THE WORLD.

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THE NOVEMBER RECORD.

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8,505,840.

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283,528 COPIES.

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION during the past six years compared:

	Monthly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	945,861	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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THE NEW LEAVES.

What a fluttering of "new leaves" there will be to-night, as all the world makes good resolutions for the coming year.

They will "swear off" who never swore before, and they who oft have sworn will "swear" the more.

This sounds suspiciously like poetry, but it is the sober, prosaic truth. It is better to form good resolutions at a set time than never to make them. It is perhaps better to make and break them than never to try to improve. Though it may be "never too late to mend," it is surely never too early to resolve and to begin to mend.

Success to all good resolutions, and a Happy New Year as the result!

THE GREAT JUBILEE.

To-day is the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination as a priest of the good Pope at Rome. And to-morrow the event will be celebrated as a "golden jubilee," with the pomp and ceremony which can only be witnessed at St. Peter's, in the Holy City.

THE WORLD to-day contains a full historical and biographical sketch of the occasion and its subject, together with a description of the notable gifts and the preliminary exercises. THE SUNDAY WORLD will continue the story as told by a special staff of correspondents at Rome.

ARBITRATION.

The Reading Company could not do a wiser thing than to submit the fairly debatable differences with its employees to the arbitration of three fair men like GEORGE W. CHILDS.

The matter of carrying freight that is delivered to it, from whatever source, is not one for arbitration. It is bound to do this by its duty to the public and its obligations as a common carrier.

But there are minor matters, such as the discharge or retention of particular men, and the recognition of the undoubted right of workingmen to their organization, which may probably be settled by arbitrators.

A giant needs to know how wisely to use his strength—especially a giant corporation.

NOT A SERPENTLESS EDEN.

America is indeed "a smiling garden," to a considerable extent, Mr. CARNEGIE. But, like the first garden, it has its "sarpints," and one of the worst of the lot is the monopoly anaconda in your own State of Pennsylvania.

This reptile now has in its folds the miners who are working for an average wage of 90 cents a day. It has squeezed the life out of competition in the oil business. It is strangling a labor strike against corporation arrogance. It writhes with satisfaction at every advance in the price of coal.

The "smiling garden" needs the pruning knife and the snake-killer.

THE ATHENIAN ABROAD.

Slugger SULLIVAN does injustice to his "Boston culchaw" in his communication to the *Sportsman*. It is vigorous, but slangy.

A month is not called a "potato trap" in high athletic circles at the Hub. To describe a brother pugilist as "an advertising sandwich" may be graphic, but it is not up to the Harvard sporting standard.

JOHN L. should remember that the true Bostonian, when in Rome, does as the Bostonians do, with no weak concession to the Romans. The champion should endeavor to carry about with him wherever he goes the atmosphere of the modern Athens.

THE WORLD'S Washington correspondent presents the President in a good light, and no doubt the true one, in saying that "the tariff problem" is consuming more of his time than the next Democratic National Convention.

Mr. GLADSTONE drops a bearish but sensible observation in saying that "war will not break out now—it is too cold." Jack Frost is a great peace-keeper.

Both reports from the Pacific Railway Commission justify THE WORLD'S demand for an investigation preliminary to any new arrangement for the settlement of their debt to the Government. Congress can now proceed understandingly—and the Department of Justice also, if it is disposed to bring the wreckers and robbers to justice.

Stick down your turned-over "new leaf" with the glue of a firm resolution.

Let Congress give the country a Happy New Year by cutting off the superfluous taxes.

Don't write it '87 to-morrow.

WAFTED FROM WALL STREET.

Eddie Talcott is very lonely just now because there is no baseball going on.

They say that Charlie Johnes has laid in a new stock of a dozen trousers for the holidays.

Broker Frank Hopkins is one of the mysterious men on the floor. His deals are always watched with interest.

Just now ex-Commodore James D. Smith is agitating himself over the challenge of the British cutter Irex.

They say down on the street that the Wormser twins claim the right to admission to the "L" station on a single trip ticket.

Sam O'Keefe, who is the moving spirit of a prosperous young commission house, is credited with remarkably sound judgment in financial matters.

That John Goodchild has strong muscles and knows how to use them pugilistically a good many of his fellow-brokers have learned to their regret.

The great authority on dog questions in the street is Tom Pearsall. He breeds some of the finest St. Bernards in the country at his kennels out in Westchester County.

Henry Hart, who is a familiar figure in the street, is chiefly remarkable for his ability in hanging on to money. There are very few really big deals in which he has not a finger.

