"As she lay all the cuts on her head were seen; the bruises were not. I cannot tell you what part of her head had the thickest hair on it, but she had quite a full head of hair."

"The cuts were clean and sharp, and they were all left to right blows; I don't think I ever said the cut was as clean as though cut with a razor."

Here the testimony of the witness at the first hearing to this affect was read to him and he acknowledged then that he did say so.

"I think now the blow on the top of the skull was from right to left, and I don't think a very heavy blow was necessary. I think that moderate force only was used in all the blows. The head of Mrs. Borden did not come as far up as the top of the pillow sham; the spots on that sham came from left to right; the spots on the side of the spread were nearest to where the body lay."

Here the spread was stretched over the jury rail, the foreman holding the lower edge and Mr. Jennings holding the sham above it, to give the arrangement as near perfect as possible for the jury to see.

"Taking the spots and the position of the body, in my opinion," said the doctor, "the assailant was astride the body facing the ast wall. I don't think the blow in the back was from left to right.

"On Saturday when I was at the Borden house I was given a dress by Mr. Jennings; I don't know where he got it. (Dress which has been entered in the case shown and identified as the one). I remember examining it at the time."

A JUROR OVERCOME.

Here Juror Hodges, of Taunton, was slightly overcome, and all work was stopped while he refreshed himself with water, and John C. Finn, of the same place, used a fan on him. In consideration of this the Court allowed the jury to retire for five minutes at 10.20.

The jury took their seats at 10.30, Mr. Hodges appearing refreshed, but Miss Borden having retired in the meantime it was necessary to await her coming before proceeding. She came in six minutes later, and then Dr. Dolan resumed his examination of the dress.

He said when he looked at a pocket in the dress there was a spot on the pocket which resembled blood, but he had not heard any report to the contrary, although as he looked at it now he did not think it was blood.

He had the shoes and stockings brought to him that same day, and thought there was blood on the sole of one of the shoes. He found none on the stockings. He found a pin-head spot on the white skirt.

TIME BETWEEN THE MURDERS.

Witness did not know what he said at the time about the time of death of Mrs. Borden, as compared with the time of death of Mr. Borden.

Continuing, witness said: "I don't know whether I said she had died 1 1-2 hours before I saw her, or before Mr. Borden died. (The minutes of the first hearing showed that he had said then she died from an hour to and hour and a half before he saw her.) I now say the difference between the deaths would be from one to one and a half hours. I have studied the matter some since and have reached this view.

"In warm weather eight or ten minutes is sufficient to cause blood to coagulate; it is not safe to form an opinion of the blood after fifteen minutes. The coagulation of the blood caused Mrs. Borden's blood to look darker than the other. Then there was a difference in the warmth of the body, but I only learned this by the touch. Ten to tweney-four hours is allowed for a body to become cold, but external temperature would have something to do with it.

"If both died at the same time her body would be warm longer than his and warmer. The matter of digestion came in, also, based upon normal conditions. My opinion is based upon the temperature and condition of the blood and what I found in the intestines."

In regard to the cutting, the doctor said an injury made would not disclose correctly the exact dimensions of the weapon which made the blow. A cut four and a half or five inches long might be made by an instrument as large, and a much smaller cut may be made by the same sized instrument. This was brought out of offset the prosecution's point that the handleless hatchet fitted the wounds in Mr. Borden's head.

CHEMIST WOODS TESTIFIES.

Edward S. Wood, Professor of Chemistry in the Harvard Medical School, testified next:

"My attention was first called to this matter on Aug. 5, when I received a box in which were four preserve jars, one of which was labelled milk of Aug. 3, another milk of the 4th, a third the stomach of A. J. Borden, the fourth the stomach of Mrs. Borden; the seals on them were intact when I got them."

Prof. Wood said he found nothing to indicate disease or irritation in either stomach, and their contents showed a difference of an hour and a half in the time of death. There was no evidence of poison in the stomachs or in the milk used by the family on Aug. 3 and 4.

NOT HUMAN HAIR ON THAT HATCHET.

Examination showed no blood on the claw-hammered hatchet or axe, or on the blue dress. The hair found on this hatchet was not human.

Prof. Wood said that the blood spot on the white skirt probably came from outside and was human blood. The shoes and stockings and dining-room door casing had no blood spots. The handleless hatchet had no blood. The break in its handle contained no dust.

The handless hatchet had dust like ashes on the blade tightly adhering.

Under defendant's objection and exception, Prof. Wood testified that the handleless hatchet might have been cleaned of blood before the handle was broken off.

A CLUE FROM NEWARK.

Barber Devere Thinks He Shaved the Real Borden Murderer.

