SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND!
651,941 "WANTS"
PRINTED LAST YEAR.
THIS Is a Larger Number of Advertisements Than Were Printed by the Three Next Most Prominent New York Newspapers Combined.

The EVENING EDITION World.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR MILLIONS!
104,473,650 WORLDS
PRINTED LAST YEAR.
This Is More Than the Circulation of Any Two Other American Newspapers.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

MAYOR GRANT

He Grasps the City's Helm at Noon To-Day.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt and Two Thousand Citizens Were Present.

The New Mayor Makes a Very Graceful Speech.

Other County Officers Take Possession of Their Domains.

Mayor Grant was formally and informally inaugurated at noon to-day by the retiring Mayor Hewitt, and about 2,000 citizens, mainly drawn from the membership of Tammany Hall.

Arrived at the City Hall, Mayor Hewitt found in waiting Confidential Secretary Arthur Berry.

He was attired in black broadcloth, and retired to his private room, saying that there was nothing for the press.

At high noon, after having formally turned over the Sheriff's office to his successor, Hugh J. Grant walked across the park to the City Hall and entered the Mayor's private office.

A moment later the two Mayors emerged and poked their way through the packed throng of citizens to the desk in the centre of the great office-room

As they stood there the scene was remindful of the ideal picture of the old year passing the sceptre to the new.

Mr. Hewitt, bent, gray and wrinkled, leading Mr. Grant, young, bouyant, erect, with the fire of the abounding hope and youth in his eyes, his crinkley brown beard nicely trimmed and the roses blooming on his cheeks.

There was a little rustle of applause and Mr. Hewitt said:

"Mr. Mayor, according to the law as I understand it, the arrival of 12 o'clock to-day, brings my official functions to an end, and makes you Mayor of New York City. If you have the pleasure in beginning your work which I have in laying it down, You are, indeed, to be congratulated. And I do congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, and hope that you will have a prosperous administration."

Cheers followed this, and one or two turbulent spirits suggested "tears for Hewitt." That gentleman himself said: "Three cheers on going out!"

Mayor Grant replied to Er. Hewitt:

"I do not feel that I have much to say to-day to you, fellow-citizens of New York, except that I shall endeavor to make my administration as satisfactory as that of my predecessor, and I shall be satisfied if I succeed. I shall do the best I can to make an honest and satisfactory administration."

There were three cheers for Mayor Grant after this, and some asked:

"What's the matter of Mayor Grant?"

To which a chorus of 500 voices replied, "Oh, he's all right!"

Then the crowd struggled to get a grip of the hand of the new Mayor, while the old Mayor struggled to get through the crowd back to his room.

He finally succeeded, and one minute afterwards a reporter, who had hurried after him, found the private office empty.

Mayor Hewitt had gone. He took his carriage from the north entrance of the City Hall and was whirled to his home in Lexington avenue.

"We shall never look upon his like again," sighed Frank B. Thurber, and an attache of the City Hall rejoined with much more fervor: "I hope not."

Early this morning an immense floral horseshoe was brought down to the City Hall and placed beside the desk of the Mayor. It was from the Narragansett Club, of which Mayor Grant is a member, and was the handiwork of Mrs. Lawrence Del Mour. Callas, roses, carnations, pansies, smilax and ferns were the materials.

A delegation brought in a basket of bright flowers bearing the following inscription on a tasty tablet:

JAN. 1, 1889.
A Happy New Year to
Hon. HUGH J. GRANT,
with the compliments of the citizens of Italian birth, who desire to express to Your Honor their sincere friendship and esteem.

The delegation was nineteen in number, led by Bankers F. Tocci, C. Barsotti and L. Contimmi and L. Raverri.

Another basket of posies was from members of the Produce Exchange, and bore the cards of twenty-one brokers, including Alex. Meakim, Henry Allen, C. F. Allen, Van W. Smith, Evan Thomas, A. P. Reiley S. P. Knapp, Charles C. Bender, I. A. McIntyre, F. H. Parker and E. L. Ridgway.

