THE GAMIN'S FIRST PLUNGE

Hundreds Were at the Opening of the Battery Free Bath.

THEY SPLASHED AND DIVED AS HAPPY AS SPARROWS.

The First of the Public Swimming-Houses Placed in Position Amid Great Youthful Enthusiasm—Other Baths Will Be in Readiness for Use by Saturday—Three Days a Week for Women and Girls.

That charity of all charities the Battery Free Bath dropped into its place yesterday. No sooner had it been properly moored to the old gray stone bastions of the sea-wall than it was surrounded by a mob of small boys, who began a pushing and shoving match towards the yard-wide gangway. The average tenement-house boy does not regard cleanliness as next to godliness, but he looks upon a naked duckling-bee or a game of splash as next to heaven. It was 9 o'clock when the little ragamuffins caught on to the fact that bathing days had arrived. The newsboy dropped his papers and the bootblack his kit, and many an errand boy afterwards had to talk diplomatically to his employer to explain three hours' absence. At 11 o'clock fully 300 boys surrounded the narrow entrance and clamored for admission. They were all full of fight, too. So obstreperous was the crowd that one of the employees of the bath enlisted the services of a policeman. The officer was fat and out of training, but the way he made those boys hustle around was a caution to all offenders against the law. He switched and swore, and swore and switched, and in the cracks of his discourse the boys shrieked and jibed and called names.

At noon the man at the door gave a signal, the officer stepped aside, and an avalanche of youthful humanity poured into the building. From the time the first barefoot urchin landed inside the door until the first splash and whoop of unutterable satisfaction in the bath was only a fraction over a minute. The street arab's wardrobe is not extensive. Plunk! plunk! splash! they went, piling off the low platforms like so many little white frogs. It made no difference whether they knew each other or not. They plucked each other and splashed around and had a good time just the same. Antagonisms were doffed with their clothes, and the blue waves that lapped in under the old waterworn beams washed away dirt and differences together. They were a harmonious family of Jimmies and Johnnies and Mickeys and Patseys in a naked and fraternal equality. Occasionally a street-reared young chap with a wealth of biceps and a sprouting mustache would dive off the platform in a dignified way to the great admiration of the smaller fry. Then he would come up spouting water like a human whale and look about him for victims. Woe to the small boy that came within his reach. It was the prevailing idea of the height of happiness to fill a small boy's lungs with water and his soul with anguish by holding him under for half a minute or more. The water in the main part of the bath was four and a half feet deep, so there was little fear of drowning.

BOYS IN THE BATTERY FREE BATH.

Over on the north side was a smaller compartment only 2½ feet deep, where the smaller fraternity were gathered like a shoal of little minnows. There were actually some specimens of humanity in this shallow pan that would not have seemed amiss at their mother's apron strings. Such queer little shapes they were, too, with their thin legs, thin arms, cadaverous faces and general motherless aspect. They enjoyed themselves just as their elders did, only on a much smaller scale. They were just as aggressive, too, and wrangled among themselves with equal bitterness. Two of these little fellows got into a physical argument right in the middle of the bath. The fight raged according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, which consisted of half-pulling and fist-thumping to the best of their limited ability. For a while they locked and struggled like two little crabs. Finally they both came up crying, and the battle was declared a draw.

In just twenty minutes after the opening of the bath the bell rang the signal for dressing. Then came a scramble for the little box-like dressing-rooms. No time was spent in washing. The boys did not come for that. Neither did they waste any time looking for towels. Those who were disposed to obey the letter of the law simply pulled their clothes and raced out on the gangplank. Those who were not so disposed attempted to creep under the timbers and conceal themselves until the next batch of youngsters came in. From these sanctuaries they were hauled without a tinge of remorse by the attendants and made to don their clothes.

Up to 1 o'clock the bath had accommodated 400 boys. It will be open every day from 5 A. M. to 9 P. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the bath will be reserved for women.

Several of the free baths along the East and North rivers were placed in position last evening, and Supt. Bergen said he hoped to have most of them open by Saturday next. The baths are located at Grand, Fifth, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Forty-first, Ninety-fourth, One Hundred and Twenty and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth streets on the East River and Duane, Horatio, Twentieth and One Hundred and Thirty-fourth streets on the North River.

