THE LONDON STAGE.

Some of Its Secrets Being Revealed in the Law Courts.

Ellaline Terriss to Play Elaine to Irving's King Arthur.

More Oscar Wildeisms—Cissie Loftus May Come Here.

(Copyrighted, 1894, by the Associated Press.)

LONDON, July 7.—The actors of London have recently provided many free shows in the law courts, which have been largely attended. For instance, an action brought by the discharged conductor of the orchestra of the Lyric Theatre was commenced on Wednesday last before Justice Stirling. The testimony presented revealed many secrets connected with that theatre. The trouble all arose through the refusal of May Yohe, the American burlesquer, who has, upon more than one occasion, been reported to have married Lord Hope, refusing to be bound by the ordinary rules of the establishment. Finally, Lord Hope made it a sine qua non that the conductor should be discharged or May Yohe would leave. The conductor went and the lawsuit followed.

When Henry Irving produces "King Arthur" in the Autumn, it is practically settled that Miss Ellaline Terriss will play Elaine.

Salaman's "A Modern Eve," at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday last pleased a critical house, which included many members of the dramatic profession. All present predicted success for the new play, which is a frank and audacious study of perverted womanhood, made attractive by some fine character drawing. Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree played the two leading parts with great spirit.

The new opera at the Savoy Theatre, "Mirette," although a charming production, is altogether too conventional in character to long retain the suffrages of an audience accustomed to Gilbert and Sullivan fare. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Tosti, Grossmith and other celebrities were in the audience.

"Faust" seems destined to become a perennial at the Lyceum. The five hundredth performance took place last Saturday, and provoked one of those demonstrations of enthusiasm to which Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are accustomed on such occasions. On Monday next "Becket" is to be revived for a run of ten nights, and after a single performance of "The Merchant of Venice" the hospitable theatre in Wellington street will be in a state of relache.

During Beerbohm Tree's absence on tour next Autumn the Haymarket will pass into the hands of Lewis Waller, who intends to produce there a new comedy by Oscar Wilde. Mr. Waller is one of the most hard-working and conscientious of London actors; his wife, Miss Florence West, who will presumably play the leading woman's part, is a sister of Mrs. Clement Scott.

In connection with the above forthcoming production a characteristic correspondence has passed by wire between Oscar Wilde and a writer. Lewis Waller is at present out of town and, in order to obtain some particulars about the new play, the writer telegraphed to Oscar Wilde asking him to grant him an interview. This was the reply, received an hour or so later:

"Very many thanks, but quite impossible. No one should read newspapers.
"OSCAR."

A second telegram was sent to the literary aesthetic: "Many thanks for your wire. What should one read?"

"My own books, of course. OSCAR," was the prompt response.

Almost simultaneously with Oscar Wilde's reappearance as a dramatic author, a clever satire is to be published on himself, and the cult of which he is the head. It is to be called "The Green Carnation," the floral emblem of the decadents, and is the work of a clever young journalist who has had special opportunities of studying the originals. The book will be published anonymously.

"King Kodak" was seen for the last time at Terry's last Saturday, and the theatre is now closed, while "The Masqueraders," at the St. James's, has only some three weeks more to run this season.

So great has been Sarah Bernhardt's success at Daly's that Messrs. Abbey and Grau may possibly proing their season in order to allow of further performances of "Izeyl" being given.

One of the most regular attendants at the theatre has been little Cissie Loftus, who is studying the great tragedienne with a view to imitating her later on at the Palace Theatre of Varieties. Bernhardt has given Cissie Loftus every opportunity to see her act, and has herself written out many characteristic pasages of "Izeyl" for the benefit of the young artist.

Cissie Loftus's contract at the Palace expires very shortly, and she may possibly go on a provincial tour with a variety company of her own, but she is now in negotiation with Henry Abbey, with a view to visiting the United States.

The account of the circumstances connected with the retirement of Mrs. Langtry from "A Society Butterfly," and the consequent withdrawal of the play, as cabled last week, was substantially correct. Mrs. Langtry, it appears, was drawing a salary of $400 a week, but as she positively declined to perform the dance, which was to have been one of the features of the play, the management insisted that she should pay the salary of a dancer to take her place. Mabelle Stuart, the American serpentine dancer, was engaged for this purpose, but Mrs. Langtry refused to pay her any part of her salary. Hence the dishonored check and other complications.

Mr. Perryman, who is financing "The New Boy" at the Vaudeville, where Mr. Weedon Grossmith is said to be receiving only $200 a week, is at the head of a powerful syndicate that has been formed to run the Opera Comique. Before long one of the items in the programme may possibly be an extravaganza, in which Mabelle Stuart will perform a number of her clever dances.

