

Subscription to the Evening Edition (including postage) per month, 30c.; per year, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887, 83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year, 228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED.

Table comparing circulation figures from 1882 to 1887, showing a steady increase from 15,157 to 83,389,828.

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

Table showing circulation figures for the Sunday World from 1885 to 1887, with values ranging from 14,727 to 257,267.

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION. It will not make much difference with the result of the Presidential election...

LYING, AS USUAL.

The impetuous Sun (mortgaged) says that "the Jersey City establishment of THE WORLD had just been abolished."

WORLDLINGS.

Robert H. Ferguson died in Pittsburg a few days ago of lockjaw brought on by a severe cold.

ABROGANT AND UNJUST.

The action of the officers of the Clark Thread Company in refusing to listen to the complaints of their operatives...

AS TO MONOPOLIES.

President GREEN, of the Western Union Telegraph, denies that his company is a monopoly.

DAN DRISCOLL, the doomed "Whyo," is as fit a subject for the gallows as the law has recently condemned.

BEVA LOCKWOOD intimates that she might find a "yes" in her vocabulary if asked to run for President again this year.

I Old man DANA, who tried to win the life-saving medal by "looking out for number one" in the accident to the Seawanhaka, is naturally very courageous in libelling dead men and abusing absentees.

Regulating the morals of a community by the aid of tar and feathers is a midwinter missionary enterprise in Westchester County.

Irving Hall declares for the abolition of political assessments, which now "practically prohibit any man who may rightfully be called poor from being a candidate for a political office."

occupation of a great many professional politicians would be gone were it carried out.

The coal miners would do better to drop entangling alliances. "One thing at a time."

HEARD ABOUT THE HOFFMAN.

"What paper are you on now?" "Let's go into the art gallery; I am dry."

THE ARTIST AND THE COLLECTOR.

Wayfarers in Town. Lieut. James Hale, U. S. A., is at the Grand, George S. Gardner, is at the Ironwork.

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CAPTAIN LEW

A Buccaneer of the Bay.

POLICE CAPT. E. O. SMITH,

Commander of the Police Boat "Patrol."

PART II.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD."]

ONE day, after they had been talking while the pony was resting under the shade of an overhanging tree, Bessie exclaimed: "Why, Wallace, we are very much of the same station in life, aren't we?"

"Yes, Miss Bessie," he said, "if I thought you realized that I might tell you something. But you must feel as if I were only your groom, only a servant."

"No, I don't. I know you need not do such work unless you choose. What did you want to tell me?"

Lew proceeded to tell her then and there. It was the old story, one that has been told ten thousand times, and yet the one a woman loves to hear the best.

Bessie Reese undoubtedly loved the fellow, and even if she had thought him only a groom, was probably so much taken with him that she would have done what she did do. This was to steal away from the house Monday night with Lew. He had persuaded her to have all her valuables sent on to New York in three or four trunks, which had been expressed without old Mr. Reese knowing anything about it. They came to the city and got married the first thing after breakfast on the day they arrived.

Old Mr. Reese was furious. Bessie wrote and told him her story. He asked for the name of Lew Wallace's father, and that Lew declined to give. Well he might, after forging that gentleman's name and relieving him of several hundred dollars and some valuable plate. Then Mr. Reese refused to see or communicate with his daughter. "She has made her bed, let her lie in it," he said, savagely.

The water gentleman had a great passion for the old and owned a fast sloop yacht. He spent much of his time on it in the summer months, and now that his daughter's flight had left him alone and miserable he used to cruise about more than ever on the Undine.

One dark night, some two months after Bessie's elopement, a boat rowed up to the yacht as she was lying at anchor off New London. Most of the crew had gone ashore, and there were only a few men on board. Suddenly these few found themselves overboard and gagged by the men who had boarded the yacht. It was late at night and very dark. The men who boarded her wore black masks, so their faces were not visible. They weighed anchor, tied the hands and feet of the crew together, and left them at a little distance inland on an uninhabited part of the Long Island shore of the Sound. They made their way back to the shore, and succeeded in attracting the attention of a fishing schooner, which picked them up.

Nothing was heard of the stolen yacht. A dozen men wearing masks had boarded the boat and overpowered them and left them on the shore. That was all they could tell. One young, wiry fellow had commanded the crew, but he had spoken his orders in a sturdily false pitch of voice. It was too high to be natural and he evidently had assumed it to disguise his real tones.

Nothing was ever heard of the Undine, and the opinion began to be held that thieves had taken from her everything that was valuable and then sunk her. Otherwise why had she never been seen anywhere?

Bessie Reese, now Mrs. Lew Wallace, was placed by her husband in a cheap Brooklyn boarding-house on Clark street. She was happy at first, poor thing! until Wallace's fancy for her had worn off, which it did with wonderful rapidity. He was away a good deal, and especially at nights. He offered no explanation of this except that he had things to look after.

Finally one day when Bessie reproached him a little for his neglect he said to her, in an ugly way: "Look here, you wouldn't like to know what I do. You're comfortable here, ain't you? You go ahead and have a good time and I'll pay your bills for you. That's what a husband is for, isn't it?"

