OUR "CUT PRICE" SALE

Makes so great a reduction below regular price on the goods we offer as to astonish every one who examines the quality of the fabrics and the workmanship, style and finish of these *strictly all-wool light-weight Suits.*

There is no use to multiply words about these bargains. When the goods are seen

THE TRUTH IS EVIDENT

That every buyer of a suit saves from $4 to $8. This sale has continued one week, and during that time our sales have been enormous. Everybody who has bought rejoices in having saved money and secured a bargain, and no one has gone away dissatisfied. This is what we are doing. We sell

A $10 Suit for $6.
A $12 Suit for $7.50.
A $15 or $18 Suit for $10.

We mean every word we say.

Great reduction in all summer goods and on Boys' and Children's Suits.

ORIGINAL EAGLE

5 and 7 W. Washington St.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

— BY —

ORDER OF COURT

Sullivan's stock of Dry Goods must be closed out by Sept. 1. In order to do this we shall make such prices for the coming fifteen days as will insure quick sale for the balance of the stock.

H. N. SPAAN,

ASSIGNEE

PHILADELPHIA STORE

6 and 8 W. Washington St.

CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

Sorosis Will Depart from Its Custom and Boom a Presidential Candidate.

Maggie Mitchell's Success as a Match-Maker—Goings-On of Women at Long Branch—Plans for Next Winter's Social Gayeties.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—There has been a dreadful time about it, but Belva Lockwood is going to be received by Sorosis. I suppose there is no danger of irritating my readers politically by writing about this presidential candidate. Belva is electioneering with all her might and main. As they won't let the women vote for her, and no man will probably want to, her vote will not upset any of the calculations by the regular politicians. Belva tells me she has been misrepresented in the most heartless manner by the reporters. Their accounts of her speeches are well enough, although not one of the stenographers has been rapid enough to take her verbatim in her impassioned moments of rapidity. She has no complaint to make of their perversions of her language. But when they falsify her costumes, making her appear in sateen when she really wore satin, and trimming it with imitation lace when it was real, she feels that she must cry out for justice. She declares that the matter is in itself proof of the inequality which is cruelly forced upon the sex. Women ought to be sent to report her, and then her clothes as well as her doctrines would be correctly published. But about the Sorosis dinner which has been arranged for next month in her honor. Belva has a crony in the person of Mrs. Leonard, mother of Lillian Russell, the beautiful burlesquer, and a prophetess of free love. On account of this intimacy Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton turned the broad of their backs to her. So did other potential members of Sorosis. These condemners of Mrs. Leonard said that the society should never be made to countenance irregularity in matrimony. Moreover, Sorosis had always kept itself clear of the woman suffrage question. Although some of the foremost agitators of the demand for suffrage were members of Sorosis, all formal discussion of the topic in its meetings was forbidden by the constitution, and there can be legally no expression as a body on the subject. So it was considered settled that there was to be no Sorosis smile for Belva in this campaign. But there has been some lively work done for her. In the first place, she wrote a letter to a friend in which she disavowed all sympathy for anything remotely approaching free love. This document was used in her behalf with those who had opposed her on account of her affiliation with Mrs. Leonard. They were won over sufficiently to agree to a dinner being given to her at Delmonico's. Therefore, although Sorosis will not then express itself explicitly in favor of either female suffrage or its presidential candidate, the occasion will be a boom for Belva.

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It is hard to make people discriminate betwixt the public attitude and private relations of individuals. There was an illustration of this fact at a Broadway theater one night this week, when a new play was produced. The audience was composed very largely of theatrical people, who are plenty in New York as idlers just now, and who serve to fill a theater when the weather is too hot for a sale of seats. One of the characters in the piece was that of a proud and high-bred young woman, whose scornfully uplifted nose scented social impurity in everybody outside her own set. This creature of high disdain was admirably impersonated. Nevertheless, when she had to make the remark that anything in the least impolite, or in the remotest degree unmaidenly, was quite unknown to her experience, a titter broke out here and there in the audience, and then a general laugh ensued. A stranger in the house would have marveled very much at this merriment. The reason for it was the fact that the assemblage of actors and actresses knew that this performer had gone directly from infamy to the stage, and the incongruity of the sentiment which she had expressed struck them as ridiculous.

