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THE STOLEN STOLE.

The thief who last night carried off from the Church of St. Francis of Assisi a stole and $6 owes it to humanity—for thieves are human—to bring back his plunder at once.

The $6 had been collected to pay the rent of a poor family. During the bitter weather of Saturday they were threatened with eviction, and the kindly heart of the assistant priest of St. Francis had gone out to them at once and gleaned for them from the pious that which would have brought them timeliest succor.

Who would be willing to squander the stolen rent of the suffering poor?

A NEW VIEW OF IT.

Citizeness MAUD TIGHE has eloped from Dublin to Boston with Citizen HENRY O'NEIL. Before they so pleasantly severed their connection with the land of their birth, MAUD was, it is said, second cousin to the Duke of RICHMOND, and HENRY was her father's coachman.

The royal house of Austria was run down by intermarriages until it produced the scapegrace RUDOLPH. The great families of the effete monarchies are rapidly developing a tendency to breed good-for-nothing men.

The intermarriage of the daughters of these titled houses with their strapping coachmen may yet do much to arrest the devitalizing influences of civilization under a coronet.

NO FALSE PRETENSES.

Some of our contemporaries have made the remarkable discovery that a version of JULES VERNE's notable story, "The Conquest of the Air," has been previously published.

In this connection it may be worth while to reprint the conspicuous editorial announcement made on Feb. 11, the day the story was begun, as follows:

A few among our hundreds of thousands of readers may have had the good fortune to read this remarkable story in the original French, and *a few others may have seen an unauthorized English version.* But the story is essentially new to the great mass of the reading public.

There are no false pretenses about THE EVENING WORLD.

And as for any story we may publish being old or new, we do not care a rap. The only question is its exceptional interest and whether it is essentially new to our readers. And the way we produce a story, embellished with telling art, is calculated to make all other possible versions sorry that they ever saw the light.

THE LESSON OF THE WEEK.

Citizen ALFRED A. LISCOMB was to have started this morning to walk from the Hoffman House to the White House to pay a bet. Col. A. B. NORTON called at the White House sunex in Indianapolis yesterday, with his hair a foot long, to pay a bet.

There is no danger from the over-fervor of politics in this glorious Republic so long as political enthusiasm works itself out through the legs and the capillary ducts. Your American may wear his hair long sometimes, but he doesn't take to bomb-throwing. He may walk from New York to Washington, but he doesn't rob the hen-roosts on the way. It is very honest politics which gratifies its zeal without hurting anybody.

In one week the United States will begin to pass through another of its quadrennial peaceable revolutions. If it shall prove like its predecessors, there'll be no tears, no blood, nothing but bad colds and a picnic!

THE ICE CROP.

A glittering blue and white ribbon binds New York to-day to Tarrytown and Peekskill and Poughkeepsie and West Point and a belt of splendid towns far up in the State. It is the Hudson—the blue growing narrower and the white stripe wider the further north the eye sweeps.

Icemen say the crop for next Summer will be only a third as big as usual. Why not try a sympathy of crop and cost, and let the prices for next Summer be about a third as big as usual?

Ice was made in New Orleans in 1867 with the crudest machinery. Why shouldn't New York make her own ice now, and be independent of the weather?

If BISMARCK comes after KLEIN he may get more than he bargained for. As correspondent of THE WORLD in Samoa Mr. KLEIN learned the secrets of South Pacific sauer kraut, an insidious taste for which has been cultivated in the dusky Samoan breast. It is believed that the publication of its composition would breed a storm not downable even at the Iron Chancellor's nod.

The Chicago drummers have given Gen. HARRISON a travelling bag clasped and embossed with triple-plated gold. The detectives who accompany him to Washington to-day will have something to do after all.

Ballot Reform and the Y. M. D. C.

The Young Men's Democratic Club's Committee on Ballot Reform has prepared a report on the Saxton bill, generally approving its scope, but suggesting several amendments. The report will be presented at to-night's meeting of the Club at the Hoffman House.

Officers of the Hopper Club.

The Hopper Social Club has elected officers as follows: President, D. Mohoney; Vice-President, F. Schuin; Secretary, P. Biedman; Treasurer, E. Oertier; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Begner; Assistant, H. Elstoth.

