LIKE MONTE CARLO.

A Weehawken Imitation of Europe's Great Gambling Resort.

Two New York Firms Open Pool-Rooms Across the River.

Beer, "Poy," Sausages and "Straight Tips" Astonish the Natives.

Unless Chief of Police John Darling, of Union Township, makes good his promise to stop them the coming week will probably see a new village springing up near the old Weehawken Ferry, with pool-rooms and saloons as the sole industry and bookmakers, touts, horse-race fiends, fakirs, saloon-keepers and hot sausage men as the villagers.

TENDER OF A STRAIGHT TIP.

The closing of New York's pool-rooms by Supt. of Police Byrnes compelled the bookies either to go to the track, give up the business altogether or find some near-by suburb where they could ply their vocation unmolested and secure the necessary number of "suckers" to make it pay.

The first was too expensive a departure, the second not to be thought of and the third and last expedient apparently difficult to accomplish in view of the fact that the authorities of Brooklyn, Long Island City, Jersey City, Hoboken and Weehawken are as unanimously opposed to pool-rooms as Supt. Byrnes.

The passage by the Assembly yesterday of the Anti-Pool-Room bill, which now only needs the Governor's signature to become a law, makes permanent the closing of pool-rooms in this city and sounds the death-knell of the business so far as permitting it to be continued within the city limits is concerned. Accordingly, if the bookies are to live, it is evident that a new stamping ground must be sought, and one easy of access to New Yorkers.

MAKING UP THE ODDS.

At least two bookmakers appear to have found this desirable spot and to have already started in to make up for the lost time succeeding the raids by Supt. Byrnes. They are Pearsall & Co. and Barney Michaels, also known as Barney Martin, who does business as Michaels & Co.

These two firms opened their new pool-rooms Thursday, simultaneously with the opening of the new track at Elizabeth, in the saloon formerly run by Mike McAuliffe, of "Tub of Blood" notoriety in the metropolis, near the West Shore Railroad track, within fifty yards of the old Weehawken ferry-house.

The saloon had never paid as there are not more than two or three dwelling-houses within a mile of it, but as a pool room it bids fair to be a howling success. Bowling is used here advisedly and in its broadest sense, for when an "Evening World" reporter and artist journeyed across the North River yesterday to inspect this New Jersey Monte Carlo, the bawling of the telegraph operator, as he called off the progress of the races, could be heard long before the ferry-boat reached her slip.

Save for the Sunday baseball parties that visit there, the neighborhood of the old Weehawken ferry-house has heretofore been possessed of an undisturbed and tranquil quietude.

No wonder then, that the half-dozen natives of the wilds went half crazy yesterday over the sonorous cry of the operators, "They're off!" and "Blitzen wins!" and the cheerful exhortation of a red-flannel-shirted pirate to "Walk up gents and get yer pay an' 'ot sausages!"

They wandered through the new pool-rooms in a delirium of delight and accepted so many invitations to smile with lucky winners that in a short time the joy on the river became a silvery sheen and the descending raindrops appeared like a shower of dimes, and recklessly throwing upon my wonted reserve restraint aside they walked up to the "Hoffman House" bar and actually bought drinks for themselves.

By the way, this Hoffman House is the most pretentious building as Jersey's Monte Carlo, and the proprietor made enough money yesterday to afford to give his hotel a new coat of paint. Between 1 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon he had two and three barkeepers almost constantly on duty, and the surface of his bar resembled a miniature lake of beer.

Of course, the pool-rooms themselves were the centre of attraction. Pearsall & Co.'s ring occupies McAuliffe's old saloon, and Michaels & Co.'s an addition which was built into it for the purpose. The two rooms connect, and to all intents and purposes are one and the same.

But one telegraph operator is employed, Michaels & Co. getting the information second-handed. When necessary the rooms are lighted by Kerosene lamps.

Fully 1,000 of "the faithful" were crowded into these 25x25 rooms yesterday and the usual scenes were enacted, the usual bad cigars smoked and the usual learned opinions on horseflesh delivered as in the old city pool-rooms.

No bets under $2 were received, but no "commission" was charged, and while "commission blanks" hung about in rooms, not one of them was used. The largest single bet made was one of $200 on Blitzen, placed in the fifth Gloucester race. The odds of 2½ to 1 at once dropped to 2, and later to 4 to 5. It may afford the $200 gentleman some satisfaction to know that the morning papers state that "Robin Hood also ran."

The attendance yesterday caused the bookmakers to rejoice, and it was common talk that the coming week would see many more books established in the long-deserted shanties, pig-pens and sheds that now stand out in bold relief against the base of the bleak and dreary cliff.

