FRED ARCHER'S JOCKEYSHIP

TWICE HE MADE THE SLOWER HORSE DEFEAT THE FAVORITES.

Through His Work Mearns Won Against St. Helena and Kingwood.

It is well-known and universally acknowledged that the great Fred Archer was up to as many moves in his profession as a champion chess-player at his own game, writes Albion in the Sporting World. Probably no such long-headed man ever followed the calling of a professional jockey, and he was a born diplomatist and strategist of the very highest order.

What a piece of hard work it was that alone won the race he won on Mearns, when she beat two immeasurably superior animals in St. Helena, who was ridden by Watts, and Kingwood, with C. Wood up, over the Rous Course at Newmarket in a two-year-old race.

Mearns was a mean-looking little rat, and, although she could go a bit, would have had no earthly chance with other of the animals she beat on this occasion in a true run race. Archer conjectured rightly enough—that Watts would think he had only Wood to beat, and the latter would have a similar opinion of the former, and the great master of race-riding strategy laid his plans accordingly. When they got to the post Archer took up his position a considerable distance apart from Watts and Wood, who jumped off side by side on the stand side of the course.

When it was a go Archer immediately steadied his mare and sat watching the other pair as a cat would a mouse, bidding his time in the event of things working out as he anticipated. What he calculated upon happened exactly.

Wood had an idea that St. Helena had a soft spot, and did not care about being squeezed much, and though knowing his horse would hardly himself get the course, he was perforce compelled to endeavor to keep him on the stretch all the way, to, if possible, get the bottom of his opponent. He did, with the result that he got both Watts's mount and his own well beaten coming on to the Abingdon Mile bottom, and half way up the hill they were both riding as if for their lives.

All this time Archer, on Mearns, had been almost wholly unobserved—most certainly by Watts and Wood. The moment Archer saw them sit down to ride in earnest, and that neither of them could go any faster, he took just one little pull at Mearns and then fairly set her going for one "bang run."

To the utter astonishment of all present, and equal dismay of the two jockeys who thought they had it all to themselves, poor Fred dropped as if from the clouds on them, and pulling away from them in a couple of strides, he actually won in a canter. Truly it was said at the time that the jockey and not the horse had won the race.

On another occasion he did something very similar, and again was Watts the victim of his artful wiles. This was in the race for the Criterion in 1887, the day before he rode that fatal finish on St. Mirin, in the ever memorable Cambridgeshire won by Sailor Prince.

There was a small field of very moderate horses, and 9 to 4 was freely laid on Jack o' Lantern, who was ridden by Watts. Archer rode a moderate mare in Caller Herrin, against whom 5 to 1 was laid, and bar these two any prices could be had.

Directly the flag fell Archer pulled his mare back a couple of lengths, and took up his position immediately in the wake of the favorite, thus forcing him to make the running, as the others could not go fast enough to keep themselves warm.

Passing the Red Post, Jack o' Lantern was striding along comfortably, and well within himself, Watts looking right and left, evidently seeking Archer. A hundred yards from home Archer laid dead in on Jack o' Lantern's heels, and it was amusing to notice Watts still straining his head, first on one side and then on the other, obviously feeling Archer was somewhere about, but not being able to discover him.

A dozen strides from the chair Watts apparently made up his mind that the verdict was in safe keeping. This was just what Archer had been waiting for, and, quick as lightning, he pulled his mare out on the near side of Watts, and, dashing her alongside as he gave her one with the whip, fairly slipped the favorite, and before ever Watts' Jack o' Lantern or his jockey had grasped the situation it was all over, and Archer had won by a neck. And yet John Porter says, "There is not the length of a walking-stick between a stable boy and a first-class jockey!"

TOO FREE WITH HIS MONEY.

An Interesting Story About Judge Shackleford's Only Pair.

I presume it is because he is so good-natured and enjoys himself telling good stories on others that everybody feels at liberty to tell something on Judge D. W. Shackleford of this circuit, whether there is any truth in it or not, writes Col. Lon V. Stephens to the Booneville Advertiser. One of his friends said to me recently:

"A few weeks before the last general election I had some business with Mr. Shackleford that made it necessary for me to call at his residence one evening about 8 o'clock. His good wife came to the door, having in one hand a threaded needle and a button or two, while in the other hand she held a patch about a foot square.

"Upon inquiring for her husband, I was told that he was in, but in bed, and perhaps he could not see me for a few minutes. I was given a seat in the library, and in about ten minutes Mr. Shackleford presented himself, looking somewhat embarrassed, I thought. My business was soon attended to and I bade him good-night.

"After the election I learned accidentally from a friend whom Judge Shackleford took into his confidence that when called he was just preparing to leave on a late train for Miller County, and that his only pair of pants needed a good deal of attention, and while his wife was engaged in putting on some buttons and a patch it was necessary for him to go to bed.

