The World

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Next comes the fight on silver.

Will it be a dark horse after all?

Roundsman DAILEY's pull should be pulled out.

There is a difference between magnetic and electro-magnetic.

Ten inches of snow at Deadwood, Dak., may be looked upon as an omen by all but one of the Minneapolis candidates.

Come, Commissioner BRENNAN, brace up. Your people are neglecting out-of-the-way streets. You ask for complaints, and here is one.

In the excitement of politics do not forget the sick children of the tenements. Send in your mite to swell the fund for the free doctors' corps.

Gen. ALGER announces his "withdrawal" from the Minneapolis contest. But was ALGER ever in it? Are not his money-bags only wanted for the second place?

Tariff and silver, says wise Dr. DEPEW, are the two principles which will engage the attention of the Convention. In the words of Mrs. Buttercup: "Dear me, so they be!"

Chancellor VON CAPRIVI very sensibly condemns the proposition to hold an international exhibition in Berlin in 1896. He says it would interfere with Germany's exhibit at the World's Fair here.

It is sincerely hoped that the Bald Eagle of Westchester is not seriously ill. But it is malicious to spread the report that he will be confined to his bed at Minneapolis until after the nomination is made.

Lieut.-Gov. SHEEHAN has been to Washington to see Senator HILL. What he saw will appear at the meeting of the mid-Winter delegates to-night. But the delegates are very likely to take their own way, after all.

Uncle ED PARTRIDGE, the great grain cornerer, has been hit by the advance on wheat and corn to the tune of $375,000 in two days, with more to come. It is not the first time the Partridge has been caught in wheat and corn.

An alleged ex-gambler, who had promised to expose the tricks of sharpers lectured at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall on Twenty-third street yesterday. The only trick he exposed was by taking up a collection at the close of the address.

A train with sixty Western editors and their families on board was wrecked in Nebraska, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad yesterday. None of the passengers was hurt, but imagine what a flood of indignant denunciatory editorials the railroad company escaped.

The Municipal Council of the Irish National League yesterday adopted THE EVENING WORLD's suggestion by resolving that no money be sent from America to help the Irish elections unless the two factions in Ireland stop playing into Tory hands and unite on a single candidate in each district.

Policeman JOHN O'CONNOR, of the Twenty-second street station, is charged with a cruel and wanton assault on a woman. Will he "refuse to answer" when put on trial before the Police Commissioners? And will the Board send him among the goats to beat defenseless women there?

The United Press's alleged interview yesterday with Mr. BLAINE is characterized by that gentleman as a lie and a forgery. The *Sun's* announcement that the United Press alone got the news of Mr. BLAINE's resignation on Saturday was equally untrue. The Associated Press gave, as usual, the first, best and fullest report of this important event.

Minneapolis minstrelsy has a tintinnabulating ring just now. It is all

Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine!
The idol of the party from the state of Maine!

and similar refrains. But does it occur to the Platt combine how readily this can be changed into

Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine!
He wrote a letter to decline and took it back again!

and so on? Have they forgotten 1884?

Jockey PLATT, who rides the gray horse Jem Blaine, in the great Minneapolis Handicap, says no "dark horse" is in it, and that his mount will surely win. But is not the CLARKSON letter, with CLARKSON himself, QUAY and Jockey PLATT, a pretty tough handicap for the Maine horse to carry?

THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra presented the best, most interesting, most complete and most graphic account of the Blaine resignation and the effect of its announcement at Washington and at Minneapolis which was given to the public on Saturday. Gathering the facts from all quarters which went into THE EVENING WORLD story and putting them into the clear and attractive form in which they appeared was a wonderful piece of work, when the short space of time in which it all had to be done is considered. Credit for the feat is due to the Associated Press, which on this occasion outdid the best previous accomplishment of any news association.

POSSIBILITIES.

It is generally supposed that BLAINE's retirement from the Cabinet is a practical announcement of his change of front on the question of the nomination, and a notification to his friends of his willingness to be their candidate notwithstanding the Clarkson letter. Is it certain that the Secretary's action will result in his nomination on the first ballot at Minneapolis, as the political triad, PLATT, CLARKSON and QUAY, seem to believe?

It is possible that Mr. BLAINE may be satisfied with preventing HARRISON's nomination without desiring the prize for himself. It is possible, also, that the political leaders who have been using Mr. BLAINE's name to kill HARRISON may really prefer some other nominee to the Secretary whom they have heretofore opposed. It is possible, further, that the cool delegates of the Republican Convention may question the expediency of taking for their candidate a man who, however distinguished he may be, can be put on the defensive by a charge of having obtained the nomination through trickery and deception, and who has unquestionably made an enemy of the Administration. Lastly, it is possible that prudent Republicans may doubt the wisdom of electing as President a confirmed invalid whose health may give way at any moment.