POOR people need not be deprived of night's rest if they use MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

DEATH STOLE A BRIGHT WIT.

PHILIP WELCH TAKEN FROM THE WORLD HE HELPED TO BRIGHTEN.

Shadows Hung All About the Paragrapher's Closing Years, Yet He Kept His Thoughts in the Sunshine—Jokes Sent from a Hospital Cot—Pain from the Cancer's Growth and the Surgeon's Knife.

The New York Press Club is called to meet at 4 P. M. to-day to take action on the death of Philip H. Welch, a man who was, under most disheartening circumstances, one of the brightest and kindliest newspaper men of the city.

Mr. Welch died at his home in Brooklyn yesterday. The approach of certain death had long been marked by him, yet up to the last moment he maintained his cheerful thoughts of things far removed from his own pain.

Even from his hospital cot, while suffering from the effects of the operations of surgeons, he sent his sprightly contributions to the press, many of his brightest bits thus coming forth.

Mr. Welch began business in commercial circles, but drifted into journalism and developed a rare talent for humorous paragraphing. His contributions to the Harpers' publications, *Life*, *Judge*, *Puck*, and a number of other periodicals, besides his work on the dailies, won him a wide reputation, and his jokes were bought and stolen all over the country.

Cancer of the tongue was his first affliction, and a portion of that member was removed. Then the trouble appeared in other parts of his system. Operation after operation was performed in vain. The approach to the sad finale remained certain and unchecked.

It was in the *Epoch* that Mr. Welch's work appeared most conspicuously, and in the last issue of that periodical appeared his latest productions, which are here given entire:

HIS LAST BATCH OF JOKES.

ONE SICK, THE OTHER OUT.

Old Lady (who has just bought a stamp, to drug clerk)—Will you please lick that stamp on for me, young man?

Clerk—Excuse me, Madam, but I'm not very well this morning, and the boy who has charge of that department has gone out for a soft-shell crab and a small bottle of wine.

A POSSIBLE EXCEPTION.

Wife—Isn't it a fact, dear, that handsome men are proverbially disagreeable?

Husband—Well, I don't know. I always try to be pleasant.

SICK BUT PLAYFUL.

"So your husband is sick, Mrs. Hendricks?" said the caller.

"Well, he's not so sick but what he can gibe me about my lack nursing knowledge."

Just then an alarm came from the upper floor and Mrs. Hendricks excused herself hastily and went upstairs.

Then Mr. Hendricks began a terrible tirade.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired the caller in a voice of alarm.

"It's pa gibing ma," explained Bobby.

A RIGHTEOUS REBUKE.

Applicant (pushing his way through the crowd)—I believe I'm next, St. Peter.

St. Peter (eyeing him sternly)—Do you take this place for a barber shop, young man?

A PLACE OF REST.

Washington guide (to tourist)—This, Sir, is the Senate Chamber.

Tourist (from the country)—Oh, yes, sort of a sleeping-chamber, I s'pose.

Guide—Well—er—there's some sleeping done here.

SMALL RESULTS.

A clergyman who had been invited to a state-prison, somewhat spoiled the effect of his discourse by his absent-mindedness. He said, as he closed his sermon

"The collection will now be taken up."

CAN DO PLEASANTER WORK.

Wife (to husband)—Do you consider that to have a typewriter is very much help to you, John?

Husband—Oh, yes, indeed.

Wife—Which do you find make the better typewriters, young women or old women?

Husband—Young women, by all odds.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

"Pa," said Bobby, "Methuselah's heirs must have waited a long time for their money."

"Not very, Bobby, they all died before he did."

WAR REMINISCENCES.

"Yes," said Dimley proudly, "I was a soldier in the war of the Rebellion, and if I do say it myself, I made a good one."

The thrill of admiration which was about to start through the party was suddenly stopped by Featherly, who said, musingly: "Let me see, Dimley, it was in '64, wasn't it, that you were drafted?"

NOT HARD TO TAKE.

Old Lady (in drugstore)—Can I take this medicine, young fellow, with impunity?

Boy (busy selling stamps)—Yes, you can take it with impunity, or with a little milk and lime water.

A SPIRIT OF ENVY.

