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	1891.	1892.
March 1.....	247,040*	347,280
" 2.....	298,950	413,540
" 3.....	295,630	387,950
" 4.....	300,420	371,700
" 5.....	302,040	385,650
" 6.....	303,210	262,700*
" 7.....	304,260	374,110
" 8.....	245,800*	351,880
" 9.....	294,950	375,600
" 10.....	301,230	385,040
" 11.....	302,710	380,210
" 12.....	297,100	389,090
" 13.....	298,020	272,820*
" 14.....	308,730	382,910
" 15.....	248,850*	384,520
" 16.....	305,870	382,320
" 17.....	405,740	477,080
" 18.....	309,600	378,400
" 19.....	305,500	382,560
" 20.....	305,810	266,882*
" 21.....	302,960	375,803
" 22.....	238,360*	377,535
" 23.....	303,630	375,348
" 24.....	305,140	377,725
" 25.....	307,090	379,912
" 26.....	303,110	382,541
" 27.....	297,790	267,280*
" 28.....	303,770	414,433
" 29.....	237,990*	383,141
" 30.....	300,670	379,415
" 31.....	299,190	382,343
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NET GAIN PER DAY OF

77,699.

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.

It's a wise bomb that knows its own Anarchist.

Report has it that Wrestler MULDOON is training Mr. BLAINE. Is it time to look out for somebody's throw-down?

With the best Street-Cleaning law the city ever had, of course New York will expect the cleanest streets it ever had.

PATTI will disinherit a rascally nephew, who has been alienating the affections of another man's wife to the neglect of his own. The nephew has roused unpleasant "music in the air" and it will cost him a pretty note if the diva sticks to her present tune.

Mrs. ANNIE ROUSH has died in West Virginia, aged one hundred and six years, and leaving more than 2,000 descendants. The family chorus must have been something remarkable when this mother's children and grandchildren rose to call her blessed.

New York's "high life" society receives its most crushing blow from Newburg. A colored man arrested for non-support of his wife lays all his trouble to his being led astray by the fast company he fell into while he was coachman for a Gotham swell.

Boomers by thousands will rush into the new Cheyenne and Arapahoe lands when they are opened next week. The rest of the country won't miss them, but many a man among them will miss all he now thinks he sees in the fresh settlement. So it has been with all such "booms."

Death caught yesterday a trio of men distinguished in strangely diverse ways. They were GEORGE HENRY WARREN, one of two survivors of the original social "Patriarchs;" Judge JOHN K. PORTER, who helped to defend BEECHER and to prosecute GUITEAU; Brig.-Gen. THOMAS W. SWEENEY, who served notably well in the Mexican and civil wars.

SARAH BERNHARDT could only get mad and cancel a few dates when her dog was refused entertainment at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis. LILLIAN RUSSELL's pet met the same refusal, but LILLIAN smuggled him in. Then she said, "I am so sorry he has to go," while at the same time she kept him tight and didn't let him go. The queen of comic opera is quite up to a situation which disgruntled the queen of tragedy.

ABUSE NOT RIGHTEOUS ZEAL.

It is an old saying that Satan is painted blacker than he really is. The clergymen of New York just now seem disposed to make the character of this city appear darker than the truth will warrant.

In point of good order, morality, respect for the law and safety to life and property New York is certainly the superior of London and the equal of any other large city in the world. If the disgusting orgies that disgrace London and implicate persons in the highest positions in society were practised here there would be an outcry that would cost some of the offenders dear.

There is, of course, much that needs reform in the city, and earnest efforts to remove evils and to insure a vigorous enforcement of just laws are always commendable. But intemperate and indiscriminate denunciations are never productive of good, and when indulged in from the pulpit are calculated to bring religion into disrepute. It is never wise to furnish bad men with weapons to use against those they regard as their natural enemies.

The police of New York are admittedly efficient, brave and faithful as a body. Crime seldom goes undetected here and criminals seldom escape arrest. If there is any reason to suspect individual members of the force of misconduct, it certainly is not expedient or beneficial to assail the integrity of the whole body. Vice and immorality prevail here, as in all other large cosmopolitan cities, but they do not flaunt themselves as brazenly before the eyes of the people as they do in European cities.

By all means let our churches do all they can in the cause of reform, but let them reflect whether they will not accomplish better work by moderation and persuasion than by fierce denunciations and exaggerations of the truth.

