Hasn't put his House and Home in The World on House and Home Days.

Hears that House and Home ads. in The World on Saturday or Sunday are repeated free in The Evening World.

Thinks it over.

Finds that he gets 375,000 circulation for his House and Home ad. if inserted Saturday or Sunday.

"Why did I not know it before?"

Ordered his ad. Saturday and Sunday.

Monday morning---"150 answers already!"

Monday noon---"Don't tell me that any other paper but The World can bring me the same results in the same time."

OT AT A COLORED BALL.

alous George Jackson Puts Two Bullets Into His Rival.

he Decker, the Injured Man Is Not Seriously Hurt.

'Neill's saloon, at the northeast cor- of Seventh avenue and Twenty- h street, was the scene of a shoot- affray early this morning. Isaac ker, a negro, thirty-seven years old, o lives at 225 West Twenty-ninth eet, was shot twice by George H. kson, another negro, who says he s at 383 Seventh avenue.

ecker was shot in the right shoulder leg. He was taken to the New York spital. Jackson is under arrest.

'Neill's saloon is a resort for colored ple. Over the saloon is a dance hall, own as the Excelsior Assembly oms, where cak ewalks are occa- sally held.

last night a boxing entertainment s given there for the benefit of a ore named Alfred Tesson. After the ting there was dancing.

Jackson, who is said to be employed the Assembly Rooms as "bouncer," d trouble with Decker some time be- e the shooting. It is said they had rds over a woman.

Shortly before 1 o'clock this morning ey met in the saloon and renewed the arrel. From words they came to ws, and suddenly Jackson whipped a revolver and fired two shots at cker.

Policeman James McMahon, of the nderbilt Precinct heard the shots a ck away and ran down to the sa- n, where he found the wounded man d his assailant surrounded by a crowd negroes.

McMahon arrested Jackson and took m to the station-house in West Thir- th street.

Jackson claimed he shot in self-de- se. He said Decker attacked him d bit a piece off the end of his tongue. also claimed that Decker tried to sault him with a "black-jack." cker will recover.

The pistol with which the shooting s done disappeared mysteriously. The police hunted fil over for it, but could not be found.

LORE ABOUT FINGER NAILS.

eir Growth, Their Health and the Time to Cut Them

The philosophy of the finger nails is a most eresting study, simple though it may ap- ar at first sight, says the Cincinnati Com- ercial Gazette. It has been computed that average growth of the finger nail is 1-32 an inch per week, or a little more than an h and a half a year. The growth, how- er, depends to a great extent upon the rate nutrition, and during periods of sickness it undoubtedly retarded.

It is understood to grow faster in Summer an in Winter, and differs for different gers, being most rapid in the middle finger d slowest in the thumb and little finger.

According to the rate of growth agreed on by eminent authorities, the average e taken for each finger nail to grow its length is about four and a half months. d at this rate a man of seventy years of e would have renewed his nail 180 times.

Taking the length of each nail at half an ch he would have grown seven feet nine ches of nail on each finger, and on all his gers and thumbs an aggregate length of twenty-seven feet six inches.

It is asserted by some that the nails of the ht hand grow faster than those of the left. It is interesting to watch the history of a e of disease as re.orded upon the finger ails. When we look at the patient's nails e see on each of them a distinct ridge, owing that the portion of the nail which e grown since the acute attack is much inished out.

If a person has broken his arm within ghteen months the ridges on the nails of e hand of the affected arm may be seen, hile they will be absent on the other hand. The more acute the illness the sharper will e the ridge. Extreme anxiety and mental pression have the same effect on the nails physical disease.

The finger nail is a very enduring evidence disease. If there has been an acute rheu- atism in the system, with a temperature 103 to 105 degrees, the nail will be cut wn sharply.

In typhoid fever, where the disease comes gradually, there is no such sharp cutting the nail.

There are several well-known sayings with gard to the paring of the finger nails, and mong them are the following:

"Cut them on Monday, cut them for health; at them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth; at them on Wednesday, cut for a letter; cut them on Thursday for something better; cut em on Friday, you cut for a wife; cut them n Saturday, you cut for long life; cut them n Sunday, you cut them for evil; for all at week you'll be ruled by the devil."

Sympath'zed with Him.

(From Judge.)

Carraway had eloped with Mrs. Buster, but ter he repented and went like a man to uster to apologize.

"I'm awfully sorry, Buster," said he.

"That's all right," said Buster. "I knew u would be. I've eloped with Mrs. B. my- lf."

WORLD'S HOUSE AND HOME DAYS ARE SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

HOUSE AND HOME ADS IN THE MORNING WORLD ON SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ARE REPEATED IN THE EVENING WORLD FREE.

PIANO OR CARRIAGE.