Gen. J. B. Houston, otherwise known as "Buck" Houston, is a trim little man, and said to be more fastidious in regard to his personal appearance than any man in the street.

Broker Charlie Hudson has won a reputation as the talker up of cotton-seed oil. He says there's nothing like it in the world, and justifies his confidence in it by purchasing it in huge quantities on every occasion.

It was hoped by many that Deacon White's short sojourn in Washington would result in the abolition of the perennial old slouch hat. It has made its reappearance, however, more dusty and battered than ever.

The Gramercy Boat Club has four representatives in the Stock Exchange: John Goodchild, Charlie Hudson, Will Pearl and Clement Wilcox. They all have sturdy backs and robust arms, which, however, are not often called into requisition nowadays in raising the market.

WORLDLINGS.

C. P. Huntington, the railway magnate, whose wealth is computed at $50,000,000, once peddled out butter by the pound to the miners in California.

Elihu Stevens, of Smithfield, Me., is at the head of a family which is probably the largest in the country. In this family there are five generations which comprise 319 persons.

Silva Porto, a famous Portuguese traveller and slave trader, who died at Bihe, in Africa, recently, was the first white man to cross the dark continent. He accomplished that great feat in 1853.

An old stone mill that was built more than a century ago by Gen. Washington is standing in good condition near Perryopolis, in Fayette County, Pa. The mill is a primitive structure, but it is still in operation.

A veterinary physician who was treating a sick mule at Macon, Ga., and found that it would soon be impossible for the animal to breathe by natural means, cut out a piece of the windpipe and inserted a silver tube. The animal now breathes freely.

Pope Leo is very fond of domestic animals and birds of all kinds and has many of them in his gardens. A large aviary, which stands near his favorite window, is the home of some beautiful white doves, and in his library there is a cage of canaries.

Jonathan Anderton, a brewer of Beaver Falls, Pa., was awakened at 4 o'clock in the morning by a vivid dream in which he seemed to see his brewery in flames. He made an immediate investigation and found that the boiler-room was on fire. He extinguished the flames before much damage had been done.

A party of explorers on the Harney lakes, in Oregon, discovered an island three miles in length that is apparently the home and breeding place of all the various water fowl. The island is said to be simply alive with ducks and geese and is a very paradise for sportsmen. Deer were also found on it in large numbers.

Nearly a year before his death Gen. Logan was on the point of sitting down to dinner at the house of a gentleman in Quincy, Ill., when it was remarked that there would be thirteen at the table. The General said he would rather not sit down with that number, and the matter was arranged by one of the family taking a seat at a side table.

Recent mails from Central America announce the death at San Salvador last month of José M. de Urioste, who was widely known as a poet in the southern republics. He was greatly beloved by the people and his verses took high rank in the literature of Central America. It was Señor de Urioste's pride that he was of Basque descent, and much of his poetry was in praise of that people.

Seen in a Street-Car.

[From the Philadelphia North American.]

A conductor who forgot and yanked the fare register five times in a vain effort to stop the car.

A driver who seemed to think he was a kind of an American Juggernaut.

A newsboy who nearly broke all the bones in his body in getting out the door when he saw the conductor had spied him.

A frantic passenger who called "here, boy!" at every street corner he passed until at last he got a newsboy alongside the car and bought a paper.

A man whose feet seemed to be the biggest part of him.

A young lady who sank into a seat with a half injured air, and never once thought to say "Thank you" to the old gentleman who gave her the seat.

Seventeen two-legged males that sat still while a lady with a child in her arms tried to hold it and hang on to a strap at the same time.

A six-year-old youngster who got on the seat with his knees and energetically wiped his muddy shoes on the clothes of the passengers at each side of him.

A drummer who insisted on opening his box "just to show the finest line of samples that was ever on the road."

A man who hailed from Squedunc and asked at every corner, "Air this ere Second street?"

Twenty-seven passengers who swore and thirteen more who felt like swearing because the cable stopped and they had to get out and walk after they had paid their fares.

An old lady on a cable car who asked in a frightened way, "For massy sakes! Where's the hosses?"

A man who had dyspepsia and insisted on telling his symptoms to everybody who would listen.

Fallen From Its High Estate.

[From the Binghamton Republican.]

How swiftly degradation follows honor! How sad, oftimes, the mutability of worldly things! The stocking that erstwhile dangled haughtily from the glittering mantel to woo the touch of august St. Nicholas, now serves again in its humble capacity of protecting a motley crowd of corns, bunions and chilblains.

Not Exactly in Accord.

[From Judge.]

McKenzie—What a delightful thing it would be if some one would invent a new figure for the german.