Miss Gushington (to Miss Twillingham, of Tuxedo, recently engaged)—Your fiancé, Mr. Meredith, is quite well off, isn't he, Clara?

Miss Twillingham—Oh, very. We shall be able, as the saying goes, to begin life where our parents left off.

Miss Gushington—You are fortunate. It would be deplorable, indeed, if you had to begin life where your parents began.

A HELP TO THE MEMORY.

Old Man (very mildly)—Has that young physician taken his departure yet, Clara?

Clara—No, papa.

Old Man—I wish you would kindly ask him for a prescription to cure a cold. I'm barking like a dog.

The young man hastily prescribed a kill or cure remedy, and the barking soon ceased. The young physician put something down in his note-book.

"What are you doing, George dear?" said Clara.

"Making a note. This book saves me hundreds of dollars a year."

A POPULAR PLAY.

Wife—John, I wish you would get tickets for the new play, "Hole in the Air."

Husband—Does the play possess any literary merit?

Wife—The papers say not.

Husband—I'll get tickets for to-morrow.

SAVING MONEY.

"You have charge of my mother-in-law's funeral, have you not?"

"Yes, Sir, replied Mr. Mould.

"What's the price of the carriages?"

"Ten dollars if we have to drive slow; if we can drive fast we can make it only five."

"Well, I don't want you to drive too fast. Say, you might trot to the grave and run your horses home."

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus)—Uncle Rastus, can you get me a nice henroop? I think some of raising chickens.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah. I kin build yo' as fine a henroop as ebber war built, but I'se too busy whitewashin' jes' now to undertake de job. I tell yo' what I kin do, though, Mr. Smith, I kin work on it nights.

MAY STRIKE A BARGAIN.

Dealer (to countryman in art gallery)—There's a fine Rembrandt painting, Sir.

Countryman—Yes, I know. They belong to Rembrandt, but I want to find out who painted them; then I'll talk to Rembrandt, and perhaps make a trade with him.

RAW MATERIAL.

They were on their way home from the theatre.

"We had a very interesting discussion last night at the debating club," remarked George. "The subject was 'What shall we do with our raw material?'"

"I know very little about matters of that nature, George," returned the girl timidly, "but I think some of our raw material should be disposed of on the half shell."

A REMARKABLE MAN.

Wife (coming home from church)—Mr. Goodman is certainly a remarkable man.

Husband—Why do you think so?

Wife—Because he only returned from Europe last week and he didn't begin his sermon with the remark, "When I was in so-and-so."

LET THIS SETTLE IT.

She—Do you think, George, that marriage is a failure?

He—I think it all depends upon the wife. How do you regard it, Lulu?

She—I think it all depends upon the husband.

PHILIP H. WELCH.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Our Great Dream Contest Closes To-Morrow.

No Dreams Received Thereafter Can Compete.

Judge Hawthorne Says He Is Charmed with the Tourney.

It Was a Lucky Dream.

I dreamed that No. 21,564 would win a prize in the lottery. I procured a ticket bearing that number, and my interest amounted to $750. AF LUMLEY.

It Was Only the Cat.

I dreamed that I was wrecked upon an uninhabited island. On exploring it I discovered many caves. While passing through one of these caves a large animal sprang upon me and I was thrown to the ground, when I awoke with a start to find I had hold of our old cat. WM. CONCANNON.

The Absent Friend Was Dead.

Two friends of mine went abroad recently to travel together. A month ago in a dream I met one of these friends alone. I asked him where was the other friend. "I have left him behind," he said. The dream was so strange I made a note of it at the time. I have just received word that the friend whom I missed in my dream died that same night in Algiers. J. H.

Dreamed Away a Wart.

For some time I have had a wart on the top of my head, which caused me a great deal of annoyance in combing my hair. I dreamed I had my head in my lap and was looking for the wart, but could not find it. When combing my hair after I awoke the wart had disappeared.

E. H., 359 West Fifty-eighth street.

The Captain Was Warned.

My father was a sea captain, and he was to sail in a small schooner in a few days. Two days before he went I dreamed that the vessel he was going on was lost. I told him of it the next day and begged him not to go. He promised me that he would not and the vessel went away without him, but was never heard of again, so my dream was realized. W. R.

