THE MILK AT BREWSTER'S.

LIKEWISE THE MILK IN THE LAKE GILEAD COCOANUT.

Splendid Speculations in Milk and Water—The Curious Story of an Honest Old Putnam County Farmer.

"What place is this?" said a SUN reporter on a Harlem railroad train to an honest looking farmer who entered the car at a way station.

"Brewster's, sir. Brewster's Station," was the answer, as the rural individual took his seat by the side of his interrogator with an expression on his sunburnt countenance, indicating that he was chuck full of information, and ready and willing to impart a portion of the same upon the slightest provocation.

"This is a great milk country, I believe?" continued the SUN reporter.

"Well, yes; that's the principal production about here. There are 10,000 or 12,000 quarts shipped from here to New York every day, and then we have a milk factory—"

"A milk factory?" interrupted the SUN reporter. "I thought you had hundreds of them."

"Why, what on airth do you mean? There isn't five hundred buildings in the whole town."

"Who said anything about buildings? I mean cows. Isn't a cow a milk factory?"

"Oh, yes; I see. Jess so. You are from the city I s'pose. What I mean by a milk factory is a shop where they condense milk and put it up in tin cans. At the factory they use up from 10,000 to 18,000 quarts a day that they bile down. All through Putnam county the farmers rely on milk pretty much together for their profits. Yes, indeed, the city folks are depending a good deal on old Put county for milk—and for water, too, for that matter."

"True," quietly remarked the SUN reporter, "in a most equal proportions, I should judge from experience."

The agriculturist gave a quick, sharp, side glance at his new acquaintance, and hastened to reply: "I don't mean what you mean. I don't think the farmers put much water in their milk. A quart or two in a can don't make much difference to the city folks, and it helps out the poor farmer amazingly in the course of a year. Some I know never water their milk at all; and I never knew anybody put in over ten quarts to a can" —

"How much does a can hold?"

"Forty quarts, and that ain't half-and-half by a darned sight. But very few go it so strong as that."

"If this is so, how is it that the milk we get in New York is usually so watery?"

"Oh, it gets reduced after it leaves the cars. You see that it is by the time the cream rises, and so the dealers don't pretend to supply their customers with cream, they skim the cans and sell the cream separate. Then some of 'em put in water, more or less. Then, again, some of the drivers who take it around have private customers of their own, and they must put in more water to make their supply hold out. And—I say, young chap, do you live in a boarding house?"

The SUN reporter confessed that he was one of that numerous army of martyrs who masticate their hash in institutions of that description.

"Well, I reckoned the fare, or, 'from what I have heard my son, who lives in the city, say of New York boarding houses, it is more than plausible that your landlady extends the milk a little after she gets it. So you see that by the time it gets on the table it stands a mighty good chance of being related to the great common denomination. But that wasn't what I meant by saying Put county supplied New York with water as well as milk. I was alluding to the Croton river."

"Ah, now I see."

"Yes, sir, there's Lake Gilead."

"Lake Gilead?"

"That's a little lake they have bought as a sort of reserve to the river. When I saw Tracy and Tweed—you know Tweed, young chap?"

"I am a particular friend to him."

"Sho! you don't say so. You don't look like it."

"Don't look like it? Why not?"

"You ain't got no diamonds onto your shirt bu-zum."

"The fact is," explained THE SUN reporter, "although I am a great friend to Tweed, he has had no occasion to—to—to—to—assist me financially. To tell the truth, I don't suppose he ever heard of it."

"Oh, that accounts for it. Well, as I was saying, somebody pointed out to the Tweed when he was up here, and we all know Tracy of the Aqueduct, and he said 'we must be going over towards the lake, I smell right off that they were after it. If Smith had known who they were he wouldn't have sold so cheap. He sold the lake to Tracy for $25,000, and they do say Tracy turned right round and sold it to Tweed for the corporation for $200,000. If Smith had known that number of 0's he would have asked over $200,000, and then the city would have had to pay $400,000 for the property."

"What do the honest farmers think about Tweed in this region," asked the SUN reporter.

"Why, as the rule, they think they would like to have him in the city for a little while to pay as well for that as he does for water," and with an extraordinary wink, extending from his left eyebrow to the middle of his neck, the loquacious farmer stepped off the train.

Carl Schurz's Letter to the Confederate Soldiers of Tennessee.

