NO MORE "SOCIETY" FOR THE YALE MEN.

They Will Now Devote All Their Time to Hard Work on the Thames.

The Progress They Have Made Encourages Them to Further Heroic Efforts.

Cook Regards Every Minute Now as Precious and Will Keep His Crew Everlastingly at It.

A QUIET SUNDAY SPENT AT HENLEY.

Simpson Goes to Church and, Singly and Alone, Upholds the Reputation of His Brother Oarsmen from America.

By Ralph D. Paine.

London, June 28.—Yale oarsmen kept out of society to-day and lounged all day about their quarters, which are delightful enough, in all truth, in themselves to keep them at home. There will be no garden parties or teas this week, as Cook says the men must buckle down to hard work and have no outside distractions. Simpson went to church this morning, upholding the reputation of the crew all by himself.

The weather to-day was cool, and there was a bracing breeze, so that the men are all in good shape to-night. Langford and Treadway look much brighter and will begin work to-morrow, feeling entirely in their old form.

Yale will keep her stroke up to from thirty-six to forty this week in her racing spurts. Every minute now is precious, for the time for hard work is nearly over. After four days' practice Cook must ease up, especially if the weather is hot and oppressive. The new English oars will be used to-morrow. Cook will try the minute barrier and then go over the half course. He hopes for good results from the narrower blades.

Bob Cook's Hard Work.

Cook has had much to contend with in handling this crew. The men are uncommonly slow to learn, and they pick up more oars of less value than almost any Yale crew that I remember. They do not concentrate their minds on their work as they should do. The feeling, to some extent, among them is that Cook has changed the stroke, believing in English ideas, and this has had some effect in the boat.

Cook denies flatly that the Yale stroke, in its fundamental principles, has been altered, and he is right. He has the interest of the crew solely at heart, and any feeling of distrust of him is wholly unworthy of Yale oarsmen.

The Men Full of Hope.

After last week's work the men will start in again to-morrow full of encouragement. Their last night's showing with the New and Leander crews is even better than it seemed, for on examination of the Yale shell afterward it was found that the fin on the keel was so badly twisted that the rudder had been kept hard over all the way, dragging the boat badly. This fact certainly made two or three seconds difference in the spurt to Fawley Court.

I am confident that Yale will do her best work in the last half of the course, where she must make her great stand. Last year Cornell went to Fawley Court in 3:15 during the race, or two lengths better than she had ever done in practice.

The Grand Challenge will not be started on Monday in the preliminary heats, as the Eton School crew will scratch unless Yale is drawn in the first heat. These lads are not, by the way, to be despised. Last year they were considered one of the fastest eights at Henley.

HE IS HIS MASTER'S MAN.

Germany's New Finance Minister Blindly Obedient to the Kaiser.

By Henry W. Fischer.

Berlin, June 28.—Count von Brefeld, the new Minister of Finance, is the Kaiser's especial favorite. While serving as Secretary of the State Council, over which William sometimes likes to unexpectedly preside, Brefeld proved indispensable to His Majesty, as prompter. He is thoroughly acquainted with all the ins and outs of politics, and, besides, is reputed to be the best railway expert in Germany.

He has no political preferences, and is expected to execute his master's orders blindly.

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W. C. T. U. TO MEET IN CANADA.

Lady Henry Somerset Will Lead the Delegates from Great Britain.

Washington, June 28.—London advices received here state that the World's W. C. T. U., of which Miss Frances E. Willard is president, will meet in Montreal, Canada, next year. The following have been appointed delegates to the convention from Great Britain: Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Agnes Slack, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, Miss Agnes Weston, Mrs. Ward Pools, Miss Mary Phillips and Mrs. Hughes.

Mrs. Hughes is a leading journalist in Wales. Miss Agnes Weston is known as the sailors' friend. Last year she lodged 150,000 sailors in homes that she has built at Portsmouth. Miss Mary Phillips is a wealthy Quakeress of London.

Uhl to Entertain on July 4.

Berlin, June 28.—United States Ambassador Uhl will give a breakfast on the Fourth of July to Mrs. Ewing, wife of the United States Minister to Belgium; the wives of the United States Consuls at Aachen, Stettin, Mannheim and Bremen, and Mesdames De Kay and Zimmerman, the wives respectively of the United States Consul-General and Vice-Consul General at Berlin.

"THE BENEDICT."

NOT IN POTTER'S FIELD.

Mrs. Worden's Father Admits the Authenticity of Her Letter to the Journal Denying the Report of Her Death.

