EXPOSED BY NELLIE BLY.

A SWINDLING MAGNETIC "DOCTOR" CAUGHT AT HIS TRICKS.

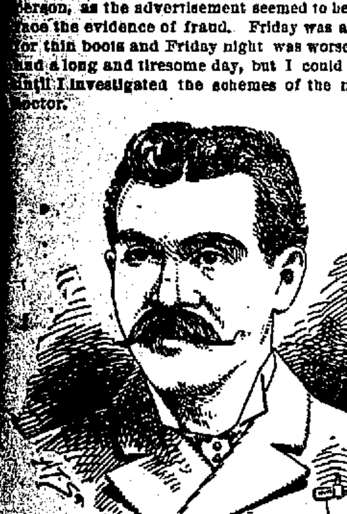
PROF. ERNEST DE BLANO, OF BROOKLYN, PROVES TO BE A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL.

He Has Advertised to Give a Big Free Exhibition To-Night, but "The World's" Active Reporter Discovered Him Just In Time—His Ingeniously Secreted Electric Wires by Which He Demonstrates His "Personal Magnetism"—A Long Criminal Career in Half a Dozen Big Cities—Convicted of Forgery at New Orleans—His Brilliant Advertising Schemes.

In a New York newspaper of last Thursday I found the following advertisement under the head of "Amusements:"

> BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM,
> Cor. Atlantic ave. and Clinton st., Brooklyn,
> ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 11.
> Admission Free.
> Orchestra in attendance. Doors open at 7.30 P. M. Commence at 8.
> THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL IS CORDIALLY INVITED. The AFFLICTED and CHRONIC CRIPPLES are especially invited.
> No objectionable persons or children admitted to this REFINED lecture and exhibition.
> PROF. ERNEST DE BLANO,
> the Famous Chevalier Electrician of Paris, will exhibit HIS SKILL and TREAT THE AFFLICTED FREE on the stage IN VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE.
> Specialist: Chronic Diseases, Deformity, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Fits, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Nervous Diseases, Blindness, Deafness, Diseases of Indiscretion, and FEMALE DISEASES TREATED SUCCESSFULLY.
> STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.
> PATIENTS DESIRING TO BE TREATED BY MEDICINE OR SURGERY ARE NOT ACCEPTED FOR TREATMENT.
> NO CORRESPONDENCE ANSWERED UNLESS POST STAMP INCLOSED.
> Prof. Ernest de Blano, in order to establish his fame among the WEALTHY CLASS, as well as Working Class Patients, would TREAT FREE a WEALTHY LADY AFFLICTED WITH ANY OF THE ABOVE DISEASES. On application state nature of the case, if MARRIED, SPINSTER, WIDOW and AGE.
> CIRCULARS MAILED FREE to any part of the United States.
> OFFICE CONSULTATION FREE.
> Daily from 8.30 A. M. to 3 P. M. and 6 to 8.30 P. M. Sunday, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
> Prof. Ernest de Blano is now permanently located at No. 84 Ashland place, near Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I made up my mind to call on this remarkable person, as the advertisement seemed to bear on its face the evidence of fraud. Friday was a bad day for thin boots and Friday night was worse. I had had a long and tiresome day, but I could not rest until I investigated the schemes of the magnetic doctor.



THE DOCTOR.

"What will you charge to take me to No. 84 Ashland place?" I asked a cabby, who was leaning against his coupé as if asleep.

"Two dollars," he said, straightening up.

THE "DOCTOR" AT HOME.

We arrived at Ashland place in a little more than ten minutes. The street, like the night, was dark and dreary. From what I could distinguish I decided that it was a residence street and a respectable neighborhood.

After much hunting about in the darkness I found the right number and, pulling the bell, asked the man who opened the door if I was right.

"Zees is 84," replied the man, stepping inside the door as the driver returned to me.

"Good evening, good evening," said the man, as he held the door open for me to enter; "I was just about to close my house."

"Are you Doctor Ernest De Blanc?" I asked, entering the parlor.

"Yes, lady," he replied, with a pleasing accent. A woman, of medium height, with dark eyes and hair, flitted noiselessly out of sight.

"I saw your advertisement in the papers," I said, "and as I am tired taking medicine I concluded to come and try your treatments; you advertise 'no medicine given.'"

"That is right;" he said, with a most agreeable smile. "I give no medicine. I cure entirely wizout zat."

"How do you treat patients?" I asked.

"Wiz personal magnetism, wiz animal electricity," he said, spreading out his hands, palms upward, and slightly elevating his shoulders. "Ze electricity all comes from me—from my body. I transmit it to ze patient. I give him treatments. I always cure him."

"Have you been here long?" I asked innocently.

"No. You see my house is yet not in good order," he said, with a sweep of his hands. "I have just moved in. What is wrong with you?"

"I am suffering from sick headaches," I utter plaintively.

"Ah! are they frequent?"

"Yes, every week at the very least, and I am very stupid while they last."

"How long do they last?"

"Usually twenty-four hours at a time."

"Will you come here until I examine you?"

He stepped beneath the chandelier and I went to him. With both hands he pulled the lid of my eye down easily and examined it with a look which rivalled an owl's—in solemnity at least.

"Ah!" he said, with a great deal of force, "ah! I must test your blood. It is greatly impoverished. Remove your rubbers, please, and your gloves."

While I obeyed orders he went out into the hall, and during his absence I will describe his rooms. The parlor, which I entered first from the hallway, is neatly but not luxuriously furnished. Everything is new. Long crimson portieres of crimson flannel hide the back parlor from view. This was the room in which the examination took place, and bears the evidence of just coming out of a furniture store. It contains, besides several chairs, a desk and some sketches on the walls. The floor is carpeted, and lace curtains hang at the windows. In one corner, between the window and the mantel, is a red Brussels bed-lounge. In front of it lies a red Brussels rug, bound in gray. This rug is the only article in the two rooms which shows any evidence of wear, and from its appearance I should judge that it had been in the family for a long time.

THE DIAGNOSIS.

Prof. De Blanc placed me on this rug and he stood before me. He touched my wrists and my face very daintily with the tips of his fingers.

"You will have to take off your shoes," he said then. "Your blood is so thin that I can not get a diagnosis."

I sat down and unbuttoned my boot while he went out into the hall again and returned. I stuck my boot under a chair and went—two inches higher on one side than the other, thanks to Louis Quinze heels—hobbling across the room to my former position on the rug. The Professor returned and took my arm caressingly in his two hands. My arm tingled at every touch. He touched my face, my eyelids, and his fingers seemed almost to stick to my flesh, so strong was the sensation which communicated itself from him to me.

