INCIDENTS IN SOCIETY.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Givan Crosby, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, to the Rev. Arthur Huntington Allen, of Troy.

The wedding of Miss Mills to Henri Cutting will take place in Grace Church on Wednesday, November 28, at noon.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Minnie Dunlap, daughter of Robert Dunlap, of this city, to Eugene Abbott Baker, of Orange, N. J.

H. V. Le Maistre will resume his entertaining readings in French at the Berkeley Lyceum on Mondays and Fridays in December. His patronesses include many of the fashionable women of New-York.

Dr. James R. Taylor, of New-York, will be married to Mrs. Daniel Lathrop, of Saratoga, of December 20.

Mrs. John Sherwood, No. 18 West Thirty-second-st., gave a tea yesterday afternoon, and was assisted in receiving by Miss Anna Stephens. This was Mrs. Sherwood's first opportunity of greeting her many friends since her return from Europe. Among those who called were Mrs. Ethan Allen, Mrs. Teall, of Syracuse; Mrs. Eugene McLean, Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Miss Seward, Mrs. F. P. Kinhicutt, Mrs. J. del Calvo, Mrs. G. W. Ballou, Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Miss Foote, Miss Skinner, Miss Guernsey, Mrs. Saltus, Mrs. Lathrop, the Rev. Dr. Newland Maynard, Edward Stephens, Professor and Mrs. Doremus, Mr. and Mrs. F. Burrall Hoffman. Mrs. Sherwood will give a second tea on Friday, November 30.

Mrs. William S. Livingston, jr., No. 85 East Fifty-fifth-st., gave a tea in honor of her cousin, Miss Ethel Johnson, daughter of Eastman Johnson, the distinguished artist, yesterday afternoon. Miss Johnson is one of the debutantes of this year. She wore a pretty gown of white tulle, dotted with silver, and received many bouquets. Among the ladies receiving were Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Eastman Johnson, Mrs. Wigham, Mrs. Herman Clarke, Miss Susan Curtis Clarke, Miss Margaret Schieffelin, Miss Rutherford, Miss Mary Rutherford, Miss Charlotte Goodridge and Miss Lentilhon. Several hundred guests called in the course of the afternoon, among whom were Mrs. Brayton Ives, Miss Ives, Mrs. Van Duser, Miss Julia Van Duser, Mrs. Frederick Goodridge, Mrs. Charles Ingersoll, Mrs. Paul Thebaud, P. G. Thebaud, Benjamin Welles, Miss Macdonald, the Misses Lawrence, Miss Shippen, Percy Bramwell, P. Moller, jr., Miss Emily Lentilhon, Miss Delafield, George Dickinson, W. Post.

Mrs. Francis Delafield, No. 12 West Thirty-second-st., gave a tea for her niece, Miss Adelaide Livingston Clarkson, yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Frederick Goodridge, No. 250 Fifth-ave., will give a large tea on December 19 to introduce her daughter, Miss Charlotte Grosvenor Goodridge.

Mrs. John Furman, who has recently returned from a long stay in Europe, will introduce her daughter, Miss Maria Holmes Furman, to society on Wednesdays in December, at The Barrington, No. 42 East Twenty-fifth-st.

At her father's home in Pompton, N. J., a quiet wedding was celebrated Wednesday at noon, when Miss Angie Fullerton Wells, daughter of Colonel Charles A. Wells, was married to Dr. William Schuyler Colfax, a great-grandson of Major-General Philip Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame, and a nephew of Vice-President Schuyler Colfax. The bride, who was given away by her brother, John O. Wells, wore a travelling dress of brown. The rector of St. Luke's Church of Hamburg, N. J., the Rev. Joseph Smith, officiated. Dr. and Mrs. Colfax, after the ceremony, started for a trip to the South.

THE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CLUB.

WELL-KNOWN WOMEN DISCUSSING IMPERSONAL TOPICS.

The Wednesday Afternoon Club held its first meeting at the house of Mrs. A. B. Stone, No. 150 West Fifty-ninth-st., on Wednesday afternoon. This club is an organization of fifty well-known women, who agree to meet once a fortnight, to discuss matters of present and public interest; if, indeed, that may be called an organization which has neither constitution nor by-laws, neither membership nor dues, nor even officers, save a chairman and secretary. The institution of the club is due entirely to Mrs. Stone, who believed that the busiest New-York women might save two hours a week from the claims of home and society for an interchange of ideas on impersonal topics

On Wednesday Madame Botta read a thoughtful and eloquent paper on Matthew Arnold's paper on "Civilization in the United States," taking the ground that if some of his strictures were justified, Americans were yet, on the whole, much better than he thought them. Mrs. Julius Catlin opened the discussion, which was continued by Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Runkle, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Hague and others. Among the members are Mrs. Botta, Mrs. E. L. Youmans, Mrs. Robert Harris, Mrs. Edward W. Dodd, Mrs. B. P. Church, Mrs. R. W. Gilder, Mrs. George Haven Putnam, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. C. A. Runkle, Mrs. Everett P. Wheeler, Mrs. Almon W. Goodwin, Mrs. Julius Catlin, Mrs. Frederick Mason, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, Mrs. Theodore O. Williams, Mrs. Moncure Conway, Miss Willard, Miss Kate Field, Miss C. T. Longstreet, Mrs. J. B. Erhardt, Mrs. R. H. Ewart, Mrs. D. H. Chamberlain and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. The Wednesday Afternoon Club promises to be a brilliant success.

