A DAY OF DISTRESS.

Weather that Caps the Climax of the Suffering.

Where Urgent Need Exists of "Evening World" Readers' Charity.

Contributions to "The Evening World" Temporary Relief Fund are acknowledged as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$1,100.37
Through M. Henry, Stapleton, S. I.:	
Mrs. Butler	1.00
Mrs. Dillon	.50
M. Henry	3.50
R. W. B.	5.00
E. F. R., H. L. and A., South Orange	6.00
W. S. Boon	5.00
G. H. H., Essex, Conn.	5.00
Mr. A. S. N., Summit, N. J.	2.00
Cash	2.00
W.	.25
A Poor Woman	1.00
Dolly	1.00
Rosebank	1.00
Mrs. C. K., Brooklyn	1.00
Buckwheat, Fishkill, N. Y.	2.00
J. B., Stamford, Conn.	1.00
Baby S., Brooklyn	1.00
A. C., Brooklyn	1.00
Mrs. B. B.	1.00
J. C., of Harlem	1.00
Me., Brooklyn	1.00
M. E. L., Portchester	2.00
A Sympathizer	2.00
J. E. F.	1.00
Widow	.25
W. M. I., Yonkers	1.50
Mrs. Paton	.35
Nellie and Themie Irving, Paterson	.20
Mine Starner, Brooklyn	.10
Ethel, Muriel and Flo e ce	2.00
Charity	1.00
A Friend from Newark	2.00
Employees of Edison Electric Company, O. A. P.	1.25
H. W. W.	2.00
C. M. A.	2.00
R. V. A.	2.00
A Friend	2.00
Ready Hands, K. D. C. Bethany Chapel	1.00
Dealia Cusack, Brooklyn	1.00
L. A. O., Brooklyn	1.00
Lavinia Louis	2.00
H. B. T.	2.00
Gus F.	2.00
D. K. K.	1.00
Helen K.	2.00
Mrs. J. H. H.	1.00
M. G. J.	1.00
A. H.	1.00
Grand total	$1,272.82

Contributions of money should be addressed to the "Temporary Relief Fund, Cashier of The World."

Contributions of clothing, provisions and the like should be addressed to "Room 63, Pulitzer Building."

No personal applications will be received at this office. All cases brought to notice by communications to the editor will be carefully investigated. Where more than temporary relief is needed the cases will be referred to the proper authorities.

"The Evening World" Temporary Relief Fund's receipts to-day amount to $82.45. If the reader will but reflect that that sum will nicely keep for a day eighty-two poor families that the Fund is calculated to relieve he will appreciate how much good his dollar contribution in his name.

If he hasn't contributed the dollar, then his conscience will prick him with the consideration of what he has not done, and his contribution will be credited to him in to-morrow's paper.

It is a big task to look up these destitute families and determine whether they should have one day's help or ten; whether they should receive clothing, shoes, quilts and the like from the stock in Room 63, Pulitzer Building, and all that. "The Evening World" attends to that and pays the expense of it, which is no small figure, and surely the prosperous reader can well afford the rest.

Six men and five women have been kept busy, rain or shine or slush, for seventeen days visiting the abodes of poverty called to the attention of "The Evening World." They have spent the money given by the readers just as fast as it has come in, and there is a comforting stock of receipts to show for their work, receipts signed by stiff fingers, cramped by hard work and unused to holding a pen, or by proud little school children when their parents confessed that the art of writing had never been taught to them.

There are hundreds of these receipts, and there are actually thousands of men, women and children in the metropolis to-day wearing and keeping warm inside the clothing, underwear and the like sent to Room 63, Pulitzer Building, by thoughtful readers of "The Evening World."

There are thousands of full stomachs in New York that would have been empty but for the generous contributions that have flowed in to "The Evening World" Temporary Relief Fund.

CASES OF URGENT NEED.

Some Families Where This Dreadful Weather Means Disaster.

Undoubtedly this was the nastiest morning of a phenomenally hard Winter—cutting sleet, blinding snow, slush eight inches deep and a gale that tossed people about and chilled the very marrow in their bones.

Only the fact that it was a National holiday averted general inconvenience and discomfort. Breakfast was late everywhere. Heads of families growled and put on wrinkled faces; mothers made harsh remarks to tardy dish-crackers; fat, white, methodical youngsters clamored for their breakfasts, and butter-ball ladies yelled and refused to be quieted until they had been served with bread and milk.

