

Announcements.

MOU OPERA HOUSE—815—Lost in New-York. BROADWAY THEATRE—The Queen's Mate. CASINO—Sally. Eton's Musical—The Peacocks.

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Business Notices.

TRUBINE TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS. Daily, 7 days a week. Monthly, 21 days a week. Quarterly, 63 days a week.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1888.

TEN PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—In the Chamber of Deputies yesterday, General Boulanger's motion for a revision of the Constitution and the dissolution of Parliament was rejected by a vote of 377 to 186; the motion raised an uproar; M. Floquet's speech is to be repeated throughout France.

fore the jury. This matter has been before more than one regular Grand Jury already, but no indictments were found. Another point to be considered is the recent talk about corruption in the Board of Aldermen.

Mayor Hewitt's latest letter to the other members of the Board of Electrical Control traverses familiar ground. The only new point is the suggestion that the Mayor is willing that the courts shall decide whether or not he is compelled to order the Commissioner of Public Works to remove the poles and wires complained of.

THEY THINK THE PEOPLE FOOLS.

The party which stakes everything on the public ignorance in the long run cannot win. The Democratic party, powerful thirty years ago when there were few newspapers and telegraphs, is still controlled by men who represent the sparsely settled South, where comparatively few voters have better sources of information than the nearest grocery or post office, where most of those who read are limited to the weekly newspaper with its necessarily restricted information of current events, and where the working people, white or black, are especially ill-informed.

The convention at St. Louis illustrates the party it represents. Correspondents give long lists of officials who are in actual attendance, some as delegates and others as the bosses or managers of delegates. Reports of State and district conventions, at which these delegates were chosen, have likewise been crowded with the names of Federal officials, who earned their bread and butter by managing for the renomination of the dispenser of patronage.

Senator Sherman's bill for a revision of the Constitution and the dissolution of Parliament was rejected by a vote of 377 to 186; the motion raised an uproar; M. Floquet's speech is to be repeated throughout France.

Domestic.—General Sheridan had two severe hemorrhages. Judge S. M. White was chosen temporary chairman of the Democratic convention; the movement in favor of Thurman for the Vice-Presidency received no serious check.

Canadian Government. After the ship had been detained for eighty-one days by these illegal proceedings it was unconditionally released. The owners at once lodged a claim against the Government for \$20,000 damages.

This case shows throughout the recklessness with which Canadian withold commercial rights which are enjoyed by vessels entering the harbors of any other civilized country. Here was a half-wrecked vessel putting into port in distress. What would have happened if it had landed at any except a Canadian port?

The owners of the Bridgewater, we suppose, are now at liberty to lay the case before Secretary Bayard. How much there is in the State Department's fisheries negotiations to encourage them to do this they will have to decide for themselves.

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UNSOPHISTICATED MR. RAINES.

Daniel N. Lockwood, of Buffalo, placed Mr. Cleveland in nomination in the Democratic National Convention of 1884.

But George Raines thinks not. Why not, Mr. Raines? Well, says the Rochester statesman to a newspaper man, Mr. Lockwood at the present time is District-Attorney for the Northern District of New-York, and "it is obvious that the President could not ask him to leave his post on such a mission without incurring much criticism."

While the International Conference of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries was discussing physical culture at Grand Rapids, Mich., the question was anonymously projected, "Why are so many of the gymnasium instructors present sickly looking and apparently feeble?"

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

The Rev. Wilbur F. Watkins, formerly of this city, last Sunday celebrated the first anniversary of his retirement from the pastorate at Philadelphia.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. William F. Stearns, of Baltimore, has accepted the presidency of Colorado College, to which he was recently elected.

MUSIC—THE DRAMA.

THE RUBINSTEIN CLUB.

A prospectus for the second season of the Rubinstein Club has been issued, which it appears that the organization has not been swayed up in the new Metropolitan Musical Society.

MRS. POTTER'S REAPPEARANCE.

Mrs. Potter began last night her week's engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA SEASON.

Mr. Stanton last night submitted the results of his labors in Europe during the last two months to the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House Company.

MR. LOWELL WINS A WELCOME.

Mr. James Russell Lowell is pretty sure to find the warmth of his welcome in England.

this as to many other lands, and was everywhere hospitably received; so that there was nothing exceptional in his days of exile here. The Italian residents have united in a memorial of the man, not out of regard for his momentary sojourn on American soil and the privileges of asylum which he enjoyed here as elsewhere, but rather from motives of patriotic pride and national association.

