# DON'T · FAIL · TO · ORDER · IN · ADVANCE
## TO-MORROW'S
# SUNDAY WORLD

It Contains Complete

## F. ANSTEY'S GREAT NOVEL,

# THE TINTED VENUS.

## This · is · in · Addition · to · the · Regular Sunday · Supplement.


## POINTERS ON THE RACES.

### The Stake Races Promise Good Racing at Monmouth.

**"Old Bones," Tournament and Other Cracks Meet in the Third.**

No one can complain of Monmouth Park's programme for to-day. It is certainly one of the best yet seen at this magnificent track. In all there are seven events. Three of the races are stake fixtures, and they promise more than interesting racing. In the Tyro Stakes Sir Walter, Corduroy, Hammie, Don Alonzo, Lovelace, Chicago, The Baron and others make up a grand field. Raceland, Tournament, Banquet, Pickpocket, Russell, Leonawell and others are named to go in the Midsummer Handicap. The sport closes with the Billow Stakes, in which Nomad, Hapenny, Sleipner, Leonawell and other good ones may start. The track will be dry and fast.

First Race.—Free handicap sweepstakes of $20 each, if declared out, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to the second and $100 to the third; three-quarters of a mile, straight.

| | lb. |
|---|---|
| G. B. Morris's Strathmeath | 118 |
| M. F. Dwyer's Potomac | 116 |
| J. A. & A. H. Morris's Correction | 116 |
| H. Warnken's Stonewall | 107 |
| M. F. Dwyer's Dagonet | 107 |
| Empire Stable's Tormentor | 106 |
| G. B. Morris's Rex | 105 |
| L. Lorillard's Candlebrier | 92 |
| H. T. Paloifer's Wah Jim | 93 |
| Keystone Stable's Paragon | 93 |
| J. G. Pepper & Co.'s Sir Calesby | 80 |

The opening event may be won by Potomac, who is a great sprinter. Correction may land second money, and Strathmeath should not be worse than third.

Second Race.—The Tyro Stakes, for two-year-olds, of $100 each, with $1,500 added, of which $300 to the second and $150 to the third; a winner of one race of $2,500 to carry 5 lb. extra; maidens allowed 10 lb.; three-quarters of a mile straight-away.

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|---|---|
| Check Stable's Sir Walter | 123 |
| Brunton Stable's Corduroy | 118 |
| M. F. Dwyer's Hammie | 118 |
| A. A. Grant's Don Alonzo | 118 |
| J. Rooter's Lovelace | 118 |
| Chiswick | 118 |
| J. Rooter's Chicago | 113 |
| H. Parr's Prince Imperial | 113 |
| J. Rooter's Elsino colt | 113 |
| Marcus Daly's The Baron | 108 |

This event may be won by Corduroy. His last victory at Sheepshead Bay was won in such easy style that the writer believes he is better than he has shown. Don Alonzo may capture second money and Sir Walter ought to beat the others.

Third Race.—The Midsummer Handicap, a sweepstakes of $50 each, with $1,500 added, of which $300 to the second and $150 to the third; one mile, straightaway.

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|---|---|
| M. F. Dwyer's Raceland | 122 |
| J. Keene's Tournament | 119 |
| M. F. Dwyer's Banquet | 118 |
| J. Rooter's Pickpocket | 114 |
| J. W. Sheppard's Jake Notice | 108 |
| G. B. Morris's Russell | 104 |
| M. F. Dwyer & Son's Reckless | 102 |
| J. A. Jones & Co.'s Leonawell | 104 |
| G. B. Morris's Rex | 100 |
| M. F. Dwyer & Son's Pottchester | 98 |
| Raoncos Stable's Kildare | 96 |
| Daly's Pagot | 96 |
| Walcott & Campbell's Geric | 90 |
| J. Mc Caran's Jr. St. Mark | 87 |

Russell at 108 pounds looks tempting and the writer will select him to win. Rex has a grand chance for second money and Tournament ought to be third.

Fourth Race.—Free Handicap Sweepstake for two-year-olds, of $20 each, if not declared out, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to the second and $100 to the third; five furlongs, straightaway.