A Funeral Dream Realized.

I dreamed for three consecutive nights of a military funeral. I dreamed that the company was drawn up in line, and had ammunition issued to each member to fire a volley over the grave. To my surprise I received a postal card on Wednesday, just three days after my dream, informing me of an old comrade's death. He was a member of Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. A DREAMER.

Shook Hands with the Doorknob.

I dreamed that I was on the Cunard line dock as a steamer came in. A friend asked me if I would like an introduction to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

I accepted the offer very quickly, and hurried forward to where the Prince was standing, and was awakened in the hall by my brother, who wanted to know why I was shaking the handle of his door. I told him I thought it was the Prince of Wales, and, feeling very foolish, crept quickly back into bed. M. LOUISE WALLER,
178 Herkimer street, Brooklyn.

His First Sleep in a Hammock.

Some years ago I enlisted in the United States Navy. I had never been in a hammock before, and it was with a feeling of dread that I at last ventured to turn in. For a long time I could not sleep, being fully occupied in keeping my balance, but finally drifted off. I dreamed that I was suspended on some between heaven and earth, and that I in my sleep rolled off, dropping from a terrible height. I gave a convulsive jump to escape the fall and awoke, when I landed on the breech of a cannon to the great delight of all the old salts around me.

A. C. B., Prince street.

Fortunately They Parted Friends.

I have a friend who had not spoken to her only brother for over a year, owing to some falling out. Some time ago, in a dream, I saw him in a street of a city strange to me, and saw him struck and killed by a portion of a building. The dream impressed me so much that I hastened to my friend in the morning and begged her to make peace with her brother. He was then preparing to go away from home to a strange town, and when I learned that I urged her still more. They said good-by, the best of friends, and three weeks from that time he was brought home dead, having been killed by a falling chimney. LILLIAN MABELLE.

A Lucky Policy Dreamer.

I dreamed I went to No. 7 Front street, Brooklyn, to examine a burst water pipe, and in my dream I told a friend, who is a policy player, and he said: "Who did you see there?" I said: "A woman and a man." "Why," said he, "that plays 7-10-12—a gig." The next morning I told my friend my dream, and he played it for 25 cents. Another friend being present played 25 cents, another 50 cents, another 25 cents and two for 10 cents each, and I played all the change I had, 76 cents. The numbers came as I dreamed, and we all received $1 for every cent played, making $221 actually won on my dream.

A. I. HICKS,
132 Ashland place, Brooklyn.

The Letter Was Prophetic.

Many years ago I dreamed that I was sewing for a lady in her parlor, and before her house there were two streams of water. One was narrow, the other was wide; between the streams was a beautiful green path of grass. When the lady left the room I thought I would go and sail chips in the water, and I stepped across the narrow stream on the path. As my foot pressed on the grass there was a cutting and stinging pain, such as I never felt before nor since. I ran into the house and took off my shoe and stocking, and there was a large capital "W" on the bottom of my right heel. Some years after I married a man whose name commenced with W.

Mrs. A. W., Peekskill, N.Y.

Not Successful at Cake-Making.

Two weeks ago I made my first attempt at cake-making, which was an utter failure, as it turned out to be a pudding. After eating some I dreamed I was out with friends driving, and stayed at a hotel, where one of the party died, after eating some of the pudding. I was very much afraid of being arrested, so concluded to go away, but feeling an interest in the departed, I asked the number of the grave and was told "G. O. P., 1,209." My friends say it means "Good Old Pudding," but as I had been reading THE EVENING WORLD I conclude it means Good Old Paper, but what the number stands for I do not know. F. V. D.

A New Way of Getting to Heaven.

When a boy I was very fond of flying a large kite that I made myself. I dreamed I was a boy again and started out with my kite on my shoulder for the fields. When I got there I saw many corpses lying about, but hey did not frighten me. I took my ball of string, which somehow had a hook at the end, fastened the hook through the nose of one of the corpses, let out a length of line and ran. The corpse rose in the air like a kite, and I felt the resistance while running. All at once the resistance ceased. I looked around and saw the corpse rise higher and higher, till it went out of sight, and my string fell to the ground. I said to myself: "This is a new way to send people to heaven," and I repeated the manœuvres with another corpse, and another. Then my vision must have faded into sound sleep, for I remember no more.

