

THE WORLD.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 13. PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO. 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, April 7, was as follows:

Table showing circulation figures for the week ending Saturday, April 7, 1888. Monday: 100,240; Tuesday: 103,320; Wednesday: 108,040; Thursday: 100,280; Friday: 104,420; Saturday: 106,740. Average for the entire month of March: 106,291.

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

THE ALBANY LOBBY. Of course all the Assemblymen who testify will deny any corrupt dealings with the lobby.

Men are not likely to confess themselves into State prison upon a legislative investigation carefully confined to a single specification, as this one is. Besides, it is an old trick of lobbyists to claim a control of votes which they cannot improperly influence, and we have never doubted that PHELPS boasted without reason in regard to several of the names cited.

Yet the fact remains that a numerous and notorious lobby has long been maintained at Albany; that it is liberally supplied with money to promote or prevent legislation; that it has succeeded in many cases, and that it could not thrive as it does without allies in the Legislature. Surface-skimming investigations will not alter facts nor blind the people.

STRIKES. Some very suggestive observations upon strikes are made in another column of THE EVENING WORLD by a correspondent who has evidently had experience in the matter.

As a rule, the best advice to those about to strike is that given by Punch "to those about to marry: Don't." It is not enough to "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Striking workmen need to be sure also that they have a fair chance of winning. This chance is governed largely by the amount of money they can command to support them in idleness, by the condition of the labor market, and by the facilities which their employers have for filling their places.

It is not wise to take up the "weapon of last resort" lightly.

FATTY IS OUT. Inasmuch as Fatty Walsh has stepped down and out of his position as Warden, it is perhaps not worth while to quarrel with the manner of his going.

And yet there is an utter lack of warning to his successor, whoever he shall be, in the report of the Commissioners that though WALSH'S "strike" at Lawyer RHOODES was "grossly improper, and should not be tolerated," yet the facts "do not constitute sufficient cause for his removal."

What is this but a notification to the next Warden who "works the place for all it is worth" to provide himself with the safeguard of a political "pull"? WALSH'S appointment was a public scandal. The failure to remove him is a shame to the city.

A THREEFOLD REAME. It is a shame to New York that a respectable and honest man should be imprisoned for nine months as a witness while thousands of indicted law-breakers go free.

GEORGE ANDERSON has been thus detained, as narrated in this morning's WORLD. It is a double shame that the city should make its House of Detention the den of filth and abomination that Mr. Anderson declares it to be. And it is an outrageous shame that having robbed an innocent man of his liberty, and caused him financial loss, the city should neglect to reimburse him.

MAY R. HEWITT ought at least to write a letter on this outrage.

THE PRIDE OF SHAPE. The young ladies of New Haven who have achieved an unpleasant notoriety from being "photographed in tight" and scant clothing are plainly victims of the "pride of shape."

If they had bandy legs, scrawny necks and thin or flabby arms no camera would have had even a surreptitious peep at them. It was their flattered or conscious vanity in the liberal gifts of nature to them that led to the picture business.

The flighty girls should remember that while "beauty is its own excuse for being," it is not always its own excuse for being seen, and that a secret entrusted to a photographic plate is no safer than a whisper in a gossip's ear.

What a tax it must have been upon Lobbyist PHELPS'S conversational inventiveness to know legislators for years, and talk with them frequently, as several of the Assemblymen testify, and never once attempt to "ply

his avocation," as Gen. BUTLER would say. Who would have supposed that PHELPS had so much time to waste?

It sometimes takes misfortune to "show a man who his friends are," in a sense different from that meant by the cynical proverb. Ex-Senator CONKLING'S illness has developed the fact that he still has hosts of admirers, though he is no longer a power in politics.

To his other claims to distinction grand Prince BISMARCK can now add that of a great match-maker. As "all mankind loves a lover," and wishes all lovers to be happy, the Prince will be widely detested as "a mean old thing."

It would be highly embarrassing to some of Fatty WALSH'S sponsors if he should decide to be a candidate for Congress this year.

Shipping natural gas to Washington is a good deal like "shipping coals to Newcastle."

ANN O'DELIA DISS DEBAR. Miss Ann O'Delia Diss Debar, How we wonder who you are— Who you come from, whose your ma, Miss Ann O'Delia Diss Debar.

But the jig is up, and now we'll see, Miss A. O'Delia Diss D. B. If U. S. B. K. want to B. Miss Ann O'Delia Diss D. B.