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|---|---|
| M. F. Dwyer's Hammie | 115 |
| Green & Daly's Cactus | 112 |
| M. F. Dwyer's Mendicant | 111 |
| H. Pulsifer's Lawless | 109 |
| J. Rooter's Manor's Picture | 107 |
| Walcott & Little's Little Mid | 104 |
| Daly's Rightaway | 103 |
| Keene's Experiment | 97 |
| A. A. & A. H. Morris's Minnehaha | 95 |
| Raoncos Stable's Perrier Jouet | 95 |
| M. Mathison's Needamie | 95 |
| J. A. Jones & Co.'s Charcoal | 95 |
| J. Mc Caran's Jr. Poet | 95 |
| Lorillard & Woodford's Pioneer | 95 |
| Dodge Bros.' Tom Watson | 95 |

This race looks to lie between Cactus, Hammie and Lawless, and the writer prefers Cactus to Hammie. Cactus should win easily.

Fifth Race.—A sweepstakes for three-year-olds, non-winners at any time of $1,000; at $20, with $1,000 added; six furlongs, straightaway.

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|---|---|
| Walcott & Campbell's Entte | 115 |
| J. M. Jeffcott's Hamilton | 115 |
| W. H. McCarthy's St. Anthony | 115 |
| J. E. Pepper & Co.'s Sir Arthur | 115 |
| Burridge Bros.' Monopolist | 115 |
| Burridge Bros.' St. Phelix | 115 |
| C. Littlefield, jr.'s Jalio | 115 |
| D. T. Pulsifer's Wah Jim | 115 |
| J. G. Folsambee's Dr. Ross | 115 |
| G. A. Jones & Co.'s Na'alle S. | 110 |
| Raoncos Stable's Lorrime | 108 |
| F. J. Dwyer & Son's Long Beach | 108 |
| H. K. Vingut's Strephonr | 110 |
| Preakness Stable's Adelbert | 108 |

Entre looks a good thing in this race, and he should win rather handily. Lorrimer may land the place money, and Wah Jim has an excellent chance for third.

Sixth Race.—Sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward of $20 each, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to the second and $100 to the third; the winner to be sold at auction for $2,000. Seven furlongs; straight course.

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|---|---|
| Empire Stable's Milt Young | 109 |
| S. W. Street's Mr. Sass | 109 |
| J. McLaughlin's Key West | 109 |
| F. J. Dwyer & Son's Fremont | 105 |
| Burridge Bros.' Monopolis | 100 |
| W. Jennings's Luella B. | 98 |
| D. T. Pulsifer's Kirkover | 97 |
| C. Littlefield, jr.'s Julio | 94 |

Fremont may win this event, with Luella B. second and Kirkover not worse than third.

Seventh Race.—The Billow Stakes, a free weight handicap sweepstakes, for three-year-olds and upward, of $20 each, if not declared out, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to the second and $100 to the third. One mile, inner circle.

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|---|---|
| L. L. Lorillard's Sleipner | 128 |
| G. A. Jones & Co.'s Leonawell | 123 |
| Burridge Bros.' Westchester | 118 |
| Gideon & Daly's Hapenny | 114 |
| Walcott & Campbell's Snowball | 114 |
| M. F. Dwyer's Nomad | 114 |
| L. Corman's Rorka | 110 |
| Rancocas Stable's Stalactite | 110 |
| A. Wilson's English Lady | 110 |
| S. W. Street's Mr. Sass | 110 |
| G. B. Morris's Tom Tough | 107 |

The closing event may go to Hapenny, with Nomad second and Stalactite third.

**Gloucester Selections.**

First Race—Park Ridge, Elyton, Leather Stocking.
Second Race—Emma Mae, Bert, Young Troubadour.
Third Race—Torchlight, Count Me In, Ecstasy.
Fourth Race—Balgriggan, Hemet, Can't Tell.
Fifth Race—Penzance, Crocus, Benjamin.
Sixth Race—Bela, Toss Up, Big Six.

**Morning Papers' Selections.**

AT MONMOUTH PARK.

First Race—Correction, Stonewall.
Second Race—Don Alonzo, The Baron.
Third Race—Tournament, Russell.
Fourth Race—Hammie, Mendicant.
Fifth Race—St. Felix, Entre.
Sixth Race—Milt Young, Mr. Sass.
Seventh Race—Leonawell, Westchester.

