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THE 1888 RECORD!

New York, April 30, 1888.

We, the undersigned Advertising Agents, have examined the Circulation and Press Room Reports of THE WORLD, and also the amounts of White Paper furnished it by various paper manufacturers, and find that the

Average No. of WORLDS Printed Daily from Jan. 1, 1888, to date is as stated, viz.:

288,970 COPIES.

(Signed)

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., DAUCHY & CO.,
J. H. BATES, GOODRICH & HULL,
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Circulation Books Always Open

FIRE AND DEATH.

Two more destructive fires resulted last night from the electric wires.

Chief SHAY, of the Fire Department, testified yesterday before the Coroner that twenty-two fires last year were due to improperly insulated wires.

A considerable number of persons were killed within the same period by the same cause. Death lurks for his victims to-day in hundred of danger spots in the wires, scores of which have been discovered and pointed out by THE WORLD.

And still the executive officer of the city sulks and skulks, and the wires remain above ground.

THREATENED NULLIFICATION.

Certain members of the Produce Exchange propose to have that institution defy the Saturday Half-Holiday law, relying upon the courts to sustain them.

This is nullification. The Produce Exchange is rich and powerful. Perhaps it can disregard the law with impunity. But if workingmen should undertake to set aside a law that they don't like, how would it fare with them?

Five days and a half are enough and too much for gambling in the food products of the nation. The Exchange would do better to respect the laws as they stand, or it may get statutes that it would relish even less.

HIS GOOSE IS HOT.

Tailor BLISSERT's goose is sizzing hot. His shears have taken on an extra fine edge. Even his needles are sharper than usual. There is blood in his eye, and his tape measure yearns to line off the dimensions of Mr. CHARLES P. PALMER's coffin.

For Mr. PALMER has twice insulted him, and not even the ninth part of a man, with hereditary fighting blood in his veins, will take a duplicated insult. And so Mr. BLISSERT sends a challenge to Mr. PALMER, in the true Bob Acres vein.

It is unfortunate that the doughty tailor could not have arranged it to be the challenged party. He could then have named as the conditions of combat a trial test to see which could sit the longer on a hot goose.

NO MUSTACHES.

That queer sect, the Dunkard Church, in conference at Wabash, Ind., has denied the petition of its young men to wear mustaches and have their hair cut.

By what process of reasoning it is held to be religious to use the razor and ungodly to use the shears, does not appear. But the prohibition of mustaches is hard on the young men and not fair towards the young women.

Have the Dunkard brethren never heard the Spanish proverb that "a mustache is to a kiss what salt is to an egg?" Why should they deny to the girls the delightful titillation and spicy seasoning provided by nature for the chaste salutes of lovers?

Is not a war on mustaches a quarrel with Providence for clothing the upper lip of men?

The logic of regulating other people's conduct by compulsion is carried to its full length by the "White Caps" in Indiana. They have just taken two men from their beds at midnight and whipped them severely—one for being too attentive to a neighbor's wife, the other for not providing for his family as the Regulators thought he ought to do. This is Prohibition with a vengeance.

The Pennsylvania Democrats, having been buried under 80,000 majority while being a little less Republican than the Republicans on the tariff question, have now taken the other tack and tried Tariff Reform. There is one consolation for them. They can't be beaten much worse than they were four years ago.

The Methodist delegates who cast a double ballot for Bishop probably forgot for the moment that they were not in a political convention. The traying of their button-holes from incessant "electioneering" no doubt contributed to the illusion.

An ex-manufacturer of oleomargarine, made despondent by the restrictions of the law against his business, drowned himself in the river yesterday. Why didn't he buy some cows and make honest butter.

The Bostons are picking up again, while the Giants have taken another excursion into Lilliput.

FROM FARM AND RIVER.

Lettuce, 5 to 10 cents.
Spinach, 40 cents a peck.
Radishes, 2 cents a bunch.
Tomatoes, 25 cents a quart.
Strawberries, 15 to 25 cents.
Asparagus 25 cents a bunch.
White beans, 20 cents a quart.
Best pineapples, 25 cents each.
Soft-shell crabs, $1.25 a dozen.
Connecticut shad, 75 cents each.
Garlic, two bunches for 25 cents.
Horseradish root, 10 cents a pound.
West Indian mangoes, $1.25 a dozen.
Best Bombay dates, 15 cents a pound.
Coney Island salmon, 75 cents a pound.
Turkish fig paste, 20 cents a pound box.
Bluefish, caught off the Jersey coast, 18 cents a pound.

WORLDLINGS.

Moscow Jackson, a sleeping-car porter on the Central Georgia Railroad, has been in the employ of Southern railroads since 1833. He was a slave, and was sold by his master to the Macon and Western road, now a part of the Central, and was for eighteen years put down among the valuable assets of that corporation.