After Senator Schurz's speech in Nashville, several hundred Confederate soldiers addressed a congratulatory letter to the great Missourian. The following is the reply:

NASHVILLE HOUSE, NASHVILLE, Sept. 23.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter, and without affectation, I may say that I cannot find words strong enough to describe the joy it has given me. Spontaneous expressions of such sentiments as your letter contains, coming from you as individuals of the Confederate army, may well be called an event of great significance in the history of our days. When your former comrades, as well as you do now, rally around the flag of the American Republic as the symbol of universal freedom, equal rights, and constitutional government; when they declare that they have done with those who all parties groping in the moonlight of the past, and discountenance that partisan spirit which is so apt to obscure the human reason and blunt the best impulses of the human heart; when they once more fully recognize the identity of their interests with those of our great common country, then every patriotic citizen will feel that the regeneration of the South is certain to be accomplished by her own people. If there is still lurking here and there a spirit which keeps alive feelings of animosity and distrust, and which, by means of secret proscription or intimidation or violence strives to impede the development of free public opinion, you can render it harmless by your influence and example. If there are still disturbances of the peace and order of society occasionally resulted to produce the impression that the security and rights of citizens can be sufficiently protected only by the interference of the General Government, in your local concerns you can dispel that impression by devoting your energies to the enforcement of the laws, thus proving the capacity of local self-government to accomplish its legitimate ends. Here, as well as elsewhere, if there is still an apprehension as to a secret design to subvert the logical and legitimate result of the war by reactionary movements, you will remove the apprehension by demonstrating that the young South has risen above old prejudices and obsolete aspirations, and is determined to build up again the prosperity and power of those States on a basis in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age. Men of courage and convictions like you will do nothing by halves; they will not look back when they have taken hands to the plough, and I assure you that your efforts will have the sincerest appreciation, hearty applause and energetic support of every true friend of liberty and free institutions. Your rights will be safe in the security of the rights of all; your power will be strong in the restored brotherhood of all Americans, and the Republic will be proud of all her sons.

Yours, &c., CARL SCHURZ.

How to Make the Next Democratic Convention not a National Convention.

Gen. Wade Hampton, in a letter to the editor of the *Southern Home*, advises the Southern Democrats to take no part in the Democratic National Convention. His reasons are:

"The southern delegates in a National Convention could exercise no influence in shaping the policy, looking to the object of electing the candidates for Vice President, which is only obtained by the process of a Democratic triumph. That this would inevitably be the case, is proved by the result of the last National Democratic Convention, where the very pretense of a southern influence was used to the actual and to other sections, odious of injustice.

"The South, in order to succeed, must act with propriety and dignity, and not be the mere sport of the Democratic party, to serve its purposes in the elections of 1872. Let us, in the deliberations of the next National Democratic Convention, be represented by our best men, who will be able to vindicate our rights, and who will be able to make our party feel that we can give only what we have to give—our votes. Let all the land we can give only our votes, and let our party demand, and that we will have our rights, or we will not give our votes. Let us be represented in the National Democratic Convention by our best men, who will be able to vindicate our rights, and who will be able to make our party feel that we can give only our votes. When the platform is made, let our representatives in the National Democratic Convention be able to secure the adoption of a platform which will be acceptable to the Southern States.

"Let us make every effort to secure the success of the Democratic party, for on its success depends the prosperity of the Southern States.

An Imposing Display in Buffalo.

BUFFALO, Sept. 24.—An immense civic and military procession, consisting of twenty six American and German religious societies, with bands and regalia, in six divisions, each headed by a full band of music, escorted by a strong detachment of police, paraded through the principal streets this afternoon, the occasion being the laying of the corner stone of St. Joseph's Cathedral. The Right Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, assisted by his clergy of Rochester and all the clergy of the diocese, performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, after the usual solemn ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. The sermon was delivered by the Bishop of Rochester.

Raus & Davidson, 636 Broadway, offer a splendid assortment of ties and fur tapers in grouse, ghuse, hen, etc., and illuminated colors.—*Adv.*

O'ROURKE AND SMITH.

A Brother of O'Rourke on the Rampage—He Calls on the Editor of the Irish Democrat, and Gets Pitched Down Stairs.

From the Irish Sunday Democrat.

Yesterday afternoon the employees in the anteroom of the *Irish Democrat* office were somewhat surprised by the appearance of a stranger, who indicated his business by saying that "Mr. O'Rourke wished to see Mr. Meany, of the *Irish Democrat*, or Major Conyngham, of the *Sunday Democrat*." Mr. Meany and Mr. White were the only occupants of the editorial department at the time, and when the message was conveyed there arose visions of single-stick and broadsword. Mr. Meany grasped the cane so graphically described by THE SUN and Mr. White seized a ledger as the next best defensive weapon.

Mr. O'Rourke was ushered in; when, lo! instead of the veritable Simon Pure, who has made his name universally notorious, there appeared a good-looking Hibernian, who had evidently been looking at somebody drinking, and who carried in his hand, folded, for convenient reference, THE SUN of Thursday.