First Race—Potomac, Correction.
Second Race—M. F. Dwyer's test (Hammie or Chicago), Corduroy.
Third Race—Raceland, Russell.
Fourth Race—Cactus, Mendicant.
Fifth Race—Hamilton, Dr. Ross.
Sixth Race—Kirkover, Milt Young.
Seventh Race—Mr. Sass, Sleipner.

First Race—G. B. Morris's entry (Strathmeath or Rex), Correction.
Second Race—Sir Walter, Corduroy.
Third Race—Russell, Raceland.
Fourth Race—Cactus, Lawless.
Fifth Race—Lorimer, Sir Arthur.
Sixth Race—Kirkover, Milt Young.
Seventh Race—H'penny, English Lady.

First Race—Potomac, Stonewall.
Second Race—Lovelace, Don Alonzo.
Third Race—Russell, Tournament.
Fourth Race—Mendicant, Hammie.
Fifth Race—Strephon, Hamilton.
Sixth Race—Milt Young, Key West.
Seventh Race—Rorka, English Lady.

First Race—Potomac, Rex.
Second Race—The Baron, Don Alonzo.
Third Race—Russell, Raceland.
Fourth Race—Lawless, Cactus.
Fifth Race—Sir Arthur, Hamilton.
Sixth Race—Kirkover, Lucia B.
Seventh Race—H'penny, Nomad.

**Berlin Working Girls.**

*All the world and his wife will be interested to learn how the Berlin working girls, under the wealthy system, make cloaks and mantles for this country. Nell Nelson will give this information in the SUNDAY WORLD.*

## NEW DISTRICT BOUNDARIES.

### Plan of Reapportionment to be Kept Secret Till Tuesday.

That Assembly district they will live in and who the district leaders will be under the new apportionment are questions New York politicians are very anxious to have answered just now, but their curiosity will not be gratified until Commissioners James J. Martin, Gilroy and Purroy, the Committee of Three, who have been entrusted with the task of carving out the new districts, make their report next Tuesday.

From a trustworthy source it is learned that the plan of apportionment to be adopted is practically completed, notwithstanding statements to the contrary. The leaders fear, however, that if they made public the apportionment now the dissatisfied ones would make so much resistance that they might be forced to make changes which have already been decided against. Therefore the public will not be taken into confidence by the chiefs until the apportionment is presented for approval to the Board of Aldermen next Tuesday noon.

There will be no changes in District leaders, it is announced, and for the purpose of maintaining efficiency and thorough organization, the District leaders will remain in charge of their old territories as it now exists until after the election.

## PATTERSON AND HARMONY.

### The Ex-Justice at the Head of the Republican Campaign Committe.

The selection of ex-Justice Jacob M. Patterson as Chairman of the local Republican Campaign Committee by the Committee last night, in the face of previously expressed bitter opposition, was regarded in political circles this morning as a desperate attempt of President Harrison's friends to make it appear that harmony prevails in Republican ranks here.

It was generally understood that Patterson was to be "turned down," and the programme would have been carried out, it is said, had it not been for the efforts of President Harrison's managers.

The Campaign Committee is overwhelmingly a Platt organization.

**Brooklyn's Mendelssohn Club.**

The Mendelssohn Club, of Brooklyn, has organized with the following members: William Pape, violin; Samuel Fold, violin; W. Gallon, cello, and A. J. Sonweine, piano.

**Just as Much Fun and No Danger.**

*[From Puck.]*

Col. Blood—Well, sir, I thoroughly agree with you—it is a mistake to discourage Northern enterprise by promiscuous shooting; but, remember, we are a high-spirited people, and can't break off the habits of a lifetime at once. If a man insults me I shoot—that's all there is about it—what do you advise?

Northern capitalist—Use blank cartridges!

## MRS. EHLENGER'S HARD LOT.

### Fenniless and Dispossessed, with Three Young Children.

**She Says Her Husband, a French Chef, Deserted Her.**

Mrs. Wilhelmine Ehlanger, of 251 West Thirty-second street, is having a hard time of it. She says that her husband, Camile Ehlanger, deserted her for a concert-hall singer more than a month ago, leaving her with only $1.50 in her pocket and three young children to take care of.