THE OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

With the tolling of the midnight bell last night the administration of James A. Flack and Edward T. Reilly, as Sheriff and County Clerk, respectively, were inaugurated.

Both offices are constitutional, and as no formal ceremonial of inauguration is provided in the case of either, none was had, although both Sheriff Flack and County Clerk Reilly found many friends crowding their offices in the Court-House, ready to offer them the compliments of the season when they appeared on the scene shortly before noon.

The formal turning over of the office of Sheriff was the first effect to allow Mayor Grant to bid ex-Mayor Hewitt good-day and good-by on time.

After Sheriff Flack had been installed and Under-Sheriff Gilroy had hung his overcoat on a peg in the Sheriff's office, the party repaired to the County Clerk's office, where County Clerk Reilly receipted for the bonds and documents turned over to him by his predecessor and administered the oath of office to his deputy P. J. Scully and to Under-Sheriff Gilroy.

A short season of general hand-shaking and indulgence in expressions of a congratulatory nature preceded a general stampede to the City Hall, where Father Abram was bidding farewell to his ungrateful children.

Among those who were present to welcome the new officials were:

Congressmen Spinola and Cockran, Civil Justices Monell and Clancy, Coroner Levy, Police Justice Welde, Wm. H. Dobbs, James F. Baker, ex-Senator Plunkitt, D. F. McMahar, John B. Sexton, Col. T. A. Hamilton, Aldermen R. J. Sullivan and Patrick Divver, Bernard F. Martin, Bernard Tinney, Dr. J. H. Demarest, the Poet Geoghegan, Mayor's Chief Clerk T. C. T. Crain, Actor Gus Phillips, Henry Stewert, Gunther R. Ackerman, ex-Assemblyman John B. McGoldrick, John Glassin, Joseph S. Meeks and James Fitzpatrick, President Bayles, of the Board of Health; Aqueduct Commissioner Spencer, Capt. Twomey, School Commissioner Schmitt, Judge Gorman, Col. W. R. W. Chambers, Commissioner Robb, ex-Aldermen Foley and Ferrigan, of "Cobweb Hall;" Thos. E. Platt, Assistant Corporation Counsel Dean, Charles Weber, Charles N. O'Connell, P. J Moriarty, ex-Tombs Warden William Johnson, Joseph Stiner, John F. Carroll, Hugh O'Connell, F. B. Thurber, Col. John Cochrane, J. J. O'Donohue, Frank Fox, Recorder Smyth, Commissioner Tom Brennan, James J. Nealin, R. H. Coleman, Inspectors Steers, Byrnes and Williams, Register Slevin, County Clerk Reilly and Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry.

In the County Clerk's priva office, Mr. Reilly found a mammoth floral chair inscribed with the figures "119,683," representing the phenomenal vote which was cast for him, and the words, "Our Schoolmate."

A handsome bouquet of roses was lying on Sheriff Flack's desk.

Everybody in the Sheriff's office will be compelled to turn over a new leaf, for an entire new set of books has been provided, the old ones having been taken to Mayor Grant's office on the top floor of the Potter Building, where his late Under-Sheriff, John B. Sexton, will settle up the business of the late Sheriff.

This will require a year at least, at the end of which time Mr. Sexton will probably drop into a nice Commissionership.

Sheriff Flack has made but few changes, having reappointed all of Sheriff Grant's deputies, excepting Thomas Wild, James Young, Patrick Fitzgerald and Daniel Hanly, elected Coroner. He has also appointed as new deputies, Michael Whalen and Daniel Hurley, the latter being assigned to duty at Ludlow Street Jail.

Order-of-Arrest Clerk Bernard F. Martin and Warden James P. Keating, of Ludlow street jail, were reappointed.

The former has reappointed all of the attachés of his department: Deputies David McGonigle, Philip A. Walsh, Thomas F. Crawford and Joseph H. Young and Clerk Thomas Moore.

County Clerk Reilly, true to his promise, has made few changes in his office.