"Lew, that doesn't seem quite like what you told me at home about you never marrying a girl unless you loved her?" said Bessie, reproachfully.

Wallace had probably half forgotten his story, but these words recalled it and he guffawed at his wife's seriousness.

"Why, Bess," he said, "I never was bounced by my father for not marrying any girl. That was a little bluff game to fetch you down and make you free and easy with the stable boy. Ha, ha, ha!"

The racial thorough enjoyed his own villainy. Bessie's eyes flashed as she said: "What are you? A thief?"

"Shouldn't wonder if that is what some people might call me. If it would be a comfort for you to know, yes, I am a thief and a pretty good one, too. Now that it's understood, the less there is said about it the better. Your old dad would not be as likely to get the handsome boy if you knew it. If you get him to forgive you, we can set up as nice, honest people, if I ain't dropped on before that."

It was pretty hard on the girl. But she clung to the one hope that he loved her. One day when he had showed up at the boarding-house after a week's absence he gave out that he was with a New York business house and had to travel a good deal as an excuse for his absences to the people of the house) she said to him:

"Lew, tell me truly, do you love me?"

Wallace looked at her, and said, after a moment's pause, with a cruel smile: "Well, to give you a straight tip, I don't believe I do."

When he returned to the boarding-house,

after three days' absence, his wife was gone. Soon after he left the place himself.

This was two weeks before old Mr. Reese's yacht Undine had been stolen and subsequently disappeared.

Some time later robberies along the coast of the Sound began to be frequent. Houses in the rich towns lying on the Connecticut coast were most skillfully robbed and no trace found of the thieves. Robberies also were more frequent on the steamboats and craft that lay at docks along the North River.

After a while watchers on the case began to find that a black sloop was frequently seen in the neighborhood of the robberies. Her name was "Satan," rather an ominous title to sail under. Her owner was a young Englishman, they said, who claimed to be cruising about for his pleasure. An Englishman has a sort of right to be eccentric, but the eccentricity of the Satan and its owner looked to a good many as if it was crookedness.

During the summer two law students put in a good deal of their time boating along the Palisades on the Hudson. They were camping out on the Jersey shore. They noticed a rakish-looking black sloop that used to heave up stream and then drift down pretty late at night. The suspicions of one of these law-boys became aroused and he told me of this queer craft. It was the Satan. Well, the way the boat was carrying on was enough to warrant a word of explanation from her owners, and I determined to get it.

I had couched in my own mind a few rumors and reports which I had got about the sloop Satan with the disappearance of Mr. Reese's yacht Undine. One bright summer afternoon the two lawyers came down the river rowing in their boat, and told me that the Satan had dropped anchor up the river, and was lying off Fort Lee.

Our own boat steamed up the stream very soon after that to see if we could find out something more about the craft. We steamed slowly by. There she was, sure enough, lying as lightly as a rose-leaf on the water. She was a trim, rakish-looking craft, entirely black, with "Satan" in red letters on her prow. Everything was very quiet on board. I swung up on the New York side of the river, and when we got opposite to her, dropped a boat down on the starboard, so that our steamer hid it from the Satan, and let the men row a little off, still concealed by our boat. I had got in the boat myself. The steamer had not stopped at all. Then we pulled a good, easy stroke towards the Jersey shore, somewhat above the black craft.

Nobody was about except a young man who was stretched out in a steamer chair under the awning asleep. The steps were drawn up, but we fastened a rope ladder to her and climbed aboard.

The deck was not as neat as the deck of a pleasure yacht usually is and things were lying around in an untidy way.

We stepped noiselessly along. I left two men at the steps going into the cabin to capture any one coming up and went over to the man asleep in the chair. One glance was enough. The young Englishman cruising for his pleasure was Lew Wallace, forger, river thief and accomplished buccaner, the Capt. Kidd of New York Bay.

His hands were folded on his lap. One of the men with me lifted them very gently and I slipped a pair of bracelets on them.

Lew woke up as the cold iron of the handcuffs touched his wrists. His gray eyes opened and fell full on my face. He did not give the faintest start! There was not even a flicker of the eyelids. Not that he seemed dazed. It was sheer nerve. If he had been talking with me for half an hour and had simply chanced to turn his eye on me, he could not have had a calmer, more possessed look. The fact was, he had grasped the situation at once.

He glanced at the handcuffs and said to me: "What the hell does this mean?"

"Nothing, except that we want to know a little about the Satan, where she cruises and what you do. Neat boat, isn't it?" I answered.

"Find out all you can," he answered. "I'm sailing around for fun, like several other New York gentlemen."

The Satan was searched. A lot of rope, several anchors, sails, binnacles and other ship fittings were found on her. Wallace said he had picked them up from sailing vessels which had supplied themselves with new articles of the several kinds and were glad to sell the old ones cheap.

Mr. Reese came on to see the Satan. The Undine was a snow white, but he was ready to swear that it was his boat, repainted, overhauled and with some alterations made in her. Two or three of his neighbors thought the Satan was very like the Undine, but could not swear to the two being the same boat.

