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The regular average of THE SUNDAY WORLD for 1888 (**260,326 Copies**) *is over* **Two and a Half Times** *that of the N. Y. Sunday Herald, over* **Double** *that of the N. Y. Sunday Sun, and more than* **50,000 in excess** *of the Sunday Herald, Tribune and Times COMBINED.*

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WORLDLINGS.

C. C. Roe, of Louisville, a nephew of the late E. P. Roe, has written a novel that is soon to be published by a New York house.

George Washington, of St. Louis, was granted a divorce from his wife last week. One allegation in his testimony was that his wife once chased him over a quarter section of land with a hatchet.

The finest steamer on the great lakes is the City of Cleveland, which makes regular trips during the season between Cleveland and Detroit. She is beautifully finished and cost about $250,000.

Senator Bowen, of Colorado, whose term expires on the 4th of next March, has had the reputation of being the most easy and unconventional member of the Senate in dress, manner and speeches.

Some Hints to Gas Consumers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Having read the letter of "Constant Reader" in last evening's edition, relative to gas bills, I feel it my duty to give a hint or two to said reader and the gas-consuming public generally. First, if He & Co., would regulate the pressure at the stop-cock near the meter and consider the time of year and the weather there would be no cause for complaint. Take, for instance, a three-light meter, which will supply twelve lights. If only one-half (six) are used the stop-cock should be turned off at least half way; if, after a portion of the night has passed, two or three more lights are turned off, then the stop-cock should again be turned accordingly. As to the time of year, don't compare Summer bills with those of any other time of the year, for in Summer it is not dark until 8 P. M., while in winter, at 4.30 P. M. As to the weather, if there are any stormy days in the month, consider the fact that it gets dark earlier than on a clear day as well as having to have light through the day. Last, but not least, index your meter and compare the figures with those on your bill, &c.

ANOTHER CONSTANT READER.
Jan. 13. 320 East Forty-second street.

Elections and Installations.

Mount Morris Council, No. 36, Catholic Benevolent Legion, has elected and installed the following officers for the present year: President, Dr. James Lee; Vice-President, B. J. Tinney; Secretary, Charles J. Donohue; Collector, Thomas B. Lee; Treasurer, Hugh G. Connell; Orator, V. J. Bradley; Marshal, Joseph P. Murray; Guard, W. H. Knox; Trustees, Joseph P. Fallon, W. C. Leary and T. F. Galway.

The George F. Roesch Battery, of the Tenth Assembly District, a social-political organization, has elected the following officers for the current year: Captain, Martin Brummerhop; Lieutenant, Henry Schafmayer, Harry Laurie, Henry Kuhn; Orderly Sergeant, Siegmund Levenson; Sergeant, Charles Rainer; Quartermaster, Henry Meier.

A Public Botanic Garden Proposed.

The project of establishing in this city a public garden of the highest class similar in its aim to the Shaw Garden at St. Louis and the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew, is laid earnestly before scientists and the public in a circular issued by the Torrey Botanical Club. Private aid from men of large means and collectors of orchids, palms, ferns, &c., is contemplated, but the Club urges that the city might give the site from lands appropriated for park purposes and by an annual subsidy. From twenty-five to seventy-five acres of ground would, it is said, be needed.

Elizabeth's Veteran Zouaves.

The Veteran Zouaves of Elizabeth, N.J., Gen. J. Madison Drake commanding, will take part in the inaugural parade at Washington, in March, as guests of Kit Carson Post, G. A. R., and the Old Guard. The Zouaves will take with them their old battle colors and a band of forty musicians. They will visit some of the Virginia battle-fields, and on Wednesday March 6, will be received by President Harrison in front of the White House. In 1860 the Zouaves crossed the continent, being absent from home one month.

The O'Brien Legion's Pilgrimage.

To-night at 242 Grand street the John J. O'Brien Legion will meet to perfect arrangements for their pilgrimage to Washington on the occasion of the inauguration of President-elect Harrison. It is not unlikely, too, that these friends of Boss Platt may take some action looking to the defeat of their sworn enemies, the Union Leaguers, who are now in Indianapolis urging Warner Miller's claims for a Cabinet position.

Disbandment Day for the Eleventh.

At the Eleventh Regiment Armory, Grand and Ludlow street, all is confusion to-day, this being the day fixed by Adjt.-Gen. Porter, for the disbandment of the regiment and the turning over of its property to the State. Col. Steward took charge of the formal arrangements. It is believed most of the members will join other regiments.

A sure method for sending the chills ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM, KINSMAN, 25th st. and 4th ave.

COMEDY IN SMALL BITS.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THINGS AS SEEN BY SHARPENED WITS.

