Amusements.

ACADEMY—8:15—The Old Homestead.
AMBERG THEATRE—8—Crucifix Carver of Ammergau.
AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR BUILDING—10 a. m. to 10 p. m.—Industrial Exhibition.
BROADWAY THEATRE—8—Paul Jones.
BIJOU THEATRE—8:15—Minstrels.
CASINO—8:15—Poor Jonathan.
COLUMBUS THEATRE—8:15—Amorita.
DALY'S THEATRE—8:15—The Last Word.
EDEN MUSEE—Otero and Wax Tableaus.
GARDEN THEATRE—8—Sunset and Dr. Bill.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8—Good Old Times.
HAMMERSTEIN'S HARLEM OPERA HOUSE—8:15—The Clemenceau Case.
KOSTER & BIAL'S—8—Carmencita.
LYCEUM THEATRE—8:30—The Master of Woodbarrow.
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—8:30—A Pair of Spectacles.
MINER'S 5TH-AVE. THEATRE—8:15—All for Her.
NEW PARK THEATRE—8:15—Hendrik Hudson.
NIBLO'S GARDEN—8—Nero.
PALMER'S THEATRE—8:15—The Heir at Law.
PROCTOR'S 23D-ST. THEATRE—8:15—Men and Women.
STANDARD THEATRE—8:15—Reckless Temple.
STAR THEATRE—8—The Senator.
TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE—2 and 8—Vaudeville.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE—8:15—The County Fair.
14TH-ST. THEATRE—8—Blue Jeans.

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49 Liberty-st.

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Washington—No. 1,322 F-st.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1890.

TWELVE PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—The foreign policy of the Republic was discussed in the French Chamber of Deputies. ═══ Many arrests of Armenians have been made, growing out of the discovery of a revolutionary circular. ═══ Thanksgiving Day was observed in Canada. ═══ The guards about the Czar have been doubled. ═══ A woman attempted to kill Dr. Bright, Master of University College, Oxford, England. ═══ The Czarewitch reached Vienna on his trip around the world.

Domestic.—Secretary Noble refused Mayor Grant's second application for a recount of the population of New-York City. ═══ The desperado Cottrell, formerly Mayor of Cedar Keys, Fla., was killed in Alabama. ═══ Two men were killed and several injured in a train wreck near Corbondale, Penn. ═══ One person, at least, was burned to death in a hotel at Denver, Col.; the Wells Grain Elevator was burned in Buffalo. ═══ Major-General Schofield made his annual report on the condition of the Army.

City and Suburban.—Henry M. Stanley arrived in the city on the Teutonic; he gave a dramatic interview to reporters, and told with graphic description the story of "The Rear Column" and its terrible disaster. ═══ Senator Sherman discussed the results of the election. ═══ Winners at Elizabeth: Bellwood, Riley, Early Blossom, Carrie C., Houston, Manola and Jack Rose. ═══ Stocks active at a lower range of values, closing steady with small recoveries.

The Weather.—Forecast for to-day: Fair or partly cloudy, with slight thermal changes. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 60 degrees; lowest, 45; average, 50.

Governor Hill is already figuring on ways and means of increasing the majority which the Democrats have secured in the Assembly. His plan is to stimulate contests in districts where the Republicans have small majorities, knowing that his henchmen in the Assembly can be depended on to do the rest. It is to be feared that the Governor will never lift himself above the plane of peanut politics.

Major McKinley's election in the district made up with the sole and specific purpose of defeating him would have been phenomenal even in a year when the Republicans had made a clean sweep throughout the country. In view of the Democratic tidal wave of Tuesday, his success would have been astounding. As it is, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has cut the adverse majority down to a hundred or two. He made a magnificent fight, and deserved to win. We congratulate Major McKinley upon his able and brilliant canvass, and predict that Ohio will not long leave him to the enjoyment of private life.

In his annual report General Schofield devotes considerable attention to the subject of fortifications for our seaboard. He is firmly convinced that these are a necessity, and equally emphatic in his statement that this country is able to supply the necessary guns. Incidentally he refers to the importance of providing an adequate navy on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coast. "It should be borne in mind," he well says, "that these measures are in no proper sense preparations for war. They are, on the contrary, those preparations which are indispensable to the security of peace." This view is one that all right-thinking Americans must approve.

