A TERRIBLE DUEL.

New Orleans Forty Years Ago—"It Must be to the Death."

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A fatal but rather novel duel occurred in New Orleans over forty years ago. The young men were Henri Delagrave and Alphonse Riviere, and the cause of the duel was the success of the former in wooing Mme. Celestin. Riviere sought out Delagrave and found him in a gambling saloon.

As he neared Delagrave the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of a tomb, said: "Delagrave, we cannot live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigarette, in a cold and impressive tone, replied: "Yes; you annoy me. It would be better if you were dead." Riviere's face flushed, and, reaching forward, he laid the back of his hand gently against Delagrave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap, which was so light it did not even crimson the young man's cheek, was enough to call for blood, and leaving the house he sought an intimate friend to him he opened his heart: "It must be a battle to the death." Such was the enmity between himself and Riviere, only a life could wipe it out.

The old doctor, who had grown up, it might be said, on the field, shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated, but at last acquiesced and said: "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

Few people knew what sort of a party it was driving down the shell road bordering Bayou St. John. Carriages stopped at first on the bridge leading to the island formed there by the bifurcation of the bayou, and four gentlemen alighted. Savalle, a well-known character here forty years ago, accompanied Riviere, and old Dr. Bocquet was with Delagrave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave, as he stepped from the carriage, looked furtively around for the cases of pistols, but, seeing none, he was a little disconcerted. After walking about 100 yards from the carriages the party stopped and the Doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name and said: "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all of last night, and both Mr. Savalle and myself feel satisfied that there is no solution to the difference between you but the death of one." The two nodded. "Therefore," the Doctor went on, "we have agreed to make the arbitrament as fair as possible, and let fate decide." He took out a black morocco case, and from it produced a pill box containing four pellets. "In one of these," said he, "contains a positively fatal dose of prussic acid, the other three are harmless. We have agreed that each shall swallow two of the pills, and let destiny decide." Savalle inclined his head, and said, as the representative of Riviere, he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or muscle contracted.

"Gentlemen," said the Doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Savalle cried out "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the sides of which being separated, showed the coin with the reversed head of the Goddess of Liberty uppermost. "Mr. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the Doctor.

Reposing in the little box, the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone, through the physiological alembic of the human stomach, can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity, the struggle for breath, the failing of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep forevermore, the cerements, the burial case, the solemn cortège, and the close, oppressive atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave, having won the first choice, stepped foward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue, and with a cup of claret, handed him by the Doctor, washed it down.

And now, M. Riviere," said the Doctor, Riviere extended his hand and took a pill.

Like his opponent, he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch to a muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three. Four. Five. "Now, gentlemen."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Savalle tossed the pill piece aloft, and the Doctor cried out "heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now," said the Doctor, "M. Riviere, the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed, and there was no movement. Then—"Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half around to his left, raised his hands above his head, and shrieked a long, wild shriek that belated travellers even to this day say they hear on the shell road, near the lagoon.

He fell prone to the earth, and, save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass, and said, in a tender voice, "I regret it, but it was to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafés were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayou Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of a warm afternoon, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of the great mental anguish. The sight of a pill box makes him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions.

Army Gambling.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"It was during the war that I learned poker," said Lawrence Cook of the Union Depot last night.

"Yes," said Officer Zimmerman, "that's where I learned it."

And then the two officers started off into reminiscences of the days of the war. "We used to have big pots, I tell you, then. We wouldn't get paid sometimes for months, and when we did get our money it added zest to the card playing to make the stakes big. I've won $300 to $400 in a day for two, and lost it again as fast. And then the chuck-a-luck——" "Chuck-a-luck," interposed Zimmerman. "Yes, I should say so. Why, I knew a fellow who would bring out his chuck-a-luck and sweep four every time we had a ten minutes' rest on a march. You know we used to have a ten minutes' rest in every hour on a long march. Well, this fellow would play every time we stopped. You'd see the men gathering around like a lot of flies around a drop of molasses. Well, sir, I knew that man to make $1,000 in one day's march. It was a mighty good thing it was paper money and didn't weigh much."

"Yes," said Cook, "I had a friend that raked in about $2,500 in three or four days on a march, and he played against the game, too."

"But then there were lots of fellows that lost, too," added Zimmerman. "Just after I had reenlisted and had got part of the bounty money back pay, and was waiting for a veteran furlough, a friend of mine who lived where I did, and had reenlisted, too, got to playing poker. He lost every cent and wanted to borrow $25 from me. I wouldn't loan it to him, but he got it some place. The next morning he had $500; the next evening he was broke. That's the way it went. But the time when the boys liked to play the best was during the ten minutes' rest on a march."