On their second visit to America, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were accompanied by their eldest daughter, Miss Margaret Grimston, and on their forthcoming tour in America, in the Autumn, they will take Dorothy, their youngest child, with them. Miss Ethel Grimston, their second daughter, is now studying singing in Paris under Mme. Viardot-Garcia.

The following incident is probably without precedent, and needs no comment: Shortly before Tyrone Power opened his season at the Princess's with "The Texan," Clement Scott wrote a sympathetic note about the American actor in his weekly dramatic column in the Daily Telegraph. A day or two after the publication of the paragraph Clement Scott was called upon by Tyrone Power's backer, who suggested, without circumlocution, that the critic should give conclusive proof of his kind feeling towards Mr. Power by advancing $2,500 towards the production. Needless to say, he went away empty-handed, and Mr. Scott subsequently received an apology from Tyrone Power for the extraordinary conduct of his backer.

Upon the occasion of the birthday of Princess Victoria of Wales (the Princess was born July 6, 1868), "Little Ruby" Johnson, the baby dancer from New York, was for the second time summoned to dance at Marlborough House, the London residence of the Prince of Wales. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family were highly pleased with "Little Ruby," and the Princess Victoria presented her with a pretty jewel, a violet enamelled heart, bordered with pearls and having a diamond in the centre.

"Little Ruby" has danced in nearly all the most aristocratic drawing-rooms of London, and may be said to have scored the greatest success of any of the "infant wonders" now before the public.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.
All others contain alum or ammonia.

ARE THEY BURGLARS?

Young Girls Admit that They Robbed Vasseveotio.

But Deny that They Broke Into His Apartments.

Gave Up Their Liberty to Free a Man Who Was Arrested.

The police have in custody two girls, who, they believe, are house breakers. They are Mollie Weldon, sixteen years old, of 251 Water street, and Della Smith, nineteen years old, of 72 Oliver street.

The girls admit that they stole a gold watch and chain, together with $12.50, from the rooms of Constantine Vasseveotio, an oysterman, of 1 1-2 Monroe street, Friday morning, but they deny that they broke open the door.

Yesterday morning Henry Grossenger, a Brooklyn man, was arrested, charged with the burglary. Circumstantial evidence pointed strongly towards him, and he might have been convicted had not the girls gone to the Madison street station just before midnight last night and given themselves up.

Vasseveotio lives on the second floor of the Monroe street house with his friend, Rudolph Husll. Husll went out to a party, and it was 4 o'clock yesterday morning when he reached his rooms. There he was greatly surprised to find that the door of the place had been forced.

"What's the matter here?" he cried. Then Vasseveotio woke up, to discover that his watch and chain and money were gone, together wth his best trousers.

Regardless of the hour, Vasseveotio started out to notify the police. He had gone not a dozen steps from his own door when he found Grossenger standing alongside of a wagon, calmly examining the trousers.

Vasseveotio is a Greek, and cannot speak a word of English, so when he tried to take the trousers away from Grossenger there was a fight. But it didn't take the Greek a great while to get a policeman and have Grossenger locked up.

The prisoner told the police that he lived in Brooklyn, but refused his address. He said he had been standing in Monroe street, when two young women came up to him and said:

"Say, do you want to see a brand-new pair of pants? They're beauties."

And when he said he wanted them they told him to go look in a wagon. He went, and had just picked up the trousers when the Greek came along.

The police didn't believe the story and had him remanded in the Essex Market Court, so they could hunt for the girls.

The ward men were still on the search when Mollie and Delia walked into the station-house and gave themselves up. They didn't want to see any one suffer for what they had done, they said.

Both the girls are small-sized, but their faces tell the story of a dissolute life.

Mollie Weldon says she used to make paper-boxes before the times got so hard. She was more talkative than her companion, and told the story of the robbery for both.

"It was like this: He tried to do us and we done him," she said. Then she told how the Greek had looked out of his window at 2 o'clock in the morning and called her and Della upstairs. They went, there was some beer drunk and the Greek went into another room. He had no sooner gone than the girls looked around. There was a watch and chain on a table and a pair of trousers on the chair. Della shook the trousers and they gave a sound of jingling money. Della took the trousers under her arm and fled. Mollie followed quickly with the watch and chain.

They got as far as Hamilton street when they met a man who threatened to have them arrested, for he saw the trousers under Delia's arm. But the girls got away from him by running through a hallway. The man followed them for a time, but they climbed over seven fences and came out in "Lovers' Hallway," at 140 Cherry street.

Just when they came out Alice McCarey, the Cherry Hill barmaid, was being carried out of the hallway to be taken to the hospital. There was a crowd and much commotion, so the girls were easily able to escape with their booty.

