THE WORLD.

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THE NOVEMBER RECORD.

Total number of "Worlds" printed during the month of November, 1887,

8,505,840.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR THE ENTIRE MONTH,

283,528 COPIES.

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION during the past six years compared:

	Monthly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	943,861	31,462
1883	1,361,670	45,389
1884	3,845,834	128,194
1885	4,948,453	164,948
1886	6,107,490	203,580
1887	8,505,840	283,528

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(Agate Measurement.)

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CLUBBING IN VAIN.

Whether the Republican gathering in this city shall prove to be made up of the soft-stuffed clubs of harmony or the knotted clubs of contention, its talk will be all in vain.

The people will not be frightened again by that humbug old "free trade" spook. It is now the BARNUM's mermaid of politics.

The taxpayer will not maintain a tariff for surplus.

Business will no longer carry the burden of $100,000,000 needless taxation.

The taxes to be first abated are those that bear hardest on the greatest number of people—namely, the war tariff upon the necessities of life and the essentials of manufactures.

Against these hard facts the clubs will rattle in vain.

SOMETHING IS WRONG.

A director of the wrecked Fidelity Bank in Cincinnati, warned by ex-Vice-President HARPER's swift imprisonment, has skipped for Europe.

No New York boodler or briber has lately seen any reason for skedaddling.

When the administration or the interpretation of law gives immunity to rogues and confidence to law-breakers, it is manifest that the "safeguards of innocence" have been converted into shields for guilt.

IS MONOPOLY A "HIGHER LAW?"

An expert of the Bell Telephone Company modestly opines that the only telephone law that is likely to be enforced is the law of supply and demand—the public to do all the demanding and the monopoly all the supplying. In a clash, "the laws of the Legislatures are knocked out."

This testimony is a model of frankness and an unadulterated specimen of gall. It means, in brief, that the BELL monopoly claims to be superior to law of all kinds. It has certainly acted on that principle.

What have the people to say to this impudent assumption?

JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY.

Prof. THOMPSON is not fortunate in his citation of ANDREW JACKSON in favor of distributing surplus revenue among the States.

"Old Hickory" lived to see the folly of such an unconstitutional and unjust policy. In a message to Congress he said:

The simplest way of obviating all difficulties which have been mentioned is to *collect only revenue enough to meet the wants of the Government*, and let the people keep the balance of their property in their hands for their profit.

This was JACKSON's way of dealing with a surplus. And it is CLEVELAND's.

AN APPEAL TO NEPTUNE.

What is this we hear of your latest antics, old Neptune? Destroying Coney Island! Undermining the hotels! Cutting the people's great seaside resort in two!

This is pretty business for an old salt like you. Three-quarters of the globe is under your sway already. You have sand bars galore that you can devour to your heart's content without injuring anybody. Why destroy the little strip of beach that means so much of summer delight, especially to the children of the metropolis?

Be gentle with that hungry surf, old Poseidon. Turn that plough a little off shore and spare our Coney Island.

POOR AMERICANS.

What sort of stuff are the politicians and business men made of who cry out that it will "close up our manufactories," "prostrate industry" and "pauperize labor" to lower by ever so little the war tariff?

They are either dupes or demagogues.

Did this country have no manufactures, no varied industries, no well-paid labor, no prosperity before the war tariff was enacted? Never until 1865 did we have a 47 per cent. tariff. And yet what wonderful prosperity and progress the nation had made!

Away with such puerile stuff! The United States, with its isolation, its liberty, its magnificent resources, its vast territory, its men- developing institutions, could hold its own against the world without any tariff. It certainly doesn't need one of 47 per cent.

THE SPEAKERSHIP SQUABBLE.

What a pretty spectacle is this Speakership scramble of Bald-Eagle HUSTED and Adonis COLE! How edifying the button-holing, the wirepulling, the braggadocio, the miscellaneous lying and the general cavorting about of the ambitious Republican small-fry politicians!

And this is the approved Republican method: to degrade an office in the getting of it. For what is left of the dignity and the honor of the Speakership after such a squabble?

No wonder that in the Assembly public office means public distrust.

NO PLACE FOR BOYS.

No more ball playing in Duane Street Park for the boys. Fifty-two abnormally nervous people object.

It is evident that there is no place for boys in this town. They are not wanted in the streets. They are declared a nuisance in the vacant lots. They have to "keep off the grass" in the parks.

Have the boys no rights which the community is bound to respect? Better abolish them altogether than to abolish the sports essential to their health and vigor.

