WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

It would be difficult to say which presented the gayest and most attractive picture on Decoration Day, the greensward of Jerome Park, where wealth, beauty, and fashion were to be seen under their most alluring aspect, or the blue waters of the bay, where the white-winged yachts were chasing each other with a speed and grace suggestive of everything poetical in nature, and far apart from the workaday world in which we live. It can no longer be said of the American people that they have no national holidays, no day for rest and relaxation to the overstrained workers of both sexes but Sunday. Perhaps from January to December there is no holiday so thoroughly enjoyed as that of our own invention, originally consecrated to the nation's dead. Coming as it does on the edge of the opening summer, the enjoyments of outdoor life that it brings with it are made tenfold keener by their freshness and novelty. This year the day was observed with more than usual spirit, and but for the distressing accident which darkened it, would have been the brightest holiday of the year.

The coaching parade was thrown quite into the shade by the display made both of horseflesh and of female loveliness at Jerome Park on Wednesday. At the base of the hill on which the club house stands the coaches, drags, landaus, T-carts, and dog carts were drawn up, and from their roofs, as well as from balconies, grand stand, and the slopes of the grassy hills, looked out as fair an assemblage of maidens and matrons as was ever seen at Ascot on the Cup day. An instantaneous photographer might have done some good work in reproducing many lovely and graceful figures at the moment when they were most advantageously placed, such as, for instance, Mrs. Antonia Terry, when, in a costume of shimmering blue and carrying a long-handled shepherdess parasol, she came down the club house steps, the green leaves glistening from a recent shower forming a framework round her handsome head.

The coaches were well freighted with belles both married and single. On Mr. Bronson's coach were Mr. and Mrs. William Duer, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Lady Mandeville. The last wore a very suitable and becoming costume of dark blue, and looked infinitely prettier than on coaching day. Mrs. Duer was quietly dressed in violet and black, while Mrs. Vanderbilt was in alight and showy toilet of blue brocade with a profusion of lace.

On the front seat with Col. Reed was Mrs. James B. Potter. Mr. Lorillard drove Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger and Miss Bulkley, both in white. Mrs. Cruger wore a very piquant little bonnet, evidently just from Paris. Miss Bulkley's costume of soft white lace and rich brocade would have been admirably adapted to a garden fête, but, although very becoming, was hardly suited to a race course on a showery day. Among the more youthful matrons, not long since brides, none looked handsomer than Mrs. W. Sands, who wore a long coat of hunter's green over a skirt of white silk and lace. The greatest animation prevailed during the entire day, and betting went briskly on, as much among the women as the men. That the ignorant and uninstructed lost pretty heavily is beyond a doubt, as, except among professionals, the merits of the different horses seemed to be very imperfectly known, and the ladies made the most piteous appeals to their gentlemen friends for information, which was followed by reproaches not soft or low when advice reluctantly given resulted in disaster and disappointment. It would be better from every point of view if ladies could be content to stake sugar plums and gloves on their chosen colors, and leave pool making and betting to the men.

From this time forth, however, and for many weeks to come, race courses will be the great centres of interest and attraction. The meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club opens on the 12th, to be followed by Monmouth Park and Saratoga races ad infinitum, and almost ad nauseam. Newport is the only important place of summer gayety that has no course, and long may it be before its refined and tranquil beauty is invaded by one. Boxes are being rapidly sold for the Coney Island meeting, and it will probably be very gay this season, the scene within sight and hearing of the roaring waves being a sudden and pleasing contrast to the rural beauty of Jerome Park. Among those who have already secured their boxes are Mr. Belmont, Mr. James L. Breese, Mr. Heckscher, Mr. Tyson, and Mr. Vanderbilt.

Three weddings will divide the attention of the gay world with the attractions of Jerome Park during the coming week—that of Miss Morgan and Mr. Frith on Monday, and those of Miss Fish and Miss Schuchardt on Wednesday. The country weddings, if the skies are clear as they should be in the month of roses, will probably draw crowds of friends and well wishers; for only from a country home, with its associations and surroundings, can anything of sentiment or picturesqueness attach to a wedding celebration. In the coldness and hardness of city houses and churches few spectacles are more flat and dreary.

The marriage of Mr. Waldo Story, eldest son of Mr. W. W. Story, which took place recently in Rome, was accompanied by much pomp and ceremony. The civil marriage was celebrated in the Campidoglio, in the presence of the Roman Syndic, Duke Torlonia. The religious ceremony was performed in the American Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Nevin, he and the United States Minister, Mr. W. W. Astor, being the witnesses for Mr. Story. The bride's witnesses were Lord Bagot and Mr. Beauclerk of the British Legation, and her bridesmaids were the Hon. Katharine Bagot, Miss Blanche Broadwood, Miss Lee, and Miss Fry. Mr. Julian Story was best man, and Mr. Julian Sturges one of the ushers.