To-day in court they were held for examination. Grossenger was discharged and will be a witness against the girls, who gave up their liberty for his.

LAWYER'S MOTHER GAVE BAIL

Though Gottlieb Says His Client Is Not a Relative.

Lawyer Maurice H. Gottlieb appeared in the Essex Market Police Court this morning, accompanied by his mother, Rachel Gottlieb, of 210 East Fifty-eighth street. Mrs. Gottlieb gave bonds in $1,000 for Isaac Gottlieb, of 137 Eldridge street, who was arraigned last Thursday on the charge of keeping a gambling-house at that address, and was held in default of $1,000 bail.

At that time Lawyer Gottlieb stated in court that he was not related to the prisoner.

Two-Weeks-Old Baby Abandoned.

Louis Beck, a milkman, of 154 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street, found a female baby two weeks old in the areaway at 223 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street, at 4.55 o'clock this morning. The child had been abandoned some time during the night and was chilled through and suffering from exposure. It was wrapped up in a purple table cover and a piece of gray dress. Matron Travers, at Police Headquarters, has charge of it.

HIS WIFE AND BABY MISSING.

Canal-Boat Capt. Henry Evokes the Aid of the Police.

Started for a Grocery and Thought to Have Drowned.

Charles Henry, captain of the canal-boat Eliza, lying at the foot of Twenty-third street and East River, called at Police Headquarters this morning to make inquiries for his wife and fifteen-months-old child, who mysteriously disappeared from the boat between 6 and 7 o'clock last night.

Mrs. Henry, who is only nineteen years old, left the boat for a near-by grocery store, where she intended making purchases for supper. Failing to return, the husband made inquiries about the neighborhood, but did not find any trace of the missing ones.

He reported the matter to the police of the East Twenty-second street station, who advised him to go to Police Headquarters and have a general alarm sent out.

In order to reach the street from the boat, it was necessary to pass through the yard of a gas-house. The gates were closed and locked at 6 o'clock, and no one could have passed through without permission of the watchman.

The watchman stated this morning that he passed no one through the yard last night. Mr. Henry is, therefore, inclined to believe that his wife and child might have fallen into the water, but no accident of that character has been reported to the police.

GEORGE THE HUGGER NOW.

He Makes Things Lively for the Girls on Lexington Avenue.

George Patterson, a well-dressed man of thirty-six years, who says he is a "railroader," living at 314 West One Hundred and Fourth street, was a prisoner in Yorkville Police Court this morning, charged with hugging and kissing women last night on Lexington avenue. Patterson told Justice McMahon this morning that all he remembered of yesterday was that he went to Coney Island and got drunk there.

About 8 o'clock last night Harry Adler, a young surveyor, of 116 Lexington avenue, told Policeman Weise, of the Grand Central sub-station, that a man was hugging and kissing women indiscriminately on Lexington avenue.

Weise went up to the corner of Forty-fourth street and there found Patterson, maudlin drunk, with his arms around a good-looking young girl, whom he was kissing vigorously. When Patterson saw the policeman coming he ran away. Weise followed and caught him.

Justice McMahon asked Patterson if he had any friends. Patterson said he had, and the Justice told him to send for them, as he would commit him to the island in default of $500 bail for his good behavior.

WOULD WED AT FOURTEEN.

Comely Italian Maiden Sent to the Catholic Protectory.

Philomena Sileri, a comely Italian girl of fourteen years, of 175 Mulberry street, desires to marry, but her parents object, and she was to-day committed to the Catholic Protectory by Justice Grady in the Tombs Police Court.

The girl was found on the Bowery Thursday night. She was crying and said she had no home, and claimed to be hungry.

Her story was investigated by Agent King, of the Gerry Society. He found that the child had a good home, but refused to live there because her parents refused to allow her to marry.

Philomena was in love with a Sicilian, twenty-six years old, who is a laborer and lives in Mott street. The two have been seen together several times. When reprimanded the girl said this was a free country, and if she could not do as she pleased she would run away.

She did run away, and her parents decided that the best place for her was in an institution.

SICK HEADACHE
Positively Cured by These Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BASEBALL'S BIG DAY.

And It Ought to Be a Big One for the Babies' Fund.

"1492" and "The Passing Show" Will Cross Bats and Have Fun.

