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APRIL'S SHOWING.

FOUR RECORDS BROKEN.

The Best Advertising Month in the History of THE WORLD.

PAPERS PRINTED.
The Gain in the Average number of Worlds Printed per day in April, 1892, as Compared with April, 1891, was.....66,915

ADVERTISING.
Best Advertising Day,..... (Sunday, April 10, 1892,) 6,978
Best Advertising Week Day. (Tuesday, April 26, 1892.) 3,158
Best Advertising Week.... (Ended April 30, 1892,) 22,458
Best Advertising Month.... (April, 1892,) 91,226
Best Previous Month..... (March, 1892,) 83,460
Gain for April Over Best Previous Month..... 7,766

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or inclosures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Every green leaf and blade on the west side of Central Park returns its blessings for salvation from the Speedway job.

New York began, right at the first really fervid Sunday, to keep up to its good name as an unrivalled Summer resort.

"Real estate is inactive," meaning in New York. It applies in California, this Spring, only in the interval between earthquakes.

Until somebody in authority decides differently Excise section 32 and the "wets" will have it their own way in New York o' Sundays.

Warm weather's first steady attack seems to be upon us. Now remember liberally the fund that will go to help the suffering tenement-house babies.

The Kaiser's insistence on the absolutism of "my will" and "my way" is not a good remedy, by example, for the petty non-commissioned tyrants of the German Army. It is little wonder they are on the increase.

It took French detectives to tell the Czar that his Gatchina palace had been undermined, and was all fixed to blow him up the first night he should sleep there. Now, who will it take to catch the underminers?

With stiletto and razor a couple of Newark Italians managed to fight a duel which will probably result in the death of both parties. This will save trouble to the courts. But who shall decide which man's honor comes out ahead?

Found dead and alone, aged eighty-one years, her possessions numbering thousands of dollars, her surroundings, by miserly choice, those of poverty and destitution. Mrs. MARY LARSEN, of Williamsburg, made of life about the worst she could.

Whether bichloride of gold will cure drunkenness or not, Dr. TALMAGE's cross examination of Dr. KELLEY in the Brooklyn Tabernacle cures every hearer or reader who may, before taking it in, have made up his mind that the natural vein of circumstantial humor has been exhausted.

A frightful collision in a terrific storm. Local passenger train and fast freight crash into each other headforemost. Dead and dying and wounded ones mingled in an awful heap of smoking wreckage. Did the freight engineer forget his new schedule? He is dead and cannot tell. Did the signal man forget his warning? That he will tell to the authorities who look into the Sunday wreck on the "Big Four" road near Cleves, O. But somebody is fearfully to blame.

IN THE CAUSE OF MERCY.

Recorder SMYTH has recently found great fault with the District-Attorney's office for alleged neglect in the preparation of cases for trial and the consequent loss of time to the criminal courts. It is to be hoped that the next time the calendar gives out the Recorder will bear in mind that the District-Attorney's office has demands on its time in the cause of mercy as well as of justice, and be more moderate in his censure.

It turns out that recently the District-Attorney and his assistants have been busily engaged in an investigation of the case of Mr. JOHN SMITH, who desired to have an old indictment against him dismissed. Several years ago Mr. SMITH had become involved in difficulties through discharging a gun, at the other end of which stood a sailor, who immediately after expired. After one conviction and an order for a new trial the witnesses disappeared and Mr. SMITH was admitted to bail. He begged for a dismissal of the indictment because he was a reformed man, a member of a German Lutheran Church, the support of an eighty-three-year-old mother, as well as of an invalid wife and three children, whom he wanted to save from the stain of the indictment.

This was a touching case and after a searching inquiry the District-Attorney's office satisfied itself of the truth of the redeemed Mr. JOHN SMITH'S story and got the indictment dismissed. But alas, two days thereafter, the police made a raid on a dive in East Fifteenth street, near Third avenue, kept by SMITH and his wife for the last year and a half, and arrested five men and four women. Moreover Inspector WILLIAMS is authority for the statement that SMITH has kept an "infamous establishment" on Bayard street eversince the sailor was so inconsiderate as to get before the wrong end of his gun.

