THE WORLD.

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THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19.

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THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	28,159,785	77,992
1885	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was	14,727
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was	24,054
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was	79,985
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was	166,636
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was	234,724
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was	257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Lbs.
1883	4,423,288
1884	4,468,455
1885	8,329,207
1886	12,200,829
1887	15,629,506

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

DEMOCRATIC AT LAST.

The Democratic organization in Pennsylvania is to be congratulated on having at last become Democratic.

Heretofore it has been difficult to distinguish the so-called Democratic deliverances on the tariff in Pennsylvania from those put forth by the Republicans.

The resolution of the new Democratic State Committee approving the President's policy for "the revision and reduction of the war tariff," is another proof of the solidifying effect upon the party of that admirable document.

INJUSTICE TO TEACHERS.

It is a most absurd and unjust by-law of the Board of Education that reduces the salary of teachers on account of a falling off in the attendance of pupils, for which the intructors are not responsible.

The teachers stand ready to instruct the full quota of scholars if trustees or parents will supply it. Their preparation must be just as careful and their work is just as hard whether the roll is full or half a dozen short.

It is picayune business to dock the teachers for this cause.

NOT LOGICAL.

The corporation organs are all printing articles claiming that the striking coal miners were receiving munificent wages, and that there is no reason in their demands.

The logic of the situation is against the claim. Workingmen do not strike in midwinter, and face hunger and cold for themselves and their families, without good reason. The wretched state in which they live, as frequently described in THE WORLD, proves the falsity of the monopolists' plea that they are well paid.

Half truths are sometimes lies—and these are what the coal kings are giving the public.

"PERNICIOUS ACTIVITY."

The special newspaper champions of Mr. RANDALL have strongly defended the right of office-holders to be active in political management. This is what they are appointed for, in the spoilsmen's view.

The friends of Mr. RANDALL now allege that his candidate for Chairman of the State Committee of Pennsylvania was defeated through the efforts of Federal office-holders in the interest of the Administration.

Of course the defeated are estopped from complaining of this "pernicious activity"—for pernicious it is, no matter whose cause it serves. It is instructive to the engineer—if he survive—to be "hoist with his own petar."

If Bloody-Shirt BILLY, of New Hampshire, will consult his almanac he will find that the constitutional amendments are still there, although a Southern man took his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court yesterday.

The newspapers that approve Mr. DOUGHERTY's plan for a muzzled press are naturally those that never denounce public thieves and rich rascals, either before, during or after their trial.

The woman President of the Dover street railroad has justified THE WORLD's expectations by reducing the fare to five cents. New York may yet have to look to a business woman for rapid transit.

The Republican collar-wearers at Albany are ably co-operating with Boss PLATT in his highly successful efforts to keep this State Democratic.

If you wish to "see stars" in daylight, go up to Central Park to skate and let your feet run away from your body for the fraction of a second.

To-Morrow.

Police Capt. H. O. Smith, commander of the police boat Patrol, has furnished an exciting story for THE EVENING WORLD *to-morrow, entitled "A Buccaneer of the Bay."*

DIAMONDS ON THE POLICE.

Supt. Murray and Inspectors Steers and Williams wear a modest single-stone diamond ring.

Inspector Williams has received an annual pass to Woodlawn Cemetery, but is in no hurry to use it.

Supt. Murray promises to make this a very blue year for violators of the Excise law. Thus far there have been 290 arrests.

Fabulous sums of money are offered for tickets to the annual dinner of the police captains; but there are more pegs now than there are holes to put them in.

Inspector Byrnes sports a neat diamond ring, the gift of his wife. His peculiar aversion to a display of jewelry makes him hide his sparkler when he is in the presence of police officials.

Perhaps one of the most valuable rings in the city, on account of the historic interest attached to it, is worn by Police Inspector Peter Conlin. It contains seven sapphires of a peculiar blue shade, and was owned formerly by Ismael, ex-Khédive of Egypt. He bestowed it upon Col. H. B. Reed, of his staff, known as Bey Reed, and he in turn gave it to his cousin, Mrs. Conlin. The Inspector values it highly.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Eliza Waloron, who died in Akron, O., a few days ago, weighed 365 pounds and measured nine feet around the waist. She was fifty-four years old.

There are four professional stenographers among the members of the National House of Representatives—Hitt, Mason, Holmes and Ford. Congressman Hitt was one of the first stenographers in the West, and went to Washington as the private secretary of Oliver P. Morton.

A teacher in a Punxsutawney (Pa.) school, after whipping a young girl severely for an infraction of the rules, said that if she thought he had done wrong in punishing her she could take the rod and castigate him in return. To his great surprise she took him at his word and gave him a vigorous beating.