On the Bridge.
[*From Puck.*]

Mr. Huckleback—She's goin' ter break down some day, Julia. Them small supports is never goin' ter hold up that beam in the world.

Gifted Women.
[*From the Richmond Dispatch.*]

"Gifted women are in demand." Yes, particularly women gifted with large bank accounts.

Would Be Superfluous.
[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

Agent—Can I sell you a home exerciser, today, sir?

Citizen—Get out, you beggar! I'm a married man.

And Still Three Is a Crowd.
[*From the Washington Post.*]

The number 3 was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning, middle and end.

Had Plenty of Exercise.
[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

Agent—Can I sell you a home exerciser, to-day, sir?

Citizen—Get out, you beggar! I'm a married man.

Sometimes It Doesn't Pay.
[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

William Hunt, of Connecticut, kissed his girl while her mouth was full of pins. The doctor is working over her still and William is paying the bills.

Objected to White Wings.
[*From Fliegende Blätter.*]

He—If you will be mine, Louisa, I will lead you through life like an angel.

She—That is, with nothing to eat and nothing to wear. No, I thank you.

Women's Love—For Other Women.
[*From Life.*]

Consoling—Miss Gushington—You ought to have been at the Dateriarch's ball last evening. I had a lovely flirtation with your brother.

Miss Snapshot—Oh, he'd flirt with anything, dear.

Thanks; We're Busy.
[*From the Youth's Companion.*]

Perhaps those who are fond of tongue-twisting sentences may like to repeat the following correctly and rapidly:

The swan swam over the river; swim, swan, swim;
The swan swam back again; well swam, swan!

Tiresome Home Life.
[*From the Philadelphia Record.*]

Mrs. Gadd—Why do you spend so much of your time attending debating societies and controversy clubs?

Mrs. Gabb (with an air of injured innocence)—What else can I do? My husband never contradicts me.

Beats the Nickel in the Slot Machine.
[*From the Des Moines Register.*]

Tourist (to stage driver in the Yellowstone region)—Are there any wonderful curiosities to be seen in this region, driver?

Stage Driver—Wonderful curiosities! Well, I should say there were! Why, you drop a rock down that gorge, come back in three days and you can hear the echo.

As Usual.
[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

Husband—You seemed to enjoy the sermon, Maria. You were all ears, as usual.

Wife (pleased)—Indeed I was. It was delightful.

Husband—And you couldn't talk about anything else. On the way home you were all tongue, as usual.

Wife (in high dudgeon)—John, you are a brute.

The Girl with the Freckled Face.
[*From the Chicago Times.*]

"The society gossip fairly glows
With the gayest of scenes," I lightly said,
"And the maids who smile on the gallant beaux
Are dainty as pinks in a garden bed."
But Dorothy laughed and she tossed her head,
And "I know they're marvels of sweetest grace
In the papers," her saucy answer sped
"But where is the girl with a freckled face?

"Now, we portionless maids have countless woes—
We who never the world of fashion loil,
Our lips don't always resemble the rose
And sometimes our hair is extremely red.
But these belles in the papers, Cousin Fred,
Are such winsome things in their robes of lace,
The half of their loveliness can't be said
But where is the girl with a freckled face?

"There's never a belle to a banquet goes
But a vision of grace and beauty wed;
There's never a one with a turned-up nose,
There's never a one whose charms are fled;
And I really can't understand," she said,
"For I think it's the very strangest case—
And I'm sure there are some whose youth is dead,
Now, where is the girl with a freckled face?

ENVOI.

"Yes, doubtless my query is most ill-bred,
Such comments are never, you know, in place,
But I wish you would tell me, cousin Fred,
Now, where is the girl with a freckled face?"

She Broke It Off.
[*From Judge.*]

Maudie (to her brother's fiancée)—I'm so glad you write verses, Flossie, dear. You and Jack will just suit each other; he's very fond of poetry.

Flossie—Does he compose?

Maudie—I've never read anything of his, but I heard him tell pa the other day he was thinking of a composition with some other people—oh! with his creditors, he said.

Justice Goldfogle Returned the Pin.

Civil Justice Goldfogle was astonished when he opened his mail on Saturday to find a diamond pin in a letter from a well-known jeweller of the district, who asked him to take it as a testimonial for the reforms he had instituted while on the bench. Justice Goldfogle replied that he [illegible] returned the pin to the jeweller.

HIS POOR, CRUSHED BODY.

ALL THAT MRS. MICHAEL FAY HAS LEFT OF A LOVING HUSBAND.

She Tenderly Prepared His Breakfast This Morning and Did Not Know It Was for the Last Time—Michael Met His Death on the New York Central Tracks, About Which He Had Been a Laborer.

