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CIRCULATION BOOKS
OPEN TO ALL
THE NEW YORK JOURNAL
PRINTED DURING 1888
104,473,650
COPIES
WHICH AVERAGES OVER
Two-Millions a Week,
ON AVERAGE,
DAILY-COPIES PER-DAY
FOR THE ENTIRE YEAR.

COMPARISONS ESTABLISH VALUE.
The World Guarantees:
First, THAT this is a larger number of papers than were printed during the year 1888 by any two other American newspapers combined.

Second, THAT the daily average, 1,000,000, is more than 100,000 COPIES per day in excess of that of any other newspaper in America.
Third, THAT the circulation during 1888 was more than DOUBLE that of the New York Herald.
Fourth, THAT the circulation during 1888 was more than DOUBLE that of the New York Sun.
Fifth, THAT the circulation during 1888 was more than FIVE times that of the Times or Tribune.

Sixth, THAT the bona-fide average circulation of the SUNDAY WORLD for 1888 was 300,000 copies, and that this was over TWO AND A HALF TIMES the circulation of the New York Sunday Herald, more than DOUBLE that of the New York Sun, and more than 50,000 in excess of the New York Herald, TRIBUNE and TIMES combined during 1888.
SEVENTH, TO REFUND ALL MONIES PAID FOR ADVERTISING, IF, UPON PROOF TEST, THE ABOVE STATEMENTS ARE NOT VERIFIED.

ENFORCE THE LAW!
A law—that is, a section of what is printed in the statutes—provides that the retail druggists shall be punished for selling certain poisonous drugs except as prescribed by reputable physicians.
The "Poison Law," as the enactment which forbids sale of drugs is called, is now declared by experts to be practically a "dead letter." People who are enabled to poison themselves by reason of this condition of things become dead people. The law should be enforced.

SOMETHING WORTH REMEMBERING.
MR. PETER A. BROWN WIDENER, of WIDENER & ELKINS, the traction monopoly which conceived in Philadelphia some years ago the scheme of controlling surface railroads in the chief cities of the Union, should stop and think before he goes on with his plans to cable Broadway.
The Broadway property-owners and the city government have not had their consent asked yet. It is barely possible they won't consent at all. What would Mr. PETER A. BROWN WIDENER do then?

Col. OLEAS FRICK, of Missouri the cultivated son of an old and honorable family, is said to be working as porter in a wholesale dry-goods store in this city. Good for Col. FRICK! There's nothing in that that his descendants need blush for.
How comes March in?
Like a lamb, sweet as honey, soft as jam!
How goes March out?
Snow and blow? There are blizzards left, we know!

INAUGURATION DAYS.

Their Observance Through the First Century of the Republic.

Each New President Fittingly Usurped into His High Office.

The Ceremonies of Late Years Contrast with the Early Simplicity.

The Fathers of the Republic evidently did not believe in running up a big expense account on the occasion of public ceremonies, which included the inauguration of President.
If they, in their day, had had pictured to them the scenes which were enacted at the ceremony which is about to take place at the National capital, they would doubtless have held up their hands in holy horror at the bare thought of such lavishness and extravagance.

To be sure, they had to have some sort of celebration of the event, but it was so modest and simple in its proportions that it would hardly compare favorably with a Sixth Ward ratification meeting of the present day, while the present inaugural celebration has been arranged upon such an elaborate and extensive scale that it bids fair to overtop all previous records in impressiveness and grandeur.

As was recently described in THE EVENING WORLD, the inauguration of the first President in the city of New York was a comparatively modest affair, and, except for a small parade of one or two regiments and a few barges, there was nothing but a crowd in Broad street and a speech by the Father of His Country from the steps of the House of Congress, which stood on the site of the present Sub-Treasury Building.

When John Adams was inaugurated, on March 4, 1797, Philadelphia was the National capital, and entered the hall of Congress Representatives unattended, took hands with Washington, who was one of the company which received him, was sworn in by Chief Justice Ellsworth, and the whole thing was over. The hall was crowded with people who were anxious to take a look at the successor of Washington, but when this curiosity was satisfied interest quickly subsided.