It looks as though the official count must be waited for in the IIId Congressional District (Brooklyn) to determine whether Mr. Wallace or Mr. Coombs is elected. The plurality on either side cannot be large, and each candidate appears to have grounds for claiming the election. Though the police figures put Mr. Coombs ahead, Mr. Wallace is confident that the certificate of election will be awarded to him. It certainly will be if the official figures give him a plurality, no matter how small, over his opponent. One seat in Congress more or less doesn't count very much under the circumstances, but still the Democratic officials who do the counting in Brooklyn will be compelled to count straight.

When Congress reconvenes on December 1 it is beyond doubt that the Democratic minority, flushed with the great victory which they have achieved at the polls, will redouble their efforts in the line of obstruction and will leave nothing undone that they can do to prevent the Republicans from enacting anything except the absolutely necessary legislation. All the probabilities are that this will be their policy in both branches of Congress. Hence the necessity for the presence of every Republican Senator and Representative at the beginning of the session, and on every day from December to March. The work to be done at this session is increased by the election of a Democratic House to succeed the present one, and the majority in each house have a very grave responsibility resting upon them.

HISTORICAL LESSONS.

"Killed" again! It has more lives than a cat, this Republican party. Ancient history records that it "died" before it was born, in Democratic estimation, being "crushed as a sectional faction" when Fremont was defeated. It was resuscitated in time to elect a President in 1860, but even Abraham Lincoln could not quite please all the politicians. One dimly remembers that the Republican party was "killed," and the "infamous bloodthirsty war policy of the Government trampled under foot" in several States by indignant Democrats in 1862. But Abraham Lincoln was elected again in 1864. Then the same party was "killed" once more by Henry J. Raymond's arm-in-arm convention, and the bolt of the bread-and-butter brigade with Andrew Johnson. But losses in 1866 were followed by Grant's victory in 1868. Once more the party was completely "killed" when, instead of 110 Republican majority in 1872 the people elected a House with 61 Democratic majority in 1874. But it was sufficiently resuscitated only two years later to bury Mr. Tilden and his ciphers.

History teaches that every great measure requires some time to get into the popular appreciation, and the people are exceedingly apt to be caught and swayed at first by the objections to a strange policy, before they fairly understand it. Reconstruction and negro suffrage both cost the Republican party a great many votes at first, but afterward triumphed. Specie resumption at first met adverse majorities so overwhelming that even shrewd Mr. Tilden committed himself to an attack upon it, and then went down when the people took their sober second thought. The tariff revision of 1883 was so completely misunderstood at first that it really made Mr. Cleveland's success possible, for angry wool-growers in Ohio retorted with a Democratic victory, even while dissatisfied manufacturers at the East were aiding Democrats also, as in Massachusetts they had helped to elect Butler. But the next year the same States voted to bury Free-Trade agitation. It does not follow because the good people fail to see the merits of a measure at first, that they will never see.

It would be safer for Democrats and Free Traders to take it for granted that the Republican party is going to be stronger after this defeat than it was before. When the actual results of the tariff are realized by the country many thousand voters are going to be ashamed of themselves because they were so easily duped and scared. It is fortunate that this measure cannot be repealed or radically altered until it has had at least four years of trial. Before that time its good results will be seen and felt. Before that time merchants who have been putting up prices will be scrambling to undersell each other, unless sooner driven out of business by their foolishness. A grave measure which affects countless branches of industry in this great country must of necessity have unwelcome first fruits for some. All the inconveniences and burdens are felt to-day, multiplied many times over by intentional or unconscious exaggeration. There will come a time when the benefits will be appreciated.

The Republican party will also be stronger in some States by a defeat which terminates unwise leaderships. It will be stronger in others because local questions, like the Saloon issue in Massachusetts and School law in Wisconsin and Illinois, will be put out of the way. In nearly all the Western States it will be stronger when the farmers discover the Democratic trickery and purpose under some professed farmers' organizations. But, be the season of defeat long or short, there is nothing for the Republican party but to stand manfully to its principles. Its voters are not of the stuff to tolerate any forsaking of duty in the hope of office.

THE BRITISH PROPOSALS.

Ex-Secretary Bayard's organ, "The Baltimore Sun," has recently printed in full the text of a proposed convention dealing with the Behring Sea difficulty. The author of the convention is Sir Julian Pauncefote, Her Majesty's Minister at Washington. Sir Julian appears to have taken Mr. Bayard's newspaper organ into his confidence without waiting to ascertain the views of the Administration upon his proposition, or even to make it known to them, though he tells "The Sun's" correspondent that "it will be submitted to the State Department immediately." This procedure is, we think, somewhat novel. Treaties are not usually given out before they are presented to the parties between whom the contract is to be made.