While everything at present foreshadows the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, these points must necessarily receive consideration, unless the Republican party abandons all hope of success at the polls.

DAVENPORT'S OWN ACCOUNT.

Mr. JOHN I. DAVENPORT, Chief Supervisor of Elections in New York, appeared before the Senate Immigration Committee at Washington last Saturday to testify as to alleged abuses and irregularities in the administration of the Naturalization laws in this city.

If any fraudulent naturalization papers are issued here or anywhere else, it is a crime which every honest citizen whatever his politics may be, would desire to see exposed and punished. But Mr. DAVENPORT's story is ancient history. He published a book which contains nearly all the information he tendered to the Committee. In that book is to be found the statement he repeated last Saturday that in one year (1868) the New York courts granted 60,000 certificates of citizenship.

But in consequence of the war naturalization had practically ceased since 1861. In that year immigrants who had arrived in 1856 had filled their time, but would not take out their papers. In 1868 all immigrants who had arrived from 1856 to 1863—or five years prior to 1868—were entitled to naturalization. The total number of arrivals between those dates was 887,877. As a large proportion of the immigrants remain in New York, and as 60,000 was less than 7 per cent. of the total number, the figures, although large, were not so startling as Mr. DAVENPORT assumed.

If frauds are committed let them be stopped. But do not let the terrorism of armed deputy supervisors be used to keep honestly naturalized citizens from the polls.

It should not be forgotten that Mr. DAVENPORT is an interested party in representing the services of United States supervisors in elections as important and vitally necessary. He has for years drawn enormous sums of money out of the public treasury. By the way, while investigating naturalization frauds, would it not be well to overhaul the accounts of the Chief Supervisor?

REMOVE DAILEY AT ONCE.

It is a disgrace to the Police Department and an insult to the people that Roundsman DAILEY still wears a policeman's uniform and walks the streets armed with authority, a hickory club and a revolver.

Charged with a most serious criminal offense, the punishment for which would keep him for years in confinement in a State prison, enough evidence is found against him on a police court examination to compel the Justice to hold him in $2,500 bonds. When he is called for trial on this and other charges before the Police Commissioners he refuses to answer, after a vain effort to obtain a postponement until the criminal charges have been disposed of. He is arraigned before the Commissioners for other offenses besides that of a criminal assault on a young girl. But he displays his insubordination by refusing to answer any of the charges.

Commissioner MACLEAN has said: "I have nothing to do with the police courts. I am here to enforce discipline in the Police Department."

It is evident that the retention of DAILEY for a day or an hour on the force is a gross neglect of duty on the part of the Commissioners and a public outrage. He ought to be stripped of his uniform without any more delay than is required to get him into other clothes. What is the Police Board going to do about it?

TWO BREAKS.

The withdrawal of Mr. BLAINE from the Cabinet cannot be said to have been unexpected, but was certainly abrupt and curt to the point of discourtesy. The acceptance was as scant of graciousness as was the withdrawal.

Mr. BLAINE has been at the head of the President's advisers for more than three years. His selection for Secretary of State was announced as soon as HARRISON was elected and before the construction of the rest of the Cabinet had even been considered. Hence the choice was a special indication of Mr. HARRISON's desire to express his appreciation of Mr. BLAINE's ability and his gratitude for his friendship. Their intercourse must naturally have been of the closest and most confidential character. When two such associates sever their relations with a cold and scarcely civil bow it is ridiculous to insist that their "mutual respect" has not been "impaired" and that no "sense of irritation" will "survive" the Secretary's abandonment of his post.

It is alleged that the rupture between the President and Mr. BLAINE has grown out of "bickerings and heartburnings between the two families," and that the Secretary's withdrawal, if not the manner of it, was the result of a practical application of "home rule." This, if true, would certainly not tend to make the quarrel any the less embittered.

The plain fact is that the break in the Cabinet is a break in the party. With the supporters of the President and the Secretary flying at each other's throats over the nomination, is it possible that the quarrel can be confined to the two principals?

OIL CREEK VALLEY'S DISASTER.

