

DON'T FLICK BY YOURSELF! Keep one of the "Wants" in the WORLD on Monday or Saturday - Half-Rate Situation Days. Four times as many "Help" and "Situations" are published in the WORLD on these days as in any other paper.

THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY OF ROOM AT THE TOP, and the best ladder on which to climb is one of WORLD'S "Wants." The first rung is a good situation. A "Situation Wanted" "Want" costs but five cents per line on Mondays and Saturdays, THE WORLD'S Half-Rate Situation Days.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION HAD NO USE FOR BOSS PLATT.

Harlem Republican Clubmen Tell Why They Blackballed Him.

Ill-Omened World's Fair Chalkens Coming Home to Roost.

Fifteen blackballs for Boss Tom Platt out of a total vote of only fifty-six, in the Harlem Republican Club, would seem to indicate a pretty well developed bolt against the loss in the upper end of New York.

It is possible that the Republican State Committee may be called together right away to read a Fish-Gibbs lecture to these insubordinate Harlemites.

An Evening World reporter found considerable difficulty in locating the members of the Harlem Republican Club who didn't want to associate with Thomas C. Platt as an honorary member.

President Harrison, Vice-President Morton, ex-Senator and Mayor, William M. Blaine and even Fire-Eater Foraker had been honored by election to such honorary membership, but when last night it was sought to honor Boss Platt similarly there was manifested a sturdy determination to draw the line right there.

James H. Bogart was the first to raise his voice. Mr. Bogart declared that he could not, as a self-respecting Republican, have anything to do with Boss Platt, and when the vote for new members was ordered he shouted:

"No very good Republican will scratch his back for him." To this Mr. James A. Cryan, who has a clubship at the Casino, and is referred to with better but ineffective streams:

"No one but Democrats and Mugwumps oppose Mr. Platt." Then the Club voted, and when the registration, supervision and certification were completed, it was found that there were 41 votes, while 15 blackballs were found in the box.

Therefore, by Mr. Cryan's Federal official standard more than 75 per cent of the voters should have been disfranchised as Mugwumps and Democrats.

Mr. John Clark, a dentist, said to The Evening World: "I do not care to be quoted as saying anything against the men who cast the black balls, but I favored the blackballing of the club members. The men who opposed Mr. Platt were men who got burned in the World's Fair scheme, they either held bought real estate, expecting to realize when the World's Fair came here. They took hundreds of thousands of dollars from Platt's skin in killing the bill."

Mr. S. Cleland, a rival Harlem dentist, said: "Yes, I voted against Platt's admission, I do not like Platt, but I do not like the man who is against Platt's admission. I am a Mugwump, either."

M. W. Emmons, a banker at 470 Broadway, was another who declared that he would not vote for Platt, as he thought every Harlem ought to suffer from Platt's skinning the World's Fair, and he would rather be a Mugwump than a Democrat.

Mr. J. C. Coffey, a carpet dealer at Third Avenue and One Hundred and Eighty-ninth street, said: "I was sorry to see Platt's name proposed for membership, for I dislike Platt and his machine. I have no doubt that a majority of the three hundred and thirty-five members would oppose him, but they would, as I did last night, vote against their convictions, for his admission would mean the ruin of every body else. He killed our World's Fair, he killed the honor of the Harlem Republican Club, and he would take the life of every man who would not vote for him."

Mr. W. J. Hendrick, a broker and Secretary of the Club, vehemently opposed Platt's election. He denounced the Boss as the bitter enemy of the people, and declared that Platt's machine would run the party to ruin.

William H. Shaw, of 102 West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, said: "I am a Republican, but I do not care to be quoted as saying anything against the men who cast the black balls. I would rather be a Mugwump than a Democrat."

Mr. J. H. Smith, a lawyer, said: "I do not care to be quoted as saying anything against the men who cast the black balls. I would rather be a Mugwump than a Democrat."

Another member, who temporarily refused to be quoted by name, said: "The whole thing is a snarl, it is that we Harlem Republicans are sick of one-man power. We do not believe in letting Tom Platt run the great Republican party for his two hundred and thirty-five members, but we do believe in letting the people run it."