This Girl Was Not Long in Making Her Choice Between Them.

It seems ages ago since I received my first proposal, but it was so peculiar I can never forget it, says a writer in an exchange.

I was only seventeen then and my home was a little town in a wild Western state. There were only two pianos in the place, one belonged to the Governor's daughter, who had been educated in New York; the other to an old German music teacher who kept a little shop, sold and repaired musical instruments and gave lessons on the piano. Thoroughly honest and upright, he was very much respected, and yet considered quite a character, his personal appearance adding much to that impression. His hair, long and thin, was always drawn back and tied with a ribbon in an old-fashioned queue. His eyes, very light and protruding, covered with great silver-rimmed spectacles, gave his head the appearance of a frog. A long-tailed blue coat, with brass buttons, and a yellow nankeen vest completed the picture.

His shop was a combination of store and music room, the front windows decked with drums, flies and flageolets of his own manufacture. The piano, an old spindle-legged affair, occupied the centre of the room. The keys were yellow, the tone squeaky, but it glistened with a wonderful coat of varnish and was the pride of the old man's heart. Here he gave his pupils lessons. I attended the number. I can see him now and hear him count "one, two, three," while he beat time with his great broad fingers.

One morning I was unusually stupid and blundered fearfully through my lesson. To tell the truth, I was thinking more of Joe Pryor, a handsome young carriage-maker, who had escorted me home from singing school the evening before, than of the "Battle of Prague," that Mr. Gudeman was trying to drum into me.

Suddenly he said, "stop, Miss Kate," and, holding my hands down upon the keys, he continued: "I must ask you a question. Will you tells me?" A little startled and very much conscience-stricken at my want of attention, I meekly answered: "Certainly, Mr. Gudeman, I will tell you anything you ask me."

There was a tremor in his old, cracked voice; his hands trembled as he clasped my wrists and said: "Miss Kate, tells me and tells me truly, which would you rather do—play de piano or ride in a carriage?"

Remembering the hours of toil I had spent over that old piano, with its quaver and demi-quaver, I quickly answered:

"Oh, Mr. Gudeman, I can never learn to play the piano. I would much rather ride in a carriage."

"Dat is enough," he said; "dat is enough, but don't say I ast you; I never did. I only said: 'Would you rather ride in a carriage or play de piano?'"

Then it dawned upon me that I had received my first proposal. But he looked so grotesque as he glowered at me through his great spectacles, that I hid my face to conceal the laughter dancing round my lips and eyes. Straightening himself up with great dignity, he said: "You is a foolish girl. He will make de carriages for oder peoples, but not for you to ride in, when her is dat lovely piano retty for you.' With that he stalked off in high dudgeon and never would give me another lesson.—Chicago News.

A CONDOR'S QUILL.

With Which Henry Clay Expected to Write His Inaugural Address.

There is now, or was until very recently, in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., in possession of the heirs of ex-President Fillmore a quill over three feet long and as large round as a man's thumb," says the Buffalo Express. This quill is a curiosity from its size and because of its history.

Forty-two years ago when the great and brilliant Henry Clay first proved his right to be considered one of our country's foremost men, Herr Driesbach, the famous lion-tamer, presented him this quill. He had plucked it for a special purpose from the wing of an enormous condor captured by himself on the Andes.

The purpose was explained by the condition, which was that Mr. Clay should make a pen of it and write with it his inaugural message when he became President of the United States. If he failed to be elected the quill was to remain in his hands, uncut, "until a constitutional President wrote a constitutional message for all the States," a form of putting the case which was well understood by the Whigs of that time.

Twenty-eight years passed away, but Mr. Clay's opportunity to make that condor's quill into a pen did not come. During that time he was twice a candidate for the Presidency and was twice defeated.

Four years after his death the editor of the Lexington (Ky.) Dispatch, from whose columns these facts are gleaned, received the quill from a relative of Mr. Clay, with instructions to present it to Millard Fillmore, of Buffalo, who was then a candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Fillmore had already served nearly three years as President, by accession after the death of Zachary Taylor. As he had been a strong partisan of Mr. Clay, the friends of the "Great Commoner" hoped to see him elected.

Mr. Fillmore was, however, defeated, and the great and rare feather remained idle. He kept it as a sacred relic of Henry Clay. When, in the years that followed, any allusion was made to it, he would smoke his head ominously and call it "the fatal quill."

Safe as it was connected with the decline of a great political party there was a propriety in so naming that singular keepsake—the fallen feather of a wing that had once soared over the Andes.

When Mr. Greeley was nominated for the Presidency, Mr. Fillmore was entreated to hand to him "the fatal quill." He declined to do so, and the quill remained. While he has waited for more than ten years to write "a constitutional message for all the States" remains still unmade.