MRS. JAY GOULD GETS MORE FEEBLE.

George Gould said yesterday afternoon that while Mrs. Jay Gould passed a quiet night on Thursday, her condition yesterday denoted a great loss of strength, and it was feared that she was rapidly sinking. At the same time no symptoms had developed in her condition which would occasion any alarm to the members of her family of an earlier fatal termination of her illness than has been anticipated by her physician for the last few days.

Dr. Baldwin said last night that although Mrs. Gould had suffered a relapse Thursday night and was restless during the early part of the day, being more feeble than she has been for some days, she had rallied slightly last evening and was resting comfortably. He said, after paying his patient a visit late last night, that she was perfectly easy and conscious and that he did not anticipate any change or the worse during the night. He denied the published report that there is any hope of her ultimate recovery.

MR. MORTON AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Washington, Nov. 23.—The Vice-President-elect, Levi P. Morton, was at the Navy Department to-day and called to pay his respects to Secretary Whitney, who, however, was not in his office.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW IS ALL RIGHT.

Chauncey M. Depew will be "around" on Monday or Tuesday. He was reported to be on the high road to recovery last night and bowling along at a merry pace.

A UNIVERSITY CHANGES ITS PRESIDENT.

"The Evangelist" in reviewing the valedictory address of Chauncey B. Ripley to the Rev. Dr. David J. Hill, who goes from the presidency of Bucknell University to the presidency of the University of Rochester, says: "The valedictory is a deserved tribute to these distinguished educators, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Hill. They have been doing noble work all along, the former for very many years. Dr. Anderson now retires with the gratitude of all connected with the University of Rochester; while for Dr. Hill the highest hopes are indulged that he will successfully fill the great place made vacant by his predecessor's retirement." Prominent among the alumni of these institutions are Manton Marble, the Rev. Drs. Charles D. Bridgman, Robert S. MacArthur, Robert Lowry, John Humpstone, Theodore A. K. Gessler, Truman J. Backus and Merrill E. Gates.

DELTA PHI MEN DINE AND SING.

The sixty-second anniversary dinner of the Delta Phi Fraternity was held at the Hotel Brunswick last evening. J. D. Livingston, of New-York, presided, and there were about thirty members present representing ten colleges who sang the fraternity songs and responded to informal toasts, as there was no prearranged programme for that part of the exercises. The closing session of the convention will be held this morning at the club-house, No. 5 West Twenty-seventh-st.

NEW APPLICATION OF THE "CHAIN" SYSTEM.

From The Boston Herald.

A clever Boston young woman is distributing among her friends in society here an original and very amusing circular burlesquing the progressive or "chain" system of subscription to charity, which has been made such a nuisance of late by the philanthropically disposed. The document thus scattered reads as follows:

In behalf of 300,000 old maids
(resident in Massachusetts.)

"The recipient is asked to introduce one marriageable young man to Mrs. Blank, No. 999 Beacon-st., in person or by letter. Also he or she is requested to forward a copy of this circular to each of two friends, who are in turn begged to do likewise, and so on ad infinitum. The object in view is to find husbands for the surplus female population of the State, now suffering for lack of brutes in pantaloons to go around."

The notion at the bottom of this is an exceedingly good one. If the circulars were properly sent out and responded to up to No. 10, more than 3,000,000 eligible youths would present their claims to the hands of the surplus spinsters, and, even though but one in ten might be accepted under the monogamous laws of the Bay State, the result could not fail to augment coming generations of men and women in this enlightened clime. It is unfortunate that so many more females than males are born each year in Boston and the region roundabout. Such a condition of affairs is invariably symptomatic, so the doctors say, of racial decadence. And, if things continue as they have gone for the last century or two, the Yankee stock will die out before long for want of healthy masculine creatures to go around. So it is desirable that measures should be taken, whether by progressive subscription or otherwise, to make the utmost possible use of the material in trousers at hand.

GLEANINGS FROM THEATRICAL CIRCLES.

