BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND.

THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROADWAY LOUNGER.

Judge Folger was the victim several times in life of the mistakes of weak and suspicious people. Among these were the two diseased and crooked intellects of Tilden and Charles O'Conor. Tilden knew better, but it was not in his nature to go to the rescue of a political opponent, however false might be a charge against him. O'Conor was a ferocious bigot who had no capacity to resist his repulsions. If his life had been saved by a black man he would have hated the obligation. He saw two men sitting on the Bench of Appeals who had been put there by Democratic votes. That bench had overruled some of O'Conor's false points of an indictment. The judges were unprotected by their lofty stations. So O'Conor chatted that the Tweed Ring had elected these two judges to save the ring merited punishment if they were ever brought to bay. Now read the next paragraph and see what a false, cowardly charge that was.

Two weeks ago ex-Sheriff O'Brien said to me: "I suppose I elected Judge Folger and Andrews too. There was not a bit of bargain about it. I did it because I saw old Judge Folger in the State Senate when I was there and knew him to be an honorable old fellow. He was against Tweed and Tweed's crowd all the time. I was fighting them too. I fought them till I fought them down. We were allowed to vote for a certain number of judges only out of the whole bench. I told my friends to go for Folger and Andrews; that we might stand in need of an honest judiciary some day. We therefore took our free votes and presented them to two upright Republicans." Ultimately O'Brien exposed Tweed. Yet after that exposure the misinformed and constitutionally wrong O'Conor wrote a letter saying that Tweed had put Republican judges on the bench who would favor him. In the presence of yonder dead man, one of the solid ornaments of the State of New-York, it is right to arraign the gloomy bigotry which would construct a plausible suspicion against an eminent man into a public charge. It was true that Folger ran ahead of his ticket. It was true that Democratic votes elected him. It was true that he overruled O'Conor's false law. It is false as hell that this sequence of appearances proved any guilt or corruption upon him. The cult and corruption were in those miserable souls which construed their disappointment and unbalanced intellects to be in the nature of a proof. And equally scandalous and sinister and dishonored are those who render a gentleman's stolen letter to be not what it was but what they would have written had they ever been under temptation. By his current of suspicions you can trace the self-respect of the thief. Grass will never grow on false witnesses' graves.

Mr. Folger was one of the men who grow slowly and solidly into usefulness when deposited at a certain place, like the seed of some rugged lichen or the coral forms. On the county bench he ripened quietly. In the State Senate he advanced by degrees. On the Bench of Appeals he turned the complexion of that court from obliteration and accident to independence and stability, until in Tilden's own day he put that flexible worthy's vote to the blush and beat Garfield in New-York. The adverse vote to Folger almost every Republican who assisted to cast it regretted. It was not his work they meant to punish, but that of intermeddlers who desiring to put Judge Folger out of the Cabinet, went a step too far and aroused sensitive passions hardly slumbering. Yet even in that act of party fratricide lies the enemy's desperate chance. To strike at Presidential conquest through a Secretary, the dull miscarriage of a Cleveland came to life.

Nevertheless Folger's defeat adds the tribute of pathos to his career. The sufferings of great servants swell the grief which moistens the willow at their grave. That great defeat emphasizes the history of the man and prevents him falling back into the forgotten rank of official mediocrity. The ballot recreated Garfield. The cruel ballot gives a martyr's anguish to Judge Folger's bier. Greatest among the Judges of New-York, he also lies the tenderest by our too tardy compassion. At his death-bed, brought together by the ties of mutual calumny and self-respect, Judge Andrews came to weep. Thus grow the lessons of the honorable injuries of authority.

The chief encomiums to be drawn from Senator Anthony's death are the stability he gave our affairs by his example of party cohesion and the respect his State derived by keeping long in office a man she could trust. Without great public abilities he rose to the Vice-Presidency as far as the Senate could make him so. The printing records of the Government for a quarter of a century are his monument. They will show what comes after us that we took care to preserve the archives of our progress from the wilderness of states' rights and slavery to the light at least of Pisgah.

It was told by some of Colonel Matthew Quay's army associates at a Grand Army meeting in Pennsylvania recently that just before Burnside's attack on Fredericksburg Quay had been given $26,000 of the soldiers' money to take home for them. He had it in a haversack or knapsack. As he was about to start, Quay heard that the assault on Marye's Heights had been ordered. It then occurred to him that if he arrived home without going into the action he would be suspected by his political equals and accused by his opponents of having sought some task to evade the battle. So he turned about with the $26,000 in his sack and took part in the assault, carrying the money on his back. He took gamblers' chances that he would not be killed. On this story, for which I do not vouch, debate sprang up among the other survivors whether it was the better bravery to have rushed into battle, away from certain misapprehension, or to have gone off to the sound of the guns in order to save the money of the poor women expeting their husbands' pay.