NEWARK, N. J., June 13.—Capt. McManus, of the Second Newark Precinct, was informed this morning by a barber named William H. Devere, of 38 Bridge street, that a small, wiry man, with iron-gray, shaggy beard and threadbare clothes, entered his shop last Fall, and asked for a clean shave.

After it was done he brushed himself carefully and remarked:

"You wouldn't know me now, would you?"

Then he bought writing paper and three stamps, borrowed pen and ink, and wrote several letters.

He seemed somewhat nervous, and copied all the letters, evidently disguising his handwriting, which was very neat.

After he had gone pieces of two letters were found under the table. It was addressed to Mayor Coughlin, of Fall River, and was a confession of murdering the Bordens to revenge himself for a wrong done him and his family.

The other was to "Dear Jim" in New York, no address, beginning: "I promised to write by this time and let you know"——

The barber says he was surprised that the man wanted a clean shave at that season. He had not heard of the Borden murder, and burned the pieces of the letters.

Recently, after reading of Lizzie Borden's trial he told his mother, and then went to Capt. McManus.

Devere is about forty-five years old, and McManus believes him. Whether the fellow was a crank or not he does not know.

CAUGHT BY A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

The Love Romance of the Present Emperor of Germany.

When I was last Summer in Denmark I went to Primkenau, where the Dukes of Augustenburg had their residence, says the London Truth. The Empress Augusta Victoria was born and brought up there. The Empress, as a child, had known, I was told by a member of the little ducal court, the Emperor in childhood. But going to Cassel, and then to Bonn as a student, he lost sight of her. The acquaintance was renewed under romantic circumstances. When he was twenty or thereabouts he was sent in the early Summer on a tour to Holstein, and extended it to Primkenau. The young Princess was a finely grown girl and blooming as a rose. She somehow heard who was coming and dressed in her best to receive him. Growing tired of waiting she got into a hammock swinging in an arbor which was scented with freshly blown lilas. There she fell asleep.

The wandering Prince came by the arbor, saw the sleeping beauty, and was conquered. It is said that as he was gazing on her she was dreaming that, more fortunate than her mother, she was being wafted to a magnificent throne, and that an imperial crown had descending on her head. William did not mean to disturb the sleeping beauty, but, as usual, he was in uniform, and the dragging of his sword on the asphalt of the summer-house and the clanking of his spurs betrayed him. She awoke and saw a pair of eyes that looked love at hers, and then she rushed away towards the residence.

Presently her governess came to tell her that the Crown Prince of Prussia was there. Her mother, the Duchess dowager, being ill, it devolved on Augusta Victoria to do the honors. She hastened to welcome the illustrious visitor. He lost no time in declaring himself her lover, and they were engaged before he left the house.

THE BEAVER'S POWERFUL TEETH.

Sharp as Chisels, Constantly Nourished and Never Grow Dull.

As in every "gnawer," the beaver's skull is armed with two long, chisel-like teeth in each jaw, says St. Nicholas. These teeth are exceedingly powerful, and are to a beaver what an axe is to a woodsman.

One such tooth taken from the lower jaw of a medium-sized skull (they can be removed without difficulty, unlike the most of ours) is bent into nearly a semi-circle, and measures five inches along its outer curve. Only one inch of this length projects from the skull. The corresponding one from the upper jaw is bent into more than a complete half-circle, and measures upon its outer face four inches, of which less than an inch protrudes from its bone casing. In width each tooth is five-eighths of an inch.

Examination of one of them reveals the secret of how a beaver can perform such feats as chopping down a birch tree sixteen inches in diameter, not to speak of softer woods, like the basswood, of much greater size.

The tooth is composed of two materials. Along the outer face or front of the tooth is a thin plate of exceeding hard enamel; on the inner, forming the body of the tooth, is a substance called dentine. The dentine being softer wears away with use; the thin enamel remains comparatively unworn, so that the tooth assumes the shape of a keen chisel that never grows dull.

The tooth is hollow at the base for half its length, and is filled with a nourishing substance which keeps it constantly growing. Thus, not only is the natural wearing away provided against, but a certain amount of wear becomes an actual necessity. With such instruments the beaver is admirably fitted for obtaining its natural food, the bark of shrubs and trees.

TRIED TO STEAL DYNAMITE.

"I met a thief one day," said Andy Rohan at the St. Louis Convention of Chiefs of Police to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man, "whom I had not seen for a long time. I asked him what had become of his partner?

"'Oh, the last I saw of him was an arm,' replied the thief.

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Well, it was just this way. Three of us went down to a little town in Ohio to work a hardware store. The old man who owned it was the banker for all the people in the village, and we expected to make a good haul. But, alas! we met with a sad disappointment. We broke into the store and found a ghost all right.'

"'A ghost means a safe in thieves' parlance,' explained Rohan.

