The Sun.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1883.

Amusements To-day.

Casino—Prince Methusiem. 8 P. M.
Madison Square Theatre—The Rajah. 8:30 P. M.
Lyceum's Palace Music Hall—Variety. 2 to 5 P. M.
Theatre Comique—Nothing Gained Hall. 2 and 8 P. M.

Advertisements for THE WEEKLY SUN, *issued to-morrow morning, must be handed in this evening before six o'clock.*

The Telegraph Strike.

It was announced yesterday that the Telegraphers' Brotherhood had ordered the operators employed by various railroads to strike at noon, and that others would strike to-day. It was also averred that the trainmen of certain railroads would strike with the telegraphers.

These facts amount to a declaration that the telegraph strike has failed, and that it is necessary to support it by extraneous forces. The purpose of the original strike was to compel the telegraph companies to pay the operators better wages, and also to compel them to recognize the officers of the Brotherhood as authorized to speak for the operators. After twenty days, this end is not attained. The necessity of the companies does not prove sufficient to oblige them to yield to the demands of the strikers. They are able to get along without them; and accordingly the strikers go outside to apply pressure to the railroads with a view of compelling them to compel the telegraph companies to surrender. In the same way, if they had the power, they might go still further and deprive the butchers of meat and the bakers of flour, all for the purpose of coercing the telegraph companies.

This proceeding is wrong and unjustifiable, and it must alienate still further those sympathies which the public at large were originally so strongly disposed to feel for the dissatisfied operators. If the Western Union and the Baltimore and Ohio could not find telegraphers on any terms but those of the strikers, then the purpose of the strike might be legitimately accomplished, and all right-thinking people would be glad of it. But when they go abroad and attempt to arrest the whole work of the community in their effort to crush the obstinacy of their antagonists, they transcend the limits of good policy and good morals.

Gen. Crook's Report.

A suggestive feature of Gen. CROOK's report upon his Sierra Madre campaign is its silence regarding his authority for entering Mexico. His only lawful authority, of course, must be derived from the international agreement of July 29, 1882. But this treaty expressly restricts crossings of the boundary to occasions of the "close pursuit" of hostile Indians; whereas Gen. CROOK's own narrative shows that while CHATO's brief dash into Arizona was made in March, his own counter expedition into Mexico did not cross the line until the 1st of May. Moreover, the treaty expressly declares that when a pursuing party is off the trail of the Indians, it shall return to its own country; and this report indicates that Gen. CROOK, without reference to the Indian trail, marched by his own route to their mountain stronghold, under the guidance of the deserter PE-NAY-TISHI, or Peaches. Gen. CROOK is discreet, therefore, in not alluding to the terms of the international agreement.

Another point made clear by Gen. CROOK's report is that only good luck, backed up by his enterprise and skill, gave to his expedition the degree of success it achieved. He frankly declares that the Apache stronghold could have withstood a whole army—that it was a natural fortress, "impregnable to attack" except through surprise. But it fortunately happened that when the hired Apache scouts of Capt. CRAWFORD arrived, nearly all the warriors were absent raiding on both sides of the mountains; and to this fact was due the surprise of the camp, in which, as it now appears, the only prisoners taken were five children, although nine adults were killed in the attack. The oldest of these children protested that the camp was not hostile, but "wanted to make peace;" and, in fact, when CROOK, with good judgment, allowed her to go to the fugitives, one after another they came in, including the famous chiefs HUSHAYO, CHATO, BONITO, LOCO, and NAYCHEZ, the son of COCHISE. Gen. CROOK says that, save for this voluntary surrender, these Indians could not have been captured. "We could never hope to catch them in the rugged peaks, and the effort would surely cost the lives of many men." Under these circumstances it was a proof of CROOK's coolness and knowledge of Indian character that he held off several days from receiving their surrender, and set forth the obstacles to restoring them to the reservation, until they became importunate to go with him, and he could hardly have shaken them off except by a massacre. Before he had reached his supply camp at Silver Springs, he had under his charge 325 of the hostile bands of Chiricahuas, of whom fifty-two were men.

The skill with which Gen. CROOK managed this surrender of the Apaches, gives weight to the views expressed so positively in his report regarding their future treatment. Instead of endeavoring to inflame popular hatred against them, he pleads for the Apache with a generous eloquence, all the more effective from its challenging the prejudices of the border while appealing to common sense:

"It is unjust to punish him for a violation of a code of war which he has never learned, and which he can with difficulty understand. He has in almost all his contests with white men found that his women and children are the first to suffer; that neither age nor sex is spared. * * * Nor does this fact surprise him, since it is in accordance with his own custom of fighting. But, with this fact before us, we can understand why he should be ignorant of the rules of civilized warfare. * * * Let the Apache see that he has something to gain by proper behavior, and something to lose by not falling in with the new order of things. Vengeance is just as much to be deprecated as silly sentimentalism. To attempt to punish one or a dozen of the tribe for deeds of which all are equally guilty, would be gross tyranny; while to attempt to punish all after they had surrendered in good faith, would be not only perfidious, but would involve us in a war with a small but desperate band of men, who would then fight with the reckleness of buccaneers under the black flag."