President Harrison's pen, with which he signed the manumission of American slaves, is historically interesting. If we ask Herr Driesbach's pen, or if he could speak, what it was meant to do, it would be interesting from its origin in the generation of a bird that builds its nest above the clouds.

CANNOT GET THE FORTUNE.

The Heirs Fail to Put Up a Culinary Epitaph.

A Parisian restaurant-keeper, who departed this life some years ago, left his fortune, a matter of 250,000 francs, to his two nephews. To this bequest a curious condition was affixed.

The testator declared that, inasmuch as the epitaph on his tomb had cost him dear, his heirs should attend to that matter, which he had resting upon his mind, to be long worldly, feeling that this he felt do's respect, the deceased wished to his will, trying to do good to his fellow-citizens after his death. There exists, it should be said, in Paris a committee, and the members of this committee refuse to allow the conditions imposed by the dead man's will to be carried out. The unpleasant consequence for the heirs-at-law of the deceased is that, according to the conditions of the will, they cannot touch the fortune left unless their late uncle's instructions be complied with.—London Tid Bits.

Sympathetic.

(From Judge.)

He—I have just lost my position.

She—Aren't you sorry?

He—Yes, for my father. It makes a difference of fifteen hundred dollars a year to him.

OBJECTION OVERRULED.

Paul Otway and Evelyn Bryant had become engaged.

Paul dreamed of a future bliss, but in the morning Evelyn was invisible, and her maiden aunt played the part of an ogress. "Never mind. I'll talk with Evelyn after dinner," said Paul to himself.

But Evelyn, as if to frustrate the intention, at dinner rose almost the first to withdraw.

Paul was beforehand with her, however. He sprang up to open the door, and as she passed through it he followed her.

"Evelyn, what does all this mean?"

"Oh, Paul," she sobbed, shrinking into the dark angle of the hallway, "I am so miserable! We must not see each other any more, and"——

"But why? What has happened?"

"I will tell you what has happened, Mr. Otway," said Aunt Eliza, grimly, coming up behind them, "if you will be so good as to let go of my niece's hand."

And Evelyn escaped upstairs, leaving Paul tete-a-tete with the fossil aunt.

"We have met with a great loss," said Aunt Eliza. "Evelyn had always fancied herself the heiress to her father's extensive estates in Virginia. Now by a cruel and unexpected lawsuit, as we learned from a letter received this morning, we are thrown out of our property and find ourselves penniless."

"Lawsuit!" repeated Paul.

"The Judge has decided that the Silver Hill estates should have belonged to some one else these twenty years," sobbed Eliza, "and there is ever so much accumulation of rents to be paid over, and we are very poor. So there is an end of your boy and girl preferences, Mr. Otway."

"Why, can't I marry Evelyn just the same?"

"Why!" repeated the spinster. "Because you have nothing to live on."

Paul was somewhat staggered by this remarkable plain and lucid statement of affairs.

"I don't think I have got much money," said Paul, dubiously, "but I can earn plenty, I suppose."

Miss Eliza shook her head incredulously.

"But you'll let me see Evelyn about it?" pleaded Paul, and so three minutes afterwards Evelyn came down, her eyes drenched and her pretty cheeks crimsoned.

"Don't be discouraged, darling," coaxed Paul, with a radiant face. "I've got a splendid idea—two of 'em. First, I'll thrash the fellow that has cheated your property away from you"——

"Paul," interrupted Evelyn, "we have no right to doubt the justice of the decision."

"I'll thrash the rascal, all the same," persisted Paul, "and then I'll have old Freyburn see him to get it back again; that's the first idea."

"Rather impracticable," said Evelyn, smiling in spite of her distress.

"Mr. Otway, sah."

Paul turned abruptly on the colored waiter at his side.

"Gentleman in the parlor, sah, inquirin' arter Mr. Otway."

"Oh, hang the gentleman in the parlor!"

"Go, Paul, go," pleaded Evelyn, and Paul reluctantly obeyed, waiting, however, until the servant had vanished, and the lover stole a good-by kiss from Evelyn's lovely, crimson cheek.

"Why, hello, Freyburn; this is never you!"

The little old lawyer was walking up and down the floor, with his hands behind him, as Paul Otway entered. He smiled.

"I have come up post-haste, Mr. Paul, to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me! Why, how on earth did you hear of it? We were only engaged last night."

"What are you talking about?"

"Evelyn."

"And I am talking of an entirely different subject. If you will only do me the favor to listen."

"Then fire away," composedly returned Paul.

"I am here to congratulate you upon the successful termination of the suit at law, which has placed you in the position of the incumbent Silver Hill estates."