TRIED TO ROB MR. LAMONT.

A Thief Arrested While Going Through the Secretary's Pockets.

CHICAGO, June 8.—A thief attempted to pick Secretary Lamont's pocket at the Fair to-day. The Secretary did not lose anything, but he probably would have been minus his pocket-book but for the intervention of one of Capt. Bonfield's men.

The pickpocket had gone through two of Mr. Lamont's pockets when the arrest was made.

TO HAVE FUN WITH BEES.

Just Try if This Story Is Really Based on Scientific Truth.

It is a fact not generally known that if one holds his breath wasps, bees and hornets can be handled with impunity. The skin becomes sting-proof, and by holding the insect by the feet and giving her full liberty of action you can see her drive her weapon against the impenetrable surface with a force that lifts her body at every stroke; but let the smallest quantity of air escape from the lungs and the sting will penetrate at once. I have never seen an exception to this in twenty-five years' observation, says a writer in Science.

I have taught young ladies with very delicate hands to astonish their friends by the performance of this feat, and I saw one so severely stung as to require the services of a physician through laughing at a witty remark of her sister, forgetting that laughing required breath. For a theory in explanation I am led to believe that holding the breath partially closes the pores of the skin. My experiments in that direction have not been exact enough to be of any scientific value, but I am satisfied that it very sensibly affects the amount of insensible perspiration.

NEW TAGS ON FINE BERTHS.

Fat Places in the Consular Service Filled by the President.

A TAMMANY MAN GOES AS CONSUL TO LEGHORN, ITALY.

He Is Alexander S. Rosenthal—Max Goldfinger Gets the Mannheim Consulship and Julius Muth the Consulship at Magdeburg—Carlisle Gives Worthington Ford, of Brooklyn, a Place—Sweeping the Treasury.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The President surprised the politicians to-day by filling unexpectedly the choicest billets in the consular service, leaving comparatively few important places yet to be disposed of. No less than twenty assignments were made, and of this number three went to New Yorkers, one of whom, Alexander S. Rosenthal, is a Tammany man and a member of the Tammany Hall General Committee of the Fourth Assembly District. Mr. Rosenthal gets the consulship at Leghorn, Italy, which is worth $1,500 and fees, or $2,700 in all.

Max Goldfinger, of New York, receives the consulship at Mannheim, Germany, which is worth $2,000; and Julius Muth, New York, gets the consulship at Magdeburg, Germany, which is worth $2,000. Messrs. Goldfinger and Muth are said to be "anti-snappers."

Secretary Carlisle contributed to making this a red-letter day for the politicians by making eight appointments and calling for the resignations of six officials in the Treasury Department.

The President's appointments are:

Consuls-General—At Calcutta, India, VAN LEER POLK, of Tennessee; at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, JOSEPH C. DONNELLY, of Wisconsin.

Consuls—At Leghorn, Italy, ALEXANDER S. ROSENTHAL of New York; at Mannheim, Germany, MAX GOLDFINGER, of New York; at Magdeburg, Germany, JULIUS MUTH, of New York; at Sonnebera, Germany, D. J. PARZELLO, of the District of Columbia; at Windsor, Ont., MARSHALL P. THATCHER, of Michigan; at Palermo, Italy, W. H. SEYWOOD, of Alabama; at Amherstburg, Ont., JOHN PAYNE, of Michigan; at Breslau, Germany, FREDERICK OFF, of Texas; at London, Ont., WILLIAM H. JACKS, of Indiana; at Marseilles, France, CLAUDE THOMAS, of Kentucky; at Santiago de Cuba, PULASKI F. HYATT, of Pennsylvania; at Leith, Scotland, FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, of Massachusetts; at Dublin, Ireland, NEWTON B. ASHBY, of Iowa; at Hankow, China, JACOB T. CHILD, of Missouri; at Hamburg, Germany, WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, of the District of Columbia; at Messina, Italy, LOUIS A. BETTALIATA; at Yarmouth, N. S., CHARLES A. O'CONNOR, of New Hampshire; at Huddersfield, England, FRANK C. MCGEE, of Mississippi.

To be Collectors of Internal Revenue—MURRAY VANDIVER, of Maryland, for the District of Maryland; JAMES L. DOUGHTY, of Texas, for the Fourth District of Texas; FRANK P. BOSH, of Tennessee, for the Fifth District of Tennessee.