It is supposed that the record of JOHN SMITH'S conversion and of his admission to the German Lutheran Church, with the biography of his aged mother and his prayer for the removal of stains from his family, are on file in the District-Attorney's office, with the cases that were not ready for trial the other day when Judge SMYTH sat kicking his heels behind the Recorder's bench.

NO FLIES ON THIS COMET.

A comet with eight tails is visiting around in the suburbs of our solar system, causing many a flutter in the most recherche circles of ultra-stellar society and cutting a swath in the hearts of susceptible scientists that surpasses any like meteoric performance of the past. The distinguished luminary is now shedding his lustre in Pegasus place, one of the most fashionable quarters to which planetary commuters hurry when their day's or night's toil is done.

It cannot yet be seen by the naked eye, but an eye in a nightshirt may discern it just as easily if it ascends to the roof with a pair of opera-glasses and perching on a chimney-top about 3.30 o'clock to-morrow morning projects its gazes along the eastern horizon. In block 986, section 5, of the Pegasus addition to our universe the searching eye will light upon the octa-caudalled stranger wandering on the ether lawns of the constellation or pumping its bicycle on the cerulean pavements, entirely regardless of KEPLER'S laws or the city ordinances that govern and regulate speed on the cosmic thoroughfares.

The eye that resists sleep until the hour named will be amply rewarded for the sacrifice. The comet's tails are not only brilliant, but there are more of them than a comet ever grew before. A century and a quarter ago there was a comet with six tails that thought itself some pumpkins and was much feted and celebrated by the sky-scouring Four Hundred of its day. This new comet sees those six tails and goes them two better.

It is really the swellest comet that has yet done us the honor of appearing "in our midst." Space is full of cobbed comets, comets in clawhammers and comets with one long woe-begone, lonesome tail, but a comet with an octet of appendages has never been seen before and really deserves to be liberally tead and "swayrayed" and to have its name appear frequently in the society columns of the newspapers. Nobody knows what the comet's business is with us, but the comet itself probably knows. Surely there can't be any flies on a comet that swings eight tails.

GOV. FLOWER AND TWO MURDERERS.

This week was to have witnessed three executions under the State law dealing with the crime of murder. The number has dwindled to one. CHARLES A. WRIGHT, at Clinton Prison, has had his case appealed. In HENRY C. FANNING'S case, at Sing Sing, the Governor interfered with a commutation to life imprisonment. JOSEPH L. TICE will die in the electric chair at Auburn, Executive clemency having been refused.

To many people the Governor's action in commuting FANNING'S sentence and leaving TICE to his fate appears both ill-advised and inconsistent. The murderer at Auburn is an old man, a veteran of the war, a victim of a severe nervous affliction which sharpened a temper not naturally of the best. He killed his wife and did it brutally; but it was after she had refused his pleading to return to the home from which his bad temper had driven her. There is good reason to believe that TICE'S mind is affected and that he does not realize his coming fate. It was urged that justice would be as well served in his case by life imprisonment as by death.

For FANNING, the chief argument before the Governor consisted of aspersions on the lawyer who defended him, and slighting reference to the fact that the brief in his appeal consisted of only eighteen pages. He killed a woman whose life he had ruined, but whom he could not marry because he had a wife already. He killed her cruelly, coldbloodedly, in a "Jack the Ripper" fashion, and left her dead body to be found, a ghastly thing, in a public street.

It is true that TICE stabbed his wife nearly to death on an occasion long previous to the murder. It is also true, according to the evidence in the case, that FANNING once stabbed the woman he finally killed and drew a knife on her yet another time. There is ample opportunity to question the Governor's judgment on the two cases and its possible effect on other murderers than those concerned.

Instead of the benediction the congregation of the Asbury Methodist Church, in Washington Square, took the appearance of a hydrophobic yellow dog as a signal for dismissal yesterday afternoon. Evidence was thus furnished that the righteous, as well as the wicked, may sometimes flee when no man pursueth. A little later the rabid cur stampeded a parading semi-military organization. And after several thousand people had been terrorized by the one excited quadruped it remained for a single man with a soft hat to dexterously blindfold and muzzle the dog and drop him into a box, where he remained until a policeman's pistol did the rest. This little incident might furnish the theme for a practical sermon or two next Sunday.

