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Business Notices.

Carl H. Schultz's Lithia Water.
Lithia-Vichy, Lithia-Carlsbad contain more lithium carbonate than any natural lithia water.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1897.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—London newspapers criticise the utterances of Hannis Taylor, former Minister to Spain from the United States; it is reported in Madrid that if the Competitor prisoners are condemned to death again they will be pardoned. ═══ Ellaline Terriss, the actress, is critically ill in London. ═══ Great Britain, it is declared, will not stop pelagic sealing, but expects the United States to buy out Canada's interests. ═══ A soldier and several Deputies insulted President Moraes of Brazil as an outgrowth of the attempt to assassinate the President on Friday. ═══ The Austrian Minister of Finance warned the Reichsrath that the Hungarian Compromise bill may be enforced by the Government without the aid of Parliament. ═══ Cecil Rhodes announced that the railroad to Buluwayo would be extended to Zambesi without delay. ═══ The Anglo-Egyptian expedition up the Nile has been abandoned; the British Foreign Office is active in opposing French aggression on the west coast of Africa.

DOMESTIC.—The sealing treaty between the United States and Russia and Japan was signed at the State Department in Washington. ═══ Three court officials in Philadelphia were arrested on charges of issuing fraudulent naturalization papers. ═══ The Carnegie and Bethlehem steel companies are said to have acquired the new Krupp process of hardening armor plates. ═══ Attorney-General McKenna ordered that the mutineers on the schooner Olive Pecker be tried at Norfolk, Va. ═══ Several appointments were made by President McKinley. ═══ In the principal football games of the day the University of Pennsylvania beat the Carlisle Indians, Princeton beat Lafayette, and Yale beat the Chicago Athletic Club. ═══ The German Government has complained of an alleged violation of treaty rights in the failure of Sheriff Tamsen to inform the German Consul-General of the serving of an attachment on the steamship Schleswig.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—Richard Croker started South for rest. ═══ A dinner in honor of Justice Joseph F. Daly was given at the Catholic Club. ═══ Dr. Nansen lectured at the Metropolitan Opera House. ═══ A syndicate has secured options on the business of many milk dealers, and proposes to consolidate and control the entire milk trade in the enlarged city. ═══ A plan has been proposed for the reorganization of the National Guard, with two brigades in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx, and one division in the greater city. ═══ Stocks were feverish, but slightly higher.

THE WEATHER.—Indications for to-day: Fair; westerly winds. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 63 degrees; lowest, 52; average, 57⅝.

NO CAUSE FOR WAR.

Another war scare is extant, or an attempt at one. Conflict with Spain is factitiously represented to be impending, with the result that business is somewhat disturbed, popular apprehension excited, and—of course, most incidentally—attention is diverted from the unpleasant features of the late election. The present Day of Pence is a good time for examination of this scare, and for exposure of its emptiness. So far as it is based upon the utterances of the late United States Minister to Spain, it may quickly be dismissed. Mr. Taylor is now a private citizen, and his words have no more authority than those of any other citizen. His statement that duplicity was exercised by the late Prime Minister of Spain may create an unpleasant impression; but, coupled as it is with a confession of its author's similar conduct, it can have no material effect upon international relations or sentiments. As for his views of the progress of the war and of General Weyler's success in subduing the insurrection, they are obviously of less importance than those, widely differing from them, of competent observers at the scene of conflict.

Danger of war, then, must rest upon something more stable than this. But what else is there? The tales of General Woodford's "ultimatum" were long ago proved to be idle. The text of the Spanish reply to his representations is not yet published, but there is no good reason for supposing it to be belligerent or menacing. On the contrary, there are grounds for believing that negotiations between the two Governments are proceeding on friendly and hopeful lines. Señor Sagasta is certainly no less peaceably and amicably disposed than was his lamented predecessor, and the recall of General Weyler from Cuba removes by far the most serious cause of friction. Whatever the sensational press may say, and whatever may be officially said as a matter of form, the Spanish Government realizes that the United States Government is and has all along been scrupulously observant of the obligations of neutrality, and that, instead of offending, it is really ingratiating itself with Spain by its vigilance and energy in preventing filibustering.

There remains, of course, the possibility of some action by Congress which Spain may regard as hostile—the possibility, but not the probability. What is most talked of is recognition of Cuban belligerency. Why any friend of Cuba, or any one regardful of American interests, should desire it is past all finding out. It would cause incalculable detriment to the Cuban insurgents by shutting off supplies of arms and ammunition from this country, and it would be utterly disastrous to the interests of American property-owners in Cuba who may suffer loss from the ravages of war. But, granted that such action be taken, it certainly could give Spain no valid pretext for declaring war. Spain recognized the belligerence of the Southern Confederacy in 1861, but the United States did not reckon that cause for war. It is not to be conceived that Spain would go to war over an act clearly within the pacific rights of any nation, and in this case clearly to Spain's own advantage.