To be Marshal for the Southern District of Illinois—WILLIAM B. BRINTON, of Illinois.

To be an Indian Inspector—JOHN W. CADMAN, of Michigan.

Of the Consul-Generalships given out to-day, Calcutta pays $5,000 and fees, and Nuevo Laredo $2,500.

Secretary Carlisle's list of appointments is not half so long as the President's, but he has been keeping up to-day's record for several days. The Secretary appointed Worthington Ford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury Department. Mr. Ford is about forty years old. During the last Cleveland administration he served as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Department of State. Edward Atkinson and David Wells recommended Mr. Ford's reappointment. He is said to be worth nearly $1,000,000, inherited recently from his father's estate. The other appointments made by the Secretary are:

Patrick J. McCarthy, Illinois, Special Inspector of Customs; Frank Loeblier, New Jersey, Immigrant Inspector; James J. Toner, Delaware, Immigrant Inspector; Alfred Douglass, Superintendent of Construction, Public Building, at Richmond, Ky.; J. Stone Walker, Disbursing Agent, same building; Peter D. Glazier, Pennsylvania, Assistant Inspector of Hulls of Steam Vessels, at Philadelphia; John B. O'Brien, Massachusetts, Assistant Inspector of Boilers of Steam Vessels, at Boston; D. J. Phelan, New York, Clerk to Local Board of Inspectors of Steam Vessels, New York City.

Before these appointments were announced, letters demanding the resignations of the following were delivered:

A. B. Shaw, Indiana, Deputy Third Auditor of the Treasury; Benjamin S. Pike, Massachusetts, Chief of Division, Second Comptroller's office; Edward S. Norton, Kentucky, Chief of Division, Second Comptroller's office; Eustace W. Hobson, Arkansas, Chief of Division, Third Auditor's office; James G. Bushby, North Dakota, Chief of Division, Sixth Auditor's office; George A. Bailey, New Hampshire, Chief of Division, Second Auditor's office.

When these six vacancies have been filled more than half of the divisions in the Treasury will be in charge of Democrats. The Secretary has been calling for resignations for ten days past, and it is his intention to continue this policy until a clean sweep has been made. In making changes the Secretary has established a higher grade of ability for the new appointees. Whereas the percentage for years has been 75 per cent., Secretary Carlisle has made a rule that applicants for appointments shall have not less than 80 per cent. in the examination.

A semi-panic has been caused among the heads of the divisions in the Treasury by the sweeping changes that are being made. A Chief of Division whose resignation had been called for asked the Secretary recently why he had been marked for discharge. Secretary Carlisle replied, quietly:

"There are no charges against you, but I want your place for a Democrat."

None of the other discharged chiefs has asked for any specifications. Secretary Carlisle will probably have all the divisions in the Treasury under Democratic administration before July 1.

There is an interesting fight for the Internal Revenue collectorship in the Twenty-eighth district of New York between two prominent anti-snappers, "Tom" Hanlon, who was the collector under the last Cleveland administration, and Frederick A. Fuller, Jr., of Jamestown. The Republican collector has resigned and the appointment will probably be made in a few days. Fuller was one of the most active anti-snappers in Western New York. He succeeded in having a Cleveland delegation elected to the February Convention, but they were "thrown out." Mr. Fuller has never held an office. He is backed strongly for this appointment. Hanlon, however, is not without influential backing.

J. H. STILLMAN.

"I Am Truly Thankful

For Hood's Sarsaparilla. During the war I contracted typhoid fever, and fever and ague, leaving me with malarial and mercurial poisoning, from which I have suffered ever since, in neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous prostration and general debility. Since I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not lost a day's work in three months, weigh 10 lbs. more than for years, and am in better health than any time since the war." J. H. STILLMAN, Cheltenham, Pa. HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills. 25c.

M'KINLEY AND THE DUKE.

Ohio Republicans Renominate and Cheer Their "Little Nap."

AND THE DUKE OF VERAGUA SAYS IT BEATS BULL-FIGHTING.

