Amusements.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—8—The Old Homestead.
BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—2 and 8—Woman Hater.
BRIGHTON BEACH—3:30 and 7:30 Anton Seidl Concerts.
BROADWAY THEATRE—8—The Queen's Mate.
CASINO—2 and 8—Nadjy.
EDEN MUSEE—Wax Tableaux.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—2 and 8—A Dark Secret.
HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE—2 and 8—Waddy Georgan.
LYCEUM THEATRE—8:15—Lord Chumley.
MADISON-AVE. AND 59TH-ST.—Day and Evening—Jerusalem and the Crucifixion.
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—8:30—A Legal Wreck.
MANHATTAN BEACH—8—Fire of London.
NIBLO'S—2 and 8—Mathias Sandorf.
POLO GROUNDS—4—Baseball.
STAR THEATRE—2 and 8—Robert Downing.
ST. GEORGE—8—Nero, or The Fall of Rome.
TERRACE GARDEN—8—Opera.
WALLACK'S—8:15—Boccaccio.
5TH AVENUE THEATRE—8—Philip Herne.
14TH-ST. THEATRE—2 and 8—Gwynne's Oath.
4TH-AVE. AND 19TH-ST.—Gettysburg.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1888.

TEN PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—Mr. Gladstone in a speech at Wrexham arraigned the Government for their cruelty to the Irish and political prisoners. ═══ The Canadian Cabinet is displeased with the interference of the Home Government on the Fisheries question. ═══ The Queensland Ministry has resigned. ═══ The Canadian Government is endeavoring to establish a claim to part of the land surrounding the St. Clair Flats canal. ═══ Tenants of the Vandeleur estates have brought suits for illegal evictions.

Congress.—Both branches in session. ═══ The Senate: Mr. Teller spoke on the Chinese question; Messrs. Blair and Reagan had a lively encounter, in which the latter was completely worsted; Mr. Cullom introduced a resolution to declare Trusts unlawful. ═══ The House: The Retaliation bill was considered, and was advocated by Messrs. Belmont and McCreary, Mr. Hitt exposing in a strong speech the Administration's bid for votes; Mr. Kelley introduced a resolution making serious charges against a certain member of the House relative to his relations with a Government architect.

Domestic.—Vermont gave a Republican majority estimated at 30,000. ═══ The Republican State Convention of New-Hampshire nominated David H. Goodell, of Antrim, for Governor. ═══ The Democrats of Connecticut placed a State ticket in the field, headed by Luzon B. Morris, of New-Haven, for Governor. ═══ The State Convention of liquor-dealers at Buffalo gave Governor Hill's candidacy a boom. ═══ The Buffalo fair was opened. ═══ The Centennial Exposition was opened at Columbus. ═══ General Harrison returned to Indianapolis from Middle Bass Island.

City and Suburban.—The convention of the National Telephone Exchange Association opened at the Hotel Brunswick. ═══ The New-York ball team defeated the Philadelphia men 2 to 1. ═══ Winners at Sheepshead Bay: Bradford, Unique, Sonoma, Juanita colt, Gorgo, Tattler. ═══ Stocks opened strong, were fairly active with further advances and closed strong at some reactions.

The Weather.—Indications for to-day: Little or no change. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 74 degrees; lowest, 64; average, 68 5-8.

"When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurements of power, the temptation to retain public place once gained, and, more than all, the availability a party finds in an incumbent whom a horde of officeholders, with a zeal born of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come, stand ready to aid with money and trained political service, we recognize in the eligibility of the President for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent action which must characterize government by the people."—From President Cleveland's letter of acceptance; Aug. 18, 1884.

"My friends, you will never have any genuine reform in the Civil Service until you adopt the one-term principle in reference to the Presidency. So long as the incumbent can hope for a second term he will use the immense patronage of the Government to procure his renomination and secure his re-election."—From a speech by the Hon. Allen G. Thurman; Columbus, Ohio, 1872.

Mayor Hewitt would not consent to the expenditure of $2,500 to build a house for the hippopotamus up in Central Park. Well, on the whole, with the local tax-rate at $2 22, and a free-trade bill half way through Congress, and people living in tenements two to the square foot, and a hundred thousand pauper laborers landing annually—on the whole, it does seem best to draw the line at a $2,500 Queen Anne cottage for the hippopotamus.

Vermont has responded to the country's expectations, as she never fails to respond, with a rousing Republican victory. The significant fact lies in the unusual gains which the Republican ticket has made throughout the State. Such gains are not to be looked for in a State which by invariably voting in the same way is prone to lull itself into a dangerous confidence. It is to be explained only in the interest excited by the great issue of the day, and the meaning of the figures ought to be plain to the most obtuse Free Trader.

