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300
Guns Fired on April 20
IN EACH OF
THE SIX PRINCIPAL CITIES
OF THE UNION
Announced to All America
WHAT THE CIRCULATION OF
The World
HAD AVERAGED OVER
300,000 COPIES
PER DAY
During the First Quarter of the Year.

A TIMELY WARNING.
The EVENING WORLD heartily indorses the timely warning contained in Bishop POTTER'S sermon on Tuesday before the President and others of the public servants against the degenerate political tendencies of the present.
At a time when adulation was being carried to excess, and everything and everybody was covered with a coating of sycophantic veneer, his note of warning came as a needed danger signal and was a distinct public service of value.
The celebration of the glories of the past should not blind the people to the dangers of the present. Who can conceive of WASHINGTON resorting to the political methods of to-day?
Money did not buy one office one hundred years ago. The plutocrats endanger the Republic far more than did the Hessians.
To the extent that Bishop POTTER's sermon the warning note against base political tendencies, against demoralizing spoils methods, against the corrupt use of money, against the overwhelming dangers of plutocracy, every clear-sighted lover of his country is likely to agree with him.
It is unfortunate that the bold Bishop should have weakened the force of his arraignment of these real dangers by his incomprehensible remarks about "Jacksonian vulgarity."
But, aside from a few unaccountable blemishes of this sort, Bishop POTTER'S sermon was a brave and noble effort, and his warning note should be heeded by the country.
AN AXIOM OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.
Now that the festivities of the Centennial are over, we beg to call the attention of our State Senators to the necessity of passing without delay THE EVENING WORLD CHILDREN'S BILL.
How could they better begin the second century of constitutional government than by according to the parents of children, menaced by the aggressions and avarice of Bureauocrats, the right of appeal from what has been aptly termed "malignant philanthropy?"
The right of appeal is an axiom of constitutional government. Give it to parents and children.

THE BONE AND BINEW.
On the first day of the Centennial THE EVENING WORLD took exception to the toadying remark of the Herald that the "bone and sinew" of this country is found in Wall street.
After viewing the industrial parade of yesterday, with its thousands of artisans and representatives of the diversified vocations of our toiling millions, can there be any doubt as to who constitute the "bone and sinew?"
MUNDANE MATTERS.
This life is full of sudden changes. President Harrison had only been gone from this city, where his path had been flower strewn, a few hours, when he reached Baltimore, where hungry Republican spokesmen were passing resolutions severely condemning him because a Democrat had been appointed to an obscure office. But variety is the spice of life.
This is a singular oversight that the avidity with which the Centennial sight-seers paid exorbitant prices for sandwiches and such while penned in the stands during the passing of the parade has not been heralded as proof conclusive of the love of the American people for a high tariff.

THE BONE AND BINEW.
The passing of the butchers in yesterday's parade was a bloodless affair, although they cut a good figure.

CLAIMS TO BE HIS HEIRESS.
THE LATE MILLIONAIRE RICHARDSON'S INDIAN GRANDDAUGHTER.
She Says the Harlem Miser Married Her Grandmother in California Forty Years Ago, and Her Mother Was Their Child—Minnesotans Is the Girl's Name and She Is a Servant in Cleveland.

A familiar character to residents in the upper part of this city, was Capt. Ben Richardson, the eccentric millionaire, who was known far and near as the owner of Washington's coach, in which he used to ride through the streets on holidays.
Old Ben, as he was known to many, was known to be a miser, and was accustomed to dress very shabbily. When he died, Feb. 20 last, he left a large fortune to be distributed among his numerous relatives.
None suspected that this old man had a romance in his life, yet from facts disclosed by the Cleveland Plain Dealer, a granddaughter of Indian origin is trying to establish her claim to a portion of the old man's vast fortune.
The story told by the girl, Minnesotans, is as follows:
Forty Richardson went to California about forty-two years ago and located in San Francisco. Here he became enamored with an Indian named Theresa, and they were married by the Indian ceremony.
Richardson and his bride went to Vera Cruz, where a daughter, Fannie, was born.
While the girl was yet a child, Richardson left his Indian family and returned to New York. Fannie grew to womanhood and married twice, Minnesotans being a child by her second husband, whose name was Gook.
Five years ago Theresa died, and two years later Gook also departed this life in New Orleans, where he then lived with his family.
Soon after her husband's death, Fannie sent Minnesotans to live with a Mrs. McCandless in Philadelphia, but the girl left soon after and secured employment with Oliver Alexander, at 202 St. Clair street, in Cleveland.
While there employed she saw the announcement of Capt. Richardson's death in the paper, and remembering a story told her by her mother, who had since died, she hastened to New York to try to establish her claim to the fortune, but Mr. Wood, the family lawyer of the Richardson, states that the girl is illegitimate, as Mr. Richardson had a wife living when he married Theresa.
Mr. Richardson's relatives in this city say they never heard of the girl.