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Writing of actresses, Maggie Mitchell is one whom the public has had a long habit of respecting, and she has just figured in something of a romance in real life. I do not refer to the rumor of disagreement and a separation between her and her husband. I believe it is true that they have had trouble in their relations as business partners. But their friends say that it does not amount to more than that, notwithstanding the stories that are being told. Maggie Mitchell has a nephew in a son of John W. Albaugh, the Baltimore and Washington theater manager. Mrs. Albaugh is a sister of Maggie Mitchell, and used to act under her maiden name of Mary Mitchell. The son is a likely-looking young fellow, and has done a little acting in a small way. He spends his summers at the Albaugh villa in Long Branch, and dances industriously in the parlors of the West-end Hotel. A guest of that house for several years has been Marie Castner, a stepdaughter of Andrew Dougherty, whose name you see printed when you hold an ace of spades, and who has accumulated a million in their manufacture. Albaugh and Miss Castner fell in love. Dougherty was in sympathy with card-playing, but by no means so with stage playing, and he commanded Marie to give up the acquaintance. It might have been urged that young Albaugh was not enough of an actor to hurt him. But neither that nor any other argument moved the paternal mind. That was a year ago last summer. The lovers parted at the end of the season, but kept up a correspondence clandestinely. Last summer Maggie Mitchell took the case in hand. She believed that the match was suitable, and that it would result in happiness. Aided by several persons in the hotel, she enabled the pair to meet frequently, always under decorous chaperonage, but quite unknown to opposing outsiders. Albaugh danced as much as ever, and with a number of girls, but never with Miss Castner. Their trysts were finally discovered, and the girl was sent to Europe, where she wandered far away from her sweetheart. Last spring she passed her twenty-first birthday, and in July, when she went with her family to Long Branch again, she boldly waltzed with the forbidden Albaugh. That brought matters to a crisis. She was commanded not to do so any more. She replied that she would not only dance with him, but that they were going to be married this month. Arguments and orders were futile. She was of age and she knew her rights. She coolly and calmly fixed the date of the wedding, and invited her step-father to attend it. And he did. Unable to prevent the union, he assented to it only one hour before the ceremony was performed at a Long Branch church. Maggie Mitchell says that she is willing to take the responsibility of making the match, and that she will risk her reputation as prophetess of happiness on the outcome.

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There are great goings-on by women at Long Branch. This resort is only rivaled by Saratoga as a mixture of all sorts and conditions of pleasure-seekers. Of course, the wicked ones get most attention. Less ado is made over the ninety-nine lambs who stay quietly in the fold than over the one who wanders astray. The roof of every hotel down there covers the widest imaginable variety of people, whose doings are as diversified as their characters. Flirtation by married women is so common and aggressive that a careless observer is apt to think that prudent wives are scarce; but a second look around will convince him that he has been watching the comparatively few mischievous ones while the many are well-behaved. What about the husbands of the flirting wives? Well, the blindest of them are those who will not see, but there are some who seem to have no objection. The husband of one pretty woman is actually angry with her because she doesn't encourage the semi-sentimental overtures of the hotel beaux. He regards it as a reflection upon her power of bewitchment that no circle of adulators dangle around her. Other husbands take the opposite view of the subject, and kick up rows when they catch their wives exchanging covert glances, or indulging in corner conversations with the dandies who devote themselves to that sort of thing. They had a case of this sort only yesterday. A man chanced upon his wife in a hotel corridor just at the moment when a fellow was ogling her for all his eyes were worth.

"You insolent fellow!" he exclaimed. "I'll thrash you for insulting my wife."

"Oh, but he is not insulting me," the lady interposed. "This gentleman is an acquaintance. Let me introduce you."

"Never mind," said the husband, with dangerous calmness, "I don't think that he and I would get along together. Nor will you and I, any longer. We will pack our trunks this afternoon. You shall go your way and I'll go mine."

The separation was made in accordance with this announcement. The wife asserted her innocence of any serious wrong, and the husband admitted that he believed her, but he would not stay in matrimony with a woman who flirted.

