BOUND FOR LOURDES.

Ninety-three Pilgrims on Steamers Paris and Noordland.

They Will Visit Principal European Cities on the Way.

To Be Granted a Special Audience with the Pope.

The Brooklyn pilgrims to Lourdes boarded the steamships Paris and Noordland this morning, and the former ship sailed with her contingent at 11 o'clock. The Noordland will sail this afternoon.

The pilgrimage was arranged under the auspices of the Monastery of the Precious Blood, at 212 Putnam avenue, where the party, ninety-three all told, assembled at 7 o'clock this morning. Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Gerhard, of Minnesota.

Half an hour before the service Father Barrett heard confessions for those of the party who wished to avail themselves of the privilege. Breakfast was served in the Monastery, after which the entire party was photographed, and then the members proceeded to the American line pier and boarded the vessels.

Those sailing on the Paris are in charge of F. H. Throop, while Mrs. Throop has charge of the Noordland's party.

Those on the Paris will reach Southampton July 25, and proceed direct to London, where they will remain until July 28. From there they will go to Antwerp, where they will meet the party that sailed on the Noordland.

Two days will be spent in Antwerp, when they start for Luxembourg. They will reach Lucerne the last day of the month and proceed via St. Gothard Tunnel to Milan. Venice will be reached Aug. 8 and Rome the following day, when the Pope will grant them an audience. The banner of the pilgrims will be blessed, and the party will proceed direct to Lourdes.

The members will start homeward two days later, via Bordeaux, Paris and Brussels, and sail from Antwerp. Those who sailed on the Noordland will leave Antwerp Sept. 1, and those on the Paris five days later on the Pennland.

The party on the Paris are:

Miss S. E. Carty, Miss Mary Carty, Miss M. Clarke, Miss M. Hart, Mrs. William Hughes, E. G. Hynes, Mrs. G. T. Lyons, Miss Maggie Wanker, James McGuigan, Mrs. A. G. Sheridan, F. H. Throop and Miss K. A. McHugh, of Brooklyn; Miss M. Fitzgibbon, Philadelphia; Miss M. E. Gibbons, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. James Lyons, Evergreens, L. I., and C. J. McCafferty, New York City.

Those on the Noordland are:

Miss C. L. Aubrey, West Brighton, S. I.; Mrs. and Miss Magdalena Becker, Miss Catharine Brull, Miss McCannon, Miss B. Cassidy, Mrs. H. Cassidy, Miss L. Corcoran and Mrs. M. Corcoran, of New York; Miss M. L. Brady, Mrs. Emily Clauss and Adolph Clauss, of Brooklyn; R. G. Connolly, Wilmington, Del.; Rev. J. Brady, South Amboy, N. J.; Rev. P. A. Dinahan, New York City; Mr. J. R. Donnelly, Brooklyn; Miss Cleo Donovan, New York; Miss Julia Donovan, Paterson, N. J.; Miss Jennie D. Farley, New York City; Miss Ellen Flynn, Urbana, O.; Rev. A. J. Gerhard, Merriam Peak, Minn.; Miss Maude P. Gillon, Milford, Mass.; Mrs. P. S. Gilmore, Miss M. Gilmore, New York; Miss Catharine Gourley, Paterson, N. J.; Miss M. St. L. Hackett, Miss Madeline Hessel, Mr. John Hodgkiss, Mr. S. A. Hoff, Mrs. S. A. Hoff, Brooklyn; Rev. J. E. Hogan, Miss Mary Hogan, Harvard, Ill.; Miss K. F. Holland, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Holland, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. H. Hurley, Brooklyn; Miss Annie Hurley, Chicago; Miss E. C. Jackson, Boston; Miss Agnes Kaier and Miss Ellen G. Kaier, New York; C. J. Kane, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. John C. Kane, New York; Mrs. F. Marzloff, Chillicothe, O.; Miss M. McCarthy, Dorchester, Mass.; B. J. Miss E. C. Melvin, N. Y.; Miss D. Mentrup, Miss J. Mentrup, Brooklyn; Mrs. H. E. Mooney, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson; Miss Julia Morris, Baltimore; Miss E. Murphy, New York; Miss Mary A. Murphy and Miss M. O'Connor, New York; Rev. W. J. O'Gorman, Passaic, N. J.; Mrs. O'Gorman, Passaic, N. J.; Miss S. E. O'Hara, Brooklyn; Miss Mary O'Hara, Brooklyn; Miss A. E. O'Rourke, Brooklyn; Mr. William Poland, Chillicothe, O.; Mrs. William Poland, Chillicothe, O.; Rev. E. H. Porcile, S. P. M., Brooklyn; Miss Julia J. Reardon, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Hannah A. Riordan, Hartford, Conn.; Miss Mary E. Riordan, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. George Russ, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mrs. Bernard Sharkey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. K. Spangall, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mrs. F. H. Throup, Brooklyn; Miss M. A. Tobin, Albany; Miss M. M. Tobin, Albany; Miss Sarah Treanor, Boston, Mass.; Miss Grace Tucker, Boston, Mass.