The mystery surrounding the case of Mrs. Laura E. Worden, who was reported to have died in the street and to have been buried in Potter's Field, was cleared up yesterday. Her father, Arthur Shook, of No. 165 West Eighty-second street, admitted that the letter received by the Journal was written by her. He said that her statement of her relationship to Mrs. A.M. Palmer and Sheridan Shook was correct.

Mrs. Worden, about twelve years ago, made a runaway match with a bookmaker, to whom her parents were much opposed. She would not consent to live with her husband's mother and he declined to support her unless she did. She therefore returned to her father's home. She soon left him on the ground that he was too strict with her. Since then she has supported herself. Her father has not seen her in two years. Her mother died about seven years ago.

Mrs. Worden's two unmarried sisters were informed that she had died in the street and had been taken to an undertaker's shop, whence the body was removed to Potter's Field. The family were anxious to avoid publicity. They asked Frank J. Hunt, a young architect, of No. 108 East Seventeenth street, to investigate the story. Mr. Hunt thereupon wrote the letter to the morgue keeper which was published on Friday in the Journal.

Mrs. Worden then wrote to the Journal, saying she was alive and well. She said that the rumor of her death had been circulated by Mrs. Coleman, of No. 74 Bedford street. Mrs. Coleman and her husband, Edward, denied last night that they were responsible for the story. According to Mr. Coleman, his wife became acquainted with Mrs. Worden by chance.

Neither Mrs. Worden's father nor the Colemans could tell where Mrs. Worden was now living. It is said that she is boarding somewhere in Perry street.

SAY GOLDMARK CRIBBED.

Critics Do Not Like His New Opera, but the Public Enjoys It.

By Henry W. Fischer.

Berlin, June 28.—The critics pronounce Goldmark's new opera to be rather an indifferent success, and say that the third act is so reminiscent that it is evident that the composer borrowed right and left from ballad writers.

The public, however, like the work immensely, and Goldmark is now sorry that he allowed the initial performances to be given at Kroll's. It was originally intended to produce the opera at the Royal Opera House, and only the fact that that house was about to close influenced Goldmark in allowing it to be put on at Kroll's.

BOYS SHOT WHILE AT PLAY.

Revolver Fatally Injures One and a Rifle Seriously Wounds Another.

Paterson, N. J., June 28.—Charles Davidson, eleven years old, was accidentally shot this evening by John Cairns, fifteen years old, while they were playing with a revolver. The victim was removed to the General Hospital. The physicians say he cannot recover.

Newark, N. J., June 28.—William Keating, five years old, of No. 124 Malvern street, this city, was accidentally shot in the left eye this evening by Otto Heck, fourteen years old, of No. 329 Chestnut street. The weapon was a Flobert rifle. The injured boy may die. He is in St. Michael's Hospital.

CREPT UNDER A GATE TO DEATH

Disregarding a Warning, George Wright Got in Front of a Train.

Engine No. 90, of the Long Island Railroad, Engineer John Walsh, ran over and killed George Wright, nineteen years old, of No. 800 Glenmore avenue, about 10:20 o'clock last night, at the Warwick street crossing.

The guard posts were down and the flagman yelled to Wright as he crept under the guard. He disregarded the warning.

Engine No. 90, drawing several cars, came rushing along. Wright realized his danger, but the engine struck him.

The body was removed to Deninger's undertaking shop, at Liberty and Van Siclen avenues, and the engineer and George Vest, the conductor, were arrested when they reached Jamaica.

Kaiserin Goes to Kreuznach.

Berlin, June 28.—The Empress will leave Berlin to-morrow for the purpose of visiting her younger children, who are now at Kreuznach. The Imperial family will go early in July to the Schloss at Wilhelmhe, where they will reside during the absence of the Kaiser on his Nordland trip.

No Policeman in Front of the Club.

The differences between the police of the West Thirtieth Street Station and the Imperial Club, at No. 15 West Thirty-second street, were settled Saturday night slightly in favor of the club, and the policeman who was stationed at the club since Thursday has been withdrawn.

Hayti's Minister Soon to Resign.

Washington, June 28.—Clement Heautjens, Minister from Hayti to the United States, with headquarters in New York City, will soon resign his position and remove to Paris.

LIKE "SAPSUCKERS" ARE THE PULPIT'S CRITICS.

Rev. Mr. McAnney Puts Ingersoll and the Mt. Kisco Poetess in the Same Class.

They Are Merely Searching for Grubs, but They Are an Aid to the Church.

CENSOR OF FAT WOMEN HITS BACK.

Tells What He Thinks of His Opponent, the Fair Versifier—Suppressed Excitement in the Church.

