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A MIDWINTER RECORD.

EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH OF

THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION

IN ONE YEAR.

Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1891.....	313,612
Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1892.....	377,892
A NET DAILY GAIN in twelve months of.....	64,280

In Advertising, Too.

Total Number of Advertisements printed in The World during February, 1891.....	57,022
During February, 1892.....	67,159
NET GAIN.....	10,137

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or inclosures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Pauper emigrants must go back.

The trotter will not trot in Central Park.

Keep an eye, honest Senators, on the Huckleberry give away franchise bill.

GARZA's fellows have deserted him. Success makes the revolution, defeat rebellion.

Will HARRISON's bed of down be turn down as to renomination? is a question that interests politicians.

The Laundry Workers' Union resolved at Cooper Union last night that the Government should wring out the Chinese.

The oystermen's war is again opened in Chesapeake Bay. One man killed so far. Is there no *modus vivendi* to be established?

Chicago's Grand Jury has indicted a few more Aldermen. Those who escape the process will presently be marked men.

French Anarchists, having failed to do effective work with dynamite, now propose to resort to poison. Not very desirable citizens, these.

Narrow-chested and short-breathing men are to be excluded from the State militia. It takes a good deal of wind for modern war purposes.

The reckless driving of street cars must be stopped. There is a daily record of accidents. The only way to stop it is to make examples of those responsible.

Was HILL a disappointment to Savannah Democrats? So one of them says, and, if true, his trip did not bear the salubrious results that were desired.

The reckless butcher-cart driver was abroad again last night. A Columbia College professor was the victim this time. There are ways within the law's reach to stop such driving.

Boston blue blood is frozen in its veins. The story has come along that President ELIOT, of Harvard College, in an address at Salt Lake City, likened the Mormon pioneers to the Pilgrim Fathers.

Congressmen CAMPBELL and STAHLNECKER should not have been absent at the critical point in the free-silver battle last night. Because they were derelict the battle may have to be sooner fought again.

When little WILLIE WARD was in danger of drowning yesterday off the foot of a Harlem street his sister MABEL jumped into the water to try and save him. She was brave, but she had taken too big a job, and Policeman MECKERT had to pull her ashore while Policeman WARD took a hard swim in icy water to rescue the boy. Little heroine MABEL and big hero WARD go on the list together in the brightest of red letters.

Ayer, Mass., was in the position of a small town with a big sensation the other day. A citizen had died painfully and mysteriously, and his wife had been taken suddenly sick with symptoms like those which her husband had exhibited. Some circumstance seemed to indicate that a son of the pair had poisoned his parents, and the young man was promptly chased and arrested. Now it transpires, on a post-mortem examination of the dead man, that there was no poison in the case, nor in him, and the son is set free. Which shows again that it isn't always safe to hang on the strength of circumstance.

THE STREET-CLEANING BILL.

The Street-Cleaning bill, which promises so much good to New York, was halted yesterday in the Legislature at Albany because meddling Senators burdened it with amendments to which the Assembly could not agree. As amended, the bill would involve an expense of nearly $300,000 per year more than was provided for in the original bill as it had passed the Assembly.

Such an increase was uncalled for and unnecessary. Therefore the amendments were unwise. The bill had been officially approved in New York by the Mayor and the Citizens' Committee. It was carefully drawn to meet all contingencies. It should not have been tampered with.

No time should be lost at Albany in getting the measure back to its original form and making it a law.

A SIGNAL TRIUMPH.

The House of Representatives voted on March 7 to consider the Bland Free Coinage bill. The vote was 190 in favor of consideration and 84 against. The majority in favor was therefore 106. It was made larger by the refusal of some of the Republicans to vote. On the final vote the Bland men expected a majority of at least 40.

Yesterday, on a motion to lay the bill on the table, the vote was 148 to 148. It was decided in favor of the bill by the casting vote of the Speaker.