P. J. Scully, a bookkeeper, residing in the Sixth Assembly District, has been appointed Deputy Clerk and the other attachés of the office have been reappointed, with the exception of Searchers James Putnam, Henry Leaycraft and Joseph Putnam, Docket Clerk John Kenny, George Fitzgerald, Charles P. Willis and Louis Loew.

All of the vacancies thus created may not be filled, for the apportionment for the Search Department was cut down $4,000 this year.

The guaranty title companies are taking away much of the business of the office, and consequently reducing its revenue and the necessity for extra assistance in the search department.

THE ALDERMEN MEET.

County Clerk Reilly Swears Them In as a Board of County Canvassers.

The Board of Aldermen were sworn in as a Board of County Canvassers by County Clerk Reilly at 12.30 to-day. They took a recess until to-morrow at noon, when they will canvass the vote cast at the recent special election held in the Sixth Senatorial District.

At 1 P. M. they again met as a Board of Aldermen and adjourned until 11 A. M. to-morrow, at which time they will attempt to pass the resolution to pay the expenses incurred at the funeral of the late President Forster over the veto of Mayor Hewitt.

Before adjourning, the Aldermen resolved to pay their respects to Mayor Grant in a body, but they were unable to do so, for Mayor Grant had left the City Hall and his office was locked when they came down from the Council Chamber.

BROOKLYN'S EXECUTIVE.

Mayor Chapin Receives the Heads of Departments and Other Officials.

Mayor Alfred C. Chapin came down to his office in the Brooklyn City Hall this morning and held a reception suitable to the day. In receiving his visitors the Mayor was assisted by his courteous and gentlemanly private secretary, Daniel B. Phillips.

The heads of all the city and county departments, together with the captains of Brooklyn's finest, paid the compliments of the season. A number of the "Old Brooklynites" called in a body. The reception lasted from 10 o'clock until noon.

County Clerk Kaiser came down in the Hall of Records this morning and formally took possession.

Commutation Police Court Rates.

"I've seen the old year out and the new year in for the past twenty years, Your Honor," said Thomas Green, a respectably-dressed man who was arraigned before Justice Gorman at the Essex Market Police Court this morning for drunkenness.

"Did you get drunk every time?"

"I must say I did, but this is the first time I was ever arrested," he replied.

"You're fined $10. That's at the rate of fifty cents for every New Year's drunk you've enjoyed," said the Judge.

Sank at Her Pier.

Some time during last night the lighter Emma Smith, loaded with 700 boxes of pins, sunk at her pier at the foot of Christopher street. No one was aboard at the time.

Love in a Cottage.

"Chally," said Amarantha Jane, "I notice that your spirits recently seem to be bubbling over with happiness. I am glad to see it, but do tell me, dear, what has caused it?" "I will," said Charley as he encircled her waist and imprinted a kiss on her inviting lips. "You know for awhile I was melancholy, blue as indigo—had no appetite, was bilious and dyspeptic, but the use of two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has brought me out and I am 'bright as a button.' I feel like a new man now, Jane, name the day soon; there is more of this medicine at the drug store." ***

MACKEY MISSING.

The Young Comedian Mysteriously Disappears.

He Sent Manager Berliner a Farewell Letter.

Can It Be That He is Playing a Practical Joke?

John A. Mackey, the comedian, has disappeared, or so it was reported in dramatic circles last night and this morning. He is billed to appear in the Orange Opera-House to-night in Leonard Grover's new play, "A Noble Son," under the management of Manager Berliner.

In this play he expected to make the hit of his life, and has been studying very hard of late to make himself perfect in his part.

His friends, or at least those of them who believe that he has really disappeared, think that his mind has become affected under the severe mental strain, and that he has wandered away while temporarily insane.

They expect that he will turn up again. Others fear that he will—if he has not already done so—do himself some injury.

The clerk of the Hoffman House said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning:

"Mackay always comes here when in town, but he was not here last night. He would be just the kind of man to commit suicide, I think, because he was always more or less erratic in his conduct."