Such of these edifices as are too small for betting-rings it is predicted will be occupied by faro banks and roulette tables, while the pen-like structures will suffice for gentlemen whose proclivities incline them towards craps, sweat, hazard and the shell game.

Should the attendance become universal baccarat, pinochle, monte—both Mexican and three-card—and stud-poker may be introduced to amuse the more fastidious patrons.

The bookmakers, it is said, claim that interference from the authorities is impossible. The new Monte Carlo is in Union Township and out of the jurisdiction of King Kelly, Weehawken's Chief of Police, who in 1887 routed the New York gamblers who tried to do business on canal-boats in his bailiwick.

Chief Darling, of Union Township, said he had been away for several days and did not know of the bold establishment of the new gaming city on his territory. He gave it as his opinion that the bookies had received assurances of protection from a high power in Hudson County.

ON THEIR WAY HOME THROUGH THE RAIN.

"I shall visit the place to-morrow," said Chief Darling yesterday, "and compel them to stop. I will enforce the law."

Messrs. Pearsall & Co. and Michaels & Co. said nothing but sawed wood. On the former's blackboard, however, was this bold announcement in yellow chalk:

BOTH ROOMS OPEN FOR BUSINESS TO-MORROW.

The talent smiled and the natives fairly gurgled when spoken to about the possibility of police interference.

"No, siree, you bet your life, pop, they won't nobody interfere," said a native. "Everything's all fixed and you'll see more here in a week than pool-selling. I tell you things are going to hum here, and don't you forget it, see?"

In view of all these facts the future action and attitude of Sheriff Stanton, of Hudson County, will be watched with considerable interest.

Aside from their failure to catch the 6 to 1 shot Rhone—"the talent" met with few disappointments yesterday until the races were over. A drizzling rain then set in and the rickety old ferry-boat C. W. Chapin, which generally tries to make a trip every forty minutes, grew timid and refused to venture out into the dense fog that settled down over the river.

"The talent" fumed and then threatened, but it was of no use, and the disgusted New Yorkers were obliged to tramp a mile and a half in the measly rain along the railroad tracks to the new West Shore ferry.

But, disgusted as they were, "it's a 100 to 1 shot" that they'll all be at the new Monte Carlo again to-day and take along their friends.

RAILROADS AND RAILROAD MEN.

News and Gossip of Interest in Transportation Circles.

T. L. Pomeroy, formerly General Freight Agent of the Erie, has been placed in charge of the transportation department of R. F. Downing & Co., of the city.

The "John Bull" engine, which is to form part of the Pennsylvania's World's Fair display, was on exhibition on Wall street, Jersey City, to-day, preliminary to its departure for Chicago next Monday.

Division Passenger Agent Bodle, of the Erie, at Buffalo, has been made General Northern Passenger Agent of the same Company, with headquarters at Detroit.

The Norfolk and Western's World's Fair exhibit will consist chiefly of specimens of undeveloped resources in coal, iron and timber along its line.

There are many indications that there will be a big freight blockade at the Chicago Fair grounds by the time of the opening of the show, owing to carelessness in billing cars.

Edward Mahler, late of the Reading, has been appointed Purchasing Agent of the New York and New England.

The Pennsylvania has created the office of Superintendent of its Insurance Department, with Hugh D. Ely, who has had charge of the business heretofore, in charge.

In anticipation of heavy World's Fair traffic, the Big Four has decided to spend $600,000 in building passenger locomotives.

The Pennsylvania has made an advance of ten cents per ton on Lake Superior iron ore from Eastern lake ports to furnaces in Eastern Pennsylvania.

The railroads in Nebraska have joined forces in an effort to have repealed an obnoxious law, fixing the maximum passenger rate at two cents per mile.

The Texas Freight Association is the name of a freight traffic railroad association in Texas, just organized, with W. J. Master, late General Freight Agent of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe, as chairman.

Trouble has already appeared in the Western Passenger Association over World's Fair rates. The Chicago and Alton this time is the disturbing factor.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.

Sun rises, 5.21 | Sun sets, 6.39 | Moon rises, 4.57

HIGH WATER TO-DAY.

	A.M.	P.M.
Sandy Hook	6.38	6.56
Governor's Island	6.54	7.11
Hell Gate	8.47	9.14

LOW WATER TO-DAY.

Sandy Hook	12.24	12.47
Governor's Island	12.50	1.14
Hell Gate	2.24	2.42

To find eastern standard time subtract four minutes.

PORT OF NEW YORK.

OUTGOING STEAMERS, SAILED TO-DAY.