One of the most successful hotels in the United States for its capacity—about 400 persons—during the present season, has been the new Blue Mountain House on the Western Maryland Railroad, built by that active little company and operated by its manager. Charging the old standard prices before the war of $15 to $18 a week, kept perfectly private and away from the large daily excursion parties at their park, a mile distant, it has been full all the time, and the reason is plain. It had no rival to supply an old want—a summer home for two great cities, Baltimore and Washington, cool and accessible. Those cities have no true seashore without crossing or going around hot, lifeless bays. They are too distant from the agreeable resorts at the top of the Alleghany Mountains, which are 250 miles away, or more than twice the distance of the Catskills from New-York. But the Blue Ridge summit at Pen-Mar is only seventy miles from Baltimore, and is probably 2,000 feet above the sea. It is about the same distance as from New-York to Cranston's, or to Cro' Nest Mountain, which latter has nothing like the height of the Blue Ridge; and the view of the Hudson Valley from the two Catskill hotels is not as fine to me as the view of the great Cumberland Valley and of the laps of Pennsylvania and Maryland from this peak, which just puts its nose over into Pennsylvania and therefore smells of freer air.

New-York has fine mountain hotel sites on the west, but there is something good in getting away from New-York by a New-Yorker in the summer. He has generally come here from some other place, and in a little while is more prejudiced against every place but New-York than Rip Van Winkle himself. There is such a thing as being too urban and contracted, like a London cockney or a Paris café pensioner. Five dollars is the carriage price at Saratoga to go to the races and back, about three-quarters of a mile. A carriage all day at some resort, as above, over splendid roads, by mills, creeks, frequent old towns like those of the Hartz country, and along the base of graceful and nearly awning mountains, costs only $5, and a one-horse carryall for three or four costs only $3 a day. Then it is joyous to get away from silk dresses and the life where woman hate nature and men bet money and talk brokers' office talk. There is a plaintive sweetness in the air, like one of Bryant's poems, where the word "million" has never been uttered. It is good to have no curiosities nor man-marvels in the golden summer and the soft-eyed fall; no woman who has as many trunks as a banyan tree, no child of seven years left an orphan and a nurse and a hundred thousand in bank, no old man just married to an infant, no person more than twice divorced, no loud creature raised from the honorable washtub to dishonorable idleness and the snicker of sudden sumptuousness, no old diamond brokers watching for people on the edge of a mistake to want to precipitate them by showing some large diamonds suggestively off-color and "tirt cheap." Farewell awhile, New-York! with no less admiration of thy better self but with gladness to see new, stronger and less millionish people every way.

My Broadway friend, who seldom saw me lounge though they name me so, take note of the seasons and do not violate them, if thou hast leisure! Hot summer is the time for rest and quietness, not for gayety and a throng. Then is the time to seek thy bower if thou hast one, and read a little and sleep much and be reacquainted with thy family with but little company between. But when the August moon gilds every harvest sheaved by its aye-whetted sickle, except the Indian corn, and in the blood of man comes an awakening that is not yet like work, it is the time to see thy native country. No fairer land exists if thou canst forget the newspaper, the vote-getter and the reform-mosquitoes. None of these bite thee for thy health nor for their own. September is the time to quit the cities and the railroads and take to the turnpikes and side roads of life and see the life of little towns and of the two big elements of thy race, the farmer and the mechanic. Behold how a horse is shod! See the little pigs get nutriment from as many maternal spouts as thou hast fingers! Then marvel not that the hog has such a cylindrical body and so little palm in its paw. Observe how the birds take some of the corn as they go past and are not accused of it by Heaven or man! See how the predatory gitt in animal life is made their music and industry and the voice of nature! Watch the dame at the toll gate spank her son, the future Brigadier-General, as she mistakes thy summoning of her from the preserving pot for his breach of discipline. When she takes the toll without any bell-punch announcing it, stop not to ask thyself if she probably steals it, for that would make thee, to think so meanly of every little thing, one of the Better Element, which are disdainful to everything. Note how more gold is in your pumpkin than old Midas's beard can show, yet reflect that both shall be devoured by swine unless the pie-spirit is abroad in the land! Betray not thy country while there is yet pie; for it is more known to the little children than the Draconian code. Behold how one Italian lounge-man or hold hand-organ monkey can rejoice the landscape more than Ruskin's critical review. Discern, if thou canst, what makes the boys so mystical amidst their glee, if it be not the solemn dread of school soon to begin. Think then, my fellow-traveller, of what it would be for all life long to be lectured and warned and told you would go to destruction!