THEY AIM AT A BIG SCHISM.

Polish Catholics at Cleveland May Attempt Revolution.

(By Associated Press.)

CLEVELAND, July 18.—The seceders from the St. Stanislaus Roman Catholic Polish Church contemplate attempting a revolution in Roman Catholicism, which they hope will prove National if not world-wide. They have appointed a Polish National Church Committee and will issue a proclamation to dissatisfied Poles all over the United States, inviting them to flock to the standard of another church, which will probably be that of the Armenian Church.

Rev. Mr Knowles, a priest of that Church is now in conference with the Patriarch of Antioch, seeking an appointment as Archbishop. If he succeeds he will probably appoint Rev. F. A. Kolaszwiski, of this city, the leader of the Polish seceders, a Bishop.

A standard tonic and appetizer: Milhau's Calisaya for 64 years. Hall the retail sale July 21 goes to Life's Fresh-Air Fund. MILHAU, 183 Broadway.

LILLIAN SAILS AWAY.

Miss Russell Defies Injunctions and Threatening Lawyers.

Stepped Jauntily Aboard the Paris at the Last Moment.

She May Be Represented in Court by Counsel, However.

Lillian Russell sailed on the American liner Paris this morning, despite injunctions and the warnings of hostile lawyers to defer her departure.

She went aboard at the very last moment, when the gongs were sounding all ashore for the last time.

Until she appeared there was not an indication that she was going. None of her small baggage was aboard, not a flower nor a fruit basket was among the souvenirs of that sort piled high and wide in the saloon for other voyagers, and her state suite was as bare as though it were never to be occupied.

When Lillian came at last all these things came also, as though the same trap that admitted the prima donna brought also the proper setting of fruits and flowers.

Miss Russell mounted the gang-plank accompanied by her sister, Miss Hattie Leonard, and her private secretary, Teddie Peiper, who had a few hurried last words of business with her and then rushed ashore. She was accompanied to the pier by her mother, Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, and Mr. and Mrs. Owen Westford, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ross and James H. Meade. Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Ross are her sisters. It was too late for them to go aboard.

Miss Russell was as beautiful as ever. Her late illness has improved her by reducing a trifle her avoirdupois. She said she felt very well indeed, although not yet wholly restored to strength. She was in high spirits, and waved her Japanese poodle from the rail in answer to the parting hail of friends on the pier.

She said that she was not the least worried about the legal proceedings brought by Carary & Lederer, and was going to Europe under engagement to Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. She will appear in London, at the Lyceum Theatre, Sept. 3, in a light opera, "The Queen of Brilliants."

Attorneys for both sides say that, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not necessary for her to appear in court at the hearing of the injunction proceedings, but that she can be fully represented by counsel.

Mr. Peiper said Miss Russell had made no effort to conceal her movements this morning, and was assured by Olin, Rives & Montgomery, her attorneys in the present suit, that she was in no danger of molestation by agents of the law.

He further said that if her house was surrounded by process servers she was not aware of it. She had made no effort to escape service, and late yesterday afternoon called at the Casino to inquire for her mail and had a jolly chat with Treasurer Appleton.

The injunction papers were served on her late yesterday afternoon by Maud Dalton and Madge Lessing, of Canary & Lederer's "Passing Show" company.

Mr. Peiper says that both the girls were scared nearly out of their wits, and protested that they were sorry that they had to make the service. Miss Russell cheered both the soubrettes out of a fainting fit and accepted the papers with such good humor that it made everybody happy.

Mr. Peiper sails in two weeks to join Miss Russell in London. It is probable that the singer will not be seen in her native land next season.

She prepared an answer to the suit of Canary & Lederer yesterday, in which she justified the abrogation of the contract on her part on the ground that they had mismanaged her.

While the fair Lillian was sailing merrily down the bay her lawyers were guarding her interests in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn.