In the mean time THE WORLD's petition had reached Washington. It was signed by 6,000 Democrats, and it asked the Democrats in Congress to postpone action on the Silver bill until after the Presidential election. The effect of that petition was shown in the vote on the motion to lay on the table. That motion was practically to postpone action. It was a vote on the request of the petition. The result was a signal triumph for the petition and justified it.

The absence from the House of two New York Democrats, STAHLNECKER and CAMPBELL, defeated the motion to postpone. If they had been present the Democratic party would have triumphed over the free-coinage faction.

UNBECOMING WAR TALK.

It is unfortunate that President HARRISON did not learn wisdom from his experience in the Chilian episode. He should have been taught that the intelligent portion of the American people does not take kindly to war bluster and pronounced jingoism; that it does not believe the dignity and interests of the nation are to be best preserved by hasty intimations of the country's readiness to resort to other means than those of peace to obtain concessions to demands which other nations may consider arbitrary.

The country is not ready to bring on a war without having first exhausted all the possibilities of arbitration and diplomacy. And it is not ready at all to have war brought upon it over a matter which really affects the National honor and credit only in so far as these qualities may be injured by the act of those in high office to whom is intrusted the sacred duty of their defense.

The President's latest communication to the British Government on the Behring Sea matter shows that he did not learn the lessons herein indicated; that he misunderstands the spirit of American independence and mistakes the feeling of the popular majority of the country. He will find some sympathy, undoubtedly, among the extreme "anti-British" spirits, but by the best and most truly patriotic citizens he would never be forgiven should his unstatesmanlike utterances really bring the United States into active hostilities with Great Britain.

The profits from the Alaskan seal trade are not National. They go to an established American corporation, which has a monopoly of the business. It is the interests of this monopoly which are chiefly at stake in this question of Behring Sea jurisdiction. It is proper that the matter should be the subject of such arbitration as may settle it once for all. But to go to war over a side issue—that of Great Britain's refusal temporarily to renew the *modus vivendi* of last year—would be the height of National folly.

The Primitive Church, of Fall River, was lately disturbed by the sudden disappearance of its pastor. Now the missing clergyman has written that he will "explain all when he gets to England," and it turns out that all is not clear about the Church funds. Nothing primitive about this minister's sense of discretion as to the time and distance at which he will explain.

Cadmus, according to the old fable, sowed dragon teeth, which sprang up into armed men. Mrs. Dr. HELLWIG, of Chicago, finds a plentiful crop of information on tariff regulations springing from $900 worth of imported false teeth which got planted in the Custom-House for lack of duty payments. Perhaps she would sooner have faced armed men.

A maniac in East One Hundred and Eighteenth street jumped from a window last night and struck the ground forty feet below. With the proverbial luck of crazy men and drunken men he escaped serious injury, but his wife, who tried to hold him back, was pulled out with him and badly hurt. The ways of chance are ever incomprehensible.

Recorder SMYTH's suggestion to let the Police Justices in Special Sessions impanel juries and relieve the General Sessions Court of minor cases is a practical one and a good one. And it has never been maintained that under present arrangements the Police Justices have over-earned their salaries.

There was a sad logic about old Tailor ROGOX's suicide in West Thirty-ninth street. He was disabled by accident and his little store of money was going fast. While there was still enough to bury him he hanged himself and escaped the Potter's Field. A commonplace pitifulness to this tragedy.

Dr. PARKHURST may at last begin to believe he has moved something. The Police Inspectors have been before the Grand Jury, also one Police Commissioner, and there is a murmuring talk of something like 250 indictments. Is it just possible that a pursuit of the wicked has begun?

March 22, 1891, a Honesdale (Pa.) miller was saved from drowning in an ice blockade at his dam. March 22, 1892, he was drowned at the scene of his escape of the year before. His fate was a stern pursuer, by the calendar.

Only a School Friendship.

Miss Murden, who was said to have been a friend of Miss Paulding, denies that she has been in the company of that young woman for at least three years. They attended the same school as children which may have given rise to the report of the alleged friendship.

THE CLEANER.