Finally one of Lew's men "squealed" and told the story. Lew had got together a crowd of them and they had stolen his father-in-law's yacht. They had carried paint with them, and whipped her off to some quiet place and put a new coat of black paint on her. Then they had cruised around the bay and Sound, stealing from ships and houses in the rich towns along the shore of the Sound and on Staten Island. Some of the rope was identified through a peculiar thread which the owners had had woven into the strands for purposes of identification, but that was all that could be proven.

Mr. Reese had never heard of or seen his daughter Bessie since she eloped with the groom, who had subsequently become a gay buccaner. He was a sensitive old man and hated publicity.

Bessie had an interview with her husband after he was hauled up. She had not ceased to care for him, and her troubles had not wasted her. She had really grown prettier. Lew was drawn to her when he saw her again. Perhaps her fidelity had some effect on him. He had made \$60,000 or \$70,000 by his career, and was more willing to give it up and gratify his rising taste by travelling than to be sent to prison again—a very bitter fate for him, with his passion for roving.

The fact is that Bessie saw her father and Capt. Lew was not brought to justice. No complaint was made against him, and there was not enough evidence to convict him without any accusers. So the thing was hushed up.

The Satan was repainted and sold by Mr. Reese. "Capt." Lew, of the Bay, has not been heard from since as a buccaner.

The pleasant part of the story is that Bessie Reese and her husband, Lew, are, if report be true, living together in a very happy way. They travel about in Europe a good deal. The only thing needed to round up the story is for old Mr. Reese to forgive his daughter and make her his heiress. Will he?

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

SOME TYPES OF CUSTOMERS WHO TRADE AT THE SMALL STORES.

A Few Cents' Worth of Food All That They Are Afford to Buy at a Time—Trade Done and No Profit in Coal—Two Cents Paid for Milk for the Baby—Poor People Who Find It Hard to Get Food and Fire.

There is in Tenth avenue, not far from Forty-second street, a small grocery store. On the sidewalk near by the entrance door stands a coal box. The room devoted to store purposes is hardly large enough to contain the stock. Nor is the stock of any great amount.

An EVENING WORLD reporter entered this store, spoke a few words to the proprietor, seated himself in the rear of the store near a miniature stove, and watched the customers as they came and went.

A woman entered, carrying a basket on her arm.

"I want two carrots and half a head of cabbage," she said, and paying two cents for the carrots and seven cents for the cabbage, she put her purchases in her basket and left the store with the same wary step with which she entered.

As she left, another woman came who bore a bucket black with coal dust. "Half a bucket, John," she said, and then drew near the fire to warm herself as "John" went out to fill her bucket.

At every other breath that the poor creature breathed, a dry, hard cough shook her frame and brought some faint choking to her cheeks. Then "John" came in, and she, taking up the bucket, shuffled out on her way to the wretched quarters that she called home.

"Yes," said John, "I trust her, but it won't be many days before she'll stop coming. What's the matter, you know?" The rise in his face turned to a bright-eyed little fellow who, with the bearing of a general, demanded "a quart of potatoes, three and a half pounds of sugar, two pickles and a pint of the milk and pickles, the reporter said he had stuck his fingers first into his mouth, then into the sugar barrel and then back again into his mouth.

"I counted the change the little fellow left in payment, he remarked in a thoughtful way: "That little cuss is smart—awful smart; blacks boots, sells papers, and that sort of thing, until he makes half as much as his dad, and, altogether, his folks are pretty well off."

When John ceased speaking there was a merry shout of laughter at the door, and two girls, from, perhaps, seventeen to twenty years of age, came running in—all laughing and talking, yet all poor.

"I must have a pickle," cried one, and "Me too," echoed the other two. Each one took a pickle and one drank a glass of milk, and then they, too, went out.

Turning to the reporter "John" exclaimed: "That's their lunch, the fools! The girl who keeps the milk and pickles, the reporter wondered what kind of digestive organs these girls possessed."

So the people came into the little store, bought their few cents' worth of necessities and went on their way.

The grocery of C. Reiner, at 338 West Thirty-ninth street, was next visited. Mr. Reiner says that it is the hardest winter for the poor people that he has known in ten years. He said: "I think the average prices for necessities are higher now than I have ever known them. I cut down my profits just as low as I can and live. Coal, wood, sugar, vegetables—everything has gone up. I pay for hard wood \$1.80 per hundred bundles and I sell two bundles for five cents. For soft wood I pay \$1.25 per hundred and sell three bundles for five cents. I got a barrel of sugar this week and had to pay at the rate of seven and a quarter cents a pound for it. I sell three and a half pounds for 25 cents."

Mr. Reiner left the reporter to measure out a quart of potatoes for a young woman whose clothes were worn as thin as the skirt of a ballet-dancer but who did not have the same worn room in which we were.

Charles Beck, grocer, of 209 Greenwich street, says: "There is not much business in this neighborhood. The people are very poor. I sell coal at nine cents a pall."

Mrs. Kelly, who keeps a cozy little grocery at 718 Washington street, said: "I find business very poor. I attend to the store myself and just make ends meet. I am selling coal for nine cents. There is no profit in it."

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