The awful calamity at Titusville and Oil City, in the Oil Creek Valley, is one of those visitations the details of which make the heart sick. Fire of the fiercest kind breaking out in the dead of the night, consuming its victims, and an overwhelming flood rushing into the valley through the bursting of a dam, cutting off escape, while even drowning was rendered more horrible by the flames of the burning oil borne on the surface of the water, these are horrors it is harrowing to contemplate. Even the memorable flood at Johnstown three years ago did not exceed in its terrible consequences this double calamity in the valley, although the loss of life may have been greater. Over one hundred bodies have already been recovered, and the fear is that this number will be largely increased. And with this new horror again comes up the question of the criminal recklessness of human life shown in the insufficient construction of dams. Was the Spartansburg Dam properly built? That is the inquiry to which public attention should now be directed.

THE CLEANER.

Just at dusk last evening a fashionably dressed young man walking along Twenty-third street stopped on the corner of Broadway and for a few minutes thought deeply. Then drawing a coin from his pocket he tossed it in the air, caught it as it fell, scanned the upturned side and abruptly retraced his steps, walking decisively. Evidently that flip of the coin decided for him a most vexatious question.

* * *

At least two conductors on Brooklyn open surface cars have no use for the whistles used to signal the driver. One crooks his little finger between his lips and gives a particularly shrill whistle, while the other is equally successful with a peculiar position of his teeth and lips, leaving both hands free to make change.

* * *

Because his parrot wouldn't talk when he wanted it to, Henry Stimper, a Williamsburg saloon-keeper, tossed it into a chicken coop for punishment. The parrot resented the slight by killing seventeen chickens. Mr. Stimper did the talking then.

* * *

The death of Dr. Henry F. Formad in Philadelphia yesterday recalls the celebrated "Frenchy" and Carlyle Harris murder trials, in both of which he figured prominently with expert testimony.

* * *

Despatches from Paris announce the death of Austin Corbin's eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Cheronnet Champallion. She was a widow with one son.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Different Modes of Kissing.

In Boston when they osculate
It's just a sacchic hush,
No louder than the mingling of
Four dainty bits of plush.

In Hartford when the labials meet
A gentle whish is heard,
Like sound that pulses from the grain
When by a zephyr stirred.

But when in Bangor they collide
In lip-caress you hear
A sound quite like a clapboard dropped
Upon an iron pier. *Boston Courier.*

With Apologies to Tennyson.

I hold it true, whate'er befalls,
'Tis only stupid to be good.
For wealth can now win coronets
And look with scorn on Norman blood.
—Puck.

The Devil Rejoiced.

He had just ten minutes to swallow his lunch,
And he ordered a piece of shad;
He got up as hungry as when he sat down,
And made some emphatic remarks with a frown,
Which made Mephistopheles glad. *—Exchange.*

PFINGSTEN CELEBRATIONS.

German Societies and Families Observe the Annual Holiday.

The observances of Pfingst Monday, the German Whitsuntide, to-day, in the vicinity of New York, are on the usual scale. The day is spent chiefly in picnics, outdoor games, athletics, &c.

At Sulzer's Harlem River Park the Central Turn Verein has a gymnastic exhibition. At Jones's Wood the New York Turn Verein celebrates its forty-second annual festival. The New York Maennerchor and Eichenkranz gather at Washington Park, Sixty-ninth street and Avenue A. The United Singers of New York meet in Brommer's Union Park, one Hundred and Thirty-third street and Willis avenue.

Schnetzen Park, Floral Park and other resorts in Hoboken and on Jersey City Heights will be filled with German families, and the Long Island City and Brooklyn German societies will meet at their accustomed rendezvous.

Knapp's Root

Sound the trumpet,
Beat the drum,
Knapp's Root Beer
To town has come.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract, all dealers, 25c.

Extract Beer

COME TO THEIR AID.

The Poor Sick Babies Are in Need of Your Help.

Swell the Fund to Send Them Free Physicians.

Lillian Solomon and Her Friends Set a Shining Example.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Previously acknowledged	1,583.75
Lillian Solomon and Friend	100.57
Pansy Society	5.00
F. E. Brooks	5.00
A Gambler	5.00
Little Blanche	1.00
Davis Braham	.05

THEY WORKED FOR THE BABIES.

Lillian Solomon and Friends Hold a Fair That Brought $100.57.

THE EVENING WORLD takes off its hat to little Miss Lillian Solomon and her ten little girl friends and makes its best obeisance to them. And it shakes hands with manly Thomas Weed, who turned in and helped the little girls in a gloriously successful fair in Harlem, gotten up in aid of THE EVENING WORLD's Sick Baby Fund.

MISS LILLIAN SOLOMON.

There are a host of little girls and little boys who feel very sorry for the children hived in the miserable, ill-smelling and red-hot tenement-houses of this great city and suffering from the diseases which that way of half living is sure to bring every Summer. They would like so much to help these poverty-stricken little sick folks, but they can't think of just how to do it.