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The favorite exploit with the women at Long Branch this summer is to gamble. Probably they are led to this by the habit of betting at the horse-races. At first, the feminine curiosity to see the interiors of the famous club-houses was gratified by morning visits in parties, at a time when no play was going on. But it is now a custom of morning, noon and night to go to one of these gorgeous establishments, take a breakfast, dinner or supper in the restaurant, and then retire to a private room, into which the appurtenances of any desired game are introduced. Of course, women who do this usually belong to the fast coteries, but I have known of adventures by thoroughly reputable husbands, wives and daughters indulging in these dangerous tiger hunts. Faro is the game usually chosen. The most urbane and polished dealer in the employ of the house is always detailed for this special duty. Judging by the enormous increase of gambling at Long Branch, by the open affiliation between the professional gamesters and the village authorities, and by the constantly extending fashionableness of the vice, the end of the present season will hardly be reached before ladies will sit at the public green tables, just as they do at Monaco and Baden Baden.

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New York is dull in the absence of its fashionable residents, although there are always enough summer tourists stopping in New York to keep a few of its places of amusement lively. Only three of our Broadway theaters are open this week, but four more are to begin performances next Monday night, and before the end of August we shall have more hot-weather amusement than will be remunerative for its producers. I have said that our modish people are all out of town. Not only that, but they are scattered to the four winds. Newport has more of them than any one place, but there is no such thing as a summer aggregation of what has come to be called McAllister's four hundred. I have what will be news to the reader concerning this small and often ridiculous New York coterie. Not only is it disintegrated for the summer, but it will never come together again with its former coherence. So much fun has been made of this imitation aristocracy from without, and so much dissension has developed within, that it will next winter lose its distinction almost altogether. American common sense is permeating these families of self-appointed supremacy, and the more unconventional members refuse to longer arrogate qualities which nobody else is willing to ascribe to them. The occasions when the lines have been drawn betwixt these would-be aristocrats and the rest of New York were the balls of given at Delmonico's by the Patriarchs, the Junior Patriarchs and the First Circle Dancing Class. It was for these dances that Ward McAllister acted as censor. His term expired last season, with his downfall, as described in this correspondence a month ago. It is now certain that none of the mentioned informal associations will be continued. They have succumbed to American newspaper humor. Already a different plan for next winter's social campaign has been fixed upon. Instead of a series of comparatively small balls at Delmonico's, there will be more numerous and still smaller dancing assemblages at private houses. A dozen couples or so will be invited to supper by some Fifth-avenue hostess, and on the same evening five or six other matrons will have an equal number of guests at table. After the banquet, all will go to some one house provided with a capacious floor, or even to a small public hall, and there dance several hours in waltzes and cotillons. This plan was tried last winter to some extent, and was found to yield a great deal of pleasure with very little friction. Each hostess made her own selection of guests, with no dictation from outside, and with no fear that she would introduce unpleasant persons. There will undoubtedly be several public charity balls in which "society" will take part, but New York has seen the last of the silly McAllister affectation. There will not be any less exclusiveness on the part of pretentious families, nor any degeneration among Fifth-avenue people, but happily we have not four hundred persons foolish enough to set themselves conspicuously apart from and above the many thousands of equally rich, educated and polite people.

Larry Jerome, whose fatal illness has brought him into print anew, was both in and out of McAllister's four hundred. That is to say, he was always invited to the exclusive balls, and usually attended, but his favorite associations were with broader-minded and jollier people. The last time I met him was on a spot in Fifth avenue that is always interesting to me and suggestive of the unevenness of fortune in this great city. That is the crossing of Fifth avenue and Fifty-second street. Standing there and looking southward, you have on your right hand Cornelius Vanderbilt's beautiful mansion, while on your left stands a hotel, of which the residence and place of business of the famous Madame Restell forms a part. She was the professional child-murderess who committed suicide there rather than face a trial for her crimes. Along the entire block at the right, as you look down the avenue, are the brown-stone residences built by William H. Vanderbilt for himself and his daughters' families. On the left is a block occupied by a Roman Catholic orphan asylum, so that the scions of Crœsus and the foundlings of poverty gaze at each other from opposite windows.

"Well, it does almost make Socialists of us when we come to think of it," said Larry Jerome when I called his attention to these contrasted houses. "Do you know, I shouldn't wonder at all if some day this pavement was made to run with the blood of a social revolution?"

Jerome declared that he half meant what he said. Perhaps he had been brought to that way of thinking by a sudden loss of most of his wealth, for it was about that time that he invested the remnant of his fortune in the purchase of an annuity. He has lost the rest of it in Wall-street speculation, through trying, with others, to get the better of Jay Gould in a stock deal. To have one's own property merged into that of Gould's must, indeed, make a man feel a little anarchical.