But who did we were annoyed; but the poor! They are the victims of every ill wind that blows. They are always catching the evils that are abroad. They were out in their worthless garments and broken shoes, without overcoats, without umbrellas and without any breakfast. One wild-eyed man came early to the relief office and in these words demanded help:

"I have not slept an hour since Friday. My wife has a young babe and both need food and care. I must have a dollar. I am a stranger here. I came from London and intended to land near enough to Canada to walk the distance. I found my mistake. In five months I have had less than ten weeks' work. I am desperate enough now to do anything, and if I don't get the money to buy a hod of coal and the nourishment my wife is dying for I shall"——

He was given a $5 bill, and went away actually trembling with mingled surprise and gratitude.

The Temporary Relief Fund total is now over $1,200, but less than $50 remains in the cashier's safe. At this very hour there are on hand several applicants, most worthy candidates for sympathy and encouragement, for whose succor at least $100 is needed at once. Let the reader but glance at the following details, and surely a fellow-feeling will prompt him to spare a trifle.

Last week a lady in West Fifty-eighth street volunteered to give a bright, plucky little mother, living in East Seventy-third street, some sewing to do. She did, but the employee was physically unable to do the work, and she was obliged to return to her dismal room. She has young children to feed and care for, and nothing but hope and love to do it with. Her husband is subject to hemorrhages, which unfit him for any sort of active work. Quantities of comfortable clothing and from time to time provisions have been sent to them, but money is needed, and needed at once.

A leather-colored, misshapen little shoemaker, living in a dilapidated house in Second street, finds all the world shod but himself; he can get no shoes to make and but few to mend. He has five pale-faced, sweet-mannered little children and a sick wife to provide for. The wife is utterly helpless and will be worse unless she receives care. The poor children look like the house-plants that are left in the cellar all Winter to "rest." Some days the poor little cobbler get a pair of shoes run down in the heels to bolster. This pays him 20 cents or so, his earnings for the Winter have not averaged 50 cents a day. He is a proud little journeyman, and would rather patch impossible boots than ask for help. And yet he must have money. Who will subscribe the first dollar towards $20?

Then there is Granny Kate, who has reached the advanced age of threescore, and has not known the luxury of plenty for more than five years. "Her nest," as she calls it, is in a New Chambers street tenement. Things are just as they were when her only daughter fell sick, made her promise "to look after the children" and then went out into the unknown.

Granny Kate has kept her promise; how, only the angels and sweet charity know. Now she hasn't a dime in the world, nor a thing in the world that would bring 50 cents at a forced sale—unless she lost her reason and put one of the tangle-haired, blue-eyed tots under the hammer. A purse of $10 would not be an advisable gift. It might kill Granny to get it all at once, but great good would come to her and the two youngsters from half that sum.

Mrs. K—— is having a frightful existence. A few years ago she began married life in a Thirteenth street flat on the top of the house, near the heavens, clothes lines and the chirping sparrows. Now she is uptown, in Seventy-seventh street, but down in the cellar. Her husband is dead, she has two little ones and she is alive. When that is said all is said.

The neighbors see that she has the daily bread we pray for, and they allow her the freedom of their kitchens whenever she is cold. She cannot get work. She might leave the children in the day nursery, but the wet shoes, bedrabbled skirt and the exposure to herself and chickens would certainly be their death.

This is not good drying weather, even with a roaring fire in the kitchen stove. Her stove has been cold as a corpse for days.

The Fund will soon close. Clothing has come in by the tale. Some of it is most available, and much of it is worthless.

The curse of poverty such as the Temporary Relief Fund meets is ignorance. The women are unversed in the womanly arts. They can do nothing but suffer. Not one in fifty can remake a garment. A young mother implored the keeper of the clothing bureau to give her some flannel for her babies. A brace of time merino suits was offered containing material for at least six little baby garments.

But the poor ignoramus saw nothing in them. Finally she admitted that she "did not sew." She came from Warsaw. She did not dress her babies. She swaddled them. It is the same with many others. Rather than let that, let the people who have any superfluous clothing or money send it to the Fund without delay. Nothing will go to waste.

NELL NELSON.

DEALS IN VOLCANIC DUST.

A Londoner Collects and Sells the Product of Burning Mountains.

In all the large centres of the world there are a few dealers who make a business of collecting mineralogical specimens and other material illustrating natural history, says the Chicago Herald.

A man in London has recently been making something of a specialty of the collection of volcanic dusts. He sent a trustworthy agent awhile ago to the great Andes of the equator, and now he is advertising dust from a number of famous volcanoes. He sells the material in bottles, at about 35 cents a bottle. Each sample contains one grain or more.

Among these collections is volcanic dust from Cotopaxi, which fell at Quito on June 26, 1877, after a journey through the air of thirty-four miles. Then he has dust from Cotopaxi which was ejected to a height of 40,000 feet above the level of the sea in 1880 and fell on Chimborazo after a journey of sixty-four miles.

