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Swedish Movement by Machinery at the ZANDER INSTITUTE, 9, 11 and 13 East 59th St., Three doors east of 5th Ave. Inspection invited.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1895.

THIRTY PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The British steamer Alene, from New-York, was fired on and stopped by a Spanish gunboat off Cape Maysi on Thursday. A member of the Anti-Foreign League, of Japan, made an attempt to assassinate Prime Minister Ito. The Royal Victoria Yacht Club formally confirmed the challenge of Charles D. Rose for the America's Cup. Professor Louis Pasteur, the distinguished chemist and discoverer of the Pasteur treatment for the cure of rabies, died in Paris.

DOMESTIC.—Captain George A. Armes, who was arrested in Washington on Friday night for sending an insulting letter to General Schofield, was released on a writ of habeas corpus. Two gunners were killed and two seriously wounded by the premature explosion of a shell at Sandy Hook. The revolt against the candidacy of General Hardin for Governor is spreading among the Democrats of Kentucky. John C. New said in an interview that General Benjamin Harrison was in no sense a candidate for the Republican nomination for President. Charles Gore was arrested in Burlington, Vt., for stealing $10,000 from "The New-York Herald." The college football season was opened with games in which Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Trinity and Brown played.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—General Nelson A. Miles has been appointed commander of the United States Army. The Republican State Committee met and reorganized. There was a successful trial of the new postal cablecars on the Third-ave. line. The Ethelwynn won the last and deciding race with Spruce IV, keeping the Seawanhaka trophy in this country. The annual games of the New-York Athletic Club were held at Travers Island; two new records were made. Winners at Gravesend: Preston, Deerslayer, Woodvine, Arapahoe, Clifford, Tom Cromwell. The stock market was inactive at slight changes.

THE WEATHER.—Forecast for to-day: Fair and warmer; probably rain at night. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 67 degrees; lowest, 54 degrees.

The baseball season of 1895 will be brought to a close to-morrow. It has been a dismal year for the local followers of the sport. The management of the club has been of the most amateurish sort, and mistakes have been made which, if they are repeated next year, will do much to wipe out professional baseball in this city. The New-York team will finish eighth or ninth in the pennant race. And yet this same team could beat the world at the close of the season of 1894.

Mr. H. N. Pillsbury, of Brooklyn, who returned yesterday to this country with the chief honors of the great chess tournament in England, is amply entitled to the hearty welcome which he is sure to receive. The young American player, who wrested victory from the world's champion and the representative experts of all countries, not only performed an extraordinary feat under peculiarly interesting conditions, but produced the conviction that he has not yet reached the limit of his powers. His career will be watched with the keenest interest by all lovers of chess.

So heavy is the traffic between New-York and Brooklyn that everything that can in any way tend to facilitate it must be regarded as of paramount importance to both cities. We therefore note with satisfaction the opening to-day at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of the new Bridge station at the Brooklyn end of the structure. Erected at a total cost of nearly $1,000,000, it provides connection for the Bridge railway with the two elevated road systems of Brooklyn, both of which are to run their trains into the new terminal. That at the New-York end will not be ready until next year, but when completed will, according to the estimates of experts, more than double the carrying capacity of the Bridge railroad.

One by one cherished illusions are sacrificed to the iconoclastic spirit of the age. Manifestly imbued with that spirit, "Ex-Attaché" makes it his business to show in an article which we print to-day that the Lord Mayor of London, whom the world at large has been accustomed to regard as the most august embodiment of civic and municipal power in existence, is, officially, unworthy of the awe and respect which he has hitherto been accustomed to inspire. It is pointed out that he can no longer be said to represent the British metropolis, since he is merely the Chief Magistrate of less than a square mile of the 700 square miles which constitute the national capital of Great Britain; that while the population of London exceeds 5,000,000, less than 50,000 are subject to his rule, and that he no longer possesses the prestige, importance and rank that pertained to the office of Lord Mayor of London in the good old days of Dick Whittington and his historic cat.

It would be a national misfortune for France were the present Cabinet to be compelled to resign office in consequence of the widespread dissatisfaction aroused by the mismanagement of the Madagascar campaign. For, as pointed out in a Paris letter published in this issue, not the present Administration, but that of M. Dupuy, which preceded it, is responsible for the planning and organization of the expedition against the Hovas. The French people are apparently forgetting this, and inclined to hold M. Ribot and his colleagues accountable for the mistakes of their predecessors; and unless the Cabinet can meet the Legislature at its reopening with the news of some brilliant feat of arms in Madagascar it is to be feared that France may be deprived of the services of one of the strongest Foreign Ministers and one of the most capable and universally respected Premiers who have held office since the establishment of the republic, a quarter of a century ago.