Jack Mason and Mrs. Jack Manola Mason have sought the balmy breezes of Bermuda. They propose starring next season.

* * *

Here is a chance, girls, to see Carmencita. She will dance in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall next week at the Woman's Exchange entertainment for the benefit of poor gentlewomen.

* * *

The International League of Press Clubs proposes to establish a home for aged and infirm journalists, and it is a very worthy project.

* * *

A theatre is to be built on the Hotel Royal site. This means that the new municipal building will not be built there. Otherwise some insider would have bought and held the property for an advance.

* * *

The latest is that the Duc de Morny must fight Mr. Borrowe. But Borrowe says nay.

* * *

Fanny Davenport isn't as strong as she was some years ago. She did not appear in the Harlem Opera-House last night, and the audience went away without the Cleopatra feast.

* * *

Grover Cleveland is a Signia Chi. He was elected last night.

* * *

Congratulations are in order. The cornerstone of the Grant Monument will be laid on April 27. Better late than never.

* * *

I am sorry to hear of a grievous affliction which has come to James Connaughton, the big-hearted Principal Keeper at Sing Sing Prison. Only a couple of months ago diphtheria robbed him of a beautiful girl of five or six years, and another child barely escaped death from the same dread disease. Wednesday he buried a lovely two-year-old daughter, and, to add to his affliction, she was one of the twins of whom he was so proud. These twins—a boy and a girl—were the admiration of Mr. Connaughton's acquaintances. The surviving boy is strong and healthy, and I join with all the Principal Keeper's friends in wishing that he will live to bless his father's declining days.

A Blow at the Bean.

[From the Courier-Journal.]

The assertion that cigarettes addle the brains of Massachusetts people is startling. It proves that there must be some serious deterioration in the New England bean. Time was when an intellect nourished by the genuine bean of New England could not be addled.

Mesalliance.

[WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

A brooklet, purling gayly,
A fire burning bright;
The fire saw the brooklet,
And languished at the sight.

"Oh, come to me, sweet Water,
And cool my tortured heart!"
"Bright Flame," replied the brooklet,
"We nevermore shall part."

They met in rash embracement;
The rest, if you would know,
Go seek the blackened embers,
Or watch the brook's sad flow.

IRVING R. BACON.

Have No Equal.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unapproachable in curative properties, rapidity and safety of action, and are the only reliable plasters ever produced.

They have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equalled by the unscrupulous imitators who have sought to trade upon the reputation of ALLCOCK'S by making plasters with holes in them, and claiming them to be "just as good as ALLCOCK'S."

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS stand to-day indorsed by not only the highest medical authorities, but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

TIPS ON HOME RULE.

Wife Management as Outlined by "Evening World" Readers.

Husbands and Bachelors Can Profit by Their Advice.

Prose and Poetry Enlisted in This Interesting Contest.

That wife managing is an art, is fully evidenced by the letters received in THE EVENING WORLD's contest. Advice of every kind is given in detail, and husbands that are or are to be can profit by it. Competitors must comply with the following:

Conditions.

THE EVENING WORLD *will give a gold double eagle to the writer who shows best* "HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE." *The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to* WIFE EDITOR, THE EVENING WORLD, *P. O. Box 2,354.*

The New Ten Commandments.

To the Editor:

1. Do unto her as you would have her do unto you in all things.
2. Earn all the money you can and give her all the money you can.
3. If you work away from home go straight home after work.
4. Go out as little as possible without her, but let her go out as often as she will without you.
5. Never praise another woman's looks, dress, &c., above her own.
6. Never strike her except in fun; let her do all the scolding.
7. Allow her to invest her share in dresses, hats and finery according to her taste, and ask her opinion in reference to yours always.
8. Don't be afraid to chop wood or bring coal from the cellar; assist her all you can, and ask her to assist you.
9. Be sober, industrious, honest, kind, tender, affectionate and sympathetic towards her.
10. Stick to her through thick and thin.

C. O. D. 820.

Lose No Happy Day.