AN AMERICAN RUIN.

To the stranger in New-York who has only a limited amount of time at his disposal, and who wishes to make the utmost possible use of that time in sight-seeing, the question always comes: What shall he visit first? The answer is now easy: Let him, even though he miss all else, see the Ruins of the Mugwump Party by moonlight.

Any ruin is impressive—the touch of age, the thoughts it summons up of the past, the truth it bears in one of man's inability to battle with the ever-moving, ever-tearing-down forces of nature, the sight of the evidences of man's efforts, hopes, aspirations, laid low—all this is impressive—doubly so when seen by the pale half-lights of the moon;—but the sight of the ordinary ruin, the every-day stone ruin, with the gable-end knocked off and the lightning-rod pointing toward the southeast, cannot in any way compare—it does not, cannot, touch the soul with that awe which is felt in the dead presence of the Ruin of the Mugwump Party in New-York.

Stand there at one side in the shadow of that broken column and look at it. There it lies, its sharp outlines softened and rendered half-indistinct in the faint, hazy light of the crescent moon. What is that crouching figure by the crumbling parapet? That is one of the Mugwumps praying that the moon may go under a cloud and render the whole thing altogether indistinct.

Note the fallen triumphal arch directly in front—once chief glory of this once brave caste. See its broken abutments, its crumbling stones. You look down and you stand among the fragments of the keystone scattered on the ground. A crash breaks the death-like stillness. You look only to see that another stone has fallen from the fast-disappearing abutments and broken into a thousand pieces.

And all around you are the tottering walls, half fallen away, with jagged outlines and ominous aspect, threatening to fall and crush whoever ventures too closely. Broken columns, white and spectral, stand everywhere on guard, weird and ghost-like. All around are half-fallen embankments and half-filled moats, fallen turrets and crumbling ramparts. Rain and desolation are breathed in every passing breeze; gloom, sadness and dejection hang about every column;—you feel it—they are everywhere. All is despair, all dependency. Ruin is King—there is no other sovereign.

You turn away—you feel that you cannot move too fast—you are going from the land of the dead back to the land of the living. A sudden sharp report breaks the awful stillness. But you speed on. It is only George William Curtis in the midst of the ruin. He has hung his harp on the ground, sat down on it and bustled a string.

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The Rev. William F. Stearns, of Baltimore, has accepted the presidency of Colorado College, to which he was recently elected.

The late Vice-Admiral Sir William Hewitt, V. C. of the British Navy, was a noted blockade runner during the War of the Rebellion.

M. Alexandre Dumas lives by measure and weight. He rises at half-past 6 in the summer and at 7 in the winter.

The maiden name of the late Mme. Rouvier was Noemie Cadot, but on arriving at young womanhood she assumed the name of "Madame Vigtron."

Queen Victoria will present a fine painting of herself to Prince Bismarck as a souvenir of her visit to Berlin.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Bright has recently been seen wearing a coat not of the conventional Quaker pattern.

The late George Sturge, of England, left more than \$1,250,000 for various charities.

Professor Vichow at Cairo lately was beset at the door of his hotel by a band of donkey-boys, eager to hire their steeds for his excursions about the city.

The president of the National Civil Service Reform League says that "the only politics of the Railway Mail Service are honesty, quickness, accuracy and self-possession."

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will be less anxious than they are now to take up divorce cases; or if they consent to receive a retaining fee, they will insist upon getting a retainer fee, in view of the unusual risks of this line of practice. In either event, divorce suits would decline in number.

Ticket and platform at St. Louis.

The Mills bill has become the finest example of log-rolling ever afforded by the annals of National legislation.

The Democratic editors have read, punctuated and digested Mr. Blaine's last letter are forced to admit that his sincerity cannot be questioned by his bitterest foe.

The calendar-makers sometimes build wiser than they know. For instance, the man who compiled the Shakespeare Calendar for this year selected for this date, June 5, the following quotation from the "Merry Wives of Windsor": "If money go before, all ways do lie open."

The call issued on February 23 for the convention that meets in St. Louis to-day was addressed to "all Democratic conservative citizens, irrespective of past political associations and differences, who can unite with us in the effort for pure, economical and constitutional government."

Secretary Fairchild says that "examination and criticism of public officers are wholesome."