Friday's race having been awarded to the Ethelwynn yesterday morning by the committee, which found itself unable to entertain Mr. Brand's protest, it became necessary to sail a fifth race in order to decide the victory in the series of contests between the English and American half-raters. Coming in nearly eleven minutes ahead of Spruce IV, the little Yankee boat won both the race and the cup, the gallant English yachtsman accepting his defeat with a good-nature and geniality characteristic of the true sportsman, and certain to be all the more appreciated by people on this side of the water when the unfortunate incidents in connection with the recent America's Cup races are taken into consideration.

THE NEXT PARK BOARD.

Mayor Strong is just now subjected to a good deal of advice concerning the new Park Board, which he has suddenly been called upon to appoint. The claims of two or three candidates which have been pressed upon him, as we are told, are strictly geographical. One is advocated as the representative of West Side interests, another stands for the parks and people north of the Harlem, and a third for some other fraction of the map. The logical outcome of such a scheme would be to divide the park property of the city into four equal sections and charge each Commissioner with the duty of securing for his special quarter as much money and labor as he could bargain away from the other three. It is needless to say that the appointment of a Commissioner for any local reason or as counsel for any special property interest is vicious in its essence. The very suggestion that a man is seeking the office with such a motive ought to disqualify him from holding it.

Another applicant thinks he deserves an appointment because he is a builder, while a practical experience in horticulture is urged as an all-sufficient equipment of still another. The theory of such appointments seems to be that if one Commissioner knows how to build a bridge, another how to lay an asphalt walk, a third how to plant a tree and a fourth how to feed the animals in the menagerie, that all of them taken together could attend successfully to at least four kinds of park work. But a Commissioner would next be needed to look after the fish in the Aquarium, another for the water lilies in the lake, and so on to the end. It cannot be, however, that Mayor Strong holds such petty views of the duties and responsibilities of men who are to administer the public grounds of this great city with their almost incalculable money value and their importance in the social and moral economy of the city.

Surely it ought not to be impossible to find four men who have a broader and profounder fitness for this work. Our public parks and squares have been saved from confiscation and invasion because there are men here who take an affectionate interest in them. That they have not been turned into racetracks or fair grounds, or parade grounds, and that they have not been covered up with public buildings, is due to these men, who realized the danger that threatened and were able to make an intelligent statement before the people of the true functions and uses and value of the city's open spaces. These men have been led by their sympathies and tastes to study parks and park problems and park history. They appreciate the beauty which is their highest use; they respect the art which created them; they know the lines on which they should be maintained and developed. Mayor Strong can discover these men if he makes the effort, and he will come short of his full duty if he intrusts the parks to less capable hands.

A DECLARATION OF WAR.

It will profit politicians of all parties to read the editorial in to-day's issue of "The Weekly Union," the organ of the Catholic young men's clubs, lyceums, societies, and the Catholic Benevolent Legion, which says:

> It is claimed that if the Democracy in their platforms and nominations make themselves understood as favoring the opening of saloons on Sunday they will have the people with them and will win. We believe this to be a serious error. . . . . Frankly, our people do not want the saloons open on Sunday. . . . The Catholic people of New-York will not vote to open the saloons on Sunday. That is a fixed fact. . . . There are, we believe, 30,000 members of our church societies and Irish-American associations in this city that are quite content and pleased to see the saloons closed and kept closed by Roosevelt or any one else. "The Union" is directly in contact with these societies, day by day, week by week; its connections and communications are continuous, confidential and complete. And its best estimate of the situation is that there are fully 30,000 voters among them who cannot be induced, by any consideration, even by political antagonism to Mayor Strong or Mr. Roosevelt, to vote for Tammany Hall this year, if such a vote would mean open saloons on Sunday. We do not confine our declaration to the members of Catholic temperance societies; we make the statement that any mass-meeting of Catholics that could be got together in this city would have done as the mass-meeting at Carnegie Hall did, when it went with Roosevelt, cheering and praising him, and renounced and hissed the plea of "personal liberty" as interpreted to mean open Sunday saloons—although the latter plea was made by one of the most eloquent and acceptable voices among our own people.