To the Editor:

In my opinion where sense is displayed there is no necessity for much argument or unpleasantness. In case of such difficulties, husband and wife should always meet each other half way. Life is too short to make one another miserable.

Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back,
Chance is swept away.

Neither should attempt to play or be boss, but each should consider the other on an equality, and thereby give and command proper respect. Husband should try his utmost to make his wife happy in everything. He should also show her his confidence, love, honor and truth. I think if this course was followed a wife could be easily managed. I have had fourteen years' experience; have followed the foregoing ideas; have four lovable little ones, and am happy.

COMMON SENSE.

In an Acrostic.

To the Editor:

To first select a companion,
On whom you can depend.

Marriage some say is a failure,
And hearts don't always blend;
Now, my matrimonial experience
Amounts a score of years;
Gently has time dealt with us,
Entirely free from tears.

A "wife" should have your confidence,

Which mine from first had won,
I "give" and "take" advice,
For or two heads are better than one;
Enough said—I am done.

P. K.

Quoted from Fuller.

To the Editor:

This is not original, but very good in my opinion.

"First get an absolute conquest over thyself and then thou wilt easily govern thy wife."—*Fuller.*

ELIA BENEDICT.
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Love Must Be the Banner.

To the Editor:

"His banner over me was love." I should advise any young Benedict who would govern his wife to deal liberally in the aforesaid commodity. Love can achieve all things. The silken cords do not rasp, yet they are every way effectual. Let him treat her with the gallantry of a lover, the confidence and fairness of a partner, also the indulgence and fondness of a husband. Woman is the most abnegating, devotional creature of God's creation, and, when her love is involved, the most heroic, no sacrifice being too great. Particularly is her heart's desire towards her husband, and it is the Lord's design and her pleasure that the same should rule over her. Were it necessary she would willingly go through the typical fire and water to serve him. In any case his wish would be her law, and she would ever anticipate all his desires.

L. H.

A Recipe Sure Enough.

To the Editor:

Recipe for managing a wife: Take sixteen ounces of love and one ton of pure gold; sprinkle freely with diamonds; add a layer of horses and carriages, and serve with coachman, footman, chambermaid, waiter, seamstress, &c. Take recipe if carried out carefully will never fail.

"TERRA COTTA."
Perth Amboy, N. J.

Only a Few Need Managing.

To the Editor:

My idea on the subject is this: If a couple marry purely for love (and love only), as they ought to do, then such a thing as "managing" each other is out of the question. For a husband to think of ruling and managing his wife is absurd. We speak of managing children, not wives. Of course, there a few who need it, but as a general rule a wife who loves her "lord and master" devotedly, will do all in her power to make him happy and retain his love, and in that case no managing is necessary. Let the husband consider the wife his equal in all respects and confide in her and she will be sure to do the same. I repeat once more that managing is not needed where both parties have married for love alone.

MAUDE C., Bronxville, N. Y.

Not What He Meant.

[From Truth.]

Miss Budd—I am to be Ophelia in the tableaux. Do you think I'll make a good one?

Cholly—Oh, yaas, vewy. She was—aw—that crazy lady, wasn't she?

Discounting the Future.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Teacher—Mary? and what is your last name?

Young Woman—I can't tell just yet; but I guess it will be Smith.

Nothing in Particular.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Chillun—What do you suppose the poor baby is crying about now?

Chillun—Haven't kept track; should say about all the time.

CLOVER LEAF HIGH GRADE CALIFORNIA WINES

Agency, 91 Hudson street, New York.

STRAW HATS FOR SPRING.

Of Lace-Like Texture and Capable of Many Shapes.

Two Features of Tailor-Made Suits—Other Fashion Notes.

Many of the hats for Spring wear are made of lace-like straw with well wired brims so that they can be bent into a variety of shapes. One way of trimming this style of hat is to bunch a lot of red and yellow roses up in front in pompon fashion, fasten a stiff bow of lace and velvet in the back and attach a pair of strings under the knot. These strings are then crossed and recrossed, and stick from three to seven little pins of silver, gold and fancy stones.

