TALK OF THE TOWN.

RELATING TO PUBLIC MEN AND PUBLIC MATTERS.

I.

MAYOR HEWITT AND THE DEADLY WIRES.

It is difficult to see upon what ground Mayor Hewitt can justify his extraordinary behavior toward Coroner Levy and the jury who are inquiring into the death of Lineman Murray. I appreciate the Mayor's great abilities as much as everybody. Certainly it has been a long, long while since any one of his mental calibre occupied the Mayor's office. He has put out state papers of the highest character. He has shown constructive talents which few people who did not know him personally supposed that he possessed. In the tedious work of executing the laws he has been wonderfully industrious and minute in his attentions, and in many ways his influence upon public affairs in this city has been wholesome. I suppose, too, that he has believed in the propriety of all he has done, though it is hard to reconcile his support of the County Democracy conspiracy last fall and his continuous defence of Colonel Fellows since then with an honest and intelligent appreciation of the city's interests. When Richard Croker concedes that a fatal mistake was made in permitting Fellows's candidacy and openly expresses regret that he didn't compel Nicoll's nomination even at the expense of a split, it would seem as if Mayor Hewitt might afford to see and admit the truth. But the great trouble with Mr. Hewitt is that he won't see when he is wrong, and his nervous and irritable temperament often leads him too far.

This was the case at the Coroner's hearing. Everybody is convinced that these abominable electric wires are a constant menace to life. No one knows when he may accidentally put out his hand or foot and fall down dead in the street before he has time to lisp a prayer. Already within the last few months human lives have been taken in that fearful way, and yet it is notorious that the remedy is right at hand and all danger of such calamities can be avoided if somebody is only compelled to do his duty. Coroner Levy is simply trying to ascertain at whom the mandamus of public opinion should be directed, and if he did less he would be a faithless official. His jury are citizens, not partisans, nor dogs. They are not moved by impertinent curiosity, nor political hostility to Mr. Hewitt, nor by any of the motives which would call for the resentment of a sensitive man. They are called away from their business affairs by the law's summons and obliged to undertake this inquiry. They have no earthly desire in the matter other than to fulfil their obligations as citizens, and that mere fact of itself should be sufficient to protect them from such violent demonstrations as the Mayor gave vent to last Tuesday. It does not in the least excuse him that he has been insulted and annoyed by that young man Gibbens. The public understands that matter well enough and has little else than contempt for Gibbens so far as it thinks him of sufficient consequence to warrant its forming any opinion about him at all. But although Gibbens's language to and about the Mayor is unpardonable, he is taking the right side of the subway question and Mayor Hewitt is taking the wrong side, and, anyhow, the Mayor has no right to vent upon an official who is doing just what he should do and a body of inoffensive citizens the resentment which nobody has earned except Gibbens.

Now, here is the situation right in a nutshell: The Subway Board has constructed thirty-seven miles of trenches, into which everything is ready for the depositing of the wires. The telegraph and telephone duct is capable of accommodating 13,700 miles of wire. The electric lighting duct has a capacity of 500 miles of wire. This is the kind of wire from which Murray and other victims received the deadly stroke. This work was all completed last January and the legal ninety days notice was then given to companies operating conductors over these trenches that they should deposit their wires. To these notices very little attention has been paid, so little as to justify the declaration that the companies have set the law at defiance. This was a situation seen to be possible by the Legislature and it empowered the Mayor in such an event, and upon the Subway Board's request, to direct the Commissioner of Public Works to take down the poles forthwith. The Subway Board has called upon the Mayor to take this action. He responded not by directing, but by requesting Commissioner Newton to do so. Commissioner Newton replied that he could not do it, because no money had been appropriated for that purpose. And here the matter stands, while people's lives are being sacrificed at the rate of two or three per month.

Suppose we take a glance at the money question. I compiled some statistics with regard to the work of the Board of Estimate last December, and on turning to them I find that the total appropriations for the expenses of New-York this year amount to $33,800,000, being an increase over those of last year of $1,956,977 45. It certainly does seem as if there might be a chance to take from that enormous tribute the few hundred dollars that would be necessary to cut down those refractory poles, now, doesn't it? Commissioner Newton's slice of the total tax burden is $3,180,309, an increase of $430,589 over what he had last year. It really seems, if he were disposed to save the pennies here and there, if he would only—I offer the suggestion in all humility, for I well know how important it is to the County Democracy and its gin-mill ward bosses to support their followers at the public expense—if he would only cut off, say, a third, only a third, of the political bummers who are drawing salaries for nothing in his department, that he might be able in the course of a week or two to scrape together the paltry sum necessary to enforce this law and prevent the further slaughter of human life. The Bureau of Encumbrances, to which this matter would properly be referred, got along last year on an appropriation of $10,000. This year it receives $25,000, or 150 per cent more. Goodness only knows what has been done with all this money. The ash-barrel nuisance is as bad as ever. The streets at night are choked up with idle carts and cabs as they used to be. If it is absolutely necessary for the Democratic officials of this city, and history so teaches, to increase the taxes by two or three millions of dollars every Presidential year, they certainly ought to be willing to spare the beggarly sum required to protect life and property against these death-dealing wires, even if they had to take it out of their own pockets. There's no fear, gentle reader, but that they'd get it back again with interest.

II.

THE KERR TRIAL.

The trial of Kerr has excited comparatively little public interest. This is due in a measure undoubtedly to the fact that the public knows nothing of Kerr. On the bribe-givers' side of the conspiracy public notice was monopolized by Jacob Sharp, and the question that interested the public was whether or not it was possible in this town to punish a rich, cunning old lobbyist, and a gang of political brigands. This idea was hinted at by Judge Barrett when he charged the jury in Jaehne's case that the administration of justice as well as the prisoner was on trial before them. When he came to sentence Jaehne, he spoke plainly of the spirit of scepticism that was abroad as to the ability of the machinery of public justice to deal with such cases as the one just concluded; of the sneers and distrust cast upon the courts; of the fact that nobody believed that a scoundrel powerful in politics could be convicted for his official crimes; that prosecutors, juries and judges could be influenced to disregard their duty. "It is you," he said to the trembling wretch, with infinite scorn, "and such as you, who have generated this cynicism among the people, this contempt for popular government." I never in all my life have seen a face so intense with just and high-minded severity as Judge Barrett's was when he spoke these and kindred sentences.