Over-Balanced.
Mr. Stuyvesant (as his son goes aboard)—For heaven's sake hurry with the boat, captain! The poor boy's got his great-grandfather's Bunker Hill bullet-eye was on it.

WORLDLINGS.
A distinguished looking colored man occasionally seen in Washington is ex-Senator Blanche B. Bruce. He is always well dressed in clothes that are of finest quality, but shows a shabby silk hat resting squarely on his head and a good cigar is held between his teeth.
Madame Hagazin, the distinguished Orientalist, has a ranch at San Antonio, Tex., where she passes a great part of her time. She is a member of nearly a dozen learned societies of America and Europe. She is a Russian by birth.
The bones of a prehistoric monster were dug up on a farm near Windfall, Ind., a few days ago. One of the teeth of the animal was 7 inches long and 6 inches in diameter, and a tusk measured 9 feet. The bones crumbled to pieces when exposed to the air.

During the Naval Parade.
Jack Tar (as a salute comes from Fort Washington)—Say, you fellows, look in your guns before you fire. Some of them picnic parties has been using 'em muzzies for refrigerators.

Commonsense Young.
George—I will be forty years of age to-morrow.
Sam—Well, you look remarkably well for a man who has been drinking for thirty years.

Coming Events.
Morrisiani Macchietto Opera. "Das Macth-lasse" von Franz. "Zetter's Hall, May 6.
Testimonial concert to Hattie Jacobs, Seventh street M. E. Church, April 30.
Weinberg & Ulfelder employees, summer-festival, Sulzer's Harlem River Park, May 3.
Theban Literary Union, entertainment and reception, Maennerchor Hall, to-night.
Hiawatha Club, reception, Cafe Logelin, to-night.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
From the hard work and weary excitement of the celebration, or from the depressing effect of the changing season—you need the tonic, building up, restoring effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla to give you a feeling of health and strength again.
I have been troubled for many years with violent headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I am almost wholly cured. I earnestly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who suffer with headaches. Mrs. E. BAYMILL, Gates ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood, gave me strength, and overcame the headache and dizziness, so that I am able to work again. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to those whose blood is thin or impure and who feel worn out or run down. LUTHER NARON, Lowell, Mass.

WHERE MIRTH HOLDS SWAY.
SOME OF THE BRIGHTEST SAYINGS OF OUR HUMORISTS.
A Literal Statement.
Mrs. Grenoble—You don't seem to enjoy the ballet as much as you used to, Leopold?
Mr. Grenoble—No, I had all my taste for it kicked out of me long ago.

No 910 Bonnets for Her.
Husband—You want a bonnet and I want a pair of trousers, and I have only \$10.
Wife (sobbing)—You don't suppose I can get a bonnet for \$10, do you?

Ready for Breakfast.
Mrs. Shimlet (knocking at bedroom door of late-rising boarder)—If you don't hurry, Mr. Wiseman, your breakfast will be cold.
Mr. Wiseman (from within)—All right, madam, I'll be down just as quick as I get this other tooth filed.

What Kept Him.
Mrs. Tiptop (hostess)—Count Macaroni is late to-night.
Mr. Tiptop (envious guest)—Perhaps his monkey is sick.
The Height of Exclusiveness.
She—I believe you know my neighbors, the Chesterfield Browns?
He—How—well—a—I go to the house, don't bother, and dine with 'em occasionally, and all that—but I'm not on speaking terms with 'em!

Why She Wept.
Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had news from your husband?
Oh! worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Caribbea that he would die with ardent longing for me were it not that he could gaze affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day.

Bound to Keep Up.
First Chicago Man (dropping his newspaper)—Great snakes! New York is going to annex Brooklyn!
Second Chicago Man (sadly)—Yes, that's true, I don't see anything for Chicago to do now but to annex Iowa and Michigan.

In Strict Confidence.
Mr. A.—May I confide in you? I have to tell you a secret.
Mr. B.—What is it?
Mr. A.—Looking around to see if anybody is listening—I need \$500.
Mr. B.—Don't fear. I will be as silent as the grave.

A Convenient Transmutation.
Fair Shopper (in great store)—There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up.
Clerk—Don't wrap it up.
Fair Shopper—Then wrap it down here and read it to kill time while waiting for my change.

