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MAY'S COMPARISONS.

An Increase Last Month of 21 Per Cent. in Advertising and 19 Per Cent. in Circulation Over May, 1891.

A HEALTHY GROWTH.

The Gains of March and April Continued.

Gain of 15,254 in the number of Advertisements printed in May, 1892, as compared with May, 1891.

Gain of 59,105 in the average number of WORLDS printed per day in May, 1892, as compared with May, 1891.

MAY FOR TEN YEARS.

Year.	No. of Advts.	No. of Papers Printed.	Average per day.
1883.....	7,853	776,033	25,033
1884.....	19,184	1,895,712	61,152
1885.....	41,349	4,148,770	133,831
1886.....	48,362	5,853,610	188,826
1887.....	57,634	6,577,390	212,173
1888.....	61,396	9,000,435	290,336
1889.....	64,563	10,720,050	345,808
1890.....	72,175	9,974,690	321,764
1891.....	72,524	9,595,060	309,518
1892.....	87,778	11,427,321	368,623

WORLDS PRINTED

Every Day for May, 1891-1892.

	1891.	1892.
May 1.....	309,460	257,681*
" 2.....	308,860	363,491
" 3.....	223,860*	372,859
" 4.....	306,960	373,743
" 5.....	300,720	373,625
" 6.....	305,920	368,690
" 7.....	307,000	375,282
" 8.....	307,810	256,292*
" 9.....	306,240	369,617
" 10.....	223,120*	373,961
" 11.....	304,950	369,463
" 12.....	305,390	368,284
" 13.....	305,110	368,605
" 14.....	305,590	363,222
" 15.....	322,080	255,370*
" 16.....	301,720	399,278
" 17.....	222,000*	376,333
" 18.....	303,640	373,404
" 19.....	316,130	362,639
" 20.....	300,050	370,574
" 21.....	308,370	361,919
" 22.....	325,310	253,873*
" 23.....	303,720	370,405
" 24.....	219,350*	370,623
" 25.....	303,710	371,219
" 26.....	304,090	372,293
" 27.....	304,590	369,085
" 28.....	306,020	370,016
" 29.....	296,810	253,307*
" 30.....	321,990	373,954
" 31.....	219,440*	378,038
Total.....	9,101,210	10,937,145
Weekly and Semi-Weekly	493,850	490,176
Grand Total.....	9,595,060	11,427,321

* Morning Edition only.

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 unsuitable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The "Young Whyos" must be suppressed in the old way.

Plenty of naval and military heroes at Annapolis and West Point these days.

It isn't all shouting at Minneapolis. There's fine work under the noise.

The Kings County Democrats will go to Chicago in silk caps. Can this, in a way, be said to be going to extremes with the silk stocking Republicans?

There should be no further delay in granting the request of the people about East River Park that the band concerts there take place in the evening.

They talk of bringing GEORGE GOULD to task for catching elks contrary to law in Colorado. More risky business, apparently, than fooling with bears in Wall street.

Gen. COLLINS is coming back from Ireland without having united the Home Rule party. Men cannot do by argument what the spirit of patriotism fails to bring about by its deeper influences.

"Held up in Broadway" and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Perhaps the local highwaymen didn't appreciate the force of THE EVENING WORLD'S remark of yesterday, that things are getting too impulsive.

The Port Jervis lynchers knew no mercy. Nor, in the heat of their anger, did they realize how much real injury they were doing themselves and their town. Doubtless numbers of them have wished long before this that they had gone slower. One thing much to be regretted is that in hanging the negro, LEWIS, they summarily disposed of the one witness against the man whom he, in his last moments, accused of putting him up to his brutal crime. This is unfortunate for the cause of justice, if the accused man is guilty. It is leaving room for injustice if he is innocent.

THE CHICAGO DELEGATES' MEETING.

The meeting of the Mid-Winter Convention delegates to Chicago, called for next Monday evening at the Hoffman House, excites considerable comment in Democratic circles. Speculation is rife as to the meaning of the movement, which takes an official character from the fact that the Chairman of the State Committee, EDWARD MURPHY, jr., issues the call.

The general belief is that Senator HILL ordered the meeting with the object of inducing the delegation to take a firmer stand at Chicago than the mild instructions of the Midwinter Convention would seem to require, the reason being that the anti-Hill Democrats, by the election of a contesting delegation, have put themselves in direct antagonism to the regular Democracy and should henceforth be treated as enemies of the organization. According to this interpretation of the movement, its real aim is to persuade the delegates to pledge themselves not only to present Senator HILL'S name at Chicago as the first choice of the State, but to adhere to him as the candidate from the beginning to the end, and not to vote for any nominee favored by the Syracuse "bolters."

