Home Magazine

THE WELL-DIGGER'S SON.

By F. H. LANCASTER.

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BILLY MATHEWS had been selected to deliver the Fourth of July oration, and there were those who resented the selection. True, his father was an ex-Governor of Mississippi, as many of the young people reminded one another. Still, Joe Mathews had always been known as the "Well-digger Governor." He had come up from the under classes.

"All the more to his credit," as the men who voted for him (and they were the best men of the commonwealth) stoutly maintained. Mathews had made a good Governor, and Billy had been well educated. Moreover, he had his father's gift of eloquence and sterling manhood.

Still to have been fixed upon as the orator for the great day marked him as a man to be observed. The observed of envious eyes is not often a happy man, though he may be a proud one. Billy was proud enough. But he was also unhappy enough to have satisfied his most earnest evil-wishers; and as he walked slowly to and fro beneath the pecan trees before his father's handsome home, pride and unhappiness contended for the mastery.

Neither conquering, for when the long July twilight lost itself in the soft black of a southern night it was not pride that sent him to the library with a quick, firm step, resolved to make his oration the best that had been heard in that county for many a Fourth.

His mother heard the step and smiled as its meaning came to her.

"Our Billy has his father's pluck," she said quietly to the white-haired man at her side.

"He's got to go through with it," the old gentleman replied. "But just between you and I, Susan, I wish they had fixed upon another man to do their speaking. Bill is young and there will be many a one in that crowd ready to down him if he halts."

"He won't halt," she responded, with all a mother's faith.

"Not if he was sure of himself, but Billy is' —"

"I know," she interrupted softly. "It is Molly Baldwin, and she loves our Billy; I am sure of it."

"Well, Baldwin don't," the old man replied, with dry conviction. "He is not the man to forget that I was a well-digger before I was a Governor. And he goes back to the time of King Alfred, doesn't he?"

His wife laughed, a comfortable, indulgent laugh.

"No; not further than the Conqueror. The first Baldwin was a Norman knight."

"Just so," he assented laconically. "So it isn't likely that the last one will be the daughter-in-law of a well-digger."

"She couldn't be the daughter of a nobler man," the old lady responded quickly.

"Aye; but, calling spades spades, Sue, that is now the matter stands. Baldwin has a right to be proud of his blue blood; and now that his boy is dead, Molly is his only hope. I don't blame him for wanting to see her well mated."

"She couldn't be better matched than with our Billy," the old lady persisted quietly.

"Well, well, we will see how he comes out to-morrow. If he fails it will hurt his chances for the House, and I did want to see him in my old seat next January."

"You will see him there, father. I haven't been listening to that determined step all my life for nothing. Billy is not going to fail. Did you go out to the barbecue grounds to-day?"

"Yes. Everything is in shape. The men were laying the wood in the pit as I came away. Hard oak—it will make a grand bed of coals. Baldwin was superintending it in person."

"He and Molly will be there to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, the whole county will be there, and we will have a fair day, though a hot one, from the look of these stars. Just such a day as that one was when I made my first stump speech. Lord, what a fine fellow I thought I was. Why, Susan," he laughed, "when I stood there looking down into that crowd of listening faces, I felt it was in me to reform the world in a week."

It was as the ex-Governor had predicted, a bright, hot day, and all the county was there. At dawn they began to come, first the trusted negro slaves, conveying wagons loaded with dressed beeves and muttons ready for roasting; they grounded themselves about the pits firing the wood laid for burning and urging on the eager flames. For until the last log was reduced to a mass of glowing coals it would be desecration to lower fatted calf or stall-fed ox upon it, and by noon a hungry crowd would be waiting for dinner. While the flames leaped and roared the committee of management rode upon the grounds—long of coat and high of hat, their blooded horses sniffing the smoke and stepping to the time of the string band practising its marches. They went over the speaker's stand once more and took their seats.

"I hope the boy will make it," remarked one of them to his fellows, as they watched the flag-decked carriages drive upon the grounds.

Oh, yes, the whole county had come out to the barbecue—in coach and four, in carriage and pair, in saddle, on foot and in four-mule wagons. From far and near, thronging to celebrate their day of freedom.

And scattered among them joyously, their black faces glowing with excitement and anticipation, bustled the busy darkies who knew not the meaning of liberty.