All Tired Out
Do not delay taking Hood's Sarsaparilla if you have a feeling of languor or exhaustion, which is often the warning symptom of approaching sickness. This medicine expels all impurities from the blood, creates an appetite, assists digestion and strengthens the nerves.
I have been troubled a great deal with headache, had no appetite, no strength and felt as mean as any one could be about my work. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not had the headache, my food has relished and seemed to do me good, and I have felt myself growing stronger every day. I thoroughly believe in Hood's Sarsaparilla. M. A. STRIMMAN, 19 Grand ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

MRS. HARRISON STAYS HERE.
SHE WILL BE VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON'S GUEST UNTIL SATURDAY.
Mrs. Harrison will remain in the city until Saturday evening, the guest of Vice-President Levi F. Morton and wife.
This evening Mrs. Harrison will dine with Col. Shepard and wife, and to-morrow evening in Brooklyn with some friends, the Van Ness-travels. She will leave for Washington in a private car on Saturday evening on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

St. Augustine's May Bee.
The St. Augustine's Holy Name Society will hold a May Bee in their parlors, 10 Prospect place, Brooklyn, May 2 and 3, in aid of their new church building.

Outgrow.
Mrs. Brown, I guarantee that piece of goods to wash without shrinking.
"O, your slick-tongued bluff! Dem's jes de words you used when I bide dat calico Idee's dress made on, an' now look at it, shrunk up 'most' to her knees, when it high tched her heels 'ere!"
"Why, really, I don't remember ever selling you such goods. Do you remember when you bought them?"
"Jummo see—tink it was 'bout fo' yea's 'go."

An Eye for the Future.
Clerk—Shall I send a pair of our trousers stretchers with the trousers, madam?
Sad-Eyed Lady—No, indeed (sob), my poor husband will not need them; (sniff) the trousers are (sob) for his funeral. He is (sob) to be laid out (sniff) in them.
Clerk (on a high note)—The stretchers cost you nothing extra, madam.
Sad-Eyed Lady (reflectively)—Well, send them along. They may be useful some day.

Her Teeth Her Main Attraction.
Mr. A.—I must compliment you; you have a charming smile.
Dentist—Have you seen her teeth? Bertha, show him your teeth! I finished them only yesterday.

A Glorious Victory.
"Victory," remarked a sanguine candidate on election day, "is like a sea of glory."
"Is that way?" asked a bystander.
"Indeed, indeed, from poll to poll," explained the political aspirant.

At Clubs.
Downey—You look tired, aw!
Torney—Yes; been working eight hours—brawn work.
Downey—What was it, deah?
Torney—Inventing a new ewavat-twist, aw!

At the Broker's Office.
Caller—How do you know that your employer will not return all my money?
Office Boy—Because he said, when he went out, that he would be back at 1.30.

DE GRAAF & TAYLOR.
OF THE
DE GRAAF & TAYLOR CO.
47 and 49 West 14th St.,
EXTENDING THROUGH TO 48 W. 15TH ST
are now the oldest reliable furniture house in the city. They carry the largest stock of parlor and library furniture of their own upholstery of any house in the United States.
ALL FULLY GUARANTEED.
Also a very extensive assortment.
5,000 SWITS
SEVEN-DOLLAR EXTENSION TABLES,
FIFTEEN-DOLLAR CHAMBER SUITS,
THIRTY-DOLLAR PARLOR SUITS.
We make a specialty of bedding and parlor folding beds, \$10 to \$200 each.

TRAIN GROWS WEAK.
His Pulse Is Down to Sixty and He Is Losing Weight.
Yet He Cheerfully Enters on His Fourteenth Day.

He Is in a Bad Way and Admits That Even His Child Friends Weary Him.
"How are you to-day, Mr. Train?"
"First rate! But I've dropped down to 174," said the citizen, vivaciously.
He was in bed, with a brown coat wrinkled about his frame, and—"No, it's possible!"
"Mr. Train," gasped the reporter, "where is the boutonniere?"
That floral adjunct was absent, and the citizen without it looked like a twinkling star with the twinkle gone.
"I haven't got any. I haven't got any."

Mr. Train repeated the sad assertion twice, with the most pathetic of orphaned accents.
"Your head and stomach, Mr. Train, how are they?"
"First rate."
"First rate, the pulse?"
"I guess a pretty low. See that!" and he extended an emaciated brown wrist. You could not get a pulse.

Mr. Train heaved a sigh of relief as he snatched a pad and wrote an order to his florist for the luxury adornment which weary years ago he introduced among the fauneurs of the boulevards of Paris.
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We make a specialty of bedding and parlor folding beds, \$10 to \$200 each.

SOL. HEYMAN & CO.
offer Special Inducements for this week.