The finest particles of this dust weigh less than one twenty-five thousandth part of a grain. Then there is dust from the terminal slope of Cotopaxi such as is daily ejected by the volcano at the height of 19,500 feet above the sea. There are many specimens of lapelli from Ambato, mostly pumice.

The town of Ambato is built upon a deposit of this material. Fine volcanic dust has been secured from Machachi, where it exists as a continuous stratum ten inches thick, the product of some unrecorded eruption of great intensity. It consists largely of feldspar and hornblend, and Mr. Whimper says that it is "almost as soft to the touch as cotton wool."

Fine pumice dust from the same volcano forms beds many feet in thickness. Those volcanic dusts form many interesting and instructive objects of the microscope. The same dealer has fine and coarse dusts from Mount Etna and the typical lavas from Cotopaxi and Chimborazo.

He also sells pieces of pumice from Krakatoa which were washed ashore, thousands of miles away, on the coast of Madagascar, and volcanic dust from St. Lucia which fell on a ship off Barbadoes.

He Realized It.

(From Harlem Life.)

Wife—A man is a fool to have anything to do with a lottery.

Husband—You hit it, then. I'm still kicking myself for marrying you.

NOTHING LIKE S.S.S. SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is totally unlike any other blood medicine. It cures diseases of the blood and skin by removing the poison, and at the same time supplies good blood to the wasted parts. Don't be imposed on by substitutes which are said to be just as good. It is not true. No medicine in the world has performed as many wonderful cures or relieved so much suffering.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

"My blood was badly poisoned last year, which got my whole system out of order—diseased and a constant source of suffering, no appetite and no enjoyment of life. Two bottles of S.S.S. brought me right out. There is no better remedy for blood diseases." "JOHN GAVIN, Dayton, Ohio."

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TO CRUISE ON THE COMANCHE.

Ex-Secretary Whitney and His Party Start This Morning.

They Will Be Gone Six Weeks Among the Windward Islands.

William C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Pauline Whitney; his two sons, Payne and Harry Whitney; his brother-in-law, Col. Oliver H. Payne, of Cleveland, O., left in a special car on the 9.30 Pennsylvania train from Jersey City this morning for Jacksonville, Fla., for a cruise with H. M. Hanna, the Cleveland ironmaster, on his steam-yacht Comanche.

Since the death of his wife Mr. Whitney has been much prostrated, and the trip is taken at the solicitation of Mr. Hanna and Col. Payne in the hope that the change of scene and rest will prove beneficial to his health. The party will be gone six weeks and visit Nassau, West Indies, the Bahamas and Antigua, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad and Grenada, of the Windward Islands.

From here the party goes by way of Washington, Richmond, Charleston and Savannah, direct to Jacksonville, which will be reached at 7.45 to-morrow evening.

The party will board the Comanche Friday morning. She arrived at Jacksonville last night from Havana, and has been put in readiness for the cruise by Mr. Hanna, who awaits the arrival of his guests. The return trip will probably include a stop at Havana.

The Comanche is one of the most luxurious and roomy as well as seaworthy yachts afloat. She was built in 1891, is 185 feet over all, 165 feet water line, 25 feet beam, and draws 11 feet 3 inches of water.

Her engines are vertical, triple-expansion of the latest and most approved pattern. Her cabins are beautifully finished in rare and costly woods, elaborately carved and panelled, and supplied with everything that ingenuity can devise and wealth supply for the comfort of her passengers.

TENNYSON AND THE QUEEN.

Awkward Speech of the Poet in Speaking of the Prince Consort.

It was in the latter part of 1863, the year after the death of the Prince Consort. I was conversing with Mrs. Tennyson on the sudden death of a much valued common friend and the loneliness of his widow, when Tennyson, who had been stalking up and down the end of the bow-windowed drawing-room with his usual long strides, suddenly broke in with, "I saw another widow three days ago," says a writer in the London Queen.

"Indeed," I replied, "and who was that?"

"The Queen," he replied, in his deepest tones. "She sent for me to Osborne."

I said that I supposed Her Majesty wished to thank him for his noble tribute to the memory of the Prince Consort, and, with perhaps pardonable curiosity, went on to ask what the Queen had said to him.

"I can't remember," he answered; "I lost my head. I only remember what I said to the Queen—big fool that I was."

"What was that?"

"Why, what an excellent King Prince Albert would have made. As soon as it was out of my mouth I felt what a blunder I had made. But, happily, it proved to be the very thing to have said. The Queen replied that had been the constant sorrow of her life—that she was called to govern, while he who was so worthy of the first place was obliged to take a secondary position."