SHERIDAN, OF BATTLE ROW.

Mr. MICHAEL SHERIDAN, not just now at large, is entitled to consideration as a man with something of the heroic stripe. This fact may not affect the quantity or quality of the other stripes to the wearing of which the law may yet condemn him when the precise outcome of the wounds by him inflicted upon one PHILIP WEINSHEIMER, of Battle Row, shall have been determined. Nevertheless it is a fact of interest and deserves practical recognition.

The circumstances heroic do not have to do with the stabbing of WEINSHEIMER. They touch a tenderer issue than that, and one well calculated to display the form of loyalty to a comrade and chivalry towards one of the weaker sex which is by them shown to exist even in the above-mentioned Battle Row. Mr. ED WHALEN is the comrade in the case. He is not at large any more than is Mr. SHERIDAN. But his detention is slightly more definite, and is left as a matter of responsibility upon the authorities at Sing Sing Prison.

Mr. WHALEN knows how long he will stay up. Mr. SHERIDAN is not yet sure, even, but that his trip up the river will finally be taken with the electric chair rising in dim mental perspective at the end of the journey. But this dreadful possibility was not enough to drive loyalty to friendship out of SHERIDAN's mind, and when WHALEN called on him for an emergency action he obeyed.

"Escape, if you can, and take ROSY to the picnic," was the word from WHALEN. And SHERIDAN both could and did escape and he did take ROSY to the picnic. His success is not creditable to the vigilance of the officers of the Yorkville Court prison. But neither that fact nor the details of the escape have any bearing on the heroic element which enters into the affair. The point is that SHERIDAN did not fail when friendship demanded and beauty needed his prompt service. Circumstances seemed to be against him. But he, at duty's call, rose superior to iron bars, stone walls and other things which are ordinarily put together to make a prison.

Perhaps it is not permissible to compare SHERIDAN's exploit to Leander's swimming of the Hellespont. The Hero for whom he braved the jailers and the police was another's. His accomplishment was one not of rivalry, but of chivalric devotion to a friend in distress. And when his duty was done and the picnic past, he submitted quietly to recapture and rejailing. The deed is worthy of such an epic as Greek poets of old might have indited.

SHERIDAN, of Battle Row, should be immortalized as the man who broke jail rather than disappoint a comrade.

NO HAIR-SPLITTING NECESSARY.

The Police Commissioners have requested the District-Attorney to supply them with a transcript of the evidence on which the recent important presentment of the Grand Jury was based, in order that they may discover what members of the force are implicated in the charge of receiving money to protect immorality and lawlessness. The District-Attorney hesitates to comply with the request, being uncertain as to his legal authority to do so.

The secrets of the Grand Jury room are properly guarded by the law, both for the protection of innocent persons and to prevent the escape of those against whom indictments may be found. But after a presentment has been made public it can scarcely be intended that evidence required to promote the ends of justice should be withheld from the proper authorities.

Fortunately, there need be no hair-splitting over technicalities in this matter. The District-Attorney knows just what witnesses were examined before the Grand Jury and to what they testified. If he wishes to do all in his power to aid the Police Commissioners in their search after the truth he can readily supply them with the names of the witnesses whose testimony would be useful without violating the secrecy of the Grand Jury room. It is only just to conclude that the Police Commissioners are sincere in their professed desire to discover the guilty parties, if there are any, and certainly the District-Attorney's duty is to give them all the assistance in his power.

THE BASEBALL SEASON OPEN.

To-day the regular baseball season opens with the first championship games of the National League. It does not come upon the people with a pronounced "hurrah." It does not come with that promise of an intense and sustained interest in the pennant struggle which used to delight the heart of the confirmed baseball crank. To state this is not crying down the game. It is calling attention to a fact which is deeply to be regretted, but which must be thoroughly realized before baseball can be built up again.

Interest in the National game increased by marked stages up to 1889. In that year it reached a fever height. The very success of that season and the exaggerated ideas which it put into some minds as to the further possibilities of profit in the baseball line undoubtedly had much to do with the bringing about of the proceeding which have caused the interest to drop steadily since 1889.

This year a double season, a shaking up of teams and other expedients have been resorted to in the hope of reviving the old public feeling over the sport. But these are not enough. The people have been treated to a view, under strong lights, of the money side of the baseball question. It will not be an easy task to bring them again to believe in the season's contests on the diamond as matters of pure sport.