Sir Julian renews to Mr. Bayard's organ the assurances he had previously given it that Great Britain wishes to be fair, and is painfully anxious to reach a friendly settlement of the question. This convention, he ventures to hope, will be received as an indication that such a spirit prevails in Downing Street. The preamble, Sir Julian says, "sets out the facts." These are, first, that the United States and Russia have invited England to agree with them to an international regulation of the seal fishery; second, that differences of opinion have arisen as to the necessity for such a treaty; third, that in consequence of these differences a commission is to be appointed to investigate and report upon them, and, fourth, pending the ultimate decision of the question a modus vivendi is to be enforced. The questions these experts are to answer are thus stated by Sir Julian:

First—Whether regulations properly enforced upon the breeding islands, Robin Island, in the Sea of Okhotsk, and the Commander Islands and the Pribylov Islands, in the Behring Sea, and in the territorial waters surrounding those islands, are sufficient for the preservation of the fur seal species? Second—If not, how far from the islands is it necessary that such regulations should be enforced in order to preserve the species? Third—In either of the above cases, what should such regulations provide? Fourth—If a close season is required on the breeding islands and territorial waters, what months should it embrace? Fifth—If a close season is necessary outside of the breeding islands as well, what extent of waters and what period or periods should it embrace?

Now, if the experts can't agree, the three Governments are to decide after considering what the experts say; and if the three Governments are also unable to reach a harmonious conclusion, they are to send the case to an arbitrator and accept his award. Pending the report of the experts and for six months thereafter there is to be no sealing in the Sea of Okhotsk, or in the Behring Sea during the months of May, June, October, November and December. During all other months of the year marine sealing may be conducted anywhere with impunity except within ten miles of the breeding islands.

We observe that a number of our Democratic contemporaries have made haste to approve this proposition, proclaiming it remarkable for its wisdom and sobriety, and speaking of it as an excellent issue from the entanglements in which the two Governments have become involved. They forget that this propositon, except, perhaps, as to the language of the questions to be submitted to the experts, is not new or possible except upon the confession that our rights to the seal differ in no particular from those of other nations. If we are prepared to concede that point, and to admit that it is England's business what we do on our islands, or what the effect would be upon seal life of our adopting close seasons there—in other words, if we are ready to say that we have no especial and exceptional authority over our own land and the animals that inhabit it, then Sir Julian's suggestions might be of value.

THE CENSUS QUESTION.

Mayor Grant's uncandid course as regards the demand for a re-enumeration of the city's population has produced the inevitable result. The first demand was refused by Secretary Noble because no evidence was presented in support of the claim that the Federal count was incorrect. No evidence having been presented in the meantime, there was nothing for the Secretary to do but to repeat his former refusal. His decision is printed in our columns this morning. It is a plain statement of the facts, and is evidently intended to be final.

At the same time the Secretary has already shown that he is not to be swerved by insults or irritations from his duty to see that the decennial census is made as complete and accurate as practicable. The Secretary is quite aware, apart from the indecent slanders of Democratic partisanship, that there are grounds for gravely distrusting the completeness of the census as a whole, though there are none whatever for supposing that it was intentionally distorted or that its incompleteness does injustice to one party rather than another.

It was properly remarked by Secretary Noble, in his letter to Governor Hill, that the Southern States had made no complaints of unfairness, and that hitherto the only complaint from any State or county had come from the State of Oregon and from a county therein. Now New-York officials insolently pretend that records which the Mayor does not dare to leave with United States officers for comparison and scrutiny should nevertheless be taken as proof of errors in this city. If it were certain, as it plainly is not, that the haste of enumerators to get through their work in time had caused important inaccuracy here, there is not a vestige of evidence which a respectable lawyer would venture to offer in any court to show that such omissions were for a partisan purpose, or that they are not more than balanced by similar omissions in other quarters where the loss falls upon the Republican party. In the absence of any such evidence the assertion by Governor Hill and others that the census has been doctored for a partisan purpose is simply shameless.