"Silver Hill!" shouted Paul. "You don't say I am the parcel that has defrauded Evelyn Bryant out of her property?"

The lawyer stared.

"Mr. Bryant was certainly the name."

"Why, it's all right!" bellowed Paul, throwing the lawyer's hat into the air and catching it as his best. "It's all right, Evelyn. And I are one. If you'll wait a minute until I go up and tell Aunt Eliza—down!"

And Paul dashed out of the room like one possessed.

"Why, poor, dear young thing," said the old lawyer, "I had never a thought of anything wrong."

"I have spared myself the trouble of giving the lawsuit had I foreseen that it would end in a courteous bow to the young lady."

"Come, Mr. Freyburn," said Paul, as he seized the whole estate settled back on Evelyn.

"And, Mr. Freyburn, I want you to understand that I won't take it," interposed Evelyn.

"My dear young lady," said the lawyer, "you don't reflect that if you take Mr. Otway you must necessarily take his money, too."

"She won't object to accepting it in that way," said Paul.

He was right. Evelyn did not object.—Boston Globe.

When you see a man with a beaming countenance you may know that he has one of

THE THIRD EDITION WORLD ALMANACS.

Wouldn't you like to beam? Only 25c.

GLEASON DON'T MIND A SCRAP.

The Ex-Mayor Is Ready to Fight the Brooklyn Men.

He Prevents the Tearing Up of His Street-Car Rails.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., April 28.—There was a disturbance at 7 o'clock this morning between rival forces of men employed by ex-Mayor Patrick Jerome Gleason, who is building an electric railroad from Long Island City to Flushing, and the Brooklyn City Railway Company, which is also building an electric railroad from Brooklyn to Flushing. Gleason has 200 men on his job and the Brooklyn City Railway Company is employing an equal number.

The trouble began when the Brooklyn City Railway employees began tearing up Gleason's tracks at Junction and Jackson avenues. The Brooklyn folks wanted the roadbed for their own tracks, and they thought the quickest way to get it was to tear up Gleason's tracks. This they proceeded to do.

Gleason's men looked on in surprise at first, but this feeling soon gave way to genuine Long Island indignation.

Foreman P. J. Harrington, who was formerly Gleason's Commissioner of Public Works, was in charge of Gleason's men. His anger, his fist, his color and his voice all rose at once, and a thoroughly mad man strode up to the Brooklyn crowd and demanded to know what they meant by tearing up his track.

Gleason's men backed up Harrington. They glared at the Brooklyn employees. The Brooklyn employees glared back at the Gleason cohorts.

While hostilities were pending Harrington telephoned to Gleason, who drove furiously to the scene of conflict.

His arrival gave new color to the affair and turned the tide in his favor. The Brooklyn men ceased their attempts to tear up his track. But there was ominous menace in the air, and trouble may break out at any moment. The opposing forces are watching each other narrowly.

Gleason said to a reporter:

"If these fellows are looking for fight they will get all they want. I don't mind having a little scrap once and a while."

SAVED FROM A LICKING.

A Youthful Bootblack Who Knew Just How to Be Grateful.

It is a common saying that a kind word is never lost. An illustration of the truth occurred one afternoon recently in a Pennsylvania city. A number of newsboys and bootblacks were gathered on a street corner, and in the course of their interchange of compliments and discussion as to the state of business affairs in that little world some little unpleasantness occurred. A boy of more than ordinary size for his age (he could not have been more than fourteen) became involved in an angry discussion with one of his fellows, a little bootblack about twelve years old, and it looked as though they would come to blows.

Just at this moment a gentleman chanced to be passing. He was attracted by the angry voices and threatening attitudes of the young gladiators, who were being urged to blows by their fellows. Stepping in the midst of the crowd, with a gentle hand and a few kindly words he separated the young disputants, and, at the same time, spoke kindly to them about the unmanliness of a larger boy striking one smaller and weaker than himself. The boys dispersed and went their several ways. The next morning, as he was on his way to his office, he spied the little bootblack at the same corner. As he was passing the boy hailed him, saying:

"Mister, I'd like to black your boots for you; I won't charge you nothin' for it. You saved me from gettin' a lickin' last night, and I've been to come up to your office every day and black 'em up for you."

The gentleman was taken by surprise, and questioned the little fellow as to his home and condition in life.

"I ain't got no father or mother. Both dead. I lives with my aunt, but she's drunk pretty near all the time, and I've got to hustle for myself. It's pretty hard some times, too, I tell you. Ain't made much this morning. Sometimes I get pretty hungry and nothin' to eat, then again I have a good day and eat out o' sight."

The kind-hearted gentleman took the youngster into his office and gave him an order for a substantial breakfast, which made the boy's eyes fairly dance, and almost every morning he is met by the young polisher of boots, who never fails to claim the privilege of putting on a gratuitous shine.