An interesting story has since been told me which may have suggested this merited rebuke to those who affect to believe that there is nothing sound in the State. It is said that after the conviction of Jaehne and just before sentence was passed upon him, a conversation was repeated to the Judge that had taken place between a friend of his and an American lady out of conceit with her native land, who lives abroad and visits at home. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled satirically at the idea of Jaehne being convicted. The American system of government, she said, encouraged corruption, and nobody could be convicted for it, because everybody was just as bad as everybody else. The trial she regarded as the get off," she concluded, "you see if he doesn't. Of get off," she concluded, "you see if he don't. Of course, it will come about in a very plausible way, quite inevitably, in fact, but it will be all a cheat." I more than suspect that this conversation was in the Judge's mind when he told Jaehne that he and such as he made such reflections upon public honor possible. There is a sequel to this story which it is a pleasure to record. The lady who spoke so harshly of her country was much affected by the language used by the Judge. She told my informant that it seemed to be directed almost as much at her as at the wretched prisoner. She abandoned her plans for returning to Europe and has concluded to remain in her own country the rest of her life. She will probably find that it pays better to aid in the purification of one's native atmosphere rather than to abandon it and make it the subject of false and scornful jest.

Kerr, however, is not an Alderman, nor a cunning old lobbyist. The story of his crime has been so often told that its repetition now is received with a dull and inattentive ear. The prosecution is overmatched, too, and the elements of a great legal battle, such as was fought when Judge Martine and DeLancey Nicoll presented the people's case, are now all wanting. Bourke Cockran is superior to the prosecution's lawyers, and he knows it. He treats them almost contemptuously. Sometimes he actually assists them in presenting their evidence. When they go about it clumsily, he shows them a better way, and with the manner of a good mechanic who interferes to help a poor one, not because it is any business of his but because it pains him to see a neat job botched. When they get mixed in their statements of historical fact, he straightens them out. When they forget an important date, he suggests it. When they start to read the wrong paper and perceiving their mistake hunt around nervously for the right one, he gives it to them from his own bag, and all with the airy intimation that he can afford to be generous.

And so he can. The doubt as to the issue of this trial proceeds not from the cynical belief that such crimes can never be punished, but from the palpable fact that the defence is great and the prosecution weak. Colonel Fellows is a stump speaker, not a lawyer. So long as his part in these cases was confined to summing up, so long was he a round peg in a round hole, and a big enough peg to fill it. His speech in the McQuade case was one of the most wonderful addresses ever made before a jury, clear as crystal, logical as an arithmetic, bold, brilliant, finished, resplendent with wit and satire and delivered with a grace and dignity that would seem impossible to such a man. But a steeple is not an entire edifice by any means, and a good speech is not all of a criminal prosecution. The great work is in bringing out the evidence and in arguing the questions of law, and the present prosecution here is lamentably weak.

There might be more to admire in Mr. Cockran's defence if he had to fight somebody of his own size. He certainly is amazingly sagacious, alert, and fertile of resources. His aim is true every time. He treated poor Fullgraff brutally. He jabbed in his spears savagely and turned them round and round. He made a running commentary upon the poor fellow's answers, insinuating in tone, manner and words, too, that he was not to be believed under any circumstances. There are ways and ways of doing this, and Mr. Cockran's way was not always quite the fair way. He seemed to have forgotten an incident of the Ward trial. He was associated in Ward's defence, and when Fish, then a convict and brought down from Auburn Prison especially to testify against Ward, was on the stand, something was said about the truth.

"We don't expect the truth from you!" said Mr. Cockran, sharply.

Judge Barrett was presiding. Down came his gavel with a smart tap. "Mr. Cockran," he said, icily, "that was a very improper remark, and I trust you will not repeat it. It is admissible in argument to the jury to comment as severely as you will upon the testimony of one who stands in this unhappy man's position. But it is not right to say to any witness that you do not expect the truth from him while he is on the stand testifying. The court will protect a witness from such remarks from counsel, and all the more quickly when he comes, as this man comes, weighed down with humiliation and grief."

It may be doubted if it pays to handle a tainted witness so savagely, anyhow. Such a course almost inevitably awakens the jury's sympathy. The fellow is absolutely defenceless and can resist assault no better than a wingless fly can resist a boy with a pin. He has got to sit there and mop his brow and take it. Fullgraff presented a spectacle so pitifully forlorn that every one was relieved when Mr. Cockran sheathed his remorseless sword.

III.

THE METHODIST ELECTIONS.

Until it has concluded the election of Bishops, the Methodist General Conference is never quite ready to settle down to business. The interest in that event is altogether too feverish to admit of close application to the routine work of the Conference. Until it is over, the delegates, to an extent they would probably be unwilling to concede, are politicians, and they regulate themselves more or less with reference to the object they wish to attain in the Episcopal contest. They are brethren, but still they are men, and they naturally have their likes and dislikes, their interests and concerns. The General Conference is a big affair, numerically as in every other way, and it cannot be hurried. It requires about two weeks time to get acquainted with itself. The work of organization cannot be done in a moment. The committees must be slated, and only when things begin to run smoothly do the delegates find time for that discussion which must needs go on everywhere before any one can be chosen by ballot to an exalted place.

Some people affect to think it very wicked that the brethren should hobnob with each other, should caucus and electioneer over a sacred office, as worldly folks do over a place of public trust. They lift their hands and shake their heads solemnly, and say that these are dreadful goings on. They ask is a Conference a town-meeting? Is this the proper kind of example for godly people to be setting the children of darkness? And then they always work off that tiresome nonsense about the way Bishops used to be elected in the old days, when everybody was good and nobody smoked except your grandmother, and the world went to bed at 8 p. m. and rose with the lark.