And everywhere fluttered the flag. The starry old battle banner that so many of them had followed to victory! How they cheered it when the cannon boomed in salute! Baring their heads to it. Not a man but would have given his life to save it from a stain; not a woman who would not have given her all for its sake, and given it proudly.

By 11 o'clock the sun was shining down upon the glowing earth with all its July pitilessness, but the holiday makers beneath their oaks felt it not. This Fourth of July barbecue ground, older than the State itself, was a grove of live oaks that could shield hundreds from the hottest sun that ever shone.

The people gathered around the speaker's stand gave little heed to the heat, for the intense moment of the day was at hand.

The Declaration had been read and cheered with hearty Southern cheers, the reader had sat down and the orator of the day stood bowing before them—Billy Mathews.

He was a typical Mississippian, big and blond, broad of shoulder and square of jaw, with brave blue eyes and tender lips.

Nervy—and he had need of all his nerve; but scant welcome was written on many of the faces upturned to his. There was a touch of defiance in his tone when his strong voice rang out and he gave them his theme for the day—"Our Sires."

A quiet little woman in the front row glanced nervously into the face of the man at her side as Billy began to speak, but the old ex-Governor moved not a muscle.

He knew why the words came so slowly from the boy's lips; he, too, had spoken to unsympathetic audiences and he felt the chill freeze into his blood; but he had also felt the sacred fire overcome the chill, and he waited to see the same work done for Billy.

Before any in that crowded audience realized it, the old orator had seen what he watched to see. The handsome head went a trifle higher, the broad shoulders swung back, the folded arms fell carelessly to the side.

Full and fearless, the big voice rang to the uttermost limit of that listening crowd, passing the heroes of a nation in proud review and paying tribute to their memory in glowing words of gratitude. The audience was with him now as a man, glistening eyes and quickened breath betrayed their self-surrender, but Billy, borne upon the wings of his impassioned oratory, had forgotten the people.

To him in all that quivering throng there were but the clear eyes and steady heart beats of the well-digger Governor. His sire, who had come up from poverty to power. Fitting emblem of the young nation that claimed him as a son.

And then suddenly the lax arms flung into a clasp across his chest and Billy was bowing low before a madly cheering audience.

They crowded about him with handshake and congratulation. Rich planter and small farmer, blushing damsel and careworn dame; with shining eyes and husky voices, eager to pay their meed of praise. But there was one handclasp that Billy's palm was yearning for, and at last the strong grip clinched on his.

"My boy," and the brave old voice broke.

Billy bent hastily over his mother.

"I must kiss you, Billy. I don't care if there is a crowd," and the little woman nestled into his quick embrace.

A young girl leaning on her father's arm caught her breath sobbingly at the sight. The gentleman looked down at her anxiously, tenderly.

"Come," he said softly; "we must pay our tribute to the day's darling."

The two men shook hands in silence. It was to the father that the proud old planter spoke.

"Don't think you are going to keep this fine son all to yourself, sir," he said genially. "I imagine it will not be long before I shall be laying claim to part and lot in him."

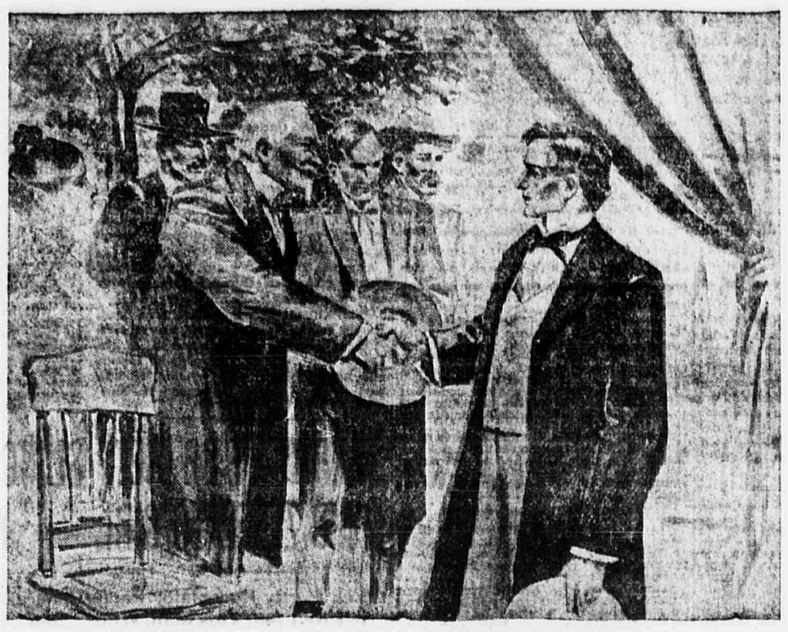
"Oh, father!" gasped the girl.

