# THE WORLD.

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## Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE

EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, April 28, was as follows:

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| MONDAY | 96,380 |
| TUESDAY | 97,480 |
| WEDNESDAY | 99,800 |
| THURSDAY | 99,910 |
| FRIDAY | 100,350 |
| SATURDAY | 99,660 |
| Average for the entire Month of April | 100,930 |

**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.**

### VOTE FOR A VETO.

Through the friendly co-operation of the police and the managers of the ball grounds, THE EVENING WORLD has placed ballot-boxes at the Polo Grounds, in this city, and in Washington Park, Brooklyn, to receive petitions to the Governor to veto the Half-Holiday Repeal bill. Blanks for signatures will be distributed among the crowds at the games.

Let every one who enjoys a game vote for a veto, and thus help to preserve for working men and women one half day in the week, all the year round, in which to seek recreation and pleasure.

The names are coming in to this office by the thousand.

### PROTECTING THE TRUSTS.

The Assembly's refusal to take up the Anti-Trust bill tells better than any sham investigations whether the lobby has "got in its work."

A member of the "third House" has declared that no anti-Trust legislation can go through this year. He is probably something more than a prophet: he knows.

Money talks at Albany.

### ONE BOON.

The working people of this city have been granted one boon by the Legislature. It has passed THE EVENING WORLD'S bill providing for free evening lectures and instruction in the public school rooms, under the direction of the Board of Education.

The poor people have no time for entertainment or learning except at night, and no money to pay for it then. Thousands of them who are past school age are hungry for knowledge. Evening lectures and practical scientific and sanitary talks will be of great interest and value.

Even small favors are thankfully received.

### THE WOMEN DELEGATES.

The six women who are knocking at the door of the Methodist General Conference for admission as delegates, represent a tendency of the times that men will prove powerless to resist.

Without the piety, the zeal and the active co-operation of women, half the churches, in all denominations, would soon cease to exist. If woman is permitted and encouraged to act as the equal of man in doing the work of the churches, how can she, logically or justly, be denied participation in the direction of that work?

The Methodists are too democratic and progressive a body to maintain much longer that ancient brutality, the subjection of woman.

The Standard Gas Company, a tentacle of the big devil-fish, pretends that it wants to store harmless oil in the tanks which it erected in the Harlem district without permission. Why, then, did it ask to store naphtha? Give it a foothold and it will soon do as it pleases. The tanks should go.

THE EVENING WORLD'S list of spring removals, published yesterday, was the talk of the town. It made over ten columns of names, with old and new addresses, and will prove permanently valuable for reference.

Another case for the people was thrown out of court yesterday by Judge COWING with a rebuke to the District-Attorney's office for presenting a case so poorly prepared. This sort of thing is getting monotonous.

Additions to THE EVENING WORLD'S list of removals: Cashier DE BAUN, to Canada; ex-Mayor GRACE, from Yurrup to within reach of his man IVINS's ear; the New Yorks, to third place in the League.

Now that a Senator of the United States has called the presiding officer of that body "a great liar and a dirty dog," the pot-house politicians and ward-room brawlers can hide their diminished heads.

According to the report of the Assembly Judiciary Committee, Lobbyist PHELPS is a bold, bad man, and the Assemblymen are angels. R-r-ats!

It was "moving day" for the Bostons yesterday: They moved down one peg.

### SPRING RELISHES.

Shrimps, $1.50 a gallon.
Carp pike, 40 cents each.
Smelts, 20 cents a pound.
Tomatoes, 25 cents a quart.
Spinach, 25 cents a half peck.
Maple sugar, 20 cents a pound.
Austrian carp, 40 cents a pound.
Sweet potatoes, 70 cents a peck.
Asparagus, 25 to 60 cents a bunch.
Cauliflower, 15 and 20 cents a head.
West Indian mangoes, 60 cents a dozen.
Roe shad sold at wholesale for $15 per hundred.
New potatoes, 50 to 80 cents a peck, according to quality.

The first North River salmon caught this season was on exhibition at Blackford's this morning. It was caught opposite Weehawken yesterday; $1.50 a pound.

### EARLY DAYS OF NEW YORK MANAGERS.

Harrigan was once a ship-caulker.

Tony Pastor—or Antonio Pastor—was a circus clown.

Old Mr. Duff, of the Standard Theatre, used to keep a restaurant.

Harry Miner—the H. Clay Miner of to-day—was formerly a druggist.

Augustin Daly used to be a reporter upon a salary of $15 per week.

Col. R. E. J. Miles, of the Bijou Opera-House, once distinguished himself as a circus-rider.

John Stetson, who has just been succeeded at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Eugene Tompkins, was a butcher.

Daniel Frohman, now the austere manager of the Lyceum Theatre, was once upon a time an errand boy in the *Tribune* office.

