

THE WORLD.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 11; SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage), PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE 1888 RECORD!

288,970 COPIES. The text describes the success of the newspaper and its circulation figures.

GOOD FOR THE GOVERNOR!

Gov. Hill has again earned the thanks of the working people by signing Tax Exemption...

ROADWAY SLAUGHTER.

There is more highway killing and mauling than highway robbery in New York.

CONTRACT LABOR.

There seems to be good ground for the complaint of the Central Labor Union that the law against the importation of foreign laborers under contract is not properly enforced.

THE PIANO-MAKERS.

Mr. McVey gives to THE EVENING WORLD readers to-day some interesting facts concerning the skilled workmen whom he represents.

THE SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY.

Half noble toilers! Mighy band! The boss and squire of the land; God's sunny skies return again, Nor shall they smile for you in vain.

THE PLANO-MAKERS.

Of the 10,000 piano-makers in the country nearly one-half live in this city. The benefits of organization and of maintaining a high standard of work are seen in the fact that the average wages of a good workman in this line is \$18 a week and the working time ten hours a day.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN GERMANY.

The political crisis in Germany seems to be rather more disturbing than that of the Emperor just now. Germany has its cancer; it is the standing army of 1,250,000 men.

A BARK HAS GONE OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

A bark has gone over Niagara Falls in safety. It belonged to a Scotch terrier and was incased in a barrel.

TRUMAN'S REPLY TO FORAKER.

It is still "Hocking PHIL."

MILL ROCK CLUB RACE.

The Mill Rock Boat Club race came off yesterday, the course being from the boat house, at the foot of Ninety-second street, around Blackwell's Island and return. The championship races were won as follows:

HEAD BAD LUCK AT ST. LOUIS.

Alderman Barry, of the Twenty-second District, has returned from St. Louis with a broken arm. He was struck and the barouche came in collision with another vehicle. The Alderman was thrown out and his arm broken. He will have to carry the wounded limb in a sling for a month.

A SCIENTIFIC HALF-HOUR'S FIGHT.

At a private house on the west side this morning Ed Fergola, a young Spaniard, fought eight rounds with George Moore, winning easily by knocking the latter into unconsciousness. The battle lasted half an hour, and is said to have been very scientific. It was for \$100 a side.

FROM DAIRY, STREAM AND GARDEN.

Butterfat, 6 cents. Lettuce, 6 cents a head. Apples, 15 to 20 cents. Egg plant, 15 cents each. Fresh mackerel, 10 cents. Shrimps, \$1.50 per gallon. Handcock, 4 cents a pound. Bluefish, 4 cents a pound. Maple syrup, 45 cents a bottle. Tomatoes, 10 to 25 cents a quart. Peas, 10 to 25 cents a dozen. Lobsters, 8 and 10 cents a pound. Bermuda onions, 15 cents a quart. Very best butter, 25 cents a pound. Royal Hayti plums, 40 cents a dozen. White oxbest cherries, 30 cents a pound. Raspberries, 15 to 20 cents a quart. Havan sugar-loaf pineapples, 50 to 20 cents each.

MERRY MARKETMEN.

James Whaley is a lover of fast horses. Charles Smith is the "Berry Wall" of Fulton Market. Fred Smith is chief of a suburban volunteer fire department. Clerk Lambert has started to hunt for Cleveland and Thurman. Fred Coolihan has not yet stopped shouting for "Buck" Ewing. The boys say it's about time for Dick Marland to test the scales again. Joe Saylor has kept mighty quiet since he played second base on Shafter's nine. Albert Walling has just returned to the market and is searching for a lost diamond. Michael Cusack and his friend O'Neil will resume their trips to Connetquot Island at an early day. David Freeman does not look as merry as he is wont to. He hasn't had an afternoon off since the 1st of April. Larry Barnes's smiting face can be seen promenading any Sunday afternoon. Of course Larry never goes it alone. Martin Miller's friends no longer see his smiling face in Fulton Market, as he's gone across town to try to break the "Nigger."

WORLDLINGS.

The one-story frame cabin in which Andrew Johnson served as apprentice tailor is still standing in Columbia, Tenn. The wife of a Buffalo physician has recently been adjudged insane because of a strange mania for fans. She was accustomed, when out shopping, to purchase every fan she saw, regardless of cost, and accumulated a magnificent collection.

