

COMIN' ON TO VISIT BRISTOW.

TEXAS SHERIFF AND HIS "LADY POSTMASTER" HAVE WED.

Notifies the Assistant Postmaster-General That They Will Spend "A Week or Thereabouts" With Him on Their Honeymoon—Sequel of Politeness Case.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The Sheriff in southwestern Texas who some time ago called the attention of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow to the famous "stuffs off or no mail" order promulgated from the post office in his town, and whose correspondence with the Department resulted in an inspector being sent to stop the notorious crusade for politeness, has married the "lady postmaster," who was the cause of all the trouble, and is coming to Washington on his honeymoon.

The Sheriff has also announced his intention of spending "a week or thereabouts" with Mr. Bristow. The Sheriff in his letter, received to-day, announces his marriage and the attendant circumstances. He says: "DEAR FRIEND BRISTOW: I don't want you to go no false impression when you see your eye over this. I ain't got a kick nowhere in sight and after you've read this some careful and conscientious, the same being necessary on account of my writing which is sure as sure as the sun will rise, you don't stick out your paw and say 'Put it there, Bill,' then I don't know whose you nor nobody."

But the news which I'm going to pass out to you is some peculiar and exciting and if you don't reply your gun and call for a finger of red eye I'll sure be a disappointed man. I guess you remember me writing you long about last fall tellin the troubles we was having with the lady postmaster about her trying to educate this town up to her own ideas on politeness. Well, I sort of changed my mind about what I said in that letter to you.

One day I was just about to hit the trail after a Greaser and I stoned in the post office some quick and unnoticing. Next minute I was looking down a forty-five and my hands was up while the lady postmaster was saying right cool and in meaning 'gentlemen is expected to remove their hats when transacting business in this office.'

The wasn't any citizen of the town that saw me taking lessons, and I ain't naturally a talkative man, but the undignifiedness of the situation sort of roused me and I came in with the Greaser over my saddle—the same having tried to get away and me being right fretful and impatient that morning—I sat down and wrote you that letter.

I ain't sorry I done it even if it was the Mayor's place to notify you. But he's sure unlitery except with a branding iron, and as it was, everything turned out all right. Me and the lady postmaster is married. You ain't a bit more surprised than I was when I says to myself on 'Bil, this ain't your camping on sure leads to matrimony.' But I kept on camping right there just as if there wasn't no danger ahead and one day it happened.

I sort of felt mean in my mind about writing to you telling about her, and when that fool inspector came down here he told her it was me complained. I didn't hear about it till after he left town, and you see she had a job on her hands quick and immediate. But you can't tell what a woman will do no more than a boss, and it seems she got sort of interested in me account of my kick.

Well, I ain't going to tell you no more about that matrimony trial, 'cause I reckon it ain't nobody's business but mine and hers. But one day she shut up the post office—which same I hope won't be held against her—and she gets married. The boys gives us a most respectable send-off, and there wasn't a word done for as much as two days, but things have settled down now and we're living peaceful and contented as old Ike and I who had three meals a day and slept regular till the very day he was hung.

Of course there ain't no rules on politeness put out by this lady postmaster—which is my wife—for the citizens of this town now, but the same being consistent and unforgiving and unnecessary and some illegal, but if any Mexican son of a Greaser don't get rid of his sombrero 'bout the time he gets in sight of this here postoffice, he'll find lots of young and hasty trouble coming his way sure, swift and easy.

But what I wanted to tell you was that me and my wife have got a substitute—which is her cousin and I never no look after the post office and we are going to get round for a while. I was more than two hundred miles from this here town and I'm sure monotonous. I kind of gathered from what I read that you was a fellow that you handle this here politeness and that your a man all right and none stuck up and if you're latch string is hanging out as I'm sure confident it is, we'll just put up with you when you was in Washington.

We are going to stay a week or thereabouts and as me and my wife are both got tastes sure, simple and unpretentious we don't reckon to give you no trouble. I'd sure like you to meet my lady. She's the best cook in this part of the country and can handle her armament quicker than greased lightning and she don't shoot to miss either. We ain't a bit fresh or troublesome either. 'Tis right considerate and they ain't no feelings but that nobody ain't going to impose on us none to speak of. Here's hoping.

WM. SANBORN.