Another rumor is that Senator HILL has bound himself to vote in favor of the Stewart Free Coinage bill and wants to explain his position to the New York delegation before he redeems his pledge.

It is probable that these stories are all imaginary and that the Hoffman House meeting is nothing more than an ordinary business gathering to talk over the arrangements for going to the Convention and to consult as to the preliminary action of the delegates on the question of organization. Still, the injudicious appointment of a contesting delegation by the anti-snap party may have suggested an attempt to shake Tammany's well-known determination not be forced out of step with the National Democracy in whatever direction it may finally make up its mind to march.

STANDING PAT.

Quite a sensation was created among the advance guard of the Republican Convention already at Minneapolis by the intelligence that Secretary BLAINE, responding to the inquiry of a bevy of newspaper reporters at Washington, had said: "I shall have no further communication to make in regard to the Presidential nomination."

This report raised the hopes of the Blaine managers to the seventh heaven. At the same time the Harrison contingent looked upon it as a plain avowal that Mr. BLAINE stands on his Clarkson letter and is not a candidate for the nomination.

The delight manifested by PLATT, CLARKSON and QUAY at Mr. BLAINE'S alleged announcement is significant. It proves conclusively that their labors on Mr. BLAINE for a week in this city did not succeed in winning from him a single positive statement in regard to his candidacy. Their positive assertions that Mr. BLAINE would accept have evidently been pure bluff.

Col. KERENS, of the Harrison party, put his own construction on the situation. "Mr. BLAINE stands pat," he said; "let us do the same, and the man who holds the best hand will win when the show down comes."

As the Blaine party has three of a kind, PLATT, CLARKSON and QUAY, it will be necessary for the Harrison side to hold higher than knaves, or a full, to win.

"PA WILL ACCEPT."

The ladies properly exercise much influence in family affairs, and when they feel disposed to extend their sphere of action they frequently succeed in having their way, even in political matters. When Mrs. BLAINE recently declared with some show of indignation that the Secretary was under no political obligations to the President, it was shrewdly concluded that her best efforts would be exerted to induce her husband to run for President if he could get the nomination. Hence no great surprise was manifested at Chicago yesterday when it was alleged that EMMONS BLAINE had received a maternal message by telegraph containing the words: "Pa will accept."

Of course, this is only family politics. The Secretary may have been persuaded into giving his consent after a tea-table discussion or a curtain lecture. He may have been weary and in want of rest, or his decision may have been inconsiderately given to please his home circle. "Pa will accept" may not therefore be entitled to the weight of an official announcement. Yet the despatch will doubtless be forwarded to Minneapolis, and the glad tidings, "Pa will accept," will be spread among the arriving delegates and joyfully inscribed on PLATT'S banners.

KEEP THE TROLLEY OUT.

Those members of the Board of Aldermen who have expressed their opinion as to the expediency of allowing the Broadway syndicate to use the trolley electric system for many of their roads do not seem to fully comprehend the points involved or the condition of public sentiment on the subject.

President ARNOLD, for instance, thinks the trolley system might do for the Annexed District. Alderman MORGAN is willing to vote for the trolley system if the people want it. Alderman MORRIS cannot see any objection to the trolley underneath the Elevated Railroad structures. Two Aldermen, NOONAN and BROWN, are opposed to the system.

The fact is that the proposed system is at once a disfigurement to the streets of the city and a danger to human life. There ought not to be the slightest toleration of it, either under the Elevated railroads or on separate plants, either in the new districts or the old. Its speed is not greater than that on a cable road, and would not be available if it were so. The wires would be more dangerous probably under the Elevated Railroad structures than elsewhere. The plain fact is that the trolley system is cheaper than cables, and hence the syndicate wants to adopt it wherever it can. But the people will not allow the streets again to be disfigured and human life to be again endangered, and all President CHAMPENA'S plausible fallacies and all the Aldermanic twisting and squirming will not change their determination.

NOW THOSE EVENING CONCERTS.

The warm weather is here and has doubtless come to stay. But the evenings are cool and refreshing and just such as the people can enjoy in the parks after a hard day's work.

Now, why cannot the Park Commissioners at once make the change so earnestly desired by the frequenters of East River Park and order the music to be played there in the evening instead of the afternoon? Why should there be a day's or an hour's delay in granting this reasonable request of the people?