Some Bugles are Different from Others.

From the Leadville Herald.

A small party of young men were standing on a street corner the other evening. They were curiously examining a bugle belonging to one of them, and, as a stranger came along, an animated discussion arose.

"I wish I could play on it," said one.

"Play on it!" observed another. "I wish I could make a bugle sing!"

"It's a pretty hard thing to do," observed a third, "if you haven't got the hang of the thing just right."

"Hard thing to do!" chimed in the stranger, halting and regarding the party with evident contempt. "Why, I could blow a bugle before I was a foot high."

"Well, some bugles are different from others," said the young man.

"Gimme that bugle," said the stranger, excitedly.

It was immediately handed to him, and, putting it to his lips, he made one long, loud trip. There was a subdued splinter, and the stranger began a kind of war dance, at the same time holding his mouth in both hands.

"Great Cleopatra's needle!" he yelled, with tears streaming from his eyes, "Who in thunder filled that mouthpiece with cayenne pepper? I'm small, gentlemen, light and fragile, but I can lick the man who peppered the horn."

In the Rear of the House for the Season.

From the Boston Post.

Now is the season when we read in "tea table gossip" that Col. and Mrs. So-and-so and family have left their city residence, and during the remainder of the season will sojourn at their seaside cottage. Perhaps an impartial investigation would show that the Colonel and his estimable family were still in town, but occupying only the rear portion of the house.

ECCENTRIC SUICIDES.

Minnie Mitchell of Shreveport, La., committed suicide on the day in which her lover was killed on the railroad.

"Life is already outlived by many of my allotted time," said Mrs. Mary Bach of Wheeling, W. Va., and then she killed herself. She was 87 years old.

After losing a suit and being roundly abused for it by his client, Col. J. J. Pickett of Gatesville, Tex., took twenty-two grains of morphine.

Grief for his first wife caused Samuel T. Magruder of Darnestown, Md., to cut his throat, although he had been married about one year to an estimable lady.

Mrs. H. Y. Jones, a Philadelphia bride of but two months, took laudanum because her husband forbade her taking money from the cash drawer of his store.

Mrs. Kincaid of Rutland, O., was entertaining a merry company of friends in her parlors, suddenly she excused herself, went out, and drowned herself in the cistern.

Jennie Roberts of Meadville, Pa., could not get permission from her parents to attend a dance upon which she had set her heart. She resented their refusal by drowning herself in the mill pond.

After living seventy three years Mrs. Eliza Cook of West Mexico, Mo., widow, thought she was too old to be useful in the world. She drove a large pair of blunt scissors into the top of her head with a heavy iron bolt.

After a quarrel with his wife about some money which he had out at interest in Germany, Christoph Ertel, aged 75, went out in his orchard at South Belleville, Mo., and hung himself. He first struck his wife on the head with a spade, then ran to his barn and stabbed himself in the left breast, and finally went to the orchard to hang.

When Mrs. Witty, a cousin of Frank and Jesse James, found she had married her husband under a false name she compelled him at the point of a pistol to marry her again under his real name of Singleton. When Singleton was shot by "Canada Bill" she was surprised to have another woman come to his bedside and claim him as his wife. She drove her out at the pistol's point. Singleton died, and his devoted wife took morphine.

LETTERS ON LIVE TOPICS.

How, When, and What to Feed Infants in Warm Weather.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Please allow me to remind "A Mother" that I did not use the term "death-dealing bottle" because the bottle was filled with condensed milk simply, but because the babies are kept filled to overflowing. A point well worthy of careful thought is that bottle babies often swallow—not digest—almost as much milk as would sustain a calf. Again, the calf is running about and taking care of himself. He takes a good deal of exercise, while baby is constantly held or transported in his carriage or is amused on the floor. Puppies and kittens, by their pulling, pushing, and stirring while nursing, earn by exercise every drop of milk they get, but baby, for want of a good deal of rational letting alone, is not allowed to earn, speaking physiologically, one-half what he will take down. Constantly attended, he becomes exacting—a fussy "cry baby" often, who gives his mother no peace unless she is dandling him. Doubtless condensed milk is better than one cow's milk when the one cow happens to be diseased. The milk of a herd, however, is safer than that of one cow—better, unless the latter is really healthy, and fed for health and for natural milk instead of for quantity. The driven "cows, so called, soon become tuberculous, and their milk is unwholesome.

