The World

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YEARLY RECORD

TOTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1888:

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AVERAGE PER DAY FOR ENTIRE YEAR:

285,447.

SEVEN YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the Present Proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Av'ge
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	28,519,785	77,922
1885	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887	83,389,828	228,465
1888	104,473,650	285,447

Sunday WORLD's Record:

Averaging Over 230,000 Copies Each Sunday Since 1885.

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1882 was....	14,727
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1883 was....	24,054
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1884 was....	79,985
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1885 was....	166,636
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1886 was....	234,724
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1887 was....	257,267
The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1888 was....	260,326

Amount of White Paper Used During the Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888:

Year.	Pounds.	Year.	Pounds.
1883	1,423,288	1886	12,200,829
1884	4,468,455	1887	15,657,662
1885	8,229,207	1888	17,134,467

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

WORLDLINGS.

John Wanamaker's life is insured for a round million of dollars, which a statistician computes is at the rate of $7,500 for every pound of his flesh.

An authentic silver dollar of the Confederate States is valued by coin collectors at $1,000. Only a few were coined before the Confederate Mint ran out of silver.

The costliest book owned in Chicago is a copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare, published in 1623. It is regarded as the finest copy in America and is valued at $10,000. Its owner is a man who made a fortune on the Chicago Board of Trade.

Charles H. Hoyt's four farces—"A Rag Baby," "A Bunch of Keys," "A Tin Soldier" and "A Hole in the Ground," have earned him nearly half a million dollars. He is a young man of thirty, and eight years ago was writing paragraphs for a Boston paper.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

POPULAR BROOKLYNITES.

Edwin Knowles drives a stylish bay to a Brewster dog cart of the latest London fashion.

Walter Sinn still looks fondly back on the days spent in the old "Poly." He attends all the class reunions.

Charley Seymour's friends will be rejoiced to learn that he has now entirely recovered from his late indisposition.

Col. W. E. Sinn is away, engaged in the philanthropic work of bestowing "Fascination" on his fellow-creatures.

Thomas H. Troy is a young lawyer of much promise. Like his father, he is a deep thinker and a man of few words.

Col. Theo. Morris, aside from being a judge of the good and bad in dramatics, is a musical critical of considerable ability.

Assemblyman Peter R. McKann drops in on his many friends whenever he can escape from his legislative duties at Albany.

Lee Ottolengin, the gentlemanly Treasurer of the Grand Opera-House, is once more at his post. He is deservedly popular.

William E. Story of the American Loan and Trust Company, is a musician, both vocal and instrumental, of no mean order.

Laurent Howard, who looks after the active management of the Lee Avenue Academy, is a clever delineator of comedy rôles.

Jack Richartz, whose only occupation is to spend his income, lends his bright presence to Fulton street on sunshiny afternoons.

Chief Usher George Helon, of the Park Theatre, spends much of his time during the summer pulling a boat over the crystal surface of Prospect Park Lake.

Too Expensive.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Europe (threateningly)—You can't afford to get into trouble with any member of my family. Look at your war debt.

Uncle Sam (stroking his beard thoughtfully)—Let me see. It costs your family $500,000,000 a year to maintain its armies on a peace footing. I guess you can't afford to get into any trouble with me, either.

No Terrors for Him.

[From Time.]

Moral Citizen—You are dreadfully intoxicated, my good man. Beware! you will eventually fill a drunkard's grave.

Intoxicated Man—Yesh; 'ave filled many a drunkard's grave—hic—'m sexton down at the—hic—shemetery.

The Cost of Experience.

[From the Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"It is said that there are two ladies in Pittsfield, Mass., each of whom makes about $5,000 a year by giving whist lessons." A few years ago some men in Chicago made five times that amount in the same length of time teaching the festive game of poker.

MOWELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL produces calm and healthful repose during all stages of teething. 25c. *

LET JOY BE UNCONFINED.

A SIMPLE WAY TO DRIVE OFF THE GLOOMY SHADOWS.

Blooded Stock.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Dr. Van Nest (of New York)—It costs me a great effort to give my consent for my son to marry your daughter. You see, ours is the Knickerbocker stock, and the best blood in the country.

Mr. Whitcomb (of New Jersey)—Well, our folks ain't much on blooded stock, though we do have some mighty fine hogs; but our crops can't be beat nowhere.

A Verdict of Inexperience.

[From Time.]

"Cicely, dear, who was the best man at your wedding?"

"Why, my husband, of course."

