

TOTAL NUMBER OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRINTED IN THE WORLD LAST MONTH: 67,273. A NEW YEAR RECORD SAME MONTH LAST YEAR: 57,969. A Gain of 9,304.

The Evening World

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1892.

IT FITS! The World "Want" Postal Card MEETS THE REQUIREMENTS OF "WANT" ADVERTISERS. TRY ONE.

PRICE ONE CENT.

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52,936

Gain Per Day in a Single Year.

Following is a comparison of the circulation of THE WORLD for the last week of January, 1891, and January, 1892:

1891. 1892. Total... 2,186,230 2,556,780 Average... 312,318 365,254

Gain for the Week... 370,550 Daily Average Gain... 52,936

This Gain in the past year is larger than the total circulation of the majority of daily newspapers printed in New York.

STEADY GROWTH.

How the average daily circulation of THE WORLD has increased step by step during the past four months:

Nov., 1891. Gain over Oct., '91. 11,426 PER DAY.

Dec., 1891. Gain over November, '91. 6,564 PER DAY.

Jan., 1892. Gain over December, 1891. 7,317 PER DAY.

A Gain in Four Months of 25,307 PER DAY.

The Sunday World.

How the average circulation of the SUNDAY WORLD has increased step by step during the past four months:

Nov., 1891. Gain over Oct., '91. 5,507 PER SUNDAY.

Dec., 1891. Gain over November, '91. 3,740 PER SUNDAY.

Jan., 1892. Gain over December, 1891. 6,822 PER SUNDAY.

A Gain in Four Months of 16,069 PER SUNDAY.

Advertising Exhibit.

The total number of advertisements printed by THE WORLD during the past two months compared with the two corresponding months last year:

December, 1890. December, 1891. 52,659 59,014

Net Gain... 6,355

January, 1891. January, 1892. 57,969 67,273

Net Gain... 9,304

Net Gain for two months, 15,659

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

THINNING THEM OUT.

"The Evening World's" Crusade Ridding the City of Dives.

John Wulfers the Sixth Den-Keeper to Lose His License.

Ignatz Buttner's Concert Privilege Still Withheld by Mayor Grant.

NEW YORK'S OUTLAWS.

[A Table Subject to Daily Change.] In the Penitentiary. BILLY McLODY. [AUGUST GUIDON.

Indicted and Dives Closed. TOM GOULD. CAREY WELCH. LOUIS WALTERS. DAN SCHIBNER. J. H. MORGAN. TOM STEVENSON.

Divs Announced. SIMON BUTTNER. JOHN I. MURPHY. FRANK WITTEBOLD.

John Wulfers is the latest of the dive-keepers to have his liquor license taken away by the Excise Board on proven charges that he was conducting a disorderly house.

The testimony against Wulfers was identical in character with the reports published in this newspaper of the nightly doings in his dive.

DIVES DARK AND DESERTED.

Even Ignatz Buttner's Den Has Lost Its Star Attractions.

The marked quiet that has prevailed in the once notorious dens of the Bowery, Sixth Avenue and adjacent localities since the Evening World began its anti-dive crusade, was unbroken last night.

The effect of the crusade was everywhere apparent, and belated pedestrians generally commented upon the change for the better that had taken place in districts formerly infested by dangerous characters.

Mr. Ignatz Buttner's "Orpheum Concert Garden," at 294 Bovey, was the centre of attraction to East-side sight-seers last night for the very reason that it was cheerless, dark and deserted.

Mr. Grant's action in withholding a concert license for the place shows that while the police may be able to close a disorderly resort a whitewashing report from them will not always suffice to keep one open.

The "Russian Band," the back-number vocalists, and the "mixed class" of patrons that have been making things lively in the "Orpheum," took another night off.

The little, stuffy barroom was wide open, but it might as well have been a tightly closed as was the "Ladies' Entrance," to judge from appearances.

When an Evening World investigator looked in shortly before 11 o'clock he found that the sole occupant of the place was the "barkeep," whose head was shown above the bar.

Nothing definite is yet known here of the extent of the trouble. The reserve police have been ordered in readiness for immediate service.

ROASTED IN A VAT.

Two Workmen Hemmed in by Blazing Shellac Are Terribly Burned.

PEORIA, Ill., Feb. 3.—A serious accident occurred at the Union Brewery last night. Joan Kuch and Anton Rober, two of the employees, went into a big puncher for the purpose of varnishing it with shellac.

Lace curtains are still hanging in Mr. Alfred Davis's "Excise Exchange," upstairs in the once riotous wine room, but the owner, Nathan Peysers, says that after Feb. 7, when the lease expires, the place will be relieved of the unused dive-trappings.