ABSURD CHINESE STORIES.

The Celestials Do Not Eat Rats and Dogs.

Nothing could be more absurd than the no- popularly held respecting Chinese diet. The very poor do eat rats and dogs; people all over the world do the same thing when they are driven to it by starvation, says W. W. Rockwill in his report. But it is a mistake to suppose that such comestibles are sold at the butcher's shops and vended in the streets of the cities. These people keep no dogs for eating as our sheep and pigs. The rodents consumed by the bodies out of cantonment rats, which get fat on on the rice that is carried on boats. The alleged practice of burying eggs for a year with a view to digesting them up and eating them in a putrid condition is wholly mythical. They preserve duck's eggs in strong brine, cover eggs one with plaster and keep them in barrels for a long time. Thus treated they are perfectly good after a lapse of many months. I know that is so because I have tried them myself. Hundreds of thousands of eggs are similarly preserved in the United States to be put on the market in Winter.

An All-Important Qualification.

(From Puck.)

Neighbor (to Other Neighbor, who has just pulled his pugnacious son out of a fight)—You had better make a price fighter out of that boy.

The Other Neighbor—That's out of the question. He has an impediment in his speech.

RECIPE FOR A ROW.

How to Provoke a Quarrel with Your Wife and Come Off Best.

"Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up the remark by, 'I never knew but one who had any common sense about her.' Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, 'Ah, you never mind!' Wife will ask you why you did not marry her then. You will say, abstractedly, 'Ah, why, indeed.' The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow, concluded with never-failing tears."

No wonder poor woman's temper is tart at times, when she is thus flouted by brutal man, the Sheffield Telegraph comments on the foregoing; and he but maligns the sex who relates the story of the innkeeper who, to the request of his guests for bitters, asked his wife to dip her tongue in the whiskey, then turning, said: "I mak' ma bitters as I need them, getleman. Drink that (handing the whiskey) if you can. If it's no a beastie o' yours ain makin' it's jin o' ma ain wallin'."

A Boy on Breathing.

A boy fourteen years old, recently imported from Kentucky, handed the following in as a composition on "Breathing," says the Washington Star. The instruction was, "Tell all you can about breathing." He said: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. It wasn't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe.

"They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls shut their breath with corsets, that squeezes the diagram. Girls ought to hollow out, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I'd rather be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram."

Germany's New Explosive.

A new explosive is to replace the powder at present in use in the German army. This explosive is composed chiefly of a fatty substance and is of a brownish color. It is of the consistency of olive oil and remains in that condition up to a temperature of 50 degrees centigrade. The substance, which is the invention of Dr. Weiss, explodes neither by a blow, a shock or a spark, but by the introduction of a new substance. The explosion is almost smokeless, and produces very little detonation. Among the other advantages of this material is the absence of recoil, and a scarcely appreciable flight of bullets. The new weapon, the cartridge cases can be filled again by a simple method. So far, the new explosive has been used for artillery only, but four new models of rifles have been constructed in which it is proposed to test its value for small arms.

She Wanted the Advertisement.

(From Judge.)

Knowing Matron—Why didn't you secure a divorce from your husband when you were in Chicago? You could get it more easily there than anywhere else, you know.

Shrewd Actress—Yes, but it wouldn't cause a sensation there.

YOUNG ELOPERS CAPTURED.

Lizzie Conning and William Handy Came Here from Boston.

He Is Held for Abduction and She Is Given to Gerry's Society.

Lizzie Estelle Conning, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a well-to-do Boston man, and William B. Handy, twenty years old, of the same city, were prisoners at Police Headquarters this morning. The pair are captured runaways, who eloped from Boston yesterday morning.

The father of the girl telegraphed Supt. Byrnes yesterday to look out for his daughter, who would be with Handy on the Providence train which arrived from Boston at about 7 o'clock last night. Mr. Conning said the girl would probably give the name of Minnie Stewart.

The Superintendent notified Capt. Berghold, of the Twenty-third Sub-Precinct, to be on the lookout for the runaway couple.

Detective Dennis McMahon was at the Providence train last night and easily recognized the couple.

When arrested they both wept and denied that they were the people wanted.

This morning Mrs. Conning, the girl's mother, was at Police Headquarters, together with William Hoyt, of 295 Tremont street, Boston, the stepfather of the young abductor.

In the Jefferson Market Court this morning young Handy was held in $2,500 bail on the charge of abduction. Lizzie was turned over to the care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

She told Justice McMahon she purposed to marry Handy when old enough. Young Handy is said to be independently wealthy.

RAILROAD FARE ABROAD.

The Workmen of London Ride at Very Low Rates.