The inauguration of Thomas Jefferson, on March 4, 1801, although it is supposed to have introduced an era of Jeffersonian simplicity and pure republicanism, was characterized by more display than either of its predecessors. The President-elect himself purchased a \$1,000 coach and horses, which did not arrive in time for the parade, and he was obliged to travel in a hack.

There was a still more elaborate celebration at James Madison's inauguration in 1809, when a large body of military, Government officials, members of the Diplomatic Corps and citizens escorted the President-elect to the Capitol in the morning, and in the evening there was a grand ball, at which 400 guests were present, including both the President and ex-President.

The inauguration of John Quincy Adams, in 1825, was without notable features except that the day was an exceptionally fine one and there was an immense procession of citizens to act as escort for the President from his home to the Capitol.
Andrew Jackson's Administration was ushered in in 1829 with one of the largest receptions that had ever been held at the White House, and a number of very numerous in Washington on that occasion, and all went to the reception. They railed the punch-room and got so full that they made things very unpleasant for the new President, who was obliged to give a large party at a private house before the Presidential mansion could be repaired.

Gen. Martin Van Buren, at his inauguration in 1837, made a grand parade, and there were the usual parades and balls.
Gen. William Henry Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," went to the Capitol in a driving snowstorm and caught his death of cold delivering his inaugural address. The ceremonies at the inaugural were so elaborate and military in character, the largest and most brilliant seen in Washington up to that time, and in spite of the inclement weather the parade was a great success. In the evening there were three balls in honor of the new President, all of which he attended.

There was no public ceremony at the accession of Vice-President Fillmore, on the death of President Taylor, in 1850, nor were there any social festivities when President Franklin Pierce was inaugurated in 1853. This was on account of the recent death of one of his children.
President James Buchanan's inauguration, in 1857, was remarkable for the fine military display, twenty-four organizations being in line with a large number of political clubs.
For the first time in the history of the country it was found necessary at Lincoln's inauguration, in 1861, to protect the person of the President from violence by an escort of dragoons, which surrounded his carriage. The procession was the largest that had ever been seen at Washington, and at the Capitol a high board fence was erected around the platform where Uncle Abe stood to deliver his inaugural address.

Gen. Grant's inauguration was remarkable for its imposing military demonstration under General Alexander W. Webb.
President Rutherford B. Hayes forbade the inauguration ball, so it was omitted, but there was a grand civic and military display, with the usual ceremonies.
The inauguration of President Garfield was marked by no special incidents, but, like its predecessor, was celebrated in a comparatively quiet manner, with a fine procession. The inauguration ball was not this time omitted.
The most imposing display of its kind ever witnessed at the National capital attended the inauguration of President Cleveland, four years ago, and from the looks of things President Harrison's centennial inauguration is going to break the record again.

THE FREEDLE BOYS ALL WHITE NOW.

Jameson's Color-Line Dispute Settled Against the School Principal.
The color-line dispute which has for the past month divided the good people of Jamaica, L. I., in regard to the four boys of Mrs. Freedle, has just reached a sudden and unexpected climax.

President Ballard's action in putting the four boys out of the white school on the grounds that their mother was partly of colored blood has been reversed by the Board of Education, which body passed a resolution ordering that they be readmitted to the white school.
The Principal accepts the inevitable and says the Freedle boys may return as soon as they please. Their father, John Freedle, who is a German mechanic, had declared that they should never enter colored school even if they had to grow up in utter ignorance.

This peculiar school controversy was begun Jan. 3, when Miss Most (teacher) in the white school, reported to the Principal that she had reason to believe John and Willie Freedle who were in her class, were of colored blood. On this the boys were sent home.
Their parents sent them back to school next day, but the Principal refused to receive them and they returned home.
John is eight and Willie five years old. A day or two later another teacher told the Principal that she had a brother of the two supposed colored lads and this boy, whose name is Charles, aged eleven, was also summoned before the Principal.