Judge Kelley's resolution of inquiry as to whether or not a member of Congress has been trying to bribe the architect of the new library building has an ugly and suggestive look. The Judge acted very properly in withholding the name of the person at whom his resolution was directed until the Committee of Investigation should sit. But it may be assumed that a man of Judge Kelley's experience has not taken so radical a step as the moving of such an inquiry without knowing what he is about. The public shares the curiosity expressed by members of the House as to the identity of the suspected man and as to what he can say for himself.

Last year more than fifty millions of dollars were added to the valuation of property in this city. The tax-rate, however, has been increased heavily in spite of this addition to the aggregate of taxable property. As confirmed yesterday by the Board of Aldermen, the tax-rate is fixed at $2 22. Last year it was $2 16. The appropriations this year are $1,956,977 45 heavier than those of 1887. Nearly every department in the city government secured more money. A hundred thousand was handed over to this commission, two hundred to that, until the tremendous burden of $33,800,000 was piled upon the shoulders of the taxpayers. No person who understands the system by which about half a dozen persons, wholly without responsibility and conspicuous chiefly for their demerits, are enabled to possess the government of New-York, can suppose that this great fortune is spent with any more regard for honesty than is necessary to hoodwink the public. They constitute a band of political highwaymen, and their very existence, of course, is eloquent as to what runs up the tax-rate. They are well equipped with that sort of low cunning which suffices to conceal their acts of plunder and to provide other names for them than sheer robbery, and they have a great many respectable friends. They have things arranged, too, so that their overthrow involves the overthrow of the Democratic party, which can only be done with the help of Democratic votes. They calculate, and we are afraid with too much reason, that there are not enough honest and courageous Democrats in New-York City to render such efforts successful. This state of affairs accounts for the tax-rate.

"OUR FRIEND."

These are the significant words appended to several portraits of Governor Hill, displayed by Buffalo liquor-dealers in honor of the State Convention of their craft now in progress in that city. Governor Hill has earned this tribute many times over. The liquor-dealers cannot expect ever to have a more devoted and useful "friend" in the Governor's chair than David B. Hill has been, even if they should elect one of their own number to that exalted position. Governor Hill has gone as far as any liquor-dealer could have gone to block temperance legislation and protect the saloons against the forces of law and order. No wonder the dealers call him "Our Friend" deck his portrait with flowers, and go to work silently for his re-election. To prove himself their friend he has twice withheld from the people of this State a system of regulation that would probably have diminished by one-half the number of saloons in the State, and would have greatly reduced the burden of taxation. He has even gone so far, in his anxiety to curry favor with the saloon element, that he refused to protect insane asylums from the demoralizing effects of the liquor traffic.

It is stated that the Liquor-Dealers' Convention has had no intention of openly indorsing Governor Hill's candidacy. The Governor is not a fool, and so there is no reason to suppose that he would ever have permitted such a boomerang to be launched. The help of the liquor-dealers, to be effective, must be as nearly secret as possible. This gathering will serve notice on the Democratic Convention, which meets also in Buffalo next week, that an enormous campaign fund and a large body of influential "workers" are at the service of the party, if Hill is renominated. And campaign funds that are raised by the liquor-dealers mean something. They raise large sums easily, when it is to defend their own interests. They poured out money like water in Pennsylvania last year, and to defeat the Prohibition amendment in Tennessee, and spent a great deal in this State. But last year they knew that their "friend" was still in the Governor's chair, and could be relied upon to veto any High-License bill. This year they confront the strong probability that a Republican Governor as well as a Republican Assembly will be chosen, insuring the enactment of a High License law. What is a quarter of a million of dollars to the liquor-dealers, if it will put off High License for three years?

Undoubtedly they prefer Hill for Governor, because they have tried him and know him to be their "friend." But it is absurd to suppose that they will not throw all their influence for the Democratic candidate, whoever he may be, and also for a Democratic Assembly. "The Saloon Journal" says to the convention: "Gentlemen, it is for you to prevent his (Warner Miller's) election, if you have to take off your coats and work from now until the polls close on the 6th of November." Defeat Warner Miller, and any High-License bill will be vetoed, for no one seriously supposes, we take it, that any Democrat capable of signing a High-License bill would either be nominated or elected by the Democrats of New-York. But this is not the whole of the liquor-dealers' campaign. If they can get a Democratic Assembly no High-License bill will pass. So B. T. Kearns, president of the association, says: "One of the purposes for which we meet is to take measures to elect members of the Legislature who will act in our interest, and defend us from legislation that would be unfavorable to us." After these frank announcements the voter who votes for the Democratic candidate for Governor, or for Assembly, will know what he is doing.