Michael Fay and his wife lived in a modest tenement at 479 Third avenue. They were just past middle age, and Michael had been employed as a simple laborer in the yards of the New York Central Railway ever since his boyhood. They had no children and lived alone, and seemingly for each other.

This morning the good wife got her husband's breakfast and started him off for his work at a few minutes before 7 o'clock.

Having cleared away the breakfast dishes, Mrs. Fay, with basket in hand, went out to buy the meat and groceries for the dinner. She was gone till 9.30 o'clock, and when she returned she was met in the hallway by one of her neighbors, who told her as gently as possible that her husband was terribly hurt and was at the police station under the Grand Central Depot.

Thither the agonized wife hurried, only to learn an awful truth. Her husband had been killed while at work, and his mangled body lay in an anteroom covered with a blanket. She could see it from the Sergeant's room, and her grief was pitiable. She was sent home in a cab in a half faint.

Michael Fay and Patrick Connell, the latter of 244 East Fifty-fifth street, were gathering up bits of paper and other refuse from the tracks between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets, when Engine 90, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road, backed slowly down towards the roundhouse.

The men were between the tracks and out of danger, but Fay seems not to have been aware of the presence of the engine, for just as it reached them he stepped upon the track in front of it.

He was knocked down and the wheels of the tender passed over him, reducing his limbs to a mass of flesh and bones and crushing his head.

Engineer Samuel G. Close felt the jar and stopped his engine instantly, but it was too late, for the life had been crushed out of poor Fay.

Word was sent to the police station in the Grand Central Depot, a stretcher was outa ned and the remains were carried there.

Undertaker Charles O'Brien was sent for and took charge of the remains, a permit for their removal having been obtained from the Coroner.

The Railroad Company will probably pay the expenses of the funeral.

Fay was an industrious and a sober man. He was not connected with any benefit societies, so far as could be learned, and he had no property.

A Sad Search for a Lost Wife.

[*From the Athens (Ga.) Chronicle.*]

Many of our people see a gray haired and bearded old gentleman walking around the street, with a sadness about his countenance which, though, can only be detected after close observation, for as soon as he sees you a smile lights his countenance in token of recognition. He is a German and a musician, and is seen every night at the opera-house when there is an entertainment. His name is Prof. Kessler. He came to this country some sixteen years ago from Germany, to make his home here, leaving his wife behind until he could get settled, when he would send for her. Having secured this desired end, a letter was despatched home telling his wife of his success and bidding her to come. It is said that she sailed from her native home with a glad heart, in anticipation of meeting her husband, after an absence of two years. Every vessel that came over was eagerly looked after, the newspapers were scanned for intelligence of her arrival, but nothing could be heard of her. The ship on which it is said she sailed arrived at Baltimore, and the wife and husband met. The professor with a joyous heart was there, but lo! no trace of her could be found, and the days, weeks and months, until fourteen years have passed without his knowing of her whereabouts. From city to city has he gone in the search. His head was black then. Now it is white, but there is a tenderness in his face, mixed with sorrow, and a cankering in his heart, but he goes on and on, with the hope of finally meeting his long-lost wife.

In the Labor Field.

The Central Labor Union has voted financial and moral aid to the striking carpet workers of the Higgins mills.

The feather-workers who struck against Hansen & Green to secure the enforcement of a uniform scale of prices have succeeded.

Gen. Roger A. Pryor will go to Albany to advocate the amendments to the Conspiracy law as proposed by the Executive Committee of the Troy Convention.

The Trunk-Makers' Union has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Thomas Fitzgerald; Vice-President, Hugh Levy; Treasurer, John Weleman; Recording Secretary, Albert Kiefner; Financial Secretary, Henry Hilpman.

The Dry-Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association has got all the retail stores on the east side but eighteen to close at 7 P. M. on four nights in the week—Mondays and Saturdays excepted. On Wednesday night a mass-meeting will be held in Florence Hall to help the movement along.

The Grievance Committee of the Central Labor Union reports adversely to the action of the German Painters' Union in sustaining the Locksmiths' and Railing Makers' Union as against the Housesmiths' Union, and recommends the suspension of the German union unless it reconsiders its action.

The Brewery Employees' Protective Association has raised $7.50 for the benefit of the twenty-six men locked out of Kohler & Co.'s ale brewery, making $1,550 secured within a week for the same purpose. The boycott on Stevenson and on Kohler & Co. continues to be enforced with the aid of the Central Labor Union.

James J. Daly, in answer to an invitation, explained before the Central Labor Union yesterday that he had often declared his belief that organized labor was infested with dishonest men, but he never made a specific charge that any of the delegates of the Central Union could be bought up for anything from a ten-dollar suit of clothes to $1,000 in cash.

