APPEAL TO THE PRIMARIES.

THE COUNTY DEMOCRACY'S REPLY TO TAMMANY'S OFFER.

No Bargains to be Had About the Delegation to the Albany Convention—Mr. Kelly's Attitude—Trading with "Irving Hall" Men.

The Tammany Democrats are busy trying to carry to success the Committee on Organization's project for a union delegation from New York to the Democratic State Convention. Their leaders in the several Assembly districts have invited the district leaders of the Democrats who meet in Irving Hall and the leading members of the Assembly District Committees of the New York County Democracy to confer as to the selection of the delegates in the several districts. Thus far the Tammany men have had no success. The members of the County Democracy have refused to meet them, and they have come to no understanding with the Democrats who meet in Irving Hall, although some of the district leaders of that organization have talked with them. There is little doubt that a union to go before the Convention will be made by Tammany and the Irving Hall people. The delay in coming to an agreement has been caused by the lack of authority to act on the part of the Irving Hall district leaders. The system under which that organization was made rests the management of its affairs in the General Committee. The Assembly district leaders cannot treat with Tammany without the authority of the central body. That General Committee will meet this week and act upon Tammany's proposition. It is almost certain that they will receive the proposal favorably and instruct their Assembly District Committees to make the union with Tammany. Their leading men hope to get one-half of the delegates to the State Convention, but intimate that their organization will be satisfied with one-third. Tammany men say that John Kelly will be contented with one-third of the delegation if the three organizations unite, but will probably claim two-thirds if the union is between Tammany and Irving Hall.

It is believed by politicians that the proposed union between Tammany and Irving Hall will extend beyond the State Convention, and that bargains have already been made to give certain seekers of office the nomination of those two organizations. A Tammany Democrat of considerable influence said, yesterday, that a union of Tammany and Irving Hall on most of the nominations was almost assured. "The Irving Hall party is a new organization," he said, "and cannot become perfectly organized throughout the city before election day. For this reason, and because it has no patronage at its command, it cannot have a very large following. It would not, therefore, be good policy for its leaders to run an Irving Hall county ticket. They can make what strength they have tell better by uniting with Tammany on all nominations. I have reason to believe that they will pursue that course. There are a large number of minor offices to be filled this fall, and fair bargains can easily be made. It is, of course, too early to say how or for what offices these deals will be made, but I presume that they will include nominations for Senators, Assemblymen, Civil Justices, and Aldermen. I do not wish to be understood as saying that Tammany needs Irving Hall's endorsement of its candidates," the politician added. "We Tammany men believe that we are the strongest of the three Democratic organizations, and that the race would be between Tammany and the Republicans if there should be three Democratic tickets in the field. But we are anxious to beat the County Democracy, and we believe that the Irving Hall people are desirous of accomplishing the same purpose. We are, therefore, willing to unite with them, and with any other Democrats who have that end in view."

The prominent men in Irving Hall disclaim any intention of uniting with Tammany on a county ticket. But they do not deny that bargains may be made on candidates who may run for office in Senate, Assembly, and judicial districts. "Indeed, I know," one of them said. "that an agreement has been made, and will be made, which will secure Irving Hall's nomination for Tammany's candidates for Senator in the Sixth Senate District and for Civil Justice in the First Judicial District, and obtain Tammany's nomination for Irving Hall's candidates for Senator in the Seventh Senate District, and for Civil Justice in the Fifth Judicial District. I am also satisfied that Tammany will endorse some of our nominations for Aldermen."

All the answers to Tammany's proposition from the members of the New York County Democracy to whom it was made have been of the same tenor. They take the ground that no organization of the party has the right to interfere in the election of delegates to the State Convention, as under the rule prescribed by the State Convention of 1871 the Democrats in every Assembly district choose their delegates without the help of any central authority. They say, therefore, that the County Democracy will elect no delegates to the State Convention, but will attend the primary elections that will be called for that purpose by the men who were chairmen of the Assembly district committees at the conventions that elected the delegates who were admitted to that Democratic State Convention of 1880 which chose the delegates to the National Convention. Every Democrat will be invited to participate in these primaries, whether he be a Tammany man, a County Democrat, or a Irving Hall Democrat. The County Democracy believe that these primaries will be honestly and fairly conducted, and intend to abide by the result of them. At these primaries, delegates to the Assembly district conventions will be chosen, and the district conventions will elect the delegates to the State Convention. The County Democracy regard this method of electing delegates as strictly in conformity with the Cassidy rule of 1871.

