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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)

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Circulation Books Always Open.

GOOD FOR THE GOVERNOR!

GOV. HILL has again earned the thanks of the working people by signing THE EVENING WORLD Free Lecture bill.

He did this in spite of the opinion of the august Mayor's Council that the bill was too mandatory.

The text of the new law shows just what it is. If the Board of Education will make liberal and wise use of their discretion, the knowledge that is power will be greatly promoted among the poor.

Good for the Governor!

HIGHWAY SLAUGHTER.

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

If a man snatches a pocketbook and is caught, he is elected to Sing Sing. If a reckless driver runs over and kills a child or cripples an adult, he doesn't even have his license revoked.

THE WORLD this morning gives the names of twenty-one people who have been killed and 139 who have been injured by horses and vehicles in the streets of this city since Jan. 1st. This far exceeds the entire list of casualties on all the Elevated roads, the ferries and the Brooklyn Bridge together.

What will the authorities do to stop highway slaughter?

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 permission to land given to the Italian marble-cutters, engaged and shipped by agents of a Boston and Vermont firm whose men were on a strike, was a flagrant case of disregard of the law. District-Attorney WALKER has promised to look into this matter. It might be well for him to inquire if any member of the Eastern firm is a relative or friend of either of the Emigration Commissioners, upon whose report the imported foreigners were admitted.

It is pretty hard on the workingmen to pay a tax of 47 per cent. on all imported necessities, and then have competitive "pauper labor" imported free.

THE PIANO-MAKERS.

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

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 workmen in this line is $18 a week and the working time ten hours a day.

It might be better, but then it might be worse. The care given to the members of the union in sickness and distress is one of the best features of the organization.

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 in safety. It belonged to a Scotch terrier and was incased in a barrel.

THURMAN's reply to FORAKER: "Shoo fly, don't bother me!"

It is still "Fighting PHIL."

Mill Rock Boat Club Races.

The Mill Rock Boat Club races 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:

Single scull, by Charles Flannigan, Sr., against Capt. Peter Mud; double scull, by William Wray and Capt. Jake Varian against Frank Bechdol and John Burns.

Hon. Lawrence Weaver was referee and Michael Howell timekeeper.

Had Bad Luck at St. Louis.

Alderman Barry, of the Twenty-second District, has returned from St. Louis with a broken arm. He was out riding 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 Pergolle, a young Spaniard, fought eight rounds with George Moore, winning finally 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.

Butterfish, 6 cents.
Lettuce, 5 cents a head.
Asparagus, 15 to 30 cents.
Egg plant, 25 cents each.
Fresh mackerel, 20 cents.
Shrimps, $1.50 per gallon.
Haddock, 6 cents a pound.
Bluefish, 18 cents a pound.
Maple syrup, 45 cents a bottle.
Tomatoes, 5 to 25 cents a quart.
Peaches, 40 to 50 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 oxheart cherries, 30 cents a pound.
Sharpless strawberries, 15 to 20 cents a quart.
Havana sugar-loaf pineapples, 20 to 30 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 Lenhart has started to shout for Cleveland and Thurman.

Fred Coolihan has not yet stopped shouting for "Buck" Ewing.

The boys say it's about time for Dick Marsland to test the scales again.

Joe Sayler has kept mighty quiet since he played second base on Shaffer's nine.

Albert Walling has just returned to the market and is searching for a lost diamond.

Michael Cunehan and his friend Otto will resume their trips to Coney 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 smiling 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 "figger."

Many are surprised at the effects of the hot weather on the once robust form of Charlie Hean. He now weighs only 250 pounds

WORLDLINGS.

The one-story frame cabin in which Andrew Johnson served his apprenticeship as a 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 Louis Stevenson's ordinary morning lounging costume is made up of a black velvet coat a white flannel shirt tied with a flowing black tie, and a pair of plain trousers. In this attire he looks very much like the regulation "artist" of the plays.

Matthew W. Sedam, an eccentric old man who died at Terre Haute, Ind., last week, was buried in a coffin which for twenty-five years he had kept in his bedroom. The monument over his grave was erected according to his orders fully thirty years ago.

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

A large bird that looks somewhat like a crane, 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 bittern, which is very rare in this country.

Some 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 their death he should inherit a farm of eighty-six acres owned by them. After their death, which occurred five years later, Miller discovered oil on the farm and has already received $25,000 in royalties from it.

