ONE DAY REMAINS.

Temporary Relief Fund Open Till To-Morrow Night.

Nearly $2,000 Already Distributed to Suffering Families.

Distressing Tales of Want Discovered by "The Evening World."

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

Previously acknowledged	$1,732.74
"No Name," check	20
E. Hit	1.00
Ida, three years old, Brooklyn	10
B. L. G.	10
Prohibitionist	25
Atoqui and Family	65
L. W. B.'s back pay	50
Sunbeam Society, Mount Lebanon	50
Blue Eyes	10
Black Eyes	10
A Friend	25
S. H., Asbury Park	10
A Backsaaack Friend	10
H.	10
Angels Roosgarne	10
"Yours Truly"	1.00
Charlie and Lillian	10
F. A. B.	1.00
A Friend, Monroe, N. Y.	1.00
J. H.	2.00
R. D. G.	1.00
Vendome Hotel Sympathizer	2.00
"Lucy"	5.00
S. Irving Decker, Far Rockaway	5.00
Minnie Hemmings and friends	5.00
Little Earle	5.00
Mrs. C. S. Arnold	5.00
Ay. B.	5.00
W. E. Harrison, N. J.	5.00
Grand total	$1,818.24

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 passes the $1,800 mark to-day. It will be four weeks old to-morrow, and will have performed the work of helping usually self-sustaining people over the last and hardest month in the hardest Winter New York has experienced in more than a generation.

No money will be asked for after to-morrow, though, of course, it is not pretended that all need for charity has passed. "The Evening World" will simply conclude the work it undertook, and which has been performed admirably, with results beyond the fondest hopes, thanks to the promptness and liberality of its readers. The fund will be left again to the many useful charitable organizations of the city, which are doing splendid work the year round, but needed outside help in the unprecedented condition presented by the severe Winter, when hundreds of sturdy working men were thrown idleness and starvation stared their helpless families in the face.

The contributions acknowledged to-day are greater $604.57, a remarkable figure for a day so late.

The most touching letter received during this long campaign came in last night's mail. It is a long letter, and lack of space precludes the publication of it in its entirety.

It came from one who has felt the encouraging human interest of the readers of "The Evening World." Mrs. Minnie Hemmings, the widowed mother of four little children, who was discovered helpless and hopeless during the days when all New York was asunder with excitement and pride and patriotism over the Columbian celebration of the natal day of our continent.

Mrs. Hemmings's case was described in these columns, and the generosity of Evening World readers supplied food for her larder. Presto! purses flew open and in a jiffy the little family in a Twenty-first street basement was relieved of care and poverty for a long time.

The sick mother has got well. She is able to work, and she sends the first money she has earned since October, 84—to help some other helpless creature as she was helped. Then she sends 25 cents each from her four children—Minnie Florence, George Arthur, William Harrison Morton and John Elsworth Hemmings—to the Temporary Relief Fund. The bread of charity is returning on the waters of love to another of the children of men. Mrs. Hemmings says:

My husband would have been buried in Potter's Field, and I should have shared a similar fate, had it not been for the kind hearts of your World's charitable readers. Therefore I send you the first money I have earned since my husband died, because of my physical condition another should receive it, for I know what it means, and I feel in full sympathy with the affliction.

TRAGIC SIDE OF POVERTY.

Brave Women Who Struggle and Suffer for Their Little Ones.

Are you keeping Lent fashionably? What you pay for one Lenten divertisement would wonderfully help a dying girl and her sick mother in Third avenue.

Mrs. S—— has had a rough road to travel all her life long. Her husband gave up and died months ago. Washington's Birthday Mrs. S—— baby was born—in this street. It was a long time coming, and when the ambulance reached her home the child was dead. Realizing the hopelessness of things the little one had gone back to heaven. And this was fortunate, for there was absolutely nothing in the home to claim it but poverty, there was not even a fire.

A butcher in the neighborhood, on hearing the "news," sent his fat errand boy upstairs with a bundle of wood and a bag of coal, and the same cheerful message has been delivered every morning since.

Mrs. S—— lies in her room alone, helpless and unprovided for, in another room is her daughter, and it would frighten you to come upon her unexpectedly. The poor girl is more like a living corpse than a human being. She has consumption; fever is upon her and she is dying by inches. Milk and wine would relieve and nourish the little invalid. Such a beverage would cost us a week, and she might as well try to get a pearl necklace to wear round her neck for a charm, as the colored mammy and her beer bottle when the doctor calls.

Up in a One Hundred and Eleventh street tenement lives a little girl family "scrubbing the floor for mamma." The "mamma" was "laroed" the other "scrubbing," and her place was filled by mamma and she sent her down. The little mother is selling her wedding ring, a baby charge, an infant in blower that a $2 bisque doll. There were three other children, between the baby and the brave little elder sister. The eldest is only two months old. The income of the children were "really so very little," though clothed in tatters. The mother earns $2.50 a week in a French delicatessen house, making beds and mopping floors. She comes home for an hour at noontime.