"'We found a ghost,' continued the thief, 'and the boys went to work to blow it open with powder. Luckily for me, I was piping off on the outside while my two pals did the inside work. They lighted the fuse and stepped away about five feet behind a partition. The explosion that occurred blew the whole building down, and all that was ever found of my old pal was an arm.'

"'What was the trouble?'

"'Well, the old fellow who owned the store was very stingy. He sold dynamite, and in order to escape high insurance rates put it in his safe. My poor pal! It's too bad!'"

Evidence of Style.

(From Truth.)

Mrs. McCorkle—Your husband is a very stylish man, I understand.

Mrs. McCorkle—What makes you understand that?

"I hear that he seldom gets home until two in the morning."

"It shows he's the latest out."

MR. THOMAS FARRENKOPF

Swellings in the Neck

Have troubled me for 12 years. Medical attendance and operations on my neck at Mount Sinai Hospital did not give permanent improvement. But by taking three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla the swelling has entirely disappeared. I cannot sufficiently praise

Hood's Sarsaparilla

THOS. FARRENKOPF, 98 Willett st., N. Y. City.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation. 25c.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

The New York Jockey Club Handicap Brings Out Good Ones.

Another Promising Event Is the Throgg's Neck Stakes.

The programme of races at Morris Park is not especially brilliant to-day. There is one race, however, that looks as though it might furnish a cracking good contest—the New York Jockey Club Handicap. The weights are so nicely adjusted that every horse seems to have a chance. Raceland carries top weight of 122 pounds, conceding from three to twenty pounds to Sleipner, Charade, St. Florian, Picknicker, Candelabra, Pickpocket, Illume and Terrifier. Charade carries the weight he is allotted in the Suburban. His owner thinks he will win the big stakes, but owners are sometimes too sanguine. Race-goers will have an opportunity to estimate his chances to-day.

The Throgg's Neck Stakes, at seven furlongs, brings together Harvest, Old Dominion, Emin Bey, Kinglet and other good ones.

The other events are fair in appearance and may furnish interesting racing.

The entries and selections are as follows:

First Race.—A sweepstakes of $20 each, with $1,000 added; welter weight handicap; six furlongs.

Index.		Lb.
1193	R. Croker's Prince George	125
(1171)	M. F. Dwyer's Harvest	122
(1184)	Freakness Stable's Adelbert	118
1184	M. F. Dwyer's Hammie	111
1031	W. C. Daly's Count	108

Adelbert has a big pull in the weights and should beat Harvest to-day. Prince George should be third. Hammie will probably be reserved for the last race.

Second Race.—A sweepstakes of $20 each, with $1,000 added; penalties and allowances; one mile.

1177	W. Jennings's Mary Stone	114
1195	W. C. Daly's Lizzie	114
(1189)	J. A. A. H. & D. H. Morris's Midnight	107
1147	W. Hayward's Herald	95

Mary Stone did so well in her last race that she looks a good thing in this event. Herald has a lot of weight off, and should be second. Lizzie may be third.

Third Race.—The Throgg's Neck Stakes, for three-year-olds; selling; a sweepstakes of $50 each, with $1,250 added; seven furlongs.

(1171)	M. F. Dwyer's Harvest	114
1149	W. M. Larrick's Emin Bey	114
1200	J. E. Meinhardt's Old Dominion	109
1194	J. A. A. H. & D. H. Morris's Clymic	108
1184	M. F. Dwyer's Hammie	107
1194	Gideon & Daly's Kinglet	106
1199	H. Fox's Leonardo	104

Kinglet is improving steadily, and he ought to be good enough to win to-day. Emin Bey looks like the runner-up, and Hammie should not be worse than third.

Fourth Race.—New York Jockey Club Handicap; a sweepstakes of $100 each, with $2,000 added; one mile and a quarter.

1189	M. F. Dwyer's Raceland	122
(1174)	W. Lakeland's Sleipner	112
(1137)	W. R. Jones's Charade	117
1186	J. A. A. H. & D. H. Morris's St. Florian	115
1174	L. Stuart & Co.'s Picknicker	107
1137	Brown & Roger's Pickpocket	105
1186	J. R. & F. P. Keene's Candelabra	105
1137	J. E. Madden's Illume	103
1161	W. C. Daly's Terrifier	102

Pickpocket, Raceland and Candelabra look to be the pick of this lot, and they ought to finish as named. If Sims rides Pickpocket he looks a real good thing.

Fifth Race.—A sweepstakes of $20 each, with $1,000 added; for two-year-olds; selling; five furlongs.