What a piece of impudence it is for an Old Whig relic, who out-Clays CLAY in defending an unnecessary tariff, to assert that "nobody thought of the Democratic platform" in the recent election in this State. For what are platforms made if not to declare the policy and purpose of a party?

Fancy the feelings of a starved-out Lehigh miner as he hears from a Pittsburg coal dealer that "the placing of coal on the free list would be a direct stab at the American laborer." The stab could only put him out of misery. He couldn't live on any less wages than "protection" gives him.

Mr. BLAINE is improving his opportunities. He has called upon a Republican President in France—something that neither he nor anybody else will have a chance to do in the glorious United States for the next five years at least.

KEELY, the inventor of the motor that does not mote, claims to have discovered a new force, or law, which he calls "vibratory sympathy." Pshaw! that is as old as the passion that makes "two hearts beat as one."

The alternation between hope and despair in the case of the brave Crown Prince again recalls the sad parallel furnished in GRANT's fatal illness. There seems little hope that the end will not be the same.

BOULANGER declares "that France has a greater need of Generals than of Deputies." She has more need of men at the plough and loom than of men on horseback.

Mr. GERRY's society is right. It is certainly cruelty to ordinary children to set them up as rivals of the genius-gifted JOSEF HOFMANN.

An Ontario legislator has been indicted for bribery. The Dominion is gradually qualifying for annexation.

An Irish amateur is to "face SULLIVAN." His nearest friend won't recognize his face if JOHN L. hits it.

There is naturally more or less uproar about the establishment of the Babies' Hospital.

WORLDLINGS.

The biggest tree in California—and it is a monster, indeed—is the "Keystone State," in the Calaveras Grove. It is 325 feet high and 45 feet in circumference.

Judge Morgan L. Martin, who died at Green Bay, Wis., last Friday, was with Peter Juneau, the founder of the city of Milwaukee. He made and recorded the first plat of the city in 1835.

A Lansing (Mich.) commission man has received from a New York firm an order for a large quantity of wish-bones, which will eventually be gilded and attached to "good luck" cards for the holiday trade.

The Mexicans have recently introduced a new wrinkle in bull-fighting, which is to dot the arena with electric lights. It is said that the brilliant lights make the tamest bull wild with rage and terror.

Samuel Spencer, who has just been made President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at a salary of $25,000 a year, was a rodman earning a scant salary only a few years ago. He is not yet forty years old.

The New Smyrna (Fla.) *Breeze* says: "Florida is top-heavy. She has too many lawyers, doctors, teachers, preachers, editors and tramps, and not enough men who earn their living by the sweat of their brow."

Thomas W. Malone, an old steamboatman, of Gallipolis, O., has invented a machine which he claims will solve the problem of perpetual motion. It is constructed on the principle of the inertia of centrifugal force.

Three petrified toads were found in a bucket in the cellar of the Cumberland Valley Railroad station at Chambersburg, Pa., recently. The bucket was placed in the cellar last summer, when the toads are supposed to have hopped into it.

The two-year-old son of a citizen of Talladega, Fla., began a career of anarchy last week by filling a brass tube with powder, plugging it up at one end and touching it off at the other. Unfortunately, he miscalculated the force of the explosion and was badly, if not fatally, injured.

There is still plenty of big game left in the wilder portions of Tennessee. A party of five sportsmen who recently spent a few days hunting in Dyer County bagged nineteen deer and one bear. They say that if they had given all their time to hunting deer they could have killed fifty.

Three bald eagles of great size, which for five years past have preyed upon the herds and flocks of Blount County, Ala., and caused the farmers great loss and annoyance, were recently caught in traps by two young men named McCoy. The largest of the eagles measured twelve feet from tip to tip of the wings.

A massive ferry-boat, built expressly with a view to its ability to crush the heavy ice in the Straits of Mackinac, is being constructed at Detroit for the Mackinac Transportation Company. It will ply between Mackinac and Point St. Ignace. The boat will be 225 feet long, 52 feet in breadth and will have compound engines of 2,000 horse-power.

WED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

CURIOUS COMPLICATIONS OF A BROOKLYN MAN'S SARATOGA FLIRTATION.

He Gave a Pretty Girl Some Flowers on the Grand Union Piazza and Then Married Her—But She Already Had One Husband and Says That the Bouquet Was Drugged—A Queer Case.