Charles was a light-complexioned youth with brown hair and had none of the signs of negro blood. His mother, Mrs. Freedle, had then it was found that another Freedle boy was in the school. This boy has red hair, a crooked leg.
It would never have been suspected that the two latter boys were of colored blood had not the controversy arisen about the dark-complexioned John and Willie, but consistency had to be observed and all four boys were declared colored by the principal's edict.

A CONUNDRUM COMPETITION.

"The Evening World" offers \$20 in Gold for the Best Original One.
THE EVENING WORLD will continue its series of interesting competitions by a conundrum contest. The prize will be a gold double eagle (\$20) for the best original conundrum submitted.
Henry Clay Cation, the well-known humorist, will pose the riddles to be solved in this competition. All questions arising in the matter will be determined by him.
This does not mean, however, that he will answer the conundrums. They must be every instance be accompanied by the solutions. The contest will be a short one. The competing conundrums must be sent in this week, or before 6 P. M. Friday, March 3. None received after that time can compete.
The publication of some of the best conundrums received will begin on Monday, March 4. On Saturday, March 9, the decision of the judge will, if possible, be announced.
We trust that our friends will refrain from deluging the judge with chestnuts. A black list of offenders in this respect, will be published if necessary.
All conundrums should be addressed to "Conundrum Editor, THE EVENING WORLD, New York."

Feline Amusements.

From Punch.
A neat and attractive little leather-bound newspaper directory and rate-book has just been issued by Mr. M. Heimerdinger, the popular and enterprising advertising agent, whose headquarters are at THE WORLD Building, 31 and 32 Park Row. It is the first issue of the kind by Mr. Heimerdinger, and he will present the volume with his compliments to his large circle of city advertisers.



"I wish you hadn't asked Capt. Wareham, Lizzie. Horrid man! I can't bear him."
"Dear me, Charlotte—isn't the world big enough for you both?"
"Yet, but your little dining-room isn't!"

A Little Girl's Good Wishes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am glad to say that I do thank THE EVENING WORLD for its noble work in Little Tina Weis's case, and hope it will keep on with its noble mission.
FRIDA H.,
A girl ten years old.

Creations.
[From the Chicago Herald.]
At the breakfast table: "I see there are two accounts of creations in the papers this morning."
"Y—yes; they are becoming very common."
"I suppose before long they will have to change 'see that my grave is kept green' to 'see that my ashes ain't spilt'."

A Modest Request.
[From the Yankee Blade.]
Tramp—Madam, haven't you anything to give a poor, hungry, freezing gentleman?
Woman—Oh, yes; I'll give you "good morning."
Tramp—Thank you, madam. Now couldn't you give me something to wrap it up in?

A Wrong Diagnosis.
[From the Chicago Herald.]
Jack—Col. Kentuckius is dead, did you hear it?
Jim—No; what did he die of?
"Water round the heart."
"Impossible. How did it get there?"

Poorer, the perjurer, has a long beard.
A high, open forehead, a soft-spoken word;
Poorer, the perjurer, has, from the Times,
Money to pay for his infamous crimes.
Poorer, the perjurer, is there a clime
Where you may go and enjoy your crime?
One there is only, and that one, 'tis feared,
Would search with his fervor your long-flowing beard!

Crane Leap Out of a Three-Story Window.
Trancy Leonard, a laborer, living on the third floor of 328 Delancey street, made a crazy jump out of the rear window to the yard at 4 o'clock this morning. He was in a fit of delirium tremens at the time, having been on a spree for three days previously.

He was picked up alive, and when he got to Gouverneur Hospital it was found that a broken leg was about the full extent of his injury.

Niagara Club Election.
The Niagara Social Club has elected the following officers: Conrad W. Eldt, President; John McCarthy, Vice-President; Christian Eldt, Secretary; James McComb, Financial Secretary; Marcus Eberhart, Treasurer; Joseph McLaughlin, Sergeant-at-Arms.