"I'm a boy of the O'Rourkes," says the newcomer.

"Well, Mr. O'Rourke, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Meany.

"My name's O'Rourke," reiterated the new irate Irishman; "and see here," he continued, "there was never a man of the name a spy or an informer—I'm d—d if there was—see that now."

"I have no doubt you're a very good fellow," said Mr. Meany; "but permit me to say that there has been a man of your name both—and worse."

"And you say that to me, do you? to an O'Rourke of—"

"We don't care where you're of," interposed Mr. White; but if O'Rourke has sent you here, just tell him to come himself, and he will hear something to his advantage."

"Any man that says that an O'Rourke is a spy is a——" but here the intruder glanced at Mr. Meany's boots, and caught a vision of Maj. Conyngham's broadsword, and left the sentence unfinished.

However, he continued uproarious enough to necessitate a polite invitation that he should leave the office, and this being unheeded, Mr. White acted as usher, and conducted him to the stair head, giving him an impetus in his descent. The boy of the O'Rourkes departed, muttering maledictions on Major Conyngham and Mr. Meany, and his last audible words were "Now, by ——, I'll go and kr——ock out of Frank Duffy."

Would it not be better if *the* O'Rourke came himself instead of fighting his quarrels by proxy?

WHAT MAJOR CONYNGHAM SAYS.

From the Irish Democrat.

We have merely shown up O'Rourke in his true colors, and our views have been fully endorsed by all respectable journals. Though we should not like to soil our hands with such a fellow, should he attack us he will be fully satisfied.

One Smith Follows O'Rourke's Example—He Gets Satisfied, and Kicks his Dog Down Stairs.

From the Philadelphia Dispatch.

A week or two ago one of our reporters had occasion to refer to a certain woman, whom we will call Hannah Smith, as a denizen of the Eleventh Ward. A day or two afterward, a huge man entered the office with his brow clouded with thunder. In his hand he carried a fearful club, and at his side trotted a bulldog whom hunger evidently had made desperate. With the fearlessness of conscious innocence we sat still, merely inserting our legs in two sections of stovepipe, to guard against misapprehension of facts on the part of the bulldog. The man with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" thundered, striking the club hand and grasping his club. We told him that the editor was out; that he had gone to the North Pole with Capt. Hall, and that he wouldn't not return before 1876, in time for the centennial celebration.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked the man.

We explained to him that we were not; that the proprietors were also out; that they had gone to South America for the purpose of investigating the curative properties of guanopeptic, and they expected to remain there for several years.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

We told him we were glad; because, if there was one thing better than the possession of the name of Smith, it was the privilege of knowing a man of that name. "But, Smith," we said, "may this battle array? It is absurd for a man to put on the panoply of war and frisk into editors' sanctums tumbling a club and accompanied by a disheartening bulldog, simply because his name happens to be Smith."

He said he called in to burst the head of the man who has insulted his sister.

"It is impossible, Smith, that such a thing could have been done by any one in this office."

"I tell you it was, I tough; and her name was published, too—Miss Smith—Miss Hanner Smith."

"May we be permitted to inquire, Mr. Smith, what was the precise character of the affront offered to Hannah?"

"Well, you see," said Smith, "the blackguard said she was a denizen. And I want you to understand," exclaimed Smith, becoming excited, and brandishing his club in a wild manner over our head, while the bulldog advanced and commenced to sniff up and down our stove-pipe—"I want you to understand that he's a decent girl being a woman, with a good character, and none of your denizens and such truck. The man who says she is a denizen is a blackguard and thief, and I'll smash him over the nose if I get a chance. They may say what they please about me, but the man who abuses my sister has got to suffer!" And Smith struck the table in a violent manner with his club, while the bulldog put his forelegs on the back of our chair.

We called Smith with a dictionary. We pointed out to that raging warrior that the Websterian definition of the word "denizen" gives such a person an unoffending character, and deprives the term of everything like reproach. Smith said he was satisfied, and he shook hands and kicked the bulldog down stairs.

Why a Soldier's Father Can't Get his Son's Claim.

A communication in THE SUN of the 9th inst., signed J. H. Detwiler, sets forth that the father of a soldier who had died in the service of his country had made repeated application to the office of the Second Auditor of the Treasury to obtain a little pittance of $70 due the son, and that his effort to have the claim adjusted had not only been without avail, but his letters allowed to remain unanswered.

An investigation at the Second Auditor's office discloses the fact that Mr. J. H. Detwiler filed an imperfect claim in the case at the office of the Paymaster-General, which claim was returned to Detwiler with the following endorsement:

This claim is returned to Mr. Detwiler, who will not be permitted any intercourse with this office or department.