Robson and Crane, who are probably closer friends than any two actors on the stage, are totally unlike. Robson loves his books and pictures and is a hard student. Crane, on the other hand, a fond of baseball and the race-course, and is probably the more popular actor. He is the droll-est of men, and his fund of anecdote is inexhaustible.

ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Jack McCormack is often seen on upper Broadway talking "horse."

F. W. Devoe walks up Fifth avenue pleasant days hatching out benevolent plans.

M. Hoffman Philip, one of the truancy agents of this city, is a frequent visitor at the public libraries.

Oliver T. Fiske, once the press agent of Tragedian James Owen O'Connor, now writes poetry by the yard.

John Tucker, a Boston writer, has been visiting New York. He takes this roundabout way of getting to Thetford, Vt.

David Sussman, of Third avenue near Eighteenth street, will probably visit High Bridge this summer, and may take trip to Hoboken.

Henry Strohmeyer, who owns the pretty yacht Henry which plies the Hackensack, is being congratulated by his friends upon a narrow escape from drowning.

The members of St. Columba's Lyceum, disbanded about a year ago, are planning a reunion of the old "Our Union" Club, which gave so many enjoyable excursions in days gone by. The reunion will be in the form of an excursion, which will take place in August.

SUNSHINE HERE AND THERE.

It is whispered that John Feeley is to study for the ministry.

Willie Rung is a great favorite in the ward in which he lives.

William Rudicker is the sprightly President of the Eureka Association.

William Doubleday, nicknamed "Hoodoo," is sometimes mistaken for a cigar-store figure.

John Kerrigan always enjoys an open-air picnic. He is now preparing to attend a few this summer.

William Harris, nicknamed "Party," is coaching the Eureka Baseball nine. He also plays left field.

James Donnelly, the "Professor," furnishes the music for many of the social affairs on the east side.

John Manahan is called "Push," though for what reason no one outside the Polo Club seems to know.

Joseph Johnson is always on hand when there is anything special occurring in any of the city ball-rooms.

Ed Stone is a "Young Indian" (baseball player) often seen strolling along Madison avenue, but rarely alone.

No one would say that Dan Alexander was a hard worker, but he is a good fellow, just the same, his friends declare.

Jack Duffy is a well-known "old sport" of the Twenty-first Ward. You can see him almost any evening at the foot of East Ninety-first street.

EXODUS OF THE ARTISTS.

Messrs. Curran and Chapman will probably go to Gloucester this summer, as they enjoyed working there so well last year.

Homer Martin has not yet settled where he will go. When Westchester is so near, the need of a decision on the point doesn't seem pressing to him.

The painters are beginning to get ready for their exodus to green fields and the seaside. Some have already left town; others will do so in a few weeks.

Young Siddons Mowbray, who made such a hit with his Academy picture, "Evening Breezes," will get married the first week in June, and will take his bride to Milford, Pa., for the honeymoon.

Miss Amy Cross, who does dainty flower pieces, and has lately completed some beautiful illustrations for Browning, will go to Pigeon Cove. Mr. Alfred Munn, who has lately returned from London, has leased Miss Cross's studio in the Sherwood for some months.

Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls has gone to Ellenville, in this State, for the summer. Mrs. Nicholls will have a large class of pupils with her for instruction in painting from nature. Little Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, jr., declared to be the most exquisite baby in the United States, will also summer at Ellenville.

Mr. A. A. Anderson, the handsome painter of handsome portraits, will sail on La Champagne on June 21 for Paris, where he intends to spend two years. Several months of this past year Mr. Anderson spent among the Rockies, engaged in shooting grizzlies and deer. His studio is filled with trophies of his skill as a marksman, the floor being strewn with bear-skin rugs and the walls branching forth with magnificent antlers.

Found Open Doors.

Albemarle—J. Roell, of Amsterdam.

Astor House: Frank B. Lawton, of Providence, and C. C. Taft, of Dubuque.

State-Senator Donald McNaughton, of Rochester, is registered at the Windsor.

Dr. G. Kimball, of Lowell, Mass., and Col. Fred Mason, of Bridgeport, are at the St. James.

Breakfasted at the Brunswick: R. D. McGibbon of Montreal, and Jerome Carty, of Philadelphia.

Just arrived at the Sturtevant House: Mrs. J. Diaz, of Havana, and John A. Ruffin and wife, of Virginia.

Senator J. C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, and Gen. Anson G. McCook were among the early morning arrivals at the Fifth Avenue.

Alfred L. Carey, one of the old settlers of Milwaukee, and ex-State Senator Dan H. McMillen, of Buffalo, are among the latest arrivals at the Hoffman House.