CLARA BELLE.

Lucy Larcom's Teaching Days.

Chicago Tribune.

"What was the most remarkable thing that happened in the log school?"

"I am afraid you will scarcely believe it," she answered, with a merry shake of her head. "It was the flight of a girl up the chimney. I had made her sit on the empty fireplace as a punishment and to put her so far away from the other children that she could not make them partners in her untimely frolics. She sat demure and shy at first. But there was a magnificent imp spirit in her. It snapped in her black eyes and rippled in faint twitches at the ends of her red mouth. She gradually drew herself nearer the open flue, and before I could catch my breath she had seized some jutting bits of timber, lifted herself up, and a pair of flying heels disappearing through the chimney hole was the last we saw of her that day."

"Did you make her come back the same way, a la Mephisto?" inquired Mrs. Sherman.

"Oh, no. We were glad to get her back any way we could. We could not spare a girl of such possibilities."

"Had you any difficulty with the boys—the big fellows?"

Miss Larcom's face clouded. "Not serious trouble. I—yes, it is too bad to have to own it—I made them go and get the rods that helped teach them. I had to make one strapping rail-splitter acknowledge that I was his master, and he was a good friend ever afterward."

"I suppose you underwent a severe examination?"

"I had to raise my right hand and swear that I was able to teach the three R's and a good many other things. There was an examination also, but the swearing went a long way. It did not amount to much, however, in getting the salary promptly. It was necessary to go to another county to get it. The amount was $40 for three months."

Mr. Harrison's Speeches.

Chicago Mail.

The Republican candidate for the presidency has made a number of brief speeches since his nomination. He has not been afraid to express his ideas. He has not sought the safety of silence. He has not been fishing.

What Mr. Harrison has said in his brief addresses to calling delegations has done him good and has done his party good. It has been made apparent to the whole country that the Republican standard-bearer is a man of sense, and tact and of broad and statesmanlike views. He needs no mentor at his elbow to check or to advise him. He is equal to the delicate position in which he is placed, as he will be equal to the graver responsibilities of the place he must occupy after the 4th of next March.

Mr. Harrison will make a good President.

New Location for the Garden of Eden.

Versailles (Ky.) Special.

Dr. Campbell, who has been delivering lectures on his different "theories," in a tent, at this place for several days, claims to have located the Garden of Eden in the United States. He says that the city of St. Louis is erected on the site of the garden, and that the Mississippi is none other than the Euphrates river. He calls on the Bible to prove all his statements, and says that within two months he will have all the world "agog" on the subject.

THE STATE'S OFFICIAL ROLL

Management of the People's Affairs Requires a Large Force of Deputies.

Yearly Expenditures in Salaries Are Liberal, and on the Whole Officers and Their Clerks Find Their Positions Quite Comfortable.

An official in the State-house yesterday said to a Journal reporter that the ignorance some people have concerning the workings of the various State departments is somewhat remarkable. "There are people," he continued, "who think we are a set of politically-made gods—that we do not condescend to live as common men, and that the fate of the people of Indiana rests in our hands. It makes me laugh, sometimes, to see the look of surprise that comes over some stranger's countenance as he is informed that such and such a man is a State officer. And then again there are people who have a queer idea as to how the work of the several departments is carried out. They think that the head of each department is the only person employed in his office, and that by his own hand everything of an official character is done. It would surprise this class of people if they could know the actual number of deputies, clerks, assistants and various other employes that are required for the daily work which is done in the building from 7 in the morning to 5 o'clock in the evening. The entire working force is a big one, and means a good-sized payroll for the State to manage. But I can say that it is managed well."

"How are the various officials paid?" the reporter asked.

"They are all salaried officers, and are paid quarterly. The Governor is the most comfortably fixed of all, and has a suite of elegantly-furnished rooms, including a public and a private office. He draws a cool $5,000 every year, and has $2,500 worth of deputies and messengers to answer his beck and nod. One of these, his private secretary, is his son. The office of the Governor is generally the most feared by the visitors to the building because of the formidable-looking sign above the door, and the entrance to the office of the highest official in the State is often the limit of their wanderings."

