TALK OF THE STAGE WORLD.

Georgia Cayvan on Her Way from Japan to the Lyceum.

George Grossmith, the English Comedian, Will Invade Us Soon.

Miss Georgia Cayvan, who is now on her way back from the land of the Japanese, will not return to New York for some months. She will join the Lyceum stock company in St. Louis, and appear with that organization Aug. 22. Miss Cayvan is expected to arrive in San Francisco Aug. 12. The stock company is to first present "The Charity Ball," and during the tour "Lady Bountiful," "Squire Kate," and other plays of the repertoire will be acted. Miss Effie Shannon and Miss Bessie Tyree, of the Frohman forces, are on their way back from England, where they have been spending their vacation. They have received many courtesies from Mrs. Kendal, who is very kind to American actresses abroad (Madge returns to this country, don't you know). Herbert Kelcey has also been in England and so has Mrs. Whiffen. The members of the company that have made the dainty little theatre on Fourth avenue famous have, it will be seen, been pretty well scattered over the face of the globe and have carried the name of Frohman from Yokohama to Piccadilly.

* * *

A contract was signed yesterday by which Manager John D. Hopkins will present one of his excellent variety entertainments at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre during the weeks beginning Nov. 7 and 14. Trewey, the Lars Larsen family, Stretty and the Kiger brothers, Carrie Joy, Marguerite Fish, Charles Warren and Melville and Stetson will appear.

* * *

M. A. Kennedy, the rotund comedian, who is to appear in "Settled Out of Court" this season with Charles Frohman's company, is as fond of Broadway as the late "Billy" Florence was. No matter how hot the weather, he promenades that thoroughfare every afternoon after rehearsals. A friend, meeting him a few days ago, during the very hot spell, pitied the comedian on account of his excessive perspiration.

"Mike," said he, "why don't you get thin, like McKee Rankin?"

"I can't afford to do so," was the reply. "I should lose my position in Mr. Frohman's company. My fat is my fortune."

Miss Florence Bennett is the only member of the company that supported the Kendals in this country who has been engaged to play with them in England, with the exception of Dodson. Miss Bennett was generally acknowledged while here to be a conscientious and thoroughly reliable actress. Evidently the Kendals, who so deeply resented the adverse criticisms of their company in New York, are of the same opinion as their critics. The actors and actresses are apparently not good enough to support them in England.

* * *

George Grossmith, of whom the American public has heard so much, but who has never yet appeared here, will sail for this country Oct. 19 on the Teutonic. Mr. Grossmith, it is said, feels very afraid of facing American audiences, and will devote the first two or three weeks of his visit here to acclimatizing himself.

* * *

It is said that Henry E. Abbey, who has engaged the Schaffer family to appear in Chicago during the Fair, will pay them $750 per week. As several members of the Schaffer family are juveniles, Mr. Abbey may have a hard time of it, as far as Gerry episodes are concerned.

* * *

Some of the plays now being prepared for the road and rehearsing, or getting ready for rehearsal, in this city are "The Kid," "Telephonia," "Larry, the Lord," "The Operator," "A Mad Bargain," "A Fatal Gift," "The Planter's Daughter," "Underground," "The Colonel," "The Bonnaliddy," "In Old Kentucky," "The Kentucky Colonel," "That Man from Boston," "A Dark Horse" and "The Lucky Number."

* * *

There is a misguided individual in Chicago who makes a specialty of pirating every new play that is presented in that city. He is an expert stenographer, and visits the theatre with a big notebook and a packet of pencils. He takes down each play in shorthand. A short time ago a company in that city lost the manuscript of their play. The manager bethought himself of this misguided individual. He applied to him and discovered that he had already stolen the piece. In this case the theft was fortunate, and the manager bought the pirated manuscript for $8.

* * *

"An Englishman in Paris" is the title of a new book that has just been published in London. It contains a number of interesting theatrical notes. The author has this to say of the famous Rachel: "The fact is that Rachel off the stage was made of very ordinary clay. She had few of the good qualities of her race and a good many of the bad ones. She was greedy to a degree and could be very spiteful. All these drawbacks, in the eyes of most of her biographers, were redeemed by her marvellous tragic abilities on the stage, by a wonderful gift of the gab and by a happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met manner off the stage to those whom she liked to propitiate."

"Matt," by Robert Buchanan, will be the complete novel in next Sunday's WORLD. Remind your Newsdealer to save you a copy.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

Athletic Sports Kept Down by the Prominent Performers.

Taylor, M. A. C., Breaks the World's Bicycle Record.