"Every one is proud of the rapid transit development of this country, and especially of the West," said Edward Herron, who is at the Southern. "But the fares are entirely too high yet in the interest of health and comfort for the mechanic classes. It seems to be a fixed rule to charge five cents for any place within the city limits, and no law of the Medes and Persians was more unalterable than this. Compare these charges with those made by the suburban railroads of the great European cities and you will see at once how the poor in those overcrowded centres are encouraged to move out instead of huddling up in crowded tenements. In London, for instance, the workman can live six and even eight miles out and be carried to his work morning and night at a total outlay for the week of 24 cents. In return for this payment he is given a weekly ticket available on trains before 8 in the morning and after 5 in the evening, and the accommodation is really very good. A person living eight miles out of St. Louis or Chicago and buying ten ride tickets has to pay at least $1 for the ten rides, and even if he buys 100 ride tickets the cost per day is nearer 16 cents than four cents. If we could ever get such rates as these in this country cholera scares would be robbed of half their power to alarm and dismay".—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ADMIRAL HOPKINS'S SURPRISE.

He Startles and Delights the Other Officers of the Fleet.

An Electrical Display Which Has Never Been Equalled.

Brilliant as was the marine spectacle afforded by yesterday's grand review of the peaceful Columbian armada by President Cleveland, for novelty and entirely unexpected surprises it was completely eclipsed by the magnificent electrical display by the fleet in theoperation of its powerful search lights and systems of marine telegraphy.

Gay as the cruisers appeared when dressed for the Presidential review by daylight, at night they were converted into dazzling, beautiful phantom-ships, and the brilliancy of their illumination outrivalled the often-written-about, but seldom-witnessed lights of St. Elmo.

Particularly was this the case with the Britishers in port, although the American cruisers acquitted themselves in a manner greatly to be admired. Admiral Gherardi had announced that the ships might illuminate if they desired, but Admiral Sir John Hopkins, with a view to surprising the Americans on the quiet, obtained permission to blow up his fleet.

Of course, this expression is used figuratively, but to the thousands of spectators who witnessed the display it appeared startling realistic.

Just before 8 o'clock the Blake gave out a signal flash, and the next instant she and her other companions, the Australia, Magicienne and Tartar became living outlines of electrical fire instead of the black hulls of the moment before. The other ships in line with electrical plants at once followed the lead, and for over three miles there extended an almost unbroken line of phantom monsters.

The ugly, bristling Frenchman, Jean Hart, became a wondrous thing of beauty under the electrical treatment. So also the Spanish Reina Regente and the German Kaiserin Augusta, especially distinguished themselves in friendly rivalry for their respective nations.

Then came a flash from the American Philadelphia's powerful forward searchlight, which was the signal for thirty-five warships to begin searching for imaginary torpedo boats and boarding parties.

For half an hour the spectators were treated to a manufactured aurora borealis that rivalled in brilliancy anything attempted by nature itself. Then the flashes ceased, and a dense darkness preceded the piece de resistance of the evening.

Suddenly flames broke out upon the main deck of the big Blake. Simultaneously they appeared on the three other British ships, and increased on all four with startling rapidity. In vain the crews rushed to and fro in mock frenzied effort to extinguish them.

Apparently, all efforts were in vain, and every cruiser seemed to be doomed. Brighter grew the flames, and higher rolled the clouds of smoke, until every part of the ships seemed ablaze. Then gradually, Admiral Hopkins's men ceased throwing red andb lue powder into the fire, the flames died out, and the ships became black hulls again.

Meanwhile the American cruisers had been talking to each other with colored lights. It was a pretty sight, and made Admiral Hopkins desperate. He casually sent up a few rockets, and then came the crash.

"Bang!" rang out a terrific report from the Blake, followed instantaneously by similar reports on the other Britishers, while fore and aft on every ship was a spouting crater, vomiting fire and apparently men and timbers, high in air.

The crowd stood aghast for a moment, thinking that the Britishers' powder magazines had exploded. But when the smoke cleared away, revealing the black hulls still intact, they realized Sir John's little joke and demanded some more. Sir John kindly consented, and blew up his fleet several times.

The display closed with an exhibition of telegraphic signalling by the Australia, which flashed huge Morse dots and dashes in the atmosphere from the masthead that could be read forty miles away.

Then the officers stopped the fun, and went over to the big ball at Madison Square Garden.

JUST TOO LATE.

A Couple of Politicians Miss a Good Thing by Waiting.

