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APRIL'S SHOWING.

FOUR RECORDS BROKEN.

The Best Advertising Month in the History of THE WORLD.

PAPERS PRINTED.
The Gain in the Average number of Worlds Printed per day in April, 1892, as Compared with April, 1891, WAS.....66,915

ADVERTISING.
Best Advertising Day, (Sunday, April 10, 1892.)..... 6,978
Best Advertising Week Day, (Tuesday, April 26, 1892.)..... 3,158
Best Advertising Week, (Ended April 30, 1892.)..... 22,458
Best Advertising Month, (April, 1892.)..... 91,226
Best Previous Month (March, 1892.)..... 83,460
Gain for April Over Best Previous Month..... 7,766

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 manuscripts. Do not ask the editor into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

This is a treacherous Spring. The wise citizen will not yet underrate his light overcoat.

The Aldermen want a design for their badge. How would a badge for their designs do?

Secretary NOBLE is on his dignity and refuses to testify in the Pension Office investigation.

Murderer DEMIKO says he wasn't born to be hanged. His execution will be a good choke, then.

Not even President DEPEW's indorsement can clear the track for a Harrison renomination special.

FRED WARD has been to see the farce-comedy, "The Dazzler." He was somewhat scintillant himself in his day.

The decision to postpone further examination into DEEMING's mental state until after he is hanged is a safe one.

The Ninth District Republican Club refuses to bow to Grandpa's hat. It has turned HARRISON's picture to the wall.

TOM PLATT says that no New York delegates have been instructed. Mr. PLATT will doubtless do all the instructing when the time comes.

Lightning spoiled two burglaries in a Massachusetts town. A little of it in New York and vicinity might help the police out amazingly in this respect.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, just back from Russia says he does not expect to return there. He probably has little faith in HARRISON's renomination or re-election.

Old World Anarchists are marching in large processions to prison now. An Anarchist behind the bars in Europe is as harmless as one in front of a bar in this country.

California will probably go crazy over BLAINE this year again. In less the wild "Wahoo!" of its Dirigo Club could be heard over in the Scottish highlands long after the Maine man's name had been designated as Denis.

The story that MILBANK is ashamed to disclose the identity of his mysterious opponent in the duel in Belgium is weakened by lack of proof that the English boaster possesses any such sense as that of shame.

Miners in Missouri have left their work because a ghost walked. Actors won't work unless the ghost does walk. So men differ in their prejudices and inclinations.

NEWARK'S BOY MURDERER.

There is nothing revealed so far in the story of ALDEN FALLS's life and of his killing of THOMAS HAYNOR, in Newark, to afford a ground for the time-worn plea of insanity which will, it is said, be entered when the boy murderer is placed on trial. Young FALLS is singularly free from signs of any other mental weakness than that of a bent towards crime. He is cool, self-possessed, sticks to his confession as first made and is clear-headed enough to go back and pick up overlooked details and put them where they belong in the story.

As to the theory that his criminal instincts are his by heredity, it is more interesting to speculate on mental science and to theoretical reformers than to the public, which must be protected both from growing and full-grown criminals who are a menace to the peace and even the lives of other people. Doubtless many an offender who has come to cell or scaffold was as much a criminal by heredity as this boy.

Young FALLS's record is bad. He began to steal as soon as he began to work. He has kept bad hours and bad company. He is precocious in crime, old far beyond his years in wickedness. He is not worried nor broken down by the extent of his latest offense. He presents a sad spectacle of hopeless depravity while he is still in what should be his hopeful years. The facts beget sorrow for his condition. They need not give rise to morbid sentiment or sympathy too much overstrained.

FISHING BANKS FOR RAINMAKERS.