It is utter folly to talk of defeating a new apportionment because the census is more or less inaccurate, as every census has been. The Constitution requires apportionment on the basis of the decennial enumeration, which has been made, and which there is no reason to suppose unfair to one party rather than another. To deny such an apportionment is simply a revolutionary denial of constitutional rights. But the duty of Congress to correct errors so far as possible is not less clear, and happily the two duties can be reconciled without difficulty. The first step is to apportion Representatives among the States as closely as possible according to the enumeration now made. At the same time, Congress can require efforts to correct any errors in the enumeration, and provide for additional representation if any errors appear of such magnitude as to require that remedy.

WHERE DOES HILL COME IN?

On the edge of election Smith M. Weed wrote an extraordinary letter to a Democratic newspaper of Plattsburg. "The Hon. David B. Hill," said Mr. Weed, "is not and will not be a candidate for the United States Senate in case the Democrats carry the Legislature. . . . If they carry the Legislature I shall be nominated for that office, and the people can depend upon this being the fact." It will be seen that this is a machine letter, pure and simple. That is to say, it proceeds on the theory that if the Democrats are in the majority at Albany next January, Democratic Senators and Assemblymen will not be allowed to exercise the privilege of electing a man of their own choice to the United States Senate, but will be expected to ratify the nomination which Mr. Weed, speaking for the bosses, announces two months in advance of the meeting of the Legislature. In the light of this letter it is clear that the Democratic machine in New-York, as it is now run, aims to substitute a government of bosses, by bosses, for bosses, in place of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

But the letter in question is worthy of attention for another reason. Assuming that Mr. Weed speaks by the card, it may be said of Governor Hill as was said of another, "He has a glorious future behind him." Mr. Weed takes him out of the list of candidates for the United States Senate. "He is not and will not be a candidate." Pray, then, what is to become of the Governor when his present official term shall have expired? He cannot run for a third term—the traditions of his party prevent him from doing so. But, failing to run again for Governor or to place himself in the hands of his friends for the Senatorship, what is left for him? Is he looking for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1892? Not unless he allows his fervent wishes to get the delegates away from his common-sense. It was clear enough before the election, and since the election has been made clearer than ever that the next Democratic National Convention will be for Cleveland. The only other office that the Governor can possibly have his eye on is the Vice-Presidency. But the convention which names Mr. Cleveland, of New-York, for the first place on the ticket will be debarred by the Constitution from giving another New-Yorker the second place. It is likely that the Governor would not be averse to a place in a President's Cabinet. But he has not the ghost of a chance in that direction, since the Republican who is to be elected President two years hence is not going to give one of the portfolios within his gift to a Democrat.

Under the circumstances, Hobson's choice may return the Governor to the practice of the law. The law is a noble profession; it abounds in great prizes, and there is always room at the top for so able and industrious a man as Mr. Hill. But was the Plattsburg letter entirely trustworthy? Is it not just possible that Smith M. Weed, while unanimously for Smith M. Weed for Senator, does not carry the votes of all the Democratic Senators and Assemblymen in his vest-pocket? If the Governor should apply a pressure to himself of, say, a thousand pounds to the square inch, might he not persuade himself to reconsider his determination not to accept the United States Senatorship? The course of events will soon answer these interesting questions, and when it has done so, the mystery of Hill's political future may be solved.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Republicans have no cause to complain of the action of their leaders in Congress during the last year. It was strong, brave and enlightened action which will bear the test of experience. The party has been temporarily defeated, and the control of the next House seized by the Opposition; but the great measures which have been enacted or are still before Congress will inevitably promote the welfare of the country and make Republican success two years hence a certainty. That success will be powerfully stimulated by Democratic blundering and incompetence in the lower house during the transition period.

A party that accomplishes great results in National legislation necessarily takes extreme risks in popular elections. It moves more rapidly than public opinion can be formed. It is in danger of losing temporarily popular support if it attempts to do statesmanlike things and to look a long way ahead into the future of the country. This is what Republican leadership in Congress has done. It has emerged from a protracted period of legislative industry to find that the country has been confused and dazed by the boldness and comprehensiveness of its policy. Time will make all things even. Policies which have been imperfectly understood this November will have been two years in successful operation when another Congress is elected. The American people will do justice then to the wisdom, courage and patriotism of Republican legislation of the present year.

What the Republican Congress elected with President Harrison needs to do is to complete the work which it has undertaken. The House has the Shipping bills to take up and enact in the interest of the commercial marine and of that new policy of Reciprocity from which great results are to be expected in the future. These, together with a new Apportionment bill based upon the census, should be vigorously pressed. There should be no steps backward. Republican policy must be completed and National issues presented for the next Presidential canvass. The contrast between a Republican Congress that accomplishes great results and the next Democratic House, which will inevitably do nothing except to demonstrate its legislative incapacity, ought to be made as striking as possible.