The Park Commissioners can have no interest in the matter, one way or the other, except to do what the public wants, provided the request is reasonable and proper. The people who seek recreation in the Park after a hard day's work do have a very deep interest in it, and it is not seemly that any red-tapism or any indifference on the part of the Park Commissioners should stand in the way of their wishes.

Come, Messrs. Commissioners, stop this procrastination and make the order for evening concerts at once.

STRONG TALK IN THE PULPIT.

Last Sunday a clergyman of the city assailed a prominent public official, the head of an important Commission, as "the biggest rascal on the Board," and as "fit only for the penitentiary." This violent language was used, not in a sudden spasm of morality, but was deliberately prepared by its utterer and given to the press for publication in advance of its delivery.

If the official deserves what is said of him by the minister he ought not to have been honored by the many offices he has held, both by election and appointment, and ought not now to be in the public service. If the clergyman's assertions are unwarranted by facts they are maliciously libellous, and the person against whom they are directed has a right to seek justification in the courts.

The assailed official has filed a complaint for criminal libel against the minister, and the latter has been held to answer in $1,000 bail. For this the complainant is accused of attempting to "muzzle the clergy," and the prosecution has been branded as an "indecency" and an "unwarrantable invasion" of the minister's "rights."

This is ridiculous. A clergyman has no more "right" than a layman to slander and degrade a citizen. Intemperate language is, at least, as reprehensible in the pulpit as in any other place. The clergyman will have the privilege of proving on his trial, if he can, that the assailed official is a rascal fit for the penitentiary. If he cannot do so he uttered a wilful and malicious slander and deserves to pay the penalty imposed by law on the offense.

AS TO NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

Senator HISCOCK has presented a memorial in the Senate asking that a Congressional Commission may be raised to inquire into the matter of the naturalization of adopted citizens in New York, with a view to the remedy of illegal practices alleged by the memorialists to prevail in the courts of the city.

Every good citizen must be desirous that the naturalization laws be faithfully administered. A fraudulent naturalization paper means a fraudulent ballot; and it is as much a crime against the purity of the ballot-box to allow a man to vote who is not entitled to the franchise as it is to buy corrupt voters for money in blocks of five or singly. No honest citizen can object to such a Commission as Mr. HISCOCK'S memorial asks.

But it must be remembered that a foreign-born man who has filled all the requirements of the Constitution and the law is as much entitled to his naturalization papers as Mr. CORNELIUS N. BLISS and Col. GEORGE BLISS, two of the memorialists, are to have their names registered at an election. There are some persons who do not want any foreign-born citizen to a vote, and who, if they had the power to do so, would block the way of every naturalized voter to the ballot-box. Hence, in framing the Commission, care should be taken that no injustice is done to squarely naturalized citizens, who are just as much entitled to the franchise as any native-born American in the city.

NORTH RIVER RAILWAY BRIDGE.

The Committee of the Board of Trade and Transportation, appointed to hear arguments on the subject of the proposed Hudson River Bridge, held a meeting yesterday and will hold another on next Friday afternoon.

Mr. W. E. D. STOKES, who made a speech against the bridge, criticised its practicability and the various and constantly varying plans of its projectors. He does not believe that the bridge can be successfully built. But this objection begs the real question, and it is well known that engineering science can overcome nearly all difficulties.

The plain fact is that the people do not want the bridge because it is a mere railroad speculation designed for the benefit of the railroad corporations at the cost of the city.

An important portion of the city has been practically ruined through the privileges unwisely granted to the Vanderbilt railroads years ago. The people are not willing that other portions should be destroyed in the interest of other railroads, after the experience of the past. There is only one sentiment in New York and that is hostile to the scheme concocted by a handful of legislative speculators.

Taken by itself, the fact that a man is worth $200,000 is the weakest sort of an argument against his being handcuffed when officers have him in hand on a serious charge. So the prisoner who denounced his shackling as an outrage on the ground of his wealth, in General Sessions yesterday, did not put his case powerfully. But as the circumstances were a little extraordinary, and as there was the least possible danger of resistance or of an attempt to run away on the part of the accused man, there was perhaps room for a little better official judgment than was exercised in the matter of the handcuffing. The case was that of Real Estate Dealer JACONS, who is charged with renting a house knowing it was to be used for disorderly purposes.

The grave-diggers at the capital of the Seminole nation, who are said to have buried alive a condemned criminal whom the executioners had simply wounded and not killed, may reasonably be accused of carrying out too faithfully their part of the official programme. To be sure, they may claim that it was the executioners' business to see to the killing, and they were to do the rest and ask no questions. But, even by that token, did they not exceed their authority when they interred a live man, and so practically did both the killing and the burying? Laying aside this trifling with words, however, the affair was a brutal one which the Government should take up if it can.

