

PROOF OF PUBLIC APPRECIATION! No. of Advertisements Printed During January in THE WORLD..... 52,027 No. of Advertisements Printed During January in THE HERALD..... 34,054 Draw Your Own Conclusion.

HOW DID YOU GET 'EM, JOHN?

A FINE ARRAY OF NAMES ON M. O'BRIEN'S RECEPTION POSTER.

Many of the Gentlemen Mentioned Didn't Know Anything About Their Names Being Thus Used, but That's Nothing to John J. O'Brien, the Handsome Poster, Nobody Can Deny.

In every saloon on the east side to-day hangs a pretentious poster announcing a reception and ball to be given by the John J. O'Brien Association on the evening of Feb. 21 at the Volks Garden.

This poster is a study because of the names which appear on it of alleged patrons and promoters of the affair.

Copies of it should be kept for reference in the archives of the Police Department and Tammany Hall.

Four committees are named on the poster, and among the 250 men mentioned as committees, most of whom are prominent saloon-keepers and O'Brien heelsers in the Eighth Assembly District, are the names of some very prominent individuals.

Ex-Police Commissioner De Witt Clinton Wheeler appears to be a prominent member of the Committee of Arrangements.

Among the fifty-two gentlemen published as the Reception Committee are mentioned Manager Harry C. Miner, ex-Alderman Frederick Finck, of the "Boodle Board," Civil Justice Alfred Stecker and Julius Harburger, the Clerk of Judge Stecker's Court; James Everard, the brewer; Barney Biglin, the Republican leader of the Eighteenth District; Charles Stecker, Tammany leader of the Tenth District, and Subway Commissioner Jack Hess.

On the Floor Committee, at the head of which is the notorious ex-Ward Detective Egan, appears the name of Coroner Ferdinand Levy.

It is the Police Committee, however, which is formidable in the matter both of names and numbers.

There are eighty-three members of this Committee, which would seem to indicate that an unruly gang will be present.

On this Committee as published are twenty-seven names, which are the names of the nearly all of Chief Inspector Byrne's detective force.

The captains are Cassidy, Eakins, Brooks, Webster, Chucky, Lee, and Justice.

The object of this reception and ball is to "raise the wind" for the trip of the Association to Washington on the occasion of Gen. Harrison's inauguration.

The Twelfth Juror is Sick.

And the Trial of Dr. Reynolds is Indefinitely Delayed.

When the Court of Oyer and Terminer opened this morning for the continuance of the trial of Dr. William M. Reynolds, charged with making false claims of losses by fire, the twelfth juror in the jury box was empty.

A note was delivered to Justice Lawrence from Dr. H. N. Weinberg, stating that Henry Lehrberger, the juror, was too ill to attend court, and was suffering with water on his chest, at his residence, 210 East Fifty-seventh street.

Lawyer Townsend offered to go on with only eleven jurors, but Justice Lawrence pointed out the constitutional provision that an accused should not be arraigned of his right to trial by twelve of his peers, and that the courts had decided that a defendant could not deprive himself of this right by waiver.

Then he named his own family physician, Dr. Fordey L. Barker, to visit Lehrberger to-day and again to-morrow morning and report his condition to the court at 10:30 o'clock to-morrow, to which time the case was adjourned.

Should Mr. Lehrberger die another trial must be had, with all due attendant expense to the county and to Dr. Reynolds.

Under cross-examination by Assistant District-Attorney Fitzgerald, late yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Jessie C. Reynolds, wife of Dr. William M. Reynolds, who had been called in his behalf, was drawn into some very embarrassing admissions.

She had testified that there was \$15,000 worth of furniture in the room which was burned and that it belonged to her.

She was forced to admit that she had sworn before the Queens County Assessors in 1885 that she possessed only \$9,500 worth of personal property, but she declared that she was advised to do so by the executor of her father's estate.

She at that time also testified that she owned no pictures, but she admitted that she had destroyed by the fire worth \$12,000.

