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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. F. Rowell & Co., Danby & Co., J. E. Bates, Goodrich & Hill, E. N. Erickson, J. W. Phillips & Co., M. H. Hendricks, A. A. Anderson.

Circulation Books Always Open.

THE PRESIDENT ENDORSED.

President CLEVELAND was not only nominated with a unanimity and enthusiasm rarely seen before in a Democratic Convention, but his views and his policy are endorsed in the platform.

It is a great and deserved triumph. President CLEVELAND has not only given the country, on the whole, a safe, clean and conservative administration, but he has compelled Congress and the country to face and to consider the paramount issue of Tariff Reform and Tax Reduction, so long evaded and dallied with while the people have been taxed to pay a surplus revenue of over \$100,000,000 a year.

The resolution explicitly "indorses the views expressed by President CLEVELAND in his last annual message to Congress as the correct interpretation of the platform of 1884 upon the question of tax reduction," and also indorses the efforts of the Democratic Congressmen "to secure a reduction of excessive taxation"—in other words, to pass the Mills Bill.

With the candidate and the issue thus presented, the contest will be one of principles and policy. The President's courage has inspired and united his party. They can afford to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

The campaign of 1888 opens auspiciously.

It did not need the comprehensive denial of Mrs. FOLSON, nor the dignified and witty letter of Mrs. CLEVELAND, to satisfy every decent man in the land that the latest slander against the President was a dastardly invention. Neither political nor personal enmities can maintain another campaign of scandal. The happy home life of the White House and the immense popularity of its charming mistress will protect the country against that. Any attempt to resort to the old weapons would result in a sweeping victory for the President.

It may comfort the plain, every-day American boys, who sometimes get reprimanded for whispering or laughing in church, to learn that Russian Duke CHAD'EV'S of Mecklenburg Strelitz has recently been put under arrest for eight days, by order of the Emperor, for a similar offense. What's the good of being a Duke if you can't whisper when you want to?

How very unreasonable in Foreman Corran to expect that his cigarette girls can work without talking! Does he know the immense pressure to the square inch of imprisoned chatter? Has he ever felt the strain of a fresh bit of gossip waiting to be communi-cated? Of course not. He's only a man.

There has been a great deal of talk to and about Labor, much of it well meant and some of it valuable. But when Labor speaks for itself, as in THE EVENING WORLD'S series of articles from the Trades, the real inwardness of the situation and the true wants of the toilers are made known.

We are glad that Coroner Levy is to push the case against the Electric Light Company which his jury held responsible for Lineman MURRAY'S death. But, as has been said, "a corporation has neither a body to kick nor a soul to damn." Has it a neck to stretch or a corpus to incarcerate?

The baseball battle of the newsboys representing THE EVENING WORLD and the Detroit Journal is postponed until to-morrow at 10 o'clock, owing to the unexpected League occupancy of the Polo Grounds to-day.

These are great days for great ball-playing: a clear, bracing air, not too warm but just warm enough, and a sun that should inspire every man to do his duty.

When "Fighting Phil Sheridan" says: "I am going to get well," the chances are in his favor. He has always been as good as his word in regard to a battle.

The St. Louis Convention evidently thinks that one good term deserves another.

June, you do us proud.

Know Him Well. (From the Chicago Tribune.) "Where have I seen that man before? There is something about him that seems familiar." "That man? That's Heenan. Yes, he's familiar enough. I only wish to borrow \$5 when he needs a new acquaintance the second time."

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

- Raspberries, 5 cents. Blackberries, 5 cents. Strawberries, 10 cents. Cucumbers, 8 cents each. Watermelons, 15 cents. Fresh melons, 20 cents. Sea bass, 8 cents a pound. Blackfish, 8 cents a pound. Kohl-rabi, three for 15 cents. New carrots, 5 cents a bunch. Eggs, 18 and 20 cents a dozen. Bananas, 15 to 45 cents a dozen. Oranges, 50 cents to \$1 a dozen. Havana sugar-loaf pineapples, 25 cents. Best butter in the market, 28 cents a pound. Cherries are very solid. Blacks, 50 cents; whites, 30 cents a pound.

JEFFERSON MARKET CIVIL COURT.

Joe D. Costa is chief of the court judge. William H. Costa, chief clerk, is a very courteous gentleman. John McKeever looks after the preservation of order in court. Dan Mooney, court officer, is one of the deacons of Spring Street Church. Stenographer Kelly has been ill for some time at his home in Carmanville. Whitfield Van Cott, the Senator's brother, has been recently added to the clerical force. Paul Well, one of the court attachés, is a prominent member of the Twenty-second Regiment. City Marshal J. F. Nelson goes it alone in the absence of Louis McDermott, who is in St. Louis.