McKinley Makes a Speech in Which He Attacks President Cleveland and Charges Him with Responsibility for the Financial Uneasiness—State Officers Renominated by Acclamation—Planks of the Platform.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

COLUMBUS, O., June 8.—Major McKinley's State Convention of Republicans met here to-day and did the work cut out long ago for it to do with a brave show of harmony and apparent enthusiasm. State officers were renominated by acclamation as follows:

For Governor—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
For Lieutenant-Governor—ANDREW L. HARRIS.
For State Treasurer—WILLIAM L. COLE.
For Attorney-General—JOHN K. RICHARDS.
For Supreme Judge—ROBERT P. BADGLEY.
For Member Board of Public Work—FRANK J. MCCOLLISTER.
For Food and Dairy Commissioner—D. F. B. MCNEAL.

The only unusual thing about the convention was the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Veragua and party, who were guests of the city. The city was gorgeously dressed in the colors of the United States and Spain in the Duke's honor, and the ducal party occupied in the convention a box similarly adorned. The delegates welcomed the entrance of the Duke with a noisy demonstration, but when, after the nomination of Gov. McKinley, that doughty champion of high taxes appeared to make a speech, they showed the Spaniard what a racket well-trained American partisans can make when they want to make the world believe that with the leader before them at their head they are not in the least afraid of the other big fellows who threaten to trounce them. The Duke may have been compelled to endure a good deal of American enthusiasm in New York and Chicago, but he showed plainly that he had not been here in Ohio, the politicians jumping up into the air following their hats and canes and testing the power of lungs and throats. The Duke plainly was surprised, but he saw one of the first steps taken in the way of dollar-making and that was what he was there for. He says it beats bull-fighting all to nothing.

The convention was called to order by Gen. Grosvenor. H. W. Dougherty was made permanent chairman and he rewarded the convention by cutting a usually long speech short. Its only noteworthy feature was a reference to the absence of Sherman, Foraker and Foster in a declaration of belief "in the sincerity of our leaders," and a warning to Democrats "that they must face them in the light and they will be with us at the Rubicon sharing in our victory." All of which only emphasizes the uneasy feeling of the McKinley men over the dubious actions of "our leaders."

Gov. McKinley's speech was directed against President Cleveland. He admitted that his party would have a hard fight this fall and confessed that he must stand or fall by the record of his rather unsavory administration and then, turning to national affairs, said:

The national Administration has done nothing thus far except to create in the minds of business men a deep distrust. The financial situation which for the most part has prevailed since the 4th of March has not been improved, nor has the financial stringency been relieved by anything the national Administration has said or done. It has announced no policy, suggested no relief, and given no sign of its disposition or ability to restore confidence, stop the outflow of gold to foreign countries and the contraction which has taken place at home.

The one hundred million of gold reserve which Mr. Cleveland, in the first administration, set apart as a sacred fund to redeem the greenbacks, and which sum he dedicated to that purpose and no other, he has been the first, singularly enough, to encroach upon, and the first to drop it below the hundred million line which he himself had established as the only line of safety. * * *

Mr. Cleveland fixed that sum, below which the Government should not go, and could not go in honor and good faith, thus creating in the minds of the people the feeling that this was the danger line, and that to cross it meant financial dishonor and the violation of plighted faith. So, when he was compelled to cross it, as he has been several times since the 4th of March, is it to be wondered at that serious apprehension and insecurity everywhere prevail?

Gov. McKinley thought that if the President would announce that McKinleyism would continue and the Republican financial policy would prevail, confidence would be restored. If the President thought the Sherman Silver law responsible for present troubles why does he not convene Congress and repeal it? he asked. Then he said:

Believing he knows the cause of the trouble, he makes no effort to remove it. He seems to shirk responsibility, and from it he cannot escape. Three months have gone by, the country waiting and suffering, and no Congress is convened; and its assembling in extraordinary session is now as doubtful as it was three months ago. What he is doing we do not know. He has no time for office-seekers; that is certain. He has the cares of his official household in their faces; that is susceptible of proof. He will not see them. If he is giving attention to the business condition of the country—which we sincerely hope he is—he is to be commended. But he should not lose sight of the fact that his party cannot, and will not, remedy for our vexed condition. Whether he wants to or not, Congress must be taken into his confidence. Inconsistent as that may seem to the President, Congress must be consulted. If he has been withholding the call for an extra session of Congress in the belief that still greater financial distresses and its adjournment without relief would drive his party associates to the adoption of his views, then the Democratic ascendancy will prove a costly lesson to the people and an expensive experiment to the country.