Lillian Solomon, not a very robust girl, but with a tender, loving heart, wanted to help them, too. She had a heart full of sympathy for the sick babies, but she believed that sympathy that gave no help was a very poor article, and she devised a way to help. She enlisted a number of her little friends. They all went to work with a will, and—well, just read this little letter. It's awfully short, but it Talks with a big T.

To the Editor:

Please accept this small donation of $100.57, which was the sum realized from the fair I held at 113 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, Harlem, with the aid of ten little girls' assistance. Oh, how I wish it were ten times the amount! How cheerfully would I send it! And I do fervently wish this example may be most generously followed by thousands of others who can amply afford it, but who give their sympathy instead of cash. For their mite they would receive the reward of the gratitude of thousands of little suffering sick children and their blessing forever. Yours sincerely,

LILLIAN SOLOMON,
101 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street.

Now, $100.57 is a good deal of money. As a part of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund it will do a great deal of good. It will pay for medical attendance to many little sufferers. It will buy medicines. It will provide little delicacies which poverty cannot buy even for its sick child. It will purchase suitable clothing for sick children. It will take them to the seaside or the mountains, should an EVENING WORLD physician decide that this is necessary to bring the sick one back to health—and a bevy of gentle-hearted, earnest little girls and one manly little boy made all these things possible by hard work and "business tact."

An EVENING WORLD representative has had a talk with Lillian Solomon. She is a modest little girl fourteen years old. She has bright blue eyes that bespeak a kindly heart, and the reporter recognized her as the same little girl who raised nearly $40 for yellow fever sufferers three years ago, and another large sum for those who were rendered helpless by the Charleston fire.

Lillian related the story of how that $100.57 was raised in a manner that was delightfully modest. She told what this little girl and that little girl did. How Master Thomas Weed managed the donkey party and how Jennie Danckwerth sold sixty tickets to the fair, but she didn't say a word about the President of the Children's Fair—Miss Lillian Solomon.

The facts are these:

About two months ago Lillian, who is full of business ideas, conceived the plan for a fair to be held in the house of her parents. She enlisted her playmates, Jennie Danckwerth, Marjorie Weed, Ethel Deyoe, Mary Krushower, Carrie Gruenbaum, Mamie Nolan, Helen Ingling, Rosalie Silverburg, Anna Gruenbaum, Blanche Silverburg, Laura Bolliby and Thomas Weed, and they elected her President.

They canvassed among their friends and gathered donations of all sorts of things, fancy work, groceries, candies and the like, and suddenly they found that their fair had positively outgrown papa's parlor.

Then they found a good-hearted man in Mr. H. O'Neill, the Greene street importer, and he donated the use of his vacant store at 113 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Carney & Sons, the gas fixture dealers, accoutred the store with gas fixtures for the occasion; the Consolidated Gas Company contributed gas, and the *Uptown Press* printed neat little tickets which read like this:

A CHILDREN'S FAIR
in aid of the
EVENING WORLD'S SICK BABY FUND,
will be held at
113 WEST 125TH STREET,
from WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, to SATURDAY, MAY 28, inclusive, from 2 to 10 P. M.
ADMISSION ..... 10 CENTS.

How these little girls and Master Weed did work!

Little Miss President Lillian Solomon rolled up her sleeves and got red in the face making and baking 400 crisp, delicious ginger-snaps, and found time to embroider a sofa-cushion that sold later on for $5. All the other little workers were profitably employed.

All the others worked and when the fair opened the work was divided like this:

Rebecca at the well, which yielded lemonade to the thirsty, was Jennie Danckwerth.

The candy and cake booth was presided over by Misses Lillian Solomon and Blanche Silverburg.

Marjorie Weed and Rosalie Silverburg served customers at the toy table.

The apron table was in charge of Mary Krushower.

Ethel Deyoe, Carrie Gruenbaum and Mamie Nolan were cute little saleswomen at the fancy-goods counter.

Helen Ingling was assisted by Mrs. Solomon in the grocery department.

Anna Gruenbaum and Laura Bolliby took turns minding the grab bag, and Master Thomas Weed managed a continuous donkey party.

How they worked? The fair was extended for two extra days, May 30 and 31, and more than 300 people visited it. The little girls and that solitary boy—God bless him!—they all did their level best and—well, a gross of pens and an ocean of ink might be used up in telling how they worked, but, after all——

There's nothing that speaks out quite so eloquently as that $100.57 in bills and cartwheels, half dollars and quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies—there were 317 pennies in the tidy little tin box that came with Miss Lillian's dainty little letter.