SEEN IN PLEASANT WEATHER.

Glady Bales walks over the big bridge occasionally. John Stevon always rides and smokes 50-cent cigars. Richard K. Fox strolls about the Hoffman art gallery. William McNamara drives a handsome turnout in the Park. Neil Burgess is now in the Highlands, N. J. He did not walk there. Ex-Judge Henry Hutton promenades on Fifth avenue in pleasant weather. John Jacob Astor prefers walking to riding and is seen on Broadway every afternoon. Alderman Alfred Conkling is an amateur geologist, and takes long walks in the country. Alfred Trumbull, the writer, does not walk, but runs toward Moultrie's in University place. Eugene Tompkins, once known as "Soda" Tompkins, haunts Fourteenth street and Irving place. Orlando Tupper, the manager of the Grant House, in the Catskills, walks in Central Park now and then. Dr. Griswold, who is to manage a handsome opera-house in Allentown, Pa., next season, is seen in Irving place every day.

WORLDLINGS.

The largest railroad system in the world is the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe, which operates about 8,000 miles of road. Adrian C. Anson, the famous baseball captain, is thirty-six years old and has been a ball-player since he was nineteen. In the twelve years that he has been with the Chicago Club it has won the championship six times. Howard Seely, the Texas writer, who has become well known from his sketches of frontier life, makes use of a human skull for a stander. It once belonged, it is said, to a Mexican esportista who was famous for her beauty. Isabella, the Princess Imperial of Brazil and at present the Regent of the Empire, is forty-two years old and is the wife of the Comte d'Eu, a Prince of the Orleans family. She is said to be a woman with a will of her own, quite capable of directing the affairs of a government with energy and success. Thomas Hardy the English novelist, lives at Max Hill, near Dorchester, his house being perched high on a hill that overlooks many of the real scenes of his Wessex stories. He prefers the quiet of the country for literary work, but is by no means secluded from London life, for he can reach the metropolis by rail within four hours. Mrs. Mitchell, the wife of the Senator from Oregon, is a lady of medium stature with a well-rounded figure, who is noted for her excellent taste in dress. She has a lively and winning manner that makes her a favorite in society, but prefers her home life to any social triumphs. Mrs. Mitchell was Miss Price and is of English parentage. Some of the handsomest old mansions in the country may be seen in Annapolis, Md., where they have stood with but little alteration since the early colonial days. A few of the houses date back to the seventeenth century, but the more imposing of them were built just prior to the Revolution, when Annapolis was the seat of a refined and wealthy community. A battle-axe of great size that was once the property of some prehistoric chieftain was recently dug up near Bradford, O., in a neighborhood that is rich in Indian relics. The axe is made of a gigantic sycamore horn, and singularly enough, there is no record on it of the date 1861—nearly years before the discovery of America by Columbus. The axe is elaborately and beautifully carved and furnishes an interesting puzzle to the local antiquaries.

AT LARGE ON CONY ISLAND.

The Young Black Bear Which Is a Feature in Frank Frayne's Play. Frank I. Frayne, the actor, who is at present stopping at the Lyon Kloof Cottage, Cony Island, telegraphs to his Manager, P. A. Paulecraft, in this city, of the escape of the black Michigan bear Magpie, one of the menagerie collection used in "Mardo." The bear, lion, hyena and other animals used in the play were confined about the vicinity of Frayne's cottage. Magpie got away and ran up into the second story of the Palace Hotel, carrying conversation with her and afterwards severely biting the actor, Haise, who captured her. At Syracuse, chained near a large hoghead and the water did a damage to the wine-room stores which it took dollars to settle.

TEMPORARY REJOICERS IN GETHSEMAN.

Capt. M. D. Mather, a typical Texan from Austin, who is at the Hotel Hamilton, arrived on an early morning train and went to the Hotel Brunswick. H. G. Platt of San Francisco; J. Barton Key, the theatrical manager, and Arthur Robinson, of Troy, are among the guests at the Hoffman House. John L. MacLellan, owner of a big Colorado ranch; Lieut. George A. Zinn, U. S. A., and A. J. MacLellan, of Chicago, are at the Grand Hotel.

NEW FACES AT THE ST. JAMES.