"Take my arm," Billy suggested quickly.

And indeed there was need of a strong arm and true. The dinner gong had sounded, and the crowd was surging toward the long bunting-draped table, with its load of barbecue meat and stacks of towering cakes.

And thus it was that the hot-headed old State of Mississippi celebrated the Fourth in that goodly year of 1855.

THE OVATION.



THEY CROWDED AROUND HIM WITH HANDSHAKES AND CONGRATULATIONS.

MAY MANTON'S HELPS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

DAINTY INDOOR GOWN.

Woman's Blouse, 4163. Nine-Gored Tucked Skirt, 3895.

Dainty gowns of thin material are among the favorite costumes of summer wear and are always attractive. This smart model is made of white mousseline trimmed with cream guipure lace and is singularly effective. When desired the sleeves can be made in elbow length, as shown in the small cut. As tucks continue to gain favor and will be worn during the coming season the design can be utilized for soft wools, as well as for the fabrics of immediate wear.

The lining of the waist is smoothly fitted, and closes at the centre front, but separately from the outside. On it are arranged the tucked fronts, the shield and the back of the waist. The fronts are tucked at their upper portions, but left full and free over the bust, so making a most becoming effect. The back is plain, simply drawn down in gathers at the waist line. At the neck is attached the round collar. The sleeves are in bishop style, with narrow straight cuffs, but the pattern provides those of elbow length as well. When the lining is omitted yoke portions are cut from the fronts to which the tucked fronts are joined.

The skirt is cut in nine gores, each of which is tucked down the the centre and all of which are shaped in scalloped outline at the lower edge. The upper portion fits smoothly and snugly at the waist line, the fulness at the back being laid in an inverted box plait. The flounce is straight at the lower edge, but shaped and gathered at the upper edge to fit the skirt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is: For blouse, 4 yards 21 inches wide, 3⅝ yards 27 inches wide, 3 yards 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of all-over lace; for skirt 9¼ yards 21 inches wide, 8⅝ yards 27 inches wide, 6¼ yards 32 inches wide, or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The blouse pattern 4163 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

The skirt pattern 3895 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

If in a hurry for your pattern send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier," The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHION HINT.

This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World by following Miss Manton's directions.

CONFORMATION.

On the occasion of a Roman Catholic jubilee in his former diocese, St. Louis, says the Philadelphia Times, Archbishop Ryan journeyed there, and in the make-up of a procession that formed a part of the celebration, found himself seated in a carriage with Bishop Glennon, attached to one of the Western dioceses. As nearly everybody in Philadelphia knows, Archbishop Ryan is of portly build. His companion of the carriage was a slight, ascetic-looking man. The contract between them was marked as they alighted from the vehicle, and the Philadelphian loomed up large beside the Westerner. The contrast struck the Archbishop forcibly.

"Bishop Glennon," he said, "I've often wondered as to the exact difference between an archbishop and a bishop; but I think I need wonder no longer."

He placed himself close beside the smaller divine, and, describing a semicircle that followed his front outline from chest to waist, added:

"It's all in the arch."

WOMAN OWNED RAILWAY.

The only woman who ever owned a street railway, Mrs. George Brown Allen, has sold a Delaware (O.) line. She was first to give half-fare rates on Sunday, and by that means made her road, which she bought from a receiver, profitable.

HE ATE "INNARDS."

An actor who was accustomed to spend his summers in Wilton, Me., noted when, as the custom was, a farmer "killed a critter," the liver, sweetbreads, kidneys, &c., were thrown away, says the Boston Journal. He offered to purchase these delicacies, but, though he got the goods, the "sturdy farmer scorned his proffered gold." Not long after he observed as he walked through the village that he was the cynosure of all eyes, and was followed by a wondering, if not admiring, crowd, chiefly composed of the young. "Aha!" thought he, "I cannot escape my fame; my glory as an actor has followed me even to this obscure hamlet." And he was mightily puffed up till he overheard one yokel shout to another: "By—, there goes the feller what eats innards!"

