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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Thanks, Georgia.

It wasn't quiet very long in Venezuela.

"Discouraged - Shot Himself." Most discouraging of all.

If there is any glory attached to dying with boots on, the Daltons have their share of it.

TENNISON is remembered not as a British peer, but as a poet who was the peer of the greatest.

"CLARENCE after more money." "Way stirring around." Danger signals evidently set along the line.

Keep up this weather, Mr. DUNS, and do your share towards making the Columbus celebration a grand success.

Isn't it about time for the People's party in the South to make a slight change of name and call themselves Unpopularists?

Liberty, down the bay, is in the dark pending certain rearrangements. But this circumstance does not effect the real light of Freedom.

This is no time for a hitch in the great celebration. All differences between electric-light and insurance companies should be fixed at once.

Mr. CLEWS says he will accept the Republican Majority nomination provided he is assured of success. That is almost equivalent to a declination.

President HARRISON is said to have ordered a dish of crow with Quay sauce, and the Senator is reported to be on his way to this city to prepare it.

The "Crimmins syndicate" claims it will use the cable and not the trolley system if permission to extend its tracks is given, but it isn't safe to bet on it.

It is almost as hard work for Republican experts to explain the Democratic victories in Georgia and Florida as it was to explain the Republican victories in Maine and Vermont.

It was a worthy thought of the Business Men's Cleveland and Stevenson Club to drop politics for a moment and pass resolutions of sympathy for President HARRISON in his household grief.

There was a time when it was sound Republican doctrine to assert that "a public debt is a public blessing," yet now we find good Republicans here in New York rejecting that the State has no public debt.

New York State is free from debt and has \$2,000,000 in its treasury. A fit showing for an Empire State and a rebuke for the extravagance which plagued the mischief with a much bigger Treasury at Washington.

No wonder Gen. HOWARD's order for leggings and slouch hats on the Columbian parade makes the regular soldiers grumble. Let 'em show their gold and fine feathers, General. It's a gala time, not a campaign against Indians.

Policeman LAWRENCE HOGAN, before the Board yesterday for the ninth time on charges, remarked leeringly to the Commissioners that he was considered a

"Fly cop" on his beat. For the ensuing year it is estimated that the police force will cost the city \$4,500,018.96. It does not seem to be for the Hogan sort of policeman that this money should be expended. The Board will do well to clip the wings of "fly cops" as fast as such queer birds are detected on the force.

A STORIES APPEAL QUICKLY MET.

In the earliest edition of yesterday's Evening World appeared the story of Mrs. Hemmings, a widow, hopelessly sick, burdened with the care of four little children, moneyless and about to be turned out of her poor home for a fault in any way her own. The case had been found to be one well deserving the attention of the paper's generous readers. That it appealed strongly to the kindest feelings of humanity was shown with most remarkable promptness.

Before the story had been before the public half an hour, one purchaser of the paper had brought to this office a contribution of \$5 for the relief of the widow. Others took their contributions personally to the home of the afflicted family. Before the afternoon was half gone, \$21 had been given by sympathizers with the poor woman and her children and a promise of permanent relief had been obtained through the fact, mentioned in the Evening World story that the widow's father was a Free Mason of long and good standing.

Further details of this story of merited charity are told in the news columns to-day. They form a splendid tribute to the generosity of every-day New Yorkers, always ready when assurance is given that the cause is a worthy one.

DISASTER FOR THE GANGS.

The outlaw gangs of the country have struck a cycle of disaster. Only a few days ago the notorious Cooley band, of Southern Pennsylvania, lost its leaders and its prestige through the good aim of a sheriff and the determination of a posse. Yesterday still another gang met its fate. The good men of Coffeyville, Kan., arose in their citizenly might and wiped out the Daltons, who were among the worst of bad men, and whose field operations had extended over a wide stretch of country, from the Rio Grande up into California and into Arkansas.

There was a good riddance when the Daltons fell, that their overthrow cost the lives of worthy citizens is the sole misfortune attaching to their end. But it was not to be expected that such men would die without bloodshed. They lived lawlessly and died without form of law. A speedy judgment to all who are left of their kind.

THE WASPS WERE WITH HIM.

The Ridgewood (N. J.) man who sonneted a revolve for a colony of wasps by scattering a musketal of nails among them, now knows that a red-hot campaign means. The wasps were dreaming away the peaceful hours in a garret when the Ridgewood sharpshooter rudely disturbed them.