[*From the Albany Journal.*]

A strange story is told by a Brooklyn young man concerning an adventure he had in Saratoga last summer. Out of this adventure has grown a suit for the annulment of a marriage. While the Brooklyn young gentleman was sitting on the piazza of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga last summer a beautiful young girl passed. She had luminous black eyes, dark wavy tresses, a clear, olive complexion and a lithe, shapely figure. As she passed him the young man threw at her a flower and observed that she stooped and picked it up. The following day he waited patiently on the piazza and when she appeared offered her a bouquet, which she accepted. From this meeting grew an intimacy which developed into a wedding engagement. The parents of the young lady, who were Hebrews, objected to her marriage with the young man, who was a Roman Catholic, but the objection did not seem to be too serious to be overcome.

At all events the young couple agreed that they would be married privately, and for that reason, accompanied by a servant in the employ of the young lady's mother, the couple drove to Ballston Spa in September, and were married by a clergyman in that village. They then returned to Saratoga, and the young lady went to her mother's home and the young gentleman to the hotel where he had been boarding. They met several times thereafter. The young lady, it is said, requested the clergyman, when the marriage was performed, not to make any record of it, but he declined to agree to this. On the threshold of the door she took the certificate and tore it into fragments, as is asserted. While the young husband was walking the streets of Saratoga a week after his marriage, a man stepped up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"What do you mean?"

The bridegroom, startled and amazed, asked for an explanation.

"Why," said the stranger, "what do you mean by going off with my wife and marrying her?"

The Brooklyn man said it was true that he had been married, but he did not know that he had married anybody's wife.

"Well, you have," said the stranger, "and I will hold you responsible for it."

The bridegroom went at once to the house of the bride's parents, confronted the mother and demanded to know what the story meant. The mother replied that it was true and upbraided him for abducting the young lady who was already tied by the marriage bond.

A suit for the annulment of the marriage was brought in Brooklyn and the case has been sent to a referee. It is said that some interesting testimony has been drawn out and that sensational developments are expected before the case closes.

The young lady tells her friends that she was not responsible for what she did; that she was under the influence of the young man, and that when she entered the carriage to drive to Ballston he gave her a large bouquet, and she believes that she inhaled some sleeping powders that he had placed upon the blossoms, and that this bereft her of her senses. This remarkable statement is only one of the many peculiar phases of the case. When the facts are made public they will create a sensation.

The young bridegroom was engaged in a manufacturing business, and at the time of his marriage was supposed to be well-to-do, but has had business reverses, and his friends charge that the loss of his property may have had something to do with his sudden domestic complications. At all events the case is a queer one.

THINGS OF INTEREST IN SOCIETY.

The first cotillon for this season will be given this evening at Delmonico's. The Committee of Management is composed of Mrs. F. R. Jones, Mrs. Walker Breese Smith and Mrs. Arthur Welman. Among the subscribers are Mr. Frank Gray Griswold, Mr. Frank Webb, Mr. Creighton Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alexandre, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Miller, Mrs. Valentine Hall, Miss Hall, Mrs. W. B. Cutting, Miss Cary, Mr. Leslie Cutting, Mr. Hamilton Cary, Dr. and Mrs. S. Webb, Mr. Amory Carhart, Mr. A. Gurnee, J. Hooker Hamersley, Miss Thoran, Mr. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Storey, Mr. Norman Whitehouse, Mr. Alfred R. Conkling, Miss Laura Conkling, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Jackson, Miss Jackson, Miss Ashmore, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Rives, Miss Chapman, Miss Cram, Mrs. B. Cutting, Mrs. John D. Cheever, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cary, Mrs. John Draper, Mrs. and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gallatin, Mr. and Mrs. Howland Pell, Miss Gibert, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell Hone, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoe, the Misses Hoe, the Misses Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clarkson, the Misses Sands, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Breese Smith, the Misses Turnure, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnure, Mr. Egerton Winthrop, jr., Mr. Edward du Vivier and Mr. Reginald Franklyn.

Mrs. Aaron Bertrand Reid, of 121 Madison avenue, will give a reception this afternoon to introduce her daughter, Miss Bertha Reid, from 4 until 7 o'clock. After the reception a dinner to thirty-six guests will be given. Miss Louise Floyd-Jones, Miss Nelaile Woods, Mrs. John Pyne, Miss Lillian Ferris, Mrs. F. B. Austin, Miss Emily Lazarus, Mrs. William Fisher, Miss Bertha Allen, Mrs. John Stuyvesant White, Miss Frances Labena, Mrs. Sanders, the Misses Gardner and Miss Parkin, great-granddaughter of Gov. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, will assist in receiving. Among those expected are: Mrs. Augustus Field, Miss Field, Mrs. John Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Schermerhorn, Mrs. John Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge, Mr. and Mrs. William Field, Mr. and Mrs. Doremus, Miss Doremus, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Mrs. Ethan Allen, Mrs. Stewart Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ellis, Mr. George Bard, Miss Bard, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Borrowe, Miss Gwynn, Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Morris and Miss Clarisse H. Livingston.