A devoted friend of Mr. Thurman declares that he is a man whom it is impossible to humiliate.

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THE TALK OF THE DAY.

An old settler tells this story about New-Mexico politics: When Francisco Manzanera was running against Tranquilino Luna for delegate to Congress some years ago, I happened to be present at a meeting in Silver City, where Luna delivered a political harangue in his usual inimitable, inimitable easy to the alleged correct methods of Manzanera.

When Professor K... reached the platform he prayed for himself with about two or three days and found himself much later than he expected.

A large share of the planting for market gardens near New-York, which is ordinarily done in May, will have to be repeated this month.

Europe is to have an exhibition of parks, it might not be out of place to propose an international contest. Put Congress against the parks and see which would talk the other to death.

Omaha is very happy over the decision of the Republicans to hold their next quadrennial General Conference in that city.

Correct Diagnosis.—Doctor (feeling patient's pulse)—What is your trouble, Mr. Jones? Patient's Wife—He is a photographer. D.—Jias he been working hard of late? P. W.—I don't know, doctor. He took the portrait of four babies yesterday.

A cynical wag suggests that when Coroner Levy summons the Board of Electrical Control to inspect the wires which recently caused the Lincoln street fire, the officials be asked to take hold of the wires themselves in order to ascertain the facts. The man who suggests this must be a friend to the Coroner.

Not a Sougster.—Ella—Are you fond of brats Jack—I adore them. Ella—Which is your favorite singing bird? Jack—The one I lack the most desert sing. Ella—Ah, what is it? Jack—Qual on toast.—(Tid-Bits)

First Democrat—I tell you, if the Democratic party lives to hold a billion more National Conventions, nothing will ever induce it to meet again in St. Louis. No, sir, not even the offer of free pay all the expenses of the delegations and erects a building as magnificent as Solomon's temple for the party's accommodation.

Second Democrat—Great Scott! What makes you talk that way? What's St. Louis been doing? First Democrat—Doing? Why, didn't you see the not a single St. Louis saloon kept open last Sunday.

A woman in the western part of the State is so living and so well known that she is paid a good fee to tell which is the unluckier number. The ten is regarded as an unlucky number, but will rather be 13 than 14. No 13 is dead.—(Northern Herald)

It was recently noticed that the holy water in the font of a church in Paris mysteriously disappeared every day. A detective was engaged to investigate, and he found that a milkman had taken it to put in his milk.

The Hotel Eden, which is soon to be erected in Charleston, S. C., will cost a million dollars. The guests in this new Eden will doubtless be made very comfortable, but of course there will be found some of the "niggers" but in connection of kickers. By the way, what "niggers" are in this Southern Eden!

Lesson in Definitions.—First Little Boy—My 90 says offshooters is the servants of the people. Second Little Boy—My 90 says the offshooters do just what you do. Third Little Boy—My 90 says that you are the offshooters of my 90. Little Girl—I des that says why they'se called servants.—(Omaha World)

A new weekly called "The Illustrated American" has just appeared. It is published at No. 7 Murray-Bell. What it will be to the Republican in politics and individuals. Colored illustrations will be one of the features of the paper. Among those in the first issue are a portrait of Chauncey M. Depew, a cartoon entitled "The Mugwump's Wall," "The Bend" on Montgomery-st., New-York Harbor on Saturday Afternoon, sketches of Old Fort Delaware, the new steamer City of New-York, and the Auditorium in Chicago.

No Great Improvement.—Edison's Agent—Would you like to see a kind of camera that will stop up everything you say and repeat it to you. Want one? Omaha Man—No; got a wife.—(Omaha World)

The fact that there is a piano on the market which can be played by electricity suggests to all the reformists that punishment by electricity is already in force.

While other cities are planning themselves for the coming century of existence, Exeter, N. H., is calmly and wisely preparing to celebrate the 500th anniversary of its life on the Fourth of July next.

New to Him.—Our New "Boy" (whose creditables are coming by mail)—Dee's a jonkman down stairs, sah, what was't yer seer. Our Boy—Nossir. Ourself—What's that in your hand? Our Boy—A letter, sah. Ourself—What's that in your hand? Our Boy—A letter, sah. Ourself—What's that in your hand? Our Boy—A letter, sah. Ourself—What's that in your hand? Our Boy—A letter, sah. Ourself—What's that in your hand? Our Boy—A letter, sah.

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