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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Minneapolis has a dark secret—the colored vote.

Roundsman DALEY'S "pull" is one of the most elastic yet discovered.

Of all old words of tongue or pen, the saddest to BLAINE, "We may have been."

It is possible that when the nomination is made Mr. BLAINE will be able to prove an alibi.

A train robber has been discovered on a San Francisco jury. He's safer there than on the road, anyhow.

EMIL PARRA may really have died this time. But he's so used to being reported dead that he can't be sure of it.

Proximity of the warm season may suggest to the Republican party the propriety of putting its "Ben" in lock.

A question as to who is telling the truth about the standing of the New York delegation at Minneapolis breaks the big four in two.

The Minneapolis Convention hesitates about going into multiplication of results while there is so much division of opinion.

The "D. K. E." having abolished its peculiar forms of invitation, student life at Yale is relieved of numerous perils and anxieties.

Perhaps the Indiana colored parson who foretold the Oil Creek horror had got a second sight view of the construction of Spartansburg dam.

Out in Beaver Falls a man claims to have found a process for making gas at two cents a thousand. No gas company will rise up to call him blessed.

When a London bank goes to smash it does it after a style that makes the Prince of Wales's bankrupt bank get up on its hind legs and do a little juggling.

From reports of corruption fund workings at Minneapolis it looks as if from "a party of men and principles" it had come to a parting of men and principles.

A cashier and \$1,000 missing. Nothing strange in that. It would be remarkable, though, if the cashier went off in a lonely, absent-minded sort of way without the cash.

The House at Washington gets along fairly well without its minority. But how about the time when the Chicago Convention makes inroads on the majority.

Out of his three confessions as to the murder of BOB LYONS, MIKEY SINKER can doubtless evolve the material for interesting testimony, now that he is at last brought to trial.

"The poor ye have always with ye." And they are with the Grant Monument Association. From a seven-cent lodging-house the association has received \$1.35 for the monument fund.

Protesting against a lynching after the lynchers have lynched the lynchers is a pleasant proceeding that the corpus delicti cannot participate in. Hence it's a little extra rough on the lynchers.

A New Jersey pastor has denounced Sunday bicycling. He should learn to ride a safety and wheel into line with the rest of the boys, when there is no doubt that he would change his opinion of the popular pastime.

Mayor GRANT is by no means alone in his displeasure over the lack of public spirit shown by the ASTORS in refusing to give the temporary use of a small strip of land for the old Macomb's Island Bridge while the new one is being constructed.

Temporary Chairman FASSETT was three-quarters of an hour late when he appeared on the platform yesterday to call the Convention to order. "Forty-five minutes," remarked a New York delegate, "was nearly as much behind you as he was last November."

BOB FORD, the slayer of JAMES JAMES, was killed in his dance-hall at Creech, Col., yesterday by somebody called Deputy Sheriff KELLY. The deputy had a double-barreled shotgun and shot BOB from behind. This ought to be retaliative enough to satisfy the shade of the

lamented JAMES, who was shot by BOB in the same way, while he was turning some of the body's picture to the wall. He found, in the always picturesque West.

It is to THE WORLD that the people have learned to turn for the fullest and best news reports, and knowing this, it is to THE WORLD, naturally, that wide-awake men turn when they wish to put their words before the largest number of people. Mr. HARRISON spoke through THE WORLD; so did Mr. PLATT. So have other leaders of all parties and factions. And it was to THE WORLD that Mr. BLAINE addressed the denial, printed this morning, to which he wished to give the widest immediate publicity, of the story regarding an alleged attempt to purchase the Marie Nevins-Blaine letters.

PLATT'S PUNTORE The prominent features of the Convention yesterday were the evidently concerted efforts at delay and the commencement of the discussion of a third candidate possibility. Doctors differ, and so do journalists. Some newspapers attribute the policy of procrastination to Mr. BLAINE's friends; others charge it to the Harrison party. Some allege that the dark horse talk comes from Blaine quarters, while others assert that it is started by the Harrisonians. But nearly all accounts agree in the story that the Harrison strength is increasing and that the Blaine strength is on the decline.

Delay is certainly more damaging to BLAINE than to HARRISON. If, therefore, it is caused by the Blaine managers, it would seem to be a part of that policy against which GEN. BEATSON, of Rhode Island, protested, and which, as alleged, seeks to use a grand statement made only to build up a concealed candidate who has all the time the real choice of the so-called Blaine managers.