He heard them coming, but slant the door slammed, and both doorknobs falling off, he was helplessly locked in. The wasps were with him. They had more fun than he did in that garret. They sorted, wheeled and backed their business ends against him with surprising and stinging rapidity. He was literally jabbed full of holes and fanged up in a way that spoke well for the wasps' ability and agility.

He will know how to monkey with wasps the next time he wants to dispose them. If he decides to take the law into his own hands, he will go to the field of battle in a diving bell and stay inside the bell until the wasps have blunted their stings by bumping too hard and too often against his iron covering. If he has real good will, he will secure a writ of habeas corpus in the regular way and a posse comitatus of somebody else to serve it on the wasps.

The weather prophet is beginning to make himself heard, and from now on we shall hear that this is to be a Spring-like Winter and the coldest in years; that there will be no snow worth speaking of, and several blizzards; skates will be a useless commodity and we will have the best ice crop on record. One prediction cut from a goose bone will be followed by a sure sign indicated by the actions of tree toads and other forecasters. Meanwhile, old Winter comes and goes its own course despite the omens which are "never known to fail."

It was thought the long distance race by German and Austrian army officers would have the effect of fostering good comradeship between the two armies. And perhaps it might have been so had it not happened that the Austrian riders beat the Germans out of sight. Considering how human nature is prone to jealous emotions, it is feared that an embarrassing state of feeling will arise from this result.

The steamboat speeding fever has struck the Sound fleet, and the Peck has beaten the Puritan into New York. Nor have the captains of these boats forgotten to follow the example of the ocean greyhound commanders in declaring that there was no race.

Georgia's objections to anything but pure Democracy have been put into the form of a majority of more than 40,000. It was just as well, apparently, that WEAVER spared himself any further arduous work among the Crackers.

Burglars are generally supposed to possess a certain amount of common sense, but the Newport intruder who undressed himself before plundering the house, and was forced to fly in a state of semi-nudity doubly deserved the capture which was speedily made.

Mr. CARNEGIE tells his hearers at Ayr, in Scotland, that "the owner of wealth is only administrator for the people." Is Mr. CARNEGIE quite willing to account in full for the administration at Homestead?

PATTI is to visit us next year for another "farewell" concert. That is one species of imposition which is always popular with the public.

Cremation apparently did not destroy the germs of mancity in Peck's second report.

PRETTY MAGGIE JILTED HIM.

Mrs. Dunphy's Maid Failed to Appeal to the Bachelors.

Philip Bohrer says today that he would marry Maggie Brady for a million dollars. This, however, is a recent decision on his part.

Maggie is a pretty, red-checked lassie of twenty-one years, and a jewel of a servant in the family of Congressman Dunphy. While she was with the family at their Summer home, Seabright, she became the apple of Philip Bohrer's eye. He was a widower, had a wife and prospect of a third child, New Jersey, and he fell deeply in love with pretty Maggie.

No match was in love that he fixed upon Sept. 17 for their wedding, had the banns read in Father Fox's church at Seabright, invited all his friends and arranged for a big wedding party to Highland Beach.

Miss Maggie, to his surprise, didn't appear on Sept. 17, and he was told that she had left the Dunphy house, 5 Madison street, the day before. Then he had a general alarm sent out from Police Headquarters and Maggie's name was added to the long list of "mysteriously missing."

The day before the fourth I corralled the old crowd. The painters had been at work on our house, and the carriage house was well stocked with colors. I ran him in there and went to work on him.

I painted his ribs red, his spine blue and flocked it with stars. I gave him yellow legs, green ears and painted spectacles on him. I kept him confined until after dark, then drove him home.

Well, sir, the preacher's old carry-all reached the heart of Peoria just before midnight. Everybody was astir. Thousands of people gathered around that circus pageant and laughed till they cried. They do say that the preacher swore. He turned around and drove him back to the population following him to the city limits.

He rushed over to our house in a towering rage, but Johnnie had gone for a drummer boy and was beyond the reach of his ire.

WHERE IS THE GOLD?

Stockholders of the Husar Wrecking Company Growing Suspicious.

Some of the smaller stockholders of the Little Giant Husar Wrecking Company, which is searching for \$4,500,000 in golden gulches at the bottom of the Hell Gate channel, are becoming suspicious of the dredging scheme.

They want to see the residence of Henry C. Brooking, at Carlstadt, this State, which netted \$10 for the fund. The children who got up and managed the entertainment were: Lotie Brooking, Sadie Fox, Louisa Mayer, Edna Mayer, Adia Mayer, Adia Mayer, Nellie Tiger, Frank Tiger and Harry C. Brooking. The money was received at the Evening World office yesterday.