BEARS TURNED BULLS.

This is the campaign of the Wall Street sharpers, on the Democratic side. Wall Street sneers at morals, finds no vice in a successful swindle, and fancies that in politics also the dishonest and disreputable way is as good as any other if it wins. So we have in the White House a President who "flops" without the slightest regard for consistency, for public opinion, or for the international relations of the country. The Retaliation Message degraded the United States in the eyes of the world, because it was obviously a demagogue's trick to catch votes. The latest Chinese bill is a trick just as disreputable, and to the foreign influence and relations of the Nation just as damaging.

President Cleveland has strongly opposed legislation for the absolute exclusion of Chinese immigration, on the ground that it would be in violation of treaty. His new treaty, which was by the Senate ratified after assurance that needed amendments would not make it unacceptable to China, is supposed in Administration circles to have been rejected. Thereupon the President's advisers, with a genuine speculators' indifference to consistency, suddenly "bull" the stock which they recently called worthless, and resort to legislation more directly contrary to existing treaties than any of the measures which the President has opposed. Of course, such behavior earns the contempt of foreigners, but what care Messrs. Cleveland, Scott, Brice & Co. for people who have no votes? When they were "bears" on Chinese legislation, it was convenient to profess deep respect for treaty obligations. Now they are "bulling" Chinese exclusion, and treaty stipulations are of no consequence.

What a contemptible Government this would soon come to be, in the eyes of all the world, if it should continue to have a Democratic President and party scheming for retention of power. What despicable disregard for National interests or honor would be seen; what utterly conscienceless readiness to resort to any and every expedient, however inconsistent or shameful, in the hunt for votes. If the plain people of the Nation uphold and approve such a course, they make it their own, but will they?

HOW IT WORKS.

Riding in the cars, a few days ago, a merchant of this city was explaining his objection to the Mills bill. It would reduce the cost of goods somewhat, he thought, but the agents of foreign manufacturers and their drummers, who would then go about the country seeking orders, would be able to undersell business men in his own and many departments and drive them out of trade. In front of him sat a substantial looking workingman, who presently turned and said: "I am foreman of the —— works at ——, where we have 200 men employed, nearly all of whom voted for Cleveland in 1884. Not long ago the owners of the works called us together, and made a plain statement of their business for the last few years, showing that they had been able to make a slender but living profit selling goods at current prices and paying current wages; that the proposed reduction of duties would of necessity close the works, unless there should be a reduction of wages, and then saying that it seemed to them the workingmen had the same interest in this question with themselves. We have talked the matter over, and nearly every one of us will vote for Harrison and protection."

This casual conversation, which was not intended to be reported, shows how employers and employed are examining the Democratic Tariff bill in all the manufacturing States. The conferences are for mutual interest, and there is no coercion about them. Every sensible employer knows that he cannot coerce the votes of his employes if he would, and that he throws away all power to convince their reason if he attempts to control their votes in any other way than by legitimate argument. Men of sense, therefore, are taking the workingmen into their counsel, showing them just what the business pays with wages and duties where they are, and what would be the effect of a proposed change of duty. The theoretical discussions in speeches, papers and pamphlets have but little weight compared with these personal explanations. When a man sees that lower duties mean no work or lower wages for him, he is prepared to understand that lower wages or no work for millions of workingmen throughout the country would not promote its prosperity.

Just here Democrats lift up their hands in affected horror, and object that it is degrading and demoralizing to appeal to the "selfish interests" of men, and that a loftier and nobler policy is that which deliberately sacrifices the interests of the few for the good of the many. But the truth is that the many and the few are one in this case. Each change of duty by itself affects only a few. All of them together affect everybody. If each votes with intelligent regard for his own industry and its prosperity, all will vote with intelligent regard for the prosperity of all industries. For the welfare of each and all depends upon the ability of each and all to consume liberally of the fruits of others' labor, and that depends upon the full employment and fair wages of each and all, and these depend upon the wisdom of each and all in defending their own and all other interests against destructive foreign competition.

KILGORE, OF TEXAS.