That section of the hereafter in which Col. INGERSOLL pretends not to believe is, it is said, pretty thoroughly paved with fish stories. The greatest portion of this paving material consists of fish of abnormal weight or unusual size that were taken by Izaak Waltons who failed to have the same photographed or otherwise preserved for corroboration of their statements. Anything extraordinary in the line of piscatorial achievement or ichthyan phenomena is put down as belonging to the Street Department of the City of Dis, which is the capital of Satan's dominion. Every new fish story goes that way, and the Plutonic pavements are in consequence kept in excellent repair.

A piece of fish news that the thoughtless reader is likely to fill out a bill of lading to Hades for comes this morning from Forest City, Pa. A shower of fish fell there yesterday. They dropped from the clouds in fairly good quantities, and a hotel man caught a number of them in the street, while the leading journalist and truth promoter of the town gathered up four from the roof of a house, showing conclusively that they came from the sky and not from an adjacent creek. The modesty and verisimilitude of this story should save it from the fate of other fish yarns. The deciduous fish were very small, not more than four inches in length, and there were not too many of them. The tax on a person's credulity is not, therefore, as great as it would be were sharks or baked bluefish or smoked herrings or canned sardines mentioned as pouring in torrents from the clouds.

Altogether we think the narrative is entitled to some consideration, if not belief. It makes no difference how the fish came to be monkeying around in midair. They were there, we take it for granted. Ballooning or astronomizing or doing something ambitious and lofty, when a storm came and tumbled them to terra firma. Probably there are more of them in the clouds above Forest City or elsewhere. Rainmakers might add a little tempting bait to their dynamite next time they bombard the sky. Perhaps it will bring down fish even should it fail to ring the bell for rain. If they succeed piscatorially, then the leaden sinker now in use on fishing lines will have to go and lines will be substituted. Firmamental fishing, when it comes, will be out of sight.

THE COAL "SQUEEZE" BEGINS.

To-morrow the price of coal will go up. This is the work of the Reading combine. The day marked by the advance will be a black Friday for every poor man who has a coal bin or a coal basket to supply.

So far the path has been clear to the participators in the monstrous conspiracy through which labor is being cruelly squeezed on all hands. Investigations have been proposed, and some of them have even been started. But the work of the investigators is slow and formal, while the strides of the oppressors are rapid and their processes abrupt.

It is impossible to prevent all of the mischief and all of the robbery now. But prompt action of a judicial nature should be instituted at once to cut as short as possible the operations of the combine. The Attorney General of the United States can act without waiting for action Congressional inquiry. There are State officers in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York who can also act in the matter and whose duty it is to get promptly to work.

The law is being violated, labor is being oppressed, the poor are being robbed, that a combination of coal barons may get rich dividends. It is an outrage on humanity and free government that it should be so.

THAT DEARBORNE CABLE ROAD.

Commissioner GILSEY will receive the thanks not of every good citizen on his affirmation to the Third avenue surface railroad people concerning the completion of their cable line. Mr GILSEY is the straight arrow by the long delay on the road. For a whole year the business men and residents along the route have been inconvenienced and subjected to countless annoyances through the operations on the line. Now the Commissioner says the street will be closed up and the work permanently stopped unless he can be satisfactorily assured that the delays will cease.

Much of the work on the Third avenue is done. The first section on the Bowery, extending as far as Grand street, is now under way. But notice has been given that the iron work is not ready according to contract, and so more delay is threatened, while the street is all torn up and heaps of brick and stone are lying here and there. This is what has finally roused Commissioner GILSEY's wrath and the ire of the Bowery merchants.

The Railroad Company will act wisely in taking most extraordinary means to avoid too great a trespass on public and official patience.

Michigan and Wisconsin have instructed for CLEVELAND, and Connecticut has done the same for HARRISON. It may be that much of this ante-convention instruction will prove to have been a waste of time and lung effort.

The latest victim for the Paris guillotine is MATHIAS HADELT, who wound up his career as a robber of monasteries by killing a monk. He confesses to over sixty crimes, and if his memory were in trim he might confess to a few more.

THE GLEANER.