Pension Commissioner RAUM'S threat to remove the pension agency in Indianapolis unless the Democratic State Committee is evicted from the same building is interesting and enlightening. If all things worked together for the good of the nation, Mr. RAUM'S own removal from office would have long preceded his opportunity to make this threat.

That shocking Colorado tale of an English agent coming to America nineteen years ago to buy from Congress, at a price without limit, the demonetization of silver, has not about it a convincing ring of golden truth. Its inventor must soon perceive that the story is of poor coinage.

It suits Mr. PLATT just now to find Mr. BLAINE "in first-rate health."

THE CLEANER.

Harry Sammis and Phil MacDonald, who engineered the "Official Programme" of the Actors' Fund Fair, swelled the profits of the event by over $10,000. They got out a very artistic volume, full of actors' and actresses' photographs, and so beautifully bound that it would be an ornament to any drawing-room table. It sold for $1 a copy.

* * *

Capt. Westervelt, of the Thirty-seventh street station is one of the most zealous police officers on the force. He can be seen day and night in citizen's clothes, doing special duty himself. The result is that he has the best-behaved precinct in the city.

* * *

Some of the papers make John L. Sullivan talk like a doctor of letters. But perhaps his mentality is growing.

ODD BITS OF CONTEMPORARY HUMOR

His Son Was Stage Struck.

Two men met on a train going west. They had known each other in the '60s, and resumed acquaintance with vim, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

"An' how's that bright boy of yours?" asked the city man of his old-time friend.

"Peart, peart as ever, pard. I were goin' to make a minister of him, but he got stage struck and took to that line as natural as a duck does to water, an' I had to gin in. And he's the best shot in Montany."

"Took to the stage, eh? And has he been successful?"

"Successful? Well I reckon he hez. Why, there ain't a man can be named in the same day with Bill. He kin drop a grizzly in his tracks without ever coming down from his perch."

"What is his role?"

"Roll? I don't savey, pard."

"I mean what line is he in?"

"Oh, the Mounting an' Valley line that runs to Goochville through Catamount Grove and Grizzly Hollow. 'Tain't fun all the time, either, pard, when bandits is layin' low for yer money or yer life."

"Ah, he does the sensational on the boards? I see. A low comedian."

"Nothin' low about Bill, ole friend. He just sits up on the top of the Montany stage an' drives his four-in-hand as easy as rollin' off a log. Ez I said, the stage wuz right in his line an' he's a thunderin' good driver."

"Have something," said the city man, extending a flask, and as Bill's father imbibed his friend congratulated himself on understanding at last the status of said Bill on "the stage."

What He Read.

Fred is a boy who is very fond of athletics and that sort of thing, but a book is a bugaboo to him, which he will avoid on all occasions. Recently a gentleman of whom he is very fond reproved him for his lack of taste for books, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

"Why don't you read some?" he asked.

"I do read, Major," he insisted shamefacedly.

"No, you don't," persisted the Major, "and you haven't a single book."

"Yes, I have, too. I got one on my birthday last Summer."

"But you never read it."

"Yes, I do, too. I've read six pages in it," and Fred's tone had a ring in it.

"Well, you ought to read other things."

"I do. I read every day." This in all seriousness.

"You don't do anything of the sort."

"Yes, I do, too. I read all the signs on the streets."

Fred spoke with such an earnest belief that he was a great reader that the major discontinued his lecture.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Burnett is as busy with her literary work and as painstaking and it is as if she were preparing her first volume for the press. Her health is said to be poor and she has been ordered by her physicians to pass a few hours every day in the open air.

A Hindoo rajah has had an entire set of furniture made of glass including a huge bedstead and a sideboard. The King of Siam has done better than this in ordering a house made of glass for his habitation.

By a new law in force in the Tyrol a heavy fine is imposed on any one discovered selling edelweiss, the famous flower of the high Alps so much sought by tourists.

Congressman Springer's wife is said to be the leader of the Illinois colony of ladies in Washington. Her receptions are thronged and there is always a bevy of pretty Western girls about her.

The Society of the Ancient Order of Foresters has a membership of 600,000.

It's a fact. The Table d'Hote dinner for 75c. at THE COLUMBUS, on Union Square, 5 to 8 P. M., is the best in the city. Charming music. ***

IN BEHALF OF BABES.