IRELAND'S NEED OF RAILROADS.

Mr. Balfour can do no better service to the material interests of the country which he governs than to execute the plans he has in mind for an adequate railway system. If he do this, he will deserve to be remembered as a real benefactor of the people to whom he has hitherto seemed a tyrant. There is scarcely any feature of Ireland that strikes the eye of the practical observer more forcibly than the absence of railways; which means absence of any satisfactory means of transit and transportation. For the character of the soil and the "lay of the land" make the wagon-roads generally poor enough, and the jaunting-car, however picturesque it may be, is not a thing to be desired for a long journey. To make all parts of the island easily accessible to visitors, to enable the farmers and fishermen to market their products, and to bring Ireland into touch, industrially, with the rest of the United Kingdom, railroads are an absolute necessity, and they can be supplied only through Government aid.

In Donegal, whither the Chief Secretary has now gone, there are almost no railroads, and the rugged face of the country makes travel over the wagon-roads an arduous undertaking. A line touches the southern end of the county at Ballyshannon, and another skirts the bank of the Foyle and runs up to Stranorlar. But in all the bulk of the county, forty by sixty miles in area, the whistle of a locomotive has never been heard. In Galway the case is little better. There is a line from Ennis to Tuam, and another to Galway from Dublin; but no more. Clare has only a single line, that runs from Limerick to Tuam, through Ennis. Kerry has one line, from Killarney to Tralee. And there are other counties that are little better served.

To build a complete system of railways through these western counties would give immediate relief to thousands, by giving men employment in the work of construction. But that would be only the beginning of beneficence. The value of land and its products would quickly be enhanced. Instead of raising only enough potatoes and pork for home consumption the tenant-farmer and the peasant proprietor would produce a surplus, for the markets that then would be within easy reach. The unsurpassed fisheries of those shores would be rehabilitated; and a general revival of industry and prosperity would be inaugurated. Beyond this there would be another good result. The number of English and other visitors to those picturesque regions would be greatly multiplied, and thus a better understanding would be had of the ills, the needs and the possibilities of a vast and populous region which now is for practical purposes as remote from England as the Antipodes. It is in Mr. Balfour's power to bring these things to pass, and he has promised so to do. A splendid opportunity lies before him. We shall see whether he takes advantage of it or no.

COLONEL ADDISON.

The mournful intelligence comes from Chicago of the death of Colonel Willard Addison. Colonel Addison died at the Palmer House in that city, and it is a sad thought that it was necessary for the authorities to take charge of the funeral and meet all expenses. The official funeral furnished by the city of Chicago may be said to be neat rather than gaudy, the average expense having been reduced to $6 73; and that a man of genius like Colonel Addison should meet such an end is indeed pitiful.

At the risk of repeating what is already well known, we desire to say a few words about the remarkable career of Colonel Addison. The reader who is so unfortunate as to be unacquainted with Colonel Addison's work may ask how it was that he should die at a first-class hotel and still not leave enough money behind to pay funeral expenses. It was this very thing which was the key-note of the Colonel's whole life—he never left money behind. It is a low estimate to say that Colonel Addison has left first-class hotels five thousand different times, in no case leaving money behind. He was consistent to the last.

Early in life Colonel Addison conceived a great liking for first-class hotels. His mind rose far above boarding houses, furnished rooms, restaurants, and so forth. He decided that nature intended that he should live at the best hotels. But, unfortunately, Colonel Addison was poor. Necessity is the mother of invention, and high living was a necessity to the Colonel. He accordingly brought his mind to bear on the subject, and the result was his two celebrated inventions, the Addison Collapsible Trunk, and the Addison Balloon Handbag. The collapsible trunk appeared to be an expensive, leather-covered affair of large size. It was really made of sheetiron, and the sides, bottom, top and ends were fastened together on the inside with hooks. When taken apart and packed for travelling it occupied a space sixteen inches long, a foot wide and an inch and a half thick, and could be carried under the arm like an artist's portfolio. The balloon handbag was made of thin rubber, though it had the outward and visible appearance of fine alligator skin. When travelling it could be carried in the pocket like a handkerchief. Having selected a hotel which he considered up to the high standard which he demanded, Colonel Addison would proceed to set up his trunk in some retired spot. In it he would place fourteen bricks. He would then blow up his satchel with a straw and start for the hotel, sending the trunk by an expressman. Arriving at the hotel the Colonel would register in a bold hand and desire to be shown to a good room with a southern exposure on about the third floor, and during the next few weeks he would live on the best the house afforded. When it became no longer possible to avoid the bill Colonel Addison would put his handbag in his pocket, having first allowed the air to escape, pack his trunk in the portfolio, and take it under his arm, after which he would shake hands warmly with the proprietor and tell him that he was going down to see his banker and get the money for his too long unpaid bill, and then drift away to another first-class hotel. In this way Colonel Willard Addison lived in luxury for many years.