An Ellsworth (Me.) merchant recently received the money for a small mat which he had accidentally added to the purchases of a customer several years ago. The lady who sent the money said in her note that the matter had been troubling her for several years.

The Elijay (Ga.) *Courier* says that there is a mania among the children of the town for cockfighting, and that it is a frequent sight to see numbers of boys of from five to sixteen years of age running about the streets with roosters under their arms preparing for a match.

Byron Fairbanks, of West Bend, Wis., makes the assertion that he was the youngest soldier in the war of the rebellion. He was fourteen years seven months old when he enlisted in 1861 and he served four years. He was shot in the hip in the battle near Atlanta, Aug. 26, 1864.

The two new Victorias of the Senators from California are said to be the most elegant carriages seen in Washington. Senator Stanford's attracts the greater attention for the reason that the coachman and footman are in deep mourning and match the sombre hue of the horses and the harness.

During the progress of a religious revival which was recently held at West Point, Ind., a little child of seven years, while under the influence of the excitement of the occasion, mounted the pulpit and made an exhortation which is said to have been remarkable for its power and eloquence.

H. J. Furber, jr., a young Chicagoan, not yet twenty, and now a student at the University of Berlin, has conceived the idea of founding in Chicago a great university, to be modelled after that at Heidelberg. He will devote $1,000,000 to the project as an inducement to other citizens to join him in the movement.

THE BOY AND THE PRETZELS.

Act. 1.—Showing Johnnie's self-satisfaction as he carried home two pretzels, given him as perquisites by the baker, neatly balancing them on two loaves of bread.

Act. 2.—Showing the disadvantages of such a method of transportation.

In Town for a Day.

Henry Watterson is again at the Everett.

E. J. Early, of Cleveland, O., is stopping at the New York Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Soule, of Rochester, are recent arrivals at the Hoffman.

Lieut. of Engineers William E. Craighill, U. S. A., is registered at the Grand.

C. E. Durkee, Superintendent of the Adirondack Railroad, is registered at the Gilsey.

Chas. J. Cody and R. J. Momson, of Kalamazo, Mich., are registered at the Grand Central.

At the Hoffman are Prof. Daniel F. Perkins, of Yale, and Major James O. Woodward, of Albany.

H. D. Alexander, United States steamship Trenton, and E. H. Hockstaedler are recent arrivals at the Gilsey.

Charles Selden, Superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company at Baltimore, arrived at the Victoria to-day.

Ex-Senator Daniel St. John, of Newburg, and Dr. F. W. Campbell were among those who arrived last night at the Brunswick.

W. H. Vandeburg, the wealthy son of Minnesota's Chief Justice, is spending the last few days which remain before he sails for Egypt at the Gilsey.

Charles E. Paine, of Providence; B. Quarrier, a merchant of Wheeling, and P. S. Dooner, proprietor of Dooner's Hotel, Philadelphia, are at the St. James.

Among the guests at the Morton House are Frederick Stanley, of the "Lights o' London" company, F. Pelham, of Boston, and A. J. Maerz, of Buffalo.

Booked at the Brunswick are Thomas B. King, of Baltimore; A. F. Carley, of Schenectady; Ed Saunders, of St. Paul, and Robert W. Gibson, also of St. Paul.

Ex-Secretary of War Robert T. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henry Smith, of Chicago, and H. C. Morse, a prominent Bostonian, are guests of the Fifth Avenue.

New names on the Grand's register include Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander, of New York, M. B. Loeb, a Parisian merchant, and F. D. Jones, of Santiago, Chili.

Among others at the Victoria are John T. Stytle, of Texas; M. D. Arnold, a Providence merchant, and John K. Cowen, attorney for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Registered at the Victoria are Galusha A. Grow, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives; ex-Congressmen M. F. Elicott, of Pennsylvania, and J. J. Kennedy, of Toronto.

New names on the Everett House register: Roswell R. Hoes, U. S. N.; H. Audley Clarke, Newport, R. I.; John Featherstone, of Chicago, and Charles Kellogg, of Athens, Pa.

Some wit has written in a bold hand on the Morton House register: "B. W. Bunting, Arnuckelville." The bejewelled clerk who guards the sacred book is looking for the miscreant.

Recent arrivals at the Union Square Hotel are A. Adler, a merchant of Joliet, Ill.; F. L. Wheeler, the theatrical manager; W. H. H. Smith, of Syracuse, and J. B. Sullivan, jr., of Los Angeles.

A. M. F. Billingslea, of the Treasury Department at Washington; Henry Foster, one of the city fathers, of Independence, Kan., and F. E. Proctor, of Boston, are registered on the Astor's book today.

