The World

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DON'T MIND THE HEAT.

Just a word about this hot weather. A little advice that may save a life is not undignified, though it may be homely.

Are you sure you can stand gauze underclothing yet? Yes, it's very warm, but perspiration and a cool breeze in a shady corner are a deadly combination. The resultant is often pneumonia. No whiskey. Beer is all right, if not too much. So is soda. Don't mind what the old grannies tell you about the cool soda making holes in the lining of the stomach. If that were true there are some dear girls whose stomachs would look like fish nets.

Don't hurry. Take your time. Some day you will have to take time to die. This Saturday is a good day to begin that rule for the Summer by not hustling for the boat or the train. Suppose you do miss it—sit down, buy a copy of this newspaper and wait for the next boat.

Don't worry! That's the worst of all. Care killed a cat. Some day you will have to stop worrying altogether. It won't matter then how much you worried all your life. Things will come straight somehow. If they don't, worry will make them twice as crooked.

So cheer up! Summer is a good time. Heat won't hurt if you don't let it hurt. Be cheerful. Have a good time. If you can't have as good a time as you wish, have as good a time as you can.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

The Assembly yesterday adopted a resolution for a final adjournment of the Legislature next Thursday. It remains for the Senate to concur, and it is believed this will be done. The resolution was reported in that body and was sent to the Finance Committee by the casting vote of Lieut.-Gov. Saxton. On the question of immediate concurrence the Senate was a tie, so that the resolution will, it is supposed, be promptly reported favorably and adopted.

It is significant that when the adjournment was agreed on by the Assembly there was an outbreak of enthusiasm in that body such as has never been heard there before. The proceedings were wholly suspended by the demonstration. Mr. Ainsworth, Republican, remarked that a free confession was good for the soul, and Mr. Foley, the Democratic leader, hailed it as a good sign that the Republicans were ready to confess.

But if there was joy in the Assembly at the prospect of the close of the disgraceful session, what will be the feeling among the people at large? How rejoiced the State will be to get rid of a Legislature which, according even to Republican admissions, has been a more corrupt, unscrupulous and unprincipled body than ever before disgraced the State!

GERTIE'S REAL LOSS.

Dr. Wallace Wilcox, of Brooklyn, who eloped with Miss Blanche Oldham last Wednesday and married her in Jersey, acted very badly in first courting and engaging himself to Miss Oldham's dearest bosom friend, Miss Gertie Wright. But when, after giving Gertie a diamond engagement ring, he got it back from her by a trick and bestowed it on Blanche as a "keeper" or guard for her wedding ring, he greatly aggravated his offense.

The case is made worse by the fact that Gertie had displayed her engagement ring to her dear bosom friend, Blanche, who had exclaimed: "Oh, isn't it lovely!"

Now Gertie declares that if the doctor had left her the ring she would have been satisfied. She would rather have the diamond than the man.

TABLES TURNED.

Park Policeman Hogan took a prisoner to the Tombs Court yesterday morning, and charged him with obstructing and annoying pedestrians by selling flowers in the City Hall Park. When Justice Talnter was told by the policeman that the prisoner had kicked him violently in the stomach, causing great pain, he ordered the complaint changed to one of assault.

The prisoner, an Italian, who could speak no English, was about to be taken to the cells en route for trial and conviction at the Sessions when Mr. John C. Richards, a well-known business man on Chambers street, expressed a desire to be heard, and quickly changed the aspect of affairs. He had witnessed the occurrence from the Brooklyn Bridge Steps, and saw the policeman without any provocation seize two Italians who were exchanging flowers by the collars of their coats and knock their heads together six or seven times so rapidly and violently that the men were dazed.

The assault was unjustifiable and brutal, said Mr. Richards, and several onlookers corroborated the statement. So the prisoner was immediately released, and Mr. Richards will make a charge against Hogan before the Park Commissioners.

A FALSE PLEA.

"Not guilty," said the blood-stained Trolley Company when called to the bar of the Brooklyn Criminal Court yesterday to plead to the charge of manslaughter for killing Mrs. Mary Meilinger.

The Company was indicted for this crime by the Grand Jury only through the persistent and earnest efforts of "The Evening World." The indictment charges only one killing. Indictments might have been found and ought to have been found against the murderous Trolley for slaughtering over one hundred victims.

"Not guilty!" Though the crushed and mangled body of the poor woman has not been much over a month in its bloody grave.

