NEW YORK BABY FARMING.

A PRIVATE ASYLUM AND ITS INTELLIGENT KEEPERS.

A Subject to be Pondered by the Medical Faculty—The Place that Coroner Wolman Ferreted Out—Evils which the Health Board have Tried to Eradicate.

About midway between Sixth and Seventh avenues is 118 West Twenty-sixth street, a rather dingy house, about two stories in height, having over the door the words, "Mrs. Doran, accoucheur." A SUN reporter rang the bell yesterday, after noticing a scantish man busy at a desk near the window on the ground story. The man invited him to be seated in this room. An aged mahogany escritoire stood by the window, a faded lounge to the right of the door, and a table and three or four chairs completed the furniture. Two pictures of our Saviour and one of the Supreme Pontiff decked the walls. A bottle of sweet oil, a glass jar with some solution containing herbs, and a clock rested on the mantel. Mr. Doran may have served a great sort of his fifty odd years as some kind of parochial functionary in an economical institution. He spoke with a strong Dublin accent. He were no beard on his somewhat stubbly face, and seemed at home in his shirt sleeves. When informed that THE SUN desired to make some investigation of the baby farming business, Mr. Doran broke out with wild imagination at the treatment which he had received from the Health Board and the press. "But," said he, "THE SUN is the first paper that has sent a gentleman here; the rest were a parcel o' durty scullions. An' the fellows in particular seemed to have a mane, contemptible spite. Just look at this!"

And Mr. Doran pulled a copy of the New York World before the reporter. The question that the report in its columns was to day made to inform from the Coroner only added fuel to the ire of Doran.

DR. SHINE'S INVESTIGATIONS.

"Oh, yes," said he, "that mane, contemptible shaker, Shine. Sure he came with a friend the other day. I saw thim lovely imaginable facility; an' while I was talkin' to the other man she's a Dutchman, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir," said the reporter.

"Well, while I was talkin' to him, the mane, contemptible fellow, Shine, sneaked into the kitchen an' up the stair, an' it's a mouse-hole out of their wits. He peeked into the bedrooms an' poked his head under a cat's nose, an' says he, 'Where did y' come from?' says he. 'What's your name? What's yer husband's name?' says he. 'Where is he?' says he. 'In California,' says she. 'What did y' pay when you came here?' says he. 'Fifteen dollars,' says she. An' he says to me, 'Mr. Doran, I'm satisfied.' Says I, 'If her husband had seen him he'd soon let him know whether she was married or single. Well, I seen him comin' out o' the kitchen when he back was turned, an' says I, 'That's the work of a politician.' If y' had the spirit of a man y' would've taken a rattan to him, Mr. Reporter!' An' thim he turned round an' he give me a thrust in the face that way. But this I don't want you to say anything about. I think I'll take some steps against thim. I'd have landed off at him, an' y' continitte policeman y.' Sure it's a shame that a man can't be left in his own house. I could a licked the tar o' thim, but the Coroner an' mysel' were on the best of terms, an' of course I couldn't shove him off in cold blood. Only for the Coroner I'd a taken the Shine out of him."

PROGRESSIVE OSTEOGRAPHY.

Just here entered Mrs. Doran. The reporter then for the first time learned that the tenant and the landlady of the little dwelling was a comely woman of the second syllable. Her position of the business seemed to show that the opening has progressed accordingly, and now is known as Mrs. Doran, graduate of the Lying-in Hospital, Rue de Rochette, Dublin. The reporter asked her for a few words, and the reporter she proceeded to furnish subsequent:

[Copy of Bill.]

LYING-IN HOSPITAL, DUBLIN.

We, the undersigned, certify that [illegible] the hospital [illegible] Mrs. Doran, graduate of this hospital, [illegible] Mrs. Doran, graduate of the Lying-in Hospital, Rue de Rochette, Dublin, [illegible] and [illegible] her husband, [illegible] wife.

[illegible] at Dublin, aforesaid, [illegible]

[illegible] Master.

[illegible] Master.

[illegible] Assistant.

[illegible] Assistant.

[illegible] Pro. Regis.

[illegible] Pro. Regis.

20th March, 1868.

The above enclosed other court documents dated June 21st, 1870, Rue de Rochette, Dublin, Ireland, and 118 Fulton street, to the effect that she knew Mrs. Mary McCormack and her family, and that she would be a valuable acquisition as a professional nurse tender in any of our public institutions, she being an Mrs. H. Wolman, assistant physician to the Lying-in Hospital, Ward's Island, Nov. 6, 1868, certifying to the value of her services as midwife for four months in the lying-in department; and another from assistant physician B. A. Wyman, of the same place, to the effect. All the second to clear every doubt as to genuineness, as Bridget Mrs. Doran did herself.