The only danger would lie in occurrences growing out of such recognition. There is no doubt that causes of friction and opportunities of offence would then be greatly multiplied. Spain would begin stopping and searching American vessels and seizing all articles contraband of war which they might be carrying. She would have a perfect right to do so, a right conferred upon her by this country in that very act of recognition. Nevertheless, her doing so would be resented here, and irritation between the two countries would be vastly increased. So while recognition of belligerence would not be cause for war, it would make the occurrence of such cause far more easy than at present; and that is another reason for the utmost deliberation in considering the adoption of that measure.

The suggestion is now and then made that the Spanish Government is desirous of picking a quarrel with this country as a means of getting out of its Cuban difficulty. If it is beaten by the Cubans alone, and forced to grant them independence, it will be humiliated and perhaps turned out of office by the indignant people; but if it is beaten in a war with the United States, and compelled to give up Cuba, it can without dishonor yield to so superior a Power. That is the argument. But, in the first place, it is not yet to be believed that the Spanish Government is animated by any such motive. No sufficient proof is forthcoming to warrant the crediting of so unworthy a charge against a friendly Power. And, in the second place, if it were true, it would merely furnish an additional reason why the United States should scrupulously avoid giving even the slightest unnecessary cause of offence. If such were Spain's plan, this country should certainly not aid in its fulfilment; declining so to do not through fear, but through proper pride—a pride that would not let it be made the tool of any Power. But this theory will doubtless be dissipated into thin air, as innumerable stories of ultimatums and war scares have been before it.

THE TWO GOATS.

As was to be expected—indeed, as everybody knew last Tuesday night was inevitable—the Republican Israel has begun its preparations for the Day of Atonement with the usual preliminary of a vigorous quest for the scapegoat necessary to the occasion, and almost with one accord has fallen upon Quigg. Perhaps anticipating some such outbreak of religious fervor and belated penitence Quigg took an early start and fled into the fastnesses of Virginia. It is not likely, however, that he will permanently escape. The leaders of the Republican Israel are on his track, and, if necessary, will resort to a requisition from Governor Black for his rendition. Then they will deck him with garlands and bind across his fresh young brow the legend "For Azazel"; the high priest—possibly Gibbs, or it may be Gruber; or, still more likely, the Honorable Louis F. Payn, who would bring to the service a large-sized mens conscia recti, together with an earnest purpose and a willing mind—will then lay both hands upon his head and "confess over him all the iniquities" of the Republican Israel, "and all their transgressions in all their sins"—including the enrolment—"putting them upon the head of the "goat, and shall send him away by the hand of "a fit man"—Edward Lauterbach, for instance—"into the wilderness."

And this, it is believed, will be sufficient atonement for the follies, blunders and crimes of the Tracy campaign which ended so disastrously to the Republican Israel last Tuesday night, and that they will be remembered no more against the Republican Israel forever. When the sins of false enrolment, packed primaries, suppression of free thought and free speech, betrayal of principle, misrepresentation and abuse of honest men, falsehood, defamation and slander, employment of professional blackguards in positions of confidence, and all the catalogue of iniquities with which the Republican Israel loaded itself for disaster, have been laid off by the high priest upon the scapegoat Quigg, it is thought that full atonement will have been made and that the Republican Israel, cleansed and purified, will thereafter, under the same leadership, with spirit and purpose unchanged, pursuing the same ends by the same means, recover its prestige, retrieve itself from disaster and move forward. Quigg, the Unit of the Convention and manager and sole arbiter of the campaign, is to be held responsible for all the iniquities to which his Master put him up and the whole Israel either ignorantly or wickedly assented. He is to be the scapegoat of the whole business.