A certain well-known legislator, who enjoys the distinctive soubriquet of "the ex-wicked," found his way behind the scenes at the Standard Theatre the other evening When introduced to one of the chorus girls, who wore an extremely low-cut dress, he was greeted with the remark: "Now I'm sure, Senator, we can't be accused of impropriety, with our dresses nearly touching the floor." The Senator hesitated a moment, for he was really embarrassed. He recovered his composure with a struggle, however, and replied: "Well, no, not exactly, but you've lengthened them on one extreme at the expense of the other." There was more embarrassment then, but not for the Senator.

William J. Comley, formerly of the Comley and Barton Opera Company, has organized a new company for road purposes. He has purchased the rights to "The Pyramid," which was played at the Star Theatre with some success two summers ago. Mr. Comley has changed the name of the opera, however, to "The Royal Tramp." He will open in Philadelphia early next month. The prima donna of the company will be a Philadelphia young lady named Blanche Lamar. She is said to possess considerable talent, besides being popular in good society at the Quaker City. The tenor, Donald de V. Graham, also has claims to social popularity.

Byrne and Wallack's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be presented at the Harlem Theatre Comique next week. The character of Lawyer Marks is dispensed with, but two others have been introduced on the lines of the Judge and the Major in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveller."

Miss Marion Giroux, whose neat work in "Adonis" has been received with favor at the Star Theatre during the last fortnight, leaves the company tonight, having decided to remain in New-York and spend the remainder of the season on musical studies. Miss Giroux will reappear, however, in "The Pearl of Pekin" Company next spring.

Camille D'Arville's new opera is to be brought out at the Star Theatre later in the season under the management of J. C. Duff. It is an adaptation, or rather a translation, from a recent French success, and is said to be peculiarly suited to Miss D'Arville's talents.

When "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has exhausted its popularity at the Broadway Theatre it will be taken directly to San Francisco for an extended run.

A company headed by Luke Martin started out a couple of weeks ago with wide-spread announcements of what was called a marvellous new play entitled "The Leprechaun." The company got back the day before yesterday, exceedingly footsore and weary. Walking was bad and the atmosphere frosty. The smash-up occurred in Richmond, Va., whence the manager, Fred Zwifel, departed for Texas with all the available cash.

Al. Hayman has abandoned his intention of directing Madame Modjeska's tour on the Pacific Coast.

What is called a "Cycling Dramatic Company" has started on a tour of the English provinces. The members of the company do their travelling on tendicycles and four tricycles, with a larger tricycle to carry the baggage.

Although it is reported that Charles Overton has secured the American rights to the new French melodrama, "Roger la Honte," for Mr. Palmer, Mr. Overton has yet sent no cable dispatch announcing this.

Kate Castleton has not found her new play, "A Paper Doll," to be the success she expected. The piece will be decently buried to-night in St. Louis, and her old "Crazy Patch" will be revived next week.

After all that has been said there is just a possibility that Francis Wilson may not appear with "The Oolah" at the Broadway Theatre next May. Mr. Wilson wants the theatre for a season of twenty-one weeks and Manager Sanger wants $40,000 rent for it, with real estate security for the full amount in advance. The time is still being held, but Mr. Wilson has not yet given a decided answer.

A granger wandered into the Portland, Ore., Theatre, where Daniel Sully was playing last week in opposition to Moody, the evangelist, who was preaching on the other side of the street. The granger was much affected by the performance and asked the door-tender as he went out: "Is the old gentleman with the gray hair and beard Mr. Moody?" Sully is exceedingly proud of this first instance of theatrical missionary work on his part.

There is no truth in the often-published report that Miss Phoebe Russell, the pretty young actress who recently left Mr. Daly's company, is a relative of General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan.

Ovide Musin, the violinist, will give a concert at the Academy of Music on Sunday evening, in which he will be assisted by his own company, Annie Louise Tanner, soprano; Whitney Mockridge, tenor; Edwin M. Shonert, pianist, and an orchestra of fifty pieces under the direction of Frank Van Der Stucken.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER IS MRS. W. B. RICE.

All doubt in regard to the new woman Commissioner of the Public Schools was dispelled yesterday by Mayor Hewitt on his return to the city. He said that Mrs. William B. Rice, of No. 17 West Sixteenth-st., was the lady whom he had appointed. He knew of her as a woman of wide and tried experience, and he believed that she would make an exceptionally good school officer. The commission of Mrs. Rice was made out yesterday and sent her and was directed to Mrs. Gertrude Stevens Rice. The terms of the new commissioners except that of Mr. Dowd, who is appointed for the remainder of this year, do not begin until January. They have until that time to qualify by taking the oath of office before Mayor Hewitt.

Stephen H. Olin, one of the new commissioners, called at the offices of the Board of Education yesterday to inquire into the nature of his duties and find out to what extent they would occupy his time.

Adolph L. Sanger was qualified yesterday and was the first of the new commissioners to be sworn in. William Dowd was sworn in afterward.

