oklahoma having been admitted to representation in the National Committee, we may expect the booming twin cities of Kingfisher and Snakefeeder to play the Minneapolis-St. Paul act in 1896.

Ingalls Not Overlooked.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

A Kansas editor, who sent Mr. Ingalls his newspaper during the seventeen years the latter was in the Senate, has not overlooked him this year. The ex-Senator has received a bill for the seventeen years' subscription.

The Anti-Sherman Squad.

[From the Cincinnati Times-Star.]

When the anti-Sherman editorial squad, like Dundreary's bird of a feather, "goes off into a corner and flocks by itself," it looks very lonesome. Better fall into line, gentlemen, and make this thing unanimous.

Money and Labor's Opportunity.

[From the Chicago Press.]

It is not so much that more money is needed, but freer opportunities. Give labor a fair chance to produce wealth, and it will get along very well without any money at all. At best money is a mere tool, a very handy one, it is true, but not indispensable; and it is constantly growing less important in the world of commerce.

Great Year for Babies.

[From the Detroit Sun.]

What a great year for the babies. It has blessed the rich as well as the poor and the great. The baby year is now rapidly drawing to a close. There are new babies in the houses of Oelrichs, Flower, Cleveland, John Jacob Astor and other rich and prominent houses. Many of the rich babies will make just as much noise as the poorer ones. It is a glorious year.

Rob a Graveyard? Hardly.

[From the Cincinnati Times-Star.]

One of the first duties of the big Democratic majority in the House will be to denounce, trample upon and bury out of sight the rules of Tom Reed. The next step will be to dig them up quietly at midnight by the aid of a lantern, change their form a little and adopt them for the guidance of the new majority, counting a quorum clause and all. The Democratic party do move.

Deaf for a Year

Hearing Restored and Catarrh Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Three years ago, as a result of Catarrh, I lost my hearing entirely and was deaf for more than a year. I tried various medicines and physicians, but without improvement. I could

Distinguish No Sound.

I was intending putting myself under the care of a specialist when some one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla would do me some good. I began taking it without expecting much help. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Till I had taken three more, when I stopped. It is now over a year, and I am troubled but very little with Catarrh. I consider this a very remarkable case. HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter st., Rochester, N. Y.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Man Who Sympathized.

It was on a Greenpoint ferry-boat. We had just left the Brooklyn side when a middle aged man, who was well dressed and had a business look about him, was noticed searching all his pockets in a nervous and hurried manner. He at once attracted the attention of thirty or forty people, and as the search continued sympathy and interest were gradually aroused. The same thought occurred to all—he has lost his wallet, and presently an oldish man with a butcher's apron on went up to him and inquired:

"Lost anything, neighbor?"

"Yes, my wallet."

"That's too bad. Have much money in it?"

"About $60, I believe."

"Shoo! When did you miss it?"

"Just now."

"I declare! Mebbe you dropped it on the floor around here somewhere."

The old man went around the cabin and out on the passageways, looking as carefully as if for a needle, and after three or four minutes returned to say: "I can't find hide nor hair of it. Perhaps you had your pocket picked."

"I don't think so."

"Wall, you can't tell. I lost a two-dollar bill on this boat once, and I've allus thought a feller who said he was a Judge picked it out o' my pocket. I'll look the crowd over and see if there is any suspicious-lookin' people aboard."

"You needn't do that. I'm quite sure no one robbed me."

"Better be on the safe side, you know. If there's a pickpocket aboard we all want to know it. I'm allus willin' to help a neighbor in trouble.

He went spooking around with an Old Sleuth expression on his face, while the crowd began to enjoy the affair and watch his movements. He made the rounds of the boat and returned to say:

"Haven't spotted anybody, neighbor."

"Very well; we'll let the matter drop," replied the loser.

"What! Give up lookin' for $60! We mustn't do it. Say, neighbor, are you sure you didn't leave it around the house? Any man is apt to do that once in awhile, you know. If your wife is anything like mine and she finds it, she'll hook at least $10 of the money."

"We will drop the matter," said the loser, who was looking over his morning paper.

"It seems a great pity to lose them $60," observed the old man. "Mebbe you didn't leave it to home after all. Tell you what I did only two weeks ago. I'm no drinking man, but a glass of beer tastes awful good once in awhile. I went into a saloon and got a glass and walked out and left my wallet right on the bar! Yes, sir, and it had $13 in it! Lands alive! but didn't I jump four feet high when I diskivered that my old wallet was gone! I got it back all right, but it learned me a lesson. You didn't stop anywhere to get a nip, did you?"