From London we hear that among several Americans who attended the Queen's drawing room of the 10th of May was the newly made Knight, Sir Roderick W. Cameron, and that his daughter, Miss Margaret Cameron, was presented by the Duchess of Beaufort.

The engagement has been recently announced of Miss Katharine Patterson of Washington, a daughter of the late Capt. Carlyle Patterson of Washington, to Mr. Pierre La Montagne.

Among recent arrivals from Europe is the Baroness von Hoffman, on a visit to her daughter, the Marquise de Moies, who has been here for several months.

Among the departures are Mr. and Mrs. Luckemeyer, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and Count and Countess Lowenhaupt.

The managers of the new Opera House seem to be falling into the same error which has made the old Academy so unpopular of late years, that of allowing all the best boxes to be secured to stockholders, leaving only the parquet seats and a portion of the second tier for "outsiders." This may be all very well if the stockholders can support the opera; but if the general public are to pay enormous prices for indifferent and undesirable seats, the chances are that the stockholders will have the Opera House very much to themselves.

If history repeats itself, fashion most certainly does. There has been a marked tendency in the last year to return to the exaggerated dimensions of crinoline which prevailed some twenty or thirty years ago. But the movement did not meet with favor, and has been voted down by feminine good taste and good sense. The French modistes, however, to whom the fashion recommended itself by reason of the enormous amount of material that it consumed, have had their own way to a certain extent, and the controversy has resolved itself into an expansion of the skirt just below the waist, which, when filled in with padding or wadding, produces a Mother Hubbard effect, which is more becoming to very mature sirens than to the young and gracefully formed. Mrs. Jane Carlyle, writing in 1834, says: "The diameter of a fashionable lady at present is about three yards. Even servant girls wear bustles, and maids go out on Sundays with kitchen dusters pinned on as a substitute. My bonnet, I flatter myself, has an air, a little feather nods over the front of it, and the crown points like a sugar loaf." This describes exactly the poke bonnet of the present day and the expansion of skirt which the modistes have been so anxious to reproduce.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

In these fine evenings of early June the amateur astronomer should not neglect the opportunity, which will soon be gone, of studying the only conspicuous planet now visible in the evening sky, the giant Jupiter. Jupiter is now getting so low in the west, and so near the sun, that his image in the telescope is apt to be a little indistinct, but with a good glass, that will bear a magnifying power of 200 or 300 diameters, Jupiter is still a splendid phenomenon. His rosy belts and equatorial clouds and the constantly changing aspect of his satellite system never cease to be interesting, and whoever has seen them once is sure to wish to see them again, as often as he can. One of the great charms of a telescopic view of Jupiter is the visible motion of the planet and his moons. In a single evening one can see the huge globe roll half way over on its axis, the time of a whole rotation being only ten hours, and can witness the passage of the round black shadow of one of the moons across the face of the planet, or the disappearance of another moon as it goes behind the planet or is eclipsed in the great cone of shadow which Jupiter throws far away into space behind him. It is difficult for one not accustomed to astronomical observations to comprehend the fact that these little shining globes which he sees moving so silently and smoothly in their orbits are actually worlds in size, and that they are removed hundreds of thousands of miles from the great planet around which they circle. If, as most astronomers believe, Jupiter has not yet cooled down into a habitable globe, he is, in some respects, all the more interesting to us on that account; for if he were an inhabited globe, no telescope man can make would be able to reveal his inhabitants or their works to us, and the very fact that he was in such a condition as to support inhabitants would preclude the possibility of any physical changes which could be seen at the distance of four or five hundred million miles. But, on the other hand, if, as is believed, Jupiter is yet in a very early stage of world growth, then the inhabitants of this earth can continue to watch with their telescopes, as they have been doing for the last 200 years, the changes of appearance which he undergoes. In other words, they can behold part of the geological development of a distant world, and, if the human race could exist long enough and could hand down its records unbroken from age to age, it might at last have a complete history, based on actual observations, of the growth of Jupiter from a globe of gaseous or fluid matter to a solid and habitable world like our own.

SUMMER NOTES FROM NEWPORT.

The Guests will Include the President—Mr. Bennett's Cruise in the North Sea.

NEWPORT, June 2.—One of the most modest-appearing and at the same time fashionable church in the country, and one that has seen many bitter struggles, will open for the season to-morrow. The Rev. Dr. Cooke of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, will officiate. All Saints Chapel was during the last years of his life owned by the Rev. A. G. Mercer, D. D., whose wealth quite astonished the natives here. His property was valued at nearly $1,000,000. He was a far-seeing financier, and had he thrown off his clerical garb and gone into Wall street he would have made his mark as a speculator. He made a rather curious will, over which there was considerable feeling, and but for the clever handling of the matter by Col. Honey, the legal representative of the executors, it is probable that the document would not have been probated.