SAVED FROM JAIL BY HIS FIDDLE.

Michael Slevin, a violinist, forty-five years old, of No. 346 Washington-st., had a discolored eye when he was arraigned before Justice Duffy, at Jefferson Market Court yesterday, charged with lying down in Bleecker-st., and unable to take care of himself.

"He was beastly drunk," said Officer Duhune, "and he hugged his violin."

"Some one has been fiddling on your eye," the Judge remarked to Slevin.

"That's so," was the answer.

"Can you play the air, 'Spring, Gentle Spring?'" asked the Judge.

"Yes; and I can play the popular tune 'Judge Duffy Told Me So' and the 'Rocky Road to Dublin,' and all the other famous airs. Judge, I'll never get drunk again if you will let me go this time" said the musician.

"Slevin, if you are ever brought before me again, I shall send you to the Isle of Blackwell. You may go this time." The violinist thanked Judge Duffy and hurried out of court.

COLONEL ERHARDT NOT SERIOUSLY ILL.

A report was in circulation yesterday to the effect that Colonel Joel B. Erhardt was seriously ill. A Tribune reporter who called at the Colonel's home, No. 119 West Fifty-fifth-st., last evening, found that he had retired for the night. A servant said that the Colonel has not been well for a few days, but was feeling much improved. He had been out during a part of yesterday, and no apprehension was felt regarding him at present.

FOR THE TRIBUNE FRESH-AIR FUND.

Miss Adela Rankin, the elocutionist, assisted by others, will give a musical and literary entertainment for the benefit of The Tribune Fresh Air Fund, on the afternoon of December 11, at the home of Mme. Giovanni, No. 103 East Sixty-first-st.

WHICH MAN FELT THE WORSE?

From The Denver News.

"You look depressed," sad one club member to another. "I am depressed," was the reply. "I went home last night slightly under the influence and my dear little wife would not say a word to me this morning. I feel pretty badly, I can tell you." "Crickety!" commented the other, "I wish my wife would do likewise. But when I go home tired and troubled' you bet I catch it. Why, she'll almost talk my head off and she'll follow me all over the house lecturing. Not talk to me! Why, that is just what I want her to do. You are the luckiest chap I know."

AN AWKWARD GROOSMAN.

The Rev. Timothy Connell, in The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The invited groomsman failed to appear, and a neighbor was asked to assist, as the couple were anxious to take a certain train. The emergency groomsman was verdant, and grew so embarrassed that he completely upset the nerves of the bridesmaid. She had two tasks on her mind—one, to arrange her bustle, the other, to fasten a bouquet to the groomsman's lapel. She got these mixed in her mind, and pinned the bouquet first on her bustle, and then tore it impatiently off and pinned it to his coat tail. A lunch had been provided on a tray close at hand and when the clergyman asked for the ring the assistant promptly handed him a biscuit. Seeing his mistake, for want of a better place, he awkwardly put the middlin in the groom's pocket, took the ring and handed it to the bride, at the same time pouring a glass of wine from the bottle at hand into a dusty piece of lovely Sevres china. Perspiration stood out in great beads on his forehead, and as soon as they ceremony was performed he looked at the envelope in his hand containing the fee, broke the seal, saw the money and thinking either that he had earned it or that it was intended for him, put it in his pocket, handed the clergyman the empty envelope and fled. It is perhaps needless to add that the couple missed the train.

SOME STRAY BITS OF CHAT.

A Maine man who is prominent in politics in that State was being "chaffed" in the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day by some of his friends because in the State election last September the Republicans had telegraphed broadcast that the Republican plurality was 20,000, while a few days later their claim had fallen to some 2,000 less. This, of course, was the occasion of the loud cry sent up by the Democrats that they had gained a great victory. The man from Maine took the joking good-naturedly and in explaining the Democratic victory in his State said that it reminded him of a story about a man who was killed in a railway accident. Some one telegraphed to his wife: "Sad news. Your husband was killed in the accident to-day. Both arms and his head were severed from the body." The next day, however, the following message was sent: "Case not so bad as was thought at first. Your husband was killed and his head was severed from his body but only one arm was taken off."

Where does all the mud in New-York come from? The storm of a week ago washed the streets until the Belgian blocks and cobblestones shone like burnished steel. Broadway was as clean as a newly waxed ball-room floor. Fifth-ave. was as tidy as a glass dish. It did not then seem possible that those two thoroughfares ever could be as filthy again as they were on Monday. How the countless feet of the multitude, restless, reckless, resistless, do churn up the slime! The power of distribution existing in a million soles is beyond calculation. The mud of Wall Street is conveyed in cabs, hansoms and elevated trains to homes, hotels and clubs all over the island, where it mingles with the putrescence of West-st., the corruption of the "Swamp," the off-scourings of Canal-st., the slush, garbage, decay and contamination picked up on the march from the East River to the Hudson, on the tramp, tramp, tramp from Spuyten Duyvil to the Battery. But for its natural drainage New-York would be the filthiest city in the world. And metropolitan mud has such a foul odor! Ugh!