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. At sixteen he became an apprentice in Boston, and on the expiration of his apprenticeship had $1,100 to his credit. That same week he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature.

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 have made his fortune.

THE SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY.

Hail noble toilers! Mighty band!
The bone and sinew of the 'and;
God's sunny skies return again,
Nor shall they smile for you in vain.

CHORUS.

From factory, warehouse, bank and store,
Hie, weary myriads, hie away
To throng the mountain and the shore
At noon on Saturday.

Shall Greed and Wealth control our laws?
Shall hirelings slay the people's cause?
Justice wings back their venomed dart
And sheaths it in Oppression's heart.

Chorus.

From out the hives of toil and gloom,
From out the city's living tomb,
Swarm forth to freedom's light and air,
And taste the life that others share.

Chorus.

While in vacation's calm retreat
The rich and great for pleasure meet,
Shall not the toilers, worn and weak,
Pause for a breath but once a week?

Chorus.

Drop master, drop thine urging goad,
Bear with a man beneath his load,
And slake thy thirst for worldly pelf;
Thy slave is human as thyself.

Chorus.

Her ponderous wheels let commerce stay,
Sweet rest shall still their deafening play,
With mightier whirl they'll hum again
And crown the loss with mutual gain.

Chorus.

Ennerved in Neptune's bracing tide,
The lungs with mountain air supplied,
With head and heart refreshed and strong,
The world will merrier glide along.

Chorus.

GEO. M. REES, Greenpoint, N. Y.

Emulation.

[*From Tid-Bits.*]

Little Tommy Roach, who has great genius, and may be a comic artist some day, has been told that Benjamin West made a brush from the hair of a cat's tail. Thomas succeeds in making a brush, but the cat has lost all enthusiasm.

PIANO-MAKERS

Their Work, Wages, Organization and Trade Prospects,

BY

GEORGE H. McVEY,

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

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

I take pleasure in adding to the fund of information which THE EVENING WORLD is furnishing its many thousands of readers of all classes in its articles concerning the various labor organizations, and will tell what I know about the piano-makers of New York and vicinity.

THE PIANO-MAKING CENTRE.

There are in the United States about ten thousand persons employed in making pianos, this city being the great centre for the work. Four thousand five hundred of the number are engaged in the fifty-three manufactories on Manhattan Island, in Long Island City and Astoria in making the instruments, or parts thereof, including keys and actions. There are 6,000 piano-makers in New York State.

HISTORY OF THE ORGANIZATION.

The United Piano-Makers have been organized since 1876, and their organization is an open or independent union attached to the Central Labor Union.

We have had a good many strikes in our trade, with varying success, but in the face of adverse circumstances we have kept up a fair standard, so that the average wages of a good workman is $18 per week, and the working time ten hours a day.

Attempts to reduce wages have been made by a number of employers, but we have managed to resist them successfully. The only strike we have had for a long time is that at Behring's factory, in Harlem, where the employer insisted on a reduction of wages of from 5 to 33 per cent.

WAGES AND POLICY.

Through the efforts of our organization wages have been raised from $12 and $13 a week in 1876 to $18 at the present time. This in spite of the fact that we have no apprenticeship system and the dulness of trade at different periods.

Our organization is progressing fairly well, and we are taking measures to give it a new stimulus, so that those who are not members will see the benefits it gives, and become convinced that we, like the great majority of the labor organizations, are accomplishing a good work and really aid our brethren in the trade in bettering their condition.

Our policy regarding strikes is a conservative one, and we take hostile action only when all other efforts to settle the differences between employers and their men have failed. Of course in all such efforts we have the indorsement and aid of the Central Labor Union, with its 300 organizations.

I might tell THE EVENING WORLD's readers a great deal about the work we are engaged in in the shops, but that subject has been well treated from time to time in the daily press, and I fear it would take too much of your valuable space.

PROSPECT OF BETTER WAGES.

I think the standard of wages is not what it ought to be considering the hours we labor and the skill and care required in our work, and I believe that with the approach of better times we can by harmonious and wise effort raise that standard.

Our members are all employed, with a very few exceptions, and if there should be any in sickness and distress we look after them and see that they do not want for necessary care and attention.

This alone should convince the opponents of labor societies that good is accomplished, and that without organization we would be a very poor lot. GEORGE H. MCVEY.