In the will he named three persons as trustees of the church, Mrs. Duncan Pell, who was also an executrix, Mr. Benjamin Finch, and one other. Virtually Mrs. Pell has supreme control. Recently the society was incorporated, and church wardens and vestrymen were elected. This action was necessary in consequence of the bitter feeling on the part of other churches in the diocese over the fact that the church was not liable to the same penalties as themselves so far as the convention is concerned. Dr. Mercer would not consent to be elected to. He fought these jealous churches for years, and successfully. Judge Samuel Blatchford of the United States Supreme Court is the senior warden.

Newport will have to look well to her laurels or she may find that she has a rival close at hand. Conanicut Island, only three miles across the bay, is attracting a host of wealthy and fashionable people. Conanicut Park is at the north end, where the number of beautiful cottages increases considerably every year. There are now about fifty dotted here and there. At the south end the Ocean Highland Company has attracted many wealthy Philadelphians to buy land and build. Mr. Charles W. Harison of that city is having a magnificent villa built on a high hill, which commands a fine view of Castle Hill and Fort Adams across the water. Mr. Benjamin W. Shoemaker of Philadelphia has just purchased a fine site and is building near Sand Beach Cove. Mr. Joseph Wharton of the same city has a delightfully situated site, and will build on it shortly. They have a frontage of 76 feet, are being built of gray granite, and will cost $40,000.

Ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh, Mr. James Whitball, Mr. Joseph N. Wilson, Mr. Wistar Morris, Mr. John Marshall, and Mr. Joseph L. Caswell, all of Philadelphia, have recently purchased lots there, and will build cottages. Arrangements were completed today for telephonic communication with the main land. There are excellent opportunities for boating, bathing, and driving on the island.

Whitehall, the swell building on Bellevue avenue, which has been converted into bachelor quarters, is completed. This is a speculation of Messrs. Frederick Sheldon and Henry S. Fearing of New York, who are cottagers here. They saw the increased need of bachelor quarters, and purchased the Clarendon Hotel, and at a large outlay have made the place very attractive. The apartments are en suite. Underneath are stores. One will be occupied by Hodgins & Co. of New York. Mr. Vanderbilt's brokers, Fernando Yznaga, a brother of Lady Mandeville, will be in charge. The second store will be occupied by Mr. Alderson, a tailor, and the third by Madame Tierce, a milliner. Mr. William C. Sanford of Amsterdam, whose acquaintance with Mr. Frederick Gebhard has been so unpleasantly interrupted, and his brother John have taken the two best suites. Mr. T. A. Beach of New York has a third, and Mr. R. Forsythe another.

It is not believed that Mrs. Langtry will come here this summer. The matter was discussed at a little dinner two or three nights ago. One of the most prominent ladies now here said that not a single cottager would be open to Mrs. Langtry, while Mr. Gebhard would have to walk a very straight line if he expected to receive the slightest attention. The proprietors of the Ocean House have not been informed that any room has been let by their New York agent to Mrs. Langtry. Last year Mr. Gebhard occupied a cottage, but it does not yet appear that he has rented one this year.

Mr. Frederick Neilson of Fifth avenue, New York, whose wife is Mr. Gebhard's sister, has taken Mr. E. D. Bott's villa on Beach street. Commodore S. B. Luce, United States Navy, has gone to Washington. The renting of cottages has not been very brisk this week. Mr. Meredith Howland of New York, in paying $25,000 for ex-Mayor Knight's house on Bellevue avenue, gets one of the prettiest residences on that street. Mr. Thatcher M. Adams of New York will pay about $45,000 for the Cadwalader cottage. Gen. Meredith Read, late United States Consul in Paris and in Athens, will pay $18,000 for Lieut. Wm. McCarty Little's charming cottage on Everett place. Mr. Fairman Rogers of Philadelphia has been compelled to rent a house in consequence of the partial destruction of his own. He has taken Mr. George Nugent's, on Coggeshall avenue, and will pay $20,000 for it. He has contracted with the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company for a new steam yacht. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt has not yet decided upon a house, but it is understood that he has the refusal of two.

The cottagers are arriving in large numbers, and Bellevue avenue is becoming animated. The venerable historian, Bancroft, is to arrive next week. He expends thousands of dollars in the cultivation of the rose, his favorite flower, of which he has about every known variety. Mr. Bancroft is a very gallant man. Ladies who know of his good nature often visit his grounds. When the historian gets a glimpse of them they are certain to carry away a bouquet each.

Mr. John Mayer, who has charge of Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer's farm in New Jersey, is quite ill with scarlet fever at the residence of his brother, William H. Mayer. He is engaged to Miss Havemeyer, who is here nursing her fiancé through his illness.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett will not occupy his cottage this year. He will remain in Europe and cruise in the North Sea during the summer and visit Norway and Sweden.