This woman does not want charity, but she does want, and ought to have, work that will pay better. What reader can assist her to obtain it?

Mrs. Annie O——, of One Hundred and Ninth street, top floor, rear room, has six children and nothing else of value. The oldest is ten years.

"Many days this Winter," she said, "we have been cold; many nights we have gone to bed without any supper. I want to get cleaning to do. My husband has deserted us, and if I don't get work, we will starve and sicken."

Here's another example of the touching eloquence of poverty:

"We are five. We had boiled beans for our Christmas dinner, and my husband was discharged from his work in New Year's. Since then we have lived like dogs—on the crumbs of charity. We have been cold and we have been hungry."

Mrs. A——, who gave this review of her life, lives in Avenue A, near Seventy-third street. She, too, only asks for work.

Mrs. X—— is another victim of misfortune. She has no home and no one to care for her. A friend in Third avenue near One Hundred and Nineteenth street takes me aside with her. I had my mind opened and then sealed up again. And I must hurry for myself now. My friend has not enough food and warmth for herself. If I could get a little money to-day I'd do something to-morrow, and could leave the mendicant off my hand. I would be able to go to work soon."

The Fund will be closed tomorrow. There are no books to balance, no bills to audit, no accounts to settle, nothing to do but to sadly stop off the wheels of basket the hundreds of letters that must go unanswered, the cases of undeserving families unrelieved unless you assist them.

The money is distributed and the clothing donated have been delivered twenty-four hours after their receipt.

There is still a chance for you to help. There is room for your charity. A charitable man, a teacher of the good, and a charitable woman, a the queen of creation.

S. ELL. NELSON.

FED, WARMED, CLOTHED.

Disbursements of "The Evening World" Temporary Relief Fund.

Following is an account of donations of money and clothing awarded by "The Evening World" Relief Corps:

James M——, Lenox street; sick with pneumonia; has a wife and two children. Given $5.

Mrs. McN——, West Forty-sixth street; widow, with four children; had been dispossessed when messenger called. Given $5.

Mrs. B——, West Forty-first street; has unemployed husband and three children and is behind in rent. Given $5.

Mrs. McK——, West Forty-first street; widow, with four children; out of work. Given $5.

Mrs. B——, Sixth avenue; has sick husband and is very needy. Given $5.

Mrs. P. G——, Hudson street; widow, with three children and needy. Given $5.

Mrs. C——, West Twenty-ninth street; deserted by husband and left with four children. Given $5.

Mrs. B——, Downing street; has unemployed husband and father to support. Given $5.

Mrs. Mary C——, Sullivan street; has sick husband and five children. Given $5.

Mrs. E. F——, West Twenty-fifth street, is an invalid, and has an unemployed husband. Given $5.

Mrs. H. D——, Tenth avenue; has sickly husband out of work, and one child. Given $4.

Mrs. H——, Desbrosses street; widow, with three children. Given $5.

Martha L——, Pearl street; has unemployed husband and five children. Given clothing.

Mrs. Katie A——, Pearl street; husband out of work; has four children. Given $4.

Mrs. F——, Hamilton street; widow, with three children. Given clothing.

Mrs. S——, Broome street; has sick husband and five children. Given clothing.

Frederick S——, Bowery; wife in hospital and is out of work. Given $2.

Timothy H——, Cherry street; just out of hospital; has sick wife and three children. Given $5.

Mary A——, East Tenth street; widow, with two children. Given clothing.

Mrs. Agnes F——, East Twenty-sixth street; has sick husband and two children. Given clothing.

Mary O'B——, East Houston street; widow, with one child. Given clothing.

Mrs. Alice F——, West Thirty-eighth street; has unemployed husband and two children. Given clothing.

Miss B——, homeless, put out of hospital. Given $1.

Mrs. M. G——, East Twenty-ninth street; widow, with two children. Given $2 and clothing.

Mrs. G——, Watworth street, Brooklyn; found with very little food or coal; baby sick; husband out of work. Given $2.

Mrs. C——, Sanford street, Brooklyn; widow, with five small children; very destitute. Given $2.

Mrs. P. F——, Adelphi street, Brooklyn; widow, very destitute; food and fuel more. Given $2.

Mrs. Isabelle S——, Stockton street, Brooklyn; a widow, with very little food or fuel. Given $2.

Mrs. A. R——, Stephen street, Brooklyn; five children, husband sick and cannot work. Given $2.

SCOW-TRIMMER SUES THE CITY.

Joseph Gallo Asks $21,310 Damages—Two Suits for Injuries.

Joseph Gallo, who had a contract with the Street Cleaning Department for trimming scows, has filed a claim against the city for $21,310.22. Gallo said the city $3.50 a week for the privilege of trimming scows and deposited $500 with the comptroller for the faithful performance of his contract.