A. M. Palmer, who sits in dignified state in the managerial chair of the Madison Square Theatre, was formerly librarian of the Mercantile Library.

### WHITE WINGS.

T. C. Stratton's 20-foot catboat Mystic has arrived at the Columbia Yacht Club house from New London.

The fast catboat Columbia, owned by H. C. Rosemon, of the Columbia Yacht Club, has been put in commission.

The 45-foot cabin sloop White Wing, of New London, has been purchased by Vice-Commodore A. M. Everett, Columbia Yacht Club. She is now in commission off the club-house.

Commodore Chas. T. Wills, Columbia Yacht Club, has had built this winter by Wallin & Gorman, South Brooklyn, the large 32-foot catboat Brunhilde, which was launched last Saturday, and which is now in commission off the club-house.

The centreboard cabin sloop Venture, Dr. Henry Griswold, Columbia Yacht Club, has been thoroughly overhauled, her rig cut down, and she has been given an entirely new suit of sails, with double head rig. She is now in commission off the club-house, Eighty-sixth street, North River.

### PICKED UP AT HEADQUARTERS.

Dr. Cyrus Edson boasts the ownership of one of the fastest schooner-yachts in the harbor.

Sergt. Price has rearranged his beard and now appears with a mustache and imperial, *à la* Napoleon.

Inspector Conlin is very vigilant. He drops in on the commanders of his district when they least expect him.

Capt. Nic Brooks is enthusiastic in his praises of Morrisania people. He predicts a great boom in real estate in his precinct.

Inspectors Williams and Byrnes do not believe in life insurance. They say that they have no use for any game where one must die to win.

Commissioner Fitz John Porter and E. Benedict Herzog, the police signal contractor, are almost inseparable friends. The General is studying the science of electricity.

Capt. Clinchy has grown ten years younger since he joined the army of benedicts. He wonders that he remained single so long. He is certain now that his station-house will be repainted.

Among the frequent visitors to Supt. Murray for purely social reasons are Sheriff Grant, Fire Commissioner Croker, Tax Commissioner Eddie Cahill, Assistant District-Attorney Bedford and Senator Murphy.

Capt. McElwain is on the sick list. He has been relieved from night and drill duty until he regains his strength. "Lightning Charlie" McDonnell and senior Capt. Copeland are nursing rheumatism and lumbago.

Inspector Steers has received a mass of beautiful wild flowers from the children of the Richmond Hill Congregational Church, who are cultivating a potato patch for the Five Points Mission. The Inspector is a Methodist.

### WORLDLINGS.

One of the most elegant drawing-rooms in the West is that in which Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, receives her friends. It is a tufted-yellow, satin-panelled, lace-draped apartment that would almost realize the dream of a Whistler. Nothing but candles are ever burned in the room, and the effect of the soft light falling on the profusion of gilt is most harmonious.

Paper bottles are now in extensive use for containing such substances as ink, bluing, shoe dressing, glue, &c. They are made by rolling glued sheets of paper into long cylinders, which are then cut in to suitable lengths, tops and bottoms are fitted in, the inside coated with a waterproof compound, and all this is done by machinery almost as quickly as one can count.

Mrs. Betsey Torry, of Scituate, Mass., a sprightly old lady of ninety who still enjoys the best of health, has one claim to fame in that she has often drunk from the original "Old Oaken Bucket" which the poet Wordsworth made famous in song. The bucket was in a well at the Northey homestead, in Greenbush, near Scituate, where Mrs. Torrey lived for a number of years.

Col. John Arkins, proprietor of the Denver *News*, was sticking type only a few years ago. When the Leadville discoveries were made he borrowed a few hundred dollars, bought a printing outfit and started a small newspaper in the new mining town. The venture paid and he soon possessed a modest fortune. Returning to Denver, he bought an interest in the *News*, on which paper he had formerly set type, and is now its principal owner.

In the vicinity of Beaufort, S. C., there are many small islands inhabited exclusively by negroes who, in intellectual and moral development, are but little removed from their brethren of Central Africa. They talk a kind of gibberish not understood by a stranger, go clad in rags that barely cover their nakedness, and live from hand to mouth. Their dwellings are log huts of one room and morality is hardly known among them.

One of the two women in Iowa who are members of the Grand Army of the Republic is Aunt Becky Young, who was noted as a nurse during the war and to whose gentle care in the hospitals many a soldier owes his life. She is idolized by the veterans, who have many reminiscences of her daring and suffering in the field. She is a native of Ithaca, N. Y., and left her home when a young widow of thirty-two to go to the front as a nurse.