"It's neuralgia," he exclaimed triumphantly as he led me back to a chair. "A very bad case of neuralgia, and needs immediate treatment."

"Are your treatments similar to this?" I asked.

"Yes, only more exhaustive; each treatment requires about fifteen minutes. You felt me?"

"Yes, very strongly," I replied, still pretending innocence. "What was it?"

"That is my power—my personal electricity."

"Does that electricity all come from you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes it does, it all comes from me—from my body," he said, earnestly. "My cures are marvellous. I cure cripples who never walked; I make the blind see, I heal every known thing, and all by my personal magnetism. On Sunday night I will give a big exhibition at the Athenæum, the aristocratic hall. There I will in public perform my miracles. I will make the paralyzed walk, the deaf hear, the dumb speak. There will be hundreds of reporters—who have never seen me but heard of me—there to write it up, and if you look in THE WORLD on Monday morning you will see a long account of my exhibition."

I just thought if he looked in THE WORLD Sunday morning that he would see a long account of himself, but I held my peace.

"I have two assistants, surgeons from London," he said; "and I have calls from thousands of people."

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"I am from Paris," he said, looking at me sharply and taking up the more decided accent which unconsciously he drops at times.

"You speak very good English for that," I said slowly.

"Oh, I just come from Australia here," he said, with a startled look. "I want to locate here."

"How much will you charge to cure me?" I asked at length.

"Ah, lady," with a sweet smile and outward movement of the hands, "I will be honest wiz you. It ez a little case. I will then only charge you twenty-five dollar in advance for five treatments. After ze first one you have no more a headache."

"How lovely it would be to be rid of these horrid aches," I uttered, with a deep sigh.

"Do ze head aches ever; did you ever have fits?" he asked.

"No, but you can't know how many times I have felt that I would have them," I replied, choking a laugh.

"Ah, ze headaches should make you fear an inflammation of ze brain. It ez threatened," he said. He was working for the $25 in advance, and I know it.

"What security have I that you will cure me if I give you the money?" I asked.

"I give you a written paper that I will cure you."

"But if you don't?" I urged.

"But I say I will. And when I am so sure of my own power you should not be afraid to trust it," he said very sweetly, but I was not convinced.

THE SWINDLER'S CAREER.

Prof. Ernest De Blanc, as he calls himself, is about five feet four and a half inches in height. He is of rather heavy build—that is, he is not thin. His black eyes are mounted with rather heavy eyebrows. His hair, black in color, grows very thick on the head and is slightly parted in the centre, and his nose is flat. His hands are large and he wore a standing collar, a white waistcoat and black coat and trousers. He talks with a French accent, which is not so marked when he forgets himself.

Ernest De Blanc has not half as much personal electricity as my cat, "Tippecanoe," has on a cold night. I knew his little scheme the moment he took me into his little parlor. It's the most simple thing imaginable. There is an electric battery concealed in the back hall, and a nickel-plated spring at the door by which he turns the electricity off and on. In the much worn rug which lies by the bed lounge are some connecting wires, very badly concealed, I must say. The rug is bound with rubber to make it non-conductive, to prevent the electricity from being transmitted to anything else. The rug is divided directly in the centre with a broad band of rubber. Very well, so far. Electricity is positive and negative. The Professor stands the patient on the side of the rug charged with the negative electricity. He goes into the hall, sees that his battery is all right, stops at the door, and in the face of his patient turns the nickel-plated knob, then plants himself directly on the side of the rug charged with the positive current. The patient feels the tingle of a slight shock, which he has the impudence and boldness to claim comes from his own body. It was such a glaring fraud that it made me disgusted. When people will deceive, why don't they do something well, so that it gives one some work to solve the trick?

This is not Prof. Ernest De Blanc's first effort in this line. A little of the history of his eventful career in America may prove interesting. The first account I could find of him was when he practised his arts in Portland, Ore., under the name of Dr. Geismardo. While there he assaulted one of his women patients and was imprisoned. Next I find he appeared in San José, Cal., where he suddenly left town with the money advanced for treatments which people never received.

HIS ESCAPADE AT TOLEDO.

He was next heard of in Toledo, O., where he billed the town announcing his lecture and entertainment, but for some reason never appeared. He next worked Detroit, Mich., but his success was of short duration, as shown by the following clipping from the Detroit *Free Press*:

> It will probably be remembered that a man calling himself "Dr. A. E. Geismardo, the world-renowned electric and magnetic healer," some time since advertised in this city that he would, with a talented company, present a play, written by himself, depicting his experience as a condemned felon and convict in the Oregon Penitentiary. He filled a brilliant engagement of one consecutive night at the Detroit Opera-House and then departed for fields and pastures new. On the 1st of this month he was lucky enough to marry at Chicago Mrs. Eva La Gay, a wealthy widow with one child. He immediately went on the road with his alleged drama and was forced to disband his company a day or two ago at Aurora, Ill. There are any number of suits against him, and he has disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

HE TURNS UP AT BUFFALO.

No longer ago than July 7 he made his appearance in Buffalo under the name of Prof. Albert Le Grand. His record there is briefly told in the following telegram clipped from the Chicago *Herald*. The substance of it appeared in the New York newspapers at the same time:

> BUFFALO, July 7.—Dr. Edward Storck, Chairman of the Erie County Medical Censors, to-day gave "Prof." Albert LeGrand notice to leave town or be arrested for practising without a diploma. Le Grand gave free lectures in Music Hall and claimed to cure the lame, halt and blind in Biblical fashion. Dr. Storck said: "Prof. Le Grand has decided to leave the city within twenty-four hours. He admitted to me that he had no diploma, and that he was no physician, but a healer. When I asked him if he did not take fees he said that he did. Then, after a good deal of bluster, he gave in. I have learned some of his history. He was a Dr. Geismardo in Portland, Ore., and claimed to be a member of the Society of Sciences of Paris. He also exhibited a decoration, which he claimed to be a cross of the Legion of Honor. He left that city under a cloud, as he was arrested for criminally assaulting a woman patient. He then turned up in Denver, St. Louis, Kansas City, Baltimore and Boston. He was also arrested in Milwaukee. The society could prosecute him here if it wished to, but if he leaves the city that will be enough. Le Grand speaks French fluently and owned up to me that his magnetic touch was caused by an electric belt concealed in the palm of his hand. He had three or four dummies travelling with him who came upon the platform and were cured by him.