Major Edward Maguire, of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., is at the Grand, together with Theodore Pomeroy, of Utica, and Mrs. A. Bonzano, of Phœnixville, N. Y.

Putting up at the Union Square Hotel are H. L. De Forest, of Sanford, Fla.; Sidney B. Paine, of Boston; Charles H. Yale, of Philadelphia, and G. Thompson, of Boston.

Stopping at the Morton House are J. C. Rathbone, of Boston; Edwin Reamer, of Bellepoint; John S. Gatrom, of Rhinebeck; Charles H. Metcalf, of Boston, and B. Mandeville, of Albany.

Registered at the Hotel Dam are S. E. Stone, of Philadelphia; E. A. Hitchcock, of Washington; B. Baron, of Baltimore; W. F. Ross, of Chicago, and F. G. Haywood, of Bristol, Conn.

D. Henderson, Manager of the Grand Opera-House at Chicago; Wm. P. Anderson, Vice-President of the Cotton-Seed Oil Trust, from Cincinnati, and Adolphus Busch, President of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company, of St. Louis, chose the Gilsey House to stop at here.

UNDER FIRE AND WATER.

By

Chief of Eleventh Battalion, F. D. N. Y.

CONCLUDED.

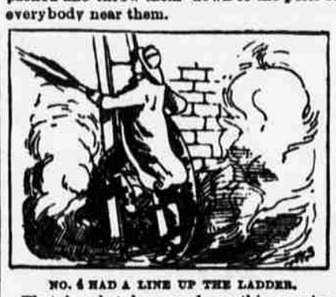
[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

IN years gone by, one of the worst kind of fires was where a cotton warehouse was in flames. There used to be a number of these downtown, and when an alarm was sounded from the quarter where they were something hot could be looked for. They used to tie up the bales then with ropes. Now I believe they have to bind them with iron hoops. When th y got on fire the bales would swell and burst the ropes. The cotton was packed very tightly into the bales and was simply jammed into the warehouses. At one of the fires there was quite a tragic death of a fireman. The circumstances connected with his death were somewhat similar to those narrated by Chief Reeves about a young fireman named Irving. By a singular coincidence, this fireman's name was also Irving.

It was his "day off" and he was to have gone to a ball in the evening. Before he st rted for the ball he strolled around to Engine-House No. 12. He belonged to No. 4. While he was there the alarm was sent in, and, though it was his "day off," he got on the truck and went to it.

A fireman loves his duties as much if no more than his salary, and they go about them with a good deal of vim and liking. So Irving never stopped to think that he was free and did not have to go. If he had thought of it, it would have made no difference. He would have gone just the same.

When we got to the fire it proved to be a big cotton warehouse on State street. Cotton is a terrible thing for holding the fire. When it swells in the way I have said from the heat, the force with which it presses against the walls of a building is immense. This makes another source of danger to be added to the many which beset the professional duties of the fireman. It is likely to burst the walls of the building in which it is packed and throw them down to the peril of everybody near them.



NO. 4 HAD A LINE UP THE LADDER.

That is what happened on this occasion. When Engine 12 got to the fire No. 4 had a line up the ladder. Irving joined his company, and he, with two or three others were on the ladder at the time the walls were forced out.

The fire was blazing away, and every effort was being made to get the flaming stuff extinguished when the walls gave way. They were flung out with terrible force, and the escaping bales of cotton fell into the street, bounding like balls and rolling about, covered with fire.

The men on the ladder against the wall were, of course, flung down. The casualties were great. Several of the firemen were injured. Two of them were pinned against an iron fence by some of the bales, which jammed them in so tight they could not move till assistance was brought them.

THE MEN ON THE LADDER WERE FLUNG DOWN.

But poor Irving did not escape as lightly as this. His body was found cut completely in two at the middle of the trunk, and the head and arms were lying fully five feet away from the thighs and legs. It was a ghastly sight—as terrible a one as I have ever seen. Death must have been instantaneous, but horribly painful. An iron shutter had been hurled against him, with its thin edge against his body, and it had cut him in two as if it were a knife.

The fact that he had been on the point of going to a ball that very evening and had taken in the fire before going made his death more mournful. If he could have foreseen what a frightful fate awaited him at that burning cotton warehouse he would probably have taken advantage of his "day off" and have gone to the ball instead of going to the fire.

But such a thing could not have been foreseen. Happily even the dangers which are to be anticipated as a matter of course at fires are not too deeply realized at the time. A fireman goes coolly into places where sheets of tin, or cornice moulding, or burning fragments and rafters are tumbling down. He has to act quickly, and if too lively a sense of the dangers that beset him were present to his mind at all times it would be too great a strain on his nerves and courage. He charges ahead and takes his chances. The wonder is that accidents and disasters do not overtake them even more frequently than they do.