Mr. PLATT is no novice. He knows that a "hoorah" candidate must win at once, if at all. Men get tired of shouting. Their throats become dry and parched. If PLATT ever meant to nominate BLAINE, and had, as he has insisted, a majority of the votes at his command, the work of the Convention would have been hurried forward at an express rate or speed.

The present situation, as nearly as it is possible to judge, is this: PLATT and his associates are trying to lead HARRISON with a dark horse. The Harrison forces, held together by the adhesive power of public plunder, are pressing steadily on, with a prospect of winning when the balloting is reached. Meanwhile, who can say that BLAINE would accept, if nominated?

A NEW STYLE OF HOME-DESTROYER. Here is a man who ought to be presented with a railroad lunch counter plate and made to wear it hanging from his buttonhole for the rest of his natural life. He hails from Nebraska and seems to have sense enough to write his own name, though it is probable that he has to stick his tongue out in doing so.

The distinction that props him into present prominence is based on his obtention of a divorce on the ground that his wife had told 10,000 lies in three years.

ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA, when they hear of this, will limber up their rusty joints with white-lazel or goose-grease and do a little "chuck" in the corner of the Plintonian domain into a rip-roaring, red-hot Moulin Rouge. The idea of labeling anybody a liar, and particularly a woman, who has nothing but the feeble record of 10,000 lies in three years, will strike them as something so magnificently absurd that they will both laugh themselves into hysterics.

Ten thousand lies in three years. That's exactly 9.13—not even ten whole—lies a day, counting Sundays. Any man in the land can beat such a record, and for a woman, who has to tell so many little immaculate fibs to her neighbors—exactly the same number of years and a Nebraska wife—the achievement is so paltry as to be beneath contemptible notice.

If 9.13 lies a day are enough to secure a husband a divorce, then the sooner we nail up the doors of our homes and hurry into the woods the better. But for the honor and glory of the sex let us hope that the courts will hereafter place the limit much higher and give us a chance to remain with our families a little longer. That Nebraska husband doesn't know just how good a home staple lying is sometimes.

KEEP IT OUT. A few years ago THE EVENING WORLD was engaged in shouting the battle cry: "The wires must go." Now its watchword is "The trolley must not come!"

The voice of the press was heard and heeded after a long delay, and the flat went forth that the electrical wires must be put underground and the poles removed from the streets. To be sure the work has been progressing with lamentable slowness, and a great deal remains to be done. But this has been mainly owing to two facts—first, the politicians have been interested in "protecting" some of the electrical companies, and next, they have desired to perpetuate a worthless, useless Electrical Subway Commission which supplies three political hangers-on with salaries of \$5,000 a year each.

If the abominable, hideous and dangerous trolley system should be allowed a foothold in this city, it would be as difficult to get rid of the pernicious nuisance as it has been to free the city from the telegraph poles and the networks of wires. Keep it out, altogether.

A LEGION TO MR. GERRY. The agents of the Gerry Society, FINN and BECKT, who are charged with black-mailing the keeper of an alleged disorderly house, are on trial before Judge FITZGERALD, in Part II, of the General Session, yesterday the evidence of

Present Volume is a Constant Quantity. (From Pitt News.)

MAMA—Yes, Tommy; the heavenly Sabbath has to end.

Tommy—Then the angels can read the Sunday papers before they get old, can't they?

Delayed. (From the Cook Review.)

He—I thought the bride and groom were going to start right on our wedding trip, instead of waiting.

She—They were. But she had to change her wedding dress for a traveling gown, and they didn't get started until the next day.

Att. the beautiful lakes in the Empire State are reached by the New York Central, see time table.

the complaint and of Capt. Cross and Detective GEORGE SMITH, of the Eleventh Precinct, proved the marking of the money, the meeting of the woman by FINN and BECKT by appointment in the streets, the flight of the agents on the appearance of the police, the finding of the marked money against a cartwheel close by which the men had stood, and their arrest, all of which appears convincing, and will require a strong defense to disprove.