"The Evening World's" Fund Will Comfort Many Ailing Tots.

Nell Nelson Appeals Earnestly to the Little St. Nicks.

Children Can Make the Charity a Great Success.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Previously acknowledged	1,324.99
I. M. H.	2.00
L. S.	2.00
Mrs. L.	2.00
May	.25
A Mother	1.00
Little Goosie	.10

This letter, in which was inclosed $100, is at once text and sermon for all who can be moved by human love, or who possess hearts that will respond to a beautiful charity like THE EVENING WORLD Sick Baby Fund, which sends a corps of physicians every day during the Summer into the crowded tenements of New York to minister gratuitously to the ailing children of the poor:

To the Editor:

I love the babies, and always wish them lots of health, joy and amusement, so I inclose my mite with a heart full of love for them and my best wishes that it will add to their happiness.

Yours truly, E. J. WOOLSEY.
No. 8 Lexington avenue, New York.
May 11, 1892.

FOR THE LITTLE ST. NICKS!

Nell Nelson Appeals to Them in Behalf of the Babies.

Attention, Little St. Nicks!

Take your seats, fold your dewy hands, open your dreamy eyes, prick up your ears and hear your President say: "The Society will please come to order!"

Now that you are so sweetly attentive, hear the wails of four babies raised imploringly for help.

One, a tiny Russian-American, lies in a starch-box in Birmingham street, a section of Poker Flat, between Madison and Henry streets. The poor little wretch is about as mean a specimen of humanity as you ever heard or read of. Into a worse botch Nature could hardly have put the breath of life. The ankh little head is covered with long, coarse, black hair. The complexion has the green and yellowish hues one associates with decomposition. In the wrinkled forehead, the drawn mouth and the plaintive sounds that escape, human agony, awful to contemplate, finds expression. A pet dog or a cherished horse in the same misery would be instantly put to death by a merciful owner.

The unfortunate mother, following the custom of her race, had tied black thread about the skinny little wrist and run it into the lobes of the child's ears. But more mischief than magic was evolved by these flaxen jewels.

Would you believe that this mite of misfortune has never known the refreshing influence of a warm bath, the luxury of a soft flannel body garment or the blessing of one wholesome meal?

Well, it is a fact.

It has been absolutely without physical comfort. Even fresh air and soothing life-giving sunlight have been withheld. The best part of its miserable little life has been spent in the starch box which has cotton rags and woollen ravellings for a bed.

Some evening when the work at the clothing factory gives out and the mother cannot earn even 20 cents a day the box will be broken up for fuel and baby will have to lie in the dark room beyond the cooking stove.

Pitiable as this case is, wonder ceases when the parentage is considered, for the father, who is nearly sixty-seven years of age, is in Charity Hospital, and the privations of youth and the hardship of womanhood have destroyed the health and blighted the life of the mother.

Devoted friends, as poor as she is herself, bring shop pants and vests from the factory, and with the starvation rates that the "middlemen" pay for finishing she manages to exist.

Another child of misfortune in the same neighborhood is a skinny starveling with a weazen face, limbs as lean as a rake and a neck no thicker than an hour-glass, who would not throw any more shadow than a dude's cane if it had strength enough to go out for a sunning. This emigrant's child is left alone all day in charge of a ten-year-old brother while the parents are at work.

It would make a splendid study for a class in anatomy, for there is scarcely a bone in the attenuated little body that is not clearly outlined.

The child is as quiet and uncomplaining as a wax doll, and the family poon-poohs the idea of sickness. This is the protest of ignorance, for the poor little creature is wasting away by degrees. Its flesh disappeared long ago. Now the skin is tightening, the eyes are sunken and the shrivelling of the features gives the tiny face a look that is positively hideous. So low is the ebbing strength that the fingers have no grip, and when one is raised it falls limp the moment support is withdrawn. The pressure of a boy's military cap on the delicate head would crush it with pain.

The last of the quartet imploring aid are brother and sister, whose home is in Avenue A, near Third street. Some insidious disease of heredity is manifest. One child has softening of the bones, and the other such defective sight that the softest rays of light are painful. Most of the day-time he stays under the bed or table.

Both are bloodless little creatures, with flesh the color of cornmeal.