Mortally Hurt Going to a Fire.

Fireman Michael J. Nolan, of Truck 13, died yesterday at Bellevue of injuries received on Nov. 8 last. The truck was overturned at Eighty-fifth street and Second avenue going to a fire, and Nolan received a compound fracture of the leg. He was taken to Presbyterian Hospital and discharged Jan. 16, but several days ago erysipelas set in.

Sudden Death of Broker Wing.

C. T. Wing, a bond broker, connected with the firm of A. M. Kidder & Co., died suddenly this morning.

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds, ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. MISERIAN, 25th st., 4th ave.

BEST-KNOWN CITY BARBERS.

Veteran Valentine Kolb Has Not Missed a Day in Nineteen Years.

There has been no change of management in the tonsorial department of the Glenham Hotel since 1869. The house was opened in that year and Valentine Kolb took possession of its barber shop. From that time to the present it is his boast that he has never missed a day.

VALENTINE KOLB.

Mr. Kolb was born in the Rheinish provinces of Bavaria. He came to this country when he was eighteen years old in 1854. He had learned his trade in Germany. His first engagement in New York was in a shop at Bleecker street and Broadway, which he left after three years to enter the shop kept by Valet, the old French barber, whose place in Broadway, near Fourth street, was famous in those days.

His next place was at the Everett House in its palmy days, when Wusstlicher was the proprietor of its barber shop, and then for eight years preceding 1869 he was one of John Schreiber's assistants at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Among the customers who patronize Mr. Kolb's establishment are the Cuttings, the Belmonts, the Kingslands, Isaac Bell, the Lorillards, William Waldorf Astor, jr., the Redmonds, Lawrence W. Jerome, the Goelets, J. Koster, ex-Chief Justice C. P. Daly, the Schermerhorns, the Baldwins, the Remsens, the Wagstaffs, the Livingstons, J. K. Lawrence, C. C. Gunther, Col. McVickar, S. L. M. Barlow, Mr. Park, the senior partner of Park & Tilford—the two last named gentlemen he has shaved for twenty-six years—J. H. Starin, the Stern brothers, Mr. Van Wart, the sculptor, and Clarence Seward.

Mr. Kolb's patrons also include nearly all the active members of the Union Club and the Lotos Club, which are near by.

FEARFUL OF HATCH'S GHOST.

Scofield Won't Enter the Old House—The Case Dismissed by Grand Jury.

The Scofield-Ferris-Hatch case was before the Grand Jury this morning, and a curious crowd gathered at the entrance to the Grand Jury room awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Lillian E. Scofield, whose connection with the mysterious death of Broker Nat Hatch has been so full of sensational incidents.

Mrs. Scofield, however, did not put in her appearance. She remained in her room at 1420 Broadway to recover from the effects of her strange conduct on Sixth avenue at midnight, and to drive into oblivion a scene at the Thirtieth street station-house of which she felt heartily ashamed.

Sergt. Sheldon, who was on the desk at the station-house last night, tells the story of Mrs. Scofield's latest escapade as follows:

"I was sitting at the desk at about 11.45 when Officer Brady, a new man who has the post at Sixth avenue and Twentieth street, came in with Mr. and Mrs. Scofield. He said they had been wandering up and down the sidewalk in front of 64 West Twentieth street for more than an hour. Finally they got into a violent quarrel on the stoop, and the woman, in a fit of passion, crossed the street and said: 'I charge that man with murder. Arrest him.' He, of course, brought them to the station.

"Mrs. Scofield lingered behind her husband near the door, as if she regretted her conduct and wanted to steal away. Her hair was disordered and her face was flushed. Her lips had a baked and cracked appearance, and, from this and other signs, I knew she had been drinking.

"I asked her to explain her charge.

"She said she had been recommended by her counsel, De Lancey Nicoll, to go back to the house 64 West Twentieth street. He told her she ought not to let public opinion drive her from the house she had paid for, but to live there and show she had nothing to fear.

"She decided to take Mr. Nicoll's advice, and asked Mr. Scofield to go there with her. They had dined and wined together at a hotel uptown, and as she had the keys with her she decided to go to the house that night.

"As he drew near the place Mr. Scofield said he would go no further. 'I don't want to meet the man's ghost,' he said, half jocularly. She tried to force him to go in and it was in a fit of passion she had him arrested.

"I told her she ought not to trifle with the policeman's time in that way," continued the Sergeant, "but she went into a fit of bitter laughter, and said: 'It's awful to be married to a man like that.'"

The witnesses before the Grand Jury this morning were the painters who first discovered the body; Officers McCormick and Reardon, who were on post that night; Philip M. Seixas, Mr. Ferris's adopted son; Charles F. Hooper, who knew Mrs. Scofield under the name of Mrs. Ferris; Mme. Fanny Berliner and Detective Clark. Mr. Ferris and Mr. Scofield were not summoned.