By the death of Charles Henry Harris, better known as "Carl Pretzel," the newspaper world loses one of its ablest writers. Mr. Harris was editor of the *Automobile Weekly* at the time of his death, which occurred in Chicago yesterday. He was fifty-one years old.

I hear that Sam Dessauer, business manager of the Henry Burlesque Company, took $2,000 away from Guttenburg yesterday. He backed Bitten to that extent. Now, it is said, he will purchase an interest in the Burlesque company.

Ex-Chief of the Fire Department, Charles O. Shay is one of the chief participants in a little romance. He was married yesterday to Mrs. Harry Teal, widow of Capt. Teal, who, up to the time of his death, two years ago, was a close friend of the ex-Chief, and used to drive for him. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Saratoga.

An item is going the rounds of the press stating that a good burglar alarm can be procured by spreading newspapers around the halls or stairways. It cannot be lifted or walked upon without making noise enough to arouse the household. There is nothing new in this, however. An elderly lady of my acquaintance has used this device for years whenever she was left alone in the house overnight, and she learned it from others who had adopted the scheme from family traditions.

WORLDLINGS.

The new book written by the Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, is said to be remarkable both for the elegance of style and descriptive talent displayed by its author. These gifts are so rare in the case of royal authors that the Archduchess is to be congratulated.

American tourists are said to spend an average of $35,000,000 a year in Italy.

The National library at Washington contains 700,000 bound volumes and 200,000 pamphlets. The annual increase is from 15,000 to 20,000 volumes.

The Roumanian Crown is made of metal from the cannon that were captured from the Turks by the Roumanians at Plevna in 1877.

Cats, including the larger members of the family, the tigers, are said to make a more careful toilet than any other class of animals except opossums.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Puella Rara.

Oh, place a chaplet on her brow,
And give her songs of praise;
Undying fame shall sound her name
To Time's remotest days.

All men shall do her reverence,
And bend the willing knee,
And all rejoice with lifted voice,
This maiden fair to see.

For to the man who gave his seat
To her the other day,
This maid unique, this perfect freak,
Was "Thank you" heard to say.

—*Puck.*

A Temporary Interruption.

Two pairs of lips just meeting—
A noise outside the door
Two persons quick to separate
As they would meet no more.
It proves to be a false alarm—
Two persons as before.

—*Puck.*

All Fair.

I visited the actors' fair,
Though all was fair as fair could be,
Some things by far were fairest there—
The actresses especially.

—*Judge.*

SUBSCRIBING FOR SEIDL.

Fund Being Raised for the Maintenance of His Orchestra.

It is reported that several wealthy, well-known persons interested in musical matters have subscribed a big fund for the maintenance of Anton Seidl's orchestra, which has, according to published reports, been about to break up. The amount contributed is said to be $50,000.

Mr. Seidl says that a proposition has been made looking to the continued and possibly broadened existence of his orchestra. "It is now being perfected, and it is too early to make details public yet," he said.

Her Only Chance.

(From Judge.)

Mrs. Ransom—I was surprised to hear Mrs. Parvenu say that she called on the Poinsonbys yesterday.

Mrs. Cobwigger—As their house is to let, no doubt she did so on a permit from the landlord.

Too Talkative.

(From Judge.)

Tourist (delightedly)—Your reasonable rates are a pleasant surprise.

European Host (to clerk)—Charge the gentleman twenty francs for a pleasant surprise.

All on Paper.

(From Puck.)

"Your scheme sounds well—but success on paper isn't final success."

"It was in Thackeray's case."

Cards Will Follow.

(From Puck.)

He—How do you know Miss Finkie and young Frettipenny are engaged?

She—They are always quarreling when we meet.

FOR the growing child H.-O. means growth. For the full grown—new life.
(Have some H.-O. for breakfast).

FASHION NEWS AND NOTES.

Woollen and Flannel Blazers Are to the Front Again.

Brown Hats Trimmed with Blue for Children.