THE CORONER'S CONSPIRACY.

Mrs. Doran added her congratulations to those of her husband, that now, as THE SUN had turned it, "the thing lays" upon the table. Mr. Doran somewhat dolefully expressed it, "an' sent a rad electricity, instead of a dirty scruf, to the vestibule the master, virtue was about to triumph."

"Sure," said Mrs. Doran in a mysterious whisper, "there's nothin' but a conspiracy on the part of the big institutions that livin' to crush out the small institutions. Look at the whole mission of it. There's Jackson, the sweep, he's a Dutchman, an' he's a Jew, an' his chimney sits under jaw was never signed to its expressions.

"Yes, Mrs. Doran cried in the reporter, "I'll help to get the Charley out. For I'm a true Irishwoman."

"With the sympathy," continued Doran, "that I've felt for Mr. Dunn, when thim villains had napped him and hustled him away, I was nearly fled to think I was black-balled there too. But sig to the twelve commandments, I remarked that the poor man, Mr. Dunn, poor man, had lived for twenty years been the family paper, was about I did them justice.

Mrs. Doran, on being pressed, said it was true that when children were born in her establishment whose mothers had no means of providing for them, she had disposed of them by night in the basket provided by the Sisters of Charity in Washington place; but since that was withdrawn, inward of a year ago, she had been obliged to provide for the poor lonesome them out herself. When the Mrs. Wolman, would take them for a small fee. This she insinuated I precisely what I mean by the Sisters themselves. The man's power through her hotel's every fortnight, so that if the child's not well cared for, it's on account of her home. Wolman's pay. Mrs. Doran's pay. Mrs. Doran's conscience. Nothing the charge of her chief patrons, "I sometimes put an advertisement in the papers to adopt the child. I have had five sixes

ADOPTED BY RESPECTABLE LADIES

in that way. If the lady wants to leave a little donation it's all right; but I never have sold a child. They ask me sometimes on what terms they can have it, and I tell them my wishes to secure a good home for the child, and I give it away without a cent. The Rev. Dr. Houghton, of the Little Church Round the Corner, and other Protestant clergymen, have visited the girls here in the house freely as our own clergy. Dr. Houghton sent a big gentleman only and kind-hearted disposition, paid the bills, and we found a poor girl that he seemed to know anything about. She was a Protestant girl, broken hearted for want of means, and I went to tell Dr. Houghton about it, and he said, "You take good care of her and see her through her trouble, and I will see you paid." And he did pay the cost of his own pocket. And never one of the papers brought it as Dr. Houghton's child. I was very angry when I saw that. It was given to this old woman, Kilbride, with the approval of its mother, and Dr. Houghton gave me the money to pay her; but it soured me. I couldn't do her, or it was a sickly baby, and couldn't be expected to live."

Here Mr. and Mrs. Doran entered somewhat into detail, in confirmation of Mrs. Kilbride's attacks upon them through the medium of what they called one of the "scandalous lies of interviewing reporters." Mrs. Doran said:

"This last little child that all this fuss is made about, the mother brought her daughter to me almost in labor.

WITHOUT ONE DOLLAR IN HER POCKET.

She was decent looking, and I couldn't deny her. She was out working for a living and would pay me as she could. For two weeks board I got the emolument I have received just $5 and a month's nursing. Then she came here. She wanted the baby. She wanted her daughter home before the neighbors would miss her; and she spent 20 shillings for an advertisement, the calliscamp. There was no remedy but to give it out for a few weeks till the girl could go to work, and they could pay the expense between them. This old woman Kilbride came to the window that evening and said her husband was out of work, and says she, "Can you give me another baby this evening?" She came in where the woman was sitting with the baby, an' says I, "Here's a fine, healthy, little boy; what's the lowest you'll take it for?" "Oh, the lowest cent now is 20 shilling a week." So the woman paid her her week's wages, and gave her the baby—on a Tuesday evening. On the next Tuesday evening she was back again, and hallooed in through the window from the sidewalk, "Have you got any money for me?" "Come in," says I, and she came in, and saw I. "How's the baby?" "Very well," says she, and I gave her the 20 shillings for the next week. That was for the week ending yesterday; and the next night she came and said the child was dead. She took the baby to Dr. Nolan, and he being sick in bed, his wife was obliged to make out the burial certificate. And when she took the certificate down there it was wrong; and that's how it came to go in the hands of the Coroner. The Coroner thought I was to blame for giving children to her when she lived in a basement; but she always told me she lived on a first floor. He made a great time about it, but I couldn't get any other place to put the child out, and the poor mother couldn't get any place.