Last Summer, during the cholera scare, the Board of Health stopped scow trimming. When the work was resumed, Gallo says he was informed that the office had been given to another man who paid the city $10 more a week.

Gallo says he had paid one week in advance, and that money as well as his $500 deposit have been retained by the city.

Patrick H. Cooney and Thomas D. Ryan have filed claims for personal damages against the city for $100 and $500 respectively, both claim to have been injured by falling on defective sidewalks.

RICHARD OLNEY DEPARTS.

The Next Attorney-General's Short Stay in The City.

Richard Olney, President-elect Cleveland's Attorney-General, left for Washington this morning on the 10 o'clock train on the Pennsylvania road.

Mr. Olney arrived in Boston last night and passed most of the intervening hours in the office of his law partner, Mr. Choate, this morning he was accompanied by his friends and relatives.

An Open Letter to Women.

Laurel Ave., San Francisco, March 18, 1892.

"Dear friend of women:

"When my baby was born, five years ago, I got up in six days. Far too soon. Result: falling of the womb. Ever since I've been miserable.

"I tried everything; doctors, medicines, apparatus; but grew worse.

"I could hardly stand; and walking without support was impossible.

"At last I saw an advertisement of *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, and decided to try it. The effect was astonishing. Since I took the first bottle my womb has not troubled me, and, thanks only to you, I am now well. Every suffering woman should know how reliable your compound is. It is a sure cure."—*Mrs. A. Detwiler.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

HIRSCH COLONISTS STARVING.

Serious Charges Made by Settlers at Woodbine, N. J.

Fund Trustees Say Nothing Except that the Charges Are False.

Sensational charges are made by members of the Woodbine Colony at Cape May, N. J., which was established in 1891, under the auspices of the Woodbine Land Improvement Company, an organization affiliated with the Two Million Dollar Fund donated by Baron de Hirsch for the support of Russian Hebrew immigrants to the United States. The Hirsch Fund is vested in the hands of a Board of Trustees, of which Jesse Seligman, Jacob Schiff, Oscar Straus, Julius Goldman, Judge Myers, Isaacs and others are members. It is stated that these trustees brought ejectment proceedings against eight of the sixty families in the Woodbine Colony.

The story told to an "Evening World" reporter by Herman Rosenfeld, one of the colonists, follows:

"We were promised a perfect paradise. The trustees allured us with bright prospects, and induced us to sign agreements the contents of which were unintelligible to us, and of which we were not furnished with any copies. And now, after having broken nearly all their promises to us, and left us penniless and nearly starved, the trustees require us to sign another contract, which would bind us down to them, body and soul. They leave us only the alternative of signing this contract or of giving up our homes.

"Most of us paid $100 on taking a farm. In addition we have worked like slaves to improve the land. Of course, under such circumstances, several of our number have concluded to sign this wicked document, determined to face the worst rather than give up their homes.

"These," continued Rosenfeld, "were the promises made to us by the trustees. They agreed to supply each colonist with fifteen acres of land and the option of purchasing fifteen acres more within ten years. They were to break and clear ten acres of each farm, build a two-story frame dwelling house on it, plant fifteen acres of corn and three of grass, construct roads connecting the farms, and establish factories and shops wherein colonists should be furnished with work and be paid good wages outside assistance would not be necessary. The trustees also agreed to give us each a horse, two cows, chickens, farming implements, seed and whatever else was necessary to constitute a moderately well-stocked farm.

"In return for this each colonist agreed to pay $100 or as much as he could down, a yearly rental of $50, and after the third year 4 per cent. per annum on the whole value of the farm. But, inasmuch as the underlying motive for the whole transaction was supposed to be charity, we were given distinctly to understand that although the contract called for the performance of these terms on our part, we should not be molested if it was found that we could not comply with them. Most of us, however, have complied with the terms.

"The trustees were not so conscientious in the carrying out of their part of the agreement. They have not furnished us with horses. They have not planted five acres with corn for three acres with grass; they have given us each only one cow; they have not constructed anything like adequate roads, and it was only after a whole year of entreating that they supplied us with implements.

"In order to cover up their wrong to their wills, the trustees have bidden the store keepers in the little village that has sprung up in the centre of the colony not to furnish us with anything on credit. The result is that twenty families of colonists are actually starving, and there is not one of us but is reduced to abject destitution.

"Rosenfeld is not exaggerating in the truth," said Lawyer John Mel. Goodale, of 5 Wall street, to the reporter. "I visited the colony and found the people there in a most wretched condition. I had been retained to defend six of the persons sued in ejectment. These were William Siegel, Moses Weinstein, Nachman Rosenthal, Simon Schmidt, Isaac Goldberg and Hans Schmidt. Before undertaking their defense I wanted to assure myself that matters were exactly as represented to me, and I found them even worse. Fifty families surrounded me with clamors for assistance. I never saw such distress in my life.