In a surprisingly short time afterwards Dr. Geismardo, alias Dr. Albert Le Grand, turned up in New Orleans and advertised himself extensively in the local papers. This was on July 20. He found little mercy there, and after he had spent some $800 in advertising, renting the St. Charles Theatre and paying for rooms and board in advance for himself and wife, he had to flee the town to escape imprisonment for swindling a New Orleans man some fourteen years before.

SWINDLES IN NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. Chas. D. Lafferranderie, a reputable business man, of New Orleans, says that in January, 1874, there arrived in New Orleans, from Antwerp, a person calling himself Aaron Geismar. Through a common friend Mr. Lafferranderie became acquainted with Geismar. Geismar pretended to be the only child of very wealthy parents, his father being engaged in the ship-chandlery business at Antwerp. He had had a disagreement with his father, so he said, and for that reason had left home, but was given a large allowance by his indulgent parents. Geismar's card contained a full-rigged ship and was printed in both French and English. The latter was:

> Aron Geismar. To office Knai du Rhin 46 warehouse and store. Digal de Terre, street 81 next to water police, Antwerp. Dealer in old rags, chokens, and old hemp, rop, manilla rop, canvas and old sails, etc., of all kinds paper stock. The heyst price will be payt for it.

So winning and persuasive did Geismar prove himself that when he proposed a partnership in the ship-chandler's business in that city between himself and Mr. Lafferranderie it was gladly accepted. It was agreed, by reason of Geismar's long apprenticeship in his father's shop, that he should come to New York to make the necessary purchases. As a proof of good faith, Lafferranderie was to advance Geismar $100 before his departure, and on receipt of the invoices and the policy of insurance upon the merchandise, forwarded by a reliable New York firm, Geismar would receive a draft of $400.

The result of that transaction I find in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*:

> In the course of time a receipted bill was received by Lafferranderie, made out to Geismar & Lafferranderie, New Orleans, from Messrs. Baldwin, Hought & Co., No. 66 Sixth avenue, New York, for $1,164.75. The bill was dated New York, Feb. 9, 1874, and stated on its face, "less received for cash on account, $754.75," leaving a balance due of $400.
>
> This was followed by a policy of insurance of the Atlantic and Mutual Insurance Company, No. 55,185, made to Geismar & Lafferranderie, and was stated to cover a shipment of horseshoe nails and other goods shipped upon the steamer Western Metropolis. The policy was signed by J. H. Chapman, Secretary, and W. U. U. Moore, President.
>
> Upon the back was indorsed as follows:

Insurance for $1,150 at 1¼	$14.37
Policy	1.25
	$15.62

> Record 58, folio 17.
>
> It was signed Feb. 9, 1874. On receipt of these documents Mr. Lafferranderie sent $400 by wire Feb. 14, the receipt for which was shown to the reporter, and bore the signature of J. T. Alleyn, cashier, for manager.
>
> Mr. Lafferranderie then bided the arrival of the goods, which he has been doing ever since.
>
> They never came to hand, and subsequent investigations revealed the fact that the letters purporting to have come from the New York firms were forgeries, as were also the invoices and the policy of insurance. They had all emanated from the brain of Aron Geismar, who had violated the trust and confidence placed within his hands by a too-confiding fellow-countryman.

FOLLOWING UP THE SCOUNDREL.

Mr. Lafferranderie saw a picture of the "Professor" in the Toledo *Bee*, and recognized it as the face of the man who had swindled him. The picture in the newspaper was compared with the photograph in his possession, and though it had been taken years before, they were identical. Mr. Lafferranderie had made an effort to trace the swindling Geismar, and while doing so he learned that he was practising medicine out West. This was conclusive.

Yet, in order to make no mistake Mr. Lafferranderie called on Prof. Albert Le Grand, pretending he wished to be doctored. The recognition was mutual. Prof. Albert Le Grand, alias Dr. Geismardo and Aron Geismar were one and the same. Mr. Lafferranderie went to make out an affidavit, but before his return Prof. Albert Le Grand had fled the town. He did not even wait to take his electric battery along, but his wife, who professed ignorance as to his place of abode, took it in charge. Thus there was no exhibition at the St. Charles Theatre and numbers of poor people escaped being swindled.

Aron Geismar, alias Dr. Geismardo, alias Prof. Albert Le Grand, alias Prof. Ernest De Blanc, is not an over clever swindler. Notice these peculiar wordings in his advertisement for Brooklyn and that for New Orleans.

HIS ADVERTISING SCHEMES.

First: "Admission Free!" appears conspicuously in both.

Second: "No objectionable person, boys or children admitted to this refined lecture and exhibition." Brooklyn advertisement.

"No objectionable person, nor boys or children admitted to this refined exhibition." New Orleans advertisement.

Third: "Prof. Ernest De Blanc, the famous chevalier electrician of Paris." Brooklyn advertisement.

Prof. Albert Le Grand, the famous world-renowned Healer and Electrician of Paris, France." New Orleans advertisement.

The following are samples of his advertisements:

> EXHIBITION AND LECTURE
> by Prof. ERNEST DE BLANO,
> on SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 11, 1888,
> at the
> BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM.
> Admission Free!
> Orchestra in attendance. Doors open 7.30 P. M. Commencing at 8 Sharp.
> The public in general is cordially invited. The Afflicted with Chronic Diseases are specially invited.
> No objectionable persons, boys or children admited to this Refined Lecture and Exhibition.
> Electricity is Life! Health is Happiness and Wealth combined!
> Prof. ERNEST DE BLANO,
> the Famous Chevalier Electrician of Paris,
> Will exhibit his Unrivalled Skill and Treat the Afflicted in view of the audience Free of Charge!
> Patients desiring to be treated by medicine or surgery not accepted.
> Diseases treated without medicine and without surgery.
> Prof. ERNEST DE BLANO
> is now permanently located at No. 87 Ashland place, (formerly Raymond street), near Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

At New Orleans this was his method of advertising, and is just about the same thing he had adopted for Brooklyn:

> ST. CHARLES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS,
> ON SUNDAY, JULY 22, 1888.
> ADMISSION FREE.
> Come One! Come All! Free!
> Commencing 8 P. M. sharp. Doors open 7.30 P. M.
> Only one performance in this city. No objectionable persons, nor boys or children admitted to this Refined Exhibition. Full Orchestra in attendance.
> PROF. ALBERT LE GRAND,
> THE FAMOUS WORLD-RENOWNED HEALER AND ELECTRICIAN OF PARIS, FRANCE.
> CONSULTATION FREE!
> Diseases Cured Without Medicine and Without Any Surgery.
> SPECIAL TERMS FOR THE WORKING-CLASS PATIENTS.
> THE POOL OF SILOAM.
> THE LAME WALK, THE BLIND SEE AND THE DEAF HEAR AT TREMONT TEMPLE.
> Prof. Albert Le Grand is now located for sixty days at No. 14 University Place, formerly Dryades street, New Orleans.