A Good Chance.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Tobacco-chewing Husband (after ascending the stairs)—I'm all out of breath.

Wife—Then kiss me, please.

Doubted.

[From the Boston Courier.]

"Fortune knocks once at each man's door."
This we're inclined to doubt;
Or if she ever knocked at ours
We certainly were out.

A Fateful Title.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Theatrical Manager (to applicant for position)—Do you think you would make a good walking gentleman?

Actor (suspiciously)—Um—er—how far West are you going?

Saw the Artist.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Mrs. Westend—Did you see the artist Whistler while in England?

Mr. Lakeside (of Chicago)—Yes, indeed—heard her whistle.

Iowa's Horrors.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Iowa Lady—Where is my husband?

Servant—He just stepped out to the drug store, mum.

"My goodness! Is he drinking again?"

An Interesting Fact.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

The New York EVENING WORLD thinks that the "red-headed negro" in "How I Escaped," the recent novel of Mr. Parkins, of Atlanta, was a remarkable race freak. It is all right; whether a freak or not, the red-headed colored brother is an interesting fact.

Bound to Have Peace.

[From Time.]

Eastern Man—Is this a peaceful and law-abiding community?

Arizonan—Peaceful! Law 'bidin'? I'd say hit was. When a man lives hyer he's got ter be law 'bidin'. Why, we hung four men hyer last night fer stealin' hosses.

A Dearth of Startlers.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Foreman—We can't set this poem according to copy, sir.

Managing Editor—Why not?

Foreman—Because the editor-in-chief has just sent in a leader on woman suffrage that has cleaned out all the exclamation points in the office.

Unsuccessful Coaching.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Mrs. Hayseed (in hotel dining-room)—What a bright light those lamps give!

Mr. Hayseed (whispering)—Say gas-jets, Marier; them ain't lamps.

Mrs. Hayseed (loudly)—Yes, as I was saying, what a bright light the gas-jets give; guess they're fresh trimmed.

Where to Look for It.

[From Time.]

Mr. Dusenberry—I can't see anything about the shipwreck which happened in the paper. "Look under the head of 'marine intelligence,' my dear." "It isn't there." "Then look under 'marine stupidity.'" "There isn't such a heading." "Then there ought to be, my dear. No 'intelligent' collision ever happened."

Not to Blame.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Newly Arrived Spirit (wandering aimlessly about)—What place is this? Can I come in?

St. Peter—Where are you from?

Spirit—San Francisco.

St. Peter—Always lived there?

Spirit—Yes. Born there.

St. Peter (compassionately)—No wonder you never heard of this place, my poor friend. You never had a chance. Come in.

Secrets of Greatness.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Ambitious Youth—Father, I am unwilling to go through life a nobody. I wish to leave a name. I long to breathe the sweet atmosphere of fame. I am resolved to become great. Will advise me? Wise Father—With pleasure. The foundation of greatness is a good education. A. Y.—I am laying it. W. F.—Next, you need industry and good habits. A. Y.—Yes. What else? W. F.—Always be polite to newspaper men.

No Fire Needed.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Woman (to tramp)—Want something to eat, eh? My fire is out, and I have no kindling to light it. Can't cook, or even warm things, without a fire, you know.

Tramp—No, mum.

"There is wood and a hatchet out in the shed."

"Yes, mum; I see it. Have you any pie?"

"I have mince and pumpkin."

"Pumpkin will do, mum. That's good cold."

A Divided Duty.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Woman (to tramp)—There, I have obeyed the divine injunction to "Feed the hungry," and and now I hope you will remember that one good turn deserves another, and chop a little wood for me.

Tramp—I'm very sorry, mum, but I've got an engagement, an' must hurry off.

"Why, what have you to do?"

"It is my solemn duty, mum, to go out into the highways and by-ways, an' tell hungry gents like myself that this 'ere house is a good place to git a square meal."

Salary No Object.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Young Woman (at intelligence office)—Any situations open to-day?

Manager—Yes. There is a fine opening for a "second girl" in a good family on Sunny avenue, $4 a week. Duties light. And you get your board free, you know, and two afternoons off every week.

Young Woman (haughtily)—Any other chances?

Manager—Let me see. H'm. Yes, Grindem & Hardface, the dealers in green hides and tanners' supplies, in the basement this side of the docks on Dingy Row, want an assistant bookkeeper. Salary small, of course——

Young Woman (excitedly)—Never mind the salary. Give me a note to the firm!

SADIE MARTINOT IN GERMAN.