One trouble with some of the prominent athletes nowadays is that they are too chary about showing their figures on the athletic field. The idea seems to be with some of them that having once won a championship, broken a record or otherwise having distinguished themselves that they are entitled to lie back on their laurels, competing only once or twice a year and the remainder of the time viewing the efforts of their inferiors, athletically, with an air of patronizing condescension. Nothing short of a championship or a jewelled stop-watch will get them out. The result is that at a great majority of the athletic contests during the year there is a class of mediocre athletes competing, who, though their hearts may be in their work, do not keep interest a-going as would be the case if there were more high-class performers entered. People are attracted by the desire to see something sensational. Again, it is beneficial to beginners and ordinary performers to get in fast company, for a man always does better when he has some one to set a fast pace.

So these cracks of the athletic field, or a portion of them, are the very people who by their indifference in a measure keep interest in athletic sports from becoming more general. The fact that one is a star should not prevent him from having enough athletic spirit to lend his services and helping the sport along. Besides, somebody is apt to come along and surpass him while he contentedly takes it easy.

The fact is that when a man becomes a crack athlete he is so petted and spoiled that he gets exaggerated notions of his own importance—that is, if his headpiece is so constructed that its tendency is to enlarge. Then he gets an erroneous idea that he must pose for the ladies. Posing does not break records. But all of the better class of athletes are not that way, thank goodness.

* * *

The baseball club that beats the Giants in these times must needs get up on its toes at the sound of the pistol and maintain a ten-second clip right up to the finish line. For we are out for the pennant. The strong Bostons found this out yesterday, when the best they could do was to break even, and that on their own grounds. The feature of the game was the up-hill play of the New Yorks, who drew up alongside the Hub aggregation after the latter had a lead of four runs.

Over in John Ward's town the home team had the Washingtons for opponents again, and this time fared better, winning by a score of 3 to 1.

The following games are scheduled for to-day:

Washington at New York.	Pittsburg at Cincinnati.
Philadelphia at Brooklyn.	Cleveland at Louisville.
Baltimore at Boston.	

* * *

Jack Ashton, Sullivan's sparring partner, said yesterday that he is ready and willing to meet Jim Daly, who occupies a similar position with Corbett, at any time. "I am fit to fight now if necessary," said Jack, and he looks it. "or I will meet Daly at any time that suits him either before or after the New Orleans contests before either the Coney Island or the Olympic Club. I would like to meet Daly, for it would be an honor to beat him. Personally, he is a nice fellow, and we are friendly, but all friendship would cease at the ringside. I wonder how Aug. 28 would suit him?"

* * *

A greatly improved runner of late is J. P. Hinn, of the Pastime A. C. Hinn has been very successful at indoor meets, but he is comparatively new to the cinder path. He has an excellent style and is good at a hundred and 220 yards; also at the hurdles.

* * *

Although it seems to be the rule rather than the exception for bicyclists to smash records this season, the performance of George F. Taylor, of the Manhattan A. C., at Springfield yesterday will rank as the leading feat so far of the year. Taylor broke the world's record for a mile, doing the distance in 2.14 1-5. He rode the three-quarters in 1.40 1-5. The best previous record was 1.41 for the three-quarters and 2.15 for the mile, held by W. Windle. The best English performance is that of Osborne, 1.42 for the three-quarters and 2.16 for the mile.

* * *

Those people who have an idea that the relations between Sullivan and Phil Casey are strained should have been at Canoe Place Inn yesterday evening when Casey drove up after a three days' absence. The manner in which the two grasped hands would have dispelled any such doubts. Sickness and the death of a friend kept Casey away.

* * *

Information was received from England yesterday that Jem Smith refused to meet Choynski before the Olympic or the Coney Island Club because he might not receive fair play. Smith is the last man in the world who should make that objection. Anyway, it is more than likely that neither of the clubs mentioned wants him.

* * *

The Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, has a baseball nine in the field this season that is making the crack amateur clubs in the State hustle. The Club's record so far this season is twelve games won out of fifteen played. The Oritanis have beaten such clubs as the Manhattan Athletic and the Englewood Field clubs.

* * *

The Manhattan Athletic Club baseball nine will play the Jefferson Baseball Club, of Brooklyn, at Manhattan Field, at 4 P. M. to-day. Wilson and Dowd will form the battery.

FROM THE WORLD OF LABOR.

For the first time there will be but one Labor Day parade in Chicago this year.

The bookbinders employed by Boss Weinkranz have been successful in their strike for higher wages.

The woollen mills of Pennsylvania employ a total of 55,000 hands and send out over $90,000,000 worth of products.

The demands of the Bill Posters' Union have been granted by the managers of the Thalia Theatre and the Roumania Opera-House.

Among the local Farmers' Alliances in many parts of the Western States funds are being collected for the strikers at Homestead.

Over 1,000 clothing clerks are benefited by the recent agreements for early closing which have been secured by the Clerks Association of Chicago.