"I am glad to learn that since then the Judge has been able to lay in another pair of pants, but if he drew $4.50 per week he would always be hard up—would lean every fellow who applied for $10 three times the amount wanted—would never get it back—would carry his money in his overcoat pocket, and would never want any more than one pair of pants at the same time."

CRIPPLE CREEK.

How Gold Was Discovered in That New Famous Mining Town.

The discovery of gold at Cripple Creek, Col., has already become a matter of legend. As usual in such cases, the story has some very pretty qualities, says the Springfield Republican.

A young druggist from Colorado Springs went prospecting back of Pike's Peak. One day at noon, tired out, he sat down on the top of Bull Hill to eat his lunch. For dessert he had some nuts, which he cracked with a stone lying at his feet. In this stone he saw particles of gold.

The result was a claim, and the great Pharmacist mine of to-day, which yields $20,000 worth of gold a month, and is the hope of the gold mining interest in America.

Cripple Creek is less than two years old, and is reached only by stage routes. It was not given much attention by Colorado prospectors until the bottom fell out of silver mining, but now some of the best miners in Colorado are working its gold fields with great energy.

Looked Suspicious.

(From Life.)

Fred—Say, old fellow, here is the $15 I have owed you for the last six months.

Ed—Thanks; who's dead now; your grandmother?

HE MEANT WELL.

A Funny Incident in Which a Nice Young Lady Was Concerned.

One of the funny incidents connected with the fire at the corner of Thirty-second street and Cottage Grove avenue night before last came to light yesterday, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Two young ladies, residents of the second flat, were just getting ready to retire when the smoke broke into their rooms in such a volume as to tell its own story. One was without her skirt. Being a young person of great presence of mind, she recognized the fact that something must be done at once, and therefore she gave an adroit twist to her back hair, put in a few ornamental pins, secured her pocketbook and watch, and throwing her cherished skirt over her arm, started downstairs, calling to her sister to follow, which she did, but in a costume more conventional. This took be the reason that the younger sister reached the street first, although she was partly carried down, having to spite of her coolness been overcome either by fright or smoke. Discovering her sister to be behind her, she tried to rush back, but was prevented by a young friend, who fought her away to the rescue.

To the mortification of the younger sister the elder had fainted when she reached the street, and she proceeded to lecture her as soon as she was restored to consciousness, holding herself up as an example of coolness in the midst of danger. Both were back in time in a barber shop near by, and the spectators for some reason seemed bestowing on them more attention than on the fire.

"Now look at me, sister. I don't lose my head and faint," exclaimed the pretty blonde. Sister looked and fainted again.

At this juncture a young man, a modest young man, a seemingly very green young man, who, it was afterwards discovered, was on the staff of a morning paper, stepped up and said:

"I beg your pardon, but don't you think it would be better if you would put on your skirts?"

"Oh, do leave me alone," said the girl.

"But, really, you know, I think you ought to put on your skirts; you—you'll catch cold."

"Oh, but how can I put on my skirts; I haven't any to put on."

"Why, my dear young lady, you have. Allow me," and, with the air of an old-time gallery, he relieved the young woman of the burden on her arm, and as she did not seem to be able to help herself he proceeded to help her. His intention was wonderfully good, but he rather transposed things, and as the young lady herself said, she would have had to stand on her head in order to have worn her clothes, for, in his ardor, the unhappy man put them on upside down. Others came to the rescue, however, and the young woman was soon clothed and in her right mind, but as she confided to a friend yesterday, she does not think much of reporters in the role of ladies' maid.

MAN OR WOMAN.

Scientific Experiments to Show that Man's Senses Are Keener.

Thoughtful and observant persons do not need a demonstration that the senses are less keen in woman than in man, according to the Pall Mall Budget.

Their own experience has revealed that natural law, but, since we are not all thoughtful or observant, the experiments of Profs. Nichols and Browne are welcome.

These American physiologists have begun to experiment with the sense of smell.

They took four substances most strongly odoriferous—essence of clove, of garlic, of lemon and prussic acid.

Each of these they diluted with pure water in a growing proportion, filling a set of bottles at every degree of the scale, until the last set represented one part of the test substance to 2,000,000 parts of water.

Then they shuffled the bottles, so to speak, and called in forty-four men and thirty-eight women from the various ranks of life, all young and healthy.

These representatives of either sex were instructed to rearrange the bottles, guided by the sense of smell, putting each set of mixtures by itself, garlic with garlic, lemon with lemon, &c.

To their results shortly, the women were not in it. None of them could trace prussic acid beyond the dilution of 20,000 parts to one, while most of the men traced it up to 100,000 parts.

Three of the latter actually passed the extreme limit, identifying prussic acid at a single part in 2,000,000.

Beyond 100,000 all the women failed to recognize essence of lemon; all the men detected it at 250,000.

This proportion represents their average superiority all around.

A USEFUL BOY.

He Saved a Young Man from a Whole Tribe of Reporters.