Definite information has been received here that President Arthur will again visit Newport this year. He said recently that he was so pleased with last year's visit that he had determined to come here again this year. The gentlemen who have leased Gooseberry Island for fishing purposes had in view a visit from the President, and they are hurrying the erection of a club house where their guests can be suitably entertained.

Are You Going to the Country?

Home Journal has extra sheet with second edition of "Summer Resort Guide," giving places, prices, and all particulars. Sold everywhere, seven cents. Morris Phillips & Co., 3 Park place, N. Y.—*Adv.*

AMERICAN IRON SHIPS.

A Visit to the Philadelphia Yard of which Mr. Gorringe has Charge.

On the 5th of March last the American Shipbuilding Company was organized in this city with a capital of $250,000. Mr. H. H. Gorringe, the naval officer who brought over the Obelisk, was elected President of the company, Mr. J. F. Tams Vice-President and Secretary, and Messrs. Charles Fry, James A. Roosevelt, and H. C. Pedder directors. The company decided to lease the shipyard at Richmond, Philadelphia, belonging to the Reading Railroad, instead of building a new one. This yard was one of the schemes of Mr. Franklin B. Gowen. It contains thirty-seven acres of ground. There is a water front of 900 feet. The original cost of the land and plant was $1,300,000. It was complete, and the best that could be had. It is the largest shipyard in the world. It was completed in 1876, but the hard times for the Reading coming on, they never turned a wheel. Having a lot of idle property on hand, President Gowen naturally gave the new company very favorable terms to get it to producing. The lease runs for ten years, with the privilege of two ten-year renewals, the amount of the rent depending on the tonnage built, the rent being increasing as the lease runs. When the new company took possession the machinery had to be overhauled, and in some cases put on new foundations. New woodwork was put in, some late machinery added, and then they were ready for business.

Yesterday a party of capitalists and shipbuilding experts from this city inspected the works. Among them were Charles W. Copeland, Capt. Baker, Robert Center, Capt. Codman, Walter Gorham, G. Hillman, Charles H. Haswell, William Sellin, Morris K. Jessup, Frederick Kühne, Alva Mesgrett, Charles H. Mallory, R. D. Munson, J. McKeever, J. A. Montant, R. S. Osborn, Gustav Schwab, James W. Pinchot, J. Scott, Capt. Weir, Henry Young, L. del Monte, William Parsons, James E. Ward, and Augustus Gurnee. At the yard the party was joined by Franklin B. Gowen and a number of the directors of the Reading Railroad. The visitors were conducted about the works by Messrs. Gorringe and Tams. They found four vessels in frame, ranging in size from a steam launch to a full-rigged ship of over 2,000 tons register. About 400 men are employed. The company has contracts for seven vessels, and will complete two more contracts in a few days. One of these contracts for a tug for Jacob Ridgeway of Philadelphia, it will be 280 feet over, 43 feet beam, and 23½ feet depth of hold. It will have a carrying capacity of 3,200 tons, the largest of any sailing ship afloat. A shop for the construction of marine steam engines is now being built, as well as a furnace in which the iron used in inaccessible parts of ships will be treated to prevent rusting.

When Mr. Gorringe was asked if he expected to build ships in competition with the shipyards on the Clyde, and whether the ships he would build would be able to compete with the Clyde ships for the traffic of the world, he replied in the affirmative emphatically.

"On what do you base your expectations?"

"The price of American iron is now but little more than that of foreign iron. It is of enough better quality to make it cheaper than foreign iron. In the matter of labor we can compete, because we have labor-saving devices, and because our men are more intelligent and will do more work of a better quality than the Clyde workmen. After ten years our ships will have cost the owners less money than foreign ships of like capacity would. We expect to run our works to their full capacity. We will build anything from a coal barge to a clipper ship, from a tug to a transatlantic steamer. We have a contract to build a 1,200-ton coal barge for $14,000. At Perth Amboy they charge $15,000 for building a wooden barge of the same capacity. We close a contract in a day or two for a schooner of 355 tons register. We got it in competition with the builders of wooden schooners. The owner said there was not $100 difference between our bid and theirs. We can build an iron clipper ship for after what a wooden one would cost. Every one knows which is the most valuable."

Mr. Franklin B. Gowen was asked what he thought of the prospects of American competition with British shipbuilders. He said: "I have been in about all the locomotive building shops in England. We can build better locomotives here for less money. It is because our mechanics do more and better work for the money. Why may not this be applied to ship building, where the proportion of the labor bill to the whole cost of the completed article is much more favorable than in building locomotives? If the yard is kept full, this company can build cheaper, because certain expenses are the same whether three or thirty ships are in the building. The people about here have made the mistake of putting their prices at a rate fixed on the basis of building two or three ships a year."