We all think that poor old Marsh has paid already too much tax (rab). And that the Judge would not be harsh, should send you, Countess Ann, To a dungeon, deep and black, There to stand out, if you can, Why it is the spoons won't whack.

Inspector Henry V. Steers has furnished THE EVENING WORLD with the incidents of a famous robbery case which he had charge of. The story will begin to-morrow under the title of "The Stealin' Plan; or, How the United States Treasury Department Was Robbed."

WORLDINGS. The South African diamond fields last year yielded gems amounting to 5,649,999 carats and valued at over \$20,000,000.

There are said to be thirty men worth \$1,000,000 in St. Paul, and twice as many who could draw their checks for at least \$200,000.

George Kettle, a farmer living in Randolph County, Va., shot a large eagle a few days ago which was soaring aloft with a half-grown lamb in its talons. It measured 8 feet from tip to tip of the wings.

The wealthiest man in the Northwest is James J. Hill, of St. Paul, President of the Northern Pacific Railroad. His fortune of \$10,000,000 has nearly all been made during the past ten years in railroad speculations and real estate. Mr. Hill is fifty-one years old, and bids fair to double his wealth before departing this life.

Mrs. Morris, of Sheboygan, Mich., possesses a highly-prized relic large meerschaum pipe that belonged to a former King of Denmark, and is now 228 years old. It had been an heirloom in her family for generations.

Mme. Adam, perhaps the best known of the French women of letters, and the active editor of the Nouvelle Revue, is one of the best dressed and most distinguished, as well as one of the brightest-minded women in Paris. Although a grandmother, she might be taken for a woman under forty. She lives at the end of the Boulevard Malesherbes, in a street named after herself.

The great French chemist, Chevreul, one of the scientific celebrities of the century, is living quietly in Paris near the Jardin des Plantes. He is 104 years old, and although white-haired and dim-eyed, he has suffered but little loss of intellectual vigor. To a correspondent who visited him recently he recalled many incidents of the Reign of Terror and the rise and fall of Napoleon.

Boston's most noted young Napoleon of Finance is Irving A. Evans, sometimes known as "Nervy" Evans from the size and quality of his nerve. He is said to look like the superintendent of a village Sunday-school. A few years ago he was a clerk in a savings bank, but he is now worth at least \$500,000, and his name is mentioned often than any other in the financial articles of the Boston press.

One of the contestants in a walking match in progress in Chicago is Miss Gamm, who is only twelve years old. She is considered the champion child pedestrian of the United States, and already has a record for speed and endurance, having walked a half mile in three minutes and thirty-two seconds. She began her career as a pedestrian at Elgin, Ill., when only four years old.

Read "How the United States Treasury Was Robbed," a detective story furnished by Inspector Henry V. Steers, in THE EVENING WORLD to-morrow.

Even the Cat would Bless. [From The World of the West.] A FEW MONTHS ago when a reporter listed a bogus interview with an actress upon the Setting Sun he was dismissed for lying, the performance being accompanied with a beating of tomatoes and lead circles of his hat. Somebody connected with the Setting Sun should be reprimanded for crying the story of SINGER SULLIVAN'S sailing from the Hotel Dan registers, in THE EVENING WORLD. A more bold-faced exhibition of stealing and taking was never witnessed upon Manhattan Island.

Written on Hotel Books. Herbert Faulkner, of London, is at the Gilesey. F. W. King, of Boston, is at the Union square Hotel.

Wilton Rice, of San Francisco, is at the Morton House. W. R. Bagley, U. S. N., has rooms at the Fifth Avenue.

Dr. William Soule, of Rochester, has rooms at the Hoffman.

John L. Dalley, a mine owner, of Denver, is at the Hoffman.

Cecil Walker, of London, is accommodated at the St. James.

R. T. Rowland, of Providence, has rooms at the Hotel Dan registers.

A. W. Rice, of Boston is accommodated at the Fifth Avenue.

William Henson, dry-goods merchant, of Detroit, is at the Hoffman.

J. B. Gregg, Clergyman, of Washington, is sheltered at the Gilesey.

J. M. Sharp, of Philadelphia, has put his name on the Hotel Dan registers.

J. S. L'Amoreaux, ex-candidate for State Comptroller, is at the Fifth Avenue.

William N. Conway, a well-known Pittsburg merchant, has rooms at the Fifth Avenue.

George Baker, of Geneva, Switzerland, sees New York from the Hoffman's front windows.

William Watson, of Utica, and Wm. W. E. Hall, of Burlington, have rooms at the Grand.