The platform adopted by the convention reaffirms the Minneapolis platform, indorses the administrations of Harrison and McKinley, declares for biennial sessions of the Legislature, condemns the Free Wool bill and the democratic policy of pension reform and denounces the proposed repeal of the State Bank tax. These are its principal planks:

We favor the policy of full and adequate protection to American labor and industries. The best vindication of the principle of protection and reciprocity that has found expression in the statutes is the McKinley act, and we cordially declare our adhesion to the doctrines of that great measure, and such good amendments thereto as practice and experience may show to be advisable.

We indorse the policy of the National Grange, "that a tariff law should protect the products of the farm as well as the products of the factory."

We demand the enactment of laws that will protect our people against the influx of the vicious and criminal classes and the importation of laborers under contract to compete with our citizens, and we demand the right enforcement of existing immigration laws by the national Administration.

We favor honest money, money composed of gold, silver and paper, maintained at equal value and under national and not State regulation. The financial honor of the country must be maintained and the credit preserved unimpaired. The weak and vicious character of the present national Administration in dealing with the financial situation meets our condemnation.

EVOLUTION OF DOBBIN.

Possession of a Fortune Changed the Sound of His Name.

"I am looking," said the dusty, travel-stained man with the valise, "for an old friend of mine who used to live on this street."

"What's his name?" inquired the policeman leaning against the lamp-post, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Dobbin."

"No man of that name living along here."

"No, I reckon not," said the dusty traveller, looking in a perplexed way at a memorandum in his hand and then at the row of stately dwellings in front of him, "but he used to live in a one-story cottage right where that big stone-front stands."

"Was he a short, heavy man with a bald head and one leg a little shorter than the other?"

"Yes, that's the man. Where is he now?"

"Always walked with his hands behind him and wore chin whiskers?"

"That describes him exactly."

"Why, he got a street paving contract three or four years ago and he's worth $100,000."

"Good for Dobbin! What's become of him? is he in Europe?"

"No," answered the policeman, pointing at the big stone-front. "He lives right there and his name's D'Aubigne."

PROFITABLE CARELESSNESS.

The Foreman Didn't Charge It, but the Proprietor Got the Money.

A very amusing story is told by a famous story-teller about a harness-maker who lived many years ago in London, says the Toronto Mail. He had a handsome saddle in his shop, occupying a conspicuous position therein. On his return from luncheon one day he observed that the saddle was gone. Calling to his foreman, he said:

"John, who has bought the saddle?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," said the foreman, scratching his head, as if he were trying to think. "I cannot tell, and the worst part of it is, it hasn't been paid for. While I was at work in the back of the shop, a gentleman came in, priced it, decided to take it, told me to charge it, and, throwing it into his wagon, drove off before I could think to ask his name."

"That was very stupid of you," said the harness-maker, disposed to be angry at the man's carelessness. "Very likely we have been robbed."

"I don't think that, sir," said the foreman, "for I am very sure that the gentleman has traded here before."

"Well, I can't afford to lose the money," said the harness-maker. "We'll have to find out who took it and send him the bill. Ah!" he added, with a smile, after a moment's reflection. "I have it. We'll charge it up to the account of every one of our customers who keep open accounts here. Those who didn't get it will refuse to pay, so we shall be all right."

The bookkeeper was instructed to do this, and the bills in due course of time went out. Some weeks later the harness-maker asked the bookkeeper if he had succeeded in discovering who the customer was.

"No, sir," he replied. "And we never shall, I fear, sir, for about forty people have paid for it already without saying a word."

FARMER CRANE'S TEST.

How He Sized a Man's Aptitude for a Job He Was After.

Congressman Stone, of Kentucky, says that Farmer Crane, of his State, has some very unique methods of examining the men who apply to him from time to time for work, says the Detroit Tribune.

Last evening a tall, big-boned fellow, in his shirt sleeves, asked Crane if he had any work to do.

"I don't know," said the farmer, "can you tend horses?"

"Yes, indeedy. I've worked about horses all my life."