Camilla, the youngest, is only four months old, Flora is two and Emile three years old, all bright, pretty children. When Ehlenger went away June 10, she says, he also took all the jewelry and other articles of value belonging to his wife, leaving her absolutely nothing to live upon.

Mrs. Ehlenger, who is scarcely thirty years old, looks worn and haggard, and her neighbors say that she and the children would have starved if it had not been that her destitute condition was known to a few of them, and they supported her and the little ones out of pity.

Her rent was paid only to July 1, and dispossess proceedings were brought against her last week. She would have been put out in the street had not Judge Jerolomon, of the Eighth District Court, taken pity on her and given her till next Wednesday to find other quarters.

Ehlanger is a French chef and was formerly employed at the Calumet Club, at Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street. He was afterwards chef at the Reform Club.

After he went away his wife says he wrote to her from Saratoga Springs, where he obtained a place as cook in Congress Hall, saying that he had made up his mind not to support her any longer and telling her that she could do what she pleased with the children.

She says he is getting $80 a month where he is now, but as she is absolutely penniless she has no way of compelling him to contribute to her support.

Mrs. Hoffman, one of her neighbors, says that she has heard Mrs. Ehlenger crying every night in her room, and she does not know what will become of her unless some kind people come to her aid.

Mrs. Hoffman was around with Mrs. Ehlenger all day yesterday, looking for a place to leave her children while she found employment, but at all the institutions where they called they were told that the children were too young to be taken, and she had no money to pay for their board.

**Squelched.**

*[From Puck.]*

Mr. Henpeck—I see that Gladstone and the English women have fallen out over Home Rule and Woman's Rights.

Mrs. Henpeck (grimly)—Well, how can there be any true home rule without woman's rights?


**Swamps**

Are not the sole abode of malaria. You find it everywhere, even in localities where atmospheric and sanitary conditions would seem to be unfavorable to its development. The universal remedy for and preventive of the dire complaint is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Wherever the malady assumes its most virulent form, and whether it be chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, the Bitters is most popular and constitutes the best means of protection and cure. From Maine to the Isthmus of Panama, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America and the tropics this truly famous medicine has won "gold medals" from all conditions and classes in more than a metaphorical sense. For debility, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, insomnia, neuralgia, liver and kidney trouble it is highly efficacious. Use it with persistence.


## BROOKLYN GOSSIP.

J. L. Priesmeyer, whose sterling qualities of heart and mind have so endeared him to the members of the Jerome Club that they have elected him to the Presidency of that organization, will in a few days make known to his many friends a scheme that has cost that gentleman many hours of hard study. As usual, it is in connection with the advancement of the Club's influence as a social organization.

It would be cruel to prematurely disclose the exact nature of Mr. Priesmeyer's pet scheme. It is enough to say that the Jerome will reap the benefits of its President's study before this month's moon has waned.

There is little doubt that the list of appointments of district engineers in the Brooklyn Fire Department will include the name of Samuel Heustis, who has for so many years been in command of Engine Company No. 5, the crack company of the Department. Sam's long experience, as well as his natural ability to command, fits him in every way for the position.

The unctuous personality and fine physique of Robert John McKee is very noticable these days in the vicinity of Bond and Pacific streets. Since Bob took up the study of natural history he has shown a decided preference for felines, and his friends are authority for the statement that he has corralled as many as six homeless cats at a time. There are dark hints of midnight seances attended only by Bob and the cats, the only evidences of which are bits of fur and a faint odor of an anesthetic that lingers about Mac's study the next morning.

As a practical joker Charles Isaac Erwin, may be called an unqualified success. This is not wholly on account of Charlie's ability as an originator, but because he takes his own medicine with such good grace that it is a pleasure to let him get square. It is always noticed that the victims of Charlie's little jokes are abundantly able to get back when the opportunity arises.

Among Brooklyn's amateur musicians Herbert Lafayette stands in the front rank. Mr. Lafayette, besides having a thorough mastery of several instruments, is the possessor of a bass voice of great range. His rendering of both sacred and secular music to the accompaniment of a guitar is worth going miles to hear.

**Free Concerts in Brooklyn.**

Excellent programmes have been arranged by Landmasters Folk and Deverell for the open-air concerts at Prospect Park and Fort Greene, Brooklyn, this afternoon.