"Erstes Début auf der Deutschen Bühne von Sadie Martinot." It took place last night at Amberg's Theatre. Sadie became a fräulein in the presence of an immense crowd of German enthusiasts and American dudes; she resolutely cast in her lot with the Schlags and the Schuetzs and the Eberts and the Hartmanns.

I confess that I went to Amberg's in dire perplexity. I could not picture that little Anglo-Saxon lady in the throes of guttural declamation. In French I could have imagined her giving utterance to a fresh, piquant, coquettish little "Tiens!" but I wondered how the oleaginous and breezy "Ach!" would ooze from the dainty curves of her lips. It seemed strange to me. I surmise that Miss Martinot's career has been too full of surprises for anything to seem strange to her.

In "La Mascotte" (Der Glucksengel, in Miss Martinot's language) Bettina, the heroine, does not make her appearance until the first act is well under way. It is very dreary to me before she comes. I cannot get up any interest in Herr Schuetz, while the hofherren, and pagen, and soldaten, and bauern and bauerrinen pall upon me. (Those who do not know what these words mean are referred to a German dictionary, for Miss Martinot's fair sake.) I imagine that many suffer as I do.

Ah! She is coming now. How do I know it? Why, I have just heard Rocco use the word Bettina in the midst of a volley of Teutonic nil. I "catch on" to the Bettina as a drowning man is popularly disposed to clutch at a straw. I feel very proud at my sagacity, as the Bettina is nearly lost to my comprehension by the unusual way in which it is pronounced.

Sadie runs in, covered with little bits of straw, as dainty a little Bettina as eyes could wish to gaze upon. I can see no fault in her except her wig. It is a very wiggy wig, fearfully blonde, and dollish, and not as becoming as it might be. Sadie makes a sweet little courtesy, and casts one coquettish glance at the audience. I can interpret that glance. It says as plainly as words: "You dear little fellows with the high collars and the walking sticks, I see you over there at the back of the theatre. I'd like to say something to you in English, but I can't. Wait till you see my dresses. Those won't need translation."

Then she comes forward and sings. Sadie has a delicious German accent, I immediately admit. I don't know whether it is North German or South German, or whether Hanover would approve of it. But I am quite sure that it is purringly tender and that New York will like it. She is not in the least embarrassed. She seems to look upon it as a joke. And yet—poor little desolate Sadie in that wilderness of Teutonism—can I blame her if she dwells a great deal too much with the audience, and pays far too little attention to the stage?

Uncharitable people will say that she is anxious to see what impression she makes with her own eyes. But I am not uncharitable. I will simply ascribe Miss Martinot's perpetual appeals to the parquet, the balconies and the boxes to a sort of homesick feeling, a species of appeal to the Americanism in the house—"My body is on the stage, my heart is with you."

I look at her in the embrace of Herr Schuetz, but there she has no need to feel uncomfortable. An embrace is an embrace, all the world over, and there is no use for a key to explain it. Sadie casts upon the German herr such a saccharine look that she must have subdued him. Her red, ripe lips are dangerously near to his, her eyes are riveted upon the broad expanse of his intellectual forehead. I feel sure that he is glad she is in the company.

Then comes the "Gobble" song. Theo gurgles it. Judic purrs it; Miss Martinot chirrups it. She has a wofully small voice, but she is a clever little woman. She knows full well that if she trys any roulade business she will be dismal. She has no desire to be dismal, and she makes the most of her tiny vocal endowment with marvellously good results. What she sings she sings correctly and inoffensively.

The "Gobble" song is very prettily given, says a babel of German voices when it is over. I listen to what everybody says. I like Sadie myself, but I want to know how the Germans like her. I have no difficulty in ascertaining. They are charmed with her personality; they are captivated by her bewitching little German accent; they are disappointed with her voice. You see, Germans are extremely musical. In comic opera they want good voices. Does that not sound strange? Still, say they, the Martinot might do worse, and she is very fascinating.

At the end of the first act I cannot help smiling. A queer little scene is enacted. I am not at all sure that it has not been as carefully rehearsed as the piece itself. No sooner has the curtain descended than flower-laden ushers make their appearance in the aisle. The audience fully intended to applaud Sadie, but had they decided to change their minds it would have been impossible with the flower-laden ushers marching towards the footlights. Up goes the curtain and forward comes Sadie. She pretends to be awfully excited and eager. She almost pulls Herr Rank's arm from its socket. The ushers deposit the flowers in the hands of some one on the stage, who lays them at Sadie's feet. Such a display! I wonder when it will end. The floral offerings stretch half way across the stage. Sadie kisses her hand, courtesies, smiles, laughs, speaks to the tenor and is bewilderingly and appropriately surprised. Then suddenly she turns, before the curtain has been lowered, and rushes from the stage. She does this, I suppose, to convey the impression that her feelings have become too many for her, and that she has burst into tears.