These sombre saints, who think the world is getting worse every day despite all that is being done to save it, are dreadful people to come in contact with. Of course the delegates electioneer among themselves in favor of their friends, and why shouldn't they? How is any deliberative assembly going to know the merits of candidates unless they are talked about? There are many distinguished men in the Church who are not fit to be bishops, and the duty of the delegates is to examine the character, history, services and ability of the Church's eminent men that those may be taken who will strengthen the episcopacy, and those left who are better in the pulpit than in the council-room. Few of these 500 delegates were personally acquainted with all those who were being urged for the elevation, and the only way by which their especial qualifications could be ascertained was by talking with their friends. It is a great aim of Methodist preachers to get close to the people. Theirs is a popular Church. Its wonderful growth and development is one of the consequences of what Mr. Beecher called the "Reign of the Common People." In drawing close to the people they have not failed to acquire habits and methods in vogue among the people. They think the thoughts of the masses, understand their condition, appreciate their ambitions and feel their weaknesses and temptations. They become good citizens, too, very much as a result of this mingling with the every-day world, and not infrequently leaders in politics. The intense interest they take in public affairs has not diminished since the war-time, when their Church split upon the slavery question and the Northern clergyman added the doctrine of emancipation and equal rights to his articles of religion. There is nothing remarkable about the fact, then, that the Methodists are wise in their day and generation and elect their bishops as other men elect their great officials. They canvass diligently for votes and boom their friends warmly, and when the day for balloting comes they can figure up the result as intelligently as a political expert in a State convention.

But their manner of balloting is peculiar, and I think it by far the fairest and best I ever observed in a large assembly. No nominations are permitted to be made, no speeches can be delivered. The ballot is a secret one, it takes a two-thirds majority to elect, and the way it is done is this:

The presiding Bishop reads off a long list of tellers, appointed by the Board of Bishops, and these are stationed at convenient distances from each other all over the house. The aisles are cleared. Everybody is ordered off the floor except delegates, and then every one except the tellers is seated in his proper seat. The secretary from the platform slowly reads off the roll of the Conferences in alphabetical order, and as he calls each name the delegates from that Conference rise in their places, ballots in hand. The nearest teller approaches them, and into his offered box they drop their votes one by one, and when all have voted the teller calls out "Voted!" Then that Conference sits down and the next is called. This process is continued until the entire General Conference has voted.

The virtues of this system are seen at a glance. It is orderly, and prevents the assembly from being carried away by momentary enthusiasm, evoked either by an eloquent speech in favor of somebody, or by outbursts of applause from contending factions. It preserves inviolably the secrecy of the ballot, so that every candidate's strength is fully tested and nobody gains votes because he is gaining, as is so often the case in a political convention.

I respectfully suggest this system to the Republican managers. Suppose every delegate at Chicago could vote for the man he really wanted to see in the White House, unembarrassed by "instructions," by the "favorite son" business, by the mob in the galleries, or by anything else, but without nominations, without speeches, without fear of local prejudice could drop into a ballot-box the name of his honest choice. Poor Mr. Blaine! He might go on writing letters of declination at the rate of fifty a day from now until the 19th of June, but when the ballot was counted there wouldn't be enough votes for anybody else to make it worth while reading them. This Methodist way of voting is the best way yet. It brings out the honest choice of the assembly every time.

The Conference is thoroughly satisfied with its work. The Bishops-elect are all men of the highest ability, men of national reputations and long-established character. There was plenty of fine episcopal timber from which to choose them. The five men finally elected after sixteen ballots are the five who received the highest votes on the first ballot. The unsatisfactory "dark horse" did not prevail. Although Bishop Newman's election was a surprise, it was only so because his candidacy had been so often unsuccessful. He came close to an election sixteen years ago, and has been voted for more or less ever since. He has always been an impressive figure in the Church, always popular, always powerful, and now that he is a Bishop he will probably become by sheer force of character the leading member of the Board. When some friends of Speaker Cole asked the Hon. James W. Husted last January to withdraw from the contest for the chair in favor of Mr. Cole, promising that if he did so he should be considered the leader of the House, "Thank you for nothing," said the Bald Eagle, tartly; "who's to prevent my leading the House, in the chair or out of it?"

Probably Bishop Newman would not put it just that way, but still, who is to prevent him now?

MR. ELKINS HUNTING BUFFALOS.

HIS SINGLE EXPERIENCE ON THE PLAINS.

SATISFIED WHEN HE HAD KILLED ONE ANIMAL—HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

S. B. Elkins, who spent half his lifetime in New-Mexico and on the plains, having crossed them thirteen times before transcontinental railroads were built, saw the declining years of Bent, St. Vrain and Kit Carson, and himself experienced much of the discomforts, excitements and vicissitudes of plain life on the prairies. He went in to see Albert Bierstadt's half finished picture of a buffalo hunt the other day. The central figure is an infuriated buffalo bull, which has turned to gore an uprearing horse, the rider on which is endeavoring to break the attack with a spear. It led Mr. Elkins to exclaim:

"That takes me back twenty-five years, to a similar experience of my own."

He continued the relation as follows: "It was my first and only buffalo hunt. I was travelling with a wagon train for protection against the Indians, who were on the warpath and savage. We were approaching Fort Learned, on the Old Pawnee Fork. The Indians were so bad that we had massed three trains together, making about seventy-five or eighty wagons and 120 men, and we kept close together. There were a number of expert buffalo hunters in the train, who would ride out almost any time and kill a buffalo for meat. I have seen them do it hundreds of times. Their horses were trained to run right alongside the beast, when they would fire into him just back of the foreleg. The meat would be cut up and hung under the wagon, where it would become coated with dust. This coating we would cut off at night and find the juicy meat underneath.