A MOTHER'S LUCKY DREAM. Mrs. KANON, of 78 Sixth avenue, is evidently a close dreamer. Her two little boys—one five and the other three years old—went astray last Monday afternoon, and all efforts to find them failed. When the mother lay down to rest late on Monday night in a distracted condition she could not sleep. But at 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, while, as she supposes, in a semi-conscious state, she had a dream or vision, in which she saw her children locked in a closet in a vacant house on the opposite side of the avenue. The parents went immediately to the house indicated, and there in a closet on the fourth floor were found the children were found in an exhausted condition, the elder tot nursing and consoling the younger. They had entered the closet, which closed with a spring, and were helpless prisoners.

Is there anything supernatural in this? Is not the story, the truth of which is not doubted, creditable on perfectly natural grounds? The poor woman's mind, disturbed by sorrow, wandered in every direction in search of her little ones as she dozed. The vacant house made its way into the vision. A closet was the likely place of concealment. Hence the curious revelation which proved to be the truth and gave the children back to their mother's arms.

But who will not "believe in dreams" after this?

A comical incident of the Convention yesterday grew out of the entrance of Senator HARRISON. As he made his appearance on the floor the band struck up the air "Rocked in the cradle of the deep. I lay me down in peace to sleep." If the air had been "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," or "Hail to the Chief," or even the well-known tune, "For he's a jolly good fellow," the New York Republican United States Senator would not have been surprised. As, he stood for a moment dazed and uncertain whether to advance or retreat. He was evidently in doubt whether the musicians intended to imply that he had been put to sleep in the "cradle of the deep" line sea or in the cradle of the deep THOMAS C.

At a meeting of colored men in Boston last night, to protest against the lynchings in the South, Orator WALKER, of Boston, spoke thus: "The time for fighting has come. You will never save our people from being murdered in the South unless you get off your knees and kill the men that did it." Then there was great cheering. But Mr. WALKER was wrong. Suicide is not the remedy for his people's wrongs. Public sentiment and a little more time will work the change at less cost of blood.

Ex-Speaker REED decides that the Blaine sentiment intensifies the further West one goes, and that the Blaine strength in the Minneapolis Convention increases every day. Does not the ex-Speaker count the intensity and the increase as present when in fact they are absent?

There is a rumor—plausible enough according to the stories told by Republicans themselves—that the delay at Minneapolis caused by the Blaine managers is intended to exhaust the small stock of money of the Southern delegates and induce them to sell their votes cheap.

Gen. ALGER sticks, and claims that he has sixty solid votes in the Convention. But when the fight comes it is far to conclude that Gen. ALGER will not be there.

THE CLEANER. Some enthusiastic cyclists are trying to secure Mrs. Langtry's house in West Twenty-third street for a club-house, where members can store their wheels while at business. The promoters of the scheme are principally Harlemites who wish to ride to and from business.

The festive but noisy shad is with us no longer. The shad fish have been removed from the North River.

Eddy Damaged. (From the Cook Review.)

Mrs. Eddy—The shad have got down walking dress, my dear. This one is worn out.

Biggo—You got it only the other day.

Mrs. Eddy—I know it. But I walked through two dry-goods stores yesterday.

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GIVE FOR THE BABIES.

And Don't Delay Your Contribution to the Sick Fund.

"The Evening World's" Free Physicians Will Soon Be at Work.

And All the Money Will Be Needed that Can Be Got.

There are enough tender hearts surely, in New York to make it unnecessary that a single baby of the poor should suffer this summer for want of proper medical attendance. No person who sympathizes with the little one is so poor himself that he cannot spare a nickel or a dime to the fund that has for its purpose the soothing of the children's pains and the bringing back of the roses to their little cheeks. Everybody intends to give, no doubt, and with enthusiastic interest in the charity when it first arrests his attention, but he puts off the act of giving until another day, and often delays it until he regretfully learns that it is too late. This has been the case in the past, and it will be the case. Hundreds were sorry when THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund closed last year that they were behind time with their intended donations. They had made up their minds from the start to be contributors, but had lightly put the thought aside for the time being. Hence their disappointment. Some will do the same thing again this year. For you who read this paragraph it is meant as a gentle reminder that THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund, which has done so much good in the past, is once more appealing to you. Don't put off doing this time. Send in your contributions at once, and be in the advance guard of this great army of doers of good.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes The Evening World, J. Lechner, Frederick A. Boty, etc.