The woollen and flannel blazers are to the front again. They will be worn over a linsey or washed silk skirt and a leather belt.

A brown straw hat trimmed with blue is about as pretty and serviceable as anything that can be selected for a child.

It may interest the extravagant young woman of small means who sighs for silk trimings in her Spring dress to know that some of the very best customers of the uptown modiste prefer cotton linings for their street suits.

Miss Mary E. Burt, who has just returned from Greece, where she went to visit the schools of Athens and found the primary children using the classic for reading and spelling lessons, is one of the ablest teachers in the public schools of Chicago. For years she taught in the Jones school, the membership of which includes illiterate adults and the children of the very dregs of society; she not only had the language to teach but she accomplished work that was the wonder and admiration of the Board of Education. Miss Burt has published several books for school use.

Mme. Bernhardt has promised to paint her own portrait for the Woman's Building of the World's Fair.

The athletic girl has taken to wearing symbols on her dress. A horseshoe, crop and stirrup is the approved design for the left knee of a riding skirt, needle wrought in the same color as the habit; anchor, oar and pennant are used on the yachting dress, and mallet, racket and cap or ball symbolize the lover of field sports.

Rosa Bonheur is seventy years of age and commands $20,000 for her paintings. It took her exactly sixty years to reach a position in the art world where she could refuse $40,000 for a picture. She never married, it is said, because she has never had the time to study men. It was Eugenie who first recognized her genius and from whom she received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Her French home is besieged by tourists, the American woman being being the most intrusive visitor, but she will not be exhibited, and her hall door is locked and barred against the curious public.

New York milliners manage in their own mysterious way to get exclusive styles, not to be found in dry-goods houses. The special Spring hats are large, for the most part rather flat, and made either without crowns or with very small, low ones. Plain chip straw is much used, and some of the new fancy straws are very effective in wide-brimmed hats, the tints of the straw toning with the trimming. Bonnets are as small, light and fantastic as possible. Some were trimmed with bows of the narrowest velvet ribbon, and strings of the same, which gave a light appearance. A new looking bonnet consisted of gathered ribbon round an open crown; an aigrette or small feather standing up at the back completed the trimming. A similar shape was trimmed with pale blue lisse, a bunch of forget-me-nots, and bows and strings of tiny velvet ribbon. A charming little mourning bonnet was composed of gray lisse, with a very narrow black ostrich feather edge, and finished with feathers at the back. A pretty and becoming hat had a wide, flat brim of transparent beaded net, with a black velvet band round the edge, and a small crown, with a tuft of feathers at the back. A large gray chip straw was effectively trimmed for slight mourning with small black feathers.

ROUGH ON NEW YORKERS.

Mrs. Rorer Says Philadelphia Is Ahead of Us in Cooking and Eating.

Some of Mrs. S. T. Rorer's side talks are more interesting than her cooking lectures.

"In Philadelphia," says Mrs. Rorer, "the people eat to live. They still retain the old fashion bake-ovens, and such horrors as fried potatoes and tried steak are unheard of.

"Philadelphians are perhaps the most domestic people in America. There are more private homes in Philadelphia than in any other city in the world. Hotels, boarding houses and restaurants are supported by the transient population.

"This love of home has developed cooks, housewives and servants not surpassed by any city, country or nation.

"In New York there is an entirely different condition of affairs. Hundreds of thousands of people reside in hotels and apartment-houses nine months of the year.

"Living on the European plan they go from one restaurant or dining-hall to another as fancy or convenience may dictate. The food they eat is not only superabundant, but unwholesomely rich, including three full meals and often a late hot supper.

"As a result in all the circles of fashionable New York society you will find the men heavy and inclined to apoplexy, and the women with great corporations and double chins, while in Philadelphia the society matron is still graceful and beautiful in figure and the men are compact, active and clear minded."

Both Right.

(From Puck.)

"Fights are demoralizing," said the clergyman.