The five annexes of Mr. Tom McCormick, 526 Sixth Avenue; Mr. "Honest" John Kelly, 920 Sixth Avenue; Mr. John Wulfers, 72 University place; Mr. Simon Buttner, 304 Bovey; Mr. John J. Murphy, 34 Bond Street, and Mr. Frank Stevenson, 78 West Third Street, still remained closed last evening.

The Board of Excise yesterday also revoked the license of John Gray, 367 Bovey.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

To-Day's Entries for North Bergen Show a Big Increase.

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HARRIS MUST DIE.

Found Guilty of the Murder of His Beautiful Girl Wife, Helen Potts.

He Shows No Fear, but Is Confident of a New Trial.

His Aged Mother Prostrated with Grief.

The Murdered Woman's Mother Prayed for Harris's Acquittal.

Convicted wife-killer Carlyle W. Harris today refused to see any person beside his grief-stricken mother at his cell, No. 32 on the second tier of the Tombs Prison.

He was morose and silent, and the keepers say had passed a restless night.



Harris said last night, after the verdict which dooms him to death had been announced: "I confess that I am much disappointed. I did not expect an acquittal. Prejudice was very strong. But I am not afraid to die. My life is ruined anyway."

"Had I been acquitted, my prospects in life—all that life was worth living for—were ruined. I have no fault to find."

"I do care for my brave little mother. This will surely kill her."

Harris was served with his usual breakfast this morning—a roll and a cup of coffee—by the prison caterer. At noon he has always partaken of the common prison fare, consisting of a meat stew, bread, potatoes and other vegetables.

He always has enjoyed the hour of exercise, walking briskly in the procession of felons that makes the arch of the continuous gallery that runs twelve feet from the floor along the fronts of the cells on the second tier.

Last night keepers Edward Donnelly and William Evans, sitting on the bridge running from gallery to gallery directly beneath Harris's cell, heard him toss uneasily on his iron cot till nearly daylight. He uttered no word, however, and fell asleep at last to awaken red-eyed and pallid at 9 o'clock, when, in response to inquiries, he replied: "I feel very well. As well as could be expected. I have no fault to find."

"GUILTY OF MURDER." Carlyle W. Harris is convicted of the murder of his beautiful young wife, Mary Helen Potts, who was done to death, not by deed of violence, but by the cold, calculating administering of poison given into her trusting hand by her who had sworn to love, cherish and protect her.

Last night more than twenty-two years old, he was branded as a murderer just a year and a day after the passing of his victim from that slumber filled with the beautiful dreams that opium brings into the sleep that knows no awakening in this world.

Twenty-two, energetic, intellectual, refined, cultured, cultivated—yet doomed to ignominious death. After a fourteen days' trial, before Recorder Smyth and a jury remarkable for its evenness in intelligence; after the conjuring of the most eminent men of science with the known facts and circumstances surrounding the death of the lovely girl student at Miss Day's school in Fortieth Street, and the sifting of all the evidence of the character and tendencies of this young libertine, the case was taken into the jury-room at 4:20 o'clock last evening.

THE RECORDER'S GRAVE CHARGE. The grave Recorder, impressed with the monstrous importance of the case—the second of its kind in thirty years in New York County—charged the jury with exact and careful impartiality, speaking for nearly two hours and warning the jury again and again that any allusion that he might make to the evidence they had listened to must be utterly disregarded by them, and that they must decide the fate of Carl Harris by their own consciences unaided by his or that of any one else.

The Recorder, with a refinement of justice, said: "You have been detained here three weeks and I hope that you may reach a conclusion—not an 'agreement,' mind you, but a 'conclusion.'"

Again and again he reiterated: "If there is such a conflict between the testimony of the several experts as to make a reasonable doubt in your minds the defendant is entitled to the benefit of that doubt and an acquittal at your hands."

HARRIS'S MOTHER PROSTRATED. Mrs. Harris, the faithful mother of the prisoner, sank down upon her knees on the floor as the door of the court chamber closed on the retiring figure of the last juror.

It was the most affecting occurrence in the whole trial, for there could be no ground for the suggestion that it was theatrical and for effect.

The jury had gone. The poor little mother had again and again fortified herself by reading the sixty-second Psalm from a little Bible she carried constantly.

Another mother in the court chamber during most of the long drawn out trial divided with Mrs. Harris the sympathy of the audience.

She was Mrs. Cynthia Potts, the mother of Harris's victim. She was not present by her own desire. She was not there "crying out for justice to the slayer of her child," as Assistant District Attorney Wellman said in his masterful closing address to the jury.