SAVING AN HONORED GRAVE.

The people of Virginia have been anxiously watching the progress of a case in their courts involving the right of a party of speculators to make money out of the purchase and sale of the lot at Fredericksburg containing the grave of WASHINGTON's mother. Some three years ago a firm of real estate brokers secured an option for the purchase of the lot for $2,500 and sold it to a Baltimore man for $20,000. The people indignantly protested against this dicker, which they regarded as a sacrilege, and the result was the breaking of the original contract and a suit for damages.

The Circuit Court has already decided that the spot containing the grave of the mother of WASHINGTON could not be made the subject of a speculative sale, and it is to be hoped that the Supreme Court of Appeals will sustain the decision. Every good American will indorse this hope. There ought at least to be enough patriotic feeling in the United States to prevent the desecration of such a sacred spot.

THE POOR WILL BE MADE TO PAY IT.

The story comes from California that CLAUS SPRECKELS, the sugar millionaire, made a clear $5,000,000 by abandoning his fight against the Sugar Trust and becoming one of the monopolists. The plain meaning of this is that the Trust has practically thrown away $5,000,000, and this sum will have to be made up out of the people. This will be the easier because in the "deal" the Trust gets rid of a wealthy, independent competitor strong enough to exercise an important restraint on the increase of prices.

The Trust has all along professed to be able to get along without SPRECKELS and has signified its intention to drive the Californian millionaire out of the business. It cannot, therefore, need his costly refineries as an addition to its plant. The object is simply to buy out his opposition.

The Trust, having "dodged" the law through the aid of sharp lawyers, seems to have everything its own way at present. The fight in which it is engaged with a few wholesale grocers amounts to nothing, because the latter are simply seeking to advance their own selfish interests. But when the Trust begins to make up the $5,000,000 paid for SPRECKELS' by increasing the retail price of sugar to the poor consumer it may find a popular opposition quite as dangerous as any it has yet encountered.

The Rhode Island Legislature seriously considers a bill to to absolutely prohibit the attendance at theatres, even with parents or guardians, of children under thirteen. Well, even New York's Legislature has done strange things.

HOME RULE FOR WIVES

Some Varied Opinions on How They Should Be Managed.

The Discussion Will Close at Noon Next Thursday.

No Letters Received After That Hour Are Eligible For the Prize.

The discussion of how to manage a wife will be closed at noon of Thursday, April 14. No letters received after that hour will be eligible for the prize. All letters will be considered in awarding the prize, providing the writers have complied 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.*

Just Fool Her.

To the Editor:

Let your wife think she is managing you and the secret of wife-management is solved.
B. D., L. I. City, N. Y.

Mirror Your Management.

To the Editor:

A wife is the mirror of her husband's management, if this harsh word must be used. Let him therefore treat her as he would have his reflection cast, and we know no man desires himself portrayed other than bright, cheerful and loving. In attaining this desire he will indeed not only manage his wife but himself.
HARLEM.

The Old Sweetheart Idea.

To the Editor:

Manage your wife as you did your sweetheart, for had she been displeased with your management while courting she would never have become your wife. Remember that before marriage you spent considerable time thinking what you could do to please her. Think on the same subject now, and after thinking—act. Give her a little more than you think she will need to run the house, and the balance (if there is one) put in your bank or business or invest as you see fit. If the latter consult her. If you find it impossible to get your teeth through the biscuits, blame your teeth. If the pie gives you the stomachache, blame your digestion, and my word for it—happiness will reign supreme.
H. J. L., Long Island City, N. Y.

She Needs More than Caresses.

To the Editor:

Of course you must love her, otherwise it would not be worth while trying to manage her. Provide for her comfort as well as for your own. She will ask no more. Try to brighten her life by your cheerful ways. Remember that household cares are often irksome, and there are times when a bright little story might do her much good. Woman's life is made up of little things; despise them not. Never be ashamed to give her a kiss or a tender loving word. At the same time, do not think that she needs nothing but caresses. Consider her your equal in every way. Consult her on social and business questions. Her clear head may devise plans of which you would never think. Be with her as much as you can, but do not think she would want you to neglect duty for her. Appreciate the little ways in which she tries to please you. Do not let your love be governed by the dress she wears. She may often be of greatest value when hidden under a rough exterior.
CARRIE, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Love and Trust Her as an Equal.