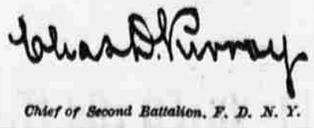
Norman B. Ream, a well-known Chicago speculator, who has accumulated a fortune of from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 in grain and provisions, was selling mackerel and brown sugar in a country store at Princeton, Ill., a few years ago. He began speculating in the Board of Trade in a small way, through brokers, and after a little success launched out for himself. He has a faculty of always keeping on the right side of the market, and is known as "the wizard of the Board."

# A PERILOUS DESCENT;

OR,

## The Elberon Flats Fire.

By



*Chief of Second Battalion, F. D. N. Y.*

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

THE fire at the Elberon Flats demonstrated the utility of the safety net as a life-saving appliance, and the papers have been discussing the advantages which it affords to people imprisoned in a burning building from which there is no escape except by a flying leap through the air.

This recalls to my mind an incident which happened some three years ago which is rather amusing as demonstrating a possibility that would hardly have been believed if the fact had not proven it.

It was at a fire in Barclay street. I was with the Hook and Ladder Truck No. 8 at the time. When the alarm was given we hurried to the spot and found a five-story building wrapped in flames. The fire was raging in the interior of the building. Chief Rowe ordered us to the roof to open it up. We made our way through the adjoining building, and got from the roof of that on to the roof of the burning tenement-house. We had gone up on this building because the roof of it was more on a level with the roof of the other.

The building was so constructed that from the rear there was a light shaft, which set half way into the building and furnished light and air to the whole line of stories. We skirted around it, and, getting over, made a hole with our axes in the roof, so that the smoke might have an outlet. It poured out in thick, black clouds and obscured everything.

THAT FLOUR BARREL WAS SHUTE'S SALVATION.

Fireman Shute had charge of the tiller of the truck, namely, the wheel. The driver of the truck and the man who has to look after the tiller do not have any time to waste in dressing, and throw on their clothes halfway and are ready to start. So when the rest of us mounted to the roof, Shute was a little delayed in fixing his coat and in getting down from his seat and taking his tool from under the truck.

The delay was only for a moment, but things go pretty lively at a fire, and the delay, though short, was long enough to prove momentous to Shute. When he got up to the roof of the building on fire it had been opened, and the smoke that was pouring around hid everything, so that he could not see.

He heard the men, however, at work on the building and the sound of their voices a few yards off. Without a thought he started to walk across to the spot where he heard the sounds coming from. You could not see your hand before your face, but hearing us so near he walked straight for us without ever thinking of any difficulty.

The light shaft was concealed from view. We had seen it and had skirted around it. Shute didn't see it, and skirted into it. He walked straight off the roof into the five-storied well!

He dropped like a stone. And his brains were dashed out, and he was left a quivering, broken mass of mangled, bloody humanity on the pavement five stories below? Not a bit. That is what ought to have happened by rights to a man who falls sheer down five stories. But it isn't what happened to Shute. Appropriate name, by the way, for a man who goes down a chute like that, isn't it?

At the bottom of the shaft a small, projecting building ran up about half a story. On the roof of this little office, or whatever it was, lay a flour barrel on its side. That flour barrel was Shute's salvation and came in like a perfect Providence. If it hadn't been there there wouldn't have been enough of Shute left to recognize him. But it was there.

In the talk in the newspapers of late about the methods of springing into the net, how one should act and how one should land, it appears that to come down in a sitting posture is one of the most favorable positions to light in. Many of the circus men at Barnum's invariably light in this rectangular position. They bound up, come to their feet and skip out, safe and sound. Their legs do not get under them to be broken.

I do not know whether Shute had ever practised getting down from a height by springing through the air or not. Probably it was his good luck more than any endeavor of his that he came down bang! on the side of the barrel in precisely this position—that section of his frame where bones are best protected by adipose tissue, and which is usually selected by parents who are stern enough to believe that sparing the rod is spoiling the child as the scene of their castigations.

The barrel was broken to flinders by the weight of 160 pounds dropped on it from the full height of the five-storied building. Smash it went, yielding somewhat gradually, however so that Shute was landed amid the debris as sound as a nut.

Of course, he was terribly jarred. It is almost unnecessary to state that. Suddenly stepping into thin air and dropping five stories, even to land sitting on the side of a barrel, is a little jarring to the person who performs the feat. But when he found he was all right and that there was no need to gather up the fragments, he pulled himself together and scrambled down to the ground. He felt like a bad small boy who has just received a tremendous spanking, and at first his insides felt pretty stiff and sore. But he could get around without any difficulty, even though he did feel a little sore.