It was also said this morning that Mr. Berliner had received a brief note from the comedian, which read substantially as follows:

Good-by, old fellow. I am crazy, and am going to a hospital. If you never see me again remember I have always done the best I could for you.

Mr. Berliner called at Police Headquarters this morning, and confirmed the story of his having received the note from his star.

He requested Inspector Williams to send out a general alarm notifying the police to look out for the missing man, which was done. Mr. Berliner seemed to believe that Mr. Mackey's mind had become affected by his hard study, and that he had wandered off, not knowing where he was going.

Mr. Berliner told the Inspector that he had been to the comedian's home in Brooklyn looking for him this morning, but that he was not and had not been there for twenty-four hours.

His trunks were ready, packed to be sent on to Orange, N. Y.

There are many people who do not believe that Mackey has disappeared.

Among them is A. Dunlap, the theatrical press agent.

The reporter found that gentleman in his chambers at 1257 Broadway, this morning. He laughed when the reporter told him of the rumored disappearance and said:

"Mackey is a practical joker, as every friend of his knows, and I guess this is only another of his little jokes, played on Berliner. It is true, though, that he has been studying very hard lately, and he expects to make the success of his life in this new play."

"When did you see him last?" asked the reporter.

"At 6 o'clock last night I was drinking with him in Pickwick Tavern, adjoining the Bijou Opera-House on Broadway. He was in a jovial humor, and almost the last thing he said to me was that he intended to go to his mother's house in Brooklyn to sleep last night.

"He always stops at her house when he is not on the road. It is the only home he has."

"Where does she live?"

"On First place, but the address is a secret which Mackey guards jealously even from his most intimate friends," concluded Mr. Dunlap.

At the "Pickwick" a bartender told the reporter that Mackey was there drinking as late as 9 o'clock last night.

Several men who were there laughed at the idea of his disappearance.

However, there was not a trace of him to be found at any of his other haunts about town.

An actor on the Rialto said when the reporter inquired for news of Mackey:

"Don't you worry, me boy. John A. is all right. Now, I don't think as much of "A Noble Son" as a good many people do. I think it needs a great deal of advertising to make it go. Now, I think John A. agrees with me and takes this painful method of booming it along.

"It would not be charitable to say that he was full as well as worried when he thought of this racket to gain attention, but that is what I think, just the same, dear boy," he concluded.

Mackey was not in any one of the several hospitals visited by the reporter this morning.

Little John Ferris's Sad New Year.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ANSONIA, Conn., New Year's Day, 1889.—Johnnie, the ten-year-old son of Russel L. Ferris, went to his father's room this morning and cried out "Merry New Year, Papa." The father lay half out of the bed and did not move. The little boy shook his parent, then laying down his New Year's presents ran to his mother. The father had expired in the night from heart disease.

She Chased the Thief.

John Ross, aged 18, snatched a pocket-book from the hand of Mrs. Eliza Redmond, while she was returning from market to 248 West Twenty-sixth street. She gave chase, and the thief dropped the pocket-book, but he was afterwards arrested, and, at the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning was remanded.

Robbed the Austrian Ambassador.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

BOURNEMOUTH, England, New Year's Day, 1889.—The residence of the Austrian Ambassador here was broken into last night by burglars and everything of value carried away. There was a great loss of jewelry, plate and money.

Telegraph Between Russia and China.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

WARSAW, New Year's Day, 1889.—Two French engineers arrived here yesterday to make arrangements for the establishment of a new telegraph line between Russia and China.

Flames in a Factory Building.

Fire which broke out at 3.50 o'clock this morning in William Mount's cabinet-making establishment at 258 West Twenty-eighth street and spread to C. H. Wildhouse's moulding factory did $600 damage.

Father H. C. MacDowall, of St. Agnes Church, Forty-Fourth Street, writes: "After trying nearly everything I purchased a bottle of Alexander's Pile Ointment. It did its work. I am glad to give in this testimonial." ***

MORE BANQUETING.

"Evening World" Newsboys in Paterson Meet the Turkey, Too.

An Ample Spread Enjoyed at Finch's Restaurant.