"Just before we left Washington on our homeward journey," remarked a prominent member of the Bandanna Club, whose doings are reported in the Louisville Courier-Journal, yesterday afternoon, "one of the other boys and myself purchased a bottle of very fine liquor. We thought we would save it for the latter half of our journey, and so did not touch it, not even removing the tinfoil that was wrapped around the cork. Our car was pretty warm, so in order to keep the whiskey cool I tied a stout cord around the neck of the bottle and hung it out of the car window, tying the other end of the string securely on the inside. We stopped for a few moments at Morehead. My companion and I were both stretched out on one seat of a coach, and were both thinking of the whiskey. I had hold of the string.

"'I say, Bill,' said my friend, 'let's take a drink o' the whiskey. We are not so very far from Louisville, and if we want to drink it all before we get there we'd better begin.'

"'Oh, wait a little while yet,' I answered, to tease him a little, for I was dry, too.

"'Oh, no,' he urged; 'let's drink it now.' And he tried to reach the string, but I kept him back.

"Just then there was a tremendous tug at the string, which broke in two. We both looked out of the window just in time to see a mountaineer making off up the street as hard as he could.

"'Look what you've done, you blamed fool,' said my companion, and I was too much cast down to answer him."

Who Was Gambrinus, the Beer God?

Gambrinus, the inventor of beer, is said to have been a king of Brabant. His picture may be found in every wine and beer shop in Germany, including Black Forest, Eifel and Odenwald. In "Divi Britannici," page 103, Sir W. Churchill, speaking of the English race, says: "Woden, their common ancestor, being descended in a direct line from Theutones, the grandchild of Gambrinus, the first inventor of good ale and beer, was third in descent from Manus, son of Tuisco, the oldest son of Gomer, the first son of Japhet, the third son of Noah, whom Moses remembered by the name of Ascheneat, from whom the Hebrews call the Germans Aschenim."

MYRIADS OF WILD MONKEYS.

The Curious Awakening of an Austrian Engineer in Ceylon.

T. Gasser, a civil engineer of Vienna, Austria, who for two or three years has been travelling almost constantly, is at the Occidental, says the Chicago Herald. A night or two ago he reviewed the strange incidences and experiences that had befallen him in different parts of Europe and Asia as a traveller by rail, on foot and on camels and elephants.

"A most singular thing befell me near Paradeni, Ceylon," he said. "I had gone with a friend into the great botanical garden there. This is probably the finest botanical garden in the world. You hear many compliments about one or two other gardens, but I believe none of them is so large nor so entirely unique as this. In this great garden, oddly enough, there were many wild animals. As a rule, they are not supposed to be savage, however. Well, it was extremely warm—hot, you may say, even for Ceylon. I at length became tired and stretched myself on the ground under some India-rubber trees. My friend meantime left me and I gazed for a time up through the leaves of the trees, catching a glint once in a while of the sun, until a relaxed and lazy feeling overcame me and I fell asleep. I must have slept an hour, when suddenly I was awakened by a queer, uncanny feeling and opened my eyes.

"Judge of my surprise when I saw perched upon my feet, body, and even upon my arms dozens of little monkeys, while all about me and beaming down upon me from the trees were monkeys of all sizes and ages. It seemed to me there were myriads of them.

"I was frightened, for I knew these monkeys were wild, and in their wild state I did not know what so many of them might do. I gave one leg a twitch, however, and then the other and bounded to my feet, throwing off all that were gambolling over and about me. In a second the monkeys vanished, and only peering from the tops of the tall bamboo and rubber trees could I see any at all. Even these did not remain long. In a few minutes they were all gone.

"I was much alarmed, for the appearance of so many of them was entirely unexpected. It appears, however, that the queer animals had meant no harm to me. The congress had been called and their examination of me as I lay upon the ground was merely out of curiosity to divine what kind of an object I was. I suppose if I had been addicted to intoxicants I might have received such a shock from the cloud of moneys that I would never have recovered from it. As it was I voted myself in luck, and vowed never to go to sleep again in a wild tropical forest, even if it were called a botanical garden."

HE HAD NO USE FOR MUSIC.

A Young Bulldog Commits Suicide to Escape the Street Musicians.

The strains of a hand-organ in the neighborhood of Camac and Diamond streets were too much for the five-months old bulldog of Mr. Devlin, living at 2039 Camac street, and the animal, after taking a fit, threw himself from the third-story window of the Devlin residence, evidently with suicidal intent, and broke his back, having afterwards to be killed by a policeman's pistol, says the Philadelphia Times.

The dog had no use for music. Even the soft tones of the piano in Mr. Devlin's parlor were too much for him, and if he was present when anyone began to play he would make a break for the door, rush to the cellar and, cringing in a dark corner, set up a terrible howling. A week ago there appeared on Camac street a street piano. The dog lay quietly in the house until some one opened the front door and the sweet notes were wafted into the house. This was more than the animal could endure. Up he jumped and out on the street he flew. Then he made a mad rush up and down the thoroughfare until he fell in a fit. He was carried into the house and revived.