Dorann (striking in)—Yis; and Shine says he found two women confined in the basement of this house. Now, sir, to show you the rascality o' the matter, the house has no basement. An' a wooden house, one o' thim reporters got it. Min rep rtin' things that niver were round here at all. It's

A DREADFUL STATE O' THINGS.

Although I'm seven year here, I wish I was out of it. A citizen, votin' here regularly, that I can't get along without bein' maligned and abused, because we have a little business a strictly legitimate business.

Here again the SUN reporter's modesty was put to the test over the worthy couple's rejoicings that now indeed they were to have justice. He was fain to follow them up stairs that his own eyes might behold how their linen had been belied, their blankets belittled, and their bedsteads metamorphosed into boxes by the Bohemians of an unscrupulous press. The second floor front Mad Doran exhibited with pride. It is her convalescent's room. Here she sleeps herself, among one of three beds, which were unoccupied and unsullied as to their outer furniture. The back room with two beds was pointed out as the scene of her triumphs by this accomplished accoucheur. Six and seven days she also was bustler pa i nts up and about. To this fact she called a witness when she had escorted the reporter to the attic with its three rooms; for on one of the cots sat a young girl who, when appealed to, named last their day as the date of her confinement. Here Mad the Doran said I'll show you a lovely child. Believing, and seeing some of the results of careless nurtures, had told the surgeons that if that was their style of doing business, they would seem to have to enlarge their Potter's field, and she invited them down to 118 West Twenty-sixth street.

Mr. Doran produced an excellent article of brandy. After some further animadversion upon what he was pleased to term the "baby farming passes," the Dublin sent such stuff to do them business, he moved to THE SUN reporter out to accompany him to the new home in the institution so persecuted by the big institutions was going to have justice.

THE MURDER OF THE BABES.

Sister Irene's back ! had assumed a mysterious importance in the SUN reporter's mind. He went to see Dr. Harris, at the Bureau of Vital Statistics. That gentleman said that ever since the Board of Health was organized its health attention was been drawn to these baby farms by incontrovertibly certified cases of death of infants, or by successive cases of death in the same house. When they find themselves under surveillance by the board they move to other quarters, where they are very soon detected by the same sinister indications. The baby farmers are generally unknown to the Board of Health, any respect the person engages in the business. Occasionally a religious fanatic, reading the Bible backwards, learns infant happiness by specific translating it to a better world, they are very poorly paid. Often $10 or $15 is the sum total that they receive for taking an infant of the hands of somebody to whom it is only a troublesome incumbrance, such as described above by Mrs. Doran, or from those to whom its continued existence is continued shame. No doubt the

KILBRIDE SOOTHING SYRUP

is a merciful death certificate compared with some that find their way to the registry of vital statistics from these dens of death. Dr. Harris says that about 5,000 infants are born in New York yearly, of which about 2,500 are illegitimate. About 2000 more are abandoned by destitute or criminal parents. Of these, about 1,200 are yearly cared for by the Commissioners of Public Charities, about 1,200 more by the Sisters, and portions of the remaining 2,000 in institutions. For the first four years of their work the Sisters of the New York Foundling Hospital kept their basket always accessible in the porch, and here the poor unfortunates could secrete the fruits of their shame. Of the 1,200 cared for by the Sisters, the majority of them; they come from the country towns throughout the State, from other States, and even from Canada. But the blessed basket, which was to them safety and perhaps redemption, was withdrawn about a year ago. Its withdrawal was one of the things that relentlessly seek to screen their retreat from observation as the wild card index her nest. The records of vital statistics show an increase in wan Dr. Harris truly states "this horrible business since the form of the sister Irene's basket, and great exertions are made to keep the secret of the baby farms has been one of the results."

Mrs. Doran's sincerely remark upon the public institution over the recent discoveries of the wickedness of the baby farm, "It will help to get rid of the rascals out for Sister Irene" lets the cat out of the bag.

Dr. Harris hinted to the SUN reporter that a thorough search through records of death will probably be made by the Board of Health, which has kept an incessant watch upon them, to the wonderful discoveries, however, of the charitable institutions for children, so amply endowed by New York.