Miss Laker (from Cincinnati)—Wouldn't it? They're so awfully stout, as a race.

BOB HILLIARD BESIEGED.

A FEMALE MESMERIST WANTED TO TRY AN EXPERIMENT ON HIM.

Mr. Hilliard Did Not Seem to Understand Her Assertion that She Had Written to Him in Vain—It Was All a Mistake on Her Part, as a Stupefied Circus Usher at Length Managed to Explain.

Mr. Bob Hilliard sat in box No. 9 at the afternoon performance of the Robbins Winter Circus at the American Institute yesterday. He was accompanied by three ladies, a long cane and a broad smile.

The smile was occasioned by nothing that Mrs. Langtry's ex-leading man saw in either of the circus arenas or on the elevated stage which divides the two rings, for the regular afternoon performance had not yet begun.

It was a smile stirred up, as smiles sometimes are even on the handsomest faces, by the memory of an episode of recent occurrence.

It seems that Mr. Hilliard, on entering the circus, stopped for a moment's chat with the genial proprietor of the show. There is not the faintest point of similarity in the personal appearance of these two gentlemen. Beyond the fact that both of them are men in the bloom of youth, with the stamp of health and enjoyment of life imprinted on their countenances, they have in their physical make-up nothing in common.

Mr. Hilliard is of the Oriental, Moorish, or Spanish type of beauty. He can wear red roses in his buttonhole with great effect. Mr. Robbins cannot. If Mr. Robbins were given to boutonnières (which doesn't appear to be the case) he would be limited to lilacs, mignonettes or some neutral-tinted plant which would correspond with what may be called the royal rosy type of masculine beauty.

Nevertheless, in spite of the wide dissimilarity in their appearance, these gentlemen were confounded in the mind of a female of advanced years who entered the circus while they were engaged in conversation, and who, having been informed by an usher that one of the two was Mr. Robbins, awaited in ambush her opportunity to attack him.

When, a moment or two later, Mr. Robbins was called away to attend to some one of the duties incidental to running a big circus in the metropolis, this female promptly decided that the gentleman who remained behind was the proprietor of the show.

For two weeks she had been writing letters to Frank Robbins soliciting the opportunity to be allowed the exhibition of her talents as a mesmerist in conjunction with the trained elephants, bare-back riders, gymnasts, acrobats and other multitudinous features of the successful winter circus.

Now was her opportunity for a personal interview, and she did not hesitate to embrace it. Tripping over to where Mr. Hilliard stood, she opened the conversation in the following abrupt manner:

"I hope you received my letters?"

It is said that the handsome actor gets many letters. He did not, however, remember this particular correspondent.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he began, "but I"—

"Oh, never mind," interrupted the female. "I am not easily discouraged. If I did not feel sure that I possess the power to charm, it would be a different matter. I know that you are a busy man, and I suppose you are overrun with offers, but I am convinced that if you will give me an opportunity to exhibit my rare gifts you will not hesitate to take me. I have never failed. May I give you a private demonstration?"

The situation was growing embarrassing. Mr. Hilliard glanced at the box in which the ladies who had accompanied him to the circus were seated, and saw that their eyes were riveted upon himself and his unknown companion.

"My dear madam," he began, but he was allowed to proceed no further.

"I will not be repulsed without an opportunity to show that I possess all the magnetism that I claim," said the unknown lady. "I have written to you over and over again, and have received no satisfaction. You distrust my ability, but I will not permit you to ignore my claims. Show me to your office; call in a few of your friends, and if I do not in five minutes convince you that my proposition is worthy of attention I will relinquish all claim to your consideration."

"You are yourself an excellent subject. Allow me to place my hand on your forehead. Don't be afraid" (for Mr. Hilliard had started back in genuine dismay). "I will charm you to sweet dreams in a moment. I have been told that you are a fair man. You surely will give me an opportunity to prove that I am all that I profess to be."

At this point the confused usher rallied sufficiently to inform the lady that the gentleman to whom she was speaking was not Mr. Robbins, and that Mr. Robbins had left word that he could not at present find room in his show for a female mesmerist however talented.

To make the matter still more embarrassing for Mr. Hilliard, however, when that gentleman recovered from the stupor into which the astounding propositions of the unknown lady had thrown him, he discovered that he was surrounded by a multitude of familiar faces. Mr. Robbins had extended an invitation to the companies of the Casino and the Bijou Opera-House to be present at yesterday's matinée, and the ladies of those two popular theatres had very generally accepted the invitation.

