THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

DETERMINED TO STARVE, IF STARVE THEY MUST, ABOVE GROUND.

Wages Barely Sufficient to Keep Body and Soul Together—A Touching Picture of the Miseries of the Starving Miners—The Military Prepared to Stay—Over a Volcano.

SCRANTON, Aug. 4.—The colliery owners and ironmasters here, and those representing them at New York and Philadelphia, have been energetically putting forth averments to the effect that the great body of miners and iron workers in this vicinity were eagerness to go to work again, and were only restrained by fear of a small but vociferous and evil minority. Such statements, except in the interest of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, are entirely false. If the men wanted protection to enable them to go to work, surely they have it in the presence of three thousand soldiers. But the fact is that there are not, with the exception of the employees of the one company noted, three men in a thousand who are willing to resume work at the starvation wages they have been receiving. The Pennsylvania Coal Company's men got as low wages as the others, but they had full time, could work every day regularly, were not subjected to the infamous rascalities of a company store, and had by experience learned to have confidence in their employers. Only about a year ago the Pennsylvania Coal Company paid $20,000 to their miners that they did not know they had earned. In filling their cars the men had put on excess of weights above the strict requirements of lading, of which careful record had been kept by the company, until finally the sum due the miners on that account reached the amount named. When the payment was made, the men looked upon it as a present, for they did not know that their weights had been in excess. Nor is an instance of honesty and generosity like this on the part of a coal company has ever been known in here. But for the destruction of a bend house on the company's gravity road, these mines would be in full operation.

As has been said, the men get just as low wages here as in other collieries, but they make twice as much money as their fellows, since they have no idle time, and in judging of the real merits of the present struggle it is worth while to bear in mind the fact that it is not simply an effort to compel increased remuneration for specified work, but to gain sufficient means, either by better wages or more work, to keep starvation aloof. No hours will be too long, no fatigue too excessive, no danger too great for the poor wretches if by enduring all they may win food and shelter for their loved ones and themselves. A delegation of them, visiting the Hon. Jason Rosser the other day, said to him: "We wish to bind ourselves to be your slaves, to toil early and late as our strength will permit, for you, during one or five years, and never will ask you or any agent of wages, if you will only give us and our families plain and sufficient food, and enough rags as we really need. Unless we can do this we are forced to see our wives and children starve, to be forced into hospitals when we are sick, and bury us when we die." He said the company could not afford to make such an arrangement. Decidedly it has not paid sufficient wages to enable the men to provide themselves with the bare necessaries of life well or ill.

You don't know, much as you have seen among us, indeed, none but ourselves can know," said an intelligent miner to the writer today, "the moral effect that our miseries have had upon us, the bitterness and moroseness that flow in the hearts of our men. Had you gone down into a mine at any time since just before the war you would have seen something that might have told you a sad story. When we had good times the men used to come together at lunch or their dinners, and in hours of rest would eat and laugh together sociably and happily. But no two men eat together in these sad days. Each mouthful of food seems to bring a curse with him; we are as poor as hunted rats from exposing his poverty; shrank too, perhaps, from enhancing his own sadness by the sight of the misery of others. He would take his dinner pail to some secluded corner, as this lamp where its light could not fall upon him, and, sitting there alone, would eat the cold and tasteless food, washed down with mean mush that constituted all his dinner. No more pleasant chat, no more song and laughter—only silence and gloom, a gloom in his heart blacker than in the deepest chambers of the mine. What do you suppose he thought of the boy of his pale and careworn wife and his children, perhaps the little one who died a few weeks ago, that had taken because he was too poor to get medicines or a doctor; of the rich employers who would not even pay him in cash for his work that he might save his children's lives, but compelled him to take it out in trade at their stores of the profit the company reaped from him, and of the cruel, cold world, so unlike in every a heart in his bosom wonder that even the most patient and long-suffering of these wretched toilers, stung by the agony of thoughts like those, at last revolts against his seeming fate? They have not ceased to suffer, but they have ceased to endure in silence. Now, perhaps, you would hear many of them say, God or the means of earning it, and without credit at stores, they have sworn to stand out to the end, until they either conquer or starve to death. If starvation is to be their lot, well, they will at least meet it above ground, without the added dangers of falling rocks, caving mines, explosions, fire-damp, and the many other perils with which to them are familiar.

It is simply astonishing how they have dared to enter upon a strike when so ill provided for it. Despair only could have been their adviser. The men men who own the collieries are fond of saying that the miners are as a class grossly improvident, and, as a rule, they have been. Possessing some of the money in the flush times, but that a great many were even then careful and provident is proved by the number of houses owned wholly or in part by them. And this adds to the distress of the present position of many of them. They still owe money to the lumber dealers, who have advanced them material with which to build, and have a mortgage on the houses for security; or they owe part of the price of the lot and house if they have bought one ready built. During at least a year past their utmost exertions have been barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. They could make no payments. Now they have no money to spare for maintaining a family for a short term of days, for the suspension of those mortgages, warding away from them all the results of their years of toil and depriving their family of homes. Hyde Park is full of men in this unenviable position, and they are to be found in every mining community in the region.