There are two distinct features of the current tailor-made suit—the coat basque turns back in reveres to show a vest of white marseilles or tan cloth, and the side gores of the skirt are seamed over the front and stitched laps ornamented with bone buttons the size of a 25-cent piece.

If the crust is light and the prunes are stoned and thoroughly cleansed plum pie with Philadelphia cream cheese is a prime dessert.

Girls in London who are employed in the jute, match, leather, box, jam, cracker, mat and candle factories work from 6 A. M. until 7 P. M., averaging 10 shillings, or $2.50, a week. Considering the awful hardships of their lives there is nothing remarkable in the fact that many of them are rough, hardened and almost violent in their natures.

This is the season laxative dishes such as, onions, spinach and green fruits. The nicest way to serve spinach is to cream it, and the dish pays for the trouble. Three pounds spinach, two tablespoonfuls salt, two ounces butter, eight tablespoonfuls cream, one small teaspoonful pounded sugar, a very little grated nutmeg, poached eggs. Well wash the spinach, put it in a large saucepan with half pint water, and salt; when it has boiled for rather more than ten minutes, drain it thoroughly, chop it finely, and put it in a saucepan with the butter, stir over the fire, and then add the other ingredients, and simmer for five minutes; serve with bits of toast and sections of hard boiled eggs.

Grown people as well as children might escape many attacks of cold, sore throat and rheumatism if they slept in woollen instead of muslin nightgowns. The material need not be heavy, but so long as there is wool next to the skin the too rapid escape of the bodily heat is prevented. It is a well-known fact that wise people who make a study of health wear woollen body garments the whole year through, changing the weight to suit the weather.

The culinary innocence of the new pupils in the local cooking schools is quite remarkable. Women who have been keeping (?) house for years are unable to distinguish a skillet from a grater; some are unable to handle a steak or a fish when in the broiler, and it is a rare thing to find a beginner who can make and serve toast properly.

WORLDLINGS

Vice-President Morton's daughters are all fond of horseback riding, and the two elder of them bid fair to become accomplished equestriennes.

Nearly all the spools used for winding thread in this country are made in Oxford County, Me., out of white birch wood.

The late Baron Chazal, Belgian ex-Minister of War, was made a major-general when only thirty-four, a very youthful age for one to hold that rank in Europe.

Isidor Rayner, the Maryland Congressman, is one of the most promising of the younger orators in Congress, so it is said. But as he is forty years old, he has had time to win his spurs.

But one person among 10,000 attains the age of 100 years, according to the life insurance tables.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Old Picture.

I have her here, though faint and dim,
The profile face and figure trim.
I fancied once, long years ago,
I cared for her, and now I know
It was no passing youthful whim.

I picture now her figure slim,
And see it here, by time made grim;
Then to myself I whisper low:
I have her here.

The pictured face may dimmer grow,
But time shall never rob me so;
I think I have the best of him.
The cup of joy is full to brim,
For she is near in calico—
I have her here. —*Yankee Blade.*

Bis.

Down the street he softly comes,
Smiles polite and bland;
Scrapes serenely, and with joy
Takes me by the hand.

Hopes I'm feeling very well—
Says I'm looking so;
Passes onward, while a smile
Sets his cheeks aglow.

He's a pedagogue and knows
Just as he's alive;
I have got a little boy
Somewhat more than five. —*Puck.*

Nothing New Under the Sun.

They could not print long years ago
They say, but we know better,
For ever since they made an "O"
They've had the "circular letter."
—*Brooklyn Life.*

Next Best.

[From Puck.]

He—Will you marry me?

She (emphatically)—No!

He (undismayed)—Then will you promise not to marry Bob Sawyer?

Hunting Item.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"What luck did you have while you were out hunting yesterday?"

"The worst in the world. It's very strange that the birds never fly where I shoot."

A Drawback.

[From Judge.]

"How has that railroad into your city affected her prosperity?"

"Ruined it. People can get away now for less than it costs to stay."