Gen. CROOK insists on the impossibility of getting valid evidence for the numerous trials for murder which Secretary TELLER demanded, and shows that the disarming of the Indians, which the same officer urged, almost invariably proves "a farcical failure," and could only result, if successful, in preventing the Indian from protecting his family and property "against the white scoundrels who, armed to the teeth, infest the border." Instead of manifesting fear of the Apache, "show him," says Gen. CROOK, "that at his best he is powerless in your hands; he will become your best friend, and cheerfully perform all that he may be instructed to do."

Gen. CROOK deserves praise for thus setting himself against the policy of extermination, springing from the fierce race antipathy which he finds all around him in the border settlements. It is probably fortunate for the country, too, that Mr. TELLER, who is nominally the official guardian of the Indians against both military and civil oppression, found his policy of vengeance against captives quietly put aside by CROOK.

The Political Situation in Belgium.

Belgium, like France, has its Radicals, who clamor for a revision of the Constitution because the most important feature of their programme, electoral reform, encounters an obstacle in the organic law. There has been recently a vigorous agitation of the suffrage question in the parliament and in the press, and although the revisionists have for the moment been defeated, the Liberal Ministry, which needs their votes, has been constrained to make concessions which seem intended to pave the way for the abolition of all restrictions upon the franchise.

It is the fashion to define the Belgian system of government by calling it a faithful copy of the British Constitution. The description is misleading, for, although the Belgian polity was unquestionably fashioned after the English model, it was the state of things which prevailed in the United Kingdom before, and not after, the Reform bill of 1830 which was taken as the object of imitation. This is clear when we examine the fundamental element of parliamentary government, namely, the extent and character of the constituency by which the popular branch of the legislature is elected. Under the working of the property qualification prescribed by the organic law, the percentage of voters to population is smaller in Belgium than it has been since 1830 in any other European country, smaller even than it was in Italy before the late extension of the franchise, and, in fact, comparable only to the circumscribed electoral body which enjoyed a monopoly of the suffrage in England sixty years ago. The backwardness of their country in this respect has long been a flagrant grievance in the eyes of Belgian Radicals, and their discontent has been aggravated by the fact that universal suffrage has been adopted, not only in France, but in the German empire.

When at last even Italy, whose limitation of the franchise had been held up as an example to justify the refusal of the popular demand, had abandoned almost all of its restrictions upon the right of voting, the Belgian Radicals insisted that the property qualification embedded in their Constitution must be at once removed, and a measure looking to that end was introduced in the parliament. For a time it looked as if the movement had some chances of success, for some of the leaders of the Catholic party, which has been for some years in opposition, were by no means convinced that they could not turn the principle of universal suffrage to as good account as do the Ultramontanes under Herr WINDTHORST's guidance in the German empire. They pointed out the almost autocratic control exercised by the priests over the peasantry in the rural districts, but they were met by the objection that this control might be seriously weakened by the political education which results from the enjoyment of the franchise. Inasmuch, too, as the voting in Belgium is secret—that is to say, by ballot—supervision would be impracticable. On the whole, it seemed most prudent to the Clerical party not to venture, for the present, on the innovation; and accordingly the Radicals, having against them the whole of the Catholic opposition, as well as much the greater part of the Ministerial following, were overwhelmingly defeated, only obtaining eleven votes on behalf of the proposed revision.

Notwithstanding the apparent ease with which he had repulsed the revisionists, the Belgian Premier, M. FRÈRE-ORBAN, has been at great pains to allay as thoroughly and promptly as possible the discontent of the Radicals, and to avert a temporary coalition between them and the Clericals, which would probably overthrow his Government. No sooner was the project of revision rejected than he himself introduced a bill almost completely extinguishing the property qualification for provincial and communal election, a reform which, as it happens, is not prohibited by the Constitution. He has also brought forward a bill making education compulsory, though we are not yet informed whether his measure leaves it optional with parents to send their children to the secular schools, supported by the State, or to the private schools, one, at least, of which has been established by the clergy in every village. It is to be hoped that both of these bills will be carried, and that thus the Radical agitation for universal suffrage will have borne, at all events, the precious fruit of local self-government, and have caused a wider diffusion of instruction among the Belgian agriculturists, who to this day have remained well-nigh impenetrable to modern ideas.

We should not overlook another reason for the special anxiety evinced just now by the FRERE-ORBAN Ministry to conciliate the Radical wing of its party. It has been spending more money than the appropriations justify, and the result has been a deficit of some $4,000,000. The Belgian is thrifty, not to say parsimonious, and he is apt to lose respect for a Government which does not manage to make ends meet. This is no time, therefore, to alienate men who, in Brussels and the large manufacturing centres, constitute the main strength of the Ministerial forces.

The Households of Naval Officers.

