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THE CIRCULATION OF THE

EVENING EDITION

OF

THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 4. was as follows:

MONDAY	80,560
TUESDAY	80,720
WEDNESDAY	82,920
THURSDAY	82,280
FRIDAY	81,800
SATURDAY	81,820

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

Of course the bank presidents and the other money-shavers and money-grabbers are in favor of a repeal of the Saturday half-holiday.

Life is half holiday all the time to these people.

It is very pleasant for them to "attend to business" for an hour or two in the middle of the day, and then go off to enjoy themselves, leaving their "employees" to run their money-making machine six full days in the week.

When the working people petition for the repeal of the Half-Holiday law it will be time enough to wipe it out. Until then let it stand, if for nothing more than as a reminder of the toilers' needs and rights.

OPEN THE DOORS.

RIDDLEBERGER may cut a ridiculous figure at times, but he is "dead right" in fighting for open sessions of the Senate.

A Government of the people, by the people, for the people, should transact its public business openly, and not behind locked doors and plugged key-holes. The people want to know what is going on in their Capitol, and they have a right to know.

Open the doors.

HE GOT HIS MAN.

LELAND STANFORD, who represents the Central Pacific Railroad in the Senate, says he did not suggest the name of any Senator for the Special Railroad Committee. He merely asked Mr. INGALLS to place on it "one of the Pacific coast Senators who was thoroughly conversant with the workings of the roads."

Mr. INGALLS obliged him by appointing STANFORD's colleague, HEARST. He might as well have named STANFORD himself.

This is what STANFORD is there for—to "see that his interests receive no harm." But who is looking after the interests of poor old swindled Uncle Sam?

NOT DEAD YET.

The stipendiary newspaper organs and defenders of monopoly have rejoiced "too previously" over the disruption and decay of the Knights of Labor.

Secretary LITCHMAN estimates a membership for the Order of upward of 500,000, in good standing. Half a million workingmen banded for mutual protection, knowing that if they do not stand together they will be oppressed separately, is not an organization to sneer at.

With the increasing tendency of capital to combine, labor must unite more generally and more firmly, in obedience to the first law of nature.

HANGING THE HORSESHOE.

The horseshoe as a bringer or a symbol of good luck holds its place firmly among the superstitious.

Horseshoe floral designs have been sent to the walking-match contestants to conjure Fate favorably.

It is astonishing how few people know how to hang a horseshoe properly to make the charm work. Perhaps this is why there is so much bad luck in the world. The shoe should be placed points up. Otherwise "the luck will run off." Place the curve downward is the injunction of a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, full of inherited witchcraft.

But, after all, GARFIELD was right—"An ounce of pluck is worth a pound of luck."

If the "gilded dome" of the Boston State House is in an unsafe condition—which we don't believe—there is at least the satisfaction that it has stood for three-quarters of a century, more or less. The building didn't threaten to tumble before it was completed.

The stories told by the Police Captains, from their actual experience, and written expressly for THE EVENING WORLD, continue to excite wide-spread interest. No evening newspaper feature of the winter has proved such a hit.

Judge COWING's talk to the Grand Jury on the excise cases has a sound of "business." The idea that a law is to be respected or enforced needs to be driven home occasionally.

The Massachusetts church that dismissed its pastor because he smoked a pipe in private ought to have tempered justice with mercy. He might have smoked cigarettes.

It will probably take a good many deaths from electricity to teach small boys and ignorant older people not to monkey with the wires.

ON THE LAW'S RACE TRACK.
It Takes More Than Six Days for Lagging Justice to Overtake Squire and Flynn.

CANADA COMES DOWN A PEG.

American Fishermen May Now Enter Halifax Harbor for Repairs or Supplies.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 7.—Collector Ross has received instructions from Ottawa to allow all American fishing vessels putting into this port for repairs to purchase supplies sufficient for them to complete their voyage. There are now from Gloucester vessels here repairing who will be enabled to take advantage of this.

WORLDLINGS.

The city authorities of Tucson, Ari., have offered a prize of $100 to the boy who will plant the largest number of young trees within the city limits before the Fourth of July next. The presentation will be made a feature of the Independence Day celebration.

Capt. Baldry, of the steam whaler Orca, has just returned to San Francisco from a voyage in which he killed thirty-five whales, the largest catch on record. Twenty-eight of these—all the ship could carry—were stowed and yielded 2,800 barrels of oil and 48,000 pounds of bone. The catch was valued at $56,800.