"Sir! I want to drop this matter!" sternly replied the victim.

"Don't want to find your wallet?"

"No, sir!"

"Nor talk about it?"

"No, sir!"

"Nor have any of my help?"

"No, sir!"

"All right?" said the old man as he backed off and sat down. "I've shown that I am willing to help a neighbor in trouble, and that clears me. You may have left it under your pillar, or you may have left it in the saloon where you got your cocktail. If you don't care I don't. I'd like to know what you got mad about all of a sudden, but I'm not goin' to ask. I can be just as proud as you can, and I hope your wife will find it and hook every blamed old dollar in it!"

"Jawy," but Not Forever.

[From the Bradford, Pa., Star.]

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The People's party is not a political beauty, nor has it a long tenure of life; but it is "jawy" while it lasts.

Time Is Money.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Very few people have an idea of the slowness of the average New York surface car. A few days ago a sarcastic looking woman with a baby got on a car at Sixtieth street.

She paid her fare, and asked what was the charge for the infant.

"No charge, madam. We only charge adults," said the conductor.

"Then I might as well pay. This baby will be grown up before we get to where I am going to get off. I'm going five blocks."

FILL THE TREES.

The Poor Children Look to You for a Merry Christmas.

You Can Spare a Trifle to Make Them Happy.

Gifts of Any Kind Will Be Gratefully Received.

Make it a merry Christmas for the children. You can do this by sending a sum, large or small, to the fund which THE EVENING WORLD is raising for that purpose.

Trees are to be erected in various parts of the city laden with gifts of all description, and invitations are to be sent to deserving parents to bring their children and partake of the general joy.

Of course, there will be thousands of boys and girls to supply and that is why you are asked to lend your aid.

It takes but a small sum to buy a suitable gift and this sum can be readily spared by all.

Time is flying and the poor children look to you for the one great ray of happiness in their lives. Don't disappoint them. Send in something, be it money or gifts, and make your own Christmas all the brighter by reading of how you helped the little ones to enjoy the great holiday.

Contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier N. Y. World, Pulitzer Building.

All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Manager "Evening World's" Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE.

The American, National and Westcott Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Previously acknowledged	400.57
Willie, Charlie and Frankie Scullin	1.00
Pamrapo	1.00
J. F.	.50
Edna B. E.	.50
Flo. T.	.10
Joe and May	.20

Three Brothers.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Christmas-Tree Fund from the three Scullin boys, Willie, Charlie and Frankie, Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

A Thanksgiving Dollar.

To the Editor:

I have much pleasure in sending a Thanksgiving dollar towards the Christmas-Tree Fund. PAMRAPO.

Half-Dollar from Rondout.

To the Editor:

Please accept 50 cents towards helping forward the Christmas-Tree Fund for the children. J. F., Rondout, N. Y.

A Friend in Albany.

To the Editor.

I collected 50 cents from my cousins and my aunts, &c., which I send as my second contribution for your Christmas-Tree Fund, and I hope you will get lots of money for the poor children. EDNA B. E., Albany, N. Y.

A Brooklyn Girl.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 10 cents for "The Christmas-Tree Fund." FLO T., 180 Halsey street, Brooklyn.

Joe and May.

To the Editor:

Inclosed are two dimes for the Christmas-Tree Fund contributed by Joe and his sister May.

WORLDLINGS.

The greatest market for wild animals in the world, the place where circuses and museums purchase their wild beast curiosities, is the establishment of the firm of Hagenbech, in Hamburg. In a plain store-house, 500 yards by 600, they have in stock specimens of every kind and condition of animal life.

The first murder in fifty-six years in Iceland has just occurred. It is a record that seems marvellous to the warmer-blooded nations of the south.

A Californian proposes to establish a ranch for the breeding of elephants. One object of the projector of this new industry will be the introduction of elephant steak as an article of diet.

Two of the proud possessions of an Atlanta man are a sabre and a cross of the Legion of Honor that one of his ancestors received from the hand of the great Napoleon.

The French have invented and put on the market a substitute for butter, the basis for which is the fat obtained from the carcasses of freshly slaughtered cattle. It is said to be superior to any other artificial butter yet produced.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Down by the Lane.

There dwelle a maid across the street—
Alas! alack! and wellaway!
And once our optics chanced to meet—
Oh, bitter, bitter was the day!

