A MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

(From Life.)

"I love my lo—ve—ve!"

"By me throbbing bosom, she comes."

"Speed on, my bark."

A cooler.

Isaac Took the Hint.

A good story is sometimes told of the discount clerk in one of the Baltimore banks, says the Washington *Sunday Herald*. He is a man somewhat along in years, is a Quaker, and is possessed of all the characteristics of that peculiar religious sect. One day a patron of the bank came in and submitted a pile of notes for discount. The clerk looked them over in his deliberate way, and remarked: "Isaac, thee will have to have the money on these notes; indorse them."

The patron complied, writing his name in a bold, free hand across the back of the promises to pay. When nearly through the list the good old Quaker gently expostulated.

"Isaac, thee should be more careful of thy ink; thee makes a dreadful waste in thy signature."

In indorsing the next note, Isaac, who was not without the spirit of a wag, wrote his name so small that the old Quaker was obliged to adjust his glasses and look sharp to see that it was correct. Finally, handing it back to the customer, he said:

"Isaac, thee is a very careless man; thee should always dot thy i's and cross thy t's; the i in thy name, Isaac, is not dotted."

To this good-natured rebuke the patron replied:

"Not so, old friend; if you will observe, the i in question has a 'h' speck just above it, and I thought that much ink could be saved."

Mark Twain and the Obliging Editor.

"I never met Mark Twain but once, and I have no desire to renew his acquaintance," said Frank Lethgren, a Boston shoe missionary, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "It was ten years ago, when I was very young, very green, and quite fresh. I had secured a position as reporter on the Boston Post, and felt that I held the destinies of nations in my hands. I was taking hotel arrivals one day, when a shaggy fellow came up to the desk and asked with a drawl: 'Editor of a paper here?' I nodded patronizingly, and he cleared that it was a great responsibility. He said that he had tried hard to become a great editor, and once secured a position on a Western weekly, but had been ingloriously discharged. He seemed quite heartbroken, and I proceeded to tell him that journalists were born, not made, and to make an egregious ass of myself generally. He plunged away, the clerk told me his name, and I made a sneak out the back way."

LUNCH COUNTER FOR WOMEN.

A Broadway Bakery Which Is Patronized by Fair Shoppers.

The Varied Dishes and Drinks Served to Customers

One of the sights of New York is a lunch-counter in a Broadway bakery, where the most cosmopolitan women on the American continent may be seen at their noonday repast.

Originally the counter was intended for men, but in some sinister way the fair sex got possession, and now no man ever has the courage to perch himself upon a stool and order a pate or a cup of coffee without the protection of his wife or mother and another woman.

Just how they come to be driven away the members of the firm are unable to say, but the fact is obvious that the women control the cooks, the clerks and the counter, and there is little possibility of their surrender or rout either.

The counter is circuitous, so that any seat or "stand between" is a capital place to view the lunchers and study their tastes and manners.

The service is arranged in sets for the use of every trinity. There is the big sugar bowl, with fingers for tongs, the cruets of mustard, sauces and condiments, the vanishing pre of pickles and the beehive dish of butter into which each girl digs her knife with more or less delight, for there is a flavor of Bohemianism about the place that is more attractive, to many, than the bill of fare.

The orders are as peculiar as the tastes of the women who give them.

The American shoppers in their tailor-made dresses have buns and chocolate, ice cream and cake or cone-shaped chariotte russe.

The home-bodies call for oyster stew or clam chowder and the advanced women have their biscuits and claret, but it would be an utter impossibility to classify the others. Presumably many of them are professional women of American and foreign birth who come from the neighboring art schools, conservatories, dramatic studios, business offices, stores and private houses where they study, teach or are employed at large salaries.

They are all well dressed, many carrying lorgnettes and purses or wearing articles of adornment that are typical of success or position, but they would never be called showy or sensational women.

They come alone and in couples; they talk, woman-like, and spend from twenty to forty minutes over their lunch, as the humor suits them, utterly regardless of the waiting circle made up of rapacious and hungry-eyed sisters.

Everybody pays her own check and orders what she likes.