Now, dear little St. Nicks, don't you want to give a candy-pull, a strawberry festival, a dolls' bazaar, an open-air concert or a May party to help the Fund for these babies?

AN EVENING WORLD doctor will be sent to the unhappy four, but he will need money for food, clothing, medicine and hospital supplies. He will in all probability have to pay his fare in order to have needed security while treating the case. He will order bottles, cod-liver emulsion and housekeeping, all of which will necessitate fuel and perhaps the purchase of bottles, pans, basins, brushes and bed linen. He will have to have a small sum for incidentals and he will have to have it quickly.

You can do wonders if you only knew it. You are well and happy, you are a power in the land, and your duty is to the sick, the poor in spirit and the heedless.

The babies look to you for sympathy, the world expects kindness from you, and the Free Doctors' Fund hopes to have your co-operation. Without it nothing can be done. Please don't refuse.

NELL NELSON.

A Mother's Mite.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. My sympathies are with the sick little ones, as I am a mother myself. May the good work be as all the undertakings of THE EVENING WORLD.

A MOTHER.

Inclosed also find 10 cents from

LITTLE GOOSIE.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

[From the Fliegende Blaetter.]

Weary Traveller—Heaven be praised! There are the towers of Munich.

The towers.

A Lost Customer.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Sutherland (making purchase for her husband)—Have you Hanky-Panky shaving soap?

Zealous Clerk—Yes, ma'am; but here is some of our own make. If you use it once, you will never have any other.

To Enlarge His Paper.

[From Detroit Free Press.]

"I'm going to enlarge my paper," remarked the editor to the farmer.

"So am I," was the response.

"Why, you haven't got any paper," exclaimed the puzzed editor.

"Not like yours, maybe, but I've got a note out for $250 and I've got to enlarge it to $500 or sell off half my farm."

Going Prepared.

[From London Truth.]

(Mamma, explaining to her little girl, aged five, that everything she does and says is written down in a large book in heaven.)

L. G. asks—Are all the naughty things, too?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

L. G. (pensively)—Then I think I'll take a piece of india rubber with me.

Difficult.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

An aged Baptist elder, who was noted for his intellectual vigor, was conversing one evening with a number of the brethren when the subject of old age was touched upon. One of his friends ventured to ask if he found that his increasing years had in any way impaired his memory.

The good old man pondered for a while, and then replied: "Well, I cannot at the present moment remember anything that I have ever forgotten."

Not That Kind of Family.

[From the Yankee Blade.]

Professor—This eccentricity you speak of in your daughter, isn't it, after all, a matter of heredity?

Mother (severely)—No, sir! I'd have you to know, sir, there never was any heredity in our family!

A Charming Tribute.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Papa," said a little girl who had been getting a great many satisfactory answers to a great many questions, "what's the use of our having a dictionary in the house while you are here?"

A Touchy Point with Him.

[From Tid-Bits.]

Algy—Do you think, my love, that your father will consent to our marriage?

Angely—Of course papa will be sorry to lose me, darling.

Algy—But I will say to him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son.

Angely—I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons living at home now, and he's a little bit touchy on the point.

PRESERVING A TOPICAL SONG.

But a Clever Reporter Outwitted the Comedians and Got the Words.

When Donnelly and Girard, the comedians, struck a city not a thousand miles away early this season, the songs incidental to "Natural Gas" were new, says the Chicago *Post*.

The ditty about the horse Bonapaste struck the popular fancy, and many efforts were made to obtain the words. The music was so easy a boy could remember the air, but as the comedians paid $125 for the song, the words were kept in close custody.

One of those who were nearly "tickled to death" with the song was the editor of a local paper, who despatched a stenographer to "take it."

The stenographer, thinking the comedians would feel flattered by the presence of a shorthand writer, sat in the front row. The song began and the reporter whipped out his note book and commenced to "take it." The comedians reached the lines:

"The owner of a horse and hack said he would sell to him the fastest horse on Brighton track," when they stopped.

The orchestra played on and wondered what had happened. Then those on the stage began guying the reporter, whose face was now suffused with blushes. That audience did not hear the rest of the song, nor did the audience the next night.