The District-Attorney stated that, in his opinion, no crime had been committed, and the Grand Jury, after hearing the evidence, refused to indict either Mrs. Scofield or Mr. Ferris. This releases Brother-in-Law Ferris from his bonds, and ends the case.

CONTRACTOR SOUTHARD PAROLED.

He Explains Yesterday's Accident at Broadway and John Street.

Hundreds of people stopped on their way downtown this morning to gaze at the débris of the fallen wall at the corner of Broadway and John street, where yesterday afternoon Foreman Daniel Mahoney was killed outright and several other men were injured, the first news of which was published in THE EVENING WORLD'S extra.

The work of demolition was still going on as though nothing had happened.

John Lynch, of 17 Bloomfield street, who received injuries to his back and abdomen, was this morning too ill for removal to Bellevue from Chambers Street Hospital.

John Sullivan, of 300 East Forty-sixth street, who received a scalp wound and internal injuries, the nature of which has not yet developed, was this morning suffering greatly in Bellevue Hospital.

Cornelius Leary, of 58 Oak street, and Michael Moriarty, of 154 Leonard street, who received some bad bruises, went to their homes last night.

Contractor Southard was taken before Coroner Nugent this forenoon. He accompanied the Coroner to the scene of the accident, where he explained that the floor gave way because it was improperly secured in the construction of the building. He was not aware of the insecure condition of the floor.

Coroner Nugent paroled Southard in custody of his counsel.

A KANSAS CYCLONE'S WORK.

Argonia, a Small Town, Almost Swept Off the Face of the Earth.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

NEWTON, Kan., May 24.—A special despatch just received gives meagre reports of a cyclone that visited the little town of Argonia, situated some fifty miles southwest of here, almost demolishing the whole town. Only two stores are left standing.

The storm, familiar to all "Jayhawkers," came in the shape of a funnel, sweeping everything before it. Houses and barns were levelled to the ground or carried into the air, to be demolished in the fall.

No loss of life has been reported as yet, but it is thought that a number of persons must have been killed.

Mrs. Fox-Jenkins Discharged.

Kate Fox-Jenkins, one of the celebrated Fox sisters, Spiritualistic mediums, was arraigned in Special Sessions this morning on the charge of endangering the morals of her little boy Henry. She was discharged on the ground that the complaint was defective.

INFLUENCE A GOOD THING.

SENATORS BEGIN TO INVESTIGATE CIVIL SERVICE IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

A Brooklyn Man's Experience as an Office-Holder—He Says He Passed an Examination and Was Then Advised to Get Letters from Politicians and Join a Ward Organization.

It was 10.30 o'clock when two of the Senators who have come from Washington to investigate civil service in the Custom-House made their appearance at the Post-Office Building this morning.

They were Senator Blackburn, the fiery orator from the Blue Grass State, and Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, representing the Democratic and Republican sides of the committee respectively.

Senator Hale, of Maine, Chairman of the sub-committee, was detained at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by an attack of rheumatism.

In the absence of Senator Hale, the chair was occupied by Senator Spooner, who is a nervous-looking little gentleman, dressed in black and wearing a big black and white striped necktie. He also wears glasses and a small dark mustache, and does not look more than thirty-five.

Senator Blackburn, a big, massive Kentuckian, with a heavy brown mustache, was dressed in a blue flannel suit and wore spectacles.

The investigation was begun with the reading of the Senate resolution under which the committee was authorized to investigate all matters relating to the workings of the Civil-Service law in any branch of the public service, with reference both to the distribution of offices as a reward for political service or by political favor, and to the participation of public officials in the United States service in political conventions.

The first witness was John Conway, of Brooklyn, who said he was forty-five years old and had applied in 1886 for a civil-service examination for the position of Assistant Weigher.

He passed the examination successfully, his percentage being 84.6, but he was informed by Deputy Collectors Davis and Mason, that before he could get appointed it would be a good thing to get letters from men of prominence or influence in the party.

It was also suggested to him that he ought to belong to a ward organization if he expected to get a position. He was informed that Mr. Murtha, of Brooklyn, had charge of the Brooklyn patronage and that he was the right man to apply to.

He made application for membership in a Brooklyn Democratic Ward organization, but he didn't know whether he was even admitted. He had a good deal of trouble about it, because he had once been arrested for voting before he was of age, and this was brought up against him.

He got letters from several prominent politicians, which he gave to Mr. Davis, and on Oct. 30, 1887, he obtained an appointment as assistant weigher. He held this position until Jan. 24, 1888, when he was dismissed without cause.