I think I have given enough to show that Prof. De Blanc is a swindler, and of the meanest kind, inasmuch as his victims are among the sick and ignorant. If this exposure saves one such person from expending his hard earned money on Geismar's quackery I shall feel that my work has not been in vain.

NELLIE BLY.

Why He Feared Anarchists.

The funeral of William Trouler, the druggist who committed suicide Thursday by taking bichromate of potash, will take place from the Morgue to-day. The expenses will be defrayed by the dead man's friends. Trouler's downfall was due to women and drink. In his clothing the following note was discovered by the Bellevue Hospital people, written with lead pencil on a druggist's memorandum blank; it shows that he was slightly demented:

> COOPER INSTITUTE, Nov. 8, 1888.
> In case I should be murdered or disappear, I wish to state that it has been done by Anarchists. Having been acquainted with a girl, red hair, age 22, mole on neck, 58 inches high—her sister lives in Wyckoff street, Brooklyn—she hated me of late, and swore revenge often to kill.

CURRENT SPORTING GOSSIP.

Hit-and-Miss Chat About the Knights of the Knuckles.

One week has passed since the arrival here of the "boxing champion of England" and he has made no bad break. He has not sought a meeting with Dempsey and has not whipped a newspaper reporter. On the contrary, he has behaved in the most proper manner, and, with Jake Kilrain as his companion, has remained for the greater part of the time at John Straub's, in Harlem. John is a half brother of Pony Moore, and thus remotely connected with Charlie, and therefore the latter makes his headquarters at John's place. That Mitchell is well taken care of goes without the saying, and I suppose it is mainly due to this that Charlie has been so quiet. But we may soon hear from him. He and Jake contemplate starting on the road with a combination in a few weeks and then the "bluffs" will be made. I can fancy that the posters heralding the appearance of the show will contain the announcement that Jake is champion of the world and that Charlie is the man who first knocked down the great John L. Sullivan and then fought him a draw in France. Such declarations will look very pretty in blue letters on a white ground, but I doubt if many people will bite at the bait. Indeed, I think that any venture in the show line will prove unprofitable to the pair until they show some disposition to make matches on the level, for the people of this great and glorious country have their eye teeth cut and know more to-day about fighters and fighting than when Charlie first came here.

* * *

My advice to Charlie and Jake is that they jump out and declare themselves. Jack Dempsey and Pat Killen have shown their willingness to make matches, and they have money and friends. Especially true is this of Dempsey. Jack can get any amount of money to fight Mitchell, and until the latter agrees to fight the Nonpareil the people will not patronize Charlie's show. If they do I will miss my guess. Mitchell owes it to Dempsey, the American people and himself to give Jack a battle, for the latter has so often asserted his willingness—nay, his anxiety—to fight Charlie that the Englishman cannot blame people for not believing in him if he refuses to recognize Dempsey's claims. It is folly to say that Jack has not challenged Mitchell; he has done so on numerous occasions. Jake Kilrain will probably remember the last time when Jack wanted to put up $100 to bind the match. He will also remember that at the same time, Jack asserted that Charlie "is a cur." To my mind Mitchell cannot afford to let that assertion remain unanswered, and I am also of the opinion that the sooner he arranges a match with Jack the better it will be for himself.

* * *

Next Thursday night at Palace Hall in Williamsburg the six-round glove contest between Dempsey and Mike Donovan will be decided, and we will then know whether the young 'un or the old 'un is the better man. Let those who delight in figuring out and forecasting results by comparisons of "form" study out the result of this match. I confess it is a knotty problem for me. Dempsey is the most skilful boxer, the greatest tactician and sturdiest fighter in the middle-weight class to-day. He is young, well and strong, and really a great pugilist. Donovan was in his day all that Dempsey now is. He is yet sturdy, remarkably skilful and agile. He is also a great general, but he is almost fifteen years older than Jack. Will those years tell against him? Mind you, he is not yet an old man; indeed, he is in what is generally regarded as the "prime of life," but then Dempsey is a youth, and the old adage has it, "Youth will be served." There are exceptions to all rules, however, and this case may prove the exception. Will it? Well, let us wait and see. This much I will say—that whether Dempsey defeats Donovan or Mike proves Jack's master, the contest will be one worth going many miles to see.

* * *

It is a long time since we have had an opportunity of seeing two men as clever as Dempsey and Donovan meet in the ring. The last event of the kind was between McCaffrey and Dempsey. But there is a great difference in the two affairs. In the meeting of Dempsey and Dominick we had two men of different schools. Jack's left hand was shown to be his best, while we all know that Dominick's right is the one he swears by. He did not have a chance to test its mettle, however, on that occasion, and Dempsey got the award. But with Jack and Donovan it will be different. While both are good two-handed fighters, each depends more on the left than the right, and as their styles of fighting are somewhat similar the bout will have an added interest to those who know what clever work is. I would rather see a pair of clever boxers in a contest of skill than the most bloody scrapping match on record and I believe the majority of people believe with me.

* * *

With rare good luck I managed to be the only newspaper man present at the battle between Jack Farrell and Harry Bartlett, and of course I was agreeably surprised. It was a trial for Bartlett, who is a recent importation from England, and I may say that the trial was most satisfactory to his backer. Farrell, as all know, is a remarkably clever fighter, but he lacks staying quality. Still, he bothered Ike Weir and Jack Havlin for a time, and it took each of them seven rounds to do him. But not so with Bartlett. The latter played with Jack in the first round, rattled him in the second and punished him in the third. It was, in fact, a most one-sided battle, and when I say that I say a great deal. Neither man was in first-class condition, but both were well. Bartlett was a trifle high in flesh and looked considerably more than the 124 pounds he scaled. Indeed, he is the biggest man of the weight I know, and I am confident that before long he will be in the front rank. He is a quiet, gentlemanly chap, who talks very little, but always to the point. When his seconds were putting on his kid gloves they asked him, "Are they hard enough?" "Aye," was the response, "they'll be 'ard enough for yon chap. But I loikes foightin', I do." And he made his words good.