Ready for Business.

[*From the St. Paul Globe.*]

Undertaker (in small town on Eastern railroad)—What time is it, Jack?

Jack—2.30, sir.

"Let's see, what time is that train due at the bridge?"

"Two thirty-five, sir."

"Have you got that dozen soft-pine coffins where they'll be handy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jack, if Ezra Comstock comes in here again and begins his talk about railroads being soulless corporations, kick him out. It's our duty to stand by 'em."

"EDDIE."

A Criminal at Large.

BY

POLICE CAPT. M'CULLAGH,

Of the Elizabeth Street Station.

PART II.

"WHAT was the name of this pard of yours and where does he live?" I inquired.

"His name, or the name he gave me, was Edward Brihtg. I don't know where he lives. He used to meet me always and never gave me his address."

"And do you mean to say you don't know anything more about him than this?" I asked, incredulously.

"So help me God, I have told you the whole truth. I know I am ruined and have been a fool, but I have told you the whole thing."

I sent officers around to the place where the man had agreed to meet him, but there was nobody there. I found out later that, unfortunately, the officers who had arrested the young man for his assault on the cashier had brought him down Canal street, and so if his accomplice had been there he saw the game was up and skipped.

The friend with whom he had been talking the night before at Association Hall was a business man on Elm street. He came to see him, and was full of regret for him.

"William," he said, "you know you have done wrong. But this is your first offense. The house you have worked with never had a word of blame for you. You will probably be sent to prison. But I can forgive you. If you only confess the whole thing I will use every influence I can secure for your benefit, and will still be your friend. If you are sent to prison my house is open to you when you get out. But this is only on condition that you tell everything. Otherwise I will do all I can to get the full penalty of the law on you."

The young fellow protested that he had told all the truth and nothing but the truth, and that he could do no more. I began to believe him. I saw the other fellow was the real villain and had used this simple young man as a tool. I began to want Mr. Edward Bright very much.

But there was no clue. He had never given Henry any address, but had always met him somewhere and had carefully taken him to places where he (Bright) was not known, because Henry had never heard him addressed by any one else. He was a shrewd one and had worked the thing well.

"It will break up the young girl whom he was going with, Fanny Thorne, said the business man from Elm street.

Henry was tried, convicted and sent to Elmira, where he is now. The cashier was not killed, but was laid up for weeks with a fever and very nearly died. I didn't see how I could get hold of Edward Bright. Probably the name was a false one. The way he had disguised William Henry showed he was a master in the art of making up. Henry was a slight blonde and had a clear white skin.

"I SAW I COULD DEPEND ON HER."

No one could have recognized him in the dark wig and side-whiskers and stained skin. I got the exact description of Bright from Henry. He was a wiry man, strongly built and clean shaven, and wore a dark-brown cheviot vest and trousers and a black cutaway diagonal coat. The description was very minute, but that was all I had about Mr. Bright. Name, address, business, associates, there was not a single clue to any of of these.

I could have shaken young Henry for being so silly. It was almost inconceivable. I could only hope that something would turn up to put me on Bright's track.

Three weeks afterwards a young girl came to my office. The gentleman from Elm street was her escort. She was very pretty and spoke in a quick, vivacious way.

"Captain, this is Miss Fanny Thorne. I think she can tell you something that may be a help to getting on the track of Edward Bright."

"Yes, and if I can I can tell you I shall be glad enough to do it. If he is the man that ruined Willie Henry I would like to see him hung!"

Her eyes snapped and her bosom heaved with indignation. She would evidently be all the assistance she could. There was no doubt about that.

"Well, Miss Thorne, tell me anything that you think could be of help. I have got no clue to the fellow yet," I said to her.

"Well, Capt. McCullagh, I will tell you what may be some clue. I shall have to speak about myself a little," she continued, with a slight blush. "Willie Henry had been paying me attentions for some time, and we liked each other very well. There was another young man, older than Willie, named Charles Wright. He was rather inclined to come around pretty often, too. I liked him well enough as an acquaintance, but nothing more.

"To tell the truth, he was pretty jealous, and sometimes used to speak against Willie. I always turned it off or defended him. One day, about two months before Willie got into this dreadful affair, he had been running on in this way, and finally I said: 'There, Mr. Wright, it's no use to talk that way. You know I like Willie Henry, and your talking about him does no good.' 'Oh, well,' he said, 'you won't care so much for him in three months, I'll bet.'

"I thought he simply meant that I would get tired of Willie by that time, and I told him not to worry himself about whom I should like, or not, in three months. When I thought it over afterwards, this remark of his seemed almost like a threat.