A strike against the employment of bricklayers "scabs" is progressing on the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association at Tonawanda.

The Suspender-Makers' Union gained nineteen new members this week. They have indorsed the nomination of M. Weinstein for Tenement-Sweating Shop Inspector.

Carpenters' Union No. 394 elects P. J. Kelehs, President; A. J. Conley, Vice-President; A. Eberhardt, Recording Secretary; N. M. Boom, Financial Secretary; Henry Martin, Treasurer.

A majority of the silk dyers at the factory of Kalpscher & Maus has agreed to accept the firm's terms of fifty-seven and a half hours pay for fifty-five hours.

Complaint will be made to the Central Labor Union by the United Hebrew Trades Unions against Delegate Witkowsky, who, it is alleged, has been furnishing "scabs" for the strike Shop of Boss Rosenwasser.

The striking weavers of Dunkel's factory have declined a compromise offered them by the firm, who were willing to reinstate the strikers at an advance of 10 per cent. of their wages.

Cigar-Makers' Union No. 10 granted two strike applications yesterday. Next Tuesday the subscription lists for the Homestead Relief Fund must be returned. The label assessment is due within six weeks.

The fifth annual convention of the K. of L. Brassworkers' National Trade Assembly, No. 252, is now in session at Meriden, Conn. Over one hundred delegates, representing local assemblies in the United States and Canada, are present.

A report that shorthand writers are scarce in Australia is a canard intended to depress wages which are already low enough, many experts in the business being compelled to content themselves with $10 to $15 per week.

General Secretary Hugo Miller, of the German-American Typographia, has left this city for Chicago to settle differences which have arisen among the members of the local Union in the latter city.

Boss Arensberg's cigar-makers have been locked out for demanding an advance of wages. These men are the ones who took the places of strikers some time ago. They were reduced until they could no longer stand it. The shop is at 93 Canton street.

The National Convention of the Brotherhood of Machinery Moulders is now in session at St. Paul, Minn. The officers are: John E. Ramsey, President; Thomas Hudson, Vice-President; T. C. W. Campbell, Recording Secretary; Thomas Hudson, Financial Secretary; T. J. Sugrue, Treasurer.

The strike of the Plasterers' Laborers' Union for $2.75 per day was commenced yesterday. On most of the jobs the men went out, and only a few remained at work. Their names were taken by the Walking Delegate, and yesterday evening the Union suspended them. They will not be reinstated except after payment of heavy fines.

Italians, who have been sent to Vinalhaven, Me., to work in the boycotted quarries, have returned to Portland. Upon arriving in Vinalhaven they were greeted at the wharf by the men, women and children, who hooted and hissed them, and so manifest was the feeling against them that the would-be "scabs" refused to work.

Engineers' Protective Union No. 5,628, A. F. of L., has elected: W. H. Goddard, President; A. G. Vaughan, Vice-President; J. F. Waldron, Treasurer; William Fitzgerald, Financial Secretary; P. A. Scheid, Corresponding Secretary; G. E. Hogg, Recording Secretary; B. F. Graham, Chaplain; J. H. Smith, Conductor; E. W. Goodwin, Doorkeeper.

The Tin and Sheet-Iron Workers' Union held a special meeting yesterday evening and donated $100 to the Homestead Relief Fund; also $100 to the striking derrickmen, and they will give the latter $100 more if their strike is not won within two weeks. The Union will parade with the Central Labor Union on Labor Day, and all members failing to turn out will be fined $2 each.

About 500 of the striking employees have returned to the Delphin Mill, Paterson, N. J., and nearly 100 found employment elsewhere. They do not belong to any labor organization. The advance demanded by the plain goods weavers at C. E. Meding's mill has been conceded. The loom fixers at Ashley & Bailey's silk mill have collected a fund to erect a monument over the grave of their late comrade, Frederick Bridge, who was recently killed by machinery when at work.

A Practical Lesson.

[From Judge.]

Sunday-School Teacher—What lesson are we to learn from the story of Jonah and the whale?

Pupil—To stay on dry land.

Very Scarce.

[From Puck.]

Old McFadd—Do you collect anything?

Charlie Smart—I collect my thoughts occasionally.

Old McFadd—Ah, I suppose you get some rare specimens!

Absence of Nacl.

[From Truth].

Miss Bleeker—I think Mr. Ginger is about the freshest young man I know. What is your opinion?

Miss Backbay—If I were called on for an analysis I don't think my first test would be for chloride of sodium.

SHALL IT GO ON?

(Continued from First Page.)

reporter to explain his views at more length, but he said he had little to add to what he said at the meeting of the Association. He thought it would be better to have the Chinamen taught in classes if it was found that such a method would be successful.

"What reason have you for believing that class teaching would not be a success?" Mr. Lyon was asked.