When seen by The Evening World man this morning, Mr. Platt said that he was not at all surprised at the result, and that he would not be discouraged by the blackballing. He said that he would not be discouraged by the blackballing, and that he would not be discouraged by the blackballing.

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NEWS OF THE DAY ABROAD.

Nihilist Suicides and Discoveries of New Plots in Russia.

Death of Queen Victoria's Favorite Lady-in-Waiting.

Sebastian Kirchbaum, a German passenger-maker, sixty-two years old, broke his neck or was strangled to death last night at 10 Prince street, in a fight with his wife.

The Old Man Found Behind the Stove With His Neck Broken.

Costly Jewelled Paraphernalia Captured by the Police.

A frail, fair slip of a girl, scarcely out of her teens, took to her flight in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning and complained against a handsome young fellow who leaned nonchalantly against the platform railing.

He was small and trimly built. His face was as white and clear as chivalrous marble, and his jet black hair and mustache contrasted strangely with his peculiar complexion.

He had big black eyes that burned with a fierce brilliancy when they were turned on the girl.

His name, Hans, or better known as Sidney Herman, one of the most famous of the opium joint keepers in this city.

For a long time the police of the West Thirtieth street police station had been wanting to secure evidence against this man's joint, at 138 West Thirtieth street, yet so exclusive was his place and so tony his patronage that the police have time and time again failed in their attempts to catch him.

Each carrier ten policemen. Mayor Hancock was the car was to be run if the militia have to be called out to do it.

He fears bloodshed, but says that the Company must have the protection of the law.

Workmen are leaving their shops by the thousand and are rushing to the corners of the open streets to see the parade.

Excitement is growing more and more intense. The crowds of workmen exhibit much angry feeling.

Some of His Clean Streets Proven to Be Unspeakingly Filthy.

And a Brave Rescuer Showing Signs of Hydrophobia.

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DID SHE KILL HER HUSBAND? BETRAYED BY A WOMAN.

The Most Luxurious Opium Joint in the Tenderloin Precinct Raided.

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BLOODSHED FEARED

Over the Attempt to Run Street-Cars in Columbus.

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STAGE-STRUCK AND A SUICIDE

Probable Identification of the Beautiful Suicide at the Morgue.

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LAST EDITION

WILLIAM O'BRIEN MARRIED.

Mlle. Sophia Raffalovitch Becomes the Irish Editor's Bride.

Handsome Wedding Gifts from the Ladies of Cork and Dublin.

BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION, LONDON, June 11.—The marriage of Mr. William O'Brien and Mlle. Sophia Raffalovitch, took place this morning at the Church

of St. Charles Borromeo, the Archbishop of Cashel officiating.

The church was crowded to the doors with a distinguished audience, including nearly all the Irish members of Parliament.

Prominent among the latter were Miss Parnell, O'Connor, Sullivan and McCarthy. Elaborate decorations of cut flowers and growing plants were scattered in profusion through the church.

Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien left for Paris, where they will pass the honeymoon.

The bride couple received many rich wedding presents.

Among the gifts were a complete set of household linen and a quilt of Irish wool and lace from the ladies of Dublin; a beautiful set of Kenmare lace and six yards of handkerchief lace from the ladies of Cork.

Mlle. Raffalovitch, who has now become the bride of the great Irish editor and Member of Parliament, is a daughter of one of the richest merchants at Odessa.

One of her brothers has had a distinguished career in the Russian diplomatic service, and another is a poet of some ability.

There is a story that the family is of pure Irish origin.

40 LIVES LOST BY FIRE.

A Terrible Conflagration Sweeps Over a Russian Town.

BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION, LONDON, June 11.—A terrible conflagration has visited Ufalesk, Nonjansk, Russia, and swept away the ironworks, a thousand dwellings, and school-house, churches, hospitals and magazines.

A gale prevailed at the time and the flames spread so rapidly that they could not be checked.

Many people were surprised in their houses and some have been burned to death.

So far as known forty lives have been lost and many persons are missing.

SPENCE'S LIFE IS AT STAKE.

The Alleged Murderer of "Kate, the Rebel," on Trial.

The trial of George Spence for the murder of his wife at 302 West Twenty-fifth street on March 20 last, was commenced before Judge Fitzgerald in Part II. of the General Sessions Court to-day.

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