The concrete fact is, it has been ascertained that a great saving is felt among the families of our hardworking wage earners. The cries of want among the children of poor families are lessened; the dire straits of poor wives and mothers to provide the daily meals and get necessary little articles of clothing are alleviated somewhat since the saloons under Roosevelt and Strong have been closed more tightly than they used to be. Political orators may go out among us and score Roosevelt and Strong and all the Reformers as "canting hypocrites" and all the rest of it, and they may get cheers on the spot, but if the result of Roosevelt's "fanatical raid" on the saloons is found to be a saving of men's wages for the uses of the wives and children, then, even if this be Strong's work or Roosevelt's work, the voice of our people will be, "God bless the work and let the doors of the saloons—the channels of temptation and of waste—be kept closed in God's name on the Lord's day!"

The "concrete fact," as "The Weekly Union" says, is that church-going is not the end of Christianity. The practical advancement of pure and worthy lives, of religion, temperance and morality, is the definite thing toward which churches and public observances are aimed. The man who attends church regularly, but keeps his barkeeper at work selling liquor, or votes to permit barkeepers to be required to sell liquor, or to induce other people to visit saloons on Sunday, has his private account to settle.

It is not entirely a private account. There is the possible injury to the habits and the whole lives of others to be considered. A man has not much reason to consider himself fit to attend church who systematically puts temptation in the way of others, or who votes to have temptation put in the way of others. "Their lookout," be it granted. But the world will never get so old that one man can be entirely free from responsibility if he puts temptation in the way of another.

Sunday drinking is no worse than drinking any other day in the week, some argue, but again they refuse to consider each man's duty to his neighbor. No man has a right to make an unquiet and disorderly Sunday for other people. The fiercest and most fanatical of the denouncers of Commissioner Roosevelt, who have not spared their words or respected the decencies of civilized life in berating him, know right well that they are advocating a license which to some people is hurtful, and to a great many others is a serious disturbance. They are presumably gentlemen, who would not raise a row in their own houses to the annoyance of their neighbors, and yet they get angry and vituperative if it is proposed to prevent by law the very same kind of abuse.

There is no sacredness about a beer-bottle. The world would get on tolerably well, though in the judgment of some people not quite as well, if there were no beer-drinking on Sunday. That is a question to be considered, however, when the framing of an honest excise law has been intrusted to men representing the decency and the law-abiding spirit of the State, and not to the men who represent its lawbreakers, and those who would defy all laws in order to cling to their customs or satisfy their appetites.

THE COLLEGE YEAR.

The colleges are beginning work again for another year. Most of them, indeed, have already done so, and the next week or two will see the latest of them swinging into line. The great seats of learning in this city are entering upon the new year with especially favorable prospects. Columbia will open the doors of its old home a week hence; but with hopes and expectations fixed upon the new halls which are taking form on Morningside Heights. The University is already at work in the new home in which it has for a year been settled; it has celebrated the formal opening of the stately new pile on the historic Washington Square site, and will presently have a house-warming and foundation-laying on University Heights, on an imposing scale. From other colleges, great and small, in all parts of the country, come tidings of doors opening to larger classes than ever before, of increased requirements for admission, of higher standards and more extended ranges of scholarship, and of general progress and prosperity.

It cannot be said that there is any marked recovery in the colleges from the hard times of the last two years, because none was needed. That is true, at least, as far as attendance is concerned, and it is a fact of more than common credit to the American people. College trustees no doubt felt the hard times sorely, and so did many of the students and their families. Yet the attendance rolls were kept up at most institutions, so that instead of showing a decline in years of panic and depression they continued to show almost if not quite their normal increase. Nor was that because college students are as a rule so wealthy as to be above the effects of hard times. They are not. The vast majority of them come from families of moderate or even slender means. The keeping up of college attendance in hard times, therefore, means that Americans do not propose to begin economies and retrenchments at the head. They may, in an emergency, wear plainer clothes, eat plainer food, and forego many things, but they will not starve the mind. Whatever else may be or may not be done, the boys and girls must be kept in college. So the growth of the college army continued unchecked through the lean years, and this year's increase is accordingly only about normal. But it is very general, and the new recruits are reported to be of excellent quality. The whole outlook is for a prosperous and profitable college year.