In Luzerne county the miners, and Lehigh and Wyoming valleys used to have "mutualism fit societies," and "accident funds," to make some slight provision against the dangers of their work. Generally, if a man lost his life in one of these organizations was killed, the contributions of surviving members would give his widow a little pittance of $75 or $100; or if he was crippled, he got $5 or $6 per week, or less. But with the present strike all these have fallen through, for the reason that the men have been so poor that they totally neglected to make so much taken from the meagre of their ordinary children. Thus they are left without the slightest provision for their family in case of accident. "We have to trust to Providence," said one of them, speaking of this matter, "either to charity or we have to starve." Even the temporary benefits, the Odd Fellows' and the Masonic lodges have been thrown by reason of the poverty. In Hyde Park, the Masons and Odd Fellows and Masons in the place there is a lodge of each of the orders, which have been able to make a payment on a during a year past, and they are in daily expectation of having it taken from them.

Thousands of the Diamond and Oxford mines, west side of the Lackawanna river, have been idle for half a year, and private coal operations in Hyde Park collieries. The condition of these is that of all. Must and dry-head, by supply, have constituted their food, for weeks in days. Their homes are tare and feathers. They are dest tute of everything and know of no hope of future change that will relieve them. A few days ago, in fifty families in a village there were seven in all, sickness, miners had been put in his hut, and had been unable to find in their trade enough to provide one day's subsistence.

Glad to talk of prosecuting the poor company, the men met on Monday, when the inquest now in progress at Carbondale, witnesses, persons of standing and interest in the community, have testified that there was not justification for the firing some time ago, throwing rocks of lath and sticks after the men, and that there was no "violent attack by a drunken mob," as pushing to pillage the stores, as had been alleged. Instead, it was the men who were the aggrieved parties, and when the men fired, they took deliberate aim at the retreating people whose backs were turned toward them, and who were running away. There is a strong disposition among those who were in that affair to disavow their participation in the shooting. Some of them have left town, and others are in deep distress of having been suppressed in the reports of the inquest. One fact deserves to be put on record, viz., that the meetings for the silk factory, from which that demonstration on Wednesday last took place, were attended by a number of miners. There were a number of miners present by invitation of the ironworkers' committee, but when the crowd started to drive the men away from the shops where they were at work, the miners left, and their defection was regarded with so much disfavor that they had to run and save the Lackawanna to get to their homes in Hyde Park and escape personal injury.

A rumor is afloat to-day that the town of Scranton is to be put under martial law, and a great many arrests—some say as many as five hundred—are to be made among those spotted as prominent in the strike, a piece of outrageous foolishness well calculated to provoke trouble if anything will.

Gov. Hartranft has been here to-day, holding a lengthy consultation with Mayor McRune and Major-Gen. Brinton on the situation. The result is that the military force in this immediate vicinity is to be largely increased, and such changes made as seem indicative of a purpose of prolonged occupation by the soldiery. The two brigades composing the First Division, numbering about 2,400 men, will leave here some time to-night, or early to-morrow morning, to return to their homes. Before they will be permitted to go, however, Gen. Huydekoper's Seventh Division will have arrived. They number about 2,400 men. In addition, a strong force of United States troops, numbering about 800 soldiers of the First and Third Regiments, and 150 marines, by recommend of Lieut.-Col. Brannan, Brevet Brigadier-General, will be established in camp as a point in this immediate vicinity, whence they may reach here by an easy march in case of an alarm. Gen. Huydekoper's command comprises a cavalry troop and a battery of Gatling guns. The United States troops are also provided with Gatlings.

No trouble is reported to-day on either of the railway lines entering here, and all are now in operation excepting the Lehigh and Susquehanna and the Pennsylvania Coal Company. The latter is only prevented from resuming by the delay in finding a new Hickory Hoist No. 5. A new one will be completed in a few days.

A meeting of miners is said to have been held last night in the woods about five miles from here, at which three thousand men were present. The speakers urged the strikers to stand firm in their present attitude, but counselled the observance of respect for property rights and the preservation of order. Fears are entertained that serious trouble may occur when the Pennsylvania Coal Company start operations again in their collieries. Their men have not been strikers, as the regular full time work they have had has contented them, even at the exceedingly low rate of wages, and it is expected that they will be ready to go to work as soon as they are permitted to do so. Then the strikers may seek to prevent them, in which case the troops will, of course, be called upon for protection, and in that way a riot much more serious than anything that has yet occurred may result. The popular phrase in the mouth of organizing men, "We stand, sir, upon a volcano," A movement is already on foot for relieving by charity the necessities of the starving miners' families in Hyde Park.

DECIDING NOT TO STRIKE.

The Action of the Convention of Miners in the Hazelton Region.