In terms epigrammatic
And in periods dramatic,
The Reverend McAnney rubbed it in, in, in
To the poetess of Kisco,
Who remarked: "Indeed? Is this so?
Well, just remember that I don't care a pin, pin, pin."

REV. MR. M'ANNEY, MOUNT KISCO'S WITTY PREACHER.

He made fat women the subject of one of his pulpit jests, and was satirized by Mount Kisco's poetess. Yesterday he replied in characteristic fashion.

Thus ends the episode in which the two bright particular stars of Mount Kisco—Mrs. Wright, poetess, and the Rev. Mr. McAnney, preacher, have been arrayed against each other for ten days. As was explained in the Journal Saturday, the trouble began with one of Mr. McAnney's little jokes, this one being at the expense of fat women, and much resented on the part of Mrs. Wright on behalf of her fat friend, who retorted with withering, metrical satire in the local paper. And yesterday being Sunday the whole town turned out to take note of how pulpit and preacher would profit by their opportunity to square matters with press and poetess.

And the town was not disappointed. But, oh, it was agitated! Even the little boys listened intently for sensational remarks, and whispered during the prayer. Wicked young men who sit in "the devil's corner" had circulated a report that Mr. McAnney's sermon would be a regular "rib roaster." Accordingly, when the bell began to toll for the morning service, the hearts of the dear old grandmothers and great-aunts in Mr. McAnney's congregation jumped into their throats from sheer apprehensiveness. Grandma Watkins took her customary seat in fear and trembling, but gained confidence on observing that good old Dr. Parker sat beside the brilliant young preacher, as though to influence him to moderation.

Dr. Parker prayed for his young brother. Grandpa Jenkins, trying hard not to go to sleep before the sermon began, indorsed the sentiment with an unctuous "Amen!" At the conclusion of the prayer good, benevolent Dr. Parker beamed upon the congregation and reminded them of Thursday's prayer meeting.

"Pray before you come," said he, "and when we meet we will have an hour of joyful testimony—joyful; remember, it is to be joyful testimony."

"Amen!" said Grandpa Jenkins.

"Now, can't you say 'Amen' to that?" said Dr. Parker, turning to the young preacher.

"Aye, amen!" said the pastor; "joyful testimony be it. I suppose there are some who can give joyful testimony even in a dungeon."

Whereat the grandmothers and great-aunts sighed sympathizingly with the shepherd whose soul was heavy because of the disquietude in his flock. But when he had warmed to his work the man whom ill health had exiled to the hills of Westchester rose quickly to levels of eloquence that had distinguished him at Princeton and in the pulpit of the Washington Square Church.

"'Fix your thoughts on things above, not on things on earth,'" he quoted from the Apostle. He led his listeners to planes above the sordid affairs of life, and then the wit that is alike the delight and consternation of his slow-going congregation burst forth, to be followed by a sly dig at Mount Kisco's poetess.

"One of these human earth-worms," he said, "is a customs officer. One day he received a case of butterflies, and how do you think, after much thought, he classified them? Well, he called 'em poultry because they had wings!"

"Amen!" said Grandpa Jenkins, waking up suddenly when the congregation laughed.

"Why, some day," continued the preacher, "that customs officer may receive an angel, and if he does he will call it poultry because it has wings!"

This was too much even for Grandma Watkins, and she laughed discreetly behind her handkerchief. It was then that Rev. Mr. McAnney had his fling at Mount Kisco's poetess.

"And if the Government ever runs out of that kind of officers," said he, "I can furnish him the names of one or two critics of this pulpit and congregation who will fill the place very well."

Even the grandmothers and great-aunts looked at each other significantly, and there was almost a sensation. But instantly the preacher entered upon an impassioned plea for the higher life—thanking God that he was like the climbing ivy, and that though all the world should desert him, he could cling like the ivy to the granite of the Palisades, climbing ever upward. The pastor's pale features were transfigured; there were no critics among those who saw and heard him.

This was "gospel preaching." Grandma Watkins was rudely awakened from her ecstacy by the preacher's announcement that in the evening he would speak on "The Bigotry of the Church," and on the question of whether or not Colonel Ingersoll should be restrained by process of law from criticising her.

"Incidentally," he added, significantly, "I will pay my respects to certain other critics, who are not nearly so big."

At this Grandma Watkins fell to trembling again. She turned pale, and then a tender resolve shone from her kindly old eyes. On the steps of the church she came up to the pastor, laid her hands upon his and said:

"I shall pray for you, brother McAnney—I shall pray for you all the afternoon."