At the luncheon Capt. Codman proposed the health of Mr. Gorringe, saying: "When the United States Navy lost Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe it lost one of its brightest ornaments, but the merchant marine gained its first impetus for its revival."

GOV. BUTLER AND THE HEALTH BOARD.

Questioning the Governor's Right to Withhold his Signature to the Pay Roll.

BOSTON, June 2.—Gov. Butler having refused to sign the warrants for the payment of the monthly pay rolls of various State institutions under the charge of the State Board of Health, ex-Gov. Talbot, of the Board, has addressed a long letter to the Governor, reinforced by the opinion of ex-Gov. Gaston, to the effect that officers appointed by the Board are not required to take the oath of office, as claimed by the Governor. Ex-Gov. Talbot calls the Governor's attention to the fact that a large number of dependent employees, some of them women, have their pay withheld, and are needy creditors of the Commonwealth, whose claims the State by law is bound in respect. The Board is unable to say whether the Governor's action is based on the advice of his Council or is the result of his own judgment, and also wishes to ascertain whether his action is based on the form or substance of the claims in question. The Board holds that the Governor's veto has no right to withhold his approval of claims due appointees of the Board, and the letter hints that legal prosecution may be requisite to enforce these claims. The letter says that the authority and discretion of the Executive is a proper and wholesome subject for every citizen to discuss, and the allusion to it in the letter must not be taken as discourteous. The letter adds that the legality of Mr. Sanborn's appointment as inspector is not dependent upon Gov. Butler's sanction, and the Board must treat such officers as duly appointed and qualified, and entitled to compensation. The Board have also sent a communication to Gov. Butler, in which they say that, after carefully examining the Governor's various communications, they do not find evidence of intentional disrespect to the Governor, which would make it necessary to remove Ms. Sanborn from his place as Secretary of the Board. An order was adopted declaring the office of Assistant Superintendent of the Almshouse, which has hitherto been held by Thomas J. Marsh, vacant.

Amasa Stone's Will.

CLEVELAND, June 2.—The will of Amasa Stone was made public today. Mr. Stone sets apart for his wife the Euclid avenue homestead and $500,000, from which she shall receive $25,000 annually during her life. At the death the property goes to Mr. Stone's daughters and their husbands. He bequeaths to his daughters, Mrs. John Hay and Mrs. Samuel Mather, $600,000 each, and to their husbands $100,000 each; to his sister, Mrs. Morgan, and her husband, and Andrew R. Stone, his brothers, and to his wife's sister, William M. Moore, $7,000 each; to his nephew, A. G. Stone, $10,000; to eighteen nephews and nieces, $5,000 each; to Mrs. Rebecca Blood and her husband, $12,000; to his coachman and gardener, a house and lot each; to Adelbert College of the estate reaches $750,000, $100,000; to the Home for Aged Women, $10,000; to the Children's Aid Society, $10,000. The residue of the estate goes to his daughters, their husbands and their heirs, share and share alike. It is stipulated that no inventory or appraisal of the estate be made, or any property sold at public sale.

The Ecuador Revolution.

PANAMA, May 24.—The revolutionists now completely surround Guayaquil, and communication with it can only be held through the lower part of the river. The first shots were exchanged on the night of the 22d, and it is believed the city will be taken within a week. Alfaro works from the rear, and will be support ed by sarasti from above with cavalry and armed light draught river boats. On May 3 a steam launch of the Italian man-of-war Victor Pizzani, which is at anchor at Guayaquil, steamed to the rebel camp carrying the first Lieutenant of the ship for the purpose of asking due protection and security for the lives and properties of Italians and other foreigners in the event of Guayaquil being assaulted and captured. Senor Alfaro at once gave all the assurances which were asked from him.

Opium Dens Raided in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 2.—The police early this morning made a raid on the Chinese laundry and opium den in the basement of 50 North Tenth street, kept by Ah Fon. Two young women were found in the place under the influence of opium, and a man named Woods, a minstrel performer, who had accompanied the women. They were taken in custody, together with the proprietor and three other Chinamen. The Chinese laundry in the adjoining building was also raided, and five Chinamen captured. No opium smoking was in progress at the latter place. The prisoners were arraigned to-day, and Ah Fon was held in $1,000 bail for keeping a disreputable house. The two women and the man were held in $600 each as witnesses, and the rest in $300 each to keep the peace.

Base Ball, Brooklyn, This Week.

Washington Park, 5th av. and 3d st. Grand gala week. Tuesday, Brooklyn vs. Athletics of Philadelphia; Wednesday and Saturday, Brooklyn vs. Cincinnati, champions of 1882. Games 4 P. M. Admission, 25 cents.—*Adv.*

A Good Place to Go To in the Evening.