Time and Place: Polo Grounds, Tuesday, July 10.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$1,148.01
Baby fall at the Wild West	13.20
Visitors to Dome, Pulitzer Building	8.06
Ruth, Tad, Wink and Tim	5.00
Lawn party, Myer Gans's lawn, Bayswater, L. I.	5.94
Birdie Crager and others	5.73
Carrie Montgomery and Doretta Meyer	3.00
W. H. W.	2.00
Glen Mill Town Thiels	1.45
Eight children, Mount Vernon, N. Y.	1.60
"Our Alice"	1.00
Sympathy	1.00
John Bene	1.00

Not only "baseball as it is baseball," but lots of gay burlesque and free-and-easy fun will be furnished at the Polo Grounds next Tuesday afternoon, when the Sick Babies' Fund has a benefit there. Then the ball-tossers of Canary & Lederer's "The Passing Show," at the Casino, will tackle the expert leather-chasers of E. E. Rice's "1492," now at the Garden Theatre. The comedians of these two merry entertainments will appear on the diamond in their show costumes, and each nine has rehearsed "acts" that are calculated to be big surprises and that will certainly make the crowd laugh. Capt. Ed M. Favor, of "1492," says he is confident his team will wipe up the Polo Grounds with Capt. Seymour G. Hess's "Passing Show" players. But Capt. Hess will have a picturesque mascot on hand to hoodoo the "1492's." That mascot will be Junius Willis Antonio, the smallest, but the most exciting of Lucy Daly's pickaninnies. Lee Harrison, of "The Passing Show" nine, will have a personal mascot and general assistant on the field in the pickaninny Alfred Smith Singer. The whole pickaninny band will be there, and will do some wonderful feats with watermelons, besides otherwise contributing to the delights of the day. Capt. Hess has strengthened his team by putting Barney Fagan, the song and dance nonpareil, on his team, and the nine has in other ways been made powerful. The two teams as they now stand are as follows:

"The Passing Show."	"1492."
Seymour Hess (Capt.) 2b.	Ed. M. Favor (Capt.) 1b.
Lee Harrison, cf.	F. Stearns, 2b.
H. Standish, lf.	Walter Jones, 3b.
Gus Pixley, 3b.	F. Luther, c.
Barney Fagan, ss.	F. Brackett, p.
Robert Hazan, p.	J. Keefe, rf.
George Howard, c.	"Copper" Sloan, lf.
Wm. Cameron, rf.	"Long" Walton, ss.
George McCabe, 1b.	"Short" Slavin, cf.

Substitutes—"1492," E. B. Rice, Richard Harlowe, Will Palmer, E. L. Price, George Thomas and Dr. Parkhurst (George Gaston). "The Passing Show," George Lederer, Tom Canary, Jeff De Angelis, Paul Arthur, John E. Henshaw and Curt Newell.

De Wolf Hopper and Marshall P. Wilder, who promise to try to get along without calling out United State troops or the National Guard, will act as umpires. "1492" will have its own music furnished by Ed M. Favor. Walter Jones, Jack Sloan and Walton and Slavin. It will also have two kegs of beer, donated by Ike Dannenberg. "The Passing Show" will have a fife and drum corps and two kegs of courage, presented by Fred May.

But the brilliant feature of the event will be the presence on the grand stand of all the beautiful girls of both companies. The principals, as well as the prettiest chorus girls, will be there selling souvenir photographs for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund. These pictures were photographed in a group by Photographer Hall, of Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, this morning, who will donate the pictures which the "Phrynettes" and the "Twelve Daily Hints from Paris" and other handsome young ladies of the burlesque stage will offer for sale during the game. From "1492" there will be among the photographsellers Misses Edith Sinclair, Yolande Wallace, Eileen Karl, Susie Hale, Emma Marsh, Edith Tutein, Pearl Bedford, Gertrude Corey, Violet Potter, Ida Fairbanks, Annie Winner, Gertie Clark, Josie Fairbanks, Sallie Randall, Jessie Thompson, Nina Walsh, Pauline Edwards, Clara Palmer, Annie Lukie, and Mamie Forbes.

"The Passing Show's" beauty corps will consist of Misses Jessie Carlisle, Lucy Daly, Belle Stewart, Mollie Thompson, Sylvia Thorne, Florence Cahill, Virginia Earle, Mollie McGill, Maude Daulton, Helen Brooner, Cryssie Carlyle, Mabel Irving, Annie Clay and Carrie Noyse.

The game will be called at 3 P. M., but if you get there earlier you will see a lot of extra fun, as both nines will have the usual twenty minutes' practice. Tickets are only 50 cents, with 25 cents extra for grand stand. If you can't get them at the hotel, buy them at the Polo Grounds on day of game.

You are giving to the Sick Babies' Fund when you buy a ticket, as all the proceeds go to the Fund!

Lawn Party, Bayswater, L. I.