HAZELTON, Pa., Aug. 4.—This morning, at about 9 o'clock, crowds of men could be seen coming into town from all points. They were brawny looking men with blue marks on their hands and faces, where they had been cut with glassy anthracite coal. They were the delegates elected from the different collieries in this neighborhood, and were going to attend a meeting that would decide a grave question—namely, whether they would go to work and earn a half a loaf, or begin a strike that would lead to widespread destitution. They stood about the corners in groups until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Then they adjourned to the old Odd Fellows' Hall in Broad street, near the Lehigh Valley Company's shops. None were admitted outside of the duly elected delegates. A number of professional strikers from Schuylkill county were plainly informed that they would not be admitted. "We are able to decide this matter for ourselves, and we emphatically deprecate strangers from other parts," sensibly exclaimed one of the delegates. Michael Mulligan of Upper Lehigh valley was elected President of the convention. Delegates from every colliery, excepting those operated by A. Pardy & Co., in the middle coalfield, of the Lehigh district, were in attendance. "Shall we strike?" was the first question that engaged the attention of all present. After a long debate, it was decided that, as the condition of the coal trade did not warrant a suspension, every man should go to work on Monday morning. This was cheering news to those who were anxiously waiting outside the streets to hear the result of the meeting. Everybody complimented the men on their wise decision. A strike in this region at the present time would result in untold misery and want. Subsequently, the question of reorganizing the Workingmen's Union was brought before the meeting, and it was decided to reorganize under a new name—that of "The Miners' Protective Association." Officers were immediately elected, but who they are is a mystery, as yet.

Arrested for Spiking Switches.

ALBANY, Aug. 4.—Detective Malone has returned from New York, where he arrested Herman Heim, of 329 Fourteenth street, accused of spiking switches at East Albany during the late riot.

STOPPING A TRIP TO EUROPE.

A Chicago Father's Telegraphic Message to Supt. Walling, and What Came of it.

The steamship Odin sailed for Europe yesterday at 3 P. M. At 1 o'clock a detective stepped aboard and arrested Teresa Bloch and two children whom she was taking to Europe. The arrest was made in obedience to a telegram received by Superintendent Walling from Chief of Police Hickey of Chicago, and which said that the children had been kidnapped. Miss Bloch and the children were taken to this city, and the steamship sailed without them. Miss Bloch tells the following: Ignatz and Henrietta Singer, the parents of the children, live in Chicago. The former is shiftless and he neglected or was unable to support his family. Mrs. Singer was unable to do much, and the burden fell upon Mrs. Singer's sister, Teresa Bloch, and her brother Jacob Bloch, who is an engineer at West Point. All the parties are Bohemians, and the parents of the Blochs live in Bohemia. Things continued in this condition for some years, until Miss Bloch and Mrs. Singer determined to take the children on to their grandparents in Europe. The latter were willing to rear and educate them.

This course became the more necessary as Miss Bloch's health was very poor, and she was unable to assist them any longer. The project was talked over for a year, but Mr. Singer was opposed to it, and refused to make Miss Bloch paid the passage money. On Thursday afternoon trunks were packed, and Miss Bloch and the children started for New York, after bidding good by to everybody save Mr. Singer, who remained in ignorance of the proceeding. Upon her arrival in New York she was met by her brother, who was in the secret, and he went aboard of the steamship when the arrest was made. Miss Bloch is a very ladylike person, and her brother is also well appearing. She was taken to Jefferson Market Court at 3 o'clock. A telegram was received there, saying that the father, who had made the complaint, was coming on from Chicago. Superintendent Walling telegraphed back to Chief Hickey to investigate the matter to settle matters, and telegraph him particulars. Justice Wandell remanded Miss Bloch until a reply could be received.

Not Prepared for the Consequences.

Charlotte Wetmore has begun a suit in the City Court, Brooklyn, for limited divorce from Shipman S. Wetmore, son of Walter Wetmore of 275 Schermerhorn street. The defendant is a paper box maker at 27 Columbia street. The girl, whose maiden name was Charlotte T. Langley, is of poor parentage. She claims that in 1871 Wetmore desired to marry her, and by representing to her that his father would oppose their marriage, persuaded her to have the usual ceremony omitted and to live with him as his wife. He gave her a ring, and assured her that legally they were married. They lived together continually, and she says she passed for his wife among her friends. A child was born to them, which he left with her for a time to care for the invalid. After his recovery the defendant returned to live with her, and continued to do so until March last. He then abandoned her, and refused to make any provision to support her until last June. On June 27 she met him at a picnic. She says that he assaulted her there, knocked her down, and called her a vile name. The same night he visited her, and, she believes, while she was staying, said threatened to shoot her. On her counsel's motion, or counsel's fee and allowance yesterday, before Judge Reynolds, these facts were established, and the defendant made an affidavit declaring that he never purchased a ring for the accused was, that he never spoke of marriage to her, that he never thought the child was his own, and that he had never called her his wife, but had told his friends that she is an immoral, unchaste woman, and that she has made daily threats of exposing her for the purpose of blackmail. Judge Reynolds said that the plaintiff ought to be in Fashion Hall, and he added that young men should not conduct themselves as Wetmore had, unless they were prepared for the consequences.