It is a very curious scene, pretty but claptrappy. Still, the modern theatre-goer has to put up with a great deal nowadays, and really he might do worse than assist at the translation of Sadie Martinot from an American miss into a German fräulein.

ALAN DALE.

They Find That Thomas Killed Her.

A Coroner's jury yesterday found Joseph Thomas responsible for the death of his wife, Ellen, who was shot Dec. 22. The testimony showed that Thomas, who was jealous of William Tallman, who was giving his eldest child guitar lessons, came home intoxicated, and finding Tallman in the house, called his wife into another room and shot her. He then fired at Tallman as he was fleeing from the house, inflicting a wound in the shoulder. Thomas was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A Radical Change.

[From the New Yorker Zeitung.]

The battle between Boulanger and Jacques, or rather the victory of the coming Dictator, promises to change thoroughly the state of affairs in France. The present Cabinet has shown too active an interest in this election to take the defeat good-naturedly. One can expect to-day the resignation of Floquet, and President Carnot will be in a quandary as to where to find new Ministers. Even if he should humiliate himself to such a degree as to ask Boulanger to form a new Cabinet, he will not get over it, because Boulanger has risen too high to accept what he would consider an inferior place. M. de Freycinet, who for the last few weeks has tried an approach to Boulanger, has lost too much of his prestige to overcome all the difficulties. It is very probable, therefore, that Carnot will retreat.

"What then? Who can predict?"

The Liver

And kidneys are organs which it is important should be kept in good condition, and yet they are overworked and abused by nearly everybody until they become worn out, clogged up, or diseased. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all difficulties with these organs, rouses them to healthy action and tones the whole digestive organism.

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

A BROTHER IS MISSING.

WILLIAM WILKINSON HAS CROSSED THE SEA TO FIND HIM.

Without Resources of Mind or Purse Poor John Wilkinson Is a Wanderer in the Land, If, Indeed, He Be Still Alive—Three Years Ago He Was a Sturdy Scotch Lad Seeking His Fortune Here.

William Wilkinson is in New York on an odd errand. He is a big, broad-shouldered Scotchman, fully 6 feet 3 inches tall, whose home is in Edinburgh.

He has come to this city to take back to the old home in Bonnie Scotia the friend and playmate of his childhood, his brother, John Wilkinson.

MISSING JOHN WILKINSON.

The sadness attached to his mission lies in the fact that John Wilkinson, if he still lives, is not the same bright and cheery lad that left the smell of the heather behind him three years ago and came to the States to gain a fortune.

Disappointment has robbed him of his reason, and to add to the sorrows of the big brother, who has crossed the seas to take back to home and friends the wreck of the once strong and cheerful man, just three days before the Cunard steamship Servia, on which he was a passenger, arrived at her dock in this city, his demented brother disappeared, and no trace of him has since been found.

John Wilkinson is a carpenter, thirty-three years old and unmarried.

Three years ago he came to America and worked at his trade in Newport, Providence, Hartford and, two years ago, at St. Augustine, Fla. Last summer he was at work at Huntington, L. I.

It was while employed here that his friends and comrades discovered that John was acting queerly and appeared to be possessed of some insane delusion.

In October, Wilkinson quit work altogether, saying that he had struck it lucky on a patent and would not have to work any longer.

This was the poor fellow's delusion, but if he believed that he had plenty of funds, Patrick Ledwith, of 572 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, with whom he lived, knew that he didn't have enough to pay his board.

James Hamilton, a fellow-townsman of Wilkinson's, was also a boarder at Ledwith's. He sailed for home on the Elmira, Dec. 22 last, and tried to get his demented friend to go with him. This John agreed to do, but refused at the last moment, saying that he would follow on a steamer to sail the next Tuesday.

Wilkinson did not sail as agreed, but went back to Ledwith's. That gentleman would not keep him without some compensation, and Wilkinson made a threat which resulted in his being incarcerated in Raymond Street Jail on his failure to furnish bonds to keep the peace.