Mr. Kilgore, of Texas, has made sure of a certain share of immortality. He will go down in history as the first, and so far the only, member of Congress to proclaim a bitter hostility to the bill to make provision for the widow and children of Phil. Sheridan. The House Pensions Committee has fixed upon the sum of $3,500 as the pension for Mrs. Sheridan. This is certainly not excessive, considering that Sheridan held the exalted rank of General, and that pensions more than half as large have been granted to the widows of soldiers who at the time of death had not been in the service for many years. Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Blair, whose husbands had left the service many years before, receive $2,000 each, and Mrs. Hancock, whose husband's rank was two grades below that of Sheridan, has an equal amount. An effort was made the other day to pass this bill, which has no political bearing whatever, and is favored by the fair-minded men of both parties in Congress. The first objection came from Mr. Cheadle, of Indiana, who refused to allow the bill to be considered out of its regular order, there being no quorum. His grievance was that the House had refused to consider the claim presented by him in behalf of a private soldier, and he eloquently denounced any discrimination between men of the knapsacks and muskets and the Generals. But Mr. Cheadle was willing the bill should be made a special order when there was a quorum, if he could have a chance to present his views. Then emerged Kilgore, of Texas, with this truculent announcement, "My purpose is to beat the bill, and there is no misunderstanding that language." This defeated the attempt to make it a special order.

Who is Kilgore, anyway? His autobiography in the Congressional Directory says that he "served in the Confederate Army as Private, Orderly Sergeant, First Sergeant, First Lieutenant and Captain," and afterward as Adjutant-General. His public career began with his election as Justice of the Peace—which, we may be sure, Kilgore always spelled with a capital J and a capital P—and showed a similarly glorious progression through the offices of Member of the Constitutional Convention, Presidential Elector, State Senator for Two Terms, being during one Term Temporary President of that Body, and then being ushered to slow music into the Lth Congress, while the House held its Breath.

We doubt if the Southern Democrats in Congress are proud of Kilgore's course in this matter. No hostility has been shown heretofore to this bill, and in the brief discussion referred to, prominent Democrats made it clear that they had no sympathy with his attitude. Mr. Cox declared that debate was needless, as "nobody would object to the bill." We certainly do not believe that Kilgore represents the ex-Confederate soldiers who sit in the House. He is distinguished, it seems, both as a soldier and statesman. In both capacities he ought to see that this is a proper bill to pass.

"AN EVIDENCE OF FRIGHT"

"The Albany Times," one of the most sagacious of the Democratic newspapers of the interior, speaks out in meeting in regard to President Cleveland's extraordinary delay in writing his letter of acceptance. It regards the President's procrastination long drawn out, as "an evidence of fright." In the opinion of "The Times"—an opinion which is doubtless shared by thousands of Democrats—Mr. Cleveland's conduct "can only be justified by some very pressing reason, otherwise the delay is an impertinence. The President of the United States, the candidate of the majority party of the people, should certainly take the initiative in his letter, as his party did, under his urgency, in the nomination and the issue. The delay is pusillanimous. It is evidence of fright."

These are harsh words for a Democratic journal to employ in speaking of its party's nominee for the Presidency. But Mr. Cleveland has richly earned the stinging rebuke. He has steadily posed before the American people as a plain blunt man, resolute, independent, the proud possessor of the courage of his convictions. But his course in regard to the letter of acceptance proves that he is no such person. He shrinks from preparing it because he is a trimmer, because he would fain perfect himself in the art of facing both ways before putting pen to paper, because he is earnestly casting about for a brand of wool which he can pull over voters' eyes, so that they shall not regard his message of last December as a free-trade document. "The Times" unquestionably is right in pronouncing his delay in writing the letter "pusillanimous," "an evidence of fright."

Delays are proverbially dangerous. Mr. Cleveland's delay in the matter in question cannot possibly help his canvass. Its only effect among intelligent voters must be disastrous to his prospects. The average American admires a candidate who has the manliness to profess without hesitation the political faith that is within him. He scorns the dodger and the coward.

A GREAT MORAL SHOW.

The parties who have the contract for exhibiting the Old Roman throughout the country report that the season so far has been about as successful as they expected, and they look for even better business later on, as most of the circuses now on the road will go into winter quarters soon. They, of course, expect to have to stand the competition of the dime museums right along, but express their willingness to do so and claim that they will come out whole financially, notwithstanding. They have, however, withdrawn entirely from the fall county fairs, finding that their show could not compete with the contortionists, the bearded woman, the educated pig, the snake-charmer, the thimblerig operator, the peanut boys and other fakirs, to say nothing of the big pumpkins, the blooded cow, the three-minute horse-race, and the honest but misguided county superintendent of schools, yelling murder because he has just been beaten out of $10 by a three-card-monte man.

