

Published by the Press Publishing Co.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage) PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 11, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Day of the week and Circulation count. Monday: 114,540; Tuesday: 110,100; Wednesday: 104,360; Thursday: 104,300; Friday: 100,680; Saturday: 112,120.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY. Mr. BLAINE may well pray to be delivered from his friends, especially from his "home friends."

It is the reverse of flattery to the man from Maine to have his letter interpreted as meaning directly the contrary of what he says. If Mr. BLAINE be the hypocrite and trickster that some of his near friends represent him as being, and is capable of writing a letter ostensibly to withdraw his name from consideration as a candidate, but really intended to help him to the nomination that he desires and expects, he is not a fit man for President.

We do Mr. BLAINE the justice of believing him to be sincere.

BETH LOW'S PLAIN SPEAKING. It is a real satisfaction to find one Republican leader who has the full courage of right convictions.

Mr. Mayor Low told the Brooklyn Republican League some wholesome truths last night. He said to the old stagers plumply that the "raising again of the old war-cry" places the Republican party "at a distinct disadvantage with the new voters." He declared also that the party "might as well expect to keep the ocean at high tide as to keep the tariff in time of peace substantially what it was in time of war."

Good for BETH LOW! It is not the first time that he has been ahead of a laggard party and its blind leaders.

PROTECTION AGAINST BURGLARS. The third murder within a few days by burglars caught at their work, suggests anew the need of more severe laws against this class of criminals.

An experienced Judge of the Supreme Court has said that burglary of an inhabited building should be made a capital offense, punishable by imprisonment for life.

Every burglar who enters a dwelling-house, said the Judge, goes prepared and determined to take life if necessary to his success in robbery or his escape if discovered. The murderous intent exists, and cold-blooded preparation is made for the crime. Such a man is much more deserving of even the death penalty than is one who kills another without premeditation in the heat of passion.

Make burglary more risky and it will become less common.

NO PRESS CENSORSHIP. Congressman CUMMINGS, of this city, did well to flesh his maiden sword in battling for the liberty of the press. And it proves that he can "think on his feet" as well as at the end of a pencil, and speaks to the point with force and effect, even in that parliamentary bear garden, the House of Representatives. This country does not want and will not tolerate any censorship of the press from Washington, even in the matter of advertisements. The Pacific Railway ring and the other jobbers in legislation would, no doubt, like to begin such a system, but so long as this is America and not Russia it won't be done.

BY-BY, BOSS PLATT. Boss PLATT has been a long time going, but unless the Senate of New York wears his brass collar he will now go for certain. The Court has decided against him, and the Governor has nominated a new and strong Board of Quarantine Commissioners to take the place of the hold-overs. It will be interesting to see the reasons advanced by any Republican Senator for voting against the confirmation of two men of their own party and one unexceptionable Democrat for these positions. It is time this scandal were ended.

THE EVENING WORLD'S record for last week, given at the head of this column, shows that it is still a remarkably vigorous and a rapidly growing "young one." Its editions kept above the 100,000 mark every day, a circulation equalled by but one other evening newspaper in this city.

There are very few public men in this country whose public letter on a personal subject entirely within their control would give rise to a universal discussion as to their sincerity.

The good Dr. McGLYNN is showing himself to be "no slouch" of a politician.

Content vs. Discontent. One, satisfied with what must be her lot—'Twas not a corner lot—seemingly meant to wander from her humble cot. Made beautiful by wise and sweet content.

And one, dissatisfied with all he had. Moved from his place into the world's mad whirl. What did he find? Well, it was not so bad—The fellow found that cottage and that girl.

WHAT INTERESTS GRAIN BROKERS.

Gary Moore is making a big reputation as a man of nerve. Dan Tenthall says: "The rumor is false, I am not going to open a bun bakery. Bill Heberlein said to be making preparations to go on the stage as a prestidigitator. Brokers Knott and Green are said to be thinking seriously of starting a laundry in New York. Tommy Young has refused a flattering offer to sing baritone with the American Opera. Callaghan has just returned from his wedding tour. He says he's sorry he didn't marry long ago. The boys are talking of backing John, the German giant, against Joe L., when the latter returns from abroad. A feeling of profound sympathy is everywhere expressed for good-natured and popular Dan Dixon, who is lying dangerously ill with pneumonia. The unusual number of black eyes on "Change lately suggests slippery neighborhoods, unsteady legs, boxing lessons or hitting the market the wrong way. Boldly says: "Now that Blamark has run his bill through the Reichstag war clouds have disappeared, and, according to Hoyle, a toboggan slide is in order." The Produce Exchange Toboggan Club, with their four steel runner tobogs, "Bull," "Bear," "Cyclone" and "Bob Cooke" make things lively at the Polo Grounds nowadays. Jovial Gene Herrick is again in the grain pit. He says he hasn't taken any decided stand on the market up to date—sees nothing in it—can't read it—only playing for half a cent either way—glad to catch it, if he's lucky.