"On my return home I at once called on Mr. Jacob Schiff, 52 Nassau street, and said that I came to him not as counsel for the men whom the trustees were suing, but as a messenger from fifty starving families who begged that the trustees should personally investigate their plight and not leave them to the mercy of agents. Mr. Schiff's reply was:

"'You may say to the farmers that until they send the eight ringleaders who are being sued away from the colony, the trustees are not going to put their hands into their pockets to relieve them.'

Several trustees of the Baron de Hirsch fund were interviewed by "The Evening World" reporter concerning the charges made against their management, but each refused to make any statement for publication. Jacob Schiff said that the charges of Rosenfeld and Goodale were unfounded and false.

YOUNG TO HAVE A FAMILY.

Mistake That a Young Celebrant of Family Prayer Fell into.

"I saw by the Chicago Journal that a recently imported English curate forgot to omit the petition for 'Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen,' when conducting morning prayer in a Chicago church the other day, and it reminded me of an experience of my own.

"It was an Englishman at the Palmer House this morning who spoke. "Though you might think it strange, seeing me in such close proximity to this Manhattan mixture of soothing syrups," he continued.

"I was brought up very religiously. We had family prayers at our house every morning and evening. When I was ten years old I had a stepmother and half a dozen young brothers and sisters, and in the absence of my father I was usually called upon to conduct the family devotions. For this purpose a big prayer book was brought out, which contained a long prayer for every day in the year.

"All went along smoothly until one unlucky morning when the prayer for the 5th contained the words, 'Bless these our children, and this our house.' These words were printed in parentheses, for optional use, according to circumstances, but I read them out right along, and immediately heard a couple of precocious young sisters tittering on their knees, while the stern voice of my hated stepmother interrupted my supplications with 'That will do, Thomas; you may close the book.' She was wild with fury, and I was never called upon to fill my father's place in the family pulpit again."

A Silver Lining.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Mrs. Skiddie—I presume you have rather a hard time of it.

Tramp—Yes, mum, but every cloud has a silver lining, mum. I'm not worried to death by autograph hunters, mum.

At the Fancy Dress Ball.

(From Judge.)

First Chaperon—What character does Miss Bud represent to-night?

Second Chaperon—Why, she's dressed as a page.

First Chaperon—And Miss Passaic?

Second Chaperon—Oh, she's a page too.

First Chaperon—Page two? She looks more like the last leaf.

BRENNAN'S MEN OUT.

Four Hundred Street-Cleaning Drivers On Strike.

Their Grievance the Withholding of Overdue Wages.

Business at a Standstill at the Avenue C Stables.

A turbulent throng of employees of the Street-Cleaning Department was massed in front of the stables at Seventeenth street and Avenue C this forenoon, and the men declared they wouldn't do a stroke of work until their wages for the past two weeks had been paid.

There were three or four hundred, all told, and they included drivers of ash and dirt carts, hostlers, blacksmiths, horseshoers and all the mechanics employed in the stables.

The men had struck, with the determination to remain out until their overdue wages had been paid.

They do not complain of too little work or too small wages, but their grievance is simply that their money is held back from them.

One of the leaders of the strikers said to an "Evening World" reporter:

"The Department owes us two weeks' salary, which was due yesterday. Our wages have been was behind all along, and we made up our minds this morning to strike. Last Monday we were paid one week's wages, which were due a week ago last Wednesday. Our regular pay days have been on Wednesdays, but we have been put off two or three days at a time so often that we do not know what the regular pay day now is.

"We get $13.5 a week, and yesterday there was due us $26 each. We haven't got it, and we will not work until we do.

"When we read how these big guns are going off to Washington, drinking wine and living on the fat of the land, we thought it pretty hard to have our families get along without decent food. There are our landlords calling for their rent, and the grocers and butchers demanding their bills and refusing to trust us further. The way we have been imposed on is outrageous. There are six of us out, and the strike will reach every stable in the Department by this afternoon.

"We have generally worked overtime on Sundays and nights, and oftentimes did not get a cent extra for it. If we had what the legislative act provides for us we would get $60 a month or $720 a year, but the way the bookkeepers in the Department figure it we get only $13 a week, for seven days.

"However, we wouldn't kick if we got this money every week. There is one man among us who is to be dispossessed to-day for non-payment of rent. He could pay it if the Department had only treated us right."

Supt. Robbins, of the Avenue C stable, said that so far as his stable was concerned, the work was entirely at a standstill.

He hadn't heard that the strike reached other stables in the Department. The street-sweepers did not go out.

Commissioner Brennan treated the matter very lightly when asked about the strike. He said:

"This is only a little misunderstanding. The payrolls were delayed two days, and the men are that much behind in their pay. Everything will be adjusted this afternoon, and the men will go to work as usual to-morrow."