Well, Quigg was ambitious of authority and lustful of power, and arrogant in their exercise. His selection as the scapegoat is perhaps proper; it is certainly not unexpected. It may be that he expected it himself, and for that reason fled. But, really, is there no other sacrifice to be made? Quigg only did his Master's work under his Master's dictation. There never was a moment from the time he assumed the reins that one word from Senator Platt would not have changed the whole course of the campaign had it been spoken. Quigg seemed absolute. Only seemed. He carried it off well. So well that he bids fair to be rewarded for it with martyrdom. But behind him all the time stood the Master directing every move. What about the Master? Has the Day of Atonement no functions for him? Most assuredly it has. It took two goats to purify the ancient Israel. One was made a sin offering. The scapegoat was left alive and sent out into the wilderness. The sacrifice of the sin offering was full and complete. What's the matter with Platt as a sin offering? It wouldn't be much of a sacrifice for the Republican Israel, but it would go a long way toward cleansing and purifying Israel. Let us have the Day of Atonement fully celebrated with a full complement of goats.

HOME AGAIN.

Home at last! The old Tammany organ is getting back from its scouting trip into the Republican ranks. A little late, to be sure, very footsore and weary, disappointed that it did not get into camp in time to share the spoils, somewhat undecided whether the exigencies of scouting require it still to pretend to be a prisoner, or if it may throw off disguise and claim of its fellows its share of credit for the victory it did so much to win. It is tantalizing to be the spy who takes the risk and secretly opens the gates of the city while pretending to guard them, and then to be shoved aside by the rabble whose way is thus made smooth. No wonder the faithful servant under the strain forgets himself and shouts out his joy at the entrance of his friends. No wonder he boasts inopportunely. No wonder his soul longs for a place in the victorious circle where he can tell admiring comrades not to forget how he helped them win the day. So "The New-York Sun" is getting to its own again. It has not yet put on the old uniform, but it lounges about, saying what nice people the conquerors are, remarking that they really represent a bad political cause, that their possession of the city must grieve the country at large, but that at the same time any gentleman may rejoice to entertain at his house and lend his purse to enemies of such engaging private character.

Yesterday "The Sun" paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Van Wyck, Colonel Gardiner and their associates, which is so evidently sincere and cordial that it must more than remove any distrust aroused in those gentlemen by the two or three slighting remarks it was forced to make about them during the campaign. It is true that on October 27 "The Sun" said: "The "Tammany nominee for Mayor, Van Wyck, is a "travesty among candidates." But Judge Van Wyck should not lay that up against it. Some people had begun to clamor that "The Sun" was really talking Tracy and meaning Tammany, and it had to deny its master, though not vehemently or with oaths, its energies in that direction being employed against Seth Low. And now it comes out to make amends. What could be more handsome than its tribute to Mr. Van Wyck's Dutch ancestry and its characterization of him—though the representative of revolutionists, of Bryanites, of the dissatisfied, the hysterical, the destructive—as "a cautious functionary in public office, and not likely "to fire by his eloquence or inflame by hysterical appeals any body of voters to disregard "either the rights or interests of others or the "laws made for the protection of all"? Is there no fear of Bryanism here then? Was that talk about anarchy which must be put down all a bluff? It looks so when these anarchists of October are praised thus in November as the saviors of the city and the restorers of good government:

> So far as the county officers of New-York are concerned, there is likely to be an improvement in their administration rather than a deterioration after January 1.

And again, hear the glad refrain repeated:

> A responsible municipal administration in the City Hall in city and county departments after January 1 will be beneficial, no doubt, to the material interests of all the people of the city, and an improvement, in every particular, over the present style of municipal management.

Gardiner furnished the campaign cry: "To hell with reform!" "The Sun" pays him, too, a gracious tribute and echoes his sentiments. Away with Waring and clean streets! Away with the Health Board and low death rate! Away with police restriction on open vice! Hail the new improvements of its friends, the Bryanites, "on the present style of municipal management!"

What a happy homecoming it must be to the old hearth where Tweed gathered choice spirits around him, where Croker came to rest, where Wissig cheered the heart with Rabelaisan humor, where Scannell told of his prowess and his trials, where Hill came to plan campaigns, where—Platt came to trade! Happy the homecoming. And yet sad. For

> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair.

Tweed is no longer by the hearthstone. And there is no statue to perpetuate his memory. It is cherished only in the affections of "The Sun."

AN IMPOSSIBLE PROPOSITION.