A Wall Street broker pulled a small card-board box from one of the pigeon holes in his desk the other day and said with something like disgust: "There's a woman's fad that has cost me a pretty sum." In the box were three large-sized bugs, not unlike beetles in shape. They looked as if they were plush. The back of each was covered with a rich yellow and crimson, soft as down. Around its waist, where the large head was joined to the body, was a slender band of beaten gold, while a strip of gold ran the length of the body. At the point where the two pins of metal joined, just in the centre of the back, a ruby was set. A fine chain, on the end of which was an ornamented pin was attached to one of the gold stripes.

"These poor bugs," said the broker, "are put into this harness by skilful goldsmiths in Mexico. Women have taken to wearing them fastened to their dresses, and I had to send to Mexico for these for my family. They live about six months." The bugs were beautiful, by reason of their many-hued soft coats. They looked more like artificial bugs than live ones, but they moved around, although in rather a lifeless manner.

Yesterday afternoon a pretty young man sat opposite a prettier young woman on a Ninth-ave. elevated train. The male charmer had tried his best to win a smile from the sweet creature opposite, but he had failed dismally. At Desbrosses-st. she left the car, and, burdened with two valises, a small satchel and an umbrella, she tripped laboriously down-stairs. The young man followed, and just as he arrived at the foot of the stairs he heard her ask the newsvender: "I beg your pardon, but can you get me some one who wants to make ten cents by carrying my luggage to the ferry?"

An inspiration struck the "masher," and turning suddenly, he remarked: "I should be glad to earn that money."

"Very well," replied the young woman in a business-like way, dropping her bundles, "take them up."

That ended the romance. The Romeo attempted to walk at the beauty's side, but was promptly ordered to walk behind, and a crowd from Jersey City were treated to a funny sight. When the two principals in the comedy arrived at the ferry-house, amid the snickers of a score of cab-drivers, the young woman stopped, and turning, she said in a loud voice: "Set them down there! That's right! Here's your dime." The amateur porter grew scarlet amid the stares of a hundred people, but he took the ten cents and tried to look calm. As he went away he heard a general guffaw behind him.

Isaac H. Dahlman, the proprietor of the extensive sales stables in East Twenty-fourth-st., is a Frenchman by birth and came to this country forty years ago, when he was a half-grown boy. He accumulated a few hundred dollars at odd jobs of work and started in his present business. Now his yearly sales of horses exceed 15,000, and there are always between 600 and 1,000 horses in his stables in this city. He not only imports a large number of heavy draught Norman Percherons in the course of a year, but also exports large numbers of coach horses to London and other European cities, which are raised by him on his stock farm in Ohio. Mr. Dahlman's fortune is estimated at a half million.

LORD SACKVILLE IN THE CITY.

HE COMES FROM WASHINGTON WITH HIS DAUGHTERS ON THE SAME TRAIN WITH JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS BRIDE.

Washington, Nov. 23 (Special).—Lord Sackville and his daughters left Washington this forenoon for New-York to take passage for home. In the throng of friends which gathered at the station to bid them good-by the diplomatic corps was strongly represented, and its members were profuse in their expressions of regret at the departure of a family which has been extremely popular in diplomatic and official society. Joseph Chamberlain, his bride and Mrs. Endicott were also there to take the same train. Secretary Endicott was present to bid them farewell. The Misses Sackville-West were fairly inundated with flowers, which were of necessity carried into the car as soon as they were bestowed. Each of the ladies wore a corsage bouquet of huge dimensions, and successfully managed a smaller one in either hand. When it is taken into consideration that there was a constant hand-shaking in progress, the magnitude of the undertaking will be appreciated. There was a large attendance of the ladies of the diplomatic families, who exhibited considerable feeling at the parting. Amid a fluttering of handkerchiefs and a waving of hats, the train pulled out, Lord Sackville and the Misses Sackville West standing on the platform bowing their farewell.

Three baggage-wagons were required to move the trunks, boxes, chairs, etc., to the station. They were carefully guarded and checked by two attaches of the Legation.

The train from Washington which reached the Pennsylvania station in Jersey City at 4:42 p. m. yesterday brought a distinguished party. In a parlor-car in the forward part of the train were Lord Sackville and the Misses Victoria and Amelia Sackville West, who will sail for England to-day in one of the Atlantic steamers. The Sackville West party passed almost unnoticed in the crowd of passengers thronging on the platform, and seemed anxious to avoid recognition, hurrying into a carriage that was in waiting. After an interval, and when the platform was nearly clear of passengers, there emerged from a private car in the rear of the train the easily recognizable figure of Joseph Chamberlain, escorting Mrs. Endicott, while behind them came Mrs. Chamberlain, looking exceedingly attractive in her pretty travelling costume, and leaning on the arm of her brother. It was reported at the Brevoort House that the Chamberlain party would remain in the city for two or three days.