J. RUSSELL.

The Dove Signified Death.

I dreamed I had been cleaning my parlor, finishing at bedtime, and retired, when I saw a large dining-table before me with all my bric-a-brac on it, and noticed in the centre of the table a white dove perched high above the ornaments. I was astonished and wondered where it came from. Then I thought, I had a dove which died two years ago and had it fixed on this perch at the bird fancier's. As I gazed at it it wearily raised its wings three times, then hopped to the floor. I jumped out of bed, rushed across the room to my mother, slapping her excitedly on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Mother that dove is alive, after being dead for two years, and I know there is going to be a death in the family." Just as I said that, the dove pierced its bill into my ankle. With a scream of pain, I awoke, finding myself in the middle of the room. My mother died in five weeks from that time. ELLA MAUDE TAYLOR,
1 St. Mark's place.

A Burglar, Real and Visionary.

In August, 1883, I dreamed that I was suddenly awakened to find a burglar in the room. When he found he was discovered he immediately ran from the room out of the front door into the street. I followed in close pursuit, falling down at the gate, only to pick myself up and give chase in a vain endeavor to catch him, until he escaped in a vacant lot filled with shrubbery.

The following night, about 2 o'clock, I was aroused by my mother exclaiming that there was a man in the room. As she spoke the man jumped on the bed, and, clutching us both in the pitchy darkness, threatened to shoot us if we spoke or moved. A scream from mother evidently made him think it best not to wait until the neighbors were aroused, and he started from the room. I sprang from the bed in pursuit, and then followed an exact reproduction of my dream, only this time it was reality, falling at the gate and all. The above occurred in a suburb of one of Ohio's largest cities, and I still have the papers which spoke of a "brave girl's chase for a burglar." OHIO.

The Accident Happened as Dreamed.

I had a dream twenty-five years ago and it is as vivid as if I dreamed it last night. My husband employed many men to work for him. One man owned a canal-boat, and when the Erie Canal opened in the Spring took his wife and family and made trips all Summer. In the month of April before the canal opened I dreamed that the man was sitting upon his boat with his back to the bow; that something struck him upon the back, knocked him into the canal and he died in consequence.

Three weeks after, I met the man's uncle. I told him all the minutiæ of my dream, and sent word to his nephew not to go on the trip, for he would surely be killed. The nephew did not go, but the uncle went in his place. After making a few trips, and very near the city of Troy, the uncle was sitting upon the top of the boat with his back to the bow. They came to a low bridge; he did not see it and was knocked into the canal. His foot caught in the tiller rope, and kept him from sinking. They took him at once to Troy, where he died. This was the man to whom I told the dream, and it occurred just as I dreamed it, only it was he instead of his nephew. J. L. H.,
402 Seventeenth street, Brooklyn.

Philanthropy on a Washing Basis.

I dreamed that a clergyman with whom I was well acquainted had become deeply interested in a charitable institution in New York, whose object was to furnish needy women out of work with employment, and as a result of his zeal he had persuaded my wife to send the soiled clothes of the family each week, packed in a barrel, by express, to said institution to be washed and returned. (Distance of round trip about two hundred miles.)

Unfortunately for the harmonious carrying out of this scheme, the first lot of clean clothes returned was sent to the clergyman instead of my wife, with charges C. O. D. This seemed to awaken the sleeping Adam in that worthy man, who, in order to ease his violent indignation, on the next Sabbath, took the barrel to church and into his pulpit, and using it for proof of his assertions, proceeded to excoriate my wife for having had it sent to him in order to avoid express charges. I was present, and not having heard of the washing scheme before, naturally took quite a lively interest in the proceedings, and marched up to the pulpit to take a look at that barrel.

On discovering that it was one that had previously been stored in my cellar, I proceeded to kick it down one of the aisles, and sent the dominie rolling down the other, propelled in the same unorthodox manner. I then took my wife home, and we went into secret session, with closed doors. She admitted that the dominie had persuaded her to send her washing to New York. On my asking if she had sent all her washing at that time, she replied that she had. I proceeded, like the immortal "Johnny," to "git a gun," and went out hunting for the dominie. Fortunately for all concerned, I awoke before I could draw a bead on him. P.