New faces at the St. James are those of G. J. Meard, of Buffalo, and Dr. Andrew Smith, of New York.

ASTOR HOUSE ARRIVALS.

At the Astor House arrivals include George P. Miller, of Fall River, Mass., and Charles Nordhoff, of New Jersey.

AT THE ALBEMARLE.

At the Albemarle are Daniel O'Day, the oil man from Buffalo, and Mr. and Mrs. George Wood, of Philadelphia.

AT THE FIFTH AVENUE.

At the Fifth Avenue are State Senator Francis Hendricks, of Syracuse, and Bishop John Williams, of Connecticut.

M. E. INGLETS.

M. E. Inglets, of Cincinnati, President of the Chicago and Ohio Railroad, arrived on an early morning train and went to the Hotel Brunswick.

H. G. PLATT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

H. G. Platt of San Francisco; J. Barton Key, the theatrical manager, and Arthur Robinson, of Troy, are among the guests at the Hoffman House.

JOHN L. MACLELLAN.

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BOATMEN

How They Live, Work and Maintain Their Rights.

BY THOMAS F. MCCLERNAND,

Deleate of International Boatmen's Union No. 1, of New York, to Central Labor Union.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

The leading members of various organizations of workmen having discussed the merits, trials and triumphs of their respective bodies through the medium of the columns of THE EVENING WORLD, the pleasing duty now devolves upon me to perform a like office for the International Boatmen's Union No. 1, of New York.

We are perhaps the most complicated body of men within the ranks of the army of labor. To explain the meaning of various seeming incongruities that exist in our midst would necessitate more of THE EVENING WORLD'S valuable space than I feel justified in asking for.

HOW THE BOATMEN ARE CLASSIFIED. I will briefly state that we are divided and subdivided into grain boatmen, coal boatmen, canal boatmen and harbor boatmen; also into found boatmen, boat captains and boat owners, each division being possessed of an individuality peculiarly its own and not possessed by any of the other classes named.

The boat owner is the man who, having amassed a little sum of money, invests it in boat stock and then agrees to carry freight in that property for a certain consideration per ton.

As he may not be versed in the intricacies of loading and discharging, a man is hired who is fully competent to perform the same duties which would have devolved on him had he been sufficiently competent to assume the responsibilities of the position. This hired man is known as a boat captain and receives a certain consideration per month for his services. The other terms, as applied to the classes, are self-explanatory.

RENT FREE ON BOARD.

To the average New York resident any description of a boat would be superfluous. All are well acquainted with the thousands of floating houses that are moored to the various wharves in the city, the inhabitants of which enjoy the distinctive luxury of being the only residents of New York City who pay no rent to unscrupulous and capitalistic landlords.

But THE EVENING WORLD is not restricted to purely local circulation, and for the benefit of its myriads of readers scattered over the whole of the United States and Canada, and even other continents, making it a veritable world of information for all, it would be well to describe the boats upon which our members find employment.

Imagine an odd-looking white painted craft, 98 feet in length, 17 feet in width and 10 1/2 feet in height, and you have the primary conception of the dimensions of the average canalboat. It is barren of masts or sails, and the motive power is furnished on the canals by mules or horses and on the rivers and bays by steam propellers, to which custom (the authority on all such matters) has given the name of steam tugs. One end is sharp-pointed and is termed the bow, the after end is termed the stern. In some classes of boats the stern is round and in others square.

THE BOAT'S CABIN.

In the bow hold is built a square box which in canal-boats answers the purpose of sheltering the motive power. Now in fancy accommodation to the stern of the boat and I will show you a neat cabin built there to accommodate the captain and his family. In lieu of a house, and in which all the appurtenances and apparel of an ordinary domicile are to be found. In the cabin proper it will surprise you to find so much room. We have stateroom, dining-room and usually two dormitories, each furnished with proper means of ventilation.

Imagine now a stout and bluff-looking man in the prime of health, clad in blue flannel shirt, slouch hat, dark trousers and red suspenders, with a small white badge on the right suspender, and you have before your mind the typical union boatman.

BENEFITS PROPOSED BY THE UNION.

And now with regard to the benefits which our union proposes to the evils which we have partially remedied and are daily taking measures to totally exterminate.

The Boatmen's Union was organized April 5, 1886, with a working force of twenty-one members, including myself. Freight on coal cargoes at that time (that is previous to the formation and during the first months of the progress of the organization) were 16 and 17 cents per ton on the average, and boat captains were receiving the munificent salary of \$30 per month, or \$1 per day of twenty-four hours.