A rumor has prevailed among politicians for a week that the Tammany Democrats would try to beat the County Democracy at the primaries in several Assembly districts, and in that way secure some of the delegates to the Convention from this city. A friend of John Kelly, who has been for many years connected with Tammany Hall, said yesterday that such a course would result as he understood, "Many Democrats in Tammany favor it," he said; "but John Kelly is opposed to it. He knows that Tammany men who might be elected at these primaries would go to the State Convention as Democrats, but not as Tammany Democrats, and he does not want to be a party to what is a recognition of Tammany Hall by the Convention. Tammany lost its regularity by its vote in 1879. Mr. Kelly wishes to be authorized again to call Tammany the "regular Democracy." He does not care whether Tammany has all the delegates or two-thirds, or even the largest fifth. What he is interested in is that the Tammany delegates who go to the Convention shall go as Tammany men, and if admitted, shall be admitted as Tammany men."

The leading men in the New York County Democracy give notice that if the Tammany Democrats attend the Democratic primaries, they will be given a full slate of delegates. They are confident, however, that the County Democracy will have at least seven-eighths of the delegates, and their belief that John Kelly will not lend one iota of his claim makes them reasonably sure of electing an entire delegation in addition to those with Tammany proclivities. They intend to present to the Assembly district conventions such Democrats as Mayor Grace, A. S. Hewitt, John McKeon, Robert B. Roosevelt, Jordan L. Mott, George W. McLean, Franklin Edson, Charles H. Marshall, Allan Campbell, Charles Lexow, J. Whitaker Griswold. They have no doubt of the admission to the State Convention of the entire delegation elected at the Democratic primaries, and the exclusion of the delegation from Tammany and Irving Hall.

FOREST FIRES IN NEW YORK.

Houses, Barns, and Crops Destroyed—The People Fighting the Flames.

OSWEGO, Sept. 17.—Forest fires continue to spring up in this region, and something like a reign of terror prevails, not only among farmers, but in the villages where the water supply is exhausted. A fire in Granby Swamp, a tract of several thousand acres, to-day worked up into the corporation of Oswego Falls, driving several families from their homes. A large force is fighting the fire to-night. The six miles of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad track burned yesterday has been restored and trains are passing to-night. Five thousand dollars' worth of cordwood was burned. Half a dozen valuable farms in Constantia were burned over yesterday. The fire came within a few feet of Mrs. Gallagher's house, but the neighbors fought it with the clothes burning on their backs and saved the dwelling. John Dougherty's house and buildings in the town of Mexico were burned yesterday. Judge Skinner's valuable premises at Union Square are in danger. A thousand acres were burned over yesterday in Constantia. Fire is raging on ex-Congressman Kinney's premises, threatening his house. In Hannibal, Mr. Larkins's family, visiting a friend, returned last night to find their home in ruins. In Williamstown, William Pride's house and barn were burned; also two houses on Maple Hill. In Rasoag eight head of Jersey cattle were burned to death in a pasture yesterday. Dr. Sawyer's orchard, surrounding his house in Scriba, was burning to-day, and the community is trying to save the dwelling.

Fatal Result of a Family Feud.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 18.—For years there has been an old feud between the Mitchell and Cooper families, who lived near Powder Springs in Cobb County. They live on adjacent farms. Mr. Esther Cooper discovered the Mitchells driving his stock from the cornfield. This resented the latter section, and a fight was the result. Cooper was armed with a shotgun and instantly killed one of the Mitchells and fatally wounded another. Cooper was badly cut to pieces with knives and his life is in great jeopardy.

TELEGRAPHIC CODES AND CIPHERS.

Devices for Lessening the Expense of Cable Telegraphy and Concealing Meaning.

Cable rates to England are now 25 cents a word, but they have been as high as $100 for a ten-word message. Notwithstanding the great reductions that have been made in the cost of ocean telegraphy since the Atlantic cables were first laid, rates to points in Asia or to South America run up to several dollars a word. There are houses whose business requires frequent telegraphic communication with such distant points, and methods of attaining brevity of expression are hence of very great value. Telegraph code makers supply such methods.

"Code making as a business has grown up within the last five or six years," said J. C. Hartfield, who makes it a specialty. "It has the advantages of both economy and secrecy. The use of codes for ordinary business purposes dates from the beginning of ocean telegraphy, but people at first got up their own codes. It is a very easy thing to do, apparently. All you have to do is to make a list of phrases which you have frequently to use in your business and represent them by a corresponding list of single words. But people found that words are apt to be changed in telegraphic transmission into words whose telegraphic notation is similar. The result has sometimes been disastrous. Code makers make avoidance of such liability to error a special study. Then, too, code makers can attain a condensation of expression that makes their work far cheaper than any simple code such as a business man might get up for himself. Hence, large houses are willing to pay well for having codes made for them. There are houses spending as much as $50,000 a year for telegraphic always, and a system which will put their messages into few words effects a very great saving for them. I have made a combination code for one house here by which the entire state of the Japanese tea market can be put into seven words. Those seven words will convey to them the date of steamers sailing, the state of the market for nine grades of tea, the rates of freight by six routes, the amount of purchases for Europe and the United States, the grades upon which the demand is running, the principal buyers, rates of exchange, the number of packages sent in the day's shipments, and the points to which they are consigned. I have made a code by which the amount of sales of flour, butter, and cheese, the state of the market for each, and the amount of money paid into bank are sent daily to a house in this city by its branch at Liverpool, the whole message being put into two words."