"How do the other State offices compare with the governorship in salaries and rank?"

"Well, that is a difficult question, for each official conducts his own office just as he pleases, so far as the care and comfort of the surrounding is concerned. Our offices are not resorts for loafing, and our desks are usually so full of work that we find no time to spend an hour on a sofa or walking in the rotunda. We aim to have everything comfortable, though, and as neat as possible, for while we do not find occasion to rest much ourselves, we like to have everything in good shape for visitors. The rooms of each State officer differ somewhat in their management, because the work in each is entirely different. The Treasurer of State, for example, is next to the Governor, so far as the size of his salary is concerned. He is paid $3,000 a year for paying out and taking care of the State's money. For this work he is given two deputies. They are paid $2,250 for their services. Then comes the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Attorney-general, who get $2,500 apiece. Each employs two assistant deputies, and these make a hole in the treasury every year to the extent of $4,200. The Secretary of State is paid $2,000, and in his work, as in the Auditor's office, a number of clerks is required, because of the greater amount of writing to be done. The Secretary has three, paying them a total salary of $3,400, while the Auditor, who receives $1,500 himself, pays the same number $4,900. These are all paid alike, you see, varying only in the amount and the number of deputies. For these six offices $32,750 is paid out annually."

"How are the minor officers paid?"

"Well, there is the State Librarian, she receives a salary of $1,200, and has one assistant, who receives $750. The library now contains 25,000 volumes and 7,000 phamphlets. The State Geologist draws out $1,800 a year, and has one assistant, who gets $1,500. The Bureau of Statistics is an office of considerable importance, and pays $1,200 to its chief and $1,000 to one deputy. It was formerly combined with the department of geology, but was separated in 1879, and J. B. Conner was appointed its first chief. The office is one of the first of its kind in the country, and, although devoted mainly to the agricultural statistics of the State, it is intended to enlarge its present scope and include the labor figures that are so closely allied with the farming element. In 1886 this plan was proposed to the Legislature, but it was not acted upon because of the squabbles that arose concerning other matters. It will be brought up again at the next session."

"What offices are provided for by appropriation?"

"The Board of Agriculture is provided for in that way, the secretary receiving $1,500 for necessary expenses. He employs several deputies and clerks, especially at about the time of the opening of the State fair, when he is kept very busy with correspondence. The Board of Health also receives an appropriation. It is given $5,000 a year for current expenses, and out of this sum must be paid all salaries and bills that may fall due. The failure of the last General Assembly to pass the general appropriation bill does not cripple this department of the State government, as the money to defray its annual expenses was wisely provided for in the act of the Legislature creating it."

"How do the State-house Commissioners receive their pay?"

"They are paid $5 a day, including Sundays, while the commissioners for the Soldiers' Monument receive $4 a day for actual services when on duty. All this money is also furnished by appropriation. The regular board of commissioners also has the work of providing for the management of the Capitol building, and there is a large force of janitors required for that purpose. In the building proper are thirteen janitors, whose sole duties are the careful cleaning of the floors and walls, and the general supervision of the corridors. There are three men who have charge of the lawn and fence, and are engaged in keeping the grass clipped and sprinkled, and the walks in good shape. Two watchmen are also employed, one during the day and one at night. All of these workmen receive $40 a month for their services. In the basement are one engineer, who gets $75 a month, and one assistant and fireman, each of whom receive $60. The last attache to the building that falls in the category of paid State officers is the dignified elevator-boy, who is remunerated at the rate of $10 a week. This makes a pretty long list of employes in the building, you see, and all in all requires an expenditure of $219,360 per year for our State employes. This does not include any of the incidental expenses of the building itself."

Four Years on His Hands and Knees.

Macon Telegraph.

An old negro was carried to the Roff Home Tuesday that had just completed a most remarkable journey. He lost his toes by frost bite, is a paralytic, and so badly crippled that he can scarcely crawl. He was found on the Houston road beyond Gilesville, and has slowly been moving into town for two or three days. He was taken up and placed in a wagon by Superintendent Harmon and carried to the Home, where he told the story of his travels.