A person writing from Brooklyn on a postal card over the signature "Autonomy" makes this statement and inquiry: "We don't like to be "swamped by Tammany. It is doubtful "whether a majority of the citizens ever wanted union with New-York. Why should not "the Governor at once convene the Legislature, "to repeal the Consolidation act and the charter "of the Greater New-York and to provide for a "special election of municipal officers under "present charters?" We suppose that a good many persons may have entertained the same thought since the election, not with any expectation that the thing will be done or real desire that it should be, but with a sudden and rather surprising realization that there is no constitutional obstacle in the way. The charter is certainly a legislative act, which the Legislature with the consent of the Governor has power to repeal at any time, either before or after it goes into operation. It is equally certain, however, that the Legislature will do nothing of the sort. This is not because the consolidation scheme in general and the new instrument of government in particular were heartily approved by a majority either of the people or of their representatives at Albany a year ago. On the contrary, there is much reason to believe that neither throughout the rest of the State nor in the communities immediately concerned was public opinion favorable to the undertaking; while it is a matter of absolute knowledge that the Republican majority in the last Legislature would never have put the business through as it was planned except under the imperative orders of the boss whose leadership has now turned the government of three million people over to Tammany Hall for at least four years.

There are, however, several good reasons why there is not the remotest possibility that the suggestion of a disgusted citizen of Brooklyn will be carried out. In the first place, the Democracy of the State is jubilant over the situation which has been arranged for its benefit. The Tammany delegation in the last Legislature made a show of opposition to the consolidation scheme, but its hostility was spurious, as Sheehan cynically confessed so soon as it was safe to do so. Tammany members were under instructions all the time to furnish as many votes as might be necessary to pass the bill, and at several crises their assistance was indispensable. There would be no Tammany votes for a repeal. In the second place, there is no reason to suppose that Platt, having been of such enormous value to Tammany in the recent election, expects to find his circumstances under the coming administration less satisfactory than they have been under the one now drawing to a close, or would be after such a convulsion as our Brooklyn inquirer proposes. Nor, indeed, is it by any means certain that either at a special session prior to January 1 or at the regular session thereafter he could enforce his will as to any important matter upon Republican Assemblymen under whose eyes he has just made so conclusive an exposition of himself.

But in addition to these direct legislative obstacles in the way of the singular proposition upon which we are commenting must be reckoned the general indisposition of the people and their representatives to make themselves absolutely ridiculous except under the sternest necessity. The whole world has been watching our exploit of municipal consolidation, and New-York is not going to make a confession of imbecility until it is compelled to. For better or worse, it has been agreed that the communities surrounding New-York Bay shall merge their corporate lives and civic interests in one great municipality, and the momentous experiment will begin promptly on January 1.

THE PASSING OF SIAM.

It is quite safe to say that not for many years has any monarch made a tour of Europe who has produced a more favorable impression than Chulalongkorn of Siam. His amiability of disposition, his cultivated manners, his shrewd but kindly wit and his wide and varied information have all made him a welcome guest wherever he has gone. In view of this, it is disappointing to have to record that his visit was an entire failure in respect to its prime object, but such is unhappily the fact. He visited Europe in hope of enlisting European sympathy in his behalf that might aid in preserving his realm from spoliation. That hope has not been realized, and he goes back to Siam with the depressing consciousness that he is left to stand alone against an overwhelming force, which will presently swallow up the meagre remnant of his kingdom which is now left to him. A few years ago France seized a large share of Siam. She is now about to take the bulk of what is left, while Great Britain may credibly be expected to assume control of all the remainder.

The French annexed, it will be remembered, the whole east bank of the Mekong, and compelled the Siamese to agree not to fortify any place within twenty kilometres of the west bank. Now they demand that the unfortified zone shall be indefinitely extended at their pleasure; in brief, that Siam shall not construct any fortifications anywhere without French permission. That is a pretty hard condition to impose upon a sovereign State. It destroys its sovereignty, and reduces it to the rank of a vassal. Nor is that all. The further demand is made that French authority shall be paramount wherever there are French protégés, not alone Frenchmen, but any natives who have embraced Christianity according to the creeds of France. As such may be found scattered all over Siam, the effect of this demand, if enforced, would evidently be French sovereignty over the whole country. Finally, it is demanded that the Siamese Government shall take into its employment in its administrative offices a large number of Frenchmen, so that the kingdom will be governed as well as owned by France.

All this seems hard, from a purely philosophical point of view. But from the practical point of view it is only the common lot of the weaker nations of the world. Siam is not the first to suffer thus, and will not be the last. Nor is there the slightest room for other nations to reproach France for thus dealing with her. They have all done it. England in India, Prussia in Poland and Hanover, Russia in Finland and Central Asia, Italy unsuccessfully in Abyssinia and the United States in Mexico and in countless dealings with the Indians, have all debarred themselves from casting even the smallest pebble at France. In some cases, as conspicuously in the British occupation of India and Egypt, such conquest has resulted in much practical good, and thus the violation of native rights is in a measure justified. It may reasonably be hoped that such will be the case in Siam. But the responsibility of thus vindicating a course of arbitrary conquest is not a light one to assume.