"The fair closed with an auction of the few things we had left, and when the last thing was sold and we counted up we were awfully disappointed," says Lillian. "We were 43 cents short of $100. But next day there came a gentleman who had heard of it and he dropped in a one-dollar bill, and so you see we got more than the $100. Now let some of the other girls and boys see what they can do. Anybody can do as well as we if they will only stop thinking about it and go to work. It is hard work, but, oh! there is so much pleasure in it! I'd like to spend my whole life doing things for the sick, especially sick children. They are so sad."

"Lillian Solomon is exactly right. There is not a hand so weak that it cannot lift some portion, however small, of the burden of poverty and sickness that is bearing down the helpless children for whose benefit THE EVENING WORLD fund is intended. Who will be next on the bright roll of honor?

Pansy Society's Donation.

To the Editor:

The Pansy Society wishes to contribute $5 toward the Sick Baby Fund, hoping that it will enable some poor child to have a glimpse of the country. PANSY SOCIETY,
670 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth st.

Susie H. Bertine, President; Clara Hadley, Secretary and Treasurer; May Hadley, Hattie Wilson, Mabel Ramsey, Edith L. Hang.

A Five Dollar Check.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find check for $5, which I would like used to send a sick child to the country. F. E. BROOKS.

Little Blanche's Gift.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund which I have saved up. Hoping this will be of some benefit to a little baby, I remain LITTLE BLANCHE.

I am six years old.

Davie's Nickel.

To the Editor:

I heard all the boys in our street saying on the quiet they were going to save up for the poor babies, so I make my pop give me a nickel, and I send it to you to divide with the poor children. DAVIE BRAHM,
553 Manhattan avenue.

Oil and Vinegar.

[From Judge.]

Artist—My dear young lady, you are positively beautiful! Wouldn't you like me to do you in oils?

Kitchen Wench—Sir! Do you take me for a sardine?

Let Him Alone.

[From London Tit-Bits.]

"My husband received a note to-day in a woman's handwriting."

"Did you open it?"

"I did not. And what is more I left him by himself to read it at his leisure."

"Don't you worry over it?"

"No, but I think he does. It was from my dressmaker."

Our Overworked Officials.

[From Rappel.]

A Government clerk, known to be passionately addicted to fishing, entered the private office of his chief and said:

"My sister is going to be married, sir, and I should like to——"

"Just so, friend. Well, I don't see any objection to your sister's marriage now and then, only you might bring me some fish, you know."

High Toned Churches.

[From an Exchange.]

Mrs. Hardshell—I guess there's more sleepin' than worshippin' done in them high toned churches nowadays.

Mr. Hardshell—How's that, my dear?

Mrs. Hardshell—Why, only the other day I heard the Rev. Mr. Surplice talkin' about the pillars of his church. They'll have mattresses next.

Ambition Crushed.

[From Good News.]

Nice little boy—I wish you would teach me to black boots.

Bootblack—What fur?

"I am not satisfied with my aimless existence at home, and I wish to be independent."

"I see. Kin you lick one boy twice as big as yr'self wid one hand, hold yr kit in th' other, an' keep off two other boys wid yr feet?"

"N—o."

"Too bad. You won't do for a bootblack. I'm fraid you'll have ter go home an' grow up a dude."

Clean your Straw Hat with Pearline.

Directions.

First brush out all the dirt possible. Then, with a sponge, wash the hat with the ordinary Pearline solution (in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pail of water.) Steam it well over the nozzle of a kettle; rinse well with sponge and warm water; press into shape, and dry.

You can do all this at home at a cost of less than one penny. It's simple enough, if you have Pearline—but, with Pearline, every kind of washing and cleaning is simple. Directions for the easiest way, on every package.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 341 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

FASHION NEWS AND NOTES.

A Demand for Other Than Lace Trimming on Dresses.

Ladies' Caps for Travel and Country Wear.

The dress that has neither a yoke nor elbow cuffs of lace is a relief. Lace has been done to death as trimming, and the cry is anything else on the waist.

Ladies' caps sell at $1.25. They are made of silk-lined tennis flannel, and are most convenient for travel and country wear.

Knives should never be put into hot water, which injures them, first by loosening the handles, and next by spoiling the temper of the steel. Wipe them first with a damp cloth and then rub on a smooth board which has been previously rubbed with a scouring brick or kalle powder.