*(To be Concluded To-Morrow.)*

### OLD FRIENDS GO TO LAW.

**Marcus Ward & Co. Enjoin a Partner and Relative from Injuring The Business.**

In the Supreme Court yesterday Judge Van Brunt granted an injunction to Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., Limited, the English paper-makers and lithographers, restraining William Hardcastle Ward and Alfred Ireland from interfering with the plaintiffs at their place of business, No. 734 Broadway, this city, upon the application of Vanderpoel, Green & Cuming. The suit is one of a sensational nature, as it involves a quarrel among the partners of a great commercial house that has been in business for the best part of a century. William Hardcastle Ward, who lives at Chislehurst, in England, is a nephew of Marcus Ward, the founder of the house, who died some forty years ago. He had been a partner in the house through inheritance until in 1883, when it was formed into a corporation under the Limited Liability act retaining the original name. Mr. Ward was one of the largest stockholders and a director of the corporation, and is so still. Alfred Ireland, the other defendant, was for many years the firm's agent in America, acting in that capacity until a few days ago.

The business was carried on here in the large store at No. 734 Broadway under a lease which had been renewed from time to time and which expired yesterday. Some time since application was made for a renewal of the lease, according to Mr. Cuming, when it was discovered that the property had already been leased to Messrs. Ward and Ireland, who were intending, it is said, to carry on a similar business there, while others claim that the corporation was about to move until this fact was made known, and that they will remain on the premises rather than let them fall into the hands of the new firm.

The plaintiffs claim that Messrs. Ward and Ireland secured the lease, which extends for two years and nine months from yesterday, by secret manœuvres on the strength of their membership in and representation of the main firm. The original lease does not contain a renewal clause. A bitter contest is expected when the matter comes up in court, as it will in a day or two.

### HE WOED AND WON HER IN PRISON.

**Dick Davis, Who Served His Term, Weds Miss Rooney, Who Was Pardoned.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

ATLANTA, Ga., May 2.—Five years ago Mrs. Rooney and her daughter Isabella, of Fort Gaines, took a violent dislike to Mrs. Millirons, whose husband was said to have been a former admirer of the younger woman. One day the two women, assisted by young Rooney, beat Mrs. Millirons to death. The son was hanged in Fort Gaines. The mother died on the night before her trial, and the daughter Isabel'a was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union interested themselves in the young woman and lately induced Gov. Gordon to pardon her. The ladies put her in the Women's Home, where she has given strong evidence of repentance.

A few days ago Dick Davis made his appearance at the home and claimed Miss Isabella for his bride. Dick was a long-termer from Bibb County, whose term had expired. He had made love to the girl while they were in prison together, and now sought her out to marry her. The ladies who had Miss Isabella in charge, after inquiring into Davis's record, finally consented to the marriage, and last evening the event took place in the parlors of the Women's Christian Home.

**Metal Brokers Excited Over a Decline.**

Metal brokers yesterday were considerably excited, and so unsettled and panicky was the tin market that dealings in that article on the floor of the Metal Exchange were entirely suspended for the day. This was done as a precautionary measure, for it was feared that the heavy decline, unless the members were given a breathing spell, would cause numerous failures. Since last Friday the price of tin in London has dropped from £166 a ton to £97, the latter being the recorded quotation yesterday morning, and in this market it has dropped from 36¼ cents a pound to 24 cents. This tremendous decline and consequent excitement have been caused by the action of the celebrated French syndicate, which started out about ten months ago with a fund of $50,000,000 to corner all the copper in the world and which incidentally took hold of tin and lead. The result was a great boom in these articles and prices have been russled up to a high figure and maintained there. Last week, however, it was reported that the syndicate had resolved to withdraw from any further cornering of tin, and this was confirmed by the stoppage by Mr. Strauss, the London representative of the syndicate, of all orders to buy. This created great excitement in London, and from £150 a ton the price began to tumble until a shrinkage of £56 a ton was reached, representing in round numbers $345 a ton.

**For a Tariff-Reform Propaganda.**

The Reform Club held an informal meeting last night at their new club-house, No. 12 East Thirty-third street. Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes presided. Mr. Everett P. Wheeler briefly explained that the grant from the club funds for propaganda purposes required to be supplemented by $50,000 if needed work was to be done in circulating tariff-reform literature. Mr. John D. Warner gave details of the circulation already given to reform broadsheets and leaflets throughout the State. He expected editions aggregating 750,000 copies would in a few weeks be going about doing good. Mr. E. Ellery Anderson spoke of New York City as a field for enlightenment in matters economic. He proposed that every member of the club be called upon to subscribe towards a propaganda fund. The following gentlemen were appointed a canvassing committee: Messrs. E. Norton, C. A. Andrews, E. B. Merrill, Russell Sturgis, O. B. Potter, H. W. Gwathmey, James Gatut, William M. Irvine, I. Strauss, G. F. Peabody, M. C. Wells, Marston Niles.

**A Shipwreck Likely.**

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Goslin—Yes, Miss Smith, I expect to sail for Europe.

Miss Smith (innocently)—Indeed. What on?