"I went out of town a week before Willie—before this thing happened, and only got back yesterday. When I heard of what Willie had done I couldn't help thinking of Charlie Wright's remark that I wouldn't think so much of him after three months. Because I can't think so much of him for being so weak, although I don't believe he ever meant to kill that cashier.

"Well, you are wondering perhaps where the point of all this is," the girl said, taking a long breath and fixing herself in the chair. "I'm getting to it now. When they told me that the man who put Willie up to this devilry was Edward Bright, somehow I thought at once of how often I had heard Charlie Wright talk of a certain 'Eddie.' He used to say, 'I was out with Eddie last night,' or 'Charlie Wright's and I had a pretty good time yesterday.' The only thing is that this Eddie's name is Gunnison, and not Bright," she said in a little slower way, as if she felt that it wasn't so much of a "pointer" after all.

"What sort of a fellow is Charles Wright?" I asked.

"I always thought he was square. But who would ever have supposed that Willie Henry would have done what he did. He was a much nicer fellow than Charlie Wright?"

I recalled young Henry's story. Bright at first had only suggested his taking some silk from the store. The big scheme was a later idea, after he had been going with him for some time. The original plan might have been to get Henry to steal something and arrange to have him caught, so he would be disgraced in Fanny Thorne's eyes. Later "Eddie," if Bright was Wright's friend, may have worked Henry for his own purposes, when there was a prospect of getting a share of $15,000. Anyhow, "Eddie" must be got.

"Where can your friend Wright be found?" I asked her.

"Well, he is an elegant roller-skater, a champion, and he goes to the rink on —— street two or three times a week. You would be likely to find him there."

"Will you go to the rink with an officer in citizen's clothes and point out Wright to him?"

"Yes, I will," she answered.

The first evening they went to the rink Wright did not come, but the second time he was there, and the girl spoke with him and introduced the officer as her escort, "Mr. Rogers."

The next night or two "Mr. Rogers" went to the rink with another officer, to whom he pointed out Wright and then slipped away. I had given to both of them a very accurate description of Edward Bright.

When Charles Wright left the rink the officer followed him. He went to a beer saloon, and the officer slipped in close behind him. When he got inside Wright looked around, saw a man sitting at one of the tables and, going up to him, said: "Hello, Eddie!"

"How are you, Charlie?" answered the other.

The man to whom Wright had spoken answered the description of Edward Bright perfectly, even to the clothes he had on. The two men sat down and talked. When they went out the officer followed them, and when they separated on the corner, continued to follow "Eddie" till he saw him enter a house.

The next day inquiry was made at the house as if by men getting information for the directory as to who lived there. But they gave no name "Edward Gunnison."

The man was shadowed, however, and tracked to a downtown commission store. There it was learned that his name was "Edward Gunnison," and that he was regarded as a shrewd cool fellow, honest and with a good deal of business capacity.

It was pretty clear that Edward Bright and "Eddie" Gunnison were the same. The description which Henry gave of the one was the exact description of the other. "Eddie" was a great friend of Charles Wright, and had deliberately worked to get Henry into trouble having made his acquaintance clearly with this object after Wright had told Fanny Thorne that she "would not like Henry so much after three months."

It was clear enough that Gunnison was the accomplice and instigator of a crime to William Henry. But the distressing part was this: William Henry was the only one who could bear witness that he was such, and the uncorroborated testimony of a convict will not secure the conviction of a criminal.

Gunnison had been so cunning that no one else had been let into the business, and not a trace of any documentary evidence, no letter or note, existed to show that he had worked Henry up to the deed.

Nothing could be done. I had only the satisfaction of knowing who the man was that had been the accomplice of William Henry. There was nothing that could convict him. So I have had to let the matter rest, or at least hang fire. It is very doubtful if "Eddie" Gunnison is ever punished, while the young man he put up to the deed is in durance vile. I confess I should be glad to see "Eddie" brought to grief and get his deserts. It may yet be.

Mr. Sanborn's Estimate of Goethe.

The members of the Goethe Society met at the Hotel Brunswick last night and listened with great interest to a paper entitled "Goethe and Shakespeare, with Some Remarks upon the Baconian Hypothesis," read by Frank R. Sanborn. Mr. Sanborn said that Goethe excelled in wisdom, while Shakespeare did not comprehend his own wisdom. The writings of Goethe, Mr. Sanborn said, had paved the way for Bismarck and Moltke. He called Goethe a Samson with his eyes wide open, grinding of his own accord in the mill of the Philistines. Goethe was always conscious of himself. "Faust" was the drama of his own life. Goethe once ridiculed the idea of comparing himself to Shakespeare.

