THOSE NEWS FEUILLETONS.
EVERYBODY IS READING
"THE TRUE STORIES OF THE NEWS"
IN THE
MORNING WORLD
(Metropolis Edition).

MONDAY---THE WORLD'S HALF-RATE SITUATION DAYS---SATURDAY.

The EVENING EDITION World.

"FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES OVER."
EVERY VETERAN SHOULD READ
THE TALES OF THE WAR
TO BEGIN TO-MORROW IN
THE MORNING WORLD
(METROPOLIS EDITION).

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1890. PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

BURIED IN SLUSH.

Snow Falls Into New York's Mud and Ice-Laden Streets.

No Impression Made by Beattie's Street-Cleaning Gangs.

Trouble His Extra $8,000 Gone, but the Street Filth Remains.

"Going to have more snow?"

The "L" conductor put the query in the tone of a challenge, doggedly, and in an "I'll be you to say no" way.

The Oldest Inhabitant pulled his morning paper from his pocket and looked for the prediction of the autocrat of the Weather Bureau.

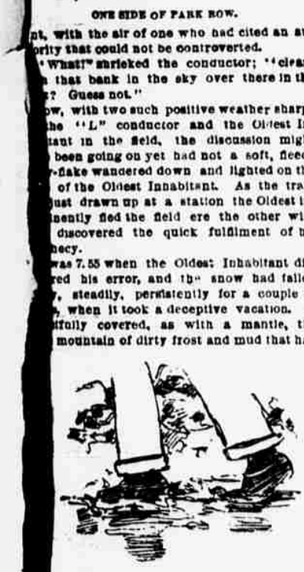
"Clear and colder," read the Oldest Inhabitant, with the air of one who had cited an authority that could not be controverted.

"What!" shrieked the conductor; "clear, in that bank in the sky over there in the west? Guess not."

Now, with two such positive weather sharps as the "L" conductor and the Oldest Inhabitant in the field, the discussion might have been going on yet had not a soft, fleecy snow-flake wandered down and lighted on the nose of the Oldest Inhabitant. As the train went past drawn up at a station the Oldest Inhabitant ignominiously fled the field ere the other wise man discovered the quick fulfilment of his prophecy.

It was 7.55 when the Oldest Inhabitant discovered his error, and the snow had fallen steadily, persistently for a couple of hours, when it took a deceptive vacation. It stealthily covered, as with a mantle, the ugly mountain of dirty frost and mud that had

ONE SIDE OF PARK ROW.



HURRYING DOWN TO THE STORE.

been waiting for Commissioner Beattie's cars ever since Friday last, and once more "Beautiful Snow" was restored to good standing as a popular poem.

The effect of falling snow is marvellous. Workmen who had been pictures of cheery comfort in their rug coats and mufflers, slapped their sides with their mittened hands and stamped their feet on the platforms of their cars, while pedestrians turned up their coat-collars and grumbled.

People exchanged more or less unanimous views on the question of the necessity for a blasted weather, and everybody agreed that the Winter of 1890-'91 would go down in history as the most severe New York has ever known.

"Clearer and colder!" That does not mean, in the parlance of the Weather Bureau, that the temperature will grow colder and colder as the hours pass by, but that at any given hour to-day it will be colder than it was at the same hour yesterday.

At Hudnut's the thermometer recorded 21 degrees at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, while at the same hour to-day it was seven degrees colder, and the air was filled with the falling snowflakes.

Down in West street Jerseymen who had come to market in the early morning bustled

ON THE CLEANEST CROSSING.

with unusual briskness, for they feared the snow would block the roads and hinder their return to their farm-homes.

Ketchum, who had waited patiently for the cleansing brigade, tried a snow-plow idea of their own. It is not patented, Mr. Beattie is welcome to it. The market-built bonfires under little mountains of mud and snow so equally mixed in the street, presently there was a row of little Vesuvius all along West street.

The ferry-boats in North River were kept dodging the ice floes that came down from the Hudson River in great solid masses almost as big as the ferry-boats themselves.

The ferryboat Orange, from Hoboken, had a serious altercation with one of these floating ice-ships yesterday afternoon. Just as she was entering the slip at the foot of Barclay street she collided with the mass of floating ice, and the shock threw many passengers off their feet. There was almost a panic in consequence, and it was forty-five minutes before the boat reached the slip.

The falling snow and the rising temperature combined to make street navigation anything but pleasant. The snow and dirt, a six-inch coating on the pavements, was deeper at the alleged crossings, and the student who reads character from feet had a splendid opportunity for study.

The mealy coating was soon of the consistency of mush and milk. But mush and milk would have been incomparably more agreeable for fording than this slush.

Pretty girls in dainty boots, peeping out from under duffy embroidery, wandered up and down the sidewalks in dire distress, searching for a clean causeway to the other side of the

ON A SIDE STREET.

street, while men only paused to turn up the bottoms of their trousers and then waded boldly into the dirty mess.