An entertainment held at 428 Broadway, Brooklyn, by George Dawson and George Hester, netted \$400.

The Sick Babies' Fund now amounts to \$15,270.70.

HE FEARED A COLLISION.

So the Captain of the Dynamite Boat Hoffmayer Jumped Out.

It appears that the skip Hoffmayer, of Jersey City, which was found floating off Grand street in the East River yesterday with fifty pounds of dynamite aboard, was deserted by her captain because he thought it was about to be run down by a big boat.

He was taking the dynamite to Blackwell's Island when he saw the tug bearing down upon him. He jumped out of the boat and swam ashore. The boat and the dynamite are now at Eric Basin.

WORDLINGS.

There was exhibited in Berlin recently a set of false teeth made out of paper which a dentist had contrived for a patient thirteen years before and which he constant use during that time were in excellent condition.

The peach is of Persian origin and the apricot is Syrian. The former fruit is mentioned by classical writers as early as 200 B. C., but the latter not till the sixteenth century.

The greatest number of deaths from earthquake shock was at Yeddo, Japan, in 1703 when 100,000 people, it is estimated, lost their lives in the terrific seismic upheaval.

There is a large factory near Chicago which does a business of some \$1,000,000 annually, and is owned by the west blood of animals.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Fame Old Song.

There's a bit of consolation The only fellow has Who loses his money in a house.

It was all because he followed The crowd, and that's the way It was all because he followed The crowd, and that's the way.

But he never fails to tell you With a reassuring smile, "You are sure to get your money back."

And the folks and spoons and plates newly scoured.

"Yes, you can feel them hot yet."

The table linen fresh from the laundry.

"Hridger rose at 4 to have it done in time."

You are sure to get your money back."

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

Painted the Preacher's Horse.

I always take particular pains to secure the good will of small boys, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The small boy is the champion of a daintily embroidered supplement, or to bring a last year's light silk evening gown thoroughly up to date. That he is the first of the group in the picture given is made of a pale yellow silk, with a full, over the shoulders of a daintily embroidered collar; while the sleeves are large, and round the waist is a ruffled neck, tying in the most assertive-looking bow in the centre of the back; such a bow, in fact, as is seen on same.

There was to be a big fourth of July celebration in Peoria, and the preacher and his family were going. They would start before daylight, as the weather was hot. He always drove an old white pug, whose ribs might be counted at half a mile.

The day before the fourth I corralled the old crowd. The painters had been at work on our house, and the carriage house was well stocked with colors. I ran him in there and went to work on him.

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An American's Experience in England.

Mr. Bronson Howard, the dramatist, is very fond of tricycling. The other day he was touring with a friend about fifty miles from London, and they stopped at a village to get something to eat, says the Detroit Free Press.

Just as they had finished lunch a grave gentleman of the village came to Mr. Howard and said:

"We are having a baby show here. Would you like to stop and see the children?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said the dramatist, and he and his friend went along with the old gentleman to the village. As they approached the grounds the official said to Mr. Howard:

"Would you kindly act as a judge in this baby show?"

Mr. Howard answered that if there was one thing in life that he yearned for it was to be a judge in a baby show, and so the procession reached the grounds.

"You see," said the official, "I have acted as judge myself several times, and my decisions meet with some dissatisfaction, so I thought it would be better if we had a stranger."

This was encouraging, so Mr. Howard told his friend to get the tricycle ready, so that they could escape the moment judgment was rendered.

When they came to the grounds the official said a loud voice:

"The gentleman from London has consented to act as judge."

However, Mr. Howard managed to get out of the dilemma very diplomatically. An old woman of ninety-eight was introduced to him as the oldest inhabitant, and the gallant said at once that she was the very party to act as judge of the babies, as she had over a much more experience in that than he had. So, while the old lady was chucking the babies under the chin, Mr. Howard and his friend escaped on the swift and noiseless tricycle.

A Trick of the Newkub.

It was raining. She asked him for an evening paper, says the Chicago Herald. He gave his coat-sleeve across his face and said:

"Will you have a clean one or a dirty one?"

"Clean, the dirty one? Why, a clean one, of course."

"All right. Yer see, some folks don't care, on a kid can't keep papers clean when it sozzles all day, an' he can't sell dirty ones as quick as he can clean ones, so I asked."