The Theatrical Progressive Union met yesterday in Florence Hall and considered the complaints of two of its members who had been at work in a leading theatre in Fourteenth street, and had not received their pay. The manager of the house asserted that he had paid all hands, but the man having the work in charge said the two men referred to had not received the money due them. The Executive Committee of the Union will insist upon the payment of the money.

News Summary.

Mr. John F. Plummer visits Gen. Harrison at Indianapolis.

Frau Lillie Lehman, the German songstress, returns from Europe on the Elbe.

The Standard Oil Company is found to have recently bought up many oil fields in Ohio.

Two ten-year-old boys walk sixty miles, from Bridgeton, N. J., to Cape May, to find their mother.

Miss Mary Garrett buys land at Baltimore on which to build a $200,000 preparatory college for girls.

A vein of silver extending many miles and showing an assay of $2,800 to the ton is struck near Duluth.

A mob attacks the house of a man named Harp at Red Banks, N. C., killing Mrs. Harp and wounding several others.

Dr. Tanner, the fasting man, issues a challenge to any six of the "giants of wine, beer and whiskey" to meet him in a fasting contest, they to have all the liquor they want and he to drink only water.

Italians Who Broke the Sunday Law.

Andrea Dunoli and Angelo Runono, two Italians living at 45 Crosby street, were held for trial at the Tombs to-day for violating the Sunday law by selling macaroni on a truck in front of 60 Crosby street yesterday.

NOW IT IS JOHN M'QUADE.

A KALEIDOSCOPIC CHANGE IN THE PUBLIC WORKS SLATE.

Rumored Reasons for the Dropping of Thomas F. Gilroy's Name from the List—Sheriff Flack May Have Made It an Object for His Deputy to Stay with Him—The Public Accounts Department.

The slate has been changed again.

According to the present programme, Thomas F. Gilroy will not contest with D. Lowber Smith, May 1 next, for the possession of the Commissionership of Public Works.

John McQuade, the well-known Harlem contractor, it is said, will positively be Mayor Grant's appointee for this important position.

His appointment will be the reward of long and faithful effort for the success of Tammany Hall. He is the leader of the Twenty-second Assembly District organization.

Why the name of one so worthy of reward as Thomas F. Gilroy should be erased from the slate and replaced by that of Mr. McQuade it is difficult to explain.

One reason is said to be that Sheriff Flack finds Mr. Gilroy indispensable to his administration and has made it an object for him to remain.

The salary of the Commissioner of Public Works is $8,000. That of the Under Sheriff is popularly supposed to be $5,000, but it is in the province of the Sheriff to make it as much larger as he pleases.

Sheriff Flack may have made it an object for his able and efficient deputy to remain and bear the brunt of the Sheriff's office business.

Another rumor has it that Mr. Gilroy will be one Deputy Commissioner of Public Works under Mr. McQuade.

Concerning the appointment of an associate of Commissioner of Accounts Maurice F. Holohan, it may safely be declared that the successor of Commissioner William Pitt Shearman has not yet been selected by Mayor Grant.

It is just as safe to prophesy, however, that the whitewasher of Costigan will not remain long in office, for it is known to be the policy of Mayor Grant's administration to put none but Tammany braves on guard, and thus secure to the organization the fruit of its victory and perpetuate it in power.

IT WAS A FINE BLACKTHORN.

Mr. Oelrichs Mourns It as a Gem of His Walking-Stick Collection.

Mr. A. Oelrichs, of 158 Water street, mourns the loss of a beautiful Irish blackthorn cane, which he left near a window in Martinelli's restaurant on Thursday night.

It had 118 thorns down its sides. They didn't all project, but enough remained to show where they grew.

Mr. Oelrichs has a fine collection of walking sticks, numbering over twenty specimens, and the blackthorn was his favorite over all.

He is a very tall young man and the cane didn't fit him, so he had to have several inches of lead added to it in the shape of a ferrule.

A year ago he had the stick varnished and a silver plating put over the head of it.

At that time it was pronounced by the repairer to be the finest stick of its kind in New York.

Mr. Oelrichs is willing to pay to get his blackthorn back.

THE SENATORIAL SMILE.

Vance and Hiscock the Only Senators Who Laugh with Heartiness.

[*Washington Correspondence of Philadelphia Telegraph.*]

Hiscock and Vance are the only two hearty laughers I think of in the Senate. Both laugh long and loud when they get to telling stories in the cloak-room, but, of course, they only smile in the Senate Chamber. The difference between them is that Vance always laughs at himself and Hiscock laughs at some one else.

Hiscock enjoys a joke at another's expense, but cannot tolerate anything that appears to trifle with his own dignity. Vance, on the other hand, enjoys above all things to tell some humorous story of his own embarrassment or want of wit. He does not laugh at his own jokes, but at his own foibles. No position appears to be too ridiculous for him to place himself in for the point of a story. His laugh is of a jovial, hospitable plantation style, for the amusement and enjoyment of his guest. It is the embodiment of good nature.

