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SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

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THE WORLD'S FIGURES
FOR OCTOBER, 1892, AS COMPARED WITH THE RECORD FOR THE SAME MONTH IN 1891 SHOW THE FOLLOWING GAINS:

2,073,782 in WORLDS Printed.
66,896 in Daily Average of WORLDS Printed.
9,254 in the Number of Advertisements Printed.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The cause of Tariff Reform was evidently stirred out with pneumatic tires.

Republican soothsayers should have foreseen it. There are six comets visible in the sky.

Oscar Wilde is to bring out a drama called "A Woman of No Importance." Perhaps the play will be much like her.

Every day past is one nearer Christmas. Every penny given is one nearer a glorious Christmas-Tree Fund for the poor children.

Commissioner Gilroy's vacation trip is well earned. May the traveller return fresh, hale and hearty to take up his new title of Mayor.

DAVENPORT is indignant over a report that he has resigned. It will be much more satisfactory to the people, anyway, to see him kicked out.

How is it possible that one tin-plate factory returns, and another enlarges its plant in Indiana, in the face of the victory of the enemies of Harrison '92?

Senator MORRILL thinks protection perhaps got to its limit. A popular impression seems to have prevailed that it had raised the limit several times.

Her Moor is a trifle reckless again with his "Hoeh die Anarchie." A little less explosiveness will become him better and give the police more confidence in him.

Isn't it a little singular the unanimity with which the President and the Governors in their Thanksgiving proclamations have avoided all reference to football?

Although the election is over the time seems to be ripe and opportune for a joint debate between Messrs. PLATT and DREW on "The Causes of the Land-slide."

That North and South America railroad, which once seemed so visionary, is getting along very well now, thanks to the energy and public spirit of President Diaz, of Mexico.

There is a refreshing degree of confidence exhibited by the Indiana man who has married a woman just pardoned from the prison where she was serving a term for killing her first husband.

wagon and had the intruder arrested. She deserves a prominent position as one of the World's Fair exhibits.

AN EVIL OF GOOD FORTUNE

How much of evil may sometimes come from a little of what the world generally may consider a man's good fortune, is revealed in the case of JACOB STROMS, alias HARRY LAWRENCE, who now figures as the chief prisoner in the Ivy Roche abduction case. Until a few months ago Mr. Stroms, a confidential bookkeeper for a Yonkers firm, appears to have been an exemplary young husband, father and citizen. He lived comfortably on his salary, and his business and his family divided most of his attention. But an old uncle died, leaving him a considerable legacy, and with the acquisition of the money came the transformation of the man.

Frequent visits to New York followed the turn of fortune, and it was in fact company that Stroms spent his time and dollars. Presently he was living a double life—that of the reputable Stroms at Yonkers, that of the gay "HARRY LAWRENCE" in New York. And now, while still at that period when his manhood should be brightest and best, he faces a charge which brings into luminous prominence the shadow of the penitentiary.

THE FAIR WILL OPEN SUNDAY.

At Chicago yesterday the World's Fair Directors, with only four dissenting votes, adopted the following:

It is our judgment that the Exposition should be a grand, a noble, a national and regional affair which should be a grand, a noble, a national and regional affair which should be a grand, a noble, a national and regional affair.

A MOST HONORABLE POVERTY.

In a Pennsylvania court yesterday the widow of the late Congressman SAMUEL J. RANDALL was obliged to personally explain that her accounting of her husband's estate had been delayed because positively nothing was left to pay the costs of such accounting. The incident was a pathetic one, in a way. But it brings out again a tribute to the sterling honesty of the man whose widow spoke.

EXCITEMENT FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia seems to be waking up. It is getting a humle to be the signs mean anything. One of its young citizens, an eleven-year-old, is in this city with a cat rifle and a bean-shooter looking for Indians to slay. Incidentally he is willing to kill bear or mountain lions or peewees if they happen to come his way.

THE TOCIN MAY BE GETTING IN.