A lusty young man, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears and a pair of bright red mittens on his hands, stopped a boy at the corner of Grand River avenue and Griswold street the other afternoon to ask the way to the City Hall, says the Detroit Free Press. The lad waited a minute to size him up and then replied:

"Gimme a quarter and I'll put you through as slick as grease."

"Put me through?"

"Yes, I know what you want. You want to go to the County Clerk's office for a marriage license."

"'Spose I do?"

"Well, you'll have to ask three or four times before you find it, and by the time you get in there the hull crowd will be onto you bigger'n a house."

"Don't care."

"No, mebbe you don't care if fifty different fellers laugh and giggle and wink around, but when the reporters come out with their articles about a knee-sprung hayseed lolly-poppin' around for half a day to get a license to marry Jerusha Josh, who wears No. 10 shoes and spats on her hands to chop, it won't be so mighty funny."

"Will they do that?" asked the young man in alarm.

"They'll do that and wuss, if you give 'em a chance. For a quarter I walk on ahead and you foller. I steer you into the City Hall, I skip you into the County Clerk's office.

"While you are giltin' a license I stand the reporters off and they don't even git on to what makes you so rich. It's with a dollar, and that's my reg'lar charge, but bein' it's you, and bein' ——

"I'll do it—here's your quarter—lead on," interrupted the "candidate," and as nothing about a "hayseed" and a "Josh" like that has appeared in the papers, it is likely that the boy worked the racket without a slip.

SHAM SUICIDE OF A SNAKE.

How the Spreadhead Adder Poisons Itself and Plays 'Possum.

The "spreadhead" or "blowing" adders, quite common in this country, are generally believed to be extremely venomous on account of their dense and bold manner when attacked, says the Boston Globe. Being toothless they are, however, quite harmless.

Rather than risk which contributes to their reputation as poison bearers is that of apparently inflicting deadly bites upon those who when their escape becomes hopeless, if headed off in every direction, and repeatedly beaten with a switch, at length turn upon their tormentors, such undignified foolery it may be within it, and then, turning upon itself, go through the motions of severely biting itself along its dorsal region.

As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind, but, rolling itself over, feigns death to the most transparent of possum playing, as any one can prove by turning the apparently dead creature over.

So intent is it on being entirely dead that it cannot be induced to lie otherwise than flat on its back, belly up, and will turn quickly to this position without percentible muscular effort as often as it is disturbed. This habit doubtless serves to protect it from actual death in many cases, just as the same habit does the opossum and many insects.

Naming the Species.

(From Judge.)

Bella—What a cunning little dude Mr. Spindlewax is—cunning-looking, but as silent as a mummy.

Carrie—And half hidden, too, behind that big boutonniere, he might be called a chrysanthemummy.

HOW ROCQUEFORT IS MADE.

THIS CHEESE IS MANUFACTURED ONLY IN ONE SPOT IN FRANCE.

A Remarkable Cave in Which It Is Placed to Be Finished.

Out of Rocquefort, a little village of 2,000 souls, situated in the Department of Aveyron, Southern France, the world gets its Rocquefort cheese, says the Chicago News.

If you take a train—or better, as we did, a bike—at Beziers and journey to Station Tournemire, on the road to Clermont Ferrand, you will find yourself at the foothills of Rocquefort. If you look to the mountain side you will see Rocquefort perched above some cliffs. In the mountains is a large cave, and in this cave all the cheese made in the neighborhood as well as many from the departments of Lozere, Herault and Aude Farm is prepared. There is no other such cave, nor is a cheese so Rocquefort for the cave it and no Rocquefort shall it, man or woman, that gives Rocquefort its peculiarities of taste and color.

A shepherd lad, so runs the legend, left quite a large piece of bread and cheese, prepared from the milk of his own goats, in this cavern. Returning some time afterward he found to his surprise, that his cheese and only was not dried up or rotted, but tasted better than before. Besides, the bread—mouse left in contact with the cheese caused the green-and-blue veins, and now in the famous cheese. The villagers, told of this result, tested its truth with results very satisfactory. As far back as 1070 Rocquefort's cheese was famous, and it is mentioned in many ancient chronicles. The worth of the cavern to the little village will be seen in the yearly production, upward of 10,000,000 pounds.

Rocleefort, or Rocquefort, is prepared from sheep's milk exclusively, and goat's or cow's milk may make good cheeses, but they won't make Rocleefort. The sheep are mostly Lacrazes, and they actually belong in the high tablelands or plateaus which border the farm. They eat little, are easily satisfied and yield per capita yearly thirty-five to forty-five pounds of cheese.

The lambs are not left long with their own dams, they are either sold brought up on the bottle or by other sheep. The sheep are milked morning and evening. The milk, as soon as it is taken from the sheep, is immediately placed over the fire and heated almost, but never quite to the boiling point. Otherwise, the milk and curds are treated as in the preparation of other cheeses, except that little crust-crumbs of bread are mixed with it to produce the blue veins alluded to above. It is not true, as sometimes urged, that this color comes from Alpine herds.

