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TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 10.

ANNIVERSARY GREETING.

While the racing yachts have been turning their stakeboards the past few days, "The Evening World" has also been steadily approaching a marked point in its course.

And in this race which "The Evening World" is sailing there is no finish line. The course is simply onward and onward and onward.

The point that is passed to-day marks the end of a year and the beginning of a year. The year just gone is the sixth of "The Evening World's" existence.

Something of what the last twelve months have brought forth in the paper's history is told elsewhere. Those things which are the subject of hope for the period to come are not to be referred to.

This paper does not promise blindly; it pursues its object persistently, with faith and with courage and with strength.

"The Evening World" is glad to-day out of all proportion to its years. It believes it has abundant reason so to be. Yet the paper is only what the reciprocal attentions of fond readers have made it, and it can only succeed further through the continued aid of the true and intimate friends who cheer it now.

On this, its birthday anniversary, "The Evening World" extends greeting to its old and new friends, and declares anew its firm allegiance to public and popular interests. But even to do this it must not pause. To-day there is the handshake and the reminiscence, but there is also the work, for the door that closes on a year that is past opens on the year that begins.

From yesterday's "6 O'Clock Extra" of an esteemed contemporary it appears that the America's Cup contest must, decidedly, be won with three races out of five, and most people had understood that at least one more contest would be necessary yet.

From the varying details of the "Queen of the South" which she can only be satisfied yesterday afternoon, it was learned that the committee will not accept this Dunbar's need not, therefore, hasten to pack up her conditions.

Emma C. is wrong. She was not convicted because she was an Anarchist and atheist. The law is no respecter of sons or of beliefs. But Emma is no respecter of the law. That is why she is in the case.

Let every voter see that this is registered. It is an "off year" in politics, as the phrase goes, but there are nevertheless important issues at stake in this State, and it is demanded, like the influence of the commonwealth, that citizenship should be thinking and concerning itself with the issues of the day.

There is majority enough if it has courage enough, on the right side, in the United States Senate. Let tomorrow prove that the courage is there. An elegant tonic, sure of the minority in the upper Chamber at Washington.

"No more cases on the Russia," was the report in this morning's paper. But probably the quarantine authorities will "keep cases" on the suspected ship for some days yet.

Chicago did, indeed, have a day at the Fair. She not only beat all records, but even surpassed her own expectations, and she set a high mark for Manhattan Day.

Brooklyn is feeling the touch of the "paddy" fashioned out of sworn facts at the Elmira Reformatory.

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

The Young Person—bless her little bewildered heart—is slighted, and Mrs. Kendal has lost a friend. Put away the soothing syrup, if you please, break up the cooling bottle, and get into the perambulator, and wheel yourself away in it. 'Twas but a few moons ago that the Young Person, in the shape of the Normal College girl, ended the sick, plump Miss Kendal's life.

Poor Young Person! She has gone from you—your life, sweet Maigie! She has gone from her back seat, and you are not called her back to you. Like that little foar-stained boy, you must play alone. Weep, dear child—weep it out.

Mrs. Kendal probably decided that Mrs. Kendal's position, is very filling at the present time, and she has no more of what was worthy and Edgewise, that, knowing the sensational characteristics of Americans, she undoubtedly thought it would be a good thing to change her spots.

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TRIED TO KILL HIM.

Drunken Sailors Beat and Kicked a Policeman.

Once Beaten, They Returned Armed with Clubs.

Four of the Assaults Sent to the Island.

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TRIED TEN TIMES TO DIE.

Must Be a Better Fate Than Suicide in Store for Donohue.

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EMMA'S HUSBAND CONVICTED.

His Name Is Kerstner and He Is Sent Up for Larceny.

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LAUNDRY-HOUSE FOR BABIES.

Terrible Charges Against San Francisco's Foundling Asylum.

CAUGHT THIEF, LOST WATCH.

Sandbruha Held One Crook While Another Ran With the Booty.

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WRECKED BY AN EXPLOSION.

A Cargo of 200 Kegs of Powder Ignited on a Train.

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some petition. These she invariably took in her own hand, and on her return home caused them to be thoroughly investigated.

Put one pint of white cornmeal into a bowl, add the salt and a spoonful of water—about one cupful—to scald the meal. Stand aside for an hour.

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