B. W. BRICE, Paymaster-General.

When the case came before the Second Auditor's office that officer requested the Paymaster-General to inform him why Mr. Detwiler was prohibited from prosecuting claims before his office. The letter of inquiry was returned with the following endorsement:

Respectfully returned to the Second Auditor. Interdict has been entered against this individual, Detwiler, in consequence of an order by him of pecuniary reward to the Paymaster-General to have his case speedily settled. B. W. BRICE, Paymaster-General.

The records of the Second Auditor's office show that numerous letters in the case have been answered, but for reasons above stated none can be sent to Detwiler. Whenever the father sends on the proper papers the matter will be adjusted.

Anna Dickinson's Uncoaxed Hostility to that Man Grant.

When the Union Leaguers proposed the erection of a statue to Lincoln in Philadelphia by $100 subscriptions, Anna Dickinson, then on a tour, made her way to that city, and in a lecture on the martyred President, suggested that the people should be allowed to give their mite, and devoted the proceeds of her lecture, over $900, to the object. At the unveiling of the statue last Friday, Anna Dickinson was not on the platform. A SUN reporter visited her, and asked her whether she had been invited. She said she had not, adding:

"I am glad of it. I'm shy without the aid of the Union League, or the grace of those names I see on the Committee of Arrangement."

While conversing with the SUN reporter on the Presidential question, she said emphatically:

"I am against that man Grant."

On being questioned respecting Mr. Greeley, she said:

"You will know all before long. I have not spent my summer in idleness. The women of this country are anxiously awaiting the proper time to express their sentiments. I will say Mr. Greeley has been a good friend of mine."

A $1,000,000 Fire in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—The three-story brick (iron front) block on the south side of Market street, opposite Sansome street, is in flames, and will be totally destroyed. It contains eight stores, seven of which are occupied as wholesale establishments. The loss will not be less than one million dollars. The principal establishments destroyed are: Redington, Hostetter & Co., drugs; Thurman & Leinzman, notions and fancy goods; Weiner & Dake, straw goods; F. Tenbite, millinery; Phelan & Collender, billiards; Weick & Co., leather; F. Seibenich, boots and shoes. Nothing of much value on the block has been saved.

Later—The loss by the Market street fire last night is about $1,000,000. Harpending, the owner of the block, loses $200,000; Redington, Hostetter & Co. about $200,000; Weiner & Dake $40,000, insured for $200,000; G. Rose & Son $60,000; F. Tenbite $40,000, insured for $25,000; Phelan & Collender $50,000; Weil & Co. $40,000; F. A. Seibenich $35,000; and some minor losses. —Jones, of engine No. 4, was fatally, and Fred Weir, carpenter, severely injured by falling timbers. Henry St. Clair and George Foot, firemen, were badly burned. St. Clair had his leg broken.

Not so Great a Compliment.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: I see in the Associated Press despatches, that the Republicans of Chemung county have sent as a delegate to the approaching State Convention Mr. S. C. Taber of the Elmira *Daily Advertiser*, and also adopted a resolution favoring the renomination of that great Present taker, Ulysses S. Grant. This would be all very nice, were it not for the fact of the editor-in-chief of that paper holding the fat office of Postmaster, worth a few thousand a year, so that it is not so great a compliment as the papers would have us believe. H. L. B.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.

WEST POINT IN MOURNING.

PROFESSOR MAHAN BURIED WITH MILITARY HONORS.

Yesterday's Solemn Rites at the Academy—Paying the Last Mark of Respect to their late Venerable Tutor—Buried Beside Gens. Scott, Bufford, and Bowers.

Correspondence of The Sun.

WEST POINT, Sept. 24.—Saturday morning at 11 o'clock the body of Prof. Denis Mahan reached West Point. The Professor during his life had often expressed the desire that his funeral should be private, but the authorities at West Point, taking into consideration the causes which led to his untimely death, determined to honor his remains with a military funeral. The Professor had held his position of Chief of the Engineer Department for upward of 40 years. Under his tutorship nearly all the Generals now in the regular army had graduated. His position had come to be a part of his very existence. West Point had been his home two-thirds of his life. It can well be imagined that under these circumstances the recommendation of the Board of Visitors, that he be placed on the retired list, fell like a thunderbolt upon him. The professor never appeared himself from that day. It broke his heart. He began to think that he had outlived his usefulness, and with a man of his mind, life without an object was mere misery. He brooded over this fancied wrong until goaded to madness by the lack of appreciation which he conceived his country evinced toward him, he committed the rash act which has deprived the Union of one of the most thorough engineers in its service.