Don't worry yourself into a fever. House hunting is a pleasure when you use THE WORLD'S REAL ESTATE INDEX.

THE TORPEDO SIGNAL.

It Means That Danger Is Ahead!

A railroad train rushes on through the night at fearful speed. Crack goes the signal torpedo on the track. *It is the danger signal* to be heeded Now, or the train will be dashed to frightful destruction.

So it is in life. Reader, *do not fail to heed the danger signal!* You have overworked, or the Grip has left you weak and run down. You have lost your old-time snap and vim. Work that you used to do with ease now tires you. You often feel dull, tired and without ambition. You pass more or less sleepless nights, wake mornings tired and unrefreshed, have little or no appetite for breakfast, your head feels dull, there is a bad taste in the mouth; your stomach, liver and kidneys are not right, and bowels constipated. You go about your employment with a sense of weakness, weariness and distaste for taking hold of work. Besides, you are nervous, irritable and "blue."

Then look to yourself! These are your danger signals, to be heeded now, or shattered nerves, nervous prostration, physical exhaustion, heart failure, serious kidney or liver disease, paralysis, insanity or premature death will surely result.

Save yourself before it is too late by using the great giver of strength and health, Dr. Greene's Nervura, the wonderful restorative which has saved so many thousands, and which will save you from physical and mental wreck if you use it now. Purely vegetable and harmless. Druggists, $1.00.

"I felt weak and dizzy in the morning, and my stomach would not digest well, and made me feel as it would burst. I had excruciating pain in the pit of my stomach at times. I used Dr. Greene's Nervura, and *every dose gave me relief the moment I took it*: the pain is all gone, and I feel strong all day—in fact, *I feel like a new man.* I would not be without Dr. Greene's Nervura in the house. JOSEPH E. HOOD,
"129 Front st., Woonsocket, R. I."

☞ Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease will be returned free.

The Beneke Shoe
TRADE MARK.
IS STRICTLY HAND MADE
Gold Medal Paris 1889.

For grace, comfort and durability there is nothing like the Beneke Hand Made Shoe; perfect as to style and fit, unequalled as to durability, moderate in price.

$3.50, $4, $5 &c.

Boots & Shoes made to Special order.

The Beneke Shoe can be obtained only at 199 and 201 Canal St., we have no branches and never had a partner associated with us.

BENEKE BRO'S.
199 to 201 Canal Street.
ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Thought-Reading.

[From Judge.]

"I say, old chap, you haven't such a thing as a five-dollar bill about you?"

"Yow on earth did you guess that?"

Modesty.

[From the Cloak Journal.]

Brown—Hello, Jones, out in this rain without an umbrella?

Jones—Don't be alarmed, I'm not getting wet. This is my new Mackintosh from abroad.

A Change of Base.

[From the Cloak Review.]

Featherstone—What are you doing for a living now, Uncle?

Uncle Ebony—I's gone into de dry-goods business, sah.

Featherstone—What are you, a floor-walker?

Uncle Ebony (with great dignity)—No, sah. I's a floor-cleaner.

Failed to Accomplish Its Purpose.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Bunker—I have a literary friend who is so absent-minded that when he went to Chicago recently he telegraphed himself ahead to wait for himself at a certain street.

Hill—Did the telegram have the desired result?

Bunker—No. He got it all right, but he had forgotten to sign his name, and not knowing who it was from, he paid no attention to it.

A Hopeless Case.

[From Puck.]

Doctor—You must give up drinking and—

Mr. Sickly—I never touch a drop.

Doctor—And stop smoking.

Mr. Sickly—I don't smoke.

Doctor—Humph! that's bad. If you haven't anything to give up I'm afraid I can't do much for you.

In Philadelphia.

[From Puck.]

Professor of History—Miss Streete may tell the class who George Washington was.

Miss Marquette Streete—Oh, er-r-r—the gentleman our Mr. Childs was named for.

It's a fact. The Table d'Hôte dinner for 75c. at THE COLUMBIA, on Union square, 5 to 8 P. M., is the best in the city. Charming music.