"Can codes be gotten up for the use of any house in the same line of business, or do houses prefer to have their own special codes?"

"Large houses prefer to have their own codes. One large banking house for whom I prepared a code had a printing establishment set up in the bank building solely to make certain of receiving all the copies of the code that were printed. Some of the codes used by large houses are very voluminous. Brown Brothers & Co. have a code of 64,000 words, Thomas & Co., 67,000; Moske Bros., 60,000; Drexel, Morgan & Co., about 45,000 words. We have to ransack all languages to get so many words which shall all be telegraphically dissimilar."

"How much do codes cost?"

"From $30 to $6,000, according to the amount of labor required."

"Are secret ciphers used to any extent in telegraphing?"

"Some stock operators make use of cryptograms, and get them up themselves. A method used a good deal is to have a simple code, in which the words denoting the phrases to become well known, numbers, and simply the numerals are sent. Such a code can be used so as to conceal messages even from a person getting hold of the code, for numerals may be sent which only the proper person will understand to differ by a certain amount from the numerals defining the words of which they are supposed to be the equivalent. I know of one in use in which the rule was to add the date of the month to numerals of messages from a branch house. Thus, if the figure 5 came on the 20th, they would look for the meaning of 25 in the code book. The use of codes and ciphers is very extensive, but the use of the highly condensed codes, where not only words but their combinations convey meanings, is not so wide as would be expected from its great economy. It takes some time and trouble to learn to use such codes with facility, and this retards their introduction, but they are coming more and more into use every year."

Code makers keep the details of their work secret, but the principle upon which codes are constructed is easily understood. The range of all staple business transactions has limits, and, as a rule, closely confined limits. The aim of the code maker is to express in phrases which shall express the constantly recurring details of the market for any staple, and to denote each of its phases by a word. Another object is to use one word so as to convey several meanings. This is done by arranging market details above the tops of columns of words and prices, quantities or any other information along the side. A word in the table expresses the phrase at the top of its column and also the phrase at its side. The compilation of a code is a very laborious task, but its value as an aid to business communications is undoubted.

Sometimes queer sentences result from the chance grouping of code words. Not long since a tea house got this: "Unbolted babies detested."

STUDENTS WHO EAT HORSEFLESH.

A Common and Heartily Relished Meat in the Czar's Capital.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A German sausage manufacturer in London was recently accused of using horseflesh in making his sausages, and the question came up. Is horseflesh wholesome and fit for human food? It seems that the English have a prejudice against horseflesh. Instead of theorizing on the point, it would be better to look at the facts.

The writer, while a medical student at St. Petersburg, Russia, was for years a regular horseflesh eater. The students of the Medical Academy, of the University, of the Technological Institute, and of the Agricultural School ate horseflesh at that time, as they do now. And the poorer population of the Czar's capital, who have overcome their prejudice, commonly buy horseflesh, because it is cheaper than beef. It was brought into use at St. Petersburg in 1870. In the population of the Czar's capital there are several thousand Tartars, who are habitual eaters of horseflesh. The Tartars usually came to the Imperial Veterinary College, which is on the same grounds as the Imperial Medical Academy, to buy the hopelessly wounded horses. The medical and veterinary students soon found out that they could get more than the Tartars got at a ridiculously low price. As extreme poverty prevails among the Russian students, the idea suggested itself to use horse-meat as the Tartars did, and so the students began to eat it.

We did not run any risk of being poisoned for the professors of the Veterinary College agreed to examine every animal whose meat we intended to consume. Soon there were formed the so-called "horseflesh clubs." The Russian students live in parties of from five to twenty persons at the same house, and have in common a dining room, cook, and often even a servant. These little communities, one after another, gladly substituted cheap horseflesh for dear beef. The medical and veterinary students dressed the meat themselves at the college, while the students of other institutions received it from the hands of the Tartars. The Tartars were ready to furnish any quantity of horseflesh of the best quality at from two to three kopecks per pound, while beef sold at from twenty to thirty kopecks. Some of the poorer students carried home their supplies of horseflesh on their own shoulders.