Miss Annie Summerville, Mr. Frank David, Sig. Brocolini, Miss Ruth Stetson, Miss Maud Waldemere, Miss Louise Montague, Miss Rose Cooke, Miss Lila Blow, Miss Ida Howell, Miss Kate Uart, Miss Florence Baker, Miss May Steele, Miss Jennie Bartine and a score or more of fairies, were grouped around the embarrassed actor.

Happily for Mr. Hilliard, at that moment the band struck up the overture, which was, as it always is, a signal for the lions to begin to roar and the panthers to begin to scream, under cover of which confusion all the distinguished guests found seats.

News About Workingmen.

The Walking Delegates will have a ball soon, probably in Clarendon Hall.

The Central Labor Union will meet as usual tomorrow afternoon in Clarendon Hall.

Patrick Roach has resigned his office of Sergeant-at-Arms of the Building Trades Section of the Central Labor Union.

All the amendments to the constitution of the Central Labor Union have been adopted by the Building Trades' Section.

John Weber has been elected President of the Plasman Association of Wood Carvers, and Charles Freutel Recording Secretary.

The Journeymen Plumbers' Union will have its annual meeting and election of officers on Thursday evening next in Clarendon Hall.

Bookers, packers and strippers are to be thoroughly organized by a committee of the Tobacco Trades Section of the Central Labor Union.

The fair of the Socialistic Labor party was well attended last night, and a fine display of handsome and useful articles was made. This will be the last day of the fair.

The Mystic Tie Association of sash, door and blind makers, the lumber shovers and lumber truck drivers and the tile-layers' helpers have been admitted to the Building Trades Section of the Central Labor Union.

Progressive Painters' Union No. 6 reports that non-union men are employed at the corner of Bleecker and Sullivan streets by John J. McCarthy, at 235 William street and on the new Cosmopolitan Theatre. The walking delegates of the building trades will inquire into the matter.

In addition to the proposed home for aged and infirm musicians, the Musical Union Directors also talk of establishing beds in some of the hospitals for its members who fall sick. Messrs. Clemens, Shannon, Hunt, Blank and others, of the union, will urge the propositions very strongly. There are 2,500 members of the union.

Concise Reasoning.

[From Judge.]

Inquiring Father—What I'se like ter know, yo' opery child, is how yo's able ter smoak cigahs when yo' ole fadder kin only smoak his pipe?

Forward Son—I'se ain't got no chil'n to suppo't.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

Commissioner McClave's Eldest Daughter to be Married To-Day.

The wedding of Mr. Gideon Granger, grandson of ex-Postmaster-General Gideon Granger, and Miss Clara L. McClave, eldest daughter of Police Commissioner, John McClave, will take place this evening at 8 o'clock at the Central Baptist Church, in Forty-second street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. The Rev. Henry M. Sanders, rector of the church, will officiate.

The bride will wear a white moire gown, with front drapery of point lace. The sleeveless corsage will have a V-shaped back and front and will be trimmed with point lace with cluster of orange blossoms on the left shoulder. The point lace veil, which will fall over the train, will be secured with a diamond and pearl marguerite, the gift of Inspector Steers. She will also wear a diamond crescent with a star in the centre, the groom's gift. Sprays of orange blossoms will ornament the skirt and veil. She will carry a bouquet of white roses and forget-me-nots.

Mr. Percy Knapp will be the best man and Miss Ella Cregier the maid of honor. Messrs. Ely Granger and Jack Granger, brothers of the groom, and Ralph Ives and Charles Dunn will be the ushers. Miss May French, Miss Minnie Harris, Miss Mamie Abbeck and Miss Mamie Brown will be the bridesmaids.

After the church ceremony a reception will be given by the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. John McClave, at their home, 156 West Seventy-second street. Mrs. McClave will receive in a corn-colored satin and moire gown trimmed with black thread lace. The guests are expected to include the following-named persons:

Mayor and Mrs. Hewitt, ex-Mayor Grace, Commissioner French, Commissioner Voorhis, Commissioner Fitz John Porter, Superintendent Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Martin B. Brown, ex-Gov. Leon Abbett, Kawa Kani, Consul of Japan; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. McClave, Inspector Steers, Inspector Byrnes, Inspector Williams, Inspector Conlin, Mr. and Mrs. Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. James Lailor, Mr. and Mrs. A. Granger, Mr. and Mrs. James Harris, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice B. Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Moss, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Townley, Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. James Seligman, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Shepperd, Mr. and Mrs. Trainor, Mr. and Mrs. Arquimbau, Miss Mamie Arquimbau, the Messrs. Arquimbau, Roscoe Conkling, Miss Kane, Miss Marshall, Miss Williams, the Misses Paine, Miss Carrol Southmayd, ex-Mayor and Mrs. Franklin Edson, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hess, Mr. and Mrs. James McElhenny, Sheriff Grant, Col. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, William N. Bellamy, Rastus Ransom, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius N. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence N. Meade, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. David O'Reilly, Major and Mrs. William Kipp, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore S. Meyers, District-Attorney John R. Fellows, De Lancey Nicoll, Col. M. C. Murphy and Police Surgeons Reese H. Voornis, Martin McGovern, Charles E. Mammac, Samuel K. Lion, William F. Fuhrer, A. W. Maclay, Charles Phelps, S. B. W. McLeod, David Mathews, John H. Darn, Marvin Grinnell, John H. Nesbitt, Benjamin Wood, jr., George Sinner, Cornelius Vankerzer, Benjamin F. Dexter and Lucian Damanville.