There is something highly impressive to the thoughtful mind in the spectacle of so many thousands of young men and women all over the land simultaneously beginning the work of acquiring liberal culture, and still more in the thought of the entire undergraduate host. The college boys and girls form a considerable proportion of the whole population. They come from all places and all classes, and spend four years together in fraternity and equality, and in a goodly degree of liberty, too. A greater leveller of artificial distinctions of social rank, a greater republicanizing or democratizing force, and a greater power for harmony and union throughout the Nation than our present college system is scarcely to be imagined. Each new college year means a new campaign for manhood and womanhood, for greater efficiency in business and higher ideals in politics, for the leavening of the whole lump of the Nation with that spirit of culture and progress which has its chosen home within the college walls. There is no date in all the calendar more richly adorned with the rubric of excellence than that which marks the opening of the college year.

CARS THAT CRAWL.

Tradition has it that Galileo persisted in declaring, although under his breath, that the world does move, even after he had recanted the astronomical views which he had been imprudently expressing. If Galileo were living to-day, and it should occur to him to take a trip to Brooklyn, he might feel some doubt, after he had entered a Brooklyn Bridge car, whether the system in use on that structure had in view any form of progress sufficiently marked to be characterized as motion. There may be some other traffic lines in some parts of the world more deliberate and dilatory than the trains which cross the Bridge. Rumors have reached this metropolis that the cars drawn by mules in certain regions of the South do not transfer passengers from one point to another with alarming rapidity. But the unfortunate victim of the Brooklyn Bridge, who looks out of the windows of the cars, will see bicycle riders, whose wheels are turning in the laziest and most leisurely manner, pass the trains as if there were no such thing as a Bridge cable, and as if the cars were riveted firmly to the tracks. Not only do the wheels go by the cars, as if the cars were not moving at all, but even the ordinary truck-cart horse has not the slightest difficulty in crossing the Bridge in advance of a train, and the truck horse is not obliged to hurry at that.

The plain truth of the matter is that the slowness of the Brooklyn Bridge trains is a disgrace both to New-York and to Brooklyn. If the Brooklyn Bridge had been managed from its opening with intelligence, with ability, and with enterprise, a far better and swifter system of traffic would have been devised and put in operation long ago. Brooklyn has obtained a reputation in some quarters of the globe of being rather slow in some matters. Probably the city secured this reputation on account of the long period which the Bridge cars require for the crossing of the East River. It is true that Brooklyn influences have been altogether too strong in the management of the Bridge. This management has been criticised over and over again in The Tribune and in other New-York newspapers. It has deserved the severest criticism. It has been careless, apathetic, lethargic, unprogressive and narrow-minded. Little foresight, no alertness and no quickness to grasp opportunities have been manifested in past years. President Howell has been a disastrous failure as a bridge manager, and the engineering force has seemingly been filled with the deadly dulness which has pervaded the Board of Trustees. The officers, the trustees and the engineers of the Bridge up to a recent date have been so slothful, so sluggish, so indifferent, and so scornful as to the actual needs of New-York and Brooklyn that nearly all of them ought to have been cast aside many years ago. It is disgraceful to these two great cities that the Bridge trains crawl across this magnificent structure at so absurdly slow a rate. But there is some hope for the future. Mr. J. Seaver Page is a well-known New-Yorker, who is generally looked upon as open-eyed, energetic and progressive. Mr. Page recently introduced a resolution in the new Board of Trustees, which suggests a careful study of the advisability of introducing electric power.

Hardly anything can be worse than the present grotesquely slow cable. The changes at the New-York end of the Bridge require passengers to climb ill constructed, badly arranged and tiresome flights of stairs, and to make a long journey on foot before they get to the cars. Then, when they enter the trains, they are annoyed and exasperated by the wretchedly slow movement of the cable, which is not much more rapid than the ordinary inchworm. Mr. Page ought by all means to press his resolution, and to endeavor to put a little snap and ginger into President Howell and his colleagues on the Board of Trustees. The Bridge sadly needs transformation and a radical revolution throughout. Its apathetic and sleepy management has exhausted the patience of the citizens of New-York and Brooklyn. The two great cities are doing away with horsecars in their streets, and their streetcars are moving at a far more satisfactory rate of speed than when they were drawn by horses. It is time to get more speed in the Brooklyn Bridge cars, and to complete the improvements at the New-York end, which are now creeping on at the rate of movement of a peculiarly venerable and decrepit glacier. We ought to have more bridges between New-York and Brooklyn; but first of all, we ought to have better facilities for getting across the single bridge which is now in use.