Mr. Thurman's managers are free to admit that their show will not draw against Big Winnie, the fleshy colored damsel, or the erratic lady with two heads, or the gentleman who threw away half-burned cigarettes, nodded politely to the passers-by and stepped carelessly off a bridge to the water two hundred feet below; but on the other hand they put forward the claim that they have a good average show, strictly moral, and one that should be particularly entertaining to persons interested in past ages. The intelligent professor who eats fire and the cultivated artist who swallows the sword and balances the peacock feather on his nose are all right in their way, Mr. Thurman's managers say, but they don't elevate the mind quite so much as does an inspection of the Old Roman.

It was the intention of the managers at first to take the road with a much larger show than they finally did. Their idea was to include the gentleman whom it is supposed will be connected with Mr. Thurman in the campaign, secure ring artists and a menagerie, call the combination "Cleveland and Rome" after the manner of "Barnum and London," and exhibit in the larger places, billing the cities extensively and feeding a ghoulish press liberally with complimentaries. This was abandoned when it was found that, owing to a severe attack of public ridicule, Signior Cleveland could no longer perform his celebrated act with the cyclopaedia. The managers are now pleased that this original plan was frustrated, as, by simply taking the Old Roman, they have done away with all expense for canvassers, teamsters, etc., and strike one-night stands for the most part, where the chairman of the local committee takes them all up to his house to stay for the night, to the utter rout of hotel bills.

As it is reported that an exhibition will be given in this city in the course of a day or two, a word concerning the character of the show may not be out of place. As it is substantially the same in each town, a short description of the last performance in Ohio will suffice. It was given on a strongly built platform erected in the public square, on the front of which was a large placard bearing these words:

> THE OLD ROMAN WILL BE GIVEN SNUFF IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PERFORMANCE. WAIT!

When a crowd of between 150 and 175 had assembled it was decided to begin. The Old Roman was accordingly assisted on to the platform, and after a dog-fight had been suppressed by the police on the other side of the street and the attention of the crowd secured, he addressed them concerning an alleged tax on their shirts. He worried and took on about this imaginary tax on their shirts for some fifteen minutes, not noticing that about half, or perhaps two-thirds, of the crowd had dropped away and gone home. His manager from a knot-hole under the stand saw it, however, and whispered hoarsely through a crack: "Give 'em the bandanna, Judge. Give 'em the old turkey-red bandanna!" The Roman pulled himself together and dived into his coat-tail pocket. After a moment he emerged, but without the handkerchief. The property man had mislaid it! The Roman's face grew white, and his knees cracked together. The rest of the crowd was going, still keeping on their taxed shirts. The prompter had not been idle, however, and at this point passed in the lost bandanna on the end of an umbrella. The Roman seized it, uttered a yell of triumph, and made the great point of his speech. Part of the crowd looked back, more probably would have done so had not another canine misunderstanding broken out in front of the post office. The Roman was then carried to the house of the leading local Democrat and put to bed. The managers were much pleased with the performance.

Harmony with a club attachment and poisoned lead in the end of the club, is now pervading the ranks of the Democracy of Kings County. Mayor Chapin, of Brooklyn, is the official head of his party in the county, and yet has just been formally denounced by the Democratic Committee of Kings. The committee accuses him of the grave crime of stabbing local Democracy in the back. Boss McLaughlin will doubtless proceed to buy up all the oil that he can get on the track of, to the end that he may pour it upon the troubled political waters.

Judge Thurman is evidently to have a rousing welcome from the Democracy of this region. It must be a great pleasure to the average Democrat to feel that there is some one on the ticket for whom he can give an old-fashioned cheer without hypocrisy.

A valuable and timely article for some magazine could be written on "The Needless Noises of Civilization." There are the street-cleaning carts of this city for instance. What could be more horrible than the noise which they make as they pass through the streets at all hours of the night? And yet this noise is altogether unnecessary. Instead of the ricketty, loose-jointed abominations which are now used, tightly made carts with rubber tires could be employed for the night service of the department. We suggest to Mayor Hewitt that here is a good subject for a letter.

What is slower than a Broadway car? Well, two Broadway cars.

The approaching State Fair in New-York has only to be as attractive in all its other departments as it is to be in the one devoted to the display of political lions to achieve a great success. It is announced that three of the candidates for Governor have accepted an invitation to attend the fair. The nominee of the Greenback party has yet to be heard from, but it is safe to assume that he will return a favorable response. Of course, the candidates while in the fair-grounds will respect the proprieties by abstaining from political talk and discoursing only on topics purely agricultural.

One William Timmis claims to have discovered a motive power by which he can create a pressure of 20,000 pounds to the square inch. The Democratic National Committee ought to engage William to apply this motive power to Mr. Cleveland. It might move him to write his letter of acceptance.