One day during war time when Jordan Giles, now of Henderson, Ky., was in business in Paducah, a man named Bell came into his store and left $3,000 for safe-keeping. Mr. Giles kept the money and heard nothing more of Bell until last week, when the latter wrote him from Los Angeles, Cal., to claim the money.

For several winters past some benevolent Cambridge (Mass.) women have kept a tank of hot coffee in Miss Jones's confectionery store, in Harvard square, where it is served free to the conductors and drivers of the street-car lines which pass through the square. On some cold days as many as thirty gallons have been drawn.

Carl Holmer, of Killarney, Fla., stepped on the head of a large rattlesnake as he was going home the other evening. The reptile snapped its tail in Mr. Holmer's face, but he did not budge until he had disabled it by stamping upon it. He then procured a gun and killed the snake. It measured seven feet in length, and had eleven rattles.

In Whatcom County, W. T., recently, Lewis Darrow killed a grizzly bear that weighed 1,600 pounds, one of the largest ever seen in the neighborhood. Darrow shot seven slugs from a Winchester into the animal before he could subdue it, and just as the final shot went crashing through its brain the grizzly was within a few feet of him.

A writer in the Franklin (Ky.) *Favorite* mentions as one of the reasons of the torpidity of Kentucky sentiment towards the cause of popular education, the aristocratic feeling with which the ruling class of the blue grass region is tinctured. This leads them, the writer says, to feel that their children are of better blood than common people's and makes them loath to add a tax for the support of plebeian schools to the tuition fees expended for the education of their own children at private schools.

A MADISON SQUARE POET.

He Mutilates, Not "Breaks," Tom Moore's Record.

That six-day race! That six-day race!
How many a "ped" with lightning pace
Its start did see, who at the close
Will limp along with nailless toes!

When first they struck the tanbark track,
Each man was sure he'd beat the pack;
But half of them, e'er day was o'er,
Found they could ne'r beat "Pitzie's" score.

And so they've dropped out, one by one;
While that same act will still go on
Until the few who tramp the heath
Will scarcer be than chickens' teeth.

Far sweeter than "Those Evening Bells,"
To him will be when "P. Jay" tells
Some runner: "You have won first place"
In this *last* Garden six-day race!

At the Corner.
[*From Tid-Bits.*]
Miss Flanagan—Me father wants two cints worth o' beer, Mister Shmittedecker.

At Home.
Mr. Flanagan (who has been in this position five minutes)—Joggle th' nure, Katy. It's startin' t' lave th' bottom o' th' pail.

Here on Business or Pleasure.

J. P. Coombs, a well-known Boston lawyer, is at the Albemarle.

Col. H. T. Noyes, of Rochester, is registered at the Fifth Avenue.

J. N. Maney, U. S. A., and J. J. Colwell, U. S. N., are at the St. James.

W. H. Thomas, a prominent Philadelphian, is stopping at the Hotel Dam.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn Miller, of Newburg, and S. B. Gadd, of Kansas City, are at the Gilsey.

The Morton House shelters F. P. Stone, of Boston; W. Snauss, of New Haven; D. P. McLaurin, of Toronto, and Ed A. Barron, of Greenpoint.

At the Union Square Hotel are Henry Waite, of Boston; B. C. Leonard, of Boston; J. H. Langley, of Philadelphia, and F. W. Biddell, of Chicago.

Arrivals of prominence at the Victoria are Gen. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans; Sir George M. Pullman, of Chicago; Col. W. P. Bissell, banker, of Hartford, and Dr. M. H. Burtan, of Troy.

Dr. Aschrott, of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Elliott, of Philadelphia, and M. B. Stoker, Henry Irving's manager, are booked at the Brunswick.

T. H. Newbury, of Detroit, is at the Hoffman, with half a dozen friends who are to act as ushers at Mr. Newbury's marriage with a Brooklyn young lady this evening.

John B. Stanchfield, Mayor of Elmira and law partner of Gov. Hill; Andrew E. Mather, of Albany; enterprising J. E. Winner, of *Lippincott's Magazine*, Philadelphia, and J. A. P. Heaves, of Washington, are among the many at the Hoffman.

A HOT RUN.

OR,

Dr. Swan's Prediction.

BY

Police Capt. Jacob Siebert,

Of the Leonard Street Station.

