

The World

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THE STOLEN RENT. The thief who last night carried off from the Church of St. Francis of Assisi a stole and \$600 over to humanity—for thieves are human—do bring back his plunder at once.

A NEW VIEW OF IT. Citizens Mrs. Thonx has eloped from Dublin to Boston with Citizen Henry O'Neil. Before they so pleasantly severed their connection with the land of their birth, Mrs. Thonx, it is said, second cousin to the Duke of Richmond, and Henry was her father's coachman.

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.

THE LESSON OF THE WEEK. Citizen ALBERT A. LISCOMB was to have started this morning to walk from the Hoffman House to the White House to pay a bet.

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 stripes wider the further north the eye sweeps.

THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER. The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve

DEATH STOLE A BRIGHT WIT.

PHILIP WELCH TAKEN FROM THE WORLD HE HELPED TO BRIGHTEN.

Shadows hang all about the Paragon'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, under most disheartening circumstances, one of the brightest and kindest 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 brightly 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 that trouble appeared in other parts of his system. Operation after operation was performed in vain. The approach to the end finally remained certain and uncheckable.

It was in the Spring 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. Oh! Lady (who has just bought a stamp, to drag Lady)—Will you please lick that stamp on my forehead?

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 I 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 was wrecked with his loss, but was never heard of again, so my dream was realized. W. H.

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.

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 center of the table a white dove perched high above the ornaments. I was astonished and wondered what it could mean. 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 wondrously raised its wings three times, then rose to the ceiling. I jumped out of bed, rushed across the room to my mother, snatching 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 five weeks from that time. ELLA MARY TAYLOR, 187, 1st. Mch's place.

A BURGLAR, REEL AND VISIONARY. In August, 1888, 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 rate, only to pick myself up and give chase in a vain endeavor to catch him, until he escaped in a leucor coat filled with snarkery. He followed me right 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 me both in the pitch 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. I started from the room, I awoke 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 wife and child, that some him, struck him upon the back, knocked him into the canal and he died in consequence.

THE LETTER WAS PROPHECY. 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 down 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."

NOT SUCCESSFUL AT COKE-MAKING. Two weeks ago I made my first attempt at coke-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 deserted, I asked the number of the grave and was told "G. O. P., 1,203." 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 they did not frighten me. I took my ball of

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. A. 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 my old cat. WM. CONNORSON.

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 again. 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 had seen 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. Then I combed 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 I 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 was wrecked with his loss, but was never heard of again, so my dream was realized. W. H.

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THE GRAND OLD MAN CARTOONED.



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

string, which somehow had a hook at the end, fastened the book through the nose of one of the corpses. It cut a length of line and ran. The corpse rose in the air like a kite, and I felt the resistance of the string. All at once the resistance ceased. I looked around and saw the corpse rising 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 manoeuvre with another corpse, and another. Then my vision must have faded into sound sleep, for I remember no more. J. RUSSELL.

A Dream Romance in Verse. I dreamed I sat in a spacious room. On an ottoman low one night; The air was heavy with sweet perfume. From many a bouquet of flowers came. That a faint hold for my hand did me. As low as my feet he lay. But my hand's face loomed full in view. And my lips they answered "Nay." But he held 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 never could be. Yet he said the more at each answer "No." And he never to be did press. So to free myself from his passion I flew. I blushed and stammered "Yes!" Then the face of my first love faded away. And my heart grew cold to the tale he wove. Let the sun's hot light through my spoken "Yes!" My heart and my hand would claim. Away I rushed from the spacious room And a faint hold for my hand did me. With sleep through the midnight's sable gloom I did not know not where; Nor stayed my flight until I came. To the brink of a rushing stream. But my hand's face loomed full in name And awoke—so true my dream! NELLIE M. KEARNEY.

TERSELY TURNED NEWS. John Geiter, a slave at Moorfield, W. Va., offered to show the location of a silver mine in return for his freedom, before the war. The matter 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 Abbott, Gen. J. Watts Kearney, State Senators Baker and West, ex-Chancellor Runyon, Mr. C. P. C. Swing, Miles Ross, Garrett D. W. Vroom, Judge Westcott, 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 Schluethner 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-representants in a couple of divorce suits.