"LABOR SPEAKS FOR ITSELF."

How the Labor Articles in "The Evening World" Are Received.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

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. TONSOR.

New York, June 9.

They Will Be Popular.

To the Editor of 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.

New York, June 9.

A Move in the Right Direction.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The letters about the trades which you have begun in THE EVENING WORLD are a new feature that many will be glad to see. THE EVENING WORLD is right when it makes a move. JAMES MCLAUGHLIN.

Jersey City, June 9.

A Friend to the Wage-Earners.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

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 DERCHÓW.

Brooklyn, June 9.

There Are More to Come.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

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 UPTOWN BREWER.

A New Idea.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The articles on the different trades is a new idea. Keep it up. Plenty of people know so little about those points, and they are worth knowing. Let labor speak for itself.

New York, June 8. WM. BAXTER.

Clearly a Fraud.

[*From the Pittsburg Chronicle.*]

"I see," remarked the Snake Editor, "that the manuscript of an unpublished story in the handwriting of Horace Greeley has been discovered."

"Nonsense!" replies the Snake Editor. "That story is false on the face of it."

"Why so?"

"If it is in Greeley's handwriting, how can any one tell what it is?"

GOT HIS PET TRUMPET BACK.

Until He Did Greenwich Street's Rear Dashed in Vain 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, for Samuel is deaf—so deaf 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 in Jones and in the conduct of his friends, for four months ago Jones bought an ear-trumpet.

He had 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 twitterings of birds, the chirps 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!

It was much like other ear-trumpets in appearance—a horn-shaped nozzle, a rubber tube and a pipe-stem.

But how differently it affected the hearing! How sweetly resonant was the whirr of the "L" train, the jingle of the street-car, the rumbling of the wagon! Mid what delight did Mr. Jones point the nozzle of his trumpet at a friend's mouth, and listen to the low-spoken "How d'ye do?"

And last Tuesday all was changed. It happened in this wise: Mr. Jones went out for an airing. All was quiet as a summer's dream—to him, for he had carefully wrapped the beloved trumpet about his neck.

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 not. It was gone; had vanished! But how? Where? Whither?

These questions Jones asked himself, and could not answer; asked others, and could not hear the replies. 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 many agents sought to sell their telephonic wares to him. He heard them not. But on the fourth day some kind-hearted man sent word (by letter) to the deaf, that having found the "missing link," and having no use for it himself, he would return the same if Jones would call.

Did Jones call? Well; go talk to Jones.

THOSE ENGLISH CARPENTERS.

P. 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, stating that such cards or the agreement on their backs were forged, we issue the following challenge to Mr. McGuire:

1. We defy him to prove his assertion that the cards are forgeries.

2. We defy him to answer under a sworn statement that such an agreement was not entered into by the above-named organizations, represented by P. J. McGuire, of the Brotherhood, and Jas. Beveridge, of the Associated. Let Mr. P. J. McGuire come out of his hole and answer a plain, straightforward question, said answer to be sworn to if he dares. We stand ready to prove the agreement to receive members of the Associated Carpenters and Joiners of the British Isles as members of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America without any initiation fee as shown on the copy of the clearance cards placed in the hands of our members. This agreement is bona fide and cannot be gainsaid, as we can produce the man who made the motion in the Aberdeen Branch of the Associated Carpenters and Joiners to ratify the above-named agreement.

In proof this, we present to you a copy of one of the sworn statements in our possession, as follows:

I, John K. Pirrie, being duly sworn, and having read the agreement on the back of copy of Associated Carpenters and Joiners clearance cards, do certify that it is a true copy of the agreement as entered into between the Associated Carpenters and Joiners of the British Isles and the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

(Signed) JOHN K. PIRRIE,
Ex-Treasurer of the Aberdeen Branch of the Associated Carpenters and Joiners of the British Isles, now a member of Lodge 17, United Order.

JAMES T. DELANOY, Gen. Secy.
ROBT. F. FARRELL, W. D.
Sworn to before me this 9th day of June, 1888.
JOHN E. NORRIS, Notary Public, New York.

Notes About Many Trades.

The Clothing Trades Section will meet to-night at 145 Eighth street.

Amalgamated Brass-Workers' Union No. 1 has been admitted to the Central Labor Union.

The Journeymen Brewers' Union has expelled Brewer Conrad Stein's men for non-payment of dues.