——	King's Daughter	110
1139	Madison Stable's Toano	110
(1188)	Omega Stable's Pirate's Chief	110
1173	S. W. Street's McDonald	106
1151	Gideon & Daly's Dolly Coit	106
1175	W. H. Sands's On the Way	105
1188	W. C. Daly's Clara A. colt	104
1139	W. C. Daly's Faustina colt	104
1163	Sheffield Stable's Hindoomerie	99
1180	J. R. & F. P. Keene's Oporto	98
1140	J. A. A. H. & D. H. Morris's Dulse	95

Oporto and Dulse seem to have this race between them, and may finish as named. Clara A. colt ought to be third.

Sixth Race.—A sweepstakes of $20 each, with $1,000 added; selling; seven furlongs.

1184	M. F. Dwyer's Hammie	118
1182	Sheffield Stable's Mordotte	118
1194	J. R. & F. P. Keene's Restraint	100
1200	W. C. Daly's Clio colt	100

Hammie ought to win the closing event, with Mordotte second and Restraint third.

Morning Papers' Selections.

AT MORRIS PARK.

First Race—Adelbert, Hammie.
Second Race—Mary Stone, Herald.
Third Race—Harvest, Old Dominion.
Fourth Race—Charade, St. Florian.
Fifth Race—Oporto, Hindoomere.
Sixth Race—Mordotte, Restraint.

First Race—Adelbert, Harvest.
Second Race—Mary Stone, Lizzie.
Third Race—Emin Bey, Kinglet.
Fourth Race—Raceland, Charade.
Fifth Race—Hindoomere, Token.
Sixth Race—Mordotte, Restraint.

First Race—Adelbert, Harvest.
Second Race—Mary Stone, Midnight.
Third Race—Emin Bey, Dwyer's entry.
Fourth Race—Illume, Candelabra.
Fifth Race—Faustina colt, Pirate Chief.

Sixth Race—Hammie, Restraint.
First Race—Adelbert, Prince George.
Second Race—Mary Stone, Herald.
Third Race—Harvest, Emin Bey.
Fourth Race—Picknicker, Terrifier.
Fifth Race—Pirate Chief, Oporto.
Sixth Race—Restraint, Hammie.

Guttenburg Selections.

To-day's card at the hilltop should prove a good magnet. While the different races are not heavily filled, they are very well balanced, and speculation should be brisk. The entries are:

First Race—Three-quarters of a mile; selling.—Annapolis, 104; Trophy, 106; Romance, Little Grand, Ben March, 104 each; Leon L., Longard, 102 each.

Second Race—One and one-sixteenth of a mile; selling.—Bullinch, 114; Signature, Shenandoah, Joe Carter, 112 each, Josie Wells, 107; Ada Blue, 103; Prize, 110.

Third Race—Four and a half furlongs.—Clarus, 111; Runaway, 104; Elite, 103; Campaign, 100; Violetta, 98; Annetta, Hipatia, 95 each.

Fourth Race—Four and a half furlongs; selling.—Oakdawn, 107; Little Nell, 105; Banjo, 98; Sue B., 96; Rickson, Control, Moralist, 9 each.

Fifth Race—Five and one-half furlongs; selling.—One, 117; Perrier Jouet, 106; Darkness (formerly Mascotte), 102; Lizzie C., 97; Rear Guard, 96; Fulsetto, 93 each.

Sixth Race—Six and one-half furlongs; selling.—Anarchist, 108; Bob Sutherland and McCormack, 106 each; My Fellow, 104; Crocus, 103; Relief, 101; Pirate, 95.

On form the different races should result as follows:

First Race—Ben March, Trophy, Annapolis.
Second Race—Shenandoah, Joe Carter, Bullinch.
Third Race—Runaway, Violetta, Clarus.
Fourth Race—Little Nell, Control, Moralist.
Fifth Race—Rear Guard, Marguerite, Perrier Jouet.
Sixth Race—McCormack, Bob Sutherland, My Fellow.

Gloucester Forecasts.

First Race—Sir Rae, Elyton, Minnesota.
Second Race—Vocal, West Side, Forget-Me-Not.
Third Race—Fleurette, Irregular, Mayor B.
Fourth Race—India Rubber, Drizzle, Henry.
Fifth Race—Come On, Pokino, Lebanon.
Sixth Race—Yosemite, Cerberus, Capulin.

About Pedestrianism.

(From Texas Siftings.)

While out walking with Miss Daisy Dimple, one of the society belles of Manhattanville, Gus Snobberly, who is very close, said:

"Don't you think it is a great waste to spend money on car fare when walking is often so much more agreeable?"

Miss Daisy—Oh, yes—when it is.

VERDICT OF $200 FOR LENA.

Miss Hoeltering Wins Her Suit for Breach of Promise.

Fraser, Her Lover, Recently Had Her Arrested for Assault.

Pretty Lena Hoeltering, aged twenty-six, obtained judgment for $200 in her suit for breach of promise against Bernhard Fraser, which was heard by Judge Paxton in the District Court in Hoboken to-day.