Mr. Bristow has visions of a Western Amazon with a nickel plated gatling gun on each hip and a cowboy with a revolver in each hand and a knife between his teeth brandishing the sanctity of his private office.

Incidentally, the fact that the Sheriff didn't mention when he would arrive in Washington adds considerably to the strength and color of his anticipations. He is half sorry that he has recovered from his recent attack of grip.

AKRON'S NERVE DISASTROUS.

Casino Proprietor Walked Into Brooklyn Police Headquarters and Was Arrested.

Charles E. Akron, formerly proprietor of the Tivoli and later owner of the Casino, 22 Jamaica avenue, East New York, was arrested at the Smith street police headquarters in Brooklyn on a charge of swindling. Akron, knowing that there was a warrant out for his arrest, walked into the riot room at police headquarters to testify for a patron who was up on charges before Deputy Commissioner McAvoy. He was recognized and the arrest followed.

Frederick Brandt, a young German, is the complainant. He alleges that he was duped into buying an interest in the Casino for \$2,100. Brandt and Akron were ejected by a patrolman and Akron who held a mortgage on the place. The complainant went to District Attorney Adams and told his story. Akron will be examined to-day.

A. G. VANDERHILT BUYS FARM.

It is Opposite Mr. Vanderbilt's Newport Place, Oakland.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 22.—The heirs of the late Charles C. Slocum have sold their farm, on the East Maine road and Sandy point avenue, in Portsmouth and containing about forty-five acres, to Alfred G. Vanderbilt. The farm is opposite Mr. Vanderbilt's place, Oakland.

It is supposed that Mr. Vanderbilt will make extensive improvements on his new property.

Swindler Takes Orders for Photographs.

Several of the department stores have recently received a number of letters from persons who have been swindled by a man purporting to represent various firms. The man has gone about the suburbs of New York soliciting orders for photographs at a very low price and collecting 25 or 50 cents on each order. The stores have notified the local police and offered reward for the swindler's arrest, but he still continues to swindle.

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The popularity of the rabbit as a symbol of Easter, seems established in this city. The little animals start from every shop window now in the form of boxes, pictures and other objects intended especially to represent the season. It was only a short time ago that this symbol of Easter was rare here. The exportation of French and German boxes and other Easter articles introduced the rabbit here, and he now seems acclimated. In the exhibits in the expansive shops this year he leads the old time Easter egg as the most desired emblem of the season.

Thirty children danced not long ago at a party given for them. Among the number were some small members of the wealthiest families in the city. A friend of the hostess arose from a sleek bed to keep her promise to try to entertain them. At the end of the afternoon she was able to say with the consciousness of having done her duty:

"Feeling as badly as I did, I danced with twenty-three of the little ones. Then she went home to bed, and as it ultimately proved, to measles. A day or two later reports began to come in from the party. The first and the most favorable cases had been reported from among the thirty children present. At least one of them had a fatal result, so the danger of children's parties is under the most favorable circumstances, is impressed again on parents."

Mme. Bressler-Gianoli, who survives as almost the only pleasant memory of the unfortunate French opera company. She is a serious looking young woman who has made her career almost entirely in Italy. She sings a number of the Wagnerian roles and was the first to sing the most famous of "Das Rheingold" ever given in France. She wears glasses, confesses to an undisciplined desire to sing at the Metropolitan, and is the only person in the most famous of her husband, who arrived in New York only a few days ago to witness the triumphs of the New Orleans opera company.

A young lawyer went into a large drug store down town not long ago and bought a bottle of a compound much advertised by the house to cure headaches. He took the bottle home, opened it and swallowed a tablet. The effect was wonderful and far exceeded anything promised on the bottle. His feet went into the floor, the back of his head struck the Turkish rug and when the doctor finally brought him around three hours later his family had almost despaired of ever seeing him conscious again. What the doctor had in such potent tablets it was not possible for anybody to discover, but when the trial for damages came up it was necessary only for the doctor and other witnesses to describe what they had seen. The \$3,000 he received from the jury was some compensation for his experience, but it did not explain to him the power of tablets the store sold for headaches.