The bride and groom will take their wedding trip to Niagara. On their return they will keep house, the bride's father giving them their furniture.

UNION PACIFIC DAYS.

Unexampled Scenes of Crime and Lawlessness While the Road Was Building.

[From the Chicago Journal.]

Henry S. Cameron, who for the last twenty-five years has been a railroad contractor and has travelled through the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the line of his profession gives the following account of some of his experiences in the construction of railroads in the West.

"My first large contract," began Mr. Cameron, "was in connection with the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. The construction of this road has always been considered a wonderful feat, and so it was in its conception, but in its execution it was one of the easiest tasks I ever engaged in. From the Platte to the river Jordan in Utah the country presents fewer engineering difficulties than any I ever saw, and there was scarcely a place between Omaha and Weber Canyon, a distance of over a thousand miles, where any grading was necessary. But this was not known to the authorities at Washington, and one of the most coolly impudent robberies I ever heard of was perpetrated by the Union Pacific Company, in well-founded reliance upon the Government's carelessness and lack of knowledge.

"The lawlessness that prevailed during the construction of the road was something unexampled in the country since the early days of California. The workmen were a fair sample for the most part, and inclined to be violent, but they were not murderous. But the road gangs were accompanied by a perfect swarm of gamblers who robbed the men of their last cent and were a perfect pest. These men were old frontiersmen who were accustomed to settling all disputes with knife and pistol, and the Irish fell like sheep before them. At the right of each dealer at the numerous faro tables lay a heavy army revolver, with the barrel sawed off to render its handling more easy and rapid, and in many cases the catches on the hammer were filed away. The reason for this was that a pistol of this kind could be discharged in a second by simply drawing back the hammer and letting it fall again, thus saving several seconds of valuable time. Before such men the Irish, unskilled in arms, were helpless, and many hundreds were killed before the road was completed. Sometimes Judge Lynch stepped in, but generally the murders went on as if nothing had happened. The whole road was lined with the wooden head-boards of the slain, bearing the name of the murdered man and the simple but significant words, 'Killed at such and such a date.'

"Cheyenne and Laramie, which were each the depots of the road for some time, were particularly lawless places in those days, but they both paled before the reign of terror that broke out at Promontory, in Utah, where the Union and Central roads met. There the lawless elements of both roads were brought together, and a perfect pandemonium ensued. For fifty miles the roads were built side by side, as there was a dispute as to the territory belonging to each, and both wished to obtain the point which it claimed as its terminus. The gangs were guarded by armed men, between whom deadly fights often sprung up, and the losses were, in the aggregate, as heavy as those of a considerable battle. The dispute was finally settled and the roads met at Ogden, which has ever since been the terminus of each.

"When the construction was completed there were many thousands of men without employment in a strange country. The suffering that ensued was great. A few went to the mines and a few found permanent employment on the roads, but the great majority were in a desperate condition. The effect of this was to increase highway robbery to a most alarming extent, and for months after the men were discharged no one could move about at night with any feeling of safety. Some of the most desperate outlaws the West has ever seen date their career of crime from this time. A man lived in the midst of excitement in those days, and I often regret that I shall never see their like again."

Cold Weather in Vermont.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SS. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Dec. 31.—The thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero this morning.

In Town for a Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Bourke Cockran have arrived at the Victoria.

Counte Le Grand, of Paris, reached the Hoffman House to-day.

Congressman John H. Roger, of Arkansaw, has a room at the Gilsey.

Wm. P. Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., is at the Murray Hill Hotel.

W. R. Page, a Rutland financier, is a recent arrival at the Murray Hill Hotel.

Henry C. Kelsey, ex-Secretary of State of New Jersey, is booked at the Gilsey.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Spillman, of Virginia, are spending a few days at the St. James.