Goslin (embarrassed)—Well, er—to tell you the truth, Miss Smith, it's on borrowed money.

**Wayfarers in Clover.**

H. R. Doe, of Rutland, Vt., watches the tide of travel from the Gilsey House.

At the Hoffman House are H. M. Young and John N. Derby, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

Seabury S. Gould, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., feels at home when he puts up at the St. James. He is there to-day.

The Brunswick Hotel furnishes comfort and good meals for Wm. G. Wild, of Newport, R. I., and G. T. Simon, from Germany.

The Windsor has on its books R. C. Nickerson and Joseph Lathrop, two Chicago financiers, who came on from that city together.

Wm. Dallman, of Mexico, is studying New York's climate at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. W. L. Fossett, of Elmira, is also there.

The Sturtevant House, which was named after A. P. Sturtevant, has him for one of its guests today. He now hails from Norwich, N. Y.

The new guests at the Hotel Dam are J. L. Bagg, of Syracuse; W. H. G. Rowe, of Boston; J. S. Robinson, of Jamestown, and J. Philip King, of Chicago.

Putting up at the Union Square Hotel are George A. White, of Philadelphia; H. Mansel, of Cincinnati; G. E. Carr, of Baltimore, and James Bartlett, of Providence.

Chas. Russell, of Albany, member of the Alpha Delta Phi, which is to have a meeting on Thursday at the Masonic Temple, greets his friends at the Grand Hotel to-day.

The arrivals at the Morton House to-day include James N. Stearns, of Boston; N. L. Taylor, of Danbury; W. F. Head, of Cortland; Chas. Mullen, of Boston; Nelson Roberts, of Asbury Park, and A. F. Rice, of Chicago.

## SUING FOR A QUEEN'S DOG.

### PORTER RICHARDS WANTS DAMAGES FOR DUSKY KAPI'S LOST PET.

**It Was a Royal Pup, of a Hungry Strain, and He Was on His Way to Florida—Is the Messenger Company's Agent Responsible for His Loss? A Brain-Racking Problem for Justice Monell.**

Lawrence Richards, a very dark specimen of the colored race, lives at 107 East Forty-fourth street. He is a porter on a New York Central Railway drawing-room car plying between this city and Syracuse.

He is a general favorite, and knows every public man and woman of this State "by heart." He is a most faithful servant of the corporation employing him also, and when Queen Kapiolani, the dusky consort of the Sandwich Island monarch, King Kalakaua, was accorded the courtesy of free use of William K. Vanderbilt's private car in her passage through the Empire State, Richards was detailed in charge of the car and the comfort of Her Majesty.

Richards was particularly attentive to the wants of Her Majesty, as her complexion and his matched nicely—her tan being only more delicate, as became her sex—and the Queen reciprocated the friendly feeling in so far as became a sovereign and a dutiful wife. And Richards accompanied her across the continent.

When, on her way to her own little kingdom in the South Seas, Mrs. Kalakaua stopped for a short look at San Francisco and the inside of the Golden Gate, she was lionized by the open-hearted Westerners, and one of them, a gentleman, presented to her a splendid pup of the St. Bernard breed. He had christened the pup Kapi, in her honor, and it was of royal strain.

Kapi was nice, but he was only a pup, and he was distressingly awkward, and after keeping him in her private car for a few days she tired of him. Richards had shown a fondness for the dog, and when the Queen was about to sail for the antipodes she gave the animal to the faithful porter as a mark of appreciation for his attentive services.

Richards and Kapi travelled in company clear back to New York. That was last June. Along in November, when the brigands of Florida first began to make themselves annoying to the planters, orange growers and poultry raisers in the Land of Flowers, Richards's old father, who was keeping hens in Jacksonville, wrote to his dutiful son, complaining that the brigands were so searching in their investigations that even the hen-roosts were robbed.

He wanted a dog—a big, powerful, hungry dog.

Richards *fils* had boarded Kapi for six months and he knew him to fill the bill, in the last requirement at least, so he arranged with a Mr. Colley, who was about to sail for Florida, to be the custodian of Kapi on his Southern tour.

On steamer day Richards intrusted Kapi to an American District messenger boy, Tommy Gannon, with instructions to take the dog to pier 29 North River, where he would find Mr. Colley in waiting to receive the animal.

The boy set out, leading the dog with a string. The dog weighed about as much as a whole cow-yard full of such fellows as Tommy Gannon, and Richards mused on the power of mind over matter as the young man and the big dog passed out of view in the dim vista of Fifth avenue.

They passed out of his sight forever, for Kapi has not reached Mr. Colley yet, and that is why the American District Telegraph Company appeared as defendant by Taggart & Cornell in the Seventh Judicial District Court yesterday. Mr. Richards seeks to recover the value of the St. Bernard, and Counsellors Brown, Dexter & Squires are pushing his claim before Justice Monell.