CAPT. BEN'S SIX MILLIONS.

UNCLE RICHARDSON'S WILL SHOWS THAT HE WENT BACK ON CHARITY.

He Contemplated Endowing a Foundling Asylum, but Concluded that Trustees Were Friends—His Big Estate Goes Mainly to His Son and Daughter—Two Women Got the Washington Coach.

The will of the eccentric Capt. Benjamin Richardson, the Harlem builder, better known as "Uncle Ben," has been filed with Probate Clerk Bernard J. Tinney for probate.
There will be no contest of the will, which divides an estate estimated at \$6,000,000 in value, nearly one-third of which is in this city and the balance in Westchester and Putnam counties in this State, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Missouri, Colorado, Nevada and California.

During his later years Uncle Ben was full of a scheme whereby he should leave a lasting monument to his name in the form of a foundling asylum which should have for its firm base the whole of the accumulations of his long and energetic life.
But the old man was tenacious of his millions, and the idea of thus giving his life for this purpose during his lifetime seems never to have occurred to him, though there was no obstacle to that.

It was his idea to bequeath his hoard to trustees, who should erect and establish the institution.
When he came to consult his lawyer, Horace G. Wood, however, he was astonished and much put out to find that the law of the State would not permit him to entirely neglect those who had a natural claim upon him by ties of blood.
The law would not permit him to give more than half his estate by will to other than his legal heirs. So Uncle Ben decided to make no provision for the foundling asylum scheme, but to leave a request in his will to carry out his wishes as noted in memoranda in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. Wood.

His will provides for the erection of a \$200,000 monument to his estate. He bequeaths to his granddaughter, Ella Birdsall, \$25,000 in consideration of her services as his agent and bookkeeper, and she and her mother, Mrs. Eliza Birdsall, have the homestead in East One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and the furniture and George Washington's coach. Louise Birdsall gets \$5,000, and some smaller bequests follow. The great residue is to be divided equally between his son Joseph B. and his daughter Sarah J. Richardson, and the former gets the property, 316 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street.

Mr. Wood says that Uncle Ben changed his mind about the foundling asylum before he died, and expressed a desire that his heirs do as they liked about it, saying, "I've noticed that when big bequests to institutions are made some sharks who manage the affair generally get the biggest slice of it."
William T. Warburton and Mrs. Emma Birdsall are named as executors of the will, but it is not likely that Uncle Ben's foundling asylum will ever rise its walls, as the heirs are disposed to think as he did about gentlemen bosses of managers.

MR. HEIMERDINGER'S HANDBOOK.

A Very Neat, Lucid and Useful Compendium for Advertisers.
A neat and attractive little leather-bound newspaper directory and rate-book has just been issued by Mr. M. Heimerdinger, the popular and enterprising advertising agent, whose headquarters are at THE WORLD Building, 31 and 32 Park Row. It is the first issue of the kind by Mr. Heimerdinger, and he will present the volume with his compliments to his large circle of city advertisers.

Mr. Heimerdinger has studied the science of metropolitan advertising with unusual success for some fourteen years, and is justly regarded as an adept therein. He devotes the larger part of his little volume to the most important advertising mediums of the city, and gives circulations as "sworn," "claimed" or "estimated," of the various papers together with the advertising schedule. There is a price-list, and positions of "displays," of Sunday advertising, in fact, all the data as to rates that an advertiser of any kind could possibly want.

Not only the daily papers are included, but also the weeklies and monthlies of special as well as general character. Mr. Heimerdinger should be congratulated on the unusually neat, lucid and useful little compendium which he has produced.

WORLDLINGS.

Gen. Tower, the gentleman who created a sensation at the Maryland Line banquet by his reflections on the courage of Yankee, was considered a dashing fighter during the civil war. He is six feet or more in height, well proportioned, with iron-gray hair and a black mustache.
The tallest of the Presidents was Washington, who was 6 feet 4 inches tall, and the shortest, James Madison, measured 5 feet 6 inches in height.
Lewis Minthort, of Shawano, Wis., is the father of twelve children. He has the distinction of being the father of a family composed entirely of triplets.