At the Brevoort are Mr. H. O. Houghton, the publisher, and Mrs. Houghton, of Boston.

Dr. W. H. Chandler, Mrs. Chandler and the Misses Chandler are guests of the Union Square.

Dr. G. W. Terry, of Englewood, and Lieut. Chas. F. Parker, U. S. A., are registered at the Grand.

George Jennis, ex-Mayor of Poughkeepsie, and S. S. Jewitt, a Buffalo politician, are at the Park Avenue.

Judges of the Court of Appeals Charles Daniels and Geo. F. Danforth are registered at the Fifth Avenue.

United States Senators Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, and Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, are among the prominent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue.

QUINN CROWDED THEM OUT.

THE WORKINGWOMEN'S MOVEMENT ALMOST AT A STANDSTILL.

The Originators of the Work Did Not Want to Join the Knights of Labor or Any Other Organization, but Quinn Got Hold of It—They May Form a New Society and Keep Quinn and His Assistants Out.

"Our effort to ameliorate the condition of the workingwomen of the city has all come to naught," said one of the brave women who some months ago inaugurated at Pythagoras Hall a series of meetings looking to the organization for mutual benefit and protection of the poorly paid women wage slaves of the city.

"What is the cause?" asked the sympathetic reporter to whom the assertion was made.

"It is all because Master Workman Quinn and his District Assembly 49 want to and has in fact gobbled us up.

"When we started the movement it was with no idea of recruiting for the Knights of Labor or any labor organization or party, for the women whom we sought to benefit were of the class that could not support themselves with their earnings and could not certainly aid in the maintenance of the Knights of Labor with initiation fee and dues.

"Not only workingwomen, but rich women were expected to unite in the effort, and we had many noble women with their sealskins and diamonds present at our meetings to assist us in our attempt at raising up the poor workers.

"True, some of the women, members of the organizing committee, were Knights of Labor and trades unionists, but others were not. The idea was to divorce the movement entirely from labor organization. It was to be an effort for the independence of women.

"Quinn, of 49, saw this, and he got the women of his District Assembly in it to obtain control of the organization and force it into the Knights of Labor. The result is that we have been unable to reach the class that we hoped to benefit. They will not come to our meetings, and the charitable rich ladies whom we had enlisted in our cause have dropped out, while Quinn and his clique rule."

Another of the ladies who was engaged in this laudable enterprise was seen by the reporter and asked regarding the statement that the organization has failed of its object. She said:

"Yes. Mrs. Daniels, our chairwoman, saw that there was no use of opposing the 49 element and resigned. Miss Gabriel Greeley and Mrs. Thomas have failed to attend recent meetings for the same reason. Now there are left but two or three of the enthusiastic women who originated the idea, among them being Miss Mary C. Andrews and Miss Ida Van Etten, and I doubt if they will try longer to battle against the odds which Quinn has opposed to them.

"The only thing to do is to let 49 have this organization—but in getting it it will secure no more than it had before—then organize a new movement and exclude from it the women agitators of District Assembly 49, who see in the organization only an opportunity to recruit the Knights of Labor, and, by their action, defeat the very object of the movement—aid to the poor workingwomen who will not and cannot be brought into the fold of the Knights of Labor or the trades unions.

"You can put it down that Mr. Quinn has the Pythagoras Hall movement under his thumb, and that it has been crushed. I wish, however, that you would say that this man Quinn says what is not true when he says that 49 gave us the use of the hall for nothing. We paid for that hall every night that we used it—not very much, it is true, but all that was asked."

Miss Andrews, one of the original committee, who is a Knight of Labor, under the jurisdiction of District Assembly 64, was loath to say anything about the difficulty, but acknowledged that there is a strong attempt at a new organization to accomplish the original object of the Pythagoras Hall movement—an association entirely divorced from other organizations of labor.

SEARCHING FOR GOLD.

It Is Elusive, and Almost All Great Finds Are the Result of Accidents.

[Prentice Mulford in Milwaukee Telegraph.]

Gold, as a rule, is the last thing you will see in gold-bearing soil. You may have it under your feet at the rate of $100 to the bucketful of dirt, and not a grain will you see unless that soil happens to be furrowed by a recent rain. Then, if a stream of water has cut it away, washing it clean to the ledge, you may see lying thereon the dull yellow bits, and you may take them for bits of brass or brass filings. Gold in its native state is not a showy metal, not near as showy as the glittering yellowish pyrites of iron, which so often, by the inexperienced, has been mistaken for the genuine ore.