Miss Russell's fight with Canary & Lederer, her managers, led to the application for an order requiring Lillian to show cause this morning why she should not be enjoined permanently from breaking her contract with them.

Ira Leo Bamberger appeared this morning for Canary & Lederer, and a representative of Olin, Rives & Montgomery was on hand to tell Justice Bartlett that the Russell end of the case was not prepared to go on to-day. An adjournment was then to Monday next. In the mean time Miss Russell is enjoined from breaking her contract.

In the affidavits of Canary & Lederer it is stated that during the first season under the contract Miss Russell was paid $27,700 for twenty-seven weeks' work.

Ravages of Army Worms.

(By Associated Press.)

MARSHFIELD, Wis., July 18.—Thousands of dollars' worth of damage is being done daily by the ravages of the army worm in this vicinity. The hay cut and placed in barns is full of them, and farmers are afraid to feed it to stock. It is by far the worst scourge that has ever visited this portion of the State.

Better use too much than too little Pearline

Beware of imitations

SUED BY WIFE NO. 3.

Mrs. Wrieth Says She Cannot Live With Her Aged Husband.

Declares that He Is Sickly and that He Starves Her.

Her Motion for Alimony and Counsel Fee Denied.

Mrs. Caroline Wrieth is the third wife of Gottlieb L. Wrieth, who is sixty-one years old. They have been married but five weeks, and now she is suing her elderly spouse for separation.

She lost the first skirmish in the fight to-day, when Justice Andrews, of the Supreme Court, rendered a decision denying her motion for an order granting her alimony and counsel fees pending the decision of the suit.

Mrs. Wrieth was married May 22. Her husband has seven children, all of whom live with him, the eldest being a daughter, twenty-three years old, and the youngest about four years old. They live at Lindenhurst, L. I., where Mr. Wrieth conducts a grocery and liquor store.

Mrs. Wrieth alleges that it is unsafe for her to live with her husband, because of a disease of the throat with which he is suffering and which she says is incurable.

She further says that Wrieth is miserly in his habits, and instead of providing for her properly actually starved her. She says that instead of installing her as mistress of his house and allowing her to take charge of the household affairs, he put his eldest daughter in charge and made her virtually a servant.

Mrs. Wrieth swears that her husband has between $50,000 and $40,000 in real estate and takes in from $50 to $60 a day in his store.

Mr. Wrieth enters a general denial to his wife's charges and tells an entirely different story of their troubles. He says that his young wife was a washwoman when he married her after a very short acquaintance. He always provided for her properly, he says, and she had no reason for leaving him.

He charges that she left him without saying a word and that he did not know where she was until he received the summons and complaint in this action.

He swears that his real estate is not worth more than $7,000 and that the profits from his store will not exceed $14 a week.

Mr. Wrieth is corroborated in part by the affidavit of his daughter, and also by his family physician.

You read "The Evening World!" Do you read the Sunday World?

CRUISER COLUMBIA HERE.

She Will Be the Flagship of the North Atlantic Squadron.

The United States cruiser Columbia arrived to-day from League Island Navy Yard, passing in by Sandy Hook at 10.15 A. M. She anchored off Tompkinsville, S. I., where Admiral Stanton will board her.

The Columbia will hereafter be the flagship of the North Atlantic Squadron.

THURSDAY'S SPECIAL.

"Oxford" Surplice Waists. 87c

Made from fine Irish Lawn, side-plaited back, full collar and fronts, with three-inch ruffle, finished with black wash silk scalloped edge, full, wide puffed sleeves, side-plaited belts, and felled seams, lined backs.

In white grounds, with pretty striped and figured effects in Black, Blue, Pink, and Heliotrope.

In addition to the above we will sell at the same time at the same price, a number of different styles of White Lawn Waists, made fluted backs and fronts, Leg o' Mutton Sleeves and Cuffs.

Richards

58 West 23d Street.

MANY LEFT BEHIND.

Steerage Passengers for Europe Were Kicking on the Piers.

More Tickets Sold Than There Was Room for Passengers.

Cut in Prices Caused the Rush and the Trouble.

If the steerage cut-rate war continues outgoing ocean steamships will be compelled to have extensions added to them, or to jettison several hundred tons of ballast and stow away that class of passengers down in the bilges.

It is not often—in fact, it has never before happened—that a passage to British and Continental cities could be secured for $10, which is the present quotation, and which, as an agent informed an "Evening World" reporter this morning, is likely to be still further reduced, unless an adgreement is soon reached by the rival lines.