WORLDLINGS.

The unusual sight of a rainbow in the sky, with the temperature fifteen degrees below zero, was witnessed at Franklin, Pa., a few days ago. The latest musical prodigy to come into notice is little Vincent Emmet Kaup, of Taylorville, Ind. He is two and a half years old and sings in a clear, sweet voice any song that he has ever heard. H. Green, of Greenwood, Tenn., died recently of a broken heart. He was professed with grief at the death of his daughter Jessie, who was killed in a railroad collision several weeks ago, and never recovered from the shock. Ella Wheeler Wilcox told a Milwaukee reporter that she does almost all of her writing at night, spending her mornings in the performance of household duties and the afternoons in making calls. She does her own marketing, and has a daily interview with her butcher and grocer. Alsworth H. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, who is noted for his wonderful memory, is nearly sixty-three years old. He is of slight physique, dark complexioned, with iron gray whiskers, and is usually seen bundled up in a heavy overcoat, with a blue muffler around his neck. He has held his present position for twenty-three years. The Deputy Clerk of the Hennepin County (Minn.) Court says that during the past twenty years 2,000 marriages have been solemnized in and around St. Paul, which no returns have been made to the Clerk's office. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as legal, and much difficulty will arise in proving them in cases where heirs are contesting for an estate or in applications for pensions. Thousands of blind crows were seen in the woods and fields near Chattanooga recently, and people had no difficulty in approaching and setting them. No one knows what caused their blindness. A similar phenomenon was observed there three years ago, when so many blind crows were seen around the city that the ground was black with them, and thousands of them died of starvation. Mr. George Fay, a wealthy Englishman who has lived for several years at Guanajuato, Mexico, is now erecting in a suburb of that city a magnificent palace on which he expects to expend \$4,000,000. The building will be not less than 100 feet high, and it will be surrounded by immense gardens that will recall the famed hanging gardens of Babylon, and to which access will be gained by a gigantic elevator. Capt. Cathorn, an old resident of St. Joseph County, Mich., died in Florence Township recently, and his four sons, who had been separated for eighteen years, came home to attend the funeral. They rode in the same car unknown to each other from Chicago to White Pigeon, two of them occupying the same seat, and it was not until they all tried to get the same conveyance to take them to the old homestead that their identity was disclosed to each other.

QUEEN OF THE AIR.

A Romance of the Circus.

BY Police Capt. John Gunner.

Of the Sixty-seventh Street Station.

PART IV. (WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

ADAM, now that I have met you I feel that the little girl will fare very well at your hands. Since Dr. Ledyard assures me that the mother of the child is dead, I said, with a little stress on the words, "I think I may consider it a fortunate thing for her to fall into such fortune as to be cared for by you. I will bring the girl to see you, if you like." "Thanks, I shall be glad to see her. Can you bring her to-morrow morning?" he said, rising to terminate the present interview. "Yes, I will be here with Zoe at 11, and if you will give me an assurance that you will take the responsibility of caring for her I shall be happy to consign her to your hands," I said. "I will be at home at 11," the lady returned. "You are sure you will not repent of your goodness?" I asked, smiling. She smiled faintly herself and said: "I think I shall not."

She bowed gracefully, but with this faint air of constraint, and, Phil and myself took our leave.

As soon as we had gotten out of sight of the house Phil turned to me eagerly. "My God, Capt. Gunner," he said, "did you notice?"

"Of course I did," I interrupted. "The same expression of the face, the same features, the same figure! I made that last remark on purpose to get her to smile, and did you see how strong the likeness was then?" "I should say I did," said Phil. "I noticed the likeness the moment she came into the room. You would almost think it was Zoe."

Mrs. Stone, except in the color of her eyes which were a deep blue, and in her complexion, which was very fair, was the exact picture of Zoe! There was not the faintest trace of doubt in my mind that I had already met her for the little girl her mother! No one could have seen the two for a moment without being struck by the extraordinary resemblance between them. I also settled in my mind that neither Mr. Stone nor Dr. Ledyard was father to the child. The Spanish in Zoe was too pronounced not to be an hereditary gift, and Mrs. Stone was a perfect type of the well-preserved American.

I called for Zoe the next morning and said to her: "Zoe, I am afraid you cannot find your mamma for some time, and perhaps you never may. You know she may be dead. But I have discovered a rich, kind lady who wishes to see you to-day and wants to have you come and stay with her. If you are good she may always keep you. It is not often, Zoe, that a girl has such an opportunity as you will have."