Tennyson had little more to say of his reception except that, notwithstanding the perfect calmness and self-restraint of the Queen and the sweet consideration manifested for him, the interview was a peculiarly trying one and he was glad when it was over. To stand so long in a respectful attitude was unnatural to one accustomed to perfect freedom of movement. "The Queen is accustomed to it and does it well. I did it awkwardly."

RECOGNIZED THE WAITER.

He Was a Former Valet Who Had Robbed and Fled.

It happened on one occasion not so long ago that an Englishman of social distinction was entertained at one of the most fashionable clubs, says the Philadelphia Times.

The gentleman who entertained him had asked that they be served by a particular waiter, an Englishman, who was as nearly perfect in the art as any one could be.

What was his surprise when the waiter entered with the soup to see him upset it and stand aghast while the distinguished visitor looked at him calmly, but curiously, and nodded. Nothing was said during the dinner, which did not go off very well, but when it was over the entertainer remarked to his guest: "You have seen our waiter before?"

"Ah, yes," was the reply, "he was my valet for six years and robbed me of £500, but I thought he was serving his sentence in Australia."

DELICATE FLATTERY.

Flattery, when delicately administered, cannot fail to be acceptable, says the Waverly Magazine.

"You forget that I am an old woman," said a lady, in response to an admiring remark from one of the old school.

"Madam," was the reply, "when my eyes are dazzled by a diamond it never occurs to me to ask a mineralogist for its history."

Horace Walpole, in dining with the Duchess of Queensborough on her eighteenth birthday, said, in proposing her health: "May you live, your grace, until you begin to grow ugly!"

Her ladyship's tongue was as ready as his own. She replied: "I thank you, Mr. Walpole. May you long continue your taste for antiquities!"

Mammonites.

(From Harlem Life.)

"The Harlows worship money."

"That's so. They named their first boy Bill, and were tickled to death when his voice turned out to be a tenner."

USE HUYLER'S LICORICE TABLETS! Best for coughs and colds. Sold by druggists everywhere.*

HE IS A DISAPPEARING DEMON.

And Mrs. Moss Wants Him to Disappear from Her Life.

Mr. Moss Is Equally Desirous of Being Rid of Her.

An order signed by Justice Beach, commanding Henry Charles Moss, one of the "disappearing demons" in Reilley & Wood's show, now playing in the Bowery, to bring into court, to-morrow, Charles George Moss, the four-year-old child of himself and Rose, his wife, reveals a suit and counter-suit for absolute divorce, in which John Nedham and Frank O'Brien on the one hand, and Carmencita and Vita on the other, are named as co-respondents.

The Mosses were married while playing at the Prince of Wale's Theatre, London, in 1887. They travelled with "Robinson Crusoe," Primrose & West's Minstrels and other combinations until prosperity at the rate of $150 to $200 a week struck them. Then, according to the allegations of Rose in her cross-complaint, Henry Charles Moss became a "disappearing demon," domestically considered, and spent most of his time and all of his money with Carmencita, the bewitching Spanish dancer, who was dancing at Koster & Bial's during the ten months that Moss was engaged there.

Mrs. Moss also says in her complaint that she is informed and believes that her husband was unduly intimate with Vita, another "actress," as well as Carmencita. She says her husband took away her diamond breastpin while she was ill and gave it to Carmencita.

Moss first brought suit for absolute divorce from his wife, charging intimacy with Nedham and O'Brien. Then it was that the wife turned upon him with a counter-suit, in which she charged him with infidelity with Carmencita and Vita, denying his charges against her and asking, through Lawyer Frank J. Kellar, for the custody of their little boy, who has been travelling with his father since their separation.

WANTED TO BEAT HIS RESCUER.

A gathering of young men were comfortably seated around the stove in the rear apartments of one of our drug stores a few nights ago, and in the course of their conversation they began to discuss suicides and other uncanny subjects, says the Richmond Dispatch.

"I saw four chaps walk into the dock in one year," said a gentleman connected with one of the large business houses located near the dangerous sheet of water in which so many persons have lost their lives.

"You needn't tell me that people are always out of their minds when they take their own lives. The first one of those fellows who got in the dock deliberately walked in. Although Joe Edwards, the great diver, was near at the time and attempted to save him it was no use.

"Joe got the man up and would have rescued him, but the chap deliberately kept his head under water until he was dead.

"The second suicide," continued the speaker, who observed with satisfaction that he had attracted the attention of his audience, "was very quick, and the man was drowned before there was any chance to save him.