Now that the head of the navy has at last finished his electioneering cruise in New Hampshire, he will perhaps find leisure to reconsider the language and spirit of a general order which he issued shortly before leaving Washington, and which has created much indignation and uneasiness in the service during his absence. This order reads as follows:

"G. O. No. 507.

"Naval officers attached to cruising war vessels, especially commanding officers, are expected to leave their families at their usual or fixed places of abode, and not to attempt to transfer them to more convenient points. Officers disregarding this injunction will be unable to be relieved from duty.

"WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, Secretary of the Navy."

No doubt Mr. CHANDLER issued this order with the best intentions, and having no other end in view than the increased efficiency of the navy. Nevertheless his instructions are despotic, and the menace which accompanies them, if not a direct violation of law, is an unquestionable infringement of rights. Mr. CHANDLER has not the slightest lawful authority over the homes of the families of naval officers. Is he even expected to take official cognizance of the fact that they have families? There is certainly nothing in the statutes that calls upon him to pick out boarding houses for these families, or to say that they may live in some towns and not in others. He has no more lawful authority over their migrations than they have over his. Yet by the use of arbitrary power, such as would not be attempted even under some monarchical governments, he proposes to exercise such an authority, and to accomplish his purpose by threatening officers with the active displeasure of the department.

The evil against which Secretary CHANDLER has launched his order is not wholly imaginary. No doubt some officers have kept their families on a constant pilgrimage from port to port, both in home and foreign waters, corresponding to their own movements, and the natural inference is that this unremitting devotion to household ties may interfere with the highest attention to professional duties. Very likely in some cases vessels may have been kept at ports where the families of commanding officers are living, or may have made frequent returns thither, when, save for this domestic magnet, they would be off cruising.

But an ample remedy for any such evil is provided by law. If an officer, for these reasons or any reasons, has neglected his duty, he is liable to be arraigned and tried by court martial. The law has furnished this mode of procedure for just such cases, and unquestionably a few instances of its intervention would have a salutary effect where the liberty hitherto accorded to officers has been abused. It may be answered that the offence in question does not often exactly amount to one cognizable by a court martial. But that is equivalent to saying that there is no appreciable neglect of duty; and if so, why object to the natural desire of the wife to follow her husband, especially if she has no "usual or fixed places of abode," or few or no children to take with her, and pecuniary means enough to enable her to go where she pleases? Some of those officers in foreign squadrons who have been distinguishing themselves by getting and keeping drunk, would doubtless have done their duty no worse for having a wife and little ones near at hand to visit when ashore.

Mr. CHANDLER's mistake is in providing a roundabout remedy, not based on the statutes, for the proper and legitimate one. He should not attempt to sweep all families and all officers together in a common condemnation, needlessly depriving them all of privileges abused by a few. He should revise his plan, withdraw his threats, and use the existing laws for effecting any required improvement.

The President Should Not Loaf.

The *Chicago Herald* thus discusseth President ARTHUR's share in the sports of RUFUS HATCH's great circus:

"The more the President travels about is entertained by the people, the more the position is exalted, and the greater is his power for good."

"What," asked an inquiring youth, "what is flapdoodle?"

"My son," answered the sage, "it is the stuff that fools are fed on."

The powers and duties of the President are defined by the Constitution of the United States, and in that authoritative instrument not one of the soft considerations which have weight with our Chicago contemporary, is admitted or even referred to.

But, listen to the rule of Executive duty as laid down by an old-time President. The words are those of JAMES K. POLK; and they are found in his letter to JAMES BUCHANAN, offering him the post of Secretary of State:

"I disapprove the practice which has sometimes prevailed of Cabinet officers absenting themselves for long periods of time from the seat of government and leaving the management of their departments to chief clerks or less responsible persons than themselves. *I expect myself to remain constantly at Washington, unless it may be that no public duty demands my presence, when I may be occasionally absent, but then only for a short time.* It is by conforming to this rule that the President and his Cabinet can have any assurance that absence will be prevented, and that the subordinate executive officers connected with them respectively will faithfully perform their duty."

The pretence that a President ought to travel about when he can, and learn the wants of the country, is pure humbug. No man who does not know the wants of the country and of all its parts, is fit to be elected President; and no President who finds time to travel about and amuse himself after he has assumed the office, is fit to remain in it.

The Presidency is not a sinecure for the enjoyment of a lazy pleasure seeker, and it is not exalted in the eyes of any but the fools, when its occupant does anything besides attending faithfully and industriously to its momentous obligations.