To the Editor:

At the lawn party held on the grounds of Myer Gans, at Bayswater, Far Rockaway, L. I., on the night of the Fourth of July a collection for the Sick Babies' Fund was made. The proceeds ($5.94) I inclose.
H. W. K.

All Should Help.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. Every one should subscribe something to help along such a worthy cause. JOHN BENE.
Brooklyn.

Fair in Harlem.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $2.73, the proceeds of a fair held at 218 East One Hundred and Twentieth street. Hoping this small sum may benefit the sick babies,
Birdie Crager, Lester Adler,
Abe Bonton, Bennie Crager.

Fourth of July Collection.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $7 for the Sick Babies' Fund, being a Fourth of July collection made by
RUTH, WINK,
TAD, TIM.

Carrie and Doretta.

To the Editor:

Hearing there were so many sick babies in this city, we thought we would try to help them by holding a fair at 628 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street. Our receipts amounted to $3, which please find inclosed.
CARRIE MONTGOMERY,
DORETTA MEYER.

With His Best Wishes.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $3, being a small contribution to your Sick Babies' Fund, with an Englishman's best wishes for success. W. H. W.

More from Mount Vernon.

To the Editor:

One dollar and a half more to be added to the $96.50 which was acknowledged in "The Evening World" of July 4, for the Sick Babies' Fund from the eight children of Mount Vernon, N. Y.
M.

Alice's Donation.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund from
"OUR ALICE."

NO MORE KISSING.

New York and Brooklyn Women Will Not Allow It Hereafter.

When the unromantic but very scientific men who investigated the kissing habit found that disease was sometimes conveyed by the lips, they made a hue and cry. The young girls and boys of the period were indignant, but their parents listened and thought it over.

EVEN WOMEN MUST NOT KISS.

As a result it becomes necessary to chronicle in "The Sunday World" to-morrow that many very respectable people have joined with the scientists and have agreed that kissing must go. It may be a harder battle than the suffrage for women, but certain advocates have taken up the gauge.

MURDERER KILLS HIMSELF.

Quarrel Over a Girl Ends in the Loss of Two Lives.

(By Associated Press.)

ST. PAUL, July 7.—Ehle Allen, until two weeks ago the chief clerk of the Merchants' Hotel, and one of the most popular young men in the Northwest, lies dead at the Summer home of his father at Linwood, Lake Minnetonka, having shot and killed himself. Two weeks ago to-day Allen stabbed to death John H. Clapp, a popular young clerk, in a quarrel over Lulu Leyde, a girl of twenty-five, with whom both appeared to be infatuated.

Allen arose early yesterday morning and wrote a pathetic note to his mother, indicating that remorse for his crime and the disgrace he had brought upon his family were the reasons for the act. He then walked into the parlor of the cottage of an acquaintance, Mrs. L. D. Holtz, greeted her, and sent a bullet from a 32-calibre revolver through his left temple. Lulu Leyde, the girl, is in hysterics.

Fire in an Apartment-House.

Fire broke out in the flat of Mrs. Frances Foster, on the second floor of 444 West Forty-seventh street, at 6 o'clock this morning and caused $125 damage.

For poverty of the blood and all other conditions resulting from constipation, go by the book on Beecham's pills. Book free, pills 25c. At drug stores; or write to B F Allen Co, 365 Canal st, New York.

BITTEN BY A "WITCH"

Machinist Wallace Caught the Old Woman Robbing Him.

She Fought Like a Tigress with Him and a Policeman.

Superstitious Victims Never Dared Prosecute Her.

Policeman Edward Keating, of the East Twenty-second street station, produced a gray-haired and shabbily dressed woman at the Yorkville Police Court this morning, who has the reputation of being a witch. She says she is Mrs. Lizzie Fitzgerald, a widow, forty-eight years old, and lives at 225 East Eleventh street.

According to the policeman the woman is feared by people living on the east side. She robs them and escapes prosecution through their fear of her curse.

Two months ago she was caught in the rooms of a Mrs. McCarthy, in East Sixteenth street, by Policeman Conroy. At the police station she turned upon the woman whom she had attempted to rob, and who had followed to make a complaint, and made her quake with fear by uttering the threat, "Old Lizzie will send a curse home to you for this."

Mrs. McCarthy at once promised not to press the charge and ran out of the station-house. Lizzie was detained for the night, but had to be discharged the following morning in court, as no one appeared to prosecute her.

At 5 o'clock last evening Michael Wallace, seventy-five years old, a retired machinist, living on the second floor of an apartment-house at 250 East Twenty-first street, heard some one rummaging about his bedroom. He happened to be in the adjoining room at the time. He is a slender, nervous and weak old man, but does not know what fear is.