Between the two services the people talked of their good fortune in having for their pastor a man of great gifts. And to a stranger the pastor stoutly denied that he felt himself wasted in such a place. The people were good, and far above the ordinary in culture—and he

In the evening the church was crowded, and the staid old church-goers of Mount Kisco were stirred to the bottom of their hearts by the logic of the pastor's reasoning that the bigoted church needed just such critics as Colonel Ingersoll. And then they looked at each other and almost gasped when Mount Kisco's poetess came in for her share of acknowledgment of services rendered in the way of criticism.

"But," said the pastor, with mighty emphasis on the word, "these are the people that see only the evil. They see it, and they gloat over it. Have you never seen the busy little bird the boys call a 'sapsucker' thrusting his bill through the bark of a tree? What is he after? Grubs. That's all he wants—grubs. That's all the critics see—grubs! What a dreadful occupation, to be sure—but, oh, it is good for the tree, and it is good for the church!"

"Amen!" said Grandpa Jenkins, waking up for the benediction.

And so the Poetess of Mount Kisco has not lived in vain, and the fat women of the town themselves admit that the preacher's jest might well have been earnest.

POLICE PISTOL ENDS BAD LIFE.

Continued from First Page.

committed her to the workhouse, which, if she has ever been arrested before, is equivalent to a six months' sentence.

"Is this justice?" the woman asked, with tears rolling down her cheeks. "I might have been excited on account of my husband's murder, but you should not send me away."

The woman was neatly dressed in a black satin skirt, white shirt waist with blue stripes, and a jaunty sailor hat. Her face bore several ugly scars, which she said were the result of beatings she had received from her husband at various times. Her story of the affair is entirely different from that given by Policeman Allingham.

She lives at No. 469 West Twenty-first street. She said her husband had been a waiter at the Brooklyn Music Hall, corner of Alabama avenue and Fulton street, East New York, and that his brother, John, was a bartender at the Howard House, on Atlantic avenue, East New York. She told her version of the killing, while in Jefferson Market Prison waiting to be taken to Blackwell's Island.

Mrs. Thornton's Side of It.

"Yesterday afternoon at about 4 o'clock," said she, "my husband and his brother John left the house, with the intention of meeting Jim, who has been filling an engagement at Boston with his wife, Bonnie Thornton. They did not know what hour he would arrive, so I promised to meet them at Laue Brothers' Hotel, on the corner of Twenty-fifth street and Seventh avenue. I know they wanted to see their brother very badly, in order to get some money from him. I was at the saloon where I was to meet them at the appointed time, and waited until 2 o'clock, when I got tired of waiting and started west on Twenty-fifth street. When about half way down the block I saw two men walking on the opposite side of the street. They were going toward Seventh avenue. I saw Officer Allingham run up behind them. He went between them, catching each by the arm, and gave them a quick turn around. I could not hear what was said, but saw the three of them start back. They had gone perhaps fifty feet, when I recognized one of them as my husband, and I ran across the street. The officer did not have hold of either of them. As I drew near I heard my husband say: 'What's the matter with you, John?' My husband moved two or three feet away from the officer, and I saw the policeman draw his revolver.

"'Don't use that. Don't do it,' I called out. The officer had one foot in the roadway and the other on the curb, and I saw him plainly. I was about the middle of the street, and before I could reach him he fired, and I saw my husband fall on his face. I knelt by the body as the officer rolled it over. I kissed my husband's lips and saw that he was dying. Then Officer McIsaacs put me under arrest and took me to the station where the Captain said I was intoxicated."

What John Thornton Says.

John Thornton's version of the affair is totally different from that given by either the officer or his sister-in-law. He claims that the policeman deliberately shot his brother in the back while the latter was running.

"I was walking on the opposite side of West Twenty-fifth street," he said, "when I saw two men scrapping in front of the Pequod Club. I stood and watched them a moment and saw that one of them was my brother Tom. I at once ran across and separated them. Then I told Tom to run, for I did not want him to get into trouble. He started off just as Policeman Allingham appeared. Tom was in the middle of the street, and the policeman was five or six feet from him. Without a word of warning the policeman shot my brother in the back. The policeman had not placed either of us under arrest, and Tom was not in custody at the time he was killed."

John Thornton was held in bonds of $5,000 on the charge of attempted robbery, in default of which he was sent to the Tombs. The police say his version of the killing is arranged solely for the purpose of clearing himself of the charge of attempted robbery preferred against him.

Claus A. Melander, who claims that the Thornton brothers assaulted him, and attempted to rob him, lives at No. 151 West Twenty-fifth street. He says he was on his way home at the time he was assaulted, and is positive of his identification of the two men. His version of the killing is practically the same as that given by the policeman. He was detained at the station all night with Martin Jansen, of No. 269 Seventh avenue, another witness of the affair. Both of these men substantiate the police version of the killing. Acting Captain Walsh was desirous of having both men committed to the House of Detention, but Magistrate Kudlich said he did not see the necessity of such a step.