"Well, we had made camp for a day within a couple of miles of Fort Learned when I saw a herd of buffalo about a mile away, and I determined to try my luck. I borrowed a big gray buffalo horse and started out, across the fork of the river after my game. I had a Sharp's rifle and two big navy revolvers. The distance to the beasts was much greater than it looked, but I finally overtook one and fired two bullets into him from a revolver. The horse had brought me right alongside for this purpose. The buffalo didn't fall or slack up and I was getting my rifle ready to shoot when the horse gave an awful sidewise lunge. We were going at a rapid rate. I hadn't been watching the beast. The horse had, and being well trained had jumped to avoid a goring from the buffalo, who, feeling the effects of the shots, had become infuriated and turned on us. I wasn't prepared for the shock and was nearly unhorsed. My rifle went one way, my revolver another. I was thrown out of the saddle, back on the horse's haunches and only saved myself by grasping the saddle in both hands. If I had fallen off the buffalo would have gored me to death. By this time the buffalo was chasing the horse, who could easily keep away from him, and a sixty yards race ended the buffalo's purpose to catch us. He turned and went on his way. I was terribly bruised and sore, but I was also mad all over, for I knew they were watching me from the camp with field glasses, and I rode back to get my carbine with a determination to get that buffalo or die.

"It was some time before I got in range again, but the rifle brought him down. Just as he fell, an Indian rose up in the grass a hundred yards away from me and behind him at longer distances four or five more. They had been watching the entire affair and probably expected to capture my effects, if the buffalo got the best of me. As they might be hostile, although the fort was near, I started for the train without cutting out the tongue, which is customary, so that no one will disturb the carcass till you go back after it. The Indian came up to within twenty yards of me and cried out 'friend' in Spanish, but I motioned him back and pointed to the buffalo, all the time walking my horse faster and faster toward camp. When I got in to my friends they had a big laugh over my exploit. I told them they might have all the buffalo hunting thereafter, as I was satisfied with one experience."

THE FREE LIST NOT SUSPENDED.

From The Chicago Times.

Will J. Davis, of the Haymarket Theatre, tells of a night of minstrelsy in a California town in Petaluma Valley. He was manager of the show, which was given in a skating rink, opposite a corn field. The average Californian was not unlike the average Chicago theatre-goer between acts. He had the same thirst, the only difference being that the Californian had further to go for his elixir. Mr. Davis, knowing something of the character of the Californian carrying his point, had asked the city marshal of the town to occupy a seat with him in the box-office. The rush-out between acts had returned, and Mr. Davis was preparing to count up. A typical miner presented himself, whittling with a knife, the blade of which was six inches long. "You know me?" said the Californian.

Mr. Davis said he hadn't the honor.

"I was in and went out," the Californian remarked, turning off another shaving.

Mr. Davis asked him for his check.

"You didn't give me no check," said the man with the knife.

"Beg your pardon," remarked the Chicago man, who began to feel that he was a long way from home.

"I'm goin' in," said the Californian, "and if you try to stop me I'll take this here knife and lay your liver out where the crows'll pick at it. D'ye understand, you hatchet-faced, long-eared curiosity from the East?"

Mr. Davis nudged the town marshal, who got up and looked out of the window. "Is that you, Bill?" he asked of the Californian.

"Yes, it's me, and I ain't got no check."

The town marshal turned to Mr. Davis and said: "Well, if Bill says you didn't give him no check, you didn't. And I reckon it's best for the show to let him go in."

And Bill went in and put his feet on the back of a man who sat in front of him, but there was no disturbance. "It was the peacefulest show I ever gave," said Mr. Davis. "I was in that town some time after that and I heard that Bill had been elected Mayor."

HOW NEAL DOW INTERPRETED AN ORDER.

From The Chicago Times.

There was once an occasion in which Neal Dow was a very noticeable figure. It was early in the war. His army corps had been brought up preparatory to forming for battle. General Dow was one of a party of lesser officers who had been called around the corps commander for instructions. He was, as one of the boys said, all hat, boots and sword. He was a very small man and wore a hat with an enormous brim, a pair of boots that flapped above the knee, and a sword that clanged on the ground away behind him.

"General Dow," said the commander, "I want you to go to that little hillock to the left and take a position facing that line of woods."

"Now, General?" asked Dow.

"At once."

In a moment the army saw little General Dow tramping off toward the hillock alone, and word was passed along explaining the mistake he had made. The shouts of laughter attracted the commander's attention, and he sent an orderly after General Dow. When the little man returned the commander asked:

"General Dow, what did you understand me to direct you to do?"

"To take a position on that hillock facing the woods, sir."

"And did you think I meant to send you there alone?"

"Certainly, sir. I did not hear you say anybody was to go with me."

The commander kindly set him right, and General Dow finally took his command to the hillock, but the boys in that corps never got through talking and laughing about the time "Little Neal Dow" set out alone to hold the hillock against the rebel army.

AN INWARD MONITOR.

From The Detroit Free Press.

Teacher—Children, there is something within you that tells you when you have done wrong. What is it?

Small Boy (gorged with green apples)—I know, sir. It's the colic.

If You Fear an Attack

Of fever and ague, or bilious remittent fever, don't resort to quinine, a cumulative and pernicious drug that has ruined many constitutions. Use without delay a remedy which the leading physicians of America have recommended for over thirty years past—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Dumb ague and ague cake, no less than the actively febrile forms of malarial disease, are promptly relieved and ultimately uprooted by it. In the tropics, where febrile complaints of this sort are more virulent than in the temperate zone, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has established a reputation for preventive and remedial efficacy which competition has not been able to affect prejudicially—nay, has even served to strengthen. Disorders of the stomach and bowels, particularly those to which malaria gives rise, are speedily relieved by it. Kidney complaints, rheumatism, nervousness and sleeplessness, sick headache and constipation yield to it. Appetite and sleep are both improved by it.

THE FORLORN FALKLANDS.

LIFE AT THE OTHER END OF THE HEMISPHERE.

Stanley Harbor, January, 1888.—Here is the place for New-Yorkers who dread a hot summer sun and days without a breeze. They can save the trouble of bringing their summer clothing and laying away fine and heavy wraps. Here are sea breezes and plenty of them, for it is the exception when a wild gale of wind is not blowing. These islands comprise about 5,000 square miles, with a coast line continuously broken and having enough fine harbors to supply the whole of the west coast of South America and then have plenty left over.