After that peaceful way which gave earth's biggest ocean its name, the Pacific has come forward with a phenomenon which knocks out with one fell swoop the ancient Atlantic story of the sea serpent. An island half a mile long and half as wide is reported to be floating idly in the vicinity of Cape Flattery. It bears a hut and a small farm, but no living creatures are in sight. The suggestion almost makes itself that this floating bit of land is a retreat providentially prepared for whatsoever man finds the verdict of the June conventions too soul-torturing for him to bear in sight of other men.

The politicians won't forget anything in the campaign which will soon be noisily opened all over the country. That campaign won't be in all respects a school for charity, but its tumult should not be permitted to drown out such appeals to the heart and mind as a knowledge of the hot weather sufferings of the tenement-house babies must make. Therefore, remember THE EVENING WORLD'S Fund for the Free doctors.

BISMARCK is reputed to have rejected overtures for a reconciliation with WILLIAM, and to have said that CAPRIVI and the Kaiser must find their own way out of difficulty. But why the overtures? Have "my will" and "my way" begun to look insufficient already?

Mr. BLAINE'S word was only to say that he wouldn't say anything. But how much it means—according to the way one looks at it.

Is Chicago building wisely to dally with dynamite stories on the eve of the political explosions?

If "Pa will accept" the nomination can Grandpa accept with resignation?

THE CLEANER.

The signatures to the petition for Barondess's pardon are said to measure more than a mile in length, allowing two inches to each name.

* * *

Watchman Thomas Meehan, of the Clyde line pier, fished his thirty-seventh drowning person out of the river yesterday. Owing to the frequent demands for his services in that line he keeps an extra suit of clothes handy to wear after the wetting. He has a life-saving medal.

* * *

Watch out for icebergs if you are preparing for a trip abroad. The City of Berlin passed four monsters on Wednesday, and they were all in the west-bound track.

THANKS FROM D. A. 63, K. OF. L.

A Rochester Assembly Praises "The Evening World" by Resolution.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR: The following is a copy of resolutions unanimously adopted by District Assembly 63, K. of L., at its regular meeting held Friday, May 27, 1892.

"*Whereas*, THE NEW YORK EVENING WORLD caused certain articles to be published in its columns pertaining to our local clothing difficulty; and

"*Whereas*, We know that such statements were and are true and correct and convey to the general public an accurate conception of the clothing difficulty in this city, therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we, the officers and members of D. A. 63, K. of L., in regular session assembled, and representing all Knights of Labor Assemblies of Rochester and vicinity, do hereby sustain and approve of the article published; and it is further

"*Resolved*, That we extend our sincere thanks to the New York EVENING WORLD for its generosity in giving N. Y. A. 231 an impartial hearing in its struggle for justice.

"Respectfully submitted,
"W. G. SPINNING, D. R. S.

"Rochester, N. Y., June 1."

An Argument for Primogeniture.

[*From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*]

She—Why is it that the younger sons of English noblemen so often go into the church?

He—They have the advantage of being able to profit by the first-born's example.

ONE dish—sometimes but a taste—will tell you that
H-O
(Hornby's Oatmeal)
is better than all others.

TOTS ARE SUFFERING.

Come to Their Rescue by Way of the Sick Baby Fund.

They Need Food, Clothing and Medical Care.

Nell Nelson Pays a Visit to Some Homes of Poverty.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....	$100.00
Previously acknowledged.....	1,565.05
Emily A. Alcock.....	9.45
Mabel Pladwell's collection.....	6.00
F. B.....	2.00
W. P.....	.25

IN POVERTY'S HOMES.

The Free Doctor Corps Is Designed for Just Such Cases.

It is broiling hot when we get to Houston street, and when we reach the top flat in a rear tenement we are short of breath and perspiring like an ice cooler in an engine room.

Betsy opens the door. She replies to our questions with sweet politeness, but she has her doubts about us. We have surprised her, and it is some time before she recovers. There are three children, a baby a few months, another eighteen months and a third three years old, all in a row on the floor getting washed. There is a vegetable dish for the tub and the worst looking towel ever designated by that term. The nurse in charge is such a poor, pale, delicate little girl that it seems a perfect crime to make her work.