That thoughtful fellow who had provided stilts at the street crossings might have reaped a rich harvest. But the thoughtful fellow did not appear, and New Yorkers had only the stilts that nature had provided them with.

It is estimated that there was enough profanity exploded in New York to-day to provide brimstone fire enough for all the marble shops in America for the year 1891.

Broadway is the only navigable street today, the Street-Cleaning Department having worked upon it all of Sunday and Sunday night.

As a matter of history, it may be stated that not in twenty years has New York had so much cold weather before New Year's as it has experienced this year.

The ice dealers who depend upon nature alone for their stock of congealed water for the Summer season are jubilant in consequence, for they are making great preparations for the war that is imminent between them and the companies that are manufacturing by machinery.

The ice harvest began to-day up the Hudson River, ten thousand ice-harvesters and hundreds of horses beginning on the immense field that lies between Albany and Tivoli, where the ice is ten to twelve inches thick and clear as crystal.

There will be no ice famine in the Summer of 1891. There is so much to be thankful for at least, though the coal has been melting in the bin, these six weeks, like a cake of ice under a July sun.

The first thing to do is to clear away the snow from the ice, and this work alone will cost

CROSSING BROADWAY.

thousands of dollars. Men and boys on the ice fields get from $1.25 to $2 a day, and it is difficult to get enough harvesters.

Every vessel that enters this port, whether from the rivers or from outside, is coated with ice, the result of yesterday's fearful cold and arctic breezes. The average temperature yesterday was 19 degrees in New York, but it was much colder on the bay, while there was a humidity of 76 degrees in the air, and the wind blew from the northwest a thirty-two mile gale.

At 10 o'clock the snow ceased. Ten minutes later Old Sol ventured out and began the work of warming the cockles of the New York heart and, incidentally, to bring about the sloppy, slushy condition of things above described.

Sergt. Jesunofsky, up in the Equitable Building Weather Office, was as genial as the sun. He poured a volley of information into the reportorial ear.

To begin with, although Manhattan Island was just on the southern and warmer edge of a wee small cold wave, we were colder from 8 o'clock to midnight than ever before this season, the mercury recording but 13 degrees in the official thermometer for those hours.

That was hardly a touch to the 22 degrees below zero that was experienced in Vermont, and it was much colder throughout New York State.

At 1 o'clock this morning the temperature began to rise, and at 8 o'clock it had reached 22 degrees on the Equitable; at 10.30 it was at 26, and at a little after noon it had reached 30 degrees, while down on the street, at Hudnut's,

ON A PARK ROW CROSSING.

it was above freezing, and the sidewalks were soppy and the middle of the street was—awful.

We got only a small corner of the snow-storm, too, though not more than two inches fell anywhere within its precincts.

The air over New York is stirred to-day, by a ten-mile zephyr from the West with a tendency southward, but at Block Island a thirty-two mile breeze blows from the southwest.

There is about 86 per cent. of moisture in the air. Since 1890 was born we have already had of rain and snow nine inches more than the average for a whole year, based on a comparison with the records for the past twenty years.

This month of December has been the coldest December since the establishment of the Government Weather Bureau. We are to-day 44 degrees behind other Decembers in temperature, though last Summer's heat was so much greater than usual that we still have for the year 1890 an overplus of 934 degrees of temperature, which, if the weather sharps are not false prophets, means that we are to have many weeks of intense cold before Spring in order to average up the weather.

The temperature rose 15 to 30 degrees all through the Northern and Eastern States this morning, and while Vermont is still frozen up in zero weather, and Boston was but 18 degrees better off, at 8 o'clock New York had 22; Philadelphia, 24; Washington, 28; Chicago, 32; Cincinnati, 36; St. Louis, 38; New Orleans, 44, and Key West, 58 degrees.

BEATTIE CAN'T FIND CARTS.

Street-Cleaning Bureau's Reasons for Letting the Snow Alone.

Commissioner Beattie was mistaken. He could not get 2,000 laborers and 1,000 carts to assist him in the task of removing the heavy accumulation of snow from the streets. The result is that, though the snow fell Friday, at noon to-day but an infinitesimal portion of the city's thoroughfares had been cleared of the obstruction.

Mr. Beattie assured the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that he would do great things if it would assist him, and he was given $8,000, which, added to the amount already on hand, placed $11,000 at his disposal for the removal of snow and ice.

Men and carts were advertised for for use yesterday. Five hundred of the latter were wanted. Deputy Dalton said this morning that about fifteen responded.

"We only had about 150 carts and trucks at work last night," said he "and not nearly so many men as we had the night before.

"The fact of the matter is that the men were completely exhausted by their efforts Saturday night and Sunday.

"This morning, though, they are reporting better, and we did fair to have a considerable force at work to-day.