He had folded the paper carefully, and he took the pennies with a thank you.

"I'll take 'em, but yer bet style Newkub is slighter!"

"Hold on dere! Don't you go to gettin' tresh! I knows what I'm about."

She went on, and mused over the fact that she dirty faced and ragged and set through up no-wasys seemed to pick up a series of humor, and know intuitively the principles that make a success of business. When she arrived home and opened the paper she discovered that the newsboy did know exactly what he was about. The paper was clean only on the outside.

More Efficacious.

Buttons (after a half-an-hour wait)—"Bring the back."

Employer (entranced)—"Yes, but I made a mistake. The next time I shall bring your neck."

Some Men Never Can Be Serious.

Punch-Brown—I should like to feel when I die I leave the world better than I found it.

Jackson—My dear fellow, I am quite sure the world will be better when you are gone.



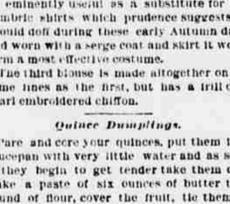
The House and Home.

The house better, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. How vastly useful it is to supplement a clean shirt with comfortable slippers, or to bring a last year's light silk evening gown thoroughly up to date. That he is the first of the group in the picture given is made of a pale yellow silk, with a full, over the shoulders of a daintily embroidered collar; while the sleeves are large, and round the waist is a ruffled neck, tying in the most assertive-looking bow in the centre of the back; such a bow, in fact, as is seen on same.



Young Lady's Bodice.

Low bodice, with short sleeves and circular basque in vieux rose de laine, displaying a...



Creem of Tartar Bread.

Creem of tartar bread, if perfectly made is more nutritious than fermented bread, for none of the constituents of the flour is lost when yeast is used; a portion of the starch and sugar is consumed to feed the growing yeast.

The difficulty of obtaining good cream of tartar is very great. It is said to be more extensively adulterated than any other substance used for food. Moreover, in the practice of bread making the cream of tartar and soda are generally mixed in the proportion of two to one, that is, two teaspoons of cream of tartar to every teaspoon of soda—but those are not the exact proportions in which they neutralize each other, so that under ordinary circumstances there is an excess of soda in the bread.

To be exact, they should always be varied by weight, as is done in making baking powder, the proportions being 84 parts of soda to 128 of cream of tartar, or reducing to lower terms as 21 to 47—a little less than one-half as much soda as cream of tartar.

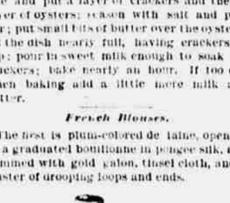
For practical use in cooking there are no scales known to the author for the purpose of weighing these powders; the proportions may be approximated with teaspoons, and a fairly accurate result for bread making may be obtained most easily by measuring a teaspoonful of each in exactly the same manner and then tamping off a little of the soda. With good materials, care in measuring and a hot oven to set the bread before the gas escapes, cream of tartar biscuits are both wholesome and palatable.

Escaloped Oysters.

Butter a padding dish; roll crackers very thin and put a layer of crackers and then a layer of oysters, season with salt and pepper; put small bits of butter over the oysters; fill the dish nearly full, having crackers on top; pour in sweet milk enough to soak the crackers; bake nearly an hour. If too dry when baking add a little more milk and butter.

French Breads.

The best is plain-chaud de laine, opening on a graduated bouillonne in pange silk, and trimmed with gold gull, tinsel cloth, and a cluster of drooping loops and ends.



A Baked Lemonade.

One lemon, one cup boiling water, was and wipe the lemon, cut a very thin slice from the middle and squeeze the rest into a bowl; put in the sugar, pour on the water boiling and strain it. When cold serve in a tumbler with a slice of lemon floating on top. Lemonade has a better flavor when made with boiling water. A few raspberries or strawberries may be put in instead of the slice of lemon; it may be colored pink with grape jelly and served with a straw.

Delicious Left-Over Dishes.

A delicious dish is made by cooking together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, stirring them until they bubble, and pouring on them a half-pint of milk, still stirring constantly. Into the white sauce thus made stir the remainder of cold butter, lard or tinned fish. Add two cups of milk to the right proportion to the amount of sauce. Season it well and let it sit with a fork until it is heated through. Add the juice of half a lemon just before serving.