Saturday night, however, the comedians sang it again. The reporter was there, but this time up in a box in the second gallery, out of sight. He took the song, missing a few words, which were afterwards readily supplied, and the editor published it in his paper the following Monday evening.

FASHION NEWS AND NOTES.

A Costume That Will Be in Use All the Year.

Some Timely Hints on the Selection of Veils.

A costume that will be of use all during the year has a skirt either of broadcloth or black silk, while to be worn with it is a three-quarter coat of dark blue, brown or moss-green velvet. With a bonnet to match and gloves in harmony, one would be dressed for almost any time in such a toilet.

The heavy Russian net, that which is called Cronstadt, is not advised by a student of veils for small women, as it tends to so disguise their faces that they have a headless look. A veil with a border will age the face. Although they are the most delicate and can only be counted on for one wearing, still there is nothing as absolutely becoming as folds of fine tulle. These, of course, can be chosen to match the hat and give any shading desired to the face. A red or a pink one will throw a little color on the cheeks of the woman who is pale, while a gray, a pale green one or a light brown one, as well as one of blue, will subdue the roses that are sometimes found too intense.

Somebody has discovered that much time is lamentably wasted in slitting open envelopes, especially when one has a large correspondence, and in order to economize the precious moments this ingenious person has devised a means of opening letters at lightning speed by means of a thread run across the fold of the flap. An end of the cotton is left out when the envelope is stuck down, and one has only to pull this upward to open the letter as if by magic.

Jewels possessing a history, or to which some superstition is attached, are greedily sought for by the girl of to-day. How many of them would like to possess the necklace which is worn by Mme. Bernhardt when she plays "Theodora!" It consists of square gold plates joined by gold chains; each one is inlaid with stones that represent a charm, or a virtue, or, best of all, bring good luck.

Bonnets and hats for maids and matrons are quite pretty; the artificial flowers are lovely and all the satin ribbons used for strings are reversible, with contrasted colors, such as flame on one side and amber on the other, or lilac and old rose.

The lady managers of the World's Fair are desirous of obtaining a full list of all organizations conducted by women for charitable, philanthropic, intellectual, sanitary, industrial or moral reforms. In this country there is no way by which one society can find others which have the same end in view. With a knowledge of the whereabouts of societies with similar purposes the women think that concerted action could be obtained and a much better result brought about. Accordingly Mrs. Barker, lady manager for South Dakota, has sent out a circular letter to the commissioners of all labor organizations throughout the United States. Many cordial responses have already been received. Feorge W. Watts, of California, expresses gaeat interest in the aims of the Woman's Board. As the information asked of him is not now compiled, he has appointed Mrs. Frona E. Wait, alternate lady manager, as a special agent to collect the desired data. Colorado's Labor Commissioner, Lester Bodine, has made a prompt and cordial response. Allen B. Howard, Chief of the Industrial Bureau, of Baltimore, has forwarded a long list of charitable organizations in Maryland controlled by women. The heads of many Catholic institutions are also in correspondence with the lady managers. This request by the Woman's Board has shown how utterly lacking this country is in statistics such as are desired. England has a carefully compiled volume, similar to the one which it is proposed to issue here. Among the replies received to the letters was a communication from Samuel M. Hotchkiss, Connecticut's Labor Commissioner, who furnishes a list chiefly of industrial associations. The Superintendent of the Census states that the statistics now being compiled will probably be ready within the next three months.

Had Some Depth.

[From Truth.]

"The trouble with Tompy is that he is shallow.

"Tompy? Nonsense. If you had ever tried to fill Tompy with champagne you'd have changed your mind about that."

Hearing the Returns.

[From Jury.]

Jobson—What did Hobson say about my play?

Dobson—He said he certainly felt that he had gotten the worth of his money.

Jobson—Anything else?

Dobson—Oh! yes; he asked me to thank you for the complimentary ticket you sent him.

Working His Mother.

[From Good News.]

First Boy—Didn't your mother tell you to get nutmegs?

Second Boy—Yep.

"Then what did ye get cloves for?"

"'Cause she'll want me to go back an' tell 'em I made a mistake an' want nutmegs. Then I'll say I'm oriul tired an' don't wanter go back, an' then she'll give me five cents to buy candy."

EDWARD OTTO'S STATEMENT.

HE SAYS IF YOU DOUBT IT HE WILL CONVINCE YOU AT HIS HOME.