Her mother sews carpets in a Third avenue store, her "father has went away" and she "stays to home and minds the children and does all the work." Her responsibilities have given her a sort of deputy maternal importance that under happy circumstances would be amusing. Baby "has been sick all the time" and he is worse now. He does a great deal of crying that nothing can stop but "the drops." "One day I gave him a whole bottleful," she confides to us, and one day the poor fellow is going to drop off and glide down to eternity. There isn't a bone in his emaciated little body that you could not break with a lead pencil. The other children are pale and thin. Both have "bad throats," and there is not a change of clothing for either of them in the house. The room is almost black in its gloom. A smoking oil stove heats and poisons the atmosphere. Here Betsy "cooks tea for dinner and hot water to clean with." Has the doctor seen the baby?

"Oh, no. Mamma hasn't any money. She got the drops from the drug store, but the doctor won't come unless you pay him."

A few doors east we call on a Russian woman who pays 50 cents a week for the privilege of the hall on the top floor of a three-story building. She is sewing on boys' knickerbockers. Her baby lies asleep in a chair, and about her are the straw mattress, the shoddy comforter and the tins she had on shipboard. The emanations from her miserable belongings are most offensive. She speaks English with her eyes only, but the language is as comprehensive as the sadness they express. We do not need to understand Russian to know that the child is dying.

Misfortunes may develop strong minds, but when they come in flocks and perch upon helpless humanity like vultures the spirit is very soon crushed. The pity of it all is that the greenest hospital nurse could save the poor little creature. All it needs is a little care and a little food. What it has is neglect. Even the luxury of a pint of warm water is denied it to cleanse the ulcerated eyelids.

Horrible as is the destitution of this case, it is surpassed by a scene in the basement where two families of eight persons live. The room is divided by a calico drapery, which does the treble duty of wall, towel and handkerchief for the inmates. Light comes from the single sash-window below the level of the sidewalk and air is admitted through the door. Four indescribably dirty children play at skittles with cobble-stones. They don't look as though they had been washed since they left Russia. No rubbing would clean their small brown faces until they had been soaked. They have no shoes, no underwear, and not a whole garment between them. The only perfect child is the infant, which a palsied old woman, barefoot, ragged and bald-headed, is minding. All Spring the youngsters, who are cousins, have been, not down, but up with the measles and shunned by all the neighbors. How they got enough to eat is a mystery. A protest was made by the tenants for their ejection, but the janitor refused to put them out.

"They'll die off in a little while," was his view of the case. Two went in March, the mother of the baby and a fourteen-year-old girl. The home is not only uninviting but really dangerous, for the ceilings are so low that one cannot stand straight, and when there is any heavy walking in the rooms above dust falls in showers. A lamp has to be kept burning to help the scanty rays of daylight.

In Wooster street doors of opportunity open at every turn, silently imploring help and relief. The most appalling case of distress is in an attic room, where the window is overhead and the roof slopes down to the baseboard. In a single bed a woman half reclines, supported by cotton straps run through a pulley fastened in the ceiling. Her body is paralyzed from the waist down, and the bed is covered with shop vests, the collars of which she is trying to join. There are two grandchildren with her, aged three and ten months. Their father is in the insane asylum. The children seem to have inherited their cruel and excitable disposition, which debars them from admission to the local day nursery. The mother works in a cigar factory, and during her absence the crippled, helpless woman and the restless, helpless babies are alone. We had seen all we could bear and went home, passing shoals of sick, sad, hungry, dirty little boys and girls on the sidewalk, every one of whom deserved a better fate.

The "divine plan," as seen on the way back, may have had redeeming elements, but only the destructive ones—disease, destitution and neglect—were apparent. Some had plump faces, others good eyes, some perfectly formed bodies and others a healthy complexion, but very few had all. For the most part they seemed to have come from nature's bargain counter. They were notched, bruised, dislocated and mottled; they squinted and hobbled and coughed; they had scars and sores; they were pale, thin and fragile; they had wistful eyes and garments that were the very meanest apologies for comfort.

But they are the children for whom the fund is being raised. They are the children the corps of Free Doctors will hunt up. You can help them. They have a slight claim on you. That poor Russian child up in the tenement hall must not be allowed to die just yet. Your dollar will do just 100 cents' worth of good. Poverty is a sad subject, but saddest of all are the lives of the children of the poor, and because it is so, children who are not poor and starved and sick and miserable should do something for their relief. The rich are expected to do a dollar's worth of home mission work, but the others need only give a few pennies. Only please do hurry, for this is killing weather.

NELL NELSON.

Collected at a May Party.

To the Editor.