The strike has not caused us no trouble beyond a few hours' delay in getting the carts to work. The men have made a fuss for nothing, but they understand matters now."

READY TO FACE A STRIKE.

Toledo and Ann Arbor Road Engages Men to Replace Its Engineers.

DETROIT, March 3.—There is said to be trouble over wages between the Toledo, Ann Arbor and Northern Michigan Railroad Company and its engineers. A meeting will be held by the engineers to-day when they will decide what demands they will make upon the company.

A strike is anticipated by the railroad officials, who for some time have been preparing to meet the emergency by hiring men to take the places of those of the engineers who join in the strike. Whatever the demands of the engineers may be, one official declares they will be refused, in which event a strike will in all probability be declared.

STOPPED THE HORSE-CARS.

Mr. Hollenbeck's Team Hindered the Cars for Ten Blocks.

Harry Hollenbeck, advertising agent, living at the Plaza Hotel, was held in the Yorkville Court this morning in $50 for examination on a charge of obstructing the tracks of the Fourth and Madison Avenue Surface Railway.

It was claimed that Hollenbeck drove a horse and rabbit on the tracks for half an hour, to the delay of the ambulance and thousands of the cars.

Hollenbeck, who is a man of some social prominence, said he had told the truth. He had driven on the track, but cause it was impossible to get off safely by reason of snowdrifts.

Patrolman Worthington, Eighty-fifth street, responsible for the road, denied this. He said he had ordered Hollenbeck to the driver's seat, and insulted his statement, he ordered the defendant and confined the case till to-morrow.

"PARIS, OF PHILADELPHIA."

The New York's Sister Steamship Gets a New Register.

The steamship City of Paris, of the American line, having complied with all the conditions imposed by law, is now a full fledged American vessel and is registered as such. The words "City of Paris" were painted out of her name Wednesday, immediately after making fast at her pier, and yesterday the registration papers were issued to the Cramp's of Philadelphia.

The New York was the first American vessel and the Paris the second, the first registered under the new law which provides that such craft may be registered at American ports on the condition that vessels of equal tonnage shall thereafter be constructed in shipyards in this country.

The Paris was launched in April for the Inman line, and sailed for Liverpool on her first voyage on March 11.

For Breakfast To-morrow

Heckers'

Buckwheat.

MAKES

Delicious,

Wholesome cakes,

at a moment's notice.

No Salt, Yeast or Baking Powder required—Nothing but Water.

FROZEN FEET IN THE "JUBA."

John Hansom Played Hockey and Went to the Asylum.

His Mother Pines for Him and His Release May Follow.

Complaint is being made against the Juvenile Asylum, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth street and Tenth avenue.

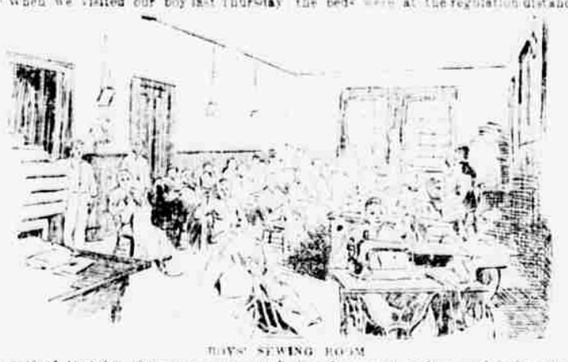
James and Susanna Hansom, of 173 East Seventy-sixth street, say that their eleven-year-old child, John Cornelius Hansom, whom they surrendered to the Asylum March 10, 1892, has been treated neglectfully by the Asylum authorities.

"When we visited our boy last Thursday we noticed that his shoes were cut open," said Mrs. Hansom to an "Evening World" reporter.

"After long urging," she continued, "he told us that his feet had been frozen. We tried to coax him to tell us how that had happened, but the child seemed afraid to inform us."

Asked whether she had spoken about this matter to any of the officials of the Asylum, Mrs. Hansom replied:

"No; for to tell the truth, I felt afraid that if I complained about it my boy might be treated still worse."



BOYS' SEWING ROOM.

SUPERINTENDENT CARPENTER.

The boy had been placed in the Juvenile Asylum for two years because he played truant so often. The parents say they did not think at the time that there would be any difficulty in getting him back just as soon as a few weeks' separation from them should bring him to his senses.

"But last Summer," said Mr. Hansom, "we begged Supt. Carpenter to restore our child to us, and he refused absolutely to do so. We might have borne this with patience, however, had not the toys brought lately awakened our fears that he was not being rightly treated.

"We are not rich people, but I earn enough as night watchman to support my family in comfort. Often I earn as much as $100 a month.

"Barring his reluctance to go to school, Johnny was not a bad boy, and so as I am fully competent to take care of him, we can see no reason why he should not be returned to us.

JOHN CORNELIUS HANSOM.

"The Evening World" reporter then called on Supt. Elisha M. Carpenter, of the Juvenile Asylum.