For I the hour to beguile—
The maid was very fair to see;
Did meekly venture on a smile—
Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me!

And thinking that the maid smiled back—
For I am very near of sight—
I seized my pen from off the rack
And large upon a sheet did write:

"Meet me at eight, down by the lane,"
Where I at eight did swift repair—
Alas! I ne'er shall walk again!
It was her father met me there.
—*Boston Courier.*

Poverty.

A poor, lorn tramp to Croesus said:
"Give me a quarter, please,
You are are so rich, while I'm so poor
My skin bags at the knees."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Her Great Mistake.

She said the ring he gave to her
Was not a perfect fit.
Oh, fatal error! For he got
Another girl for it.
—*Puck.*

In Every Receipt

that calls for baking powder, use the "Royal." Better results will be obtained because it is the purest. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome. It is always reliable and uniform in its work.

MISS MARIA PARLOA says: "It seems to me that the Royal Baking Powder is as good as any can be. I have used it a great deal and always with satisfaction."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Hats and Dresses of the Same Cloth—The Military Cape Bidding for Favor—Woollen Tissues for Mantles—Some Hints on Boiling Milk.

One of the latest fashions of the season, is for the young ladies and children to have hats made of the same cloth as their walking-jackets, redingotes or cloaks. The shape for many of these is almost flat, with either a pleat bent up at one side or the back; they are generally edged with a plain silk cord, and are frequently trimmed with one bird, laid on just under the pleating. A bow of ribbon is very general under the brim; the dog's-ear trimmings, made in cloth, and lined with silk, are also fashionable.

Among new fur-trimmed cloth garments the military cape promises to be the most fashionable. It falls full from the neck far below the waist, without height on the shoulders. The collar and a yoke-like piece are of fur, and a short gathered cape of cloth is added to the yoke, giving fulness without height on the shoulders. A still more elegant model is a deep cape of gray cloth narrowly edged all around with chinchilla and lined with gray brocade. Just above the shoulder tips is mounted an elbow cape of gray velvet, falling very full and trimmed with three rows of chinchilla, which gives the effect of three small capes. A twist of velvet and chinchilla is at the top of the velvet cape, hiding the join to the velvet yoke, which is cut to flare out as a high collar lined with chinchilla. For evening capes this design is repeated in cream-colored or beige cloth, lined with ermine, the upper cape banded with three rows of ermine, showing the black "taillettes" which mark this royal fur. A third cape is of brown cloth, trimmed with mink. Very elaborate capes of royal purple or of violet cloth, combine lace with fur in the trimming, having the upper cape of black lace, headed with mink tail or sable fur. Black cloth military capes have the shorter below cape of black velvet, with collar and borders of Persian lamb.

To make the most of herself is the instinctive aim of every womanly woman. To wear the clothes that will accent and emphasize her good points and minimize her defects is her natural desire. It is as natural for a girl to want to look pretty as it is for a robin to want to sing. Everything goes more smoothly with her if she feels that she looks her best.

Half a million pansies, one hundred thousand roses, and millions of other flowers, including every known variety and species, will be seen at the Chicago Exposition. The horticultural exhibit will be on a scale never before attempted in the history of the world. Mr. Thorp, of the floriculture division, estimates that the equipment of the horticultural building, including the purchase price of plants, will be $550,000, and the total expense of the display $750,000.

The new woollen tissues for mantles are thick and hairy, with fancy patterns over grounds of light or medium shades.

Some of these are trimmed with velvet. Thus a mantle of greenish-blue Thibet cloth, brocaded with a curious floral pattern of a darker shade, is trimmed with dark blue velvet. A deeply peaked piece of velvet comes down to the waist in the middle of the back. The cloth forms a flat plait on each side and a middle piece, plaited fan-wise, is added from the waist. The side pieces form loose sleeves, falling over the arms, headed with puffed-out epaulets of velvet. There is also a yoke and high collar of the same. The fronts are plaited onto this yoke and fall loose. The whole mantle comes down to a little below the knee.

A Nonnette mantle is of gray nun's cloth; it is a long circular, fitted to the shoulders by pinches, fastened down the middle in front, and trimmed with a drapery added on at the neck. This drapery is rounded at the back, and comes down into a deep peak on each side in front. High collar edged, as well as the whole outline of the mantle, with a fur border put on inside and showing a little beyond the edge.