The International Typographical Union will hold its thirty-fifth annual convention to-morrow at Kansas City.

Owing to a failure to act in accordance with the constitution, the matter of the election of a Statistician for the Central Labor Union has been referred back to the sections. All constitutional amendments must emanate from a section, and not from a union.

The Central Labor Union committee appointed to look after the carpenters, stage hands and marble-cutters imported from England and Italy, will see United States District-Attorney Walker about the matter with a view towards a prosecution under the Foreign Contract Labor Law.

The Metal-Workers' Section having been suspended by the Central Labor Union, and the trustees of the latter body having received instructions to prevent a meeting of the section at 143 Eighth street, it is very likely trouble will result. On Wednesday night the Building Trades' and the Metal-Workers' sections are to hold a joint meeting, and it is thought the former will sustain the Metal-Workers.

Guests at the Hotels.

D. A. Preston, of Joplin, Mo., is at the Astor House.

Albemarle arrivals include J. D. Archbold, of Tarrytown, and J. H. Bradford, of Boston.

Sturtevant House new names are H. C. Flower, of Kansas City, and L. G. Nismuth, of San José, Cal.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-day are Secretary Endicott, Gen. J. A. Williamson, of Washington, and Joel Smith, of Augusta, Ga.

The Hotel Dam arrivals are F. Jervell, of Norway; John J. Roche, of Providence; D. Duncan, of St. Louis; C. G. Clark, of Boston.

Arrived at the Morton House: E. R. Thornton, of Washington; W. Friene, of Boston; Leonard A. Morrison, of Windham; Harry T. Forbes, of Philadelphia.

Registered at the Union Square Hotel are W. J. Morgan, of Cleveland; J. T. Osborn, of Yonkers; C. A. Wright, of Hancock, Mich.; Andrew Giver, of Des Moines.

Lieut. Peter Hourigan, U. S. N., and George A. Porter, a prominent manufacturer of Syracuse, are enjoying the quiet and the comfort of the Grand Hotel.

Erskine M. Phelps, one of the "swell" leaders of the Chicago Democracy, and John B. Sherman, a prominent merchant of the same city, will be found at the Windsor Hotel.

C. R. Dilworth, R. H. Campe, W. G. Price, J. H. Stewart and C. C. Briggs are some well-known Pittsburg gentlemen who arrived at the St. James Hotel together this morning.

Gilsey greetings this morning: A. A. Ames, Minneapolis; C. W. Smith, Vice-President of the Atkinson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, and I. R. Lyon, of the Chicago Board of Trade.

Hoffman House hospitality has been extended to J. O. Dobbins, a big cotton merchant of New Orleans; John J. Carter, a well-known magnate of the turf from Nashville, Tenn., and W. F. Bowen, of San Francisco.

Arthur Maguire, Argentine Consul-General at Quebec; Theodore Durel, Paris; Eugene Tompkins, the Boston theatrical manager, and C. S. Williams, U. S. N., and wife are some of the Metropolitan Brunswick's late arrivals.

AMATEUR RUNNING RULES.

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

Mike Cleary Back from Cincinnati With His Broken Hand—What Toner Says of the Cleary-Nolan Fight—Jack Dempsey Would Smile for a Chance at Sullivan—Current Sporting Gossip.

SOME very sensible improvements were made in the laws of amateur athletics by the Executive Committee of the New Amateur Athletic Union recently. At a meeting held in the Staten Island Athletic Club's headquarters, it was decided that in future a man who makes a false start in races of from 100 to 300 yards only shall be set back but a yard. In races of from 300 to 600 yards he will be penalized two yards for a false start. In races of 600 yards up to 1,000 he must lose three yards; 1,000 yards to a mile, five yards, and in contests of over one mile he may lose ten yards. Under the old rules a sprinter in a 300-yard race might well take a chance of getting off a little too quickly, as he might get from three to five yards start thereby; but now he will hesitate. Being put back a yard in a longer race was simply no punishment at all. The Union has decided, too, that a man in throwing the hammer need no longer stand with his heel to the mark, but may swing around so he does it in the circle. The meeting closed with the adoption of the Chicago *Referee* as the official organ of the Union in the West and the appointment of a commitee to see about holding the swimming championships this year.