ARTILLERISTS NEEDED FOR DEFENCES.

The earnest utterances of the Chamber of Commerce, last week, in favor of a sufficient increase of the artillery branch of the Army to man the new coast defences commend themselves strongly to the common sense of the Nation. It is idle to build forts if they can have no garrisons, and to mount guns if there are no gunners to use them. Military men have of late discussed this subject in their mess circles and in the clubs, and also in papers read in their assemblies, entirely apart from any immediate fear of war. The fact that there has been adopted a system of reconstruction of the coast defences of the country upon modern lines is well known. The system includes, as Lieutenant Carbaugh has summed up, "over "700 high-power guns, 1,000 12-inch mortars and "360 rapid-fire guns, to be grouped at over 110 "points in about twenty-five harbors." By June, 1898, one-half of these guns and mortars are expected to be in their emplacements. Added to these are to be 6,000 submarine mines, supposed to be effective in preventing an attacking fleet from running past the forts. But the question is whether there are enough competent men to man the guns.

General George W. Wingate, for many years connected with the National Guard of New-York State, and one of the organizers and for many years a director of the National Rifle Association, has written an article for the November number of "The Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States," in which he treats the question in all its various phases and suggests a remedy by Congressional legislation. He agrees with others who have discussed the question that at least one-half of the present enlisted force of the United States artillery are not capable of becoming efficient gunners, even should they have the advantages of instruction in the artillery school at Fortress Monroe. He avers that foreign nations are perfectly aware of the defenceless condition of this country, and, in case of war, they would at once attack the cities of the seaboard, and there would be no time then to select and instruct the gunners required to man the forts and aim the heavy guns. "But," he adds, "if we possessed a reasonable force "of trained artillerists in our forts, the country "could rest behind them in comparative safety "while it was raising and organizing its volunteers and strengthening its artillery." General Wingate then proceeds to prove by official reports that when the new system of fortifications is completed 29,000 artillerists will be required to provide one relief for the service of the guns they will contain; while three reliefs are required in war. The present fortifications around New-York City alone require 7,000 men to man them, and when those under construction are completed the force will need to be 13,000. The entire artillery force of the United States at the present time numbers about 3,830, including ten batteries of artillery, all of which are equipped. As the system of defences when completed will contain 2,000 guns and mortars, there will not, with the present force, be enough artillerists to provide two men to a gun; in fact, "the whole artillery "strength will not provide half enough men "to man the present fortifications around New-"York alone."

"What is needed," General Wingate says, "and needed now, and in the very worst way, "is a sufficient force of trained gunners." He does not think it practicable at present to depend for the supply upon the National Guard of the States; but he suggests that much can be done toward strengthening the artillery arm of the Army by encouraging the formation in the National Guard of light batteries. If the Government would adopt the policy of loaning to the States the guns and equipments required for light batteries, whenever such a battery should be organized, charging only for the perishable parts, the number would be largely increased. He believes that such batteries would be organized in the cities and towns of the interior which are too small to support a large military organization, and they would be able to have frequent drills and target practice without embarrassment to the members. To this end he would advise liberal issues of ammunition; the offering of prizes for proficiency in shooting; the encouragement of military tournaments such as took place last winter in the Madison Square Garden, and everything possible to secure the development of batteries. If the establishment of such batteries should be undertaken, it is urged that one or more officers of the Army should be detailed to each State to assist the officers in learning their duties and training their men. The amount which the States are now authorized to draw from the Government, counting the militia at 111,292, is $3 60 per man, and it is suggested that the Government ought to increase the appropriation by a half-million of dollars for the benefit of the National Guard, especially the field artillery, and for supplying it with ammunition for actual practice.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

Almost a full year has passed since the attention of our neighbors in Brooklyn was centred on the series of celebrations in honor of the completion of Dr. Storrs's fifty years as pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims. Although the younger man, Dr. Storrs entered on his ministry in Brooklyn a year earlier than Mr. Beecher, who was ordained as pastor of Plymouth Church on November 11, 1847. At the time of his death Mr. Beecher had nearly completed a ministry of forty years in the city with which the greater part of his illustrious life was identified. The celebration which will begin in Plymouth Church to-day has a double object: first, to honor the memory of Henry Ward Beecher and note in a fitting way the semi-centenary of the church which was the chief centre from which his influence radiated; and, second, to glance ahead as well as behind, and consider the duties of the present and the immediate future.