"The Chinamen don't seem to like it," he replied, "and then they are not equally advanced, and it would not be fair to keep one member of a class back because others do not learn as fast as he.

"We have found the most successful method to be for each teacher to instruct one Chinaman."

"But you say you are not in favor of intermarriages?"

"Well, they ought'n't to get married."

"How are you going to prevent it?"

"I have nothing more to say," was Mr. Lyon's reply.

THE LESSON FORGOTTEN.

The following Sunday an EVENING WORLD reporter visited Mr. Lyon's Sunday-school at 104 Gates avenue, Brooklyn. The school-room is in a dancing hall above a bakery. The school is one of the strongest in Brooklyn and supports a missionary in China.

The meetings are held at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. On the day the reporter was present the teachers and pupils began coming in at 2.30 and seated themselves by couples as soon as they entered. Each Chinaman usually seemed to be the director of the pair and almost invariably led his teacher to some part of the room as far removed as possible from where the others were seated. It was a warm day, and the majority of the Chinamen carried their Eastern fans, with which they kept themselves and teachers cool, only stopping the fanning when events of some kind necessitated whispered conversations.

When it was time for the exercises to open Mr. Lyon invited teachers and pupils to come up to the front of the room. In selecting seats the second time the Chinamen were still allowed by their teachers to make the choice, and each pupil did so with the evident intention of having his teacher sit close to himself.

The school was opened with singing, in which the Chinamen joined vociferously, without regard to tune or the words of the hymn.

Each Chinaman held the book for his teacher, and watched the page as closely as if he were a professor of the English language instead of a scholar learning his A B Cs. A teacher would occasionally smile approvingly at her pupil, and a look of pride would pass over the favored one's countenance. He would sing a little louder, move closer to his teacher, and at the end of the verse whisper something that never reached the ears of a third person.

One of the most dignified Celestials found a seat for himself and teacher in the front part of the room. His teacher was young and the most attractive girl present. The pupil was learning to read from a primer. He was bright and his teacher was earnest. As the lesson progressed their chairs were moved nearer together, until the faces of the two were so close that the Chinaman's hot breath fanned a rosy glow on the cheek of his teacher. He was dressed in the garb of an American. His queue had been sacrificed. He could speak fairly good English.

"Me learnee fast," he suddenly remarked.

"Very fast," answered the teacher. As she pronounced the words she lifted her eyes from the book. His were already fastened upon her face. Their glances met. The Chinaman's countenance did not change. His face was very close to that of his teacher. The Celestial stared into the eyes of the girl while she waited patiently for him to return to the lesson. Suddenly she noticed that the reporter was watching the scene. Her face crimsoned; she pushed her chair away from the Chinaman and looked at the opposite wall. Still the pupil, leaning forward, smiled at the changing colors of his teacher's face, and seemed to delight in her discomfiture.

TAKING TINTYPES AT A PICNIC.

"Who is that man?" the reporter asked a member of the school.

"Oh, he is one of our brightest boys I have forgotten his name," was the reply.

The answer was true. He was bright. He was called a boy and looked upon as a boy by teachers and superintendent, treated as a simple-minded boy by all who met him in the Sunday-school; but beneath those cunning little eyes was the brain of one of the adult sons of Confucius; capable of plotting as unscrupulously as his ancestor and seemingly fascinated with the unsuspecting girl.

There were not enough teachers to supply each Chinaman with a partner on this particular Sunday, so Mr. Lyon was forced to hunt up a middle-aged man for one of the pupils. The man looked bored; the pupil looked disgusted. His eyes wandered from the book to his more fortunate countrymen. As soon as the lesson was completed he walked away from his teacher and found a seat in another part of the room.

Just then Mr. Lyon came up to the reporter and explained that the gentleman who had taught the Chinaman had attempted some time ago to take charge of a class, but the pupils rebelled.

The class was finally disbanded, and each Chinaman was provided with a female teacher to work out his exclusive salvation. The school has a membership of twenty-five, but on account of Mr. Lyon's remarks about intermarriage, so Mr. Lyon explained, the attendance dropped down to nineteen.

After the exercises were completed a meeting of the Chinese Y. M. C. A. was held in the same room. All the Chinamen and a few of the teachers remained. The time was spent in conversation, singing and an occasional reading of the Bible, followed by prayer. The young women talked with the Chinamen, walked with them about the room and seemed pleased with their attentions.

The scene needed only artificial light, gay dresses and lively music to be like an evening reception. The teachers, however, went home early, without their Chinese escorts. At some of the Sunday-schools in the two cities it is customary for the Chinamen to walk home with their teachers.

One of the largest Chinese Sunday-schools in New York is that of the Methodist Mission at 205 West Fourteenth street. The Chinese Y. M. C. A. is in the same building, and is open all the time. It was stated by Miss Clarke that the Sunday-school room at this place is the best adapted of any in the city for teaching Chinamen.