Sitting at Pen-Mar, the Blue Mountain, clad in woods, rolls inward like a hollow billow and reappears before you a mile away in a bank of moss-green woods clipped here and there by the woodman as with a garden mower and then showing bristles and combs and tufts and forelocks where nature or second growth or older growth or the genius of particular woods modelled the verdure to harmonious variety. Beyond this fresh mossy foreground, which is ruffled or smooth as a green parrot's wings and back, and flows miles on miles without a bare or populated spot, the darker walls of the main mountain chain in bluer green stand suspended against the sky in virgin nature unpolluted but by the light of ether or sunny clouds, untouched by farm or habitation, the outlines bold yet fluid, the form voluptuous yet muscular, the anatomy disclosed yet miraculous, as if it might move but would not. Darker parts are there where chasms may be, extensions of lovely lips or shoulders or nearly breathing chest barely modelled in the evening sun give strength with delicacy to the long languorous dryad dance. Sometimes she looks like a lady in her grave, over whom the turf has grown and by her side her ancient dead in family affection make their bitter sepulchres near her in nature and grass as when they clung to her breast and dreamed with her to the lady mystery of destruction. Her long feet fall into the valley and round them like drapery once woven by her living fingers the coverlet of farms and houses, mills and stacks, bits of woodland and mown grain fall over the trembling skeleton of her bed. What industry she had when living to embroider so, what gentle strength of design, what hidden seams of workmanship, what purposely unfinished features, what intangible, inspired intention over all. The valley is like a golden thread worked through an emerald vestment, and as the parting sun trembles on it there seem in some green pond with tussock tufts and lily leaves the gold fish near the surface basking dreamily. A haze or smoke of towns disquiets nothing yet is there. Far, far to where the great North Mountain shuts the Eden back, and in the west the flaming cherubim guards the portal, the Cumberland Valley glides in solemn, rapt, mellifluous wonder like the first quiet on love's yet unknown brink. In soft conceptions wait posterity and all the races of manhood beneath an unexpressed and unrecognized wish. Life quivers there as between the divine plan and the human vitalities. All is holy yet, but when will it be human and what is nearly human seems part of the eternal.

Last Saturday I visited the battlefield of Antietam, going in one night from New-York to Hagerstown and taking breakfast there. One of McLaughlin's buggies, the boss himself driving, carried me over the twelve intervening miles in two hours. At the Disciples' little red brick church on the north point of the battlefield I asked the buxom sexton lady if there had been fighting there. "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "nothing but some sorrimages"—meaning skirmishes, as I got at least the origin of a common word. Near the Dunker church the mountains to the east burst suddenly and nobly into view, with the First Mountain, or Elk Ridge, gently rising out of the middle ground barely three miles away, to that elevation where it became the referee of the fight. The sexton woman, who has built a log house just by the Dunker church, brought the key and opened the door. Within is the palpitless plainness of Dunker meetings, a long table for the preacher and three seats facing it. His own bench is without a back. All the furniture is of yellow pine planed smooth, and the plain square room with one end door and one side door, is hardly thirty feet square. "We come to the blood-stains whenever we scrub," said the woman.

The Dunker church is one of many in that section of country. The Dunkers settled on the headwaters of Antietam Creek in Pennsylvania, where their chief place is Waynesboro, now one of the most growing towns in the Cumberland Valley and approaching Hagerstown in importance. This is twenty-five miles above the battlefield, which latter region is nearly all Dunker. These people of peace, like the Quaker people on Brandywine battlefield eighty-five years before, found their barns, dwellings, cribs and barns, even the hen pens, full of bloody men and doctors. But many of their sons went into the Union army and made capital soldiers. The leading Dunker family about the fight was the Summons. Antietam field church is one of their smallest and they go elsewhere to hold their love-feasts. The memorable woods which surrounded it of oak, shellbark, walnut and locust trees, is now yielding to the axe and the portable saw-mill. Piles of wood were piled up where the dead had been piled. The saw now and then strikes a bullet in the tree and breaks its teeth, as surgeons' saws did not. That woods was the chief rebel position. The Federal woods was half a mile away; between were the green corn fields waving as now; for I was near the time of year of the battle. Said my conductor: "I came out here the day after the battle. It made me sick. Amputated limbs and members were piled up like old shins and pieces of beef. This church was a lot of holes held together by same bricks; I don't see how they ever fastened the holes together." Yet the queerly mingled roof looks already old and black. "We can't keep any shoe-scraper on the stone steps," said madame; "folks thinks it is the old one and steals it."

Bloody Lane, which went from near the middle, or Porter's bridge, to near the Dunker church, is cleared of grass by visitors' wheels. When I passed along it in '67 it was still plentiful in leather shoes and cartridge boxes. Old Sharpsburg, Lee's headquarters, lies in a kind of hole, and while we were dining at Shay's Hotel a local storm, one of many coming here, struck the town and obstinately stayed over it for more than two hours. Again I heard the artillery split the rifled gun muzzles and tear the air to ribbons. Shay shut down the windows. McLaughlin got away from the chimney. I wondered if the house had a cellar. The local option people have closed Shay's bar, so there was no nervous comfort to be had. In this emergency I played trumps, took out my note-book and studied a thunder-storm.