But after all, we may ask, did Colonel Addison's somewhat dishonest course pay him? We think not. Sin usually brings its punishment, as virtue is its own reward. For five years before his death Colonel Addison was afflicted with the gout. High living was, of course, responsible for this. He suffered greatly. Though we may never be able to live in so luxurious a style as did Colonel Addison, few of us who lead comparatively honest lives will, on the other hand, ever be troubled with the gout. Honesty is the best policy. For two years before his death the Colonel did little but sit in his room with his bandaged foot on his collapsible trunk and drink the choice liquors brought him from the bar and charged in his bill. He was a great sufferer to the last, and no one could honestly envy him. His funeral was attended by the city undertaker and a policeman only, and the policeman did not go over half way, being called on to arrest a man for violating the smoke ordinance.

AN EXPLANATION FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

The Twenty-first Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts, which came to hand yesterday, would, under any circumstances, be an interesting and important document; but in the light of recent events it is invested with novel and startling significance. We cannot here give even a summary of the report, which is a voluminous one. The gist of it, however, may be stated. It was an uncommonly bad year for the State. Adulterations of food and drink were greatly on the increase, so that one-fifth of all articles of food were found to be impure, and nearly one-half of the milk supply below the standard. Diphtheria prevailed to an unusual degree. Intermittent fever appeared in many new districts. There was a marked increase in the prevalence of hydrophobia among animals, and a corresponding increase in human mortality from that cause. And the number of deaths was the greatest on record and the death-rate higher than for many years.

After that, what wonder that the poor Old Bay State capped the climax of its ills by going Democratic?

The plan to establish a line of fast steamers between the eastern end of Labrador and Milford Haven, reported to have been conceived by British capitalists, does not take into consideration apparently the fact that for a few months of the year only could such a line run. Even in summer Labrador's coast is not one to be fooled with, and in winter the frozen bays would render necessary a supplementary line of sleighs to take passengers from the ship to the shore. Imagine a twenty-knot ship rushing on the Labrador coast in midwinter. As well make the western port at Cape Sabine. One-half the year the harbors could not be found on account of the fog, and the other half they could not be entered on account of the ice.

Tammany Hall has the assurance to declare that its candidates were elected on the "record" of their organization. Does this mean that New-York City is to have more of this "record" in the Street-Cleaning Department? If it does, Commissioner Beattie seems to be the man to keep this wonderful "record" right where it is.

The breath of the good old Indian summer was in the air yesterday. Fortunate the man who could enjoy several hours in the open air.

One of the language-tinkerers who think there is pressing need of a pronoun in the third person singular, which can be applied to either sex, has devised the combination "thon" for the purpose. We call it a combination advisedly, for its author says it is composed of "the" and "one." Presumably the "th" has the sound of those letters in "the," and not the sound given them in "thing." If we grant the necessity of such a pronoun—and that it would be convenient at times is undeniable—there are obvious objections to "thon." One is that it would be too apt to be confused with "thou," which it closely resembles when written. Nor is it strikingly euphonious, and in the proposed possessive, "thons" (without the apostrophe), it is almost uncouth. It will take a good while to acclimate a new word of this sort, even if the need for it be conceded. From present appearances "thon" will have to remain on probation for a long period. The English language has managed to get along for several centuries without such a pronoun, and little difficulty has arisen in respect to lucidity and precision on account of its absence.

Well, a tornado clears the air and imparts a pleasurable variety to the monotony of politics.

The Democracy has the earth, and two years in which to bury itself therein.

Governor Hill and Mr. Cleveland will have to devote themselves from this time to the political recreation of convincing victorious Tammany that Codlin's the friend, not Short.