The students liked horseflesh very much. It is all a mistake to believe that it is much inferior to beef. True, it is a little coarser, but the flesh, generally speaking, is not harder. Horseflesh has a gamy flavor, reminding one somewhat of goose or duck. Sometimes on our table appeared the meat from a young and well-fed horse which had been killed by accident. That we would not have exchanged for any beef. The fat is more liquid than beef fat, for it contains less stearine and more oleine; therefore horsemeat, when cold, is not so hard as beef. The meat of a very lean horse, and particularly that of a horse of a respectable old age, is very hard. But the same is true as regards lean and old oxen and cows. Horses are no more likely to be diseased than oxen, and it should be the duty of the sanitary inspectors to see that the animals killed for food are healthy.

In St. Petersburg there are now a number of dining rooms where horsemeat is served. A full dinner costs there ten kopecks (five cents) against thirty kopecks at the other places. There are many regular customers at those dining rooms who are principally persons belonging to the educated classes, and who, of course, found it easier to overcome their prejudice against horsemeat than uneducated peasants and tradesmen may find it. If Englishmen, who adore large and juicy beefsteaks, could see what excellent horsesteaks are served in the Czar's capital, perhaps they would reflect a little before abusing horseflesh. There are in Russia thousands of doctors, professors, lawyers, engineers, and priests who but for horsemeat would never have finished their studies, and who would make a formidable array of witnesses to the effect that horseflesh is wholesome and fit for human food.

To Remain with Its Parents by Adoption.

About eight years ago, in Austria, Geotel Czipek gave her child Sarah, then but 14 days old, to Joseph and Sarah Kepplestein, who adopted it as their own. The Kepplesteins came to this city about a year ago, bringing the child with them. The mother followed soon after and finding the child playing in the street took her away forcibly. Mr. Adolphe Cohen, on behalf of the Kepplesteins, brought the matter before Yellow Jacobus, who directed a reference to Mr. John F. Daly. Mr. Daly reported that Mrs. Czipek was of unsound mind, and unfit to have the care of the child, and was unable to properly provide for her, and that the little girl had been well cared for by Mr. Kepplestein. Judge Donohue confirmed the report, and directed that the child should be given to the Kepplesteins.

SUNDAY PHOTOGRAPHY.

The People who Sun Themselves Before the Camera on the Only Holiday they Have.

"It's just this way," said a leading Bowery photographer, Mr. Smith, yesterday. "Those photographers whose shops are up town close on Sundays, and those who are in the streets where the working people live and walk do their biggest business on Sunday."

He was interrupted as he spoke by the entrance of two Italians, one a man of 30 years or more, who spoke no English, led by a child of 9 or 10, who acted as business manager and interpreter for the two. The man was tall, and the boy was small, even for his years, and they wanted to be "taken" together, "for fifteen cent." When it was explained to the elder of the two, who seemed to be the banker, that fifty cents, instead of fifteen, was as little as the work could be done for, he assented in Italian, and the man and the boy sat down to take their turn in the line of those waiting.

"We have quite a trade in Italians," said Mr. Smith, "and a good many Germans, too. You see, you must be right on the spot to catch these people. They won't go out of their way to find a photographer, and for that same reason the bulk of our business here on the Bowery is with male subjects. You'll notice that 90 per cent. of the procession which fills the Bowery on any night in the week is made up of men, and that is the trade we get. On the other hand, take Grand street. There it's just the reverse. The men are in the great minority, and the women generally, and shop girls, composes the multitude that strolls in that busy street. In the six blocks east of the Bowery you'll find as many galleries, but they do a cheaper business than we do here."

The reporter found this to be the case. Nearly every other dingy and creaking stairway led up to the skylight of an attic photographer. The greater part of the business, however, seemed to be in those rapid impressions of humanity, the tintypes. The waiting rooms of several of these places were thronged with what are sometimes called "tuts" young men, and girls in garments which were the extremes in style a few months ago. Straight-rimmed Derby hats abounded, while the majority of foreheads were adorned with the slickest and flattest scollops, loops, and curls of plastered hair. The narrow passage ways were hardly wide enough to accommodate the expanse of hoop skirts which just now are affected.

"Well," said the bustling proprietor of one of these places, "I haven't got time to talk to you now. That style turning to a more profitable customer, a shop girl and a belle in her set, is eighteen for a quarter. You fix the reporter), Sunday is our busy day. The people who come here then have to work the six other days in the week. Excuse me. Come this way, please."

And the busy man leads the belle into the room of screens, rustic furniture, head rests, and cameras. There, she was posed like a tragedy queen, her chin raised a little, her eyes fixed on a point high up on the opposite wall, and her counterfeit presentment was then transfixed through the lens of a camera in a dozen places on a sheet of tin. And steadily all day long these subjects came and posed and went away. An occasional clerk of a Grand street store came in. One young man, whose hair came just short of being red, sauntered in while the reporter lounged there. His hair was polished and curled, its curves lying down on a narrow forehead. His clothes were tight for him and his shoes ended in a long taper. He posed himself as he sat in a low-back chair, and, crossing his legs in the foreground, secured an excellent portrait of his feet. The body and head were taken in the rear of the middle of the room, so much were the feet magnified. But he seemed pleased, and when a little carmine had been added to the cheeks and lips, and a fleck of gold leaf laid over his scarf pin and large finger ring, the work of art was done.