Four years ago he left Jacksonville to come to Macon. He was without any means, and he undertook to crawl the entire distance. His strength and condition would not permit him to cover more than a quarter of a mile a day, and, crawling over the ground as he did, he was often compelled to remain off the road for days and weeks by reason of rain and wet weather. He lived on what was given him, and sometimes, being a great distance between habitations, he suffered much for both water and food. The entire four years were consumed in making the trip from Jacksonville to Macon, and his first ride in all that time was in Superintendent Harmon's wagon from the Houston road to Roff Home.

The Old Kaiser and Providence.

Pall Mall Gazette.

There is a good story told of the old Emperor William by Schneider, his secretary, whose memoirs are going the round of the continental press. When the Emperor addressed the army at the close of the war of 1870-1 he dictated the closing passage of his speech as follows: "But do not forget that we must all be grateful toward Providence, for Providence has willed that we should be the instrument destined to accomplish what are such great events in the history of the world." Schneider, thinking this savored of temerity, altered the expression so as to make it run, "Providence has permitted," and got reproved for his meddlesome interference. "Why, do you imagine that I could have supported the heavy burden of this war in which such successes have been possible, if I had not entertained the firm conviction that Providence willed it, and that we had been chosen as the instruments of Providence? Write down textually what I dictated." As Schneider refused, the Emperor altered it in his own hand. Surely this Schneider must have been something of a blockhead. Granting that there is such a thing as Providence at all, it must be permitted to any one to say that that Providence has willed what Providence has accomplished.

CLEVELAND'S LABOR RECORD.

Why Honest and Intelligent Workingmen Are Opposed to Grover Cleveland.

The official acts of Grover Cleveland, while Governor of New York, were so notoriously against the interest of laboring men in the vetoing of many important measures, that the Workingmen's Municipal Reform League, of New York city, have determined that their fellow-laborers throughout the country shall become acquainted with his record, and have therefore issued a circular setting forth eleven reasons why workingmen will not vote for Cleveland. George Blair, whose signature is appended to the circular, was a State prison inspector when Cleveland was Governor, and A. F. Smith, another signer, is ex-president of a Democratic club and first master workman of the Eccentric Engineer's Union. Following is the circular:

"To the Workingmen of the United States:

"A circular embodying the following points in opposition to the candidacy of Grover Cleveland for President of the United States was issued by the representative workingmen of New York State, who sent a committee to the Democratic convention at Chicago, in 1884 for that purpose. Eleven reasons why workingmen will not vote for Cleveland:

"While Governor of the State of New York he was opposed to the following labor measures:

"He vetoed the bill establishing a Department of Labor, and making the secretary of said department a Cabinet officer.

"He vetoed the mechanic's-lien law bill, making the wages of workingmen engaged in the construction of buildings a first mortgage on the property.

"He vetoed the life-and-limb bill, making employers responsible for accidents happening from imperfect machinery or inferior construction of buildings.

"He vetoed the tenement-house cigar bill forbidding the manufacture of cigars in a tenement-house.

"He vetoed the bill compelling the elevated railroads of New York city to charge only five cents fare.

"He vetoed the printers' bill requring all the State printing to be done by union workmen.

"He vetoed the bill making ten hours a legal day's work for all street-car employes.

"He vetoed the bill abolishing convict labor in prisons, although this proposition, when submitted to the popular vote of the people, was carried by a majority of 60,000.

"He vetoed the child labor bill, providing for the inspection of factories where children were employed, and prohibiting the employment of children under fourteen years of age.

"He signed the bill compelling the stationary engineers of New York city to pay a tax of $2 per year to the police pension fund, or be debarred from following their vocation.

"He signed the bill reducing the fees of the New York harbor pilots, which bill benefited only the foreign steamer monopolies.

"GEORGE BLAIR,
"Chairman Packing-box-makers.
"A. F. SMITH,
"Secretary Stationary Engineers."

Since the expiration of his term as Governor, the five-cent fare is a fact. All the other measures which he vetoed have been passed and are in operation. The engineers' tax bill, after being in operation one year, has been repealed. Brothers, with this record, not of public utterances, but of official acts, are you willing to elect this man to run over us for another four years in the interests of monopoly and foreign syndicates?

A. H. GALLAHUE,
Chairman Workingmen's Municipal Reform League of New York.

BOULANGER'S WIFE.

A Melancholy Pietist, Who Does Not Enjoy Her Husband's Popularity.

Paris Letter in London Truth.