One large bay is called the Bay of Harbors. Stanley Harbor is aptly described in the South Atlantic Pilot as "a natural dock." It is about three miles long and a short half mile broad, with a heavy mud bottom, in which any anchor will hold; a mud so heavy that ships that have an anchor down long in one place run great danger of breaking their capstans when getting under way. The harbor opens into Port William Sound, a body of water five miles long and one wide (itself a splendid anchorage), by a narrow pass a cable's length wide. The sound needs no buoys as its sides are buoyed with kelp and the largest man-of-war can run with safety anywhere outside of the kelp.

A vessel making the harbor first sees a fine lighthouse on Pembroke Point on the south side of Port William Sound, and the stranger would naturally expect to see some marks of habitation as he comes up the sound, but none are visible, save a beacon, a couple of miles up, opposite the pass into Stanley Harbor. When the pass is entered nothing is to be seen except perhaps a few stray sheep on the barren hillsides. Not till a vessel is in the harbor does the little town of two or three hundred inhabitants become visible up the harbor. It, too, has a lost, strayed appearance from the want of any outlying farm houses or buildings of any kind. There are a cluster of thirty of forty wooden buildings, a few cottages or villas and some storehouses, and out in the stream lie half a dozen square rigged ships, schooners, pilot boats and smaller craft. An English gun-boat lies tied up at a wharf and another at anchor. Hulks lie along the shore and are piled with lumber and coal, while closer inspection of the shipping shows many to be "lame ducks" that have been crippled in trying to round the tempestuous Horn, which still keeps up its terrible reputation. One of the "lame ducks" is the Great Britain, an immense iron ship, having 3,000 tons of coal aboard, recently condemned and the cargo sold at auction to the Falkland Islands Company. She was one of the old auxiliaries in the Australian trade. She has had her engine taken out, her upper masts are gone, and only her lower ones remain with such yards as one will seldom or never see again—they are over 100 feet long. A more interesting object to the American is the hulk of the Snow Squall, now lying on shore and used as a storehouse for lumber. She was the only sailing vessel that ever ran away from the Alabama, and a clean pair of heels she showed the Southerner that day. The Alabama was sighted about 11 o'clock in the morning carrying English colors, and on a closer view the Yankee captain did not like her looks; so he made sail and the Alabama's coal passers plied their shovels in vain, for the fine lines of the American let her go through the water so fast that by 5 o'clock the Alabama was out of sight. Under her bowsprit and coiling down her cutwater was the green dragon, her figure head, and that our captain removed and will bring home to the land of the vessel's birth.

There is not a tree of any kind in sight and, what is more, there is not a tree on all the islands. They will not grow here, it is said, but the truth is they would do so if the howling gales would give them a chance. It is all the people can do to spike down their houses and keep them from departing for the Cape of Good Hope, or Cape Horn. Having managed to keep them from blowing away, imagine their disgust when the peat slipped down the hillside, carrying houses and pigstyes along, like toys on a rug, and completely ruining the pretty little church, where the colonial chaplain prayed "for all those in authority" with such fervor during a Conservative Ministry. The green hillside on which the town stands is now disfigured by a long black streak down its side, reaching nearly to the sea, and the houses on and near the slip have enough peat cut and drying to last them for years.

All the country, save a sheep ranch which has a name of its own, is called the "Camp," from the Spanish campo, field, or plain, and in this region it is mostly bog. The grass grows in heavy tufts and the islands are admirably adapted to sheep grazing. Here sheep have no enemies to contend against save man and the refrigerator steamships. They increase steadily and thrive apace, and several Englishmen have made large fortunes out of them. Splendid mutton they are, too; next to the veritable Southdown, the finest in the world.

But the Camp is not a good place for man or child to pass the night in. A number of children have strayed away from home, never to be seen again. What could become of them is as yet a mystery, for the bog is so shallow and close to the rock that it seems impossible that they could be completely mired and out of sight in a few hours, while the whole town and the crews of men of war and vessels in the harbor are searching thoroughly every foot of ground that a child could possibly have travelled in the time elapsed. In the little graveyard on the hillside, the first thing of civilization by the way that a vessel passes coming in, are several tombstones with inscriptions declaring that so and so, an officer in Her Majesty's service, or in some other service, lost his way on the Camp while hunting and was found dead the next morning. In all kinds of weather, fair and foul, strong men have lain down to sleep, wearied with walking, and never awakened. Sometimes their well filled flasks were untouched, sometimes they were empty; their owners were dead from exposure. A theory suggested, but neither proved nor disproved, is that the victims become asphyxiated by an exhalation of carbonic acid gas from the peat.

The American Consul here is a man of strong Jewish type and accent, who has married the daughter of the local sausage maker. Our Government gives him $1,500 annually to look after what shipwrecked American seamen may turn up here, and the official wants more, for, as he says, "Coal is £3 a ton and I have to keep a fire burning all the time to keep the archives warm." One of our Consuls for a long time was the most famous inhabitant of the islands. Captain Smiley, or "Old Smiley," was known from the Plate to Terra del Fuego. His ways and adventures were "most extraordinary, most extraordinary, by gad, sir," as one of our genial English hosts here expresses it. We first heard of him as the "champion eater." An old storekeeper said that he had seen Captain Smiley sit in his store telling stories and eating peaches till, unaided, he had gotten away with a barrel. The old man evidently had a keen eye to business. He persuaded a number of persons here to raise about $12,000 and with it he chartered and loaded a little brig for Patagonia. The captain put in some of the money, but most of the rest represented the savings of small colonists. With his brig he sailed for Patagonia promising to bring back thousands to each investor. He ran over to Magellan Straits, ran his brig on a mud bank in a quiet spot, had her condemned, and when sold bought her and her cargo for a song; then he "hauled her off" and went on to his destination, where he sold cargo and vessel for a large sum. When he turned up at Stanley some months after and described the wreck of his brig and his narrow escape from death, he met much sympathy, but when his fellow investors found who had bought in the wreck we were without a Consul at the Falklands for some time and Montevideo and the Plate rejoiced in the presence of this Napoleon of finance. He was considered a very good navigator, having on one occasion brought an old bark down from the River Plate to Stanley without sextant or chronometer on board. When asked how he navigated her, he replied "that he used a bucket; when he thought he ought to be near Stanley he put a bucket over the side and tasted the water and knew where he was." Nothing that "Old Smiley" assured his friends at Stanley he had done or seen was refused credit. Many of them are ready to swear that the captain, when wrecked on the wrong side of Falkland Sound, actually did cut off a piece of tussac bog and on it sail across eight miles of salt water. His personal habits were peculiar; it is said in Stanley that while he had rounded the Horn summer and winter many a time, the friend who gave him his first bath also gave him a pair of stockings, and afterward feelingly said that "the day Old Smiley was buried was the only time he ever had on a pair of stockings."