Mrs. E. Hudson Ogden, of 114 East Thirtieth street, will give a reception this afternoon.

The Russian Praxdnik will open at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and will last until 11 o'clock to-night at the home of Mrs. W. Jennings Demorest, 21 East Fifty-seventh street. It will be continued during the same hours to-morrow and on Saturday.

Mrs. Janing, of 15 Washington place, gave a dinner last evening.

Mrs. Frederick Baker, of 815 Fifth avenue, will give a dance this evening.

The Southern Society of New York will give its annual dinner this evening at the Hotel Brunswick.

Miss Gardner and Miss Coudert, of this city, and Miss Nina Smith, of Baltimore, will assist Mrs. Donovan in receiving this afternoon at the reception which she gives at her home in Philadelphia to introduce her daughter.

Mrs. E. R. Ware, a sister of the Countess Galli, and Miss Ware, who have been abroad for more than ten years, are making a short stay in this city.

A DREAM OF LOVE DISTURBED.

A Specimen Chapter of New York Life Which Gets Into Out-of-Town Papers.

[*Pittsburg Post New York Letter.*]

The old Scotch rhyme that "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agiee" is continually proving true, especially in the case of a Mr. Marvin here in New York. Mr. M. was a clerk in a big wholesale store here until five years ago, when he married the daughter of his employer and began to do nothing but live on the old man. In return for the privilege of spending his wife's private fortune he has treated her like the scamp that he is. There were no children, and the father a year ago determined to be rid of his unworthy son-in-law. Detectives were employed to watch him, but so well covered were his tracks that he escaped until Friday last, when he was confronted in a situation that will deliver one unhappy and deluded woman from a designing and unworthy husband.

Mr. Marvin had to go to St. Louis on business connected with his wife's property—the only business he attends to. He returned to New York last Wednesday, and on Friday a neat express parcel was delivered at the house addressed to Mr. Marvin. For some reason, possibly because upon pressure Mrs. M. discovered it was a smallish female slipper, the lady opened the package and beneld a No. 3 Louis Quinze slipper made of old gold and crimson brocade. It was a very expensive bit of footgear, and inside on the blue silk lining, in small letters, was found the name "Miss Campbell," and on the sole, tucked away next the high heel, on the arched Spanish instep, was a stamp bearing the name and address of a well-known Broadway shoe store. Slipped inside the slipper the lady found the card from a second-rate hotel in Cincinnati on which was written:

"DEAR SIR: This was found by the chambermaid after you left, and, consulting a New York directory, we were enabled to restore it to you. Respectfully yours,

"HASH & WAFFLES,
"Proprietors Hotel de l'Onest."

Saturday morning a party called at the Broadway shoe store to get the address of a Miss Campbell, for whom they made shoes. The good-natured clerk examined the books, and found they made shoes for three Miss Campbells. What sort of looking lady was she? The person seeking the information remembered the slipper was a No. 3 and A width, and said "a slender lady," and the clerk decided it was Miss Campbell, of Lexington avenue. The Lexington avenue house was a flat house, and Saturday afternoon a very agreeable man hanging around the neighborhood got acquainted with a half dozen servants belonging to the building. The janitor's son went around to Third avenue and had several drinks with his new made friend, and from him the agreeable man learned that Miss Campbell was a great swell, lived very high, and had plenty of fine friends and one whiskered gentleman who seemed to be her "steady company." The steady company's description tallied with that of Mr. Marvin's, with the exception of the whiskers, and the fact that Miss Campbell had been away the past two weeks increased the favorable symptoms of the case.

The agreeable gentleman went away, but his place was filled in part by another, and that other saw Marvin, evidently disguised, enter the house at 9 o'clock Saturday evening. At 10.30 he had not come out, when an elderly gentleman and two severe-looking men drove up, rang the janitor's bell and had a short but satisfactory understanding with that thrifty person. The result was that all four went to the third, which was the Campbell flat. The bell was rung twice, when a voice asked who was there. The janitor said "there was a strong smell of smoke coming up from the kitchen of the flat next door, and he wanted to go out on her fire escape to look in, as the family had not yet got home and he could not open any doors."

The unsuspicious Miss Campbell closed the parlor door and opened the hall door. The janitor struck down the passage toward the kitchen, but the other three gentlemen opened the parlor door and turned up the light that was burning dimly.

An overcoat, hat and false whiskers were thrown on a plush lounge, which the elderly man picked up, and, with the two following the trio, passed under a lovely draped arch into the boudoir of Miss C. The lady fled with affright into a dressing-room beyond, while an indignant voice from the bed demanded to know what "this intrusion meant?"