PART II.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

IT was simply a question which could run the faster now. But he had got somewhat of a start and ran pretty well. He slipped across into Division street, running under the very nose of a horse to get through quickly.

I ran as fast as I could. The sight naturally excited the attention of the passers-by. A crowd began to follow, running too. It was a sight to see a policeman running, with a crowd at his heels. I pulled my cap down tight on my head and made the best time I could, and the crowd followed, new-comers joining it as we went on. It was a hot chase after the fugitive.

He ran as fast as I did at the start. I kept my distance, but did not narrow it down very much. The one that held out best was the likeliest to win. I could see my man ahead of me, although occasionally he was lost a little in the crowd. He evidently thought he had better chances by keeping along East Broadway than if he turned down a side street, as there was more probability of his getting lost to sight in the crowd.

I had entirely forgotten everything that the doctor had said about not taking any violent exercise or doing anything at all likely to arouse an unusual activity in the chest. I never thought of my heart until I began to feel a pain and oppression in my heart. I was too excited in my desire to get the fellow to think of anything else.

I saw after a while that he was running more slowly. He was evidently giving out. I kept up pretty much as I started, but it was beginning to be an effort. The day was warm, and tearing down East Broadway in my coat, with a crowd hallooing, and running along, too, with the difficulty of keeping it up getting greater every minute, all this was not exactly obeying Dr. Swan's advice and directions! But I was not going to let up till I had to, and the man ahead was clearly giving out. I knew I was giving out, too, but if I could keep it up a little longer I would have him.

The only thing I feared was his shooting into some saloon or some place where he might be known, and by the help of the occupants escape me by working through some back passage.

He was running more and more feebly. I exerted myself to keep up. I was too near to abandon the chase and the game. The crowd, which had received large additions, followed closely at my heels. They wanted to see how it would end. They probably hoped the man would get away.

But he didn't. He suddenly stopped short and leaned against the doorposts of a shop. I slackened my own pace a little. I knew he was "played out" and would have to rest a minute at least to get his wind, and I tried to ease myself a little so if he should start off again I would be in better trim to keep it up myself. But I did not believe he would do any more running. He looked perfectly used up and leaned heavily against his support.

I finally got near him and let myself down to a walk. I was puffing so I could hardly speak. When I came up to him he looked at me and said, panting:

"I'll give up."

He stood breathing heavily, absorbed by the endeavor to get his wind, and I was in pretty much the same condition, and was breathing quick and heavily myself. I had got him and could well afford to wait a minute to let him recover from his hard run, not to mention myself. I was glad enough to have the opportunity to breathe comfortably, although there was not very much comfort in it yet for either of us.

"You—ran—me—down. I'm—just—clean—knocked—out," he said with a heaving breath between every word.

After a few moments I took him to the station-house. He was searched. Nothing was found on him that he had taken from the safe in the furniture store. But in his pocket was a bunch of skeleton keys. The proprietor of the store identified him as the young man whom he had noticed come into the store and afterwards leave the office. He had looked through the safe and found nothing gone.

The fellow was a respectably dressed, active young chap, about twenty-one years of age. He belonged to the "profession," however, and was a brilliant member of the Allen Gang. He had passed the door of the furniture shop just as the owner was walking back to show the customer something. He slipped into the office to see what he could pick up.

When he saw the key in the safe he hurriedly went through it; but the money was locked up, and he knew the papers would be more trouble to him than gain, or at least did not want to run the risk of detection. So he had hurried out, hoping that he was unnoticed.

When he saw me running he did not wait to think twice, but skipped himself, hoping to get away on account of his start. He was locked up pending an examination of his case. Shortly after this I was favored by a visit from two young "toughs." They were pretty flashy in their style, and talked in a greasy sort of way.

"You see," said one of them to me, "one of our pards has been unlucky. He's got into a sort of scrape, though he's a good fellow. He's the chap what you run down, and the bloke of a furniture man has so much guff about his safe. Well, now, officer, you know how these things go. If they find out that he had a bunch of skeleton keys on him they'll twist him a little tighter. There ain't no need of that. He's a good fellow, that's got into a little scrape, and what's the use of making it worse for him. Couldn't you jes' get those keys out of the way and not say nothin' about 'em, officer? You won't be any the worse off for yer bein' light on him, and the crowd'll stand by yer."

I declined to show the consideration for their comrade which they seemed to think was such a natural, trifling piece of good nature under the circumstances, and told them that Billy would have to stand anything that would come from his having the false keys on his person. This was one of the chances he took by carrying them.