There has not for many a day been a more interesting, terrific, or conclusive display of fistic science than that of SULLIVAN and SLADE last night at the Madison Square Garden. The spectators were raised to boundless ardor by the appearance of the two pugilistic giants in the ring, the skill of the opening passages of the battle, the vehemence of the champion's attack upon an adversary whose proportions and weight were even greater than his own, the way in which, from the very first, proof was given of the evident superiority of SULLIVAN, who seemed like incarnate energy vital in every part, the pluck of SLADE under punishment which made him stagger, the style in which he was floored again and again, till the closing scenes and the triumphant stride of the victor toward his fallen foe to shake hands, when the vast multitude's hoarse and exultant roar rose to the vaulted roof, from which it reverberated till it mingled again with the still rising roar, producing an effect like that which is described as accompanying the recent earthquake at Ischia. SULLIVAN had made even easier work of SLADE than he made of MITCHELL at his last battle in this city, and the champion showed again that no adversary is to be found worthy of his gloves. The fifteen thousand spectators went quietly home to their belligerent dreams.

The attention which has hitherto been concentrated on Nyiregyhaza, in Hungary, will now be transferred to Ekaterinoslav, in Russia, where Jew baiting has taken the form of riots, in which a hundred persons were killed or wounded, and many of the houses of the Israelite quarter ransacked or destroyed. In this case the authorities so far preserved themselves from being carried away by the excitement of the mob as to order in the military, who, after one attack, restored order by killing some of the rioters. Sternly enforced laws assessing the full value of all Jewish property destroyed, and indemnification for the killed and wounded, upon the communities where these outbreaks occur, would probably do something toward checking them.

The base ball contests at the close of the second and last visit of the Eastern clubs to the Western show a very close contest for the leadership. In the League, at the end of last week, the four leading clubs had won respectively 41, 40, 38, and 36 games; in the American Association, the three leaders had won 43, 42, and 38. It is probable that in both associations the championship will be sharply fought till the end.

Beer drinkers are hereafter to know all the ingredients used by beer brewers in the brewing of beer. The new forms under which the brewers are to report to the Collectors require a sworn monthly statement of all details on the subject, and the penalty against fraud is heavy enough to make it very dangerous. We have from time to time heard alarming stories about the harmful ingredients put into beer by some of its manufacturers, but it will be well for them now to take warning and refrain from evil practices.

The present is to be another famous week for rowing. The first and chief event is the national amateur regatta, beginning to-day, which ought to be successful, since the Passaic is a favorite course, and the Newarkers generally give a hearty welcome to visiting oarsmen. The entries have been numerous, and a surprising proportion of the entered oarsmen are at hand and ready to start. Immediately following comes the well-planned St. Lawrence River race—to be founded this year as an annual event—a straight-away single scull contest with the current between Ogdensburg and Prescott, four miles, for four rowers and no more, the champion being always barred. ROSS, COURTNEY, LEE, and TEEMER are said to be this year's four, and the choice is excellent. A stake of $1,000 in cash and a $250 cup for the first man, with $300 to the second, ought to tempt a quartet of the finest scullers to compete each year.

The republican uprising in the ancient Spanish city of Badajos appears to have come to an untimely end. But it conveys a warning to the Spanish Government that had better be heeded in Madrid. There is great discontent throughout Spain, and the fires of revolution are smouldering in the south, where the "Black Hand" has shown itself. It is but a few years since Spain was a republic, and the democratic forces are yet very strong in all the cities, from Barcelona to Cadiz.

BRADLAUGH has repeatedly got up "monster meetings" in Trafalgar square, but a mere violent resolution was adopted at the demonstration of last Sunday than has been heard of for a long time. Yet we doubt whether Queen VICTORIA or Mr. GLADSTONE will be alarmed when they get their copies of the revolutionary resolution favoring resistance by Mr. BRADLAUGH of the mandate of the House of Commons excluding him from his seat. If Mr. BRADLAUGH should attempt to carry out the resolution in practice he would merely be taken again to his old quarters in the Clock Tower.

CHANDLER COME TO GRIEF.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—The President blundered indefensibly when he made William E. Chandler Secretary of the Navy against the counsel of his best friends. He could not have been ignorant of Chandler's career as a lobbyist and a jobber at Washington for twenty years, nor of his personal interest in the Navy Ring, of which John Roach is the head and front. These facts are as notorious as that Arthur is the successor of Garfield.

Chandler was profuse in promises of devotion if this undeserved honor should be bestowed upon him. He would renounce Blaine and all his works. He would carry a New Hampshire delegation to the Republican National Convention for Arthur, and probably from other New England States. He would organize a movement akin to that of Mahone in several Southern States, and he actually did bargain with Fort Pillow Chalmers to start such a scheme in Mississippi. He was to be the wireworker and sharp manager of politics in the Administration, while the President took the world easy and did the honors of the White House.

A seat in the Cabinet, with the contracts of the Navy Department and an assortment of jobs outside of it for distribution among the faithful, was regarded as assurance of power sufficient to silence opposition, and to dictate terms to the party in New Hampshire. Boss Chandler proposed to bully the caucus and the Legislature, first by nominating his creature Rollins for the Senatorship, and then by electing him under threats of punishment for the malcontents.