* * *

The New York Athletic Club had 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 Rentschler'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 Toner. Toner is hardly recognizable with his heavy black beard gone. Dick says Cleary never had a bigger picnic than Nolan gave him, for Nolan didn't do anything, even after Cleary burst his hand in the first round.

"Mike," continued Toner, "did the strangest thing I ever saw in a fight. He won first blood with the first blow he sent in. The thump was a right half-arm hwinger, and took Nolan on the back of the head. Just think of a smash with a big soft glove hard enough to cut a man's scalp open. Nolan was dazed and gone when Mike landed that right on him hard enough to break his hand, but the Cincinnati man managed to stay the time, and the contest was called a draw. Cleary will be given a benefit in the metropolis shortly.

* * *

Jack Dempsey is keeping very quiet, but attending strictly to business. Rumor has it, though, that Jack would smile all over if he could get on a ten or twenty round contest with Sullivan. When Mitchell comes over there is certain to be fun. It is a noteworthy coincidence that two such prominent pugilists as Dempsey and the big fellow should bear each other out in their abhorrence to recognized training rules. There is a big difference, though, in their violations of old training precepts. Sullivan's are wilful, while Dempsey's are intelligent.

* * *

The Riverside Wheelmen, L. A. W., have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: James L. Miller, President; Harry Voorhis, Vice-President; Ed Stitt, Secretary; Robert F. Macoy, Treasurer; Ed A. Powers, Captain; J. W. Moore, First Lieutenant; Fred Miller, Second Lieutenant; J. F. Hearne, Color-Bearer; Ed C. Hulbert, Bugler, Louis Johnson, Surgeon.

Our Friends of the Golden Cross.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

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.

THE EVENING WORLD was the only New York paper which reported the event, thus showing its superior alertness in the matter of current events. The Commandery wishes THE EVENING WORLD every success.

Yours very truly, D. P. LINCOLN,
Chairman of Committee.
319 West Thirteenth street, June 9.

More Roll of Merit Scholars.

Returns from Primary School No. 31, 272 Second street, give the following as the names of the best scholars during the school week just past: Class 1—Freddie Froebel, 190 E. 3d st.; Sarah Landau, 211 Houston st.; Lena Kuez, 128 Pitt st. Class 2—Bernard Lefkovitz, 64 Willett st.; Gussie Griffin, 284 3d st. Class 3—Annie Heller, 91 Ridge st. Class 4—Mary Schott, 366 Houston st.; Lizzie Gravo, 290 2d st. Class 5—Minnie Deitsche, 271 Houston st.

In Class C 1 of the primary department of Grammar School 28 Anda Fagan, of 217 West Thirty-fifth street, stood first.

Michael Haas, of 146 West Twenty-fifth street, was at the head of Class 3 in the primary department of Grammar School 46.

A Hopeless Task.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

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

A Good Name

At home is a tower of strength abroad—says 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

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 proprietors for years should certainly be strong evidence to people in other cities and towns of the excellence and merit of this medicine. Send for book containing statements of cures.

Salt Rheum

"After the failure of three skilful physicians to cure my boy of salt rheum, I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and Olive Ointment. I have now used four sozes of Ointment and one and a half bottles of Sarsaparilla, and the boy to all appearances completely cured. He is now four years old, and has been afflicted since he was six months of age." MRS. B. SANDERSON, 56 Newhall Street, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

WHAT HOUSEHOLD PETS COST.

Canaries, Parrots, Paroquets 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.

"You wonder why I moved 'way over here," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter who went in search of useful information.

"Well, I wanted to get near the river. Most of my trade is with showmen, and I am handy to the vessels here."

"What is the fashionable bird at the present time?" asked the reporter.

"People who have plenty of money buy Belgium canaries, but German canaries are in greater demand, as they sell much cheaper. The Belgium birds are shipped to me from Antwerp and retail at $25.

"The German canaries are brought from the Hartz Mountains and we sell them for $2.50 each. After being taught to sing they frequently bring very fancy prices.

"French canaries are brought here when three or four months old. They sell for $5 each.

"The parrot season is now commencing. The double yellowhead from Mexico will bring $12 before they have learned to talk. After they get their speech they bring from $75 to $350 each. The African gray is a slate-colored bird with red tail and black beak and will sell for $15.