After the cheese is made it is put into rooms to dry. As soon as a certain degree of dryness is reached it is removed to the cave. Here it gets those little touches that make it Rocquefort against all the world's art. Why? How? Nobody knows. But proper it thus cave is regular, all the year round, in temperature, and has air draughts running in it from January to January. It is supposed that the temperature is due to openings into subterranean caves, and the moist air in waters of some underground seas. At all events, some happy natural combination gives the peculiar results, and no efforts of art have ever even partially succeeded in attaining them. If the temperature changed the fermentation would change; if the moisture was more or less it would make the cheese so soft that it would not keep together, and if less the cheese would be too dry.

The cave is owned by a joint stock company. This Company buys the cheese from persons and farmers for 50 or 100 miles around. Of course great care must be taken in preparing, and only experts in testing are sent out to buy. The cave is fitted up with oak shelves, on which the cheeses are placed. In this way it has been so utilized that 6,000 square yards of surface have been occupied.

During the six months that it takes to make the cheese it has to pass through many processes. First of all it must be rubbed for three days with fine salt, and as often as the melted salt, mingling with the cheese, makes a mass of soft matter this is scraped away. It is then taken to a machine filled with needles and run by steam. Here it is pricked full of little holes, into which afterwards the air of the cave penetrates.

All these processes are entirely performed by the women, who, besides bed and board, get $100 to $125 a year. The cave is so cold and damp that the women must wear woollens Winter and Summer. It is a curious sight in Summer to see these women clad as they are, when it is made only in northern latitudes in Winter.

The people are clean, hospitable and good-natured. They have only a very vague notion, however, of what the world thinks of their cheese. They know it is good, they prepare it because it is the only means of prosperity. The Paris prices, however, or those of London, Chicago and New York, appear to them absolutely incredible.

There is a rugged rustidity among the hills. The people are simple as the peasants of Palestine in the times of Christ. They take off their hats and bow their heads as Millet has told us in his beautiful picture of "The Angelus."

Early one morning I crept out of my hotel while the world was asleep. I went into the fields. The meadows were rich with clover and sweet with the new-mown hay. I climbed over broken walls, along paths where poppies grew, under overhanging arches clad with creeping vines, by quaint gardens and queer cottages, to the village square. Here was one old town pump, a stone trough and behind it the ancient town house. Seated on the pump was a ragged fellow of eighteen or twenty, playing a musical instrument, which I can best describe by calling it a horn. While I was wondering whether it was not some poor, half-witted creature—the village fool, perhaps—I heard "Patter, patter! Click, click! Click, click!" on all sides of me. Presently, out of every yard, lane, street and byway, came hundreds of sheep. They trooped or flocked together around the pump, where Pan with his pipe was playing. I knew then that my lad was the village shepherd, and made his music to call his sheep. When all were present he jumped from his perch and started, followed by two shepherd dogs and surrounded by his flock, into the rich pasture lands of the hills. In his hand—his horn hung now by his side—he carried a shepherd's crook.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

She Is Learning the Trade, but as Yet Is Not a Brilliant Success.

Our wife is learning the art preservative, and we are having more fun than a box of monkeys, writes the editor of the Summer Dispatch.

She knows all about the business—has learned more about the business in two weeks than we found out in ten years.

She don't see why they do things this way, and knows it would be better to do things some other way than that prescribed by every printer since Adam was born.

Poor girl, she'll know more, and not be so smart either, after we have shown her the type vermin, bat her the down in the bellbox about a foot looking for italic periods and make a few traps around the corner looking for a three-corner chase, &c.

When we speak of the illegitimate type she is pacified, and declares she believes every word she ever heard about printers being touch is true.

Ask her for the quoins and she wants to know if we think she was born yesterday. Call the leads tins and the galley plates, and she can't tell the shooting-stick from a curvescrew.

When we speak of making up a form she is as much as blames and wants to know what woman we are talking about now.

All phrases familiar to every printer sound strange, and she thinks we are poking fun at her, but if her health holds out she will make a good typo, as she can almost set a "plateful" a day now.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is the family benefactor. 25c.

ONLY A RAT.

But He Drew a Crowd and Had Lots of Fun.

A boy ten years old suddenly appeared on Monroe avenue, near Randolph street, the other afternoon, with a rat-trap held high in his hand. The trap contained a rat—an old veteran who had probably eaten twenty times his weight in Michigan cheese, says the Detroit Free Press. For years and years he had been too sly for those who sought his destruction, but the plucker had gone to the well once too often. He was squealing and squirming about, but there was no one to pity. The boy had scarcely gained the street when there was a rush for it's and men and boys were heard shouting:

"He's got a rat!"

"Genuine git my dog!"

"Good gracious, what a whopper!"

"Don't let him get away!"

The man who knows all about rats was there, of course. Also the man who has made the killing of rats a specialty all his life. They worked their way to the front.