"In the third instance Joe came to the rescue once more, as he was in the neighborhood, and heroically plunged after the fellow. He managed to rescue the man. When the melancholy individual who had sought his own destruction was landed high and dry he 'cussed' Joe for all he was worth, because the expert swimmer had saved his life.

"Joe apologized for having played such a mean trick on the rest of humanity, but the fellow couldn't be pacified and swore with such vigor that the natatorial artist really felt repentant. 'You blankety blank rascal!' screamed the dripping individual to Joseph. 'I'll mash your face when I get sober.'

"About three months after this time," continued the drug-store orator, "the funniest of all the cases occurred. One of our customers was in the store talking in a very matter-of-fact sort of way to one of the clerks. He was from the country and had evidently just gotten into the city, for he had a satchel thrown over his shoulder. All of a sudden the fellow said: 'I'm going to drown myself.'

"'Yes, I would if I were you,' replied the clerk.

"Forthwith the country chump jumped into the water with a tremendous splash, and he would certainly have lost his life had not the satchel buoyed him up. But after he got soused it was a caution to see him clinging on to his life-preserver. That chap pretty soon made up his mind that he didn't want to die, and we hauled him out before it was too late."

STATE OCCASIONS IN INDIA.

Native Chiefs Have a Large Retinue of Followers.

In India when a native chief goes out he is accompanied by a sowari—literally a "riding" of ministers, servants, guards and attendants of all sorts, says the Popular Science Monthly.

Formerly all rode, but with good roads good carriages have been introduced, and usually in these days only the horsemen of the guard ride. But on state occasions, led horses, richly caparisoned, always form part of the show, and there are many animals in princely stables kept solely for processional purposes.

The animals most liked are the stallions of Marwar or Kathiawar. White horses with pink points, piebalds and leopard spotted beasts are much admired, especially when they have pink Roman noses and light colored eyes, with an uncanny expression. Their crippled, highly arched necks, curby hocks, rocking gait and paralytic prancing often proclaim them as triumphs of training.

His Emendation.

(From Harlem Life.)

"I hear you are the happy father of triplets," said Winebiddle to Rimer.

"Not triplets, Winebiddle," replied the poet. "Not triplets, but triolets."

Why? Pearline—the only Washing Compound ever imitated.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Fine Card at Guttenburg, but a Very Poor Track.

The Handicap Brings Out Some Very Good Material.

Secretary Whitehead has arranged a very fine card of races for decision at Guttenburg to-day. High-class horses are entered in every event, and had the weather been pleasant some first-class sport would have been witnessed.

The management expected a big crowd at the track, but the weather will prevent hundreds from attending.

The track will be in poor shape and good sport is out of the question.

The handicap brings an excellent class of horses together. Little Fred, Azrael, Inferno, Running Bird, Detroit, Fanway and Strathmald ought to furnish a cracking good match.

The three-year-olds, Hymn, Glance, Jersey Lass filly, Patroness filly and others, ought to make a pretty race, while the contest between Greenwich, Cynosure, Climax, Gray Rock, Contribution and others ought to be interesting in the closing event. The entries and selections are as follows:

First Race.—Purse $400; for maidens; the winner to be sold at auction; six furlongs.

	lbs.
Charlie R.	112
E. J. McKimsee's Atmscott	117
J. Murray's Honeymoon	107
Dawn gelding	107
Don't Know Stable's Don't Know	107
Sir Herbert	102
S. Stedaker's Dore L. colt	97
C. L. Sauders's Serritude	97
C. H. Post's Deceitful	92

A poor lot start in the opening event, and among them are several who have not started before. It looks a good race to leave alone, and the writer cannot give any selections.

Second Race.—Purse $200; the winner to be sold at auction; five and a half furlongs.

J. W. Smythe's Fleurette	112
F. Foster's Sweetbread	109
J. J. Mahony's Van Wart	108
W. E. Cotton's Headlight	106
W. H. Thorpe's Mayor B.	105
G. O'Leary's Xenophon	100
Ohlen Stable's Rebellion	101
W. B. McCormick's I. C. W.	99
C. H. Post's Belle D.	94
Camden Stable's Lucy Clark	91

Sweetbread looks to have an excellent chance to capture this race. Mayor B. should do better than he did yesterday and may be the runner up. Lucy Clark should beat the others.

Third Race.—Purse $400, for two-year-olds; four furlongs.