"Not guilty!" Though over a hundred mutilated corpses, the victims of the Trolley, might have been laid before the eyes of the jurymen to give the plea the lie.

"Not guilty!" And the cruel corporation that made this false response manifested not the slightest uneasiness or remorse, looked upon the whole proceedings as a joke, and was ready to laugh over the idea of responsibility.

It is to be hoped the jury will treat the plea as it ought to be treated. It can only punish the Company through its pockets, but that is a punishment it feels. It ought to be made to pay roundly for the killing of Mrs. Meilinger and for every human life it crushed out. That is the only way to make it stop its murderous work and put some value on human life.

THE NEW MULBERRY STREET BROOM.

There is a saying about new brooms, and the new Police Commissioners certainly seem at present to sweep very clean. Yesterday they made a united and very vigorous attack on the supplementary Police bill, known as the Ainsworth bill, now before the Mayor. The Commissioners evidently believe that it was suggested by Chief Byrnes, and they denounce it as a most pernicious measure. The Mayor will return the bill disapproved.

The Board adopted some excellent resolutions regarding non-political appointments, political "pulls," promotions for merit and the like, all of which will do good, provided the broom holds out. For one act especially the Commissioners deserve commendation. Commissioner Grant put his foot down resolutely on heavy, showy and expensive "badges" for the Board. He thought the old badges cost too much and were not in good taste at that. So he moved that a new badge be made, of silver, not of gold, at a cost of fifteen dollars. This will limit the outlay to sixty dollars for the four Commissioners, and look more modest and less Tammanyish.

The silver-badge Commissioners will become popular if they continue on this track.

THE PEACH CROP AND THE PEACH.

There will be plenty of peaches this year. Peach growers say the crop will be immense. The cold Spring kept back the buds, and this saved the fruit from the late frosts. Now the buds are opening and healthy, and when the peaches come in they will be big and round and velvet-cheeked and juicy, and they will be so plentiful that we can pelt the flies and mosquitoes with them.

Lovers of peaches will rejoice to learn that the delightful fruit will be so abundant this year. But there are peaches and peaches. There may be millions of them in the markets and on the Italians' stands, and they may all be prize peaches, too, from the county fair standpoint, but there will be one peach that will top the lot—a peach that is rarer, juicier, more velvet-cheeked and joyous than the best the cleverest pomoculturist can conjure from the earth—the one and only Peach—our own "Peach" Depew.

The first conviction and punishment under the New York law against attempted suicide has been recorded. A fine of $100, with imprisonment for 100 days as the alternative, was the sentence imposed yesterday on a poor fellow whom a bullet in the head had failed to kill. Of course, this dictate of a wise and beneficent statute will tend to mitigate, or perhaps even to permanently relieve, the state of melancholia which caused the prisoner to make an effort to end his life. And at the same time it will have the happy effect of inspiring the next victim of despair to make a sure thing of it.

The prettiest piece of impudence put forward in New York in many years is the assertion made by a Republican morning paper to-day that the "Democratic State Senators have overreached themselves." Great Payn and little Plattites! What of Lexow, O'Connor, Coggeshall, Robertson? What of that whole Republican majority that went to Albany to perform a mission and stayed there to obey a boss?

Two landmarks gone from the city in one day. Let them go! What we want are new landmarks, more schools, free baths, more museums, more parks. Let us build them and keep them as landmarks forever.

There is encouragement for patient waiters even in other fields in the announcement that World's Fair exhibitors may get some of their medals by the coming August.

"Once Rich, Died a Pauper." Headline in the morning paper. Man made his money by work, lost it by speculating. Be careful. Don't let yourself be carried away by the present boom in Wall street.

All the policemen are being measured, as tall men are needed to repeat the throw-way Squad. The measure of some of our police was pretty accurately taken by the Lexow investigators.

Guessing still continues concerning the origin of all those west side fires. Meanwhile the Fire Fiend pursues his buoyant way and flippantly remarks that he "has flat houses to burn."

Nearly $300,000,000 of American products sold during 1894, and the American farmers furnished over two-thirds of it. Now, who'll say that our farmers aren't some pumpkins?

Massachusetts legislators voted overwhelmingly, yesterday, against the abolition of the death penalty for murder. New York's refusal to do away with capital punishment comes from the late Constitutional Convention. The times are not ripe for doing away with the "life for a life" principle. But in this State there is a great demand for such revision of the laws that the prompt and certain administration of the death penalty will follow the imposition of a sentence by a competent court.