One has a sardine sandwich and a bottle of beer, and she eats and drinks, with pickles as a relish; another has baked beans, brown bread and a jug of milk, while her neighbor engulfs a chicken croquette and a quart of coffee.

Black bread, cold tongue and ale identifies the British woman; so does an order of anchovy toast and a pot of tea, and one picks out the French woman by the movement of the siphon of Vichy and the pint bottle of St. Vivien.

In a circle of fifty, more than half order Apollinaris, Vichy, claret, ale, stout, beer or a glass of sherry to drink with their little order of sandwich or biscuits.

Very few of this class care for a dessert, the pie, tart, cake and ice-cream being devoured by the twenty-odd consumers of ice water, chocolate and tea.

But a lunch counter with stools and foot rest, presided over by sleight-of-hand waiters and patronized by 3,000-odd cosmopolitan women a week, is a spectacle to be found in no other city on the continent.

The very sight of the empty beer, wine and mineral-water bottles carried out in a day would horrify the Union to which Miss Willard is devoted and straight-laced Sorosis subscribes.

He Was All Right.

A tall, slim fellow, with a vacant stare, walked into the police station of a Western city, stepped up to the officer on duty and said in a hollow voice:

"Sir, I have an important communication to make. I am dead. I was murdered, and I entreat you to find the murderer and have me buried."

The official involuntarily started back; it was evident he had a lunatic before him, says a German exchange.

He rang a bell, and the Captain of the division, the Police Surgeon and all the constables obeyed the summons. In a moment the room was packed with a crowd of persons, all anxiously looking towards the surgeon, who in such cases has the first word.

"Just so," the latter said, addressing the stranger; "I could tell at the first glance that you were dead. Do you happen to remember your name?"

"Certainly," the maniac replied; "my name is Berthold Schwarz."

"And your address?"

"The grave."

"Who is your murderer?"

"Columbus."

"The same who discovered America?"

"Yes."

"Then allow me to congratulate you. We have captured the smart chap. Come, and I will show you his cell."

"Directly," said the madman in reply to the surgeon's diplomatic little speech, and began fumbling in his pocket, from which he quickly produced a thick packet of neatly bound almanacs.

"Gentlemen, when I was alive I used to sell these almanacs; they are the best sold in this country and only cost three pence apiece. You will admit that these handsome little volumes ought not to be left to moulder in the grave, and, as we appear to be on such friendly terms, perhaps the gentlemen will not object to buy the lot."

Ten minutes later the "madman" had sold out and taken his departure.

Two Buildings Tumble Down.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NAYADO, MO., July 30.—Two two-story brick buildings belonging to Ty or A Roberts and Byron McIlona suddenly collapsed this morning. Frank Meade, a railroad conductor sleeping on one of the top floors, was taken out dead. There were other roomers, and there may be other bodies in the ruins. The pecuniary loss is about $10,000.

Simply Awful

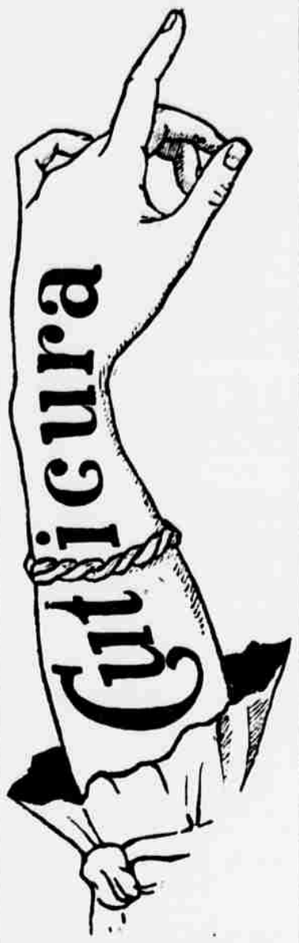
Geo. W. Turner.

"I had what the doctors called the worst case of scrofula they ever saw. It was on my arms, face and neck, and was simply awful. Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and found the sores gradually healing and was perfectly cured. For the past four years I have had a sound and well one." G. W. TURNER, farmer, Galway, N.Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headaches.