Some of those present were A. M. Palmer, Vice-President; Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Trowbridge, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wakeman, Dr. A. Ruppaner, Prof. and Mrs. Luigi Monti, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sprague Smith, Col. and Mrs. P. P. Fisher, Sidney Woollett and Prof. and Mrs. Boyesen.

A Radical Change.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

"Have you heard of the strange metamorphosis the white horse has undergone?" asked the Horse Editor.

"No, what is it?" replied the Snake Editor.

"He has changed to a chestnut."

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

COAL BARONS PILING UP FORTUNES AT THE EXPENSE OF THE POOR.

Other Monopolists, Too, Take a Hand In Raising Prices of the Necessaries of Life—Kindling Wood Also Takes a Jump—The Retail Dealers Get the Blame for the Rise in Prices—Talks in the Stores.

THE EVENING WORLD's investigation of retail trade conditions on the east side of the city brings out brighter results in the cross-streets than in the avenues.

J. H. Duncan, marketman at 202 East Thirtieth street, had no complaints to make about the state of trade.

J. W. Conklin, who has a snug little grocery at 240 East Thirtieth, found trade dull. "But it always is about this time," said he. "There is little difference in these cross-streets, any way. It's in the avenues over east that they feel the changes, as they have more of a transient trade."

Mrs. Pfaffman, dealing in dairy products at 230 East Thirty-fourth street, found her business very sensibly affected. "Two cents' worth of mustard," a small customer called for while the reporter stood by, and there were orders for one egg, or two, or three.

J. & W. F. Quinless, at 222 East Thirty-fourth street, deal only in fresh and canned fruit. A bright lad behind the counter said: "Business is affected just now chiefly by expenses."

"Our business is pretty fair," was the story in the well-stocked grocery of F. Bursky, at 208 East Thirty-fourth street. "We can't complain much."

"H. Wiessner, fine groceries," says the sign at 210 East Thirty-fourth street, and Mr. Wiessner himself said to the reporter: "Business is A No. 1."

John F. Luth, who keeps a large corner grocery at 141 Avenue A, says: "This is the dull season of the year with us and we cannot expect much. My customers are for the most part poor people, and they buy in small quantities—half a pail of coal, a pound of flour, a quart of potatoes and so on. We do not give credit; it would not pay. We suffer by the imposition of the farmers and wholesale dealers. Spinach, for instance, is sold to us by the bag. At this time of the year the bags are made small, but we have to pay as much. A petition is being prepared by the Grocers' Union to regulate the sale of country produce according to some honest standard."

Fredhoff & Meyer do a good business in groceries at 92 Avenue A. Their chief clerk said: "Our sales are small now, owing to the usual dulness after the holidays."

At 536 Sixth street Joseph Zeigelmeyer has a grocery store. Mr. Zeigelmeyer complains of the hard times. "I believe," said he, "that two-thirds of my customers are out of work. They are mostly laboring men and mechanics, who do most of their work in the spring, summer and fall."

Ferdinand Akriseg, a bright young grocer who has been pushing his business for about eight months at 205 East Thirty-fifth street, said: "There is nothing to complain of or to boast of. People are buying about the same, but there's little money in the business anyway. Everything is affected by monopoly—coal, iron, sugar and God knows what not. The sugar trust has raised the price a cent and a half a pound since last summer, and you know how it is with coal. Oil has gone up, too."

Across the street, at No. 204, is Henry Kattenhorn's grocery and liquor store. "I find the trade," said the proprietor, "as good as can be expected after the holidays. In fact, it is better with me than it was two months before the holidays. I have more and better orders. I have been in business here three years and a half."

George Archer, at 219 East Thirty-fifth street, sells small grocery supplies, but makes a specialty of milk, cheese and butter. "Trade's a little bit slower in here," he said, and added: "That is, for getting the money. We sell goods enough, but the money seems tight and hard to get."

Mrs. Lizzie Buhlman, proprietress of the grocery and dairy at 216 East Thirty-sixth street, where she has been for not quite a year, declared herself satisfied. "Business is better with me," she said, "than at any other time. Not that I've made bargains, but—I've been satisfied."

On the west side the high price of coal is felt severely. John Juechter, jr., supplies groceries, breadstuffs and coal to the people who live in the neighborhood of his neat store at 336 West Thirty-seventh street. "This week," he said, "I sell coal for 30 cents per bushel, or nine cents per bucket. Yes, I'm obliged to buy coal half a ton or a ton at a time because there isn't a coal cellar in this block. We sell from two to two and a half tons a week in this weather."