ODD BITS OF CONTEMPORARY HUMOR

That Heaven Was Only Intended for Two People.

The veteran actor Richings, on one occasion at least, found that it was almost as important for a "super" to know his part as for the chief actors, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

In the transformation scene of one of his pieces the flats had to draw off for the last tableau and discover his daughter and himself in apotheosis in the clouds.

On the occasion referred to he was a little slower than usual in changing his dress, and all the performers had taken their stations for the scene as he came rushing on with his daughter to complete the picture, when, to his horror, he discovered upon the elevation which they were to occupy a great, gaunt super in dirty tights, tin armor and a gilt helmet, already in apotheosis.

"What are you doing there, sir?" gasped Richings as soon as he could find breath.

"Standing in 'ipothisis," responded the super, who had evidently read the play-bills and was proud of his position.

"Come down, you scoundrel! Come down at once!" ejaculated Richings, who imagined the man was chaffing him.

"The manager told me to stand 'ere in this 'ere 'ipothisis," responded the super sturdily, with the air of a Roman sentinel ready to die at his post.

"But do you know where you are, sir?" shrieked Richings. "You are in heaven, sir—in heaven, and hang you, sir, no one is allowed there but Caroline and myself—no one!"

The Water Color not Natural.

The artist in aquarelles had made a striking picture of an old soak with a nose that was something to be proud of, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

"Well, Colonel," he said to a gentleman from Kentucky who was looking at the painting, "what do you think of my water color?"

"Is that what you call it?" inquired the Colonel, taking a closer view.

"Yes."

"Well, it's away off in my opinion."

"Why?" inquired the artist, greatly disappointed. "What's the matter with it?"

"Matter enough," said the Colonel, testily. "There ain't any water in the world that will put a color like that on a man's nose, and I'll bet you the price of the picture on it."

An Ingenious Conductor.

On a Maine Central train not long ago a lady passed a conductor one full ticket and two half tickets, the latter being for a pair of youngsters that looked old enough to pay full fare, says the Portland *Express*. The conductor asked their age. "Ten and eleven," the lady replied.

On the conductor's face there was a look of external doubt, but there was no way to disprove her statement then. Later on the boys went into the smoking-car, and there the genial conductor in due time found them.

They had a chat about a lot of things, and during the chat each boy told in what year he was born. It was only a matter of subtraction to learn that one boy was fifteen and the other seventeen.

The conductor went back to the lady and blandly demanded the balance of the fare, saying: "Your boys were born on such and such days, and are fifteen and seventeen, respectively."

The lady's response as she forked over the cash was: "You're a mean, stingy thing. How in the world did you find out?"

Defined.

[From Puck.]

She—Do you not consider a lap dog a luxury?

He—Goodness me! More of a nuisance.

Don't Fail to See

The display of unique furniture at Geo. C. Flint Co.'s, 14th st. and 6th ave.

RIDLEYS'
GRAND ST., NEW YORK.

BIG BARGAINS IN CLOTHING.

MEN'S SPRING OVERCOATS,
$5.95---$8.95.

MEN'S SUITS . $6.95, $9.95.

Boys' Long-Pant Suits, ages 14 to 18,
$5.75, $6.75.

Boys' (3-piece) Short-Pant Suits, 13 to 15 years,
$3.95, $5.45.

Boys' 2-piece Suits, ages 4 to 13,
85c., $1.35.

Boys' 2-piece Suits, all wool,
$2.99, $3.45.

Boys' Blue and Gray Sailor Suits..... $1.25

Boys' Jersey Suits, 3 to 8 years..... 2.49

Boys' Colored Cambric Waists..... 25c.

1,000 Pairs Boys' Knee Pants.....21c. and 25c.

☞ See announcement in daily papers for coming Spring Millinery and Suit Opening.

EDWARD RIDLEY & SONS,
309, 311, 311½ to 321 Grand st., N.Y.