It is a pity that we have no Indians here, except such as are on duty in front of cigar stores, for this Philadelphia boy to train his cat rifle on and send to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The nearest approach to an Indian that the city boasts is that chunk of aboriginal art in Front Street known as the team in Statue. The boy can shoot at this as much as he pleases if he will only promise to let the peaceable and picturesque cigar-store savages alone.

DIFFERENT CAUSES—SAME RESULT.

To him that makes the world go round, these words we often hear, "But the same thing which is found in striking with with best." —Life.

HERE is the secret of its unparalleled success.

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"THE COUNCILLOR'S WIFE."

An exceedingly pretty and entertaining comedy drama called "The Councillor's Wife" was acted for the first time in this city yesterday afternoon in the Madison Square Theatre. It was from the pens of Jerome K. Jerome, a breezy and delightful English writer, and Ellen Phillips, and when it is produced later in this city for a long run, it will be one of those who enjoy pure comedy to see it. It sparkles with wit, and it tells a bright and amusing story. The few necessary conventionalities Jerome has evidently laughed at himself. The young hero who would not marry the girl he loved because he was penniless and she was rich, has been given by the author before the audience gets a chance to laugh at him.

Florence Goodfellow Makes the First Collection.

Florence Goodfellow, the best little girl in this section of creation. Her family name fits her to a T. She is good and kind and big-hearted, and she has the honor of being the first of the young folks to do anything for the Christmas-Tree Fund.

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A Happy Couple.

The happiest couple I ever knew, says a writer for the Detroit Free Press, were a man and his wife, who lived in two or three tiny rooms in a block and with limited means enjoyed all the comforts of home. The man had a profession, but it was a very lowly one; he clipped the ears and tails of dogs for a living and sold illustrated books on dogs and their food. His home was the nearest place I ever saw; his wife was a pretty woman, wholesome and cleanly, with a principle showing in all her actions. She did her own work and her cooking for at least an hour," she emphasizes that all the belongings of the bed should be placed smoothly and in such a way that it will pre-

Fresh From Paris.



1. Homespun dress with short jacket. Contrasting cloth waistcoat. Collar, jabot and cuffs of plaited linen batiste.

2. Dress of mother-of-pearl moire with low blouse. Gauze waist, collar and sleeve-trim. Velvet puff sleeves and waist.

3. Striped mousseline-de-laïne dress. Skirt with edge trimming, blouse bodice gathered over elastic. Plaited yoke and cuffs.

4. Silk dress trimmed with passementerie. Bodice trimmed with three-cornered lace handkerchief gathered on to velvet collar.

5. Dress for elderly ladies.—Plain woolen crape skirt, contrasting silk blouse. Lace jacket with hood, run through with ribbon.

6. Figured silk dress.—Fastens behind, blouse bodice of two colors of crape, laid over each other. Lace sleeve and neck trim. Ribbon velvet bows.

7. Shaded silk dress.—Broad pattern taken crossway on skirt. Plaited bodice with invisible, side fastening. Crape chemiselet. Broad satin ribbon for belt and trimming.

8. Small potatoes not suitable to cook with larger ones can be laid aside and used for salads. Boil them and while warm allow them to serve with a cream dressing, made as follows: One teaspoon each of sugar and salt, one-fourth teaspoon each of dry mustard and black pepper. Mix and add gradually one-half cup of sweet cream and two-thirds of a cup of vinegar.

9. That bifurcated nether garment. "The bifurcated nether garment," which is ignorantly supposed to be specially distinctive of the masculine toilet, belongs by right to our own sex. Archaeological research has proved that the women of Judah were the first wearers of the nether garment in a bifurcated form, and that man, the tyrant, on perceiving the convenience and comfort of this article of dress evolved by the superior intelligence of woman, did, with his usual arrogance and selfishness, insist upon appropriating the same to his own use and degrading his womankind to encounter their limbs with clinging, flowing robes, "which render it impossible for us to cope with man in the useful and common avocations." It is satisfactory to have man's meanness and cunning thus shown up, and in the good time coming we shall doubtless insist upon resuming the "bifurcated nether garment."