The *Hospital* gives some very good advice respecting the boiling of milk, which we cannot do better than reprint verbatim: There seems to be no doubt that the milk of cows suffering from diphtheria will communicate the disease to those who drink it unless it be thoroughly cooked. If this be so, and Dr. Thorne Thorne offers evidence of a very convincing kind on the point, what must be thought of those parents who, to save themselves or their servants a little trouble, will not be at the pains to insist that all the milk of the family shall be boiled before it is used? Many people are under the impression that milk boiled is milk spoiled. But if the milk be boiled immediately after it is received from the milkman, and then allowed to cool before it is used, its flavor is in no way interfered with. Milk ought no more to be taken raw than beef or pork. It may be that the raw milk which was universally used in the country twenty years ago, and in double or treble the quantities taken by townfolk, had a great deal to do with the increased prevalence of diphtheria in country districts.

Very Thoughtful.

[From Judge.]

Mrs. Cumso—I wonder why the session of Congress is arranged to begin on the first Monday of December instead of the first Monday of November?

Cumso—The idea was to have nothing interfere with the enjoyment of Thanksgiving Day.

PIOUS MRS. WEST ACCUSED.

Misappropriation of Rutgers Female College Funds Alleged.

Treasurer Ferris Says the Shortage Is Between $1,000 and $2,000.

The Aumni of Rutgers Female College, at 54 and 56 West Fifty-fifth street, to-day learn for the first time why Mrs. Eleanor S. West, for six years the lady principal and the apparent personification of goodness, is no longer at the head of the institution.

It will be a shock to many of them, too, to learn that the pious Mrs. West was forced to leave because of the alleged discovery that she was converting the college funds to her own use.

The amount of her alleged stealings is not yet known, for the investigation of the accounts of the institution has not been concluded. According to Dr. A. W. Ferris, the Treasurer, the amount known to be missing is between $1,000 and $2,000.

Possibly the full amount will never be known, for Treasurer Ferris says the trustees are disposed to be satisfied with getting rid of Mrs. West and may let the matter rest on the grounds that it would not pay to prosecute the inquiry further, and that they dislike pushing a woman to the wall.

When Mrs. West was engaged as Principal by Dr. Samuel D. Burchard, six years ago, it was without references of any sort. Her pious pretensions and kindly face impressed President Burchard so favorably that, according to the stories she has repeatedly told, he engaged her without further inquiry.

She was the daughter of a Rev. Mr. Youngblood, a missionary to Java, she said, but of her history absolutely nothing was known. She received a salary of $400 per annum and living rooms for herself and family, which included husband and two daughters.

The institution did not prosper under her management, but her excuses were accepted by the trustees until last March, when Dr. A. W. Ferris, a grandson of one of the founders of the College, was elected a trustee and Treasurer.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning Dr. Ferris said:

"I became suspicious of Mrs. West at once, because I discovered that she was untruthful. She was a very suave woman, not yet fifty, I should judge, but with hair tinged with gray.

"Her piety was too pronounced, and when I discovered that she was inclined to prevaricate I inquired carefully into the financial affairs of the institution, and found that she was retaining tuition fees which should have been turned into the treasury.

"When the investigation disclosed that her peculations amounted to over $1,000 a meeting of the trustees was called, and Oct. 20 she was allowed to resign.

"Whether there will be criminal proceedings taken I am not prepared to state, but I think the trustees are inclined not to take any further steps.

"The College has entered upon a new era of prosperity since Mrs. West left, and we hoped that no publicity would be given the matter. But since you have learned the facts we must admit their truth."

Mrs. West's husband died last Summer in a hospital, and one of her daughters, who went to Liberia as a missionary, is on her way home. Her brother, whom she had given a room in the college basement, was sent to Blackwell's Island for drunkenness. Her whereabouts are at present unknown.

Mrs. James T. Hoyt, the new Principal, this morning said she had received a letter from Mrs. West last Saturday, dated simply New York, stating that she would send an address where her household goods might be sent, but the address has not yet been received.

MITCHELL IS VICAR-GENERAL.

Appointed to Assist Bishop Loughlin in the Brooklyn Diocese.

Bishop Loughlin, of the Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn, announces the appointment of the Rev. James H. Mitchell as Vicar-General, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Vicar-General Keegan eighteen months ago.

Father Mitchell, who is pastor of the Jay Street Cathedral, was born in Brooklyn forty years ago and was ordained in 1876. He has been Secretary to Bishop Loughlin for many years. The Bishop is now seventy-five years old and very feeble, and rumor has it that the appointment foretells Vicar-General Mitchell as the Bishop's successor.