It is understood that while Mr. Thurman remains in this city his individual bandanna will be exhibited to loyal Democrats at fifty cents a head, the money to be given to the Democratic National Committee. Strong men will doubtless be moved to tears as they feast their eyes upon this proud fabric. Those who have been favored with a private view report that the prevailing red of the party emblem is beautifully accentuated with the rich yellow hue of the snuff that has been blown by the Old Roman into its graceful folds.

"These boats are expected to bring the record down to five days," was what "The St. James's Gazette" (English) said recently in connection with the building of the two new Inman Line steamships. It is true that rapid improvements have been developed in the building of ships and marine engines in the past few years, and that there has been a great increase of speed in transatlantic voyages. But it is a mooted question with builders whether a sufficient increase of speed can be attained to make the voyage from Queenstown to New-York within five days. With the present speed of between six and seven days, the average has been twenty-two English miles an hour, and as the average distance to be traversed between the two ports is about 3,250 English miles, a vessel would have to steam continually from start to finish, irrespective of tide and the counteracting influences of the elements, at the rate of 26.6 miles per hour. Is there is not a limit of safety in the increasing of speed?

Ninety-two days since Mr. Cleveland was nominated and no letter of acceptance yet. The sad part of this is that there can be only one issue of the contest. Struggle as Jekyll may, Hyde will accept that nomination. The trouble is, that while Mr. Cleveland fondly imagines he is mostly Jekyll, he is Hyde by a large majority.

It is a fact which we do not always realize, that the life of a fireman is far more perilous than that of a soldier. The one is in continual danger; the other risks his only at intervals, even in war, and in times of peace may pass an average life-time without coming within long range of death. The fireman never knows when his hour may come. The seven men who perished in the Baltimore fire died like heroes in the simple discharge of their duty, and should be remembered as such.

PERSONAL.

Samuel J. Randall is still confined to his room, but busies himself there as if he were still in harness at Washington. He reads all the newspapers and writes no end of letters.

A friend of Randall thus describes the fashion in which he took his defeat for the Speakership by Carlisle: "Randall was in a committee-room waiting the result of the caucus. Suddenly a genuine rebel yell rang through the corridors. It was the first time the rebel yell had ever been heard in the halls of Congress, and we all knew what it meant. Then a friend came in and told him of his overwhelming defeat. 'Your supporters want you to go in and make a speech,' said his friend; 'can you stand it?' Randall gave a gulp, his iron jaws came together with a snap and he sprang to his feet. 'Yes,' said he, 'I can stand anything. It was a hard blow, but he met it like a man.'"

Of Judge Zane, who has just finished his four years' term as Chief Justice in Utah, "The Salt Lake Tribune" says that "he was the Columbus that opened the way to the new Utah that is slowly coming into view"; and that "in no one thing has President Cleveland so signally disregarded the wishes of the people must interested, and in no one thing has he evinced such a signal contempt for Civil Service reform as in naming a successor to Chief Justice Zane."

Lord Wolseley is as lucky as he is plucky. Queen Victoria has just presented to him for his lifetime the house and grounds of the Ranger of Greenwich Park.

Alberta Gallatin, the great-granddaughter of Albert Gallatin, the statesman, is going on the stage, and means to wear thereon the Directoire dresses made for her great-grandmother in France.

Miss Belle P. Small has added a new lustre to that prohibition town, St. Johnsbury, in becoming Superintendent of Schools.

Bishop Newman's recent post in Washington is to be filled by the Rev. George H. Carey, of Brewster, N. Y.

Mrs. John V. L. Pruyn, of Albany, the widow of the late Chancellor of the University, is the owner of a precious MS.—the original draft of Burns's "Auld Lang Syne."

When Queen Natalie's aunt appealed to Bismarck on her behalf, he did what a statesman would be apt to do who didn't want to be bothered with other people's matrimonial quarrels. Count Herbert Bismarck told her that women were held of no account in Germany where the Salic law is paramount, and that the Emperor was bored with her quarrel with her husband. He wouldn't go into the proofs furnished to show that she had never conspired to set up her son as King.

Queen Natalie is mentioned as gorgeously handsome, the owner of splendid black hair inclined to curl in rich waves, splendid dark eyes, and beautiful teeth, skin and regular features.