The flood of water in Sharpsburg, they told me, exceeded almost anything in memory. One street drained a hill and soon became a yellow creek; the farmers' land was going west in the fluid state. This creek turned the tavern corner and nearly filled the wide street from curb to curb. The falling raindrops stung the water to forms like nails; instead of pitting the surface they rose in full relief, coppery in color. Lightning would play, like a mere smile, and "slap!" the thunder would hit the town like some tyrant schoolmaster who smites his rustic when he giggles. Again the little smile would play, ghastly as a ludicrous thought pain cannot drive away. "Rip-l-l-l-be-l-l-am-am-am!" the cloudy knave would strike. A neat young married woman in white with her little children came to a window opposite, too pretty for such a small town. She sees a strange man stop his writing to admire her and tarries. "Smile, smile," cheerfully says the lightning. The young woman nearly smiles; the scribe grows pale, for he knows what is coming; "l-l-l-l-l-l-long-k-lasn-bang!" falls heaven-like the jealousy of Jove. Old Shay says: "My! what!" The young woman is gone.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has secured in Baltimore City, I understand, the whole basin front for an elevated railroad, to carry freight as well as passengers and to hold numerous tracks. The old lines of the street tracks so many years laboriously travelled by strangers, while an enterprising person in front rode a horse and blew a horn, are to be no more. Never shall we see that other interesting young woman on the balcony of the Maltby House who once smiled down as we passed through, although she probably meant somebody else. There were slave pens not many years ago where that elevated railroad is elevating the civilization. The Pennsylvania Company spent three millions to get around Baltimore; the native corporation is given wing at Annapolis to fly through.

"There, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Popinjay, as a tray of dishes went crashing to the floor, while the waiter was trying to put Popinjay's quarter into his pocket. "That is what comes of tipping the waiter."—[Burlington Free Press.

LONG ISLAND THEN AND NOW

AN INTERESTING TALK WITH A NATIVE.

THE RAILROAD SYSTEM — OPPORTUNITIES NEGLECTED FOR MANY YEARS—DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTH SIDE.

"From the windows of a railway car," said a New-York business man as he settled himself comfortably in a train that was whizzing over Hempstead Plain, "Long Island does not present an inviting aspect. It is either a great sandy desert or else it is covered with scrub oak or pines devastated by forest fires. The railroads seem to run through back yards all the way. This Montauk Division is too far from the coast to allow even glimpses of its beauties to be caught. And do you know that the main line was built without any idea of accommodating or developing the island in any way? It was intended solely as a means for shortening the time to Boston. That was away back in the forties. Fast trains were run to Greenport, and from there boats ran to Boston. It seems an old scheme now, doesn't it? I don't know how long that line was kept running, but in time it was abandoned. Well, as I was saying, there was no thought of Long Island itself when the road was laid out; and so it was built where it could be built most easily and cheaply, and it runs through a thoroughly unattractive stretch of country for the most part.

"I tell you, I know all about Long Island. I know it from A to Z. I was born down here at Babylon, and lived there till I was twenty-two years old. Then I went into business in New-York. I soon saw what was being done to build up New-Jersey, and I came to the conclusion that the same thing might be done for Long Island if the right steps were taken. That was thirty-three years ago. Why, when I used to come out to Babylon from New-York to see my people, I used to have to drive from Hempstead, which was as far as the railroad came on this side of the island then. Many a time I have driven up there from Babylon early in the morning in winter, and going over Hempstead Plain it seemed as desolate and as far from civilization as though I had been in the centre of Russia. After I married I lived one year in Jamaica, and more than once I have been snowed in on the curve near Clarenceville. One time I had to stay in New-York three days because I couldn't get home on account of the snowdrifts. The wind gets a terrible sweep over Long Island, it's so flat in most places, and it piles snow on the car tracks almost as hard as stone. In those days they didn't have the appliances that are in use now for clearing away snow. I have seen them work all day with shovels, getting the track clear, and then that night it would all drift in again.

"The railroad system of Long Island was not half managed until within the last few years. After being in Charlick's hands it went under the control of the Pappenhusens, and then a receivership was established and Mr. Sharp managed it; but now in the hands of Mr. Corbin it is doing wonders for the development of the entire region. The North Side and the South Side roads used to be under separate management, but now all the branches are controlled by a single company and work harmoniously for the good of all parts of the island. It is well managed in every respect; the road bed is in good condition; the cars are clean, comfortable and as good as can be found on any railroad; the trains run rapidly and on time. All this should have been done years ago, and then Long Island would be very different from what it is. The terminus at South Ferry, Brooklyn, should never have been removed, and every effort should have been made to build up the south side of the island. But no one seemed to have foresight enough for this until recently. What I predicted twenty and thirty years ago is coming to take place now. If I had been wise enough and had had the means to act on my convictions then, I would have been a very rich man to-day. A great deal of land that could have been bought for a mere song then is now covered with handsome villas and enormer residences.