"You don't want to fool with that rat," cautioned the first.

"I think I know my business," blandly replied the second.

"So do I."

"Don't interfere with me."

"There is four dogs were brought into the crowd. A man who is always willing to lend the dog also got off a street car and chewed his way in, to demand:

"What's all this fuss about? A rat, eh. Now, then, everybody stand back. Gimme half there."

The boy demurred. It was his trap and his rat. He felt that he ought to be consulted.

"Let go, Gallagher!" yelled one of the crowd.

"Where's your rat?"

"Somebody hit the man with the red necktie."

A policeman now appeared. He began to use his official elbows to open a path for his body, but the crowd resented the action, and began to hustle him until he threatened to call for some one. Meanwhile the two men who knew all about rats were fuming the man who wanted to boss the job, and the boy was declaring that his brother would lick the man who stole his rodent.

"You're a liar!"

"Hit him one!"

"Look out for the cop!"

The crowd began to circle around, and the boy fell down and lost its trap. Some one picked it up and shook the rat out, and dogs and men and boys were all mixed up, and falling over each other. In the confusion the rat got away into the sewer the policeman rapped three men on the back with his club, and the crowd dissolved, leaving about a dozen hats kicking around on the battle-ground. Then a lot of people shook their fists in the air, and another lot called somebody a liar, and everybody went away mad and threatening to get even if it took him a whole year.

WATER METERS.

Views of a Scientific Journal on the Philadelphia Opposition.

The Councils' Water Committee, of Philadelphia, Pa., has again shown its lack of business sense in refusing Director James H. Windrim's request for permission to meter the water supplied to breweries, distilleries, refineries and other large consumers, says the Engineering Record. The remarkable reasoning on which this decision was apparently based is that such permission, embodied in a suitable ordinance, would be "class legislation," and that the city ought not endeavor to save wasted water, but should try to furnish a large supply.

That is, in substance, the convincing argument advanced by one manufacturer, and is apparently the belief of this individuals. A few facts and figures concerning the situation in Philadelphia will show the stupidity of such views.

The city now supplies about 150 gallons of water per capita daily, about twice as much as Brooklyn, nearly four times as much as St. Paul, and about sixty gallons more than New York and Boston.

Not only is this quantity of water very large, even for a place having the manufacturing interests possessed by Philadelphia, but it is drawn from a source which is entirely inadequate.

Every Summer the city is threatened with a water famine, and every Summer there is, therefore, a renewal of the demand to increase the supply. Not only is the present supply scanty, it is also costly, the water being drawn from the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers.

In view of this state of affairs, it is rather surprising that any manufacturer of the slightest public spirit should persist in opposing Mr. Windrim's request for meters, which is made simply for the purpose of applying to the operation of an important municipal department the fundamental business principles that a purchaser should pay for what he takes, and only for that quantity.

It is gratifying to note that all the large consumers do not object to the use of meters, for we see that Joseph J. De Kinder, representing brewing firms, advocated strongly their introduction in an address before the Committee recently.

One surprising feature of the matter is that the meter rate Mr. Windrim proposes to charge is very low, only 30 cents a thousand cubic feet. This should induce manufacturers to apply for meters rather than arouse an opposition that will ultimately make them pay more.

An Urgent Call.

(From Life.)

She—One of the legs of our sofa is broken. Will you come order right away and fix it?

Carpenter—I'm very busy just now, miss. Won't to-morrow do?

She—Oh, dear, no. It must be ready by 7.30 this evening.

Reasonable.

(From Life.)

She—Should you die, are you opposed to my remarrying?

He—No.

She—Why not?

He—Why should I be solicitous about the welfare of a fellow I'll never know?

So Unkind of Her.

(From Judge.)

Mr. Greylocks—Will you marry me, Miss Flypp?

Miss Flypp—I am sorry, Mr. Greylocks, but I can only be a grandmaughter to you.

Simply—Soak, Boil and Rinse

Then it's easy enough—and safe enough, too. Millions of women are washing in this way. Are you?

Soak your clothes in Pearline and water (over night is best); boil them in Pearline and water twenty minutes; rinse them—and they will be clean.

When you think what you save by doing away with the rubbing, the saving of health, the saving of clothes, the saving of hard work, time and money—then isn't it time to think about washing with Pearline?

Beware of imitations. 355 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

The Question.

(From Judge.)

Little Miss Jennie See (aged seven and visiting New York)—I don't think much of New York. (A pause.) What makes you look at me so funny, Uncle Brownstone?

Uncle Brownstone—Oh, nothing. I was just wondering what New York thought of you.

He Wanted a Sure Thing.

(From Judge.)

Society Youth—Colonel, is it good form for one gentleman to call on three ladies?

Col. Henderson (of Kentucky), absently—I don't know whether it's good form or not, but I should say it's —— bad policy unless they ah backed up by a devilish strong pack, sah.

No Unconsidered Compliment.