A Burglar's Serious Fall.

Harmon H. Neslage keeps a saloon at 417 West street, and sleeps over the store. Early yesterday morning he was awakened by the opening of a window in the unoccupied back room. He sprang up, crying, "Who is there?" As he did so, a man jumped or fell from the fire escape into the yard. Mr. Neslage saw him at the foot of the basement stairs. The Charles street police were summoned, and the man was picked up in a dying condition. He died at 1 A. M. to-day, and has not been identified. The deceased was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, and was dressed in a black sack coat, black pantaloons, and a pair of congress gaiters. He had a light complexion, and was about 30 years of age. He had a small mustache, and his face was cut. He had gained access to the yard by climbing over a fence in Perry street. In the New York Hospital he gave his address as 28 West Third street and his name as Michael Wilson. The address is fictitious.

Dead in the Grand Central Hotel.

Col. James A. Grover, for nearly a year a commission merchant in this city, and a boarder in the Grand Central Hotel, was found dead in his room in the hotel yesterday morning. He was a portly, fine looking tasteful dressing gentleman. He was a native of Columbus, Ohio, where his father lives, and a widower with grown children, but they were not living with him. Coroner Flanagan made an autopsy of Col. Grover's remains yesterday, and decided that his death resulted from an overdose of chloral.

Men's jean drawers, 28 to 48 inches, 50 cents a pair; gauze undershirts, 37½, 50c., 75c. each. J. W. Johnston, 200 Grand st.; also 427 6th av., corner 26th st.—*Adv.*

AMUSEMENTS.

Ah Sin.

There is a great deal in the play of "Ah Sin" that is diverting. It both amuses and amazes, but it is singularly weak in that kind of interest which a well knit and well told story creates.

And this is above everything else the test of a good play.

Mr. Mark Twain appears to have had some doubt about the sincerity and seriousness of the work, for he hurled a good deal of preliminary irony at the play in a speech on the first night, but in spite of this humorous attempt to forestall certain criticism and to cover weakness with laughter, it is only as a serious endeavor to write a melodrama that one can regard his labor at all.

It wears all the harness of a drama. It is stuffed to bursting with every kind of dramatic material. If it does not move like an organized creature it is because the breath of life was not breathed into it, and not because it is not in measure and weight up to the regulation standard.

I cannot for the life of me imagine where the notion originated that Mark Twain is, or by any possibility can become, a dramatist. He has never that I can discover written anything that is dramatic. His best work is the work of a clever reporter, who exaggerates without regard to the truth and very often without regard to good taste. He never invents, never constructs. Let him see a character or witness a scene and he will caricature one and narrate the other with a lawless extravagance that delights Americans. But he has nowhere shown the least spark of creative imagination or evinced the possession of the smallest amount of that artistic contrivance which can build a perfect work. His "Colonel Sellers" is, without exception, the most absurd, the most irrational, and the most inartistic drama that ever succeeded by means of sheer absurdity and a clever actor in keeping the boards. I don't think I ever saw an amusing play that was so utterly destitute of the dramatic element as that same play of "Colonel Sellers." All the serious incidents are overlooked or forgotten by the spectator, who doesn't care a fig whether *Laura Hawkins* is hanged or not, so long as *Colonel Sellers* keeps up his fun in the court room.

If Mark Twain can portray character, he certainly would have made the attempt in that play, but the truth is there is not a character in it. *Sellers* himself passes for one by virtue of two or three eccentricities, and *Sellers* is understood to be an exaggerated portrait of somebody Mr. Twain met in the West or Southwest.

Mr. Bret Harte, on the other hand, is known as a literary artist. His play of "Two Men of Sandy Bar" may be said to have owed its failure to his artistic integrity. He wrote a play instead of a character part. As Mr. Robson, for whom it was written, could not make of *Colonel Starbottle* what Raymond made of *Colonel Sellers*, it would not do. And it is very evident that Bret Harte did not intend that it should *do* on any such terms. His play had a romantic and interesting story; it pictured a certain kind of life truthfully and graphically, and its personages were not alone humorous, but heroic and pathetic, and they talked in a language that betrayed their several characters. Of these personages *Ah Sin* was of the least account in the story. A mere incident, the laundryman came in and made a hit by his attempt to use the rough language of the Americans he associated with. He told somebody to "Go holly." Wherein consists the maddening humor of this phrase it would be hard to determine; but it so seized upon the public that *Ah Sin* became the most conspicuous person in the story, and as is natural with actors who make hits, the player who had the part immediately wanted a play.

The drama that has this week been presented at Mr. Daly's is the result.