There Was an Enthusiastic Parade, and Every Boy Went Away Happy.

EVENING WORLD newsboys in Paterson were the happiest of mortals to-day. The clouds of the early morning did not depress their spirits in the least.

They got up as soon as the sun and indulged in the most vivid imaginary picturings of the good things they expected to have a few hours later, and they were not in the least disappointed.

Never did a lot of boys have a better time than the lads who gathered in the dining-room of Finch's restaurant at noon and partook of the feast provided by THE EVENING WORLD.

It was a repast fit for a king. It was substantial but savory and artistically prepared. It was a meal such as newsboys do not have every day. It was abundant and free, and it was one of the most happily arranged affairs of the kind known.

Mason's store, 314 Market street, was surrounded by newsboys at an unusual hour, and their antics aroused the curiosity of the pedestrians. They were experts at dancing jigs and hornpipes, and entertained the passers-by highly as they waited for the coming repast

An hour passed, and as the sun burst through the clouds and dispersed them the newsboys got still merrier. They made pedestrianism on Market street almost impossible for time, but the people did not mind, the boys were so very happy.

The boys shouted and the spectators caught the enthusiasm and shouted too.

"I never saw such a thing in my life," remarked a bystander whose boyhood's days passed long ago. "It is very funny."

Newsboys were rushing in and out of Mason's store for dinner tickets, shouting at the top of their voices, pushing one another good humoredly and laughing in that hearty way that newsboys, and especially EVENING WORLD newsboys, have. There could be no mistake as to their satisfaction at the feast arranged for them by THE EVENING WORLD.

The energetic young man from the circulation department looked nervous as noon approached and the boys continued to carry on as though no parade was on the programme. It did seem impossible to form such a crowd in line and keep them in order while they marched through the streets, but the newsboys when the proper time came showed that they knew how to behave themselves.

When the drum corps that had been engaged stepped to the head of the line and began to play the boys calmed down at once. The column moved a few minutes past 11.

A little fellow, who wore a very little hat and looked very happy and proud, stood at the head of the procession. He carried a banner. On one side was painted in red and white "THE EVENING WORLD complimentary dinner to the newsboys of Paterson," while the other read "THE EVENING WORLD, the Newsboy's Friend." Another boy carried a beautifully painted banner wishing all "A Happy New Year."

The boys marched four abreast and kept step excellently. The procession passed down Market to Main street, down Main street to Broadway, to Paterson street, to Market, and thence to William Finch's dining rooms at No. 239, where the boys were wheeled into single file, brought to a right about face and marched into the restaurant.

The dining-room had been specially set apart for them and presented a magnificent appearance. The tables groaned under all the good things of the season, and much more than the newsboy's head could wish.

Better roast turkey, whiter and mealier potatoes or more tender turnips were never seen. Great dishes of cranberry sauce, tumblers of the finest white celery, immense stacks of bread and pounds and pounds of butter, were but a few of the viands.

Dozens of pies and plates upon plates of rice pudding made up the repast. It was a banquet that will long be remembered by everybody privileged to partake of it. Host Finch fairly outdid himself in the matter of turkey and the cranberry sauce that went with the bird was delicious.

The boys ate until they were sated and had to stop. They still saw more to eat and were sorry that their gastronomical powers were exhausted.

When the boys left the dining-room and went into the streets, with three cheers for THE EVENING WORLD, they were without much doubt the happiest persons in Paterson.

The number of copies of THE EVENING WORLD sold in Paterson during the year 1888 was as folloys, by John Mason, jr., our agent:

January	13,850
February	34,000
March	53,400
April	42,700
May	40,225
June	37,900
July	32,950
August	33,450
September	37,350
October	36,500
November	43,400
December	49,750
Total	455,475

Oliver Street New Year's Pleasantries.

Joseph P. Leonard and James Brady, who live at 139½ Oliver street, celebrated the New Year last night by drinking each other's health. When Leonard refused to stand treat any longer, Brady struck him in the face. Leonard retaliated by stabbing Brady in the right arm with a penknife. The wound was not serious. At the Tombs Police Court this morning Leonard was held for trial.