Hamilton, on his arrival at Edinburg, informed Wilkinson's family of his unfortunate condition, and later advices told of his being jailed. These brought his brother, William Wilkinson, to New York, where he arrived last week Monday, only to learn that on the Friday preceding John had been discharged by the Court in Brooklyn, and that no one of his acquaintances had seen or heard of him since he left the court-house on that day.

All efforts to find the demented man since have proved unavailing. His brother has all of his tools and effects, and the wanderer is absolutely without means of support.

The police of both New York and Brooklyn are looking for the missing man.

William Wilkinson, the man who came thousands of miles to find his insane brother, is at present stopping at 144 West Houston street. He can remain in the United States but a short time, and desires, when he returns, to take with him his brother, or his remains if he be dead.

The missing man is six feet high and weighs about two hundred pounds. His hair was black, though it has recently become quite gray. His eyes are dark. At the time of his disappearance he wore a gray suit and a brown overcoat.

Snatched the Policeman's Club.

Terence Condon, a weigher's helper, was arrested yesterday morning by Officer James Dunn, of the Prince street station, for rescuing a prisoner named Patrick Judge, who has just served a term of four years and six months for manslaughter. Dunn says that he was trying to take Judge to the station-house Saturday night for making a disturbance on the corner of Charlton and Greenwich streets, when six of his friends assaulted the policeman, and Condon wrenched his club away. Judge escaped. At the Jefferson Market Court Condon was remanded.

A Maiden's Age.

[From the Binghamton Republican.]

Maiden twenty,
Lovers plenty,
Pertly shakes her pretty caput, vows that she will never wed.

Two years after—
Causes laughter,
That at twenty she so foolish, she so silly thing had said.

Five years later—
Still a waiter;
Grimly sets her bright incisors, vows that wedded she will be.

Twenty-eight,
Meets her fate,
And most happily is married at the age of twenty-three.

He Was Still a Man.

[From Puck.]

Howell Gibbon (to needy individual who has asked for relief)—I cahn't give you any money, me good fellah, but if you call at me side door to-night you can have some old clothes.

Needy Individual—What d' yer take me for, mister? I've fallen pretty low, I know; but I ain't no second-hand dude.

News Summary.

Policeman Henry J. Masson is arrested in a suit brought by Mary Stella Wasson for damages for assault.

The New Jersey Democratic caucus presents a bill to redistrict the State in the interest of the party.

Archbishop Corrigan contributes $100 to the Irish Parliamentary Fund.

Philip Hoffman, a Staten Island butcher, commits suicide by shooting and hanging because his marriage to Miss Maggie Dolan was prevented.

Frank P. Dudgeon, of Oyster Bay, is held responsible by the Coroner's jury for the death of Kitty Cody in Brooklyn from malpractice.

President Tolleston and Vice-President Richards, of the Atlanta (Ga.) Mercantile Banking Company, are arrested on charges of malversation.

George Gould is elected a Director of the Richmond Terminal Company.

Charges are made in the Colorado Legislature that members were bribed to vote for Wolcott for United States Senator.

TO ATTACK NON-CHURCHGOERS

Plan of Campaign of the Chickering Hall Conference Committee.

An adjourned meeting of the Chickering Hall meeting of evangelical workers was held yesterday afternoon in the manager's room of the Bible House, seventeen out of the twenty-eight members being present. An active discussion of plans of work and the disposal of routine business occupied the two hours passed in council. The organization was permanently awarded the name that has casually fallen to it—the Chickering Hall Conference Committee—and to the list of one officer (Rev. Charles Parkhurst, President), was added a Secretary, Rev. Dr. Strong.

This Committee was called by mutual agreement in October and has since met and will continue to meet every fourth Monday of the month. It is composed of leading men of each sect of the Protestant Church in the city. Among the members present yesterday were Archdeacon Mackaye-Smith, Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst, Dr. O. H. Tiffany, Dr. Terry, Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, Dr. Ramsey, Rev. Dr. King, Rev. Dr. Mottet, Rev. Dr. Strong, Rev. Dr. Chadwick, Dr. Brouner and Rev. Dr. Elder. The object, briefly stated, is house-to-house visiting among the non-churchgoers of the city.

Reports were yesterday received from the subcommittee appointed at the last meeting to begin the work in the Ninth, Twelfth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth wards. Rev. Dr. Chadwick, reporting from the Ninth Ward, said that two meetings had been held, at which the ward had been districted and superintendents had been selected for the various districts. At another meeting, held at Dr. Brouner's church, the organization was perfected.