* * *

After the fight I had a chat with his backer, who, by the way, is a very wealthy man, who wishes to remain unknown so far as his connection with the ring is concerned, and he said to me: "I will get some good man to handle this boy and back him for big money. I don't want to put him up against Weir or Havlin just yet, but I would like to have him matched against a good second-rater to try him all out." That is good, sensible talk and I agreed with all he said. If some of the 122-pound men who talk so much about fighting Weir or Havlin will kindly post a forfeit in some responsible man's hands I will see that it is covered. The gentleman who brought Bartlett over here has plenty of money and stipulates for a stake fight. He doesn't want to dabble with a purse affair, but will put up any reasonable sum for his man. Now, then, boys, come up and let us see who wants the first try at the new-comer.

P. JAY.

Lost Money Soon Recovered.

An advertisement appeared in all the papers yesterday signed by Chubb & Son to the effect that the firm had been notified by cable of the loss by theft at Berlin of a large amount of Italian rentes.

"All we know about the matter," said Mr. Chubb yesterday, "is that we received a cablegram from the Marine Insurance Company of London, whose agents we are, saying that Italian rentes amounting to a great sum had been stolen from the post office at Berlin. We were told to advertise in all the papers and take all necessary precaution to prevent the rentes from being negotiated here. Fuller advises were to be sent by mail. The sum must have been a large one, as we were authorized to offer a reward of £500. Later we received another cablegram saying the money had been recovered."

Will Hewitt Appoint a Commissioner?

The Dock Board has elected Commissioner Edwin A. Post as President of that body to succeed Mr. Stark, who died last Tuesday. Mayor Hewitt has not yet appointed a new Commissioner to fill the vacancy, and it is possible that he may not do so, as he could only appoint until the 1st of May. Allan Campbell has been mentioned as a probable appointee, but if the Mayor names anybody it is thought that he is likely to select a Republican. Joseph Koch, who was formerly a member of the Board, and whom Mayor Hewitt refused to reappoint two years ago, will probably be a candidate before Mayor Grant on the 1st of May.

A Palatial Home for Horses.

There was something else yesterday besides the Horse Show to attract lovers of horses. It was the house-warming of the new building of Van Tassell & Kearney, the auctioneers in East Thirteenth street.

For months Van Tassell & Kearney have been putting up a huge six-story building. It was turned over to them a few days ago completed, and they invited a few friends to view their two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollar investment. From basement to top everything is complete for the care of horses, carriages and harness, while the first or reception floor is a marvel of elegance.

Among the many present were Judge Martine, Richard M. Walters, Sheriff-elect Flack, Harry Leach, Judge Monell, Inspector Williams, Col. Theodore A. Hamilton, Police Capts. McCullagh, Webb and Bergholz, ex-Register Augustus T. Docharty, J. Seaver Page, James W. Boyle, Augustus Parry, Jacob Huntington, Commissioner Thomas S. Brennan and Jacob Shipsey.

BASEBALL FOR THE MORMONS

THE ALL-AMERICAN NINE PLAYS TWO GAMES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

John Ward Tells the Incidents of the Trip West and What the Players Are Doing—The Little Colored Mascot Discovered at Omaha, and at Once Booked for Australia—The Team Well and Happy.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 4.—I would like to spend a week in writing of the beautiful and very interesting trip we have had across this great continent. It is well worth while for everybody to pay the fare out here and back just for the trip, whether they have any business here or not. The cities of the far West are exceedingly interesting, and the people are open-hearted and hospitable. We had excellent accommodations on the trains, and, as usual, the best hotels where we stopped over.

One of the most interesting places we visited was Salt Lake City. The whole State of Utah is a veritable "land of promise," and when the attention of the outside world, which has been diverted by a consideration of the religious and social features, is once directed to the material and natural resources of this section, Salt Lake will have such a boom as will assure her a place on the western slope as Denver has hers on the eastern. There was a large crowd present to see the two teams play in the afternoon, but the rain, which had been threatening all the forenoon, came down in torrents when only four and a half innings had been played. At the end of the even innings the score stood: All-America, 9; Chicago, 8. The batteries were, for All-America, Crane and Earle; for Chicago, Tener and Daly. Tener was hit very hard, though, as he afterwards averred, he was pitching as hard as he ever did in his life.

Indeed a remarkable feature of this trip, to date, has been the heavy hitting by both teams, though the pitchers are doing their level-best. Little Earle is doing fine work in facing the lightning deliveries of both Crane and Healy, and he appears to have in him the making of a first-class catcher. He is young, strong, active and, above all, willing, and if he keeps his eyes and ears open, as he seems disposed, until next Spring there will be few of the tricks he will not know. The rain which continued to pour all through Wednesday night and Thursday forenoon interfered with a proposed horseback tour of the surrounding country, and as the ladies, too, were intending to participate, there were many expressions of disappointment on all sides.

But we are an ambitious set of sight-seers and not to be robbed of our opportunities, even by the elements. So, with overshoes and umbrellas, we started on foot to do the sights of the city. The feature of "Zion" to the average tourist is of course the religious side, and the first point to be visited is therefore "Temple Block." It embraces four principal buildings—the Endowment House, in which the marriage, baptismal and endowment rites were formerly celebrated; the old Temple, now the Assembly Hall; the Tabernacle, in which the regular services are now held, and, finally, the new Temple, which is yet unfinished. It is a magnificent stone structure, completed all but the towers, and has been in process of construction since 1853. It has already cost over $3,000,000, and, contrary to the general custom in church buildings is all paid for to date. It is being built by voluntary contributions, and not a stone is laid until there is money to pay for it. None but Mormon workmen are employed in any capacity. The commendable practice of paying as they go seems to be a pretty general rule among these people. Mr. Watson, who for many years has been the buyer for the "Zion Co-Operative Mercantile Institution," a company which does a wholesale and retail business of over $5,000,000 yearly, informs me that the bad debts on its books amount to almost nothing.

In the second game at Salt Lake Long John Healy had sweet revenge on the Chicagos for the way they hit him at Colorado Springs. Eight men struck out and the entire team was at his mercy. Of the five hits made, several would have been fielded but for the slippery ground. On the other hand, the All-Americans hit Baldwin hard. Anson, who caught Baldwin, stopped well, but was off in his throwing. The batting and base-running of Hanlon, Brown, Fogarty and Van Haltren delighted the spectators. The score resulted 10 to 8 in favor of All-America.