Ehrichs' Men's Clothing Emporium is open every evening until 9 o'clock. 295 8th av.—*Adv.*

Our make Pepperell jean drawers, 28 to 46 inch, 50c. pair. Summer underwear, popular prices. J. W. Johnston, 300 Grand st., N. Y.; also 979 6th av.—*Adv.*

COLLARED BY AN ATHLETIC FATHER.

Young Mr. Morel's Advances Toward a Fair American Bring Him to Grief.

In the shadow of the Presbyterian church on the north side of Thirty-fourth street, near Eighth avenue, a fashionably dressed young man paced to and fro on Friday evening. Precisely at 8 o'clock he came to a halt and gazed in the direction of Eighth avenue. A fair-haired young girl was approaching. When she was in front of the church the young man stepped forward.

"You are Miss Williams," he said.

"I do not know you," the girl answered.

A tall and athletic man came across from the opposite side of the street, collared the young man, swung him around, and asked: "What do you want of Miss Williams?"

"What right have you to ask?" said the young man.

"I am her father," said the athletic man.

Then there was some angry talk and a crowd collected. The young man, who was like a child in the grasp of his captor, was forced toward Eighth avenue. A policeman came and got him and marched him to the Thirty-seventh street station.

The athletic man was Mr. William T. Williams, who lives at 454 West Thirty-first street. He said yesterday to a reporter of THE SUN that on May 18 his daughter Laura, who is 17 years old, came to him with this letter:

P. O. BOX 3,233, May 28.

MY DEAR MISS WILLIAMS: I would very much like to make your acquaintance, and for this reason I am now writing to ask you to meet me, if it is agreeable to you to-morrow (Tuesday) evening at 8 o'clock, at the corner of Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street. My name will not do you any harm, but you may don't let that stand in your way. Please write me if you can keep the appointment or no. From one who would be your friend.

ARTHUR MOREL.

"I asked Laura," Mr. Williams said, "if she knew the young man. She said she did not, and had never seen him, as far as she knew. Concluding that a lesson would do the writer no harm, I wrote to him this letter in a hand resembling a woman's:"

MAY 28.

Mr. Morel.

DEAR FRIEND: Your note came to hand safe and in due time. According to your wish, I will be on Thirty-fourth street by the Presbyterian church, north of Eighth avenue, by 8 o'clock sharp. I will have on my drab dress and white fichu on my neck. Please excuse pencil, for I could not find pen and ink, and I am in a hurry. Your friend, LAURA WILLIAMS.

"There came another letter the next day. Morel said he had forgotten that he had an engagement at Whitestone on Tuesday. He asked that another evening be appointed for a meeting. I took no notice of this letter. Another arrived yesterday asking Laura to meet him in front of the Presbyterian church on Thirty-fourth street at 8 o'clock last evening. She knew nothing of this letter which I opened. At half past 7 o'clock last evening I told her to put on her drab dress and come out with me for a walk. Near Thirty-fourth street I asked her to walk on while I stopped for a cigar, and said I would meet her near the church. She had no idea that Morel would be there. I was on the other side of the street when he spoke to her. He told me that his intentions were honorable, but I decided to have him arrested."

Morel was locked up on Friday night, and was arraigned yesterday at Jefferson Market. Miss Williams was in court. Morel is a good-looking young Englishman, not yet 22. He came to America about a year ago, has been boarding at 306 West Thirty-first street since, is employed in a broker's office in Wall street, and is a member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Justice Patterson fined him $10 for disorderly conduct.

Morel speaks with a strong English accent. "This is indeed too bad," he said. "My prospects will be ruined, and I am sure I shall have to leave the country. I didn't have the slightest wrong intention in the world. I saw the young lady half a dozen times, and greatly admired her. I thought I would like to know her. I said so to a lady, who told me her name and address, and advised me to drop her a line. If I had got no answer the matter would have ended there."

When arrested Morel had in his pocket letter-press copies of his three communications to Miss Williams.

Buying a Pig in a Bag.

A curious collection of trunks and valises at Rowe's auction rooms attracted the attention of quite a crowd on Friday. There were all kinds of trunks, from the corpulent Saratoga to the little box of the impecunious boarding house young man. Some big trunks weighed suspiciously light, and some small trunks were so heavy that they were thought to contain bricks. Five were unclaimed baggage sold by the proprietor of the Coleman House. The speculators bid upon the trunks and valises without knowing their contents. The highest price paid for a trunk was $10.25, the lowest $1. The average value brought was about 50 cents.

"What kind of people buy unclaimed baggage?" the reporter asked the auctioneer.

"Mostly second-hand dealers and curious old women. Sometimes they strike it rich, but generally the contents of trunks left in hotels are worthless. If they were valuable the owners would have returned them. A woman who cannot pay her board at a hotel or boarding house will send out all her possessions, piece by piece, and then vanish. A man will sometimes leave a $2 trunk filled with rocks for a month's board when he strikes a verdant landlady."

Widow Reilly's Seventeen Horses and Carts.