At Gen. Harrison's inauguration Buffalo Bill will ride an Arab stallion presented to Gen. Grant by the Sultan of Turkey during the former's trip around the world. The steed is now owned by Gen. E. T. Beal, of Washington.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

It Will Be an Interesting Concert.
The March reception of the Washington Heights Literary Association takes place at the Athenaeum, in West One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street Saturday evening. It promises to be unusually interesting, as the entertainments to be furnished by the New York English Ballad Company will be the first appearance of this sort of the well-known band of singers and a delightful evening of English song is sure to follow for the company are: Mme. Carrie Han-King, soprano; Mme. Julie De Bar, contralto; Alice De King, tenor; Harry Huff, baritone; Albert King, pianist, and William E. Taylor, accompanist.

Martied a Member of Parliament.
A London cable despatch of this morning announces the marriage of A. H. Smith-Barry, M. P. for Huntingdon, to an American lady, Mrs. Arthur Post. The bride is well remembered in New York society, where she figured as a reigning belle. She is the daughter of the late Gen. James Wadsworth, of Geneva. Ex-Congressman James W. Wadsworth is her brother, and her former husband was the son of John Post, of this city.

For the Parramatta Friend.
There will be a demonstration in Madison Square Garden, on St. Patrick's Eve, March 17, under the auspices of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., the proceeds to go to the Parramatta Fund. Mr. Eugene Kelly will preside. The program will include orations by Mr. Bourke Cochran and Mr. James Fitzgibbon.

MY JIM.

(WRITTEN BY THE EVENING WORLD POST.)
See that little section that
With red hair?
Wrecked face 'nd booked nose,
Wasn't some o' my old clothes,
Humbly 'nough to stop a clock;
Head as hard as any rock—
See him?
That's Jim.
He's my boy, 'nd twelve year old;
Good as gold.
Thunderin' lonesome spot out here,
Ain't a neighbor nowher near.
But the women, she's all right,
In the day or in the night.
With him.
My Jim.
R. 'im? Well, he, I must say,
Ain't but that way.
T'other day came 'long a tramp,
Hulkin', double-jointed scamp,
Loved he'd camp right 'nd 'nd thar,
And eat all they hed to spair;
Eyed him.
Did Jim.
Women's dillikit, you know,
Long been so.
Tramp hed ordered her arrom',
Cusin' 'nd swore up hill 'nd down,
Eaten 'nd wa'n't his wust intent,
But no matter wher he went,
With him.
Went Jim.
Women scairt almost to death,
Gaped fur breath.
Tramp was havin' all the fun.



Jim slipped out 'nd got his gun
Out from under the back stair,
Bested it across a chair.
Looked grim.
Did Jim.
Gun was biggest of the tu,
I tell you.
When the tramp came toward him, Jim
Drew a level lead on him.
Pulled both triggers—"crack! bang! bang!"
Through the house like thunder rang!
Plugged him.
Did Jim.
Perforated that 'r blimber
Like a skimmer,
Loaded up the gun agin,
Braiced the women with some gin,
Stood on guard outside the door
Ready fur a dozen more.
Just him.
My Jim!
Had to git the Corner down
From the town.
Jim remarked he "had to shoot,
Or be killed by that galoot."
Corner's remark, "Served him right."
Then he held a dollar bright.
Tu him.
My Jim!

Did he take it? What, my Jim!
That ain't him!
Oughter heard the critter say,
Straightin' up hisself this way,
" 'I ain't shootin' folks fur pay."
Bless him.
My Jim!
WILLIAM EDWARD PENNET.

THOSE POPULAR FREE TALKS.