The names of Mr. Chamberlain and his wife and those of Lord Sackville and his two daughters appeared on a passenger list of the French steamer Bourgogne which was sent to The Tribune office late last night. The Bourgogne sails at 8 a. m. to-day.

"DAN" LAMONT TO BE A RAILROAD MAN.

Bismarck, Dak., Nov. 23 (Special).—It is reported here that among those interested in the proposed new railroad between Bismarck and the Black Hills are Daniel Lamont, Calvin S. Brice and Senator Hearst. The road will open up a vast and fertile country, and will give North Dakota communication with the Black Hills, one of the richest mineral sections of the country. Lamont, Hearst and Brice are believed to be interested in the mining property in the hills, and it is said that they expect to make their money through the development of the mines, and not by the passenger and freight traffic of the road. The distance from here to the Black Hills is 300 miles, and the road will cost about $30,000 per mile. The survey has already been made, and the engineers have gone East with their report. It is understood that while Lamont does not invest much capital of his own in the new road, he will control the interest of several of those most heavily interested, and that he will hold an important office in the management of the road's financial affairs.

AN ALASKA GOLD FEVER IMPENDING.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There will be a rush for Alaska next spring. The Geological Survey reports, through its secretary, that the River Yukon is an enormous stream, 2,400 miles long, and navigable for 2,000 miles. Gold and other precious deposits of metals can be seen cropping out of the ledges on the river's banks; and in shallows, on the bars, $25 to $50 a day can be washed out of the sands. Nor are the precious metals confined to the river vicinity. Alaska is, in fine, a vast treasure-house of wealth. The winter's approach will head off any expeditions this season; but it will not be unlikely that a second California excitement will break out next year. The commercial interests attached to the mighty river and its valley are not least significant. On the whole, there are sections of Alaska as promising to the settler as Dakota.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD CLARKE.

Patrons of The Tribune who may drop into the counting room on business hereafter will miss a pleasant face that has been behind the counter for eighteen years. Edward Clarke, head of the advertising department of the paper, died yesterday morning suddenly. He had not been well for years, but was never seriously ill until broken down by nervous prostration seven weeks ago. The impression that he was a victim of heart disease was accepted by him as a fact for a long time, but his cheerful spirit was never clouded by dread of a sudden taking off. In September he went to Summit, N. J., for his health and after a brief sojourn there started West on a short vacation, going first to St. Louis, in the company of his adopted daughter, a young lady of eighteen. Instead of gaining relief he grew worse and telegraphed for a friend to bring him home. His illness took a fatal turn on Wednesday. Dr. James Watt, his regular physician, called in Dr. Gilfillan for a consultation. They found no organic trouble, but the patient's nervous organization was in a state of complete collapse, and he was told that he would die of heart failure. Death came without pain. His nurse left him sleeping at 1:35 a. m. yesterday. Returning to the bedside at 1:40 she saw him smile faintly, gasp and die.

Mr. Clarke's disposition was sunny, his heart was big and warm, he possessed rare tact, his business methods were direct and effective, and always characterized by the utmost liberality consonant with the interests of those whom he served. He never made a business transaction without making a friend. Every one in the employ of The Tribune knew and liked him, no matter in what department he served.

Mr. Clarke had been connected with The Tribune for twenty-one years. He was born in Westbrook, Maine, in 1833, was the youngest of a large family, and inherited from his parents a heartful of warm, Irish blood. Leaving the Pine Tree State at the age of sixteen, he settled in Brooklyn and began the serious business of life as a clerk in the commission house of Benner & Deake. It was but natural that with such surroundings he should develop into a stock-broker. For a number of years he occupied an office in Wall-st., and while there acquired a taste for newspaper work through association with his brother, who was at the time the chief financial writer for The Tribune. This brother dying in 1867, his mantle fell on Edward, who continued in charge of the Wall Street department for three years, giving it up in 1870 to become advertising manager. It is but an acknowledgment of his unusual abilities to say that the enormous increase of advertising in The Tribune is largely due to his untiring energy, his admirable methods and his courteous attention to patrons.

Mr. Clarke's wife, Caroline Elizabeth Prentiss, died in 1882, without issue. He passed the remaining years of his life with two nieces, at No. 225 Carroll-st., Brooklyn. He loved his home and his kindred, spending most of his leisure time among his relatives. The Westminster Presbyterian Church regarded him as one of its pillars. He was a member of the new Brooklyn Library, taking deep interest in its work, and was also a stockholder and trustee in The Tribune Association. His charities were numerous and far-reaching, but always unostentatious. He will be buried on Monday, the funeral taking place at his home at 2 o'clock.