BOYS' SUIT, EXTRA PANTS, EXTRA HAT. 1.98 BOYS' SUIT, EXTRA PANTS, EXTRA HAT.

WE HAVE MADE UP ABOUT A THOUSAND SUITS OF OUR OWN; OTHER HOUSES ASK $4.00 FOR THE SAME IDENTICAL SUIT WITHOUT THE EXTRA PANTS AND HAT, WHICH WE GIVE FREE.

$5.00 BOYS' INDIGO TRICOT SUITS.
$10.00 BOYS' LONG PANT SUITS, TRICOT AND INDIGO BLUE.
1,000 PAIR BOYS' CORDUROY PANTS, NATURAL FINISH, 49c.
$10.00 MEN'S FINE SPRING OVERCOATS.
$15.00 MEN'S FINE CHEVIOT SUITS. THESE SUITS ARE IN BROADWAY WINDOWS AT $20.
$1.19 SPECIAL SALE OF LADIES' DONGOLA BUTTON SHOES.
99c. BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. SOLID LEATHER.
MEN'S N K CALF SHOES, ALL STYLES, BIG BARGAINS, $1.19.

LADIES, SEE OUR TAILOR-MADE CLOAKS, OUR OWN MAKE.

Mann Brothers,
314 to 320 Grand Street.

FLINT'S FINE
FURNITURE
Rare Bargains.

Buyers should not fail to examine this stock. It is probably the largest in the city, and for good work lowest priced.

More than 150 different patterns of the newest styles of solid Walnut, Antique Oak, Cherry and Ash BEDROOM SUITS at $22 and upward, 225 PARLOR SUITS, new styles, well made, at $58 and upward; 50 new designs in SIDEBOARDS at $18 and upward.

Also DINING CHAIRS, TABLES, HALL STANDS, LIBRARY TABLES, CHIFFONIERS, &c., in large QUANTITIES and REMARKABLE FOR CHEAPNESS.

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GEO. C. FLINT CO.,

STORES, 104, 106 & 108 West 14th st.
Between 5th and 7th aves.;
ONE DOOR WEST OF 6TH AVE.

SAVE CENTRAL PARK.
REPEAL THE RACE-TRACK BILL.
MASS-MEETING, COOPER UNION
To-Night, 8 P. M.
GREAT SPEAKERS.

MONEY SAVED!
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

At $2.97,
Finest Domestic Calf Skin (Goodyear welt), perfect fitting; usual retail price, $4.00.

At $3.98,
Finest Calf hand welt (equal hand work), a regular $5.00 shoe.

At $4.98,
Finest French Calf or Patent Leather, hand sewed. Equals Custom Shoes that would cost $8.00.

Our sales are greater than any 3 men's shoe stores.

Kennedy 12 Cortlandt St.

ELISHA P. FERRY,
GOVERNOR OF WASHINGTON,
says:

"Have had occasion to refer to The World Almanac very frequently and have found it to be invaluable as a book of reference, information and statistics. It affords me great pleasure to recommend it to the public."

The World Almanac and Bureau of Information is for sale by all Newsdealers and Stationers.
Price, 25 Cents.

AMONG THE WHEELMEN.

H. J. Jerkowski is the new captain of the Lenox Wheelmen.

The Montauk Wheelmen expect to be comfortably settled in their new club-house by April 1.

The Kings County held a very enjoyable reception last night.

The Bergen County Wheelmen will use the Staten Island Club's track this season.

The Brooklyn Bicycle Club will elect officers April 12.

The Harlem Wheelmen are preparing for another entertainment.

The Columbia Cycling Club has several men in training for the Summer races.

The Manhattan Bicycle Club will entertain its friends to-morrow night.

Well Earned.

[From Puck.]

Helen Hyler—I have to be very economical now; I'm on a salary.

Jack Lover—You mean an allowance; one has to work for a salary.

Helen—Oh, I have to work hard enough to get it out of papa!

TRULY A "BONANZA."—A clean home report, 128 columns choice miscellany and Fiction, "BONANZA" out to-morrow. 5c. all dealers.