The scenes on the docks of the steamship lines whose ships sailed to-day were tumultuous to an extreme, and such a clamor for satisfaction of any sort was never before experienced by the clerks whose duty it is to handle the steerage tickets.

The whole trouble was that each vessel's accommodations were oversold, and more people held passage tickets than could possibly be carried in the ordinary quarters.

At the White Star dock the trouble started last night, when passengers began to swarm towards the pier to secure berths on the Germanic, which sailed early this morning. Fortunately, the Germanic's steerage is ample for 650 passengers, and the 750 who had tickets did not present so great a problem as on some other lines.

The matter was adjusted to nearly every one's satisfaction, by taking 897 aboard and transferring nearly fifty more to the Columbia, of the Hamburg-American line, which is to sail at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. A few elected to remain in the city until next Wednesday, the White Star's next sailing day.

On the American line pier, however, there was far more serious trouble, and matters were not so easily arranged. The Paris, which sailed at 11 o'clock this morning, has steerage accommodations for about 500. Being a fast ship, prospective voyagers had purchased tickets with the avidity of applicants for free land grants.

As one young Irishman said to an "Evening World" reporter:

"Sure, it's cheaper than staying home, and I can go across and see the old folks, while I am waiting for a job that's promised me, for less money than I can easily here and pay me board."

Inside the office on the pier was Agent Lederer and a corps of assistants fenced in by a wire grating, which separated them from a howling, jostling crowd of steerage ticket holders, shrieking loudly for passage or a return of their money.

In the throng were natives of nearly every country in Europe, all jabbering wildly and adding to the din with a perfect Babel of mixed languages. French families were huddled together on the seats alongside of Finns, Germans, Italians, Irish and Dutch, while paterfamilias by the score were crowding around the excited clerks and demanding passage on the Paris.

Added to this was the baggage of the crowd, clothing, tin pans, bedding and all, heaped upon the floor and guarded by the flock that waited open-mouthed or tearful for the verdict when the strugglers should emerge, angry, perturbing and torn from the jostling hurly-burly at the long counter.

One excited Irishman would not be pacified by the assurances of an attendant that "everything would be all right."

"I have paid for a berth on the Paris," he shrieked, "and I want to go on that ship and no Dutch ship, d'ye moind. If a man buys a house and lot he can't expect him to take a cow for his money."

This was the universal sentiment of the mass, and nearly drove the agents to distraction for lack of an argument to offer. One Italian "kicked" so persistently and howled so dismally and protracedly that his money was refunded to get rid of him.

Each of the tickets offered called for passage on the Paris, and had to be presented at the pier office to be stamped with the "I. C." mark of the Company. Hours before the Paris sailed her accommodations were more than filled, and she finally left at 11 o'clock, carrying 550 in her steerage.

She left over 150 on the dock, to be solaced by the transfer of their tickets to the Columbia, with instructions to get aboard early to-night if berths were expected.

By this time, passengers for the Noordland, of the Red Star line, which docks at the same pier, began to arrive, and, fearful lest their experience should be that of the others, took up the din where it had been left off.

They were pacified as well as could be done by the assurance that there was plenty of time for them as the Noordland was not to sail until 4 P. M. They received this information with glances of half satisfaction and sat down, eager and expectant, watching the hands of the big clock as they moved slowly around the dial, and wondering where they would finally bring up if the Noordland, too, should be crowded.

In the mean time the clerks were wrestling with the infuriated holders of Paris tickets, offering to such passengers as were bound for Continental ports a passage to Antwerp by the Noordland and tickets for the others on the Columbia.

One little English woman was tearfully protesting at being left behind. Her luggage, consisting of clothing for herself and three children, had gone on the Paris and she had no option but to follow on the Columbia. She was left without even a change of clothing, and fund little solace in the assurance that her baggage would be held at Southampton.

"Here, what are you going to do about this?" queried John McAllister, a six-foot Scotchman. "I have come all the way from Niles, O., over 600 miles, with these four tickets for the Paris. I paid $18 each for them and could buy them here to-day for $9. It's all well enough to send me on the other boat, but who's going to pay for the meals I'll have to buy for four people while we're detained?"

This was but one of the many inquiries that the long-suffering clerks were compelled to "give up."

As the Noordland's steerage list was only 150, there being little desire for passage for Antwerp direct, there was no difficulty in accomodating all who choose to sail by her.

Sues His Partner for Slander.