He Was a Sufferer from Catarrh, and He Says He Feels Under Big Obligations to Doctors McCoy and Wildman for Making a New Man of Him.

Edward Otto is a lithographer at 188 William street in this city, and he lives at 143 Broad street, Stapleton, Staten Island. Mr. Otto made the following statement: "I have been suffering with catarrh for about two years, and I tried all the different methods I could think of to rid myself of the disagreeable and torturing disease, but never got any relief. My nose was one solid mass that I could hardly breathe through. I was continually hawking and spitting. I often thought I had consumption. I finally went to Doctors McCoy and Wildman, and in six weeks I was considerably relieved.

EDWARD OTTO, STAPLETON, S. I.

"After a few months' treatment under Doctors McCoy and Wildman I feel like a new man. I feel that I am under a big obligation to Doctors McCoy and Wildman, and I am very thankful to them for what they have done for me. I cheerfully recommend them to any one suffering with catarrh. Any person who doubts this statement may call at my residence, 143 Broad street, Stapleton, Staten Island, and I will convince them personally."

Doctors McCoy and Wildman make a specialty of the treatment of all chronic diseases, including catarrh. They furnish all medicines free, and their charges for treatment are so moderate that they are within the reach of all.

DOCTORS McCOY AND WILDMAN,
Offices, 5 East 42d St., New York,
where all curable cases are treated with success. If you live at a distance write for symptom blank. Consultation at office or by mail free of charge.
Address all mail to 5 East 42d st., New York.
Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 12 A. M.

FLINT'S FINE
FURNITURE.

The system of selling every article of furniture at factory cost and of a reliable quality is strictly adhered to. We keep no goods we cannot recommend, therefore our customers are absolutely safe in their dealings with us. These principles loyally maintained have secured an uninterrupted and unprecedented success.

Our samples of White Maple are much admired.

FOR $500 WE CAN FURNISH HANDSOMELY AND SUBSTANTIALLY A FLAT OR HOUSE OF TEN ROOMS.

NOTICE TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

Wood Mantels, Inlaid Wood Floors, Cabinet Wood and Interior Decorations made to order from special designs at our factory, 154, 156 West 19th st.

"BUY OF THE MAKER."

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,
104, 106 and 108 West 14th St.

SURE TO WAKE HIM UP.

Indian Couriers Have an Alarm Clock Upon Which They Can Depend.

"I don't know what I'd do without my alarm clock," yawned Simpkins at the boarding-house breakfast table. "It's hard to get any fun out of your evenings unless you stay up until nearly midnight, and that means 1 o'clock before you really get to sleep. As my employer insists on my being behind the counter by 8 A. M., that means waking up at 6.

"You can't get the chambermaid to wake you every morning without considerable outlay of tips, and it would take a pretty muscular girl anyway to pound on my door hard enough and long enough to wake me effectually.

"Now, my alarm clock makes it simply impossible for me to sleep, for it kicks up such an awful row that I have to jump out of bed and stop it in self-defense before it gets half through the performance," and Simpkins, says the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, smiled the fatuous smile of a man who never discovers that he is a nuisance.

"Yes, we've all noticed that," said a stout commercial traveller, who, when he was at home at all, did not get up generally for full an hour after Simpkins did. "I could recommend you to an alarm clock which would arouse you just as effectually as the one you have now, and yet would not wake up everybody else within a quarter of a mile of you.

"The last time I was down in Mexico I left the lines of railroad and pushed out into the wilder parts of the country, in the interests of my firm. There I met for the first time some of those famous couriers, Indians, who carry messages for hundreds of miles with much greater celerity than horses can do in that mountainous country.

"When the courier's trip extends over three or four days, as it frequently does, he allows himself two hours sleep out of every twenty-four, and, as he makes his bed on the ground, just wherever he happens to stop, there is no chamber-maid or anyone else to rouse him from the heavy stupor which naturally overcomes a healthy man who has been running steadily for about twenty-two hours, eating occasionally while he runs.

"Having selected his bed, he takes some thick cord from his pouch, cuts off a piece of it, of a length which experience has taught him to be about right, ties one end of the cord, which is composed of carefully selected material prepared in a particular way, to his toe, sets fire to the other end and falls asleep so quickly that you would think he was constructed like one of those mechanical dolls which close their eyes as soon as they are laid down.