It is promised that our friend, the Hon. David A. Wells, will be as "troublesome" defeated as he would have been had he got into Congress. Troublesome! Why, that dear old man wouldn't trouble a tumble-bug. That delightful old "Protectionist"—Heaven grant him mercy for the fib of it!—now that his splendid ambitions are laid away to sleep, would never trouble his own echo again. A kinder-hearted, sweeter-tempered, cheerier elderly gentleman than David A. Wells never drew breath.

Well, it suits our friends across the sea, anyway.

Referring to the letter in which Smith Weed said that Governor Hill was a Weed man, we have to suggest to Mr. Weed the advisability of going to Albany and camping on David's trail.

There is a great deal of hay-seed in the Western election returns.

Lovers of good government in Hudson County, N. J., have no reason to give up hope. The last two elections in that ring-ridden district have so shaken up the Davis-Cleveland gang that they will hardly have the effrontery again to insult decency by nominating infamous heelers for high offices and extorting a corruption fund from teachers in the public schools. In the last two years the ring has been practically wrecked. At Tuesday's election the methods which in former years swept everything before them scarcely sufficed to drag into office the ring's frightened and crestfallen candidates. The Davis-Cleveland Corruption Company is doomed.

PERSONAL.

Apropos of a prediction which Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll made ten years ago, Chaplain McCabe, the well-known Methodist clergyman, sent the following note to the doughty unbeliever the other day: "Dear Colonel: Ten years ago you made the following prediction: 'Ten years from this time two theatres will be built for one church.' The time is up. The Methodists are now building four churches every day—one every six hours. Please venture upon another prediction for the year 1900."

Father Osborne, a High Church Episcopal clergyman, well known in this city and Boston, has concluded to remain in South Africa. To a Boston friend he writes: "The Kafirs have fairly won my heart. I shall not forget the feeling that came over me when I went to a great Liquor Law meeting here, at which the native question was a prominent one. Forty Kafir men came with me. Going through the streets of Capetown with such an escort in wonderful apparel I felt as if I was in a Christy minstrel show, but coming back with them and listening to them softly singing hymns as we went along in the dark, and remembering how a few years ago not one was baptized and many were fierce savages, I learned a deep lesson of the reality of the work here. Contrast your Bible-class in Boston with this. Fifteen stalwart men in a dingy room painfully and anxiously spelling out the Gospel story from their Testaments with absorbed interest, and I as anxiously explaining word by word through all interpreter and wondering if I was making myself understood."

General N. P. Banks and wife are spending a few days in Portland, Me., during the engagement of their daughter, Miss Maude Banks, at the Portland Theatre.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has just made an extended trip through England, expresses this interesting judgment about the Anglican Church: "Possibly it was an accident, but we neither saw nor heard in our brief visit in England of a parish house such as appertains to St. George's parish in New-York City. And it seems to me to be a typical fact, that even when a church is being rebuilt, to fit it, one would imagine, for modern uses, the rebuilding is always spoken of as a 'restoration,' and the endeavor seems always to be rather to preserve a stately memorial than to prepare for a present exigency. Sententiously expressed, the Established Church of England of to-day appears to me to be a beautiful monument to the life of the past, rather than a skilfully adapted instrument for the work of the future."

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

In a political campaign the American citizen is occasionally as funny as any creation of opera bouffe. With a joyous shout that seems to carry everything before it, he shies his hat into the political arena and loudly declares his determination to save the country, single-handed if need be. He attends all the political meetings of his party and yells like a Comanche Indian at the telling points of the speakers. He joins a campaign club and you would think to look at him in his gorgeous uniform when taking part in a parade that he was ready to shed his last drop of blood for his country. What a glorious thing it is, you murmur as you see him, that Columbia's sons are thus eager to do their duty at the polls. May the ballot-box ever remain the sacred shrine of our liberties! But hold on. The enthusiastic citizen whom we are observing did not register; he "kind o' forgot," you know, or was out of town. Or else, if he registered, he failed to vote. Really he was terribly busy that day. "And after all one vote doesn't count anyhow," he says in explanation. Could anything be more exquisitely funny if, in view of its results, it was not so unutterably sad? It is the thousands of "one-vote-doesn't-count" voters who are jointly responsible with the plunderers for the misgovernment of this great city to-day.

A Wonderful Memory.—"I want something," said a farmer, as he entered a Michigan avenue drugstore the other day.

"Well, what is it?"