"The house is on fire!" cried the woman hastily dressing in the next room.

"Goodness, you don't say so!" exclaimed the voice, as a man in mauve silk underwear sprang into the centre of the room.

"Here's your convenient whiskers, James," said the old man, "the rest of your clothes will be sent you. This is my son-in-law." Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown fully identified him. The old man turned on a blaze of gas. A shrill shriek rose from the inner room, and James sat down on the recently occupied bed with a sickening thud.

"Your racket's played, young man," remarked one of the detectives with cruel familiarity.

"Don't never darken my doors, Mr. Marvin. My daughter will never willingly see you again; we have worked very hard for this evidence, and she shall be given a divorce before the new year if it costs $20,000."

How horrible the mention of that sum sounded in the discovered man's ears—it reminded him of the vast resources of his father-in-law and that they were a sealed book to him thenceforth.

"You wreath!" said Miss Campbell to the janitor in the hall. "I'll have you arrested for breaking into my premises."

"We shall want you to vacate the premises as early Monday as you can—this is a reputable house," retorted the janitor. "You will hear from the landlord at once."

Mr. Marvin will find out when he reads the charge drafted by his wife's lawyer how a slipper led to his discomfiture; but, as the detectives say, they "got him dead to rights," he can offer little opposition—his dream of ease is over.

How the Heathen Manage It.

[*From the Nebraska State Journal.*]

Returned Missionary—All natives of rank have coins suspended from their noses and ears.

"But with the crude instruments you say they have I don't see how they can punch holes through the coins."

"The holes are already punched. You see most of the coins come from America, where they are collected in church contribution boxes."

Very Welcome Indeed.

[*From Judge.*]

Fair Hostess—Now, Mr. Borem, you must spend one more evening with us before we go into our new house.

Mr. Borem—(graciously)—Most certainly, with pleasure. When do you move!

Fair Hostess—(doubtfully)—Pa is uncertain just when that will be, but not for a year or two at the least.

Female Physicians.

[*From the Duluth Paragraph.*]

"Do you think female physicians will prove a success in this age of competition?" an indisposed and delinquent DULUTH lady inquired of her medical adviser.

"Well, that depends something on the fee," he replied. "Generally speaking, the more you fee male physicians the more they succeed."

What Reputation Will Do.

[*From Judge.*]

Mrs. Newbitch—Oh, papa! what shall I do? Edward and I had a little spat last night, and now he is going to get a divorce!

Papa—Why, his note here says he's gone to Newport, Kentucky, on business.

Mrs. Newbitch (brightening up)—How stupid of me! I thought it was Newport, Rhode Island.

A Natural Question.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

A young man who looked as if he might have come straight from East St. Louis stood in front of a barber shop on Dearborn street yesterday morning and slowly spelled out the words of a sign: "Boots blacked inside."

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "what's the use of blackin' boots on the inside?"

What He Says.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

"What exclamation of joy does the carpenter use when he puts new beams in a building?" asked the Snake Editor.

"Give it up," replied the Horse Editor. "What is it?"

"I re-joist."

Might Have Been Worse.

[*From the Binghamton Republican.*]

A red-headed, cross-eyed coachman has been imprisoned for making love to an heiress. Perhaps fate was more kind to him than it would have been had he been handsome eyed and auburn-tressed. Such an one might have won her.

Pinned His Faith to the Directory.

[*From an Exchange.*]

Intoxicated Guest—Wai—waiter—look in the directory and see where (hic) I live.

Waiter—But your name, sir?

Guest—You must find that (hic) in the directory, too.

He Knew Its Ways.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

"Shall I pass you the butter, Mr. McChunkerson?" inquired the new boarder.

"Thanks," replied the experienced boarder, "you may head it in this direction and let it come."

FATHER RIORDAN EXPIRES.

THE GOOD PRIEST'S WORK AT CASTLE GARDEN ENDED BY DEATH.

His Fatal Illness Contracted While Complying With the Dying Request of Father Lewis—Last Scenes in St. Vincent's Hospital—Story of the Founding of His Mission for Immigrants and of Its Work.

Father John J. Riordan, the widely-known and beloved pastor of the Castle Garden Mission, died in St. Vincent's Hospital at 10.05 o'clock this morning, of congestion of the lungs. Father Riordan was in his thirty-seventh year, and up to a week or two ago had never needed the services of a doctor. He possessed the best of health, and was the picture of good humor and benevolence. Though very stout, he was active and vigorous and untiring in his work for the poor.