To the Editor:

How to manage a wife? Love her with all your heart. Trust her as your equal and she will respect you as a man. Guard her honor as your own and respect will turn to admiration and confidence. Trust her implicitly and let her share your joys and sorrows. Her sense of duty will make her reciprocate. Respect, admiration, duty and confidence combined will place you in her esteem, where you ought to be as her husband. She will realize your love for her and will give hers wholly in return. That, once obtained, appreciated and valued as it deserves, will be the manager. If this prescription is not palatable do not marry.
CECIL KINGSTONE.

Don't Expect Her to Be Reasonable.

To the Editor:

Oh, husbands, don't expect your wives to be reasonable! Let them be unreasonable. Don't take them too seriously when they get out of temper and fretful. After all, the higher education and fuller culture a woman gets in these days only make her the more a poor, tired, capricious, naughty little girl. At such times she must not be frowned on or reasoned at; she must be taken into strong, gentle arms and kissed and petted and taken care of. No woman likes to be "babied" when she is in earnest and all that, but she does like it, and needs it when she is tired out, "as cross as two sticks," and as inconsequential. No dignity is lost and life is made much easier, though presently your wife, who promised to love, honor and obey you, and who probably most of the time manages you, puts her tired arms around your neck and sobs away like the child she is—and all women are that after all.
HATTIE, Newark, N. J.

FASHION NEWS AND NOTES.

Spring Coats Should Be in Harmony with the Gown.

High Trimming an Improvement on Low Crowned Hats.

If you want a Spring coat for elegance let it be like the gown, however cheap, or at least be in color harmony with the gown. Many coats being prepared by the private dressmakers are close-fitting. Later the loose jackets, hanging straight from the neck, will be seen. A coat that fits smoothly should be of refined colors, and, if possible, of rich material, worthy such close intimacy with the form, but a tan or other homely coat is in better taste loose. These coats may reach below the knee or measure only thirty-six inches from the shoulder down, but jackets unlike the gown, when made by the best private houses, are unusually long. They have plain seams and the edges are often left without stitching. The back below the waist line has some fulness laid over in two box plaits with the middle seam open.

For trimming hats bows are getting higher and higher; these are certainly an outcome of necessity for the low crowns, as so few low-crowned hats are becoming unless made so by a raised trimming. Shot silk in all colors is a new Spring trimming, and is knotted into indescribable bows and torsades on small hats.

Mrs. Ellen Call Long, of Tallahassee, Fla., has sent an offer which the Board of Lady Managers has accepted, to exhibit at the World's Fair a large silk flag of the Union made from silk grown by herself in Florida.

A rich costume is of black velvet with a beautiful Easter novelty cloth woven with a colored ground of light bluish gray, covered with horizontal plaits of black a half inch or more wide, and so close to each other that but a thread of color shows between. The slightly trained bell skirt is of the novelty, cut with the stripes diagonal, and have a three-cornered breadth of velvet set in the back, and the edge bordered with velvet. The coat of velvet reaches below the knee, and has loose fronts open over a long vest of the novelty with the stripes horizontal. The coat is bordered with an applique of black and gray passementerie. The coat sleeve has a flaring Louis Quinze cuff of the novelty bordered with passementerie.

Prof. Lucy Salmon, of Vassar College, is in Chicago to confer with the woman's branch of the Congress auxiliaryon domestic economics. Miss Salmon is a strong advocate of technical education for industrial women.

The mother who spends her leisure darning and patching the holes in the knee-breeches and stockings of her young son may be interested in learning that she can buy a pair of knee-caps for 15 cents. These protectors are made of Jersey cloth, bound and strapped with leather; others made entirely of leather are 25 cents a pair They are intended to be worn under the kilt or trousers, and will make a pair of stockings long-lived.

A gray and white mixed cheviot in chevron pattern has a fitted jacket thirty-six inches long, without trimming, except on its front edges an inch wide border of black velvet, beaded on the inside with narrow jet galloon and a triangular piece of velvet, lined with cheviot, jaboted from each shoulder down to the waist line in front. The velvet border is on the skirt. Add to this a hat mingling white and black and a black parasol covered with a full shirring of jetted net.