London Journals' New Year's Review.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

LONDON, New Year's Day, 1889.—The morning journals print their usual review of events for the past year and unite in expressions of satisfaction at the progress already accomplished while auguring favorably for the future. France, they say, is the only country which threatens the peace of Europe.

A Crazy Tinker.

Robert Heindricks, a tinker from Peekskill, was discovered attempting to open the big gate of Madison Square Garden very early this morning. He explained that his wife was inside and he wanted to get her out. At the Jefferson Market Police Court he was held for examination as to his sanity.

Funeral of Robert Weeks Nathan.

Funeral services over the remains of the late Robert Weeks Nathan were held at his late residence No. 1213 Park avenue this morning. The Rev. H. P. Mendes, of the Nineteenth Street Synagogue, read the Jewish services. Many friends of the deceased attended.

A GOOD RESOLUTION FOR EVERYBODY.

Discard the Daily Editions of Ancient History and Read the Newsy "Evening World" Every Day in 1889.

EVEN MR. BEHINDTHETIMES SEES THE POINT.

He Will Now Turn Over the New Leaf of "The Evening World" and Discover That Chokers Are Out of Fashion.

STABBED TO DEATH

The New Year Stained by a Murderous Affray.

A Young Man Brutally Killed by His Brother-in-Law.

The Murderer Escaped at the Time, but Was Afterwards Arrested.

Mr. Michael Crowe, of No. 317 East Twenty-eighth street, was fatally stabbed in a row on the northwest corner of Forty-eighth street and First avenue this morning at 12.15 o'clock. He died half an hour afterwards. He was a plasterer, twenty-five years of age.

James Crowe, the brother-in-law of the stabbed man, was arrested, and is held at the Twenty-third Precinct Police Station. He escaped at the time, but was afterwards arrested by Officer Moran, who remained in the neighborhood of his house.

The Crowes have a rather brilliant record as crooks, and generally disreputable citizens. The murder was the result of a scrapping bout, in which there was a free use of knives. The dead man, who was the most respectable fellow in the whole affair, was badly stabbed in the vicinity of the heart, and bled to death.

The wound was about an inch in width, but was probably made by a pocket knife.

The gang quarrelled the old year out and the new year in. They had all been drinking. The liquor saloon on the corner of Forty-eighth street and First avenue was closed at 12, and the boys were on the sidewalk. The murdered man was about the oldest of the crowd.

He was standing on the corner when his brother-in-law passed in front of him and made a face.

Instead of heartily enjoying the fine quality of humor resident in his brother-in-law, Michael fired up and wanted to know what he meant. James then proceeded to get the joke into him by a surgical operation with a knife.

Under this new method of creating a proper sense of fun, Michael died, which was sort of a damper on the hilarity of the merry crew.

William Crowe, a brother of James, the murderer of Michael, also came in for some of the gay time. He got a slit through his beaver overcoat which badly injured his left shoulder and gave him a good deal of pain.

He was taken to Capt. Warts's station on Fifty-first street and there gave information which led to the arrest of his brother.

Joseph Harmon, seventeen years of age, a laborer, and Tom Harmon, nineteen years of age, and also a laborer were likewise handcuffed and waltzed off to the station-house.

Besides these there were two other arrests—Edward Cole, twenty-one years old, a laborer, and Albert Pfeiffer, a driver, who was nineteen years old

They will be held as witnesses. James, the knifer, claims to be a plasterer, but drives an ash-cart.

William Crowe was take to St. Luke's Hospital from the station-house at 10.30 this morning.

Several female relatives of the young gentlemen sauntered into the station-house and manifested a desire to hold converse with the prisoners, but the Sergeant prevented any communication between them.

There are others to be arrested, and the police do not care to have any information conveyed to them that will make their arrest more difficult.

Capt. Warts and two or three officers were out all night in citizens' clothes on the lookout for misdoers.