HABIT OF NAIL-BITING.

For a number of years a distinguished French physician, Dr. Bertillon, has been making observations pertaining to the habit of finger-nail biting. The facts which he has gathered, states the London Globe, show that the habit is a result of a diseased nervous system. He examined the pupils in a number of schools. The habit is much more prevalent among girls than among boys. In some schools 50 per cent. of the girl pupils had contracted the habit. It was noted that the nail-biters were the poorest students. The habit prevails most frequently between the ags of twelve and fourteen.

THE GR AT PANAMA HAT LIMERICK CONTEST.

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama Hat.
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

After the first two lines the poet's ideas gave out.

The Evening World will give a prize of $5 for the cleverest and most amusing three lines written by any one of its readers to complete this limerick.

Send verse to "Limerick Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1334 New York City."

This contest closes Friday. The winner's name and his winning limerick will be printed Saturday. While some first-class limericks have been received the winner may not yet be written. There is a chance for everybody. Here are a few more good ones:

There was a young man from Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat.
When he pushed the crown in
And pulled down the brim
He looked like a bum on a "bat."

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat,
Three plunks and a quarter,
Made by hand under water,
And imported from Jersey at that.
BALDWIN,
No. 260 Belleville avenue, Newark, N. J.

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat;
He paid fifty plunks,
But he cut it in chunks
When he 'woke and found where he was at.
E. J. RIGGS,
Hotel Gilmore, Springfield, Mass.

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat.
The World saw him do it
And caused him to rue it
By starting prize-poems on that.
ALBERT G. RIVES,
No. 815 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City.

There was a young man from Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat,
But it went to his head,
And it's sad to be said—
The Island's the place that he's at.
ROBERT TINSMAN,
No. 64 Washington place.

There was a young man in Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat.
It swelled his poor cranium;
But with sprigs of geranium
His wife wears it now on her rat.
FRED C. MULLER,
No. 195A Kosciusko street, Brooklyn.

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat!
He thought he looked gay,
But you'd hear people say,
"He looks like a lobster in that."
J. DANA JONES,
No. 100 William street.

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat.
It had a wide brim,
And looked when on him
Like a circus tent over a gnat.
A. S. M.

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat.
Now he has to stay home,
For it took his last bone.
No vacation for him, that's a cert!
JOHN HARVEY,
Grand Hotel, New York City.

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat.
He walked with a smile
While that hat was in style,
Then he took a back seat and he sat.
E. DAVENPORT,
No. 819 West Twenty-second street.

There was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a Panama hat,
The hat being big,
He swapped with a pig,
For a shirt and a purple cravat.
GEORGE B. SRIGG,
Noroton, Conn.

Do You Perspire?

SPIRO POWDER

will kill the odor of perspiration—keep you cool and sweet. Has no odor of its own. Dust it in the armpits and on the clothing. Try a free sample and be convinced. Your druggist will furnish it, or will be sent by mail. *Full size box, price 25 cents.*

SPIRO COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER REVEALS BEAUTY SECRETS.

To Make Red Hands White.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Please tell me what causes my hands to be so red. I have tried everything for them, but it does not seem to help. R.

There are a good many causes for red hands. If your dress is tight about the waist, the throat, the arm-holes, sleeves or even wrist, it may account for the trouble. Try the mixture for which I give you formula:

To Whiten the Hands—Lanoline, 100 grams; paraffine (liquid), 25 grams; extract of vanilla, 10 drops; oil of roses, 1 drop. Mix and apply when necessary.

To Decrease the Bust.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Kindly describe some simple remedy by means of which the bust may be reduced. Also state if the preparation may be prepared at a drug store. J. M.

I don't exactly know what you mean by a simple remedy. It is not easy to reduce a large bust. The Vaucaire treatment both for decreasing and enlarging the bust has been, according to the correspondents of this column, extremely successful. Of course, you understand the methods are radically different.

Dr. Vaucaire's Astringent for Too Fleshy Bust—Aristol, 2 grams; white vaseline, 30 grams; essence of peppermint, 10 drops. Rub every night with this pomade. After applying this ointment cover with a compress wet with this lotion: Alum, 2 grams; acetate of lead, 30 grams; distilled water, 400 grams.