When Father Vorwerk went West the Rev. Fr. Franz succeeded him as pastor of his parish. The school-house was closed and placed under the care of the Brothers of Mary and the Dominican Sisters. From 1876 to 1878 the Rev. Francis was pastor, but in the latter year the Rev. Laurentius Vorwerk returned from Milwaukee and resumed his pastorate. Connected with the church is the Capuchin convent, which was founded by the Rev. Father Frey. Father Vorwerk is the guardian, and it contains four fathers and two lay brothers. There is also a Third Order of St. Francis, established by the Rev. and after societies and a conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The parochial schools are now in a most prosperous condition. The boys' school, at 219 Stanton street, has an average daily attendance of 352 pupils, and the girls' school, at 107 Pitt street, has 450 pupils. Father Laurentius himself is greatly interested in educational matters and is a member of the Diocesan School Board.

When Father Vorwerk, O. M. Cap., was born in Burlington, Jan. 15, 1841. He obtained his early education at the Calvary College, Wisconsin, and entered the Capuchin Order. He was ordained May 22, 1869. He came to New York shortly after, where he was associated with Father Frey at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, and was chosen to succeed him. He left New York to go to St. Paul, Minn., where he established the Church of St. Francis and placed it upon a firm basis. He only remained in Milwaukee long enough, however, to see the completion of the church, and he returned to his former charge in this city. Since his return he has been zealous and earnest in building up the parish, improving its educational facilities and ministering to its religious needs. His present assistants in the parochial work are the Rev. P. Louis Hengen, O. M. Cap.; Rev. F. Timothy Grossman, O. M. Cap.; Rev. P. Casimir Luttring, O. M. Cap., and Rev. E. Martin Buechel, O. M. Cap.

WELL-KNOWN STATEN ISLANDERS. Jack Taylor is one of the best typesetters on the island. David Jacobs, of Stapleton, counts his friends by the score. Samuel Hobson, train dispatcher at St. George, is an excellent and safe experimenter. Albert Jones, ticket agent at the Stapleton railway station, has a friend in every person that passes through the gate. James Johnson, junior partner in a large house-furnishing establishment in New Brighton, is on hand with alert hose at every fire. Herman Sprung, proprietor of the Baltimore, in Tompkinsville, has many friends among New York business men who live on Staten Island. W. C. Devron, of Fort Richmond, High Priest of Trystan Chapel, Royal Arch Masons, has just returned from the annual convocation of the order at Albany.

County Clerk C. A. Hall, who always runs ahead of his ticket at the polls, takes a deep interest in the improvement of Staten Island. He is the owner of Hart Park. George Allen, who came from Washington when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company took charge of the rapid transit, has risen to be chief carpenter of the road.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

should not. I feel that Zoe is a lucky girl to have found so kind a protector, Zoe," I continued, rising. "You must show you feel good. And I can't help it by marriage, and girl and trying all you can to please her. With this I took my leave, Mrs. Stone still holding Zoe by the hand. A week later Zoe came to see me at the station-house. She drove up in a coupé, and a footman opened the carriage door for her to get out. She was dressed quite differently from the time I first saw her. Instead of the gray red and black dress she wore some soft silk, covered with lace, and had on a seal-skin sacque and a coquettish cap of the same fur, while her small hands were daintily gloved. She came over to me impulsively, with a bright smile on her lips, and, throwing her arms around my neck, kissed me in the most ardent fashion in her power. Then she sat down, pulled off her kid gloves a little impatiently, as if she were somewhat constrained by such coverings for her hands, and began to talk. "Captain, it was so good of you to take me to such a dear lady. You see how I am dressed!" and she stretched out her hands for me to see. "And I can't help it by marriage, and a man in a long coat—the footman," she said, correcting herself with dignity—"opened the door for me. "Why, Zoe," I answered, "because she is fond of children and has none of her own, and then because you are a nice, pretty girl. Do you try to please her?" "Oh, yes," said Zoe. "Why, Captain, look at my hair!" and she caught hold of the long jet black tresses which hung behind her fully plaited, and pulled them around over her shoulder to show me. "A girl fixes it that way every day for me. She is my maid," and Zoe laughed again. It was like a fairy tale to the girl to be dropped into such luxury and affluence. "What do the other people say and do?" I asked. "Concluded To-morrow."

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

Founded by a Capuchin Father and Still Under the Care of the Order.