In her choice of a monument for her husband's grave, the Empress Frederick shows again the delicate consideration which distinguishes her. During their stay at Toblach the Emperor and Empress were much interested in the small old church of "the Holy Grave" at Innichen, which has often attracted the attention of visitors to the Puster Valley by its peculiar architecture. The Emperor himself went over the church, and the Empress made sketches of various parts of it. At present two prominent German architects are at Innichen, making plans of the church, an exact copy of which is to be built as a mausoleum over the remains of the Emperor at the Friedenskirche.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

Says an Englishman who has been spending some time in this country: "I have learned to admire the American press, although I came to the country strongly prejudiced against it. In many respects it is far superior to the English press, even in the matter of dignity and decency, the two characteristics in which we are generally supposed to excel you. I am quite sure that Dickens would have something very different to say in regard to the American press were he alive to-day. Having said this much, I may be allowed to add that you still have a few representatives of the type which he satirized, but I won't say in what city they are published. They are well-called 'noose-papers,' to adopt the American pronunciation; for they seem to reach the culmination of their greatness in reporting some ghastly execution. But it is only fair to add that we have plenty of the same class of papers in England."

On the Fair ground the other day a four-year-old was being interrogated as to the value he placed on his grandfather, who was with him. A bystander jokingly offered the youngster 5 cents for his grandfather, but the little fellow promptly said no. Turning to a friend, the bystander remarked, "You can't bribe that boy—" when, quick as a flash, the little chap broke in with, "Oh, yes you can!"—(St. Albans Messenger.

They are whispering that Dan Dougherty is just the faintest bit disappointed because the President has not thanked him for that eloquent nominating speech at St. Louis.

Inscription to be placed over Presidential political machines: Drop $10,000 into the slot and get yourself elected.—(Washington Critic.

"The liquor dealers and saloon keepers have to be up and doing," says "The Saloon Journal." "They must not be asleep. They know that Governor David B. Hill is the friend of the people, who regards the interests of the poor man with the solicitude as that of the rich man. They must exert all their influence to have him nominated, and elected, too. There is no man as safe to trust, no man as sure of victory at the polls as Governor David B. Hill. Let him be nominated by all means." What do the decent and self-respecting Democrats of the State think of this?

Relieved in Mind.—Mother—Oh, doctor! I'm so glad you have come. We have had such a scare. We thought at first that Johnny had swallowed a gold $5 piece.

Doctor—And you found out that he didn't?

Mother—Yes; it was simply a nickel.—(Judge.

In a Honduras bill of fare cigarettes and garlic figure oftener than anything else. The theory is that you are to smoke a cigarette to get the taste of the garlic out of your mouth, and then eat some garlic to make you forget about the cigarette.

An electric girl in Iowa can hold a 300-pound man in a chair with all ease. Almost any pretty girl can hold a man of any size in a chair, or even on a piano stool, whether she's electric or not, and she needn't even so much as put her hands on him.—(Portland Oregonian.

A farmer in western New-York declares that he saw a ghost eating green apples in his orchard the other night. Now, if we hear of a case of cholera in phantom in western New-York, we shall know what caused it.

"I'm highly pleased to know that this is to be a clean campaign," said the Democrat. "A campaign of slander and abuse is a National misfortune."

"I agree with you," said the Republican. "Now, there is Blaine—"

"Blaine?" interrupted the Democrat, with a howl as if he had sat on the point of a long-handled tack. "Blaine is a foul-mouthed demagogue—a monster—the friend of all that is impure and despicable—the quintessence of corruption! He's—"

But the Republican had slipped out to look for another Democrat who was opposed to a campaign of slander and abuse.—(Norristown Herald.

A Western Democratic paper says that the President has made a large contribution to the campaign of intellect now being waged by Chairman Brice. Yes $10,000 is a large contribution.

A DEMOCRATIC STATESMAN.

I am a statesman great and good,
I always do as statesmen should.
I never sell my vote for pelf,—
But still, do I neglect myself?
Of course I don't; why should I?

When now and then a chance I see
To serve my country, and serve me
Myself, while I am serving her,
Do I object? Do I demur?
Of course I don't; why should I?

I watch my fellow-members' course
In silence; speaking makes me hoarse;
But when there's something to be done
Do I lose sight of Number One?
Of course I don't; why should I?

My sleeping and my waking dreams
Are filled with schemes, and schemes, and schemes,
All patriotic ventures, too,
Do I devise them just for you?
Of course I don't, why should I?

When some contractor's got a job
That makes his heart with rapture throb,
And I have helped him hook his fish,
Do I refuse a small commish?
Of course I don't; why should I?

Oh, I'm a statesman, great and good,
I always do as statesmen should.
I never sell my vote for pelf,—
But still, do I neglect myself?
You bet I don't; why should I?
—(Somerville Journal

POLITICAL NOTES.

The Texas Republicans have been undecided whether to run a separate ticket this year or support Marion Martin, the independent Democrat, whom the Prohibitionists, Grangers and some other political elements are backing, as against the regular Bourbon nominee. A convention has been called to dispose of the question.