"He feels perfectly confident that the cord or fuse will burn slowly but surely up to his toe in two hours, or thereabout, and he has no doubt that when the twist of it which he put around the toe is on fire it will wake him effectually."

No Sense of Realism in Her.

[From the Brooklyn Bucksaw.]

Mrs. Jones—Why, Tommy, have you got tired already playing with your little sister?

Tommy—Yes, I don't want to play with her any more.

Mrs. Smith (a visitor)—Why not, Tommy?

Tommy—Because she is too mean for anything. She won't fight a bit like you and papa. She just sulks.

And That Is Silver.

[From Puck.]

"There are fifty-one metals," casually remarked a man at the breakfast table in a Washington hotel.

"Sir," quickly responded the Senator from Nevada, "there is but one metal."

Musical Novelties.

[From the Jewellers' Weekly.]

Sippler—I have an organ clock at home which plays several tunes.

Tippler—That's nothing. I have a band ring.

B. Altman & Co.

offer To-morrow, Tuesday, May 17, in

LACES.

A choice line of this season's Importation of LACES,

as follows:

Real Guipure de Gene
in white and ecru,
7½ inches wide
80c. yard; actual value $1.25.

11 inches wide
$1.15 yard; actual value $1.95.

Black Chantilly Demi-Flounces
at
69c. yard; reduced from $1.35.

Black Silk Lace Demi-Flounces
at 75c. and $1.25 yard;
reduced from $1.75 and $2.95

Embroidered Chiffon Edges
in the most desirable shades,
37c. yard; reduced from 62c.

18th St., 19th St. and 6th Ave.
(18th Street Station Elevated Road.)

CARPETS.

SPECIAL.

A NEW LINE OF BEST QUALITY
WILTON VELVETS
JUST RECEIVED,
At the Price of a Body Brussels.
OUR NEW MAKE BRUSSELS
(to introduce),
AT A HALF DOLLAR PER YARD.
New Weave Ingrains,
as rich in effect and we believe equal in wear to a Brussels.
A large line of EXTRA SUPERS, patterns we do not intend duplicating, at less than cost of production.
During the dull season we made, out of remnants and odd pieces, and have left, about
200 CARPETS AND RUGS,
in all sizes, suitable for all kinds of rooms; will be closed out
AT REMNANT PRICES.
Just the thing for hotels, cottages and summer residences.
Bring size of room.

MATTINGS.

Our new importation of China and Japanese Straw now on Exhibition. Many new and novel effects, white, red check and fancy patterns,
FROM 85 PER ROLL OF 40 YARDS.
A large line of Jointless China and Seamless Japanese Mattings at 20c. per yard,
OR $9 PER ROLL OF 40 YARDS.

OILCLOTHS

in sheets and odd pieces, 1 to 8 yards wide.
We have also some remnants of Heavy Sheets to close out
AT LESS THAN COST.

SHEPPARD KNAPP & CO.,
SIXTH AVE., 13th AND 14th STS.

$1,000 FOR ITS EQUAL, THE MAGIC INSECT EXTERMINATOR, sure death to all insects, cures their bites and stings. Non-poisonous and non-explosive. Also our Magic Roach Food, destroys roaches and water bugs. Sold everywhere. SALLADE & CO., Mfrs., New York.

NO DEPOSIT.

Security or outrageous retail instalment prices demanded when purchasing furniture from me. Have seven mammoth warehouses in N. Y. City.
JARED FLAGG, JR.,
Grand Rapids Furniture Manufacturers' Agent,
101 West 125th st.; office open 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

The Only Way.

[From Puck.]

"I wonder how Hawkins got his invitation to the Van Steenburgs' reception?"

"Robbed the mails, I guess."

Had the Essential Qualities.

[From Truth.]

"They are talking of running Parker for Mayor of Morriston."

"Parker! Why, he's deaf and dumb."

"That's just it. He'll be an ideal candidate."

A Pair of Chumps.

[From the Harvard Lampoon.]

Chumpley—I say, Chollie, doncherknow, I just received an anonymous letter, doncherknow.

Lapley—Good gwacious! Who from.