The Church of Our Lady of Sorrows in Pitt street was founded by the Rev. Bonaventure Frey in 1857, for the benefit of the German Catholics in the eastern part of the city. In those years immigration had begun to increase to such an extent that its effect was very appreciable, especially in the east side district. The parish formerly was a part of St. Mary's, but its separation from that parish was authorized by Archbishop McCloskey, who saw and appreciated the needs of the German Catholics in that part of the city. Three lots were purchased on Pitt street, and the erection of the church immediately began, the corner-stone of which was laid Aug. 15, 1867. It was dedicated Sept. 6, 1868, by Archbishop McCloskey. The building, which has a frontage of 66 feet on Pitt street and is 100 feet long, is a handsome structure of the Byzantine style, and will accommodate a congregation of 1,200 people. Father Frey being a member of the Order of Capuchin Fathers, the church was placed under the care of this order from the beginning. As soon as the congregation began to increase a number of Capuchin Fathers came from the West, where the first communities of the order had been established, and where the Superior General resided. One of these was the Rev. Father Vorwerk, who was transferred to the Church of St. John the Baptist, the Rev. Laurentius Vorwerk, who succeeded him, and the Rev. Father Frey, who succeeded him. His first pastor was a brief one, but during this period he was able to carry out the design of the founder so far as to build and furnish the parochial school, which was purchased and the work on the schoolhouse begun. When Father Vorwerk went West the Rev. Fr. Franz succeeded him as pastor of his parish. The school-house was closed and placed under the care of the Brothers of Mary and the Dominican Sisters. From 1876 to 1878 the Rev. Francis was pastor, but in the latter year the Rev. Laurentius Vorwerk returned from Milwaukee and resumed his pastorate. Connected with the church is the Capuchin convent, which was founded by the Rev. Father Frey. Father Vorwerk is the guardian, and it contains four fathers and two lay brothers. There is also a Third Order of St. Francis, established by the Rev. and after societies and a conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Police Capt. Meakin, McEwain, Rakins, Copeland and McDonnell are on the sick list, rheumatism and lambe being the principal ailments. Inspector Steers is a genius in his way, and has a skillfully arranged burglar alarm, electrical bell and gas lighter and extinguisher of his own creation in his Manhattanville home. Harry Morris, who now serves with elegance and despatch in a café in Broadway, near Park place, is reported to be one of the most travelled among his many migratory waiters in this city. Supt. Murray has been very fortunate in real estate ventures, each home he has owned having nearly doubled in value. For his present home on Livingston avenue he has refused an advance of \$10,000 over its cost. Police Capt. Allaire is receiving many congratulations upon recent real estate sales aggregating a quarter of a million of dollars. He regrets to have to explain that they were made by a totally different Anthony Allaire. Prof. Hughes, formerly of the song-and-dance company of Hogan and Hughes, is preparing for a career on the stage twin sisters named King, who are fifteen years old and came with their parents from Troy a few months ago. J. K. Lowenstein, the Walker street restaurateur, is generally ready to take a hand in a game of pinocle for the coffee with his customers, while his pretty daughter comes in with her fancy wares and watches at the cashier's desk. The Police Commissioners all have handsome incomes aside from the \$5,000 a year they receive from the city, President French from successful mining speculations, Mr. Voorhis from his business as an repair-builder, Mr. McVicar from his piano-making and Gen. Porter from his army pension.

THEY GOT THEIR VALENTINES.