At the very best this is "pot-boiling" business. It is not in the nature of things that either Mr. Harte or Mr. Twain can do good or artistic work, with Mr. Parsloe standing there with his money bags and insisting that they shall do cheap and popular work. But it isquite in the nature of things, unfortunately for Mr. Parsloe, that pot-boiling work shall be bad work; and that is what any thoughtful person will pronounce "Ah Sin" to be—if, indeed, a thoughtful person can be induced to pay it sufficient attention to arrive at a conclusion.

Bret Harte's share of the work, I think, is small. Probably he sketched the plot. I say probably—what I mean is undoubtedly, because with all its faults Mark Twain could not make it. Bret Harte erected the fence upon which Mr. Twain was to post his humor. It is not a remarkable structure, but it serves Mr. Twain and Mr. Parsloe (who get up on it and grin) to exhibit two distinct and rather cheap orders of popular fun.

The first and chief objection that I make against Mark Twain's work is that it is always, even when it attempts to deal with serious subjects, trifling and unreal. His sense of the ludicrous dominates him in his effort to make a melodrama, as it has dominated him in all the fugitive sketches and reports that he has made. Here he gives us the deadly passion of a miner wreaking itself in murder, but we have a suspicion while we look at the scene that it is a practical joke. If his dying man does not make a pun at the expense of death, we are disappointed. A profound sense of the ridiculousness of life overcomes us. It is true the man is not murdered—but the interest and integrity of the story make it necessary that we shall think he is murdered—why, then, should he poke his head out of *Ah Sin's* cabin suddenly in a subsequent act and remark that he thought he heard his wife's voice? Why! because that will afford *Ah Sin* the opportunity to say as he pushes him back, "Melican man's wife give Melican man helly."

All idea of the mystery, suspense, and danger vanishes at once. It is the fun of the thing that the playwright is after.

But he does not even manage his fun discreetly. He does not understand that humor must flow in its own channels. He insists that it shall overflow in all directions, and the consequence is that the stream of his talent gets soiled and nasty. The weakest of the American playwrights would not be guilty of such a scene as that between *Mr. York* and *Plunkett*. There is in it a stupid obliviousness of the limitations of art and the proprieties of life and literature that is amazing. *Mr. York*, represented as a gentleman, is reduced to an idiot for the sake of making the scene funny.

He has picked up a photograph of *Miss Tempest*. (This photograph is lying about the mines, and is picked up by everybody who comes upon the scene.) He kisses it with insane ardor, and when old *Plunkett*, who has told him it is a photograph of his daughter, rattles on about the Ann Eliza mine, his coarse remarks about shafts, blasts, &c., are supposed by *Mr. York* to have reference to this young lady.

In order to make the mistake wear a likely face, *Mr. York* has for the time being to become an abject ass, which he does with a bad grace.

Similarly, Mr. Twain attempts to make *Plunkett* funny by calling him the champion liar of Calaveras. But his lies are not lies at all, for they deceive nobody. When this rough humorist of the mines insists that he was in the ark with Noah, and fought in the American war for independence, it is not lying, it is only that kind of disregard of the proprieties which we find in "The Innocents Abroad." It is the reckless effrontery of it that amuses us.

I supposed, when I saw this play, that *Plunkett* would turn out to be the Judge Lynch who convicted an innocent man for his murder, and that after hanging the innocent man he would reveal himself, and declare that there hadn't been any murder at all. A stroke of humor that Mark Twain curiously overlooked.

The truth is that not one of these characters acts or talks consistently with himself. They are so many sketches of peculiarities, under no obligations to their own natures, to be sincere or loyal or natural. Even *Ah Sin* is shallow and false. Mr. Twain rather officiously undertook in his speech to point out that "whoever sees Mr. Parsloe in this character sees as good and natural and consistent a Chinaman as he can see in San Francisco. I think (said he) his portrayal of the character reaches perfection. The whole purpose of the piece is to afford an opportunity for the illustration of this character."

This admission is a very fortunate one for my purpose, for it shows how absolutely Mr. Twain has seized the fundamental characteristics of the Asiatic, when he represents him as a lying, stealing, motiveless, merry-andrew, intent only on "washee, washee," and a sort of Humpty-Dumpty ubiquity.

If the whole purpose of this piece is, as the playwright asserts, to afford an opportunity for the illustration of Chinese character, the whole purpose of the piece is as yet unaccomplished. It so far fails to give us any illustration of Chinese character whatever, and presents us with an American burlesque. *Ah Sin* as we have him here, has been seen for years in intermittent flashes of local humor upon our variety and minstrel stage. He was then and he is still a caricature made up of two or three external oddities of manner, and entirely devoid of any of the mental or moral peculiarities which mark his race.

I should like to know what in Mr. Twain's mind constitutes character. Is it wooden shoes and a waltzing gait? Is it a night shirt worn instead of a cutaway coat? Is it to be found in a Grant-White-contraction of the language without reference to dictionaries or grammars?

All these things are no doubt peculiar to the Chinaman of San Francisco, but are they sufficient indications of his nature?