Throwing open the door that led into the bedroom, he beheld the alleged witch in the act of secreting one of his coats and a pair of trousers underneath her skirt. Lizzie on catching sight of the old man tried at first to frighten him by threatening to bring a curse to him and his family. The old man did not believe in her curses, and sprang towards her shouting for help.

He no sooner came within arm's reach of her than she landed a blow on his left eye, and before he could recover himself she seized his right hand between her teeth and bit him severely. Wallace's cries of pain, as she clung to him with her teeth, soon brought the neighbors flocking into the room. The woman then released her hold.

Policeman Keating arrived at this juncture, and he arrested Lizzie and ordered the old man to go to the station-house to make a complaint. Some of the superstitious neighbors tried to restrain him from doing so by telling him that he would be accursed. Wallace told them he was not afraid of her curses, but that he feared her hands and teeth.

He went to the East Twenty-second street police station, where he lodged his complaint of larceny against Lizzie. As this precinct is without a matron, Lizzie had to be transferred to the East Thirty-fifth street station. While the Sergeant was taking her pedigree Lizzie's temper began to rise. When Keating told her to come with him to the other station-house she swore that he would not get her there alive.

She then sprang at Keating and tried to claw his face with her nails. Another policeman was summoned and it required the united strength of the two officers to get the woman to the East Thirty-fifth street station. She had to be carried there in a hand cart. One officer had to hold her down, while the other wheeled her along, followed by an immense crowd of men, women and children.

This morning she agreed to go along peacefully, and was taken to the Court-House in a horse car. Wallace went to court, but he was not very much inclined to make a complaint. He did so, however, at the demand of Justice McMahon, who then held the woman for trial in the Court of Special Sessions. The Judge after the case was closed told Wallace that he had heard of the influence the prisoner had over people she had victimized, and said it must stop.

MORE and better—that's what you get when you buy
Knapp's ROOTBEER EXTRACT
One bottle makes six gallons, and the quality cannot be equalled.
All Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC
VIN MARIANI
FORTIFIES NOURISHES STIMULATES REFRESHES Body and Brain
Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS. AVOID SUBSTITUTES.
Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.
MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

IF YOU READ THE WORLD
you are entitled to a set of the World Edition of the great ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA at the introductory price of only $1.98 per volume.
Drop a card to THE WERNER COMPANY, Publishers WORLD EDITION ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, 187 Broadway, and sample pages will be sent for examination.

Amusements.
MANHATTAN BEACH
TO-DAY, Afternoon and Evening.
Sousa's Band
MISS LOUISE BAUDET, MR. EUGENE COWLES, VOCALISTS.
HAGENBECK'S TRAINED ANIMALS
Afternoon and Evening.
MENAGERIE AND MONKEY PARADISE.
PAIN'S LALLA ROOKH AND GRAND FIREWORKS
Every evening except Sunday and Monday.
THE COOLEST PLACE ON THE BAY! Cheapest Excursion—Greatest Exhibition
Buffa'o Bill's Wild West AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.
Ambrose Park, South B'klyn.
MOST DIRECT ROUTE FROM NEW YORK to camp gates is by 30th st. ferry, foot of Wallabout st., Battery. FARE 5 CENTS.
Twice Daily, Rain or Shine, 3 and 8.15 P. M.
DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 6.30 P. M.
All roads via Battery, Brooklyn Bridge, Hamilton, Wall, Fulton, 23d st. and other Ferries make connections direct to gates.
Admission 50 cents. Central Grand Stand, 75 cents and $1. 20,000 seats. Popular restaurant a feature.
ELDORADO EVENINGS AT 8.30. LAST WEEK. THE SCHAFFERS. BENAMELA, BALLET AND SPECTACLE. GILMORE'S 22D REGT. BAND.
CONCERTS 4 TO 5 AND 6 TO 7.30.
SUNDAY EVE. Extra Performance Gala Night. Positively Last Appearance of THE SCHAFFERS in connection with the Black Crook. FRENCH QUADRILLE DANCERS.
TERRACE GARDEN MUSIC HALL. 58th st., bet. 3d & Lex. ave. Nahan Franko and select Orchestra. Box Seats, $1. Res. 50c. Adm. 25c.
Open-Air Garden. High-Class Vaudeville. Every Eve. at 8.15.
5TH AVE. Theatre. H. C. Miner, Prop. & Mgr. THE MIKADO. Every Evening, 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.15. Gilbert & Sullivan's Opera by the PUPIL OPERA COMPANY. Japanese Dancing Girls in 2d Act a HIT.
KOSTER & BIAL'S. Mat. To-Day. MUSIC HALL AND ROOF GARDEN. LIVING PICTURES. VAUDEVILLE SPECIALTIES, NOVELTIES.
GARDEN THEATRE. To-night 8.15. Mat. Sat. Last 3 Nights before Summer Vacation. Broadway & 4th St. RICE'S 1492. KILANYI. New Living Pictures.
MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN. The Largest and Handsomest Garden in the World. EVERY EVENING, 8 TO 12. Admission, 50c. Reserved seats, 75c. Box, $5.
ATLANTIC GARDEN. 39-53 BOWERY. Every Evening. BRIDE LAKE ORCHESTRA. High Class Vaudeville Star, the Pneumatic Orchestrion.
AMERICAN ROOF GARDEN. Coolest Garden and best Bill in Town. Adm. 25c. GRAND SUNDAY CONCERT TO-MORROW EVE.
THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT 104 and 106 East 14th st., near 3d ave. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION plays every afternoon and evening.
IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. ADMISSION, 25 CENTS. LIVING PICTURES.
CASINO THEATRE ROOF GARDEN. ADMISSION TO BOTH 50c. THE PASSING SHOW. EVENINGS, 8.15. ON ROOF GARDEN, 20 Vaudeville Turns. 10 to 1 UNTIL 1.
PROCTOR'S. 10A.M. all day to 10:30P.M. 25c. 50c. Opera, mascotte, vaudeville & the Living Pictures, 4 & 10 P. M.