A LIFETIME OF RAILROADING.

There was a certain poetic timeliness in the death of Joseph Bell, which occurred in London a few days ago. He was eighty-three years old, and had spent most of his life as a locomotive engineer. He was still hale and hearty, and, except for failing sight, might still have been in the engine-cab. His death was caused by an accidental fall. That incident occurred just after the extraordinary performances of railroad trains, in Great Britain between London and Aberdeen, and in America between New-York and Buffalo. Between those achievements and his death there was no connection; but the coincidence was remarkable and suggestive.

For Joseph Bell's life spanned the whole railroad history of the world. He was, in his youth, the engineer of the first locomotive ever constructed—George Stephenson's famous Rocket. For half a century his place was at the throttle, at first of the little, slow-going engines of the Rocket type, and at last of the monsters which outstrip the whirlwind. He had seen and had personal experience of every change and development of the carrying industry which has revolutionized the world. He heard Stephenson's audacious prophecy that a locomotive would attain a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour. He ran the Rocket at fourteen miles an hour on the average; and made on one occasion the bewildering "world's record" of twenty-nine miles an hour. And he lived to see trains run for hundreds of miles at more than a mile a minute, and for shorter distances at the rate of more than 112 miles an hour.

With such achievements before his eyes he might well have reckoned himself ready to depart. It has been given to few men to witness and to participate in such a transformation scene as that which began with the Rocket and ends, for the present, with No. 999. But what a sense of the rapidity of modern progress it gives us to think of all that being included in a single lifetime; and what a field for prophecy of what some lives, now just beginning, will see if prolonged to the years of Joseph Bell!

THE GREAT FENCE QUESTION.

The Great Fence Question has been settled, at least in so far as the decision of Justice Barrett can settle it. That there will be no appeal it would be rash and premature to assert. That the vital matter involved may not be brought before the courts in some other way no one can venture to predict who has the remembrance of the famous Jones County Calf Case in mind. In that case the original value of the calf was perhaps $3 50, but the litigation in various phases has gone on for nearly a generation and involved the expenditure of thousands of dollars. It may be that Mrs. Groh's fence is foreordained to take rank with the Jones County calf, though, to be frank, we must say that we see no signs of it at present. Justice Barrett, with the dignity and impartiality which all are ready to applaud upon the bench, has given judgment for the defendant in the fence litigation, and the first chapter in the story is ended. Whether "Finis" can be written as regards the case in its entirety remains to be determined.

Next-door neighbors ought to be neighborly, but what ought to be unfortunately not always is. Mr. Wolff and Mrs. Groh occupy adjoining houses in West Ninety-first-st., and it is alleged that the latter, contrary to a general understanding among the occupants of the block, added a three-story extension to his house, nearly filling his backyard and containing windows overlooking all the other yards and commanding a view of the rear windows of the adjacent houses. The neighbors naturally demurred, and complained that their privacy had been sadly interfered with; and Mrs. Groh in self-protection determined to erect a high iron fence along the side of her rear yard, the effect of which would be to shut off the light entirely from the windows on one side of Mr. Wolff's extension. This was something that he had never contemplated, and he applied to the Supreme Court for an injunction to prevent the building of the fence.

On Thursday the case was argued before Justice Barrett, when the lawyer employed by Mr. Wolff rose to the occasion in a fashion that cannot but make his future in the profession sure. He declared that according to law no wooden fence more than 10 feet high could be built, and from this drew the deduction that as no mention was made in the act of iron fences, therefore it would be illegal to erect such a fence under any circumstances. Strange to say, this novel and striking interpretation of the law failed to impress his Honor, Justice Barrett, who, for some incomprehensible reason, maintained that as there was nothing in the statute to prohibit the building of an iron fence, it could be no offence in the eye of the law to build it. This is equivalent to saying that Mrs. Groh, if she chose, might build a fence around her backyard as high as the Tower of Babel, and no one could say her nay. This construction of the statute was clearly a knockdown blow to Wolff's learned counsel, and naturally he subsided.

As the matter stands, the Supreme Court has held that the proposed fence is not a public nuisance. All the neighbors agree that Mr. Wolff's extension is a nuisance, and presumably they have about the same opinion of that gentleman himself. If Mr. Wolff wants to set himself right in West Ninety-first-st., we advise him to demolish that extension; and if he does so he need not worry any more about Mrs. Groh's fence.