They withdrew after a little more talk, much disgusted at my want of kindness in refusing to do something to help to screen Billy.

Later another one of the gang approached me when I was making my rounds and opened the subject of Billy and the false keys again. I turned him off pretty shortly and had no further interviews on the subject from the rest of his "pals."

Billy came up before Recorder Hackett and got sent up for his offense. The sentence was not so very severe, and how much it may have been affected by the discovery of the false keys on him could not very well be told.

Dr. Swan had made a mistake just as doctors will do occasionally. According to his view the only thing for one to have done after that run on a hot day was to die of heart disease. But although I felt some trouble for two days after it, I have not experienced any ill results since then. I was too excited to think of anything at the time except getting my man, and I was glad enough to run him down after starting in on the chase and having a crowd of spectators and a large number of companions in my chase. My wind was better than Billy's and that was enough.

It was a little funny, so soon after Dr. Swan's expressly saying that it would not do for me to run two blocks, even to catch the Nathan murderer and secure the large reward offered for his capture, for me to have to run fifteen blocks in the discharge of my duty, as fast as I could, on a hot summer day. It proved that he was not quite right in his prediction.

A "SUN" (MORTGAGED) LIE NAILED.

Keep 'Em Up, Ananias, If They Make You Less Wretched—They Don't Bother Us.

A boyish-looking young man with a falsetto voice went into the Leonard street police station yesterday, and asked to see Capt. Siebert.

"Is the story printed in to-day's EVENING WORLD, entitled 'A Hot Run,' yours?" he inquired.

"It is not a story, it's the truth," the Captain replied.

Then the young man subjected Capt. Siebert to a rigid cross-examination, obtaining the information that not only was the story Capt. Siebert's own, but that Capt. Siebert had even read the proof after it had got into type.

In to-day's *Sun* (mortgaged) Capt. Siebert is quoted as denying the authorship of the story in strong terms, and the *Sun* (mortgaged) adds additional lies that are amusing through their absurdity.

The most charitable view to take of the misrepresentations is that Dana, who is an apt, though not very far-seeing liar, got hold of the young man's copy before it went into type.

ABOLISH THE SUGAR TRUST!

Poor People Already Seriously Affected by the Rise in Prices.

If a popular vote could do it the Sugar Trust would be abolished immediately. No one can read the results of the canvass carried on by THE EVENING WORLD among the people without being impressed by that fact. Here are some more interviews:

H. Hoffman, grocer, of 182 Seventh avenue, said: "The Sugar Trust is hurting my business considerably. My customers complain bitterly. I don't sell as much sugar as I did before the formation of the trust. To tell you the truth, I am not anxious to sell much sugar, as I make nothing on it."

Jacob Cordes keeps a grocery store at 71 Charlton street. He said: "The courts punish labor unions for resorting to boycotting. Is not this Sugar Trust more deserving of punishment than the labor unions? The rich can't realize what a hardship this Sugar Trust has proved to the poor."

L. Shuster, grocer, of 48 Prince street, said: "If this Sugar Trust is allowed to exist and prices of sugar continue to increase the poor people will have to dispense with the use of sugar entirely. Many of my poorest customers even now are drinking their tea and coffee without sugar. I am exceedingly glad to see that THE EVENING WORLD takes such a lively interest in the matter."

G. Morini has a small grocery store at 64 Sullivan street. He said: "My customers, who are very poor people, complain very much at the increase of sugar prices, which tends to put it out of their reach. I sell very, very little sugar now and what I do sell is the cheapest kind. I hope that THE EVENING WORLD will be instrumental in crushing this sugar combination."

Fuerste Brothers, at 963 Second avenue, don't like the trust at all. With cut-loaf sugar costing them 8⅝ cents a pound and selling again at 30 cents for three and a half pounds they can see little profit; and when they ask 27 cents for three and a half pounds of granulated sugar people think they are being robbed.

L. C. Bock, of 964 Second avenue, considered the trust a "regular fraud." It was a money-making scheme, he said, for the men who were in it.

"We want to make some money ourselves," said S. Steiermann, of 930 Second avenue, indicating that the trust wouldn't let the dealers make a profit.

William Vicks, of 977 First avenue, expressed himself strongly: "It's a regular swindle," he said. "It isn't right to put up the price of such things."