A Dream Romance in Verse.

I dreamt I sat in a spacious room,
On an ottoman low one night;
The air was heavy with sweet perfume,
From many a bouquet bright;
That a gallant bold for my hand did sue,
As low at my feet he lay,
But my first love's face loomed full in view,
And my lips they answered "Nay."

But he bolder waxed and my hand he kissed,
And closer he drew to my side,
And in words no maiden's heart could resist
He pressed me to be his bride.
But a glance at the face of my first sweet love,
That wistfully gazed at me,
And my heart grew cold to the tale he wove,
And I told him it ne'er could be.

Yet he sued the more at each answered "No,"
And he nearer to me did press;
So to free myself from his passion's flow
I blushed and stammered "Yes!"
Then the face of my first love faded away,
And a fear o'er my spirit came,
Lest the suitor bold through my spoken "Yea"
My heart and my hand would claim.

Away I rushed from the spacious room
And the suitor kneeling there,
With speed through the midnight's sable gloom
I fled, but knew not where;
Nor stayed my flight until I came
To the brink of a rushing stream,
My love stood there, I shouted his name
And awoke—so runs my dream!

NELLIE M. KEARNEY.

THE GRAND OLD MAN CARTOONED.

How the Features of Gladstone Are Represented in the Opposition Prints.

TERSELY TURNED NEWS.

John Gaiter, a slave at Moorfield, W. Va., offered to show the location of a silver mine in return for his freedom, before the war. The master refused, and the slave only gave his secret at his deathbed to his son. The latter has now turned it to account with a mining company.

* * *

The exception in New Jersey is the man who is not a candidate for Gubernatorial honors. On the Democratic list of willing Barkises thus far are ex-Gov. Leon Abbett, Gen. J. Watts Kearney, State Senators Baker and West, ex-Chancellor Runyon, Mr. C. P. C. Swing, Miles Ross, Garrett D. W. Vroom, Judge Wescott, and ex-Senator Winfield.

* * *

King Humbert stole a base on the American ball-players' game at Rome Saturday. [He came to the grounds unobserved, with only one attendant, saw part of the sport and slipped quietly away again.

* * *

Alfred A. Liscomb makes $500 by the cold snap. He was to start for Washington on foot to-day, because he bet on Cleveland. George Griffith, of Philadelphia, who won the bet, was to accompany him in a carriage. The temperature scared Griffith and he bought the bet off.

* * *

Mrs. Christian Schluechtner danced and sang and raised a flag in East New York when she learned that Mrs. Thomas Schultz had committed suicide. The two women had acquired mutual enmity as co-respondents in a couple of divorce suits.

* * *

The eye of faith doesn't rest on the telltale mercury. Five New Jersey faith-cure converts, including four women, were baptized by immersion in New York Bay yesterday while the temperature was flirting with the zero point in the thermometer.

Not Preachable.

[*From the Washington Critic.*]

A certain politician holding office now in Washington comes from Gilead, ——, and he is proud of his native town. It is told of him that on one occasion a visiting clergyman preached in the village church, and during the course of his remarks he exclaimed:

"Is there no balm in Gilead?"

Mr. Bank jumped to his feet at once.

"Of course there is," he sing out, to the horror of the congregation, "but you can't get it on Sunday."

Painstaking Burglars.

[*From the Chicago Herald.*]

Brown—How do you think they got in?

Smith (who has just been telling about a burglary at his house)—They removed a pane of glass from the basement window.

"They must have been painstaking burglars."

"Umph! What we need is a painstaking police force."

The People

Easily discover fraud and appreciate a fair equivalent for their money. All admit that 100 doses for one dollar is a fair equivalent, and only one remedy gives this, and that remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results." C. PARMELEE, 849 Bridge st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

HUMOR'S ARTISTIC AIDS.

FUNNY FACTS AND FANCIES TOLD BY PEN AND PENCIL.

An Accident of the Play.

[*From Judge.*]

Wipe-Up-the-Ground (the Piute Chief)—The scalp of the white traitor shall grace the wigwam of the great red man.