"You mean degenerating, don't you?" said Spot.

After a Bargain.

(From Judge.)

Lady—How do you sell these handkerchiefs?

Clerk (briskly)—Eight cents a piece or three for a quarter, ma'am.

Lady—I'll take three.

Kitchen Economy

Actual tests show the Royal Baking Powder to be 27 per cent stronger than any other brand on the market. If any other baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer, see that you are charged the correspondingly lower price.

FOILED.

(From Life.)

ODD BITS OF CONTEMPORARY HUMOR.

Deceived by the Decoys He Ridiculed

W. J. Mathews is Oakland's most popular architect. He is also an angler of renown, but with a fowling-piece he is a little out of drawing, says the San Francisco *Examiner*.

However, in hunting he endeavors to have his enthusiasm make amends for his poor marksmanship, and he is one of the regular habitues of the Alameda Sportsmen's Club's preserves. On a recent trip he had an experience with geese which had furnished the club with a topic for talk ever since. The ducks didn't fall into the ponds, so it was determined to try the meadows for brant. One of the party dug up a lot of the decoys and proposed to stake them out.

"What are those?" asked Matthews.

"Goose decoys," was the reply.

"Well, any goose that would decoy to those things deserves to be shot," rejoined the architect, with fine disdain. "They wouldn't fool a fly-up-the-creek."

But the decoys were set out near a tide pond, and the hunters waited for the brant. No brant came. Matthews made many flippant remarks about hunters who shot over tin pumpkins and expected geese to be attracted to them. After a time the disgusted sportsmen moved towards the upland in search of anything which promised a shot. They wandered about until nearly dusk and then turned their steps homeward. Suddenly Matthews spoke up:

"By crimeny, boys; there's a flock of geese in that pond! I believe I'll make a sneak on them."

So he ducked down into a ditch, got on all fours, crawled a quarter of a mile, covered himself with mud, fell into a water-crack over his rubber boot, and at last reached shooting distance. Rising from behind a clump of tules, he took careful aim and—bang—bang discharged both barrels at the flock as it sat.

Nothing rose. In fact, the whole fleet sank. Matthews had crawled upon and riddled the flock of tin decoys which in the morning he said wouldn't fool any goose. The rising tide had merely brought the pond up around them.

Giving Him a Dollar.

A popular young fellow, who is widely known in athletic circles, tells this story, says the Philadelphia *Record*:

I was in the office of a friend of mine on Walnut street, above Fourth, the other morning, when a rather seedy-looking young chap came in, and nodding to him in a jaunty way, said: "Billy, old man, I want to borrow $1."

"Hum-m-m," replied Billy, slowly. "Well, if I remember rightly, I loaned you $1 last week."

"So you did," said the visitor, "but I'm dead strapped and must have $1 now." Billy pondered a moment and replied:

"Well, you're no good; I'm convinced of that, and so I'll not lend you $1, but I'll give you one. How'll that do?"

"First rate," responded the shameless striker, and then, after a moment or so, as the cash was not forthcoming, he added:

"Well, where's the dollar you are going to give me?"

"Oh," replied Billy, smilingly, "I'll give you the dollar you borrowed last week."

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

WOMEN IN A TIGER HUNT.

One of Them Tells of a Terrible Battle.

Saved from Death by a Faithful and Loving Servant.

In March, 1886, I was travelling in India, our party consisting of three ladies and one gentleman, says a writer in the Memphis *Appeal-Avalanche*. We decided to camp and live quietly, spending our time gathering orchids and other botanical specimens. We therefore pitched our tents in a small clearing on the outskirts of the dense jungle, near a military village in the hill country. Our Hindoo servants soon made us very much at home. It was wonderful to see how they transported every necessary luxury and, as by magic, raised tents furnished with carpets, tables, chairs, books and even a bird cage.