Before he died, Michael Crowe gave testimony that he and James Crowe, his brother-in-law, were fighting, and that he received his wounds from the belligerent member of his family.

Altogether the Crowes do not seem to have started the Happy New Year with as great a show for felicity as might have followed quieter, less ambitious exploits.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Crowds Flock to the President's New Year's Reception.

Bright and Mild Is the Weather in Washington.

Politicians and Society People Make the Most of the Day.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, New Year's Day, 1889.—The new year opened as bright and sunny and warm as a May day.

Last night it was foggy and damp, but this morning there was not a cloud in the sky or enough mud in the streets to soil the daintiest pair of patent leather shoes worn by the gilded youth who rose early to spend a day in the pleasant custom of making social calls upon their lady friends.

In Washington the day begins, of course, with the reception at the White House, which opens at 11 o'clock.

President Cleveland's New Year receptions have always attracted larger crowds than attended the New Year receptions of any of his predecessors, mainly because Washington is a much larger city than it used to be, and at an early stage of to-day's proceedings it was apparent that to-day's reception would come well up to any similar event of the past.

The police were on hand early to regulate admission into the White House grounds, and although the schedule time for receiving the populace—the dear people—was 1 o'clock, that numerous section of the New Year's callers had started long before 11 o'clock to assemble and form in line from the gates of the White House grounds along Pennsylvania avenue for hundreds of yards to the Treasury building.

The members of the Cabinet and their families were careful to be early in attendance. They arrived before 11 o'clock. Belonging to the President's official family, as they do, they went upstairs and paid the first compliments of the New Year to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland in their private apartments.

At 11 o'clock the President came downstairs with Miss Bayard on his arm, and Secretary Bayard, as the premier of the Administration, followed with Mrs. Cleveland.

The other members of the Cabinet and the ladies of their families followed and took up their positions in the Blue Room.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland stood on the right of the receiving line, reinforced by the Cabinet ladies, while the Cabinet gentlemen joined the select group of specially invited guests who stood in the rear of the Blue Room, forming a background to the receiving party.

The Diplomatic Corps in gorgeous court dress had already gathered in the Red Parlor adjoining the Blue Room, and as soon as the President appeared on the scene they presented their handsome personalities and their compliments. Their head, in the absence from the city of Mr. Preston, the dean of the Diplomatic Corps, was Baron Fava, the Italian Minister.

The British Legation was represented by Mr. Herbert, a Secretary of the Legation, and at present Charge d'Affaires.

Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Lamar were the new members of the Supreme Court, and attracted considerable attention when the dispensers of the law filed in dressed in their silken robes.

The army and navy officers looked radiant in their uniforms, and the great American public itself, when its turn to enter and shake the hands of the President and his wife ultimately came, looked very great indeed.

The floral decorations were hardly so profuse as on previous New Years' days.

Panic in a Church.

At an early hour this morning, while high mass was being celebrated in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, in Long Island City, some of the evergreens about the altar caught fire from the candles. The congregation became panic stricken, and a stampede ensued. No one was hurt.

LAST EDITION.

POMP AND GLORY.

Gov. Hill's Inauguration To-Day at Albany.

An Imposing Parade in Honor of New York's Popular Executive.

Even the Weather Clerk Beamed Brightly on the Ceremonies.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ALBANY, New Year's Day.—Gov. Hill was inaugurated with all the pomp and glory that befits the Chief Executive of the Empire State.

The parade was the largest ever held here in honor of a Governor's inaugural, and even the weather clerk has kindly lent his assistance in making the affair successful.

The recipient of all the glory is a modest man, however, and his head is in no danger of being turned by the honors conferred upon him. But whether or no he is aware of the fact, to-day's demonstration has made it a certainty that David B. Hill is the most popular Governor that New York State has ever had.

The day's exercises commenced with the forming of the line of march on lower State street. Gen. Amasa J. Parker acted as Grand Marshall and Master of Ceremonies, with Col. John S. Mc Ewan as Chief of Staff. The third gun, which was the signal to start the parade, boomed at 10 o'clock, and promptly on time Chief of Police Willard and his staff of officers got under way.