A man, long out of luck, strolled one morning in an aimless mood of mind out of the town of Columbia, Tuolumne County. He sat down under a tree and with his stick commenced poking and prying at a rusty looking boulder in the soil before him. As he continued to poke and pry a dull yellowish bit of color appeared beneath the coating of reddish rust with which the lump was covered—rust accummulated during its long rest from the iron permested soil. He examined more closely, and found himself in possession of a nugget, nearly all gold, and worth about $10,000.

The big strikes which came under my observation were all the result of similar accidents—as at Chambers Bar, on the Tuolumne, where the seeming misfortune of a breaking reservoir led to a rush of water over ground where no gold was supposed to be, and in the deep furrow cut by the water, there on the ledge lay coarse gold; as on the Mariposa trail, where one day a luckless man, packing grub and blankets, sat on a bit of white, jagged rock to eat his dinner, and after eating and while smoking he idly pried with his jack-knife bits from the rotten ledge and found one of the richest quartz veins in the State; as at the Rawhide Ranch claim in Tuolumne, where the long-continued winter rains of 1861-2 (fifty-nine consecutive days of drizzle and hard showers, all the level country under water, landslips everywhere, communication cut off with Stockton, and flour at $100 per barrel)—well this caused a cave of dirt in a bank claim supposed to be worked out, and revealed thousands and thousands of dollars in coarse, ragged lumps, just as it had fallen out of the rotten quartz matrix. A famous professor came a few months afterwards, made a survey of some ground adjoining, pronounced it rich, pocketed his $1,500 fee, and on that ground and on the strength of that survey certain capitalists built expensive mining works, and when I passed by them years afterwards the squirrels and woodpeckers only held possession, for the professor could not see under the ground any better than any one else, and I have always noticed that it is the unlearned, unscientific, ragged, often reckless "prospector" who finds the "lead" first, and the "professor" comes along and tells why it should be found there afterwards.

She Wedded the Indian.

[Madison Despatch to Indianapolis Sentinel.]

Squire Cravens united in the holy bonds of wedlock Thomas Seals and Miss Lilly Martin. The groom is a well-known Indian, who has been living here for the past ten years with his mother, "The White Dove." Tommy is known as the seventh son of the seventh daughter, and his father was a full-blooded Flat-Head Indian. The bride is a good-looking white girl. For the present they will make their home with "The White Dove," who lives in a little shanty eight by ten feet square at the foot of Jefferson street.

Not Such a Bad Showing.

[From the Epoch.]

Friend (to genius)—Have you got your great patent medical discovery on the market yet?

Genius—Oh, yes.

Friend—Meeting with success?

Genius—Well, yes. It has cured three people that I know of and only killed two. That's not a bad showing for a new thing.

Failure of an Old Photographer.

Abraham Bogardus, who has done business as a photographer in Broadway for the past thirty years, has made an insolvent assignment. He placed a chattel mortgage on his fixtures for $1,000 on Nov. 15.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of "The Evening World."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your correspondent "South American" might go down there (rather than to West Indies) and in Uruguay, the Argentine Republic or Chili find a healthy, vigorous climate, perfectly suited to New Yorkers. Chili is preferable to the others, being the most enlightened and go-ahead State in the country, although that is not saying much for it. Valparaiso, excepting 'Frisco, is the finest city on the Pacific coast. The people are close and distrustful, but foreigners make out well all the same, and the finest stores on Calle Esmeralda, &c., are owned by them.

The Peruvian war was a severe shock. Money is not too plentiful, but energy, merit and business capacity will succeed. Monte Video and Buenos Ayres are also first-class towns. The quickest and cheapest route to Chili is via Pacific Mail steamer to Aspinwall, rail to Panama, there boarding a P. S. N. Company's boat, which will take you to Iquique, Caldera, Coquimbo, Valparaiso or Talcahuana, whichever is selected. Time to Valparaiso—about twenty-seven days.

WILLIAM STOKES.

347 East Thirty-third street.

Prisoners of Poverty.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was much interested in your account of the women who work on ladies' underwear at $3 and $4 per week. Many of these articles are bought by women of wealth. Why don't they refuse to buy such articles unless there is some mark upon them or other assurance that the makers were fairly paid for their work? There was a movement of this sort some years ago to help the shirt-makers, and it did help them as long as it was kept up.

Dec. 30. J. A. F.

Turn Over a New Leaf.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why don't the big manufacturing houses now employing women workers on starvation wages turn over a new leaf for 1888, and give their workers fair pay for a fair day's work? If they would agree all around to do this their profits would be as large, if not larger, than now. In these days of combination why can't there be a combine to help the workers occasionally? F. JOHNSON.

Dec. 30.