She was a curious combination of late winter and early summer fashion, when she came down Broadway in the bright sun shine on Sunday afternoon. Patent leather shoes with heavy soles, open lace stockings—the wind revealed this at Twenty-third street—a red tailor made cloth suit, white silk waist, revealing through its flimsy network something daintily trimmed with pearls and rubies, and a pair of white and black gloves. And she had a pair of slippers, blanketed and with boots on—a fact recently introduced by the wife of a dog trainer. Said a highlander:

"Dressed for the season, all right; but if I had to gauge my drinks by that standard I don't know whether I'd take a hot Scotch or a highball."

Policeman Walsh, who stems the tide of city traffic in the heart of the Tenderloin, concentrates in himself more varied activities than any other member of the force. His services in helping the matinee girls to alight from the cars have long ago been recognized by the theatre managers, who petitioned to have him returned to his old post at Thirty-eighth street when he was temporarily transferred to a downtown corner.

But that is a small part of the wonderful things that Policeman Walsh has been known to accomplish.

His post on Broadway and Thirty-eighth street has been able to reconcile an estranged couple who but for his interference might have found their way into the divorce court. He has inquired from the rural districts which was the best show to see that night; identify a lost child that had wandered over from Seventh avenue; and in less than half an hour, while the regular traffic continued its course without disorder.

"That cop on the corner there," observed one of his colleagues, with a shade of envy in his voice, "does everything but read palms for the people that ask him. And they tell me now he's studying chirology so he'll be able to do that."

Sir Henry Irving brings with him to the United States as unique a souvenir as is possessed by any artist. It is a scrapbook containing every interview with him written in this country. Its first entry was made in 1881, when he made his first visit here. Since that time he has not failed to add to the collection every interview he could find. It is a most interesting suggestion that no reading is so enjoyable to most actors as that which their scrapbooks provides; but those scrapbooks usually contain their favorable criticisms, and not their interviews, when they have been fortunate enough to have them.

Male teachers in women's schools and colleges have a hard time at best, but when one happens to be bashful life is made miserable for him. Members of a certain class in one of the higher institutions for the education of women here are still laughing over two mistakes recently made by their youthful instructor. On his way to recitation one day he accidentally stepped on a girl's skirt. He made an effort to say "Pardon me," but instead blurted out "Promise me."

But worse came one day just as the teacher was dismissing his class. He wanted to talk with one of the girls about her work, and this was the request he made:

"Miss Blank, may I hold you for a while after class?"

It was at a recent preachers' meeting, and three of the brethren present vow that it did occur. Brother Jones was drowsy and had nodded off to sleep. The presiding minister announced that the meeting would close with a prayer.

"You will lead, Brother Jones," he said. Brother Jones's answer clarified the assemblage.

"Darned if I do," said he, waking up suddenly. "You took the last trick."

BOOKS AND BOOKMAKING.

Among the new books is one calculated to set anglers dreaming of deep pools and whirling reeds and June weather. Its author is Earl Hodgson, well known in England as a fisherman, and it is called "Trout Fishing."

The matter of the volume promises entertainment, if one may judge by dipping into occasional chapters; but the illustration is the feature of the book, concerning which the author himself waxes enthusiastic. Mr. Hodgson has prepared a book of flies, consisting of colored plates showing the appropriate lures for each month of the year, just as they would look in the angler's fly-book, and not only have much research and experience helped in the classification, but the plates are triumphs of color reproduction, and do credit to Sir Mortimer Menpes, who had charge of the work.

Apropos of colored illustration, fowl as well as fish has had its artists this season. At first thought the average reader will not thrill with enthusiasm over a poultry book, but as a matter of fact "The Poultry Book," published in eighteen parts and prepared by American specialists under the editorship of Prof. W. G. Johnson and George O. Brown, is distinctly picturesque. The book has 300 illustrations, many of them colored plates by the Englishman Weir, whose "Poultry Book" forms the basis of the new publication. Some one in a burst of enthusiasm has called Mr. Weir the Landseer of the poultry yard, and after all the title is not inapt.

Every reader who is not interested in the record of our own overworked hens or in the construction of hen houses may appreciate the striking portraits of the first Plymouth Rock imported into England and the plum puffed gamecocks, the white Dorking and their peers.

And once again, apropos of our first paragraph and of this funny Marmaduke Pickthall's clever novel of the Orient, "Said the Fisherman," has lost its diagnosis so consistently in press notices that a large share of the public has been misled and booksellers are receiving orders for "that volume of fish stories," "Said the Fisherman."

Here is a story that is going around about one of the younger New York writers who recently attracted the attention of one of the rich and great of the earth.