Expert testimony was adduced to show the value of Kapi, and, as usual, the experts differed as widely as their employers, the parties to the suit.

Charles Knapp, connoisseur in canines at 326 Sixth avenue, said that if Kapi had a pedigree he would be worth from $1,000 to $3,000; but if he was not a registered St. Bernard, $100 would be a good market price for him. It is said, however, that Kapi is of noble lineage and high degree.

Tommy Gannon says that the dog led him safely down to the pier and that he (Tommy) delivered him to a colored waiter on the steamer—the Cherokee—and a burning question of law is whether this was a sufficient delivery by Tommy, the agent of the American District Telegraph Company, under the contract implied with Mr. Lawrence Richards, jr.

Justice Monell will rack his brains on the question until Monday, when he will render his decision.

**All friends of the Saturday half holiday who have "The Evening World's" petitions will please send the signed petitions to this office not later than to-morrow afternoon.**

**The Kiralfy Brothers at War.**

Judge Van Brunt, in the Supreme Court, yesterday granted an injunction to Imre Kiralfy restraining his brother, Bolossy, and the latter's wife and Eugene Tompkins from interfering with the rights and title of George W. Barras in producing the "Black Crook." Upon the death of Charles M. Barras, the author of the spectacle, some years ago, George W. Barras became the administrator of the estate. As such he entered into a contract with the Kiralfys for the exclusive privilege of playing the "Black Crook" throughout the country. This contract has two years to run. The Kiralfys made an agreement to separate a year ago. Bolossy took the "Black Crook," and now claims that as the firm of the Kiralfy Brothers no longer exists it is not liable for the royalty. Barras thereupon made an agreement with Elsie Kiralfy, wife of Bolossy, and Eugene Tompkins for the exclusive privilege of producing the play for the remaining two years of the original contract.

**For Twenty Years He Fought in the Courts.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2.—The Supreme Court, by a decision rendered yesterday in the case of Jerome B. Cox against Charles McLaughlin, ends a litigation of twenty-one years' standing, during which the plaintiff has been reduced to poverty. The Court's judgment will give him about $270,000. The suit grew out of a railroad contract. It has been tried and retried over and over again. During the litigation Cox shot McLaughlin, as he claims, in self-defense, and assaulted a Justice of the Supreme Court after one of its decisions against him.

**The Rising Sun.**

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Old Wimple (solemnly)—Young man, to attain success in this world we must be up and doing. Do you ever see the sun rise?

Young Man—Yes, sir, occasionally.

"When?"

"On my way home."

**The Sheriff Was Afraid to Act.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NEWPORT, May 1.—Henry Bull, jr., recently assigned all his property upon the announcement of a verdict of $12,000 in favor of Mme. Janauschek, who brought suit against him to recover damages for injuries received by her in falling downstairs at the Perry House, in this city, which was managed by Mr. Bull. Friday afternoon United States Marshal Blaisdell came down to satisfy the judgment, but decided to take no action. There is a difference in legal opinion as to whether the cause on which the judgment is given is such as will permit the freedom of the country to be allowed Mr. Bull, and as the only action in the case under these circumstances might lay the Sheriff liable to damages for false action it was decided to postpone action until next week, when the Supreme Court will decide the question.

### AFTER PULLERS-IN AND SNAPPERS.

**Clockwork Pictures to Attract the Passing Throng to Show-window.**

Enterprising shopkeepers are always on the lookout for something to attract the attention of the passing throng. The day of the "puller-in" has passed, as has also the effect of the "window-snapper"—that little electric button which kept up such a constant tapping on the pane. The latest things out are known as "Life Pictures," and a very appropriate name it is, too.

Almost every one has been drawn time and again to some store window by seeing a crowd, and found that the attraction was a moving pasteboard figure labelled, "A Good Joke," which represents a priest telling a joke to a friend, or some such similar device. The mouths of these figures are moved by means of hidden springs. One of these toys shows President Cleveland enjoying his favorite sport. He gets a bite and a frog seems to croak at him, when, after several attempts he hauls up a boot, a hoop-skirt or a pair of trousers, but "nary a fish."

"The Visit of Santa Claus," the "Raw Recruit" and the "Lost Keyhole" will suggest what they represent to the reader.

One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and a boy dangling a spider over the nose of a man asleep in bed. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

"Trouble Ahead" represents John Chinaman and a robust female dancing vigorously. The woman demands her wash from John, and threatens to hit him while he appears to say: "No checkee, no washee."

The largest and most elaborate show piece represents a military court-martial enacted by monkeys. The motions are very natural. The wife and children of the condemned are in great trouble, the chaplain reads the death-warrant, the officer in command gives orders, the soldiers take aim, and at the word "Fire!" the culprit falls dead.