A feature of the Chinese Sunday schools that seems to be very popular among both teachers and pupils is the annual picnic given by the pupils of the Association. There have been within the past three weeks several of these picnics participated in by teachers and pupils of the Chinese Sunday schools of New York and Brooklyn. A few invited friends go as the guests of the Chinamen. So great is the demand for invitations to these picnics that a limited number of tickets is issued. The tickets are hard to get, and the picnics can properly be termed very exclusive affairs. They are usually held in the first week of June. All the Sunday schools of the Association are represented, and the day is considered by the Chinamen as the most important of the year, outside of the Chinese New Year.

The picnic this year was held recently at Cornwallton, on Long Island Sound, about 28 miles from New York. Over 500 of the Oriental brethren, accompanied by as many Occidental sisters, and about the same number of mammas and little brothers and sisters enjoyed the day in a babel of tongues, and after it was over declared almost unanimously that enjoyment and missionary work had been very agreeably mixed. The trip was made in the steamboat Grand Republic. The boat started from the West Twenty-third street pier at 8.30 in the morning, and a half hour before that time the passengers commenced coming to the dock in pairs and groups. The fact that so many arrived in couples of one Chinaman and his lady teacher was looked upon by some of the leaders as commendable, and led one of them to call THE EVENING WORLD reporter's attention to the assertion thatson did something like:

"Don't you see how much interest the teachers take in their pupils? Nearly every one of them is coming here for with her."

The most attentive Celestial gallant could have found pointers in the way the pupils, some of whom had reached middle life, watched their opportunities to do the ladies' bidding and profited by their counsel.

A few gathered around the pianos to sing the hymns familiar in the Sunday-schools; others, who had no companions, smoked on the lower deck, and one girl who had no Chinaman read a novel entitled "How He Won Her."

Everything ran smoothly until dinner time. The picnic-ground should have been reached at 12 o'clock, but it was an hour and a half later when the landing was made.

LUNCH AT A CHINESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.

When the grove was reached parties of two or three couples made pools of their picnic provisions, and under the shade of trees scattered through a delightful green enjoyed their dinner. This gave an opportunity for the "boys" to continue the study of English under the direction of their teachers, and judging from the interest taken by both parties in each case the time was well improved.

The Chinaman's love for noise took control of the day during the dinner hour, and by every group fire-crackers were lighted, a bunch at a time.

Entertainment was furnished by some Chinese musicians with their peculiar instruments.

A ball game was started during the afternoon and was very popular for a time. A trio of bright girls were on each side and showed more skill than the Chinamen. While the game was in progress a new to the most daring Celestials brought out a football and wanted their teachers to join in the rough and tumble game, but this was ruled out. A few of the couples went rowing, some promenaded on the beach and the more dignified talked under the shade trees.

Probably the two hottest men at the grove were two tintype artists, who did a lucrative business from the time the steamer landed until the home trip was commenced. Teachers and pupils were "took" together, sometimes in couples and sometimes in groups.

The young women seemed to think it a huge joke to have a picture taken with their pupils. The Chinamen who paid for the pictures looked upon the matter more seriously, and always insisted on having a picture that "lookee like me and my teacher." One teacher was horrified by her pupil telling her he would have the picture framed and hung up in his laundry. She secured a promise that he would not do so, but he was greatly grieved.

An attempt was made during the afternoon to have some religious exercises in a dancing pavilion, but the Chinamen rebelled. While the attempt was being made to get a crowd together it began raining, and all rushed for the boat. When New York was reached it was just getting dark and many of the teachers were escorted home by their pupils.

The committee in charge of the excursion was as follows: Chu Chow, C. J. Jung, Lee Hong, Hong King, Chu Chee.

WORLDLINGS.

Queen Sophie, of Sweden, is rarely seen by her subjects. She is a pale, middle-aged lady, almost an invalid, and appears only at long intervals in public.

A bank check for one cent is on exhibition in Pine Bluff, Ark., as a curiosity, though similar curiosities have been seen elsewhere. In fact, they have grown to be about as common as letters that have been around the world.

It is 51 to-day years since Mr. Gladstone took his seat in the House of Commons.

Marshal de MacMahon, ex-President of France, is eighty-two years old, but as well preserved as a man twenty years younger.

Mme. Carnot, wife of the French President, is one of the women in high places in Europe who smoke cigarettes.

Go wealth, go fame,
Go all that's dear,
But leave, oh! leave us
KNAPP'S ROOT BEER.

THE MALE BASS AND HIS YOUNG.

He Guards the Eggs While His Consort Is Gadding About.