She testified that in 1885 she didn't know whether she owned the pictures or not.

Crack Boats to Race on the Ice.

Elizabeth's Fire Veteran Goes Insane.

BOTH FLAMES AND THIEVES.

THEY FOUND ROOM FOR ACTION IN MRS. FEINBERG'S FLAT.

Jewelry Hidden in a Trundle-Bed Was Missed After the Fire—There Was Much Excitement Over the Blaze, for Eighteen Families Were in Danger—An Overturned Lamp Caused the Combustion.

The crowded tenement block on Forsyth street, between Canal and Hester, was a scene of excitement this morning at an hour when its thousands of inhabitants are usually fast asleep.

The fire was on the third floor of the five-story tenement No. 48 Forsyth street.

Mrs. Feinberg, who lives there, was awakened about 1 o'clock by the crying of her baby. She got out of bed, and in her hurry to reach the cradle in which the child lay she upset the lighted lamp that stood on the table beside her bed.

There are eighteen families occupying the house, and they were very much excited.

A number of them set about removing their effects, and it was some time after the flames had been extinguished that they could be prevailed on to go back to their apartments.

When Mrs. Feinberg went back to her own rooms she found her trundle-bed taken apart, and here, she says, she had secreted her jewelry for safe-keeping.

She supposes it was taken in the excitement by some person who knew of its whereabouts. The damage to the tenement was \$200.

A STRUGGLE WITH FOOTPADS.

Probably Anton Schiele Put a Good Mark on One of Them.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Feb. 14.—Anton Schiele is confined to his home, 34 Fourth street, Elizabeth, suffering from injuries he received last night in a desperate encounter with footpads, one of whom he stabbed.

Anton was returning at midnight from the Elizabethport station of the Central Railroad when he was attacked at Bond and Fourth streets by three footpads. He was knocked down and jumped upon, two of the highwaymen holding him while a third tried to ride his pockets.

Schiele struggled desperately and managed to get his hand on a pocket knife, with which he slashed one of his assailants repeatedly across the face. The fellow relaxed his hold, yelled that he was stabbed, and the others, seeing the knife gleaming in the vic, released their grip of him and fled.

Schiele, nearly blinded from the beating he had received, made his way home and sent for Dr. Maytag.

One of his eyes is partly gouged out, and the physician is afraid he will lose it. He is also badly cut and bruised about the face and body.

He is confident that he has severely wounded one of his assailants and marked him for life.

The entire detective force of the city is working on the case, trying to hunt up the man who was stabbed.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

A Minister's Wife Starts for Her Father's Grave and Perishes in the Snow.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 14.—Mrs. Emma Lindenstrau, a minister's wife, left her brother's home on Ridge avenue Tuesday to visit her father's grave in the Lutheran cemetery.

She did not return as expected, and an effort was made to find her.

No trace of her was found until yesterday. Then a number of workmen found the body of a female lying on a rough plank alongside the railroad track.

It was identified as that of the missing woman.

Mrs. Lindenstrau had been demented for about two years, and was confined in the insane asylum for the insane.

She was considered so far recovered, though, as to be allowed to leave in charge of her brother. She seemed perfectly rational and was permitted to go and come at will.

It is supposed that she became bewildered in the storm, and, it is evident, prepared the bed by the track upon which she lay down to sleep.

Her husband is the Rev. Louis Lindenstrau, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Mauch Chunk.

No Trouble in Identifying Him.

George Bowron, as everybody knows, is the leader of the Columbia orchestra. He is also one of the pleasantest gentlemen to be found within the city limits.

THEIR TROTH ON PAPER.

LOUIS BIXEN SHOT AT HIS SWEETHEART FOR BURNING IT.

She Wouldn't Marry Him on Five Dollars a Week and She Smelled a Breach of Promise Suit When He Demanded the Paper—He Burned His Fingers and Got Himself Under Police Court Bonds.