The fact that this mother's babe lived and thrived on condensed milk is not to be taken as proof that condensed milk is as safe, least of all safer, than fresh milk generally. It proved better than the milk he had been taking. In connection with "plenty of fresh air and cleanliness," it proved a satisfactory diet for this baby—that is all. Personally, I would sooner undertake to rear any babe on a proper ration of condensed milk—say three sufficient meals a day—than on an excessive ration of the best cow's milk, aye, or than on a surfeit of breast milk even, especially that of a dash, fowl, pastry, and coffee-using mother. "Enough is better than a feast." If parents would be content to give the babies what they can digest, and no more, and so to all lengths on fresh air, and in hot weather dress them as light as possible, there would be fewer little white coffins seen on our streets. There would be more healthy, muscular babies, instead of the living fatty tumors so often observed.

Obesity is as much a disease in infancy as at adult age. Our stock raisers want no fat calves—except for the butchers. Young pigs are never permitted to fatten—except the "roasters." First the frame is built, and then they aim to roll on the fat for money. The growing child's frame should be built upon the same principle. Indeed, every fat baby who doesn't die of his disease within two years, is saved by spindling out into the shape in which he entered the world, and which should never have been changed. Says Dr. Oswald, "Mothers are never quite satisfied with their babies till they are ready to die of fatty degeneration." But, almost to the last one in the thousand, they have during their first year a sickness that strips them of their fat if not of life. I see many infants who are thin, almost emaciated, though constantly taking the breast or bottle. Such would shortly become normally plump if fed at six-hour intervals—morning, noon, and night. They would, too, be kept free from colic and pains that make the wakeful and deceive their poor parents as to the need of night feeding! I have never known a three-meal baby to have any other fussiness between nights and mornings but sleeping. With open windows, no "torrid wave" will disturb such babies, at least if the night dress is the lightest possible, or, better still, if they can kick themselves bare.

C. E. PAGE.

BROOKLYN, July 21.

A 'Longshoreman's Idea.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Pray call public attention to the provisions of the State law called "The Soldiers' Burial act." A great many poor, ignorant women may thus get relief when made aware of its existence.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

NEW YORK, July 22.

A Story of an Empty Railroad Car.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Last evening I boarded the Staten Island Railroad train leaving Gifford's station for New York at 6¼ P. M. The train was crowded when it arrived, with the exception of the first car, which was empty. There were about forty to fifty passengers to get on at the above named station. When the conductor came along I requested, with many others, that he should find us seats. He told us to go ahead to the front car, which we did (by hard work getting through the isles, which were crowded), but we found the door of the car in question locked, and not a soul in it except the brakeman. I knocked on the door, which the brakeman opened, and we showed him our tickets. He informed us that we could not go in, and locked the door in our faces, and we were compelled to stand on the platform of the car. He said his orders were to keep the car locked, but for what purpose he did not say. By this time the train was running at a high rate of speed, and men and children were hanging on to the railing of the platform for dear life. After we had ridden about five or six miles, and stopped at New Dorp, the brakeman opened the door and said to us, "Now you can go in." Suppose, during this run of five or six miles, several persons had been thrown off and killed, what excuse would the railroad managers have given, or what could they have said?

J. W. E.

JERSEY CITY, July 20.

A Reply to Mr. S. Romeo Reed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is the fashion of some modern scribblers like S. Romeo Reed to sneer at the causes of the American Revolution of 1775. They pretend to say that the colonial grievances were insignificant, and flippantly remark that our fathers rebelled on account of a paltry tax on tea. These pseudo critics ought to be better informed. The seven years' war which ended in 1763 had increased the national debt of England from $140,000,000 to $700,000,000. Americans did not like to be compelled to pay their share of the cost of those foreign wars. Much less did they like to maintain a standing army in the colonies of 10,000 men, only England paying the officers. "We are America," said King George and his minions, "support a standing army of 10,000 men! Ireland has maintained one of 12,000, which has only been increased to 15,000." But for many and most cogent reasons, which every true republican ought now to apprehend as well as our fathers did, a standing army in the colonies could not be endured, and as I read the history of those times, the Declaration of Independence was due to this more than any other cause.

And now if S. Romeo Reed and other scoffers at republican institutions are longing for a return to British rule, I recommend to them to migrate to the Dominion of Canada or to Ireland.

W. H. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21.

He Prefers Good Living to Long Life.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "J. H. B.," whose letter I read in yesterday's SUN, would seem to be one of those dismally benighted persons who take longevity, pure and simple, to be the object of life. For the preservation of health this cheerful man advises one meal a day and the avoidance of "greases, condiments, and stimulants," never to speak of the incidental deprivations he hints at. Gracious heaven! What sane man who desires to enjoy the pleasures of life and knows how capable the palate is of high and delicate cultivation would accept such a secret life on terms which compel him so to live? For my part, I have no desire to vegetate on farinaceous and such like food. A dash of tobacco with my oysters, of Worcestershire with my chops, of curry with my chicken, and not to be sacrificed to the mere sake of living to a tottering and milk-and-water sensility.