Audiences Delighted and Instructed in Seven of the Public Schools.
Seven of the public schools were crowded last evening by audiences who came to be instructed and entertained by lectures in the free course provided by the Board of Education in accordance with THE EVENING WORLD'S bill.
The lectures were on: "Four Great European Powers," Prof. Lincoln; "The Solar System," Prof. Caldwell; "The Lungs and Their Functions," Prof. Roberts; "The Human Machine Shop," Dr. Hanchett; "Congress and Its Methods," Prof. Leitzinger; "Constitutional Law," Prof. Clement; and "The Microscope Applied to Common Objects," Prof. Helm.
An interesting feature of the last-named lecture was the exhibition under a number of excellent microscopes of many minute forms of animal and vegetable life. Mr. E. S. Hart, of Madison Square, stereopticon bulletins fame, added greatly to the pleasure of Dr. Hanchett's lecture by stereopticon illustrations.

For an Anxious Mother's Information.
If you will be kind enough to publish what has just come to my notice it may let an anxious mother know what has become of her son, Frank Lee, a thin, emaciated-looking boy, with red hair and freckled face, and who has parents living uptown in this city somewhere, was killed while beating his way between here and Chicago last November, I believe. He was riding on the blind baggage and his part was seating it inside the car. There was a collision and he was crushed to death. The accident occurred on the B. and O. line in Ohio, and he would be the scene of the accident. The other boy went on to Chicago and told his story to Miss Bowman, of the News Boys' Lodging-House, 1421 Wabash avenue, and who would be the best one to apply to for more information. It was brought here (the news) by another traveller last week, and I thought it my duty to try and let folks know and have resorted to your widely read paper. I trust you will publish these facts.
Wm. Wilson,
483 Second avenue.

Modest Wants.
[From the Yankee Blade.]
Oh, I don't want to live a life of magnificence,
And scatter 'round wealth with a lavish munificence,
Nor to live thro' life in a ten thousand phanton,
Nor to sit on the fat of the land till I weigh a ton.
For three or four million is good as a billion,
I'll buy trappings enough for a modest citizen.
I don't want to pose as a landed proprietor,
And sit in wealth, for I'm not a good rider,
Content with a dozen plantations prairie,
And two or three roads like the Union Pacific;
Want no compass, a mine in Australia,
And ten of twelve steamboats would keep me from failure.
I would sign all sorts and all vulgar publicity,
And like a duffer, live in his famous simplicity.
And so in a nutshell, like him, I would have a small dab in it.
And seek for a comfortable seat in the Cabinet;
And, in spite of Clay's precedent, be right and sound as a President.
And live for four years in the White House a resident.

A FEW SIPS OF HUMOR'S WINE.

THIS A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR THE NECTAR OF YOUTH.

To Ease the Pangs.
[From Life.]



"Don't cry, Jamie; he didn't mean to hit you. He aimed at me."
Is "Fast" America.
[From Judge.]
She (kissing him tenderly)—Good-by, dear.
Frinors will take good care of you.
He—But why this extra affection?
She—Oh, I'm going to call on Mrs. Nenthyde, fifty-fifth floor of the Honey-moon flats. Don't expect me till you see me, for their elevator's always stuck somewhere.

An Unfailing Sign.
[From New York Weekly.]
Miss Westend—And can you always judge of a man's character by the way he laughs!
Social Philosopher—Oh, no; not by the way he laughs, but by what he laughs at.

Didn't Suit.
[From New York Weekly.]
Mother—Well, did you get that situation as office boy?
Little Son—Nope.
"Wasn't the matter?"
"Don't know. The gent is a lawyer, and he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I wasn't. He said he'd give me a quarter for my honesty and I wouldn't do. Guess he must want a regular professional."

Probable Success.
[From Texas Siftings.]
Messrs. Henry B. Foulke and C. T. Marray, of the Philadelphia Theological Society, have started for Eastern Hindostan to search for the grave of Buddha. If the enterprising travellers should actually succeed in entering the jungles of Nepal in the midst of the rainy season they will probably find some sort of grave before the end of many weeks.