The name of the Comtesse Dillon has been put forward as that of General Boulanger's nurse; but I hasten to add that it stands in brackets with Comte Dillon's. Mme. Boulanger has retired to Versailles. She would not, I dare say, have tried to nurse him unless aided by Sisters of Charity, whose entrances and exits into and from the house where he is lying could not but scandalize those partisans of the General who follow Rochefort. Mme. Boulanger is a pietist of the melancholy sort, and does not enjoy her husband's popularity or the feminine admiration which he commands. This admiration runs so high as to make Lesseps a little jealous. He always preached that Panama was sure to succeed, because he had toutes les femmes with him. But, in virtue of the law of inhibition, they can't adore both him and Boulanger simultaneously. Mme. Boulanger "is retained," it has been given out, "at Versailles by frightful rheumatic aches and pains." I suppose there was never a more mismated couple than she and "the General," who is just as lively in bad as in good fortune. She likes to have grievances, and would not be happy without reason for playing a Mrs. Gummidge part. When she is not lone and lorn her self-consciousness is on the alert to detect snubs and slights where none are meant. It made her, when Boulanger was War Minister, take ill the inevitable attempts made by other official ladies to outshine her, and she would not receive at the War Office, so that the General had all the ladies who came there to himself. It was—owing in part, no do doubt, to her absence—a sight every afternoon from 3 to 4 to see the fair occupants of the General's saloons. They were dressed to perfection, and were all eyeing each other with ill-concealed curiosity and hostility. In the multitude of fair visitors lay the Minister's safety, and Mme. Boulanger, had she reasoned an instant, might have known this. The poor lady's health is not good. Apart from the rheumatic aches, she is troubled with a chronic biliary disturbance. As the neck wound inflicted by M. Flouquet was, I have ascertained, of the gravest character, Mme. Boulanger, you will easily understand, would not have been the right woman in the right place at her husband's bedside as nurse. The blood spouted out as through a well-opened spigot, and in such quantities that Dr. Labbe at first thought the jugular was cut. His promptness in holding the severed parts together and otherwise dealing with the sword prick saved Boulanger. I can't help thinking that it will militate against Boulanger to have let a civilian wound him so badly. Flouquet is not a practiced fencer or marksman. I fancy that he owed his coup rather to inexperience than to anything else, and had the advantage of his adversary by following a course different from any that fencing masters teach, and hence one for which an old hand at the foils was quite unprepared.

DIAMONDS IN THE COAL-HOD.

How $6,000 Worth Were Lost and Only $2,500 Recovered.

San Francisco Bulletin.

A certain lady of this city is out about $3,500 worth of jewelry, and this is the way it happened. Several weeks ago she took her departure for a summer resort. Her jewel case, containing $6,000 worth of diamonds, was left at home, and her daughter, as well as the housemaid, was cautioned to watch over the precious casket with ceaseless care. No sooner had the mother left the city than fears of burglars began to prey upon the nerves of the custodians of the jewels, and finally, as a clever ruse, the case was carefully concealed in the coal-hod in the kitchen. The cook knew nothing of this clever arrangement, and last Saturday morning, when the scavenger appeared as usual to remove the accumulated ashes of the week, the plush-covered casket was dumped from the hod into the barrel, and from the barrel into the cart, with no treater consideration than if it were a decayed watermelon. Thence it was carted out to the public dump on the San Bruno road. The tail-board of the cart was lifted and the diamonds went rolling among the debris concealed by the cloud of dust that accompanied the fall of its plebian fellow-travelers. The cartman took his departure, but at this moment another figure makes its appearance. As the cart deposited its load a rag-man, with a long stick tipped by a two-pronged rake, stood ready to receive it. The dusty pile was raked over in the usual careless way and a bright, sparkling cluster of gems was picked up along with rusty oyster cans and old nails, and put in his pocket. This proved to be the great find of the day. The rag-picker obtained $10 for it, wherewith he has contrived to keep himself drunk ever since. The loss of the jewels was not discovered until the following day, and the feelings that resulted may better be imagined than described. After a long search the cluster of diamonds found by the rag-picker was traced and recovered. It was a beautiful brooch containing seventeen stones and valued at $2,500. The remainder of the jewelry has gone apparently beyond recall. No trace of it has been discovered.

A Strange Mirror.

St. Nicholas.