THIS FOLDING BED, ANTIQUE OAK, CHERRY OR WALNUT FINISH, WITH 40x18 BEVEL GLASS AND BEST WOVEN WIRE SPRING, WHICH IS EASILY REMOVED BY ONE PERSON, THUS PERMITTING A THOROUGH CLEANING, FOR \$40.00; FORMER PRICE, \$65.
FOLDING BEDS OF ALL MAKES AND DESIGNS FROM \$8.00 UPWARD.
100 ANTIQUE OAK CHAMBER SUITS FOR \$14.50; FORMER PRICE, \$24.00.
100 SIDEBORDS, ANTIQUE OAK, LARGE SIZE, \$8.00; FORMER PRICE, \$20.00.
250 EXTENSION TABLES, 6 FT. LONG, FOR \$3.75; FORMER PRICE, \$6.00.
BABY CARRIAGES, \$5.00 UPWARD.
REFRIGERATORS, \$2.50 UPWARD.
CARPETS.
MOQUETTES, PER YARD..... \$1.25
VELVETS, PER YARD..... 1.00
BODY BRUSSELS, PER YARD..... .80
TAPESTRY, PER YARD..... .45
INGRANS, PER YARD..... .15
FACTORY CHINA MATTINGS, \$3.50 PER ROLL (40 YARDS).
TERMS TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

SOL. HEYMAN & CO.,
993 AND 995 THIRD AVE.,
BETWEEN 60TH AND 60TH STS., NEW YORK.

UNDERGROUND MYSTERIES.
What Comes Up from Driven Wells in the Plains of Colorado.
[PUBLIC TO THE WORLD.]
PUEBLO, Col., May 2.—Artesian wells in Colorado have become quite numerous, and boring has been industriously carried on in the last few years in different parts of the State. The results have been interesting and profitable. In Denver the drill opened pure water at 300 feet and near Pueblo it taps mineralized water (iron and mild chalybeate) at 700 to 1,300 feet; at Florence, coal oil at 350 to 450 feet; over thirty producing oil wells at present—and in the San Luis Valley pure water at 200 to 300 feet.

Our plan is always to put a low percentage of profit on Men's and Young Men's Clothes, but this season we're selling retail customers SUITS from our wholesale surplus, still further under the price, than ever.
Our bargains have no regard for costs, let alone profits, and a prominent one is a Worsted Casimeres
\$18 SUIT AT \$12.00.
Hackett, Carhart & Co.,
Men's and Boys' Clothing and Hats,
N. E. COR. CANAL ST. & B'WAY.

DR. HARDING'S
CELEBRATED
GATARRH CURE.
None cure for Catarrh, Colds in the head, Catarrh Headaches and
HAY FEVER.
PRICE, \$1.00.
THE J. M. HARDING MFG. CO.,
7 WEST 14TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.
A treatise on Catarrh furnished upon application.

WAS OTTMAN POISONED?
Investigating the Suspicious Death of a Mount Vernon Storekeeper.
Coroner Mathews, of White Plains, to-day began an investigation into the death of Richard Ottman, which occurred at his residence in Mount Vernon yesterday under suspicious circumstances.
Ottman was a storekeeper, about fifty years of age, doing business on Fourth avenue, Mount Vernon. He was fairly well-to-do, and was not known to be in any pecuniary or other embarrassed condition. He came to Mount Vernon with his wife about two years ago, and was reputed to have considerable money.
There are rumors abroad that his death was caused by poison, and, owing partly to these reports and partly in deference to the desire of Ottman's wife, Coroner Mathews has ordered an autopsy to be made on his body.

A New Thing in Ready-Made Clothing.
The London and Liverpool Clothing Company, 80 and 88 Bowery, are offering for sale 25,000 suits of over 2,000 different patterns, in diagonals, corduroys, chevrons, worsteds, cassimeres and tweeds, at the uniform price of \$12. These suits are designated as "The Brighton" and are the most perfect-fitting garments in ready-made line.
Furnished with a patent breast, which insures against breaking, the waist cut guaranteeing it a perfect fit, and the cut of collar setting correctly to the neck, are points found in "The Brighton," possessed by no other ready-made suit. Inspection is invited from those who are fastidious, and satisfaction guaranteed.

INDICATIONS.
The world is full of people who are dragging out a miserable life, a burden to themselves and all with them. To such a desperate case, Peptonix is the great English remedy. Food by digestion is usually taken care of itself. Indigestion and dyspepsia are the result of the failure of the stomach to properly digest their food. More disease can be traced to indigestion than to any other cause. Put your stomach in good working order and your general health will usually take care of itself. Indigestion and dyspepsia are the result of the failure of the stomach to properly digest their food. More disease can be traced to indigestion than to any other cause. Put your stomach in good working order and your general health will usually take care of itself. Indigestion and dyspepsia are the result of the failure of the stomach to properly digest their food. More disease can be traced to indigestion than to any other cause. Put your stomach in good working order and your general health will usually take care of itself.