Henry Rugen, of 885 First avenue, said: "I think its a shame, the way they're doing—paying men to shut up their refineries and then charging what they please for sugars. They think they have the money, and can do what they please. I've been here twenty-one years, and I never saw anything like this."

Mr. Rugen also spoke of the injustice of keeping out of work the sugar-house employees who are poorly enough paid even when employed.

Our Police Captain Series.

Capt. Philip Cassidy, of the Eldridge street station, has contributed to the interesting series now running in THE EVENING WORLD *a story of adventure with a clever burglar on the west side.*

Though Many Fail to Agree with Him.

[*From Tid-Bits.*]

Sunday-school Superintendent—George William Hapgood, what man in biblical history lost all his powers when his hair was sheared off?

Bad Boy of Class—I know!

Superintendent—Well, Henry Perkins, you may answer.

Bad Boy (promptly)—Bill Nye!

The Universal Means.

"From Greenland's icy mountains
And India's coral strands"
Folks throng our business office
With "Want" ads. in their hands.

OUR TIM AT WASHINGTON.

ONE SECRET OF HIS INFLUENCE WITH HIS CONSTITUENTS.

He Always Looks Out for His Friends and Sometimes Takes Care of Whole Families—In His Opinion the Present Congress Will Not Do Much—Solid for Cleveland for President and Hill for Governor.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—"Which is our Tim?"

There are only two Tims among the 325 members of Congress, and both are good Democrats, and both sit on the same side of the House. The one is Timothy E. Tarsney, of Michigan, who is bitterly opposed to being called the Hon. Mr. Tarsney, but prefers the simple Tim. The other is "our Tim" of the two gushing young women who, with banged hair and plush sacques, leaned far over the ladies' gallery of the House searching for "Tim."

"Ah, there he comes now!" rapturously exclaimed the younger, the darker and handsomer, as the graceful figure of the Representative from the Eighth New York, sauntered in. The diamond pin glistened over the wide territory of shirt front, and the white cravat was in its place, as it has been for thirty years; the folds of the long frock coat were thrown far apart, exposing the negligé vest and the massive gold watch chain. In his hand he carried a bundle of letters and papers, which he laid tenderly on his desk, extending his left hand at the same time to a fellow-member with the true Thirteenth Ward hospitable air.

"There is no more generous a man in the House than Judge Campbell. You know he's just got George a position in the Post-office?" said one.

"Oh, has he?" returned the other. "I did not know that they let Democrats get appointed to the Post-Office." She said this innocently. "You know what he did for Mike?"

"No."

"Oh, he's in the Street-Cleaning Department. And Jack is in the Interior Department, Billy up with Mr. Fairchild, and Joe, he's got a position in the Navy-Yard—all through 'our Tim.'"

"Is that all he has done for your family?" exclaimed the other. "Well, to begin with, he got me father on the Aqueduct, Brother Tom in the Department of Public Works, Jake driving a street-cleaning cart, little Billy, he's a page boy in the floor, Sister Mary is in the Treasury, and he has promised me a place in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing!"

And that is Tim Campbell's reputation! It is doubtful whether any other member of Congress or any Senator can claim as many appointments in the city and nation as Tim. He is not satisfied with taking one representative from a family, but he takes care of the whole family. It is his diversion or his business.

It goes without saying that he is in this respect the most influential Representative from New York. A fellow-New York member had a man appointed in the post-office of the House two years ago, but this year he was dropped and one of Tim's constituents took his place. There were indications of war for a time, but peace was finally restored.

Tim Campbell is one of the best natured men in the House. He seldom talks. Like most great men, he rarely drinks and never smokes. He is very liberal and lives in true Democratic style at the Congressional Hotel, across the plaza from the House side of the Capitol.

"I am so fond of that beautiful building," he said the other day, pointing to the Capitol, "that I always like to see it the first thing in the morning and the last at night," an eloquent paraphrase of Daniel Webster's historic remark at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument.

As a man of such prominence usually possesses ideas that are valuable to his constituents, an EVENING WORLD correspondent was deputized to interview Judge Campbell on the leading topics of the day.

"Will the House pass a Tariff bill?" he was asked.

"The disposition of the House is to pass one. But this tariff business is all very much mixed. You remember how the newspapers from Maine to California jumped all over Gen. Hancock for saying 'the tariff is only a local issue.' Truer words were never spoken. What one locality wants another won't have. Where one section demands protection the other clamors for free trade. I believe that the best way, after all, is to have a tariff for revenue and a tariff that will protect our workingman, or honest labor, as they call it, from cheap foreign labor.