SUMMER

WHEN THE PORES open freely is the best time to cure torturing and disfiguring humors, eruptions and diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES. At no other time are these great skin cures, blood purifiers and humor remedies so effective. It is the season of all others to forever cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of impurities and hereditary elements which, if neglected, may become life-long afflictions.



Everything about the CUTICURA REMEDIES invites confidence. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most refined and sensitive. They are adapted to all ages, and may be used on the youngest infant. They have friends in every village, hamlet and cross-roads in the country. People in every walk of life believe in them, use them, and recommend them.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and greatest of humor remedies, $1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

"All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," 64 pages, 50 diseases, 25 illustrations, mailed free.

FOR EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR.

Pratt Institute Pupils at Work on Different Articles.

The Board of Trustees of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, have applied for space and have decided that the exhibit at the World's Fair shall be complete and worthy the Institute from which it comes. Its nature and its details, with few exceptions, are unknown and unknowable. The few knowable "exceptions" are in the girls' work.

It has been decided to send from the sewing-school a complete outfit of baby's wear in long and short clothes. The dainty dresses of sheerest, finest muslin, hemstitched, tucked and lace-edged are under way. The remaining articles of the wardrobe are yet untouched.

The full course of instruction in sewing for the adult pupils will be shown by means of samplers and finished garments for themselves. The children will show their ability as little seamstresses by a similar set of samplers, ending in dolls' clothes. A large dressed doll will go with the exhibit.

Gowns, plain, trimmed, short and long, coats and jackets; hats, small and large, of velvet and lace, will set forth the technical and artistic skill of the students in the dress-making and millinery schools. Photographs will be relied upon to give an accurate conception of the full course of instruction.

The students of the school of design are not to know when they are working for the World's Fair exhibit. Problems involving designs and schemes of color for interior decoration of apartments are now being worked upon. They are a part of the regular course of instruction, and it is only known to the director of the Art Department whether they or the individual designs for rugs, carpets, wall-papers, china, silver-ware, silks and drapery will be chosen. Probably the best of both.

The work of the girls in wood-carving will be explanatory of the full course of instruction. In addition, the Board of Lady Managers having applied for contributions towards the carved balustrades for the Women's Building, three panels for the same have been commenced by the advanced students of this school. The panels will be two feet in length; the carving in low relief; the design in Italian Renaissance.

In the recent exercises in clay-modelling from life among the Normal art students, three admirable heads of almost equal excellence were selected and were cast in plaster. One of the three will be sent to Chicago—which, the three sculptors would like very much to know.

From the Library Department, where a class of young women are now being trained as librarians, there is talk of sending a complete model library, showing the Melvil Dewey system of classification, and the P. L. system of cataloguing, &c.

All other work of the Fair exhibitors await time for development.

Murderer Almy Must Hang.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

CONCORD, N. H., July 30.—The Supreme Court to-day rendered a decision sustaining the constitutionality of the law under which Frank Almy, the murderer of Christie Warden, was sentenced to be hanged, and denied the motion of his counsel for a new trial.

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The most timely cartoons;
The best Wall Street summary and tables;
The best general news of each Day;
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RACING ACCOUNTS, daily, in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra. The most complete stories of events on the track put in type the same day they occur.

"THE TURF" is a daily column in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra. It is a most interesting department to all followers of racing events, presenting, as it does, general racing news, notes and commentaries, information as to the condition of horses named for coming events, and timely tips on racers whose form makes them worthy the attention of speculators. Prepared by a special writer.

SPORTING GOSSIP, attractively presented, is a daily feature of THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra. The general news and announcements of the athletic clubs, the latest developments and promised events in pugilism, aquatics and all general sports are found in this department, which is always up to the times and up to the readers' demand. All prepared by a special writer.

SPORTING DATES.—A calendar printed daily in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra, giving times and places of coming athletic and general sporting events, of local bearing.

What "The Evening World" Sporting Extra Does:

It knocks out time;
It distances Competition;
It always makes a hit.

WHAT IT DOES NOT:

It never strikes out;
It never "Quits";
It is never caught napping.