Seen by a Newspaper Man.

Another witness of the killing, and one the police are ignorant of, is a newspaper reporter, who, from the window of his bedroom, saw the officer fire the fatal shot. He said that Thornton had taken the officer's club and started to run, then turned back to attack him. The officer warned him twice to desist, but the man would not. Mrs. Thornton was in the roadway near the curbstone, and as the officer held his revolver in his hand begged him not to shoot her husband.

The dead man, who was twenty-six years of age, was a character well known to the police. He had been frequently arrested on complaint of his wife, who had occasion every few months to seek police protection. It was in his case that the constitutionality of the law creating the City Magistrates was tested. When the old Police Justices went out of power one of the last prisoners arraigned before them was Thornton. He had beaten his wife so severely that she was confined in Bellevue Hospital. They continued his case until July 1, 1895, when Justices Hogan, Ryan and Grady were refused admission to the Court of Special Sessions. They then went into a corner of a corridor in the Criminal Court building and had Thornton brought before them. He pleaded guilty and was committed, but Warden Fallon refused to accept him at the Tombs on the grounds that the old Police Justices had then no authority to commit a prisoner, the law legislating them out of office having gone into effect a few hours before. While the dead man had been regarded by the police as a tough character, he had not been classed as a criminal. The charge of robbery preferred by Melander is the most serious one ever made against him. Mrs. Agnes Thornton is his common law wife.

Magistrate Kudlich's Explanation.

There was a disposition to criticise Magistrate Kudlich's decision in committing the woman to the Workhouse. He explained later in the day that his reason for doing so was in order to enable the authorities to reach her should she be wanted as a witness to the killing.

"If I had imposed a fine," he explained, "it would probably have been paid, and it might be possible that she could not be found when wanted. Now she can be had at an hour's notice."

Policeman Allingham, who killed Thornton is one of the recent appointees on the force. He is about twenty-seven years of age, and lives with his parents at No. 95 Greenwich avenue. He was appointed March 1 of this year, since which time he has made a number of important arrests and has not had a charge preferred against him. Immediately after he had made his report following the killing he was suspended from duty by Acting Captain Walsh, who explained that such action in no way reflected upon the officer. Allingham feels very keenly the position he is placed in.

"If I had not shot Thornton," he said last night, "they would probably have killed me. He had the club raised to strike when I pulled the trigger. I did not mean to shoot so high, but I had no chance to take aim."

Coroner Dobbs performed an autopsy on the body of the dead man at the Morgue yesterday afternoon. He found the bullet had passed directly through the heart and had lodged in the back. This proves that John Thornton's version of the killing is not correct.

DIED AT A CARD TABLE.

Adolph Prager Suddenly Succumbs to an Attack of Heart Disease While Playing Pinochle.

Adolph Prager, a retired merchant, fifty-seven years of age, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at the house of Meyer Cohen, No. 64 East One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. His death occurred during the progress of a game of pinochle. He held his cards in his hand at the time, and was about to make a play.

Prager had left his home at No. 23 East Ninety-ninth street accompanied by his brother, Julius, and Solomon Solomon. They intended to spend the afternoon at Mr. Cohen's home. The four men had been playing cards about an hour and Prager grew enthusiastic. He was apparently studying his cards when his turn to play came. He did not respond.

At this moment his hands dropped from the table and he fell from his chair. When they picked him up it was found that Prager was dead. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause. The body was removed to his late residence.

This Little Chap Was Lost.

A four-year-old boy, who said he was Frank Donovan, of Third avenue and Sixteenth street, this city, was picked up yesterday by the Brooklyn police. At the above address the child is unknown. The little fellow was taken care of by the Children's society of Brooklyn. He wore a white jacket, blue knickerbockers, red bow tie, black stockings and button shoes.

The skeleton in many a household is the peculiar weakness of the wife and mother, or of the wife who ought to be a mother and is not. Happiness is destroyed by the presence of the secret sickness that may lurk like a grinning death among the most luxurious homes. The most terrible thing about this condition of affairs is that it is entirely needless. There is no reason in the world why every woman in the world should not be strong and healthful and capable of fulfilling her whole duty as a wife and mother. Many women go on month after month, and year after year, becoming weaker and weaker, because of a very natural hesitancy they feel in consulting a physician. They know that if they go to a doctor for treatment, the first thing he will insist on will be "examination" and "local treatment." This must of course be distasteful to every modest woman. They are generally as unnecessary as they are abhorrent. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures positively, perfectly, permanently, all varieties of "female weakness" and disease. It is designed to do this one thing, and it does it. It is the only medicine now before the public for woman's peculiar ailments, adapted to her delicate organization by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in these maladies. It cannot do harm in any condition of the system. Its sales exceed the combined sales of all other medicines for women.