The Sunday afternoon concerts at Prospect Park are becoming very popular. Bandmaster Fox has arranged a fine programme for to-morrow afternoon.

**One Solution.**

*[From Harlem Life.]*

Stinson—That boy of ours is the meekest one I ever saw. He lets all the other boys run right over him. He hasn't a spark of fight in him.

Mrs. Stinson—I know it and realize it, dear, and it worries me so to know what occupation will best suit him.

Mr. Stinson—I suppose we might fit him for the Navy.

**A Valuable Waiter.**

*[From Harlem Life.]*

Algy—Peters, bring me a bottle of Moet and Chandon.

Peters—Dean me, sir; are you going to drink champagne in the club before 6 o'clock, sir?

Algy—What time is it, Peters?

Peters—Quite five minutes to 6, sir.

Algy—Dean me, Peters, I almost forgot myself. You are invaluable to the Club, Peters.

## HISTORY OF THE HOOPSKIRT.

### First Used in 1859, But Gave Way to the Bustle.

**Wide Skirts, However, Were Worn in the Seventeenth Century.**

The lady who invented the old steer hoopskirt, with tilting attachments, died the other day at the ripe age of seventy-two, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. No more appropriate epithet could be conceived for her stone than the words with which the message conveying this intelligence was closed:

"And she wore a tilting skirt to the very last."

To the present generation hoopskirtdom is a terra incognita and the tilting skirt an almost extinct species. Indeed, the last of its kind was perhaps to be laid away with the person of its inventor. But the elders still cherish the memory of the day when the skirt flourished in its full breadth and circumference.

One whose memory goes back to that bygone day says: "I think the hoopskirt was first generally introduced about the year 1859. The idea was of slow growth. It did not spring out full-grown by any means. At first pieces of stiff rope of small dimensions were sewn into the skirts, three or four sufficient to answer the purpose. Then the steel wire was used and covered with cloth, and the hoops increased in number in proportion as they grew in size. It was a strange fashion, we say, as we look back upon it, but there have been stranger, and there is no accounting for fashions.

"For a few years following the close of the war the hoopskirt was the sine qua non of a woman's make-up, and the wider it spread its dominions the wider it spread its hoops. The tide of its popularity reached its flood about 1868, and it was about that time the so-called 'tilting skirt' came in vogue.

"This was a skirt with an outline very much like the lower lines of the letter B. The tilting was carried to such an extreme that the skirt soon became the mark of the vulgar, and from that day its decline commenced. In four years its power had so waned that its wearer was regarded as rather eccentric, and in half a dozen years it was rarely to be seen.

"The fashion no doubt, lacked its greatest impetus from the Franco-Prussian. It was an expression of novel, not in itself, but in what it led to. In less the range in prices from cheapest to best was from $1.50 to $5. That is its extreme form it contained 150 feet of wire, and the inner hoop was four or five feet in diameter. This necessitated the used nearly twice as much cloth for the making of a dress as is now used. It took twelve yards to make a dress in those days where it requires seven now. Of course the trades men did all they could to make the hoopskirt popular, and perhaps upon them rests the responsibility of having created this strange work of fashion.

"The reaction was not sudden, however. The period of decline lasted about eight years, from 1868 to 1876, and even after that it remained in a form so disguised as to entirely conceal its identity. After ceasing to exist as a hoopskirt it became a bustle. Its mountainous dimensions shrunk to those of a mousetrap. The historian of the fashion knows that the bustle was evolved out of the hoopskirt, and that for a time the latter seemed to have gained a new lease of life in its new form. The bustle, swelled with a sense of its importance, after a brief career of dazzling success fell into disfavor through its very successes. The hoopskirt is no more. The bustle is on its last legs. Sic transit gloria mundi."

But it is a mistake to suppose that the hoopskirt dates back only to the '50's. In 1775 petticoats had grown to such a degree that a writer says: "If men also adopted the old fashion of trunk hose a man and his wife would fill a whole pew in a church." In a letter to the *Spectator*, is the following account of hoops:

"Since your withdrawing from the place the fair sex are run into great extravagances. Their petticoats, which began to swell and heave before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave and rise every day more and more. As the humor of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments have fallen from their heads to their lower parts.