A small mouth black bass, the variety sought by anglers and the only kind caught about the islands in Lake Erie, says the Cleveland *Press*, attains a weight of about one pound in two years, at which time it also arrives at maturity in a productive sense.

It then fans off a clean place on the gravel, deposits its eggs, which are impregnated by the male member of the family, when, contrary to the general rule laid down by nature, the female goes goes off to some favorable watering place, while the old man attends strictly to household duties, and by the most constant coaxing fans with his tail all the sediment off the eggs and drives off all intruders, even to a ten-pound mud turtle.

He brings forth his little family of several thousand individual fishes about as large each as the end of a broom splint and about a quarter of an inch long, to become as long as a broom handle and weigh all the way up to ten pounds, according to the conscience and eyes of the one who for the first time pulls him permanently out of aqua pura. He seldom attains a weight of over four pounds, although those weighing six pounds have been caught.

CHAMPION STINGINESS.

A Pennsylvanian Who Disputes the Palm with Everybody.

One of the worst stories of extreme parsimony on record comes from Uniontown, Pa., says an exchange. A young man from that place in the city yesterday said that some time ago he wrote to a wealthy citizen of Green County who owned land in Uniontown, asking him for his price on a lot.

In a few days he received a reply in a curious-looking envelope. He examined it carefully and found that the envelope was turned inside out. Making a closer inspection he discovered that it was the one he had sent the Green County man.

Since then he has had several of his envelopes returned in the same way. The Green County citizen was too stingy to buy envelopes, though worth not less than $15,000.

The Uniontown man remarked that it was not much wonder that some people got rich. He added that it was a pity there was a law against using postage stamps the second time.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Western Epitaph.

An unknown man has buried here.
Whose name was probably Davidge
From papers found about his clothes,
On which he owed everybody.
We found him by his frozen gun,
His hands gripped round the stock yet,
A good big vein mine in his head,
But no gold in his pocket.
Only a well-thumbed deck of cards
As his kindred in their faces,
With king and queen in dispute,
And further results aces. —*Boston Life.*

He Drew the Line.

He played the race all day long
With never fail or rest,
And in the job game of life
Made skill and luck the best.
But when his wife entreated him
In vain both high and low,
To pass the new church festival,
He said he would not go.
—*Cloakier and Furnisher.*

Before and Behind the Scenes.

Before the Public, much praised he
Pa King, Economy
But when he sent the Boys to fix—
"Economy?—Oh, fiddlesticks!"
—*Puck.*

Left in the rear—soap. *Pearline* is more efficient, and is just as cheap. It is more convenient, and is just as safe. It makes clothes clean, while saving the work; it makes them last longer, by saving the wear. All washing and cleaning is done best with *Pearline*. What soap does by force, *Pearline* does with ease.
Beware of imitations. 250 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

POLYPUS TUMORS AND CATARRH.

AN UNNATURAL GROWTH WHICH FILLS UP THE NOSE.

What a Reporter Learned at the Offices of Doctors McCoy and Wildman, the Great Catarrh Specialists.

A reporter learned at the offices of Doctors McCoy and Wildman that one of the most startling characteristics of catarrh in an advanced stage is the presence of polypus tumors in the nose, an unnatural growth which fills the nostrils and shuts off the natural breathing channels, compelling the sufferer to breathe through his or her mouth. One of the Doctors said: "A great many of our patients, when they first begin treatment, don't dream that their nostrils are filled with polypus tumors that have been growing for years, and they are surprised when in a twinkling we remove a tumor as big as a hickory nut and show it to them. It is done by as quicker and with less pain than in pulling a tooth, and then the patient is able to breathe freely, and the relief is wonderful. The nostrils are quickly restored to their natural functions and life is less of a burden. This is only one little phase of that "dead disease, catarrh."

Doctors McCoy and Wildman make a specialty of the treatment of all chronic diseases, including catarrh. They furnish all medicines free, and their charges for treatment are so moderate that they are within the reach of all.

DOCTORS McCOY AND WILDMAN,
Offices, 5 East 42d Street, New York.
Where all curable cases are treated with success. If you live at a distance write for a symptom blank. Consultation at office or by mail free of charge. Address all mail to 5 East 42d street, New York. Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 12 A. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

ELDORADO.
Concert at 4, Circus at 5; Concert at 6 and at 8.15
"EGYPT THROUGH CENTURIES."
Fireworks and Concert at 10.
Take West 42d and 13th st. ferries. Ticket office, 26 East 14th st., and leading hotels.

Union Square THEATRE. CHAS. A. GARDNER. | Evening at 8.15. **Fatherland.** Mats. Wed. and Sat.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. THE VICE ADMIRAL AT 8.15. Roof Garden Concert Nightly and Sunday. Admission 50c., including both entertainments.