Chatham street, the Bowery, and Grand street are full of these shops, where on the sun day Sunday is drafted into service and made to work on sensitive plates all day. In Sixth avenue are one or two similar places, where, however, work of a trifle higher order is done on Sundays, and here may be met the leaders in a certain class of stylishly dressed shopgirls, foppish clerks, and occasionally a staid and dignified laboring man, who goes perforce on Sunday, if at all, to have his picture taken.

TRAGEDY IN PITTSBURGH.

A Man Escapes from Jail, Attempts to Kill his Wife, and then Commits Suicide.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 17.—Adam Kuntzman lived in a two-story frame dwelling in Frankstown avenue, near Jackson street. In April last he was arrested for stealing lumber from a dwelling belonging to a Mr. Keppel, which was in course of erection at Collins Park. Mr. Keppel made information before Alderman Allen charging Kuntzman with larceny, and he was committed to jail. On Monday or Tuesday last he escaped, and the police have been looking for him ever since. This morning he left his place of concealment, and going to his house entered, and took off his shoes. There was no person in the house at the time, except Joseph Minster, a boarder, who had just finished his breakfast and gone to his room on the second floor. He was sitting in a rocking chair reading a newspaper, when he was prostrated by a blow on the back of the head. He rose and, turning partly to the side of the head that nearly knocked him senseless, Minster recovered sufficiently to grapple with his assailant, and the two tumbled down the stairway to the room below. Minster freed himself and ran out of the front door, and through a passageway to the rear of the house. Kuntzman, who was armed with a pruning knife, ran out after Minster and, into a vacant lot or alley on the east side of the house, where he encountered his wife. Full fix you," said Kuntzman, and he dealt his wife a blow on the head which felled her to the ground. He then jumped on her and beat her on the head until he thought she was dead. Jacob High, who lives next door to Kuntzman, hearing the disturbance, hastily dressed himself and ran to a window which looks out on the lot just in time to see Kuntzman, with a knife in his hand, enter his house. When he got inside he drew the knife across his throat, making a frightful gash that extended from ear to ear and severed the jugular vein. He then deliberately walked up stairs and leaned out of the side window, evidently to see whether he had succeeded in killing his wife, until he sank back on a lounge a corpse. The Kuntzman family, which consisted of the husband, wife, and three children, the youngest of which is 4 years old and the eldest 8 years, moved into the house where the tragedy occurred on the 1st of April last. Owing to the dissolute habits of the husband, Mrs. Kuntzman found it necessary to take four or five boarders. While Kuntzman was in jail his wife visited him, and on one occasion intimated to him that she had applied for a divorce. Kuntzman then made threats that he would kill her and everybody in the house as soon as he got out of jail.

A STILL HUNT IN OHIO.

Democrats Proposing to Republicans Not to Have a Speaking Campaign.

COLUMBUS, Sept 18.—The rumor that the Democratic State Committee preferred to continue their still hunt to going into a speaking campaign is confirmed. Yesterday morning John A. Bookwalter, the Democratic candidate for Governor, arrived here, and was closeted with the State Committee for several hours. Soon after Mr. Bookwalter left for home, the Chairman of the committee sent to Republican headquarters a letter suggesting that, in view of President Garfield's continued severe illness, this was no time for partisan harangues, and that if the Republicans would consent to withdraw their long list of meetings thus far arranged, the Democratic committee would not arrange any meetings. The Republicans have answered, refusing to enter into such an arrangement. The Democratic committee say that the people are too much interested in Garfield's condition to care to listen to partisan speeches, and that if Foster and his henchmen desire to engage in mud throwing they can have the field all to themselves.

Riding Across the Country.

The Rockaway Hunt Club had its fourth meet of this season at Foster's Meadow on Saturday. There was a good attendance, and when Mr. J. D. Cleaver, the Master of the Hounds, rode upon the ground he was received by a score of gentlemen. He was accompanied by as many more, several ladies, too, were present.

The thirty hounds were in fine condition, and impatient to get away, but they were held in until the big of scented seed with which the hunt was started had been dragged along for a mile and the trail thoroughly laid to the end of the trail. Then the dogs were loosed, and ran quickly along the dead scent, the hunt following pell mell until the trail ceased. Then there was a stop for a few minutes, when a wild hound struck the hot scent and a united burst of triumph that he spread all the dogs after him, and, with launches high and bosses down, the pack went away on a gallop, the hunt following, the foremen, who were mounted more than once fell to ride over the rear dogs. After a short but brisk run the fox was killed.