Ah Sin steals everything he can lay his hands upon. Does Mark Twain mean to tell us that that is characteristic of the Mongolian race, or will he acknowledge in his next speech that it is simply funny? *Ah Sin* does innumerable things without any conceivable motive. (Why, for instance, does he change the cards when *Broderick* and *Plunkett* are playing? Why does he hide *Plunkett* during these acts in his wash-house?) Is this a characteristic of the San Francisco Chinaman?

I am afraid Mr. Twain has made this perfect sketch of character from a hoodlum's point of view.

Mr. Parsloe is unquestionably funny in his portrayal—but that is quite another thing than being "natural and consistent." He has mimicked the manners of a Chinaman. Mr. Twain calls this an illustration of character. Mr. Twain always made that mistake, whether he was writing a sketch or writing a play.

The merits of the representation belong, in a great measure, to the theatre. Mr. Daly's house pulls the worst of it through creditably. This is particularly noticeable in the women of the piece, who have very little to do with the plot, and furnish the comedy element. There are four of them. They change names, mix themselves up and chatter a great deal to no purpose. If they were not clever actresses, and—what is of more consequence perhaps—conscientious, and determined to do the best they can for the piece, it would be simply intolerable in its comedy. There, for instance, is Mrs. Gilbert, who is given that inevitable Malaprop business again. She knows that it is a threadbare expedient, but she takes hold of it with the heroic determination to make it as new and as good as she can. So with all the rest of them. I never saw a poor play so glorified by good acting. Even Miss Edith Band, a plump and rosy English girl, wrestled with the American slang of a vulgar rôle most interestingly. Nothing could well be more innocently piquant than her assertion that she was "no gum drop," when everybody could see that she—to use the Twain language—wasn't anything else—being sweet enough to eat.

I have no doubt that "Ah Sin" will prove a popular play, and make a great deal of money for the authors and player. I am sure I hope so. As that is what it was made for. I think Mr. Twain ought to be satisfied with such a result. But he ought to thank Mr. Daly, who has made dramatic incompetence acceptable by theatric skill, and converted a play that is devoid of art and literary ability into an amusing entertainment.

NYM CRINKLE.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Miss Abbott is to sing at Newport.

Rose Coghlan arrives in September.

"Baby" may still be seen at the Park.

Miss Anna Dickinson will return in October.

Vieuxtemps has received a stroke of paralysis.

J. N. Pattison goes to Tarrytown for the summer.

Max Maretzek is now said to be writing operas for other people.

On Friday evening next Miss Mary Cary will receive a benefit.

"Poor Jo" will be played during the week at the Union Square Theatre.

The sea serpent is now one of the curiosities to be seen at the Aquarium.

"Brunhilde" will be produced in this city, with Mme. Janauschek, in the fall.

Mrs. Waller is to star with Mr. Augustin Daly's version of "Rome Vaincue."

An extraordinary programme of sacred and classical music is offered at Gilmore's Garden to-night.

"Ah Sin" at the Fifth Avenue is now announced as a comic play. It is, undoubtedly, popular and entertaining.

Wood's Theatre, where Don Thompson performs his inimitable character sketch of "Joshua Whitcomb," invites attention to its popular prices.

The Central Park Garden has set at rest the question of procuring models for artists by furnishing female wrestlers of the Grace Roman type during the week.

Mr. Turner, who has been singing for some time at Gilmore's Garden, has one of the purest and most resonant of tenor voices. His natural gifts are spoken of well in the opinion of competent judges.

Apropos of this, "The Danicheffs" has pleased the Chicago people "to death," and when it was withdrawn, last week, four or five hundred of "the most prominent," &c., clamored for its return.

The Grand Opera House opens for the season, under the management of Messrs. Poole & Donnelly, on Monday, Aug. 13, with the Emily Mayhew troupe in the play of "Kerry Gow," supported by Miss Annie Ward Tiffany.

Theodore Thomas in writing to Wirt Dexter says that Chicago, next to New York, is the only city on the continent where there is sufficient musical culture to warrant the giving of fifty consecutive concerts. Was this intended for Boston?

The Lydia Thompson Troupe left Liverpool on Thursday last by the City of Chester, and will probably arrive here about next Saturday. Some additions have been made to the company, including the names of Miss Marion Elmore, Miss Ella Lee and Miss Kate Everleigh. The repertoire of the company includes the great London success "Oxygen," also "Blue Beard," "Robinson Crusoe," "Ali Baba," and "Babes in the Wood." "The Babes in the Wood" and "Little Don Caesar," by H. J. Byron, the initial performance will probably take place on Saturday, August 18, when will be presented the recently created burlesque of "Blue Beard," preceded by a comedietta.

A Fine Game of Cricket.