If any one imagines these games are not "for blood" he is mistaken. The men are all playing just as hard as they did in League championship contests. Instead of offering a grand prize of $1,000 to the team winning the majority of games, as was the original intention, Mr. Spalding decided to give $5 to each player of the winning team each day. This will cost the management some money before the Winter is over, but, as I have remarked before, Mr. Spalding has nothing small in his nature. He has also assured us collectively that if the venture proves a financial success, as now seems probable, he will materially increase the salary of each man. It is his intention to keep count of the deportment and play of each one, and when this extra amount is paid it will be in proportion to the good work done by each.

Since we left Salt Lake we have been most of the time spinning along through miles and miles of sage-brush. The only incident to vary the monotony was an occasional glimpse of a jack-rabbit that bounded away as though he thought the train was after him, or a slinking coyote that trots sullenly along apparently indifferent to our approach. I had forgotten to mention that we have a "mascot" with us. Every baseball patron in the East will remember the little black "coon" who swung the baton and marched the Chicagos on to the field. He had disappeared, no one knew where, until, when the two teams were in Omaha, the boys espied him with baton in hand, sitting on the curb, looking very ragged and forlorn. The recognition was a mutually happy one, especially for the little ragamuffin, who had just lost his place with some travelling show and was actually hungry. The boys fitted him out with a new suit of clothes, got him something to eat and he is now booked for Australia. Every one is glad to hear that George Wright is to go with us, and we now feel as though we can make some showing at cricket.

JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD.

THE SQUADRON DID NOT SAIL.

Delays in Repairing the Navy Postpone the Winter Cruise.

The North Atlantic squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., which was booked to sail on a Winter's cruise yesterday, did not start, as none of the ships of the fleet are ready for sea. The flagship of the home squadron, the Pensacola, Capt. Arthur R. Yates, is undergoing repairs at the Norfolk Navy-Yard. She is being fitted with new boilers and decks and will have to be docked to receive a new shaft.

The corvettes Galena, Commander Colby M. Chester, and Yantic, Commander O. F. Heyerman, which have been at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard since their return from the Canadian fishing banks, are still in the hands of the yard authorities.

Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, said to a reporter of THE WORLD yesterday that these two vessels were not yet ready for sea.

"The ships were under orders to sail from here to-day on a regular cruise in the West Indes," he added, "but owing to want of material to complete their repairs the corvettes will not be ready for sea until the latter part of this month. The Galena, no doubt, will be the first one to leave the Navy-Yard, but will be placed in the dry dock previous to her departure on her Southern cruise. The Richmond was detached as flagship from the North Atlantic squadron some months ago and will soon start out on a three years' cruise to China, where she will serve as flagship of the Asiatic station.

"And then there is the Atlanta; she does not belong to any squadron just now. I don't know where she will be ordered to; we have received no official communication from Washington about the cruiser. She has been thoroughly overhauled, and is expected to be ready for sea within two weeks."

The Kearsarge, Commander A. D. Brown, which was put in commission some weeks ago, is now at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard, and will probably leave in a few days for Hampton Roads, Va. Here all the ships of the North Atlantic squadron will rendezvous and receive their final sailing orders from the Commander-in-Chief of the home squadron. As the Pensacola will not be ready for sea before next March, Admiral Luce expects to go to sea in the Galena, and will take his staff along. The Admiral's personal staff is composed of Lieut. John F. Meigs, Fleet Gunnery Officer; Lieut. W. S. Colwell, Fleet Secretary, and Lieut. Alexander Sharp, jr., Fleet Signal Officer. This will be Admiral Luce's last cruise, as the veteran sailor will be retired from active duty some time next March.

Married at Paterson.

Mr. Andrew Snyder and Miss Nellie V. Kane, both of Paterson, were married at the bride's residence in Straight street, on Wednesday evening. Guests from New York, Connecticut, Long Island and Newark were present. Mr. Charles T. Ellis, the actor, was present with his wife.

CINDER PATH AND FIELD.

Amateur Athletic Records Broken During the Past Week.

MATEUR athletic sports on cinder path and field are about over for the season, and as told in this column last Sunday the wearers of spiked shoes and walking pumps will hereafter confine their efforts mainly to arenas inclosed and covered. Tuesday marked the close of the out-door athletic season and saw a brilliant wind-up of a brilliant season. Conneff and Mitchell, the two Irish athletes, who now wear the "cherry diamond" of the Manhattan Club, each secured two new records. Westing performed remarkably well in the sprint races and Copeland captured the hurdle race easily and in such time as to make it apparent to all that he could have equalled the record had he so desired. The Outing Club also had a grand meeting, of which the star performance was that of Pollman in the mile walk. The bicycle tourney at Berkeley Oval was also a great success, and the Suburban Harriers' race across country for the Kilpatrick prize was one of the best in the history of the Club.

My remarks last Sunday anent the proposed criticism of men connected with the Amateur Union and newspaper reporters who have a leaning towards that organization, by the editor of the Manhattan *Chronicle*, were verified, and to a startling degree. The *Chronicle* appeared Saturday, and a perusal of it showed me that Mr. Hughes had kept his promise to "make it warm for you." Until I read the paper I had no idea of the infamy which Bill Curtis, Jim Sullivan, Sam Austin and myself are guilty of. I did not know until then that I was "a renegade Irishman," or, for that matter, an Irishman at all. Not that I would object to being a Celt; indeed more gentlemen come from Ireland than are exported from "the Seven Dials," and they indulge in much more proper language than the habitués of Billingsgate. It is a well-known fact that when a woman has no better argument to support her cause she resorts to tears, and it is equally as well known that when a man resorts to vilification he is supporting a lost cause. Therefore I take it that Mr. Hughes found it necessary to vilify the gentlemen I have already named. He might have been content with that, however, since the hard names he gave them would not have injured them. But he went further and actually demanded the discharge of those writers for daily newspapers who have the independence to write of matters athletic as they know them. It has come to a pretty pass when an athletic club or an officer of an athletic club assumes the prerogative of naming the men who shall write for newspapers. All criticism that is honest must offend some one, and especially true is this in athletics. I have no desire to enter into argument with the editor of the sheet referred to, for I believe in doing so I would lose time and waste my energy, but I will say this, that all that he has said regarding me is absolutely false and maliciously so.