The other evening we went to a ball given by a resident on his departure for a six months' visit to England. There are only three or four families in the settlement who belong to what the English know and look up to as "the quality," and the rest of the guests were hoi polloi; but all could dance, and, for English people, unusually well. The arrangements were in charge of an energetic young lieutenant of Her Majesty's ship Ready, and he displayed great taste and ingenuity in covering and decorating the bare boards of the walls and roof of the sail loft in the Government Store House. At one end of the loft—beg pardon, the ball room—were the British and American flags, crossed in compliment to us; underneath were claret cup and lemonade for the ladies, and some good whiskey for the "quality." In the gentlemen's dressing room was a long bar where was dispensed English ale, strongly fortified to carry it through the tropics, and liquor built on the Jersey plan, guaranteed to kill the nerves of the imbiber's teeth. This was for the hoi polloi. The ball was opened by "the quality," but by the time the music got through the first bar of the second dance the room was so crowded that it seemed as if its walls would be squeezed out should one more couple come on the floor. The music consisted of a flute, an accordeon and two banjos, the band of the Ready, but after the quality left (the ladies only) it grew fainter and fainter during a dance, owing to the fact that the musicians were dancing themselves. The men were mostly sailors and petty officers of the Ready and the Swallow, clerks in the two stores here, butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers in the settlement. Besides these there were some officers of the gunboats, the few gentlemen of the place and ourselves. The ladies were the sisters, cousins, aunts and daughters of the butchers, etc., a rosy-cheeked, sturdy bevy of damsels who had no such mark of weakness as a waist. One young lady in a dark red velvet princess dress became known and described as "the one with the waist." Because of the inclement weather the young ladies constantly wear shoes with soles a half-inch thick, and if one came down on your patent leather you bade fair to be crippled for life. The floor was made of broad planks of different thicknesses, but the sturdy feet of the dancers had kicked the edges off in days gone by, and frequent waxing and dancing made it so slippery that one slid up and down over hills and into valleys with the greatest ease. The guests danced steadily, no one seemed to think of going home, and at 5 o'clock in the morning the floor was nearly as crowded as at midnight, the only departures being some staid lookers-on who repaired frequently to the men's room and refreshed themselves till their friends grew alarmed and removed them. But the rest danced on, all feet scraping over the uneven boards in perfect time, the dust rising like a mist and no thought given to color, frizzes, ruches or shirt collars.

Rules of etiquette were simple and the best that were ever invented for lazy men. If a girl appeared to dance well you got a friend of yours, not the lady's, to introduce you. This was the regular form, and carried through with great gravity, though your friend was as much of a stranger to the girl as you were. Then after getting your dance, as soon as you stopped you deposited the lady on the nearest seat, bowed and departed, reporting to your comrades your opinion of her dancing qualities. No promenading, no light conversation, no feeding or watering after the exercise. There was a delightful absence of small talk and no danger of being bored. If you were thirsty you repaired to the ladies' buffet and had something good out of the special bottle with your friends and exchanged information as to the best dancers. Duty dances there were none.

At daylight we adjourned to a friend's house with a party of officers, and though the family had retired somebody successfully burglarized the pantry and wine locker, bringing out ham, biscuit, ale, everything, save a meat pie and strawberries, having come 6,000 miles across the water from Old England. Then some of the men of the family came in and the bottle and the conversation went round as though it were nearer 6 p. m. than 6 a. m.; there were tales of hunting hares, geese, ducks and snipe on the island, talk of the prospects of a war in Europe and the always exhilarating stories of "Old Smiley," our distinguished diplomatic representative.

VOCES POPULI

From Punch.

Scene—Interior of Third Class Smoking Compartment. First Passenger, apparently a small Suburban Tradesman, of a full and comfortable habit, seated by window. To him enters a seedy but burly Stranger, in a state of muzzy affability, with an under-suggestion of quarrelsomeness.

The Stranger (leaning forward mysteriously)—Yer saw that gentleman I was a' torkin' to as I got in? Did yer know 'oo he was?

First Passenger (without hauteur, but with the air of a person who sets a certain value on his conversation)—Well, he didn't look like the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The S.—He's a better man than 'im! That was Brasher, the middling weight! he giv me the orfice straight about Killivan and Smifton, he did!

First P. (interested, as a lover of the Noble Art of Self Defence).—Ah! did he, though?

The S.—He did; I went up to him, and I sez, "Excuse me," I sez, like that, I sez, "but are you an American, or a German?"

First P. (with superiority).—He wouldn't like that—being taken for a German.

The S. (solemnly).—Those were my very words! And he sez "No, I'm a yank," and then I knoo 'oo 'e was, d'ye see? and so (hazily) one word brought up another, and we got a torkin.' If I was to tell you I'd seen Killivan, I should be telling yer a lie!

First P.—Well, I won't ask you to do that.

The S. (firmly).—Nor I wouldn't. But you've on'y to look at Smifton to see 'e's never 'ad a smack on the 'ed. Now, there's Sulton—'e's a good man, 'e is—'e is a good man. Look -ow that fellow knocks 'isself about! But if I was to pass my opinion, it 'ud be this—Killivan's in it for science, he ain't in it to take anything; you may take that from me!

First P. (objecting to be treated as an ingenu)—It's not the first time I've heard of it, by a long way.

The S.—Ah! and it's the truth, the Bible truth (putting his hand on First P.'s knee). Now, you b'leeve what I'm a'goin' to tell yer?

First P. (his dignity a little ruffled)—I will, if it's anything in reason.

The S.—It's this. My opinion of Killivan and Sulton's this—Sulton brought Killivan out. I'm on'y tellin' yer from 'earsay like; but I know this myself—one lived in 'Oxton and the other down Bermondsey way. 'E's got a nice little butcher's business there at this present moment, and 'e's a mug if he turns it up!