CORONER WOLFMAN'S OPINION

entirely coincides with that of Dr. Harris in relation to the increase of baby farming and of the crime of infanticide. Since the revival of Sister Irene's basket, the Coroner, who was in the Legislature for two years, always voted to endow this great institution amply, but thought the basket was withdrawn a year ago for lack of funds. He is a Protestant, but takes no stock in exploiting the Holy Mother.

"Says Brennan, one of the Sixth street police, informed the reporter that since Sister Irene's basket was removed over a year ago, the little waifs have frequently been left on the steps of the old building in West Waverley place. Before that the Sisters of Charity, of this city, had been called, by the police, as a special detective. In the service of the Sisters, and had been transferred to the precinct into which they have since moved. He had had particular charge of the folds of Sister Irene's basket. The reporter visited the

FOUNDLING ASYLUM IN SIXTY-EIGHTH STREET.

Entering the large and handsome main building, now nearly finished, he was shown into a spacious room, with a bright sun shining in the green, who tripped off in search of the Sister Superintendent. She being engaged with other visitors, requested the reporter to wait a few minutes, and, a lady evidently of refinement and culture.

"Yes," said the sister, "we have lost by the cradle for want of funds. Before that time we received an average of four foundlings a day. For a time we then received something more than a day—only the extreme case. Where the life of the child or the mother depended on our receiving it. Last winter, although more than ever were offered, we were obliged to refuse a great number. We could only have taken them to starve. Our alms were not sufficient. We were in debt much more than we hope to meet for the year. For fear of doing a wrong, we refused as much as possible for these persons. Private subscriptions, which were large at one time, had greatly fallen off, and so the revival of the cradle was a necessity. The last [illegible] however, having received alms, we are taking about three a day since Gov. Dix signed our bill. But the Sister wants to meet some of our past demands before she puts out the cradle again."

The sister secretary went on to say that they were now receiving at least 1,200 children; that of the four foundlings received per day, about one [illegible] a few days old, or hours longer; that now no questions are asked save sufficient to show that life of reputation is at stake, and no religious restrictions are made. Most of the children in the building, and 900 are put out to nurse at $10 per month. Great care is exercised in the selection of these nurses, and the detective visits them periodically, and reports the condition of their charge. No baby farming here.

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What a Queerly Built Man!

From the Providence Journal.

For the past day or two there has been in this city a compact, small man who presents in nimble a quiver physiologic freak. He is thirty-four years of age, thick set, medium height, of fair intelligence, and was born in Lancaster, England. He gains a livelihood by exhibiting himself to physicians. His abdomen is naturally flexible at will, without the use of his hands, he gives it a wave-like motion, and it gradually sinks in as if being worked up, until it apparently rests close against the backbone, and he presents the appearance of a man with no abdomen, and then in the same manner he rolls it out to its original form. He then draws from under his clothes a dapple gray kitten, and a breast bone, when the original ribs and the duplicates can be distinctly felt and counted, and the whole front of the body is as it were, [illegible] Or, at will, he apparently drops his heart from its natural position some twelve inches, puts it back and sends it to the right side of the body opposite its natural position, puts its back and sends it to the lower part of the body on the right side, thus putting it in four different positions.

During these changes the two sounds of the heart can be distinctly heard in either of these new positions, and not where they usually are heard. It seems to be necessary, however, that after each change it should go back where it belongs before being sent to a new quarter. He also has the power to stop the beating of his heart at will from five to ten seconds at a time, the pulse stopping at the same time. He seems also to have considerable strength, easily bending by a blow on the arm a heavy iron cane which he carries. Several of our prominent physicians have examined him, from one of whom we have obtained these facts, and pronounce him to be the greatest curiosity in physiology they have ever seen or heard of.

Allow this Young Man to Play Croquet.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Knowing that you are always ready and willing to throw light on any subject, I would respectfully ask you to throw a little on the subject why genteelly young men are not allowed to play croquet on the Central Park grounds, as we can assure you it would be a great enjoyment to us if we could sometimes play with our sisters and young lady friends especially.

BEN. BRUNSWICK, one of many.

THE ARKANSAS SPRINGS.

HOW THE SICK ARE CURED OR KILLED OR DRIVEN CRAZY.