Amsterdam, Glasgow.
Berlin, Southampton.
City of Birmingham, Savannah.
Cymric, Key West.
La Champagne, Havre.
Lahn, Antwerp.
Prinz Frederick Heinrich, Hayti.
Saale, Bremen.
Saratoga, Havana.
Scandia, Hamburg.
Umbria, Liverpool.
Venezuela, La Guayra.
Veendam, Rotterdam.

INCOMING STEAMERS.

DUE TO-DAY.

Montana, Dundee March 28.
Normandie, Havre, April 4.

DUE TO-MORROW.

Aurania, Liverpool, April 8.
Count Arnim, Genoa, April 3.
La Champagne, Havre, April 8.
Orinoco, Bermuda, April 13.
Werra, Genoa, April 5.

"It's an Ill Wind That Blows No Good."

(From Puck.)

Mr. Jones (in florist's)—Well, Miss Rose, how's business to-day?

Miss Rose—It's been kind of dull for the past couple of days; but Col. Grave's funeral will brighten things up a bit, to-day.

Not the Only One.

(From Truth.)

He—Dearest, for six months now, three times a week, I have called upon you. Is not the great love I have beginning at last to dawn upon you?

She—Yes, and that is not the only thing that is beginning to dawn, either.

But It Wasn't.

(From Judge.)

Passenger (on elevated railway)—Please let me off at the Volapuk Club.

Trainman (a few minutes later)—Haabenbumph herr?

Passenger (to companion)—This is the place, Charlie.

BIG INFLUX OF CHINAMEN.

Taking Advantage of the Fair to Come Over by the Shipload.

Several Hundred Arrive at Tacoma and 500 Are Due at San Francisco.

TACOMA, April 15.—The large number of Chinamen brought over by trans-Pacific lines, many of whom are put down in the manifests as actors, bound for the World's Fair, is causing much activity on the part of the Government officials, but a great deal of smuggling of Celestials is going on.

The fact that the steamship empress of Japan brought several hundred alleged merchants returning to San Francisco, and the steamship Mogul arrived here yesterday with 150 "merchants" for Portland has caused much comment.

Thirty Chinamen brought over by the steamship Tacoma, who were previously refused admission because their certificates of examination were not satisfactory, will be examined again to-day, together with 200 others brought by the Mogul, an interpreter now being on the way here from San Francisco.

The steamship companies compel the Chinamen to give bond to pay the expenses of their own deportation in case they are refused.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—In Congress during the session of 1892, a measure was passed granting the privilege to W. P. White and a Chinese named Chang Wak Quan, of bringing 1,000 Chinese to the Chicago World's Fair for the purpose of putting up a Chinese village.

To-morrow the steamer China is due here. She has on board nearly five hundred Chinamen who are said to be on their way to the World's Fair.

As far as is known, these Chinamen have no papers to show that they are part of the Chinese village. It is expected that every Chinaman who arrives during the next five or six months will assert that he is en route to the Exposition.

In an interview to-day Collector Phelps said: "I am in a quandary. I don't see that I have any power to exact bonds from those Chinese who are now on the way. According to the act of Congress I cannot refuse them a landing."

WILL SERVE AN INJUNCTION.

Manufacturers to Make an Unexpected Move Against the Cutters.

The feverish activity that has characterized both parties in the conflict between the locked-out garment-cutters and the Clothing Manufacturers' Association continues unabated on this the last day of the third week since the fight began.

To-day the manufacturers threaten to take the offensive once more by serving injunction papers upon the Garment Cutters' Union restraining its members from issuing circulars of a boycotting nature.

This is a rather unexpected determination on the part of the manufacturers, as they had yesterday declared that all hostile proceedings should be suspended during the pendency of the conference with the cutters.

Although no definite conclusion was reached at yesterday's conference, which adjourned until next Thursday, each side claims that it has practically won the fight.

The locked-out cutters contend that though they have yielded on the chief point in dispute—their demand that the manufacturers should, in employing cutters, give the preference to Union men—they still hold the key to the situation and that they can ultimately compel the Manufacturers to surrender.

In this view they are strongly upheld by clothing manufacturers who are not members of the Association. Louis Lippman had no hesitation to even predict to President Bernthal's face that the Association would eventually succumb.

"You ask me," he said, "why my firm did not affiliate itself with the Association? Well, I will tell you candidly. We are quite convinced that there is not sufficient capital back of the Association to sustain a siege of say three months."

"We have stood the lock-out without experiencing any inconvenience for three weeks," replied Mr. Bernthal.