Peered Dick (the Scout, under his breath)—Leggo there, you barn-stormin' chump! You've got holt of some of my real hair!

A Discourager of Generosity.

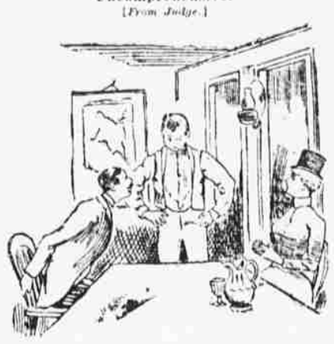
[*From Puck.*]

Mr. Turner Van Nuleef (who has invested in a pair of diamond ear-rings for Mrs. Van Nuleef)—You can never guess what I've brought home to-night, my dear.

Mrs. Van Nuleef (unconcernedly)—Oh, a bottle of whiskey, as usual, I suppose.

Uncomprehensive.

[*From Judge.*]



Mr. Tholp (who is lunching his cousin at a country hotel)—You may bring a filet or two, and a small bottle, waiter.

The Waiter—I kin give yer all th' cider yer want out 'r small 'r big bottles, but th' boss swapped his last filly more'n a week ago.

More Than He Could Take Care Of.

[*From Judge.*]

Miss Parshley—Did you ever dance before, Mr. Judsen?

Mr. Burt Judsen (who is having a hard time of it)—No, but I used to carry specie-bags in a brokerage firm, and I thought I could get along.

Washington
INAUGURAL CENTENNIAL.
Windows along the Route, Transient Board or Lodgings, Chaperons and Guides will be in Great Demand.
MAKE YOUR DESIRE TO MEET ANY OF THE ABOVE REQUIREMENTS KNOWN THROUGH THE WORLD "WANT" COLUMNS.
Advertisers can Register at the INFORMATION BUREAU of "THE WORLD'S" Uptown Office, 1267 Broadway.
To Strangers
CONTEMPLATING VISITING THE METROPOLIS DURING THE WASHINGTON INAUGURAL ARE EXTENDED THE FACILITIES OF THE WORLD'S INFORMATION BUREAU AS ABOVE.

WORLDLINGS.

Bartholomew Edwards, an English clergyman, whose death was recently announced, had been rector of a parish in Norfolk ever since the year before the battle of Waterloo.

The actress Lotta has been on the stage since 1858, having first appeared on the boards when twelve years old. She is reported to have the argest fortune of any American actress.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, is a striking figure on the streets of Washington. His smooth-shaven, pallid face is set off to such a degree by his head of coal-black hair that the contrast, at first sight, is startling.

"Hemped into the Hereafter—Lee is an Angel Now," is the remarkable headline in a St. Paul newspaper over an account of a hanging. The Chicago *Times* in the palmy days of Editor Storey, rarely surpassed this.

Congressman Reed, of Maine, is described as a big, awkward, loose-jointed man. He moves at a swinging gait, his hand buried deep in his overcoat pockets and his hat well back on his head. He wears a No. 10 shoe.

Henry M. Teller, the first Senator from the Centennial State, is now a man of sixty, but as vigorous and hearty as he was twenty years ago. Unlike most men from Colorado in public life, he is not rich. He is plain and simple in his habits and easily approachable.

Norman J. Colman, the agricultural member of the Cabinet, is a practical farmer who for a number of years has conducted a first-class agricultural newspaper. He is a small man, very quiet in dress and manner. Mr. Colman is said to be an accomplished ventriloquist.

Gen. Noble, of St. Louis, who has been slated for President Harrison's Cabinet, is just fifty-eight years old. He is a lawyer, a Yale graduate, and was a good soldier. His first enlistment was in the Third Iowa Cavalry, in which he was soon advanced to the rank of Major.

TWO CENTRAL LABOR BODIES.

Seceders Meet Under the Name of the Central Labor Federation.

The old Central Labor Union held its regular session in Clarendon Hall yesterday afternoon, and the seceders convened in Union Hall, 385 Bowery. Delegate R. P. Davis presided over the former meeting and Ludwig Jablinowski at the latter.