J. M.

NEW YORK, July 19.

Some Questions which Vex a Printer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am a printer, a proofreader, and a seeker after the exact. But I do not always find it. Will THE SUN assist me in the quest? I send you a few—only a few—of the questions of which a settlement is desired:

1. One and one-half mile, or one and one-half miles? There is the authority of usage for both forms, but evidently one is wrong. Which?

2. Politics. The two big We give this word as a noun singular. Some of the newspapers make it agree with are. How about tactics, mathematics, ethics, acoustics?

3. News. A literary friend of mine argues with much warmth that this word was originally, and should now be used in the plural, the singular of which is (or was) something new, hence the inquiry should be not What's the news? but What's new? or What are the news? Is this correct? The grammars I read when a lad said this phrase was incorrect; for what, said they, can be more than correct, straight, perfect? True, Milton says "most perfect," Shakespeare "most stillest," Paul "most straitest," but lesser mortals should be more correct. Yet I see it often in newspapers of good repute.

5. Widow woman. I once objected to this phrase whereupon I was shown a passage in the Bible where it occurs. What could I say?

6. Knight Templar. What is his plural? A fat rufian once offered to punch me because I marked an s on each word, according to W. and W. Among New York newspapers there are three ways of pluralizing the word or words. Evidently only one is right—but which?

C. Downed, bested, in a recent translation of "The Chronicle of the Cid." I read of one knight who was bested, and of another who was downed. I looked in vain for one who was not the knight, to yield or give. What should I do in such a case? True, there is worsted, wherefore why not bested?

8. Overcrowded. I read of an overcrowded car, house, or boat, but my first thought is that some strong but wicked man has placed his mighty shoulder against it and crowded it over—alas! Reading further I find that what is meant is that the car (or house) is inconveniently full of passengers, *i. e.*, crowded. However, I see the word is in the supplements to the dictionaries, and therefore suppose it must be all right. But what does Justin McCarthy mean by putting it within quotation marks?

9. Yachtsman. This word, too, has lately crawled into the dictionaries through the back door. Why not boatsman, cartsman, ashesman?

10. Castle William or Castle Williams? Kill von Kull or Kill van Kull? Authorities differ.

H. C.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1883.

Canadians also Americans.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I was greatly surprised to see THE SUN contradicted on the question whether a man born in Canada is an American. "G." says that citizens of the United States can lay an exclusive claim to the name American, for this is the only country that has adopted the name of America, namely, the "United States of America," while the Dominion is of Canada. I beg leave to differ with him, for Canada is called British America; therefore a man born in Canada has as much right to call himself an American as we have. I think it would be well for "G." to look up his geography.

CANADIAN AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, July 21.

A Steamship's Name.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* From what does the Cunarder Aurania take her name?

GEOGRAPHER.

NEW YORK, July 22.

The Talk of a New Telegraph Company.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If the proposition made by Wall street men to put $6,000,000 into a fund for the purpose of founding a new telegraph company is genuine, it is an excellent plan. It will be seconded by every true American. I spoke to a gentleman of moderate means to-day, and he said that he would be willing to take $5,000 of the stock himself. The idea would be popular. Every American would desert the monopolists and send their messages by the people's wires.

LEX.

PATERSON, July 21.

The Soldier Buried in Potter's Field.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In to-day's SUN I notice "G. A. D.'s" communication about a soldier buried in Potter's Field. I hasten to contradict the statement that the soldier, William J. Haynes, was a member of this post. The books of the post show no such name, and I claim that no notice of any kind in regard to the death of this soldier has been received by this post. If he was an honorably discharged soldier, and we had known of his death, his body would not now lie in Potter's Field, for if there is one thing above another that Barbara Fritchie Post prides itself on it is its faithful care of its sick and proper burial of its dead comrades.

JOHN MARTIN,
Adjutant Barbara Fritchie Post, No. 11, G. A. R.

BROOKLYN, July 21.

Wanted—Female.

WANTED—Housework; also small girl to mind baby; private family; good wages. 207 West 54th st.; after 9.

WANTED—Girls to learn on quilting machines; pay while learning. BROOKLYN QUILTING CO., 304 Greene st.

WANTED—At 80 Greene st., 25 hands to work on children's and boys' fancy caps; milliners preferred. MARKS BROS.