The city authorities have decided to carry the question of paying the back taxes for the support of the State's insane to the Court of Appeals, although there appears to have been a quasi-understanding that the ruling of the General Term would be accepted as decisive. The amount involved is so large as to justify an appeal to the court of last resort, especially in view of the essential injustice of fastening this double burden on the taxpayers of the city. It is hoped that an early decision can be reached. At all events, this question should not be again complicated with the question of passing a law that will place the city's indigent insane in the care of the State. The enactment of such a law will be one of the earliest duties of the coming Legislature.

The decrease in the milk supply, owing to the drouth, makes it all the more necessary that vigilance be displayed by those whose duty it is to prevent the adulteration of milk and punish those responsible for tampering with it.

Next year the Hoboken Turtle Club will celebrate the centennial year of its existence, carrying the mind back across a procession of succulent reptiles thus sacrificed and consumed without parallel in human story, unless the long succession of turtle feasts in the Guildhall in London, beginning in the spacious times of Great Elizabeth, be admitted to the comparison. The art of compounding turtle soup has probably never reached a higher point than now, and the memory of its successive confectioners, dating back to the Revolutionary period, is piously and reverently preserved in the traditions of the club, and is well deserving of perpetuity. In the cosmogony of the Hindoo and the opinion of some epicures, the turtle is the ultimate basis of all things, and it occupies a like place in the constitution of this famous and ancient organization, everything else, even the feasters themselves, and the cooks and whoso maketh the after-dinner rejoinders, "yea, all that they inherit," passing away one after another, like the baseless fabric of a vision, but magically renewed as they disappear. It is to be hoped that turtles enough will be found to keep the club going another hundred years, though the supply is constantly diminishing, and it is threatened with the fate of the Pribylov seal, the buffalo and that which seems to await the rapidly vanishing canvasback duck. It would be an evil day in which the venerable organization was compelled to go into the hands of a receiver, because the fountains of its renowned potage, for which any susceptible and discriminating mortal would gladly sell his birthright, had suddenly run dry.

The American flag has been rarely seen upon the Atlantic in recent years. Our new Navy and our new merchant marine, chiefly represented by the International Navigation Company, are doing something to remove that reproach from the American name.

England's sporting world appears to have struck a vein of ill-luck. Following the loss of the America's Cup races, of the half-rater matches and of the various athletic contests at Manhattan Field the other day, it has now lost the challenge cup of the National Football Association—the cup that has been fought for annually during the last twenty-five years, every football club in the United Kingdom being eager to win it. It has been lost, too, in a particularly undignified manner, for it has been stolen from the shop window of a Birmingham bootmaker, to whom it had carelessly been lent for the purpose of attracting custom by its last winners, the Aston Villa team.

The third-termers have no difficulty in convincing themselves that three consecutive terms are the only thing repugnant to the traditions and common-sense of the American people. But they will not find it so easy to convince a majority of the voters of the country.

Russian railways are now almost entirely under Government direction, as a result of the able and sagacious policy of the Minister of Finance, M. Witte, who came into power in 1892 and has prosecuted his purpose steadily in the face of all manner of obstacles, which, backed by the authority of the Czar, he has successfully surmounted. Great reductions have been made in the freight and passenger tariffs, and the number and speed of the express trains have been largely increased. The further one travels in Russia under the revised system, the cheaper the fare becomes, a rapidly decreasing rate of mileage being adopted for long distances. On the whole, the Government administration of the roads has so far been entirely successful and has greatly promoted their utilities. A new impulse has also been given to railway building in the empire, and its system, when completed, will span a wider territory than any other in the world. The Trans-Siberian road is now completed to a distance of nearly 2,000 miles from Moscow, and is being further pushed across the Siberian wastes with unremitting energy. M. Witte's chance of leaving a record as a railroad man equal to that which he has scored as Finance Minister is a good one, and it would not be at all surprising if he were to expand into one of the most spacious and impressive Ministerial figures in the European field since Bismarck.

So the Treasury is all right now, but may be subjected to a serious strain five or six months hence. Why, we thought that by that time at latest the Wilson tariff would bring in a surplus revenue big enough to protect it from even the fear of stringency.