Every woman will be healthier and happier for following the friendly, practical counsel contained in Dr. Pierce's great universal doctor book: "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It is the most comprehensive medical work in one volume in the English language. It contains 1008 pages, fully illustrated. 680,000 copies have been sold at $1.50 each bound in cloth. The profits are now used in printing half-a-million *free* copies bound in strong manilla paper covers. To get one you have only to send 21 one-cent stamps (to pay cost of mailing *only*), to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Send promptly before all are given away if in want of one. They are going off rapidly.

THE JOLLY TIME

In a boy's life is during vacation.

What about his clothes? U., S. & Co.'s SAILOR SUITS have merit and colors that wear and wash to perfection. The prices tell their own story—

95c., $1.45, $1.90 to $3.50

QUALITY UP PRICES DOWN, the motto.

UPSON, SINGLETON & CO.,
23D ST. CLOTHIERS, 244-246 WEST.
Open Monday and Saturday Evenings.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.
Makes Beautiful Souvenirs.
FACTORY PRICES.

Substitution
the fraud of the day.
See you get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
Insist and demand
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Special Notices.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

FOR LACK OF NERVE TRY AN S. G. COCKtail, but be sure to have it flavored with DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

Deaths.

DAVIS.—June 27, at her residence, 32 West 27th st., Emily K. Davis, after a short illness. Funeral private. Interment Monday, Woodlawn Cemetery, convenience of family.

Chicago and San Francisco papers please copy.

Business Notices.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c.

Personal.

REFINED couple desire to adopt infant for compensation. Moderate, box 19, Journal office

Excursions.

Long Island Railroad's
Great Excursion Routes
TO THE SEA.

MANHATTAN BEACH.
Leave Foot of 34th St. E. R.,
Daily, except Sunday, 5:50, 6:40, 7:40, 9:20, 11:00 a. m., 12:10, and half hourly from 1:10 to 10:40 p. m. Additional train Race Days C. I. J. C., 12:40 p. m. Exc. Tickets 40 cents.

WHITEHALL ST., via Bay Ridge, daily, except Sunday, hourly from 7:10 a. m. to 12:10 p. m., and half hourly from 1:10 to 9:10 p. m. Saturdays only 12:40. Additional Trains Race Days C. I. J. C., 11:40 a. m., 12:40 p. m. Exc. Tickets 45 cents.

Reduced Rates Mondays.

On each Monday during the season the L. I. R. R. Co. will sell at its East 34th st. ticket office round trip tickets to Manhattan Beach, and good for admission to either Sousa's Concert, Rice's Circus Carnival, or Pain's Fireworks, good only on day of sale. Fifty Cents.

CONEY ISLAND.
Brooklyn Bridge.
Through trains from B'klyn Terminus, Brooklyn Bridge, via B'klyn Elevated and P. P. & C. I. R. R.

Lv. B'klyn Bridge daily 8:13, 8:48, 9:43, 10:18, and half hourly from 10:53 a. m. to 10:53 p. m.

Exc. Tickets 20 cents, including Elevated Fare, on sale at all B. E. R. R. stations.

CULVER ROUTE.
Leave foot of WHITEHALL ST., New York, daily, except Sunday, at 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10 a. m., and half hourly from 11:10 to 9:10 p. m. Exc. Tickets 25 cents.

ROCKAWAY BEACH.
VIA N. Y. AND ROCKAWAY BEACH R. R.
Trains leave Long Island City daily, except Sunday, 6:45, 8:10, 9:20, 11:05 a. m.; 12:30, 1:35, 2:35, 3:40, 4:35, 5:35, 6:40, 7:30, 8:20, 9:20 p. m.; Saturdays 2:05, 3:05, 9:50 p. m.