WANTED—Experienced operators on Willcox & Gibbs machine on lace work. 561 Canal st., top floor.

WANTED—Operators and basters, finishers and presserс on shop coats. 180 Kent st., Greenpoint.

WANTED—Operators, basters, and finishers on pants. 161 4th st., Brooklyn, E. D.

WANTED—A young girl for kitchen work; come prepared. 43 Walker st.

WANTED—A young girl for light housework. Call at 215 Henry st.

WANTED—Woman in restaurant. 830 Broadway.

YOUNG GIRLS can obtain situations free, lodging and meals at 6 cents each, at the Girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Mark's place, one block east of Cooper Institute (under care o Children's Aid soc ety).

50 OPERATORS on fine flannel shirts; good pay, steady work. STEINWAY, 32 Howard st.

100 OPERATORS wanted on shirts and drawers; best prices paid. SPEARMAN, 205 3d av.

Wanted—Female.

A.—UP-TOWN ADVERTISERS May leave their favors for THE SUN at the only authorized up-town advertisement offices.
1,328 Broadway, corner 31st st., till 8 P. M.
808 West 23d st., corner 8th av., till 8 P. M.
1765 3d av., entrance on 47th st., till 8 P. M.
832 East 149th st., corner Union square, till 8 P. M.
4308 East 120th st., near 3d av., till 7:30 P. M.
No extra charge.

A.—A.—A.—A.—A.—A.—A.—A.—A.—A.—A.—
100 frame hands on hoop skirts.
100 learners on hoop skirts.
50 girls accustomed to handle pipers.
Apply all week
N. Y. NOVELTY CO., 45, 47, and 49 Greene st.

A.—A.—A.—WANTED, experienced W. & G. tuckers and W. & W. operators on ladies' underwear; steam power; also outdoor hands on skirts and chemises; also a few learners taken. DANNHAUSER & A.—MONSHEIMER, 155 and 157 South 5th av.

AN ACTIVE young woman with some business experience and speaking good German wanted to learn to give lessons on the sewing machine. Apply personally after 10 A. M. to Mr. WATSON, 34 Union square.

A.—OPERATORS on W. & W. on chemises and A. nightgowns; also out door; bring samples and references. 73 Grand st.

A YOUNG lady model wanted, with good figure; pay, $1 per hour. Address, with description, AKTIST, box 150, Sun office.

A.—A.—A.—Wanted, experienced operators on Domestic machines; must be experienced felt skirt trimmers. HAYS & HIRSHFELD, 45 Worth st.

A.—EXPERIENCED operators and trimmers on A. felt skirts; Domestic machines. ADLER & SCHOENHOF, 52 White st.

A.—SALESLADIES for all departments in millinery and fancy goods; only first class apply. PISKE, 2,235 and 2,237 3d av.

A.—OPERATORS on shirts on Wheeler & Wilson A. machines; steady work. 949 3d av., shirt factory.

AN experienced girl to tie and experienced stitchers on ladies' linen collars. LUCHS BROS., 79 Walker st.

A.—FIRST-CLASS cloak operators wanted; highest prices paid; steady work. F. COHEN, 31 Canal st.

ALL-TOBACCO Cigarette Makers.—Experienced A. hands only need apply at 176 Broadway.

A GIRL for plain washing and ironing and general housework. 56 Bleecker st.

A.—GOOD, quick buttonhole makers on ladies' fine A. shoes. 441 West 51st st.

A 1 OPERATORS on Bonnaz machines. COLES MANUFACTURING CO., 224 East 42d st.

AN experienced young person to box lace goods. FRANK & GUTMANN, 101 Franklin st.

A.—A.—A.—Wanted, experienced cloak makers on A. samples. HAYS & HIRSHFELD, 45 Worth st.

A.—EXPERIENCED fancy feather pasters wanted. Apply at 501 Broadway. BERG & BRO.

A.—GIRLS to learn book folding and stitching. E. E. TOMLINSON, 23 Vandewater st.

A.—A.—A.—50 operators on skirts. J. B. GRIFFIN, 88 Leonard st.

BONNAZ.—First-class hands only; steady work; good wages. 132 and 134 South 5th av.

BONNAZ operators wanted. Apply to L. DE MAES ENER, 440 Canal st.

BONNAZ hands; steady work for good hands. FRANKOWSKI BROS., 53 Wooster st.

BUTTONHOLE makers and finishers on fine custom shirts; bring sample. PHELAN, 50 Wall st.

CORSETS.—Steady work all the year for experienced operators. VAN ORDEN CORSET CO., 13 Clinton place.