Lena and the defendant, Fraser, were both present with their lawyers and Fraser's mother, whom Lena believes responsible for the breaking off of the engagement, was on hand, too.

After Lawyer Allen, Lena's counsel, had finished, Judge Paxton smiled good-naturedly at Lena, and said he was satisfied that there had been a genuine proposal by Fraser, and gave Lena judgment for the amount she prayed for.

She left the room at once and received the congratulations of a crowd of friends who were waiting outside.

It is a sad tale of misplaced confidence which Lena tells. She wrote it all down for Lawyer Allen in a nice, new copy-book, which was read in court on June 7. She first met Fraser on Washington street, Hoboken, in 1892. It was a case of mutual admiration from the first. "Three days later," Lena wrote, "Bernhard said he loved me. I accepted his attentions, and in September last he proposed to me.

"He said he was working for the oHboken Land and Improvement Company, and got $18 a week. He said we would live in a nice front room and have plush furniture.

"I was then working in a private family as a domestic, and had saved $100. Bernhard took me to his mother's house and introduced me as his future wife.

"Mrs. Freser seemed pleased and offered no objection to the match. Many times Bernhard has held my hand and put his arm around me when his mother was in the room."

Then Miss Hoeltering goes on to tell how she was so sure of her lover that she volunteered to buy the plush furniture with some of the money she had saved. She also bought Bernhard a gold watch, chain and locket, paying $30 for them, and afterwards spent $6 more to have it repaired.

She knit him three pairs of socks and a pair of wristlets, and then made his mother a petticoat of great beauty. March 10 was the date set for the wedding. Bernhardt finally asked Lena to postpone the marriage for a month, and she agreed.

Before the happy day came Mrs. Freser, for no apparent reason, ordered her out of the house, and told her she couldn't marry her son.

A few nights after she met her lover on the street. Bernhard asked her to go home with him, and she consented.

She waited while he prepared the way for a meeting with his mother. After half an hour she rang the bell. On going to the Freser's apartments, she found all the family in bed but Bernhard. A lovers' quarrel ensued, and Lena asked for her letters. She got them, and Freser said he wanted his engagement ring.

When Lena refused to give it up he tried to snatch it, and got a trouncing from his vigorous fiancee for his trouble.

Lena left the house, and concluded she had better put her ring in a safe place.

Accordingly she put it in her stocking and kept it there until she brought it out in court on June 7, causing a mild sensation among those who were present.

Freser had her arrested for assault and battery, Lena thinks, at the instigation of his mother, and she was locked up for two days before Justice Busch discharged her.

SHE HAD A HARD RIDE.

Bullheaded Chair Pusher Makes It Uncomfortable for an Old Lady.

One of the rolling-chair guides at Jackson Park demonstrated the practical benefits of a college education near the Sixty-second street entrance this morning, says the Chicago Journal. He had an elderly lady in his chair, and her health was evidently quite delicate. He was pushing along, apparently not noticing where he was going.

Suddenly he came to an abrupt rise where the road crossed the old railroad tracks that had been used when exhibits were coming in. He ran against it with considerable force, giving the occupant of his chair a heavy jar. Instinct would have told the guide to turn to either side three feet and have a smooth road. But instead of using his mother wit he was determined to cross in the most absurd manner possible.

He backed off four or five steps and then advanced on a run. He came against the obstruction with a horrible jolt, but did not go over. The old lady was very much disturbed by the conduct of the young man, but contented herself by saying: "Good Lord!" when the jolt came.

But a Columbian guard, who stood near, had presence of mind enough to tell the dunce to go around. But the belated guide heeded not the advice. He backed and ran against the obstruction four times in rapid succession before he was able to cross. When he had passed over the feeble old lady was almost exhausted. A gate-keeper who saw the affair said: "If that lady were anything to me I would break that fool's neck."

Sister Gertrude,

Sup't Laura Franklin Free Hospital for Children, says:

"We use H-O in this Hospital and are much pleased with it and its results."

Give the children

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal

H-O cooks in three minutes, because it is partly cooked already. Think of the saving of time—it never loses its delicious delicacy. It is unrivalled.

THE H-O COMPANY, New York.

PAIN TORTURED HIM.

WILLIAM MILLER THOUGHT HIS NECK AND BACK WOULD BREAK.

He Suffered for Nine Years from Bronchial Catarrh and Asthma, and Now He Is a New Man—He Says the Treatment of Doctors McCoy and Snow Is Marvelous in Its Effects—These Physicians Offer a Free Test of Their Treatment to All Who Apply at Their Offices.