Recorder Goff has a pass over all the railroads in Japan. Many a pass fiend would hesitate for a long time before going such a distance for a free ride.

Don Dickinson has been twisting the British lion's tail, which may make the B. L. think of the flea on the tail of the dog of the Wild Man of Borneo.

The Fulton Market whale goes up to Harlem. This will help the drug business there, and the demand for disinfectants will be lively.

No matter what the jury's decision in the McLaughlin case, the public has made up its mind where those $50s and $100s went to.

The Newark trolley killed two children yesterday. Will Newark be as indifferent to these murders as Brooklynites have been?

The new Police Board doesn't seem to think that it would take long to count all the saints there are in the Police Department.

"What goes up must come down"—whether it be the Mayor's flag or the mercury in a thermometer.

Rear-Admiral Meade used no blank cartridges in the shots he gave the Administration.

June may bring some rare days. As for May's, they are roasted through and through.

Don't shoot the man who asks you if it is hot enough. Let him live and scethe.

The driver and the bicyclist each have rights which the other is bound to respect.

If we can't have the bill as it should be, let us have it with the referendum.

"Payn and his kind." There is no exact "kind." Mr. Payn is unique.

A song for the cat show: "You Can't Play in My Back Yard."

If the Legislature really will adjourn May 16—Oh, happy day!

Don't miss the anniversary number of "The World" to-morrow.

The Legislature will adjourn next Thursday. Small loss.

New law in the Police Department—"Pulls are of no avail."

Minnesota, as a State, is thirty-seven years old to-day.

As for this heat—but that is a weather story.

THIS CAT WILL COME BACK.

Bradley, Cantor and the Rest Have by No Means Seen the Last of It.

"The Evening World's" Gallery of Living Pictures.

JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

This is a picture of the man who has stricken the British House of Commons with such terror that a double force of detectives has been assigned to protect the lives of its members.

THEY MAKE THE SCHOOLS.

For the [illegible] of work and the improvement of [illegible] in arithmetic in our public schools, Dr. James Hobain is responsible. The Council of Superintendents of the State of New York paid a compliment to him as an originator of methods of teaching when it elected him its President. He is also Vice-President of the Phi Delta Kappa Society of C. C., N. Y.; Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Schoolmasters' Club, and a trustee of the Painter Scholarship Fund.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True Tales of City Life.

A New York reporter went on an out-of-town assignment a few days ago. His business done, he prepared to return to the city; but upon feeling in his shallow cash pocket for the roll of bills which had been there, he found to his horror that the pocket only contained a solitary quarter. A rapid search through his clothes brought no better results, and the only solution of the problem of the money's disappearance seemed to be that he had dropped it somewhere along the road. Three hours were spent by him with the help of sympathizing rustics in scouring the neighborhood, but in vain. At night he started back to the railroad station, disgusted with himself and with cruel fate. On the way he soliloquized thusly: "I might have known better than to put all my money in one pocket. How much more sensible it would have been to have left some loose change in my cash pocket, and to have put the rest of the roll in an envelope inside my coat, for safe keeping." Instinctively he drew out an envelope that would have suited his purpose, and, lo! the money he thought he had lost was there, neatly laid away in it, where, with great forethought, he had placed it that morning.

* * *

I have come to the conclusion that the girl with the sailor hat and the big gold-filling in her left bicuspid is a little smarter than most of her sex. She comes into the city on the same train that I patronize every morning, and I have been guilty of cocking my reportorial ear at her whenever I happened to be near enough to hear her conversation with the fine-looking man with the close-cropped hair. I didn't think she was very different from other girls until I heard her say that she admired men most who had reached thirty-five. "Because," declared this eighteen-year-old philosopher, "then they're too old to be young fools and too young to be old fools." And there's a good deal in that, don't you think?

* * *

Thursday night a bicyclist with no light on his wheel came careering down by Washington Park, in Brooklyn. At a point heavily shaded by trees he came into collision with a heavy delivery team, the driver of which had failed to see the wheel on account of the absence of a lantern. The bicyclist was thrown to the pavement, and when he was picked up he was found to have a compound fracture of one knee. Before the accident a resident of the vicinity had counted 175 bicyclists passing within a half an hour, at least fifty of whom carried no lights. After the collision the police began to stop the wheelmen who had no lights. If the bluecoats had enforced the ordinance from the start the making of a lifetime cripple might have been averted.