The compress must be covered with oil silk and left on over night. This treatment is to be continued for several months. Dr. Vaucaire is excellent authority, and he declares that this process will certainly reduce too fleshy busts.

Tonic for Dry Hair.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My hair is falling out and my scalp is very dry and full of dandruff. Please tell me of a good tonic. K. B. M.

The tonic for which I give you formula is especially intended for very dry hair. Shampoo your hair at least once a week with the mixture for which I give recipe.

Hair Tonic—Phenic acid, 2 grams; tincture of nux vomica, 7½ grams; tincture of red cinchona, 30 grams; tincture of cantharides, 2 grams; cologne, 180 grams; sweet almond oil, 60 grams. Apply to the roots of the hair with a soft sponge once or twice a day. This lotion is especially good for very dry hair.

Dandruff Cure—The dandruff may be removed by the application of a shampoo wash thus composed: Yolk of one egg, one pint of rain water, one ounce of rosemary spirit; beat the mixture thoroughly and use it warm, rubbing it well into the skin of the head.

To Remove Scars.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Some time ago you published a recipe for removing the marks left by eruptions of the skin. Will you kindly publish the same again? E. E.

This is the formula you refer to. You can have the marks removed by a specialist in case this milder method does not prove satisfactory.

For Scars—Iodine crushed small, one-eighth dram; pure olive oil, lukewarm, two ounces; agitate them together in a bottle until the solution is complete. Rub into the scar once a day, making the movement in a contrary direction from the scar—just such a movement as you would employ in getting the crease out of a piece of silk.

AN OLD FASHION AGAIN IN FAVOR.

THE VELVET NECKTIE.

A principal feature of smart dresses in Paris just now is the absence of collars of any kind. This fashion is very charming to the owner of the short, plump neck, but the owner of the long, swan-like throat is very apt to look a trifle lean and scraggy if not well clothed.

Very few are the women who can jump from high, close collars to no collars at all with impunity, for the tall linen collars and stiff, tight stocks have left their marks on most throats. But, according to the beauty doctor, women should rejoice at the advent of the collarless bodice, even if their throats are not all that can be wished for in plumpness and whiteness, for every hour they are left unconfined by a stiff fence of linen or silk they improve in appearance and will grow steadily fuller and fairer.

By way of hastening the much-desired improvement the beauty doctor recommends massaging the throat with olive oil or a lanoline cream night and morning during warm weather as an aid to the plumping process, while the dark band which is made on the neck by high collars may be removed by laying thick slices of cucumber close together on a band of muslin, then tying the poultice thus made about the neck at night. Of course the results will not, like Jack's beanstalk, grow in a night, but persistency means success.

With the coming into fashion again of the low-cut waist, the black velvet necklet has been revived. This practically does away with the difficulty of scrawny and discolored marks in a most becoming manner. The jeweler is showing black velvet necklets which pass through handsome diamonds or pearl-set bars and fasten with similarly jeweled clasps. There are velvet necklets embroidered with simple floral designs or finished with applique flowers, with wristbands to match, the latter designed to be worn with elbow sleeves.

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Monthly price-list mailed on application.

Amusements.

PROCTOR'S 23rd St. 6th Ave. 125th St. BIG COMEDY AND VAUDEVILLE 25c., 50c.; Res. 75c.; Box Seats $1. IDEAL SUMMER VAUDEVILLE. 25 splendid features. CONTINUOUS. "JANE." The Favorite Stock and V'deville. 10 Great Acts. CONT'OUS. "AN ARABIAN NIGHT." Big Stock. Daily Matinee. Pictorial Souvenirs.
FLOATING ROOF GARDEN. Fare 50c.
Every Eve. St. GRAND REPUBLIC. Fri. Excepted. Contorno's 14th Regt. Band & Vaudeville. Lv. W. 129th st. 8 P.M., W. 20th st. 8.30 P.M., Battery 9 P.M.

Amusements.

MANHATTAN BEACH
TO-DAY at 3.30 P.M. TO-NIGHT AT 8 P.M. SHANNON'S 22D REGT BAND. PAIN'S ANCIENT ROME and GRAND FIREWORKS.
To-Morrow (Thurs.) ITALIAN NIGHT.
TO-NIGHT AT 9. Last Week of RICE'S SIDE GIRL. Mat. Sat. at 4.
Begg'ng July 21, Primrose & Dockstader's Min'ls.