At Essex Market this morning Justice Patterson held Louis Bixen, of 106 Division street, in \$1,000 bail for trial on the charge of attempted forcible assault.

Louis was engaged to Sarah Minckevsky, a pretty girl, twenty years old; but when he called upon her at 143 Delancey street last night she said:

"I release you from your engagement. I cannot marry you on \$5 a week."

"But you earn \$7," said Louis, who is a tailor, "and we could get along so happily on \$12 a week."

But she said she didn't propose to work after getting married, and she returned him his engagement ring.

Louis then asked Sarah for their engagement paper, for it appeared that when they had decided to become sweethearts they put it down in black and white and signed their names to it in the presence of witnesses.

When Louis made a demand for the paper it came to Sarah's mind that he wanted it for the purpose of suing her for breach of promise of marriage. So she threw the engagement paper into the fire, and Louis burned his fingers in taking out the half that he managed to save.

Then he yanked out a seven-barrelled revolver and blazed away.

When he had fired four shots without doing any harm he was arrested by Policeman King, who was attracted to the scene by the young girl's screams, and was locked up at the Union Market Police Station.

JUMPED TO HIS DEATH.

CHARLES HENNY ENDS HIS LIFE WHILE DELIRIOUS THIS MORNING.

An excited man rushed into the Morrisania Police Station about 4 o'clock this morning and stated that a man had committed suicide by jumping from a window in the house at 284 East One Hundred and Seventy street.

Police Capt. Brooks sent a special officer there to investigate. The house, an old-fashioned wooden one, is situated in an isolated tract of country on the Long Island Sound.

There on the ground in front of the house the policeman found the body of a man who was cold in death.

His name was Charles Henny. He was thirty-nine years old.

Dr. Davis examined his body and he had been delirious for several days, requiring the constant care of an attendant.

Escaping the vigilance of the latter for a few minutes about 1 o'clock this morning, he rushed to a window on the second floor and flung himself out. He was killed immediately.

ANGRY SOUTHERN LADIES.

An Interesting Episode of Gen. Butler's Reign in New Orleans.

The appearance here of Gen. Butler suggested to memory a phase of his New Orleans experience that has never been told. When complaints were made by Federal officers of the insults offered them by the ladies of New Orleans the General became very wrathful.

The ladies wore and carried Confederate flags, would pull their skirts aside when passing Northern officers and elevated their noses in scorn. They would sit near open windows or in the galleries and sing "Bonnie Blue Flag," which, in the beginning, ran like this:

"We are a band of brothers, And were native to the soil; We're fighting for our property And we're fighting for our right."

"While the muskets they do rattle, And the cannon they do roar, We'll fight for you, our beauty Beauregard, All round the Southern shore."

The actions of the ladies grew bolder and the men began to take a hand, until the demonstrations made at the funeral of Lieut. De Kay brought things to a head, and Butler issued his famous (infamous they call it in the South) order which gained him the name of "Old Bull."

The men and women of the order and not a Northern soldier ever took advantage of it to treat disrespectfully a Southern lady.

Gen. Butler's harsh order did not solve the situation, but a young Vermont Lieutenant did. He, with his Captain and First Lieutenant, all handsome fellows from the same college, met a bevy of New Orleans beauties in Canal street. As usual the ladies swept aside their skirts scornfully as they passed.

The Lieutenant looked at the ladies and exclaimed: "Look, boys, by Jove! what pretty little feet."

Now, if there is a weak spot in the heart of a Louisiana belle it is for such a compliment as this. It was a home shot, and it "solved the situation" as Butler's order could not do. Everybody heard the story, and it gave the cue to all the Northern soldiers. In a week all demonstrations had ceased, and in a month Northern officers were received and entertained by Southern families.

ELSA TAKES SECOND PLACE.

BUT LOTTIE STANLEY YET LEADS THE RACING WHEELWOMEN.