EXPERIENCED operators on ladies' underwear; skirts given out. FRANKENTHAL BROS., 28 and 30 Greene st.

EXPERIENCED operators on fine custom shirts. 335 East 14th st., store.

FIRST-CLASS shirt makers wanted; week or piece; steady work guaranted. 199 Varick st., near Houston.

FANCY FEATHERS.—Wanted, a good designer to take charge. Address FEATHERS, box 157, Sun office.

FANCY FEATHERS.—Good forelady and very good pasters wanted. COHEN & KORNFELD, 52 West Houston st.

FANCY FEATHERS.—Good pasters; also learners and female maker. LUST & CERF, 128 Greene st.

FREE Sewing Machine School, open daily from 9 to 5, at Girls' Lodging House, 27 St. Mark's place, 8th st.

FINISHERS on fine shop pants; good hands; steady work; pay Saturday. 22 East 3d st., rear shop.

FINISHERS on shop coats, who can baste; also button sewer. 163 Attorney st., rear, top floor.

FIRST-CLASS operators on cloaks, good finisher, also small hands to learn. 421 East 9th st.

FINISHERS on fine silk cloaks. E. S. MILLS & CO., 354 Broadway.

FANCY FEATHERS.—Good hands wanted. VANVELSOR & STEIN, 581 Broadway.

FANCY FEATHERS.—Wanted, good pasters; no others. ZUCKER & CO., 15 East Houston st.

G. SIMON & CO., 28 Lispenard st., want experienced ruching and collarette pressers, finishers, and threaders; steady work and good pay.

GIRL for finishing and button sewing on fine coats. 111 Lewis st., in store.

GOOD finishers on fine shop coats. Call at 417 West 47th st., rear.

HOOPSKIRTS.—Experienced frame hands, operators, finishers, pressers, buttonhole; steady work. CARPENTER, 372 Broadway.

HANDS on fine pants, by the week or piece. Inquire at 63 Ludlow st., corner Grand, top floor.

HANDS on flannel coats. 324 4th st. (side door), Brooklyn, E. D.

HANDS wanted on ruffings and lace goods. KISCH, SIMSON & WOLF, 42 and 44 Greene st.

IN AND OUTSIDE operators on children's cambric and nainsook slips; outside hands, produce samples and references. LIBMAN, 560 Broome st.

IRONERS on gents' lawn ties; steady employment. FRENCH & CO., 13 and 15 Lispenard st.

IRONERS on new shirts. ROBT. K. DAVIES & CO., 538 West 23d st.

NEAT sewers for dressmaking; also apprentice. Call 8 to 10. 186 East 76th st., 2d flat.

OSTRICH FEATHERS.—Curling taught; 50c. a lesson; 3 lessons sufficient. Feather Factory, No. 219 West 30th st.

OPERATORS.—Experienced hands on cloth hats and caps; highest prices. STIEHL & NISSEN, 104 Greene st.

OPERATORS on W. & W. and Singer machines, to make fine flannel shirts; work given out. Call at 203 Lewis st.

OPERATORS, basters, and finishers on pants; steady work guaranteed. 470 East Houston st., near Lewis.

OPERATORS, basters, pocket, lining, sleeve makers, and finisher on shop coats. 303 East 4th st., top floor.

OSTRICH FEATHERS.—Preparers and sewers wanted; work given out. S. WEINHANDLER, 68 West Houston st.

OPERATORS and finishers on pants. 15 Dunham place, bet. Broadway and South 6th st., Williamsburgh.

OPERATORS and basters on good vests. 305 5th st., first floor. Call all the week. CHAS. BRANDT.

OSTRICH FEATHERS.—Experienced preparers wanted. MAYER BROTHERS, 109 Mercer st.

OPERATORS on misses' and children's shoes; steam power. 97 South 6th st., Brooklyn, E. D.

OPERATORS and fitters on ladies' fine shoes; also errand boy. 151 Bleecker st., 2d floor.

ORDER COOK and dishwasher. Call for two days. 73 Hamilton av., Brooklyn.

OPERATORS and basters on vests. 127 Av. D, between 8th and 9th sts.

OPERATORS on children's shoes wanted at 119 Sheriff st.

OPERATORS on ladies' fine shoes. 62 Church st.

PAPER BOXES.—Experienced hands on glue work; also a good Clark's cutter wanted. HELMUS & DREYFUSS, 176 Centre st.

PAPER BOXES.—Few girls on block work, scarf and tie boxes; good pay, steady work. DAVIES & CO., 538 West 23d st.