PROFESSOR MAHAN'S REMAINS.

The body when recovered presented a frightful appearance. Not only the water but the inhabitants of the deep had seized upon the prey, and the old man was almost literally devoured. His eyes were entirely eaten away, so were his lips, and the flesh from his hands. The action of the water, too, had made sad havoc. Scarcely a recognizable trait in his features was left. The body was placed in the apartment known as the court martial room. This is in the basement of the Academy building. Carbolic acid was freely applied to purify the air, and a guard of honor was set over the remains. The guard consisted of Cadet Capt. Baker, Cadet Lieuts. Jamar, Henry, and Lemly, and eight men. There it remained until the funeral yesterday afternoon. Any one visiting the Academy grounds yesterday would have been struck by the air of gloom and sadness everywhere prevalent. It was a beautiful day, but everything seemed to be invested with a mournful tone that contrasted strangely with the loveliness of nature around. The flags were at half mast. The chapel was silent and gloomy. In and around the Academy building paced the solemn guard of honor. The cadets, much of them as emerged from the barracks, had very solemn faces, and wore wide bands of black crape about their left arms. The officers' sword hilts were hung with crape. Everywhere sincere and the very rigor of decorum reigned supreme.

At twenty minutes past three

THE ROLL OF THE DRUM

called the cadets into line. Preceded by the band they marched in solemn silence to the chapel, where a large throng of friends of the deceased man and curious lookers on had already assembled. The widow of Professor Mahan, accompanied by her two sons, Lieutenant Commander Alfred T. of the navy, and Frederick A. Mahan, Second Lieutenant of the Engineer Corps in the army, occupied the front pew, and the three benches to the rear were reserved for officers and intimate friends. No attempt was made at decoration in the chapel with the single exception of an American flag, which hung in graceful folds over the altar, surmounted by the national bird and a small blue banner with the inscription in gold, "God and Our Country." The walls and the marble slabs upon which were inscribed the names of all the heroes who have died for their country were hung with black. The seats on the side aisles were entirely filled long before the time set apart for the services with a throng of curious lookers-on, many of whom were

DISTINGUISHED MILITARY MEN.

At precisely 4 o'clock the escort of cadets stacked arms in front of the chapel, and, marching in, filled the seats on either side of the centre aisle. They were followed by Gen. Upton, the Commandant, Gen. Ruger, the Superintendent, and the various officers on duty at West Point. Gens. McDowell, Newton, and Cullom had before taken seats in front. The organ swelled out in a dirge of mellowed music, to the accompaniment of which the funeral procession moved down the church. First came Mr. Vickar of New York, and Dr. Forsyth, chaplain of West Point, the clergymen officiating at the ceremony. They were followed by eight artillerymen bearing the remains of Prof. Mahan. These were in charge of a detective usual on occasions of this kind. The coffin was covered with black cloth, elaborately got up with handles on either side and at the ends. A solid silver plate bore this inscription:

PROF. DENIS H. MCMAHAN.
Born April 2, 1802,
Died Sept. 16, 1871,
Aged 69 years.

The top of the casket was literally loaded with choice flowers of the purest white. A large floral cross lay upon the head, and almost concealed the plate from sight. Wreaths and bouquets were scattered in such a manner as to make of the lid one beautiful bed of flowers. Following the coffin came the pall-bearers, Gens. Kimball and Pierron, and Profs. Mitchie, Church, Wier, and Kendrick. There came such of the curious as had been unable to gain seats before. The chapel was filled to overflowing. The service was after the Episcopal form, and very brief. After reading the appropriate lessons a short psalm was sung by the choir of cadets, and Dr. McVickar said:

"Let us convey our deceased brother to the grave."

THE CASKET

was raised again and the procession left the church. Without was a gun carriage decorated with the national flag. It was drawn by four coal black horses. This was the hearse in which was borne to his last home the man who for forty years had been identified with the military academy. The coffin was placed in position and covered by the national banting. An artilleryman was stationed at the head of each horse. The pall-bearers arranged themselves on each side of the coffin, and

THE SAD PROCESSION WAS FORMED.

Band.
Escort composed of the full Cadet Corps.
Chaplains and Medical Staff.
Hearse.
Mourners.
Academic Staff and Officers.
Citizens.

The sadly beautiful strain of the Dead March went out upon the air, and the cortège started on its way to the cemetery across the parade ground, and round the serpentine line of the Government roads the solemn procession wound its way. The road from the Academy to West Point cemetery is one of the most beautifully romantic which nature has formed. To the left Crow's Nest rears its mountain head. On the right rolls the majestic Hudson. A shaded avenue bounded by a precipice on one side and a mountain bulwark on the other, leads to the burial place of Scott and the heroes who lie near him. Down this avenue the body of Prof. Mahan was borne, followed by a long train of sorrowful friends, on by the clear waters which had engulfed him, until the cemetery was reached.