Crowds in Central Park.

The grass and trees in Central Park seem to have been benefited little by the recent rains. They are still dry and withered. Thousands of people flocked to the park yesterday. The restaurant, music, the Mall was crowded all day, and the lake on the east side was kept busy. There was ice across all around the obelisk. The ground about was littered with materials for a new stone fence, which will soon be built.

The Dead Cannot be Raised.

Nor if your lungs are badly wasted away can you be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is, however, unequaled as a tonic, alterative, and nutritive, and readily cures the most obstinate cases of bronchitis, coughs, colds, and incipient consumption, for surpassing in efficacy cod liver oil. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—4dv

GETTING UP AN APACHE WAR.

How the Plainsmen, for their Own Profit, Drove the Indians into Revolt.

TUCSON, Arizona, Sept. 17.—The movement to drive the Apaches out of the Territory has already taken shape. Seizing the advantage offered by the recent trouble, the settlers are organizing, and Agent Tiffany has been instructed that any Indian found away from the reservation will be treated as a hostile, which means promptly killed. Bands of minute men are forming, and "Indian fighters," who have for some time been out of a job, are swarming to the settlements for opportunities to prosecute their profession.

The circumstances and the season make this movement significant. Tiffany has been easy with his wards, so far as passes are concerned, and he has never been backward in permitting hunting parties to sally out when game promised well. It is almost time for the buffaloes to start from the north, and the pelt and hide hunters of the settlements are quick to appreciate the advantage of coaping the redskins during their hunting season. There is now no danger from the Apaches. Most of them are in camp, and the wandering bands are few in number and limited to a few bucks each. The parties on the trail are not in war paint. Settlers are carrying on their farming without fear, but the white hunters see a chance to capture the fall buffalo run, and to break down Indian competition. They have declared that they will kill any Apache found off his limits from now on.

This situation promises complications. The Indian depends on his fall hunt for his winter meat. Should troops be sent to prevent any departure from the reservation, there will be serious trouble, for submission by the redskins means starvation, since no stores reach them during the winter, while resistance means war.

This is thoroughly understood by the "minute men," who will profit by any trouble. If the outcome be war, they become scouts. If the Indians submit, the great fall range of the buffaloes to the south drops into the hands of the whites, who, knowing the value of "full head and tail hides," are prepared to do business on a liberal scale until the winter snows close out the entertainment.

To such a state of affairs the Indians will not submit. The hunt is essential to their existence, and they will hunt. Attacked by the whites, they will resist, which makes another excuse for employing the army; and so, which-ever way it may turn, there is almost certain promise of a winter war.

The real object of the whole business is to get the Apaches out of these parts, and it is based on the success of the Colorado prospectors with the White River Utes. Tiffany's silver find has set the whole Territory crazy, and stories of glittering mines out through the bunch grass are important factors in the recent movements. It is a repetition of the Black Hills and White River campaigns, and, in all probability, will be as successful. The situation of affairs is already known to the Indians, and they are very uneasy. They had perfected their arrangements for the buffalo campaign, and now learn that the first foray means a war and subsequent removal.

A strange feature is the position of the merchants hereabouts. While quiet, they are really opposed to the organization forming through the Territory. The malcontents are the outsiders, or "plainsmen," as they call themselves.

MOVEMENT AGAINST THE APACHES.

Troops to Advance To-day from Four Different Points Toward Cibicu Creek.

FORT THOMAS, Arizona, Sept. 18.—Bond, the Southern Apache chief, came into the Agency yesterday with some of Johlata's band, but they do not seem to have any news of the hostiles. Sanchez is reported as being the leader of the hostiles. It is the opinion that some of the renegades have broken from Cibicu, and have come over on the Black River. Major McLellan with L Company crossed the Gila to-day, moving toward Fort Apache. Supplies are being pushed forward for Apache by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. Guards will be furnished for trains from New Mexico, the road to Apache from this point, via Rocky Cañon, being at present impassable for freight teams. Agent Tiffany arrived here to-day from San Carlos. He brought up two Indians who were present at Gen. Carr's fight on Cibicu Creek, and who afterward came into the reservation, and were ordered to be put in irons and sent to Camp Thomas by Gen. Wilcox. The Georger band are reported to have all gone into reservations. A determined and combined movement will be begun to-morrow on the Apaches. Gen. Carr will advance with his command from Fort Apache toward Cibicu Creek. Price is ordered to advance from the west through Tonto Basin to the same point, and Colonel Safford, with his command, proceeds up the San Carlos River, opening communication with Price on his left and McLellan, with two companies of cavalry, on his right. This movement will result in the concentration of the different commands in the Cibicu Creek and White River country, where the hostiles are believed to be in force, and news may be expected from that section soon. "Mickey Free," an Indian well known to all the old residents in Arizona, came in this evening from the reservation.