10. The Bet Was Won. He was a professional gambler, says the Detroit Free Press. He had two dice-boxes and two clay marbles. He called the boys around him and proceeded to manipulate his marbles and boxes on the bar. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'm no worker of miracles. I can't heal the sick or raise the dead, but I'll put this marble under this cup and bet you a twenty it ain't there, or I'll bet you a twenty it is under the other cup. Come, who'll open the ball? Speak lively."

11. The Tragedy of a Cyclist. He was an ardent wheelman who wheeled so much that his neck aches and his hands are both stiff and sore. He kept on going in the glooming night. The fascination growing in ratio with his speed, his head reeled until it was as if it were a top spinning on its point. His head reeled, his hands broke and he fell. He was killed.

12. Different Causes—Same Result. To him that makes the world go round, these words we often hear, "But the same thing which is found in striking with with best." —Life.

13. Here is the secret of its unparalleled success.

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THE GLEANER.

The press bureau was an important feature in this campaign. This department of the Bureau of Agriculture was in charge of Col. John Tracy, an old and experienced newspaper man, who, through his able management, made the press bureau a mighty factor in the victory achieved.

THE GLEANER.

Young Richard Greer, Jr., is an enthusiast on the subject of horsethief, and spends most of his time at his father's stock farm at Litchfield Springs. When in town he derives some of the most stylish turnouts seen on the road.

THE GLEANER.

Among the younger members of the legal fraternity who are coming to the front in the field of criminal practice is Fred A. Ware. Mr. Ware is a prominent member of the "Sons of Veterans" and is also well known as an amateur Theatist and an athlete of prominence, having been for several years an officer of the Manhattan Athletic Club.

THE GLEANER.

O. P. G. has sent me this query, which is respectfully referred to the Police Board: "Is there a law against having bonfires in the streets? If so, why is it not enforced?" Children daily run terrible risks from this danger, especially little girls. How often we read about the little ones being thus burned to death!

THE GLEANER.

"If there is no law against it, there should be one, and it should be rigidly enforced."

THE GLEANER.

How a Girl Talks to a Horse Dealer. She was an independent sort of a girl, recently in possession of quite a fortune, and she concluded a horse was a necessity in her new establishment, says an exchange, so she sent for a dealer and had a talk with him. She didn't know about horses would not a lively girl, but she tried to make the dealer believe she was a judge and told him to bring her something to look at. The dealer came and she went out to pass judgment. She walked all around the animal, critically, as professionals do.

THE GLEANER.

"Is he well trained?" she inquired with the air of a jockey. "Certainly, miss," replied the dealer. "She is well-gated and fine in harness." "Um—um," said the girl, "is she all right in the boots?" "Yes, miss," gasped the dealer, "but you see, she's not a horse, she's a girl." "I understand," she said, seriously, "but that can be cured without any difficulty, can't it?" "Very easily, indeed, miss," assented the dealer, with a great sense of relief.

THE GLEANER.

"She seems to be all right with the fore shoulders, but her hind shoulders don't seem to be quite right," suggested the girl. "There's nothing the matter with her there," asserted the dealer. "She is perfectly sound." "There's no danger of her withers being sprained, is there?" she inquired carefully. "No, that should only on the fore feet." "I understand," she said, seriously, "but that can be cured without any difficulty, can't it?" "Very easily, indeed, miss," assented the dealer, with a great sense of relief.

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THE GLEANER.

The mixture into the space from which the crew was taken, put the remainder into the body of the turkey and set it up. Truss and hang it up in a cool dry place for about five days in winter; in warmer weather two days. Roast as directed in preceding recipe and serve with truffle sauce. A turkey is delicious stuffed with mushrooms in the same way.

THE GLEANER.

Women in Greece, according to a writer in Blackwood, devote much thought to the moral regeneration of criminals and there are Christian sisters who make this their special mission. The Queen of Greece herself is at the head of the Association, not as a mere ornament, but as a directing force and an indefatigable worker. In the Athenian prisons, as well as the condemned, are constantly visited by the Queen herself and her associates in the private and individual manner peculiar to the movement, which is described by the writer.

THE GLEANER.