Simon Wollak and Karl Howarth are partners in the saloon at 37 Cortlandt street. For some time they have been unable to agree amicably, and the result has been numerous lawsuits, all of which eventually ended in smoke. Wollak, however, through Lawyer Louis Steckler, has now brought suit to recover $10,000 damages in the City Court against Howarth for slander. He charges in his complaint that Howarth maliciously and without just cause called him a thief and accused him of stealing money.

Will Open the Station on Sept. 1.

(By Associated Press.)

ST. LOUIS, July 18.—The new union station, which has the largest train service in the world, will be formally opened on Sept. 1 with ceremonies commensurate with the prominence of the institution and the amount of capital involved. The new station was to have been ready for business on March 4 last, but the opening was deferred.

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ALL.

How Dr. Copeland Let the Light in on the Word "Free."

The Climax of This Remarkable Series During the Summer Months—Is It Any Wonder that People Are Surprised and Grateful?

ALL TREATMENT FREE. NO CHARGE WHATEVER FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES, THE PATIENT REQUIRED TO PAY NOTHING BUT THE ACTUAL COST OF THE MEDICINES HE USES. NO DEBT OR OBLIGATION TO PAY AT ANY FUTURE TIME. THE TREATMENT ACTUALLY FREE, JUST AS IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

It was on the first day of this present month that Dr. Copeland turned the leaf of this, the last and most remarkable chapter in this series of lessons in free treatment. From the public has been heard nothing but expressions of grateful surprise at the opportunity offered, of cordial eagerness to take advantage of it, and of unqualified approval at the completeness with which the wonderful promise of the printed announcement is made good in the consultation room.

Mrs. Charles Miller, 323 Carroll street, Brooklyn, is the wife of Mr. Charles Miller, the well-known steamboat pilot, engaged in the practice of his profession for the past sixteen years on the rivers and harbor of New York. Mrs. Miller said: "I had Facial Neuralgia and Catarrh of Stomach for a number of years and was unable to get any relief from the terrible suffering until I was treated by Drs. Copeland and Gardner. Their treatment is the best I ever experienced, and it has entirely cured me."

To be sure, unfortunate persons, who for selfish reasons have endeavored to stay the rapidly increasing popularity of the Copeland work—individuals, not altogether worthy in their methods and purposes, whose schemes have been brought to the surface, and thereby rendered unprofitable by this series of lessons in free treatment—are not altogether pleased. That they should vent their spleen is natural. It is also pardonable, in a measure, for the more intense their expressions of chagrin, the more clearly is marked the justice of Dr. Copeland's course in laying here every effort to trade upon public credulity. The louder the howl, the more apparent the accuracy of the shot.

Those who endeavored to introduce busco methods into medical practice, with the use of the word "Free," shrunk from the light that this series brought upon them, contenting themselves with the consolation that Drs. Copeland and Gardner, could not long endure the expense. They misjudged their masters. The lesson was only begun. The expense was a trifling consideration compared with the end to be reached—the suppression of medical deception. So when this last chapter was announced, "All treatment free during the summer months," they exploded in a shriek of rage: "Why, they can't do it. They can't pay advertising bills and do it. They can't pay rent and do it."

OH, YES THEY CAN.

But Drs. Copeland & Gardner can do it. The cost was all counted beforehand—the time of the lessons, the expense involved—all carefully considered. A limit was set, of course. Drs. Copeland & Gardner do not assume to be able to continue the plan for an unlimited time. But up to the limit of time set, the first of September, they will carry out to the letter their printed announcements, and give every patient treatment absolutely free, charging no more than the actual cost of the medicine.

Of course Drs. Copeland and Gardner are not making money out of it. Those who seem in such frantic eagerness to prevent the public from taking advantage of this wonderful opportunity are welcome to all the consolation they can get out of this. Drs. Copeland and Gardner are not making money, and not trying to. They are spending money, and they are doing it willingly, gladly. Their only immediate reward is the cordial thanks of people who are taking advantage of this rare opportunity. Their ultimate reward, however—the end for which they are working—will be the entire clearing of the field they have chosen of all kinds of medical deception and such an awakening of public intelligence and attention as shall make the tricks of the medical sharper permanently unprofitable. By the time this lesson is ended the air will be completely cleared of all unworthy schemes covered with the word "Free," and it will be plainly impossible to deceive the public with its use in any manner lantern project as a bait or decoy.

The Copeland Medical Institute,

15 West 24th S., New York.

W. H. COPELAND, M.D., Consulting
E. E. GARDNER, M.D., Physicians.

DR. DEPEW SAILS FOR EUROPE

He and His Secretary Among the Paris's Passengers.