The Democratic house, divided against itself, will meet the overthrow Biblically appointed to such, leaving, it may be, in its downfall, not so much as the specimen brick of Hierocles. Still, what can a party expect but collapse and ruin with such leaders as Sheehan and Hill and Croker and Murphy, and the rest of their kind? These be thy gods, O Israel! Fortunately, however, a fading procession soon to become as obsolete and archaic as so many Otaheitan idols. The country and the party will be glad to see and hear the last of them.

PERSONAL.

The new provost of the University of Pennsylvania, C. C. Harrison, opened the 156th year of the university on Friday by a happy inaugural address which was cheered to the echo by the college boys. The future of this great institution never looked brighter than it does now, and Provost Harrison will find every one connected with it ready in all ways to forward its interests.

The English papers announce the death the other day of Sergeant-Major J. B. Forbes, who was one of the now small band of survivors of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. He was a native of Scotland, and at an early age joined the 4th Light Dragoons, now the 4th Hussars. He went with his regiment to the Crimea, and had a vivid recollection of the terrible charge. He was slightly wounded in that mad onslaught upon the Russian guns at Balaklava, and was there taken prisoner. At the close of the war he was exchanged along with a number of fellow-prisoners for a batch of Russian prisoners. After he left the regular forces Mr. Forbes served with the Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry for a short term, joining the Northumberland Hussars immediately afterward in the capacity of regimental sergeant-major.

The report comes from St. Louis that Stephen O'Meara, formerly Editor of "The Boston Journal," will soon take the management of "The St. Louis Post-Dispatch."

Miss Rachel Elan, said to be the oldest living settler of Chicago, is seriously ill at the home of her son, ex-Alderman James T. Appleton, of that city. Mrs. Elam was born in England in 1816, and went to Chicago with her parents in 1833. During her early years in Chicago she learned to talk the Indian language. She was able to converse freely with the tribes that dwelt around Chicago. Some years ago she noticed a group of Indians in one of the downtown streets. She approached them and said a few words. It so happened that they were of the tribes that used to live near the old fort, and after considerable conversation she found out that their leader was a son of the old chieftain who used to come to her house.

The Rev. Elijah Kellogg, who wrote "Spartacus," is still living, at the age of eighty-five. He preaches on Sunday in a little church in Harpswell, Me., and cultivates a small farm on week days.

The old Gerry homestead at Temple and Wall sts., New-Haven, has been demolished, and a handsome block of houses is to be erected on the site. Not many years after the death of Vice-President Gerry, his widow and family removed from Massachusetts to New-Haven and bought this property. It formerly had been the home of the Rev. Dr. Dana, the pastor of the Center Church. There were four unmarried daughters, and all of them, as well as Mrs. Gerry, lived to a great age. Miss Emily Gerry, who died last year, at the age of about ninety, was the youngest, and was said to be the last surviving child of any signer of the Declaration of Independence. Elbridge Gerry, her father, was one of the youngest members of the Continental Congress, and was afterward Vice-President of the United States, in Madison's Administration. Mrs. Gerry was a daughter of Charles Thompson, the secretary of the Continental Congress, and died in New-Haven in 1849.

Bishop Ozi W. Whittaker, Episcopal, of Philadelphia, declares himself, in "The Philadelphia Press," as opposed to changing the name of the Episcopal Church. "But," he added, "it is hardly worth while discussing the matter, as the change is not likely to be made, anyway. The last time the suggestion was brought up in a general convention there was an overwhelming majority against it, and I do not think such an idea will prevail if brought up at the coming convention."

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"The Boston Journal" says that Johnny and Willie, aged respectively six and four years, were engaged in a hot discussion as to their ages. Willie of course claimed to be the older of the two, whereupon Johnny replied: "You ain't either the oldest, 'cause when I was born you wasn't nuffin' but dust layin' round up in heaven."

Probably No Worse Than Other Kinds.—"Can I offer you a stick of chewing gum?" said the passenger in the linen duster.

"Thanks," replied the traveller with the skull cap. "It will help to pass the time and—hello! What's this? 'Hanky Panky' brand? Great Scott! I can't chew that. I manufacture it!"—(Chicago Tribune.

Canada does not seem to be the Promised Land, of some people, at least. It is announced that the emigrants from that country exceeded the immigrants last year by 100,000.

THE PINK SHIRT WAIST.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad how many girls I see
Of every age, complexion, size, of high and low degree!
But of them all, the girl that strikes my cultivated taste
Is the dainty summer maiden in a pink shirt waist.