FATHER RIORDAN.

On Dec. 4 last he went to Staten Island to officiate at the requiem mass over the remains of his friend, Father Lewis, in obedience to the latter's dying request. On that day he exposed himself too freely in the damp, foggy air and contracted a severe cold.

Dr. McNamara urged him strongly to remain indoors, but he could not tear himself away from his daily labors until compelled to by increasing illness.

Bronchitis ensued, complicated by congestion of the lungs, and on Dec. 7 he consented to be placed in the care of the Sisters at St. Vincent's Hospital.

He grew rapidly worse, and on Wednesday evening his condition was so critical that his aged mother, Mrs. Margaret Riordan, was summoned to his bedside from her home, 301 West Forty-second street.

Father Riordan passed away peacefully, remaining conscious up to a few moments before the end. Father Thurley, and another clergyman, Father Riordan's aged mother and several sisters of the Hospital, were at the death-bed scene.

To the priests Father Riordan said his last words on earth, expressing a Christian hope in the future. Then breathing became difficult, a sense of suffocation came and in a few minutes all was over with the good priest.

Mrs. Riordan, his mother, was greatly overcome and wept bitterly over the death of her son.

Father O'Kelly called at the hospital after receiving notice of Father Riordan's death, and immediately afterward went to Archbishop Corrigan's residence to acquaint him with the fact.

Arrangements for the funeral will be made to-morrow.

John Joseph Riordan was born on May 5, 1851, at 277 Mulberry street, this city, in the shadow of St. Patrick's Cathedral. His parents had come from Ireland many years before. His father, John Riordan, died when the little boy was three years old and on his deathbed Mrs. Riordan devoted her son to the priesthood.

He was a very bright boy and could read Latin when six years old. He received the rudiments of a good education at St. Patrick's School, and at the age of thirteen was placed in charge of the Jesuit Fathers at the College of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth street. After studying the classics there for five years he went to St. Joseph's Seminary, at Troy, to complete his theological education.

In July, 1873, he was ordained to the ministry by Bishop McInerny at Troy, and was sent to St. Bernard's Church, in West Fourteenth street, as assistant. He was there nearly ten years, and was then transferred to St. Peter's Church, in Barclay street.

His mission work in the lower part of the city brought him frequently in contact with immigrants, and he was the first to realize the necessity of organized effort for the relief of the multitudes of foreigners in need of spiritual advice and timely assistance who annually pass through the immigrant depot at Castle Garden.

He left St. Peter's and devoted himself to the task of establishing at Castle Garden a Catholic Bureau for the purpose of affording protection and supplying advice and information to immigrants, especially women. In connection with the bureau he started a home or boarding-house, where immigrant girls might be sheltered from the dangers of the city, and a chapel where they might receive the blessings of religion.

In January, 1884, with the aid of voluntary contributions, Father Riordan purchased the building, 7 State street, and fitted it up as a Home. The Commissioners of Emigration allotted him a room in Castle Garden free of charge, which Father Riordan furnished as an office.

The good work went on and many thousands of foreign-born men and women have to bless the name of Father Riordan for their first start in the New World.

In a very short time the Church recognized the valuable work done at Castle Garden, and Cardinal McCloskey formally instituted the mission by the name of the "Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary," and Father Riordan was appointed director.

Father Riordan effected a great change in the treatment of immigrant girls. They were kept out of the hands of designing persons, given a temporary home and provided with respectable employment. Father Riordan was non-sectarian in his benefactions. When more than six hundred indigent steerage passengers of the wrecked steamer Oregon were landed at Castle Garden in the spring of 1886 they were supplied with food, lodging, money and clothing by the mission.

Broke His Arm, but Caught His Man.

Policeman James A. Costello saw Andrew Manning tearing down signs from buildings at 1 A. M. to-day. On the approach of the officer on the double quick Manning ran into a lumber yard. During the chase the policeman slipped and fell, breaking his left arm. He resumed the chase despite his suffering, and finally captured Manning and landed him in the Mercer street police station. Police Surgeon Dorn was called, and after dressing the fractured limb, Costello was sent to St. Vincent's Hospital.

Exchanging Shots With Burglars.

Four burglars broke into Clock Brothers' store, in Islip, at 3 o'clock this morning. The noise made by them aroused the town nightwatchman, who chased them down the street, firing his revolver at them as he ran. One of the burglars returned the fire. No one was hurt. The burglars escaped without any booty. The railway station at Bayshore was broken into last night, but little of any value was stolen. It is thought that the same men broke into both places.

Guests at the Hotels.

Ex-Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, is at the Fifth Avenue.