Several attempts to get a statement of the charges against him from the Collector, he said, had been unavailing, and he had never been able to learn the cause of his discharge, except that it had been for some political reason.

Conway said that one man, who had failed to pass the examination, got a list of questions afterwards and his papers were fixed up somehow and he got in, at least he was told so by Weigher Joseph Carroll. Another man was drunk all the time and yet was not discharged.

He reported a man named Ryan once for some deficiency, and he was removed. He heard afterwards that Ryan was an intimate friend of Surveyor Beattie, and he thought that might have had something to do with his dismissal.

Senator Blackburn took the witness in hand, and Conway said he was a Democrat.

The next witness was Kenneth K. Blauvelt, an ex-Inspector of Customs. He understood that he was dismissed because they wanted his place for an inspectress.

He told Senator Spooner about a conversation he heard between two inspectors, names unknown, one of whom said he had paid $100 to get through his examination.

In regard to the "Widow Maguinis's pig raffle, which took place in a Whitehall street saloon, in October, 1885, he said that he had been invited to subscribe to the raffle by Superintendent of Inspectors John M. Wyatt, and that it was generally understood that it was a contribution to the political campaign fund of that year. About $2,500 was raised.

When Senator Blackburn took the witness in hand the latter could give no details in regard to any of the charges he had made.

Senator Spooner then called Mr. Davis, a brother of ex-Judge Noah Davis, who was dismissed from the service last July, after having served since 1863. He said that no charges had ever been made against him.

Mr Davis said that a large percentage of the present force of Custom-House inspectors were "such men as no business house would employ—ginmill fellows, in fact."

In 1863 there were more Democrats than Republicans in the Custom-House. Among them were three sons of rebel generals and one deputy who was an appointee of Jeff Davis's.

"But did not all these bad men who have been employed since 1885 come in through the operation of the Civil-Service law?" asked Mr. Blackburn.

"I don't know."

"How else could they get in?"

The witness said there were various ways, and suggested preparing two sets of papers for applicants as one method. He did not know anything about it of his personal knowledge.

The witness said he had often been compelled since 1885 to do the work of men who were incapacitated by drunkenness. He could not give the names of any such men, but said one of them was a brother-in-law of Senator Jacobs. In September last he contributed 50 cents for what was ostensibly a raffle for a pig, but which he believed to be "to buy swill for the pig," or, in other words, to be a political contribution to the Democrats.

Senator Blackburn asked if the witness had ever paid any political assessments prior to 1885 and since the Civil-Service law came into operation. This question was objected to by Senator Spooner and was permitted to remain in abeyance until other members of the committee should be present.

IN FAVOR OF EARLY CLOSING.

Public School Pupils Want Vacation to Begin Before July 2.

The pupils in the public schools are agitating the subject of an earlier closing this year before the summer vacation. The schools are not closed until July 2, and it is urged that the weather is too warm about that time for school sessions, and therefore unhealthy for the boys and girls and the teachers.

A teacher who was talked with on the subject said to an EVENING WORLD reporter that it would be much better for all concerned if the schools were closed on the last Friday in June. This would give all who spend the summer in the country ample time to prepare and leave the city before the weather became oppressively warm.

As it is, many pupils are withdrawn from the schools before July 1.

This is the Season

in which to purify and enrich the blood, to restore the lost appetite and to build up the system, as the body is now especially susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar medicinal merit of and the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it the most popular spring medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum and all humors, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

HURRAH FOR THE BIG PIPES!

John O'Brien Will Have 10,000 Voters in His Inside Pocket Next Fall.

Hurrah for the big pipes!

They are with us again.

There was a time when the big pipes had an influence at elections.

I remember the big pipes of the days of Tweed.

In those days Tweed and Sweeny kept 10,000 men at work laying big pipes.

Every man employed on the big pipes had to vote the Tammany Hall ticket. Their votes used to help the inspectors in the count.

The big pipe men got $2 a day, and many of them got more.

The Aldermen used to put their constituents at work on the big pipes, and each Alderman could get as many as 500 tickets for jobs on the big pipes.

The big pipes were then in charge of the Department of Pub ic Works.

It was a bad day for Tammany Hall when Mayor Wickham reduced the wages of the big pipe men from $2 to $1.60 a day.

The big pipes are now laid under the ground by contractors who pay starvation wages. However, we are going to have miles and miles of work in burying big pipes.

And perhaps the big pipes may again have an influence in politics.

Hurrah, I say, for the big pipes!

And who has the contract for hiding the big pipes?

John O'Brien, ex-member of the Democratic State Committee, and he has a daisy contract with the Aqueduct Commissioners. Here are some of the figures of the big pipe contract:

The contract is for $1,030,000 worth of work. Four lines of big pipes are to be laid from One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and Convent avenue to the Central Park Reservoir, distance about three miles. Each pipe is to be four feet in diameter and to be of cast iron.