Perhaps she lives on Murray Hill—that cuts no ice with me—
Maybe she works at Macy's, or hails from Avenue B;
The thing that strikes my fancy, howe'er in life she's placed,
Is that this summer maiden wears a pink shirt waist.

Her skirts may be of silk or serge or cheapest calico—
Of course she wears a sailor hat, the two together go—
Condition and position are effectually effaced
By the fact that she's enveloped in a pink shirt waist.

She throngs to Narragansett, she flocks at Coney Isle;
She permeates the mountains, in New-York she is the style;
She fills the streets with brightness, and the country's widely graced
By the dainty summer maiden in a pink shirt waist.

Now I don't know who invented this costume neat and chaste,
But he ought to be rewarded for displaying such good taste,
And I move that he be given, if he only can be traced,
For a bride a dainty maiden in a pink shirt waist.
—(Truth.

In speaking of a Democratic politician from the Bowery who is said to have registered himself and his valet in a hotel the other day, "The Syracuse Courier" is reminded of the sally of a Western miner who, coming at some considerable distance on the back of a burro to deposit his gold, entered a hotel and saw upon the register the name of an American anglomaniac. The Register read: "S. James Smythe and valet." Whereupon the miner wrote: "Bill Smith and jackass."

The proprietor of "The Hamden Junction (Ohio) American" is the owner of the only livery stable in the town. He is also a regular practising physician. In his spare time he does fine needlework and outlines embroidery. He leads the choir at the Methodist Church, and is the Town Treasurer and president of the Board of Education.—(Philadelphia Times.

Presiding Elder North, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, announces that the ministerial committee appointed to investigate the charges of indecent practices by the Rev. Rufus T. Cooper, of New-Haven, have reported that they find no ground for ecclesiastical inquiry, and are satisfied that Mr. Cooper is innocent.

Queer Case.—"The durndest case of snake bite I ever knowed of," said the man with the ginger beard, "was a feller out in Ioway that got bit by one of them prairie rattlers. Well, you know that ef a man drinks enough whiskey he thinks he sees snakes, but this here feller, bein' bit by a snake, imagines he was full of whiskey and bilin' drunk. Nex' day they run him out of town."

"What fer?" asked the grocer.

"'Cause he kilt the snake, of course. The darn fool could of made a mint of money out'n that snake in Ioway ef he only knowed it."—(Indianapolis Journal.

"The Youth's Companion" says that one of the smaller New-England colleges has for janitor a colored man, who has filled that position to the satisfaction of all concerned for over twenty-five years. Like many of his race, he is possessed of much wit, and it is not often that the students get the laugh on "Sam," as they familiarly and affectionately call him. One autumn day, just after the college year had begun, when he was overseeing the burning over of part of the campus, a freshman coming along cried: "Well, Sam, that's most as black as you are!" "Yes, sah," promptly replied Sam; "and next spring it will be 'most as green as you are!"

On His Dignity.—He had made sure that there were no men around the house, and he drew himself up, inflated his chest and said:

"Don't think, madam—don't think for an instant that I ast you fur thet piece of pie I mentioned because I'm hungry."

"What did you want with it, then?" she inquired.

"I wanted ter git square weth a mortal and old-time foe. I wanted ter feed it ter thet dog o' your'n ez tried ter bite me when I came through the front yard. Thet's whut I wanted with it."—(Washington Star.

In spite of the drouth which has prevailed this summer, the wooded slopes of Van Cortlandt Park are bright with autumn flowers. The wild asters, in great variety, shading through all the blues from deep purple to palest lavender, and even white, are most beautiful. A young woman who boarded a train for town at the park station Tuesday evening carried a huge bouquet of these, with silvery clematis intertwined, and, what seemed strange to the casual beholder, a number of the blossoms and thorny leaves of the bull thistle. She was one of the few persons who appreciate the beauty of these big magenta flowers, with an odor far more delicate than that of many favorites of the garden and hothouse.

General Gordon's Memory.—General J. B. Gordon has the power of memorizing wonderfully developed. On more than one occasion the writer followed him with a proof slip in hand and has been surprised at the accuracy with which he followed copy. On one occasion, while he was Governor of Georgia, the writer came down on the train with him from Atlanta to this city, where he was to deliver a speech. It had already been set up in "The Atlanta Constitution" office and