Some of the Misses Which Were Received by Well-Known People of This City. Valentines were received by the rich and the poor this morning, bringing happiness to many a young heart and recalling old days to many a matron and elderly maid. The prominent officials, politicians and other citizens well known to the public were not forgotten either. Mayor Hewitt—The offer of agronomation and no questions asked nor pledges exacted, from Richard Croker and Maurice J. Power. Collector Mazono—An illustrated card, entitled "Fun on the Custom-House; or, How I Frighten Politicians." Maurice B. Flynn—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Hollin M. Squire. Edwin M. Squire—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Maurice B. Flynn. Alderman Patrick Napoleon Oakley—A letter from Police Justice Duffey apologizing for the minor Joseph A. Murray. Alderman John Reilly—A petition from 8,000 voters of the Tenth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Assembly districts asking him to become a member of the House of Representatives. Thomas Costigan—A toboggan and a season ticket for a slide down the Palisades. Supt. George Stewart of the Morton House—A gold badge for the handsomest mustache in New York. Dr. George Kretz, President of the Anawand Club—A pair of curling irons to keep his hair from hanging in proper order on his alabaster forehead. M. P. Phillips—The presidency of a tribunal to settle all disputes, wagers and disagreements between sporting men. Detective Joseph Murray—A life-size crayon of Police Justice Maurice J. Power from Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan, with a note saying, "You can have it but don't give it away." Henry C. Bangs, President of the Hoboken Turtle Club—A book entitled, "How to Catch Mock Turkeys." Excavator Walter O'Reilly—A hope for a union between Tammany Hall and the County Democracy, and O'Reilly for Sheriff, from Jacob Phillips. Excavator Walter O'Reilly—The well-known sporting man—Two dozen jars of olives from members of the Union Square Club. E. C. Verman, proprietor of the Morton House—A copy of the "Amateur" with which he greets his guests and patrons. Detective Prior, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel—A patent on his shape. Excavator Walter O'Reilly—A request to appoint a man in the Custom House signed "Yours as ever, James W. Boyle and James J. Kelso. See you to-night at the Hoffman." Detective Joseph A. Hamilton—A contract to circulate a rumor. John Jay Matthews—An offer from a publishing firm to pay him \$5,000 to write up his reminiscences. Arthur Berry, Private Secretary of Mayor Hewitt—A book entitled "The Good-Natured Man," from the City Hall reporters. Warden Walsh—A request to the Commission—An order for a box of cigars from clerks in the office who object to the favor of cigars with onion wrappers. Alderman Alfred R. Conkling—A prediction that he will be Mayor in 1900. Richard A. Cunningham, President of the New Amsterdam Club—A resolution certifying that he is one of the most popular of club presidents. Edward Kearney—A vote of thanks from citizens of Saratoga for the real estate boom inaugurated by him at the Springs. Kayman Wornes, of the Sixth District—Suggestions about the leadership of Irving Hall, with a recommendation to keep his left eye on Nick Houghton. Assemblyman Peter F. Murray—A copy of the song, "Look out for yourself; I'll catch on by and by," from Frederick W. Latham. Assistant Alderman Isaac Robinson—A request to write a book on the political history of the Eighth Ward. Nicholas Langdon—An honorable discharge from membership of the "Bull House" after an active service of thirty years. Stephen O'Brien—The cake for joining the County Democracy. Warden Walsh—Tears from there in the Tombs from men who have been on tares. Richard E. Mott, Deputy Clerk of the Board of Aldermen—A life of Andrew Jackson, from Alderman Walker. Congressman Timothy J. Campbell—An ode entitled "Mo Darling Tim," by William Georgehan. Detective Hickey—A box of anti-fat remedies. James J. Fleming—A blackthorn stick from ex-Senator Daly. Kayman Wornes, of the Sixth District—Civil Court—A portrait of Justice Luchman. Question—Will he hang it above or below the portrait of ex-Justice Kelly? Registered at the Hotels. W. R. Hearst, of San Francisco, is at the Hoffman. Lieut. F. D. Ramsey and H. Leyder are at the Calverton. Adam A. Kramer, of Cincinnati, is at the Fifth Avenue. Arthur McMan, also from the Golden City of California, is at the Hoffman. T. P. Baslin, Forest Commissioner, of Croghan, N. Y., has rooms at the Fifth Avenue. A. H. Loomis, of Fort Dodge, and F. W. Woolley, of Albany, have rooms at the Stratford. C. C. Stockley, ex-Governor of Delaware, and Capt. A. H. Swezey, U. S. A., are at the Glenside. William Reynolds, of Albany, who occasionally assumes himself by buying or selling a railroad, has a suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel. Many of the inhabitants of Rochester place their money in E. H. Lawrence's office. At present Mr. Lawrence has rooms at the Albemarle. John H. Kendall, a planter from New Orleans, and C. W. Woodell, of Cleveland, also have their headquarters upon the Fifth Avenue registers.

THEY GOT THEIR VALENTINES.