"Protect home industries where protection is needed, but remove and destroy protection where it threatens to create or foster monopolies."

"Where would you draw the line?"

"Now you have it! That is where statesmanship comes into play. Wise indeed will be that man or that set of men who can strip themselves of personal and partisan feelings and rise far enough above their station to lose sight of everything but what is for the best interests of the whole country. Few men are built that way in these days."

"Will we have a long session?"

"Yes. I should not be surprised if we were here until August. We will be jarred now and then by lively political tussles"——

"And you will accomplish?"

"Not very much. This is a Congress of wind, not of work."

"How is this fishery dispute to be settled?"

"Well, I'll tell you. England thinks that she can treat this country in much the same way that she has treated Ireland. She is engaged in a big game of bluff. Why, those fellows up there want the earth; that part of it particularly that is called the United States. They want the use of all our resources and don't want to open their doors to us."

"Have you met Mr. Chamberlain?"

"Old John—why I have known him for years. Oh, you mean the gentleman that has come out here to settle the fishery dispute and is passing his time eating swell dinners with our alleged better element and drinking all our good wines, only to return and make a report against us. No, I have not met him. If I did I'd tell him quick enough what I thought of the whole subject."

"To get on to politics, Judge, who is to be the choice of the Democratic party?"

"Why, Grover Cleveland, of course," half indignantly, as if the question were presumptuous.

"And who will be elected?"

"Grover Cleveland."

"Whom will he defeat?"

"Anybody that the Republicans put up."

"Whom will they put up?"

"I don't know that, and they don't. Blaine will count the cost—I mean the money cost—carefully and deliberately before he consents to have his name used. That won't matter to us. We will beat him, money or no money. Now, there is one thing you must bear in mind. That is, that a great change has come over political parties in the past four years. The signs of the times are totally different. A party in power is a different party altogether when it gets out of power. I don't believe in this policy, however, of abusing the party that you don't belong to. I have as many good friends in the Republican party as I have in the Democratic."

"Whom will the Democrats nominate for Governor of New York?"

"David Bennett Hill."

"And the Republicans?"

"I can't tell. You can say, however, that it won't matter who the Republicans put up. David B. Hill will be re-elected by an unprecedented majority. He is the strongest and safest Democrat in New York State and they can't beat him."

"Will he have any opposition in securing the nomination?"

"No. Why should he? Hasn't he made a good Governor and isn't he a good Democrat?"

CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

One of New York's Oldest Parishes Founded by a Cuban Priest.

After the division of the old parish of Christ Church in Ann street in the year 1835, Father Varela, who had founded the original parish ten years before, at the request of many of his parishioners, undertook to found a new parish further downtown, while most of the Christ Church congregation attached themselves to the new Church of St. James, which was the legitimate successor of Christ Church.

CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Father Varela was successful in this work, and the Scotch Presbyterian Church building, which was then offered for sale, was bought in for the use of the venerable Cuban priest by John Delmonico. In 1837 the property was formally transferred to the church by Mr. Delmonico on the payment of $55,000, and the corporation was organized under the title of the Church of the Transfiguration. The church had been dedicated in March, 1836, and with Father Varela as pastor it grew in influence and prosperity.

Father Varelo was appointed Vicar-General in 1837, but he remained in charge of his parish till his death in 1853. He was a man of most austere habits and rigid asceticism, and gave all his income to the poor of his parish. The last few years of his life his health gave way, and he died at St. Augustine, Fla. The mismanagement of the financial affairs of the church is said to have injuriously worked upon his mind during his declining years and hastened his death.

When the Rev. William McClellan became pastor affairs were in such a condition that it was decided to abandon the old church and look for a more favorable site. The present site, in Mott street, was purchased for $30,000 in 1853, the sale of the old premises in Chambers street for $75,000 having enabled the church to pay off its debts. It had been built and previously occupied by the Episcopalians as Zion Church, and after some necessary repairs, in order to adapt it to Catholic worship, the new Church of the Transfiguration was finally dedicated and opened for divine service May 14, 1853.