"Poor boy!" exclaimed Mr. Carpenter, when informed of the reporter's errand.

"Poor boy, indeed! I have nothing complaint among the children here. I do not believe that our accommodations are in any instance over originally contracted here.

"We have four large playrounds, and attached to each is a large play-shed, well ventilated and steam-heated. We encourage the children in all kinds of exercise, and in that way it often happens that a child forgets all of everything in play, stays out in the cold for a long time without ever thinking of going into the house to get warm.

"Now, if any part of the body has ever been chilled, it is a well-known fact that it takes but a moderate degree of cold to cause the slightest reappearance of the affected part has seemingly been entirely rid of it.

"We have no child, in our institution, Mr. Hansom, and because we have frozen toes, they were carbonized and only to the right of Winter, but, as I said before, it is a wonder that with systems so run down children spend from one to five years here and they don't say that a young man who is one of this description, but yet I feel in my heart certain that he knew, some time or other before he was brought here, have had his feet frozen.

"Throughout Mr. Carpenter took the reporter around the institution building and showed him in detail all the departments of the wonderful institution.

"The dormitories of which there are six for boys and girls, were admitted to the chapel. Miss Haas, the singing teacher, who has been connected with the Asylum for twenty years, was instructing them in singing.

"Temperance and virtue were the burden of their songs. There were hundreds of faces of natives in the faces of many of the singers, and their voices rose in soulful melody, which indicated even more plainly than their faces what sadness filled their hearts.

"Evidently impressed with this idea, Mr. Carpenter, who is a much more benign-looking man than the pictures give him credit for, said in a sigh:

"The home question, after all, is the only place where a child can be perfectly happy; and though it be ever so lowly, it is the only place where a child's heart can ever rightly expand and attain its proper growth.

"And yet, he added, "an institution like the Juvenile Asylum is an absolute necessity in a city like New York. It is not a penal, but essentially an educational institution. Our methods are intended merely to distribute children in a home which they would otherwise, perhaps, degrade. We do not want to supplant the home, and for that reason the directors have established two farms, the period during which a child spends on each farm. The first year is devoted to eradicating, as it were, the vestige of vice and evil habits that have fastened onto its little heart, and the second year is employed in a situation in some of those farms where wages are expected to bear from when the child is taken back to its home.

"Of course, we are strict. We must remove from the pleasant manner in which the children always greet their teachers and the officers, it may seem that the discipline is tempered with a great deal of humanness. The feature I referred to but by the superintendent was afterwards noticed by the reporter, who, in passing, remarked, with emotion, that he never had before seen the children so free from fear of the officers.

"Indeed, the children were so free from fear that, I will tell you."

Supt. Carpenter hesitated not to relate, but he was persuaded. Not long after, wandering in a room made of a tiny tenement, my companions, when I heard an excited voice cry out behind me:

"Look, look, I've got a new!" The next instant I felt a hand on the back of my head, and went to the floor in a heap.

"Arose to a sitting position myself, up we did, but I went down again. He was on top. My friends tried to separate us, but as they pulled and tugged at him, he cried out in a warning voice, "I ain't holding him! He's holding me!"

"The bystanders had wondered why I kept so silent. They now discovered that I had bite Johnny's finger between my teeth, and I swore that I let go till he was ready to cry quits."

Sure to Fail.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Billing—Your friend Scribble seems to be always short of funds. If his books don't sell, why don't you try him at office work when you need a new man?

Bunker—Sense. A man who can't succeed in a novelist's shoes imagination enough for the real estate business.

Tastes Differ.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Dealer—Here, madam, is a horse I can recommend, sound, kind——

Old Lady—Oh, I don't want that sort of a horse. He holds his head high.

Dealer—Eh?

Old Lady—I like a horse that holds his nose close to the ground so he can see where he's goin'.

JUSTICE LAMAR IN A FIGHT.

Was Knocked Down, but Vanquished His Opponent by Flying.

While a senator in Washington, the late Justice Lamar was once knocked down in the street by a carriage, says the Spark News. Everybody else was alarmed at the accident, but he took it very coolly remarking:

"This is only the second time in my life that I have been knocked down.

"Years ago, when I was just entering politics, I had a dispute with a local celebrity, whom we all know about my home in Georgia. He was a very powerful fellow, and when I saw his wrath boiling up I knew that I had no chance for my life if he once got after me. He was seated in a chair and at some distance from me, and I was entranced that I saw he was about to make a sweeping movement. Like a flash I drew a pistol, covered him with it and exclaimed: "If you attempt to rise from that chair, I will kill you!"

"Of course, he intended not to rise, but he was so astonished at my action, that he was for a moment at a loss. Not long after, he was in a room made of glass talking to some of my constituents, when I heard an excited voice cry out behind me:

"Look, look, I've got a new!" The next instant I felt as that on the back of my head, and went to the floor in a heap.