For the Twelfth Ward Rev. Dr. Mendorf reported that a meeting of the clergymen of the ward was called for this afternoon, at which some decision would probably be reached concerning the proposed work. Rev. Dr. Mottet said there was an organization of the clergymen of the Twelfth and Twentieth Wards west of Sixth avenue. Other reports were handed in respecting this work of organization, all speaking enthusiastically upon the prospects.

Just before the meeting was finally adjourned it was stated that there was a good deal of opposition from the clergymen of the city to be expected. The responses from the clergymen were coming in very slowly, and it was feared, not from lack of interest but from disapproval. Some amusing stories apropos of different kinds of opposition were related, notably the house-to-house visiting of a brilliant swindler who represents himself as a sort of advance guard of this Conference Committee, and wanted a dollar and wanted it badly.

Then Dr. Warren, seemingly voicing the spirit of the brethren, said: "Either from wilfulness or ignorance certain ministers are persistently misunderstanding our object, even going so far as to state that our work is an impertinence. In view of this fact, I move that a plain, direct statement of our reasons for taking up this work, our proposed plan of procedure and our absolute denial of any ulterior purpose be prepared."

It was ordered that such a statement should be prepared and that its preparation be left to Dr. Parkhurst and Dr. Strong.

THE HAY POISONED HIS HORSES.

And Dogs, Too, that Lay on It, So Mr. Ricord Wants $8,000 Damages.

A somewhat peculiar suit for damages came before Judge Cullen yesterday on a preliminary motion. The plaintiff is Robert M. Ricord, of Stapleton, S. I., and the defendant is George Winters, a dealer in hay and feed. Mr. Ricord in his complaint says he owns a number of valuable horses and dogs. He purchased hay from Winters, which, he says, was full of noxious weeds, and which has poisoned his horses and the dogs that lay on it, and damaged them to the extent of $8,000, which he seeks to recover in this suit. In specifying the damages Mr. Ricord says there is one black mare, worth $5,000, damaged the full amount; a bay colt, worth $10,000, damaged $1,000, and one gray horse, worth $500, damaged $100. Two Russian setters, worth $200, were damaged $50 by being littered on the hay.

Mr. Winters was not quite satisfied with these particulars, and his counsel wanted an order from Judge Cullen to enable him to examine the animals. Mr. Winters says Ricord keeps the horses and dogs concealed in his stable, and he is unable to find any one who has seen them. He wants to know whether they are worth the extraordinary values put upon them by their owner, and just how much they are damaged.

Judge Cullen denied the motion.

RAILROAD LIGHTS.

Charley Kinnan, of the Northern Pacific, has taid in a new assortment of Japanese neckties o paralyze the street by wearin g a new one every day.

The stenographer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad who works under Mr. Craig is one of the best men in the business. He is very rapid and has a facility for grasping intricate rates when dictated.

The use of initials in referring to different roads is universal among railroad men. It sounds very funny sometimes to hear a man refer to the C. R. I. P. or some other road. The old-timers rattle off these initial titles with marvellous facility.

Agent Pride, of the Chicago and Northwestern road, has been overwhelmed by applications for the handsome calendar issued by his road, entitled "Who's Afraid?" The work is finely conceived and nicely carried out, and it makes a splendid ornament.

Ike Bortle, of the West Shore road, is one of those quiet, gentlemanly fellows who poke through life bothering nobody and doing their work well. Ike is an old timer for such a young man. His fresh complexion and blonde hair are the envy of the street.

One of the quietest offices on Broadway is that of the New York Central. The men are all reserved fellows, who devote themselves entirely to business and find little time for outside amusement. They accomplish a great deal of work by their quiet methods.

Chief Clerk George A. Kunkel, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is one of the cleverest men on the street. He has recently booked some big parties for his road and is correspondingly happy. He has handled the bulk of the inauguration business to the satisfaction of Agent Sam Carpenter.

Col. Swords, who directs the great initial system better known to the public as the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, is a very bright man. He handles the business of his road in splendid style. He is quick moving and is always ready to accommodate a patron. He has spent a lifetime in the business.

Col. Jones, of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, seems to grow younger every day. He says he thinks he can give Col. Buffaloe, of the East Tennessee and Georgia Air Line, a good long start in a 100 yards race and beat him out. The Colonel comes from good stock, and promises to be on the street for years to come.

Stabbed at a Bricklayers' Meeting.