Mrs. Julia Reilly of 724 East Twelfth street, an intelligent middle-aged woman, in the Essex Market Police Court, charged Patrick McGuire with stealing and selling a horse valued at $300, which belonged to her. McGuire was a driver in her employ, and on Nov. 19 went out in charge of a wagon and the horse in question. He did not return, and Mrs. Reilly traced her horse to Jacob Elkin of 44 Hester street, who admitted that he swapped his horse for it and paid $55 besides.

"I lost twenty horses last year through dishonest drivers," said Mrs. Reilly to Justice Duffy.

"Why, how many have you got?" asked the magistrate.

"Seventeen, sir."

"Where is your husband?"

"Dead this many a year. I suppose you wonder what a woman can do with seventeen horses. When my husband died, I made up my mind I would raise my family by my own industry. I worked hard until I was able to buy a horse and cart, which I rented out for $1 a day. I bought a second and third, until I had thirty horses and carts. Bless you, sir, a woman doesn't know, till she tries, what she can do! I have horses and carts of every description, all painted—milk carts, express wagons, and even coaches. I have never been robbed except by my own employees."

McGuire was held for examination.

Capt. Jack Sanford's Big Blackfish.

The Fish Hawk, Capt. Jack Sanford, brought into port from the Romer on Thursday evening not only the largest blackfish of the season so far, but probably the largest that was ever taken in New York waters. It weighed 19½ pounds. It was hooked by the skipper himself, and made a terrific fight. In the first few rounds Jack was nearly knocked out. His difficulty was to prevent the big fellow from getting among the timbers of the wreck over which he had hooked him, and he was received on board the Fish Hawk with the deepest joy. He was what fishermen call an old bull, and had teeth like a terrier.

A Tramp Lays Down Law to a Farmer.

A frowsy tramp who had got out of New York by way of the bridge called at a farmer's house near East New York to get something to eat, and was told to chop up some kindling wood in the yard. He worked for a half an hour, and then he was fed. After he had finished he said to the farmer, "Now give me a quarter for chopping wood, and we'll be square."

"But I gave you your dinner," said the farmer.

"I don't work for my victuals. I work for money when I work, and the victuals is a bonus."

"Well, I won't pay you."

"All right, boss; then I'll sue you. I know the law. Work means money, not victuals. I can wait. I've got lots of time. I'll have you before the Court, if you don't fork over."

The farmer at length paid the quarter, but he angrily protested that he would never give another tramp a meal.

"All right, boss," said the tramp, hiding the coin in his rags—"but if you do, don't ask your guest to perform manual labor. So long."

A Season of Hard Study for School Girls.

A crowd of young girls beset the Normal College on Friday to obtain tickets of admission to the entrance examinations. So far there are 1,033 candidates from the public schools, about 100 more than applied last year, and 25 from private schools. The examinations will begin to-morrow, and continue three days. They will be more difficult than last year's, and the marking will be more severe. The names of the candidates who pass will not be announced at once.

This week is to be given to the students of the college for preparation for their summer examinations. On the 12th, 13th, and 14th the seniors and sophomores will be examined, and on the 15th and 18th the junior and introductory classes.

Crops in Rensselaer County.

TROY, June 2.—The potato bug has made its appearance in this vicinity, and the farmers will be kept busy protecting the crops, which promise to be large. The apple crop promises well. The pear and plum trees bear a profusion of blossoms. The strawberry crop will be abundant, and a large yield or hay is promised.

James H. Atherton's Suicide.

James H. Atherton, a compositor who had worked for several years in New York offices, committed suicide by cutting his throat at Portchester on Thursday. He was a Lieutenant in the war. His relatives live in Fall River.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti scrofulous or blood purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on Consumption send two stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adv.*

"Structural Decoration," a new pamphlet of interest to those about to paint their houses. Sent free by mail by W. P. Johns Manufacturing Co., 87 Maiden lane, N. Y.—*Adv.*

A NEW YORKER IN BROOKLYN.

The Contrast Between the Cities on Sunday—Lovemaking in the Evening.

Although the bridge is only a mile and a quarter in length, roughly speaking, it is long enough to take a man on Sunday out of the bustle and clatter of a great city given up to holiday enjoyment and into the quiet of a town where Sunday is almost as rigidly observed as in any of the villages that are clustered around the country churches of Vermont. In Brooklyn on Sunday the bells are taken off the car horses' collars in deference to the day, and the air is filled with the clamor of church bells. Staid processions, formed of prim elderly couples with hymn books in their clasped hands, and their children, looking as if they had been starched and ironed before they left home, move solemnly along the streets. Not by any means all the side doors of the comparatively few liquor stores on the corners yield to the timid pressure of thirsty violators of the law, and the newsdealer to whom one goes for an extra morning paper has his blinds drawn down and his door shut, as if he, too, was half inclined to shut up shop.