Mme. Armando Makes Another Brave Attempt to Stay on the Track—Her Wall's Bouquet for Jesse Oakes—Magie McShane, in a Golden Brown Jacket, Also Gets a Bunch of Flowers.

The continued illness of Mme. Armando has reduced her from the leadership of Monday to the last place in the bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, and at the beginning of the second half of the six-day or forty-eight-hour race she had scored but 132 miles 5 laps.

Last night the plucky woman again essayed to go on in the race.

Doubling over her wheel she tread the pedals for dear life and ran for twenty minutes at a gallop better than 3.50. Then she slowed down and topped off her machine into the arms of her trainer.

"Oh, I can't," she exclaimed, dejectedly. "I am too sick, too sick!"

Then she was carried to her hotel.

And Baldwin, whose pliant little white face had been the mainstay of the spectators, was white still and weak yesterday. She is very young and had worked too hard. She could not keep it up and the brown and hardened "Von Bremen" person, ten rods behind her, at 3.30 last night won Blumen passed her and took second place in the race, but Stanley, suave, neat and untiring, rode still at the head of the procession, which was led by her four-teen-mile lead of her nearest follower.

Jessie Oakes, recovered from the injury to her side, rode up from tenth to seventh place last night.

Evander Berry Wall, in a spick-span, brand-new suit of clothes, presented a big bouquet during last evening to Miss Oakes, and seventeen-year-old Maggie Harvey McShane, now an expert rider, when she was riding coat and jockey cap, and black knit "crochets" and hose, also received a bouquet from an admirer.

There was a house full last evening, and among the spectators were George Appleton, Capt. Kelly, Inspectors Steers, Williams and Conlin, with their wives, and a delegation from the Manhattan Club, the Club National, and the score at the close of the first half of the race, at 1 o'clock this morning, was as follows:

Stanley, 306 miles 7 laps; Von Blumen, 226 1/2; Baldwin, 201 1/2; Swallow, 237; Hart, 247 1/2; Woods, 247 1/2; Oakes, 235 1/2; Hart, 234 1/2; McShane, 177 1/2; Brown, 139 1/2; Armando, 132 1/2.

MR. GEER IS AN UNKNOWN.

But He Was Pretty Nearly Clever Enough for a Louisville Banker.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 13.—The police to-day arrested William W. Geer, alias Bradford, who was charged with kidnaping the Rev. Dr. H. H. Hays, New York. He had a worthless check on the Broadway National Bank, of New York, for \$100,000, which was cashed at Louisville, on Saturday last. In his possession were found a number of checks purporting to be cashed at the bank, and the neighboring glass houses failed to establish Geer's identity.

The bartender of a near-by saloon, however, said a man connected with the French concern had been in the habit of dropping there frequently. He described him as being scrupulously elegant in dress, of imposing presence, and wearing a red beard. He thought he saw him in the neighborhood of the Broadway National Bank the officials said they had never seen Geer. He never had an account there.

He understood how the Fourth National Bank of Louisville, or any other institution could be fooled in such a way.

A little investigation would have shown that Geer was a fraud.

Wagner and His Dressmaker.

A batch of Wagner's letters has just been published in a Vienna newspaper. They have naught to say of music; they make no mention of Wagner's hopes and aspirations; they were sent to none of the great of earth.

Sixteen in number, they were all written before 1861 and 1862, the years of his first fame. We know, have often loved milliners, but this correspondence contains no tender passages. It is all about how dresses—tender the silks, some with lace, and more rarely in silks, and there is even reason to suspect that upon occasion he composed in petticoats. Vested in strange attire, he gave his mind to dress, or elaborated music of the future. Unluckily, romance and reality have continually been at strife, and Wagner could not always pay. Now he asks for a check on the Vienna dressmaker, the dressmaker, a check on account, promising the balance when times were better. But the times were always good enough for the ordering of expensive costumes. He arranges after an apparent course resulting from payments all too tardy, to pay Mlle. Bertina's bill at the end of every year in future—happy man of genius, the first, perhaps, who ever asked for a check on his dressmaker.