A wrinkled crepon of greenish gray has a Russian blouse coat of velvet of the same color, falling apart in front over a simulated inside blouse of the crepon, itself faced round with velvet. There is a velvet belt, with silver or steel buckle. The velvet sleeves turn back just below the elbow, flange like, over a long sleeve of crepon faced with velvet. The hat is a gray straw sailor, trimmed with an Alsatian bow of gray grenadine ribbon and English violets.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. I. B. Aldrich, the poet's wife, is a graceful little woman, whose excellent critical taste in literature is a help to her husband, and who has a pronounced liking for actors and actresses.

A specimen of bread from the famine districts in Russia looked more like peat than bread. When analyzed by a London medical journal it was found to contain husks, sand and woody fibre. It was one of a number of loaves supplied by the Government.

A deposit of $20 made in the Newburyport Institution for Savings in 1820 now calls for interest amounting to $808. No one has ever claimed the original deposit and no addition has ever been made to it.

A statistician has figured it out that the British fleet fired off 4,800 pounds of gunpowder at the battle of Trafalgar Bay.

The annual income of the Rothschild family is estimated at $35,000,000.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Recognition.

Spring, you naiad! Ah, I know you,
Dashing raindrops from your fingers;
Flinging shadows from your lashes;
Throwing sunshine in your glances.
Come, unmask you, cruel nymphine,
Hiding 'neath the cloak of Winter.
Come, unmask; the flowers are peeping.
Come, unmask; the birds are mating.
—*Judge.*

Neither Hurry Nor Worry.

"The world is wide,
In time and tide
And—God is guide;
Then do not hurry.

"That man is blest
Who does his best,
And—leaves the rest;
Then do not worry."
—*Young Men's Era.*

Ever-Renewing.

Man wants but little here below;
But as the days go by,
He finds with every rising sun
He needs a fresh supply.
—*Puck.*

FINE FURNITURE. Secure your choice early in the season from the stores of GEO. C. FLINT CO., 104th st. and 6th ave.

SPOOKS.

The play produced at the Union Square Theatre last night, entitled "Spooks," will probably hold the record for some time as the worst play of the season. It is cheap, petty, inartistic and utterly unworthy of the metropolis. Perhaps in some remote regions, where the making of a pie is looked upon as Tennysonianly idyllic, "Spooks" may be regarded favorably. Search for those remote regions, please. Take "Spooks" there—also please. Parting will indeed be sweet sorrow.

This, however, is a week for laceration and penance, and I think I understand now why Mr. Barnard's play is offered to the public. It is to chasten the public spirit, to teach the lesson of human vanity, of the fleetingness of things mundane, of the absurdity of managerial endeavor, of the folly of evolving good plays. Numbers of people left the theatre before the play was over. They were afraid of "Spooks." Their emotions were too many for them.

Mr. Barnard's latest play is even more tiresome and witless than "The Country Circus," which, however, was saved from failure by an excellent and original arenic show. Mr. Barnard's work in "The Country Circus" was stupid enough, and "Spooks" is worse. New England types are played out. They were a curiosity for a time, but, without some particular *raison d'etre*, their usefulness is impaired. In "Spooks" there are a number of nasal, verbose, old women, who cackle and gossip in a way that is positively nauseating. Nothing that is of the slightest interest is ever uttered. There they are, very true to nature undoubtedly, but oh! so fatally uninteresting.

Mr. Barnard himself must have seen the weakness of his characters, for in sheer desperation he has endeavored to turn them into a play by introducing a melodramatic touch in the shape of a black clad mommer, who calls out "Me child!" This character is idiotic enough to laugh at, it is so conventionally, so undisguisedly claptrap. Then in the last act—when melodrama has begun to fade from the memory, a skirt dance is done for a farce-comedy effect, during a scene that is an insult to intelligence. It is a sort of puerile imitation of the Hanlons' "Fantasma," without the Hanlons and without the Fantasma.

Of the cast it is unnecessary to speak. "Spooks" was preceded by a pretty little sketch called "Holly Tree Inn," which is Dickens, dramatized by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. The piece is well worth seeing, and although Fauntleroyism is as dead as half a dozen doornails, Viola McNeil and Wallie Eddinger are quite interesting. Wallie Eddinger is growing out of boy roles, and unless his father does with him as Vincent Crummles did with the Infant Phenomenon he will soon be disgracefully tall. The Infant Phenomenon, it will be remembered, was fed on gin, and was consequently ten for at least six years.
ALAN DALE.

THE CLEANER.

The Italian opera season was a financial success, as well as a musical one. I am told that the management cleared something over $80,000. Incidentally, a good thing generally pays well.