"Take the region about Babylon, which I am especially familiar with. My father's farm is only two or three miles from the village, and I know all about that section. I am a Long Islander of the fourth generation. And I don't mean common generations either. My family don't die at all, but dry up and blow away. My grandfather lived till he was eighty-eight; my great grandfather died when he was ninety-two, and my father is living at the age of eighty. I count myself a young man yet, although I am fifty-five. Well, the growth of all this part of the south side has been marvellous. Did you ever drive along Great South Bay from Babylon to Bay Shore or Islip? It is a beautiful drive and you see any number of beautiful houses built on land that you could have bought for a dollar an acre when I was a boy. Why, one of the prettiest cottages on the island—not the costliest, however—stands on land that I ploughed over in my young days. It was owned by a poor man, who had no way of getting his ploughing done, and the neighbors used to do it for him."

"I hope," the other occupant of the seat ventured to remark, "that the poor man got something out of the great increase in the value of the land."

"Well, no," replied the man who was doing most of the talking, "he didn't. Like some other people, he was too fond of whiskey, and one day he got too much on board and went out on the bay in a boat, fell overboard and was drowned. I may as well go on and finish the story. His daughter got married, and her husband went to the war, and was killed, and she gets a pension and lives on it with her mother in a little cottage in Babylon, next door to one I happen to own. Now, that cottage I have owned for about twenty years, and I have never occupied it a single season—I might say not a single week. That seems strange, doesn't it? I live in Brooklyn and I would get no change of air by coming down here. When I want a change of air I go up into the mountains.

"My father was telling me recently about the changes which he had seen hereabout, and he recalled the fact that in former times nearly every farm had its family burying-ground. Well, he went one day not long ago to look at some land on which cottages had been built and which was formerly owned by his uncle. He knew that his uncle had been buried there, and in looking about for the grave he found that it had been graded over, and then he discovered that both the headstone and footstone were being used as door-steps, the lettering being hidden on the under side. But that is an exceptional occurrence, I guess, for in most cases the remains have been removed from these private burial places.

"The south side of the island has one peculiar feature. All along it is a series of bays separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of sand. Of course everybody knows that Great South Bay is the largest of these. But its connection with the ocean is permanent, or practically so. But that is not the case, for instance, with Shinnecock Bay, further east. The inlet there is artificial. Doesn't that strike you rather oddly? Well, it happened this way. The beach of sand dividing that bay from the ocean is not more than an eight of a mile wide. There used to be an inlet opposite the Shinnecock Lighthouse on Pon Quogue, but one winter the ocean filled it full of sand. Then the farmers and the baymen—a few of them—went to work and dug one further west. That only lasted a few years, and it, too, was filled up. Then they dug another still farther west, and it is still running. It took about 3,000 days' work, I am told, to dig it. Some of the farmers say they get so little benefit from it that if it should be filled they would not be willing to undertake another. It is thought, however, that if one was made at the extreme western end of the bay, at Quogue, it might remain permanently.

"But here we are at Babylon, and I must leave you. That handsome hotel that we just passed is the Argyle—the finest hotel on the island east of Long Beach. Good morning."

NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

THEIR IMPROVED CONSTRUCTION—CHANGES IN THE DEPARTMENTS.

All the school-houses in the city are ready for opening on Monday. There will be three new buildings, probably the most complete in New-York. One of these, the largest in the city, occupies the whole front of a block in First-ave. between Eighty-fifth and Eighty-sixth sts. It is of brick and stone, five stories high, and will accommodate 3,000 pupils. There are to be four departments—male and female grammar and male and female primary. The boys will occupy the Eighty-sixth-st. side and the girls the Eighty-fifth-st. side, there being no entrance, except for visitors, on the avenue front. All the staircases of the building are of stone and iron, and are fire-proof. Formerly the schools were built in the middle of the blocks, but the present policy of the Board of Education is to secure corner sites, as they afford better light and air and more ample means of exit.

The new Primary and Grammar School at Lexington-ave. and Sixty-eighth-st. is directly opposite the Normal College, and the Board intends that it shall be the model school of the city. It will accommodate 2,500 pupils, 1,000 in the grammar department and 1,500 in the primary. It is fire-proof, the rooms are flooded with light, each room has a separate ventilator running to the roof, and a separate ward is provided for the children's clothing. From each room a speaking-tube runs to the principal's desk, and when a teacher blows through one of them, a gong is sounded and a brass plate falls in the wall behind the principal showing the number of the teacher's class-room. The grammar department of this school is for girls, and Miss Broderick, formerly of the Fifty-seventh Street School, will be its principal with a picked corps of teachers. Mrs Mary E. Pinley will be the principal of the primary department. The third new school building is at One-hundred-and-nineteenth-st. and Pleasant-ave. It is for the female department of the school in One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st., which now becomes a male grammar school. It will also have the primary department which last year occupied a hired building in One-hundred-and-eighteenth-st. Miss Kate Callahan will be principal of the primary department. The new building is of brick and will easily accommodate 1,500 pupils. The new schools have been provided with spacious playgrounds, and large and high rooms with cubic contents of air to meet the requirements of the Board of Education. The Board has made way a new building at One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st. and Third-ave., on site of High Bridge, one at Spuyten Duyvil, and a new primary school in West Twelfth-st. Primary No. 9, in First-st., will be enlarged for male grammar School No. 13. No. 42, at One-hundred-and-twenty-ninth-st. and Tenth-ave., and No. 61, at One-hundred-and-sixty-ninth-st. and Third-ave., will be enlarged for the addition of male grammar and primary departments. A contract has also been awarded for a new building at seventh-st. and First-ave.