Jos. Hall, proprietor of a growing business in dairy products at 241 West Thirty-seventh street, was not in when the reporter called, but his wife, who thoroughly understands the business, said: "Yes, they've raised on coal again, and I suppose the people hold us responsible for the increased price. I don't think strikes do one bit of good to anybody. And it's not coal alone that has gone up, but wood. A few days ago I could buy 100 bundles of kindling wood for $1.60, but now they charge us $1.80. Coal we could buy Saturday night at $2.80 per half ton, now I understand that it is to be $3 for the same amount, and families, of course, can't get it as cheap from the dealers as we can."

A well-stocked grocery at 331 West Thirty-seventh street is owned by John V. Coffey & Brother. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Coffey, "we sell coal, but we can't make a cent on it, especially since this last raise to $6 per ton. Wood's gone up too, but the people buy both just the same, for they are obliged to have them. I sell from three to four tons of coal a week when it's cold, and since this last raise in the price I have to charge ten cents a bucket for it, and I suppose that before long it will be still higher."

Mr. Sturcke keeps an attractive grocery at 220 West Sixteenth street. He said: "Business is very dull. I sell coal for 10 cents a pail. I always take the morning and EVENING WORLD."

Mr. Atkinson, of 254 West Fifteenth street, has a neat and tidy grocery. He is assisted in its management by his wife, who is a strict business woman. "I have been here five months," said Mr. Atkinson. "I am doing a good business. I can't understand why there is so much complaint about dull times. I never found business better."

Sturke Bros. keep a large grocery at 152 Bleecker street. They say: "Business is not as good as this time last year. We sell coal at 10 cents per pail. Our customers are mostly among the laboring class. We keep the best goods that can be bought and sell them very cheap."

HUM OF THE COURT.

[*From Judge.*]

Geographical—What is the capital of Jay Gould?

From a pretty woman's album:

"A stupid fellow compliments a woman on her pretty teeth, but a clever one makes her laugh."

What this weather wants is a thermometer that will register a decent temperature and keep itself right there.

Mr. Dana keeps calling on the Democrats to hang together, and we feel authorized to say that, as heretofore, he stands ready to furnish the necessary rope.

A wise reflection by Jones: "Doesn't it strike you as rather odd that while the papers are daily commenting on the decease of celebrated men they never announce their birth?"

Master Bobby has eyes considerably larger than his stomach. The other day at table he was fingering a piece of bread he did not want to eat.

"But you must eat it, since you touched it," insisted his father.

"All right," replies Tommy. "Then if I put my finger in the cream-jug must I drink it all up?"

"How would you like some nice brandied peaches of my own make?" asked a benevolent old lady of a tramp.

"I don't want to put you to so much trouble, mum," replied the hardened vagabond. "You needn't mind the peaches; a little of the brandy will suit me."

THE PARISH OF ST. BERNARD.

Its History and the Able Work of the Rev. Gabriel A. Healy, Its Pastor.

The Parish of St. Bernard, now one of the most important in the city, was founded in May, 1868, with the Rev. Gabriel A. Healey, its present head, as pastor. He first purchased in that year the old building in West Thirteenth street formerly used by the Knickerbocker Ice Company as a factory, and it was used as a church for seven years.

THE REV. GABRIEL A. HEALEY.

In 1869 the new property, on Fourteenth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, was purchased, and the corner-stone of the present handsome edifice was laid on May 11, 1873. The church was only two years in building, and on May 30, 1875, it was dedicated with imposing ceremonies by Cardinal McCloskey. It also deserves the distinction of being the first Roman Catholic Church in this country dedicated by an American Cardinal. The sermon on this occasion was delivered by the Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester.

The influence and power of the church has grown immensely in these last years, and now the parishioners number about nine thousand.

During its entire existence the Rev. Father Healy has been its pastor, and no one could be more beloved and respected by his flock than he.

Among his assistants during the interval of his pastorate have been the Rev. James Galligan, now rector of the Church of the Holy Name; the Rev. William A. Farrell, rector at Tuckahoe, and the Rev. John J. Riordan, the late "Apostle of Castle Garden." His present assistants are the Revs. Michael J. Henry, George P. O'Callahan and Thomas McManus.

The church building, with grounds attached, cost $250,000, of which more than a half has already been paid.

The parochial school which was started in September, 1886, now numbers about four hundred pupils, and is under the charge of six Sisters of Charity.

Among the principal societies connected with the parish are the Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Holy Name Society, the Sacred Heart and a number of sodalities for the children of the parish. These are all doing excellent work in the advancement of religion and maintenance of morality.