PAPER BOXES.—Experienced glue and paste hands; steady work and good pay. A. HESS, 51 Vesey st.

PAPER BOXES.—Girls on glue work; also a few week workers, at 57 Prince st.

PAPER BOXES.—Experienced hands for glue and paste work. HUGHES & MERKER, 242 Centre st.

PAPER BOXES.—Girls wanted on glue and paste work. M. MARGONINSKY & BRO., 99 Prince st.

PAPER BOXES.—Experienced hands on glue and paste work. GEO. WIRMERS, 147 Wooster st.

PAPER BOXES.—First-class hands wanted on large work. F. W. BAYER, 43 Fulton st.

ROSENTHAL BROS., 28 White st., want girls to press ruffling; also crimpers, pasters, and small girls.

SHOES!—Open seamers, lining makers, and button sewers on ladies' fine shoes. 149 Bleecker st., west of South 5th av.

SIMONSTERNS & CO., 17 and 19 White st. want expert skirt tuckers on Willcox & Gibbs machines; steam power.

SCAMPS, Bows, &c.—Experienced hands can have steady work; good prices. SOLOMON & DITTMAN, 508 Broadway.

STARCHER on new shirts. ROBT. K. DAVIES & CO., 538 West 23d st.

THE WORKINGWOMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, 10 Clinton place. Sewing and tradeswomen supplied with employment and their claims collected free of charge.

Excursions.

IRON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
THE ONLY ALL-WATER ROUTE DIRECT TO CONEY ISLAND and the GREAT IRON OCEAN PIER, WEST BRIGHTON BEACH, BRIGHTON BEACH, MANHATTAN BEACH.
COOLEST, CLEANEST, SAFEST, AND QUICKEST ROUTE.
The only line having exclusive control of all the docks and piers at which it lands passengers, thus preventing annoying changes from boats to cars, laying out in stream waiting to land, and other vexatious delays.
LEAVE PIER No. 1 NORTH RIVER for the GREAT IRON OCEAN PIER at 9, 9:45, 10:30, 11:15 A. M., 12 M., 12:45, 1:30, 2:15, 3, 3:45, 4:30, 5:15, 6, 6:45, 7:30, 8:15, 9:30 P. M.
LEAVE THE GREAT IRON OCEAN PIER AT CONEY ISLAND 8:30, 10:15, 11, 11:45 A. M., 12:30, 1:15, 2, 2:45, 3:30, 4:15, 5, 5:45, 6:30, 7:15, 8, 8:45, 9:30, 10:30, 11:15 P. M.
ON SUNDAYS and HOLIDAYS boats will be run HALF HOURLY.
EXCURSION TICKETS, FIFTY CENTS.
BRIGHTON BEACH and MANHATTAN BEACH are only TEN MINUTES' WALK from the Iron Pier, and are reached by ELEVATED RAILROAD, stages, and carriages, running in connection with the boats of this COMPANY, CONTINUOUSLY, DAY and EVENING. PARK, FIVE CENTS.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
The elevated railways have opened a new station at BATTERY PLACE, on the 6th and 9th av. lines, directly opposite the pier from Steamboat Company's Pavilion, Pier 1, North River. Passengers desiring to take boats will leave the cars at that point.
Passengers from 2d and 3d av. lines holding Iron Steamboat excursion tickets will be transferred to 6th and 9th av. lines at South Ferry free.
EXCURSION TICKETS for sale at all down-town track stations of the ELEVATED RAILWAYS at 60 cents each, including railway fare both ways.

MANHATTAN BEACH
NEW ROUTE, NOW OPEN,
VIA EAST 34TH ST. AND 7TH ST. FERRIES.
Leave E. 34th st. Ferry, 9:20, 8:30, 10:10 A. M., and half-hourly from 11:10 A. M. to 6:40, and 7 to 9:30 P. M.
Leave 7th st. every 20 minutes from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Leave Manhattan Beach at 7:35, 10:05, 11:20 A. M., and half-hourly from 12:20 P. M. to 10:50 P. M.
EXCURSION TICKETS, via 34th st., 50 CENTS, including ferry.
VIA BAY RIDGE.
Steamer D. R. MARTIN leaves foot of Whitehall st. (terminus of all the elevated railways) hourly from 9:10 A. M. to 9:10 P. M.
Trains leave Manhattan Beach at *8:10 A. M., and hourly from 9:30 A. M. to 10:10 P. M.
*Trains marked thus do not run on Sundays.
Excursion tickets for sale at all down-track stations of the elevated railways. Price, 60 cents, including elevated railway, ferry and ferry, good either way via East 34th st. Ferry or Bay Ridge.
Baggage called for and delivered between Manhattan Beach and any point in the City of New York (below 40th st.) or Brooklyn by the Long Island Express. THE ONLY EXPRESS line to Manhattan Beach. Rate, 50 cents per person.
MAGNIFICENT FIREWORKS EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY EVENING. GRAND NAVAL and MILITARY SPECTACLE, THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 350 Special Drilled and Equipped Troops. GILMORE'S WORLD-RENOWNED CONCERTS EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