EDWARD H. SOHIER.

Boston, Nov. 23 (Special).—Edward H. Sohier, one of the leaders of the Boston bar, died this morning at the age of seventy-eight years. Mr. Sohier was graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1829, in which were Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Judge B. R. Curtis, Judge George T. Bigelow, Professor Benjamin Pierce and the Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America." Only ten out of the fifty-nine graduates now survive, six having passed away since the last quinquennial of 1885. Mr. Sohier entered the profession of the law and soon gained high honors at the bar. His strict integrity and high principles of character brought to his care many large estates, and over all of these his trusteeship was both able and trustworthy. For nearly half a century he was associated with Charles A. Welch. In his legal practice he stood eminent for ability in the management of causes before a jury, for keen penetration and ready and incisive wit. He won his high stand at the bar in the days when Choate, Durant and other great jury lawyers were in the prime of their powers. In the memorable trial of Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman, Mr. Sohier aided in the defence, and was the last survivor of the judges and lawyers who took part in that case.

SELECTIONS FROM THE MAIL.

A DISGRACEFUL STREET IN MOTT HAVEN.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The present condition of East One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth-st. from Third-ave. to the Mott Haven railroad station is a disgrace to the city of New-York. This is the principal street of this section and the only direct means of traffic from east to west, and its chronic state of filthy slime in mild weather (made jagged ruts and ridges when frozen) is wearing alike to pedestrians, horses and vehicles. But the inconvenience caused by the ramshackle bridge across the canal is positively outrageous and would not be tolerated in any street of like importance in the lower section of the city. It is now, and has been for two days, about three-quarters open, so that there is just sufficient room for pedestrians to cross diagonally, while it is entirely closed to all vehicle traffic, and there is a dangerous gap at one end, where by a false step at night a person might fall into the canal. The bridge (or rather the apology for a bridge, for it is base flattery to call it a bridge) is only prevented from swinging entirely open by a rope tied to a lamp-post.

MOTT HAVEN.

New-York City, Nov. 22, 1888.

WHY THE TRIBUNE IS PREFERRED.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: About two years ago I asked my children (grown men and women) to examine the morning papers and to try to explain to themselves why I read The Tribune first, and sometimes solely during the day. This morning I spoke to a bright daughter, as she asked for your paper, and to my delight she replied to my inquiry: "Why do you ask for The Tribune?" "Why, because it is clean!"

Yes, it is clean, and it is written in the English language. May our sons and daughters be taught to read it. G. A. M.

New-York, Nov. 22, 1888.

A DIFFERENCE OF ONE HOUR.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Did the Republican parade of November 3 take two and a half hours longer to pass a given point (say the grand stand) than the Democratic parade of the same date. A CONSTANT READER.

New-York, Nov. 23, 1888.

[The Republican parade took four hours and a half to pass the grand stand, while the Democratic parade took only three and a half. There was an hour's difference between them—not two hours and a half.—Ed.]

AN OLD FRIEND'S CONGRATULATIONS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I do not believe that there exists a man or woman who better appreciates the "labor of love" you have bestowed upon the Republican party and the country at large than your sometime correspondent, who now congratulates you from the southernmost region of his heart upon the grandest victory won since Lee's surrender. Thousands of citizens recognize their deep obligations to The Tribune for its fearless and truthful course in times of peril and in times of peace, but especially in this last, greatest and best fight against a monstrous conspiracy, which, had it been successful, would have left us "high and dry," dependent upon the tender mercies of England, the Solid South and Tammany Hall. GEORGE H. ELLERY.

No. 228 West 28th-st., New-York, Nov. 14, 1888.

GROVER RAN AGAIN TO PLEASE HIS WIFE.

Washington dispatch to The Indianapolis Journal.

While up in New-York, about the time of the election, I had a conversation with some of the friends of the family of President Cleveland, and naturally the topic turned to the renomination of the President, and I expressed some surprise that he should have accepted the renomination after issuing his original letter of acceptance, wherein he took such advanced grounds against a second term. The friend, who, by the way, is a near relative of the Folsoms, said in response that he had heard a great deal of comment upon the President's act, and he thought he could account for it. Said he:

"Grover Cleveland was sincere when he wrote that now historic phrase concerning a second term for the Chief Magistrate, but you must remember that then he was not married. I really believe that he honestly intended to retire without an effort to secure his re-election at the end of the first four years. But Cupid came along; Grover Cleveland was married, and the sway of the little god was too much for him. Mrs. Cleveland is delighted with her position. She does not like the idea of returning to private life, even as the wife of an ex-President, just in the zenith of her social career, and it was to her wiles that the President succumbed, and it was in response to her pleadings that he consented to abandon his position and to become once more the candidate of his party for the highest gift at the hands of the American people. This," continued my informant, "is my view, and I am convinced that it is the right one, from what I know of the family and of the feelings of my relatives. It was a laudable ambition on her part, and I think, under the circumstances, that Grover Cleveland cannot be blamed for acquiescing in the wishes of his wife, and for the time being putting aside his utterances on the subject."