On Saturday afternoon, May 28, the children whose names are inclosed held a May party in Mount Morris Park. During the afternoon Miss Mabel Pladwell took up a collection for your fund. Kindly accept same, with best wishes.

THE CHILDREN.

Following are the contributors: Mabel Pladwell, Percy Gaylor, Gracie Gaylor, Whitfield Gaylor, Nellie Crane, Russell Crane, Ella Holland, Marshall Frank, Josie Pladwell, Arthur Pladwell, Lillian Stedworth, Arthur Powers, Alice Powers, Robert Broadfoot, Elsie Powers, George Broadfoot, Lulu Lewis, Howe Broadfoot, Ray Lewis, Eben Broadfoot, Queenie Stern, Louis Hollian, Lenore Stern, Royal Hollian, Gracie Hollstiner, Mathew Patten, Neil Hollian, Hudson Mason, Estelle Marx, Warren Mason, Amelia Weller, Charley Stephens, Florence Watson, Bessie Lyons, Ada Hingrose, Lester Fitler, Lucy Cleveland, Philip Weller, Marion Van Riper.

Collected from Friends.

To the Editor.

Inclosed you will find $9.45 which I have collected from my friends and fellow-employees. I trust it may do some good.

EMILY A. ALCOCK.
515 West Fifty-second street.

L. Harte, William Harte, F. McG. Sherritt, G. A. Terry, Charles Pilhave, 50 cents each; Cash, 50 cents; Cash, 50 cents; E. A. A., 40 cents; J. S. Barbour, Joe, E. K. M., 25 cents each; S. B., M. M. Mulkay, 20 cents each; Joseph B. Stillwell, $2; Emma Brockner, Ella Walters, M. Hill, Kate Platt, L. G. Holdnson, O. Price, B. Grady, M. Curtin, M. Quain, J. A. Coyle, M. Guinea, A. Degnon, M. Linehan, M. A. Collins, G. Harbel, F. H., May K., E. A. G., A. C., H. M., S. Grady, C. Rattrey, M. Davis and Marguerite Harte, 10 cents each.

A Miscalculation.

[*From Judge.*]

"Ah, little Johnnie's pet owl, make a nice lunch for me."

"Wow! beg pardon. I made a mistake. Must be the wrong house."

A Friend in Need.

[*From Puck.*]

Philanthropist—Why are you crying so, my child?

Little Girl—Please, sir, me mudder sent me wid fifty cints fer to git bread wid, an' I lost it in that there dark alleyway. I'll be licked terrible.

Philanthropist—Well, well! my poor child; dry your tears. Here I—a match. Perhaps you may be able to find it.

It Costs Money.

[*From Judge.*]

Farmer Menthol—George has only been in college two months and he writes that he has had to order two new suits and wants me to send him some more money.

Mrs. Menthol—For the land's sake! how does the boy manage to wear out so many clothes?

Farmer Menthol—I guess it's all right, Maria. He says that it's hard on clothes because one of their physical-culture exercises is picking up chips.

Yours for Health.

[*From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*]

Clerk—Here's a health item in this paper that I believe I'll work up into a placard to hang up in the hat department next to "No Trouble to Show Goods."

Proprietor—What is it?

Clerk—Don't Go Out Without a Hat.

Entitled to Sympathy.

[*From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*]

Mendicant—Would you please be so kind as to give me a four-button cutaway suit of clothes? I'm an old soldier. I had a good job, but I got discharged last year.

Man—What were you discharged for?

Mendicant—Soldiering.

Coming Events.

Concert, by Prof. Lachmund and pupils, Madison Hall, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Madison avenue, to-night.

On the Madison Square roof garden to-night the '92 Literary Society of Columbia College will have a banquet.

The graduating class of the Columbia Law School will give a dinner at the Holland House this evening.

Annual Commencement of Columbia College, New York, at Music Hall, Fifty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, Wednesday, June 8, 8.15 P. M.

To-morrow night a strawberry festival will be given by the Hungaria Ladies' Aid Society in Arlington Hall, 21 St. Mark's place, the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of destitute families.

Cappa's Band will give a concert on the Mall in Central Park to-morrow afternoon at 4, weather permitting.

TRY TO DROWN A DUCK

By pouring water on its back and you have a good idea of the uselessness of the old-fashioned methods of trying to cure Nervous Debility and Decline of Manhood. Thousands are being yearly disappointed, cheated and disgusted. They become despondent and hopeless, not knowing what to do or where to turn. Nevertheless there is a method, simple, cleanly, secret and certain. Perhaps you have tried it? If so you are a well man, and a strong partisan of our Homeopathic Specifics. You KNOW that the "mild power cures," and we know it and propose that all the world shall know it. The time is ripe. Ignorance and quackery have held sway too long. Sealed particulars sent free.

HOMEOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 86 5th Avenue, N. Y.

FASHION NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Langtry's Gowns Worn in "The Fringe of Society."

Simple Full Waists the Favorite Summer Toilet.

The gowns worn in "The Fringe of Society" at the Criterion are the prettiest on the London stage at present. Mrs. Langtry's costumes have come from Paris. Her first is of gray voile, with bodice formed entirely of a yoke of white lace and alternate bands of white moire and gray satin ribbons. These are about an inch wide, and the gray is edged with steel embroidery. The ribbons are in parallel lines on the front of the bodice, but on the back are continued in the shape of inverted VS, each one surmounted by a chou bow of gray satin. The same trimming is repeated on the skirt hem, with very much larger choux appearing at intervals. The gray ribbon alone is used on the shoulders over the full voile sleeves. The hat worn with this gown is a golden brown chip, trimmed with scarlet and green velvet, poppies and a side bunch of grass. In the second act Mrs. Langtry's black gown is entirely

MRS. LANGTRY IN "THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY."

covered with claire de lune jet drops, which sparkle and flash with brilliant effect. The ceinture is of black satin, and a band of black satin is fastened round the throat by a large turquoise set in diamonds. The sleeves are made in one puff to the elbow, and worn with tan gloves. Mrs. Langtry's hat is of black lace, trimmed with soft pale roses and a plume of black ostrich tips. Her third dress is of water-green satin, embroidered in gold in massive and exceptionally rich design. Crepe de Chine of a delicate peach shade is used for the back of the dress, and for the Watteau train and wide side sash.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the head.

To destroy flies, boil the parings of potatoes in a little water for an hour. Skim them out and boil the water down to a few tablespoonfuls. Sweeten with molasses and turn into plates. Then catch your flies, feed them and they will never bother you again.

The simplest kind of full waists, with seams under the arms only, extending a few inches below the waist line, is the general favorite for Summer toilets, its adaptability rendering it equally appropriate for an independent waist of lace, silk or any suitable fabric to wear with various skirts, or to be made of the same material as the skirt. When used as an independent garment the portion below the waist is usually worn outside the skirt. When it completes a costume it is tucked underneath the skirt with a belt, girdle or sash as a finish.

Thimbles were scarcely known in England before the reign of James I., when John Lopling, a mechanic, came over from Holland, bringing with him a stock of them. Finding very soon that the demand for his wares was increasing and would soon exhaust the supply, he established a manufactory of thimbles in Islington and invited over several of his countrymen to assist in working it. The success and profit of the undertaking were greatly beyond his expectations.

Wide brims and peaked crowns are what the little tots wear in straw—boys as well as girls.

The prettiest trimmings for batistes, ginghams and similar textiles, are of openwork embroideries in pink, blue and cream, the new fine "cotton guipure" or point de Gene laces, or the lighter Irish linen laces and torchon insertions. Cream-colored applique bands and the thorn-stitched cotton gimps are also used.

Asparagus is here in abundance, and she who would be beloved of her husband will see to it that the succulent root is often before him. In preparing it for the table the bunch should be plunged into boiling water which is well salted, set down on the root ends, with the tips well out of the water, as the steam cooks them quite sufficiently. Almost any asparagus will be well cooked after twenty-five minutes' boiling. It can then be taken into a colander and drained, the strings carefully cut and the vegetable arranged on toast to serve. There are several sauces used with it—either plain butter, pepper and salt, or yet a sauce Hollandaise being quite popular, or drawn butter may be poured over it. Sometimes when the tips of the asparagus are served with toast as an especially dainty dish, the stalks are well boiled and strained for a soup.

Economy.

[*From the Rochester Post-Express.*]

Teacher—Johnny, you may tell me what political economy teaches.

Johnny—Not to run a $10,000 man for a $1,000 office.

ODD BITS OF CONTEMPORARY HUMOR

Putting the Dog Off.

There was a man and a boy and a dog. The man was waiting for a car. So was the boy. So was the dog. When the car came they all took the rear platform and stood there. In a few minutes the conductor came out, collected two fares and tinkled the bell twice. He noticed the dog and turning to the man said:

"Dog are against the rules."

The man was deeply interested in the white film of smoke which coiled upward from the end of his cigar and did not hear, so the conductor touched him on the elbow:

"Dogs are not allowed to ride on street cars, I said."