This experiment failed after a long trial of endurance. Then the Secretary presented himself as a candidate, backed by all the Federal officeholders, the support of the Administration, and the Rings with which he had been long associated. He failed ignominiously, and suffered by contrast with the vote cast for Rollins. His menaces were laughed at, and his bribes were spurned. Tappan had openly and scornfully refused to take his unclean hand, and Chandler wrote him an apologetic letter, begging a personal conference, which the former hesitatingly granted.

The political bully was whipped on his own dunghill, where he had been accustomed to crow for years. The machine was smashed. The Administration was dishonored. Yet, when Pike was elected Senator against all the influence that the old managers could muster, Chandler, with characteristic audacity, telegraphed the President at Chicago a glowing description of the man who had had been chosen to humiliate him and to crush the Ring. This defeat sends the Secretary of the Navy back to Washington, with notice that his shop in New Hampshire has gone into bankruptcy without any available assets for the creditors.

William E. Chandler set the Great Fraud of the century in motion. He sent out the infamous despatch on the 8th of November, 1876, after the returns had assured Mr. Tilden's election, saying: "Hayes has 185 votes, and is elected." Zach Chandler's name was signed to that monstrous lie, but he never wrote it, though he accepted it and acted upon it.

William E. Chandler immediately proceeded to Florida, and there perfected the work by which the vote of that State was stolen, after an understanding with the conspirators in Louisiana and South Carolina. When the political burglars broke into the White House, their chiefs refused to recognize Chandler's claims to high office and honors. John Sherman and his associates would not trust Chandler in the Cabinet, nor consent to give him a leading foreign mission. They were willing to put him on the footing of Wells, Anderson, and other rogues who were paid for the frauds in Louisiana. This proposition offended Chandler, and he became a violent enemy of the Administration which he had helped to put in power by the basest methods.

There was poetic justice in Hayes's ingratitude to Chandler, for the crime the latter had committed to make him Fraudulent President. There is stern justice in the revolt of honest Republicans in New Hampshire against the vulgar tyranny of this professional jobber. It may now be assumed that Chandler will not carry a delegation for Arthur to the next National Convention. His efforts henceforth, if permitted to remain in office, will be to promote the job which he gave to John Roach for building all the new cruisers and the despatch boat. The House of Representatives will inquire into this huge contract before another dollar is voted for the ships; and Chandler may retire without pocketing as much margin on this job as he did on the cotton claims.

UP-COUNTRY POLITICS.

UTICA, Aug. 6.—Though early in the season for fall politics, the weather is so cool that the September State Conventions are beginning to arrest the attention of both parties in the country north and west of Albany.

The Democrats in the rural districts have not been so well united as they are now in the past dozen years. The report that harmony is likely to prevail in the city of New York is producing its legitimate fruit in the country. No sensible Democrat doubts that his party will carry the State by a large majority in November.

It is idle to imagine that the course of the national Administration has either harmonized or strengthened the Republican party in the State. Gen. Arthur has lost his hold upon the Stalwarts, and he has not won the confidence of the Half Breeds. He is languidly respected, and that is all. If he has any hopes of being his own successor, the loss of his State in the year previous to the Presidential election would kill him stone dead. The Stalwarts and Half Breeds will struggle for a majority in their State Committee, and the party as a whole may perhaps make an effort to secure a majority of the State Senate, but only the most sanguine Republicans of either faction in the country counties claim that they will elect the State ticket. Prominent Stalwarts who take no stock in the Administration laugh at the idea of reelecting the present Republican State officers.

Why an Oregon Republican Will Not Have Holman.

From the North-west News.

Mr. Charles A. Dana of THE SUN says to an interviewer that he could be have his way about it, would make William S. Holman of Indiana President of the United States. The fact that Dana cannot have his way about it is one of the most fortunate provisions in the Constitution of the United States. Were Holman to be President, there would be four years in which no money due from the Government to individuals would be paid, no appropriations would be made except to pay the President and his Cabinet, and no old soldier or his widow would get a pension. He would sign more vetoes in a week than Tyler did in his entire term. Anybody but Holman.

A CAUTION TO THE CONFIDING.

Rocky Mountain Mining Expert Swindlers.

IN THE MEDICINE BOW RANGE, July 23.—The highland mining camps, the cities of the plains where the railroads discharge passengers, and the squalid railroad towns along the base of the mountains, all are full of men who live by defrauding other men and women. Almost all frauds in the Rocky Mountains are based on mines or mineral property. The play of these sharpers is as good as a theatre to an observant, but financially uninterested, spectator. As I write, a long procession of these men marches before me. In the unsteady ranks I recognize men who once drove oxen on the overland trail, farmers, bankrupt saloon keepers, drovers, artists, lawyers, commercial travellers, Cornishmen who have tired of labor in deep mines, and Scandinavian miners. I have yet to see a Chinaman engaged in selling mines, but I suppose there may be Chinese mining experts. I do not assert this, as enough hard things have been said about the Chinese without trying to cover them with the contempt of a nation by claiming that there are oblique-eyed mining experts. No; a Chinaman may be a liar, a thief, and a coward, as the disciples of Denis Kearney assert; but he has not fallen so low as to stuff his pockets with choice specimens of precious ore and spend his time in devising cunning financial ambuscades for the discomfiture of tenderfeet from the land of mandarins.