"That's all well enough," was Mr. Lippman's rejoinder; "but three weeks are not three months. If the cutters have grit enough to stand out against you for that length of time you must go under. That's all."

Mr. Otto Sampter and Mr. Holzman, who were present at this colloquy, laughed at Mr. Lippman's predictions.

"It is ridiculous," they said, "cannot warrant us against defeat for even more than three months we are willing to go under and be dictated to by our cutters."

President Bernthal said that the concessions made by the Federation leaders yesterday were conclusive of the Association's victory.

"It is now only a matter of a few days," he said, "before matters will be restored to their original status, as they were before the lockout began."

The Garment-Cutters were very taciturn this morning in explaining the grounds on which they based their claims of victory.

"I will only say," was all that could be gotten from one of their principal leaders, "that if we conceded the right to the manufacturers to employ whatever kind of union men they may choose, we have in turn received a concession which far outweighs in importance the one we made to them."

It is generally believed that a harmonious adjustment of the trouble is impossible, as the cutters leaders would presumably be imposed if they surrendered the condition dictated to the manufacturers after having inaugurated the fight. And what the manufacturers demand is really nothing short of an unconditional surrender.

The annual meeting of the Manufacturers' Association takes place next Wednesday at the Madison Avenue Hotel for the election of officers and the considering of the report of the Executive Committee concerning the conferences with the garment-cutters.

Coming Events.

The regular meeting of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, St. Luke's Hospital, 4 P. M. Monday.

Spring reception, preceding the twenty-fifth annual exhibition, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Wednesday, 4 to 10 P. M.

Reading by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin at 160 West Seventy-fourth street next Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Riverside Day Nursery.

Exhibition of embroideries made for the World's Fair by the Society of Decorative Art from Wednesday to Saturday next.

Anniversary celebration of the B. B. Cohen Post, G. A. R., at Madison Hall, Wednesday evening, April 19.

A discussion on "The Annexation of Canada" will take place at the Hamilton Republican Club Monday night.

HIGH LIVING, if you keep at it, is apt to tell upon the liver. The things to prevent this are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Take one of these little Pellets for a corrective or gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They're the smallest, easiest to take, pleasantest and most natural in the way they act. They do permanent good. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headache, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or your money is returned.

The worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, yield to Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So certain is it that its makers offer $500 reward for an incurable case.

YORKVILLE BELLE OR BLITZEN?

The New Jersey Jockey Club Handicap to Be Run To-Day.

It is a Double Event and the Woodlawn Vase Is at Stake.

The New Jersey Jockey Club Handicap is the feature of racing at Elizabeth to-day.

It is a double event, and to-day's race will be the first part. The Club adds $2,500, and $1,000 will go to the winner of to-day's race, while the winner of the second half, to be run later on in the meeting, will win $1,500. If the winner of to-day's race should also win the other half, the Dwyer Brothers will present the owner of the victorious thoroughbred with the famous Woodlawn Vase.

The distance in both events is at a mile. Yorkville Belle has been dropped into the race with 114 pounds on her back, and many people will be foolish enough to insinuate that Richard Croker already has one hand on the silver vase. However, there is nothing sure in horse racing and the Belle may be beaten.

Blitzen is a dangerous customer in such going as will prevail to-day, and nothing would please the race crowd better than to see "old Iron" win the event. Charade, Kingston, Morbette, Diablo, Hamilton, Badge and Count are also entered. The race will be worth looking at.

The remainder of the programme is very ordinary.

The track will be sloppy and deep.

The entries and selections are as follows:

First Race—Purse $700, for allages; five and a half furlongs.

	Wt.
J. McLaughlin's Wolcott	122
M. H. Dwyer's Chateau	119
Ohio Stable's Colt Dollar	114
W. G. Dale's Terrier	114
D. Higgins's Bel Demonio	111
D. A. Honig's Cricket	106
L. Reeves's White Rose	106

Terrier's last race will have done him good, and as the going will just suit him to-day he may win. Wolcott ought to be second and Bel Demonio should defeat the others.

Second Race—Purse $500; for two-year-olds, selling allowances; four furlongs.

W. A. Fuller's Loving Heart	119
J. J. Mahony's Jennie W	114
M. H. Dwyer's Chateau	113
D. Honig's Nat Goodwin	103
J. Sly's Alcalde	103
W. H. Roller's Pio	105
Sweetzer Stable's Sweetzer	100
J. Shield's Jennie H	100
C. L. Sanders's Jennie W	99
Sable	98

The writer will not attempt to select a winner in this race. The best advice that can be given is to leave it alone.

Third Race, Purse $400, selling allowances; six furlongs.