There Is No Law Against It.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would you please inform me in your valuable paper if there is any law against the friends of unconvicted prisoners, confined in the Tombs, sending them in some food and fruit and clean underclothing. I have tried for the past two days and have been refused. By publishing this you will confer a favor on a great many of your readers. Yours respectfully, ONE POOR PRISONER'S FRIEND.

Who Will Aid a Woman?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a widow and have one son. We will work if we can get it. I have been sick and never asked for aid before. I have sold things to live and advertise. On Monday I will have no home. I have never told my poverty in the house. Please help us to find work. Don't put my name in the paper, and God will bless you.

East Twenty-eighth street. Mrs. B.

[The name of the writer will be given on application at this office.—ED. EVENING WORLD.]

The Way to Become an Engineer.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to the young man who is anxious to become an engineer, I advise him to adopt a course that many are anxious to avoid, that is, to begin at the bottom as fireman, and, by close attention and perseverance, to work himself up. In leisure moments devote the time to reading and informing himself through some standard work (of which there are many published in the city) in the technicalities of the business, as more or less of it is required by the examiners. There are too many so-called engineers in the city who before getting their license have had actually no manual training at all, and are not fit to hold the positions they do. W. S.

We Should Smile.

[From the Bradford (N. Y.) Sunday News.]

The New York Evening WORLD is a readable little sheet, and among its features are its crisp, cutting, brief editorials on all topics. It is truly a phenomenal success.

Lincoln as a Literary Artist.

[From the Portland Oregonian.]

It is a well-known fact that Lincoln revised the original draft of Seward's famous letter of instructions to Minister Adams in May, 1861, not only correcting the grave and dangerous blunders it contained, but its language, so that it came from Lincoln's hands a document of greater dignity and finish of language. The December *Century* is authority for the further very interesting fact that Seward wrote the original draft of the famous closing passage of Lincoln's first inaugural, but as it came from Seward's hands it was comparatively poor and mean in expression. Lincoln rewrote it, and, while preserving the germ of the fine poetic thought it contained, clothed it in its present surpassingly beautiful and eloquent expression. The passage is the familiar one referring to the "mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield to every heart and hearthstone in this broad land," &c. It is clear, therefore, that this non-classical Lincoln was not only a sounder thinker than the classical and ornate Seward, but he was a finer literary artist, since he could not only mend his statesmanship, but correct and illuminate his style. Of academic learning Lincoln had none, but he had carefully read the English Bible, Milton and Shakespeare; he had a finer poetic imagination than Seward and he was easily, therefore, the more chaste and eloquent writer.

Wearied of Naval Life.

Edward Nibour and Joseph M. Quinn wearied of life in the navy and deserted from the training ship New Hampshire, now at Newport.

They fell into the clutches of the local police, and, by orders from Inspector Williams, were delivered at the Navy-Yard this morning for discipline and future service.

Obituary.

Washington Sirpe, the well-known Bull's Head horse dealer, is dead.

John Aitken, who was identified with the drug and patent medicine business in this city, is dead.

Mrs. Mary W. Dwight died yesterday at the home of her son-in-law, Rossiter W. Raymond, of Brooklyn.

William Hude Nelison, at one time President of the Board of Education of this city and also of the Stock Exchange, died at his home at Far Rockaway yesterday.

The Rev. Dr. Duncan Kennedy, for twenty-five years pastor of the North Pearl Street Dutch Church, Albany, died at his home at Bloomfield, N. J., where until six years ago he was in charge of the Westminster Church. He was seventy-eight years old.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

Cable advices state that the snowstorms continue on the Continent and that railway communication is greatly interrupted.

A mixed train on the Pittsburg and Western road went through a trestle near St. Petersburg last evening, seriously injuring six passengers.

William Herrig, the old farmer who murdered his young wife and her lover near St. Francis, Ark., on Thursday, was hanged at midnight last night by a band of vigilantes.

A terrific snowstorm is raging throughout the Northwest. All trains on the Northern Pacific have been abandoned, and it looks as though every road in Minnesota and Dakota will be blocked.

While Frank Hess, of York, Pa., was hitching up a horse to take his fiancée out driving last Wednesday, he was kicked in the breast by the animal and instantly killed. He was to have been married on New Years Day.

A man occupying one of the stalls in the theatre at Carthagena last night committed suicide by exploding a dynamite cartridge. The concussion extinguished all the lights in the house, and the panic-stricken audience fled from the building. Over one hundred persons were more or less injured.

Mr. Ben Shepard, Marshal of Midville, Ga., went to a suspected house last night to arrest an escaped negro convict. The negro sprang through the front door, shot the marshal through the