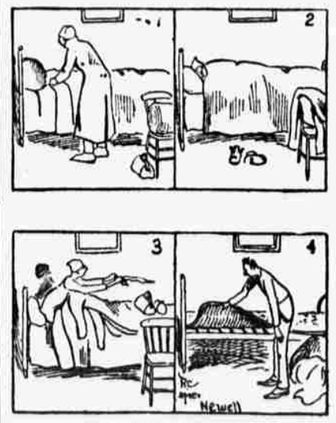
The congregation soon began to increase, and the work of improving the schools of the parish was taken up with vigor and energy. Their growth has been so great that at the present time the daily attendance in the departments for both boys and girls is considerably over twelve hundred. The schools were made free in 1861 by the Rev. Thomas Treanor, who was then pastor. He was active in reducing the debt of the church, and during his pastorate was so successful in this respect that besides materially diminishing the burden of debt, he had, at the expense of $50,000, thoroughly renovated and repaired the building and completed the cupola and bell tower.

Father Treanor, who died in 1870, was succeeded by the Rev. James Hasson, who in turn was succeeded in 1871 by the Rev. James H. McGeans, the present pastor of St. Peter's Church in Barclay street. The Rev. Thomas F. Lynch, the present pastor, was appointed to succeed Father McGean in 1881.

The changes in the parish during the past ten years have been few. The most important is the establishment of the Italian congregation in the basement of the church. The Italian population of the parish is very large, and its rapid increase during recent years has demonstrated the necessity of a separate service for its accommodation. The regular attendance at these services is about 2,000, and great good has been accomplished by the extension of the church work in this direction.

The Rev. Thomas F. Lynch was born in Troy, N. Y., in the year 1848. He received his classical education at Manhattan College, in this city, and studied theology at the Troy Provincial Seminary. He was ordained a priest July 18, 1871, and was appointed as an assistant at the Church of St. Stephen's, where he remained two years. He was afterwards assistant pastor at St. Teresa's Church, and became pastor of Transfiguration Church Nov. 13, 1881. His present assistants are the Rev. Thomas F. McGare, the Rev. William F. Dougherty, the Rev. Giuseppe Ansanelli and the Rev. Marcellino Moroni.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



From an Unexpected Quarter.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

1. Quimbly (bachelor)—H'm! Just as I expected. These country hotels never have enough covering on their beds to make a lizard comfortable. Lucky I brought a half-dozen blankets along.

2. "A little cool at first, but I'll soon warm up under all those blankets."

3. (Later, Quimbly finishing up with his handkerchief.) "Whew! Mercury must have run out at the bottom of the tube. Seems like the more I spread on, the colder I get."

4. (Next morning.) "Well, well, if that wasn't stupid in me! Nothing under me all night but an emaciated mattress."

Utterly Useless.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

"Shall I go in to see your husband now?" inquired the reporter, addressing the wife of the man who had been shot and dangerously wounded in a gambling quarrel. "I want to get the story from his own lips."

"Oh, yes; you can go in if you want to," replied the woman, apathetically; "but I don't think you can get the story out of him—or anything else. His lawyer has just left him."

A Slander.

[*From the Albany Journal.*]

An observant man says that ladies are always more at ease in society than men, because ladies do not put their hands in their pockets. They can't do so very well. A gentleman who has had considerable domestic experience says ladies do not put their hands in their own pockets but in some one else's.

A Pair of Them.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

"Why don't you write what I dictate?" said a Dallas merchant to his clerk.

"Because the sun is shining on the paper so that I can't see to write."

"Then turn the paper over and write on the other side, you donkey."

That Accounts for It.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Police Judge—All you prisoners seem to be more or less broken up. What was the cause of the racks?

Prisoner—We were discussing the tariff question, Your Honor.

"That accounts for it, certainly."

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

BASEBALL MEN ACTIVE AS THE SEASON DRAWS NEAR.

Tim Keefe Off to Amherst to Coach the College Team—Daly a Game and Determined Boxer—Three Promising Glove Contests to Take Place Near This City Within a Fortnight.

THE EVENING WORLD was correct as usual in predicting that Mike Daly would run against a snag in tackling Jimmy Carroll. A first-class Boston judge of pugilistics who saw the "go" between Daly and Carroll writes to a prominent sporting man in this city: "Daly is a game and determined boxer, but what he doesn't know about fighting would fill a book. In the fight Daly would lead with his left and Carroll would rip him up the belly with the right. Carroll fought a waiting battle till the tenth round, when he began forcing and punished Daly severely for the next three rounds. In the fourteenth round Carroll gave Daly a left on the nose and a right hand crack in the belly that staggered him. Following up with a left on the throat and a right first on the eye and then on the left side of the side that sent the blood flying, he knocked Daly senseless. Twenty-five seconds were given Daly, instead of the lawful ten, to recover, and when Carroll knocked him out again the friends of Daly called time and ended the round half a minute before the three minutes called for by the rules had elapsed. Daly was almost helpless when the seconds took him to the corner and a policeman, said to have been held in readiness, was given the 'office' to interfere, so the 'mill' was called a draw. Carroll was about the morning after the fight with only swollen lips, while Daly was fearfully punished."