(From Judge.)

She—Oh, Mr. Haskins, your declamations are marvellous! We've enjoyed them so much.

He—Yes, Haskins, old fellow, that recitation of "Baby Bell" made my hair stand on end.

3 Insertions of a 3-line

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Flats and Apartments to Let.

Unfurnished—East Side.

36TH ST., 224 E.—Parlor & basement, 7 rooms & bath; newly painted & decorated.

41ST ST., 112 E., near Park ave.—Four light rooms; improvements; newly decorated; $15, $16.

49TH ST., 222 E.—Elegant single flat; 7 rooms & bath; all improvements; $42.

50TH ST., 315 E.—Elegant parlor & basement flat, 8 large rooms, $47.50; elevated station cor.

50TH ST., 343 E.—Elegant single flat, 7 large, light rooms; $30; L station at corner.

51ST ST., 130 E., near Lexington ave.—Single flat with 3 fine bedrooms; gas fixtures; $22 month.

51ST ST., 329, between 1st & 2d aves.—Floors, 5 rooms; stationary tubs; $14.

60TH ST., 160 E., near Lexington ave.—Parlor flat, 7 delightful rooms, decorated; heat; only $30; choice location.

66TH ST., 434 E.—Elegant steam heated flats to let; 5 rooms; rent $16 to $19 month. Inquire on premises.

71ST, 225 E.—Very nice beautifully decorated top flat, 6 rooms & bath, all improvements, to small family; rent $25. Steiner.

72D ST., 350 E. Top floor, brown-stone private residence; no children. GUSTAVUS DAVIS.

72D ST., 409 E., near 3d ave., cable cars & Central Park; beautifully decorated 3 & 4 rooms; gas, elevators, tiled halls; rent $8.50 upward.

72D ST., 410 E.—Free to March; 4 rooms; painted walls; tubs, bells; $11.50 to $13.

75TH ST., 107 EAST—Excellent order, 8 rooms; near L station; $28; February free.

76TH ST., 220 E.—Flats, 5 light rooms & bath; all improvements; perfect order; rent $17, $18.

86TH ST., 131 E., corner Lexington ave., 8 rooms; bath; steam heated; full boys; moderate rent.

86TH ST., 110 E.—Ground flats, 9 rooms; suitable doctor or dressmaker; $20; L station.

90TH ST., 114 E.—Elegant flat, 7 very light & extra large rooms & bath; all improvements & heated hots.

102D ST., 104-106 E.—Free rent to March; near Central Park; very healthy location; 5 rooms; flats; tubs, bells; $14 & $12.

104TH ST., 38 E., corner Madison ave.—To let, flats, 5 large rooms, with all improvements; extra sunny room; all rooms light.

105TH ST., 62 E.—Elegant flat to let; 6 rooms & bath; decorated; refrigerator, heat & all improvements; rent $19. Apply on premises.

108TH ST., 117 E.—5 rooms, all skylights; well painted; first-class order; rent $13.

112TH ST., 68 E. & 14 W. 124th st.—Improved light flats, $10.

114TH ST., 81 E.—1st flat, 6 rooms; parlor heated; $17; free to March 1.

114TH ST., 70 E.—5 rooms & bath; all improvements; newly decorated; $14. Janitor.

114TH ST., 85 E.—4 rooms, heated, improvements, $17 to $19. February free. Janitor.

115TH ST., 79 E. (big Brady fell)—5-room flat, rent $17; free to March 1.

120TH ST., 115 E., between Lexington & 4th aves.—Largest single flat in city; 7 beautifully decorated rooms, bath; all improvements; $22; beautiful entrance.

120TH ST., 104 E.—Desirable single flat, near Mt. Morris Park; 5 and 6 rooms and bath, in fine order; immediate possession; $18 to $20.

121ST ST., 426 E.—1st flat, 7 rooms & bath; rent, $23; 2 blocks from station. Janitor.

124TH ST., 222 EAST—Top floor in private house to let.

NORSEMAN,

78th st., 176 E., only 2 flats left; hardwood floors, tiled halls; elegantly decorated; 1st floor suitable for doctor; rents $25 & $30. Janitor on premises.

A. 7 ROOM SINGLE FLAT, with all improvements; rent $21; $5 allowed each month for care of halls, &c. MURRAY'S, 2030 3d ave.

ALL LIGHT ROOMS, northwest corner 43d st. & 3d ave., & 920 2d ave., corner 49th st.; rents $8 to $12. Housekeepers.

APARTMENTS in the "Improved Dwelling," 402 E. 72d st., 3, 4, 5 rooms; all light; bath, laundry; hot & cold water; $6.25 to $14.
FOLSOM BROS., 820 Broadway.

A VERY desirable floor, spacious rooms; rent $25 monthly. Call at 234 3d ave.

CHANCE!—Four large light rooms, with all improvements, for $14.50. 220 E. 121st st.