"Arose to a sitting position myself, up we did, but I went down again. He was on top. My friends tried to separate us, but as they pulled and tugged at him, he cried out in a warning voice, "I ain't holding him! He's holding me!"

"The bystanders had wondered why I kept so silent. They now discovered that I had bite Johnny's finger between my teeth, and I swore that I let go till he was ready to cry quits."

Reason Enough.

(From Judge.)

"Pardon me, Standoff, but I can't for the life of me understand why you always allude to Saldmore as your hated rival?"

"Well, Hunting, it is simply because he was my rival and I hate him."

"What do you hate him for?"

"Don't you know we were both aspirants for the hand of the same woman?"

"Yes, I know that, but you won her and married her at least five years ago."

"Exactly," growled standoff. "Isn't that reason enough?"

IT'S TOO PREVIOUS To dwell entirely on Spring Clothes! Perhaps you're "on the fence" as to what kind of clothes to buy.

LET THESE GIGANTIC MONEY-SAVING VALUES (TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW) DECIDE FOR YOU!

The skill and sartorial genius of the entire world is concentrated in our immense stock of Men's and Boys' Clothes!

Winter-Weight Bargains for To-Day and To-Morrow!

Fur-lined Melton, fine Kersey and Chinchilla Overcoats, silk lined, a couple, correct styles, former prices $15 to $20, reduced to $12

Imported Carr's Melton, Vicuna and Worsted Overcoats, Satin and Quilted Silk lined, the very best custom tailoring, never sold before for less than $25 and $30, now $15

Extra fine Cheviot Cassimere and Silk Worsted Suits, cut fashionably, perfect fitting, sold in 3-button sacks throughout, regularly $25 and $30, reduced to $15

Spring-Weight Bargains for To-Day and To-Morrow.

Spring weight, Albany Cheviot, Cassimere and Tweed Suits, entirely new designs, handsomely made and trimmed, actually worth $18, now $12

Stylish and Dark Colored Meltons, Tweed and Cheviot Overcoats, silk sleeves, plain or faced fronts, in English or Oxford styles at $10

500 fine Worsted Overcoats, in grays, blacks and drabs, plain or ribbon finished, superbly tailored, get the service of purchasing now, our advance big bargain price is but $15

Take advantage of this offer for three months' service this season and for next year!

We show a superb assortment of Spring style Trousers—counted big bargains!

OPEN ON SATURDAY EVENING UNTIL 9.30 O'CLOCK.

A. H. KING & CO.,

THE LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS,

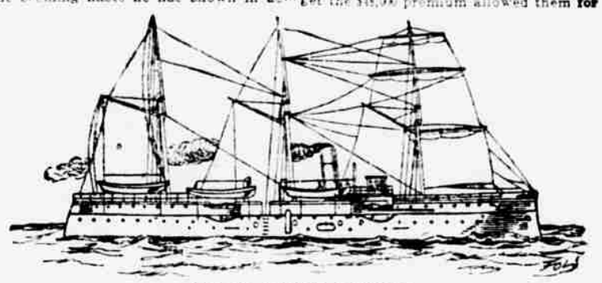
627 BROADWAY, NEAR BLEECKER ST. 629

WAS SECRETARY TRACY HASTY?

The Practice Cruiser Bancroft Accepted Before Completion.

This Is the Statement Made by Naval Attaches.

Naval attaches are talking freely of Secretary Tracy's final official acts and the seeming haste he has shown in accepting the practice cruiser Bancroft and the battle-ship Indiana.



PRACTICE CRUISER BANCROFT.

The Bancroft was put into commission to-day, and at 11 o'clock she left Elizabethport for the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

Only a few of the officials knew she was to be ordered out so soon, as experts claimed that at least another week would be required to finish her. It was said that another coat of paint was necessary on the outside and considerable painting and other minor details inboard.

Although it is customary to consult the Naval Contractor and Passed Assistant Engineer before taking a vessel from the hands of the constructor, it is asserted that Secretary Tracy acted entirely on his own responsibility and the statement of Moore, Sons & Co., the builders, that the Bancroft was ready for commission.

The opinion expressed among naval officials is that Mr. Tracy wanted to make a record before retiring, and for this reason accepted the Bancroft before she was ready.

The same statements are made with regard to the Indiana.

It has been learned that the builders of the Bancroft must go to Congress to get the $6,000 premium allowed them for the excess of 21-2 knots speed attained by the Bancroft during her trial off Newport.

The Bancroft is now in charge of Lieut.-Commander Asa Walker. The other officers who will be attached to the ship are Lieuts. W. P. Day, S. L. Graham, J. C. Gilmore and H. S. Chase; Passed Assistant Surgeon H. N. T. Harris and Assistant Paymaster T. H. Hicks.

BOYLE GETS OUT WITHOUT BAIL.

His Wife Says that He Has a Cinch with the Authorities.