Early one morning, as we were lingering over our "chota hazri," or "little breakfast," always taken in India on rising, and speaking of the noises made by the wild animals during the night, my attention was attracted by a great chattering of wild monkeys in the dense jungle close by. At that instant a native came running into the tent in a state of great excitement, salaaming, but waiting for us to speak.

"Kya chahte ho?" ("What do you want?" Mr. Norton asked.

"Sahib, plenty big tiger near by. Many men see him. He is hiding near the nala."

We held our breath for an instant, then the blood seemed to leap faster through our veins. A tiger so near! The nala, or stream of water, was but ten rods from our tent.

Mr. Norton turned to us. "Ladies, would you like to go on a tiger hunt?"

"Yes, indeed," we quickly answered, if it is not too dangerous."

"Never fear; we will take good care of you."

A Hindoo doctor from the village hospital rushed up at that moment and confirmed the news in broken English.

"Big baghow he is, much man-eater tiger in jungle. Yesday one child taken, last moon seven men. Come thus also, Sahib, with us."

Immediately we made preparations for the hunt. We put on leather belts, well filled with cartridges, selected Martini rifles, put on pith hats with turbans over them and moved off to the da wa khana. Here we found a party of sepoys drawn up in line awaiting our arrival.

We soon crossed the little stream, where we saw the tiger's tracks in the mud of the bank, looking like footprints of a giant cat. Breathlessly we moved on towards the deep jungle of tangled bamboos and palms. Mr. Norton, who had often shot tigers on foot, took us under his special care. The Hindoo doctor, owing to his knowledge of the jungle, was made the leader of the entire party, and we began our march.

It was a very hot morning. Everything around was parched and withered. The dead leaves under foot were as slippery as glass. The bamboos grew so near together that it was impossible to keep in a direct line. Progress was accordingly slow.

We might have been out three hours, watching every patch of jungle and elephant grass for a sight of the beast we longed to meet, when the wild chattering of a troop of monkeys indicated that the tiger was not far off. What an exciting moment it was! Though the heat was intense and we were very tired, on we went, as stealthily as possible, although sometimes falling on the slippery leaves. But the bare feet of our Indian hunters made no noise as they stealthily stole through the dry grass. Heated, breathless, on we went. Another chatter of monkeys, a flutter of bright-winged birds as we stepped into a small grassy place completely encircled by tall palms, showed us that the tiger was near at hand.

A little in advance of our scouting party of natives was a bit of green jungle, heavy and dark. We could see by the rustling of the grass that it was the hiding-place of some great animal. A consultation was hurriedly held. How should we attack him? There was not an instant to be lost. Again the tiger moved and for a second we saw his yellow coat gleaming through the green.

Our talk was suddenly ended in an unexpected way. A clump of elephant grass at one side was quickly parted. A great flash of yellow bounded towards us, a gleam of blazing eyes made our blood run cold. A tigress, the mate of the royal creature in the jungle, with open mouth, leaped suddenly upon us! Motionless with amazement and horror, we stood. Oh, the fearful cruel face, as she stood lashing her tail from side to side! Her hot breath almost burned my face as with outspread claws she made one fierce bound toward me, dashing the Sepoy in front to the ground.

I was paralyzed with fear. Surely my last hour had come! But a native sprang between us, the rifles cracked, the hunting-knives gleamed. It was soon a hand-to-hand fight. One gallant young Sepoy lay senseless; blood stripped from the shoulder of another. Still the enraged tigress held her ground, while fear and a horrible fascination riveted us to the spot.

Although bleeding from a great wound in the shoulder, the tigress once more made ready to spring. The ladies were in imminent peril. But the brave Hindoo doctor, knife in hand, plunged almost into the jaws of the tigress in deadly embrace. Over rolled man and beast sometimes a gleam of blood-stained white showed where our poor defender was writhing; but the great, tawny body of the tigress seemed to fill all space. No one dared to shoot, for the rifle shot might kill the man instead of the beast. Finally it might have been seconds, but it seemed hours—a brave young Sepoy rushed up, knife in hand, his swarthy face under his white turban gleaming with excitement.