"Come around here to the pump," and he led the way to a common sucker-rod pump near the barn. Going inside he got a long, narrow pitcher and placed it under the spout. "There," said he, "pump that pitcher full of water." The big-boned fellow complied, carefully pumping the pitcher full without spilling a single drop.

"That'll do," said Crane, "go inside and get ready for supper; I'll give you a job in the morning."

About a week later the big-boned fellow asked Crane what pumping the pitcher full of water had to do with his getting a job.

"Well, I'll just tell you. This is mighty dry weather and water is getting scarce. You must have thought that far, for you didn't spill any water. If you hadn't pumped hard the water would have been spilled, and if you had pumped too hard the water would have gone over the pitcher. Now, the way I argue is this: If a fellow don't pump hard enough he won't work hard enough. If he pumps too hard, he'll work too hard for a little while, and I don't want either kind to work for me. You pumped exactly right and you got a job."

AN ELEPHANT'S INTELLIGENCE.

He Succeeds in Filling the Trough He Drank From.

In India domesticated elephants are usually given drink from large wooden troughs filled with well water by means of a pump, and it is commonly an element that fills this trough, says an exchange. Every morning he goes regularly to his task. While visiting a friend in India a correspondent saw a large elephant engaged in pumping such a trough full of water.

In passing I noticed that one of the two tree-trunks which supported the trough at either end had rolled from its place, so that the trough, still elevated at one extremity, would begin to empty itself as soon as the water reached the level of the top at the other end, which lay on the ground.

I stopped to see if the elephant would discover anything wrong. Soon the water began to run off at the end which had lost its support.

The animal showed signs of perplexity when he saw this, but as the end nearest him lacked much of being full he continued to pump.

Finally, seeing that the water continued to pass off, he left the pump-handle and began to consider the phenomenon. He seemed to find it difficult to explain. Then he returned to his pumping and three times he examined the trough. I was an absorbed looker-on, impatient to see what would be done.

Soon a lively flapping of his ears indicated the dawning of light.

He went and smelled of the tree-trunk which had rolled from under the trough. I thought for a moment that he was going to put it in its place again. But it was not, as I soon understood, the end which ran over that disturbed his mind, but the end which he found it impossible to fill.

Raising the trough, which he then allowed to rest for an instant on one of his huge feet, he rolled away the second supporting log with his trunk and then set the trough down so that both of its ends on the ground. He then returned to the pump and completed his task.

JUSTICE FIELD GIVES A BRIDE AWAY.

Cyrus Field Judson Married to Miss Condit Smith.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Miss Condit Smith, of Washington, was married to Cyrus Field Judson, of New York, to-day.

The ceremony was performed at the historical old St. John's Episcopal church. Justice Field, grandfather of the bridegroom, gave the bride away.

"*Working Girls,*

"Are your cheeks pale?

"Your eyes dull, and step heavy?

"Does your back and side ache sometimes terribly?

"Are you at times faint and dizzy, with pain in the lower part of your stomach?

"Do you watch the clock, and wish the day would end, as you feel ill, and so tired? If so, listen! Standing all day, week in and week out, you have slowly drifted into woman's great enemy, displacement of the womb.

MISS SALLIE PALMER.

"That or some other derangement of the organ, causing irregularity and other troubles.

"Take warning in time! *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is the surest and safest remedy in the world for you." — *Miss Sallie Palmer, Juniata St., Nicetown, Pa.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 Cents.

Hammerslough Bros. MAKERS NEW YORK. BLEECKER ST.

Every suit of Hammerslough Bros. bears this label.

9.95,

11.90,

14.75.

The above three figures represent the three prices at which we are selling the entire stock of Men's Fine Suits bought by us for cash, of the well-known manufacturers, Messrs. Hammerslough Bros., of 107 and 109 Bleecker st., city.

This is the most stupendous and enormous purchase of fine clothing ever offered at retail. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

"EDWARD,"

753-755 Broadway

COR. 8TH ST.,

AND

189 Broadway,

NEAR DEY ST.

8th St. and Broadway Store Open Saturday night.

IT WAS NO TIME FOR PHRENOLOGY.

The Seasick Young Woman on an "L" Train Wanted No Attention.