The designs cost from $5 to $20, and run from one to three hours to each winding.

### ALL THEIR POCKETS EMPTY.

**The Sans Argent Club Celebrates the Return of Its Stranded President.**

A number of young actors, with whom impecuniosity is a proud boast, meet every night at a restaurant in West Twenty-seventh street and have formed themselves into a club called the "Sans Argent," which Gallic title sounds better than its elegant translation, "hard up."

It is said that impecuniosity, while not absolutely a *sine qua non* condition of membership, is extremely desirable. On Thursday night a grand "pow-wow" was held to celebrate the impecunious arrival in town of Charles Warren, the President of the club.

Mr. Warren went out with the "Civil Service" company, which seems to have entered into the spirit of the "Sans Argent" Club. It left Mr. Warren stranded—lost in Kentucky—and he was obliged to telegraph to Charles S. Dickson, Vice-President of the club—vice, he likes to simply call himself—for funds.

Joseph Haworth is Chancellor of the Exchequer—when there is any—and Branch O'Brien, Recording Secretary and Keeper of the Seals. Col. White is Major-Domo: Jesse Harper, Quartermaster, and Jeanette First Lady-in-Waiting. Percy Hunting, Nestor Lennon, Major Butler and George Fawcett are all members in appropriately bad standing.

Every evening something lively goes on among these disciples of impecuniosity. The other day a charming debate, started by Charlie Dickson, on "what we don't know about acting," created quite a breeze.

### W. H. WOOD AND THE TARPONS.

**He Caught Twenty of the Big Fish During His Florida Trip this Year.**

Mr. W. H. Wood, of this city, has just arrived from his annual trip to Florida. He claims the honor of being the first to catch a tarpon with a rod and reel. This was near Punta Rassa in March, 1885, and the tarpon was 5 feet 9 inches in length.

During his trip in 1886 he caught six of these monsters, the last one measuring 6 feet 4 inches and weighing 140 pounds. It was "doctored," and is now to be seen in the window of a Fulton street store.

This year Mr. Wood caught twenty.

**How's This for a Sailing Vessel?**

The British ship Palgrave, commanded by Capt. Garvey, the largest sailing craft that has ever entered this port, arrived at Quarantine, S. I., yesterday afternoon from Calcutta, India, after a comparatively fair voyage of 107 days. The Palgrave is claimed to be the largest sailing vessel in the world. She was built at Port Glasgow by W. Hamilton in 1884, by whom she is owned. The craft is built of steel, with four iron masts, each of which is square rigged, and carries double topgallant yards and skysails. Her dimensions are 3,078 tons register net, 322 feet 5 inches length of keel, 49 feet 2 inches beam, 25 feet 4 inches depth of hold. She is loaded with 5,000 tons of jute, consigned to Messrs. Timothy Hogan & Sons, of Broad street, this city. The Palgrave has a draught of 23 feet 6 inches. It required two large and powerful tugs to tow the vessel up the bay.

**They Bought Up the Rival Company.**

An agreement was consummated yesterday morning by which the Manhattan District Telegraph Company passed into the hands of the American District Telegraph Company. When the Western Union purchased the business of the Baltimore and Ohio Company the Manhattan District Telegraph Company was one of the assets they secured. Soon after this negotiations were opened for the sale of the privileges to the American District Telegraph Company. The Western Union people made an offer to the American District Telegraph Company which, after consideration, was accepted. The price paid was a fair one. The transfer will cause a number of offices to be closed. Some which have telegraphic service will be kept open for the transaction of Western Union business. Besides these, a number of offices which are important enough will keep open for the transaction of the messenger service of the American District Telegraph Company. The messenger boys will be retained for service.

**Her Grandfather Is the Heir.**

NEWPORT, R. I., May 2.—The trial of the Ettie Albro will case ended yesterday, the court dismissing it on the ground that David Albro, an uncle of Miss Albro, who brought the suit, had no right to do so, not being the heir-at-law, as her grandfather is living and is the nearest relative of her father, through whom she inherited the property. The point has not been conceived of by counsel for either side.


### DON'T BE BAMBOOZLED BY "BANKRUPT" CLOTHING SALES.

No "wholesale" clothing firm has failed. No "court" has ordered any sale. You are cautioned against such advertisements. The goods offered by concerns who advertise "bankrupt" sales are simply trash and refuse stock from the auction houses, that are not cheap at any price.