THE WEST POINT CEMETERY

is a most beautiful place for the repose of the dead. It is a small valley lying at the base of the Crow's Nest and bordered by the river on the north. In a direct line with the monuments of Gens. Scott, Bufford, and Bowers, in the southeast corner was the new made grave designed for the reception of Prof. Mahan. The cadets ranged in line. The friends gathered around the mound of freshly turned earth. The short but impressive services of the dead was read by Dr. McVicker, and dust was returned to dust. Three volleys were fired over the grave by the cadets, and the procession forming again took its homeward march.

Dr. Greeley Confiding his Opinions to a Stranger.

From the Milwaukee News, Sept. 16.

During the recent visit of Horace Greeley to this city the venerable sage was sitting on a sofa at the Newhall House, conversing with a friend, when Colfax ever came up and joined them. Greeley turned to speak to him, and while he was thus engaged his former listener departed. Col. W. J. Kershaw, happening along just then, stopped into the vacant seat. Presently Horace, not perceiving the change in the occupancy of the adjacent seat, turned around and resumed the conversation. He said, apparently resuming a conversation where he had left it shortly before: "It is the most ——— disgraceful Administration that ever was witnessed in a civilized country. It has become intolerably corrupt. There must be a change or there will be revolution. Why, through his Congressmen and office-holders, he is trying to control the politics of every State in the Union as he has sugar here in Wisconsin, and as you will see he will next week in New Jersey and Maryland, when Republican conventions are to meet there. Your man Washburn has been placed on the track through these detestable influences." Here it occurred to Col. Kershaw that he was becoming the recipient of confidences not intended for him, and he rose to go. Mr. Greeley, however, seemed to remark were intended for another man. The philosopher stared blankly over his spectacles with an air that was childlike and bland, while a look of astonishment and disgust took gradually over his placid countenance. With a most expressive "Ough!" he started from his seat and betook himself to the opposite side of the room in great haste. But he had said his say.

Making Business for the Notaries.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: In view of the near approach of the election, I would suggest that all candidates for office make an affidavit of the amount they are worth, real and personal, so that at the expiration of their term of public service we may know how much the citizens of the country have contributed to their wealth.

W. CLARKE.

Keep it in the house, that it may be promptly administered to at sudden attacks of cholera, cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, colic, and all affections of the stomach and bowels, for which Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam is an efficient remedy. Every family will do well to keep so safe and useful a curative handy for emergency. Sold everywhere.—*Adv.*

REAL ESTATE MOVEMENTS.

Among the important transfers of New York property made recently we would mention the four blocks bounded by Third and Fourth avenues and Ninety-eighth and 102d streets inclusive. It was sold by Royal Houghton to David Allerton, Archibald M. Allerton, John B. Dutcher, and William C. Moore for $350,000.

A lot on the northwest corner of 138th street and Eighth avenue, 99.11x350, and another on the southwest corner of Eighth avenue and 139th street, same size, were transferred by Mary G. Pinkney to Ephraim D. Slater for $87,000.

Two lots on Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, 125 feet east of Fifth avenue, 25x100.5 each, have been transferred by William B. Astor to Stephen D. Hatch for $90,000.

Nos. 222, 222½, 224, and 224½ Bowery have been transferred by J. P. B. Dodge to J. F. Malcolm for $70,000.

The property on the southwest corner of Fifty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, 100x100, has been taken by James Fettretch for $70,000.

The northeast corner of Madison avenue and Sixty-first street has been transferred by S. F. Thurasson to John McCoon for $72,000.

An absolute sale of 125 building lots in West Bergen, Sixteenth Ward, Jersey City, will take place to-morrow under the auspices of J. M. Gibson, auctioneer. See advertisement.

Lewis E. Wood will sell to-day 26 valuable building lots on Monticello and Fairview streets, Jersey City. See advertisement.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Johnson & Miller's great sale of Richmond Hill, L. I., property on Thursday.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY, Sept. 23—P. M.—The railway share market was very quiet, but in the main firm, during the morning, though some slight concessions were noted just previous to the call. There was a lack of inclination to enter largely into contracts in either direction, as the views of operators were quite wide apart on the afternoon bank statement, and an onslaught by the bears was quite freely canvassed. Somewhat to the consternation of these speculators, the Secretary gave orders to purchase three millions 5-20s on Monday, which was made the pretext for a sharp buying movement by the now more confident bulls—extending pretty much all over the list of prominent stocks—the afternoon market ruling active at an advance of ½ to 1 ⅌ cent., and closing strong. Concerning the future movement of stocks there was very little gossip. The most active trade was in Lake Shore, Ohio and Mississippi, Rock Island, the Vanderbilt stocks, Erie, Reading, Union Pacific, Western Telegraph, and Pacific Mail, the dealings in the other stocks being of comparative insignificance.