The celebration of the actual anniversary of Mr. Beecher's ordination, next Thursday evening, will be marked by addresses dealing with the theological and social problems that are pressing for solution. The speakers on that occasion will be Dr. Gordon, of Boston; Dr. Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio, and President Tucker of Dartmouth College. The preacher in Plymouth Church to-day will be Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England, who was honored with a call to Plymouth Church shortly after the death of Mr. Beecher. There is a special propriety in his discussing from this historic pulpit the influence of Mr. Beecher's addresses in England, for not the least of the many services rendered by the great preacher to his country was the courage with which he faced howling British audiences, and, in spite of opposition and derision, implanted in English minds true conceptions of the principles for which the War for the Union was being waged.

It is eminently appropriate that the semi-centennial of the best-known church in America, with its plain walls of brick and its generally severe aspect, should be observed; but Plymouth Church is not content with taking the backward look. Its face is resolutely set toward the future. Its very name is a synonyme of progress, and Mr. Beecher's successor in the pastorate has nobly carried forward the Plymouth tradition. There be those who look with grave doubt on the series of lectures given by Dr. Abbott on the theology of an evolutionist, and the later course on the modern view of the Bible; but there is ample evidence that the Plymouth constituency is in hearty accord with the present Plymouth pastor, and the recent large additions to the church attest that the progressive theology proclaimed by Dr. Abbott is of the essence of the preaching required by the times. That Dr. Abbott has not separated himself, by reason of what some have termed his revolutionary course, from the Congregational body with which he is allied is shown by the part which will be taken in the present celebration by men like Berry, Gordon, Gladden and Tucker.

By an interesting coincidence the Plymouth Church celebration synchronizes closely with the 250th anniversary of the Westminster Confession which the Presbyterians are to observe to-morrow. The contrast between the underlying ideas in the two celebrations is noteworthy. The historic confession of the Presbyterian body is a type of mediæval theology imposed upon the Church as a standard never to be changed. Congregationalism, on the other hand, stands for progress, and is not satisfied to rest in the faith once delivered to the saints. Not only does Congregationalism admit of greater freedom and independence of thought than Calvinism, if strictly interpreted and followed, but from the beginning of its career Plymouth Church has in a peculiar sense been the exponent of the spirit of progress. Although it has been for a number of years a "downtown church," it has suffered no decline under the aggressive leadership of Lyman Abbott. Its work was not done when Henry Ward Beecher died; it will enter on its second half-century under the happiest auspices and with no suggestion of declining usefulness.

Open streetcars on November 6 are an outrage upon decency.

It is all well enough to send out a search expedition for Andrée, but the chances of finding him are almost hopelessly remote. The Polar basin is a big region, and there is no telling to what part of it his airship may have been blown.

Toward the close of the campaign, about the time when Lemuel Ely Quigg was sitting on the tripod day and night and issuing election prophecies every few minutes, Mr. Platt, with a natural solicitude for his eternal welfare, publicly announced that he wished he was as certain of his own salvation as he was of General Tracy's election. Since November 2 Mr. Platt has had considerable time to think not only of the vicissitudes of this mortal state, but of other matters, also. This is an especially suitable day for pious reflections, and since we wish him well, we hope that his melancholy error concerning General Tracy will stimulate him to fresh efforts to make his own calling and election sure.

It was simply vile treachery, and was a result for which the conspirators had worked from the beginning.—(The New-York Sun.

Speaking of treachery, who knifed Hancock?

By a typographical error the names of two of the members of the International Sealing Commission are interchanged in the legend beneath the group picture printed on page 4 of the Illustrated Supplement to-day. The member represented standing on the extreme right of the picture is M. de Routkowsky, and the one sitting on the right (at General Foster's left hand) is M. de Wallant.

With apologies to Frederick Louis—

> "Here lies Quigg,
> Whose head was once so big.
> It might have been his Master
> Smashed in the same disaster,
> But since 'tis only Quigg,
> Why, no one cares a fig."

The signing of the sealing treaty between Russia, Japan and the United States is an agreeable incident. But what a pity it is that Canadian obstreperousness kept Great Britain from also being a party to it!

If the election contest was a superheated crisis, what will the football collision between Yale and Princeton be? Already "the busy armorers closing rivets up give dreadful note of preparation." This is the Tiger's year, which may be interpreted as a hopeful omen for Princeton's beast, though there is no telling. If it walks away with its mouth full of shreds of Yale raiment, it will be quite certain that the argument which has taken place in the interval was full of spirit and animation.

So his election to one of the most important offices in the world cost Mr. Van Wyck only $158 75. That was dirt cheap, to be sure. But some one must have spent a lot in his behalf. Who did it? And what does he expect to get for it?