* * *

Two years ago an East New York real estate man erected some handsome new flat buildings, and to preserve their freshness of appearance inserted a "no children" provision when he advertised them for rent. Since that time the child has been born in each of the buildings, and the "no children" clause had to be dropped from the advertisements. Another case of the landlord's vain proposing.

* * *

A great many things, good and bad, have been said and written of Augustin Daly. One of the latest to come to my notice is a newspaper paragraph in which the invention of the phrase, "of contemporaneous human interest," is attributed to Mr. Daly. The paragrapher may be right, but the phrase sounds more like one of Mr. Tody Hamilton's best. THE GLEANER.

NO FLAG, NO MAYOR.

Up from City Hall Park to-day,
Clear on this beautiful morn in May,
The City Hall stands grand and free,
Crowned with a living picture, see?

Around the Hall where bides Bill Strong,
Small boys shoot craps the whole day long.

From every street come pouring down
Men who'd hold office in this town.

Up rose Bill Strong, the Mayor, then,
Bowed with demands of hungry men.

"Go," said he, "spread it round about,
If the flag ain't there His Honor's out;

And that it may all trouble save,
If I am in it's sure to wave."

Down Broadway, with steady tread,
Came those who'd be by office fed.

And with them marched the G. A. R.,
Who wanted Waring sent sent afar.

Under their shouted hats left and right
They glanced—the flag was out of sight.

"Halt!" The veteran ranks stood still.
"Damn!" They knew. "No flag, no Bill."

Within sat Bill Strong all the while,
And on his lips there played a smile.

"That flag scheme isn't bad," said he,
"Pass me another cup of tea."

A disappointment they couldn't hide.
Stirred in the hearts of those outside.

"The flag ain't there. His Honor's fled;
It's no use waiting," the leader said.

All day no flag waved bright and free,
All day Bill Strong sat drinking tea.

And over the sun above looked down
And grinned at the Mayor's joke on the town.

N. A. J.

MAYOR AND BI-PARTISAN BILL.

A Blow at Pure Government.

In a great many misgoverned cities Col. Strong his back looked to as a sort of inspiration. His appointee in a scheme which recognizes politics and corporation rule in the New York Police Department [illegible] a close adjunct municipal government everywhere.—Buffalo Times.

Grateful Only to Republicans.

The social element of the police force of New York is a respectable one, based on practically white. It was before * * * Mayor Strong * * * bows to the force that governs Republicans generally and puts the welfare of the party among the first considerations of public service.—Utica Observer (Rep.).

Objected Well—but Signed.

The order issued by Mayor Strong of New York to the Bi-Partisan Police Bill appears to be well taken.—Rochester Herald (Ind.).

A Plain Republican View.

Mayor Strong, we presume, will be given an enthusiastic Bull Moose by the men who have attempted to influence his action, but it is possible that he may find some compensation in the thought that he has been enabled to perform a public service without gratuitously dealing the Republican party a blow in the ribs.—Rochester Democrat (Rep.).

BOOK REVIEW.

John Oliver Hobbes's Latest.

The "leading lady" of the new novel by John Oliver Hobbes, entitled, in a frenzied struggle for quaintness, "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham," is Anne Delaware, an extremely naughty young person, who has various "pasts" and doesn't reform. In fact, she continues to enjoy pasts in the present, and is therefore even a shade more advanced than the heroines of Henry Arthur Jones and Oscar Wilde. John Oliver Hobbes, being a woman, is naturally inclined to go male authors one better, and Anne Delaware is just about as unlovely as a sensational woman could make her.

There is no moral in this seven-named book. It doesn't boast of a purpose. The author has not the faintest desire to right any wrongs, or plead any cause. Her intention is merely to wallow in the intricacies of "style" and naughtiness. The hero, Simon Warre, is tall and broad-shouldered (they always are), and, "although not strictly handsome" (they never are), "his face had the heroic intention." M'yes. The "heroic intention" is evidently limited to his face. Otherwise he is a fool, with a capital F. He loves a sweet Roman maiden called Allegra, but he marries Anne, because she calls upon him one night and tells him her troubles—neatly composed for the occasion. To do him justice—though he doesn't deserve it—Simon firmly believes that Anne is a "real lady," and when, after the marriage ceremony, she says prettily, "I was Dane's mistress. Dane was my lover for a whole year, and for money—money—money," he doesn't believe her. Later, however, he is quite convinced, and then he is awfully put out about it, poor person!