PALMER'S. EVENINGS 8.15. SATURDAY MATINEE. Mr. HENRY E. DIXEY'S OPERA CO. THE MASCOT. COOLED BY ICED AIR.

HOYT'S MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Evenings, 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2. Hoyt's great Big Boom, 272 to 278 Performance. A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

GARDEN THEATRE. NIGHTLY 8.15. SAT. MAT. SINBAD 2D EDITION — Great Success. 200 PEOPLE — Grand Ballet. Admission 50c. Coupon Admits to Roof Garden.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Damrosch Orchestral Promenade Concerts. ROOF GARDEN AND TOWER 8 P. M. TO 12. VAUDEVILLE, BLANCHE, ACROBATIC. Admission to all, 50 cents.

TONY PASTOR'S, 14th Street, between 3d and 4th aves. MATINEE TUESDAY FRIDAY. Birdie Fulgitting, Detroit Bros., Bonnie Thornton, Layman, The Dollons, Capitola Forrest, Sam Dearin, Geo. E. Austin.

EDEN MUSEE, WORLD IN WAX. REVIVAL OF "SHE." POWELL AND MAJILTON. MUNZIG LAJOS' HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA. MOST BEAUTIFUL MAT. TO-DAY. Mons. ...UR and Mlle. HARTLEY. GRAND RAIN REVVAL. From Les Ambassadeurs, Paris. CHANTONS ELECTRIQUE. VAUDEVILLE. BURLESQUE. NOVELTIES.

14th St. Music Hall and Alhambra Court. 124 and 126 East 14th St. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION. Plays Every Afternoon and Evening.

SPORTING.

MONMOUTH PARK RACES, LONG BRANCH, N. J. Coolest place within 100 miles of New York. TUESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY. RACES TO COMMENCE AT 2.30 P. M. Trains and boats every 15 minutes, by Central RR. of N. J., Liberty st.; Pennsylvania RR. from Pavonia and Cortlandt sts. Boats via North Hook from pier 8, foot of Rector st. Fare, round trip, including admission to field, $1.50.

BRIGHTON BEACH RACES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY. During July and August. RACES BEGIN AT 2 P. M. EACH DAY. Grand Stand, $1. Ladies, 50c. Field, 50c. Reached by all routes to Coney Island. C. A. SANDS, Secretary. G. H. ENGEMAN, President.

MONMOUTH PARK RACES, LONG BRANCH, N. J. Every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, AT 2.30 P. M.

She Took Some.

[From Truth.]

Young Lady (in candy store)—I don't like this candy. It has begun to melt already.

Confectioner—No wonder, young lady, with those liquid eyes of yours over it!

"Six pounds, please."

A Fatal Mistake.

[From Judge.]

Featherstone—Why, I thought that was a new pair of trousers you had last week, and now they are worn through at the knees.

Ringway—Yes, they were new; but I sat too near the door on the elevated the other day, and the other passengers wore them out.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething eases wind colic and diarrhœa, &c. 25c. "."

THE OPERA AT SCUDDY.

A Pathetic Story of an Actor's Misfortune.

The little town of Scuddy, away out on the Kansas border, on the proposed line of the D., K. and N. Railway, was enjoying a boom of no mean proportions. Strangers were arriving daily, improvements were going on at every hand, and the little trading post was fast taking upon itself metropolitan airs.

Its citizens were jealously proud of its advancements, and the personal safety of a man who would have dared to assert that the town was not booming would have been very liable to be endangered.

Badgerton was Scuddy's own rival, the only thorn in the side of its citizen. Badgerton did not exist except upon the map, they scornfully asserted, but for all that, it occasionally made its presence felt.

The Scuddyites hailed with delight any opportunity to gain advantage over Badgerton, and were feverishly alert to secure anything that would boom Scuddy on towards prominence and discomfit its rival.

It was this spirit that caused Jack Bates to prevail upon the Acme Opera Company to visit Scuddy. Jack had seen the company at one of the towns further east, and had learned that they intended to visit Badgerton and not Scuddy.

It was not much in the way of an opera company, and Jack did not admire operas, anyhow. But, as he expressed it, "he didn't keer two whoops in Halifax for operys nohow; he was plump alive to the interests uv Scuddy, and didn't propose that no one-horse place like Badgerton should get the bulge on her."

To have it said that the opera company had visited Scuddy and had scorned to appear at its rival, would be cause for the most profound satisfaction to every resident of the latter.

By guaranteeing that every place of business would be closed on the night of performance, and that every person in town and as far out as the Yellowhammer Ranch should attend at $1 per head, or if unable to be present should send the dollar anyhow, Jack was able to secure the company. In return the manager signed a contract to the effect that he would not visit Badgerton under any circumstances. If asked his reason, he promised to reply that the place was not of sufficient importance to warrant it.