SNOW IN THE STATE.

Six Inches of the Fleecy at Lockport and Rochester.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LOCKPORT, Nov. 28.—Snow began falling here last night at 7 o'clock and evidently continued all night, as the depth at present is fully six inches. It is still snowing, with a light wind from the east. The storm thus far has been of mild character.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 28.—It snowed here most of the night and is still at it (10 A. M.). There is no wind, and the depth is about six inches.

SARATOGA, Nov. 28.—A severe snowstorm set in late this morning and prevails throughout the Adirondack region.

YOUNG NEEDN'T PAY ALIMONY.

The Perfumer's Wife, However, Wins her Suit for a Separation.

In the suit by Emma B. Young for a separation from Richard D. Young, the perfumer, on the ground of abandonment, Judge Ingraham has denied her motion for alimony. The Judge said that under the circumstances he did not think the defendant should at this time be ordered to pay alimony.

"It is clear," he said, "that such a judgment would now be entirely useless, except to allow the plaintiff to have the defendant punished for contempt."

A modification may be applied for when Young is able to pay alimony. The separation is granted.

PICKED THE CHIEF'S POCKET.

Two Slick Thieves Outwitted a Jersey Police Officer.

Chief of Police Earl, of New Durham, N. J., is much chagrined to-day at the loss of two prisoners whom he had arrested for picking pockets on the Guttenburg race track.

The prisoners were sharp, well-dressed men. On the way to the jail they invited Earl to go in a saloon and have a drink. While there they stole the key of their handcuffs from him, and, going into a closet, freed themselves and got away.

Hornby's Oats

Is it expensive?
As an oat meal—
Yes—

H.-O.

As the best oat-food, it costs less than a cent for a meal for four.

Is the best too good for you?

PERFECT HEALTH.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA,

Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.

THE GREAT STRENGTH RESTORER.

A Sure and Positive Cure

For Nervousness, Weakness and Debility, Nervous Debility, Weak and Shattered Nerves, Tired Feeling, Sleeplessness, Poor Blood, Heart Failure, Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Despondency, &c.

The Great Nerve, Brain and Blood Invigorant.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA is the most successful remedy ever discovered. Its sales are simply enormous. It cures more cases of disease than any other known medicine, and has saved thousands upon thousands from Paralysis, Insanity, Nervous Prostration, Heart Failure, Physical Exhaustion or Death. It is, beyond all question, the greatest health restorer in existence.

Use this wonderful remedy if you wish to get well, for it is a sure and positive cure. For sale by all druggists; price $1.00 per bottle. Refuse all substitutes.

Is This How You Feel?

If you are weak, tired and nervous, with lifeless feeling and no ambition to work, it will restore your strength, vigor and energies. If you are sleepless and wake tired mornings, with dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite, depression of mind and extreme nervousness, it will clear your head, tone up your nerves, invigorate your blood and put vim and life into you.

Dr. Greene, the famous lecturer and specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free at his office, 35 West 14th st., New York, personally or by letter.

SARAH AS PAULINE BLANCHARD.

A moan in six acts was uttered at the Standard Theatre last night by Sarah. It was called "Pauline Blanchard," and it dealt with agony "in all styles." It was an unlighted picture of French country life, by Messrs. Darmont and Humblot, who evidently believe that "fond nature bids us all lament." With Sarah out of the cast "Pauline Blanchard" would probably come in for a good share of our ridicule, for its characters are all the conventional ones of tragedy—the ultra-stern father, the fervent lover, the hated rival and the despairing heroine, and their tragic sides are accentuated so as to overshadow everything else.

Imagine "Pauline Blanchard" translated into English and done at one of the Bowery theatres, with real reapers, a quartet of "boy voices"—as Daly would say—and a country dance. You can almost see the typical American tragedy star ranting all over the stage as she has never ranted before, for "Pauline Blanchard" is agony distilled, and there is no respite.

Sarah, however, entirely robbed the drama of its cheap horrors and gave a magnificent performance, that may be described as the best example of absolutely legitimate tragedy that New York has had for a very long time. As the simple country girl, Sarah is as marvellously convincing as in the more pretentious roles of her repertoire. She has never contributed anything more artistic than the scene in the first act with her father, when he rants and rages, and she, silent and afraid, watches his face. Sarah does not say a word, yet in this one mute passage the genius of this superb actress held the audience in a thrall.