During a quarrel which occurred at a meeting of Bricklayers' Union No. 37, at Mount Morris Hall, at Third avenue and One Hundred and Thirtieth street, last night, Robert McLaren, of No. 268 West One Hundred and Seventeenth street, was stabbed in the head by John Payne, of No. 118 East One Hundred and Twentieth street. McLaren was removed to the Harlem Hospital, where it was learned that his skull was fractured. Payne was arrested.

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract.

The Favorite TONIC NUTRITIVE for IMPAIRED DIGESTION, for NURSING MOTHERS, the WEAK and DEBILITATED. Indorsed by all prominent physicians. Received 76 awards from exhibitions and scientific societies. Beware of imitations. The genuine has the signatures of "Johann Hoff" and "Moritz Eisner" on the neck of every bottle.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
6 Barclay St., New York.

STRANGE COMSTOCK FUNGI.

They Lift Great Stones to a Height of Three Feet.

[From the San Francisco Examiner.]

"Queer growths of fungi are to be seen now in the old workings of the Mexican mine of the Comstock group," said H. J. Donaldson, the mining man of Virginia City, at the Palace yesterday to an *Examiner* reporter. "Strange growths are also to be seen in the old drifts and stopes of the Ophir mine, which have for so many years been closed, and were only opened the other day. I took a look through the Ophir and Mexican last Monday and was amazed at what I saw. Everywhere, clinging to the timbers, was this rank, queer fungi. In many places it had reached the length of several feet, and had assumed all manner of fantastic forms. There was a weird appearance a l around, and in the dim light you saw the white outlines of strange beings. Stretched here and there appeared sheeted ghosts and fungi in the form of owls, and of goats with long, white whiskers. This fungi had almost completely closed some of the drifts. It grew both from the bottom and the top, and the sides were studded with it. In some places it looked like long white hair. The fungi growing from the bottom, however, was different from that of the sides and top, and right here I want to tell you of the strangest feature of this growth. The foot-wall fungi had in several instances raised large stones weighing from 50 to 150 pounds each in midair. Some of the rocks had been lifted over three feet from the ground. While some of the fungi are so fine as to resemble the human hair, other kinds are found five or six feet long and with the thickness of a broom-handle. Another kind has a kind of bulbous blossom on the end of it. Some are twisted. Some are long and straight. Scores were to be seen suspended from the roof, three or four feet long, and resembling the tails of snakes. All in all, the sights I saw there were the queerest I ever witnessed and discounted anything I ever saw in any old mines before, although I have been many years engaged in them. The miners of Virginia regard these discoveries in the old workings as the strangest thing in their experience, and they cannot account for the abnormal growth, nor for the pushing of the great stones so out of their natural position. The heaviest fungus growth is in the darkest part of the mines."

A FAMILY DISAGREEMENT.

A Fibbing Little Infant.

[From Yesterday's Evening Sun.]

FRANK DUDGEON'S PARTY.

He Gives His Friends a Dinner in Raymond Street Jail.

Frank Dudgeon, who is suspected of underhand work in connection with the recent death of Kitty Cody in Brooklyn, gave a swell dinner in Raymond Street Jail yesterday afternoon.

The dinner was gotten up by a special caterer, and consisted of five courses, including soups, quail, lobster, chicken and all of the delicacies of the season, served in an excellent manner, &c., &c., &c.

A Parent's Indirect Correction.

[From This Morning's Sun.]

A story in an evening paper that Dudgeon gave a five-course dinner to his friends in Raymond Street Jail on Sunday afternoon is pronounced false by Warden Byrnes.

Among other cold-blooded fakes in the same issue of the *Evening Sun* was the absurd story that Mayor Grant had made a bargain to appoint Corporation Counsel Beekman to a judgeship, and a grossly exaggerated story of Sig. Perotti's relations with his manager. The senile paren* is kept pretty busy correcting the systemized fibbing of its wayward and puny little offspring.

His Idea of a Naval Reserve.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It has been proposed to form a Naval Reserve in the seaport towns of the United States with its centre of operations at New York. Its members are to be boys from the ages of 14 to 17. So that it will be spread throughout the district in which your highly esteemed paper circulates, I write to you to ask you if you would put a notice to that effect in your paper? The undersigned would like to hear from boys in regard to the formation of such a naval reserve. The object of the reserve is to instruct its members in the use of modern weapons of naval warfare so as to be of use to our country in time of need.

WILLIAM CALLMANN,
178 East Seventy-fifth street.