* * *

Mrs. Marie Nevins Blaine says she will give James G., jr.,'s love letters to the public in a day or two. What a literary treat there may be ahead.

* * *

I see that ex-Mayor Wickham has paid his barber's bill of $137.50. This is as it should be, and long may the ex-Mayor's galway's defy the Wintry winds and Summer zephyrs.

* * *

Think of an heiress at ninety-three. This poor old lady was in want until the legacy of $100,000 came to her. Talk of the irony of fate —

* * *

Mr. Morris Phillips, editor of the *Home Journal*, has just published a charming little book called "Abroad and at Home." Considering the craze for European travel that has recently struck America it should have wide circulation.

* * *

Allen E. Walpole Warren perhaps realizes that "what well may be thought may not wisely be said."

* * *

Unfortunate Peter J. Claassen, after lingering two years in Ludlow Street Jail, will soon be sent to join his friend and fellow-conspirator, James A. Simmons, in the Erie County Penitentiary. Verily, the way of the bank wrecker is hard.

* * *

Claus Spreckels evidently did not let the Sugar Trust people catch him napping. It is said that he made a clean $5,000,000 by his little deal with the Trust magnates.

* * *

A month's stay among the flowers and orange groves of Florida has done a world of good for William Brookfield, and his friends say that he is preparing to jump into the thick of the political fight with every prospect of making things hum within a short time.

BOOK NOTE.

James P. Archibald, of the Board of Walking Delegates, has compiled and published a directory of the trade and labor organizations of this city.

It contains a list of over 400 such organizations, with the time and place of meeting, besides the names and addresses of the delegates representing the different branches of the building trades.

There is also a variety of useful information on other subjects, making it altogether a very handy and useful little volume.

Attended To.

[*From Street & Smith's Good News.*]

Mother—My, my! What dirty hands! Why don't you wash them?

Robbie—I just did.

"When?"

"Jus' before I played drum with th' coal scuttle."

It creates the energy
H-O
that makes the wheels go round and round.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

Only Women Realize the Truth.

"She fell exhausted from nervous weakness while returning from work."

Ah, women, you only can understand this.

You women, saleswo'n's, and you who are confined to offices, mills and factories, how heavy is your drudgery, how wearing upon your nerves, how exhausting to your strength, how blighting to your beauty. You are often nervous, *generally weak*, and always tired. You feel languid, low-spirited, lifeless and miserable, experience a faintness, sense of fulness or bloating after meals, irregular appetite, constipation, headache, wake unrefreshed from sleep, have weak back, backache, bearing down pains, irregularities. Especially are you troubled in spring, *and especially do you need to take a strengthening medicine at this season.*

The great nerve strengthener and female restorative is Dr. Greene's Nervura. No remedy in the world is so sure to restore strength to the weakened and worn-out nerves, bring the bloom of health to the cheeks, strength to the limbs and vigor to the whole system. *Use it and it will give you strength for your work.* Purely vegetable and harmless. Druggists, $1.00.

"It is with great gratitude that I say Dr. Greene's Nervura has done wonders for me. My nerves had become so weak as to render me incapable of fulfilling my duties. I had no confidence in myself. *I would at times grow so weak* that it seemed as if I should never be able to move again. I could not remember anything. Dreadful shooting pains occurred frequently all through my eyes and head; often severe headache would follow which would prostrate me for hours. *Physicians said no help was possible.*

"I began taking Dr. Greene's Nervura and found *by the time I had taken the first bottle* that I had been greatly benefited. I continued its use and am now doing my work and have regained my original health again.
"ANNA KING,
"136 Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa."

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.

TO-DAY THE GREAT STRUGGLE for the baseball championship pennant begins. Hitherto the National League has been represented by eight clubs; this year it has twelve.

Just about as highly prized as the championship pennant is RIKER'S SARSAPARILLA as a blood purifier. Then ands of testimonials attest its merits. W. W. BUTCHER, 26 Court st., Brooklyn, the well-known lawyer, says: "Have been troubled with an aggravated case of CATARRH for several years. Tried many cures, but without success. Have been using Riker's Sarsaparilla for two months and feel entirely free from all annoyance. My cure has been wonderful." All druggists or send to WM. S. RIKER & SON CO., 232 st. and 6th ave., N. Y.

STRICKEN IN THE ORGAN LOFT.

Death Came to "Blind Harry" During the Masonic Ceremonies.