MOTHER'S VACATION.

Nettie's Little Ruse Which Was a Complete Success.

"My, but it seems good to get home again and eat some of mother's cooking!" Jeannette was home from the city on a vacation.

"Sho! 'Taint better'n city boarding-house cooking, is it, Net?" asked her father, with a chuckle.

"Well, I guess!" cried Jeannette.

"I suppose that's the way young ladies talk where you come from!" scornfully said Brother Fred, who was somewhat critical of the conduct and speech of girls. Jeannette was too busy with her dinner to reply.

"Well, I know something how you feel, Net," said Mr. Goodwin, as he spread another slice of bread and helped himself to a second dish of strawberries. "I know how 'twas when I went to Boston for three weeks last Winter. Of course everything was real nice at your Uncle Will's, but land! 'twa'n't like mother's cooking. And the first night I came back mother took away all the johnny cake before I had near enough."

A pleased expression flashed across Mrs. Goodwin's worn face. She was a little woman, slender and with bent shoulders. The expression of determination and nervous force in her eyes and mouth told plainly why it was that she was habitually able to do more than seemed possible from her frail bodily appearance.

"I didn't want you to kill yourself," she said, dryly, in answer to her husband's complaint.

"Yes," ruminatingly went on Mr. Goodwin, "we're all glad to get home again—except Fred."

This was accompanied by a very expressive chuckle and a significant exchange of glances. Fred blushed with annoyance, as he always did when he was thus reminded of an experience of his own about a year before. Having at that time come to the conclusion that farming was a somewhat slow way to make a fortune he had prevailed upon his father to allow him to try the city, where he was sure he would meet with the most glorious success.

In a short time he was at home again, trunk and all, and forthwith settled down to study and farm work in a truly admirable manner. Since that time Farmer Goodwin has enthusiastically prescribed this formula for keeping boys on the farm:

"Just let 'em go off to the city to seek their fortune. Don't be set against it, because that'll make 'em want to go all the more, and might make 'em too proud to come back if they fail. Just tell 'em you don't mind their trying what they can do, and if they don't succeed, why, they can come right back to the old farm again."

"We have all tried going off and coming home, except mother," said Jeannette, thoughtfully.

"Mother!" incredulously cried her father. "Why, you couldn't get her off this farm for anything in the world."

"Guess ma never spent a night away from home in all her life," said Fred.

"Did, too," said ma, stoutly. "Five years ago I went to Norwich to visit Sue's folks. Stayed two days and two nights, and you couldn't get me to leave home again."

"What did I tell you?" said Mr. Goodwin.

"Oh, well," said Jeannette. "Aunt Sue was sick, and she went to help her. Ma doesn't know what it is to go off and do nothing but rest."

"Well, I don't know as I want to, either," said mother. "I'd have just so much more to do when I got back."

A little later Jeannette went out in the field where her father and Fred were at work and told them of a little plan that she had been thinking about for some time. Her father smiled incredulously.

"It couldn't be done," he said. "She wouldn't go. Even if she would, 'twouldn't pay. Twenty-five dollars for a single week! I couldn't afford it."

"Besides, 'twouldn't do mother any good," said Fred, loftily. "She'd be miserable all the time she was gone."