Hiscock's laugh is loud and boisterous, with a ring of egotism in it. He laughs at, and not for, his hearers. He throws his head back and shakes his locks with a defiant or superior air. When the laugh is on him he frowns. In the Senate he smiles provokingly at the embarrassment of a colleague and rejoices at the discomfiture of an opponent. He seems to find more satisfaction in this smile than in his more boisterous mirth. Mr. Ingall's smile is as eccentric as he is. The many deep lines that mark his thin face become deeper, he opens his mouth and—he has smiled.

Sherman's smile is like the cracking of parchment. His thin lips wrinkle at the corners of his mouth, his cheeks appear to crease a little and his deep-set eyes get bright. The smile struggles for a moment with his cold features and then crawls back in through his eyes. It is a self-contained and knowing smile that plays about the eyes of Senator Edmunds. It seldom gets beyond his eyes, but it is often there, and it is so intense that it attracts as much attention as if it spread over his whole face. It plays a part in what he says and gives a playful brilliancy to his wit. It tones down his sarcasm, emphasizes his irony and keeps him in good spirit with his antagonist. It also adds a dignity to his bearing. It is an educated smile—the very highest specimen of the Senatorial type.

Allison has a meaning, a most suggestive smile, which appears to be always winking at its own pleasant humor. It seem to confine itself to one side of his face, while the other side keeps perfectly sober. It is a "gaying smile," that tells you to catch on to the simplicity of its victim, yet there is nothing mean about it. It hangs around the shady corners of his mouth, and pulls down the lid of his off eye. It always hides from the object of its merriment.

Joe Brown, of Georgia, has the most peculiar smile. It is hardly a smile at all. If you are not familiar with his face in repose the smile will escape you altogether. It merely draws his lips a little more tightly together and puts a pious expression in his eyes.

Mr. Hoar's smile spreads like a blush over his entire face and makes his bald pate pink. It is a silent laugh that sends his sensitive blood shooting to his head. It lasts a few seconds, then he rubs one hand over the bald place and subsides.

Mr. Morgan has a smile that spreads over his whole face, and it is as placid as moonlight—as full and generous as his vocabulary. Bowen who has just been defeated for a second term, has a slick and wicked smile, that betrays nothing of the inner man. Reagan's smile is a slight chuckle. Blair smiles like a child or a Sunday-school superintendent. Payne never smiles at all, and Palmer opens his whole heart to you with his smile.

An Insult Avenged by an Oyster Knife.

Pietro Turano, of 5 Mulberry street, called Pasquale Siciliano a thief in Mulberry street last night, whereupon Siciliano viciously stabbed Turano in the right arm with an oyster-knife, causing an ugly wound. Turano was able to appear against his assailant in the Tombs Police Court this morning, and Siciliano was committed for trial.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

A NOTABLE RECORD OF PROGRESS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

The Secrets of Nature Being Rapidly Unravelled—Wonderful Advance in Electrical Science—The Borderland of Telegraphic Developments—Mysteries of Photography—Astronomical Progress—Marvels of the World About Us.

[*From the Boston Advertiser.*]

As year after year takes its round science, in all its branches, is taking greater and greater strides. Within the memory of many children now living discoveries have been made stupendous in their results. So wonderful, indeed, have been some of these results that, even in later years, they would have been pronounced impossible had some prophet presaged them. In Puritan days, certainly, an Edison or a Bell would have yielded up his life as a sorcerer.

PROGRESS DURING LAST YEAR.

Of the advances which have been made in science during the past year the most notable, as well as those of the greatest practical utility, have been made by those who delve in the realm of electricity. The most important advance in electrical science, or, perhaps it should be said, in the practical utility, have been made by those who delve in the realm of electricity. The most important discoveries already made have been with the long-distance telephone. It has long been known and demonstrated that two persons, hundreds of miles apart, may conduct, over a complete circuit of wire, a conversation perfectly audible to both parties.

During the past year this idea has been so thoroughly developed that to-day Boston is within easy speaking distance of New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Portland, and audible conversations with those distant points are carried on every day and hour in the practical business affairs of life.

ELECTRICITY'S ONWARD MARCH.

The electrical world has also been moving in the way of new inventions in that subtle science. Prof. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, of telephone fame, has invented what is known as the "telautograph." By means of this ingenious invention the sender of a despatch may, if he like, have it transmitted and recorded at the other end of the line in an exact fac-simile of his chirography. This invention is regarded as valuable by business men, as affording a guarantee to the recipient of the authenticity of the message received.