"All of lower Broadway will be clear of snow by noon. We have only a small stretch of four blocks near Broome street where there are piles to remove, but those piles are something terrible, and we have to back a cart up against them two or three times before they are levelled.

"The only other streets where the snow has been removed are Chambers street between Broadway and Park Row, a part of Park Row, a portion of Twenty-third and Fourteenth streets, most of Madison and Union Squares—and we have gangs at work on all of these to-day, as well as on some of the ferry streets, which were not touched until this morning."

Owing to the lack of carts the work of Mr. Beattie's force has been confined almost entirely to piling the snow in heaps along the curb line.

This he has done in Broadway as far north as Forty-eighth street, and in Fifth avenue, between Madison Square and Fortieth street.

These unsightly piles still remain, and, unless Commissioner Beattie is more fortunate than he has been in securing carts, many of them are liable to remain until the weather shall kindly moderate and they melt and disappear into the sewers.

In the narrow down-town and side streets the snow lies undisturbed, save by the trucks, which laboriously plow their way through it or bump over the ridges which have been formed where it has been packed or evoluted into ice.

The side avenues and cross streets, too, remain untouched by Beattie's men, and business in some of them is partially paralyzed by the interruption thus caused.

One of the serious conditions which confronts the Commissioner is the cleaning of the crosswalks. No general effort has been made since the snow first began to fall to keep the crossings clear. The result is that there are thousands of crosswalks in all sections of the city where the snow has been packed and formed into icy ridges which render them very dangerous for the passage of pedestrians.

As the city is liable in damages for all accidents which may occur from this condition of the crosswalks, the failure of Commissioner Beattie to make a general effort to remove the danger is severely commented on.

Should the cold weather continue much longer the removal of the snow by Mr. Beattie must more than exhaust his extra allowance for that purpose, although it cannot be drawn upon after Wednesday of this week, for then the appropriation for 1891 becomes available.

It cost to remove the snow and ice which Deputy Commissioner Hagan so quickly dumped into the rivers last Spring a fraction over 71 cents per load.

Under Commissioner Coleman, in the first three months of 1888, including "blizzard week," it cost from 50 cents to 75 cents per load.

No report of the work done by Mr. Beattie's force since Saturday morning had been received at his office up to 10 o'clock this morning, and no one could make an estimate. Under such circumstances no estimate of the amount of money expended could be made.

An estimate was made that at 12 o'clock last night there had been 20,000 loads removed. If this is correct, Mr. Beattie's $11,000 has all been dumped into the river.

There were but 40,542 loads removed after the blizzard in March, 1888, and nearly 13,000 of these were removed by contract, yet the cost was $25,356.43.

The total number of loads removed for January, February and March, 1888, was 62,029, costing $43,778.82.

The reports of the amount of work done for two days and two nights arrived at the Department offices about 11 o'clock this morning.

Miss Westover, the Commissioner's private secretary, said that she had not had time to compute exactly the number of loads of snow which had been removed, but she estimated it at 20,000.

Seventy cents a load is a fair estimate of the cost of removal, and if 20,000 loads have been removed, as Miss Westover says, Mr. Beattie has spent $14,000, or overrun his appropriation $3,000.

If he is to continue the work of removal the Board of Estimate and Apportionment must give him several thousand dollars more.

SKATING ON THE ROOF.

Four Inches of Ice on the Manhattan Athletic Club's Roof Rink.

Members of the Manhattan Athletic Club can enjoy real ice skating this afternoon on the roof of their club-house, which has an area of about 5,000 square feet.

The ice was of good thickness this morning, but was somewhat rough. There are large spots smooth enough for fancy figure cutting, and many lovers of the sport are taking advantage of it.

Supt. S. H. Bishop expects an ice planer today, and if it comes in time, the club will have first-class skating this evening.

The skating surface is reached by an elevator. There is a stretch 120 feet long and 50 feet wide on the Madison avenue side of the building, and an L 35 feet square extends along the Forty-fifth street side.

The rink is illuminated by electric light and is covered by a substantial roof; the walls are pierced by large arch-shaped windows, by means of which the space is made practically open air.

The roof was designed for a skating rink in winter and a Summer garden during warm weather. If the cold continues the management expects that the skating will prove a rare attraction to the athletes.

Talk of races in the near future on the rink is common about the Club.

FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.

Icy Pavements Responsible for Telegrapher Erly's Death.

At about 2 o'clock this morning Policeman James J. Wall, of the Oak street station, found a man lying dead on the walk at Franklin square, corner of Pearl and Frankfort streets. The body was removed to the Oak street station house and identified by letters in the pockets to be that of Frank A. Erly, of 44 Cortlandt street.

Superficial examination did not disclose the cause of death. It is thought he either slipped on the icy walk or was seized with a fit of apoplexy. The locality where the body was found is dangerous at present, being exceedingly slippery and very dark at night. There were no indications of foul play.