* * *

The Western Jack Dempsey is wearer of No. 57 placard in the six-day go-as-you-please in the Garden.

* * *

Mr. H. F. Tyndale, of the Staten Island Athletic Club, says an amateur baseball league is almost certain to result from the strong efforts to organize one that are being made this year. It is expected that the teams from the Young America and Riverton clubs of Philadelphia, the Nassau and Brooklyn Athletic clubs from Brooklyn, the Staten Island Athletic and Staten Island Baseball Clubs, the Bergen Point Athletic and the New York and Manhattan Athletic clubs will certainly join. The line will be drawn at semi-professional batteries.

* * *

Tim Keefe, the star pitcher of the New Yorks, looking fat and well, is just back from California. He has gone to Amherst College to coach the team there till the season opens. Keefe says he did not make the remarks about $10,000 Kelly attributed to him.

Harry Langdon will challenge the winner of the coming fight between Heavy-weights Jack Smith and Mike Donovan.

* * *

There will be a meeting of the Cross-country Association Committee at the Manhattan Athletic Club's rooms in Fifth avenue this evening.

* * *

Catcher Ewing and Second Baseman Richardson, of the New Yorks, stopped off on their way from the West. Ewing is in Cincinnati and Richardson has gone to New Orleans.

* * *

The National League will hold its annual meeting for the adoption of a schedule for baseball games early next month at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. A list of umpires will be submitted for approval, and some general business will be transacted.

* * *

The American Association's meeting will be held probably in Pittsburg or Cincinnati.

* * *

At least three promising glove contests will take place in or near New York within a fortnight.

SONGS AND RECITATION.

A Large Audience Entertained by Pupils of Primary School No. 23.

There was a great crowd at the semi-annual reception of Primary School No. 23 at 265 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. An entertaining programme had been prepared by the Principal, Hester A. Roberts, assisted by Emma Johnson, Mary H. Brandon, Agnes O'Brien, Rachel S. Seeley, Margaret P. Duggan, Nellie B. O'Hara and Marian S. Purdie, teachers of the several classes, and Adaline H. Mattice, teacher and pianist. It was as follows:

Opening hymn by the school; welcome, by Harry Ball; hymn, "Sweet and Low," by school; recitation, "Three Kegs," by three scholars; sleighing song, by school; solo, by Mary Class. Medley—Jennie Millard as Boy Blue, Flora Sickels as Bo-Peep, Kittie Reilly as Mother Goose, Irving Wells as Peter Piper, Ed Kilbourne as Jack, Edith Hebbard as Gill, Mary Forrest as Woman, Harry A. Phillips as Dr. Foster.

These eight children were in costume and with remarkable grace and precision executed the Saratoga Lancers. Master Harry A. Phillips, a pupil of Prof. George W. Wallace, leading and winning the admiration of all.

Exercises, Mattie Patrick; recitation, William Kane; "Sunflower Chorus," by ten scholars; recitation, Delia Curley; violin solo, Marian Townsend; recitation by George Seely, followed by presentation of certificates and medals.

The graduates to Grammar School 68 were:

Delia Curley, Jessie Scnaible, Mabel Gebhardt, Agnes Mulcaney, Gertie Rosesnieu, George V. Seely, Percy Conisten, William Sanders, Wesley Walter, Franklin Hebbard, Harry Van Saun, Stillman Randall and Walter Chandler.

To Deliver the Valedictory.

F. X. Corrigan, of Caledonia, has been chosen to deliver the valedictory at the commencement exercises of the New York College of Veterinary Surgeons at the Carnegie Laboratory on March 15.

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

One of the Many.

J. & R. LAMB, 59 CARMINE STREET,
NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1888.

DEAR SIR: Wishing to obtain a shorthand and type writer we placed an advertisement in the *Herald* of Jan. 6, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 24 replies; in THE WORLD of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received 115 replies.

We feel called upon to mention the fact, as had we been asked we would have said the difference would be impossible. Yours, J. & R. LAMB.