A Paradise for Doctors—Disagreeing about Doses—How the Poor Plunge into the Healing Waters—Miraculous Cures.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., July 31.—This place is the resort of invalids, not of pleasure seekers. Nature here pours out her healing waters in draughts copious enough to supply the entire nation. Within a radius of six or eight miles are numberless springs of different degrees of temperature, from 150 degrees to icy cold, and possessing various medicinal properties. The virtues of these waters are as yet but little known, and it remains for science and practical experiment to ascertain their proper use. At present they are known to be beneficial in a few diseases, and an absolute specific for one or two. In Europe the experience of centuries has demonstrated the effects produced by certain mineral waters upon certain ailments, and the invalid knows exactly what waters to use without consulting a physician. Here it is different. A patient suffering from rheumatism, liver complaint, or other chronic diseases must have a doctor to tell him how to use the water. In fact, the

HOT SPRINGS DOCTORS

are the princes of the land, and levy contributions upon their comers. In a flattering and resident population of about 4,000, they number two dozen, and are all getting rich—some of them living on over $20,000 a year from prescriptions of the simples character. The medical society has fixed the fee at $25 per month for each patient, but as the number of visitors will average about 1,000 per week, it has been that the physicians receive about $13,000 a piece per annum; and this with very little exertion on their part. They sit in their offices, and the patients call daily, and five minutes is ample time for them to look at a man's tongue and tell him to continue the sweating bath until further orders.

MINISTER WASHBURNE'S SON.

As an instance of the want of harmony among the Hot Springs doctors, I will mention the case of young Washburne, the only son of the American Minister to France. Last year the young man came here and was treated by Dr. Croghan, an experienced physician, and was pronounced permanently cured. He returned recently, and on being examined by Dr. Croghan was informed that he was well and needed no further treatment. He was not satisfied, however, but called upon Dr. Brooks and submitted to the "smearing process." Large quantities of mercurial ointment being rubbed into his system, until he was saturated with mercury. He was imprudent, took long walks on the hills with Gen. Ryder, and went to the Saloupe Springs, where he took a chill, and came back with typhoid fever and inflammation of the bowels, and is now threatened with mercurial paralysis. Britton A. Hill, Esq., stops at the same hotel, the Grand Central, and of course ascertained the condition of young Washburne, as he did of every man, woman and child in the hotel. Mr. Hill, being a particular friend of Minister Washburne, protested himself especially in behalf of his son, and raised a row with the doctor. He wished to call in other physicians for consultation, but Dr. Brooks objected, and several of the other physicians refused to go into consultation with Brooks. Mr. Hill then sent for Dr. Croghan but a gentleman over to the Hot Springs Hotel and appealed to the guests to aid him in saving the young man's life. Judge Underwood of Belleville, a friend of the Minister, and your correspondent were appointed a committee of inquiry, and visited the Grand Central. They found that Washburne was delirious, and that all visitors were excluded from his room. They interviewed Dr. Brooks, who stated that if other physicians were called in he would abandon the case; that the patient was in a very critical condition, but that if he survived the treatment he would be all right in the valley, meaning himself and a Dr. Sullion of Springfield, Ill., formerly of St. Louis. He had treated similar cases successfully, and had hopes of the patient's recovery. Finding how matters stood the committee retired, and the young man died in the same condition, but said to be slightly improving.

HEAVY DOSES.

Some of the doctors here physic their patients with elephantine doses. Mr. Hill informs me that he found a poor fellow whose system they had caused to absorb through the skin seventy-five grains of mercury, and he died in a raving, quicksilver mine, and had lost the roof of his mouth, his nose, one of his ears, and some other portion of his corpus. His gold watch had been turned into silver, and when he breathed into a tumbler it was converted into a tolling chime. Some wonderful cures, however, are performed by these doctors. Men are brought here on stretchers, unable to move a peg, and a few weeks of this heroic treatment sets them up on their pins, and sends them home as champion pedestrians. Others again receive no benefit. A Texan came to the Springs the other day with a crowd of Sister Irene's basket. The Coroner, who was in the Legislature for two years, always voted to endow this great institution amply, but thought the basket was withdrawn a year ago for lack of funds. He is a Protestant, but takes no stock in exploiting the Holy Mother.

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Two Children Poisoned.

Mrs. Brennan keeps a grocery at 415 East Tenth street. On Wednesday, while she was absent, her daughter Ann, aged 9, and her son William, aged 5, found a can of Paris green and swallowed some of the poison. Dr. J. H. McCloskin was summoned, but both children died yesterday morning.

An Indian Pony Express.

From the Bismarck Tribune.

It is wonderful how rapidly news is transmitted among the Indians, and it is in the accomplishment of this work that they show their most wonderful power of endurance. News is received that it is important should go to some distant tribe or village, and one or more Indians prepare for the work. A feast is made and they eat and dance; eating as much as a dozen white men would eat; they call on their heights and feast again, and continue dancing and eating until nature exhausted, forces sleep. After sleeping a few hours they eat again, and are then ready for business. They mount the fleetest pony in camp and are off, riding day and night, without food, water or rest, for five days sometimes. Arriving at their destination, they state the news, and another round of feasting and dancing commences, to be followed, perhaps, by a tramp of 200 miles more in another direction, with the news to another tribe. By these couriers every movement of Custer is reported, and long before his command reaches the Black Hills the Sioux will be apprised, not only of his approach, but of his strength.