CHEAPEST RENTS in the city; 3d ave., 1 block from 100th st. station; lovely flats of 7 rooms; hot & cold water; stationary tubs; finish water in complete order; $17 & $18. Apply to janitor, 1956 3d ave.

FLATS, 6 rooms & bath. Apply to janitor, N.E. corner 78th st. & Park ave.

FLATS of 5 rooms & bath; all improvements; small, quiet family; rent $14 to $17. Janitor, 105 E. 102d st., or MURRAY'S, 2030 3d ave.

FLATS—5 large rooms, baths, improvements; $16; elevated station 1 block. Janitor, 414 E. 81st st.

HANDSOME CORNER FLAT; 7 large light rooms & bath; $30; janitor's service & every appliance. The Capitol, 121st st. & Lexington ave.

IF YOU are looking for desirable flats in central location, convenient to 6 elevated stations, large rooms, low rents, with special inducements to good tenants, call & see the elegantly decorated Pelham Flats, 237 E. 59th st., janitor on premises, or 346 Broadway, room 24, 2d floor.

REASONABLE RENTS—Two newly decorated, cold-water flats and store. Inquire of janitor, 1015 Park ave.

RENT FREE TO MARCH 1.
Healthy location 144 E. 84th st., between Lex. ington & 3d aves. Elevated station; 3 & 4 room apartments; rents $10 to $18.

THE DOUGLAS,
1051 10th ave., near Union square.
Free to March 1, elegant apartment of 12 perfectly light rooms; hardwood floors, steam heat, janitor, hot water, &c. $41.40.

THE LORNE AND THE ROTHSAY,
164 & 166 East 84th st., &
The Kensington, 158 E. 106th st., free to March 1, elegant flats of 3 & 4 light rooms, some beauty, hardwood, mirrors, door service, &c. $18 to $27.

THE 1,250 st., elegant apartments of 8 perfectly light rooms, hardwood floors, tiled hall & back parlor hall with Wilton carpet; only 4 families in the house; all improvements; $42. Inquire janitor, or room 24, 229 Broadway.

$16 TO $24 FLATS, 5 & 6 rooms & bath; all improvements; large, light rooms; in perfect order; near L station. APPLY TO JANITOR.

$18 TO $19 rent for 3 & 7 large, light, decorated rooms; range, hot water; elevated station 1 block. Janitor to 429 E. 86th st.

4 LARGE rooms; all light and airy; with plenty of light room; rent $14. Janitor, 239 East 29th st.

7-ROOM SINGLE FLAT, every convenience; close to Central Park; 3d ave. cars; 106th st., 106th st., or MURRAY'S, 2030 3d ave.

LEXINGTON AVE., 225, near 20th st.—Flats 5 rooms, bath; steam heated.

18TH ST., 340 E.—26 floor of 5 rooms, in good order; quiet house; rent moderate. Janitor.

37TH ST., 318 E.—1st floor; 4 large light rooms to let; rent $14.

47TH ST., 121 E., near Park ave.—A single flat of 9 rooms; steam heated; all improvements; strictly private block; elegantly decorated; new house. G. NICHOLAS, 1483 Broadway, near 42d st., or janitor.

47TH ST., 216 E.—4 decorated light rooms; ranges & hot water; $12-$15; free to March 1.

Flats and Apartments to Let.

Unfurnished—East Side.

106TH ST., 13-22 E., near Central Park—Few left; 6 rooms; bath; all improvements; cabinet, cupboard, refrigerator, mantle mirrors; decorated; $14 $23.

114TH ST., 75 E.—5 rooms, bath; all improvements; bells heated; $16 up. Janitor.

120TH ST., 172 E.—5 rooms, bath; all improvements; all light; $20.

6 ROOMS and bath, all improvements, $18 to $20. 6 rooms, 011 100th st.

Unfurnished—West Side.

AMSTERDAM AVE., corner 93d st.—5 & 6 rooms; steam heated; flats; all improvements. Apply to janitor.

AMSTERDAM AVE., 708, near 97th st.—5 rooms & bath; $20, unusually nice.

BANK ST., 16, corner Waverley place—Parlor floor, 3 rooms; well put bath in for tenant; rent reasonable. Apply premises or to 401 6th ave.

CARMINE ST., 31 & 33, $15. 4 beautiful light rooms; improvements; clean; well kept house; cheapest, best in the neighborhood; please see them before renting elsewhere. MASON, 263 W. 39th st., or janitor.

CENTRAL PARK W., 261, between 106th & 107th sts.—Top floor, handsomely decorated; single flats, frontine back; 7 large rooms & bathroom; steam heat.

COLUMBUS AVE.,
7 Rooms and Bath, Steam.
NO. 1796, $28.
CORNER 123RD ST., $31.
F. B. MAYHEW, 1253 ST.

COLUMBUS AVE.,
119TH & 120TH STS.,
TOWER CORNER
ALL OUTSIDE, $30;
ROOMS & BATH.
F. B. MAYHEW, 1253 Columbus ave., 251 5TH AVE.