Mr. William H. Miller is a wholesale and retail dealer in cigars and tobacco at 131 Vernon avenue, Long Island City. The other day he made the following statement: "For nearly nine years I suffered with bronchial trouble, which was especially severe after contracting a cold. In all that time I was not entirely free from severe pain. For two years I suffered. Oh, how I suffered. I did not know what minute would be my last. I would be bent double with pain and I thought my back and neck would break.

MR. WILLIAM H. MILLER.

"An old lady told me to go to Doctors McCoy and Snow, who she said had restored her health. Then a friend induced me to go to Doctors McCoy and Snow and I finally went. The result of their treatment is marvelous. I have gone on improving from the first until I am a new man. I make this statement hoping it may induce all suffering as I did to consult Doctors McCoy and Snow."

A FREE TEST TO ALL WHO APPLY.

Doctors McCoy and Snow announce that all who apply in person at their offices will be examined, prescribed for and treated upon their first visit free of all charge. In addition to this, thorough consultation and advice will be given to all who apply, without a penny to pay.

DOCTORS M'COY AND SNOW.

Offices: 5 East 42d street, near Grand Central Depot, and 833 Broadway, corner of 14th street, Domestic Sewing Machine Building, New York City. If you live at a distance write for a symptom blank. Address all letters to 5 East 42d street. Office hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 6 to 9 p. m., daily. Sundays, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

DROPPED HER LUNCH.

Embarrassing Position of an Economical Chicago Girl.

It was a very embarrassing thing that happened to Sally Swell the other day. You see, Sally is one of these girls who are very stylish, but also very poor. She was going down to the Fair to spend the day, so of course she must have some luncheon. She could not afford to go to a good restaurant; a cheap one was beneath her; a lunch box was out of the question, says a writer in the Chicago News.

She hit on the happy idea of putting a couple of oranges, a sandwich, a hard-boiled egg and a pickle into an old-fashioned reticule of her mother's and fastening it to the inside of her new skirt. You see the stiff lining held it out so that it hid the outline of the bag underneath.

Of course, the bag hit her knees rather uncomfortably, but at any rate she didn't have to carry a bundle, and she planned to hide in some unfrequented State Building and nibble her luncheon on the sly.

In the Fisheries Building she met Mr. Knickerbocker, the young New Yorker whom all the girls are so wild over. He invited her to go to lunch with him, and, after a little becoming hesitation, Sally consented. They started for one of the cafes at a brisk walk. A small boy rushed after Sally, holding a dilapidated orange: "Say, miss, did you drop this?" Sally blushed crimson and disclaimed the humble citrus.

A few steps further on the sandwich dropped with a dull thud. Sally tried disdainfully not to notice the event. Then the pickle bit the dust, and, crowning mortification, the egg rolled directly in front of her. It was not hard-boiled after all. Mr. Knickerbocker was convulsed. Sally says she could have cried then and there, but she passed it off as well as she could.

When she got home she found that the bottom of that wretched reticule was all worn out—hence the catastrophe.

GOT A NEW LICENSE.

One Girl Jilted Him, but Another Would Have Him.

The marriage-license clerk was sitting at his desk thinking how many people he had been instrumental in starting on their downward course, when a red-faced, raw-boned young man from the country disturbed his reveries, says the Detroit Free Press.

"How d'y' do?" said the visitor. "I come to see you about a marriage license."

"Well," he said, "who is it for?"

"Who is what for?" asked the visitor.

"The license, of course. Don't you want a license?"

"Not of I kin help it. That's what I come in fer to see about. I got one t'other day, but I ain't used it yit, and I want to know about it."

"What do you want to know?"

The seeker for information took the paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and spread it out on the desk.

"There it is," he said, briefly.

"What's the matter with that?" inquired the clerk, after he had looked it over.

"Nothin' legally, I guess; but you see the girl that is named there has changed her mind, and she won't have me. I'm a hustler, though, I am, and I've got another girl that's willin' for keeps, but I don't want to spend no more money for licenses. Kin I get that name scratched out and t'other one put in, or have I got ter blow in more wealth? That's what I come here to know about, mister."

The clerk rapidly glanced through the Constitution of the United States, ran over a chapter or two of "Greenleaf on Evidence" and "Cooley on Torts" and gave the young man a new license without extra charge.

ANCIENT PARISIAN CUSTOMS.

Curious Statutes Governing the Transaction of Business.

In Paris in the thirteenth century some trades had a special street, and so shops with the same kind of goods were neighbors, says Youth's Companion. On this account statutes were made which now read curiously. Some of them read thus:

"If any one is in front of a cook's window, buying food, no other cooks shall call him until he has left the window of his own accord. The fine for this offense is 5 sous."

"No cook shall find fault with another's meat if it is good. The fine for this offense is 5 sous."

"If a person is buying goods of a merchant, his neighbor must not come out of his shop to show his goods to the purchaser until he has left the window where he was trading."