Great was the rejoicing at Scuddy when Jack Bates announced the good news. A mass-meeting was held and Jack's acumen and fostering care of Scuddy's prosperity were lauded to the skies. His name was even mentioned as that of a candidate for the Mayorship at the next election.

When the stage drew up to the combined hotel and post-office a few days later, with a more elaborate flourish than usual, it seemed as if every person in the little settlement was there to welcome its arrival. Bill Hankley, the driver, seemed to have acquired a new and added dignity since the citizens had seen him last.

"Air they thar?" asked Jack Bates, anxiously.

"You bet!" was Driver Bill's reply. A shout of welcome went up from the crowd as the door of the stage opened and the singers alighted. Old Colonel Darby, whose enthusiasm had got the better of his judgment, insisted on delivering an address of welcome.

The last to leave the coach was a small, pale-faced, yellow-haired man, who bore in his arms a little bundle. It might have been a roll of clothing, or it might have been a baby.

The yellow-haired man was assigned a little room in the "L" of the hotel, on the first floor. He placed the bundle on the bed, and softly removing the wrappings, revealed a baby, uneasily sleeping and catching its breath by fitful gasps. Its little face was thin and burning with fever. It opened its blue eyes and stretched its tiny hands feebly towards the yellow-haired man.

"I 'ant a d'ink, papa," the parched lips piped weakly.

All day long the yellow-haired man sat beside the fever-stricken baby. Oftimes his head sank on his breast, as if from sheer exhaustion, but he was always ready to instantly attend to the feeble cry of "'Ant a d'ink, papa," oft repeated.

The child seemed to be sinking rapidly. Its hot breath came and went in painful, fluttering gasps.

Often the yellow-haired man's eyes closed involuntarily, but the baby's feeble wail for water always aroused him.

He took the little sufferer in his arms, and, as the sun sank from sight behind the distant mound, he seated himself before the open window.

The soft, southwestern breeze, laden with the perfume of the wild verbenas, gently agitated the interlaced morning-glory vines that crossed the window.

It dallied about the little hot face, fanned the burning cheeks and kissed the small, parched lips. It toyed with the baby's yellow curls, so like those of the pale-faced man who bent over it.

The little head nestled closer to the man's heart.

"Sing, papa," the parched lips whispered.

ALL DAY LONG HE SAT BESIDE THE BABY.

It was only an old-fashioned lullaby, simple, even silly perhaps, but the tenor voice that sang it so softly glorified the homely air.

The swift, Indian Summer twilight of the plains came and went, and still the yellow-haired man sat in the dim room by the open window and sang the sweet old lullaby. The song went steadily on, and presently the body was still except for the feverish breathing.

Out in the darkness a night hawk fell, seeming from the very clouds almost to the earth, uttering, as he turned to begin his ascent, his weird, booming, discordant cry.

The door opened softly and some one tiptoed into the room.

"Paul," said a low voice, "your cue comes in five minutes. You must go now."

The yellow-haired man left the sleeping child softly on the bed and followed the newcomer out into the darkness.

He staggered weakly as they strode along the dark street, and once would have fallen had not his comrade caught him.

"Take my arm, Paul," the comrade said.

The impromptu opera-house, a new half-finished building, with a makeshift stage and scenery, was crowded to overflowing.

The citizens of Scuddy were present almost to a man, and even the cowboys from as far out as the Yellowhammer and Spade ranches were in attendance.

Jack Bates, with a bouquet clutched in his hand, occupied a prominent position and applauded every part of the performance with impartial vigor.

The performance had been going on for some time when the yellow haired tenor appeared. He came upon the stage with unsteady, stumbling steps. His yellow hair was tossed about and his face was drawn and pallid. When he began to sing the audience regarded him with marked disfavor. He was intoxicated, they thought. His tones were inharmonious and often almost harsh and broken by choking catches, now and then, as if the singer had smothered a sob in his throat. Then as his voice soared up, up, in a triumphant burst of music, it broke in a discordant, croak-like sound that completely destroyed the melody.

The cowboys began to hiss, and Jack Bates expressed his disfavor in an audible growl. The singer did not heed them, but continued the discordant and often half-inaudible song, as if it had been the most delightful melody in the world.

The cowboys veiled their disapproval at the top of their voices, and one or two fired off their pistols by the way of protest.

The tenor ceased, and one of the ladies began a song that was like the sweet music of a lark's liquid notes. A wild shout of applause arose from the cowboys, and Jack Bates stood up and cast his bouquet upon the stage. The yellow-haired man leaned wearily against one of the supports of the impromptu scenery. Then, as his turn came again, he broke into the lady's happy song with his doleful, tuneful croak.

The cowboys gave a howl of disgust and wr