W. H. Roller's Hymn	118
E. Leigh's Glance	110
Phoenix Stock Farm's Patroness filly	110
J. Shields's Jersey Lass filly	110
J. Fowler's J. Bell	105
Glen Island Stable's Heatitude gelding	105
W. Wilson's Unfaithful	90

Hymn and Glance look to have this race between them, and they ought to finish as named. Glance is a good filly, and, with Martin up, could win. As she has passed into Jeffcott's hands, Cunningham will probably ride. Jersey Lass filly ought to be third.

Fourth Race.—Purse $500, handicap; the winner to be sold at auction; six furlongs.

W. H. Roller's Little Fred	113
W. E. Cotton's Azrael	112
E. Leigh's Inferno	106
Exchange Stable's Running Bird	106
Jericho Stable's Detroit	102
Bradley's Fanway	97
J. A. Batchelor's Strathmald	88

Azrael, Running Bird and Little Fred look to have this race between them and they may finish as named. Inferno is very dangerous, as is also Fanway. The race should be hotly contested.

Fifth Race.—Purse, $400; the winner to be sold at auction; one mile.

J. Heiser's Sorrento	108
J. Donohue, jr.'s, Freedom	104
Oriental Stable's Jeweller	99
J. Shields's John Hickey	99
L. O'Leary's Renie	94

Renie should have no trouble in winning this race, and John Hickey ought to be second. Sorrento ought to beat the others.

Sixth Race.—Purse $400, the winner to be sold at auction; six and a half furlongs.

A. G. Blakely's Cynosure	114
G. O'Leary's Greenwich	112
T. Welch's Climax	111
J. B. Williams's Grey Rock	111
Brooks Stable's Contribution	111
Somerset Stable's Idea	111
W. E. Cotton's Narbonne colt	108
Ohlen Stable's Marcellus	106
Camden Stable's Larkin	99

The closing event may be won by Contribution, with Climax second and Greenwich not worse than third.

Morning Papers' Selections at Guttenburg.

First Race—Deceitful, Charlie R.
Second Race—Sweetbread, Mayor B.
Third Race—Hymn, Jersey Lass filly.
Fourth Race—Inferno, Fanway.
Fifth Race—John Hickey, Sorrento.
Sixth Race—Contribution, Climax.

First Race—Servitude, Deceitful.
Second Race—Sweetbread, Lucy Clark.
Third Race—Jersey Lass filly, Hymn.
Fourth Race—Azrael, Running Bird.
Fifth Race—John Hickey, Sorrento.
Sixth Race—Greenwich, Climax.

First Race—Don't Know, Deceitful.
Second Race—Fleurette, Lucy Clark.
Third Race—Glance, Hymn.
Fourth Race—Inferno, Azrael.
Fifth Race—John Hickey, Renie.
Sixth Race—Greenwich, Marcellus.

First Race—Don't Know, Deceitful.
Second Race—Fleurette, Lucy Clark.
Third Race—Hymn, Jersey Lass filly.
Fourth Race—Fanway, Inferno.
Fifth Race—John Hickey, Sorrento.
Sixth Race—Greenwich Cynosure.

First Race—Sir Herbert, Deceitful.
Second Race—Fleurette, Sweetbread.
Third Race—Hymn, Glance.
Fourth Race—Roller's best (Little Fred or Azrael), Inferno.
Fifth Race—John Hickey, Renie.
Sixth Race—Greenwich, Climax.

Gloucester Selections.

First Race—Cloverdale, Little Phil, Repeater.
Second Race—Midget, Fraulein gelding, Brulda colt.
Third Race—Sea Bird, Poet, Knapp.
Fourth Race—Ray, Censor, Grand Prix.
Fifth Race—Robin Hood, La Julve filly, Prince Imperial.
Sixth Race—Lallah, Vevay, Procida.

Events Ahead in Brooklyn.

Concert at Nostrand Avenue M. E. Church this evening.

Entertainment by Y. P. S. C. E. and Ladies' Aid Society, Trinity P. E. Church, Roebling and South Fourth streets, to-night.

Lecture this evening by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, at Church of the Holy Rosary, Chauncey street, near Bushwick avenue.

Drawing for a piano March 1 at St. Peter's Home on Congress street. Tickets 50 cents. The proceeds will be used for the benefit of the poor of the lower wards.

Presentation of marksman's and 100 per cent. medals in Twenty-third Regiment will take place in the Armory, Clermont avenue, March 11.

Arcadia Athletic Club entertainment Criterion Theatre Saturday evening.

Subscription tourney Varuna Boat Club at club-house Feb. 27.

FIGHT FOR "A KENTUCKY GIRL."

It Is Incidental to Joseph J. Dowling's Divorce Suits.

Five Actions at Law Between the Actor and Sadie Hasson.