Some of the Misses Which Were Received by Well-Known People of This City. Valentines were received by the rich and the poor this morning, bringing happiness to many a young heart and recalling old days to many a matron and elderly maid. The prominent officials, politicians and other citizens well known to the public were not forgotten either. Mayor Hewitt—The offer of agronomation and no questions asked nor pledges exacted, from Richard Croker and Maurice J. Power. Collector Mazono—An illustrated card, entitled "Fun on the Custom-House; or, How I Frighten Politicians." Maurice B. Flynn—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Hollin M. Squire. Edwin M. Squire—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Maurice B. Flynn. Alderman Patrick Napoleon Oakley—A letter from Police Justice Duffey apologizing for the minor Joseph A. Murray. Alderman John Reilly—A petition from 8,000 voters of the Tenth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Assembly districts asking him to become a member of the House of Representatives. Thomas Costigan—A toboggan and a season ticket for a slide down the Palisades. Supt. George Stewart of the Morton House—A gold badge for the handsomest mustache in New York. Dr. George Kretz, President of the Anawand Club—A pair of curling irons to keep his hair from hanging in proper order on his alabaster forehead. M. P. Phillips—The presidency of a tribunal to settle all disputes, wagers and disagreements between sporting men. Detective Joseph Murray—A life-size crayon of Police Justice Maurice J. Power from Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan, with a note saying, "You can have it but don't give it away." Henry C. Bangs, President of the Hoboken Turtle Club—A book entitled, "How to Catch Mock Turkeys." Excavator Walter O'Reilly—A hope for a union between Tammany Hall and the County Democracy, and O'Reilly for Sheriff, from Jacob Phillips. Excavator Walter O'Reilly—The well-known sporting man—Two dozen jars of olives from members of the Union Square Club. E. C. Verman, proprietor of the Morton House—A copy of the "Amateur" with which he greets his guests and patrons. Detective Prior, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel—A patent on his shape. Excavator Walter O'Reilly—A request to appoint a man in the Custom House signed "Yours as ever, James W. Boyle and James J. Kelso. See you to-night at the Hoffman." Detective Joseph A. Hamilton—A contract to circulate a rumor. John Jay Matthews—An offer from a publishing firm to pay him \$5,000 to write up his reminiscences. Arthur Berry, Private Secretary of Mayor Hewitt—A book entitled "The Good-Natured Man," from the City Hall reporters. Warden Walsh—A request to the Commission—An order for a box of cigars from clerks in the office who object to the favor of cigars with onion wrappers. Alderman Alfred R. Conkling—A prediction that he will be Mayor in 1900. Richard A. Cunningham, President of the New Amsterdam Club—A resolution certifying that he is one of the most popular of club presidents. Edward Kearney—A vote of thanks from citizens of Saratoga for the real estate boom inaugurated by him at the Springs. Kayman Wornes, of the Sixth District—Suggestions about the leadership of Irving Hall, with a recommendation to keep his left eye on Nick Houghton. Assemblyman Peter F. Murray—A copy of the song, "Look out for yourself; I'll catch on by and by," from Frederick W. Latham. Assistant Alderman Isaac Robinson—A request to write a book on the political history of the Eighth Ward. Nicholas Langdon—An honorable discharge from membership of the "Bull House" after an active service of thirty years. Stephen O'Brien—The cake for joining the County Democracy. Warden Walsh—Tears from there in the Tombs from men who have been on tares. Richard E. Mott, Deputy Clerk of the Board of Aldermen—A life of Andrew Jackson, from Alderman Walker. Congressman Timothy J. Campbell—An ode entitled "Mo Darling Tim," by William Georgehan. Detective Hickey—A box of anti-fat remedies. James J. Fleming—A blackthorn stick from ex-Senator Daly. Kayman Wornes, of the Sixth District—Civil Court—A portrait of Justice Luchman. Question—Will he hang it above or below the portrait of ex-Justice Kelly? Registered at the Hotels. W. R. Hearst, of San Francisco, is at the Hoffman. Lieut. F. D. Ramsey and H. Leyder are at the Calverton. Adam A. Kramer, of Cincinnati, is at the Fifth Avenue. Arthur McMan, also from the Golden City of California, is at the Hoffman. T. P. Baslin, Forest Commissioner, of Croghan, N. Y., has rooms at the Fifth Avenue. A. H. Loomis, of Fort Dodge, and F. W. Woolley, of Albany, have rooms at the Stratford. C. C. Stockley, ex-Governor of Delaware, and Capt. A. H. Swezey, U. S. A., are at the Glenside. William Reynolds, of Albany, who occasionally assumes himself by buying or selling a railroad, has a suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel. Many of the inhabitants of Rochester place their money in E. H. Lawrence's office. At present Mr. Lawrence has rooms at the Albemarle. John H. Kendall, a planter from New Orleans, and C. W. Woodell, of Cleveland, also have their headquarters upon the Fifth Avenue registers.

ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Police Capt. Meakin, McEwain, Rakins, Copeland and McDonnell are on the sick list, rheumatism and lambe being the principal ailments. Inspector Steers is a genius in his way, and has a skillfully arranged burglar alarm, electrical bell and gas lighter and extinguisher of his own creation in his Manhattanville home. Harry Morris, who now serves with elegance and despatch in a café in Broadway, near Park place, is reported to be one of the most travelled among his many migratory waiters in this city. Supt. Murray has been very fortunate in real estate ventures, each home he has owned having nearly doubled in value. For his present home on Livingston avenue he has refused an advance of \$10,000 over its cost. Police Capt. Allaire is receiving many congratulations upon recent real estate sales aggregating a quarter of a million of dollars. He regrets to have to explain that they were made by a totally different Anthony Allaire. Prof. Hughes, formerly of the song-and-dance company of Hogan and Hughes, is preparing for a career on the stage twin sisters named King, who are fifteen years old and came with their parents from Troy a few months ago. J. K. Lowenstein, the Walker street restaurateur, is generally ready to take a hand in a game of pinocle for the coffee with his customers, while his pretty daughter comes in with her fancy wares and watches at the cashier's desk. The Police Commissioners all have handsome incomes aside from the \$5,000 a year they receive from the city, President French from successful mining speculations, Mr. Voorhis from his business as an repair-builder, Mr. McVicar from his piano-making and Gen. Porter from his army pension.

THEY GOT THEIR VALENTINES.