A dish that will command itself to vegetarians is prepared by combining a pint of scalded tomatoes and adding to this a cup of cold lima beans and one of cold corn cut from the cob; cook together five minutes and serve. Cold lamb, veal or chicken is excellent warmed in a sauce made by melting together a tablespoonful of butter and one of curant and adding to it a saut-poilant of cold meat. When the mixture simmers lay in the meat, cut in thin slices and let it cook about three minutes. Pepper and salt to taste.

Signs of Coming Age.

"Do you know the surest indication of old age?" said a physician recently. "The surest indications in man," he continued, "are a good eye, a dry palm and a shrinkage of the calf of the leg. All these indications are due to some action of the nerves consequent upon advancing years. In the matter of the eye, the fifth section is interfered with, and

It is this which causes a flow of water.

The difference of the pain is produced by an interference with the functions of the body, also due to the action of the nerves, and the shrinkage of the leg follows for similar causes. In old age, too, you notice some men become more corpulent than in the earlier portions of their lives. With drinking men the change is often produced by the quantity of saccharine which they consume with their drink, and with those who do not drink it follows from other physiological changes. As to the hair becoming gray, it results, in the majority of cases, from the partial closing of the hair-cells and the consequent loss of the natural coloring matter which the closing produces. With women the dimness of the eye does not come so soon as it does in men."

Lemon Felters.

An easily prepared dessert consists of lemon fruit and the brandy sauce. The fruit is made by taking half a pint of milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt. The lemon may be grated or chopped and added to the latter, or the extract may be used instead as a flavoring.

A Hearty Luncheon.

The bread wasn't fresh, and she had no time to get to the market for anything. Her visitor was dainty in her tastes. What was to be done to get up a nice little luncheon? There was plenty of crackers in the house. She thought of them and heaved a sigh of relief. "So I buttered a few dozen crackers," the house-keeper explained, "he melted them in the oven, there to stay until they were a light brown. A part of these were placed in a dish on the back of the stove, and with the remainder I made some cracker sandwiches out of some bits of roast beef which was ready sliced in the pantry. The meat was mixed with a little mayonnaise and placed between two of the buttered crackers. A jar of canned fruit was opened, and with some olives and a bit of cheese rounded out a very palatable luncheon, and my guest quite enthused over the new-fashioned sandwiches."

Maple Syrup.

To make table syrup from maple sugar, shave or scrape one pound of maple sugar put it into a saucapan with a pint of water, stir until the sugar is dissolved and then boil quietly for about five minutes, or until the syrup begins to thicken. Do not stir or shake while the syrup is boiling. The sugar may also be melted without boiling. In either case the syrup will not keep very long; it sugars or granulates when exposed to the air.

Menting of Precious Stones.

A perfect sapphire is as difficult to find as a perfect ruby or, indeed, as a perfect any other gem. Too often streaked and spotted in parts, it is sometimes also transparent only in parts. Sometimes the color is not right, and instead of that soft, rich, lovely blue, which is in its way unique, it is too pale and watery, or too dark and somber. When perfect, however, it is as "find" to be guarded and treasured with care and tenderness. The sapphire was dedicated to the Sun God, and even as St. Jerome declared that it softened the iron of Jehovah, so did it procure good influences to the Otrero from Phoebus the Far darter. Sapphire signifies love, in the language of gemms, even as the ruby lies the whole doctrine of good works. And because of its calming and chastening properties a sapphire is held as the best stone which an ecclesiastic can wear.

MENU.

Dinner, Oct. 7.

Breakfast: Fruit, Sugar and Cream. Dinner: Roast Beef, Mashed Potatoes, Corned Beef, Mashed Potatoes, Coffee.

Lunch: Dress of Crabs, Tomato Salad, Water Eggplant, Cucumber, Coffee.

Dinner: Cream of Fish Soup, Roasted Salmon Steaks, Mashed Potatoes, Plain Mashed Potatoes, French Fries, Cheese.

Delicious Bonnet's Cloak.

Miss Viola Fuller, of Mitchell, S. Dak., will contribute a unique exhibition to the Woman's Building of the Chicago Fair in the shape of an opera cloak made of the feathers of prairie chickens. The feathers used are certain small, delicate ones, of which only five or six are found on a bird, and are sewed on each foundation, one at a time, overlapping each other. The garment is a deep cape almost five feet long, and represents ten years of patient labor. A border of South Dakota otter fur trims the collar.

Handsome Frocks.

The lace front on the left in the illustration on this page is a deep flower of varnished Venetian lace, the petals and buds are in pink green and attached to a straight collar in white ribbon, invisibly fastened at the back.

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