TRAINING FOR THE STAGE.

A School for the Cultivation of Macreadys and Ferrests and Boucicaults—The Alphabet of the Sock and Buskin.

Thousands of boys kindled with dramatic fire while reading the following advertisement:

WANTED—20 boys to be fitted for the theatrical stage, at 50 cents per week; rehearsals every Monday and Thursday evening. ABERT, 242 Spring st.

A large percentage of the boys hastened to 242 Spring street and falteringly set forth their histrionic qualifications before M. Abert, a neatly-dressed and pleasant Frenchman. The aspirants were examined in a rear apartment of the first story, which was a miniature theatre. Some of them were too loud-voiced; others spoke hardly above the key of ordinary conversation. Those against whom neither lack nor excess was chargeable were ludicrously awkward or hopelessly dull.

Patiently M. Abert sifted the would-be actors, occasionally approving one who seemed more susceptible of improvement than the compeers. A mischievous boy, whose clothes had long been too short, stepped forward, and drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, said to M. Abert:

"I'm Johnny Dupuy, late of the Grand Duke. I was the end man, but sometimes did trap d. I'll show yer some of it." Thus speaking, Johnny folded his arms, drew up his shoulders, scowled, and stalked grimly from one end of the little theatre to the other.

"Here's Booth in his study," said he, snatching up a play book, assuming an air of profound melancholy, and beginning to pace solemnly up and down, occasionally sawing the air with his grimy hands. Then Johnny sang, "I'm going to get a home in Jordan," to the intense delight of his appaling juvenile auditors, many of whom had often been moved to laughter by Johnny when he was the star of the Grand Duke.

"I'll take you," said M. Abert to Johnny, "and now who is next?"

"I can, sir," said a little fellow in a faded brown coat and skin-tight trousers with no posterior seams. "I'm Eugene Georges, what used to act in the Grand Duke. Johnny and I sang 'Jordan home' together, and I can rattle the bones some, I tell yer."

And he did rattle them, too, and evoked from them queer noises that threw his boy audience into convulsions of laughter.

"You will do," said M. Abert, and gratified Eugene took his place among the elect at Johnny Dupuy's side.

A fresh colored and well-attired youth, probably about seventeen years of age, succeeded his ability to portray the henpecked Jerk, actor of the Prince of Denmark. "A little more than kind, and less than kin," he followed, in the tone of the foreman of a fire company.

"That will do for the present," interrupted M. Abert; "there's no weakness in your voice, at any rate."

After twenty-five boys had been chosen, M. Abert dismissed the unsuccessful applicants, and organized his classes. He has been engaged twelve years in training boys for the stage. He has an extensive acquaintance among managers, and they engage his best pupils as they become fitted for the lighter parts. Some of the "Wagner Star Troupe," now travelling through the West, are graduates from his school.

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Mrs. Brennan keeps a grocery at 415 East Tenth street. On Wednesday, while she was absent, her daughter Ann, aged 9, and her son William, aged 5, found a can of Paris green and swallowed some of the poison. Dr. J. H. McCloskin was summoned, but both children died yesterday morning.

Wanted—Females.

A WORK GUARANTEED and cash paid for all you can do the year round, and after your machines paid for. Our operators can make from $10 to $18 a week. Our prices are the best paid in the city. We sell the best $25 family sewing machine you wish, and make money while paying for it. Elastic Garment Manufacturing Co., 82 East 9th st., opposite Stewart's.

A DO NOT BE WITHOUT A SEWING MACHINE when you can buy one (without work) on the INSTRUCTIONS FREE. Go at once to SE. OWING CO., 323 Broadway, bet. 8th and 9th sts., and you will find everything satisfactory. Terms, $1 per week.

A GOOD chemise for 12 cts.; skirts, 50 cts.; night dresses, 75 cts.; good English Gingham, 10 cts. a yard; clothing at less than you can buy the muslin. 87 East 9th st., opposite Stewart's.

A FEW experienced girls wanted to patch paper collars. Mercantile Collar Co., Houston and Mercer sts.

B OAS, SCARFS.—Steady employment and good wages for experienced hands at 74 Lexington av.

BEST-CLASS embroidery machine operators; steady work. Apply, with references, at W. & L., 100 Franklin st.