A VICTORY ACHIEVED.

In August, 1886, a strike occurred in the trade by order of the union, and when, one month later, a settlement was effected, a most signal victory for our members had been achieved. Boat-owners' freights were fixed at 25 cents per ton and captains' wages at \$50 per month. Demurrage was rated at \$4 per day after four lay days.

Our membership rapidly increased, our rooms were not large enough to hold our meetings, and we set about finding a more suitable place for our headquarters. This was succeeded in doing, and can always be found ready for all work that appertains to our business at 26 Albany street.

We furnish boats and boat captains free of charge to employers, always provided they pay regular union rates to those whom they employ. At the time of the sympathetic strike of January, 1887, our roster contained 1,328 names in good standing. After the strike, in which we took a part, a roll-call elicited responses from 800 men. The balance had returned to work; but, repenting of their folly, they are gradually being re-ceived back into the fold.

OFFICERS OF THE ORGANIZATION.

Our officers are Nicholas Nicola, President and General Manager; James T. O'Garra, Secretary; James Curran, Treasurer, and John Kiff, Vice-President.

Our delegates to the Central Labor Union and American Federation of Labor are James J. Melloy, W. C. Dorland and Thomas F. McClernand, also Messrs. O'Garra and Nicola.

I have endeavored to furnish the information regarding our union as interestingly as

possible, and having been prominently connected with the organization since its very inception, the data given may be relied upon as being authentic. Permit me in conclusion to compliment THE EVENING WORLD upon its enterprise in publishing this series of trade articles, and on its really marvellous success in all its undertakings.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

FRANCIS J. HILL.

Mr. Hill is another signal example of what may be accomplished by sticking to an occupation. Repeated examples of business success prove almost to a certainty that continuous faith and perseverance in a profession or calling must produce a comfortable fortune for the persistent individual.

Although good fortune has had some part in Mr. Hill's success, yet this very wind-fall must be attributed to the same steadiness of purpose which has secured him his fortune. It came to him not by blind chance, but as a recognition of his sterling qualities as a workman.

Francis J. Hill was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1829. He was the twelfth of a family of thirteen children. His father was a dealer in military equipments. When the subject of this sketch was only six years old his father emigrated to America with his large family. They went to live on Grand street. The five years' schooling, which was the term of Francis Hill's education, were spent at the public school on Worcester street, between Bleeker and Houston.

At the age of fourteen he left school, and soon after went into the machine-shop of James Stewart, where he learned to be a machinist. Stewart was an enterprising Scotchman, who had an inventive talent. Most of his work, however, was at the manufacture of turning-lathes.

From the start young Hill showed the qualities which are so predominant in him to-day. The lad was there punctually on the hour, he never slurred or neglected his work and the time of leisure was not given to pleasure or dissipation, but was profitably employed in improving himself.

These are the things which bring an employee to his employer's notice and bring about a prompt promotion, or at least a sure one. When young Hill had attained his majority Stewart made him foreman in his shop.

Mr. Stewart died in 1859. He left three sons who continued the business which their father had built up and made a very profitable one. Mr. Hill commended himself to the new "bosses" quite as much as he had done to their father. They all three died, and the last son left the machine shop and the machinery to his faithful employee, Francis J. Hill. This was in the year 1871, about Christmas time. This was a substantial reward to the merits of the steady young machinist, who was thus made proprietor of a large shop and a prosperous, widely extended business.

The will was contested by some relatives of Mr. Stewart, who did not like to see a man who had no claims by blood receive such a fat plum which they would have enjoyed the possession of themselves. But the suit was decided in favor of Mr. Hill.

He has enlarged the business, and has as much to do as he wants. His sons are associated with him in the management of it. They are "chips of the old block," showing the qualities of industry and perseverance which have made their father the successful man he is.

Mr. Hill is now a hale old man of sixty, but he is as attentive to business as when he started in as an apprentice. Every day finds him at the shop exercising an active supervision of the work that is being done and taking a hand himself at some machinery. This is no longer a necessity, but life-long habits of active employment have not disposed Mr. Hill to a life of leisure. Idleness would weigh on him as heavily as labor does on a tramp.

On a pleasant Sunday he sometimes takes a vacation by going to Coney Island. "I have never stepped outside my home in my life," the old gentleman remarked to THE EVENING WORLD reporter.

Such a life is quiet and uneventful, but it supplies a good example of what may be brought about by sticking faithfully to one's occupation. There are no sudden leaps, no bounds upward; but round by round, surely and steadily, he has climbed the ladder of success.