HAMMERSTEIN'S PARADISE ROOF GARDENS. 62 st., B'way & 7 av. 20 Vaudeville Celebrities. Combined Bands of Victoria & Republic. Bargain Mats. 50c. Evgs., 8.15. Wed. & Sat., 2.15.

PASTOR'S, 14TH ST. & 3D AVE. CONTINUOUS. 20 AND 30 CTS. Joe & Nellie Donor, Palmer & Harvey, Mr. & Mrs. Browning, John & Bertha Gleason.

TERRACE GARDEN, 58th & 59th Sts., Near Lex. Ave. TO-NIGHT. VON SUPPE'S "FATINITZA."

DUSS Summer Nt's Band Carnivals Mid Arctic Breezes. Eves., 8.15. Columbus Ave. & 66th St. 20 deg. Cooler Than the Seaside

CASINO B'way & 39 st. Evenings at 8.15. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.15. A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

HERALD SQ. THEA. Promptly 2.15 and 8.15. THE DEFENDER MATINEE SATURDAY.

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MADISON SQ ROOF GARDEN. JAPAN BY NIGHT. —MIKADO— Japanese Imperial Troupe. Concerts by d'Aquine's Orch. Adm. 50c

CIRCLE AUDITORIUM. 60th St. & B'way. KALTENBORN. To-n't, Miscellaneous N't. 8.30. 50c. That's All. Henrietta Wilson, c'tr'lto; Frans Kaltenborn, violin

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Frequent extra boats on Sundays and holidays.
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including admission to all attractions.

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MANHATTAN BEACH.
Trains leave New York, 34th St., E. R.—Week days, 5.30, 6.40, 7.40, 9.20, 11.00 A. M. 12.10 and half hourly from 1.10 to 3.40, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 6.00, 6.40, 7.10, 7.40, 8.10, 8.40, 9.30 and 10.55 P. M. Returning, last train leaves the Beach 12.00 midnight. Excursion Fare, 40c.
Trains leave East New York about 25 minutes after 34th St. time.
From New York, Whitehall st., via 39th st. So. B'klyn Ferry, connecting with L. I. RR. Trains leave week days only, 7.00, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 A. M., 1.00, 2.20, 3.40, 4.20, 5.00, 5.40 P.M. Excursion Fare, 50c.
ROCKAWAY BEACH.
Trains leave New York, 34th St., E. R., week days, 5.40, 6.40, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, 10.50 A. M. 12.50, 1.50, 2.50, 4.20, 5.20, 6.30, 7.20, 8.20, 9.20 and 10.50 P. M. On Saturdays additional trains will leave 1.20, 2.20, 3.20 and 9.50 P. M. Returning, last tain leaves the Beach at 11.15 P. M.

ROCKAWAY BEACH ALL WATER ROUTE 50c.
Ocean Going Steamers
GENERAL SLOCUM
GRAND REPUBLIC
The most refreshing hour and half sail, leaving W. 129th St., 9 a.m.; W. 20th St., 8.40 and 10 a.m., 1.25 p.m.; Battery Landing, 9.20, 10.40 a.m., 5.05 p.m.; Leaving Rockaway, 11 a.m., 6.20, 6.45 p.m.

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80c.—ASBURY PARK AND BACK—80c.
AND ALL NEARBY SEASIDE RESORTS.
Lv. ft. W. 13th St., 7.55, 8.55 *10.55 A. M. (*Saturday 12.55 P. M.) and 2.45 P. M.
Lv. Battery (nr. So. Ferry) 8.20, 9.20, *11.20 A. M. (*Saturday 1.20 P. M.) and 3.10 P. M.
SATURDAY SPECIAL 13th St., 3.55, Battery 4.20 P. M.
Lv. Long Branch, 7.10 A. M., 3.30 and 5 P. M.

WEST POINT, Newburg and Poughkeepsie daily excursion (except Sundays), by Palace Day Line Steamers "New York" and "Albany," from Desbrosses street pier at 8.40 A. M. West 22d st. at 9 A. M. and West 129th st. at 9.15 A. M.

WHY WORLD ADVERTISING GROWS—A proved supremacy by tens of thousands in New York City daily circulation tells the tale.