The gold market opened strong and confident at 115¼, on the rumors alluded to in this column this morning, and after momentarily yielding ⅛ ⅌ cent, rose to 115¾. At this point came the contradiction of the reported calling up by the foreign Syndicate of additional margins to the new five ⅌ cent subscriptions, and some liberal amounts of long gold were thrown upon the market by the foreign bankers, resulting in forcing back the price to 114¾, at which and 115 it ranged during the balance of the day, closing at 115 bid. Cash gold was easier and lent late in the day flat, though earlier rates were 5, 6, 7, 4, 1, 2, and 3 ⅌ cent for carrying. The gold receipts at the Treasury were $1,088,884; payments, $1,199,036; balance, $692,659,861. The currency receipts were $405,060; payments, $563,517; balance, $14,630,745. The Customs receipts were $599,000. Cancelled gold certificates to the amount of $1,090,000. The Sub-Treasury dealings at the Gold Exchange Bank were $86,686,000; gold balances, $22,271,160, and currency balances, $2,947,434. The following were the quotations:

10 A. M.	115¼	12:30 P. M.	115⅛
10:47 A. M.	114¾	1:30 P. M.	114¾
3 P. M.	115	5 P. M.	115 bid.

Foreign exchange was dull after the closing of the mail and rates were easier, though nominally unchanged in the absence of business. Rates for prime bankers' sixty days bills and 109¼@109½ for sight, though it is not probable these rates can be long sustained. The imports of dry goods for the past week at this port were $3,477,944, and of general merchandise $5,031,555, making a total of $8,509,499, against $7,305,932 last week, and $6,631,083 for the week ending Sept. 21, 1870, an increase as compared with the latter period of $1,878,236. The specie shipments to-day were $181,506, making a total for the week of $480,597, and since January 1, $90,918,407. The Treasury during the week bought three million bonds, sold six millions gold, received in coin for customs $3,371,607, and disbursed in coin interest on the public debt $889,372.89. The Treasury next week promises to buy four millions bonds and sell two millions gold, although it is not improbable that Mr. Boutwell will somewhat vary his programme.

The street this afternoon was electrified by the announcement posted in the corridor of the Sub-Treasury that the Government would purchase on Monday three millions 5-20s. This was construed as foreshadowing the policy of the Secretary in keeping money easy and out of the reach of artificial attempts to make it stringent during the October and November money movement. The market has been abundantly supplied throughout the day with loanable funds, the demand being 5@6 per cent. on Government bonds, and 6 and 7 on stocks, and at the close large balances were pressed at 3 to 4 ⅌ cent. Commercial paper has been quiet at 7 ⅌ cent. The bank statement was an exceedingly unfavorable one, the loans showing a decrease in all items. The deposits were contracted nearly $10,000,000, represented in great part by the reduction in loans. The legal tenders were heavily down, indicating artificial movement. The specie was increased, though the full movement in the latter two items is not fully shown, owing to the fallacious system of making up averages. The total reserve of the banks was decreased $6,049,700, against a reduction of $9,607,300 in the total liabilities. The banks now are very much reduced, and hold in surplus over the 25 ⅌ cent. reserve required by law only $1,167,250, against $4,593,520 last week, a decrease of $3,626,250. The following is a comparison of the averages for the last two weeks:

	Sept. 16.	Sept. 23.	Differences.
Loans	$371,446,400	$369,164,700	Dec. $2,281,700
Specie	16,727,100	16,757,100	Inc. 30,000
Circulation	32,129,700	30,920,300	Inc. 71,600
Deposits	248,996,700	237,347,600	Dec. 9,649,100
Legal tenders	65,881,000	58,428,300	Dec. 5,352,400

Government bonds have been strong and higher to-day, but the advance has been less than called for by the higher range of gold. Business has been quite brisk in some of the issues, and the foreign bankers were taking quite large amounts for Continental account, recommending a profit in the export. The market closed strong.