J. A. & M. H. Morris's Friesa	119
J. H. McCormick's Westchester	109
Warren Stable's Edward	102
J. Casey's Airplane	102
A. Lakeland's Hoey	101
W. Daly's Alcalde	96
T. Barrett's Molly	94

Westchester looks to have a cake walk in this race. He ought to win very easily. Airplane may be the runner up and Hoey should beat the others.

Fourth Race. The New Jersey Jockey Club Handicap, a double event; sweepstakes of $25 each, with $2,500 added; one mile.

M. H. Dwyer's Kingston	120
R. Croker's Yorkville Belle	115
Walcott & Campbell's Diablo	108
R. Bradley's Blitzen	108
W. R. Jones's Charade	108
Nuckfield Stable's Morbette	107
J. Daly's Hamilton	106
J. Mullins's Badge	106
W. C. Daly's Count	95

Yorkville Belle will be hard to beat in this race and she will probably go to the post a warm favorite. Blitzen has a great chance to capture second money and Morbette ought to be third.

Fifth Race. Purse $500, selling allowances; six furlongs.

J. H. McCormick's Early Blossom	106
J. A. Dwyer's Sportsman	105
Shenfield Stables's Uncle Sam	105
T. Welch's Wheeler	105
C. J. Reid's Kildare	100
W. P. Dale's Prince George	99
W. Daly's Circular	99
W. H. Roller's Dacoriah	95
W. Lovell's Blitzen	87
Ohio Stable's Tom Wilson	85

Dalsyrian should score an easy victory in this race and Circular ought to be a second. Kirkover may be third.

Sixth Race—Purse $500; for three-year-olds, to carry 113 lbs.; six furlongs.

Metuchen Stable's (E. Gillock)	119
Woodland Stable's Stoxaway	112
Bush Ranger	112
W. J. Daly's Prince George	112
W. Lovell's Jack Snell	112
Glen Island Stable's One	112

The closing event should be won by Prince George, with Jack Lovell second and Metuchen third.

Morning Papers' Selections

AT ELIZABETH.

First Race—Bel Demonio, Terrifier.
Second Race—Chateau, Loving Heart.
Third Race—Alcalde, Hoey.
Fourth Race—Kingston, Yorkville Belle.
Fifth Race—Tremont, Early Blossom.
Sixth Race—Prince George, Westchester.

First Race—Bel Demonio, Stonewall.
Second Race—Loving Heart, Chateau.
Third Race—Westchester, Alcalde.
Fourth Race—Blitzen, Yorkville Belle.
Fifth Race—Dalsyrian, Early Blossom.
Sixth Race—Prince George, Metuchen.

First Race—Bel Demonio, Terrifier.
Second Race—Chateau, Ellen H.
Third Race—Westchester, Alcalde.
Fourth Race—Yorkville Belle, Kingston.
Fifth Race—Dalsyrian, Early Blossom.
Sixth Race—One, Prince George.

First Race—Stonwall, Bel Demonio.
Second Race—Chateau, Jennie W.
Third Race—Airplant, Westchester.
Fourth Race—Blitzen, Count.
Fifth Race—Dalsyrian, Kirkover.
Sixth Race—Prince George, One.

First Race—Wolcott, Terrifier.
Second Race—Chateau, Ellen H.
Third Race—Westchester, Airplant.
Fourth Race—Yorkville Belle, Blitzen.
Fifth Race—Dalsyrian, Early Blossom.
Sixth Race—Prince George, One.

HIS SILVER JUBILEE.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Ordination of Father Prat.

The Rev. Father Henry Prat, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Columba, 339 West Twenty-fifth street, will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination to-morrow. The arrangements for the morning services are very elaborate.

Father Prat was ordained in Rome April 13, 1868, after having been educated for the church at the college of the Propaganda. After several years' work in the missions in the vicinity of St. Agnes and the church of St. Michael, he was appointed to the pastorate of St. Columba's church thirteen years ago by the late Cardinal McCloskey.

Since he took charge of the parish he has lifted the debt of the church and gathered a congregation of nearly 4,000 worshippers.

Rev. Dr. Walsh, of Nova Scotia, and Father W. Poole, of West New Brighton, S. I., will assist Father Prat in the celebration of solemn high mass.

The sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, of the church of St. Agnes, and the music will be under the direction of L. S. Lansing, the organist of the church.

Same Odor.

(From Life.)

Mother—William, didn't I say I'd whip you if you put another rubber button on the stove?

Willie—Tain't me, ma. It's pa smoking one of the cigars you bought him for his birthday.

Explained.

(From Puck.)