The line of march was up State street to Swan, to Madison avenue, to Hawk, to Elm, to Eagle, to Washington avenue, to Dove, to State, to Broadway. Gov. Hill accompanied the parade, with an escort of the Thirteenth Regiment and the Twenty-second on the left, until his carriage reached the entrance to the Capitol on the Washington avenue side.

Here he crossed to State street, and with his staff took seats on the grand stand to review the marchers as they passed down.

The position of honor in the parade was held by the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn, Col. David B. Austen commanding. Besides the Governor's escort, ten companies, with Eunis' Thirteenth Regiment Band at their head, led the line of march. They were followed by ten companies of the gallant Twenty-second, under the leadership of Col. John Y. Camp.

Then came the visiting delegations and political organizations from all over the State, each one led by a band and nearly all of them uniformed. The veteran division was under the command of Gen. Newton M. Curtis and consisted of the Albany Jackson Corps, the Lew Benedict Post, the L. O. Morris Post, the Geo. S. Morris Post, the T. J. Quinn Post and the Hibernian Rifles.

This is the first time the Grand Army has taken part in an inaugural parade, and their appearance awakened cheers all along the line. The civic division, with Mayor Lewis Balch in charge, was headed by the Buffalo Association, immediately followed by the Tammany Hall delegation under the leadership of Charles Steckler, and the County Democracy contingent, commanded by Police Justice M. J. Power.

Then followed the Kings County Democratic Association, the Constitutional Club of Brooklyn, the H. D. Purroy organization of New York, the Kings County Grocers' Club, the David B. Hill Association of Utica and a mounted battery of the New York State Volunteers. Gov. Hill, Mayor Maher and the Citizens' Committee followed in carriages, with their escort of the Thirteenth and Twenty-second regiments.

On the grand stand with Gov. Hill and his staff were Mayor Maher, William G. Rice, the Citizens' Committee and a number of the Capitol attaches who had accompanied the party.

Gov. Hill, after being escorted through the streets in the midst of a most enthusiastic multitude, at 12.40 o'clock entered the Assembly Chamber, which was crowded in every part, and a mad crowd still surging at the doors.

Mr. Gilmore's band was in one gallery, and at the entrance of the Executive struck up a lively air.

After the Governor had taken the oath he stepped forward and delivered the inaugural.

It was expected that he would touch on politics but he did not do so. It was very short and touched only upon the duties of the Governor to the people. The necessity of the hour, he said, was faithful and unselfish devotion to public duties. Then he referred to some of the good laws established during his past terms, reciting them one by one. He trusted that during his next term as much good might be done.

After the Governor had finished there was loud applause. He was escorted out of the chamber by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Secretary of State.

Gilmore's band then played the doxology.

Gov. Hill's annual message to the Legislature was delivered.

The Governor is now receiving the public in the Executive Chamber.

(*Gov. Hill's annual message will be found on the fourth page.*)

OLIVER TWIST AGAIN.

Johnny Deisel's Fagin Beat Him Because He Wouldn't Steal.

A bright-looking boy named John Deisel appeared as complainant against Ernest Brown, of 216 Broome street, at the Essex Market Police Court this morning. The lad said that Brown had led him a life of misery.

He ran away from his aunt, Mrs. Idemeyer, with whom he lived at Stapleton, S. I., a month ago and ran across Brown in this city. Brown sent him into yards on the east side to steal clothing from wash lines, and waited outside for the plunder.

Yesterday afternoon Brown snatched a blanket from a horse's back on Grand street, and told his protegé to wrap it up in a newspaper. The boy refused to obey and Brown cruelly beat him with a cane.

"I'll teach you not to be sassy," he said.

Johnny ran down to Broadway and tried to get enough money to get back to his aunt's home, but was unsuccessful. Detective Reap, of the Eldridge street station, found him wandering about the streets last night and took him to the station-house.

Brown was arrested, and in his room basketsful of underwear, overcoats and clothing of all kinds and sizes were found, and he was remanded.