Gen. George S. Batchelder, of Saratoga, is at the Gilsey.

Club delegations to the Republican Convention fill the hotel corridors.

The Hoffman holds Hugh Bellas, of England, and John D. Ronon, of Albany.

At the Grand are Lieut. William H. Coffin, U. S. A., and Major J. H. Willard, U. S. A.

Col. T. F. Land and Judge and Mrs. William A. Fisher, of Baltimore, are recent arrivals at the St. James.

Judge Walter C. Dunton and P. Redfield Kendall, of Rutland, Vt., are stopping at the Murray Hill Hotel.

Mrs. T. M. Waller and Miss Waller, wife and daughter of ex-Gov. Waller, of Connecticut, have registered at the Park Avenue.

Registered at the Everett House are: De Grass Fox, of Philadelphia; D. P. Hazard and wife, of Newport, and Gen. John S. Schultz, of New Jersey.

Senator Wm. E. Chandler, of Concord; ex-Senator William J. Sewell and Gen. A. T. Goshorn, of Ohio, are among the arrivals at the Fifth Avenue.

Charles W. Johnson, one of the chief clerks of the United States Senate, and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Livingston, of San Francisco, are at the Bartholdi.

The Union Square register contains the following names: Mrs. Chas. Pierce, of Princeton; F. W. Harrington, an electrical supply man, and John T. Bolles, insurance, of Hartford.

MRS. ASTOR LAID AT REST.

A Big Gathering of Mourners in Trinity Chapel this Morning.

The funeral service over Mrs. John Jacob Astor was conducted with all the simplicity of the Episcopal faith this morning in Trinity Chapel. The handsome church, long before the doors were opened, was beseiged with friends, and in less than half an hour the edifice was crowded from chancel to gallery.

There were no decorations. At the expressed wish of Mrs. Astor all attempts at ostentation were omitted, and the altar was bare of any semblance of display.

The funeral procession reached the church about 10 o'clock. The guard of police, under command of Sergt. Smittberger, kept the main entrance clear, and when the mourners entered the casket was brought in and placed in the vestibule, waiting the pallbearers, who filed in double column slowly up the church.

Each was dressed in black, with black gloves. A heavy sash of white material was draped across the body and pinned at the shoulder with a black rosette. Then when the entrance was reached the group halted and faced the casket, which now stood in their midst.

It was of expensive mahogany, covered with purple velvet and almost hidden by the wealth of floral trimmings. At either side, pendent from the silver handles, were choice wreaths of white roses and hyacinths. On the top and extending the entire length were garlands also of roses and hyacinths, with sprays of green intertwining. At the foot a large sprig of fern, tied with a single band of white ribbon, was stretched from side to side.

Then the choir, comprising male voice entirely, and robed in black gowns and white capes, marched to the foot of the church and joined the pall-bearers. Following the opening anthem, the procession passed to the chancel, followed by the mourners.

Mr. John Jacob Astor, accompanied by Mrs. Astor's sister, Miss Gibbes, led the way, followed by Mr. and Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, Mr. Edward Bibby, Miss Julia Bibby, Mr. and Mrs. William Astor, Mr. John Jacob Astor, jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Roosevelt-Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Drayton and Mr. and Mrs. Orne Wilson.

Bishop Henry C. Potter conducted the services, the choir chanting, "Let Me Know Mine End" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Dr. Huntington read the prayer, taken from "The Lesson," and Rev. C. E. Swope, rector of Trinity Chapel, read the closing service. There was no eulogy.

The ritual finished, the body was removed and taken to Trinity Cemetery for interment. At least four hundred carriages, it is estimated, followed the body to the grave.

There were present among others at the church the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, Daniel C. Holloway, J. H. Caswold, Rev. Henry M. Storrs, William M. Evarts, Joseph W. Hill, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, A. Low, Gen. Henry W. Slocum, Dr. Austin Flint, Henry Allen, Mrs. W. B. Tillinghast, Philip Schuyler, Newbold Morris, Mrs. Baylies, J. D. Mills, Henry Bird, Alexander Bayley, Bayard Tuckerman, Geo. A. Robbins, Mrs. Samuel Wetmore, William P. Griffin, Adrian Iselin, Ogden Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Post, the Misses Griswold, Leonard Lathrop, A. Iselin, jr., E. L. Winthrop, Walter H. Lewis, Dr. Clement Cleveland, C. W. Hubbell, P. Houghton, Chester Griswold, E. Roosevelt, Mrs. F. B. Austin, F. D. Hitch, Mrs. J. Walker, Mrs. H. Flower, J. B. Hunter, J. B. Ireland, Allan Campbell, Mrs. J. H. Jones, Dr. G. H. Houghton, G. F. Ostrander, J. C. Kempton, R. T. Wilson, John A. King, Richard King, C. B. Hoffman, Arthur Leary, James Tyler, Edward Potter and wife, Stacy Clark, J. A. Rutherford, D. W. Bishop, Gen. Fitzgerald, Rev. Dr. Benjamin, of Irvington-on-Hudson; Horace B. Ely, A. C. Fliedner, William Watson, N. P. Bailey, Mrs. A. D. Harper, Mrs. William T. Griffin and Samuel D. Babcock.