Car No. 992 on the Sixth avenue "L" line is brand new and its springs are very elastic. It was attached yesterday to a Harlem train and between the stations it bobbed along like a yawl in a ground swell.

At the Eighth street station a pretty young woman, in a white flannel suit and a broad-brimmed straw hat, came aboard. She buried her eyes in a yellow-backed novel as the train sped along. A fatherly old gentleman, who sat opposite, and a dapper young man looked at her attentively, but the young woman was oblivious to surroundings.

When Forty-second street was reached the young woman began to grow very pale. She looked around uneasily. Then she dropped her book, and as the train pulled out of the station, clapped her handkerchief to her face and ran to the platform, where she leaned over the guard-rail. The fatherly old gentleman and a young fellow followed her. The fatherly old gentleman placed one hand under the young woman's chin, and with the other stroked her Psyche knot in a most paternal way. The young woman turned and cried in a tone of disgust:

"Say, grandpa, go and tumble off something. This ain't no time for phrenology."

Then she leaned over the rail again.

THE REV. MR. BOTTOME MARRIED.

Grace Church's Assistant Rector Weds Anne Griswold Tyng.

The Rev. George H. Bottome, assistant rector of Grace Church, and Miss Anne Griswold Tyng were married at 3 P. M. yesterday at Grace Church. The number of people in the church was somewhat of a surprise, as the affair was intended to be particularly quiet. Many of the occupants of the pews were members of the Society of King's Daughters, of which Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the bridegroom's mother, is President.

The bride, who is a daughter of the late Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Philadelphia, wore a gown of rich white satin, with point lace flounces on the front skirt and under ruffling, and ruching on the train. The corsage was trimmed with the same lace. The tulle veil was held with a coronet of orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of lillies of the valley.

The Rev. W. R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, performed the ceremony. Dr. Frank Archer Bottome was the best man. The Rev. W. W. Pott, of St. Thomas's Chapel, this city; the Rev. Creighton Spencer, rector of the Episcopal Church at Delhi, N. Y.; Francis B. Stevens, jr., cousin of the bride, and H. H. Bottome, brother of the bridegroom, were the ushers. The bride was given away by her brother, Stephen Tyng, of Boston. There were no bridesmaids.

NO BID FOR THE GARDEN.

The Madison Square Property Will Not Be Pushed for Sale at Present.

The stockholders of the Madison Square Garden Company yesterday received the report of the committee which was appointed thirty days ago to take steps looking towards the sale of the property.

The committee reported that it had laid the property before leading real-estate dealers and also before the Mayor and the Comptroller, but that no definite offer had been received. It suggested that the property be not pushed until the real-estate market is in a better condition. The report was signed by I. K. Sturgis, Theodore R. Starr, Joseph Agostini, Joseph Suerbach and D. O. Mills.

The stockholders ratified the lease of the Garden to the National Horse Show Association for sixteen days a year for the next five years, on a basis of 50 per cent. of the profits.

THE PARK FOR THREE MONTHS.

Twelve Animals Have Been Born and Many Gifts Received.

According to the report of the Park Department these animals have been born in Central Park within the last three months: One elk, two red deer, one axis deer, one fallow deer, four raccoons, one zebu and two hyenas. Many gifts of alligators, red foxes and canary birds were received.

During the same period ninety-two lost children were found and returned to their parents, one man committed suicide in the park and the mounted police stopped twenty-six runaways. There were issued 276 invalid-chair permits, 725 for croquet, 393 for artists and photographers, 453 for bicycles and tricycles, 826 to gather leaves, 265 for picnics and one to sell candy and one to admit a four-in-hand coach. About one thousand people are employed by the department.

DO YOU OWN A VACANT LOT?

The Children's Aid Society Would Like to Borrow a Few This Summer.

Owners of vacant lots in the tenement districts can help a charity by giving the use of them to the Children's Aid Society for establishing vacation play-grounds for the poor children during the discomfort of the hot season. The society employs persons to teach and direct them in their plays and amusements, and hundreds of children will enjoy this thoughtful gift. Word can be sent to the Children's Aid Society at the United Charities Building, No. 105 East Twenty-second street.

I want a Bicycle.

I want a Tricycle.

Boys and girls, last chance to get a Bicycle or Tricycle. This offer ends the month of June.