ROBERT STEVENSON'S ORDINARY MORNING.

Robert Stevenson's ordinary morning business consists in making up a black velvet coat, a white shirt and tie with a bowtie, and a pair of plain trousers. In this attire he looks very much like the regulation "artist" of the plays.

MICHAEL KUTKONAK.

Michael Kutkonak, who died in a miserable but in Quincy, Ill., last week at the age of eighty years, was once a Hungarian noble who was exiled to Kosuth. He was a linguist of more than ordinary attainments and was familiar with all the tongues of Eastern and Southern Europe.

LARGE BIRD THAT LOOKS LIKE A CROW.

A large bird that looks somewhat like a crow, dropped down as if from the heavens on the corner of Sixteenth and Carson streets, in Pittsburg, the other day. No one who has seen it knows what the strange bird is, but it is supposed to be a German tittler, which is very rare in this country.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO FRANKLIN MILLER, OF SUGAR CREEK TOWNSHIP, IN PENNSYLVANIA, AGREED TO TAKE CARE OF AN OLD COUPLE, HIS NEIGHBORS, WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT AT HIS DEATH HE SHOULD INHERIT A FARM OF EIGHTY-SIX ACRES OWNED BY THEM.

GEN. PATRICK COLLINS, WHO PRESIDED OVER THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION, GOT HIS SCHOOLING IN OHIO WHILE WORKING HARD IN A COAL MINE AND ON A FARM.

CALVIN S. BRICE, ONE OF THE NEW LEADERS IN DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL POLITICS, IS THE SON OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER AT LIMA, O. HE WENT INTO THE WAR WHEN A MERE BOY, CAME OUT WITH A BRIGADIER-GENERAL'S BREVET AND THEN STUDIED LAW. IT WAS THROUGH THE LAW THAT HE BECAME INTERESTED IN THE RAILROAD ENTERPRISES THAT HE HAS MADE HIS FORTUNE.

PIANO-MAKERS

Their Work, Wages, Organization and Trade Prospects.

GEORGE H. McVEY,

Delegate of the United Piano-Makers to the Central Labor Union.

UNTIL HE DID GREENWICH STREET'S RAR DASHED IN VALE AGAINST HIS EAR. No. 602 Greenwich street is in a pretty noisy part of the town. The Ninth avenue elevated road, several lines of surface cars and carts of all kinds combine to create a rumble and roar to escape which the ordinary man might contemplate suicide and surely should rejoice in deafness.

Not so with Samuel Jones, who, though perhaps an ordinary man, is extraordinarily deaf. He is also a wagon-builder, and, it is rumored, somewhat of a conversationalist. His powers in the latter direction have been materially increased by the use of an ear-trumpet, which he uses so often that up to about four months ago his friends could exist sometimes for days together without carrying on an extended conversation with him.

But four months ago marked a change in Jones and in the conduct of his friends, for four months ago Jones bought an ear-trumpet. It is in former times invested much good money in devices, warranted to be "to the ear what spectacles are to the eye"—but none of them bore to his ear the twitters of birds, the chirp of crickets or the other sweet sounds so peculiar to the Greenwich street neighborhood. But when he applied this particular ear trumpet to the drum of his ear—joy! he could hear!

After a half hour's walk he returned, and doubtless wishing to hear a thing or two, reached his hand to where the trumpet should have been, but was met by the fact that the trumpet had vanished! But how? Where? Whether?

These questions Jones asked himself, and could not answer. He advertised, but still the trumpet came not. For three entire days was Samuel Jones deaf to the cries of earth, and during those three days made a most acute study of their telephonic wares to him. He heard them not. But on the fourth day some kind-hearted man sent word (by letter) to the effect that the hearing trumpet was still in his possession, and having no use for it himself, he would return the same if Jones would call.

THOSE ENGLISH CARPENTERS.

F. J. McGuire, Challenged to Disprove that the Brotherhood Offered to Admit Them. To Whom It May Concern: P. J. McGuire, General Secretary of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, having published a repudiation of the copy of clearance cards of the Associated Carpenters and Joiners of the British Isles, showing on their back the agreement as entered into by the above organizations, and having no use for it himself, he would return the same if Jones would call.