THE PEOPLE'S PLAYGROUND.
GLEN ISLAND
A delightful sail on fast-going steamers. Two grand concerts daily. Magnificent foliage, rare plants and horticultural wonders. An unequalled menagerie, magnificent aviary, mammoth aquarium, grand museum all FREE. Genuine Glen Island Clam Bake. Dinners a la carte. "Klein Deutschland," "The Dairy," Boating, bathing, fishing, bowling and billiards.
TIME TABLE—STEAMERS LEAVE.
Cortlandt St. Piers, 9, 10, 11 A. M.; 12 M.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.15 P. M.; So. 5th St., Brooklyn, 9.20, 10.20, 11.20 A. M.; 12.20, 1.40, 3.00, 3.40 P. M., East 92d St., 9.40, 10.40, 11.40 A. M.; 12.40, 2.10, 3.10, 4.15, 5.45 P. M. LEAVE GLEN ISLAND 11 A. M. for 52d St., and Cortlandt St.; 12 M., 1.00 P. M., (for Cortlandt St. only); 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 P. M., for all landings. EXTRA BOATS SUNDAYS.
EXCURSION 40 CENTS.
Includes Admission to all Attractions.

IRON STEAMBOAT CO.
They cannot burn; They cannot sink!
THE ONLY ALL-WATER ROUTE TO
CONEY ISLAND
Landing at the Iron Piers.
TO-DAY'S TIME TABLE, SUBJECT TO CHANGE
From 22d st., N. R., hourly from 9 a. m. until 8 p. m. From Pier (new) No. 1 N. R., half an hour later. From Coney Island, hourly from 10:40 a. m. until 9:40 p. m., 3:30, 4:30, 5:30 boats from Pier 1 stop at Crescent Club.
EXCURSION TICKETS, 25 CENTS.
Tickets on sale at all downtown track stations of the elevated railroads. East Side passengers transferred free to Battery place. Returning, East Side passengers deposit tickets at Battery place and are transferred free to the East Side.

ROCKAWAY BEACH FARE DAILY 30c.
Four Trips Daily from New York.
Three Trips Daily from Brooklyn.
Commencing July 1.
STEAMERS GENERAL SLOCUM AND GRAND REPUBLIC.

Leave.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
W. 22d st	8:40	10:00	1:35	3:45
W. 10th st	8:50	10:15	1:45	3:55
Battery	9:15	10:40	2:05	4:15
Bridge Dock, B'klyn	9:30	11:00	2:20	....

4:15 Boat from Battery will not stop at B'klyn.
Boats leave Rockaway Beach 11:30 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m. SUNDAYS, 50C.

LONG BRANCH AND BACK, 50c.
ASBURY PARK AND BACK, 80c.
N. Y. and Long Branch Steamboat Co.
In connection with
Atlantic Coast Electric Railway.
Steamers "Mary Patten," "Elberon," "Pleasure Bay." Leave pier foot Jane st., N. R., week days 9 a. m., 12 m. (Saturday 1 p. m.) and 2:40 p. m.; Battery, near Barge Office, 9:20 a. m., 12:15 p. m. (Saturday 1:15) and 3:05 p. m.; Sundays, leave Jane st., 8:30 and 9:00 a. m.; Battery, 8:55 and 9:20 for Highland Beach, Senbright, Pleasure Bay and Long Branch. These are the only Long Branch boats that land at Highland Beach and connect directly at Pleasure Bay with Electric Railway for West End, Elberon, Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. Baggage checked free of charge.

CONEY ISLAND.
Sea Beach Route
Boats leave foot Whitehall st., terminus elevated and Broadway railroads, at 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 11:40 a. m., and half hourly until 9:10 p. m.
Sundays, frequent service all day. Last returning Sunday train 1:00 a. m. by Brooklyn Bridge.
EXCURSION TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

NORTH BEACH
Magnificent Electrical Lights.
Via East 129th St. Ferry, half an hour's delightful sail. Large double-decked boats. Fare 10 cts.

LONG BRANCH AND ASBURY PARK.
Steamer LITTLE SILVER leaves daily and Sundays, foot of W. 13th st., 8:45 a. m. Also Battery Pier, 9:10 a. m. for Highlands, Highland Beach, Seabright, Pleasure Bay. ROUND TRIP, 50 CENTS. Connecting with trolley for Asbury Park. Refreshments. Music.

WEST POINT, NEWBURG and PO'KEEPSIE. Daily excursion (except Sunday) by Albany Day Line Steamers from Desbrosses St. Pier at 8:40 A. M. and West 22d st. at 9 o'clock.

ROCKAWAY BEACH.
Iron Steamboat ANGLER. Two trips daily from East 23d st., 9:15 a. m. and 2:15 p. m. South 5th st., Williamsburg, 9:30, 2:30. Battery landing, 10 a. m., 3:10 p. m. Returning, leave Rockaway 6 p. m. Fare, round trip, 30c.; Sundays, 50c.

"HO!" FISHING DAILY—Steamer Schuyler; fare 75c.; clubs 70c., with bait; bodies 40c. East 23d st., 7:15; Beekman, 7:30; West 10th, 8; Franklin, 8:20.