The eye of fair Jethro 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 Precariable. (From the Washington Critic.) A certain politician holding office now in Washington comes from Glasgow, 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?" "Is there no balm in Gilead?" "Of course there is," he sang out, to the horror of the congregation, "but you can't get it out 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 home—They removed a pane of glass from the basement window. "They must have been painstaking burglars," I replied. "What was needed is a painstaking police force."

The People. Easily discover fraud and appreciate a fair equivalent 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. O. PARKER, 340 Bridge-st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

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 Plate Chief)—The scalp of the white traitor shall grace the wigwag of the great red man. Petered Dick the Scout, under his breath—Leggo there, you barn-stormin' chump! You've got hold of some of my real hair!

A Discourager of Generosity. (From Puck.)

Uncomprehensiveness. (From Judge.)

Mr. Turner Van Nuleff (who has invested in a pair of diamond car-rings for Mrs. Van Nuleff)—You can never guess what I've brought home tonight, my dear. Mrs. Van Nuleff (unconcernedly)—Oh, a bottle of whiskey, as usual, I suppose.

Mr. Tholp (who is lurching his cousin at a country hotel)—You may bring a liet or two, and a small bottle, waiter. The Waiter—I kin give yer all the tilder yer want out 't small 't big bottles, but 't boss swapped his last lilly morn'n a week ago.

More Than He Could Take Care Of. (From Judge.)

Miss Parsley—Did you ever dance before, Mr. Judson? Mr. Bert Judson (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.

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.

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," 1267 Broadway, N. Y.

To Strangers. CONTEMPLATING VISITING THE METROPOLIS DURING THE WASHINGTON INAUGURAL ARE EXTENDING THE FACILITIES OF THE WORLD'S INFORMATION BUREAU AS ABOVE.

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 1816, having first appeared on the boards when twenty years old. She is reported to have the largest 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 Anzel 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 Storor, 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 Central State, is now a man of sixty, but is 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 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. Secretaries 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 secretaries convened in Union Hall, 885 Bowery. Delegate R. P. Davis presided over the former meeting and Ludwig Jablonski at the latter.

At the Clarendon Hall meeting the Amalgamated Brassworkers, who withdrew from the Socialist's ranks in a request for Edward Conklin's resignation as delegate, because he hit DeLozier Stuerck in the eye. The Clothing Cutters' Union wanted a withdrawal card, and was told to settle up its lack dues.

A committee was instructed to arrange for ball-meetings to be held in the control of the railroads by the State and municipalities. (ten. 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 Holm 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.

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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 Beaud.

This revelation for the first time the romantic career of the extraordinary criminal whose identity and life were shrouded in mystery. Frederick, the son of a well-known German general and statesman, whose identity will really be recognized under the pseudonym of the late King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, young Waldberg enters the army, contracts a secret marriage with a young woman who passes off as his mistress, and strikes his Colonel to the ground when the latter uses a coarse expression 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 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 destroyed. No trace is found of the burglar. But on the following day the general interests a letter from Frederick to his wife at 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, wandering alone in the streets, and is arrested by the Agent de Moens (police charged with the control of women of ill repute) on the charge of pilging a dangerous trade without being licensed thereby by the prefect. He is sentenced to three months' imprisonment at St. Lazare.

Thereby 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 strikes with a pistol, but is prevented from giving the alarm. He is pursued by the Prussian gendarmes and escapes with difficulty. Remarkable as this is, he is not the only person who has been guilty of a crime. A beggar found in the act of removing some jewels from the corpse, he is charged with the murder of a French nobleman, and is sentenced to the guillotine. The assassin's name is revealed by the Jardin Malin reporter to a demagogue of the place his wife Rose. The latter, threatening to reveal his name, is forced to flee. He is pursued by the police, but escapes her. He is arrested on the charge of having murdered her. The trial is in a few days and he is about to be acquitted on the ground of insufficient evidence, when suddenly an unexpected witness appears on the stand.

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