The suit of men's clothes advertised at $3.75, A. H. King & Co., The Leading Clothiers, 627 and 629 Broadway, sell every day in the year at $5.75. The men's pants advertised at $1.24 are sold every day at A. H. King & Co.'s, 627 and 629 Broadway, for 65 cents. A. H. King & Co., 627 and 629 Broadway, sell a suit of clothes for $5.00 far superior to the "bankrupt" suit at $7.90. Be cautious—know who you spend your money with. Don't deal with firms who have no commercial standing. When you want your money back you don't know where to find 'em. They are here to-day and gone to-morrow. Don't let them take your money with them. Deal with honest reliable concerns. A. H. King & Co. are now conducting the Greatest Sacrifice Sale of Clothing ever known in their "Bargain Department." Men's suits at $3.75, $4.25, $5.00 and $7.00. Honest well-made goods, actually worth three times the money. Men's Pants at 65c., $1.00, $1.20 and $2.00 that you can't equal for four times the price anywhere in New York City. $200,000 worth of fine Clothing now being sacrificed in A. H. King & Co.'s Bargain Department on the basement floor of their building, 627 and 629 Broadway. Lit up by electric lights. You can see what you are buying, and if you are not satisfied you can bring your purchase back any time within a year and get your money returned. A. H. King & Co. guarantee this to you. You can always find them at 627 and 629 Broadway, near Bleecker st. They have been in business for thirty years. Their guarantee is good as gold. Boys' suits at 90 cents and upward. Men's suits at $2.75 and upward. Pants at 65 cents and upward. Don't be duped by transient bankrupt sales, when honest, reliable merchants will sell you better goods for less money. Try A. H. King & Co., The Reliable Clothiers, 627 and 629 Broadway, near Bleecker st., before you invest your money. Cut this out and bring it with you. You will find everything exactly as advertised at A. H. King & Co.'s, 627 and 629 Broadway, near Bleecker st.


## HEARTY PRAISE FROM ALL.

### NEW YORK DELIGHTED WITH "THE EVENING WORLD'S" MAY-DAY DIRECTORY.

**Representative Citizens Say That It Was a Wonderful Stroke of Enterprise, Well Worthy "The Evening World's" Past Record—A Unique Feat in New York Journalism Ably Carried Out.**

The issue of THE EVENING WORLD yesterday showed what can be accomplished by enterprise and energy. It contained, in addition to its customary host of news and bright, pithy articles, that which has never been attempted before—a May-Day Directory, which will enable its readers to locate their friends who have changed their place of residence this spring so far.

And the efforts of THE EVENING WORLD were appreciated, too, judging from the praise that it received on all sides. Words of commendation were heard on every hand from people who were especially pleased with the May Directory, as it was a new and unique feature in journalism.

The following opinions expressed to THE EVENING WORLD young men, although but the slight echo of the nice things said, show the public sentiment and appreciation:

Justice Ambrose Monell, of the Seventh Judicial District Court, said: "I am a constant reader of THE EVENING WORLD, and I am continually meeting with pleasant surprises in its columns. Here is one of them in this May-Day Directory. I think that must have been a great undertaking. It shows clearly how hard THE EVENING WORLD strives to please its patrons, and I can testify to how ably it succeeds in doing this. It will be two months before the regular city directory is out, and this just fills up that period. It will be a great help to many people in enabling them to speedily locate their friends. It is a good idea and a new one to me."

"Those are my sentiments, too," said J. S. Carroll, Clerk of the Yorkville court, who was standing near by. "I don't feel that I can go to bed at night unless I have read THE EVENING WORLD."

Lawyer Henry Steinert, of 155 East Fifty-seventh street, a familiar figure in the Yorkville Court, said: "THE EVENING WORLD is an enterprising paper, and no mistake. I think that Directory scheme is a very good one. A most excellent idea! Wonderful! I never heard or thought of such a thing! What is THE EVENING WORLD going to give us next?"

Henry Silberstein, of the same business and number, also a very popular and promising attorney, said: "Yes, I saw THE EVENING WORLD'S May-Day Directory, and to say I was pleased with it is putting it extremely mild. The first thing I did was to look up the address of a friend of mine who has moved, and it saved me the trouble of hunting up his old place of residence, making inquiry and going to a good deal of trouble generally. Yes, that is a grand good thing, and THE EVENING WORLD deserves great credit for it."

Alexander B. Warts, Captain of the Twenty-third Precinct Police Station said: "The May-Day Directory, published to-day in THE EVENING WORLD, shows great research and energy. It is a good idea, and I wonder how it was carried out so successfully."

Sergt. Devery, of the Twenty-first Precinct, said: "It is a good idea and will undoubtedly be a great help to the public."

J. H. Wood, of Mills & Gibb, Broadway and Grand street, said: "That's a great idea of THE EVENING WORLD."

"I bought an EVENING WORLD last evening and was surprised at the number of names printed. It was a good beat," said Thomas Bennett, of J. & J. Dobson.

George Shook, of the Grand Hotel, said: "THE EVENING WORLD is on to everything going."

Adolph Herrmann, hotel-keeper, of Eighth avenue,