The Cook County Business Men's Protective Association has declared war on the big department stores, the latter contending that the movement is an effort in restraint of trade, and therefore unconstitutional. The Chicago public looks on with the placid and unbiassed interest of the woman who watched the fight between her husband and the bear, not caring which whipped. The big and small shopkeepers, like big and small fish, are naturally at odds, with the advantage generally on the side of the big ones; but, so far as the public is concerned, its principal anxiety is to get the most goods for the least money, and the commercial system which helps it to this is the one which will, in the long run, enjoy its favor.

Sharp frosts in the South have warned Yellow Jack that he is out of season, and the people are correspondingly cheerful in that part of the country, though the bears of Wall Street still appear to be scared.

PERSONAL.

S. Ashjornsen, a sculptor of Chicago, has just completed a bust of the late Professor H. H. Boyesen, of this city.

Karl Sonntag, formerly one of the best-known German actors, and a brother of the famous singer Henrietta Sonntag, is living in close retirement in Dresden, where he recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. He began his career in Hanover as a comedian, and was a life-long friend of Laube. He has written a volume of memories and one on matters connected with the stage that have been highly praised.

During Dr. Nansen's recent visit to New-Haven, where he lectured on November 2, he manifested special interest in the Yale Museum, and in the collection of vertebrate fossils from the West there exhibited. One reason for this interest was explained at a breakfast given to him the next day by Professor Marsh, who invited a number of Yale scientific men to meet him. It seems that about fifteen years ago, when Professor Marsh's explorations in the Rocky Mountains were in full swing, he greatly needed competent assistants to aid him in his researches, especially to take charge of his various parties engaged in field work. Just then some English friends travelling in Norway called his attention to a young naturalist, who had shown great daring and ability in collecting the skeletons of whales along the coast of Norway, and had brought them together in the museum of Bergen, where he was an assistant with small pay and little hope of advancement. The suggestion that he should go to America and aid Professor Marsh in his Rocky Mountain work fired the imagination of this young beginner in science, and he was enthusiastic to start at once giving up the study of recent whales to dig out the bones of their ancestors and other strange beasts in the far West. Before arrangements for his departure could be concluded, however, he received such promotion and recognition at home that he resolved to remain in his fatherland and pursue the career that his Viking ancestry had marked out for him. This young naturalist was Nansen, then about twenty years of age. Had he gone to the New World he would doubtless have added important chapters to the history of American palæontology, but geographical science and the world at large would have lost the great discoveries which he has since made in the far North.

Tolstoi is suffering from an affliction that makes a surgical operation immediately necessary. There is a swelling on his right cheek that must be cut away. His general health, however, gives no cause for anxiety.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, in this city, will serve this year as one of the preachers to Harvard University. This involves a residence of three weeks at Harvard in the autumn and three weeks in the spring. Dr. Faunce will begin his first term of office to-morrow. During his absence his pulpit will be occupied by the assistant minister, the Rev. S. W. Richardson, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall and Dr. Wayland Hoyt.

TRACY'S ABSURD PREDICTIONS.

On last Sunday General Tracy and his friends were engaged in mailing several thousand copies of a letter skilfully counterfeiting the appearance of typewriting and an autograph signature, and really addressed in typewriting to each individual to whom it was sent. The person thus addressed was expected to believe that General Tracy had been spending his Sunday in the careful preparation of this earnest appeal for his individual vote. Only one week has elapsed. The General should read over his counterfeited typewritten letter in the cold light of a Sunday later, and reflect upon the opinion the friends he addressed must cherish of his sagacity.

> Dear Sir: I have heard from some of your friends that you are opposed to Tammany Hall, but that you have not as yet made up your mind for which anti-Tammany candidate you will vote. I desire to address to you an earnest personal appeal for your support on the distinct ground that no other anti-Tammany candidate than I has the smallest chance of success, and that my chance, on the other hand, is so excellent as to justify the belief that I shall win.
>
> The most careful and searching canvasses have been made in every election district of New-York and Brooklyn, and nearly every one of the registered voters has been personally seen. The results of these canvasses enable me to give to you my personal assurance that in any event my vote will be immensely larger than that of any independent candidate, and probably twice as large. I do not make this statement lightly nor in the mere effect to catch a few votes more. I make it in the sincere belief created by abundant proofs that my election is now almost if not fully assured, and that with your support, and the support of a few thousands of voters who are hesitating, I shall certainly win. If I am elected it will be my constant purpose and sincere effort to give to the affairs of our noble city such an honest and efficient administration as will satisfy every one of my supporters. Faithfully yours,
>
> B. F. TRACY.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

Speaking of the last achievement in India of the "gallant Gordons," "Black and White" says: "Not the least of the splendid anecdotes with which the Gordons have enriched military history comes to their fellow-countrymen this morning, and the name of the piper who, shot through both feet, sat and played his friends on to victory will long be a cherished memory. Let your boys hear that story; they will be the better for it."