Let me sketch a few of these mining sharpers, who infest Denver and the smaller towns, so that THE SUN'S readers can recognize them if they go to Denver to see the coming Exposition. The mining sharpers are separated into well-defined classes, much as confident operators are in the East. Standing at the head of the profession are tall, slender, gray-haired men. They are well dressed. Their manners are very agreeable. Their talk is exceedingly entertaining. The smiles they wear when they see a well-dressed Eastern man—and the fact that one is from the East cannot be hidden from a Rocky Mountain mining shark, for his sharp eyes pierce all disguises—are calculated to inspire confidence in the breast of a stranger. They stalk their game stealthily. A brace of these old, wary mining sharks having noticed that the stranger takes an interest in the display of mineral shown at the Exposition, mostly carefully selected specimens—tons of ore yielding pounds of specimens—follow him to his hotel and learn his name, where he is from, and if he has money. If they cannot procure a regular introduction—an easy matter in the West—they approach him when he is hanging lovingly over a case of choice specimens in the Exposition building. Apparently unconscious of his nearness, they talk of the "clean up" at the Golden Fountain, or of the enormous output of the Silver Moon. They draw nearer to their victim, who has listened attentively to their conversation as they carelessly stroll from case to case. Suddenly, with well-affected interest, one of them taps a case containing pocket specimens, selected from the choice ore from all the mines of an entire district, and says: "Ah! here is ore from the Extension of the Golden Fountain. Bob's mine, you know. I saw the shaft last week. A three-foot crevice; all pay." Then pretending to look attentively at the ore displayed, and ore that would yield thousands of dollars per ton, he says regretfully, pointing to Bob: "he is too careless, too honest. He should have sent selected ore, not sent the run of the mine. But he is too sick to take much interest in anything. Pneumonia, followed by mountain fever, you know. The doctor says he must go East, as his lungs are too weak to stand the light air of the mountains. He will have to sell the mine, and mines are dull at present." Then follows an earnest denouncement of mining experts and of the sharpers who have brought the Rocky Mountain mines into disrepute in the East. These two men walk slowly down the hall. They have played their part, and played it well. The Eastern man imagines he has overheard a genuine conversation between two miners. When the sharpers have disappeared among the people who swarm in the Exposition building, he eagerly examines the ore that is exhibited as from the Extension of the Golden Fountain. It is of a kind that would excite the covetousness of even such a generous, poetical creature as Jay Gould has lately been discovered to be. The ore is shot through and through with "nuggets," "flakes," and "colors," as a plum pudding with raisins and currants. The brace of mining sharks disappear, to be seen no more by their victim. It is so ordained that the expert swindlers accost a tenderfoot. They are careful not to frighten him. He is turned over to a not the most agreeable man he has ever met. This third man is regularly introduced. He shies at mines and mining as a skittish colt does at unfurled sunshades that lie by the roadside. He is stuffed full of tales of financial disaster that has overtaken men who have bought mines. These sad stories are generally true. But he also has a stock of tales about the successful miner, generally dies, and these are bright and cheerful stories. He earnestly advises the tenderfoot to leave mines severely alone; but, then, if a really good mine can be bought at low figures it is a legitimate business. Thus shot is that, if the tenderfoot has any leaning toward mining, he is soon the owner of the Extension of the Golden Fountain. He has paid thousands of dollars for a worthless mine. It is almost impossible for a stranger, unquainted with mining, to protect himself if he buys a mine. There are a very few—really honest mining experts. The purchaser of the Golden Fountain does not know these men. Even if he did know them, it must be remembered that the opinions of mining experts as to the value of an undeveloped mine are worthless. No man can see into the ground. An honest expert would truthfully report to his employer what he saw. He would examine the mine and estimate its value. Any intelligent miner could do this as well as an expert. The probabilities are that the Eastern man will employ the same expert, an honest expert. He will pay one of the dishonest experts a fraud, who pretends to know things that are unknowable, several hundred dollars to tell him the truth about the mine. The swindlers, after selling the mine, cheerfully agree to pay the same expert, providing the sale is made, as many thousand dollars to be. If the sale is effected, the purchase money is divided into the agreed upon shares and pocketed by the confidence men. These swindlers are well educated, and are familiar with mining phrases and methods. They live well. They are bright and chatty. A man who has the least inclination to invest in mines is doomed to meet with a money loss if he fall in with these gentlemanly thieves. His only safety is to shun the land of mines and mineral, where the air is charged with the hallucination-producing dust of precious ores.