The street-walker G. B. Camp, of Montreal; A. S. Bailey, of Chicago, and C. Blake, of Boston.

Beneath the roof of the Hotel Dan are E. P. Brown, of St. Louis; W. H. Newell, of Boston, and C. Pennington, of New York.

Registered at the Union Square are Henry E. Fife, of Hartford; B. E. Fedoloff, of Baltimore; N. E. Gay, of New Haven; F. C. Brown, of Philadelphia; and F. Newton, of Boston.

"To-day's arrivals at the Morton House are John Haven, of Boston; T. Comstock, of Troy; H. G. Neff, of Amsterdam, N. Y.; G. M. Mearns, of New Haven; C. H. Clifford, of Philadelphia, and Ed H. Neil, of Boston.

A COSMOPOLITAN DISTRICT;

OR, The Trials of a Justice.

By Alfred Steckler,

Judge of the Fourth District Court.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD. NOTHIN' time a cook brought suit against her employer to recover her wages, several weeks' money being due her. The man who had engaged her was the proprietor of a restaurant, and his defense was that the cook had done more harm to his business than could be covered by the wages which she claimed. Then it was craved in court that the cook had ruined steaks and chops and was a general destroyer of good butchery meat by her inefficient methods. Everything she did was done wrong. If a customer ordered soft-boiled eggs they came in as hard as a cannon-ball. If he wanted them hard they came in barely warm and looking as if the hen had just laid them.

So it was with everything else. Instead of coffee with a little milk, she would send up milk with a little coffee. In short, if the cook had done all the things as badly as the proprietor charged, she must have given her whole mind to the task of spoiling food. He ought to have been glad to get rid of her by paying her the wages which she demanded. But he felt as if it was pretty hard to reward her for burting his business to the extent she had. It was a funny suit, but was argued with great gravity by both sides.

On one occasion a plaintiff presented himself to recover money due him from the owner of a dilapidated horse. The plaintiff was a heavy-weight of about three hundred pounds. He had a bloated, pimply face, his right eye was closed and badly discolored, and his nose was swollen to an unnatural size. The perspiration flowed in streams down his face and dripped upon a very leather-beaten suit of Bowersy clothes. This large and interesting individual declared that he was a veterinary surgeon. Horse doctor would have been a much more becoming name. He claimed to be a skillful practitioner, having been at the business for forty-two years. He was not more than fifty years old, so he must have begun practicing at a very tender age.

He said he had devoted a great deal of his valuable time and medical science to the case of this horse. He had visited the animal "professionally" sixteen times. His fee for each visit was only 50 cents, and this brought his bill to \$8, which the owner of the rehabilitated horse refused to pay. He had been obliged to bleed the animal several times and to put him through a course of "condition powders," besides giving a good deal of attention to curing the beast of eruptions. Altogether, the horse was with three feet in the grave, and the doctor's skill had snatched him from death. All this for \$8, and now he was refused that. The owner wanted him to take \$9!

The following are the latest rumors flying around local political resorts: "Gen. Fitz John Porter is to be transferred from the Police Department to the Fire Department."

"Police Justice Maurice J. Power wants to be a Police Commissioner, but Fire Commissioner Richard Croker has objected."

"A police Commissioner John R. Voorhis would like to succeed Gen. Newton as Commissioner of Public Works."

THIRD HORSE.

The Board of Management of the American Athletic Club have issued a circular saying that they have agreed to let the exclusive use of Metropolitan Park, One Hundred and Eighth street and First Avenue. There will be placed on the grounds a large, well located, and especially well equipped club house, and a 100-yard track for the use of baseball, football and other field sports.

The tales that are brought are often true, and they are enough to harrow anybody's feelings. Fortunately not all landlords are tyrants and can make some allowance.

One poor, old, decrepit woman, in a voice choking with emotion, said she had moved into the house where she was twenty-five years ago, and had lived there continuously since. Once she had been in comparatively easy circumstances. Now, for the first time, she was summoned to a court of justice for non-payment.

The poor old creature tottered and fell while she was telling her story. When she was placed on a chair and recovered sufficiently she stated in broken tones that the cause of her misfortune was a son who was addicted to liquor. For a month he had been drinking steadily. The landlord was moved to grant her request for a few weeks' reprieve.

Such are some of the scenes which figure in the kaleidoscope of a District Court. The cases are not as varied as the persons. The type of character and the different specimens of differing nationalities are innumerable and offer much for study.