It is supposed that the dog while taking his outing yesterday ran against another wandering music vender somewhere near Camac and Norris streets. The first that the residents of Camac street knew he came rushing down that thoroughfare, leaping, it is alleged, eight and ten feet in the air, howling furiously and frothing at the mouth.

There were only a few people on the street, but these made a scamper for places of safety and all succeeded in getting within houses and stores. Hinckle & Coleman have a grocery store at Camac and Diamond streets. Mr. Hinckle was loading his wagon when he saw the animal coming flying down the street. Hastily grabbing two little children who were on the sidewalk, he threw them into his store, jumped in after them and closed the door with a slam just as the dog flew by. A few moments later the dog became quieter and lay down on the grocery steps, where he howled, while the white foam ran from his mouth. The groceryman deemed it the better part of valor to remain indoors.

In the meanwhile some one had informed Mr. Devlin's son of the trouble. He took the dog by the neck, carrying him into the back yard of 2039, and left him there. No sooner was his back turned than the animal leaped through an open window into the kitchen and dashed wildly upstairs. Reaching the third floor and finding a front window open, he did not hesitate, but threw himself out, landing on the brick pavement many feet below.

His back was broken and he lay helpless, while a large crowd gathered around him. A policeman was sent for, and on his arrival ended the dog's existence with a pistol. Young Mr. Devlin said yesterday he did not believe the dog was mad, but that he had accidentally run up against another hand organ and that it had proved too much for his sensitive nature.

CHOKED BY A GHOST.

A leading physician of Philadelphia tells a remarkable story of a set-to he once had with a ghost, says the Chicago Post.

"It was a rainy September night," he says in relating this strange adventure, "and I was alone in a large building, when I heard the street door violently slammed and some one hastening up the stairs. I opened the door, but no one was there. I sat down after closing the door and heard the steps again. I then searched the hall carefully and felt the cold chills run up and down my spine, but I reasoned with myself that the sound was only a curious echo and turned to my room, and had reached it when almost within touch of my hand I heard some one apparently in awful grief, weeping bitterly.

"Starting back, I dropped the lamp in amazement and horror and looked to see the flame set fire to the woodwork, but the lamp expired without doing further mischief than to leave me in profound darkness with that sobbing unknown thing at my doorway. I rushed into my room and bolted the door, but soon felt ashamed of my terror, took another lighted lamp and searched again.

"This time I saw it, but vaguely, between me and the hall window. The next instant arms of supernatural strength seized me in a deadly embrace, which seemed actually to chill the blood in my veins, while in my face I felt an icy breath, fetid and odorous of the corruption of the grave.

"I could dimly discern a ghastly, unearthly countenance close to mine and eyes lighted with a fire not of earth. A sickening terror seized me, my head began to reel and I felt myself sinking into insensibility. When I came to myself it was broad daylight. I found on the floor a fragment of cloth on which there was the horrid grave-like odor which had overpowered me the night before, and on my throat were the imprints of fingers. I moved from there that day, but afterwards discovered that the place had been the residence of a wealthy merchant who had kept a lunatic brother in the upper story for many years. This madman, who ended his life by hanging himself, had been a notorious rascal whose excesses alone had ruined his mind."

BIG STRIKE FOR CHICAGO.

Electrical Workers Likely to Be Ordered Out This Evening.

And Every Union in the Building Trade May Be Involved.

CHICAGO, April 28.—It is more than probable that a strike of electrical workers will be ordered by the Building Trades Council this evening.

The electrical contractors met at the Grand Pacific Hotel last night and formed an association. Rules were adopted which go into effect Monday guaranteeing a minimum rate of wages of 27 1-2 cents to "first-class" wiremen.

They make no provisions with regard to the employment of union men, and ignore any question of entering into an agreement on this or any other matter upon which the Union desires an agreement. Each representative of the Union present says that a strike is inevitable, and that involving, as it will, members of every Union in the building trade, it will be one of the largest which the city has seen.

The members of the Contractors' Association declare they are ready to fight the Union.

PESTERED BY MICE.

School Teachers in Bethlehem, Pa., Live in Constant Fear.

Innocent little mice have caused such a commotion among the lady teachers of the new Neister school at Bethlehem that a strike is hinted at unless the directors go gunning for the pestiferous beasts, says the Philadelphia Record. Although the building is new a large number of mice frolic about on every floor, and the schoolmarms are in constant terror. Fearful eyes glance nervously about beneath desks, and nervous handkerchiefs twitch close to the skirts to be ready for a retreat in case a bold mouse scampers his way.

The pupils, especially the boys, whose sense of humor is better developed than