Mrs. Sadie Boyle, a dressmaker, of 133 West Sixty-seventh street, appeared in the Yorkville Court to-day and told Judge Meade that her husband, Robert Boyle, a plumber, who was committed six weeks ago for abandonment in default of $500 bail, was again at liberty.

She said that her brother-in-law, John Boyle, the street cleaner, had been drinking with three men.

She could hardly credit it, but on Sunday her two children came home from church and said they had just seen their pa's sleigh riding on Amsterdam avenue with another man.

Mrs. Boyle then went to Supt. Blake at Third avenue and Eleventh street, and found that bail had not been given for Boyle.

The Judge assigned Court Officer Harrigan to investigate the case. Boyle's wife said her husband had told her that he had a cinch on the island.

CATCHING THE OCTOPUS.

How This Terrible Monster Is Secured in Puget Sound.

"It is no trick to catch them. They are pulled out with hook and line from the deep waters of the Sound just like the salmon, only much deeper. Instead of the boiling tanks, salt is delivered in sacks, according to the Chicago Mail.

"Look at this," continued he, raising the slimy mass of rags and pointing to a perfect counterpart of a parrot's black beak. "That is all there is of it, like a parrot, only much larger and more powerful. When once their jaws fasten on the bait they never let go until landed on the deck of the boat.

"They seldom give us much trouble, however, for we catch them so fast we handle them easily. The only care we carry is to prevent their fastening their suckers on the sides and bottom of the boat. It is accident to carelessness they should succeed in doing this, for they are so powerful that if the suckers take hold of a stanchion they are so great that nothing but the knife can dislodge them, and as they can't be reached they get away.

"The men know by the weight on the line and the action when an octopus is hooked. They then haul it up until the line is kept away from the boat, and wait for a favorable opportunity, with the assistance of boathooks, the fellow is suddenly cut adrift on deck. Of course, the men have learned to keep carefully out of reach of the tentacles. The octopus is found in clear water one can see an octopus at great depth. Their bodies usually lie hidden under shelving rocks, leaving one or more of those long feelers visible, moving cautiously back and forth.

"Baiting a hook with a white rag and dropping it over by it is fun to watch their movements. They pretend not to see the bait, believing it is a living prey. They will advance their feelers inch by inch and gradually their body, until at last, with a sudden rush, they grab the unfortunate victim. Playing the bait back and forth excites their cupidity, and when satisfied of the result, the beast makes a spring for the bait that for lightning-like speed beats anything on record. Of course, it fastens its razor-like, double-beak action beak into the rag and holds on like grim death, allowing itself to be pulled out of the water rather than let go."

RAILROADS AND RAILROAD MEN.

News and Gossip of Interest in Transportation Circles.

S. A. Hutchinson has been appointed General Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific, in promotion from Traveling Passenger Agent of that company in the Atlantic coast states.

If Austin Corbin accepts the Presidency of the New York and New England he will be in a position to further his pet ideas for an attractive service between this city and Boston via Long Island.

The denial of Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania, that he is to succeed President Roberts is very timely and proper, but who doubts that the magnetic Vice-President is right in line of promotion?

George Huntington, formerly of the Richmond and Danville, is the successor of Mr. Hutchinson as Traveling Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific.

The New York Central has decided to spend about $700,000 in the building of 1,000 box-cars, 100 flat-cars and 100 stock-cars, which will be equipped with air-brakes and vertical plane couplers.

H. A. Ellis is proving so successful as General Manager of the recently organized Time Table Distributing Company, operating in the South, that more than its expenses are already being earned.

A. T. Dice, formerly Assistant Superintendent of the New York Central's Hudson River Division, has been appointed superintendent of Signals of that company.

The festive scalper may now resume his suspended operations in North Carolina, as the Legislature of that State has just repealed a law denying him official existence.

With the reported retirements of Presidents Roberts, of the Pennsylvania; Newell, of the Lake Shore; Clark, of the Union Pacific, and Ingalls, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Spring opens in a decidedly interesting fashion.

The New York Central is now reproducing at its West Albany shops for the World's Fair exhibition the engine De Witt Clinton and train of three coaches, which was the first passenger train run in this state, August, 1831. The engine's weight was four tons and it had a feet 6 inch driving wheels.

It's His Way.

(From Truth.)

Silvetts—When I told Sindgrass what *you* said, a blank expression came into his face.

Standoff—Just so. I have often heard a blank expression come out of his mouth.

IF YOU FEEL DROWSY, dull, inexpressibly tired or debilitated, have loss of appetite, furred tongue, frequent headaches with or without dizziness, chilly sensations, and occasional nausea—then you are bilious. Your liver needs the gently stimulating and powerfully invigorating effects of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These little things will put you in complete order.

They follow Nature's own way. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the best. They absolutely and permanently cure Biliousness, Constipation, Jaundice, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Sick or Bilious Headaches