The job is to be completed within two years, and fully 2,000 men are to be forthwith employed.

The Civil-Service law will not interfere with the appointment of these big pipe men and they will be allowed to attend primary elections and conventions. In fact, John O'Brien may see to it that they do so, and it is understood that they may vote as he may wish next November.

And John O'Brien, who was recently bounced from the Democratic State Committee, has within a few days obtained other contracts.

He has the contract to depress the tracks of the Hudson River road from One Hundred and Tenth street to the Harlem River, where the tracks are to enter a tunnel. The contract is for $2,000,000, and 3,500 men are to be employed at once.

Then John O'Brien has secured the contract to build a branch of the Long Island road to Oyster Bay cost $500,000; number of men to be employed, 1,000.

And he is beginning a contract on the New England road in Connecticut, which will employ 2,000 men. The contract price is $1,000,000.

John O'Brien has the contract for cleaning the streets of Brooklyn at $500,000 a year. More than six hundred men are employed by him in this work.

He also has 1,000 men now employed in finishing up his Aqueduct contracts.

John O'Brien will have on election day at least 10,000 men in his employ, and very few of them are Italians without votes. The Italians who were in his employ at the election of 1885 were all naturalized, and all voted. Since then 2,200 Italians who want to work on big pipes and other contracts have been naturalized. They have become citizens to work and vote, and not to learn the English language.

A Republican statesman said the other evening: "John O'Brien is angry. The friends of President Cleveland displaced him from the State Committee. O'Brien has, or will have, 10,000 men under his employ during the campaign. I wonder if they will all vote for Cleveland. 'Pears to me that John O'Brien has the electoral vote of this State in his vest pocket, should the contest be a close one."

Anyhow the big pipes are coming to the front again in politics. The leaders may lay their political pipes, but John O'Brien and his three miles of four rows of four feet big pipes will employ, with other contracts, 10,000 voters.

There is Tammany Hall and the County Democracy and the Big Pipes.

Will there be harmony between the three organizations? THIRD HOUSE.

NO OPPOSITION TO MR. MURPHY NOW.

He Probably Will Be Chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

Assemblyman William F. Sheehan, of Buffalo; Lieut.-Gov. Jones; George S. Weed, of Plattsburg, son of Smith M. Weed; ex-State Treasurer Robert A. Maxwell, Mayor Kirk, of Syracuse; John M. Wiley, of Buffalo, and several other prominent Democrats, formed a group in the corridor of the Hoffman House at 10.30 A. M. to-day.

Ex-Mayor William R. Grace entered by the Broadway entrance, and one of the distinguished Democrats was heard to remark: "Here comes the only element of discord. He is trying to defeat the re-nomination of Hill."

The ex-Mayor walked along the corridor, bowed to the group of statesmen and proceeded to the Clerk's desk. He asked for the number of the room occupied by ex-Mayor Edward Murphy, of Troy, and went upstairs.

The Democratic State Committee will have an adjourned meeting at the Hoffman House at 8 o'clock this evening. The committee will form a permanent organization by electing a chairman, secretary and treasurer.

When the committee formed a temporary organization on May 15 ex-Mayor Edward Murphy was elected temporary Chairman. The County Democracy and a number of rural delegates voted against him, and it was said that he would not be re-elected permanent Chairman; that the friends of the National Administration would elect D. Cady Herrick, of Albany, to the post of honor.

There has evidently been a change in the position of affairs, as everything now indicates the election of Mr. Murphy as permanent Chairman. A whisper is going the rounds of the Hoffman House to the effect that Washington has been heard from and that there will be no opposition to Mr. Murphy's election.

Judge William L. Muller will not be re-elected Secretary. He will probably be succeeded by Mr. Cord Meyer, jr., of Queens County.

The committee will insist upon ex-Mayor Edward Cooper accepting the treasurership of the committee.

NO BLOOD SPILLED SO FAR.

Indications That Tailor Blissert and Mr. Charles Palmer Will Not Fight.

Up to the hour of going to press no blood had been spilt in the affair of honor between Tailor Robert Blissert and Charle P. Palmer, Courtlandt Palmer's brother.

Each party is said to have appointed a second, and imaginary missives are hourly exchanged, but as Mr. Blissert is known to have been engaged cutting cloth for gentlemen's garments since an early hour this morning, it can be confidently stated that the principals have not yet proceeded to extremities.

When the belligerent tailor reached his store, at 851 Broadway, early this morning, having just come from his country residence, at Whitestone, L. I., he found the sidewalk black with reporters and other interested persons.