LABOR SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

How the Labor Articles in "The Evening World" Are Received. Your special article on the barbers created much interest among the members of the craft. If the others in your series are as good they cannot fail to meet with a hearty reception. Push the good work. Let the public know of just what the army of organized labor consists and what it hopes to accomplish.

THE CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

The Central Labor Union committee, appointed to the barbers' strike, has been organized. The committee is composed of the following members: J. J. McGuire, General Secretary of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America; P. J. McGuire, General Secretary of the Associated Carpenters and Joiners of the British Isles; and J. J. McGuire, General Secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

THE EVENING WORLD.

The Evening World never gets left on ideas. This one of publishing articles about the different trades by the leaders of the trades is a first-rate one. They will be popular. A CLERK.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

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A FRIEND TO THE WAGE-EARNERS.

Go ahead with the articles about the different trades. They speak of something that poor people are interested in. THE EVENING WORLD is a friend to the wage-earners, that's sure. JOHN DUNBROW.

THERE ARE MORE TO COME.

The articles on the tradesmen are a good feature. I take great pleasure in reading them and hope there will be more. The general public should be better informed of the exact status of the wage-earners, their needs and hopes. AN URBAN BREWER.

A NEW IDEA.

The articles on the different trades is a new idea. Keep it up. Plenty of people know so little about these points, and they are worth knowing. Let labor speak for itself. NEW YORK, JUNE 8. W. B. BAXTER.

CLEARLY A FRAUD.

"I see," remarked the make editor, "that the manuscript of an unpublished story in the handwriting of Horace Greener has been discovered." "Nonsense!" replied the make editor. "That story is false on the face of it." "If it is in Greener's handwriting, how can any one tell what it is?"

GOT HIS PET TRUMPET BACK.

UNTIL HE DID GREENWICH STREET'S RAR DASHED IN VALE AGAINST HIS EAR. No. 602 Greenwich street is in a pretty noisy part of the town. The Ninth avenue elevated road, several lines of surface cars and carts of all kinds combine to create a rumble and roar to escape which the ordinary man might contemplate suicide and surely should rejoice in deafness.

AMATEUR RUNNING RULES.

SOME CHANGES IN THEM WHICH ARE SAID TO BE VERY COMMENDABLE.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB HAS AN OPENING OF THEIR NEW GROUNDS AT TRAVERS ISLAND, PELHAM, YESTERDAY MORNING.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL FOOT-RUNNING HANDICAP OF THE AMERICAN SPORTING ASSOCIATION OF NEW BRITAIN, CONN., WILL BE GIVEN AT RENTSELER'S PARK, IN THAT TOWN, JULY 4.

BILLY MADDEN'S BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP COMPETITION GOES ON AT THE OAKLAND THEATRE, JERSEY CITY, EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK. THE CONDITIONS ARE SAID TO BE THE SAME AS IN THE TOURNAMENT MADDEN MANAGED IN ENGLAND, DEVELOPING SUCH A GENUINE GOOD ONE AS CHARLEY MITCHELL.

MIKE CLEARY, THE PUGILISTIC BLACKSMITH WHO RECENTLY MET PETER NOLAN, OF CINCINNATI, IS BACK WITH HIS RIGHT HAND IN A SLING. SO IS DICK LONER, TONER IN LONER'S RECOGNIZABLE WITH HIS HEAVY BLACK BEARD GONE. DICK SAYS CLEARY NEVER HAD A BIGGER PLENIC THAN NOLAN GAVE HIM, FOR NOLAN DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, EVEN AFTER CLEARY THREW HIS HAND IN THE FIRST ROUND.

THE RIVERSIDE WHEELMEN, L. A. W., HAVE ELECTED THE FOLLOWING OFFICERS FOR THE ANNUAL YEAR: JAMES L. MILLER, PRESIDENT; HARRY VOORHIS, VICE-PRESIDENT; ED STITT, SECRETARY; JAMES L. MILLER, TREASURER; ED A. POWERS, CAPTAIN; J. W. MOORE, J. L. FLETCHER, FRED MILLER, SECOND LIEUTENANT; J. F. HEARNE, COLOR-BEARER; ED C. HULBERT, BUGLER; LOUIS JOHNSTON, SURGEON.

OUR FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN CROSS.