He declines to admit her to wifedom, but—oh! the idiot—he feels just a trifle sorry for her, and while she lies on her solitary cot he kisses her brow, and murmurs, "Poor little girl!" Such a hero is very trying, but John Oliver evidently thinks that he is rather neat. She analyzes him a good deal. After the "Poor little girl!" episode, he takes Anne to Paris, and they live together as friends, and nothing more. She is very frivolous, likes dresses and jewels, and suffers from an oblique mentality that is really a disease. You feel that she could take something for it, if she only would.

After wading your way through a good deal of analysis, not without a certain difficulty, you come to page 171. Don't throw the book down till you get to page 171. It is then that you hear more of Anne. She bursts out into another confession. She turns back, and with a wild cry flings herself on Warre's breast. "Save me from myself!" she cries. "Save me from these other men! Oh, Simon, save me from these other men! I know them. Dane wasn't the only one. But the others were for love; one had to marry a rich girl, and the other was already married to a dreadful widow with money. I have been so unlucky!"

Warre, however, says very little. He is quite used to it. Of course, one can grow accustomed to ladies with pasts. New Yorkers have already done so, thanks to Mommer Kendal et al. It must, however, be confessed that Anne Delaware beats Mrs. Tanqueray into smithereens. After listening to Anne Warre simply says, "Why make these terrible scenes? Why refer to these things which I want you to forget? Finish your coffee, and then I will take you out. This room is too close."

So is the book. It is fearfully close. You smother as you read it. Later on, Allegra goes to London, and Simon recalls his deep affection for her. Lord Wickenham, his friend, loves her. The nobleman has very little to do with the case, although he figures in the title. He is, as John Hobbes nattily puts it, "the son of a saint by a fool. Allegra doesn't care a snap for him, and remains devoted to Simon, although there is nothing between them, for the girl is just as good as Anne is bad.

I always think that it's an awful shame for a critic to toil, coldly and deliberately, the ending of a novel, but I shall nevertheless enlighten you as to the denouement of "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham." Why? Because you might never wade through the book. Anne runs away with a hateful person, who has a consumptive wife and four children. Simon, who is a fool up to the very end, declines to get a divorce. I don't know why, but John Oliver explains his reasons, and they are very occult. He lingers on for a short time, and then goes away to die. Allegra isn't very cut-up when she hears of his death, because she says that it sets him free at last.

And Lord Wickenham remarks: "I envy him, although his body is one with the sands of the sea, and his grief was more than he could tell, and his life, in men's judgment, a failure." The gentleman who runs away with horrid Anne also dies, and she goes to "keep house" with a cheesemonger. Just like the picture, Pauline? ALAN DALE.

WORLDLINGS.

The newest thing out in London's world of swellism is a hand-painted shirt front.

A Dundee (Scotland) man is working on a flying machine that is built on the bicycle plan.

The total public debt of the self-governing British colonies amounts to something like £130,000,000.

Out of every 100 hotels in England eighteen are "White Harts," ten "King's Arms" and eight "Crowns."

Men attending the pans in salt works are never known to have cholera, small-pox, scarlet fever or influenza.

AMONG US WOMEN.

A little feminine scribe in this city, who knows more about society's doings than anybody who isn't in the swim with the 400, frequently entertains the fairest of California's daughters who visit in the city, and acts as chaperone to them. One doesn't have to be so very old to be a chaperone—ma. I meant to say that some times old women make very unsatisfactory chaperones. Some of them get sleepy to early in the evening and some of them are flirty. The chaperone in this story is a model of propriety, and old Father Time himself is not more serious nor has he more dignity.

* * *

The other night this model chaperone was acting in this capacity when she was introduced by her debutante friend as an official chaperone. The conservative lady to whom she was introduced, elevated her lorgnon to her eyes and drawled: "And pray, who is your chaperone?" "God and my lead pencil, madame!" The heroine of this little story is "Dorothy Q." who wrote "Everybody's Fairy Godmother."

* * *

The Woman's Press Club has a special call meeting this afternoon, to bid adieu to the President, Mrs. Croly, who goes abroad next week, and to welcome Mrs. Mattox, a member who has just returned from Egypt.