"But you don't understand," protested Jeannette. "Mother has never known what it was to be free from care for a single night. Whenever she has been visiting, it has been to help somebody else. See how worn she looks? The things that fill us with interest and enthusiasm she cares nothing for. It's because her mind is so tired, with never any change in her life. One set of nerves has been used for years. It's time they had a rest and some others used. But she isn't conscious of all this. What I want is for us to persuade her to go away for a good rest."

"I don't see how I can make her conscious of it if I'm not conscious of it myself!" Fred sniffed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said her father, presently. "To begin with, guess you're wrong. Mother's about old enough to know what she wants and what'll do her good. But if you can make her do what you say for a single week, and you'll pay all her expenses—you want to pay half anyway, you say—why, I'll pay the whole amount right back to you when I find out if it's done her good. But you'll have to take the risk. Besides, there mustn't be any imaginings that its done her good, or anything half way; she must tell her own self right out, if it has done her good, and if she's enjoyed it."

"Net's a big goose to throw her money away like that," said Fred, with another sniff. "Might's well burn it up at once. Making mother do something that'll make her miserable!"

"You wait and see!" called back Jeannette, going into the house.

That night at the supper table mother was almost ill-natured.

"Why, mother!" protested Mr. Goodwin. "What in the world's the matter? Kinder tuckered out, ain't you?"

"Well, yes I am," said Mrs. Goodwin. "Nettie is so exasperating! Here she's been and bought tickets to Block Island and return, and engaged a room for a week at a house where the Packards are, and now she's changed her mind and won't go. She says I've got to go!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Father Goodwin, looking at Jeannette in evident admiration of her plan of proceeding. Jeannette shook her head warningly at her father, for fear he would say too much, and remarked quietly:

"Yes, I bought the tickets a month ago, and engaged the room, but have changed my mind about going, and want to stay in Ralston this Summer."

All of which was quite true.

"I should think a girl who had to work as hard for her money as you do," said her mother, severely, "would think twice and know what she wanted to do before she spent such a large sum of money as that."

"I'll try the next time," said Jeannette meekly.

"Well, go right along, mother," said father. "It'll do you good."

"Good!" was the impatient rejoinder. "Yes, it must do me lots of good to go where I don't want to! If I should go I'd be miserable the whole time, thinking of all the more I'd get to do when I got back. I'm going to try to sell the tickets before the 5th of August, if I can. That's the date the room is engaged for. If I can't sell the tickets I guess they won't care if I give up the room. There'll be plenty more to want it at this time."

Jeannette smiled. The tickets were in her own hands yet. Even if her mother should chance to find some one in the sleepy old town who would care to buy them, she couldn't very well dispose of them when Jeannette held them.

But there was no one who wanted the Block Island tickets. Mrs. Goodwin did not tell who it was who had bought them and didn't care to use them, but the truth was generally understood, and Jeannette's reputation for extravagance increased accordingly.

Aug. 4 came. By dint of persistence seconded by her father's advice that it might be a "downright good thing for mother to go," Jeanette had actually inducced her mother to go to Block Island.

The early morning of the 4th found Mrs. Goodwin's valise packed and her face more expressive of worry and discontent than ever. Jeannette brought down her bathing suit and tried to induce her mother to try it on in order to see if it fitted. "Mercy! You couldn't hire me to put that thing on!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I am going to pack it just the same," said Jeannette. "You have never been to the seaside, mother, and when you're there you'll feel like doing as the others do. And you know you're going to board right in the same place with Mrs. Packard and Louise, and they're famous swimmers."

Mrs. Goodwin groaned. "'Twon't do any good," she declared, resolutely. "I won't wear it."

They took her to the station and put her on board the train in the care of a acquaintance who was going to New London and promised to see her safely on board the Block Island boat.

The middle of Summer is a bad time for a farmer's wife to go visiting, especially when she does all her own work and that for two hired man besides. But Jeannette started bravely in. She was determined that when her mother returned there should be no extra work for her to do.

"I thought you came home for a rest, Net," said Fred. "Getting a fine one, aren't you?"

"Oh," said Jeannette, hopefully, "I may go to Block Island myself when mother gets back."

"You mean if it's done mother good and father pays you back? But I give you fair warning: that will never be."

The next day they received a letter from the absent one, written on the evening of her arrival—a despondent, homesick epistle. She had been seasick on the water, and while writing was suffering from sick headache.

"I expect to be down sick when I get back," the letter hopelessly ended.

"I expect she will," added father, gloomily. "It's always best to let well enough alone, Net."

After this a week passed by, during which she was not heard from; then came a postal card simply saying: "Will be home the 15th."

"Mother's been sick, or she wouldn't have stayed so long," said Fred, confidently.

"That's what I'm afraid of," said Mr. Goodw