At the Merchants' Hotel, which is 41 Cortlandt street, it was learned that Erly had boarded there since Dec. 15. He was a telegraph operator. He drew his money Saturday and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock he left most of it at the hotel desk, with the remark that he was going to send it to his wife. That was the last seen of Erly by the hotel people.

Erly had been on the reserve force of the Western Union main office since last Summer. He came from Newburg.

The Telegraph Operators' Relief Association will take charge of his body.

Erly was thirty years old and married. His wife lived with her husband's parents.

A BOOM IN SLEIGHS.

Quick Sales and Good Prices for Everything on Runners.

"It is an ill-wind that blows no good," says the old saw. Dealers in sleighs have had a hard row to hoe for the past two Winters, and this Winter, too, until a godsend came to them in the form of the present snow-storm.

One sleigh dealer downtown has had over two hundred sleighs on his hands for two Winters. They have been stored at great expense and he could scarcely give them away.

In the early part of this winter dealers were selling sleighs which had cost $30 as low as $14. Sleighs worth $200 were sold for less than $100, and as the season advanced and no snow arrived, the slaughter grew worse and worse.

Now, however, things have taken an entirely different turn, and the dealers are getting full value on their goods.

The same sacrifices in prices applied to bells, saddles, chimes and plumes; but salesmen and clerks were wire tied in smiles this morning when an EVENING WORLD reporter made the rounds.

So great was the demand for sleighs that salesmen were waiting on two or three customers at the same time and purchasers had to line up and wait their turn.

ICE TOO THIN IN THE PARK.

Thousands of Would-Be Skaters Turned Away Disappointed.

"There will be no skating on the lake today," said Superintendent Parsons, of Central Park; "the ice is too thin and of too poor a quality to bear the weight of a horse to clear off the snow.

"We never open the Lake to skaters until the ice is five inches thick, and it has not reached quite four inches yet."

All the morning young people could be seen stepping lightly, skates in hand, toward the boat house, only to be turned away disappointed.

Supt. Parsons assured all who asked him that as soon as it was prudent the red ball would be raised.

USED HIS STILETTO AGAIN.

An Attempted Murder Next Door to Police Headquarters.

An attempted murder occurred at 10.45 o'clock this morning in a tenement adjoining Police Headquarters.

Vituro Carvo, a swarthy Italian of twenty-eight, plunged a stiletto into the left breast of Vito Gonsalvo, a youth of fifteen, and then, brandishing his bloody weapon, attempted to escape.

The would-be murderer was pursued by a great crowd of angry people, who finally surrounded him and held him at bay until a policeman arrived and took him into custody.

Vito Gonsalvo lived with his married brother, Domenico Gonsalvo, in the rear rooms on the third floor of 295 Mott street, which is next door to Police Headquarters.

Vito Carvo married a sister of Domenico Gonsalvo's wife, and they lived in a couple of rooms in the rear of No. 295.

This morning Carvo visited the rooms of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Gonsalva, and, as usual, created a disturbance.

The brothers ordered Carvo out of the room, but he would not go, and when the younger one tried to push him out of the door he turned and plunged a stiletto into his breast.

Vito fell to the floor and Carvo ran downstairs.

The tenement is always crowded with Italians, and as he came running downstairs with the bloody stiletto still in his hand the crowd below, hearing the cries of the people upstairs, followed him to the street.

He ran up Mott street to Bleecker, where several of his countrymen surrounded him and held him. He fought desperately to get away.

A big crowd had now gathered, and he made an attempt to stab his captors, so that he could get away.

Policeman Spolasco, of the Broadway squad, a strapping big fellow, on his way to headquarters, rushed into the crowd and seized Carvo.

The crowd told the officer that Carvo had killed another Italian at 297 Mott street, and Spolasco started back to the house with him.

Carvo made a desperate attempt to get away, but Policeman Schiek, a doorman at Headquarters, went to Spolasco's assistance, and they took Carvo upstairs, where the wounded boy lay in a pool of blood.

The wounded man identified Carvo as the man who had stabbed him.

Carvo was taken to Police Headquarters handcuffed and followed by his wife and several other women, who shouted to him to free himself.

An ambulance surgeon from St. Vincent's Hospital dressed Vito's wound, which is a serious one over the heart.

Carvo, it is alleged, stabbed Frank Monaco in the abdomen about a year ago, but escaped.

He is a laborer, but has been out of work for some time.

SAW MINNAUGH KILL MORAN.

A Cloud of Witnesses of the Shooting Tell the Story at the Inquest.

Stubborn Silence of the Accused Murderer on the Stand.