The customer traded at the window because each store had a large window with blinds that opened horizontally, the lower one letting down to form a counter where goods were displayed, and the upper one projecting like an awning to protect the goods.

Street venders with carts had a better chance to advertise their wares. They cried their goods at the top of their voices, and dealt in such things as fruit, vegetables, meat, fish, flowers, old iron, old shoes, nuts, mushrooms and cheese.

To serve the purpose of modern newspaper advertisements, hand-bills, circulars, bill posters and town criers were employed. These were sworn officials, whose pay was fixed by law. One of the price lists reads:

For crying ordinary wares, eight deniers (pennies).

For crying foreign wines, twelve deniers.

For crying vinegar and verjuice, four sous.

For crying deaths, reunions of friends, onions, peas, oil, beans, lost objects or children, five sous.

For crying twice the decease of an important personage, eight sous.

To rent cloaks, two sous.

To rent a hat, two sous.

To rent a dress, two sous.

Evidently it was a poor trade, for a law forbade town criers to be bath attendants, gravediggers or porters.

BLUE FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

A Kentuckian Whose Skin Changed Color from Taking Nitrate of Silver.

Theophilus Cooksey Asbridge, of Lyon County, Kentucky, who is now a patient at the County Hospital, San Francisco, is blue as a new stove-pipe from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet. His finger-nails are blue; so are what would be in other people the whites of the eyes. His lips are blue, his tongue is blue, and Mr. Asbridge is no doubt the bluest man in America. The doctors say that the discoloration is caused by nitrate of silver poisoning. Asbridge for years has been subject to epileptic fits, and took great quantities of nitrate of silver to ward them off. This was gradually deposited in the skin, and on exposure to light turned a blackish sort of blue, just the way it does on a photographer's plate. His face and hands are darker than the portions of the body protected by clothing. His eyeballs look like hard-boiled eggs that have been soaked in a solution of indigo after the shells were removed. According to the medical men, it will take a good many years for his cerulean epidermis to bleach out, and it may never be restored to the original hue. Asbridge was quite willing to tell all about himself when asked to do so by an Examiner man.

"When I was four years old," he began, "I was picking cherries on my father's farm in Kentucky. Some of the slaves were playing ball, and a bat slipped out of the hands of one of them. It struck me on the head and fractured my skull. But I didn't get sick or anything that way. When I was twelve my skull was broken again. I was knocking down some apples to take to school. A stone that I threw hit a limb and bounded back on my head. My mother put on a bandage, and I went to school that day. I was just twenty-one when I had the first fit. I was sunstruck on the same day. I think it was that as much as anything that brought on the fits, although those fractures of the skull may have had something to do with it. Anyway the doctors prescribed nitrate of silver" (Asbridge called it "nitrick"), "and I took an awful lot of it. I noticed myself getting darker. It showed in my face and hands first. At last it got so bad that everybody called me 'the blue man.' I was known all over Kentucky and Missouri by that name. People used to stare at me and a doctor once advised me to join a circus. But I'm able to take care of myself without that. I'm not near as blue as I used to be. Why, ten years ago my skin was just the color of your Summer sky. I've taken a powerful sight of medicine including arsenic. I used to buy bromide by the pound. I honestly believe I've taken a carload of drugs during my life."

Asbridge is an athletic-looking fellow of thirty-eight. He is smooth-shaven and talks with the characteristic Southern accent. On account of the discoloration of his skin, his scars show very plainly, and his hands and face are just covered with them. Some of them are very peculiar. For instance, on the thumb of his right hand there is a straight mark that Asbridge says is a figure 1. Another scar on his second finger forms a figure 2, and on the third finger there is a figure 3. All of these scars were received accidentally, Asbridge says. On his forearm there is a scar that looks like a bandspike, and on the back of his hand a perfect representation of a hammer and the fac simile of a revolver. There is a big mark right in the middle of his forehead. That, he says, was inflicted while he was an inmate of an asylum at Hopkinsville, Ky., by a crazy man, who broke a bread-bowl over his head and then started to carve him with a large knife.

Asbridge has been singularly unfortunate in the matter of accidents. Besides the fracture of his skull, his right leg and arm have been broken and his left shoulder smashed. He has had two or three tumors. Once, while cutting a sassafras fishing-pole, the knife closed on the forefinger of his right hand, completely severing the first joint. He carried the detached piece of finger in his hand for over a mile, and then had it stuck on the stump and bandaged. Now he can use it just as effectually as any other finger. Asbridge killed a man in Missouri ten years ago. He had given some testimony in a lawsuit that displeased a wealthy dairyman, who threatened to give him a horsewhipping. He tried to carry out the threat one day, and Asbridge stabbed him thirteen times. He was arrested and tried the very next day. The jury acquitted him immediately, without his having the aid of a lawyer. The "blue man" was taken to the county hospital about three weeks ago while in an epileptic fit.