"There will probably be an increase of 10,000 pupils to the schools this fall," said Commissioner Somerby yesterday, "making a total attendance of about 140,000. We have increased our accommodations this summer for at least 6,000, and can take care of the others, I think, though some of the schools will be crowded. In one for year we shall be in a still better plight. The Comptroller has informed me that he has a ready disposed of more than $500,000 of the new bonds for school sites and buildings. With this we hope to put up at least two buildings in the Twelfth Ward and one in the Twenty-second, where they are much needed."

THE FASHIONS.

FOR THE APPROACHING AUTUMN.

JEWELS, TOILET ACCESSORIES, DRESS GOODS AND PATTERNS AND WRAPS.

The changes of fashion are no longer confined to the four seasons, but each month yields her votaries some fresh and delightful surprise. The exquisite floral lace pins of the spring and midsummer are replaced by other, less delicate, but more elaborate and appropriate to the inclemence of Nature's year. Some of these are silver, opened halves of a mussel or small clam shell, with charming marine views painted on the inside, tiny yachts in full sail over blue, foam-capped waves drifting clouds and a blue sky; on another the moon in a cloudless sky shines down upon some boats at anchor, and this pretty scene is crossed by a branch of oxidized silver, on which is perched a little owl with ruby eyes. Still smaller shells, with other dainty scenes, have similar decorations, with the addition of two friendly ones and one other peeping from behind. There are other designs worked out in pure gold, silver and copper wrought by chemical processes into wonderful shades of color. A cuttlefish entangled in sea-weed, shells, crabs of gold tinged with crimson struggling in and out of entwining seaweed and tall rushes; and another specimen shows a lobster and sandpipers on the alert amidst curling tendrils of richest lace in alloy. A vicious crab forms the centre of a heap of small shells collected on some dark driftwood; some flies after an epicurean feast for two lobsters, and a turtle struggles in the embrace of a hide as cuticle; a delicately tinted conch shell offers a retreat for a sandhopper evidently pursued by a crab half hidden in fleecy masses of sea-weed. These are all finished as well as in relief, damascened with gold and silver, and tinted with rich colors in alloy. There are other lace pins enameled with layers of coral in dull alloy, showing evidence of long exposure to the sea.

Of yachting souvenirs there are some charming examples, an oxidized silver clam shell clinging to a silver net that hangs carelessly over one end of a bar, the concave side delicately painted, showing a sandy distant shore, the dancing sea, a few white-winged boats and a cloudy sky. This is one of many artistic and beautiful examples. The body of a large scarfer is composed of two crescent-shaped sections called "Mary's eyes." A silver bar is set with glittering pearls in diamond-shaped settings of oxidized silver. Chine stones glitter and send out brilliant flashes of fire from crescents of silver, from rainy and pearl, and illy cups emulating the finest brilliants. A nugget in irregular shape is set with an emerald, a ruby and sapphire doublets. Some small exquisitely wrought chatelaines bearing charming vinaigrettes take the place of the banished charity bangles. These are elaborate in satin silver, in nugget, alligator fish, and in wonderful India chasing. There are new garter or dog collar clasps in nugget, silver oxidized in gold and iron. One pair is elaborate in representations of "Night and Morning." These are for garters. For night the usual owl rests on a branch, and in the dark sky there are a few stars; for morning the brighter tinting shows a bird on the wing, flowers, a tree and insects. Fifteen inches is the length of the longest pungent or eclogne flask of scintillating cut glass with silver top of hasma red, flutei, twisted or satin finish. Accompanying these are beautiful plush bags lined with satin.

FOR THE TOILET.

Gentlemen are by no means neglected in the way of luxurious and costly toilet and other articles. Prominent among these are large manicure boxes of plush, satin-lined, complete with each necessary article of silver finely engraved and chased, hammered, or otherwise treated. Other styles are in satin boxes, velvet-lined. Whisk brooms are magnificent with silver repousse handles. Large shoe horns and shoe buttoners are made in the most artistic designs of silver in antique finish, the handles either etched or in repousse. There are velvet cases for these lined with rolled satin. Exquisite little pocket pincushions are made round, of silver, representing crackers, a thin line of velvet just to represent the seam between the two delicate plates. The capital for pins of sets still continues in sleeve buttons and rings set with jewels, such as a detached ruby and sapphire, and others with an emerald added. A magnet seal ring is set with a fine carnelian prepared for engraving.

THE AUTUMN WARDROBE.