Coroner Messemer held an inquest this forenoon on the killing of Edward J. Moran, Dec. 22, in M. J. Downing's saloon, 822 Second avenue, by James Minnaugh. The prisoner was brought to the Coroner's office by Detective Cuff. Minnaugh is a slight built man of 28 years. He wears a feeble mustache of a ginger hue. All through the proceedings he was depressed, and scarcely raised his eyes from the floor.

Mrs. Moran, widow of the murdered man, with his mother, sat in the rear room of the office heavily draped in weeds.

Policeman Henry N. Neggesmith was the first witness. He said a citizen approached him on Second avenue and told him a man had been shot in Downing's saloon. The officer went there, saw the body and rang for an ambulance. A man named O'Connor handed him a pistol with which it was said Moran had been shot.

Detective Cuff swore that he visited the saloon soon after the shooting and got a description of the man who did it.

"I traced him to the tenement at 317 East Forty-fourth street," said Cuff, "and found him crouched under a bed. I arrested him, and after taking him to the station-house brought him over to Bellevue Hospital, where Moran lay, for identification.

"Moran was very feeble, but said, when Minnaugh stood before him: 'That is the man who shot me.'

"Then I took Minnaugh back to the station-house. He there said that he and Moran had a row about some remarks Moran had made against Mrs. Minnaugh. He said he got the money to buy the pistol from his (Minnaugh's) brother-in-law. The accused in this way admitted the shooting."

The pistol was produced. It was a 32-calibre weapon and was identified as the one which caused Moran's death.

Bartender John Wickham, of Downing's saloon, testified that he heard the shots, but did not see the shooting, as his back was turned at the time.

Moran and Minnaugh were at the end of the bar and after I heard the shot I saw Mike O'Connor wrestling with Minnaugh, who had a pistol in hand. Moran lay on the floor, and exclaimed 'My God! I'm shot.'"

John J. Shields, who was in the saloon at the time, said:

"I heard two shots, and when I looked I saw Moran on the floor and Minnaugh standing with a pistol in his hand. I got hold of Minnaugh with Mike O'Connor. Moran said, 'Stop him, meaning Minnaugh."

Michael F. Reilly was in the saloon and heard the two shots. He knew both Moran and Minnaugh, but didn't hear any quarrel between the two. When he looked, after the shots, Moran was on the floor and Minnaugh had the pistol in his hand.

Michael J. O'Connor, a driver, swore that he didn't see the shooting, but heard both shots. "I rushed and grabbed Minnaugh, who had a pistol in his hand. He broke away and walked out on the side door."

John McGrath said he was in Downing's when Minnaugh came in. "As he passed me Minnaugh pulled out a revolver and said, 'What do you think of this?' Then he walked down to the end of the bar and the next I heard was the explosion. I turned and saw Moran fall to the floor and Minnaugh was struggling in the hands of two men."

Charles Maxwell, a former employer of Minnaugh, was the last witness, and his testimony was corroborative of the last two witnesses.

The prisoner was then sworn. He gave his name as James Minnaugh, twenty-eight years old, living at 321 East Forty-fourth street. In answer to further questions he only replied: "I have nothing to say in the absence of my lawyer."

The jury then retired to consider the evidence and prepare their verdict.

MOVED HIS OWN DISCHARGE.

Lawyer Buttner Arraigned and Recommitted with Reduced Bail.

William H. Buttner, the lawyer who is under arrest on a charge of taking $60 from Charles I. Finkel for obtaining a fraudulent divorce, was once more brought before Justices Ryan and O'Reilly in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning.

Capt. McLaughlin, who made the complaint against Buttner, told Justice O'Reilly that his witnesses were not in the city. They were out West, but were expected here by Wednesday at the latest.

When this statement was made Buttner at once became indignant. He started in to berate the newspapers. Then he strenuously objected to any further delay, but said that in case it was insisted upon he ought to be submitted to bail in a sum such as other prisoners are held in a larceny case, where the sum charged is $60.

"I am not charged with forgery in the second degree. I am charged with larceny."

"But there are other charges against you, aren't there not?" suggested the Court.

"They, my persecutors," defiantly retorted Buttner, "have failed to produce such charges."

"But you have made a confession, have you not?" inquired the Court.

"I dictated a statement to Inspector Byrnes. It is there. Read it. If you can make a confession out of that, it is more than I can."

Buttner then made a motion that he himself be discharged. The motion was promptly denied.

Buttner was recommitted in $2,000 bail. This is $1,000 less than his former bond. The case will come up again Wednesday.

NEW YEAR WINE IN WASHINGTON

Temperance People Will Watch for the Statesmen Who Serve It.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The temperance people are preparing to inspect the sideboards of the prominent officials here on New Year's day very closely.

Receptions will be held at the houses of the members of the Cabinet and at those of many Senators and Representatives after the great reception at the White House is over.

It is a burning question always as to whether wines or liquors of any kind shall be served on such occasions, and this year the temperance leaders are early in the field with their pronounced negative to the proposition.