The *père* Blanchard has just informed her that she shall never marry Francois, the son of his unwilling rival, but that instead she must become the wife of Cadet. All this is told with undue paternal brutality. In the next act, in the provincial *mairie*, the marriage of Pauline and Cadet is to be celebrated. Pauline has promised Francois that she will say "No" at the last moment, and he, also anxious to stop the marriage, tells his father, who is to perform the ceremony, that Pauline has been his mistress. This does not move Pauline's father very deeply. He warns Pauline that if she fail to do her duty, "Sur la memoire de ta mere morte, je t'ecraseral devant tous." In her agony she says "yes" when she intended to say "no," and she is pronounced a wife. Sarah's face during the ceremony was a wonderful picture of dumb, intense misery.

In the third act, all mud-bespattered, she appears at the house of a garrulous old aunt, and Francois finds her there. She has run away from home immediately after the marriage ceremony. In the fourth act efforts are made by her father to discover her whereabouts. In the fifth act Pauline's reason has given way. She hears that Francois is in love with "la petite Simon," and this is the last straw. She suffers from hallucinations; thinks she sees Cadet, and finally starts forth totteringly for her home. Sarah's realistic acting in this episode electrified the house and she was recalled four times.

In the last act she meets Cadet, who, yielding to his passion, kisses her rather too fervently. She seizes a sickle that is lying on a table, throws her head back and, while she is still in his arms, cuts his throat. Then she bursts into loud laughter and the villagers all rush in. There are a few moments of agony and Pauline yields up the ghost while the song of the reapers is heard outside.

Darmont played Pere Blanchard with old Bowery methods. His interpretation was seldom worthy of Sarah's company, yet once or twice he seemed to touch the artistic chords. Piron, who played Francois's father, was distinctly unpleasant. He has a strong Auvergne accent, and evinces an inclination to pronounce b as p, and v as f. Mme. Fleury was very satisfactory as the old aunt, and Fleury as Francois was Armand Duval, made rural.

"Pauline Blanchard" can certainly not be described in the way I once heard a dude describe Chopin's "Marche Funebre"—as "an awfully jolly little piece, don't you know."

ALAN DALE.

A Covenience.

[From Life.]

"I shouldn't think you'd care to live here in New Jersey, so far from a drug store."

"Oh, that's all right. You drop a nickel in the slot-machine up at the station and get all the quinine you want."

LADIES, I sell Furniture without cash deposit; longest credit, enormous stock. Manufacturer's Agent, 103 West 29th st.

The Vanishing Lunch.

[From Judge.]

Mercenary Tavistock—Of course, Pilberger, if it wuz any common, low-down five-dollar gold-piece what I'd dropped I wouldn't squeal a bit; but I've wored dat one on me watch-chain fer years, an' I'd miss it terrible.

Self-Inflicted Punishment.

[From Puck.]

The Martyr—Come in—it's all right—boy is following my instructions—I feel I need this sort of thing—played the races yesterday.

Did She Use a Side-Saddle?

[From Judge.]

"Sue got on her high horse again this afternoon," said Miss Bleecker to her Boston friend.

"What was the present occasion of her incurring her altitudinous equine?" asked Miss Emerson.

Whence His Obstinacy.

[From the Epoch.]

She—Now we're run away, dear, you'll have to depend on your own resources, for pa will never forgive us.

He—What makes you so sure of that?

She—Because when he married he eloped with ma.

Signal Service.

[From the Boston News.]

McFingle—I understand that Gamby has received an appointment to the signal service.

McFangle—Gamby! Why he doesn't know anything. What sort of a position does he hold?

McFingle—He flags trains at a crossing!

The One Thing Needful.

[From the Pittsburg Bulletin.]

The Real Estate Agent—Now this house is complete in every detail. Even the laundry is perfect, with stationary tubs, &c.

Von Bibjulus—Never mind about the wash-tubs. What I want is a stationary key-hole in the front door.

Beat Them All.

[From Texas Siftings.]

The conversation turned upon aged people.

"My grandfather," said Gilbooly, "died at the age of ninety-four.

"My grandmother was one hundred and three when she died," remarked Hostetter McGinnis.

"And in my family," put in Gus De Smith, not to be outdone in boasting, "are several who are not dead yet."

THE great clearance sale of Books by CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM, 720 Broadway, will begin Saturday morning and will afford an excellent opportunity to secure bargains.