The present modern tendency is to realism in the art of dress and its perfect harmonious coloring, which is very good, notwithstanding it has in some cases this season degenerated to love of display and excessive detail. All speculations upon a return of economy and simplicity are as illusive as a dream. Hints are given as to the perfection of the American silks for the approaching season. They promise to surpass all previous excellence as they have already done in their competition with silks of foreign manufacture, not only in beauty and softness, but in durability. The brocades, surahs, gros grains and satin armures all show new designs and colors that will be massed in combination costumes.

For the present white and colored flannel costumes have become indispensable portions of an autumn wardrobe out-of-town, particularly for boating. The once popular navy blue has yielded to the demand for brighter combinations, such as red and gray, nasturtium-orange and blue, white and blue, and the *cresson* green and Gordon blue. These costumes are generally made with a pleated skirt and a pleated blouse waist, belted in with the skirt; excepting for a very slender figure, the blouse or basque is tucked. The Jersey waists have never been more popular, and this popularity will increase during the approaching season. White wool of a creamy hue, slightly ribbed and relieved with wash-out, cuffs, collar and other accessories of colored velvet, has been extensively worn this season, and is regarded as one of the most elegant of wool costumes. The plain Ottoman reps that appear, disappear and then are revived again, return this season with renewed vigor, and are preferred to those fabrics with a fine twilled ground. Some very handsome twilled and reps wool are covered with large figures, fine tuberoses, tulip bells, the rosette flower of the double hollyhock, chrysanthemums and diamond shaped blocks; there are also set blocks of silver or gold threads loosely woven on the same material, to be used only for trimming at the bottom of the skirt. Another variety of wool fabric newly imported is called wool-velvet and resembles slightly repped uncut velvet in the figures in relief of reps uncut, both *frisé* and straight. The ground is twilled of firm light wool. Each of the new materials when figured has the plain fabric accompanying it, proving that the acceptable fashion of combination costumes remains firm. For these heavy cloths there are introduced braids of substantial mohair made up to arabesque, spiral, serpent and other designs to be placed on the skirt as a heading for other trimming. These heavy materials for the present are seen in the new gray-blue called the Gordon blue, warm dahlia, tamarind, plum, olive damson, a new shade of green very like freshly gathered sea wrack, and the *cresson* green.

Softer fabrics appear in fine French cashmere with woven small silk spots and dots on that portion to be combined, as draperies, with the plain material. This pretty woven embroidery is done in a contrasting color; for instance the foreground may have the figure of blue and gold; the green, a brown and pale pink; the Gordon blue, pomegranate red and gold. Among new trimmings are bands of Astrakan cloth, to be used as borders. Long and *distingue* redingotes appear among other new designs for wraps.

Messrs. the Gorham Company, Cheney Brothers, E. J. Denning & Co., James McCreery & Co., and Madame Demorest, will please accept thanks for attention.

DELIGHTFUL.

From Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

When Mrs. Plith visited Mrs. Mackle, the other day, Mrs. Plith, during the course of intellectual conversation, said:

"I am so sorry, Mrs. Mackle, to hear that your husband has made an assignment. It must be dreadfully trying on you."

"Oh, dear! no; it's just the thing. Before the assignment was made, William sent up such lovely lace, and so many silk dresses, and no end of those cunning little things that a woman needs. Oh! I think that an assignment is delightful."

"I did not think of that," sighed Mrs. Plith. "George's trade is so good that everything I want is sold before I can get it. I wish he would make an assignment. It must be pleasant."

"Oh! it is lovely. Any time that you can't find a dress pattern to suit you, come over, and I will accommodate you at a trifling cost. Oh, it's exquisite!"

CHINA OF TO-DAY.

RECENT OBSERVATIONS BY A FRENCHMAN.

OPIUM SMOKING FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW—TRADE WITH WESTERN NATIONS.

Leger B. Orme, representing the Paris house of Vicieux L'Evenaud & Cie., in China, arrived in this city from San Francisco a few days ago. He has spent the past eighteen months in the Celestial Empire, and having been a former attache of the editorial staff of "Les Temps," has had a journalistic eye to current events there, and returns well informed about the country and its people. To a TRIBUNE reporter who met him he was interestingly communicative.

"Tell you something new about China?" he exclaimed. "Everything is new there, is fresh, is nothing like the life here or in Europe! I went into the office of your minister, Mr. Young, one day when I was in Pekin, and I said to the Minister: 'Tell me the news!' He laughed and said, 'No one is making news in China except the tax-officers! They have found something that is worth my knowledge!' 'What is that?' I asked. 'They have found that you and I live among 225,000,000 of people who pay their poll-rates promptly.' That was news, and I boil it down to mean that Chinamen pay their taxes promptly, and that the tax-officers have taken the new census with those results. They do things differently here and in France, and I think that counting the entire empire, they did not make out over two-thirds of the population. There are 300,000,000 of the yellows, I warrant!