First P. (axiomatically)—Every man's a mug who turns a good business up.

The S.—Yer right! And (moralizing) it ain't all 'oney with that sort o' people neither, I can tell yer! I dessay now, when all's put to the test, you're not a moneyed man—no more than I am myself!

First P. (not altogether flattered)—Well—that's as may be.

The S.—But I b'leeve yer to be a man o' the world, although I don't know yer.

First P. (modestly)—I used to be in it at one time.

The S. (confidentially)—I'm in it now. I don't get my livin' by it, though, mind yer. I'm a mechanic, I am—to a certain extent. I've been in America. There's a country now—they don't overtax like they do 'ere!

First P. (sympathetically)—There you 'ave touched a point—we're taxed past all common sense. Why, this very tobacco I'm smoking now is charged—

The S.—Talkin' of terbaccer, I don't mind 'aving a pipe along with yer myself.

First P. (handing his pouch with a happy mixture of cordiality and condescension)—There you are, then.

The S. (afflicted by sudden compunction as he fills his pipe)—I 'ope I'm not takin' a libbaty in askin' yer?

First P.—Liberty? rubbish! I'm not one to make distinctions where I go. I'd as soon talk to one man as I would another—you're setting your coat alight.

The S.—I set fire to myself once, and I never live in 'opes of doing so agen! It's a funny thing with me, I can smoke a cigar just as well as I could a short pipe. I'm no lover of a cigar, if you understand me; but I can go into company where they are, d'ye see?

First P. (shortly)—I see.

The S. (with fresh misgivings)—You'll excuse me if I've taken a libbaty with yer?

First P. (with a stately air)—We settled all that just now.

The S. (after a scrutiny)—I tell yer what my idear of you is—that you're a Toff!

First P. (disclaiming this distinction a little uneasily.)—No, no—there's nothing of the toff about me!

The S. (defiantly)—Well, you're a gentleman, anyway.

First P. (aphoristic, but uncomfortable)—We can all of us be that, as long as we behave ourselves.

The S. (much pleased by this sentiment)—Right agen! give us yer 'and—if it's not takin' a libbaty. I'm one of them as can't bear to take a libbaty with no matter 'oo. Yer know it's a real pleasure to me to be settin' 'ere torkin' comfortably to you, without no thought of ither of us fallin' out. There's some people as wouldn't feel 'appy, not without they was 'aving a row. Now you and me ain't like that!

First P. (shifting about)—Quite so—quite so, of course!

The S.—Not but what if it was to come to a row between us, I could take my part!

First P. (wishing there was somebody else in the compartment.)—I—I hope we'll keep off that.

The S. (devoutly)—So do I! I 'ope we'll keep off o' that. But yer never know what may bring it on—and there it is, d'ye see! You and me might fall out without intending it. I've bin a bit of a boxer in my day. Do you doubt my word?—if so, say it to my face!

First P.—I've no wish to offend you, I'm sure.

The S.—I never take a lie straight from any man, and there you 'ave me in a word! If you're bent on a row, you'll find me a glutton, that's all I can tell you.

First P. (giving himself up for lost).—But I'm not bent on a row—qu—quite otherwise!

The S.—You should ha' said so afore, because, when my back's once put up, I'm—'ello! we're stopping, I get out 'ere, don't I?

First P. (eagerly).—Yes—make haste, they don't stay long anywhere on this line!

The S. (completely mollified).—Then I'll say good-by to yer. (Tenderly.) P'raps we may meet agen, some day.

First P.—We—we'll hope so—good day to you, wish you luck!

The S. (Solemnly—Lord love yer! (Pausing at door). I 'ope you don't think me the man to fall out with nobody. I never fall out—

(Falls out into the arms of a Porter, whom he pummels as the train moves on, and First Passenger settles into a corner with a sigh of relief.

THE BOSTON BOY AT SCHOOL.

"Listener" in The Boton Transcript.

One boy was asked to define a common and a proper noun. He wrote—

"William is a proper noun, and Billy is a common noun."

Another was told to write what he had learned in physiology. He did, thus—

"The body is composed of three parts—the head, the trunk and the abdomen. The head contains the brains, if you have any. The trunk contains the heart and lungs. The abdomen contains the vowels a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

What in the world that last bright boy was thinking of his teacher may have been able to puzzle out, but probably no one else can. The answer, however, was actual.

AMONG THE POLITICIANS.

HOW SOME OF THEM EAST AND WEST LOOK AND TALK.

One of the odd characters of Western politics is "Long" Jones, who was for many years chairman of the Illinois Republican Committee, a member of the National Committee, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Illinois, delegate to the National Convention, and political manager for General John A. Logan. He is a tall, lanky man, of the Lincoln type, with rapid speech and forcible expression. When he was a boy, as he sometimes relates, his mother was frequently asked by other women if he was not tired or ill. She would reply: "Well, after my boy has chased your boys around a ten acre lot for three or four hours and they are ready to quit for the day, his day's sport will just about be begun." Colonel Jones is an inveterate user of tobacco. He smokes from twenty-five to thirty cigars a day when he is excited, chewing the ends and throwing them away rapidly, with only a few ashes at the tip. He has been in New-York several times within two weeks, on Bethesda business, but it is evident that, although bound up in the enterprise of selling that water, he has lost no whit of interest in politics. He tells the story that shortly after his arrival here on a recent visit, a reporter stepped up and asked him two questions. One was, "Are you a Christian?" The other, "Do you believe in orthodox Christianity?" He thought he had been mistaken by reason of his black cloth suit for one of the delegates to the Methodist Conference, and he declined to give any answer, saying: "That's religion, and I don't mix religion and politics, so you must excuse me from answering."