Chimmie—I wonder why dem swell dress coats is cut away so in front fer?

Chonny—So a feller can jit his hands in his pockets easy, I s'pose.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EASTON'S 50C. TURKISH BATH, northwest corner Broome and Bowery—First-class, newly furnished; gents only; 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sundays, 7 to 12.

A. D. T. BOYS ARE OFF.

Many of Them Have Gone to Chicago for the Fair.

Noblemen with Mutton-Chops Now Carrying Messages.

A General Exodus of Jun or Tramps for the Windy West.

New York is threatened with a juvenile famine.

There is a dearth of small boys in the city. Counts, dukes, marquises and lesser members of the nobility are running messages and selling out "splits" in disgust for the grand telegraph and messenger combine company.

In the whole forty years of its gracious and beautiful existence the Children's Aid Society has not witnessed such a depression in boy stock. Foot-baths in some of the lavatories are as dry as a manger; hair-cutting machines are dust-covered, and the two-story beds in the dormitories stay made for weeks at a time.

An exodus to Coney Island, Saratoga, the race tracks, the mountain and seaside are expected at this season of the year, but the evacuation now in progress is unprecedented. The cause is composite. The chief factor is unquestionably Columbus, and when the World's Fair opens, the Bowery boy and the all-round New York boy will be there. The show may be late, but he will be on time.

A large delegation is there already; a few are on the road, and thousands are ready to leave just as soon as the walking improves.

The rules and regulations enforced by the Health Board during the typhus fever scare had a most deleterious effect upon the unclaimed youths of New York. One nights absence from the boys' lodging-house debarred them from admission. It was not necessary to deny having been in a Bowery lodging-house, for

"They do such things and say such things in the Bowery"

That an habitued can be detected at once. Aside from being locked out, the stray lambkins cut off from the privileges of the night schools, baths, reading-rooms and laundries, in his desolation he started for the West, and only the deceitful and sympathetic freight-handlers of the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroad Companies know what he suffered.

The third and last straw that made the load of misfortunes that made the load of misfortunes unbearable was the kick from the public when the new tariff went into operation. It not only broke the back, but the spirit of the bluecoat, and, to use his own words, he "tilt out."

An engineer who chanced to call at one of the city industrial schools the other day, had this to say on the subject:

"The New York boys began beating their way to Chicago last October, and since then I have carried "kids" every trip. It beats all, how they manage to get in with the freight. I have tried to find out for my own satisfaction, but I don't think I know. I think that they get into the train-yards as tail-boys. They hire out to drivers to sit on the end of the wagon and watch the goods. Once they have the run of the freight yards, you can't trust them to get into a boxcar and forget to come out. I have watched the papers to learn of their being crushed to death, but God is good. You can't starve them. It takes from three to five days to get a freight train over the road, and during the trip the poor stowaways have nothing to eat. If they are discovered, nothing is done. The man does not live around a train-yard who would give them away."

"This is unusual, I am glad to say. It is more than flesh and blood can stand. But crowds beat their way on emigrant trains from station to station. A month on the road doesn't bother them. They have been running and tramping it now for six months, and every day makes the trip more of a certainty. The fact is, they are a nuisance, and the Company is on the lookout for them."

For the last thirty-eight years, according to the best authorities on the subject, New York has harbored a population of 40,000 surplus boys. Fifty thousand have been sheltered, fed, clothed and trusted by the Aid Society, and the city and the church has, in a feeble way, tried to reach the rest. This is an average production of 10,500 little tramps a year, who contribute so largely to the general supply of rogues, thieves, burglars and outlaws.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that there is in New York City a community of junior tramps very distinct in character. Estimates by the compilers of "juvenile delinquency reports" for the Police Department, Board of Education and Charity organizations put the number between 400 and 500. These junior tramps are simply tramps. They live by their wits, do nothing, and take no care for the morrow. They work the church missions as long as they can, and then cultivate the sweet girls in the "Sub-Rosa Club," and similar boarding-school societies, organized for the study of the "science" of charity. They are kept in food and clothing, pennies, and at Easter, Christmas and Graduation Day they blossom out with new neckties, jockey shirts and hand-made jumpers of Yale and Harvard colors.

While they manage to keep out of mischief, they lead lives that poets dream of the coming bye-and-bye. These juniors will form an interesting division of Chicago's surprise party. Parenthetically it may be stated they will not complain if the tripe and champagne are too much frapped.