A week from next Saturday night the supplementary championship contest of the Amateur Athletic Union will be held in Madison Square Garden. It will be the first indoor athletic meeting of the Union, and the powers that be are doing all in their power to make it a success. To this end they are sparing no expense, and the prizes that will be awarded successful athletes will be the most handsome ever given for indoor competition. The programme of events is a lengthy one and well arranged. Some changes have been made since they were first announced, but the changes are slight and immaterial. That the games will be run off in good order goes without saying. The way in which the Games Committee did its work at Detroit in September is a guarantee that all will be satisfactory to competitors and spectators. In this connection I am reminded that these games will probably be marked by the first appearance in this country of Arthur George and W. T. Young, the famous cross-country runners of England, who recently arrived here and who, though guests of the Manhattan Athletic Club, have not as yet transgressed Union rules, and are therefore eligible to compete. They may, however, forfeit this right by running in the ten-mile race of the M. A. C. on the afternoon of the 21st. George, who is a younger brother of W. G. George, whose races with Lon Myers made him celebrated in this country, is a well-formed young man, with a light body, but long and sturdy limbs. He runs easily and with some grace, but resembles old George Hazael more than any runner I can now call to mind. He covers a lot of ground at each stride and promises to make it warm for any man against whom he races for any distance. Young is a short, stocky chap, with fair hair and blue eyes. He is not an ungraceful runner, nor is he a man to whom any particular praise can be given as regards style. He runs in an easy way, however, and is said to be a great man across country. How he will compare with the harriers on this side of the water remains to be seen.

That professional sprint races can be run without public betting was proved last Tuesday, when a large number of fast men raced for a purse hung up by the Outing Athletic Club. The sprinters were all "tryers," and close races and fast time was the result. Steve Farrell was the virtual scratch man, and he succeeded in getting second money, although penalized a yard for a false start. Had he not been set back he would have won the race. George Turner was the pistol-firer, and he kept the men on their marks in good style and sent them away without advantage to any individual. It is a pity that Turner's services are not more often called on by the games committees of our local clubs. He would soon convince the amateur sprinters that it is folly to try and beat the pistol, as so many now do. Of all quick movers off a mark, however, Copeland is the "Jim Dandy." Al has for a long time bothered the starters hereabouts, and his runaway race at Travers Island when he beat Fred Westing was a sample of what he can do when he makes up his mind. Westing, however, is not giving "Cope" much the best of it of late, and he, too, stands chances in getting away. Fred and Al tried the trick together last Tuesday, but were caught by Harry Pike, and both were set back a yard. That lost the race for Copeland and the place for Westing, they being beaten out by about eighteen inches, Copeland being third and Westing fourth. It was a grand race for the champion, however, he doing 101 yards less 18 inches in 10 1-5s. At that he got only a fairly good start, else he might have got home first. Copeland's performance in the hurdle race was also a good one, and Conneff's two-mile race a grand one. I had been told by Mr. Hughes a week previous that Conneff had stopped training. If such was the case then the rest had done Tommy good, for I can safely say that I never saw him run with more ease and speed. If he had been pushed at all he would surely have given us a new record for the distance.

To-day the Fresh-Air Club will have its seventh walk of the season, and Mr. Curtis has selected another pretty and picturesque portion of the country as a tramping ground. There is rare sport to be had on these tramps, and with the sport, healthy exercise. To-day the Club members and guests will walk from Red Bank to Highland Park, to the Highlands of the Navesink and Seabright, and in all will have walked over twenty-four miles when the journey is over. These tramps across the country are gaining popularity, and now we hear of a half dozen parties walking in different parts of the country near New York. Paper-chasing is also looming up, and there are 100 packs of harriers to-day, as against one a decade ago. Having been a member of the first Hare and Hounds Club ever organized in America I can appreciate the wonderful growth of the sport, and I also appreciate the good done by Walter S. Vosburgh, the first man to start the ball rolling. It was by him that the sport of paper-chasing was first introduced into this country, and I believe all who have gained health and amusement by running in hare and hounds packs will feel kindly disposed to him. I may in the near future write about the old Hare and Hounds Clubs and give portraits of the men who were a few years ago famous as cross-country runners, but of whom little is heard now.

P. J. D.

Chat About Athletes.

Bill Curtis will lead the Fresh-Air Club over the Highlands of the Navesink to-day.

Tommy Conneff will not compete in the ten-mile race of the Manhattan Athletic Club.

Dr. J. C. Daly, the Irish athlete, sailed for Ireland yesterday. He was given a great send-off.

Walton Storm, the Treasurer of the M. A. C., was re-elected Alderman of his district last Tuesday.

The indoor championship games of the Amateur Union will be decided on the 21st. Entries close next Wednesday.

Pullman, of the Pastime Club, has developed considerable speed of late. The P. A. C. is very strong in the walking line.

The "Buffaloes" will gather in force at Madison Square Garden on the night of the 21st. The whole "outfit" will be there.

The Outing A. C. will hold a professional sprint race on Thanksgiving Day. The men who run for money now look towards Brooklyn.

Benny Williams, of the N. Y. A. C., bet on Cleveland and mourns the loss of $1,000. Clarence M. Smith "stumped" for Harrison and is very happy.

Arthur George looks very much like W. G., but runs like George Hazael. W. T. Young is short and stocky and runs in much the same style that Billy Robertson did when he was a champion.

Read the "WANTS." 'Tis queer, indeed if there you find not what you need

A LIVING "PHILIP HERNE."

THE BABY ABANDONED IN THE WOODS FALLS AMONG FRIENDS.

George Waters, a Friend of Mrs. Fiske, Adopts the Waif—The Authoress Plays Nurse to the Little Stranger and Calls Him After Her Play—The Gaetens, Who Abandoned the Youngster, Held.

The poor babe, hardly ten days old, which was found in the woods near Highbridge last Thursday night, where it had been abandoned by wretches to gain the pittance paid by its poor mother to secure for it a home, is at last safely sheltered. Mary Fiske, the well-known writer and author of "Philip Herne," has opened her heart to the little mite. It was Mary Fiske who took charge of the baby last Thursday night when it was taken to the station-house at Highbridge by Policeman Walkins, and George Waters, proprietor of the Woodbine Hotel at Highbridge, will adopt the child. The story reads like a play and the curtain fell yesterday with the innocent and persecuted happy and the wrongdoers in the clutches of the law.

Mary Ellen McGee, the mother of the child, appeared yesterday at the Essex Market Police Court against James Gaetens and his wife Cecilia, who are charged with having abandoned the child. The mother, looking pale and ill, told of her having given the child to Mrs. Gaetens, who promised for $8 to secure a good home for the little one. "Little did I think," said the poor woman, with sob-broken utterance and tear-stained cheeks, "that my child was out in the storm Thursday. All I want is to leave it in a good home and that I be allowed to begin life again. I have suffered so much, and kind friends seem willing now to lend me a helping hand."