Eagle and Norwood, the rival candidates for Governor of Arkansas, met at several political meetings to discuss current issues during the closing days of the State campaign.

It is stated that Republican committees in Philadelphia this year do not trust the post-office to deliver notices which are confidential or require promptness; and matters of confidence in Republican letters, "The Press" states, are actually given to Democratic newspapers from Mr. Harrity's shop.

Several colored citizens of Dodge County, Ga., having requested that some of their names be placed in the jury box, and that petition having been complied with, thirty or forty armed and masked white men visited the clerk of the court about midnight one night, took the boxes and jury lists from him and destroyed them. Do we hear any remarks about the bloody shirt?

Farmers, stockmen and other protectionists—many of them Democrats—are keeping up a lively fire in the rear of Congressman Mills. Numerous meetings are held in various parts of the Lone Star State to protest against ruining the wool-growing business of that region.

The Democratic plan in the West is to fight for Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Minnesota, according to "The Milwaukee Sentinel," which finds more than one sign that effort has been practically abandoned in Wisconsin. This latter State, like Ohio, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri, is in a Democratic confederacy for co-operative work in the West and Northwest, under the leadership of Don Dickinson's man, Mayor I. M. Weston, of Grand Rapids, and Chairman Usher, of Wisconsin. It is from Mr. Usher's operations, largely, that "The Sentinel" draws its conclusions.

By the new arrangement of Congressional districts in Pennsylvania, Messrs. Ermentrout, of the old VIIIth, and Sowden, of the Xth, are thrown into one district; and now both have been dropped by the Democratic nominating convention for a new man, after a particularly bitter fight. Sowden, though, appears to be better satisfied with the result than his rival.

Mr. Eagle, they say, owed his nomination for Governor of Arkansas by the Democrats this year very largely to his beautiful young wife. She was a Kentuckian, and they were married only six years ago.

The trick of sandwiching Democratic campaign documents in with Republican papers while the latter were in the mails en route to regular subscribers has been practised with "The Dayton Journal," as well as "The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette"; and Editor Bickham demands an explanation from the postmaster of Dayton in an open letter.

DEMOCRACY MEANS FREE TRADE.

Again I say, let the opponents of reform beware. The whirlwind and the storm are not easily staged. Destruction and devastation too often follow in their path. The popular mind is in a state of unrest. The pernicious effects of an unjust and a burdensome tariff are being seen and felt everywhere. It will be, indeed, well for those who have been so long and so enormously profiting from such legislation not to further provoke the suffering classes by resisting the moderate demands of this hour. The ballot is yet powerful to enforce the right and to redress the wrong, and through the ballot a change will come in the political complexion of Congress, and with it measures which will remove from the statute book every trace of class legislation and of individual advantage heretofore obtained through Congressional favoritism.—Mr. Sayers, Dem., Texas, Tariff debate, April 26.

This is one of many angry threats made by Democrats in the House. If what they are pleased to call a moderate tariff bill be defeated, then whirlwind and storm, destruction and devastation will follow another year. Mr. Randall's followers have already been dispersed, and if the Democracy secure even a bare majority in the next House a general onslaught will be made on the tariff and the industrial interests of the country. If the party triumph all along the line in November, not a trace of protective legislation will be allowed to remain on the statute books, if the Free-Traders carry out the threats they have been making. Happily the ballot may yet be so powerful on the right side as to drive the opponents of American industry out of power.

It is only when an American citizen, following his inclination or interest, seeks to exchange the fruits of his honest and laborious toil, whether it be cotton, corn, wheat or tobacco, that the Government lays its hands upon him and says, "No; for it has been solemnly decreed that certain of the citizens of this country shall be guarded and protected against the natural right of the others to dispose of the products of their own labor according to their own judgments." This one fact illustrates the sham character of the whole business. For under the miserable canting cry of protection against the pauper labor of Europe, sung into the ear of the voters of this country, the great body of the American people have been wilfully and outrageously robbed of one of their dearest rights; and from the laborers of this country has been wrung enough to make every one of them independently rich. These four words, "Pauper labor of Europe," have cost the taxpayers of the United States hundreds of millions of dollars.—Mr. Hemphill, Dem., South Carolina, Tariff debate, April 26.

The South Carolina member, following with fanatical zeal the traditions of Calhoun, is a rampant and ferocious Free-Trader. Nothing tends to infuriate a former slave-owner so much as the idea of protecting the interests of labor, for it revives the old instinctive feeling of scorn and contempt for men who toil. In bygone days abolition was denounced in South Carolina as a "miserable canting c