* * *

I understand from the Political Study Club that as soon as my sex has the ballot we will at once go in and legislate in our interests. Women who have to work and hate to, women who don't have to work, women who are sympathetic and philanthropic generally, will join hands with the chivalrous men who think women should not work and with the men who are crowded out by women employees, and together they will constitute a power to elect legislators who will place the unmarried of my sex above want, by pensioning them and taxing unmarried men to meet the financial requirements. This reads like a pretty good political scheme.

PRUDENCE SHAW.

JOKES ON WOMEN.

Not Omitting Some New Flings at the Season's Millinery.

The women have many faults;
The men have only two.
There's nothing right they say,
There's nothing right they do;
But if the men do nothing right,
Say nothing that is true,
What precious fools we women are
To love them as we do!

—Unknown Poetess

Hard Pressed.

Husband—These millinery and mantua-maker bills are outrageous! Are you trying to outdress Mrs. Astorbilt?

Wife—No, my dear; I am simply endeavoring to be a little better dressed than my servants.—New York Weekly.

Feminine Tyranny.

In gallantry the youth again
Responds to beauty's call,
And goes away on picnics when
He'd rather play baseball.

—Detroit Free Press.

His Mistake.

Mr. McSwat (getting ready for church)—Lobelia, what's the matter with this necktie of mine. I can't find any way to fasten the blamed thing on.

Mrs. McSwat—Oh! oh! oh! Put that down, Billiger! That's my new hat!—Chicago Tribune.

Woe of the Weather.

Ah, how these rain clouds do oppress
The blithesome Summer girl;
They fill her soul with gloom because
Her hair won't stay in curl.

—Washington Star.

She Had Heard Enough.

"In the life to come," shouted the evangelist, "there will be no marrying or giving in marriage."

Those who were sitting near the Chicago woman heard a low cry of horror as she rose from her seat.

"In that event," she remarked to the usher, as she left the church, "I've got no time to be monkeying here."—Detroit Tribune.

MAY.

Sunny May is now a-blooming, and her flowers are perfuming
Mossy dells and thorny bowers, grassy vales and ferny nooks;
And her loveliness is creeping o'er ev'rything and steeping
This old earth in perfect beauty—and most exquisite it looks.

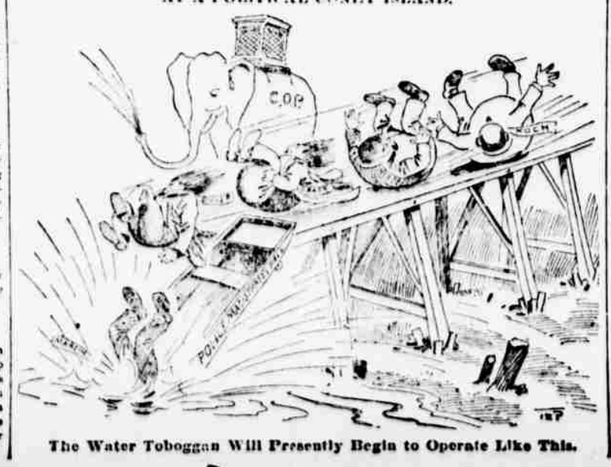
Some may say the world is dreary, and avow that they are weary
Of the fitful life of striving to exist another day;
But although we groan with sadness, we can fill our hearts with gladness
If we steal off to the woodland and imbibe a draught of May.

JOHN J. M'INTYRE, Fort Richmond, S. I.

LETTING HIS LIGHTS SO SHINE.

This man is not a dealer in lamps. He rides a bicycle on our asphalt pavements at night.

AT A POLITICAL CONEY ISLAND.



The Water Toboggan Will Presently Begin to Operate Like This.

HOUSE AND HOME

A Hint from the Olden Days.

Skirts in the early part of the century were thrust through side seams or placket holes. Here is an application to modern dress of the old housewife of years gone by, who wore low boots, a short all-round petticoat, short sleeves,

a small three-cornered shawl, and a close-fitting motherly cap; the dress skirt drawn round the nips, the superfluous length and fulness drooping from the opening at the back—convenient and not ungraceful.

She Was a Judge.

There occurred in the reign of Henry VIII. a curious case of a woman who acted as a Judge. She was Lady Anne Berkeley, of Gloucestershire, who appealed to the King to punish a party of rioters who had entered her park, killed her deer and burned her hayracks. His Majesty granted her a special commission to try the offenders, and, being armed with this authority, she appeared in court, heard the charge, and on a verdict of guilty pronounced the sentence.

Travelling Costume.