Congressman William Walter Phelps has a son named after his mother's family, Sheffield Phelps. His intimates know him as "Sheff." Phelps. He has gone out West on a ranch with a college chum, "Tom" Waterman, of Detroit, who is afflicted with lung trouble and is obliged to take to the prairies in order to save his life. General Alger met him on a recent travelling excursion, and from his acquaintance with young Waterman learned all the facts of young Phelps's generous action. He did not, however, fully realize what the young Jerseyman had left behind him to follow his friend, until he spent a Sunday at Teaneck, with Congressman Phelps. This was before that magnificent place was burned down. "It is a wonderful thing," said General Alger to Mr. Phelps, "that a young man should leave all this luxury and these pleasant surroundings, to stay by his sick friend on the prairies. He must have had good ideas about loyal friendship instilled into his mind."

"I have always told him," replied Mr. Phelps, "never to desert a friend while he has a drop of blood in his veins or a breath in his body."

"Blaine forever," said General Alger, in allusion to the well-known friendship of the New-Jersey statesman for the man from Maine.

"Yes, Blaine forever," was the hearty response, and now General Alger repeats the story to illustrate his belief that Mr. Blaine has the most loyal friends of all the men in public life in the United States.

The Michigan member of the Republican State Central Committee is John P. Sanford, of Port Huron. He is a man of considerable wealth, which he accumulated in business. He is an ardent tariff man. In alluding to Congressman McKinley's dramatic but practical presentation of the tariff question by exhibiting a cheap suit of all-wool clothes from Leopold Morse's Boston store, he said: "Major McKinley might have made his figures even more striking without stretching the truth a particle. Before the tariff went into effect that suit of clothes would have cost not less than $20 dollars in Leopold Morse's store. I was brought up in New-England, have been in Morse's store many and many a time, and sold such clothing in Michigan for years. This was in the days when there were very few clothing stores in the country. Men's ready-made clothing was sold in the stores where dry goods, and boots and shoes, and other articles were sold. Another thing I know, from practical experience and personal knowledge. In those days I could bring a piece of black goods to New-York and have a first-class suit made up from it, trimmings thrown in, for $15. The same work now costs over thirty dollars. The difference is entirely in the labor. I can buy the goods cheaper now than I could do then, but the making will cost more. The wages then were $1 25 and $1 50 per day. Now they are $3 to $3 50 to the same class of workmen."

Ex-Congressman H. D. S. Money, of Mississippi, who was at one time heartily pressed for the Postmaster-Generalship in President Cleveland's cabinet, is now living in Washington and comes occasionally to New-York. Chatting here on current matters he said:

"The tariff debate which has just closed will be memorable in the history of this country. As a matter of fact there was nothing new to be said upon the tariff question so far as the principle itself is concerned. The men who have enhanced their reputation by the debate are McKinley of Ohio, and Wilson of West Virginia. Neither Reed nor Carlisle rose to the expectations of their friends. From the protection point of view, Major McKinley's speech was the great one of the debate and Wilson's was the masterpiece on the other side. Wilson is not well known yet. He is a modest man, who is full of culture and highly educated. He was president of the State University of Virginia at the time of his election to Congress and had been for some years a Doctor of Laws. The talk in Washington runs entirely in a line to indicate the renomination of President Cleveland and Mr. Blaine as antagonists and I think it will be a very close race."

Chatting about the political situation, Mr. Money referred to the United States Senate as being made up of gentlemen who seem to think that all the offices the diplomatic, judicial or Cabinet service. It is one be given to United States Senators or ex-Senators, and added:

"There are a score of men in the Senate who are Presidential or Vice-Presidential aspirants, and outside there are ex-members for about every position in the diplomatic, judicial on Cabinet service. It is one of the curious phases of human thought that in spite of the history of the country containing no record of the election of a United States Senator to the Presidency, or the election of any man to the Presidency who is favored by Senatorial coteries, so many of them still remain candidates for that office."

Governor Hill's friends are giving out the impression that he does not desire a renomination for Governor this fall, if the tariff plank at St. Louis is framed to suit the Administration and the free traders. "In that event," said one of the Governor's close friends yesterday, "no one may care for a Gubernatorial nomination. Hill can have it by acclamation if he wants it. He is 15,000 to 20,000 votes stronger in this State than Cleveland. But he has had all the honor there is in the office, and no one knows better than he what an effort it required in 1884 to retain certain elements for Cleveland which will be dead against him if the tariff plank is an indorsement of the message and the Mills bill. The Tammany leaders know what that means, and it was their influence which prevented the late State Convention from committing itself on that question as the Administration desired. My belief is that Cleveland will be defeated if the tariff plank is drawn to suit Watterson, Carlisle, Mills and the President, as I now expect it will be drawn. The Irish Americans alone will defeat him, not to mention Democratic manufacturers."

The same man spoke about the business interest as a factor in politics in a novel way. "The average business man in New-York," said he, "is reliant for credit and consequently for his sustenance either on banks, importers or manufacturers. By far the greater number of business men get their credit with one or the other of the two great classes of tradesmen, who in their turn are dependent on the banks. Thus the banking interest to a certain extent controls the entire business interest. This is true, however, only when business runs along smoothly without a crisis. When a crisis comes, the business man is independent of the banks because he knows that they can have no profits without him, and that he must be the judge of what policy will best advance his business. Such a crisis is here now, in the tariff issue. The division among business men will come principally along the lines of their credits, whether they sell more largely American or foreign goods. The manufacturers and those dependent on them will desire protective tariff. The importers and those dependent on them will want free trade. The banks whose patrons are manufacturers will advocate protection, and contrariwise. Now, my judgment of the possible result is based on the knowledge that this city is the pivotal point in the Presidential contest, that it is the largest manufacturing city in the country, that the importing free trade element gave Mr. Cleveland its fullest strength in 1884, and that our party contains here a vast Irish vote which is bitterly antagonistic to the foreign or free trade policy. I do not see how we can win under such circumstances."

Bernhard Gillam, the cartoonist of "Judge," is a keen observer of politics. The injustice of Mugwump criticism is one of the things that stir his blood to fever heat. Said he yesterday: "The Mugwump and Democratic press is shouting that Mr. Blaine may not accept the nomination, because he said he did not want it. But they say not a word about Mr. Cleveland seeking a renomination after having written a letter in which he declared that for a President to become a candidate a second time is a source and cause of official corruption. Why, if one is barred out, so is the other."