BEST KNOWN CITY BARBERS.

Henry Pouljo, the Learned Frenchman, Who Writes Nearly as Well as He Dresses Hair. That the French barbers are superior to any others in the art of hair-dressing and beard-trimming has long been universally acknowledged in the European capitals, and their artistic skill is now coming to be recognized here, judging from the prevalence during the past few years of French styles of wearing the hair and beard.

The chief representative of the French school in this city is M. Henry Pouljo, of Broadway, who for eighteen years past has been doing business in the city as a professional hair dresser, and his fellow-professionals here both by precept and example with regard to the artistic features of their vocation.

M. Pouljo was born in the little village of Rouen, in Normandy, France, about forty-three years ago. He began his apprenticeship as a barber when he was only twelve years old, and after serving the required time of three years he was admitted to the trade as a journeyman.

In this capacity he travelled about the provinces for three years, working in shops in Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles and other cities in order to attain the proficiency in his art necessary for succeeding in Paris, which is the goal of every Frenchman's ambition, to be an artist or a mechanic.

His first engagement in Paris was made when he was eighteen years old, and not long afterwards he became the chief hair-dresser of the Paris Jockey Club, the most fashionable institution of its kind at the gay capital, and a position which furnished a conclusive test of the young barber's proficiency.

He remained there until the outbreak of the Revolution of 1870, when he returned to his native country, and soon after his arrival opened his shop in Broadway, where he has ever since been located. Many prominent literary lights, artists, professional and club men are among his customers.

But shaving and hair-dressing is not Mr. Pouljo's only accomplishment. His contributions to literature have not been few, and his erudite discussions of the history and philosophy of his art, which appeared in print several years ago, attracted a great deal of attention and won for him the title of the "Learned French Barber."

CHATS ABOUT POLITICIANS.

Eugene Wood, the able assistant of Lobbyist Phelps, looks younger than he really is. He is clean-shaven, stout-faced and has restless gray eyes.

He had a good training for his present position, having been Tweed's messenger boy eighteen years ago. Eugene Wood is thirty-six years old and is reputed to be worth \$75,000.

The Third Horse at the City Hall has lost one of its most faithful and respected members. Luke F. Grimes, of the Eighth Ward, has been appointed Superintendent of the Reform Club Building.

The café of the Hoffman House has been crowded every evening this week. Republicans, Democrats and Mugwumps have gathered there to hear the latest reports of the condition of ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling.

Ex-Sheriff James O'Brien announces that he will wager \$100 to \$200 twenty times that Grover Cleveland, if renominated, will not carry this State. It is understood that several betting men are looking for the ex-sheriff.

James W. Boye and John Matthews were about looking a big bet last evening when a misunderstanding arose. Finally Matthews offered to wager \$1,000 to \$2,000 that President Cleveland's name would not be the only name presented for nomination at the St. Louis Convention.

Mr. Boye did not take this offer, but he threw this challenge at Mr. Matthews: "I will bet you \$2,000 to \$1,000 that no candidate except President Cleveland will have the solid delegation of any one State." Mr. Matthews blinked his eyes, shoved his pencil into his upper vest pocket, stroked his mustache and walked away.

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THE HARIEMS WIN.

Lively Bowling Match at the Democratic Club Alley.

The Gramercy and Harlem Bowling alleys had a great game Tuesday night on the Harlem Democratic Club alleys. The favorite war whoops and cat-calls of each team resounded through the alleys all during the game, and Major Jack Nevins, of the Gramercy, who had earlier recovered from the effects of Sunday's bath, trotted around, an interested spectator of the match. The lung power of the Harlem boys was shown when they finished the game 109 pins ahead of the Gramercy. Mr. Hard was the "high" man of the game. This is the score:

Table with 2 columns: HARIEM, GRAMERCY. Lists names and scores for various players.

F. Evans and J. H. Hogart kept the scores and F. F. Grimes umpired the game. The Gramercy were eager for a return match, but the Harlems refused to accommodate them. They said that now they had the Gramercy down they didn't propose to give them a chance to get up again.

The A. C. in Harlem.

The Board of Management of the American Athletic Club have issued a circular saying that they have agreed to let the exclusive use of Metropolitan Park, One Hundred and Eighth street and First Avenue. There will be placed on the grounds a large, well located, and especially well equipped club house, and a 100-yard track for the use of baseball, football and other field sports.

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APPRECIATED BY EVERY ONE.

INTEREST IN "THE EVENING WORLD'S" FREE LECTURE BILL GROWING.