At a regular meeting of John B. Finch Commandery, No. 344, United Order of the Golden Cross, held at 52 Fourth avenue last evening, it was unanimously resolved that the Commandery tender the EVENING WORLD their warmest thanks for the kind recognition your paper took of our first entertainment, held in Clarendon Hall Friday, June 1.

HERE HELL OF MERIT SCHOLARS.

Returned from primary school No. 31, 212 Second street, give the following as the names of the scholars during the school week just past: Class 1—Freddie Froebel, 100 E. 3d st.; Sarah Landau, 211 Houston st.; Lena Kues, 128 Pitt st. Class 2—Hernard Lefkowitz, 64 Willett st.; Gussie Griffin, 290 2d st. Class 3—Annie Heller, 10 Ridge st. Class 4—Mary Schell, 266 Houston st.; Lizzie Gray, 300 3d st. Class 5—Minnie Deitsche, 271 Houston st. Class 6—The primary department of grammar school, No. 31, 212 Second street, was held on Friday, June 1.

A HOPELESS TASK.

A little Burlington girl persisted in singing while her grandfather was taking his nap. She explained that she was "trying to sing granpa's nose to sleep."

A GOOD NAME.

At home is a tower of strength abroad—the familiar proverb, and it is fully verified by the history of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first words of commendation and praise for this medicine were received from our friends and neighbors, and from the time it was fairly introduced up to the present, there has been, and is now, more of it.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Sold in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, than of all other Sarsaparillas and blood purifiers combined. This "good name" among people who have known Hood's Sarsaparilla, and its reputation for years, should certainly be strong evidence to people in other cities and towns of its excellence and merit of this medicine. Send for a circular containing statements of cures.

SALT RHEUM.

After the failure of three skillful physicians to cure my eye of salt rheum, I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and Olive Ointment. I have now used four courses of Ointment and one and a half bottles of Sarsaparilla, and the salt appearance completely cured. It is now four years old, and has been afflicted since he was six months old. HENRY B. BARKNESS, 55 Newhall Street, Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOLLARS ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT HOUSEHOLD PETS COST.

Canaries, Parrots, Parakeets and Cockatoos Come Rather High Just Now. In a small store on Roosevelt street, near the river front, may be found Donald Burns, dealer in animals, and an ex-circus man. He has been in the animal business thirty years, travelling at different times with old Joe Pendleton's show and the Great Eastern Circus. For fifteen years he kept a store on Broadway.

THE TALK OF A TRAVELLER.

Back from a Western Trip with a Light Heart and a Rapid Teague. "Yes," said the travelling commercial, as he pulled a tobacco cigar out of his waistcoat pocket, "I'm back in town again. 'Am I glad I'm here? Certainly not. I would rather be out in back-number towns, telling stories to the boys about life in New York, flirting with all the pretty girls in town and getting up at 8 A. M. to catch a wild train for the next village. Delightful life! You see, you get a change of rural cooking continually and although it is an out-of-the-frying-pan-into-the-fire at times, it's variety, and all like that."

"But I notice that they have not hung up any towels around the park fountains yet. I wrote to Mayor Hewitt some time ago about it. I wonder if it would do any good to go and see him now? Perhaps he didn't get my letter. Well, let it go at that."

"By the bye, I want to tell you of a funny snap I heard just before I left Strawberry Point, Ia. There was a book agent stopping at the same hotel with me who sold family Bibles. It was a monstrous book and weighed over fifteen pounds. He started one morning on his weary round of peddling, and he had canvassed the town pretty thoroughly without luck, he took to the country road, and after walking a mile or so spied a beautiful country residence."

"He entered the gate with light heart and lighter pocketbook. A little dog ran down the shaded gravel path and commenced to dilapidate his clothing. He let the Bible drop on the dog and killed him. "Then he ascended the steps of the country mansion, rang the bell, entered and sold to the mistress the book that killed her dog. "Say, but I have a lot of good things to tell you, boys, but I reached here with only 80 cents. I'll go up and settle with my house. See you all to-night."

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Stranger (at door of railway station)—Sir, could you kindly direct me to Rippon street? Bostonian—Certainly; it's the first street above the Common! Stranger—But I don't know where the Common is! Bostonian—Oh, I thought you were a stranger! Just take any of these streets, in either direction, and I'll lead you there!

HE WON.