Through another ingenious invention the telephone girl at the central station is to be henceforth deprived of one of her most potent weapons. When the recording telephone becomes an appliance of actual daily use, she can no longer reply, "They don't answer," when you are anxiously endeavoring to "get a connection." She simply switches you on to your friend's telephone, whether he answers or not, and you talk away. If the man at the other end of the line is absent, the sound waves record your message upon a sensitive plate. When he returns he places his ear to the instrument, opens the switch and listens, while the stored-up message is repeated to him by the skilfully concealed apparatus.

TELEGRAPHY IN ITS INFANCY.

Electricians, in the belief that the telegraph as now used is but in its infancy, are constantly at work endeavoring to devise means by which the expense of telegraphic communication may be lessened. Dr. J. H. Rogers, of Washington, D. C., has perfected a system by which for the purpose of telegraphy the sounds of the English language are compressed into ten elementary characters. By means of this system, when it shall have been put into practical operation, the work now requiring ten wires may be performed by a single wire.

The question of multiplex telegraphy also has been so far solved that through the medium of the Delaney patents sixteen messages may be sent each way over the same wire at the same time. By this improvement the expense of telegraphing by the method now in use will be reduced fully one-half.

TELEPHONING FROM THE SEA'S BOTTOM.

The perils of submarine diving are to be greatly lessened by means of an English invention, made public during the past year. This is nothing less than an arrangement for telephonic communication with the diver when at the bottom. The instrument is ingeniously fitted to his helmet, and he is thus enabled to converse readily with those in the outer world.

South America even is interested in devising new appliances in electricity. It is said that Señor Pidrahial, of Bogota, has invented a telegraph instrument, by means of which messages may be sent without the aid of batteries, and even without the usual insulators upon the posts, which have heretofore been regarded as indispensable.

Besides these, there have been many improvements in the manufacture of dynamos, motors, accumulators and secondary generators, thus simplifying electric lighting and electric railways and putting into them a commercial and useful stage. Prof. Edison's phonograph has also been greatly improved, and promises to be of commercial utility.

WHAT PHOTOGRAPHIC SCIENCE HAS DONE.

In photography the past year has seen no great discoveries or improvements, but a rapid advance in methods of detail. Early in the year the public heard much concerning composite photography. A popular magazine contained a lengthy article upon the subject, and a well-known scientific publication contained an interesting account of some successful experiments of G. S. Notman, the Boston photographer, in his line of work.

Mr. Notman, however, is convinced that composite photography, from a scientific as well as a practical point of view, is valueless. While it is entirely possible to procure a photograph in which several persons shall unite as the subject, the last impression upon the plate will be the one whose characteristics will the most strongly predominate in the result. Therefore Mr. Notman argues a composite cannot be of value as combining the characteristics of all the subjects.

There has been a great advance in the production of artistic effects in portrait photography during the past year. The effects of light and shade and the varied poses of the body are as carefully studied by the photographer as by the portrait painter, and some surprising and gratifying results are attained.

The past year, too, has seen considerable advance in rapid photography. The methods long known of instantaneous photography have been applied to portrait work, and now the sitter finds the ordeal over when he imagines that it is but just begun.

MOVEMENTS OF LIVING BEINGS.

In this connection should be mentioned the experiments and discoveries concerning the movements of living beings, by the aid of photography, made by Mr. Muybridge. These created a profound sensation among the world of art and proved to the artist not only that photography is not to be regarded with scorn, but that many of the theories of motion heretofore held by them are radically wrong.

Amateur photography has taken immense strides within the past year, not only in methods, but in the extent to which the fashion has reached. Some interest has also been excited in the use of the flash light in instantaneous photography by night, although this method has not yet attained any practical utility. The semi-centennial of the photographic art is to be celebrated next Summer.

In astronomical science the most important circumstance is the completion and erection of the great Lick telescope on the Pacific coast. Cambridge has the honor of having made the lens for this magnificent instrument, the largest in the world. A large observatory has also been completed in Vienna.

THINKING OF THE OLD SOD.

THE STURDY IRISH EMIGRANT INTERROGATED BY A WONDERING REPORTER.

Sights, Scenes and Sentiment Incident to a Stroll in Battery Park and Castle Garden—It Was a Warm Winter's Day Outside the Old Fortress and an Easy One for the Employees Inside.

A warm breeze stirred the leafless branches of the trees in Battery Park, and the sparkling waters of the bay dashed lazily against the sea wall.

It was a Summer's day rather than one in mid-Winter. The grass had not entirely disappeared from the various plots, and tramps, a sure accompaniment of warm weather, abounded. They slept peacefully about on the many benches, and the couple of park policemen on duty charitably left them there.

Children, ragged young boys and girls, grown in the crowded tenement-houses of the First Ward, were out in full force with their roller skates, and the noise of the wooden wheels and the children's shrill laughter were about the only sounds that echoed through the vicinity.