HE GOT THE JOB.

Because He Knew How to Find Out What a Customer Wanted.

"Supposing," said an upholstery dealer to a candidate for a vacant position, "that a lady came in and asked you if you had any chenille curtains, what would you say?"

The new man smiled a ghastly smile, if The Upholsterer is to be relied upon. Imagining the scene and drawing a long breath, he started in as follows:

"Yes, mam," says he, "we keep chenille curtains. This way, please. Here's something rather handsome. You don't like the pattern, eh? Something in smaller. Ah, yes. This way, please. Brighter, eh? Yes, mam. This way, please. There you are. A doorway. I see, and with a little red in it.

"As I understand you, then, you wish a small-chenille-figure-with-a-little-red-in-it. How's that? $8.50. Too high? Something cheaper, eh? With a dado and wide as possible. Something for $4.50?

"As I understand you, then, you wish a small-figure-chenille-bright-with-a-bit-of-red-in-it, $4.50-chenille-curtain, wide and with a dado? That's as near as I can come to it. Not enough individuality, eh? How's this one? Not sufficiently forceful in its pensiveness, eh? Something to harmonize with a sage-green rug that your dog lies on, and combine with the flare from the open grate—something moody and thoughtful, eh? Something suggestive of repose?

"As I understand you, then, you wish a small-figure-bright-with-a-bit-of-red-$4.50-chenille-curtain for a doorway, wide and with a dado, with a beery, sleepy, don't-wake-me-up-till-morning sort of a style about it, to harmonize with a pug-nose pup and a conflagration? Let us start all over again, mam."

And the candidate got the job.

APPROVED as a useful and valuable tonic, MIDAL'S CASCARA, 183 Broadway.

LONDON & LIVERPOOL

THREE THOUSAND MEN'S BLACK AND BLUE SERGE SUITS; ALSO CHEVIOTS AND FANCY CASSIMERES, ALL THE NEW COLORS.

GOOD LININGS AND WELL MADE. EVERY PURCHASER GETS A HANDSOME SILVER SOUVENIR MATCH-BAFE AND STRAW HAT, WITH FULL SATIN

TIPS.

$8.85, CORRECT VALUE $18.

86 BOWERY. 88

Bloomingdales 3rd Ave 59 & 60th Sts.

Sale of Flouncings.

One lot, 27 inches wide, of the finest workmanship, embroidered on Swiss and Nainsook, hemstitched and scalloped, with Chambray edge, pink, blue, red and navy. The regular price is 75c. per yard; all to be sold at	.25
45 inch Swiss Embroidered Flouncing, scalloped and hemstitched, regular price $1.25, all at	.49
Manufacturer's Samples Embroidered Fine Cambric, fine work, piece of 4½ yards for	.35
Net Top Bourdon Lace, 5 inches wide, white and beige, regular price 25c., at	.11
Net Top Bourdon Lace, 9 inches wide, white and beige, regular price 59c., at	.29
All-Silk Chantilly Lace, black, 10 patterns, 4, 6 and 8 inches wide, regular price 35c., at	.15

Ribbons.

Special reduction in all our fine ribbons. All Silk, Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons, Black and all colors:

1 in. at 7c. yd. 2 in. at 14c. yd.
1½ in. at 9c. yd. 2½ in. at 16c. yd.
1¾ in. at 12c. yd. 3½ in. at 19c. yd.
4 in. at 30c. yd.

Satin back Velvet Ribbon, Black and Colors:

1 in. at 8c. yd. 1½ in. at 17c. yd.
1¼ in. at 14c. yd. 2 in. at 21c. yd.

Black Double-Faced Satin, 2¼ in., with draw string, at 25c.

The above represents a reduction of 50 per cent.

Bloomingdale Bros.,

Third Ave., 59th and 60th Sts.

ENGLISH YACHTS IN A SNARL.

Britannia and Vendetta Collide and Are Badly Damaged.

Valkyrie Gets Out of the Mess Twenty Minutes Late for the Race.

LONDON, June 13.—The second of the series of yacht races off Dover took place to-day, but the sport was practically spoiled by an unfortunate mishap, which resulted in the withdrawal of the Britannia and Vendetta.

The yachts which were prepared to take part in the race were the Britannia, Valkyrie, Calluna, Iverna, Vendetta, Anemone, Lais, Varuna and Mabel. The sun was shining brightly, there was a splendid breeze, and the day was an ideal one for a day's sport on the water.

The yachts were under way for the starting line. The Vendetta was pretty close to the line, and her sailing master thought she would cross before the starting gun was fired. He gave orders to ease off the sheets, and as the order was obeyed the Vendetta yawed across the bows of the Valkyrie, which was close alongside of her.

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