"Mem Sahib!" he cried. "My doctor! He saved my wife and child. He must not die to-day!" and the brave fellow rushed forward into the jaws of death. His silver-hilted knife, sharp as a Toledo blade, gleamed with lightning rapidity; it descended just over the heart. The tiger gave one scream that made the jungle re-echo, then lay quiet forever. She had fought bravely for her mate and little ones hidden in the jungle, but against numbers.

The poor doctor, bloodstained and senseless, was drawn away from under the outstretched paw of the dead animal. The other men escaped with only a few scratches, except the brave rescuer, who had a great gash cut in his brown cheek by the enraged tigress.

The splendid creature lay stretched on the ground, her golden-brown skin, with its velvety black stripes flecked with blood, gleaming in the hot Indian sun. From tip to tip she measured twelve feet. All was joy and excitement, for as we dashed water in the face of the wounded doctor he opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Thank God, the Mem Sahibs are safe!" and we echoed his prayer.

Every one was happy, all the bearers and Sepoys were making salaam to us and each other, hardly excepting the dead tigress.

The first tiger had disappeared, nor were the men in condition to fight him. So, after taking the splendid skin from the tigress, for which proof of a tiger's death the British Government gives 40 rupees, we returned to our tents delighted with our first tiger hunt.

The great skin, with its splendid gleam of gold and ebon that would charm an artist's eye, lies under my feet as I write. But I never look at it without a shudder, thinking of that awful day in the jungle, when my life hung in the balance and the brave Hindoo doctor and the gallant Sepoy turned the scale in my favor.

It's a plan that proves something—but only the makers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery adopt it. It's a plan to give you what you expect, or take no pay.

If their remedy fails to benefit or cure you, they'll return the money.

That proves, for one thing, that it's pretty sure to do all that's claimed for it. And what they claim is, that all diseases or disorders caused by a torpid liver or impure blood are cured by it. For all the many forms of Scrofula, and for the most obstinate Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and all kindred ailments, it is an unequaled and unfailing remedy.

It proves that the "Discovery" is the *best* blood-medicine, or it couldn't be sold on such terms; and the *cheapest*, for you pay only for the *good* you get.

And it proves, too, that nothing else, offered in its place by the dealer, can be "just as good."

BE SURE YOU

Are right, then go ahead—is especially applicable to anyone in search of a blood-purifier. You can always be sure, by taking AYER'S Sarsaparilla. For the cure of *Catarrh, Rheumatism*, and *Nervous Debility*, AYER'S Sarsaparilla is superior to any other remedy. It searches out the destructive poisons in the blood, expels them harmlessly by the natural channels, and establishes perfect health.

INSIST UPON HAVING

"I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my practice."—Dr. B. H. Avery, Jefferson, N. Y.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives universal satisfaction."—Dr. C. F. Lutes, Comiskey, Ind.

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell since."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

"I have been afflicted, for years, with chronic catarrh, and after using many local applications of various kinds, without benefit, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which gave me relief. I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood-purifier."—J. G. Van Fleet, Fleetville, Pa.

"After suffering severely for many years from rheumatism, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and received immediate benefit."—D. S. Winchester, Hobica, Mo.

"We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for twenty years, and believe it to be the best remedy that can be had for all kinds of blood diseases."—James W. Gray, Honey Grove, Pa.

"I suffered so badly from rheumatism that I was unable to work for a long time. At last I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—George Eisdrich, Prospect Park, Cal.

"My daughter, who was afflicted for nearly a year with rheumatism of the foot and ankle, has been cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—A. H. Huber, Westminster, Md.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Has cured others, will cure you

AN IMMENSE SUCCESS.

The Actors' Fair Adding Thousands of Dollars to Their Fund.