Every purchaser of $15 or more of Clothing can have their choice of either a Bicycle or Tricycle free. This comes out of our Clothing Department advertisement fund.

$15 Men's Fine Stout Suits, sizes 43-50.

$15 Men's Fine Suits, regular size.

$12 Men's Fine Clay Diagonal Coats and Vests.

$5 Men's Fine Globe Pants.

$4 Special Boys' Suits.

Boys' Pants, 25c., 39c., 49c.

98c. Fast Color Wash Suits.

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WORLD HOUSE AND HOME DAYS SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

House and Home Ads. in the Morning World on Saturday and Sunday are repeated in the Evening World FREE.

THAT BUGGY RIDE.

It Changed the Man's Position in Life, but It Was Rocky.

I had left the mountains of the Cumberland some distance behind me and was riding along through a fairly good farming country lying on the banks of the river. Occupying a fine situation overlooking the river bottom was a more pretentious house than one sees often in that locality, and I rode up to it and yelled "Hello!" as is the custom of the country. A gawky-looking young man of twenty-five came out, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press.

"How d'y?" he said, rather more as a question than as a greeting.

"Do I keep along the main road to reach Parish's sawmill?" I asked.

"Yes, foller it up an' it'll take you straight thar."

"Fine place you have here. Who owns it?"

"My wife."

"Ah, and does she own that horse and buggy hitched out there by the gate?"

"Yes. She owns everything you see round here, includin' uv me."

He didn't smile and I didn't. Evidently it was no joking matter.

"You ought to consider yourself a very lucky man," I said encouragingly.

"That's what most folks says."

Apparently he was in a communicative spirit, and I was curious.

"That ought to make it true," I ventured.

"Mebbe it does."

"How long have you been married?"

"Three years."

"Did you ever live in this neighborhood before you were married?"

"Yes, and I was p'orer than Job's turkey, but somehow Marthy, that's my wife's, kinder tuck to me an' I kinder tuck to her, but I had my doubts. Kinder felt sometimes that money wuzn't everything," he added rather hastily, as if his previous remark might be misinterpreted.

"I don't want to be inquisitive," I said, "but I'd like to know how you overcame your prejudices."

"Well," he replied, as he hung over the fence, "'taint a long story, an' ez I'm feelin' kinder talky this mornin' I'll tell you. You see, we used to have a spellin' school every Friday night down at the ford, about two miles from here, and I allus walked. Marthy had axed me to ride down with her in her buggy mor'n once, but I was backerd about it, and besides I hadn't never rid in a buggy an' wuz about half afeerd to try it. Anyhow, I never went with her, but it wuzn't no trouble fer her to git a man to go 'long, and she didn't seem to miss me much. One Friday evenin', though, the feller that wuz to go wuz tuck sick at the last minute, an' Marthy had to go by herself. About half-way thar she overtuck me on the way, an', uv course, she axed me to git in an' ride, an' thar wuzn't no way uv gittin' out uv it, so I got in the buggy an' she druv. Well, mister," he continued, with a sense of sentimental delight, "that buggy wuz like a rockin' chair an' beat walkin' all to flinders, an' somehow Marthy wuz different an'—an'"—

He hesitated as if he were talking too much.

"Go ahead," I said with a smile.

"Well, we didn't git to the spellin' school till it was mighty nigh over," he said sheepishly.

"And since that time?" I asked, feeling that the story was not quite finished.

He cautiously looked over his shoulder towards the house and bent over closer to me.

"Well," he whispered, "a good many times sence that I've forter wished I'd awalked."

As I rode on to Parish's Mill it occurred to me that a man of much greater refinement could not have put the matter more delicately.

They'll Be Safe.

(From Truth.)

First Burglar—Here comes a policeman. How can we get rid of him?

Second Burglar—Let's pretend to be fighting.

A Counter Attraction.

(From Puck.)

Visitor—How do you enjoy having the Exposition here?

Native—I can't say I like it. It takes away the interest from the stock yards.

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SPORTING DATES.—A Calendar printed daily in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra, giving times and places of coming athletic and general sporting events, of local bearing.

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It knocks out Time;
It distances competition;
It always makes a hit.

WHAT IT DOES NOT:

It never strikes out;
It never "Quits";
It is never caught napping.