Steamers sailing for Europe to-day are carrying hundreds of tourists, among whom are many well-known New Yorkers who go to seek rest and recreation on foreign shores.

The American liner Paris has the largest list of saloon passengers, among whom is Chauncey M. Depew, who has delayed his trip abroad later than usual this year on account of the railroad troubles, which threatened at one time to extend to the Eastern roads.

He expects to spend most of his time in the British Isles. His secretary, Capt. Henry C. Duval, who is also accompanied by his wife and son, sails with Mr. Depew. Others on the Paris are:

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Cravath, the latter Miss Agnes Huntington, the singer; Mrs. Frank Maya, Miss Eleanor Mayo, Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur M. Ogden, Clement A. Griscom, ex-Commissioner of Navigation E. C. O'Brien, United States Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Farwell, President George B. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and Mrs. Roberts, Charles R. McIlvaine, Dr. and Mrs. F. D. Stewart, Peter A. B. Widener, Dr. and Mrs. Mason Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Townsend, F. H. Throop and Dr. Thomas G. Yarrow.

Among the passengers on the White Star liner Germanic, are:

Dr. and Mrs. A. Boulibee, Dr. and Mrs. George T. Stevens, Col. M. H. Wilcox, Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Burr Reeve, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Waite, Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Wooley, Mrs. Henry L. Hoguet, Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Ridley, and Rev. Dr. J. H. Munro.

Coals Rolled Out on the Floor.

The embers left in the forge at Peter Dolen's blacksmith shop, 123 Horatio street, rolled out on the floor at 2.30 o'clock this morning, and the building was damaged $100 before the fire was followed. A stable in the rear belonging to John Irwin was partially burned.

$18 Suits for $12.50 each.

Scotch Homespun Suits

$12.50

The simple and honest manner in which Scotch Homespun is made absolutely forbids the slightest trace of shoddy or trickery—that is, providing the Homespun is genuine.

People are coming in every day to order the second suit. Bought one the week before—found out how good it is.

To fill in some broken lines, we've marked down some regular $18 suits to $12.50.

"We send you two suits, different shades, by express, as per your order of to-day."

E. O. THOMPSON,

TAILOR, CLOTHIER AND IMPORTER,

245 BROADWAY,

Between Park Place and Murray St.

Dentistry.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

DR. O. W. HALL'S

NEW METHOD.

Teeth extracted positively painless without Gas, Chloroform or Ether.

By permission we refer to the following well-known New York citizens, who have been operated upon, and all agree in asserting without the least pain or deleterious effect: Dr. C. H. Post, 56 8th ave., Newark, N. J., says: "I had 14 teeth extracted at Dr. Hall's Dental Parlors without the slightest particle of pain and without loss of consciousness."

Mr. S. Mappett, 206 East 4th st.

Mr. J. Ely, 220 West 64th st.

Mr. Wm. P. Darry, 240 1st st., Hoboken, N. J.

Dr. M. Schlessinger, 240 East 116th st.

And hundreds of others.

TEETH WITHOUT PLATES

Gold crowns and teeth without plates inserted, positively painless, at reasonable rates.

BEST GUM TEETH ON RUBBER, $10.

GOLD FILLINGS $1.00 UPWARD.

SILVER FILLINGS 75c. UPWARD.

Fillings inserted painlessly and warranted 5 years.

O. W. HALL, D.D.S.,

949 BROADWAY.

2 Doors Below 23d St. NEW YORK.

Hours, 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 2.

To introduce and advertise a really first-class edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica in 25 strong volumes, large type, revised to date, The Werner Company, Publishers, have made special arrangements to furnish to readers of The New York World a limited number of sets at the wholesale price of only $1.98 per volume, payable 10 cents a day.

Drop a card to the Publishers, 187 Broadway, New York, and get sample pages free for examination.

For entertaining gossip of the turf, the ball field and the ring read the 6 O'Clock Edition and the Sporting Extra of The Evening World.

MARK DOWN SALE at HAMMERSLOUGH BROS

To reduce stock, we have marked down 850 serge and fancy suits—broken lots, all sizes—and will sell them at the low uniform price of $12 per suit.

These lots include the larger port on of our finest suits, sold by us until now, at 15, 18, 20 and 22 dollars. Some at both stores.

Sale begins to-morrow morning. Values enormous. Your money back if you wish it.