A Mark of Appreciation. Among the contributions received to-day for the Sick Baby Fund is \$50.00 from THE EVENING WORLD CHAPEL. A donation coming from the home center, so to speak, is in itself a testimonial of how the work of the corps of free doctors among the poor children is appreciated.

It Will. I hope this small sum will help the sick little ones. DEAN AND DECM.

It Will Help. Little Jack Tucker sends 50 cents, hoping it will help some poor, sick baby.

Willie's Contribution. I contribute 10 cents in stamps to THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund. WILLIE GLEASON.

Little Amy Helps. I enclosed 50 cents for the Babies' Fund, wishing it was more. LITTLE AMY.

An Annual Contributor. I enclose find my check for \$10 for your charitable fund. It gives me pleasure to be able to contribute to this fund annually. J. LACHMAN.

Promises a Monthly Gift. I enclose 15 cents for the Sick Baby Fund. I will try and send the same amount monthly through the summer. Mrs. R. B. F.

A Little Girl's Savings. Please accept 25 cents for the sick babies. I am a girl seven years old and get one cent for each ticket what I bring home from school, so I saved all my pennies up for the babies, and I think if every child would do that it will help the poor children a great deal. My mamma says candy is no good, anyway. P. K. MORRIS.

Lawyer Boty's Gift. I thank you very much for the interest you take in the welfare of the working people, especially in the matter of East River Park. When I had my check, I first made one out for each ticket what I bring home from school, so I saved all my pennies up for the babies, and I think if every child would do that it will help the poor children a great deal. My mamma says candy is no good, anyway. P. K. MORRIS.

Question of Finance. (From Life.)

Hotbs—I suppose you will pass the summer with your fiancée at the seashore, won't you?

Hotbs—If I can't marry her at the end of the first week.

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.

I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives universal satisfaction. Dr. C. P. Lutton, Conisley, 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.

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

"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 Riedrich, 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.

"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, and a few bottles of which gave me relief."—J. G. Van Fleet, Fleetville, Pa.

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FASHION NEWS AND NOTES.

Ribbon Ruffles as a Pretty Finish for Summer Dresses.

Point de Gene Lace is the Fad of the Hour.

Many of the pretty dresses for the summer are finished at the skirt hem with three tiny ruffles made of ribbon, the frills lapping each other just a trifle and no more.

Improved qualities of storm serge are made into stylish and serviceable dresses, with rather short but smart open English jacket and broad waist of red or blue polka-dotted sarah. Fawn, dove color, tan and chestnut brown are the popular shades.

The popularity of the point de gene lace is simply marvellous. It is the fad of the hour, and you can find it by the yard in everything. A well girl can wear so much of it that it would scarcely be amiss to call her a point de gene girl.

The Prince and Princess of Wales made many visits to studios while in Paris. The former spent the 1st of May at Fontainebleau, and drove thence to visit Rosa Bonheur's residence in the neighborhood and see her last best picture, a fine study of lions.

Full down all the draperies and hangings and pull up all the carpets, throw them in the yard or on a clothes line and let them sun and air at least one day. Then beat all the dust out, fold up with layers of paper and store for the season. Only woollen goods require moist preparations, but unless the fabrics are well cleaned and the eggs dislodged all the tar and camphor in the drug shop will not save them. It isn't the motus that "get in" that do the mischief but the untoward pests that are preparing to get out.

Whatever is the matter with the brush-makers and the crop of hays and bear bristles that one is obliged to pay \$1.25 for a hairbrush, the very simplest thing backed with chalk-lacquered face. Cheaper goods are absolutely worthless, but the prices are outrageous.

Youthful looking day costumes show the waist cut off at the back and almost equal in length from hip to hip, with only a bit of a point at the back; to this closely gathered skirt is sewed; in front the bodice is cut away straight and square like a Russian jacket with a surplice blouse beneath finished with a wide soft sash which matches the blouse in color and fabric.

It is usually in diseases of the throat that the greatest difficulty is found in inducing the child to submit to treatment. In diphtheria and scarlet fever it is sometimes impossible to make any application to the tonsils, either with spray or brush, without so exciting and frightening the poor little patient that the consequent exhaustion tells sadly against his chances of recovery. Accustom a child to open his mouth and have his throat examined. It can be done playfully, giving a sugar-plum as a reward when "mother can see way down his throat."