COLUMBUS AVE., 853, near 103d st.—Elegant flats; 5 and 6 rooms; bath, with improvements, 24 flat; new hall; $18 up.

GREENWICH ST., 626, near Morton—Elegant light front apartments; new house; best order; improvements; $12, $14. Janitor.

JANE ST., 31—Nice apartments, 5 large, light rooms, $18 to $23. AVERY, 502 8th ave.

LENOX AVE., 244, near 125th st.—Elegant flats; 5 large light rooms & bath; all improvements; $20; janitor.

MORTON ST., 42—Handsomest new, elegantly decorated house in 9th Ward; portico, stoop; hot & cold water, range, private bath & closets; no children; open Sundays; $20 to $25.

WAVERLEY PLACE, 107—1st flat, 6 rooms, 25x100; all improvements; first-class order; low rent; light business or dwelling. Money penny, 178 6th ave.

5TH AVE., 1366—5, 6 & 7 rooms and bath; all improvements; moderate rents. John McCarthy.

8TH AVE., 597—Rare chance, splendid flat with light to rms; all improvements; no children; $27.

9TH AVE., near 22d st.—1st floor; 4 large, light rooms; quiet neighborhood; $21. S. P. Jayne & Co., 254 W. 23d st.

9TH AVE., 534, near 40th st.—Elegant apartments, 4 rooms; all improvements; decorated; rent $15.50.

9TH AVE., 119, near 18th st.—4 light rooms; all improvements; quiet house; rent $10.

10TH ST., 273 W.—3 rooms, $14. Janitor or WOOD & MILLER, 219 W. 125th st.

16TH ST., 275 W., 3d floor, 5 rooms; rent, $21.

10TH ST., 258 W.—$15 upward, great reduction; elegant apartments of 4 rooms, all improvements; every room has outside light; halls heated; references required.

10TH ST., 148 W.—Apartment of 3 rooms, nicely furnished for housekeeping. Outside bell.

14TH ST., 238 W., 1 or 2 unfurnished rooms to let. Apply janitor.

15TH ST., 162 W., central—$30; 5 elegant light rooms; all improvements; grand entrance; nothing like them elsewhere for the money; inspection solicited; roof apartment only $13. MASON, 263 W. 14th st., or janitor.

15TH ST., 200 W.—Elegant flat, 4 light rooms; bath, improvements; $20 & $22.

17TH ST., 324 W.—7 elegant rooms, all light; private hall, bathroom; every improvement; $26, $31. Janitor.

20TH ST., 335 W.—Five large, light, cheerful rooms; bath; all improvements; good neighborhood; seen Monday.

21ST ST., 59 W.—Elegant light apartment; new house; in order; heated halls; improvements; $17. Janitor.

25TH ST., 416, near 9th ave.—4 nice rooms, 24 floor, improvements; $16; 3 light rooms, $12.50.

26TH ST., 410 TO 414 W.—3 to 7 rooms, $11 to $21. AMES & CO., 109 W. 34th st.

26TH ST., 302 W.—7 light rooms, newly painted; parlor flat; all improvements. Beggs, 306 W. 26th st.

35TH ST., 441 W.—Single flat, 4 light rooms; private hall & bath; rent, $17; inducements.

36TH ST., 214 W.—To let, 1st floor; good chance for dressmaker.

56TH ST., 451 W.—3 & 4 beautiful light rooms, in new house; fine elegant well kept house; free rent March 1; don't miss it. Apply janitor.

57TH ST., 315 W. Handsome new flat; bath; modern improvements; heated, decorated; light, desirable location; $21.

57TH ST., 411 W.—Elegant light front apartments; new house; best order; improvements; $12, $13. Janitor.

58TH ST., 252, 254 W.; Arthur—Handsome flats, 6 rooms, bath, $40, $30. Janitor.

59TH ST., 253 W., block from Broadway (Sherwood)—Handsome steam-heated single apartment; 7 elegant rooms, bath; handsomely decorated; slate floor; elegant mantels, bathroom, $35.

60TH ST., 225 W.—Cheapest near Broadway; 5 rooms & bath; all improvements; rent moderate. Janitor.

47TH ST., 451 W.—Elegant flat, 4 large rooms; newly painted & papered; all improvements; rent low.

48TH ST., 346 W.—Beautiful flat, 6 large rooms & bath; newly painted & decorated; rent low.

48TH ST., 434 W.—1st floor & front basement, 5 rooms; $18; 3-family house; seen Monday.

51ST ST., 413 W., Kenilworth—All light 7-room flats, newly papered and painted, $25 & $28.

52D ST., 550 W.—Parlor, basement in 25-foot house; small family. Apply 768 9th ave.

53D ST., 434 W.—Reduced rents, $9, $11 monthly; 4 rooms each; all improvements; very desirable.

55TH ST., 111 W.—24 flat,