His whole business life has been spent in the self-same occupation, under the same employers, until he assumed control of the business himself, and, for the greater part, in the same place. A life like this is not without its value as a useful lesson to the hot-headed youth who wishes to make a fortune in a rush and who forgets that the tortoise beats the hare in the race.

His Third Attempt at Suicide Successful.

Engene Fayer, an artist and painter of Elizabeth, N. J., was found dead in his workroom to-day, having committed suicide. He was missed for three or four days, and his relatives, becoming alarmed, tried the door of his place and found it fastened on the inside. They burst in the door and found him lying on the floor with a rope twisted around his neck. He is supposed to have been dead two or three days.

Fayer twice before attempted suicide by suffocating himself, but each time when he recovered he denied the act.

A Pickpocket Promptly Nabbed.

Mrs. Catherine Link, of 106 Essex street, missed her pocketbook while shopping in Kidder's Grand street store yesterday. She turned round and saw a stout woman with the pocketbook in her hand, struggling in the grasp of Detective Morrison, who witnessed the theft. The prisoner, who was Ellen Mahoney, of 80 East Third street, was held for trial in Essex Market to-day.

Young Lawyers from the University.

Twenty-nine ambitious young men will receive the degree of Bachelor of Laws to-night at the Commencement of the Law Department of the University of the City of New York. The exercises will be held in the Academy of Music at 8 o'clock.

In the Country.

"How delightful it is out here in the country!" exclaimed Miss Gunnington; "the sweet smell of flowers, the gentle breath of wind, the pure, bracing air, and the merry songs of the birds—just listen to the drumming of that woodpecker! How romantic!"

"Woodpecker be darned!" said Uncle Henry; "that ain't no woodpecker; it's only that typewriter girl that the new boarder brought down from the city yesterday. She's at it all day long."

The Chief Use For It.

A physician who analyzed a black hat-band and found three grains of lead in it, concludes that that many headaches are due to black lead in the hat-bands. This may be so; but the principal utility of the discovery is likely to be the furnishing of an excuse for headaches that are really caused by a brick in the hat.

A GREAT GAME.

The Detroit "Journal" Boys on Deck and Ready.

And "The Evening World" Nine Are Eager For the Fray.

The Game Will Be Played To-morrow Morning, at the Polo Grounds, and There Shall Be a Crowd—Manager Wakefield's Hard Luck but Good Courage—He Has a Sturdy Nine—Everybody to the Theatre To-night.

Because the Polo Grounds were unexpectedly called for for other and imperative purposes this afternoon, the game between the Detroit Journal and EVENING WORLD newsboys suffered a ninth hour postponement until to-morrow (Friday) morning, at 10 o'clock.

The Detroit players arrived last night at 6 o'clock on the Albany day line steamerboat New York, and were met by the manager of THE EVENING WORLD'S nine and escorted to the Grand Central Hotel, where quarters had been provided for them.

With the boys are Manager Frank H. Wakefield and Treasurer W. H. Brazier. Two gorgeous foul flags of purple silk travel with the nine, and in the present possession of the club, too, is the Trophy Cup. Manager Wakefield evidently appreciates that ere long that same cup must go elsewhere (in all probability to THE EVENING WORLD), for last night he steadfastly clung to it with both hands and refused to give it up for a moment.

In conversation this morning Manager Wakefield said: "I shall protest every game played thus far. I have been out-classed in all three games."

At Buffalo I have positive proof that four of the so-called newsboys were over twenty years of age. The battery of the Syracuse nine was badly out-bearded by a lot of aged ball players.

The many errors our nine made at Albany were due in a great part to the fact that the boys were completely tired out with their long journey and the attendant excitement. You see, we left Syracuse at 9 P. M. and reached Albany at 1:45 in the morning. Then at 8 o'clock we started for the grounds, and were obliged to walk a hot and dusty mile before getting there.

I know we shall receive better treatment here, for I am sure your boys are not over age, for THE WORLD is a square paper."

Then Mr. Wakefield took THE EVENING WORLD representative downstairs to where his voters, the ball-players, were gathered and biliard balls about, and introduced him to each player.

The boys are certainly a fine, sturdy-looking set, and their uniforms are very handsome, and what's more they look no older than THE EVENING WORLD boys, which fact will inspire the latter with more confidence than ever.