The news of the sudden death of Blind Harry Woods will be received with regret today by every Mason in this city. He was widely known among the fraternity because of his unfailing geniality despite his affliction.

Death came to "Blind Harry" while pumping the organ last night in the loft of the Doric Room in the Masonic Temple, Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, during the working of various degrees by Evcelsior Lodge.

Mr. Woods was stricken with apoplexy. His moans attracted the attention of the members to the organ loft, which is entirely distinct from the chamber where the ceremonies were in progress. Several persons hastened to his assistance.

He was unconscious, and Drs. Elliott and Brown, who were summoned, were unable to arouse him. He died a few minutes later.

"Blind Harry" suffered the loss of his sight twenty years ago through the ignorance, he claimed, of an oculist who treated his eyes. He had been a Mason for twenty-five years, and the fraternity bestowed its charity upon him in his affliction.

He was a member of Ivanhoe Commandery, K. T., and his funeral will be conducted under the auspices of that organization.

Mr. Woods was a Canadian by birth and about forty-seven years old. He lived at 17 First street.

Deputy Coroner Donlin gave a permit for the removal of the body, and it was taken to Undertaker Matthew's shop on Ninth avenue, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets.

He left no relatives except two sisters living in the Province of New Brunswick.

RIP VAN WINKLE HERNDON ILL.

The Veteran Actor Threatened with Paresis at Bellevue.

Thomas J. Herndon, a veteran actor and the chief rival of Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, is at present in the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital, awaiting examination as to his sanity. He is suffering from aphasia, or loss of memory of language, and it is feared that his complaint will eventually develop into paresis.

Mr. Herndon is sixty-one years old and has been an actor nearly two-score years. His daughter Isabel, also an actress, of 359 West Eighteenth street, has supported him at 65 Irving place since his retirement from the stage two years ago. In 1852 he came to New York and joined the Excelsior Dramatic Club under the name of Charles Walker.

His first professional engagement was at the National Theatre, Boston, in 1853, as James in "London Assurance." He made a hit at the same theatre as Bill in "Hot Corn." He served two years in the civil war, and when discharged in 1863 was a first lieutenant in the Ninety-ninth New York Volunteers.

He travelled with John Wilkes Booth, and first appeared in New York in June, 1863, as Swig in "Swiss Swains," at the Winter Garden. He also played Asa Trenchard in "Our American Cousin at Home." Through the sixties he took his own company through the West and New England with considerable success, playing "Rip Van Winkle."

In 1866 he married Miss Clara Milton at Louisville, Ky., where he was stage manager of the Louisville Opera-House.

Norton's Formidable Muscle.

William Norton, residing at Thirty-first street and First avenue, was held this morning by Judge McMahon in the Tombs Court. Norton, who is of herculean strength, had resisted arrest while in a drunken fit, and made it necessary for a whole squad of police to turn out to secure him.

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

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3¼ INCHES WIDE GUIPURE DE GENE, AT 18c., 24c., 35c. YARD.

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Satisfied that It Was a False Report.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Chicago Man—I understand that you have said that I was not honest in my business affairs?

Boston Man—A mistake, sir. I simply said you were not sufficiently scrupulous to jeopardize success.

Chicago Man—Then I have been misinformed. I beg your pardon, sir.

Out of Observation.

[*From the New York Weekly.*]

Miss De Fashion—I've been having a perfectly lovely time; teas and parties, and music and dancing, and private theatricals and everything you can think of. Haven't had so much fun for a year.

Friend (shocked)—What? During Lent?

Miss De Fashion—Oh, it's all right, dear. We were in the country.

THE PLEA OF INSANITY

Cannot be urged in extenuation of the conduct of hosts of people who constantly inflict injury upon themselves, and lay the foundation for serious and disastrous bodily trouble by the use, in season and out of season, upon slight necessity and without discrimination, of drastic vegetable cathartics and poisonous mineral cholagogues—notably the various forms of mercury—to relieve simply constipation, a complaint remediable at any stage by the persistent use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This famous remedy never gripes, evacuates too copiously or weakens the bowels. If there is any other tonic aperient in or out of the pharmacopœia of which this can truthfully be said, we are unaware of it. Abandon the ratious habit of dosing and use this benign regulator, which also cures dyspepsia, weakness of stomachs and disordered livers. Rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, malaria, debility and kidney complaints are troubles all conquerable by the Bitters.

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