A Financial Episode.
[From Judge.]
Mr. Dunnell—You'll pardon me for taking advantage of a secluded corner, my dear Miss Bristol, but I want to ask you a question.
Miss Bristol—This is as good a question as any I should care to answer.
Mr. Dunnell—I know I'm a bit abrupt, but I want to inquire as to the best time to find your father at home. He owes our firm for that last block of stock, you know.

An Indignant Kentuckian.
[From Washington Post.]
A Kentucky gentleman, who recently came to Washington to consult with his member of Congress about an office under the new Administration, was asked yesterday by a gentleman from Boston whether it is really true that the people of Kentucky are so very bigoted.
"Bigoted!" said the Kentuckian. "Bigoted! I don't reckon you could find a dozen bigots in the whole State."

The Samoan Question.
[From Punch.]
"What's all this talk about preserving the 'anatomy' of the Samoan Islands?" remarked a Congressman-elect to a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee.
"So far as I can understand it," responded the able Foreign Affairs man, "it's saving the bones of what's left after the Treaty Powers have treated themselves to so very bigotted."

Behind the Times.
[From Judge.]
The Lady Godiva—High dresses to be worn on the Drawing-Room—indeed!—If ladies are ill-fitting or advancing in age. Ha, ha! Not a know it!

Had a Partisan Flavour.
[From the Atlantic Monthly.]
An old pastor in Connecticut, a prudent, substantial and faithful man, was damaged by a report from a neighboring community that he had brought politics into his preaching. A friend visited the place where the minister was reported to have done so, and asked a brother in the church, "Dr. Gily preach politics when he was here?"
"Was his response," he said, "What did he say?"
"Well, sir," said the inquirer, "he said 'more dutifully.' If he didn't preach politics, he anyhow prayed politics."
"Ah, I see now," rejoined the friend, "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

Slippery Sam.
[From Philadelphia-Say, Jerry!]
Slippery Sam—'Im gin' back fer York.
Cool Jerry—What's der matter, pard?
Slippery Sam—I worked a chump fer a thousand on Chestnut street, an' so help me! when I got back ter 'er hotel I found they was Confederate bills. Folks here ain't heard that 'er war's over.

Unpampered Mother.
[From Punch.]
Mrs. Lenox Hill, jr.—'I'm no glad you've come, Lenox. Christina, the nurse girl, left this morning; and, as she's taught little Beckman nothing but Swedish, I can't find out what he wants!

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

Washington INAUGURAL CENTENNIAL.
Winners along the Route, Transport Board or Lodging, Chaperons and Guides will be in Great Demand.
MAKE YOUR DESIRE TO MEET ANY OF THE ABOVE REQUIREMENTS.
THE WORLD'S OFFICE, 157 Broadway.
To Strangers.
CONTEMPLATING VISITING THE METROPOLIS DURING THE WASHINGTON INAUGURAL ARE EXTENDED THE FACILITIES OF THE WORLD'S INFORMATION BUREAU AS ABOVE.

THE DOG WITH LEMON EARS.
His Honest Finder Resisted the Temptation to Squeeze Them.

I GOT—At corner of Broadway and 23d St., Feb. 25, 1895, a black and white dog, with lemon ears, and on left and right sides of its head a white patch, which I found to be a lemon-colored dog. The dog was found by another person, and I was told to take it to 23d West 16th St.

The dog was brought in early by an honest, light-haired specimen of the genus canis, about twelve years old. As will be noticed, no reward was offered in the advertisement, and none was given the little lad who returned the dog.

The owner was too modest to offer the boy even so much as a quarter for his honesty and trouble. He probably did not wish to hurt his feelings.

The puppy was found straying disconsolately in the street, evidently doing his little best to find his way home.

They Say Only Thirty-five Carpenters Remained.
The District Executive Committee of the United Order of American Carpenters and Joiners met last night at 145 Eighth street, and heard reports of delegates from Lodge No. 1 in regard to a claim made that 150 members of the latter body had met at 16 Clinton place and resolved to join the United Brotherhood and elected officers.