The Rev. Gabriel A. Healy, the pastor, was born in this city Oct. 20, 1841, in old St. Peter's Parish, where he was baptized. He received his early education at the Christian Brothers, in Canal street, and afterwards entered the College of St. Francis Xavier, in Fifteenth street, where he was graduated in 1860.

From here he went to Montreal, where he pursued his theological studies at the famous seminary of St. Sulpice. He remained there three years, receiving most of his orders, but returned to this country in 1864, and was ordained a priest by Bishop Bayley, of Newark.

His first position was in his native parish of St. Peter's, where he was appointed assistant to the Rev. William Quinn, the rector. He retained this position for three years and a half, when he left it for the parish of St. Bernard's, which he founded, and of which he has been the pastor ever since.

Among the interesting entertainments given at this church was the celebrated Nativity play, or Christmas cantata, which was compiled and arranged by the pastor, and in which the dramatic points in the birth and early youth of the Saviour are strongly brought out. It illustrates the principal events of his birth, the adoration of the shepherds; of the Magi; the killing of the children by order of King Herod, and other incidents.

Some idea of its popularity may be had from the fact that it was given in this church for ten consecutive years, 1875-85, and it is now being represented in different parts of the country, having been produced within the last few years in Boston, Philadelphia and several towns in this State.

The play has recently been published in book form, and may be strongly recommended to any pastor who would wish to give to his congregation a most attractive, novel and religious entertainment.

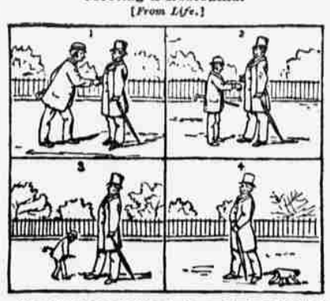
"A Buccaneer of the Bay."

Police Capt. E. O. Smith, commander of the police boat Patrol, tells the thrilling story of "The Buccaneer of the Bay" exclusively in THE EVENING WORLD *to-morrow.*

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Meeting a Bostonian.

[*From Life.*]



Curious effect produced by a few words with a denizen of the Hub.

Worse Punishment.

[*From the Newark Journal.*]

A Florida judge digs up a forgotten old law, and under it sentences six tramps to thirty-nine lashes each. The prejudices of the time, Mr. Judge, are rather against that sort of thing, unless in the case of wife-beaters. And to the average tramp hard work is more terrible than the lash.

Where They Come From.

[*From the New Orleans Picayune.*]

"Where do all the bad actors, now travelling, come from?" asked a newspaper man of a veteran actor the other day. "Where do they come from? Don't give it away, my boy; but they come from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

It Reminded Her.

[*From the St. Paul Globe.*]

Louisville (Ky.) Girl—What awfully cold weather you have up here in St. Paul.

St. Paul Girl—It is rather cold. The atmosphere is very dry, though.

"Yes; in that respect it reminds me very much of the people in Kentucky."

A Change for the Better.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

Squildig—How's Jones this morning?

McSwilligen—Well, I had no hopes of his recovery until last night, but now I think he will get well.

Squildig—His condition is more favorable, then, is it?

McSwilligen—Yes, the doctors have given him up.

The French of Chicago.

[*From the Chicago Mail.*]

Another dialogue overheard at the theatre between acts:

Young Lady (to her young man)—Did you attend the ho'?

Young Man—You mean the hop.

Young Lady—I guess I know what I mean. Ho' is French for hop, just the same as galo' is French for galop. How long have you been in society, anyhow?

Sitting in the Air.

[*From the Pfiegende Blatter.*]

A young German officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of raw recruits, and gave the word of command: "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor. "Donnerwetter!" exclaimed the officer, "what jackanapes has lifted both his legs?"

JIMMY FINDS PROTECTORS.

THE PORTER WHO LASHED THE NEWSBOY HELD FOR TRIAL.

Lawyer Martin and ex-Police Commissioner Erhardt Volunteer to Testify for the Little Fellow—Jimmy Tells How He Was Whipped for Warming Himself in the Metropolitan Hotel Lobby.

Jimmy Lenihan, complainant before Justice Kilbreth in the Tombs Police Court this morning, was so very small that the Justice was obliged to lean over his desk and crane his neck to see him.

The lad said he was fourteen years old, a school-boy and the son of Stephen J. Lenihan, plumber at 60 Spring street and lived at 37 Marion street.

He repeated the story published in THE WORLD this morning. He complained that Matthew Madigan, a porter at the Metropolitan Hotel, had whipped him brutally. While he was warming himself, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, at the register in the hotel lobby he said Madigan lashed him with a whip.