"Brazilian parrots are plentiful just at present, bringing the same price. Here is a pretty rose cockatoo. They sell for $8 and $10 before they are taught, and as they learn easily they bring only $15 and $20 after they are able to talk. They are very attractive and are frequently used in theatres.

"Paroquets come from the Sand Blast, on the South American coast. They are called 'babies,' as they are very small. In time they learn to talk very well. They sell for $2 each.

"There are various species of monkeys. The Italian organ-grinders generally buy the Capazini species, costing from $15 to $20 each."

Mr. Burns showed the reporter some large anacondas and African rock snakes. The latter sell for $50 to $100, according to size, and Brazilian boas from $35 to $100 each. A manatee (sea-cow) is expected to arrive on a South American steamer in a few days.

THE TALK OF A TRAVELLER.

Back from a Western Trip with a Light Heart and a Rapid Tongue.

"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 3 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 we 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 pleasure, and as 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 dislocate 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.

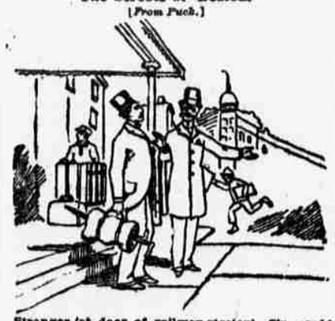
"Say, but I have a lot of good things to tell you, boys, but I reached here with only 88 cents. I'll go up and settle with my house. See you all to-night."

And the traveller smiled, kissed his hand to the boys and strolled out of the hotel.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

The Streets of Boston.

[*From Puck.*]



Stranger (at door of railway station)—Sir, could you kindly direct me to Boylston 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 it'll lead you there!

He Won.

[*From Tid-Bits.*]

First Liar—I have got a cat that sings airs from "Nadjy."

Second liar—That's nothing. I have a parrot that smokes cigars.

Third Liar—Oh, pshaw! I've got a dog that takes snuff.

Fourth Liar—And I've a twelve-year-old boy who don't smoke cigarettes.

First Liar }
Second Liar } —I cave.
Third Liar }

He Didn't Have a Time-Table.

[*From Puck.*]

Inebriated Traveller (to Farmer)—Will this road take me to—to Wilsontown?

Farmer—Yes, sir.

Inebriated Traveller—Well, how soon do you think she'll start?

Hope for Them Yet.

[*From the Boston Transcript.*]

There are said to be fewer persons killed by railroad accidents than are killed by falling out of windows; but the railroads have strong hopes, if they can retain the car stove a little longer, that they shall be able to beat the record and come out handsomely ahead of the windows.

Strawberry Festival of the Y. M. H. A.

The eleventh annual strawberry festival and promenade concert of the Young Men's Hebrew Association will occur at the Metropolitan Opera-House Thursday evening next, June 14.

HERE ARE TWO BABES CHEAP.

FATHERLESS AND DESERTED AND FOR SALE TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

Marie Is a Plump Little Ten-Day-Old, While Robert Andrew, Though Thin and Scraggy, Has Good Lungs—Mrs. Frischkorn Has Them on 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 parentage and without names are sold to whomsoever will pay for them.

Only two of these little slaves were 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 Bleecker street. Here he found a dingy, dirty three-story brick house, which was once a fine down-town 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 patois 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, two and three years old respectively, tugged at her apron.

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

The mother looked 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 expostulatory motion of the hands, said "yes."

"Does she want money?"

Mrs. Drusch quickly answered the word "geld" 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 baby, 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 the babe without a name was born there. Saturday night its young mother left. She had no money and of course her bill was unpaid.

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

He who will assume the bill for the lying-in may have this young man and no questions asked. Its mother has evidently forsaken it. The price is low and these two little slaves of misfortune should not be long without masters or mistresses.

The reporter retired without making a bid, and leaves the market free to others.

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 wagered a round sum with the engineer that he could not catch up with the first section. The engineer put on steam and the second section, travelling at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, overtook the first section at Cressaline, Ind., at 4 P. M.

The Twenty-third District boys gave us a hearty welcome, as some of them feared we had met with an accident."

A Distinguished Connection.

[*From Tid-Bits.*]

Lady (doubtfully)—I don't know as I am justified in giving anything to such a disreputable-looking man.

Tramp—Don't hesitate on that account, ma'am. My father was well connected.

Lady—Who was he?

Tramp—One of the Siamese twins.

Successful Speculators.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

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.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"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 res