No Flats for Rent.—Young Man—I am to be married in about a month, and I'm looking for a home. What is the rent of these flats?"

Janitor—Hum! Did the girl you intend to marry ever have a mother?

"A mother? Certainly."

"A grandmother?"

"Of course."

"Hem! Let me see. Did that grandmother have a daughter?"

"Why, yes."

"And did the daughter have a daughter?"

"Great snakes! Of course."

"Very sorry, sir; but I can't rent one of these fine flats to people like that. I'm afraid having children runs in the family."—(New-York Weekly.

The recent distribution of prize awards at the Brussels Exposition was an elaborate function; all the Cabinet officers, many high diplomatic personages and all the exhibitors were present. The King presided, having at his side Princess Clementine, the Count of Flanders and Prince Albert. The Minister of Commerce was about to begin his speech, when the King began to speak earnestly with Prince Albert. Suddenly a look of surprise passed over his face; he pulled his handkerchief out and tied it into a knot and said, smiling:

"That's what I do to remind myself."

Then he put his handkerchief back into his pocket, and the Minister, who had paused to see what His Royal Highness was about, went on with the function.

She Appeals—"John," said the wife of the citizen who had just settled his freak election bet like a little man, "the next time you want to bet on an election, just agree that, in case you lose, you won't make a fool of yourself for three months. It will be quite as difficult as anything else you could undertake, and it will spare the feelings of your relatives."—(Puck.

"It is called St. John's Church," says "The Chicago Post," "and possibly the inference drawn from that fact is natural. The boy had been there frequently, and as a result the rector's face had become tolerably familiar to him. One Sunday, however, a visiting clergyman occupied the pulpit, and the boy was naturally troubled. 'Mamma,' he said in a very audible whisper, 'what's become of St. John?'"

At the Barber's.—Apprentice, finishing the lathering of a customer—Yes, sir, there's no monkey business allowed by our boss; every time we cut a customer's face it means a fine of a quarter.

Then he adds, brandishing his razor:

"But to-day I don't care a rap—I've just won $5 at the races!"—(Figaro.

Says "The Portland (Me.) Express": "The sight of a young man going to school these mornings with his books under one arm and a big bulldog pipe projecting from his mouth is one of the end-of-the-century incidents that teach people that the youth of to-day is somewhat different from the one of 'ye olden times.' One would think so; but it is unfair to the youth of to-day to take the urchin mentioned as a sample. There were boys who were no honor to their friends even in the good old times."

Bixby—Wonder how they manage to keep the fire that is never quenched always a-going down in hades?

Dobbin—Oh, that's easy enough. Folks are all the time passing in their chips, you know.—(Boston Transcript.

An English paper tells a story of the Rev. Mr. Watkinson, a Wesleyan preacher. Some time ago he was staying with a good woman who was yearning for the good old times and mourning the degeneracy of modern days and customs. The Wesleyan ministers of the earlier part of this century, she said, rose early, and dear Mr. Wesley was in his study at 4 o'clock in the morning. "It is not to be wondered at," was Mr. Watkinson's dry reply; "were Mrs. Watkinson anything like Mrs. Wesley I should be up at 2 o'clock."

"Sir," said the haughty Lady Constance, "I can read you like a book."

"Oh, then, tell me," cried Reginald de Sentless, breathlessly, "do I marry the rich heiress in the last chapter?"—(Harper's Bazar.

Having rounded out the twentieth year of its existence, that excellent weekly publication, "The American Machinist," has just issued a larger number than usual, and devotes some of the extra space to describing its office plant. The paper is progressive, accurate and independent, and enjoys a high reputation in the field of mechanical science. It deserves, and is to be congratulated upon, the prosperity which its advertising pages betoken.

Still Tolerant.—"We are not trying to exterminate the horse as an animal," explained the advanced bicycler. "We are simply endeavoring to banish him from the streets, where he has no business, and where he is a nuisance. In the so-called 'horseless age,' now nearly at hand, there still will be horse shows, just the same as there are live-stock shows and dog shows nowadays."—(Chicago Tribune.