Emigrants from all parts of the globe wandered idly around, some with rough old carpet-bags, others with only bundles. Numbers of them gazed sadly out over the waste of waters which they have so recently crossed. Their clothing, made in every clime, lent an additional picturesque charm to the scene, and a wondering EVENING WORLD reporter longed for the moment to know the thoughts in each of those travelling minds.

A big Irishman, gray-haired, but ruddy faced and brawny, stood with one foot on the chain on the verge of the sea wall and gazed thoughtfully out to sea.

"Of what are you thinking?" the reporter asked, gently.

"Thinkin' is it, sir," and he turned his true-blue eyes to his accoster, "indeed, then, I never knew I was thinkin' at all. But whin you come to mention it, now, I believe I was thinkin' sir, of the dear old cabin at home where I lived for nigh onto fifty-five years, until the Sassenach, bad scran till 'em, came along and evicted us.

"We were not many, sir—only Nancy and me—and Nancy couldn't live out o' the cabin where she and I lived thirty years in peace and happiness, so she just died in the road, sir, an' I came over here."

"But had you no sons or daughters or relatives to stop with?" asked the reporter.

"Divil the one, sir. Friends enough, mebbe, but Dan Skelly never sponged on any one in his life, and, please God, he never will; so findin' I end git nothin' to do in the old dart I packed my grip, and here I am, as you say, thinkin'—thinkin' of the old place at home, which I shall never see again. Excuse me, sir, I am an old fool to talk this way," and he concluded by wiping the moisture from his eye.

The reporter walked away, but thereafter a tenderer interest attached itself to every emigrant he saw gazing over the dancing, sun-lit waters.

After a time he sauntered into Castle Garden.

Supt. Jackson, that indefatigable worker, was at his post in the Commissioner's office, as usual. He stole a few minutes from his labors to tell the reporter that this was the dull season of the year for emigration, and that one or two ships a day was all that kept the clerks busy.

"But you are busy all the time," said the reporter.

"Not very," the Superintendent reponded, with his cherry laugh.

Down in the Rotunda, where the clerks are stationed, everything was as clean and bright as could be. This was due to the eternal vigilance of Bob Christian, the Garden's master mechanic, who hates dirt as a certain bad fellow is said to hate Holy Water.

Bob will take his horde of cleaners through 2,000 clamoring emigrants to get at and wipe out a spot of dirt on the walls or floor.

He was walking about and grumbling at this time, because he had nothing to do.

Superintendent of the Landing Bureau Johnny Simpson has won the affection and respect of his clerks, because when work is got to be done he works them for all they are worth, but when work is slack, he lets them take it easy.

Therefore, when the reporter called they were taking it easy. A musical clerk played a fiddle, and a score or more left-over emigrants danced in time to the music.

Taken altogether, it has been a long time since the reporter has more enjoyed an hour's walk downtown.

He was sorry not to find whole-souled Detective Pete Groden at the Garden. Pete was away on a case needing his attention.

MAYER IS BADLY CARVED.

Victor Mangore Recklessly Wielded a Big Knife About His Person.

Nicholas Mayer, floor layer, is lying in the New York Hospital this morning in a badly carved condition. Badly carved, because the gentleman who wielded the knife was too excited to pay much attention to the joints, or perhaps he didn't care.

It all happened in Mayer's rooms, 153 West Twenty-sixth street, the other night. In the words of the neighbor's they were "raising the devil."

The gayety got very intense, until at 11.30 some epithets of an uncomplimentary character were hurled by Nicholas Mayer at Victor Mangore.

A moment after the door of the third floor back was flung open, and Victor, with blood on his hands, rushed out. A big blonde woman with wiry, frizzly hair and bleary eyes shot after him.

The master of the house in the mean time was supporting himself against the sink, groaning: "I am killed."

This was an error of judgment on Mayer's part, for he is lying on a cot with no immediate prospect of death. The cash, four inches long, and other slicing which Mangore made in his face, has been stitched up, and Dr. Buel says he is doing nicely.

Victor Mangore is a young Frenchman, twenty-five years old, who boarded with the Mayers. He gave a little dinner party last night to his brother-in-law, who is shortly to sail for France. Rabbits, a salad and dessert were the *menu*.

Also a gallon of wine.

They got fuller on the latter than on the rabbits. The report that Mme. Mayer walked airily off with Victor after the row as the spoils which valor had won is not true. Victor skipped, and Detectives Brett and Hayes, of Capt. Reilly's precinct, are after him now.

THE EVENING WORLD reporter saw Mrs. Mayer this morning. She was refreshing herself with coffee in Mrs. Sauvestre's room. She is not beautiful, but has a superb John L. Sullivan build, and is much better suited for Marquis of Queensberry rules than dalliance with soiled linen and soapsuds, which is her usual method of killing time.