TUCSON, Arizona, Sept. 18.—Three companies of the Fourth Cavalry, with all the stock and accoutrements, arrived at El Paso on Friday morning. They will start immediately for Fort Wingate, and thence will proceed to Fort Apache. Four more companies arrived yesterday morning at El Paso, under Capt. Hoyle, bound for the same place.

LESSONS FROM THE SICK ROOM.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows Telling How the Prayers of the People are Answered.

In All Souls' Church the Rev. Dr. Bellows preached yesterday morning on "The Lessons from the President's Sick Room and the Nation's Suspense." His text was the 10th and 11th verses of the 74th Psalm. Dr. Bellows said that upon no other single individual has there been centred such widespread attention in time of sickness. It was as if he lay in a wide plateau, with the whole world as witnesses of the varying phases of his illness—now cheered by indications of recovery and again cast down. "The condition of the sufferer has pallied the pleasure of the summer tourist and carried melancholy foreboding all over the world. There is something strange in this experience. Kings have been brought to death's door by the assassin, but there have never been such expressions of sympathy as those for our stricken President. The reason is that the sufferer is the representative of forty millions of people. He was one of them, having the same sympathies and the same ambitions. In such a time the cry of the Hebrews of old would have been: 'Wroth withdrawest Thou Thy right hand?'

"God in His wisdom," the preacher said, "has answered in His own way the prayers for the President's recovery. All sectional and factional feeling has been allayed, and the South as well as the North sympathizes with the stricken President. There has been no anxiety on the part of the office-seeking community to reap profit from the President's sickness. It was never proved that God warded off one blow when asked by prayer. There have been scourges, plagues, and famines without number wherein God has been specially intercessed with, and yet no answer came. The true answer to prayer is impressed in every breast. No country on its knees can cause God to deviate from His prescribed course. Let the President live or die, the prayers sent to the Eternal throne will have their answer."

The Base Ball Championship.

It is now impossible for any one club in the League to do more than tie the chicago figures in games won. The Chicago club has won 21 victories, while Buffalo's possible victories are now only 20, and Providence can win only 20. Chicago has practically won the pennant, and the only interest in the League race now lies in the struggle for second and third positions, in which Providence, Buffalo, and Troy are the leading contestants. The following table shows the relative position of the eight clubs:

CLUBS.	Games Played.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Games Played.	Games Won.	Games Lost.
Chicago	51	35	16	8	5	3
Providence	42	24	18	8	5	3
Buffalo	40	23	17	10	6	4
Troy	39	23	16	9	4	5
Detroit	39	21	18	8	4	4
Boston	34	21	13	9	4	5
Cleveland	34	21	13	8	4	4
Worcester	30	11	19	10	4	6
	309	180				

Cricket.

There is a chance for having a match at Hoboken between the English professionals, the Longwoods, Tuesday, and eighteen players of the St. George, Staten Island, and Manhattan Clubs, a proposal having been sent to Shaw to the effect of dividing them. A guarantee for a twenty match at Hoboken for the 22d and 23d, has been made, and the Longwoods are willing to play twenty-four men. Lake, Newton, Farrington, Armitage, and Forrest, Staten Island, Beard, Wilson, Walker, Intanski, and Jones, Manhattan, Shaw, White, Anthony, Cooper, and Lee, with the professionals play Cleverly, Kennett, and Smith.

The Death of a Newspaper Writer.

C. E. Nagle, for many years a reporter of the *New York Times*, died suddenly on Saturday afternoon, in the 50th year of his age. Mr. Nagle was an energetic and industrious young man.

"Rough on Rats."

Ask druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bedbugs, flies, vermine, insects. 15c.—4dv

Base Ball, Polo Grounds, To-day.

Metropolitans vs. Cleveland, 3:30 P. M.—4dv

A LIVELY CHASE.

A Swift-Footed Sneak Thief Run Down after a Vain Attempt to Seek Cover.

Two sneak thieves were noticed on Saturday standing in front of Stewart's carpet-cleaning shop, on the corner of Fifth and Erie streets, Jersey City. One of them was young and swift of foot, while the other was middle-aged and powerful. They lounged in the neighborhood for several hours. At 9 o'clock William Stewartson, the cashier, went out to transact some business in another part of the building. As soon as the two thieves supposed he was out of sight, the powerful one rushed into the office, pulled the cash drawer out of the desk, and handed it with it contents, amounting to about $25, to his swift confederate, who was standing outside an open window.