BUR sewers wanted for fine work only. Apply to C. H. ZUGALA'S SON & CO., 35 Mercer st.

C OROT velvet machines; a steady job to experienced hands need apply. SEARLE, DAILEY & CO., 475 Broadway.

HANDS on W. & G. machines for lace work. J. C. GLOVER & CO., 91 Chambers st.

OPERATORS can always get work on the lightest running home sewing machines; it makes a beautiful lock stitch, and never gets out of order.

OPERATORS on coats; also quilters on linings. SYLVESTER, 88 and 90 Canal st., cor. Eldridge.

OPERATORS on fine pants; also a pressman, and a girl to sewn on Singer's machine. 281 East 10th st.

PAPER BOXES.—Girls wanted to make paper boxes; per hundred; steady employment. BALDWIN & ROBINSON, 139 and 138 Greene st.

SEWING MACHINES, repaired, and cheap. Wheeler & Wilson, $30; Willcox & Gibbs, Singer, 23 Greenwich av., corner West 10th st., and 157 East Broadway. Machines repaired well.

WANTED—A good woman cook in a restaurant; must be a good cook and understand her business; she must have references, and sleep at home; also a girl wanted to work in the laundry. Apply at 641 6th av.

WANTED—A girl to gain the country air; a good worker; wages $14 per month. Apply between 10 and 2 P. M. at 360 Broadway, room 1.

WANTED—Some good hands on gents' bows. Apply to Mr. Lewis, 1 Union place, Class 3 on river to Rahway, Brooklyn.

WANTED—A respectable girl for washing, ironing, and house work at 317 West 14th st., 1st floor.

WANTED—A good operator on shoes. Call at 151 Forsyth st., in the rear.

WANTED—Experienced tucks pressers. A. COHEN & CO., 23 Clinton place.

WANTED—Forewoman and hands for bead work at good prices. 21 Cross st.

100 CLASSED SKIRT makers want 3 spring lots; also 2 good hands on 5/8 & W's sewing machines. J. L. COLBY & CO., 78 Bleecker st.

Wanted—Males.

A STRONG BOY or young man need; Willcox & Gibbs's machines, and to make himself useful; upper week. HUSCOMBE, 34 Renwick st., New York.

AGENTS to introduce BOLOGNA'S Unique show Cards and Oleograph Signs. 85 Nassau st., near Fulton.

AGENTS wanted—Fast selling novelties; large profits; guaranteed. National Novelty Co., 319 Broadway.

AGENTS.—You can make $15 daily selling our new sewing machine. NOVELTY CO., 349 Broadway.

A FEW good canvassers. E. R. BISHOP, 193 Flatbush av., Brooklyn.

BRASS dipper wanted.—Only a steady man who understands his business. Apply at Brass Works, First av. and 27th st.

BOOKBINDERS.—Wanted, a forwarder on half bound books, at 36 Maiden lane.

CARPENTERS are requested to keep away from the International Grain Ceiling, as they are the employees are now on strike against a reduction of wages.

POCKETBOOK makers wanted for fine and medium class work; steady employment. Apply to MORRIS BURNS, 62 Reade st.

SLATE and tin roofers wanted, at 157 West st., 9 to 6 o'clock. J. S. MOORLEY.

TO BAKERS.—An extra meeting of the Grand Order of Accepted Bakers will be held at 193 Bowery, on Saturday, the 8th instant, at 8 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of reviving the constitution and electing representatives to the Grand National Council, to be held in this city on the 24th inst. By order,

J. BUNTER, G. Secretary. S. SHERIAN, W. G. M.

WANTED—A carriman who understands shipping and is willing to make himself generally useful about store and factory. Address CARTMAN, Post Office, box 1,780, New York.

WANTED—Strong hands in motion department; a steady job; also stockkeepers, errands, &c. Address Box 3,063, New York Post Office.

WANTED—A good cutter on gents' bows. Apply at 9 A. M. to-day at 9 Union place, Clinton av., near De Kalb av., Brooklyn.

WANTED—Sailors on the reservoir of the Croton Water Pipe Company, Yonkers. Apply to JOHN HIGGINS, Flushing, L. I.

WANTED—Silk hand-loom weavers or pickers, men or women. Apply to DOLLS N. STEARNS & CO., 93 East 12th st.

WANTED—A good granite stone cutters. Apply immediately at Methodist Episcopal church, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

WANTED—A small man, for out-door work, to board in the house. 108 Pearl st., Brooklyn.