This is a good season of the year to change the diet and cultivate a taste for piquant things such as water-cress, hot asparagus for breakfast, potato salad for lunch, tomato salad at dinner, raw onions for breakfast, onions stewed in cream for dinner, lettuce dressed with egg and French sauce, creamed spinach, sour oranges, pickled peaches, stewed prunes flavored with lemon juice, stewed apples and rhubarb. Restrict the meat to chops, and lamb and depend on fish and vegetable soups.

Many of our houses would be far healthier and more enjoyable if they were more empty. We gather round us furniture, ornaments, rugs, curtains and drapery, bedding, and personal clothing, as the barnacles grow on a rock, and they ever accumulate, and harbor our insidious enemy. It is a surprising thing to observe how few of us have the courage to get rid of our dusty encumbrances, and how we cling to old furniture that would be better out in an open lot. The craze for art muslin draperies and Japanese fans is evaporating, and we are getting rid of dust-traps of other kinds from our living rooms, much to our advantage and the benefit of our health. All curtains are dust-traps, and unless great care be taken they may be as injurious to health as a dirty carpet is. They speedily show, however, by their smell when they are dirty, and the house-mother, who values health and good spirits at home, will banish them from the family living rooms.

Spectacle cases, made of the finest seal, with silver trimmings, may be bought for $2.50; sterling cases, with chatelaine and pin, are $10. These graceful things are extremely pretty for the old people who do not see the world quite right.

The Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition has appointed Mrs. Augusta Wilson, editor and publisher of the Wilsonton (Kan.) *Journal*, a member of the advisory council of the woman's branch of the Congress auxiliary.

In her work on nursing Miss Florence Nightingale says "no particle of dust can be gotten rid of by the present method of dusting. Dusting in these days means nothing but flapping the dust from one part of the room on to another. It is better to leave the dust lying in its original position if you are not going to remove it altogether. The only way I know to remove dust, the plague of all lovers of fresh air, is to wipe everything with a damp cloth. The damp duster will need, Miss Nightingale further explains, frequent rinsing and wringing dry or the furniture will be made smeary and streaked with the mud that has resulted from the dust and the wet of the duster, and the work of the dampened duster must be supplemented by that of the dry one. So you will require two dusters, the dry one carried over your arm, to use when needed as a polisher.

AFRAID OF THE ROSE.

She Thought It Dropped from Heaven and Wouldn't Touch It.

A lady who was going into a picture gallery on the avenue dropped a single red rose she held in her hand and it lay on the threshold, when a thin-faced, ragged child stopped to look at it, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

"You can have it," said the lady, who was returning to her carriage.

But the child did not seem to connect the richly dressed lady with the beautiful flower. She looked from it to the blue sky long and earnestly.

"Well," said the lady, amused at the scene, "why don't you pick up the rose?"

"I dassn't," answered the child, humbly, not offering to touch it.

"But I told you to take it, child. It is mine," said the lady.

"Oh," responded the child, drawing a long breath. "I thought it was God's rose and that mebby he dropped it there."

"You poor child," said the lady, kindly, "it is God's rose and yours and mine, too," and she picked it up and handed it to the little girl.

But the child put her hand behind her and ran off without touching the red rose. She could not comprehend how a rose could drop from heaven like a star to lie at her feet, and she was afraid of a bounty that was of so unusual a nature.

A Thoughtful Husband.

[From the New York Weekly.]

First Club Man—What on earth have you got in your pockets?

Second Club Man—The striking gongs from the clocks at home. I was afraid they'd keep my wife awake.

AMONG THE PLAYER FOLK.

Talk of a Stock Company for the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Bolossy Kiraly to Bring "The Orient" to New York.

It is intimated that a stock company will occupy the stage of the Fifth Avenue Theatre next season. Mr. Miner, it is understood, thinks his new theatre too handsome for a combination house and will devote much of his time during his trip abroad to securing suitable plays for the stock company which, it is learned from a reliable source, he contemplates organizing. Another object of Mr. Miner's trip is to see Henry Irving about the arrangements for the season of 1893-'4. The enterprising manager believes that Mr. Irving can fill the whole season at the Fifth Avenue.

* * *

Ramsay Morris has a scheme for a high-class comedy organization for next season. If it matures a triple bill will be presented in the Rosina Vokes style.

* * *

Young J. K. Emmet will open his season and the season at the Lee Avenue Academy in Brooklyn Aug. 27, with a new production of "Fritz in Ireland."

* * *

Mr. W. H. Morton's connection with Herrmann's Theatre as manager ceased Saturday night. Mr. Alexander Herrmann now assumes personally the duties of management. It is rumored that Mr. Morton will become the manager of Mr. Hammerstein's new Manhattan Opera-House.