Skirt down to the knee of rough mordore cloth; body of kid of the same color, lace in front over a white chemisette, with collar turned down; sleeves of mordore cloth, showing the white wristband of the chemisette. Hat of mordore cloth, trimmed with undressed leather and kid cockade of the same shade; travelling boots of undressed leather, Scotch plaid stockings, maroon and beige.

Pineapples for Dyspepsia.

The broad statement that pineapple everywhere and all conditions of pineapple are wholesome must be taken with a little judgment. Ripe, luscious fruit, not over-ripe nor under-ripe, but tender, sweet and succulent, is probably one of the most wholesome foods that comes to our tables. It is easy, however, to have these conditions infringed upon. Tough, stringy, hard pines, as so often offered, are not wholesome, and are hard to digest. If the fruit is found to be not in perfect condition, cutting it twelve hours beforehand and pouring a wine glass of rum over it will add to its wholesomeness. Sugar freely an hour before serving, with good powdered sugar. Emphasis is laid upon the good quality of the sugar, as in powdered sugar it is possibly to buy abominably adulterated sorts.

Try.

A few figs added to stewed pears.

Small boiled potatoes, fried in deep lard, after dipping in egg and crumbs.

Washing fine flannels in a pail of tepid water to which a tablespoonful of borax has been added.

Washing Valenciennes lace in lukewarm suds, and ironing over several thicknesses of flannel.

Removing whitewash spots by instantly washing in strong vinegar.

Rubbing tin teakettles with a woollen cloth damp with kerosene.

Washing smoke-stained lamp chimneys in warm suds, and, while wet, rubbing with dry salt, or with vinegar.

A Chinaman's Ideal Wife.

The Chinamen of Australia, when they take a notion to marry, write to a matrimonial agent in Hong Kong something as follows: "I want a wife. She must be a maiden under twenty years of age, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eyelashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must be like unto the scents of the magnificent odorous groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weavers of Ka-la-Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world, the overflowing Yang-tse-Kiang."

Reviving Accordion-Plaited Skirts.

There is a decided reaction in favor of accordion-plated skirts. Accordion-plaited materials, such as veiling, Bengal satin, Indian silk, gauze, &c., sell extremely well and are used almost as much for blouse bodices as for skirts. For the new bishop sleeves now coming into vogue they are also most applicable. Skirts made of accordion-plaited materials, cannot, of course, be lined in the ordinary way, and therefore they are mounted on foundation skirts, and the same plan is extended to all skirts with plaits, panels, &c.

Needlework for Dainty Fingers.

It is the fashion now for ladies to hold in their jewelled fingers some needlework when they visit one another. That brilliant and rustling gros de Naples which is made in the palest tints called cabbage green, carrot red and periwinkle blue. With this material the ladies make large grandmothers' bags to hang inside their carriages. They cover them with golden spangles fixed by colored beads. The bags are invariably lined with dead rose satin.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody w'o has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

The Grocery Clerk's Shackles.

To the Editor:

As your valuable paper is at all times doing good the needy, especially when the working people are interested, I beg space to draw attention to the slavery grocery clerks of New York are subject to, the wages they are paid and the long and tedious hours they have to work. Just think of an unfortunate man working from 6 A. M. to 10, and very often 11, P. M., and for from $6 to $8 a week. Then a good many of them have to work on Sunday, which is against all laws, and for which they are not even thanked (but more is expected of them). This is my case, and it is only one of the many, and I hope some more will take up the cause, to try and make the poor men as independent as all others, and as all Americans should be. A GROCER.

The Single Tax Will Save Us at Last.

To the Editor:

W. A. Day may be right in his contention that the money question cannot be settled till we get the single tax; but it must be disposed of, at least temporarily, before that time. It is safe to assume that the tariff deficiency will have to be made good, most probably by increased duties, including "protection" for woolgrowers, and that other industries will demand and get like increased duties—protection for revenue only. Undoubtedly many members of the next Congress, now comparatively poor men, will round out their terms in comparative affluence—the result of revenue for protection only. Another bond issue looms up with promises of millions in it—for Wall street. But, all the time, the condition of labor will be seen to grow steadily worse, until an awakened public conscience perceives the uselessness of the whole blamed business—and then single tax will come. The hope of the single-taxer is that all the other remedies get a speedy trial. The sooner will their inadequacy be proved, and the true, the sovereign remedy be put in operation. G. S.

Another Police Outrage.