The Lieutenant looked at the ladies and exclaimed: "Look, boys, by Jove! what pretty little feet."

Now, if there is a weak spot in the heart of a Louisiana belle it is for such a compliment as this. It was a home shot, and it "solved the situation" as Butler's order could not do. Everybody heard the story, and it gave the cue to all the Northern soldiers. In a week all demonstrations had ceased, and in a month Northern officers were received and entertained by Southern families.

The story closes with a romance and a tragedy.

The Captain and First Lieutenant both married New Orleans ladies. The wife of the First Lieutenant was one of the party of ladies of whom the Second Lieutenant made his famous remark.

The Lieutenant who made the remark settled in the South and built up a thriving community, with church, free school, &c., and after being twice warned by Ku-Klux, was shot in the back and killed by a Negro, who was crossing the threshold of his own home.

Is St. John to Be Sackville's Successor?

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 14.—Minister of England to Mexico, S. Spencer St. John, has left for his home in England. It is reported that Mr. St. John will be appointed Minister to the United States.

WAS SHE MURDERED?

Elizabethport's Belle Dying with a Bullet in Her Head.

A Shot Which the Doctors Say Was Not Suicidal.

Jennie Englebert Was to Be a Bride Last Week.

Her Betrothed Vanished on the Day Fixed for the Wedding.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Feb. 14.—Miss Jennie Englebert, the belle of Elizabethport, lies dying this morning in the City Hospital with a bullet in her temple, and the community is just arousing to the conviction that she is the victim of a mysterious attempt at murder.

The shooting occurred late last night and a theory of suicide was started which now seems utterly inconsistent with the facts.

Jennie is twenty-two years of age and is noted as one of the prettiest young women in this part of Jersey. Her beauty made a great favorite with the young men and her refined manners and kindness of heart won the affection of all.

Miss Englebert is a college girl, and since her graduation has acted as governess to the young daughters of a wealthy resident of Elizabethport.

She gave up her position three weeks ago and many were the congratulations showered upon her when it became known that her wedding was soon to take place.

The date, Jennie said, was fixed for Feb. 2, and she left for her sister's home to prepare for the wedding and wait for the happy day.

Presently were sent and all was arranged, but the day fixed for the wedding brought a great disappointment.

The bridegroom did not appear and Jennie sat for days alone in her little room in her sister's house.

She found that her betrothed had broken faith with her and had wedded another.

Last night Jennie's sister, Mrs. Bauer, left the house for a few minutes. The young girl was alone in the sitting-room.

When Mrs. Bauer returned she found her sister lying on the table, which was covered with blood, a revolver with one chamber empty lay near her.

She was unconscious, and was taken to the City Hospital. The physicians found that a bullet had entered the head.

It was taken for granted that Miss Englebert had tried to take her life, and the doctors did not think of combating the theory.

The bullet ranged downward from the temple at such an angle as shows that it must have been fired from an elevated position.

There was not the slightest trace of powder on Jennie's fair face when she was taken from the house, and this is regarded as further proof that a criminal had to be sought and found before justice is done.

Miss Englebert is still alive at the hospital, but in a comatose state, and it is not expected she will revive sufficiently to make any statement of the shooting.

Detectives have been sent for, but have not as yet got to work on the case.

A SUICIDE AT TWENTY YEARS.

GEORGE WICKES ENDS HIS LIFE WITH A RAZOR'S EDGE.

George Wickes committed suicide at 316 West Thirty-fourth street at noon to-day.

He was a young man only twenty years of age, and no cause could be assigned for his act.

A razor was the weapon used. He cut his throat frightfully, the gash reaching from ear to ear.

His death was instantaneous.

CLAWED BY THE PUMA.

Keeper Downey Gets a Lesson in Caution at the Central Park Menagerie.