WANTED—A pattern filer and fitter. Apply to WM. BURROWS, 56 Fulton st.

WANTED—Farm hands; wages $10 per month. H. WHITEMORE, 265 Broadway, 4th floor.

WANTED—A first-class proof reader at 14 and 147 Mulberry st.

50 RAILROAD MEN wanted; New Hampshire; $1.50; board, $4.50; fare, $1. 27 Greenwich st. H. ZANDER, Agent.

Miscellaneous.

ATTENTION, CLUBS AND SECRET ORDERS—Headquarters for good and silver badges at KINSEY & CO.'S, 143 Fulton st.

FOR SALE—120 sic cases, English; 60 half barrels, English; 55 barrels, American; also, engine and 2,000 feet steam piping. Address E. R. DURKIE, box 123, Post Office, Jersey City, N. J.

Boilers and Engines.

FOR SALE—Three second-hand boilers, in good condition; 20 feet long; 48 feet in diameter; two flues in each, with domes. Clark Thread Company, Newark, N. J.

Dry Goods.

CASH.—If you have money be sure and call at 371 Broadway for cheap goods.

Amusements.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, THIRD AND LAST WEEK of the young and talented actress, MISS KATIE MAYHEW, and GAYLER'S POPULAR and CHARMING PLAY, WITH THE TIDE, which MUST BE withdrawn on account of previous engagements. The FIRESIDE PLAY, THE MOST CHARMING ACTRESS seen in New York for years. "Sprightly as the Gazelle, and merry as running water."—Tribune.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Proprietor.....Mr. Sheridan Shook
Manager.....Mr. A. M. Palmer

Preliminary to their regular fall and winter season, the Management respectfully announce the reappearance on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Aug. 19, of the favorite actress, MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, in a magnificent revival of her great play, JANE EYRE, which created such a profound sensation when it was produced here last season.

The play will be presented with new and elegant scenery, and with a cast of unusual strength, including the names of MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, MISS FANNY MOYLAN, MRS. MARIE WILKINS, MRS. MAUDE GRANGER, MR. FREDERICK ROBINSON, MR. A. D. HAZLE, MR. CLARDE BURROUGHS, MR. H. W. MONTGOMERY, and others.

Box office open for sale of reserved seats on WEDNESDAY, Aug. 12.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—LAST MATINEE OF CAYLER'S SUCCESSFUL PLAY WITH THE TIDE, and of MISS KATE MAYHEW, SATURDAY, AUG. 8.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. OPENING NIGHT. Messrs. JARRETT & PALMER have to announce that the opening of this establishment under their management will occur on TUESDAY EVENING, AUG. 10, when they will present a new and original play (in three acts) entitled BELLE LAMAR, an episode in the late American conflict, written expressly for Mr. John McCullough and Miss K. ROSE BRANDOLPH. Box office will open this Friday from 10 to 5 o'clock.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, 622 BROADWAY 621. THE FAMILY RESORT and SPECIALTY THEATRE OF AMERICA, WILL OPEN MONDAY, AUG. 10, WITH TONY PASTOR'S GREAT COMBINATION. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. ADMISSION, 50 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS, 81. FAMILY CIRCLE, 25 CENTS. N. B.—Full particulars in Sunday papers, Aug. 9.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, 656 Broadway. Standing Room Only Every Evening. Miss VIOLETTE PICAUT'S Performance in Gent's Clothing. MORE ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK. ALA, the Great Wonderful Gymnast. ALA, IN THE FIRST AERIAL FLY ACTION. ONE HUNDRED Star Performers. ONE HUNDRED. Entrance, 585 Broadway. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

GLOBE THEATRE. GLOBE. R. W. BUTLER, MANAGER. THE LOSES RECORDED FROM PIT TO TOP. JOHN HART, SENATOR ROB HART, NELLIE SKYMOUR, MILLE. DE ROSA, MISS PHILLIS GLOVER, MISS MAUD HOLT, MISS ROSE DOBBS, GLOBE STAR ARTISTS, POPULAR PRICES. 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1. EVENING AT 8. MATINEE AT 2.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN. TO NIGHT. THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING, Aug. 7, at 8. THEODORE THOMAS. UNRIVALLED SUMMER NIGHTS' CONCERTS. Change of Programme every evening. ADMISSION TO ALL.....FIFTY CENTS. Packages containing 12 tickets, $5.

NIBLO'S THEATRE. Chas. R. Thorne, Manager. THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING, Aug. 7, at 8. Complete success of the new American Extravaganza of EVANGELINE, THE BELLE OF ACADIA. Entire