The Workers All Know What Great Good Charles W. Evans, clerk of the Bill Will Be. "The Evening World" is on the Right Track," Says Driver Hahn—The Bill One of the Best Put Before the Legislature.

Interest in the success of THE EVENING WORLD'S Free Lecture bill is growing steadily. It is safe to say that hardly a workman or workingwoman in the city fails to appreciate the great good that the passage of the bill will do.

Here are a few more of the many expressions of opinion heard by THE EVENING WORLD'S young men:

Louis Stone, a clothier, of 427 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, thinks THE EVENING WORLD Lecture bill a good thing. He believes that those who attend the lecture will be greatly benefited by it.

Charles W. Evans, clerk of Fifth street, says: "THE EVENING WORLD Lecture bill is appreciated by everybody."

William H. Albright, printer, of 323 Madison street, says that he advocates THE EVENING WORLD Lecture bill.

Samuel Bara, Assistant Foreman of Fire Engine Company 29, said: "Splendid scheme. I like it."

Peter Moran, driver of the same company, said: "The information gained to the laboring people would be valuable in itself besides being a good way of spending the leisure hour."

C. L. Mulford, of C. Mulford & Son, ice dealers, said: "The working people would be greatly benefited by the move."

John Dalton, an employee of John Wygant & Co., grocery dealers on Park place, said: "Anything to enlighten the workingman. Of course it is a good idea."

David Hahn, driver for Hastings & Hahn, said: "THE EVENING WORLD is on the right track. Put me down as in favor of it."

Thomas Moran, connected with the district messenger service, said: "I hope the workingmen will take advantage of the opportunity. The bill is one of the best that has been put before the Legislature in years."

Clyde P. Follett, of Parke, Davis & Co., Maiden Lane, said: "I have watched the success of THE EVENING WORLD lectures on the free lecture and half-holiday movements, and I must say that I admire its enterprise in pushing these things."

John H. Russell, of Fulton and Nassau streets, said: "THE EVENING WORLD has gained many friends by advocating the Free Lecture bill."

Charles S. Smith, Fulton Market, said: "THE EVENING WORLD is on the right track. The bill is a tip-top scheme, and one deserving success."

John Wilson, Fulton Market, said: "I am in favor of anything which tends toward educating the workingman."

Frank Furey, of the New York News Company, said: "THE EVENING WORLD is on the right track when it advocates the free lecture bill. It is a tip-top scheme, and one deserving success."

Edward Parsons, a brakeman on the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad, says that THE EVENING WORLD Lecture bill should be advocated by every workingman.

Jacob Meyer, a furrier, of Madison street, says: "The bill will be a great benefit to the workers."

John Simpson, a leading Republican of the Sixth Assembly District, says: "The working people can never learn too much. Give us the lectures and you will see how they will appreciate them."

John Staple, a letter-carrier, of 308 Elizabeth street, says that he has been wishing to attend such lectures for years.

John Ley, a printer, of 13 Christopher street, says: "The lectures will cultivate the minds of the people. Lectures in science are hard to find, and now that we are going to have them people should avail themselves of the chance by attending."

ROMANCE OF A BLACK CAT.

No Amount of Strategy Can Drive Him from His Well-Selected Home.

A few evenings ago a rather elderly married couple, well-known in the upper society circles of Harlem, went down to see Fanny Davenport's drama "La Focca." They had a nice supper after the theatre and reached home at about ten o'clock. No cats were about at the time, and the couple, who were started to walk the seven or eight intervening blocks to their home. A most cadaverous looking black cat, however, stepped out from behind a bush and covered a third of their journey, and seeming to like their company commenced solemnly following them on their homeward way. He seemed to himself following the worthy couple at a sober and sedate distance, but he would ever and anon, to his hind feet, and wait solemnly in front of and around them.

The lady, whose nerves were rather unsteady at the suggestion of Fanny's drama, was hysterically several times "scat" at the mysterious animal, and her husband made two or three well-directed snatches at him with a cat-walking-stick. The cat minded neither words nor blows, however, and only circled around in its own way, and finally, when he seemed to know where his victims resided perfectly well, and ran up the stoop before they had got within twenty-five feet of the house. Here he stood, rubbing his head, attenuated sides against the hall door and waiting patiently for admittance. The lady, by this time, remembering the old superstition about the frightfully bad luck that inevitably befalls those who turn away black cats from their doors, was afraid to deny the weird and ghastly gait of their home, and, after opening the great hall doors, invited him to enter. He politely bowed to please the lady, and after carefully cleaning his feet on the mat came into the hall.