HAMMERSLOUGH BROS

Bleecker St., cor. Greene.
Broadway, cor. Rector St.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE COOLEST PLACE ON THE BAY! Cheapest Excursion—Greatest Exhibition is Buffalo 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 38th st. ferry, foot of Whitehall 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.

Manhattan Beach.

Every Afternoon and Evening.

SOUSA'S BAND.

HAGENBECK'S TRAINED ANIMALS.

Every Afternoon and Evening.

MENAGERIE AND MONKEY PARADISE.

PAIN'S ENTRANCING SPECTACLE.

LALLA ROOKH

AND GRAND FIREWORKS.

Every evening except Sunday and Monday.

ELDORADO.

TO-NIGHT.

SEVENTH WEEK OF PEPPER'S LIVING PICTURES.

THE WORLD-FAMOUS JUGGLER.

The Black Creek French Quadrille Dancers.

THE WONDERFUL ARAB GYMNASTS.

3 GRAND BALLETS 3

Concerts 4 to 5, 6 to 7.30.

GILMORE'S 22D REGIMENT BAND.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

MAMMOTH SCENOGRAPH,

A LIVING AND MOVING CYCLORAMA of the WORLD'S FAIR.

OPEN FROM 1 TO 6 AND 8 TO 12.

Concerts Afternoon and Evening by the RUSSIAN IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA.

ADM., AFTERNOONS, 50c.; EVENINGS, 25c.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. ADM. 50c.

Music Hall and Roof Garden.

LIVING PICTURES.

VAUDEVILLE SPECIALTIES, NOVELTIES.

MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN.

The Largest and Handsomest Garden in the World.

EVERY EVENING, 8 TO 12.

Admission 50c.; Reserved seats, 75c.; Box, $3.

AMERICAN ROOF GARDEN. GRAND SUNDAY CONCERT TO-MORROW EV'G.

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THE PROVOST'S MATCHES.

An Incident Which Startled a Quiet Little Town.

A correspondent has sent us a story from Chambers's Journal, June 29, 1844. It is a story of the time when lucifer matches were introduced—of the time, too, when body-snatching inspired dreadful fears in the popular mind. The narrative, therefore, may not be without interest at the present day.

An extraordinary event happened in the burgh, nothing less than the introduction of lucifer matches. You must know that Provost Dickison was a very funny man, always contriving some play or joke to get a laugh among his companions, and turning mostly all sorts of things into ridicule, so that the town was never well out of one piece of waggery of his till it was into another. The provost had been in Edinburgh one market day, and had seen the things called instantaneous lights or lucifer matches, at the inn where he put up. I dare say it must have been fifteen years since; so you see it's not a story of yesterday that I'm going to tell you. Well, the provost was uncommon taken up with the lucifers, which he thought the grandest thing he had ever seen, keeping off gas and steam; a great improvement they surely were upon the flint and tinder-box, which you might often hammer at for half an hour at a time and not get a light after all. So the provost, what does he do but give a friend, that was going to Edinburgh on business, eighteen pence to buy a box of the lucifer matches—they were eighteen pence then, though every bare-legged bairn is now selling them for a penny. Well, no matter as to the price. The provost never regarded any expense when he had a joke in his head. His friend—it was William Thompson, the merchant—brings out the box of lucifers next day, and hands it to the provost, who took him under a strict promise to keep all quiet for two or three days.

Now, you must understand, next door to the provost there was a man they called Sanders Niven, that kept a public house, as quiet and decent a sort of body as could be, with quarter boots and whings in them, and a wee gray head, and the hair aye stroked smooth over his brow. Sanders was taxman of the customs of the burgh, and in that way was well known to the provost and the Council. His house was principally for tradesmen; but there was one good back room with a carpet in it, that answered very well for two or three of the burgesses who might be wanting to have a chat in the evening over a jug of toddy. So the provost what does he devise, but that he'll give Sanders Niven a fright with the lucifers. Why, you know, Sanders had never heard of lucifers all his days; and I dare say if you had named them to him, or given him an account of them, he would have been just as wise as before. So the provost asked Baille Brydone and the Dean of Guild—that's John Urquhart that was—and myself, and one or two more, into Sanders's house, where he said there was going to be a single glass of punch; and, accordingly, by 8 o'clock that night we were most of us gathered round Sanders's parlor table, where a single short-six gave us all the light we required. When Sanders brought in the jug and glasses the provost asked him how he did, and requested that he would come in and sit down a while, which he blithely consented to, and in five minutes in comes Sanders with his better coat on and a clean washed face, and his hair new combed.