"What they have lost in height they make up in breadth, and, contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure." Another writer gives an account of the shapes and varieties of this article.

"The hoop," he says, "has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter-churn to the circumference of three hogsheads. At one time it was sloped from the waist in a pyramidal form; at another it was bent upward like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed upon both sides, came in contact with the ears."

In a petition to the author of the "Taker" is an amusing satire upon hoops: "Upon the late invention of Mrs. Catharine Crostitch, the petticoats of ladies were to wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in use before said invention. For the service of said ladies your petitioner has built a round chair in form of a lantern, 6½ yards in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it, the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle and closing automatically when she is seated.

"Your petitioner has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top. That the coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of our lady and all who beheld her."

**Knew the Judge.**

*[From the New York Weekly.]*

Magistrate—What is your age?

Dummy Mell—Well, dat's I don't rightly know, but mebby I kin give you an idear.

Magistrate—Give us the idea, then.

Dummy Mell—Well, you was a grown man when I was a little girl, and now I'm air twice as big as you was a little girl when I was a grown man.

**Plenty of Elbow Room.**

*[From the New York Weekly.]*

Manhattan's Wife—Drive over and bring our daughter in. You'll have to hurry, because she will be ready in an hour.

Manhattan—Where is she?

Manhattan's Wife—She's swinging on the gate.

**A Vulgar Family.**

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

First Little Girl—I guess yoll folks isn't very respectable.

Second Little Girl—Why isn't we?

First Little Girl—I hasn't such a doctor bill as you.

**Nell Nelson in Berlin.**

The average pay of women who make cloaks at home is $8 a month. Read Nell Nelson on Berlin's white slaves in the SUNDAY WORLD.

**No Definite Information.**

*[From Puck.]*

Sewing-Machine Agent—Lady of the house got in, eh? will she be back soon?

Native—Can't say, stranger—depends on how far she's gone—the last time I seen her wuz jest afore the cyclone struck here, yesterday.

## HEIRS TO POKER HANDS.

### Tennesseeans Who Were Not Born to Call.

He was a quiet-looking, elderly man, in a pastoral sort of black broadcloth suit and a felt hat with a broad brim, such as are worn by "colonels and majors," says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. Next to him in the car sat two young men, who were telling stories about personal experiences on the road.

One of them related with much gusto an encounter which he had recently had with a desperate Western man, the weapons being cards. The game was poker, the special occasion was that old familiar "big jackpot" which so often figures in profane history, and the two principals were each armed with straight flushes.

It was a dollar-limit game, remarked the young man, and we bet sixty-seven times, and then I called him. He had a sequence flush, queen high, and I had one, king high. You should have heard him swear.

I notice that the old man listened with great attention to the story, and at its conclusion he exclaimed with much candid astonishment: "You called him?"

The youngster blushed and acknowledged his guilt.

"Well! well!" said the old man, shaking his head, "these times is suttenly not what they usen tuter. You see, I cum from Tennessee, and we ain't up to this way er doin' things. Why, I'm playin' a hand yit thet wuz dealt to my pap in '57.

Him an' ole Judge Dubbin, of Murfreesboro, they set into a game one night in September of '57, an' they bet, an' bet, an' bet. An' when then run outer cash, they let mules, an' then horses, an' then niggers, an' as fas' they tuk to bettin' acres of lan', an then they run outer everything, an' it was agreed that the lan's should be put in sealed envellups and marked an' kept in the vault of the bank till both on 'em got more stuff.

Well, it went on that way off an' on till the war cum, and the old Judge had died and pop was killed at Seven Pines, an' then young Jim Dubbin he tuk his ole man's place an' I tuk dad's.

Well, gen'lemen, we're jest bettin' yit whenever we git the cash, and there ain't no signs of quittin'; but I wud suttinly like to see them han's of pop's an' ole Je ge Dubbin's afore I die," and he sighed a long sigh of patient resignation, while the two youngsters and the other man in the smoking-compartment regarded him as one worthy of veneration, even if it was only as a liar.

**Nell Nelson in Berlin.**

*Berlin working girls supply cloaks to the women of the whole world. Nell Nelson will describe how they struggle to live in the SUNDAY WORLD.*