The gentleman took him into the kitchen, broke some bread in a bowl of milk, and after securely closing the door left Mr. Cat to enjoy himself as best he might, and went upstairs with a clear conscience. That cat ran the house for the next few days. He absolutely refused to eat any scraps whatever, and insisted upon having nothing but the most delicately broiled chops and the richest of creamy milk. When his meals were not forthcoming promptly, or were not cooked or served to suit his capricious fastidiousness, he had a grim way of showing a white and glistering double row of needle-pointed fangs and unsheathing some two-score curved and cruel scimitar-shaped claws that usually brought the delinquents to terms. Matters grew from bad to worse. The impudent rascal, as the spaces between his ribs grew filled became more and more insistent and exacting. He refused to rise from his couch—the servants were afraid to deny the thing and he dragged the wash-tray—till nearly noon and began to demand his breakfast in bed. Of course things came to an end in this neighborhood way forever, and the heads of the household began to cast about for the best means of disposing of their unwelcome guest.

After a number of schemes had been discussed and abandoned as being entirely too lame for the blood of this "sensitive" animal. It was finally decided at a grand council of war that creation should be made of a new and more effective way of destroying the cat. A tailor's trunk, was accordingly carried into the centre of the back yard and filled with paper, straw, and other inflammable substances. Into this the cat was inveigled by a bit of fish. The trunk was then securely bolted with several chains, saturated with kerosene and set afire. A most infernal fire resulted, and the neighborhood was filled with the odor of sulphur and the sound of the fire in the yard of this particular house, and at the action of the whole household, every member of the family, and in particular a neat little heap of straw, which had been used as a seat, were scattered around the infernal pyre.

As the sun was slowly sinking behind his crimson couch and the shadows were beginning to creep along the darkening sky the fire blazed on into the yard, and with a long pair of tongs, succeeded in knocking off the lid of the still-smouldering trunk. He gazed into his fiery domain, and with a piercing scream, fell headlong to the ground. The rest of the servants rushed out, followed by the family, and saw instead of a neat little heap of grayish-white ashes, the infernal animal, stretched out helplessly at full length along a few shavings, and the admiring his surroundings. He is still the bone of this once happy household, and a reward of \$100 is offered to any one who will quickly and thoroughly do away with him.

FRANK LEWISON'S REVENGE.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Having seen that so many little girls have been fortunate enough to have their little pictures published, I would very much please if you link my first attempt worthy of publication, and thus encourage me to make a second. I am thirteen years old and pupil of Miss A. Grammar School, No. 31, 128 East Ninety-fourth street.

In the midst of the little village of Rosedale is situated a quaint, pretty farm-house, upon the sides of which the ivy vine creeps.

On this May morning the garden surrounding it was picturesque in its beauty, and displayed all the signs of advancing summer. The chirping of the birds, the trees with their green foliage, the many colored flowers—all helped to beautify the scene; but foremost of all was the figure of a young girl in deep and earnest conversation with a young man, her lover.

The girl, Blanche Revere, was a pronounced brunette. Her rich, black hair fell in curls over her beautiful shoulders, while her brilliant eyes formed such a contrast to her face as ebony to snow, and a flowing white robe adorned her shapely figure. The face of her lover, Raymond St. Clair, showed the happiness which he felt, for those two faces were so close together that they were now on the brink of that eventful period of life—marriage.

They were to meet at the depot that evening in order to go to a neighboring village. Peter Moran, driver of the same company, said: "The information gained to the laboring people would be valuable in itself besides being a good way of spending the leisure hour."

As he gazed with tender looks after the beautiful form of the girl, another pair of eyes—such revengeful eyes—watched her retreating form, and the words, "Not if I can help it," were borne on the wind. Frank Lewis, who had more than once envied the happy couple, did not dare look in her lover's face. The next station was reached, and three men in police uniform entered the car. Strange to say, Blanche did not notice the frightened look which spread over the face of her lover, beside the fact that she could not help giving up perceiving the officers. Indeed, she heard nothing until one of the officers came up and said in a loud tone:

"Frank Lewis, I arrest you on a charge of theft, forgery and abduction."

"She heard no more, for she sank in a deep swoon."

She once more regained consciousness she found herself in the arms of one of the officers, whom she recognized to be—her Raymond.

When she gazed around her and asked what had happened.

"My love," he answered, "you know not the danger you have escaped."