"What are they up to? Imprimis, eating opium. Let me tell you there is an inside view of that subject. I took an investigating interest in opium-eating and its effects. I called on Dr. John G. Kerr, the old and eminent physician, who for thirty years has been in charge of the Missionary Hospital at Hong Kong, and has had 700,000 patients. He told me that almost everybody smokes opium or eats it, and that physically, morally, and pecuniarily it is degradation to the Chinese. The doctor is preparing a monograph on the subject. Dr. Ayres, colonial physician at Hong Kong, denied this. He said that no opium smoker uses the drug to procure sleep, but often takes it before going to sleep. That it is an expensive habit he doesn't deny, but refuses to see anything else in it than a loss of time and money. There you have two of the latest ideas! I do not pin to either, but I have seen men smoke their 150 grains a day. Thirty or forty grains is an average day's smoke, and you will find that like our tobacco habit, it may be abused. It degrades as much as our habit does, but no more."

RAILWAY, TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE LINES.

"Are there any new works of any importance in progress?"

"There is a railroad. That is a new thing for China, if you please! You remember that, some six years ago, some Englishmen organized the Kaiping Railway Company, for the purpose of building a road to the Kaiping mines from Tientsin. It created a vast deal of talk then, and the reports have been as few as the dividends. But that road is building. A thousand Chinese are at work under direction of C. W. Kinder, who, with the secretary, R. M. Brown, gave me many courtesies. They at first got reluctant permission to build seven miles of road, and the ground had to be laid out five times before land could be procured and graves in the way removed. The ground was level, and happily required little grading. Men came to work as soon as the seven superstitious miles were completed, and the entire distance will be covered within the year, if nothing happens. The road has three ordinary cars brought from England, fifty coal trucks, and an elegant coach, designed for the higher officials. There are three locomotives, one of them the first built in China. It was made in Kaiping, and is named the Rocket of China. The other two were imported. From Lutan to Showchuchang, six round trips are made daily. Passage is seven cents, and passenger travel pays the train's running expenses. The daily freight averages 200 tons, mostly of coal. The engineers are Englishmen, but the stokers, conductors, and brakemen are all Chinese. The mines support the road.

"Yes; there is a telegraph line on the road, and it is used in connection with telephones. The wiring cost $78 a mile. The constructors, as well as the operators, are native, and there is no opposition to the wires on their part, any more than there is to the cars. Chinamen patronize both car and wire, I presume because it pays them well."

THE OPPOSITION TO PETROLEUM.

"But there is one modern thing that the almond-eyed do not like. That is petroleum. They oppose it, urging that it causes many fires. The tortai of Shang hai was out in an interdict not many weeks ago against this oil that sometimes smashes a lamp and burns a house. Other officials thaidly did the same. It is a fear that ignorance inspires, and it is of vast consequence inasmuch as your country regards petroleum as the most important article in your commerce with China. The opposition is not so fierce as it was, and I have it from Minister Young's own lips that it is exhausting itself. He says: 'We strive to convince the Chinese that we have their own good in view when we ask them to share the advantages of our more advanced civilization; and with proper instructions as to using the oil, we will have it in trade again.' A French resident at Ningpo gave me a lot of coloring information. He says that the cost of the whole matter lies in an American fault. Some firm in this country sent out a lot of lamps of a cheap and unsafe make, and they seemed to burst as frequently as not to."

"But American goods are not generally opposed?"

"No, not so much as French goods are. There is cotton cloth, for instance. The English cloth is coarse and heavily sized, while the American is well finished and of good weight, and naturally the American is preferred. But John Bull is catching on, and there is a strong competition of British goods that resemble yours, and are packed in similar cases. The Dutch are sending drills and continentals into China to some extent, and have a very good trade in them. But these goods are imitated too by the Lancashire looms, and it serves to distress trade very badly."

CANTON AND ITS TRADE.

"I will give you some particulars about the trade of Canton, for I suppose your eyes are set toward Southern China now. Canton is the great distributing centre for the section, and the headquarters of the Imperial maritime customs, a department wholly conducted by foreigners, and superintended by Sir Robert Hart, with a salary of $50,000 a year. Some of the commissioners I met. The two at Canton are fine gentlemen, one a countryman of mine, the other an American. These men collect a uniform five per cent ad valorem duty, and the Government finds it a nice plan to have foreigners collect her revenues. They have enough to do, for it is a busy place at Canton. The navigators number several thousand, and each craft goes equipped with from six to twenty cannon to guard against Japanese river pirates. When a boat or junk discharges, the cargo is quickly stored, and account is made to the department.

"I watched the unloading, and then went up into the city, where in the Chinese merchants' stocks I found that foreign manufactures were kept indiscriminately for sale. The Chinese make little or no distinction between people of any of the Western nationalities, and their productions, except the Portuguese, who are especially detested. Of course I found a larger number of English shops and goods, but one day when I went into a bakeshop to ask for oatmeal, the clerk inquired if I preferred the 'Victor,'