SALE OF WASHINGTON PORTRAITS.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS GIVEN FOR TWO ALMOST UNIQUE ENGRAVINGS.

Boston, Nov. 23 (Special).—Among a lot of engraved portraits of George Washington sold with a collection of rare autographs in Boston were two to which unusual interest attaches from the fact that, so far as is known, they could not be duplicated for love nor money. Printed on dingy paper, they are about the poorest specimens of the engraver's art that ever were seen. They represent George and Martha Washington, but they might represent any one else, for they are hideous in the extreme. Yet these two prints, of no value as works of art, were sold at auction for the round sum of $500, and the fortunate purchaser at that price will hereafter be the envy of every collector of Washingtoniana in the land. The rivalry for them was keen. There were bidders from Boston, New-York and Philadelphia, and on top of all was a telegraphic order from New-York, received by the Messrs. Libbie & Co., to purchase them at any price. But there was an unlimited buyer in Boston also, and when $500 was reached, the auctioneers did not dare go further on the strength of the unlimited order. It would have been useless in any event, for the Boston buyer was bound to have them.

These portraits were the first of Washington executed by a professional engraver in America, and were engraved by J. Norman and published in Boston in 1792. Of the Washington portrait, only one other copy is known to exist and that, of course, is not for sale. The portrait of Martha Washington is believed to be absolutely unique. If any other copy does exist, there is no record of the fact, although it was said at the sale that a copy was in the possession of a well-known New-York collector.

The worry of a constant cough, and the soreness of lungs which generally accompanies it, are both remedied by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

In every household there should be kept a bottle of Pond's Extract, as it is invaluable in case of accidents, burns, bruises, etc. Ask your druggist to give you nothing but the genuine.

"The Youth's Companion" will publish this year four holiday numbers, at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and Easter. The Weekly Illustrated Supplements have become a feature of the paper and will be continued. No other paper gives so much for so low a price. Really a $2 50 paper for only $1 75 a year. Every family should have it.

Postscript to the
PRESIDENT'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

It is also deemed advisable for a proper observance of the day, that every dinner-table, on Thursday, 29th inst., shall be supplied with some of the FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.'S FRENCH SOUPS, in order that the whole nation may unite in giving thanks that they have at last found an article of diet capable of transforming a meal into a feast. These Soups are found at all the best grocers' in the United States.

Dr. Colton's free lecture on Laughing Gas to ladies, this p. m. at 3, Cooper Institute.

Bad taste and unpleasant breath resulting from catarrh are removed by using Ely's Cream Balm. 50c.
A particle is applied into the nostrils.

Keep's Dress Shirts
made to measure, 6 for $9; none better at any price.
809 and 811 Broadway.

Immense stock of men's underwear at Keep's—extra heavy Scotch wool, imported, fine as silk, $2 50, worth $4—809 and 811 Broadway.

Platt's Chlorides, a True Disinfectant.
An odorless liquid, very cheap and efficient. One bottle contains more disinfecting power than ten pounds of chloride of lime or copperas.

Seal and Fur Garments in New Designs.
Fashion and quality.
A. Jaeckel, Manufacturing Furrier, 11 East 19th-st.

The Popular Line to Philadelphia,
"BOUND BROOK ROUTE."

The new winter time-card of the Central Railroad of New-Jersey is announced as commencing Sunday, November 18, and the fast trains and superior accommodations of this well-known line commend it to the travelling public as the short and direct route to Philadelphia. Sumptuous Woodruff drawing-room cars are run on all day trains, affording every luxury known to modern travel. New and elegant Woodruff sleeping-cars accompany the night trains to and from Philadelphia, enabling passengers to retire at 10 o'clock, thus insuring a night's comfort. The Sunday morning train for Philadelphia, formerly leaving at 8:45 a. m., now leaves at 9 o'clock a. m., arriving at 11:50 a. m. To facilitate the purchase of tickets, parlor-car seats and sleeping-car berths the following offices have been established in various parts of the city: At 119 Liberty-st., at Ferry foot Liberty-st., 71 (Arcade), 201, 415, 944, 1,140 and 1,323 Broadway; 737 6th-ave., 264 West 125th-st. and 132 East 125th-st. In all that pertains to comfort, safety and speed the "Bound Brook Route," by way