ROCKAWAY BEACH
NEW YORK, WOODHAVEN AND ROCKAWAY R. R.
Trains leave Long Island City—A. M., 6:30, 8, 9:33, 11:10; P. M., 1:03, 2:33, 3:03, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:33, 9:30. Rockaway—A. M., 6:20, 8, 9, 11:20; P. M., 1:35, 3:05, 4:25, 5:40, 6:40, 7:40, 8:35, 9:40, 11:05. Leave Rockaway—A. M., 6:10, 7:40, 8:35, 9:52, 11:17; P. M., 1:22, 2:42, 4:17, 5:42, 7:47, 8:47.
SUNDAY TRAINS
Leave hourly—6:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M., and hourly to 9:30 P. M. from Long Island City and Bushwick.
Returning, leave the Beach hourly.
Last train 10 P. M. to Long Island City.

A DELIGHTFUL DAILY EXCURSION TO NEWBURGH, WEST POINT, POINT ROCK ISLAND, STOPPING AT YONKERS.
THE FAST AND PALATIAL STEAMER JOHN W. FOSTER
LEAVES
Pier 6, N. R., foot West 10th st., N. R., West 21st st.,
8:45 A. M. 9:30 A. M.
RETURNING TO THE CITY ABOUT 7 P. M.
FARE ROUND TRIP..... 50 CENTS
TWO TICKETS FOR A TRADE DOLLAR.
SPLENDID MUSIC. REFREHSMENTS AT CITY PRICES. THE FINEST SUNDAY EXCURSION.

TO LONG BRANCH DIRECT.
By steamer PLYMOUTH ROCK. Two trips daily.
Leaving 6th st. Dock, Hoboken..... 8:15 A. M.
Leaving 21st st., North River..... 8:45 A. M., 3:00 P. M.
Leaving Pier 8, N.R. (near Rector st.) 9:45 A. M., 3:30 P. M.
Brooklyn, by Pennsylvania Annex..... 9:20 A. M.
Returning, leave Long Branch..... 12:15 and 6:30 P. M.
Connecting with Brooklyn Annex on arrival at Pier 6, 8:30 P. M.
Special excursion tickets..... 60 cents
Fare..... 50 cents
The only steamer afloat having a hall for select dancing parties.

A.—FISHING BANKS DAILY.—The iron steamer THO. A. MORGAN will positively start on the 24th (Tuesday): will leave foot of 43d st., N. R., 6:30; Thirty-fourth st., N. R., 7; Peck slip, E. R., 7:30; Grand st., N. R., 8:15 sharp; bait, tackle and refreshments on board. Cents, 75 cents; ladies, 50 cents.
H. J. HARTUNG, Manager.

THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA.
MAUCH CHUNK, GLEN ONOKO, and the SWITCHBACK. Special excursion via Pa. and R. R. R. New Jersey Central division, Thursday, July 26, 1883. Leave foot of Liberty st. 9 A. M.; fare, $2.25. Brooklyn via Annex, foot of Pacific st., 8:30 A. M.; fare, $2.45.

FORT LEE PARK.
Fort Lee Ferry from 130 Manhattanville every half hour; cross-town cars 125th st. connect with boat and all elevated lines; good crossing to Palisade Mountain drive; excursion tickets, 15c.
Take the ferry and avoid overcrowded boats.

Amusements.

CASINO. Broadway and 39th st. Every evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2. After months of careful preparation Johann Strauss's beautiful Opera Comique,
PRINCE METHUSALEM,
BY THE MAUD ONEILL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY.
The Opera to be followed by a
GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT
on the Buffet Floral and Roof Gardens.
ARONSON'S CASINO ORCHESTRA.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. At 8:30. Reserved Auditorium. Matinee Wednesday at 2.
THE RAJAH. | Constant Laughter and Applause.
THE RAJAH. | Liberally attractive comedy, with
THE RAJAH. | exquisite scenery. Great cast.

SPENCER'S PALACE MUSIC HALL AND SUMMER GARDEN, 300 and 302 Bowery. Monday, July 23, 15 new specialty artists will appear, in addition to our regular st