There is another class of mine sellers who are very numerous in Denver during Exposition times. The popular belief among the miners in the highlands is that the Exposition is gotten up solely for the purpose of enabling the sharpers to plunder Eastern men. These men are not as well educated as the leaders in the profession. They are not as agreeable acquaintances. Their manners are not as genteelly. They are prone to run around with a large piece of valuable ore wrapped up in an old newspaper. This piece of ore is their stock in trade. They describe a prospect hole as a valuable mine. They have a pocketful of million dollar mines, which they frequently show to the men they are lying to. They loudly and offensively tell their intended victim that they will pay his expenses to and from the mine if it is not just as they represent. The land is from one to three feet thick, of rich argentiferous galena. The owner's father is at the point of death, or it may be that it is his wife that is about to visit the shining shore. It is necessary to sell the mine to procure funds, so that the dying son or loving husband can hasten to the bedside of the parent. Sometimes it is a mythical and callow youth from Arkansas who figures as the tenderfoot discoverer. This interesting person, interesting on account of his impecuniosity, has set his heart on owning an Arkansas farm, and that necessary organ is represented as being consumed with the impatience of its owner to return to the beloved State of his birth. It matters not who found the Solid Coin mine; it is for sale for one-fifteenth of its value, and the buyer is sold with it. Another variety of mining tenderfoot is a wretchedly equipped cowboy, who flits from hotel to hotel from beer saloon to beer saloon, in search of miners, with whom he desires to be seen. When he catches a miner he drags him to a secluded corner, and there grasps him firmly by a button, and tells him how he has lots of lawyers to back him in the East, of Chicago parties, of English and French syndicates of Boston investors, and of Pennsylvania capitalists. He hints of trips to distant mountain ranges, where undeveloped mineral districts are supposed to exist. He reminds the miner that he can sell his mine for him, and succeeds in getting a bond on it for a long time. These errant humbugs then try to sell the mine to some of their acquaintances. If one of these wretched miners brokers should by accident be introduced to a gentleman, he infests him. He haunts the lobby of the hotel where the stranger is stopping. He worries him as uncivilized blackguards worry gentlemen. If, to escape the attentions of the cowboy, the gentleman from the East returns home, they follow him through the mails. They write, write, write of one rich and valuable mine that can now be bought, and they conjure from the recesses of their imaginations Salt Lake, San Francisco, and Philadelphia capitalists who are anxious to buy these valuable properties. These mine sellers are quite harmless. They occasionally persuade a friend to invest a few hundred or thousand dollars in unprofitable mineral property, but they seldom sell a mine. They are avoided by all reputable men.

Then there are miners who dress in the canvas clothing affected by their class, and who are tired of working. These men endeavor to sell mines, but they are rarely successful. The leads they own, or control, pass into the hands of the abler mining sharks by bonds.

There are sharpers in the mountain mining camps. There are many tricks these men play. The most successful one is "salting" the ground for tenderfoot prospectors. One of these lazy, idle creatures will walk from dump to dump, from shafthouse to shafthouse, from tunnel to tunnel, picking up rich ore. When he has enough, he scatters the rock on distant hillsides. He "salts," not the mine, but the ground. He does not claim to have found a lead, but he does claim to have found the float or outcroppings of a lead. He persuades strangers to advance a few hundred dollars to pay for prospecting the lead. He will give half the lead for $200 or $300, the money to be expended in searching for the vein. He will work himself for nothing, but he must have another man to help him. The stranger is taken to the distant hillside and shown the ore. A small piece of it is pulverized in a mortar and panned. There are plenty of colors in it. The tenderfoot is eager to invest. He pays the $200 or $300, and returns to his Eastern home. There is a pretence of doing work, but two-thirds of the money paid remains in the pocket of the sharper. The swindler plays this game four or five times during the year. He has made enough to live comfortably. The next year there is assessment work to be done, and the partners of this dishonest man, who are in the East, pay their share. The swindler spends the money for food and clothing.

A man can buy land, houses, ships, and even horses from his friends in safety. But a mine no man can sell, and in selling tell the truth about it. The fact that in the Rocky Mountains, where all men mine more or less, valuable mines are not allowed to pass into the hands of outsiders is overlooked by Eastern investors. A really valuable mine can be sold in an hour in any Western town such as Denver, Salt Lake, Leadville, San Francisco, or Pueblo. In all of these towns are wealthy men who understand the business of mining, and who are on the watch for good mineral property. They pay cash, and pay roundly, too, for mines that suit them. If these men do not buy the Double Eagle of Gold Hill, it is because they know it to be worthless. They are willing to assist the mining experts to shear Eastern or English lambs, but they decline to be shorn.

The Eastern visitors to the Denver Exposition must understand, if they do not want to lose money, that the Western men are not as able as they are, and that they have forgotten more about mining than the Eastern men will ever learn. A look at the statements of the banks doing business in Denver will surprise Eastern investors. The line of deposits is very large, and gives the lie to the statement that there is a want of capital with which to develop the resources of the mineral belt.

FRANK WILKESON.

Unlucky Children in Madagascar.

From the St. James's Gazette.