Madigan, a burly, beetling-browed, square-jawed fellow, said he was thirty-three years old and had been porter at the Metropolitan four years. Newsboys bothered the guests by congregating in the corridors, pitching pennies and making a noise. He had orders to drive them away, and had "tapped this boy with a bit of bamboo, for he was always bothering."

Then William M. Martin, a lawyer, at 7 Nassau street, and living at 44 West Fortieth street, stepped forward and said with much warmth:

"I saw the whole affair. The lad was doing nothing. This man stole up behind him and lashed him with what looked to me like a stout stick, to which was attached a leather thong.

"The boy cried with pain and ran into the street, the man lashing him all the way. Then, while the boy was moving away on the street, crying, the man returned to the assault and lashed him again.

"Ex-Police Commissioner Joel B. Erhardt and I and several other gentlemen interfered and Policeman James Hunter came up, attracted by the pitiful screams of the lad, and arrested the man. Madigan threw the whip away and it went down between the bars of a window grating."

Justice Kilbreth held Madigan in $300 bail to answer in Special Sessions, and Liquor-Dealer John Reilly, of 69 Marion street, signed the bond.

Ex-Police Commissioner Erhardt, who jumped off an uptown Broadway car when he saw the assault, and requested Policeman Hunter to make the arrest, says he will be a witness to the brutality of Madigan, and T. J. Smith, of 157½ West Forty-first street, also gave his name as a witness.

The lad was accompanied in court by his father, and a war of words occurred in the corridor after the disposition of the case.

An employe of the hotel took the elder Lenihan to task for sending his little boy out to sell papers, adding, "I don't blame the boy so much. Boys will be boys."

"Yes," ejaculated Mr. Martin in energetic indignation, "and men ought to be men!"

Mr. Lenihan wore a comfortable suit of clothes and a nice, big overcoat. The boy was clad in a suit of navy-blue cloth without an overcoat. Lenihan, senior, assumed a sullen air and remarked that "other people could make themselves busy in minding their own business."

PICKINGS.

[*From Puck.*]

A manager is known by the company he keeps.

Tuxedo is thinking of putting an accent on its a!

This is the year when the girls leap and the men fly.

If election took place the first Tuesday in January the Prohibitionists would stand a better show.

You can't insult a man when your feet are under his mahogany. He has the dead wood of hospitality on you.

Mrs. Langtry has a stuffed cat with diamond eyes, and she is looking about for somebody to write a play to fit it.

It is said that Jay Gould enjoyed the novel sensation of a short balloon trip in Paris. He's got the earth, and he probably went up to take a look at the sky.

"No," said the Deacon, when he got back to Beanville, after his New York trip, "you folks up here seem to hev got a wrong impression altogether. I might 'a' said I wuz goin' down to York arter green goods, but garden seeds wuz what I hed refrunce to. And that there House o' Detention, why, that's a sorter public hotel, ez it were, where they put strangers so's't designin' people can't git at 'em. Them noosdaper fellers do git things mixed up dreffle. Noo York's a mighty wicked place, Brother Sawbuck!"

The World is THE "Want" Medium.

A Comparison:

Total Number of "Wants" published in The World during 1887	602,391
Total number in Herald	438,476
Excess of World over Herald	163,915
Number of columns of "Advts." in World during 1887	16,970
Number of columns in Herald	9,921
Excess of World over Herald	7,049

793 ANSWERS!

What One "Want" Adv't Did—An Unsolicited Testimonial.

MUTUAL UNION ASS., ROCHESTER, June 10, 1887.
To the New York World.

DEAR SIR: Our three-line advt. in your Sunday issue of June 5 flooded me with letters all the week. We have tabulated the number, by States, received up to noon to-day, with the following result:

New York, 300; Ohio, 123; Massachusetts, 104; Pennsylvania, 62; Connecticut, 47; Delaware, 27; Maine, 24; Canada, 21; Washington, 17; Maryland, 78; Virginia, 13; Indiana, 9; Vermont, 8; Illinois, 1; West Virginia, 4; miscellaneous, 9, making a total of 793 letters from parties who saw our advertisement in the New York WORLD, with a few more States to hear from. THOS. LEAHY, General Manager.

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD."

A Man With Property to Sell Relates His Advertising Experience.

To the Editor of The World:

On the 6th of December I sent two letters—one to THE WORLD and one to the *Herald*, just alike, with a three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily $5 worth. THE WORLD gave me six insertions and 50 cents change. The *Herald* spread out the lines, published it once and kept the $5. I got from THE WORLD advertisement twenty letters and five calls; from the *Herald* two letters from agents. I am well pleased with THE WORLD and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cott