Most of the animals in the Central Park menagerie have become somewhat domesticated from long confinement, but occasionally their native savage disposition asserts itself.

MISS NORA FLITS AWAY.

AND FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD MR. FREEDMAN IS ARRESTED FOR ABDUCTION.

He Wrote Her a Letter Making an Appointment, and Her Mother Got It Instead—The Lad Says He Didn't Carry Nora Off, and Says She Was Last Seen with Capt. Ryan's Son.

This morning brought no tidings of missing Nora Burns. She is fifteen years old, said to be quite pretty and giddy, and lived at 791 Second avenue.

She left home last Monday afternoon, her mother thinks to accept the care and attention of one David Freedman, aged fourteen, who earns about \$4 a week in a woolen store at 29 Greene street.

David is under arrest. He was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court by Detectives O'Brien and Savereool, of the Prince street station, this morning, charged with abducting Nora.

The following letter was the only evidence they had to connect him with her disappearance:

20 GREENE STREET, Feb. 11, 1889. DEAR NORA: I have a few minutes to spare, so I will write you a little letter. Be up on the corner about 7 o'clock sharp to-night Monday, Be alone, and say nothing to nobody. Don't disappoint. No excuse taken, do you hear?

Now, as that is all I know to write, I will close with a kiss for you. Remaining yours, DAVID.

This letter fell into the hands of Mrs. Burns. She said nothing to Nora, but kept the appointment herself. She knew the girl had returned to her father's street and Second avenue.

Nora left the house first. Her mother followed, but did not find either David or Nora at the trying place.

It was not until an Evening World reporter this morning that she was not there.

"I went there about 7 o'clock," he reported, "and met a friend of mine named Simon Meindler."

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "I got an appointment with Nora Burns."

"She'll not keep it," he said. "I asked him why and he replied, 'Oh, I met her up the street and she told me she was going out with Charley Ryan.'"

"I had intended to take her to the People's Theatre, but Charley Ryan told me that I took him instead, and so did not meet her."

The Charley Ryan he speaks of is a person of more importance than his name would indicate. He is the seventeen-year-old son of Police Capt. Ryan, a second son of the East Thirty-fifth street station-house, and has attained fame once before.

He had a row coming from a Summer-Street place last season with a young tough on Second avenue about a girl, and the tough whipped him. Four policemen tried to arrest the tough, who shot three of them before they subdued him.

The Charley Ryan is regarded by his father as a model boy. This opinion is not shared by young Freedman, who says: "He has known her a couple of months. She was washed on him, too, because his father was a police captain."

The reporter could not find Charley this morning, but Ryan denied that his son knows anything about the girl, and says the talk of the boy's abducting her is absurd.

The following letter, purporting to come from David, was received by Mrs. Burns yesterday:

DEAR MAMMA: I how sit down to write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I suppose you are out of your mind about me, but guess not. You know, mamma, that I never had any comfort in that house. I am all right and I have a grand place, minding a little boy, and I got it a month, so don't worry about me, mamma.

I will not tell you where I live, but you can pick up my clothes over to mine, now and I will get them. Good-by, dear mamma.

Justice Duffy paroled Freedman this morning for examination next Sunday morning. He has known her a couple of months. Charley Ryan lives at 318 East Forty-first street.

JUSTICE DUFFY'S VALENTINES.

They Made Him Very Charitable Towards the Other Sex To-Day.

Judge Duffy got a valentine this morning. Indeed, he got two of them.

They came in dainty boxes and the little Justice looked askance at them several times before mustering courage to lift the covers.

The first one had a Cupid mounted on a golden world and bore the legend, "You are all the world to me."

The other box contained a kite made of white silk with a golden string and tail made of pink and blue ribbons.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

READY FOR ANOTHER

Meyer Willing to Meet McAuiliffe in a 12-Foot Ring.

His Friends Claim that He Had McAuiliffe Almost Helpless.

The Gate Money Taken at North Judson Said to Be Nearly \$10,000.