Before the thief who had entered could escape, Mr. Stewartson returned and attempted to seize him. This thief broke away from him and ran out in the street. Stewartson followed, and in Erie street he discovered the other one dashing up town with the money drawer under his arm. Stewartson started after the money drawer, and his cries soon attracted a throng. The thief halted near Sixth street, and, drawing a revolver, threatened to shoot the first man who advanced upon him. The crowd stood at bay for a moment, but gathering courage they rushed toward the fellow. When he saw them coming, he turned on his heel and continued his flight. At the corner of Sixth street he lightened himself by throwing the money drawer to the pavement. Mr. Stewartson who was leading the hunt, picked it up without stopping. The thief fled down Sixth street to Grove, and then turning to his right, ran down to Owen Farley's saloon at the corner of Fifth street. In this place he affected an air of unconcern, but when his pursuers rushed in after him, he bolted up stairs, and leaped from a window in the second story into the yard. He then scaled the fence, and ran up Fifth street.

Mr. Stewartson handed the drawer to the barkeeper and hastened away after the fugitive. The latter endeavored to conceal himself by lying under a stoop at 206 Erie street, where Policeman Maude discovered him, and took him into custody. He said his name was Martin Morris, that he was 25 years of age, and that he resided at 156 Fulton street, Brooklyn. He had sprained his ankle in jumping from the window of Farley's building, and the pain he suffered from it kept him from further flight.

While Morris was being registered at the police station, a man walked into Farley's saloon and told the bartender that Mr. Stewartson had sent him for the money drawer. The bartender refused to give it to him, and while they were arguing a sent-ender, who had taken part in the chase, recognized the stranger as Morris's confederate. On finding that he was known, he dashed out of the place and sped up Fifth street, with a crowd at his heels. Just as he reached Erie street Policeman King grasped him. A skeleton key was found in his possession. He said his name was James Simpson, and that his home was in Virginia.

YOUNG MR. GOULD.

The Beginning of a Wall Street Career that is Likely to be Watched with Interest.

Among the defendants in the first suit arising from the corner in Hannibal and St. Joseph common stock is George J. Gould. He is sued as a member of the firm of W. E. Connor & Co., brokers for A. L. Hopkins, who is short of 500 shares of the cornered stock. His position as a defendant is noteworthy because he is the oldest son of Mr. Jay Gould, and because he is probably the youngest man who has ever been a party to a transaction of the magnitude of the Hannibal and St. Joseph corner. His connection with it, however, is to a large extent purely accidental, as his position in the street was not defined until two weeks ago, and after the cornering pool had been already in active business. At that time he became a member of the firm of W. E. Connor & Co., and as such became a broker for Mr. Hopkins, whose account had previously been given to a member of the firm.

Young Mr. Gould is undoubtedly the youngest man who has or has had for many years, a recognized position in the street. He had barely attained his majority when his father made him a partner in a firm of which the other members were his own confidential broker, W. E. Connor, and his private secretary, E. P. Morosini. Mr. Jay Gould contributed to the capital of the firm, in behalf of his son, the sum of $500,000. The capital invested by the other partners is not stated, but from their position and the fortunes it is presumed they have accumulated by their connection with Mr. Gould, it is estimated that they contributed about $250,000 each, making the capital of the firm $1,000,000. This is an unusual capital for a simple brokerage house, in which membership in the Stock Exchange and the attendant credit supply to a great extent the capital that would be required in ordinary commercial business. It is understood that the new firm does not intend to transact a general business—that is, to take accounts as commission firms do—but that its business will be confined to orders from Mr. Gould.

In spite of the exclusive business which the firm will do, and the youth of its partner, Mr. George J. Gould, is a person in whom the street naturally takes a very considerable interest. The street knows little of him, but believes that it is likely to know much. In personal appearance he is prepossessing, hardly more than a boy in looks, but more than a boy in business. He is of about the average height, slender, yet muscular. His complexion is swarthy, his hair and promising moustache are black, and his eyes, like his father's, are dark and penetrating. Like his father, he is quiet and reticent; but in the company of his friends he is full of life and boyish spirits. He has been educated privately and thoroughly, and, as to business experience, has travelled extensively with his father both through this country and abroad, and has spent the last two years in his father's office.

The Tide of Immigration.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total number of immigrants arrived during the month of August, 1881, and the two months ended the same, as compared with the same periods of last year, was as follows:

Countries from which Arrived.	August, 1881.	August, 1880.	Two Months ended August, 1881.	Two Months ended August, 1880.
England and Wales	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ireland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Scotland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
France	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Germany	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Switzerland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sweden	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Denmark	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dominion of Canada	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
All other countries	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Holland's Torpedo Ram.

A casual search along the Bay Ridge shore as far as East Hamilton failed to discover the place of submarine boat of John P. Holland yesterday. At the place where it used to be, a solitary farmer sat mending crabpots and said he knew nothing of the boat.

"Why, yes, I did see it," he said.

"Well, it was only for a minute, looking at the water so fleetly. A sailor told to the inventor, the torpedo ram to steer but what she slipped, how in the world should there