"Did you, indeed? Ah! and do the dogs mind it very much, I wonder?"

The two high school girls tittered and the boy shot a wad of paper at a passing vehicle. The conductor looked back and growled:

"Please put that dog off, will you?"

"Will I? Well, not if the court knows herself."

"Well, I will then," and he shoved the dog off the platform, slammed the door and went forward. The man smiled, the boy whistled, the dog jumped back again and the high school girls tittered a little more. In a few minutes the conductor came out again and he looked ugly.

"Now, look here, my friend," he said, "I want you to understand that I want you to put off that dog and keep him off."

"All right, I understand."

"Well, do it then."

"Oh, no; not this evening."

Biff! The dog yelped and landed half way across the street.

"Now, Mr. Man, the next time I have to put that dog off this car I'll fire you after him," and he went forward and jerked the bell-rope, says the Omaha *Bee*. The man still watched the curling smoke, the boy whistled again, the dog jumped back on the platform, and the passengers smiled and nudged each other. At the next crossing the conductor burst out on the platform with the snort of a war-horse:

"See here, smarty"—— but just then the boy jumped off, called his dog and the two went trotting down the street.

The passengers roared, the man knocked the ashes off his cigar with his little finger and smiled, the conductor glared at him for an instant, chewed up the rest of his sentence and jumped back to his post growling: "Blast a fool, anyhow."

A Young Lady Sets Her Romantic Music Teacher Right.

Not long ago there came to this city an Englishman—bachelor, had seen better days. Casting about for something to keep appetite in touch with edibles he hit upon music teaching as offering the largest revenue with the least expenditure of effort, says the San Francisco *Examiner*.

Of course this was merely a something to fill in with while waiting the knocking of fortune at his door. Fortune, being female, he figured her out as an heiress, and having accumulated numerous pupils he chose the one with the largest financial prospects and laid siege to her susceptible heart and desirable ducats.

His suit seemed to prosper. That is, the heiress was affable and easy in her manner towards her piano chap, though hardly indulging in anything which might be termed hysterical evidences of a bubbling love. Still the fact that his sighs and love-lorn looks were not repulsed with cuffs and contumely led him to hope that his poor but proud demeanor had impressed his favorite pupil.

A week or two ago he thought the time ripe for declaring himself. In the midst of a music lesson he broke loose and "told in passionate tones the wild, sweet story of his love."

"Sir," said the maiden, without taking her fingers from the keys, "I hire you for a music teacher, not a lover!"

"But—but—why have you encouraged me?" he asked, seeing his fortune slipping from him.

"Encouraged you? How?"

"Why, my looks, my sighs, my longing."

"Oh, I thought you had come to California for your health, and that your pain mastered you at intervals. I was going to suggest a mustard plaster."

The value of this story lies in the fact that it will be recognized in "our society."

WORLDLINGS.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is fifty-two years old. He lives near Dorchester, in Wessex, England, and is a county magistrate. "Under the Greenwood Tree" was his first literary success, and in the twenty years that have elapsed since its publication he has been steadily growing in fame.

The Italian Government has purchased Caprera, the island that was once Garibaldi's home, and will fortify it for use as a naval station.

There is a surface of 5,000 acres in Silesia, Prussia, which is usually dry, but which every thirty years fills with water in some unknown way and becomes a lake.

The United States exported 1,454,000 barrels of apples to Europe last season.

It is said that the only official in the United States entitled by law to be called "honorable" is the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Politics in Blissville.

Sixty candidates for marshal—'tis fun to see 'em strive;
Fifteen for street-commissioner—for milk-inspector five;
There's but twenty-six for sergeant and eight or ten for clerk;
With ninety odd for policemen—you ought to see 'em work.
The stores is all wide open—take anything you find;
It's free as old religion of the old camp-meetin' kind:
They're a-jawin', they're a-fightin' with the shotgun and the sling;
The coffin-factory's boomin', and we're consoled by thing!

—*Helena (Mon.) Journal.*

She Was All Right.

She could not dare his socks or sew
A button on his coat;
She could not make a decent shirt
To fit his manly throat.

But what cared he if she had not
A talent to unwind?
For when he married her she had
A hundred thousand cold.—*Exchange.*

Identified.

"The Countess de Rigour," I heard.
"American—some Western town—
The reigning belle"—I looked and knew
My old school-mate, Samantha Brown.

—*Puck.*

Recovered—sound health for every consumptive who hasn't delayed too long. There's a posit