First Liar—I have got a cat that sings airs from "Nadly." Second Liar—That's nothing. I have a parrot that smokes cigars. Third Liar—Oh, pah! I've got a dog that takes snuff. Fourth Liar—And I've a twelve-year-old boy who doesn't smoke cigars. First Liar—Second Liar—I cave. Third Liar—He didn't have a Time-Table.

A Distinguished Connection.

Lady (doubtfully)—Don't you know as I am justified in giving anything to such a disreputable-looking man? Tramp—Don't hesitate on that account, ma'am. My mother and I were well connected. Lady—Who? Tramp—One of the Siamese twins.

Successful Speculators.

An exchange says that thirty women make a living by speculating in Chicago. We presume their operations are all in the matrimonial market.

Dress the Hair.

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

Efficacy.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev. S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernard, Ind.)

Preparation.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of an universal toilet use. In time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

HERE ARE TWO BABES CHEAP.

Maria is a Plump Little Ten-Day-Old, While Robert Andrew, Though Thin and Scrawny, Has Good Looks—Mrs. Frischkorn Has Them as Exhibition and Will Refuse No Reasonable Offer.

THE EVENING WORLD has of late called the attention of the public to a most aggravated form of slave trade carried on in this city, whereby babes ushered into the world without name and without names are sold to whosoever will pay for them.

One of these little slaves was offered in the market this morning, and an Evening World reporter went into the market and felt its pulse. An advertisement offering the complete surrender of two infants, a boy and a girl, directed the reporter to 25 Blocker street. Here he found a dingy, dirty three-story brick house, which was once a fine downtown residence.

On the door-post was this sign: Mrs. Frischkorn, MID-WIFE.

A stout maid-of-all-work answered the door-bell, and in a petticoat half English and half German invited the reporter into the parlor where were two beds, and from which there could be seen three other beds in the rear parlor.

The reporter made known that he was looking for a girl child, and the maid called a yellow-haired German woman, who could speak no English. She was clean, comely and kindly in appearance, and two little ones, one two years old and respectively, tugged at her apron.

The maid acted as interpreter, and the woman said she was Mrs. Drusch, the mother of the child to sell her baby. It was a plump, pretty baby, six weeks old, which was sleeping like a little pig in its nest of blankets on a couch.

The reporter fondly upon the little one and it opened its eyes. They were big blue eyes and full of wonder. Its name was Marie and its father deserted the mother a few weeks before it came into the world.

Would she be willing to let the child go to some one she never saw, and whose identity she would never know? Would she give up Marie, never to see her again? The reporter asked of the maid.

This was repeated to Mrs. Drusch in German. She gazed long on her baby, and then, with an expletive motion of the hands, said, "Does she want money?"

Mrs. Drusch quickly answered the word "gold," as the maid translated the word money. Not to sell her baby! But what could a woman left with two little toddlers do if gold were offered her?

Then the reporter turned his attention to the other child, the boy. Mrs. Drusch said his name was Robert, but the maid was sure it was Andrew, and as he had no other name and Mrs. Frischkorn was out perhaps it would be proper to call him Robert Andrew.

He was a mite of a fellow only one week old last night. His mother, a very young woman of the town, entered the house ten days ago and left without a name and was born there. Saturday night his young mother left. She had no money and of course her bill was unpaid.

Robert Andrew uttered a "Wah!" of protestation which sounded healthy, lungs at least, and stretched his scrawny little legs in a manner indicating a fair state of health in other respects.

He would assume the bill for the lying-in may have this young man and no questions asked. His mother has evidently forsaken it. The price is low and these two little ones of misfortune should not be two without masters or protectors.

THEY SOON CAUGHT UP.

Judge White and His Friend Refused to Be Left on the Way from St. Louis. Police Justice Andrew J. White gives an interesting account of how he got left at Indianapolis on his return trip from St. Louis. "D. N. Carvalho and I," he remarked, went to the Bates House to get breakfast, being told that we had an hour and a half to spare. On returning to the depot we discovered that our train, the first section, had pulled out.

We waited until the second section came rolling in, and Carvalho boarded the engine. He weighed a round sum with the engineer that he could not catch up with the first section. The engine put on its steam and the second section, travelling at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, overtook the first section at Crossland, Ind., at 4 P. M.

The third section, which boys gave us a hearty welcome, as at four P. M. we had met with an accident.

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