It is not generally known that the Sakhalavas of Madagascar are given to infanticide. Every child that is unfortunate enough to enter the world on a Friday is carried to the nearest wood, laid in a shallow hole, and left to its fate, Friday being held in Madagascar, as in many other countries, to be an unlucky day. By a very different process of reasoning, certain children born on Sunday are also doomed to death by exposure. Sunday being a lucky day, it is considered that Sunday's infants whose fathers hold high rank will, if they are allowed to grow up, become dangerous to their progenitors, and they are therefore put out of the way lest trouble should ensue. Twins, too, are killed, and every infant whose birth has caused the death of its mother is destroyed, because, according to the law of the sakhalavas, it is a murderer. And when a child is born at midnight it is customary to place it next day upon a path by which oxen go to water. If the beasts do not touch it on their way, the infant's life is saved; but if a hoof or a hair brushes it, no matter how lightly, the child is slain.

Anxious to Become a Christian Minister.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A young man, deeply in earnest, desires to enter the ministry. He is tolerably well educated, but does not consider himself yet fit to occupy the pulpit. He is poor; has been supporting himself for years and devoting spare time to self-improvement. Of excellent birth and spotless character, he does not desire to finish his education at the expense of any individual or church, but will do so upon condition that such aid will be rendered as a loan, he binding himself to repay every thing in due time.

Will you inform me what may be the prospect of assistance under such circumstances? The young man is 22 years old, and was raised a Presbyterian. Any information will be greatly appreciated.

WALTER M. TAYLOR,
Box 3,059, New York Post Office.

AUG. 6.

A Lady Defending Women who Smoke Cigarettes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your article headed "Cigarette Smoking by Women" makes a sweeping censure of all ladies who smoke by styling them "fast." I am a cigarette smoker. I have been one since I was 6 years old. In Spain all ladies smoke cigarettes, from the poorest peasant to the Queen. It is a rare exception in Mexico or Spanish speaking countries to find a lady who does not smoke them. I have spent several winters in Washington among the elite. I know American ladies who smoke strong cigars and use snuff. Others are often crazed with wine and other strong drinks. Ladies who have had all the advantages of education and whatever more wealth can bestow have become addicted to the use of such beverages.

Take the street car. Why should we say a man is not a gentleman simply because he occasionally takes a glass of wine, beer, or whiskey, or because he has acquired the habit of chewing tobacco. Tobacco has been used for generations by both sexes. In my travels on the desert in Egypt I found it. The savages of Patagonia love it. There is less used among the Mongolian races than any other race, but they substitute opium for it.

I am a Latin American, born in the West Indies. I trust for the sake of many pure and cultivated ladies of my acquaintance in this city you will modify your censure and not class us all as "fast" because we smoke cigarettes.

DONANA LORRETA.

How They Cool Water in Mexico.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Here we are having warm weather as well as the folks in Gotham; but here we are, rich or poor, without ice or other luxuries to keep us cool. To drink ice water, if we had it, would be dangerous, yet we cannot drink the fresh warm river water or hot stagnant puddle water. To obviate the difficulty we cover pulque containing jugs with one or two thicknesses of blanket, fill the vessel, saturate the blanket, and hang the whole in a draught place away from the sun. Cool water results. Let the poor in New York try the experiment, for it will pay them.

ARTHUR E. FIRGIS.

QUARRY CAMP, Mexico, July 29.

How an Eminent Lawyer Wanted to be Shaved.

From Mr. Bonner's New York Ledger.

Mr. Charles O'Conor, the distinguished New York lawyer, is not particularly popular among the people of Nantucket, where he is now sending the time because he holds himself aloof from them. Nevertheless, they tell many good stories about him. One day he wished to be shaved by the barber, who carries on business in the town. Like most members of his craft, the barber is rather talkative. He was vastly pleased to welcome so important a customer, and supposing that Mr. O'Conor would naturally have some preference as to the particular manner in which the operation of shaving should be performed, he thought it prudent to make a preliminary inquiry on the subject. So he began:

"Mr. O'Conor, it's a fine day, sir. I hope you are well, sir. How would you like to be shaved, sir?"

"In silence, sir!" thundered the Senior of the New York bar, and the wise barber talked no more.

Singular Accident to a Member of Parliament.

From the London Standard.

An accident has occurred to Mr. R. Loder, M.P. The honorable member was riding over his estate at Whitchurch, Northamptonshire, on Saturday last, July 21, and passed a place where there was a Cleveland stallion. This animal showed extraordinary irritation at the sight of Mr. Loder's horse, ran madly at the gate, broke it down, rushed furiously at both horse and rider, and attacked them in a very savage manner. To escape the difficulty Mr. Loder rode at the nearest fence—a foot 6 inch post and rail—but unfortunately the colt did not succeed in clearing it, and the horse and rider were rolled over into the next field. Mr. Loder had his shoulder dislocated and the muscles of the arm lacerated, besides which he sustained a severe shaking.

Why Failure was Not a Fatal Test.

From the London Truth.

I remember an eminent Russian diplomatist once telling me that he had passed a very successful examination on his entering the diplomatic service,