Something about the fluctuation in smal boys may be inferred from the following figures obtained from representative hotels:

The patrons of the "West Side Lodging-House" are rather nice. They come from all creation, ninety of them in a day, the 365 days in the year. They are generally self sustaining, phenomenally healthy, inclined to be clean, usually trustworthy, and instinctively nomadic. Last night seventy-six guests were lodged. Their occupations made the following report for social history:

District messengers	8
Cracker makers	10
Bottle washers	5
Printers	4
Tail boys	4
Drivers—of hand carts	5
Drivers' assistants	4
House boys	10
Newsboys	4
Tailors	1
Factory boys	20
Laundry clerk	1

Nationality—Russia, 1; Germany, 1; Wales, 3; Bermuda, 1; England, 4; Ireland, 2; West Indies, 3; Turkey, 1; East India, 1; Canada, 6; United States, 53.

They reached town as cabin boys, stokers, middies, dish-washers, camel-boat drivers and via emigrant trains and steerage passage. Forty of the boys born in this country were sons of drunken parents. Nearly all are orphan or half orphans.

And now for the attendance for the corresponding months of the present year. It must be remembered that these boys are nomadic. Nearly every night there is a new set. One month is a long time for a lodger to remain.

The number of new boys admitted:

	1891-2.	1892-3.
September	96	87
October	143	91
November	130	93
December	106	81
January	100	36
February	92	28

Inquiry among the boys who buy lodgings by the week revealed these facts:

"Tailor any good in New York no more. Telegraph companies is taking on men all the time. They is six in nearly all the offices. They gets $8 a week and don't have to buy no uniforms, only the caps. Nobody hardly uses the cable now. You don't have to run them and that's why the men gets taken on."

The gentleman interviewed is a red-checked Mutual boy who came from Milwaukee, gets $3.50 a week, and is going to walk back if "de rates don't come down."

The Duane street lodging-house is the home of the toughest boy in New York. He is charged 6 cents a night, gets trusted, more than half the time he is a guest, does his own washing and drying, and resents having to wash his feet before going to bed in wet weather.

The following table shows how trade and boys are falling off. Number admitted:

	1892-3.	1891-2.
December	102	147
January	141	146
February	104	135
March	96	152

Where have they gone? That is just the question Supt. Heig has been asking for the last six months.

Poor little chaps, here's luck to you! If sheltering angels have anything to do with humanity, many they have you in happy, holy keeping.

MADE THE SQUIRREL FAINT AWAY

A Man Fools a Bobtail With a Paper Bag Tied by a String.

"In Memphis," said Charles F. Elmire, of Union City, Tenn., to a reporter, says the St. Louis Exchange, "there is a little park called Court Square, situated in the centre of the city. The parkkeeper told me that there were over 200 squirrels that made their nests in the big, shady trees.

"They afford boundless amusement to the children and to the weary foot travelers who stop in the park to rest. One day last week I bought a bag of peanuts, and while I sat down on one of the seats eating them the squirrels gathered around me like blackbirds would flock to a cornfield immediately after planting time.

"I concluded to try an experiment. I blew up the paper bag, tied a string around it about six inches long, and to the other end fastened a 'goober,' and threw it on the ground. There was an old bob-tailed squirrel the father of the flock—that tackled it. He picked up the 'goober' between his paws and started to open the shell when he discovered that there was a string tied to it. Then he began to run, still holding the nut between his teeth.

"He jumped off about fifty feet, and turned his head around to see if the bag and string were still behind. They were.

"Well, sir, you should have witnessed the actions of that squirrel after he saw that the bag still pursued him. Up a tree he went; down one side and up another. After he had chased himself about ten minutes he stopped na sorter turned his head around slow-like to see if the bag was still there. It was. Then he started again, and of all the running I ever saw that squirrel did it. He moved about among the branches and limbs like a streak of lightning.

"Finally, out of breath, he stopped again, and the expression he wore on his face seemed to indicate that he was saying to himself: 'Well, whatever you are, you are not in it now; I guess I've got you.' But when he turned his head around and saw that the bag and string were right there he fainted dead away."

OBLIGED TO TAPER OFF.

A Young Husband Flays Upon the Innocence of His Wife.

It was nearly midnight when the young bride heard the front door softly opened, rays Waverley Magazine, and as he came up in his stocking feet she dried her eyes and determined that the time for action had at last come.

"This will never do, George," she said, with a steely glitter in her eye, that sobered him on the instant. "Perhaps I wouldn't mind it so much in the years to come, but our honeymoon is barely over, and here you stay out nearly all night. Unless you promise to stop, I'll go back to my father."

"Forgive me, my dear," he replied, bracing himself for the supreme effort of his life, for he knew the crisis had come, and upon the result depended whether marriage was to be a failure or a blooming success.