Actor Joseph J. Dowling and his wife, who is known on the stage as Sadie Hasson, are suing each other with a vengeance, and five actions at law are now pending between the two.

Mr. Dowling is suing his wife for absolute divorce and to recover certain property which he claims as his, although the title stands in her name.

Three suits, on the other hand, have been instituted by Mrs. Dowling against her husband, one to recover the properties of the play entitled "A Kentucky Girl," together with the manuscript and scenery; the second to recover damages for the conversion of a diamond ring, valued at $250, and the alleged misappropriation of $1,500, and the third for an injunction restraining him from producing the play. Besides this she has put in vigorous answers to his two actions.

Until very recently the couple have lived together most peacefully, and made money in their profession. They have two children, a girl of eight and a boy of three. In his divorce suit, which precipitated all the trouble, Mr. Dowling alleges that he entered his wife's room in a Wilmington (Del.) hotel, and found her with her leading man, Lou Blanden.

Mrs. Dowling says that she and several members of the company had been playing a little game of poker in her room, and declares that her relations with Mr. Blanden were friendly and nothing more.

Their season ended Feb. 11, and since then everything has been at odds and ends between the two. A deputy sheriff is now in possession of the scenery and properties of the "Kentucky Girl" at the New Lyceum Theatre in Williamsburg.

A BOTANICAL GARDEN.

$250,000 Already Subscribed for That Purpose.

About $250,000 have been subscribed for the purpose of establishing a Botanical Garden in this city.

At a meeting held in the office of J. Pierpont Morgan, 23 Wall street, yesterday afternoon, the Finance Committee reported this sum, but after some deliberation decided that $250,000 would be too small an amount to carry out the project. The subscription will be increased to $1,000,000.

The first $250,000 was partially raised by seven contributors, Cornelius Vanderbilt, D. O. Mills, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Judge Addison Brown, J. Pierpont Morgan and Columbia College.

The members of the Finance Committee who have started to raise the whole fund are J. Pierpont Morgan, Chairman; Charles E. Cox, Secretary; Andrew Carnegie, William C. Schermerhorn, John S. Kennedy, Robert Maclay, Morris K. Jesup, Richard T. Auchmuty, D. O. Mills, Cornelius Vanderbilt, James H. Hitchcock, Jesse Seligman, Edward Cooper, ex-Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, Samuel Sloan, Louis Fitzgerald, William E. Dodge, Eugene Kelly, James A. Scrymser, Timothy F. Allen and Percy R. Pyne.

SNOWBALLED BY A PRETTY GIRL.

Sarah Collins Claims to Be the Wife of Merchant Gildersleeve.

Sarah Collins, a good-looking Irish girl, who claims to be the wife of Merchant George Gildersleeve, of 55 Broadway, created a sensation in the vicinity of Wall street yesterday afternoon.

Sarah and another woman called on Mr. Gildersleeve and demanded that he recognize the former as his wife. Joseph Locke was present, and to avoid a scene in the store both men walked out.

The women followed and began pelting them with snowballs, chunks of mud and every available kind of missile. A crowd witnessed the affair and seemed to hugely enjoy the discomfiture of the two men.

A policeman refused to arrest the women, although Mr. Gildersleeve declared that there was a warrant out for the Collins woman's arrest.

Coming Events.

Twenty-fifth anniversary ball of the Society Chebra B'nai Zedeck, at Everett Hall, Fourth street, March 5.

Meeting of the New York City Union of the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons at the Broadway Tabernacle, 3.30 P. M. Thursday.

Annual dinner of the Southern Society at Madison Square Garden this evening.

Dinner of the Society of the Cincinnati at Delmonico's this evening.

Annual review and presentation, Eighth Regiment Armory to-night.

Dinner Veteran Association First New York Mounted Rifles at Beethoven Hall this evening.

Sons of the Revolution celebration at Delmonico's this evening.

Dinner of the American Spanish Club at Hotel Bartholdi this evening.

Ball of Typographical Union No. 6 at Lenox Lyceum this evening.

Cycling Club reception, Broadway and Fifty-seventh street, this evening.

Washington dinner officers Seventy-first Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., at Hotel Savoy this evening.

Prohibitionists' dinner at the Columbia in Union Sq are this evening.

Meeting of the Vegetarian Society at 9 University place this evening.

Annual dinner of the Tough Club at 27 Grove street this evening.

IN SELF-DEFENCE you ought to keep your flesh up. Disease will follow, if you let it get below a healthy standard. No matter how this comes, what you need is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the greatest flesh-builder known to medical science far surpassing filthy Cod Liver Oil and all its nasty compounds. It's suited to the most delicate stomachs. It makes the morbidly thin, plump and rosy, with health and strength.