Mr. Blissert's Celtic blood was still at boiling pitch and one of his pockets bulged as though there might be a duelling pistol there. He said Mr. Palmer had mortally offended him on Tuesday at the office of the Cortlandt Palmer estate, and admitted having sent a letter challenging him to a duel. Mr. Palmer had not yet replied, but if he did not do so to-day he would—— "But there'll be no occasion for words in that event," hissed the tailor.

Mr. Palmer refuses to talk, but it is thought he will decline to fight Mr. Blissert.

DISCIPLINE FOR FIREMEN.

DELINQUENTS MAKING EXCUSE FOR LAPSES TO THE COMMISSIONERS.

Gen. Porter Present Watching the Proceedings Closely—Capt. Short Arraigns Two of His Men and Says a Good Word for Them—Fatigue That Produced the Effect of Intoxication—Two Missing Firemen.

Another squad of delinquent firemen were brought before the Commissioners yesterday. Gen. Fitz John Porter was present in his new official capacity, but took no active part in the trials contenting himself with watching the proceedings closely.

Fireman John J. O'Neil, of Hook and Ladder No. 1, was the first called. He was charged with being under the influence of liquor on May 14. He pleaded not guilty. Capt. Short testified that on the day in question O'Neil was asleep in his bunk, and when called to attend to his duties staggered over the floor and acted in a manner that justified the charge.

In his own defense O'Neil stated that he had been at a wake the night before, but had drank no intoxicating liquor. It was a strictly temperate wake, he said. His staggering and other peculiar antics were caused by fatigue.

When asked by the President what kind of a fireman O'Neil was, Capt. Short stated that he considered him above the average at a fire, but that in the company quarters he was lax in discipline.

As this was the sixth charge brought against him, the Commissioners were inclined to dismiss him from the force, but in consideration of his good reputation he was fined ten days' pay and warned that another charge would be followed by dismissal.

Fireman John W. Bearman, also of Hook and Ladder 1, was arraigned on a similar charge. His excuse was that he was suffering from nervousness and a friend had given him some medicine which made him drowsy and stupid.

Capt. Short testified that Bearman was a hard drinker, and on the day named in the complaint (May 14) was unable to get upstairs, owing to his condition. He was a good fireman and deserving of clemency, the Captain said, and his condition was due to domestic trouble.

This statement was what saved Bearman, as he had six charges against him and was liable to dismissal. He was fined ten days' pay and warned.

Fireman E. J. Lacey, of Engine Company 5, was charged with failing to pay a bill of $8. Upon his promise to settle it next pay day the charge was laid over.

Fireman Christopher Bruton, of Engine Company 33, was charged with failing to respond to two alarms of fire on the night of May 11. His excuse was that he had been on night-watch two evenings in succession, and had also been drilling at the School of Instruction, so that he was completely tired out and was not awakened when the alarm sounded. Bruton is a new man, having been on the force only three months. He received a reprimand.

Fireman George McTaggart, of Engine Company No. 19, charged with absence without leave for thirteen hours, failed to respond when his name was called, and Capt. Dwyer informed the Commissioners that McTaggart had gone to breakfast that morning and had sent back word that he was sick. The charge was laid over until the next meeting.

Adam Mesner, of Engine Company 53, charged with absence without leave for twenty-three hours, was reported to be under the doctor's care, so the charge was laid over.

President Purroy then announced that as the Board was now full, he would appoint Commissioner Croker a Committee on Buildings and Supplies and Commissioner Porter a Committee on Apparatus and Telegraph.

The Board adjourned until Tuesday next.

Pushing the Beer Boycott.

The large lecture room in the Clarendon Hall building was crowded this forenoon by the locked-out brewerymen. President Herman Folcke, of the Beer Drivers' Union, presided. The success of last night's meeting has stimulated the brewerymen to renewed efforts to push the boycott on pool beer. More work was laid out for each man at to-day's meeting.

LITTLE THINGS THAT KILL.

The Musings of a Great Doctor.

"It is a curious thing," said a prominent physician in conversation with a reporter, "how many very little and very insignificant things often cause death. A tack or broken needle in the bare foot; the nib of a pen or a piece of glass in the hand produce lockjaw; a grape-seed or an orange pit may lodge in the bowel and produce fatal abscess; the sting of a wasp had been known to produce paralysis and ultimately death; a little draught of air may cause pneumonia; a little disease germ, of which it would take a million side by side to make an inch, may cause cholera or typhoid fever; a pin-prick in the face may cause erysipelas; the puncture of a hairpin or toothpick in the ear may rupture the ear and cause chronic deafness; a bit of steel in the eye may result in total blindness, and so the examples might be multiplied.

"And just as little things as cause death and disease may save life and insure health at certain times. A few drops of Scotch Oats Essence have saved many an overworked brain from insanity, have made many an otherwise f