That the newsboys of Detroit are not far behind their New York brothers is proved by Eddie Long, a sixteen-year-old Detroit, who is so enthusiastic over the ball games that he has "beat his way" with the nine clear from Detroit, hiding under seats, staircases and trucks of cars.

His only stock in the trade is a bootblack's outfit, and with this earns enough while en route to buy his daily bread. He enjoyed the trip down the Hudson yesterday from under the cabin stairway.

This evening both nines will meet at THE EVENING WORLD office at 7 o'clock in full uniform, and from thence they will proceed to the Thalia Theatre, where by courtesy of Manager Jacobs, they will enjoy the performance of "The Great Game."

Messrs. E. H. Macy & Co., of Fourteenth street, have offered as a prize a fine suit of clothes to the boy making the greatest number of runs at the game to-morrow.

ODDIE'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

He Was of Steady Habits and Had a Gold Eye—Was He Abducted or Poisoned?

"Oh, Oddie would never have gone away alone!" exclaimed comely, matronly Mrs. Owens in response to the inquiry of an EVENING WORLD reporter at her door, 225 West Thirtieth street, this morning.

"He was of steady habits, and quite domestic in his nature," she said. "He has either been abducted or been poisoned."

The thought of this latter possibility brought tears to Mrs. Owens' eyes, but she tugged bravely at her apron corners to repress her emotion.

"Oddie disappeared Tuesday morning just after breakfast. He ate only asparagus and stewed corn for breakfast, but seemed all right."

"It was canned corn?" asked the reporter, with an attempt to impress upon Mrs. Owens that people had been poisoned by canned goods.

"Oddie was quite a poisoner," she continued, "and we sometimes called him John L. Sullivan. He had all that heart could wish in a husband and was a great favorite with us all. I advertised for him and a general alarm has been sent out."

Here is the advertisement of Oddie's loss: \$100 REWARD—Lost Tuesday, a white cat, odd eyes, and blue collar. He was five years old. He wore one blue eye and one of gold. He was of Angora descent, weighed twenty-four pounds, and put up his "dukes" with natural gloves on, in approved pugilistic style. He is mourned as dead by his mistress.

WAS IT A BIG MISTAKE?

Policeman Mooney to Be Tried for Harshly Treating a Respectable Woman.

Mrs. Emma Joecklin confronted Policeman William J. Mooney, of the Eldridge street station, before Superintendent Murray this morning, and accused him of arresting her a few nights ago on a false charge of intoxication.

Mrs. Joecklin is about forty years of age, and has the appearance of a hard-working and respectable woman. She told the Superintendent that Mooney treated her with unwonted harshness, dragged her through the streets like a wild animal and had her locked up all night in a cell. She denied that she was intoxicated or acting in a disorderly manner.

In his defense, Mooney produced three patrolmen and a sergeant to prove that Mrs. Joecklin was disorderly and obviously under the influence of liquor, the Sergeant accepting the complaint and ordering her to be locked up. Mrs. Joecklin admitted that in court she was fined \$10 by the magistrate, but she insisted that it was all a mistake.

The case will go before the Commissioners for trial.

Ecclesiastical Items.

Teacher—What are the names of the seven days in the week? Boy—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Teacher—That's only six days. You have missed one. When does your mother go to church? "When pa tells her a new hat."

A Way She Has.

A young lady named Topsy seems to open a great many letters belonging to other people. She is perfectly honest, however, and writes a good deal of good advice to the owners of the envelopes.

MR. TRAIN DROPS INTO POSTERY.

He Halls Ann O'Della as a Fellow-Postman in Impromptu Verse.

George Francis Train grew enthusiastic in listening to the story told by Luther R. Marsh in the trial of Ann O'Della Dize Debar yesterday, and his red and blue pencil was busy.

He dropped into poetry and passed this to Lawyer John D. Townsend for the benefit of his fat client:

CHUCKS COME DOWN WITH HIS DESAR. When ravers stroll among press rooms (St. Peter still in Vat-Can) Can Church and press go back on press men? When spoons give a rise to Peter's pen? If spirits have church-ill nored Peter and Luther both must go (To see, what right to interfere, In chaos of spoons "overthrow."

And this one went to the old lawyer in the witness-box, whom Mr. Train insists is a giant made stalwart.

FOR CITIZEN LUTHER R. MARSH!

Most any one would see (at sight) That you have fooled the entire press in leading them through wilderness With "original" electric light!

Press can't Dis-Bar you (from Dis Bar); You have pre-arranged of Press (I'm kind, In culture's school of P-r-eh mind, In G-d's "m