The little one will never suspect that he is acquiring a habit which may save his life when medicine has to be given in trifling ailments, make it a little disagreeable as possible, and then it will not be dreaded in graver cases. Powders can be put in a spoon between layers of jelly or jam. If they are comparatively tasteless they can be sprinkled on a spoonful of cracked ice. Castor oil can be stirred in milk, flavored with essence of peppermint, and, if needed, sucked through a glass tube.

WORLDLINGS. The largest town clock in the world is in the tower of the Glasgow University at Glasgow, Scotland. The clock weighs about a ton and a half and has a pendulum weighing 300 pounds.

Miss People were escorted to England during the reign of King Henry VIII than ever before or since in the light little island, the number reaching 71,400.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria is a professor and writer. He knows how to ride a locomotive and to make up a train of cars.

A recent order for books sent by Mr. Gladstone to a London dealer embraced works ranging in character from a volume of 200 verses to treatises on stars, physics and mathematics.

The longest bridge in this country is a trestle work nearly twenty-five miles in length across Lake Pontchartraine, in Louisiana.

VAGRANT VERSES. The Lambs' Ditty. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the firmament land. A pint per cent of water, Lots of gold and sand, Make the world a street, And the breaker hand. —Life.

To a Lover. While easy to hide her mother, It's difficult with her little brother, To be so sure as her first love certain, That he is not behind the curtain. —Judge.

He Reckoned Not. When she gave him her little hand, He was much in love, He hid it from his friends, 'T would need a brand-new glove. —Cook Review.

INSIST UPON HAVING

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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

Has cured others, will cure you



IS NOW A NECESSARY CONVENIENCE.

When seeking it come to us. We guarantee everything as represented or money refunded.

Honest dealing has made us warm friends out of old customers. Understand, we fit you for less money with better clothing than you can get elsewhere in the City of New York.

FOR \$10 AN ELEGANT CASSIMERE SUIT, in all fashionable shades, becomes yours. They are worth fully \$15, in sacks and cutaways.

Again, \$10 buys you a suit of Blue Indigo Flannel, warranted fast color and all wool, ever fashionable and bringing \$15 elsewhere.

For \$10 we have a fine line of custom-made Business Suits in all popular shades of gray, which will grace any back. Our black Cheviot Suits at this figure are superlative values.

At \$13 we are selling suits that cannot be bought elsewhere for \$18 and \$20. These are of swell textures, and on Fifth avenue lines.

Ah! This is it. A suit of Knight's English Serge, either black or dark-blue, only \$15. The workmanship and finish make these impossible of duplication for the same money.

While we give minor mention to the bargains below, they are equally great values: A very good suit we are selling for \$7. Where a coat and vest alone is wanted we have great bargains at \$5. Coats alone, beauties too, at \$3 and \$4.

HIRSHKIND & CO., 396 and 398 BROADWAY, corner WALKER ST. ALL BLUE SIGNS. OPEN SATURDAYS UNTIL 9 P. M.

He Has Not Been Tested. (From Judge.) Mr. Chally (of the firm of Chally & Chintz)—Is our new bookkeeper a Christian, Mr. Chintz?

His Rival. (From Life.) He (fortune-hunter)—Have I a rival, then? She (great beauty)—Yes. A crank with a dynamite bomb proposed to me on the avenue yesterday, and I haven't given him my answer yet.

The Dress All Right. (From Judge.) Mrs. Buffington—Hilling, that dress you made for me is right. As for the hat in it, Estelle's Modesty says, madam, I noticed you were fond of hats.

Seasonable Talk. (From Life.) "Hello," said the blue-bottle fly to the early mosquito, "out for his?"

Coming Events. Friendship Association will hold its annual summer-night festival in Sailer's Harlem River Park on June 13.

Backed up by a cash offer—the statement that is made by the proprietors of Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They say that their medicine will cure, perfectly and permanently, the worst case of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, all the troubles that come from it, and everything catarrhal in its nature, are cured by the mild, soothing, cleansing and health-giving properties of their remedy.

They can't say any more. Probably every medicine for Catarrh claims a cure. But it's one thing to promise a cure—it's a very different thing to perform it. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy want to prove that they mean what they say. So they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how long your case or how long standing, they'll pay you \$50 in cash. You're sure of the money on a cure. Can't such a medicine worth trying!

RAILROADS. "AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD." NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RR.

Direct Line to Niagara Falls. All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, the only