Gaetens looked pale and ill. He is a dreadful looking object. He is so thin that the bones almost protrude from his skin. His eyes are sunken and bloodshot. A week's growth of beard adds a grisly effect to his gauntness. He clutched at the reporter as he entered the dock and said to him in a hoarse whisper:

"You'll let me off, won't you, boss? I have a character. I am a temperance man. I can't get work. Me and my woman have walked the streets many a night in the rain and cold, dead tired, in want of a bed and hungry for a bit to eat. Ten dollars—it was a good sum—it would buy us something to eat and a place to sleep. She wanted to get rid of the kid. I will tell the whole truth about it. I am dying of heart disease. It would kill me to shut me up"——

His horrible yet pathetic story—half confession, half entreaty—was cut short by the voice of Justice Gorman, and in answer to the questions Gaetens repeated his story as printed in THE WORLD yesterday. He persisted in his claim that he had given the child to the mysterious Mr. Watson, and, despite what he had said to the reporter, protested his innocence.

Justice Gorman remanded him and his wife until Monday at 1.30, when several important witnesses are expected to make a clear case against them.

Mary McGee, in company with Detective McManus, then went to Randall's Wharf to identify the child. In the meantime George Waters, armed with a letter from Mary Fiske, paid a visit to Commissioners Brennan and Blake to ask them to allow him to adopt the child. Commissioner Blake at first was unwilling to allow the child to leave the Island until after the usual seven months—the term during which pauper babies are compelled to remain at the nursery—had clapsed. But as soon as the kindhearted Commissioner read Mrs. Fiske's letter he changed his mind. "The baby is in luck," he said. "Yes, Mr. Waters, you can have it."

It would, perhaps, be unkind to relate the subsequent adventures of Mr. Waters. He is a bachelor and not accustomed to babies. His friends would certainly have been interested in reading how he crossed the river to the Island in a rowboat while a very deluge of rain was pouring down; how he took the baby in his arms, wrapped it in a thick cloak and, the passage to the mainland accomplished, carried it as tenderly as a woman might have to the Sixth Avenue Elevated station. It would certainly touch every mother's heart and induce eligible young ladies to "set their caps" for him were it known how Mr. Waters walked up and down the aisle of the car in patient efforts to still the cries of his novel acquisition, and seeking to conjure it to sleep by singing THE WORLD'S lullaby, "Kutchy-Kutchy-Coo." But perhaps Mr. Waters might not like this to become known.

The news of the baby's presence on the train spread rapidly, and many came to pay their respects to the foundling whom Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Waters had defended and whose identity and the would-be murderers THE WORLD had discovered.

When Mr. Waters reached the Woodbine Hotel at High Bridge, with the baby in his arms, there was a rush of ladies to the piazza, and the infant became the lion of the hour. Its passage—still in Mr. Waters's arms—to Mrs. Fiske's room was like a triumphal procession. Arrived there, the little stranger was duly installed in a pretty basket lined with blue satin, which that good lady had made for it that morning. Chico, the monkey, and Fido, the dog, the former favorites, received the baby coldly, but the warm welcome it received from his new mother compensated him for the snubs of his rivals. It was a picture to see Mrs. Fiske mixing strange compounds in saucepans, filling milk bottles, fitting on little socks and stopping every few minutes in the multitudinous tasks to prattle in cooey-tootsy syllables to the baby. As for that bit of humanity, it curled himself up in his new cradle and, grasping the milk bottle, smiled.

"He knows where he is!" cried Mrs. Fiske, in delight. "I will name it Philip Herne and will have it registered at the hotel. We will soon have another Democratic voter."

Mr. Waters will sign the adoption papers to-morrow. He intends to rear and educate the child as his own.

Capt. Saunders, of the Twenty-first Precinct, said that there was no such person as Watson living near the spot designated by Gaetens. A gentleman whom the Captain will produce at the trial Monday saw a man and woman with a small baby dressed as the foundling was, enter the piece of woods where the baby was afterwards found about 12 o'clock Thursday. He thinks he can identify the couple.

Policeman Waltens said that his horse had almost stepped on the child when he heard a cry. He quickly drew rein and dismounted and found the baby in the grass.

And so it came to pass that almost within sound of the wind-tossed branches beneath which he was left Thursday, a nameless waif, to die, the babe now rests secure with kind friends and a name.

MRS. JAY GOULD ABLE TO SPEAK.

A Slight Improvement in Her Condition Noticed Yesterday.

Mrs. Jay Gould's condition remained practically unchanged yesterday. If anything, there was a slight improvement. Russell Sage, who called at the house before coming downtown in the morning, saw Mr. Gould for a few minutes, and Mr. Gould said his wife had been able to speak a few words. She had been speechless since last Tuesday, when the second stroke of paralysis occurred.

The somewhat more favorable conditions gave Mr. Gould and the family renewed hope of Mrs. Gould's ultimate recovery, although of course her death now would carry no surprise with it. But Mrs. Gould has never before had a serious illness, and she is a woman of more than common vitality and physical force.

She began ailing shortly after the family returned from Saratoga and grew worse after she had been at Irvington a few days. When the middle of October had been reached and a transfer to Mr. Gould's town house became desirable it was doubtful for several days whether or not Mrs. Gould could be safely removed. She improved sufficiently, however, to warrant the journey, and the change was effected.

The anxiety which Mrs. Gould has for a long time had respecting her husband's health undoubtedly is the chief cause of her own breaking down physically.

She Drank Bug Poison for Brandy.

Mrs. Weller, wife of Surrogate Weller, of Hempstead, L. I., this morning complained of feeling ill and drank from a bottle which she supposed contained brandy. She was shortly seized with vomiting and spasms. Three physicians were summoned, and it was ascertained that Mrs. Weller had taken bed-bug poison. Her condition is critical.

Short and Long Courtships.

Daisy Dandelion, Essex, Conn., is perplexed over the question of short and long courtships, and wants our advice. Well, Daisy, it is hard to make a rule to fit every case, but in general we will say that long courtships are not advisable. Many women, pale, haggard, wan and wasted from long continued uterine ailments, are forced to banish all thoughts of marriage. Such unfortunate sufferers should know that DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, "bearing-down sensations," chronic congestions, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."
For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.