A short time ago he was invited to dine at the home of one of New York's social leaders. Quite at ease, he sat down between two multi-millionaires and was chatting cheerfully when he discovered to his horror that he was carefully and mechanically polishing the Coalport service plate with his napkin.

"Ten years of cheap tables d'hotel had done it," says the offender when he tells the tale. "Habit was too strong for me."

Another writer has been having trouble of his own. Albert Sonnichsen, author of "Deep Sea Vagabonds," was interviewed some time ago by the correspondent of a Western paper. The interview was published in California and copied widely throughout the country, but did not happen to fall into Mr. Sonnichsen's hands.

He is curious allusions to his Philippine experiences, made by friends, puzzled him, but it was not until he received a letter from his father that he understood. Mr. Sonnichsen, senior, enclosed a clipping of the widely circulated interview and asked for an explanation. The clipping read:

"Mr. Sonnichsen was smoking one of the fat cigars which his Filipino wife had taught him to love."

Young Sonnichsen, who is a bachelor, interviewed his interviewer and is now busy explaining that a typographical error converted "life" into "wife."

Nina Rhoades, the young blind girl whose first novel, "The Silver Lining," met with considerable success last season, is an ardent friend and admirer of the author. She has spent part of the royalties received from her book in having Miss Keller's essay, "Optimism," printed in the alphabet for the blind and will have it distributed.

Ellis Meredith, whose name is signed to that interesting and unusual if somewhat audacious book, "Heart of My Heart, the Story of the Coming of a Child," is well known in the West. She grew up on a Wyoming ranch, where her family lived in a small shack and enjoyed the distinction of owning the only bona fide tea kettle within many miles.

Later she went to Denver and there made a reputation in newspaper work as a political reporter. She was the only woman allowed to be present during the State Senatorial contest in 1903, when for eighteen hours things looked ripe for bloodshed, and she has refused a nomination for the Legislature and for other offices. With all that she is feminine to her finger tips.

Dr. Holtzmann's "Leben Jesu" has been pronounced one of the most important works of a religious character published in recent years, and its appearance in English has been awaited with some impatience. Now an English translation has been published under the title of "The Life of Jesus." Messrs. Bealy and Canby are the translators and Dr. Holtzmann furnishes a preface vouching for the accuracy of the translation, whose proofsheets he himself examined.

Edgar Jepson, the author of "The Admirable Tinker," is an Oxford man and while at Balliol was a friend of Jowett, who tried to get him to go in for a literary career and insisted that he had in him the making of a successful novelist.

Mr. Jepson laughed at the advice and set out on a roving quest, teaching school in Wales, living in the West Indies, drifting about the Mediterranean; but in the end he fulfilled prophecy by turning up in London and publishing "A Passion for Romance," which won him a name in England.

He is a Socialist, and incidentally, an authority on bridge whist.

Robert Shackleton's novel of Wall Street and the trusts, "The Great Adventurer," contains an interesting burglar episode. In discussing this feature of the book with a friend, Mr. Shackleton admitted that his burglar was drawn from life.

In the course of newspaper work he made the acquaintance of Big Jim Brady, one of the most famous bank robbers in the country, and it was Jim Brady who was the original of the Thetford of the book.

PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER'S for APRIL

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS FAIR. By MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER. With Illustrations in Colors by JULES GUERIN.

An illustrated article of timely interest. The text describes the buildings of the Fair and comments in an interesting vein on their character as it is and as it is likely to be. The illustrations, some of which are printed in colors, are of extraordinary beauty and distinction. In artistic quality they will probably find no rival among the pictures published relating to the subject.

ROBERT GRANT'S SERIAL NOVEL. Illustrated by F. C. YOHN.

"The Undercurrent" gathers interest as it develops, confirming with every additional chapter the characterization of it by the press as "the most conspicuous serial of the year."

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S "WAR OF 1812" Illustrated by HENRY REUTERDAHL.

The April installment of Captain Mahan's history covers the Niagara campaign. It is the most important historical work in present magazine literature.

MRS. GEORGE BANCROFT'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

Written to members of her family when Mr. Bancroft was Minister to England, 1849-50. They tell in a bright, gossiping way of important State functions and of many private social affairs, including most interesting references to important persons of the day. The illustrations are from portraits collected from English private galleries.