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Mr. John Glendinning sails on the City of Paris Wednesday to star for three months in Liverpool and other towns in England. This will prevent his taking part in "A Happy Pair" at the postponed benefit to W. A. Mestayer, at Palmer's Theatre Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Mestayer has improved in health sufficiently to take part in the performance and will be seen, probably for the last time, in a one-act English farce entitled "Three of the Finest." He will be assisted by Joseph Frankau, Seymour Hess, Miss Katie Gilbert and others. In addition there will be given the first production of a curtain-raiser called "The Hero," by Daniel Packard. The list of volunteers is a long one, including the most popular professionals in the city, and it will be a notable matinee.

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Manager Oscar Hammerstein will leave for Europe shortly to complete the engagement of principal singers for the opera season, as well as to secure attractions for the Manhattan Opera-House after the English opera season. He has purchased the sole right of production in the United States of the spectacular opera "Rosbali," by Moskowski, which has been given at the Berlin Imperial Opera-House four nights a week since April 27, and will be continued to the end of the season.

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"The Orient" is the title of a new form of spectacular entertainment which Bolossy Kiraly will bring to New York. It will be a reproduction of all the leading features of the famous Rue de Caire o. the Paris Exposition.

ODD BITS OF CONTEMPORARY HUMOR

Knew Him by Sight.

"I'm from Tucson," said the stranger, as he sauntered up to a dreamy, long-haired man at the end of the bar, "and I've been looking at the sights."

"I've been in Tucson myself," replied the dreamy man, as they clinked glasses, according to the San Francisco *Examiner*. "Glad to see a man from there."

"That so? Know Mansfield?"

"No."

"Know Zebrowski?"

"No."

"Don't? Know Lem Hopkins?"

"Can't say I do. I wasn't there a great while," and the dreamy man pensively drained his glass. "But do you know Hector Servadac?"

"No."

"Know Mart Chuzzlewit?"

"N-no."

"Don't? Know old Don Quixote?"

"No, less he was the Mexican that kept the saloon."

"Naw. That wa'n't him. You don't seem very well acquainted. Did you know Dante, Bill Nye, or Dan Deronda?"

"N-no, I don't think so."

"Look-a-here, young feller, you don't seem to know any prominent citizens. I don't believe you're from Tucson. I'll give you one more show. I never saw a man from Tucson that didn't know one man, and if you don't know him—take keer, my friend, take keer. Do you know Clive Newcome?"

"Y-yes," stammered the stranger from Tucson, as he slid towards the door; "that is, I knew him by sight," and he fled through the door.

A Tribute to Greatness

"Speakin' of snowplows," said the old-timer, as he dropped into the Ananias corner, according to the *Locomotive Engineer*, "speakin' of snowplows reminds me of a cool spell we had whilst I was on the Mexican Central."

"What! cold in Mexico?" asked the gang.

"Yes, cold, c-o-l-d. Why, you fellers don't know what cold is. When one of them Chinnooks comes up from Yucatan it starts the bark on the trees of Mexico, I tell you.

"The time I'm tellin' you about I were dead-headin' South on Tim Fagon's train, when the Chinnook come up. The cars were hett by stoves, and the greaser braksie kept a roarin' fire, but the stovepipe were a half inch deep in white frost in spite of him. I had a buffalo overcoat and a pint flask of native brandy made from red peppers, but I never come so near freezing up in my natural life.

"There was a young married couple sittin' right in front of me, and I noticed the groom ashiverin'; finally he ast her to kiss him and she started to do it, when some one opened the door and froze the kiss right on her lips. Yes, gentleman, 'hat poor critter sat there froze as stiff as an order to cut pay, with her dusky face puckered up just like a boy smokin' his first cigarette. That were the saddest sight I ever see," said the old villain, wiping a tear from his eye.

"The engine seemed to go awful slow and jerry like, and I thought perhaps Tim was getting out of wood, so I went ahead. The fireman was leanin' agin the boiler-head, froze stiff, and Tim had pulled the engine over to stop and then get chilled through.

"I got a drink of pepper whiskey into him and then noticed that the engine was white with ice.

"I couldn't imagine what kept her a-going until I thought a minute. She was runnin' by vacuum. The condensation was so quick that a vacuum was formed and it was suckin' the pistons back and forth.

"When we got in we couldn't blow the headlight out—the flame was frozen—Tim cut it out with a hatchet and gave it to the master mechanic for a paper w——

"Gentlemen!" said the past president. "Gentlemen, this is our annual election. I do not know the name of the distinguished artist who has addressed us, but I move that all rules be suspended and that he be *eigenanimously* elected by acclamation as President of this club. Is it a vote? Carried. Stranger, will you please take the chair—and—and treat?"