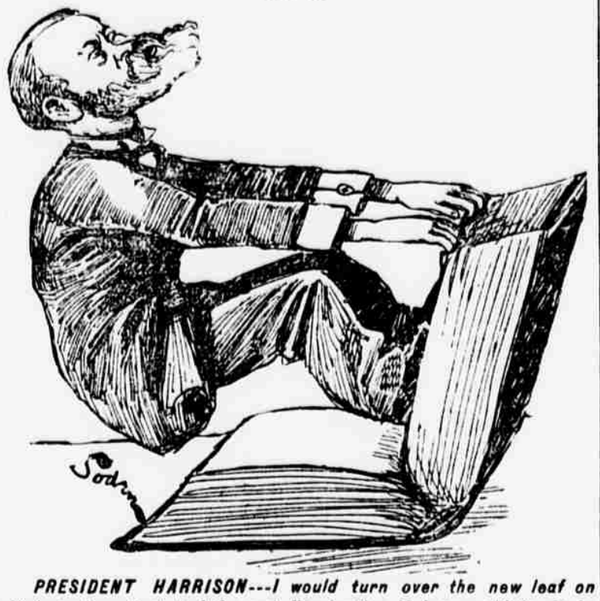
A large meeting was held here last evening, presided over by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster and addressed by Bishop Newman, at which every expression was clearly levelled at the custom of offering punch to callers on New Year's Day.

With the politics of the country in such a hazy and threatening condition that catering to every element becomes important, it is expected that the champions of total abstinence will this time exercise their usual influence over the politicians.

Read "A Tour with a Postman" (illustrated) in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

No. 2.



PRESIDENT HARRISON---I would turn over the new leaf on which is inscribed "A Second Nomination," but methinks it be gummed fast.

STOCKS RISE HIGHER TO-DAY.

Bulls Bank on the Coming Meeting of Railroad Presidents.

The bulls were in full control this morning. They took hold of the market right at the start and before noon had whisked prices up ½ to 2½ per cent.

London sent a fair amount of buying orders to this side, and in addition there was the favorable bank statement of Saturday and the official announcement that the Presidents of the Western roads will meet in this city instead of Chicago on the 5th of January.

The bulls, of course, are quite optimistic about the results to follow this conference, but it cannot truthfully be said that their opinion is shared in to any extent by the public.

Agreements have been made and broken so often that only proof positive of their efficacy will now satisfy the much-abused outsider.

Lackawanna, Delaware & Hudson, Sugar Trust and Wheeling and Lake Erie were the special darlings this morning. The last named advanced 2½ per cent.

Money was in fair demand and lent at 5 a 6 per cent. on call.

The Quotations.

	Open.	High.	Low.
Atch., Top. & Santa Fe	7⅞	7⅞	7⅞
Chesapeake & Ohio	16⅞	16⅞	16⅞
Ches. & Ohio 2d pfd	27	27	27
Chicago Gas Trust	34⅞	35⅞	34⅞
Chic., Bur. & Quincy	88⅞	88⅞	88⅞
Chicago & Northwest	103⅞	103⅞	103⅞
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	49⅞	50⅞	49⅞
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul pfd	104	104	104
Chic., Rock Is. & Pac	68⅞	69⅞	68⅞
Clev., Cin., Chic. & St. L	58⅞	59⅞	58⅞
Col. & Hock. Valley	34⅞	34⅞	34⅞
Del., Lack. & West	129⅞	131⅞	129⅞
Delaware & Hudson	126	127⅞	126
Den. & Rio G. Western	20	20⅞	20
Dis. & Cattle Feed Trust	4⅞	4⅞	4⅞
E. T., Va. & Ga. 1st pref	59	59	59
Lake Shore	109	109⅞	109
Lake Erie & Western pref	81⅞	81⅞	81⅞
Louisville & Nashville	72⅞	73⅞	72⅞
Louis., New Alb. & Chic	21	21	21
Missouri Pacific	60⅞	61	60⅞
National Lead Trust	17⅞	18	17⅞
New Jersey Central	102	102	102
New York & New England	31⅞	32	31⅞
N. Y., Lake Erie & Western	18⅞	18⅞	18⅞
N. Y., Susq. & Western pf	25	25	25
Northern Pacific	21⅞	21⅞	21⅞
Northern Pacific pfd	62⅞	63⅞	62⅞
North American	11⅞	11⅞	11⅞
Phila. & Reading	31	32	31
Quicksilver	8⅞	8⅞	8⅞
Quick. & West Point Ter	15⅞	15⅞	15⅞
Silver	102⅞	103⅞	102⅞
Southern Pacific	25⅞	25⅞	25⅞
Sugar Refineries	60⅞	60⅞	60⅞
Texas Pacific	14	14	14
Tenn. Coal & Iron	30	30	30
Union Pacific	42⅞	42⅞	42
Wabash, St. L. & Pacific	9	9	9
Wabash, St. L. & Pacific pfd	17⅞	17⅞	17
Western Union Tel	78⅞	78⅞	78⅞
Wheeling & Lake Erie	20	20	20
Wheeling & Lake E. pfd	66⅞	66⅞	66⅞

A full account of Wall street affairs will be found in the Sporting Extra.