"Come away in bye, Sanders," says the provost, "and dinna sit on the door, but go into the fire, for really it's a coldish kind of night, and the wind's unco sair in the east. Have ye brought a glass for yourself, Sanders?"

"Aye, that I hae, provost—muckle obleeged to you."

And so Sanders sat down, and the toddy was made real good by the Dean, who was a grand hand at a jug. And we all began to converse on the topics of the day, the landlord taking his share of both toddy and the chat as well as the rest. By and by we came to talk of two improvements that the Provost had a great hand in—namely, the new-seating of the kirk, and the new arrangements in the kirkyard. He had made both the living and the dead sit about most astonishingly. The provost was very great upon both subjects. It would have been nothing at all to make the living folk shift their places a little in the kirk where it was necessary; but when he began to meddle with the dead folk, there was a terrible storm raised about his ears. His object, you must know, was to make the burial ground something neat, for it had gotten into strange disorder in the course of time, and there were no right walks through it. And so what does he do but makes every one of the old upright stones lie flat down upon the ground, as if they had gotten tired of standing so long, and were wishing for a rest; and he also had the whole surface smoothed down, and neat square stones stuck in, to mark every family's piece of ground; and then he behooved to have nice gravel walks laid out, with evergreen bushes along the sides of them; and that occasioned awful troubles, for this one came and said it cut in upon his grandfather, and that one spake up and said it went clear over the heads of his last two wives, and so on. Howsoever, our Provost, who was a real clever thorough-going person, and a determined reformer of everything that would reform, fought his way out of all his perplexities, and made a real fine job of it at last, so that it's now said there is not a smarter or a more comfortable looking kirkyard to be anywhere seen than ours. And so the talk went on till we came to speak about the resurrection-men that used to be so busy in bypast years, robbing all the unsuspecting little kirkyards in the country side.

"Have a care of us!" said Baille Brydone; "they were dreadful folk these resurrection men. I mind of a story that was told about them some years since. Two of them came one night to this town in a gig, and robbed the kirkyard of a corpse that was but newly put into it. It was a wright's wife they called Marshal, that lived in the Back Raw; I mind o' the woman well, for she used to help in our house at the washings. The toilmen had let the two men pass through his bar that night at 10 o'clock, and taken a good look at them, for they were evidently folk that did not belong to hereabouts; but he thought no more about them till a while after 12, when he was wakened up again to let them pass through on their way back to Edinburgh. Out he came with a lantern, in the rain, grudging very sore, no doubt, to be roused up at such an untimeous hour. Well, he looked up, half sleeping as he was, at the men, and was a good deal surprised to see that there was now a third person in the gig—a person like in a woman's cloak and bonnet, but seeming as if she were asleep, and not able on that account to keep up her head. However, they passed, of course, and the toilman—it was a man they called Crichton—thought no more about it till a week after, when it was discovered that the figure sitting between the two men could be no other than Katy Marshall, that had been buried the day before, but was now missing out of her grave."

"Oh, that's a gruesome story, baille," said Sanders.

"That it is," quoth the bailie; "but everything connected with the doctors is fearsome. I understand they are dreadful places, those lecture-rooms in Edinburgh, where they teach the young doctors. There's a place called Surgeon Square that could tell many a tale of horror, for it's all composed of anatomical lecture-rooms together. There was a laddie belonging to this town that went to Edinburgh and became an artist. A son of Thomas Porteous, the baker—a fine laddie he was, but he did not live to come to any distinction as a painter. Well, I've heard the callant myself telling a strange adventure he once had in Surgeon Square among the doctors. There was a lecturer that wished to have some paintings made of a few beautiful cases of ulceration, as he called them, though how there could be any beauty there I cannot well see. So he brought young Porteous one afternoon to draw the ulcers for him. I believe he intended to have the pictures hung up in the lecture-room, by way of a great ornament, after they were done. The laddie had brought all the proper materials for the purpose, and he set to work immediately, though he by no means liked the job. By and by the lecturer went home to his tea, and then he came back again and attended to some business of his own in the principal room, and in process of time he quite forgot the poor laddie that was painting the beautiful ulcers upstairs. So when it began to grow dark he went away, as he was accustomed to do at that hour, locking the door behind him. Little Porteous had no idea that he was left alone in the house till it grew too dark for him to work any longer, and then he laid down his pencils and thought he would go and speak to the doctor to let him out. He was rather eerie when he found that the house was all quiet and dark, and particularly when he got his fingers entangled in a hanging skeleton in the passage as he was groping his way along. However,