A Little Too Soon.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Friend—No wonder Miss Beauti won't look at you. It's your own fault. You act like a slave—fawning, cringing, kneeling before her, as if you didn't dare call your soul your own.

Mr. Sadiello—Don't women like that kind of treatment?

Friend—Um—not until after marriage.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething is the family benefactor. 25c. a bottle.

GOSSIP OF RING AND FIELD.

Corbett Much Pleased with Asbury Park as Training Quarters.

Reports that Anson Will Join the New York Ball Club.

James J. Corbett said yesterday that he was greatly pleased with the selection of his training quarters at Asbury Park, because while it was not right in the centre of the bustle and excitement of social life, he would be near enough to the public to keep off the effects of monotony, which hurts him more than anything else when training.

* * *

James E. Sullivan, a member of the Board of Directors of the New York Baseball Club, in talking about Anson coming to this city as a member of the team, said: "I would not be surprised to see Anson signed. There is more foundation for the rumor than is generally supposed, and I expect to see a shake-up before the second division of the championship series begins on July 13."

* * *

There were no League games played yesterday. Games scheduled for to-day are:

Louisville at New York.	St. Louis at Philadelphia.
Cleveland at Brooklyn.	Chicago at Baltimore.
Pittsburg at Boston.	Cincinnati at Wash'gt'n.

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The failure of the yachts Clara, Oriva and Wasp to get away in their class at the Larchmont regatta on Saturday was caused by the double signals and the absence of a call-back signal. Several members of the Club will agitate the adoption of such a signal.

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The outdoor championship meeting of the A. A. U. has been placed upon the market, and the athletic club that will guarantee the best returns to the Executive Committee is the club that will get the games. The meeting last year at St. Louis and the meetings in former years have not netted the Union very large receipts. This year the National Board expects to clear itself of the liability to debt.

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James J. Farrell, Secretary of the Lorillard Athletic Club, is arranging matters for the Club's annual games to be held July 4. The Club has several speedy men in training who expect to make a good showing at these games. The entry list is open and a large field is expected to start in each of the track events.

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The friends of the Halcyon Bowling Club will turn out in considerable force on June 19, when some 800 of them will proceed by the steamer Crystal Stream to Idlewild Grove, on the Sound. Led by "Yankee," Eunis and other choice spirits, the party looks forward to a day of hearty, healthful amusement.

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Secretary George A. Cormack, of the Corinthian Yacht Club, says the annual regatta of his club this year bids fair to be one of the best ever held by that organization. Some of the crack flyers are already entered.

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Fred Johnston, the English feather-weight pugilist, who is to meet George Dixon at Coney Island on June 27, is being sized-up by the sporting men of Brooklyn, New York, Jersey City and Newark. He is regarded with great favor by many, and will carry considerable coin on the night of the fight.

* * *

Billy Oliver regards the selection of his cedar boat, built for the Yale crew, as one of the greatest achievements he has accomplished in the years he has been engaged in constructing racing craft.

AMONG THE WHEELMEN.

The Metropolitan Association of Cycling Clubs will meet to-morrow-night.

The Harlem Wheelmen will hold road racing June 18.

Several crack riders will attend the State meet at Buffalo on June 18.

The South Brooklyn Wheelmen have been improving the facilities of their club-house.

The entry list for the King's County Wheelmen's meet on June 25 is a large one.

Worden will represent the Manhattan Athletic Club at the Hartford races.

The Montauk Wheelmen will hold a moonlight run on Wednesday of this week.

The Bergen County Wheelmen expect to be settled in their new club-house before the season closes.

Coming Events.

The Dwight Alumni Association will have its annual banquet to-night in Music Hall.

The Ambulance Corps of the Twenty-second Regiment will be examined in drill to-night at the Twelfth Regiment Armory.

Our Own Lodge No. 298, A. O. U. W., will give a Summernight festival at the Atalanta Casino to-night.

The graduates of the American Institute of Phrenology will hold their annual meeting to-night at 27 East Twenty-first street.

Bishop Potter will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the exercises in the General Theological Seminary.

The Ollagawalla Club will have its annual Summernight festival at the Atalanta Casino to-morrow night.

Not Surprised.

[From Good News.]

Neighbor (breathlessly)—Oh, Mrs. Harddluck, your little son Johnny, found a dynamite bomb and took it into a stable downtown and broke it with an axe and blew up the stable and