A Suspension in Philadelphia.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29.—The suspension of Gerlach & Barles, bankers and brokers, is announced on the Stock Exchange. It is not a heavy failure.

A BATTERY LOOP FOR THE "L."

Park Commissioner Paul Dana Favors and Advocates Its Granting.

"I am in favor of giving the Elevated Railroad a loop in the Battery," said Commissioner Paul Dana at the meeting of the Park Board this morning.

The remark was prompted by Commissioner Hutchins's assertion, that if the city had been regularly laid out in avenues 200 feet apart and streets from 400 to 600 feet long, the city to-day would have rapid transit.

"The elevated railroads are not running the full number of trains they could," the Commissioner added.

Commissioner Dana took up the conversation and said that if the Board did give the loop to the elevated road the public would raise the cry, "Jay Gould owns the Board."

He also said that he would give the road even more than the loop if it lay in his power.

IDAHO'S THREE SENATORS-ELECT.

A Committee to Inquire as to the Legality of Their Choosing.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The Senate has voted to refer the credentials of the new Idaho Senators to the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

This is on account of the question as to Idaho's right to elect three Senators at once on the assumption that a vacancy is to occur in March.

Will Justice White Preside?

The Board of Police Justices will meet tonight, and it is said that Justice Andrew J. White will be elected President in place of Solon B. Smith.

Read "A Tour with a Postman" (illustrated) in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

FRESH BITS OF CITY NEWS.

The Minor Incidents and Accidents of Metropolitan Life.

Mr. Steinway Will Serve.

William Steinway, one of the Mayor's appointees on his new Rapid Transit Commission, to-day sent the Mayor a characteristic letter, accepting the position and expressing the belief that the next Legislature will pass a suitable act for the relief of the city.

Ehrlich Made Chief Justice.

Judge Simon M. Ehrlich was to-day elected by his Associates Chief Justice of the City Court.

Two Young Tramps After an Uncle.

At the Tombs this morning were Eddie and Willie Brown, aged fourteen and thirteen years, who have just tramped to New York from San Francisco. They are orphans and let California expecting better cheer here. Mr. Gerry's Society will try to find their uncle, John Brown, who they say lives in Brooklyn.

A Storm-Battered Bark.

The bark St. Katherine, Capt. Frazier, returned to port to-day badly battered by Friday's storm. She sailed for Melbourne, Dec. 22. It is reported that part of her crew was lost.

A Burglar Under the Bed.

Max Becker was held for burglary this morning at Essex Market. He and some of Shoemaker Meyer Funkelstein's personal property were found hidden under a bedstead in Funkelstein's room at 16 Allen street. Becker lives next door.

$1,000 Worth of Overheating.

An overheated stove caused $1,000 damage by fire to the furnishing store of W. & H. Block at 256 Bleecker street at 2.45 o'clock this morning.

A $260 Basement Fire.

Fire starting in the basement of J. M. Jones's art store, 1,339 Broadway, at 1 o'clock this morning, did $260 damage to the stock.

Becker's Merry Sleighers.

Henry Becker, of 540 Ninth avenue, was held at Jefferson Market this morning for alleged violations of the excise and theatrical laws. He says a concert at his place last night was only the freak of a sleighing party.

Nicoll Gets Less Than Fellows.

District Attorney-elect Delancey Nicoll, was before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment this morning, and was allowed $133,650 to run his office for the year 1891, a decrease of $1,140 from the amount allowed Col. Fellows last year.

Money for Getting Juries.

The Board of Estimate to-day gave Commissioner of Jurors Reilly $35,000 for his office for the coming year. He asked for $34,100.

Paper Trade Failure.

Frank R. Walker, paper manufacturer at 28 Bond street, made an assignment to-day to John P. McGowan. With preferences to John E. McGowan and Fernando R. Walker.

Curtin's Sentence Put Off.

John Curtin, who was found guilty last week of murder in the second degree for the killing of old John Sloan at 32 Cherry street on the night of April 6, was to-day remanded for sentence next month.

Better News of Col. Murphy.

Col. Michael C. Murphy is reported to-day as being much improved. The Colonel eats with a relish, and his devoted wife, who is always at his side, believes that he will recover.

Phoebus Goes Free.

Recorder Smyth to-day discharged George P. Phoebus, who was indicted for misappropriating $500 belonging to his client, Mrs. Ross.

Baby Frozen to Death.