On the contrary, she did not wish to attend the trial after her own duty had been performed so magnanimously, so beautifully, in the witness chair. She was there at the insistence of the Prosecutor, and in fact at the very moment when the Prosecutor broke into that last splendid peroration, she sat on the sofa in the corner of the court-room, a female friend on one side, her husband on the other and a court attendant behind her in anticipation of any untoward scene which might require his attention.

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EXTRA. FOUND.

Little Ward Waterbury Returned to His Home.

LEFT AT A GLAM-DIGGER'S.

The Kidnapped Boy's Story of His Abduction.

STOLEN LIKE CHARLIE BOSS.

Westchester County Roused by the Story of the Outrage.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N. Y., Feb. 3.—Ward Waterbury, the boy who was kidnapped on Monday at Long Ridge, on the New York and Connecticut line, was brought home this morning at 3 o'clock by John Close, a friend of the boy's father.

There were lights in Mr. Waterbury's house when Mr. Close drove up with Ward in his buggy.

Mr. Waterbury had been unable to sleep, and was keeping her nightly vigil until her boy should be returned, either dead or alive.

Mr. Waterbury was at home, having just returned from his trip to Miller's Bridge, where he had been summoned by the letter signed "River Boys," making an appointment with him there.

He had gone alone to the spot in accordance with the demands of the letter-writers.

His neighbors wanted to accompany him, but everyone knows that Charles P. Waterbury is a man of fearless courage.

He carried his dark lantern with him and he was well prepared for any emergency.

He was at the appointed spot, Joe Miller's Bridge at Bedford, at precisely 12 o'clock last night. He had to drive ten miles to get there.

He paced up and down alone, swinging his dark lantern, but no one came.

After remaining there until after 1:30 o'clock he came to the conclusion that the kidnappers had been frightened away and did not come. Then he sadly drove home.

His wife, who had been awaiting his return, hoping to receive good tidings. Perhaps her husband might bring her boy back with him.

When he told her that he had not met the kidnappers and did not have Ward with him, Mrs. Waterbury nearly swooned away.

Father and mother were endeavoring to console each other when at 3 o'clock this morning the door bell rang and John Close entered with the missing boy.

As Mr. Waterbury opened the door in answer to the ring Ward sprang into his father's arms and then into his mother's, who had followed her husband to the door.

The boy was hugged and kissed again and again, and was asked more questions in a minute than he could answer in an hour.

John Close was warmly thanked by Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury for bringing Ward back.

When the excitement had become somewhat subdued Mr. Close told how he came to get Ward. He is a clam-digger, in humble circumstances and lives at Starbuck, Conn.

At 2 o'clock this morning there was a loud knock at his front door. The knocking continued and finally aroused him. He opened the door. A little boy stood outside.

"Who are you?" "I am Ward Waterbury," answered the boy, "and I want to go home."

"And I want to go home," answered the boy, "and I want to go home."

Mr. Close had heard of the abduction of Ward Waterbury, and he decided to take Ward to his parents immediately. So he hitched up his horse at once and drove

to Mr. Waterbury's house at Long Ridge, arriving there at 3 o'clock.

Ward Waterbury then told the story of his abduction, while his father and mother and Mr. Close sat around and listened.

He said that at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon two men approached him as he was playing near the school-house.

He cannot describe the two men very well, but said they were not very tall and were plainly dressed.

The two men talked to him for a while. They said he was a fine boy, and finally one of them asked him to show them the way to a certain place.

Ward consented. When they reached the place the two men declared that Ward was really a remarkably fine boy, and promised him that if he would go a little further they would treat him very handsomely for his kindness.

They enjoyed the boy into going with them. Finally when he got tired and wanted to go home they told him roughly that he must go with them.

They were some distance from the school-house then, and Ward saw it was useless for him to cry out, because there was no one around to help him.

He begged the men to let him go, but they refused.

They said they would not hurt him, but insisted that he should go with them. They forced the boy along. They walked for miles across lots, through fields, along back roads and through patches of woods until Ward was too weary to drag one foot after the other.

It had long since become dark and objects about were not distinguishable.

THE KIDNAPPING. A Little Boy Stolen from His Home Like Charlie Boss.

Westchester County people are to-day in a frame of mind that boils ill to the abductors of little eight-year-old Ward Waterbury, who has been kidnapped and held for a ransom of \$5,000, demanded by the kidnappers from the child's father.

Searching parties of citizens are scouring every acre of territory in the vicinity of Long Ridge, near the Connecticut line, where the Waterburys live, and where the little lad was stolen last Monday.

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