But the New Yorker in Brooklyn is informed by his neighbors that, although the liquor stores are unreliable, the druggists all keep open far into the night. The significance of this is said to be in the fact that in Brooklyn the druggists are not all wholly unlike the liquor dealers, since it is alleged that their back rooms, behind the stores, are in very many cases provided with cards and tables, and *spiritus frumenti* is sold to frequenters without prescriptions—a combination of peculiarities that is said to result in a very general devotion to whiskey poker on the part of the young men.

On Sunday night the great quiet city seems to give itself up to lovemaking. A walk along the streets reveals endless couples, always consisting of a young man and young woman, holding one another's arms unnecessarily tightly, and talking in such softened tones that their heads need almost to meet to enable them to hear one another. Other couples sit on the high stoops or linger on the top steps in leave-takings that often consume an hour. The half-drawn parlor curtains reveal glimpses of yet other couples often drawn together in varying degrees of nearness, according to the size of the inevitable family album, which they seem to be examining. Even in the horse cars and the starlit solitudes of Fort Greene—a park of greater natural beauty than any other on the coast—this equal distribution of the sexes is observed, especially on that one day and night.

The programmes of the frequent church exhibitions reveal the curious fact that nearly all the names of the girls in Brooklyn end in ie. Susan transplanted to Brooklyn becomes Susie, Mary becomes Marie, and Jane is Jennie when the girls are children and Jeanie when they get their cards engraved.

ALL THE FLAGS OUT IN FISHKILL.

Celebrating on Historic Ground the Disbandment of the Army in 1783.

Never since the Continental soldiers encamped within the boundaries of Fishkill village has it witnessed such throngs as crowded its picturesque streets yesterday to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the disbandment of the army of the Revolution. The day, it was said, was almost a repetition of June 2, 1783. The Fishkill Mountains, at the base of which the village stands, were bathed in sunshine all day long. Gentle breezes wafted away the heat of the sun. At dawn vehicles began to pour into the village from neighboring towns, hamlets, and farms. The horses' heads were adorned with flags and flowers. Special trains that went from Matteawan and Fishkill Landing were crowded. Flags hung from nearly every window and framed nearly every door in Fishkill.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the procession began to form in front of the Mansion House in Main street. At 2½ o'clock a Revolutionary cannon was fired thirteen times, and the procession, headed by Piano's band, which energetically played "Yankee Doodle," started to move. Thirteen gentlemen of Duchess county, representing the original thirteen States, followed the band. They were Walter Brett, Joseph B. Burnett, Gen. J. L. Scofield, John Place, Lewis Tompkins, Willard H. Mase, Frederick K. Scofield, Major Edward C. Boynton, E. M. Buttenber, T. Van Wyck Brinkerhoff, Jacob G. Van Wyck, Jr., Matthew V. B. Brinckerhoff, and Dr. L. H. White.

Thirty-eight pretty village maidens, with red, white, and blue sashes and appropriate shields, personating the States of the Union, came next, followed by soldiers of the war of 1812, of the Mexican war, and of the late war. A notable figure in the procession was that of Prince Crosley, a colored man, 104 years of age, formerly the slave of Enoch Crosley, who is said to have been the original of James Fenimore Cooper's "Pathfinder."

After passing through the principal streets of the village, which were lined with vehicles, the procession marched under a wide-spreading oak, upon a large decorated platform, around which about 5,000 people had assembled. The Hon. John J. Monell was the first speaker. He said that Fishkill had been an armed encampment from the beginning to the close of the Revolutionary War. The military force extended through the passes of the Highlands toward West Point. Its object was to keep up communication with the Eastern States, to supply the troops at West Point and the lower Hudson, and to harrass and prevent the British troops from joining Burgoyne at Albany. After eight years of watching and suffering, an order from Gen. Washington reached the camp on June 2 directing that "arrangements be made for marching the troops to their respective States, to their homes. The war was over, and America was free.

Prayer by the Rev. Robert Van Kleeck, a descendant of Henry Schenck, who was Quartermaster at Fishkill during the Revolution, came after Mr. Monell's address. The Hon. Benson J. Lossing, the historian, was then introduced as Chairman of the meeting. Mr. Lossing said that the people of Dutchess county were privileged to celebrate not only the disbandment of the Continental army this summer, but the bi-centennial of three important events: the advent within its domain of the first white child born in Dutchess county; the purchase of the land from the barbarian inhabitants, and the marriage of its chief purchaser, an ex-Mayor of New York city, with the attractive young widow Helena Van Ball, whose daughter seventeen years afterward became Mme. Brett, a personage distinguished in local annals.

The other speakers were Judge Westbrook of Kingston, Mr. J. Hervey Cook of Fishkill Landing, and James G. Graham of Newburgh.

After the conclusion of the exercises,