FISHING EXCELLENT — TWIN - SCREW STEAMER AL FOSTER, daily; East 31st st. 7:40; Battery, 8:20; $1, with three bunches bait.

Amusements.

Manhattan Beach.
SWEPT BY OCEAN BREEZES.
SOUSA'S CONCERT BAND. To-day 3:30 and 7:15 P. M.
RICE'S EVANGELINE. Daily exc. Sun. 9 P. M. Saturday Mat. 4 P. M.
RICE'S CIRCUS CARNIVAL. Exc. Sunday, 3:30 & 9 p.m.
Pain's Fireworks and Cuba. Except Sunday, 8:15 P. M.
Half hourly trains from foot East 34th st. Special trains after all performances without regard to schedule.
Seats for Rice's Evangeline on sale at L. I. R. R. office, 1313 Broadway.

KEITH'S Continuous Performance. Soon to 11 P. M., 25c., 50c.
The 19th Century Wonder,
LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGRAPHE,
The Reigning Sensation of the Town—Photographic Motion at Last Realized and Perfected—Also Gus Williams, Chas. Dickson, Clifford & Huth and 40 Others.

ALL GO TO Garden of Palms at Proctor's Pleasure Palace, 58th st. Double Stage. Grand Ballet, "Basquavola," Cee-Mees, Alma, J. W. Hanson, Fields & Lewis and Big Co. on Roof. Admission 25c. 12 to 12.

25c. PROCTOR'S 23D ST. 11 to 11. 15, 25, 50c. Fields & Lewis, Nonpariel Trio, Dan Collyer; great company. July 4, novelties.

GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
ROOF GARDENS, Lex. ave., 43d to 44th sts. THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. THURSDAY, July 2, 1896, and every following Evening from 8 to 12. HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE. OPEN AIR CONCERTS. Gen'l Admission to all parts, 50c. Reserved seats 75c. Room for 10,000.

CASINO. To-night at 8:10 Canary & Lederer's 50th Night, July 10. Gay Souvenirs! Mat. Sat. at 2:10 3d Annual Review! IN GAY NEW YORK!
CASINO ROOF. Jarbeau, Hughey Dougherty & others. Admission only 50c. Rain or clear.

HERALD SQ. THEATRE—Evgs. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2:15.—STEINDORFF & EBERT OPERA CO. in OLIVETTE. 80—COMPANY OF—80 POPULAR PRICES.

HAMMERSTEIN'S OLYMPIA, B'way & 44th st. FREGOLI and all the best stars. ROOF GARDEN. SUNDAY EVE., GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE. 14TH ST., NEAR 3D AVE., DAILY 12:30 TO 11P.M. PRICES 20 AND 30 CENTS. COME ANY TIME. LYDIA BARRY, FELIX & CAIN.

BROADWAY. Cor. of B'way and 41st st. Eve. 8:15. Sat. at 2. 12TH WEEK. DE WOLF HOPPER. 12TH WEEK. SOUSA & KLEIN'S EL CAPITAN.

KOSTER & BIAL'S TO-NIGHT. JULES LEVY, MARIE DRESSLER. Vitascope, Biondi, Foreign Stars. TWO ORCHESTRAS. ADMISSION 50C.

AMERICAN ROOF GARDEN, 42D ST. Pearl Andrews, "Stuart," Raymon Moore; others. If rainy weather, performance in theatre. Admission, 50c. Mighty bill!

MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN. Vaudeville. Specialties. Novelties. Ev's 8:15 to 12. Adm. 50c.; Res. seats $1; Boxes $6. In the event of rain, performance in Concert Hall.

TERRACE GARDEN. 58th st. and 3d ave. Conried-Ferencsy Comic Opera Co. To-night—OBERSTEIGER. Tuesday—Die FLEDERMAUS.

WATER contest; 5 ladies; swimming, diving, sensational acts in a big tank. Oremer, Rubber-necked man; 20 others. Theatre, Vaudeville. Huber's 14th St. Museum.

A college professor, an amateur chemist, recently made a purchase here.

A few days later came this letter:

"You're like all the rest. I believed you when you said your cloths were all wool, but, testing a piece taken from this suit, I find cotton—sample sent; also the suit."

We refunded the money paid; sent the suit to one of the most eminent chemists in New York.

Back came the answer: Absolutely all-wool. The signature was one our customer could not question—he ordered a new suit.

The $100, spent to prove to our customer something we were already certain of, is but one instance of the lengths we go to give satisfaction.

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It can be given without the knowledge of the patient in coffee, tea or articles of food; will effect