"I know my conduct must seem cruel to you, but that is only because you know so little of men and their ways. All my life I have been accustomed to staying out all night.

"I can't stop suddenly, for the doctor has told me I have heart disease, and that any sudden shock was likely to kill me. That's why, my dear, I must taper off gradually."

"Forgive me, George," she sobbed, throwing herself on his breast. "I have been very selfish. I know you try to do what is best for you. Never again will I scold you, for it would drive me crazy if I knew I was the cause of you killing yourself."

QUEER RAILROAD SUIT.

A Man Drove His Wagon on the Freshly Cleared Track.

A lawsuit entirely out of the common course is reported in Cumberland County, being one brought by the Maine Central Railroad Company against a Windham man for trespass, says the Bangor Commercial.

During the recent blizzard this man had occasion to drive from Mallison Falls to Windham village. The highway was blocked and hard to travel, so when he reached the railway crossing near Mallison Falls, seeing that the Maine Central snowploughs had made a fine track, he turned his horse in that direction, and drove up the path of the railroad to his destination.

This was very dangerous business, and the man submitted the Company, as well as himself, to big risk. The suit is for $500, and doubtless is intended as an object lesson.

The Testimonials

We publish are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employees. They are facts, proving that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses absolute Merit, and that

HOOD'S CURES

Mrs. E. M. Burt, West Kendall, N. Y.

Three Great Enemies

NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA.

Another Victory for Hood's.

"For over twenty years I have suffered with neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia. Many times I could not turn in bed. Several physicians have treated me and I have tried different remedies, but all failed to give me permanent relief. Five years ago I began to take Hood's

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Sarsaparilla and it has done me a vast amount of good. Since beginning to take it I have not had a sick day. I am 72 years old and enjoy good health, which I attribute to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. E. M. BURT, W. Kendall, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache. 25c

MRS. BARLOW HOLDS THE FORT

The Doctor Capitulates and Carries Along His Sign.

His Wife Holds a Reception and Is Welcomed Home.

Dr. Wilton Barlow's brother-in-law, George Brown, who is charged with assault on the doctor and Theradyce R. Avine, appeared in the Lee Avenue Court, Williamsburg, to-day and plead not guilty to the charges. He was held for further examination.

Dr. Barlow moved out of the homestead, 178 Rutledge street, yesterday, and Mrs. Barlow and her daughter Grace moved in. The doctor took his big brass sign and the mouth-piece of the speaking tube, and is now installed in a flat on Ledford avenue, near Heyward street.

Despite the rain of last night, Mrs. Barlow held a reception in her house until nearly midnight. Everybody on the block was in attendance at one time or another, and they seemed pleased to have her back with them again.

"The true facts in this case have never been told," said Mrs. Barlow to an "Evening World" reporter to-day. "On Thursday afternoon I called at the house to get some of my clothing, and when my husband saw me he pushed me down the steps and hurt me. I went into a neighbor's house and then home.

"Later in the evening I received word through the telephone that the doctor was packing up everything in the house and preparing to move away, knowing that I intended getting out a dispossess warrant for him.

"Another thing they told me was that his chum, Avine, who had been stopping there ever since I left, had shaved off his mustache, and stood at an open window packing a trunk with my things.

"My daughter, brother and myself went at once to the house and demanded possession. There was no fight except on the part of Barlow and Avine, and the latter was not hit with the antlers; he fell over them as they lay on the floor.

"I moved in here yesterday, but as you can see the house is a wreck. He has taken my big folding-bed out of the back parlor, and in fact has moved everything he can lay his hands on. It's a burning shame that he should be allowed to act in such a manner without being punished."

Mrs. Barlow did not say in so many words, but she intimated that she would probably prosecute Avine and the doctor for making away with her property.

THEY CAN WEAR WHISKERS.

Hotel Proprietors Do Not Expect Trouble with the Waiters.

It looks to-day as if the all-absorbing question among the waiters of New York, as to whether they shall be better paid and privileged to cover up their physiognomies with hirsute appendages, was about played out.

The table-serving gentlemen who attended the indignation meeting last night at 57 West Twenty-fifth street, when three hundred members of the International Hotel Employees' Association listened to several speakers who worked themselves into a state of mind over their wrongs, were rather taken aback when they learned this morning of the meeting of the hotel men at the Sinclair House last evening.

The meeting was not held for the purpose of discussing the problem of the waiter and his whiskers, but to talk about the national meeting of hotel men in Cincinnati on May 10.

It was after this business had been disposed of that an informal discussion of the waiters' grievances was had.

There was a unanimous concl