The delegates emphatically denied this and reported that only thirty-five members of Lodge No. 1 had attended the meeting, and that they had long been so unruled and disorganized that the Lodge would be the better for their defection.

Didn't Like the "If."
[From Punch.]



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Slippery Sam.
[From Philadelphia-Say, Jerry!]
Slippery Sam—'Im gin' back fer York.
Cool Jerry—What's der matter, pard?
Slippery Sam—I worked a chump fer a thousand on Chestnut street, an' so help me! when I got back ter 'er hotel I found they was Confederate bills. Folks here ain't heard that 'er war's over.

Unpampered Mother.
[From Punch.]
Mrs. Lenox Hill, jr.—'I'm no glad you've come, Lenox. Christina, the nurse girl, left this morning; and, as she's taught little Beckman nothing but Swedish, I can't find out what he wants!

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

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 Gerard. These reveal for the first time the romantic career of the extraordinary criminal whose identity and past history proved a riddle which the French police were unable to solve. He was the son of a well-known German General and statesman, whose identity will be recognized under the pseudonym of Count von Waldberg. The mother was a French noblewoman, who became a French citizen. A good son of the late King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, young Waldberg enters the army, contracts a secret marriage with a woman whom he passes off as his mistress and surrenders to the ground when his military career is interrupted in referring to her. He then deserts the army and becomes a Prussian agent. He is captured and is discarded by him. At Paris he turns his wife out into the streets for betraying him with his best friend, the police, while he leaves Paris for Berlin. There, in the course of a heavy indiscretion, he inadvertently kills the second wife of a powerful Prussian and escapes to India, where he ruins the daughter of an English nobleman, and accidentally kills a Hindoo widow, whose husband he subsequently robs, after seeing an English man suffer death for his crime. He returns to Paris, is recognized by his wife, who has become a countess at the Hotel de Ville, and is arrested by the police for the crime of murder. He is imprisoned in the Bastille, and in the convict colony of New Orleans, for being implicated in the murder of a fellow prisoner, an escape with two companions in a boat, and after being tossed about for many days, and almost dying of thirst, at length gets a sail on the horizon. They are taken to Detroit, where Frederick and his companions arrive in the Dutch army. They give three years, under Frederick's command, Charles Bonaparte, deserts. Under threats of exposing his past life, the despot breaks Frederick's compact in an attack on the army bands, but when the night arrives, Frederick shoots him in the back of the neck. He escapes to the United States, where he is recognized by his wife, who has become a countess at the Hotel de Ville, and is arrested by the police for the crime of murder. He is imprisoned in the Bastille, and in the convict colony of New Orleans, for being implicated in the murder of a fellow prisoner, an escape with two companions in a boat, and after being tossed about for many days, and almost dying of thirst, at length gets a sail on the horizon. They are taken to Detroit, where Frederick and his companions arrive in the Dutch army. They give three years, under Frederick's command, Charles Bonaparte, deserts. Under threats of exposing his past life, the despot breaks Frederick's compact in an attack on the army bands, but when the night arrives, Frederick shoots him in the back of the neck. He escapes to the United States, where he is recognized by his wife, who has become a countess at the Hotel de Ville, and is arrested by the police for the crime of murder. He is imprisoned in the Bastille, and in the convict colony of New Orleans, for being implicated in the murder of a fellow prisoner, an escape with two companions in a boat, and after being tossed about for many days, and almost dying of thirst, at length gets a sail on the horizon. They are taken to Detroit, where Frederick and his companions arrive in the Dutch army. They give three years, under Frederick's command, Charles Bonaparte, deserts. Under threats of exposing his past life, the despot breaks Frederick's compact in an attack on the army bands, but when the night arrives, Frederick shoots him in the back of the neck. He escapes to the United States, where he is recognized by his wife, who has become a countess at the Hotel de Ville, and is arrested by the police for the crime of murder.