A Way to Stop "L" Road Collisions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am not much of a philanthropist, but when I read of collisions on the Elevated roads on account of fog I cannot avoid "sticking in my oar." I call upon our only real "conservator of the peace," THE EVENING WORLD, to stop them and still keep up the regulation rate of speed. It is just as easy as rolling off the proverbial log. Let the managers of those roads put a telegraph operator in every station, and then use each station as a "block signal." In other words, do not permit a train to leave one station until notice has been received that the one ahead of it has left the one preceding. This idea is not original, by an exceedingly large majority, except in its application, but the neglect of it will undoubtedly make the roads liable for any damages that may occur.

MENTOR.

An Ominous Prediction.

[From the Staats-Zeitung.]

Boulanger's election strengthens the chances of a man of revenge. Should the General's triumph be a lasting one, and not only one of ephemeral importance, then France again becomes an ally of importance. One knows what that would mean for European peace. The first Republic was brought to an end with the great Napoleon, the second with Napoleon the little, but still a Napoleon, and the third will end with a Boulanger."

Baby Has Gone to School.

[From the Daughters of America.]

The baby has gone to school; ah me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good-by" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children one by one
Will go from their home out into the world,
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced;
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

The Empire Gown.

[From the Washington Critic.]

A simple young girl just entering society writes to our fashion editor to know how to make an empire gown.

Take a large-sized tablecloth,
Stitch two sides together.
Run a pucker round the top
On a ribbon tether.

Cut some arm-holes near the neck,
Put the belt below them,
Just to touch the shoulder-blades,
So as not to show them.

Let the skirt be flowing loose,
Like a sail that's flapping
In the vagrant southern breeze,
Mass and yard-arms tapping.

Tack some buttons up the back,
Two or three is plenty,
For you know an empire gown
In the waist is scanty.

Put some lace about the neck,
Sew it there or pin it—
Then, to make the gown complete,
Let the girl get in it.

FREE CITIZENSHIP.

Dr. Henry M. Leipziger Tells of Its Rights and Duties.

One of Six More Lectures in "The Evening World" Course.

The Discourses Again Well Attended and the Interest Growing.

That THE EVENING WORLD knows what the people will like and what will entertain them to their taste is attested by the increasing popularity of the course of free lectures in the public school buildings, inaugurated by its efforts.

Last evening there was a large attendance at all the school-rooms where lectures were given.

The lectures for the evening were "How to Study Science at Home," by Prof. Sloane; "Rights and Duties of Citizenship," Dr. Leipziger; "The American Idea," Prof. Lincoln; "The Chemistry of What We Eat and Drink," Prof. Mott; "The Eye and Ear," Dr. Tansley, and "American Poets," Prof. Zachos.

Grammar School No. 42, 30 Allen street, was the place where the "Rights and Duties of Citizenship" were expounded, and, incidentally, the great American eagle was unloosed and permitted to flap its wings.

Dr. Leipziger said people come hither from countries where they are subjects. Here every man, so long as he conducts himself properly, is an uncrowned king.

Here there are no self-constituted, so-called nobles to look down upon the masses.

Here in this country the masses are paramount. Majority rules. The vote of the hardest working laborer counts for as much as the richest in the land.

The adopted citizen has equal rights with the native-born. The German boy sits alongside the Irish, the Swede by the Italian, and so on. And they are all learning to become useful and patriotic citizens.

They will be even more intensely American than the native Americans.

In 1776, when the three millions of people along the Atlantic seaboard of America cast off the yoke of English despotism, the conservatives of Europe shook their heads and declared that no people could govern themselves; that only certain individuals, of families sent from heaven, could rule the millions.

These ideas have scarcely been justified. Our country has passed through many terrific crises, notably that of the great civil war, the most terrible known in history. Yet, when that war was over, the soldiers put aside their weapons and resumed their peaceful pursuits with a readiness that caused the whole world to marvel.

Every four years, too, a fierce political battle is fought, and when it is over the vanquished party philosophically accepts the result and cheerfully aids in carrying out its opponent's policy, and the President elected by the victorious party is not President alone of that party but of a united nation.

Anarchy and Socialism have been forced prominently on public notice of late years. Most of the misguided followers of these ideas come from countries which are ground down by the iron heel of despotism. They are too much embittered against any kind of authority to distinguish between a country controlled by the will of a single despot and a government framed by the sovereign will of the people themselves.

Absolute liberty would produce the same results as anarchy, as the strong would oppress the weak. The liberty we enjoy is, therefore, not absolute liberty, but a liberty conducive to the general welfare.

Where the best laws are there will we find the greatest liberty.

Ex-Coroner Woltman Insane.