At the Clarendon Hall meeting the Amalgamated Brassworkers, who withdrew with the Socialists, sent in a request for Edward Conklin's removal as a delegate, because he hit Delegate Stuerck in the eye. The Clothing Cutters' Union wanted a withdrawal card, and was told to settle up its back dues.

A committee was instructed to arrange for mass-meetings to agitate the control of the railroads by the State and municipalities. Gen. Pryor was requested to appear before the Assembly Judiciary Committee to-morrow in behalf of the amendments to the conspiracy law.

At the Union Hall meeting it was decided to call the organization the Central Labor Federation and to seek for admission to the American Federation of Labor.

Ernest Bohm was elected Secretary; Michael O'Brien, Corresponding Secretary; Henry White, Financial Secretary, and William Kandler, Treasurer. A lengthy address was promulgated, claiming that the principles of the Central Labor Union had been lost sight of, and that the organizations were actually sold out to the bosses.

The Explanation.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

Smith—Good for your wife, Jones! I noticed that she took off her hat at the theatre last evening.

Jones—Yes; it was an old hat.

All New York is Talking About This Story.

YOU MISS A GREAT TREAT IF YOU FAIL TO READ IT.

SYNOPSIS
OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF

"A SERVANT OF SATAN."

THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER.

The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROLOGUE AND PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious assassin who was guillotined in December last at Paris, under the name of Prado, handed on the eve of his execution a bundle of manuscript notes concerning his birth and past career to a friend named Louis Herard. Those notes for the first time the romantic career of the extraordinary criminal whose identity and his birthplace proved a riddle which the French police were unable to solve. They show that he was the son of a well-known German general and statesman, whose identity will easily be recognized under the pseudonym of Count von Waldberg. The mother was a Princess of one of the lofty sovereign houses of Germany. A godson of the late King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, young Waldberg enters the army, contracts a secret marriage with a woman whom he rescues off as his mistress, and strikes his Colonel to the ground when the latter uses a coarse expression in referring to her.

Young Waldberg deserts the army and returns to his father's house, where he confesses his misdeeds to the Count. The latter, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his wife, asking for money. The night of the third day of his confinement the occupants of the villa are startled by pistol shots, and rush to the library to find the young Count by a broken window, with a smoking revolver in his hand. The General's desk has been forced open and a large amount of money abstracted. No trace is found of the burglars. But on the following day the General intercepts a letter from Frederick to his wife and discovers that it is his son who is the thief. He turns him out of the house. Frederick and his wife go to Paris, where the young Countess is found by her husband in a compromising attitude with his butler. He drives her out of the house at midnight, and wandering alone in the streets she is arrested by the Agent de Mœurs on a police charged with the contract of women of ill repute on the charge of plying a disgraceful trade without being licensed thereto by the prefecture. She is sentenced to three months' imprisonment at St. Lazare. Two weeks afterwards the Franco-German war breaks out, and Frederick is forced to leave Paris. He proceeds to Cairo, where he makes the acquaintance of an Egyptian Princess, who gives him a rendezvous in her palace. He is surprised there by her husband's second wife, whom Frederick strangles while endeavoring to prevent her from giving the alarm. He is pursued by the Pasha's janissaries and eunuchs, and escapes with difficulty. Embarking at Suez for Bombay, he arrives in due course at Baroda, where he betrays the daughter of an English Colonel, and involuntarily kills a Hindoo lady of rank with whom he had become intimate. A beggar being found in the act of removing some jewels from the corpse, he is charged with having killed her, and is put to death in Frederick's presence by the elephant executioner. Frederick disappears from Baroda, and Florence, deserted by her lover, commits suicide. Suspected of the widow's murder, Frederick returns to Paris under an assumed name, and one night while at the Jardin Mabille recognizes in a demi-mondaine of the place his wife Rose. The latter, threatening to reveal his identity, forces him to provide her with money, jewels, &c., and possesses as his mistress. At length, exasperated by her threats and taunts, he poisons her by means of a preparation of morphia. He is arrested on the charge of having murdered her. The trial is in progress and he is about to be acquitted on the ground of insufficient evidence, when suddenly an unexpected witness appears on the stand.

Don't Miss the Continuation of this Most Remarkable Story in TO-MORROW MORNING'S WORLD.