"I didn't tie a string around my finger, but I guess I can get around to it all the same. What's the name of the lake below us?"

"Lake Erie."

"Exactly. What's the name of the bay which the boat runs to?"

"Put-in-bay."

"Correct. Now, then, who put in there?"

"Perry."

"Straight as a string. I want ten cents' worth of paregoric. My old woman said I'd be sure to forget it, but here's the proof that I didn't."—(Milwaukee Journal.

One of the popular fads in Boston just now, is the Vystaphka, or Russia tea party.

Tommy—Maw ain't going to have any sealskin sack this winter. I heard paw say so.

Jerry—What's the reason she ain't?

"There ain't any skins, I guess."

"What's become of the skins?"

"I think paw said Skinley Bill had got away with 'em."—(Chicago Tribune.

The "Figaro" of Paris soberly tells of a wonderful slot machine which it says is in use in this country. The machines are stationed at the outer edge of the sidewalk, and bear the following legend. "Drop a nickel in the slot and I will hold your horse." This is all very convenient; but when the man comes back to get his horse he finds this legend staring him in the face: "Drop two nickels in the slot and I'll let go of your horse." Ha! Ha! Very funny! And so true to life, especially the little remark in the story that in American cities all business men do business on horseback.

"Oh! what is that, dear mother?"

"That is a rose, my child."

"But what, dear mother, is that next to the rose?"

"A sunflower, darling."

"But, oh, what is that growing next to the sunflower?"

"That is a pond lily."

"But, oh, dear mother, they are growing out of the same vine!"

"That is the way, my child, they grow on lambrequins."—(Upholsterer.

Somebody in "The St. Louis Globe-Democrat," tells of a new wrinkle in shaving. "A friend of mine," he says, "a few months ago told me how to shave easily and painlessly, and I have never shaved in a barber's shop since. The plan is to use oil or grease instead of soap to prepare the chin and and soften the beard. Vaseline is the most convenient, and it should be rubbed in quite freely. Then, with a keen razor, shaving can be done quickly and without a suspicion of pain. At first I couldn't reconcile myself to doing without the orthodox lather, and used soap after the vaseline had been applied. But the soap is really unnecessary, and shaving with oil or vaseline is cleaner, as well as pleasanter, and what is more to the point, there is no irritation whatever to the skin."

Grocer—Well, my little boy, what will you have?

"Fifteen cents' worth of molasses."

Grocer (as he hands the pitcher over the counter)—Where is your money?

"In the pitcher; I put it there so as to be sure not to lose it."—(Fliegende Blatter.

An English writer estimates that on an average every British workman spends a dollar a week for beer and twenty-five cents a week for tobacco. Now if the workingmen of the world would forego these luxuries and turn the money they would have spent on them into a common fund for the benefit of workers what a magnificent income they would have in a few years.

Had Some Feeling.—"I hope you can appreciate my position, sir," said a stranger who had asked a citizen for 5 cents the other day.

"What is your position?"

"I have been free-lunching at a place over here all the fall without buying a single glass of beer. I want to continue all winter, but my conscience upbraids me. I feel that I ought to sort of split the seasons in two by buying a least one glass."

His position was appreciated, and he got the nickel.—(Detroit Free Press.

IN A PRETTY PLIGHT.

From The Boston Journal.

In consequence of the ease with which the English plates were lately annihilated by American guns at Annapolis, it is stated that the English Admiralty is going to strip all the armor off its battleships, and replace it with the nickel-steel plates similar to those adopted by our Government. The cost of the change is well-nigh incalculable. What a pretty pickle we should have been in if we had followed free-trade advice and, instead of building a navy of our own, had bought it in a job lot of England!

FISH, OR CUT BAIT.

From The Washington Post.

Governor Hill has appointed a new Commissioner of Fisheries. Probably the retiring official did not cut Presidential bait to suit the Governor.

IF ONE MAY BELIEVE JOB.

From The Baltimore American.

If Ward McAllister has enemies—and all great men have them—they must be heartily rejoicing by this time that he has written a book.

QUOTATIONS YET UNCHANGED.

From The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Tammany nomination for a judgeship comes at $30,000, and it is not believed by conservative people that the McKinley bill will raise this figure.

CALCULATED TO ALARM MOST MEN.

From The Philadelphia Times.

A piano having six banks of keys is the latest New-York invention. With Tammany Hall on one side and a six-banked piano on the other it is no wonder that the tide of immigration is gradually going from Gotham.