Henry Clews & Co., 32 Wall st., report at 4 P. M.:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. cur. 6s	114¾	114¾	1868 reg. J. & J.	114¼	114¾
1881, reg	115	115¼	5-20s, '65, coup	114¼	114¾
1881, coup	115¼	115¾	1865, coup	114¾	115
1864, reg. M. & N.	115¼	115¾	1867, coup	114¾	115¼
1864, coup	115¼	115¾	10-40s, reg	111	112
1865, reg.	115¼	115¾	10-40s, coup	111	112
1865, coup	115¾	115¾	Cen. P. gold bds	101¾	102

State bonds were steady at the recent concessions. The only new decline was in Virginia 6s, old, which receded about ¼ of 1 ⅌ cent, to 69¾. Tennessees sold at 71¾@72 for both issues, South Carolinas have moved very slowly of late, North Carolinas did not make any important move in either direction, while the remainder of the list was dull and neglected. There was a small business in city bank shares, which sold as follows: Commonwealth 99, and Fourth National 113. There has been a fairly active business in railroad bonds, with quotations nearly the same as yesterday. The sales were not especially large, and were distributed as follows: Central Pacifics, 101¼; Union Pacific first, 89¾; Chicago and Northwestern consolidated, 83¾; St. Louis and Iron Mountain firsts, 92; C., C. and I. C. firsts, 92¼@93; Hannibal and St. Joseph convertible 8 ⅌ cents, 99; Morris and Essex 21, par, and Cleveland and Pittsburgh 31, 98.

The following are the highest and lowest and 6 P. M. closing prices of stocks:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Bid.	Asked.
N. Y. C. & Hudson con	93¾	92¾	93¾	92¾
N. Y. C. & Hudson cer	88¾	87¾	88	88¾
Harlem	—	—	126	—
Erie	30¾	30¼	30¾	30¾
Reading	111	110¾	110¾	111¾
Lake Shore	101¾	100	101¾	101¾
Wabash	61¾	60¾	61¾	61¾
Pittsburgh	120¾	119¾	120¾	121
Northwestern	69	68¾	68¾	69
Northwestern pref	91¾	90	90¾	91
Rock Island	109¾	108¾	109¾	109¾
Fort Wayne	—	—	99	99¾
Milwaukee and St. Paul	62¾	61¾	62¾	62¾
Milwaukee & St. Paul pref	81¾	81	81	81¾
Ohio & Mississippi	43¾	42¾	43¾	43¾
Panama	—	—	60	65
Del., Lack. & Western	—	—	108¾	—
C., C., C. & I.	89¾	89	88¾	89¾
New Jersey Central	111	110¾	110¾	—
Union Pacific	28¾	27¾	28¾	28¾
C. C. and Indy. Central	19¾	19¾	19¾	20
Hannibal & St. Joseph	65¾	64¾	64	65
Hannibal & St. Joseph pref	79¾	78¾	78	79
Western Union Telegraph	66¾	65¾	66¾	66¾
Pacific Mail	51¾	50¾	51¾	51¾
Quicksilver	—	—	15¾	16
Mariposa pref	28¾	28	28	28¾
Canton	—	—	78¾	79
Consol. Coal of Md	45	44¾	44¾	—
Adams Express	85	84¾	84¾	85¾
Wells, F. & Co.	—	—	56	57
American Nat. Union Ex	—	—	57	57¾
United States Ex	—	—	56	—

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New York Markets.

SATURDAY, Sept. 23.—FLOUR AND MEAL—All grades of flour were 10@25c. higher; the reduced production has caused some scarcity; large lines were taken for export, and the total sales were 19,000 bbls. Rye flour and corn meal quiet, but firm. We quote: Superfine State and Western, $5.75@$6.; extra State, $6.25@$6.50; Western spring wheat extras, $6.25@$6.40; do. double extras, $6.75@$7.; do. winter wheat extras and double extras, $6@$8.50; Genesee extras, $6.75@$8; Southern bakers' and family brands, $7.50@$9.; southern shipping extras, $6.75@$7.25. Rye flour, $4.50@$5.75. Corn meal—Western, &c., $3.60@$4; Brandywine, &c., $4.10@$4.15.

PORK—Dull and lower; sales 600 bbls., including 270 for export; middling uplands, 19¼c.; low middling, 19¼c. For future delivery, prices lower; sales 9,150 bales, closing at 19¼c. for October, 19¾c. for November, 19 1-16c. for December, 19¾c. for January, and 19¾c. for March.

PROVISIONS—Active and firmer; sales 3,300 bbls. at $19@$19.25 for prime; $10.25@$10.50 for prime mess; $13 for city mess; $12.75@$13 for mess, spot and early delivery; and $14.25 for January. Beef firm with a fair demand. Bacon in demand; 1,000 hxs long clear sold for early delivery at 9¾c.; cut meats quiet. Lard active and firmer; sales