PLAY-GOING IN LONDON. By JOHN CORBIN. Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG and L. RAVEN-HILL.

No one knows the theatre life of London better than Mr. Corbin, and in this article he has drawn a picture of the manners and customs of the theatres there, describing the varied characters about the play-house, the habits of "first-nighters" and other theatre patrons, and the customs that prevail in the gallery and the pit.

MOTHER GOOSE ANNOTATED FOR SCHOOLS. By CLARA AUSTIN WINSLOW.

An amusing and clever parody on a certain kind of annotated school books. The method of foot notes applied to the familiar Mother Goose rhymes is carried out with delightfully satirical humor.

THE CAMP OF THE GOOD FAIRY. A Story by MARY R. S. ANDREWS. Illustrated by F. W. TAYLOR.

The Good Fairy was a shrewd little squirrel, and Mrs. Andrews's story tells of its adventures and relations with the campers in a vein of charming sentiment.

OTHER STORIES.—Edward Boltwood's "The Use of It" is a very unusual story drawn from the experience of a trained nurse. Illustrated by S. Ivanowski. "The Convalescence of Gerald," by Georgia Wood Pangborn, is the story of how a boy done up in cotton wool was given his liberty and health. Illustrated by F. D. Steele.

POEMS by MARGUERITE MERINGTON, JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, THEODOSIA GARRISON and JULIET TOMPKINS.

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TROUBLES OF 2 JERSEY COPS

IN BILLERICA, MASS., ON BURIED TREASURE BENT.

One of 'Em Loses His Prisoner in the Woods, Spends a Lonesome Night and Falls—Prisoner Says 'Twas He Who Broke Into Mother Edger's and Other Places.

BOSTON, March 22.—Deputy Sheriff Joseph Fleetwood and Detective Ellis Parker of Mount Holly, N. J., are responsible for the enacting of one of the queerest comedies ever recorded in the criminal annals of this State.

The two Jerseymen slipped into Massachusetts yesterday unheralded and bringing with them Edgar Sanborn, who had been arrested at Mount Holly for breaking into a residence there. Sanborn had been released on \$1,000 bail furnished by Parker, so that he could come here with the two officers and point out a place in the Billerica woods where he said he had buried treasure worth \$10,000.

Nothing was said to the Lowell police, who are near Billerica, or to the Massachusetts district police. The trio reached Billerica without attracting any attention. Sanborn's parents live in the village. While Parker went to the house with a note to Arthur Sanborn, the prisoner's brother, Fleetwood remained at the railroad station with Edger. The note requested Arthur to give the rascal two valuable shotguns which had been stolen from the White residence in Whitinsville. Arthur produced the guns.

Once in the woods Sanborn took to his heels, although wounded in the arm by one of the bullets that the deputy sheriff fired at him. Sanborn knew every inch of the woods, and while Fleetwood floundered about in the brush all night long Sanborn was making for his cousin's house in Tewksbury.

Parker returned to the station, misled by Fleetwood, and late last night the rumor was spread that the deputy sheriff had been lured into the woods and shot. This morning the Lowell officers found Fleetwood sitting upon the railroad track at East Billerica, looking bedraggled and disconsolate. The Lowell officers started for Tewksbury, knowing that Sanborn had a cousin living there and found their man lying on a couch, tired out and weak from the bullet wound in his arm. Sanborn was brought to Lowell and locked up in a cell on the charge of burglaries committed in this State, as he confessed to-day to many crimes of this nature.

He is the man who robbed Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy's house in Concord, N. H. Other similar burglaries in

PUBLICATIONS.

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PUBLICATIONS.

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Women to Enlarge Their Exchange.

The building at Madison avenue and Forty-third street owned by the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, of which Mrs. William G. Choate is president, is to be remodelled and enlarged. Two stories are to be added and the interior rearranged and redecorated. The improvements are to cost \$6,500.

Cornell's Football Captain Under Surgeon's Knife.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 22.—Capt. James Lynch of the Cornell football team was operated upon to-day for appendicitis in Buffalo. The operation is reported to have been successful, and it is not thought that it will hinder Lynch from playing.

Lifeless Charter Election in Saratoga.

SARATOGA, N. Y., March 22.—The charter election to-day was a lifeless affair, as the Republicans had no candidates in three wards and Democrats none in two wards. Four of the six trustees elected are Democrats.