The Actors' Fund Fair is proving a magnificent success. The net proceeds of the first three days foot up more than $30,000. It is expected that by Saturday night clubdom will be "busted" and the coffers of the Fund filled to overflowing. The attendance last night was surprisingly large.

Edwin Booth visited Madison Square Garden yesterday and gracefully accepted the invitations of the fair ladies at the various booths to purchase things for which he had no earthly use. He took chances here and there for prizes indiscriminately, but when it came to balloting for the most popular actress he refused to do any scratching, voting the whole list. Mrs. A. M. Palmer got his vote for the most popular woman connected with the Fair.

Tammany's chieftain, Richard Croker, with a party of political friends, was in the Garden during the evening, and Mrs. Croker, who was in charge of a flower stand, taxed him $50 for a boutonniere. The same lady's aides charged Police Commissioner Martin $25 for a rose, and made Register Fitzgerald pay $15 for one a trifle larger. The gross receipts last night were $13,000. Of this sum the Pennsylvania Railroad contributed $500.

Thirty-five well-known men of the stage will take a hand at selling goods on Friday afternoon. Bob Hilliard, Charles Dickson, Burr McIntosh and De Wolf Hopper have promised to do their best.

The New York Press Club autograph book will be sold at auction on Saturday night. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll will hold the hammer.

The magnificent silver punch bowl will be awarded to the most popular club at 11 o'clock on the same evening.

Sissieretta Jones, the Black Patti, will sing Friday night.

A Hunting Party.

I was jogging along the road one day in the rough country about the headwaters of the Cumberland River when I came upon a raw-boned native sitting on the fence with a Winchester lying across his knee, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*.

"How are you?" I said as I pulled up.

"How d'y," he responded.

"How far is it to Mud Run?" I inquired.

"About four mile, right; three walkin'."

"Much obliged," I said, and nodding at his gun I asked if there were bear about the mountain.

"Not roun' here, I reckon."

"Any deer?"

"None as I know on."

"Squirrels?"

"Tain't time fer 'em."

"Rabbits?"

"Naw," and his tone was not affable.

"Well, what are you hunting?" I insisted, for there was something odd about the man.

"Aint huntin' at all," he said. "Jim Cooper's huntin'."

"What's he hunting?" I asked, with more curiosity than ever.

"Me," he answered, with a hard laugh; "a I'm waitin' fer him to find me, I reckon," he went on more politely, "if it's jist the same to you, you better be gittin' along towards Mud Run, fer I'ain't agoin' to be pleasant in this neighborhood when Jim comes up this er way."

I took his advice and got along rapidly, and as the mountains in their oppressive silence hung over me and the deep shadows of the hollows seemed to come forth and darken the daylight of the early afternoon it occurred to me that it was just as well that one-half of the world didn't know how the other half lived—or died.

Medical Intelligence.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Doctor—There, get that prescription filled and take a teaspoonful three times a day before meals.

Pauper Patient—But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days.

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STORES, Nos. 104, 106, 108 W. 14th St.
Between 6th & 7th aves., one door west of 6th av.

Change of Title.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"That is Mrs. Street-Commissioner Jones over there, isn't it?"

"No; not now."

"Divorced?"

"No; her husband's been promoted. She is now Mrs. First-Assistant-Deputy-State Comptroller Jones."

Religious Intelligence.

(From Texas Siftings.)

"There was a revival in our town last week."

"Many people converted?"

"Oh, yes, and among them twenty pupils of the Female College."

"How do you know they were converted?"

"Because they have declared their determination to flirt with none but divinity students hereafter, and they are sticking to it."

His Happy Thought.

(From Judge.)

Materfamilias—Monsieur, I employed you to teach my daughter music, not to make love to her.

Monsieur de Baton—Madame, labor under a great misapprehension.

Materfamilias—But I heard you call her the apple of your eye.

Monsieur de Baton—Non Dieu, madame, and is she not my pupil?

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