FOWLS OF MANY DEGREES.

The Poultry Exchange's First Exhibition a Success from the Start.

J. G. Bicknell, T. K. Feich, J. D. Nevins, George O. Brown, George S. Pratt, Abel F. Stevens and Charles F. Thompson, judges for 1887 of the New York Poultry Exchange, have a difficult duty to perform. To-day they began the work of comparing the merits of the several exhibits at the first annual exhibition of the Exchange at Madison Square Garden.

The exhibition, which opened yesterday, was a success from the very start. There are mammoth turkeys, colossal Brahma cocks and hens, strutting bantams, handsome buff Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, Laced Wyandottes, white, brown and black Leghorns, white Minocas, Erminellis, "Downies," golden pheasants, Langhans, Spanish fowl and a dozen other varieties of the beauties of the poultry park.

Ducks of every breed, geese, pea fowl and other oddities are there.

The very common looking "rooster" hatched from one of the eggs which were found in the basket beside the body of the young woman murdered at Rahway is there. He stalks under the name of "the Rahway Mystery chicken."

Then there is a splendid display of pigeons, under the supervision of Mr. Star. Max Elder, shown by the Bedford Club, has a record of 899 miles. Frank H. Platt, of 4 Liberty place, shows All New, the bird which returned from the yacht race with a broken leg, but with its packet safe. Lady Florence, the best 510-mile bird prior to 1885, Leslie R., another 510-mile bird. Volunteer and Oneida are the exhibit of the Boston Home Club. Dr. Johnson, of Keyport, shows the bird that won the Brooklyn *Eagle* trophy and the cup.

The dog department includes some noted canines. Among them are J. R. Gildersleeve's black-and-tan English Jack, P. Cassidy's Champion Ben, prize winner at Hartford, Newark and New York, and Lillie and a Yorkshire terrier. John Maddon shows Rugby Boy and a prize pug, Jumbo, jr., winner at Atlanta, Waverly and the Westminster Kennel Club show. Mrs. Gildersleeve exhibits Blenheim spaniels, and Mr. Cassidy a litter of Yorkshire terrier pups, children of Champion Ben.

There is a fine display of rabbits and squirrels, and a pair of Belgian hares come from J. J. Eller, of Hunter's Point.

The prizes will be awarded to-morrow night.

Stole the Baby's Carriage.

Mrs. Annie Garvin, of 431 West Thirty-fifth street, took her baby out for an airing yesterday afternoon. When she returned home she took the baby inside and left its carriage standing at the door. When she went back for the carriage it was gone. Shortly afterwards Policeman McGinley arrested Joseph Hollings, eighteen years old, and James Donohue, seventeen years old, while they were trying to sell the carriage. They were held for trial at Jefferson Market to-day.

The Medico-Legal Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Medico-Legal Society was held at the Buckingham, Fifteth street and Fifth avenue, last evening. Clark Bell, President of the society, was at the head of the table. From first to last it was a merry party. Judge Davis is credited with an original joke. He said, when Leopold Jordan, one of the guests, got through speaking, that, contrary to popular belief, Jordan was a very easy road to travel. The party broke up at a late hour.

Used a Hatchet in a Quarrel.

In a quarrel last night, at 40 Mulberry street, Frank Cole struck Anthony Rubin in the face with a hatchet, yet did not hurt him seriously. Policeman West arrested Cole, and this morning at the Essex Market Court, the hatchet-wielder was held in $500 bail for trial.

Overtaken by His Deserted Wife.

John McMahon, one of a party of men bound for Tennessee, was overtaken in the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City last evening by his wife, whom he deserted on Nov. 30 last. At first he denied his identity and there was a circus in the depot. Finally he signed an agreement to support his wife and was allowed to leave on a later train.

INQUEST ON FULTON'S BOOK.

THREE ARBITRATORS TO DECIDE WHETHER IT IS OBSCENE.

**Letters By the Hundred Pouring in on the Publishers Who Refused to Print His Attack on Catholic Priests