She does not speak English, but said through Mme. Sauvestre that she did not know how the trouble began. She was about to retire, and was in the other room. She heard loud words, and when she came in her husband was covered with blood, leaning against the sink.

Mrs. Mayer wept and drank coffee during her recital. She had no very violent praise for her husband, though the neighbors speak well of him.

"Sometime he keek her," said Mrs. Sauvestre, with a shrug, as if she would say: "This may not be extraordinary, but it isn't nice, you know." That is what the shrug said.

Mager is fifty years of age and his wife about thirty-five. Mangore was a young man.

CLIPPING BRANDY'S EARS.

THE OPERATION PERFORMED BY A DOWN-TOWN DOG SURGEON.

It Only Took Twenty Minutes for All This Muzzling and Tying and Using of Sharp Blades—Brandy Never Uttered a Howl, Nor Mourned for His Abbreviated Auricular Appendages.

An old man, who was known thirty years ago as one of the best handlers of fighting dogs in the country, has settled down in a rickety frame building in a downtown side street.

A sign on the front door announces that he is a dog fancier.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter happened to be in the place when the door was pulled open and a brawny Hibernian stepped in with a light cloth valise under his arm.

Instantly all the dogs in the room began to yelp, and something was evidently moving around the inside of the visitor's valise.

Two or three little dogs ran up and sniffed at the bag as it was laid upon the floor, and then, amid the chorus of barks, a savage growl was heard. It was rather muffled, and came from the interior of the bag. The man with the valise said that he had a bull-terrier, whose ears he wanted cut.

The old man had just finished mopping up the floor, and he did not appear to relish the prospect of doing it over. After he had muttered a few words, however, he picked up the dogs that were on the floor and threw them into a big wire cage. Then he picked up the satchel.

As soon as he loosened the straps a big brown bull terrier jumped out and was about to spring at the cages around the sides of the room, when he was unexpectedly brought up with a jerk by the dog fancier, who had grabbed him by the collar.

He examined the dog's ears, and then went on administering a dose of medicine to a sick puppy, which had been brought in by a dude.

The man with the terrier had a hard job holding him, for the bull was a vicious animal and wanted to get at some of his weaker brethren, who were confined in the cages.

Finally the old man began to prepare for the operation. He sharpened his shears, which, by the way, were ordinary steel blades such as are commonly found in the work basket.

Then he grabbed the dog by the nose and taking a piece of tarred twine from a hook, he made a loop and slipped it over the dog's jaws, like a muzzle. He pulled the string taut, and after winding it around the dog's neck, tied it.

He then seized the two forelegs and fastened them securely together with the same material, and this operation was repeated with the hind legs.

Then Brandy (that's what his owner called him) was helpless. He tried to open his mouth, but couldn't. Neither could he growl or whine, if he felt so disposed.

A long, narrow box was then brought out. A wooden platform ran along the centre to within a few inches of each end, where it stopped, leaving a space of five or six inches.

The dog was placed on the platform, his forefeet being shoved down in one end and his hind legs down the other vacant space. He was lying on his stomach.

The dog surgeon then picked up his shears and with his other hand grasped the dog's right ear. The auricular appendage was spread out carefully and the operator put the blades to it and closed them. A small piece of Brandy's ear fell on the floor, followed by a stream of blood. The dog did not howl and didn't appear to mind his loss the least bit.

The operation was tried on the other ear with the same result and then a needle full of cotton was run through both ears and they were tied together.

After that, the owner transferred the pup to his valise and started on his way homeward.

The operation had occupied about twenty minutes.

The Queen of Corea.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

The Queen of Corea is no figurehead. She belongs to one of the greatest families of the country, and it is an open secret that she has at times her voice in the councils of the King. She has an establishment of her own inside the palace grounds, and the King, the Crown Prince and the Queen have each their separate households. The Queen dresses, of course, in Corean costume. She wears fine silks and she has beautiful diamonds. She carries a chatelaine watch, which is diamond studded, and she smokes American cigarettes by the thousand.

Honors for Sir R. D. Morier.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—The *Daily News* correspondent at St. Petersburg says: "It is reported that Sir R. D. Morier will shortly receive a high English distinction and before long will leave St. Petersburg."

The Street-Car's Daily Victim.

S. C. Hetac, a grocery clerk, of 339 West Twenty-sixth street, was taken to Bellevue Hospital to-day seriously injured on the head and feet, having been run over by a Third avenue car.

A RHYME OF LITTLE GIRLS.

[*From the Indianapolis Journal.*]

Prithee tell me, don't you think,
Little girls are dearest
With their cheeks of tempting pink
And their ey