The "Discovery" is sold on trial. In everything that's claimed for it, as a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-maker, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's your case that you want to know about, if you have Catarrh—not your neighbor's. The makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy promise to pay you $500 if they can't permanently cure you.

$1.00 Per Week WILL FURNISH YOUR FLAT.

NO NEED TO SPEND TIME AND CAR FARE SHOPPING AROUND, THE TERMS AND PRICES NAMED BELOW WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT OURS IS THE MOST LIBERAL HOUSE AT WHICH TO BUY.

Everything for Housekeeping.

OUR TERMS.	OUR PRICES.
$30 worth of Goods, $1.00 per Week.	PARLOR SUITS ..... from $35.00
50 " " " 1.25 "	PIER MIRRORS ..... " 15.00
75 " " " 1.50 "	CHAMBER SETS ..... " 14.00
100 " " " 1.75 "	BOOKCASES ..... " 8.00
200 " " " 2.50 "	CHIFFONIERS ..... " 7.00
300 " " " 3.00 "	CARPETS, per yard ..... .40

J. Baumann & Bro.

1313 to 1315 Third Ave., between 75th and 76th Sts.

ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION 76TH ST. OPEN SATURDAYS TILL 10 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

GARDEN THEATRE. Evenings at 8. Mat. Saturday at 2. LILLIAN RUSSELL OPERA COMIQUE CO. THE MOUNTEBANKS. March 1—GIROFLE-GIROFLA.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. Washington's Birthday Matinee TO-DAY. 100th and last performance 'at night, Feb. 25. RUSSELL'S COMEDIANS in the most successful of farce-comedies. A SOCIETY FAD. Next Week—A MAD BARGAIN.

14TH STREET THEATRE, near 6th ave. Reserved orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50 cents. Washington's Birthday Matinee TO-DAY. Second and last week of MRS. POTTER and MR. BELLEW. THE MARRIAGE SPECTRE. Next Week—A NUTMEG MATCH.

PARK THEATRE, BROADWAY, CORNER 35TH ST. MATS. Tues., Thurs. and Sat. CITY CLUB BURLESQUE CO.

PALMER'S THEATRE. B'way and 30th st. Mr. Palmer's Company in LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. Evenings at 8. 20. Sat. Mat. at 2.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. MILTON AND DOLLY NOBLES. "FOR REVENUE ONLY." This is different from any you can afford to miss it. Evenings 8.15. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL, BROADWAY AND 29TH ST. OPEN UNTIL MIDNIGHT. GILSON, FOUGERE, &c., &c.

STANDARD THEATRE. EVENING 8.15. MAT. SAT. AT. 2. CHARLES FROHMAN'S COMEDIANS. THE SPORTSMAN.

STAR THEATRE. EV'GS 8.15. Mat. Sat. WM. H. CRANE in The New Comic Play, ON PROBATION.

BROADWAY THEATRE. NINETY DAYS. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway & 40th St. Evenings at 8.15. Matinees WED. and SAT. THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

HOYT'S MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2. HOYT'S—A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

NIBLO'S. 23d Big Week. Holiday Mat. To-day. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Souvenirs, Watches, Sewing Machines, &c.

AMBERG THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Sat. Mat. LAST DER VOGELHAENDLER. 12 PERFORMANCES Thursday, March 2—A CHILD OF FORTUNE.

WORTH'S MUSEUM. 5th ave. and 30th st. $1,000,000 Cold Exhibit.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Broadway and 28th st. LAST 3 PERFORMANCES ELEANORA DUSE. To-night ..... "Camille" Friday ..... "Cavalleria Rusticana" & "La Locandiera" Saturday Matinee ..... "Fedora" Next Week—Monday ..... "Camille" Wednesday ..... "Divorcons" (Last Time) Friday ..... Fedora Saturday Matinee "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Locandiera" (Last Time) (Last Matinee).

TONY PASTOR'S, 14TH ST., between 3d and 4th aves. Grand Holiday Bill This Week. MATINEE TO-DAY. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. PAQUERETTE, KELLY, FRANK BURNS, WANDA YOKES, LESTER & WILSON, BONNIE THORNTON, SAM DEARIN.

HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM. DR. MARY WALKER. World renowned lecturer; Marquise, new Oregon wonder; Esrie, Australian moss haired man; Colon, skeleton duck; the Turtle Boy; Me and Him, grotesque boxers; 2 stage companies; drama, "Life for Life." Vaudeville, new specialties.

14TH ST. MUSIC HALL and Alhambra Court, 134 and 136 East 14th st. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION. Plays Every