Some of the Misses Which Were Received by Well-Known People of This City. Valentines were received by the rich and the poor this morning, bringing happiness to many a young heart and recalling old days to many a matron and elderly maid. The prominent officials, politicians and other citizens well known to the public were not forgotten either. Mayor Hewitt—The offer of agronomation and no questions asked nor pledges exacted, from Richard Croker and Maurice J. Power. Collector Mazono—An illustrated card, entitled "Fun on the Custom-House; or, How I Frighten Politicians." Maurice B. Flynn—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Hollin M. Squire. Edwin M. Squire—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Maurice B. Flynn. Alderman Patrick Napoleon Oakley—A letter from Police Justice Duffey apologizing for the minor Joseph A. Murray. Alderman John Reilly—A petition from 8,000 voters of the Tenth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Assembly districts asking him to become a member of the House of Representatives. Thomas Costigan—A toboggan and a season ticket for a slide down the Palisades. Supt. George Stewart of the Morton House—A gold badge for the handsomest mustache in New York. Dr. George Kretz, President of the Anawand Club—A pair of curling irons to keep his hair from hanging in proper order on his alabaster forehead. M. P. Phillips—The presidency of a tribunal to settle all disputes, wagers and disagreements between sporting men. Detective Joseph Murray—A life-size crayon of Police Justice Maurice J. Power from Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan, with a note saying, "You can have it but don't give it away." Henry C. Bangs, President of the Hoboken Turtle Club—A book entitled, "How to Catch Mock Turkeys." Excavator Walter O'Reilly—A hope for a union between Tammany Hall and the County Democracy, and O'Reilly for Sheriff, from Jacob Phillips. Excavator Walter O'Reilly—The well-known sporting man—Two dozen jars of olives from members of the Union Square Club. E. C. Verman, proprietor of the Morton House—A copy of the "Amateur" with which he greets his guests and patrons. Detective Prior, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel—A patent on his shape. Excavator Walter O'Reilly—A request to appoint a man in the Custom House signed "Yours as ever, James W. Boyle and James J. Kelso. See you to-night at the Hoffman." Detective Joseph A. Hamilton—A contract to circulate a rumor. John Jay Matthews—An offer from a publishing firm to pay him \$5,000 to write up his reminiscences. Arthur Berry, Private Secretary of Mayor Hewitt—A book entitled "The Good-Natured Man," from the City Hall reporters. Warden Walsh—A request to the Commission—An order for a box of cigars from clerks in the office who object to the favor of cigars with onion wrappers. Alderman Alfred R. Conkling—A prediction that he will be Mayor in 1900. Richard A. Cunningham, President of the New Amsterdam Club—A resolution certifying that he is one of the most popular of club presidents. Edward Kearney—A vote of thanks from citizens of Saratoga for the real estate boom inaugurated by him at the Springs. Kayman Wornes, of the Sixth District—Suggestions about the leadership of Irving Hall, with a recommendation to keep his left eye on Nick Houghton. Assemblyman Peter F. Murray—A copy of the song, "Look out for yourself; I'll catch on by and by," from Frederick W. Latham. Assistant Alderman Isaac Robinson—A request to write a book on the political history of the Eighth Ward. Nicholas Langdon—An honorable discharge from membership of the "Bull House" after an active service of thirty years. Stephen O'Brien—The cake for joining the County Democracy. Warden Walsh—Tears from there in the Tombs from men who have been on tares. Richard E. Mott, Deputy Clerk of the Board of Aldermen—A life of Andrew Jackson, from Alderman Walker. Congressman Timothy J. Campbell—An ode entitled "Mo Darling Tim," by William Georgehan. Detective Hickey—A box of anti-fat remedies. James J. Fleming—A blackthorn stick from ex-Senator Daly. Kayman Wornes, of the Sixth District—Civil Court—A portrait of Justice Luchman. Question—Will he hang it above or below the portrait of ex-Justice Kelly? Registered at the Hotels. W. R. Hearst, of San Francisco, is at the Hoffman. Lieut. F. D. Ramsey and H. Leyder are at the Calverton. Adam A. Kramer, of Cincinnati, is at the Fifth Avenue. Arthur McMan, also from the Golden City of California, is at the Hoffman. T. P. Baslin, Forest Commissioner, of Croghan, N. Y., has rooms at the Fifth Avenue. A. H. Loomis, of Fort Dodge, and F. W. Woolley, of Albany, have rooms at the Stratford. C. C. Stockley, ex-Governor of Delaware, and Capt. A. H. Swezey, U. S. A., are at the Glenside. William Reynolds, of Albany, who occasionally assumes himself by buying or selling a railroad, has a suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel. Many of the inhabitants of Rochester place their money in E. H. Lawrence's office. At present Mr. Lawrence has rooms at the Albemarle. John H. Kendall, a planter from New Orleans, and C. W. Woodell, of Cleveland, also have their headquarters upon the Fifth Avenue registers.

ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Police Capt. Meakin, McEwain, Rakins, Copeland and McDonnell are on the sick list, rheumatism and lambe being the principal ailments. Inspector Steers is a genius in his way, and has a skillfully arranged burglar alarm, electrical bell and gas lighter and extinguisher of his own creation in his Manhattanville home. Harry Morris, who now serves with elegance and despatch in a café in Broadway, near Park place, is reported to be one of the most travelled among his many migratory waiters in this city. Supt. Murray has been very fortunate in real estate ventures, each home he has owned having nearly doubled in value. For his present home on Livingston avenue he has refused an advance of \$10,000 over its cost. Police Capt. Allaire is receiving many congratulations upon recent real estate sales aggregating a quarter of a million of dollars. He regrets to have to explain that they were made by a totally different Anthony Allaire. Prof. Hughes, formerly of the song-and-dance company of Hogan and Hughes, is preparing for a career on the stage twin sisters named King, who are fifteen years old and came with their parents from Troy a few months ago. J. K. Lowenstein, the Walker street restaurateur, is generally ready to take a hand in a game of pinocle for the coffee with his customers, while his pretty daughter comes in with her fancy wares and watches at the cashier's desk. The Police Commissioners all have handsome incomes aside from the \$5,000 a year they receive from the city, President French from successful mining speculations, Mr. Voorhis from his business as an repair-builder, Mr. McVicar from his piano-making and Gen. Porter from his army pension.

THEY GOT THEIR VALENTINES.

Some of the Misses Which Were Received by Well-Known People of This City. Valentines were received by the rich and the poor this morning, bringing happiness to many a young heart and recalling old days to many a matron and elderly maid. The prominent officials, politicians and other citizens well known to the public were not forgotten either. Mayor Hewitt—The offer of agronomation and no questions asked nor pledges exacted, from Richard Croker and Maurice J. Power. Collector Mazono—An illustrated card, entitled "Fun on the Custom-House; or, How I Frighten Politicians." Maurice B. Flynn—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Hollin M. Squire. Edwin M. Squire—"I hope you will be acquitted," from Maurice B. Flynn. Alderman Patrick Napoleon Oakley—A letter from Police Justice Duffey apologizing for the minor Joseph A. Murray. Alderman John Reilly—A petition from 8,000 voters of the Tenth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Assembly districts asking him to become a member of the House of Representatives. Thomas Costigan—A toboggan and a season ticket for a slide down the Palisades. Supt. George Stewart of the Morton House—A gold badge for the handsomest mustache in New York. Dr. George Kretz, President of the Anawand Club—A pair of curling irons to keep his hair from hanging in proper order on his alabaster forehead. M. P. Phillips—The presidency of a tribunal to settle all disputes, wagers and disagreements between sporting men. Detective Joseph Murray—A life-size crayon of Police Justice Maurice J. Power from Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan, with a note saying, "You can have it but don't give it away." Henry C. Bangs, President of the Hoboken Turtle Club—A book entitled, "How to Catch Mock Turkeys." Excavator Walter O'Reilly—A hope for a union between Tammany Hall and the County Democracy, and O'Reilly for Sheriff, from Jacob Phillips. Excavator Walter O'Reilly—The well-known sporting man—Two dozen jars of olives from members of the Union Square Club. E. C. Verman, proprietor of the Morton House—A copy of the "Amateur" with which he greets his guests and patrons. Detective Prior, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel—A patent on his shape. Excavator Walter O'Reilly—A request to appoint a man in the Custom House signed "Yours as ever, James W. Boyle and James J. Kelso. See you to-night at the Hoffman." Detective Joseph A. Hamilton—A contract to circulate a rumor. John Jay Matthews—An offer from a publishing firm to pay him \$5,000 to write up his reminiscences. Arthur Berry, Private Secretary of Mayor Hewitt—A book entitled "The Good-Natured Man," from the City Hall reporters. Warden Walsh—A request to the Commission—An order for a box of cigars from clerks in the office who object to the favor of cigars with onion wrappers. Alderman Alfred R. Conkling—A prediction that he will be Mayor in 1900. Richard A. Cunningham, President of the New Amsterdam Club—A resolution certifying that he is one of the most popular of club presidents. Edward Kearney—A vote of thanks from citizens of Saratoga for the real estate boom inaugurated by him at the Springs. Kayman Wornes, of the Sixth District—Suggestions about the leadership of Irving Hall, with a recommendation to keep his left eye on Nick Houghton. Assemblyman Peter F. Murray—A copy of the song, "Look out for yourself; I'll catch on by and by," from Frederick W. Latham. Assistant Alderman Isaac Robinson—A request to write a book on the political history of the Eighth Ward. Nicholas Langdon—An honorable discharge from membership of the "Bull House" after an active service of thirty years. Stephen O'Brien—The cake for joining the County Democracy. Warden Walsh—Tears from there in the Tombs from men who have been on tares. Richard E. Mott, Deputy Clerk of the Board of Aldermen—A life of Andrew Jackson, from Alderman Walker. Congressman Timothy J. Campbell—An ode entitled "Mo Darling Tim," by William Georgehan. Detective Hickey—A