To the Editor:

Kindly tell me what right has the Police Captain to chase me out of the station-house while I was complaining to him of one of his policemen who acted unlawfully and unjustly towards me? Somebody stole a pipe from me while I was peddling, and I called a policeman (No. 3,944, from the One Hundred and Fourth street and Lexington avenue station-house) to take the stolen article from the man and he refused. When I told the Captain in the station he told me to go away. What right has he to do that? A. HAMATY, a citizen.

Col. Waring's Jersey Men.

To the Editor:

Would any of your kind readers tell me why Col. Waring is so fond of Jerseymen for the Street-Cleaning Department? There is De Coursey, from Plainfield; Moore, from Fanwood; Hawkins, from Westfield, and heaven only knows how many more. Being a Jerseyman I am thinking about applying myself. A JERSEYMAN.

Westfield, N. J.

Low Tide in the Park Lake.

To the Editor:

Please take notice that the park lake where the boys sail their boats is so full of grass that the boats cannot sail. They stick fast and the boys lose their boats. Speak of it through your paper and oblige the boys. F. STRASS.

Why Croker and Dwyer Are Coming Back.

To the Editor:

I notice that Mr. Croker and Mr. Dwyer are bringing their horses back from England, and allege unfair treatment there as the cause. I fail to see where they have been accorded any unfairness. Their horses have been, as I will attempt to show, very fairly, even leniently, handicapped, and in all other respects their own praise of the reception they have received speaks for itself. Ulica, a stake horse, was "checked" in with a lot of platers, and won. Was this unfair? Banquet, one of the best, if not the best, horse in America, was entered to be sold for $200, and was allotted a weight of thirty-one pounds less than the horse belonging to Baron Rothschild, who ran second. Was this unfair? Montauk, Harry Reed and Stonewall, less weight than many of the English horses they ran against and got beaten. Was this unfair? Don Alonzo was handicapped in the Chester Cup at 108 pounds. It was won by an English horse at 107 pounds. Was this unfair? Harry Reed and Stonewall were entered in the Jubilee Stakes, at Kempton Park, the former at the ridiculous low weight of 98 pounds, the latter at 117 pounds, against many English horses at 124 pounds. Is this unfair? The fact is they cannot win a race in open and fair competition and by fair means, and their gambling tactics being deserted, they are squeaking back, and this carping about unfairness is only an excuse.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.

A Portrait.

To the Editor:

Of rudiments of knowledge take a very small amount;
Add many a peck of ignorance—be not sparing in your count;
Next, a generous pound of bluff, and sitting in a breeze,
Beat well the whole into a froth, which can be done with ease.

Now, swagger in abundance pour into a pan of brass;
Cut into lengthy strips, and add a breezy tongue of an ass;
Then when the above you well have mixed—with pepper ad lib., of course—
Just season the whole with a goodly bowl of a la Morgan sauce.

It now assumes a slimy green and emits a noisome odor;
Is ready to be brought to boiling point—ah! in boiling—boiling over!
See! the vapor spreads around in a densely blinding mist!
Pour out the soup, and serve up hot—The Yankee Jingoist. "AMUSED SPECTATOR."

Religion and Its Discussion.

To the Editor:

"J. D. G." says that religion is not a matter for controversy, except "in a very minor way, and chiefly for those who have the sense of its real import." What is the matter with religion that it may not be discussed by unbelievers? Truth need not fear the fullest and most ample examination. Suppose Mr. McKinley were to declare that Protection must only be debated by believers therein, and that Free-Traders must not criticise the latter's dictum. It would only be on a par with "J. D. G.'s" position with regard to religion. A host of varying creeds and religions glimmer in the brains and imaginations of different peoples of this planet. Each of these numerous religions claims to be right. Faith in such matters is almost entirely a matter of early training, and is, therefore, considerably affected by geographical boundaries. If "J. D. G." had been born in Turkey or Arabia he would probably have believed in the Koran and Mahomet as firmly as he now adheres to the Bible and Jesus. Sensible folks are aware that all religion is superstition—except your religion and mine, dear reader—and if we are wise we will permit other religionists to say our religion is superstition, too, without getting very mad about it. BETA.

Has $100 to Spend on a Wedding Trip.

To the Editor:

I expect to get married some time next October, and can spare only $100 for the wedding trip. Will your readers please suggest what place or places we could go to, everything being first class, and enjoy ourselves the most for this amount of money. LITTLE BILLIE.