The Merion Cricket Club of Philadelphia have paid a two days' visit to this city. On Friday they were defeated by the Manhattan Club by a one inning score of 107 to 93. Yesterday they played the full first eleven of the Staten Island Club, and were victorious by 14 runs on the full two-inning game. The attendance was very large, and considerable excitement was manifested during the progress of the last innings. The Merions first went to the bat and made a score of 82 runs, Comfort batted well for 16 and Broadwade for 20. The ninth wicket, however, fell for 32 runs, but by the good play of W. Stroud it was increased at the last to 82. The Staten Island had an excellent team on the ground, but Comfort and Law were too much for them, and they were defeated in the first innings by nine wickets and twelve runs. In the second innings of the Merions, Baily batted well for 14 and Law for 10. Haines made a good stand for 12, and was not out. Thorn, the Staten Island bowler, was very successful, taking five wickets. The Staten Island was not worthy in the excellent batting of Mr. Whitman, who showed some of the finest cricket playing ever seen in this country. He was not out for 34, and hit the ball in rapid style, throwing several good 4 hits. The game was won at 6 o'clock minute before the appointed time for drawing the stumps.

Eight Extra Purses to be Trotted For.

At the request of the citizens of Monmouth county, it has been decided to hold a trotting meeting at Long Branch for the following purses, now open, to close Aug. 20: Free for all, $1,500; 2:21 class, $1,500; 2:24 class, $1,000; 2:27 class, $1,000; 2:30 class, $1,000; 2:40 class, $800; 2:30 class, $600; 2:40 class, $600. The meeting to continue for four days, beginning on the 11th of September, under the management of Gates H. Barnard.

The Estate of Ex-Superintendent Matsell.

Letters of administration were granted yesterday to Mrs. Ellen M. Matsell, widow of ex-superintendent Matsell, on the estate of her husband. She declares no will can be found, and that his personal property amounts to $2,000. The sole next of kin are the widow, three sons, George W., August H., and Henry C., and a daughter, Susan.

Mr. Talmage Selling Out.

The Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage is to sell his country seat by the seaside at East Hampton, L. I., on Monday. He has not used the place for two years, because the sea air was found to be too strong for his wife, whose health is feeble. He is not financially embarrassed.

The Coney Island Railroads.

The Manhattan Beach and Prospect Park roads both come to a full stop at the Parkville crossing. All danger of a collision at this point is now over.

What Say the Doctors

About Milk of Magnesia? That it is an excellent remedy for disorders of the stomach.—*Adv.*

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry seldom fails to cure a cough or cold.—*Adv.*

MILLIONAIRE JONES'S WARD.

NEW ROCHELLE AGAIN AGITATED OVER A DISTURBANCE IN SOCIETY.

What may be Considered an Unenjoyable Life in a Summer Hotel—Beautiful Miss Green and why She was Arrested by the Landlord.

David Jones, the millionaire brewer, is experiencing a little trouble on his property in West New Rochelle, and as he owns the major part of that settlement and is a very popular man there, West New Rochelle is greatly agitated. Mr. Jones owns five or six great ale and beer breweries and malt houses in this and other cities, and is reputedly worth $10,000,000. He is a member of the Union League Club, and owns the Clarendon Hotel, in which he resides. He has a big brewery in West New Rochelle, and by selling land around it at reasonable prices on easy terms, he gathered a handsome cluster of houses, which are mainly tenanted by Germans. He owns a large farm, whereon he keeps much valuable blooded stock. The handsome English horses that are driven four-in-hand before his drag, and four Kentucky thoroughbred colts, that cost from $4,000 to $7,000 apiece, and promise to become ten times as valuable, are the wonder of the neighborhood. The farm is bountifully productive. He owns two large and beautiful parks or picnic grounds, and last of all, he is the possessor of the Park Hotel, a large and popular summer caravansery, provided with summer houses and gardens, located in the vicinity of Mr. Jones's picnic grounds. Mr. August Meagery is the lessee of the hotel, and it is with him that Mr. Jones is experiencing trouble. In the terms of the lease Mr. Jones reserved to himself the use of four rooms in the hotel, rent free and with certain privileges.

On the 18th of June last he introduced to Landlord Meagery Miss Fanny Green, a tall, slender, beautiful young lady, a niece or ward of his from Springfield, Mass. Miss Green was to occupy the rooms reserved for him in the hotel, and she was to represent his interests about the place when he was absent. No objection was made to this arrangement, nor, indeed, could there be if Mr. Jones's interpretation of his rights under the lease are correct. Miss Green established herself cosily in her new quarters, and having her piano, her carriage and ponies, and her friends around her, sang or rode out, or sat at sewing or reading as her own fancy willed. She occasionally pointed out abuses or errors in the manner in which the property was managed, and this angered Mr. Meagery, but Miss Green had been made responsible for the performance of that duty, and it was easy to see by her firm chin and mouth and the steady glance of her black eyes that she could be strict and severe if necessary, and could not easily be dissuaded from an undertaking once decided upon. Some friends of hers and Mr. Jones's proposed to board in the Park Hotel with her, but Mr. Meagery asked too much rent of them, and they declined to go there.