The old city of Rouen, in France, has a pretty sight that is worth describing to your crowd of young folks. The little men and maids are fond of looking-glasses, I know; but I doubt if they all have heard of the queer one of which I shall now tell them. Near the west door of the church of St. Ouen, in this city of Rouen, is a marble basin filled with water. It is so placed that the water acts as a mirror, and in the face of it one sees all the inside of the church. Look down into the water, and you see pillars, and the ceiling, and pictures and statuary, and nearly all the interior ornamentation of the building. The stately basin seems to take pride in holding its beautiful picture of the church. I wish you and all your hearers could see it.

JAPAN'S REMARKABLE COLLIERY.

Astonishing Skill and Rapidity in Supplying Steamers with Fuel.

Japan Weekly Mail.

Among private enterprises the most remarkable in Japan is nquestionably the Takashima colliery, which takes its name from the rocky island on which it stands. In its early days, and these are but twenty years ago, it was a pretty affair, producing a few hundred tons annually for the use of Japanese salt manufacturers and occasional steamers. Now its yearly output is about 500,000 tons—the sales last March amounted to 50,000—and its vicinity to Nagasaki has the effect of bringing to that port a large number of vessels, some to obtain supplies of fuel for themselves, others to carry the mineral thence to Shanghai, Kong-Kong, and Singapore. It seem that a certain Mr. Fuka Kelkichi, who is treated as the agent of people recently dismissed from the colliery, has been "raving of the mine as though it were an inferno of misers and suffering," and "lamenting over the work-people as though among God's creatures none were so wretched and forlorn," and as a consequence the Japan Mail proceeds to give a quiet and comforting though deeply interesting account of the great Japanese colliery. But first, the writer affords a glimpse of an extraordinary feature of the colliery work at the port of Nagasaki, a few miles distant from the mine. Not less than 5,000 women are kept upon the staff of the enterprise, for the purpose of filling the bunkers of vessels there arriving. The method pursued is peculiar to Nagasaki. Lighters carrying the coal come alongside the ship to be supplied, and with each of them is a regiment of women and girls. These form themselves into the loop of a chain, connecting the hold of the lighter with the deck of the steamer. In a moment the hands and arms of this chain begin to move with surprising rapidity and the precision of long practice; and little bags full of coal pass up one side of the loop and the same bags descend the other side when empty. There is not a second's delay. The business goes on with lightning like nimbleness, amid the laughter and chatter of the cheerful workers. The results achieved are most remarkable. Under favorable circumstances as to receiving capacity, a vessel can have four hundred tons of coal put into her bunkers in an hour, and the neatness of the process is scarcely inferior to its celerity. Such an organization would scarcely be possible outside Japan.

Labor Saving at the Hotel Register.

Chicago Times.

A hotel clerk says that people are busier now than they used to be, or else they are lazier. They used to come in and register their names and the places from which they hailed with a great deal of accuracy and precaution. But now they use these pencils that have their names on rubber stamps. They whip them out, jab them on the register, and then say "from New York," and we have to write that in. The old hotel register, like many other things, will have to go sooner or later. By and by the traveler will give his name and place of residence to the clerk, who will put them in the rack. The real object of the hotel register was to accommodate the outsider, anyhow. This outsider would come in looking for a friend and consult the register. If he didn't find the name he wanted he would go out, but now he comes in, and although the register may be in front of him he will ask the clerk if so-and-so is stopping here. It saves time. This is a fast age.

Three Great Friends.

Hartford Courant.

What a wonderful trio they were—the three generals whose names are as inseparably associated in our thoughts as they will be for all time to come on the page of history! Unlike in many ways, each of a distinct, strongly-marked individuality, how they yet supplemented one another, and how loyal they were in their friendship for one another! It is pleasant now to think of that—that our great soldiers were so free from selfish jealousy and rejoiced so heartily in one another's successes and rewards. There is only one of them left now, the oldest of the three. The day when Sherman follows Grant and Sheridan—may it be still far distant, and may the intervening years be as full of peace and happiness as of honor—will mark the close of a splendid and heroic chapter of the Nation's story.

The Compliments of the Season.

Fort Wayne News.

Indianapolis is the dirtiest great big, overgrown village in America. The streets are filthy, the sidewalks are rotten, and a robust stench from decaying garbage salutes the nostrils of the thousands of visitors who are compelled to go to that city to see General Harrison.