The body of a newly-born male child, frozen stiff and wrapped in a piece of black alapaca, was found early this morning lying on Broadway, West New Brighton.

Must Occupy Castle Garden.

The Sinking Fund Commissioners to-day directed Comptroller Myers to formally take possession of Castle Garden on behalf of the city at noon on Wednesday next.

Gerry Asks for a Hearing.

Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has requested to be heard before the Board of Police Justices at their meeting tonight, relative to the prosecutions by his society.

City Register's Funds for Next Year.

The appropriation for the Register's Office for 1891 was to-day fixed by the Board of Estimate at $155,300, an increase of $30,300 from last year, due to the law relative to the preservation of old records.

Read "A Tour with a Postman" (illustrated) in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

LAST EDITION.

JAHN AND DIAMONDS GONE.

Flitting of an Eighth Avenue Jeweller and His $16,000 Stock.

Many Creditors and a Very Pretty Wife Left in the Lurch.

There is a big padlock on the door of the fashionable-looking jewelry store at 889 Eighth avenue this morning. There is an inscription on the door reading, "Albert Jahn, Diamonds." The establishment is in charge of the Sheriff's office.

Jahn has been missing since Christmas, and Inspector Byrnes's detectives are busily engaged in trying to discover his whereabouts, while a pretty, black-eyed, but destitute and sorrowful wife sits shivering in miserable apartments at 342 West Twenty-fifth street, hounded by the creditors of the man who, instead of loving and protecting her, has basely deserted her, leaving her in absolute destitution.

The case, briefly stated, is this: Jahn is well known to the trade, and formerly worked for Dixon & Co. as a watchmaker at Eighth avenue and Twenty-sixth street. He left them last Summer, and about Sept. 1 opened an elegant store three blocks above them, employing as salesman William Gumbart, also a former employee of Dixon & Co.

Jahn had saved up $6,200, and this, with $500, the hard-earned savings of his wife, who was a laundress, he put into the business. A big $400 safe and some $500 fixtures he paid cash for, and then proceeded to stock the store with diamonds and expensive jewelry, only part of which he made any payments on, dealers trusting him for the rest with considerable apparent confidence.

As nearly as can be ascertained, his stock was valued at something over $20,000.

Christmas Day Jahn was at the store nearly all day, and in the afternoon left his miserly apartments, saying he was going out for a walk. He did not return at night, but his wife thought little of that, and next morning went to clean out the store as usual.

There she met Gumbart, who said Jahn had notified him that he could not open the safe where all the diamonds and valuable jewelry were kept.

When her husband did not show up all day, Mrs. Jahn became alarmed, and sought some of the dealers who sold her husband goods. They had not seen him and in turn became alarmed. The result was that Stern Bros. & Co., of 30 Maiden lane, took out an attachment on the goods in the store to satisfy their claim of $2,315.

The safe was opened, but all it contained was one copper penny and a lot of pool tickets on the Guttenberg Race. Silver-plated ware was found in the store to swell the total value of stock, safe and fixtures to $1,000 or $1,500, but nothing more.

The other creditors and the amounts due them so far as can be learned from the bills and receipts that Jahn left behind with his wife are as follows:

Oppenheimer Bros. & Veith, 35 Maiden lane, $6,850; Sigismund Hirsenberg, 78 Nassau street, $3,019.41; J. F. Myers & Co., 48 and 50 Maiden lane, $1,351.56; A. J. Mockridge, Newark, N. J., $421; D. S. Spaulding, 39 Liberty street, $32.60; Drubing Walsleitzer & Co., Newark, N. J., $60.57; S. F. Zimmern, 8 Maiden lane, $615.49; L. Sauter & Co., 1 Maiden lane, $138.10; Wm. L. Rosenfeld, 34 Maiden Lane, $290; Kent & Stanley, Providence, R. I., $277.87; H. Tesson, 15 Maiden lane, $221.34; Tenner & Baum, 180 Broadway, $233.57; James F. Angell, 178 Broadway, $170.63; Bloren Bros., Newark, N. J., $127.91; Hock Ford Watch Co., Rockford, Ill., $204.06, and Max Stern, 79 Nassau street, $78.50.

Jahn traded with other firms, but his wife has not in which show that they were paid. How he managed to get away with about $16,000 worth of jewelry and diamonds is a mystery, but it is believed by his creditors that he converted the bulkier matter into cash and carried the diamonds with him.

The deserted wife says his only bad habit was playing the races. She does not believe there is a woman in the case, but can assign no reason for her husband's disappearance.

Gumbart, the clerk, declines to talk much about the matter. He says Jahn owes him for wages, but he expects to get his pay. The last time he saw Jahn was Christmas Eve, when they left the store together after closing up.

BEDELL'S PLEA FOR PARDON.

Grounds of the Star Forger's Appeal for Executive Clemency.

Forger James E. Bedell, who while clerk for the law firm of Shipman