"It's just as well they didn't come," Mr. Jones said, yesterday, "for they would have suffered the same treatment as my ward did, and would have been obliged to leave, as she was."

"They were a queer crowd," the man in charge of the hotel said, yesterday, in Mr. Meagery's absence. "The men didn't act like gentlemen, and the women were not what I would call ladies."

This party, including Mr. Jones and the beautiful Miss Green, made up many a jolly dinner party, and the viands they ate and the beverages they drank were of the best, generously supplied. When the bill came in to Mr. Jones he was astonished to find there a charge for corkage. He told the landlord that service ought to be free according to the lease. The landlord said that was not his order, and he could not afford to permit his waiters to spend their time with Mr. Jones at the expense of the house. Mr. Jones ordered Mr. Meagera out of his rooms, and suited the action to the word by pushing him. Mr. Meagera, partly in defence and partly in retaliation, seized Mr. Jones's beard. The upshot of it all was that the friends left the hotel, and the dark-eyed young lady soon followed.

"You've no idea," Mr. Jones said, "how they persecuted her, with annoyances and insults. She was obliged to remain near by, in order to look after my interests, and so with her housekeeper at the other boarders, she rented one of the cottages across the road from the hotel, and having rented it she now proposes to stay there."

The hotel people say that Miss Green is not related to Mr. Jones; that she is not well behaved, but meddled with the landlord's affairs, keeping all she could from the boarders, spoiled their children and so behaved herself that it is really a wonder any one has remained at the house. The boarders declare that their innocent amusements, such as bowling and billiards, were objected to by Miss Green; once, when the ladies and gentlemen were singing in the street, she came out and in angrily and said some very sharp and insulting things. "Finally," said the man in charge, "we were cleaning up the chowder kettle in the picnic grounds, when Miss Green came along and threw away the firewood and tossed the kettle over the stone wall. She ordered everybody off the premises, and struck the son of one of the boarders. When I spoke to her she stuck up her nose and said, "You are a dirty little creature.'"

Mr. Jones's friends tell a different story. They say that Miss Green was deprived of ordinary conveniences, such as water, by the landlord, and that when she swiftly expressed her pains, a dozen corpulent Germans sat upon the stoop in front of her window and sang diabolical songs or drummed with their feet.

"As for the affair on the picnic grounds," Mr. Jones said, "she did perfectly right. She knew those people had no right there, because, according to the terms of the lease, they were to be allowed on the grounds only when the parties occupied them. Miss Green merely ordered the boys off, and when one of the hotel people sent them back she reiterated her command."

There were other troubles, particularly about rights of way between the dinery and the hotel, and when Mr. Jones nailed up a gate between the two buildings, somebody sawed it down. Mr. Jones retained Messrs. Banks and Keogh to prosecute the hotel people, and yesterday morning while he was discussing the propriety of the proceeding, Meagera executed a flank movement and had Miss Green arrested on a trumpery trespass warrant issued by Justice Edmunds of Mount Vernon called on Miss Green, and she only waited for the return of Mr. Jones, who secured Peter Kryer and John Leib, large property holders, to give bonds for her in case it was necessary. Martin J. Keogh, the lawyer, also accompanied the young lady, who complained of willfully, maliciously, and "corruptly" assaulting and violently maltreating a certain lad named Brecht, the son of one of the complainant's boarders. Miss Green waived an examination, asking to have the case transferred to a higher tribunal. She was held in $200 bail to answer. As she left the court room the throng that had gathered cheered her.

WANTED—HER HUSBAND.

Young Mrs. O'Neill's Charges against her Father-in-Law—Where is James O'Neill?

In Supreme Court, Chambers, before Judge Donohue yesterday morning, appeared Cornelius O'Neill, who had been served with a writ of habeas corpus and ordered to produce his son, James O'Neill, and show cause why the young man should not be allowed to live with his wife, Mary. On the 25th of September, 1875, without the knowledge or consent of his parents, James O'Neill, then 22 years of age, secretly married Mary Lahy. To his parents the young man then denied that he was married, but he has since acknowledged that he is. He lived with his wife two days and then went to San Francisco to join his ship, he being a sailor. Since that time his wife has not seen him, although he has been twice in this city. She is perplexed at his conduct, and says that she desires a meeting with him only that she may receive some explanation.

He arrived home from Singapore on the 24 of this month, but quit his ship in the Narrows and came to the city on a tug, since which time all persons concerned deny any knowledge of his whereabouts. The wife, who is a pretty girl, with dark brown hair and eyes, is convinced that her husband is being kept from her by his father. His father, on the contrary, says that he has repeatedly told his son that he has no home for him, and that if he has a wife he had better go and live with her. The case is postponed.

Donahue Yet in Jail.

Barney J. Donahue, the leader of the Erie strike, sat in the reception room of Ludlow street jail last evening, entertaining several friends who had called to express their sympathy. He said that George Francis Train and several others had offered to become his surety so that he could be released on bail, but the Court had refused to accept the bonds offered, and so he was in the prisoner