WISE WILL MAKE IT LIVELY.

FUN AND CORRUPTION AHEAD.

Wise and his Boss, Mahone, Described—The Republican Candidate as a Congressman—His Fighting Record and that of Mahone.

RICHMOND, July 27.—What would Henry A. Wise have said or done had he supposed that his petted son would affiliate politically with the negroes of Virginia and become the candidate of the coalition, of which they compose the biggest part, for Governor of the Old Dominion? The father hanged John Brown, and the son seeks to make himself the political idol of the race which John Brown undertook to set free. If it suggests any idea of recompense to see John Wise the candidate of the colored men and their Republican allies, it certainly ought to be considered as curious at least that this race eagerly accepts young Wise. But if the irascible, energetic, and eccentric father could have foreseen this—well, young John remembers his father's disciplinary capacity, and knows better than any one else what would have happened.

But young Johnny is the candidate of the coalesced Republicans, and is probably the strongest man for them. But for that fact Mahone would probably not have permitted the nomination, for he has had reason to regard young John as a frisky and somewhat baulky colt. It is, however, necessary for Mahone to win next fall or forever hold his peace, and he undoubtedly feels that the stake is safer with Wise than with any one else. A year ago last winter Wise committed the almost unpardonable sin, in Mahone's view, of nesting for a few weeks under Blaine's wing. Mahone may despise a Democrat, but he fears and hates Blaine. Remarkably self-contained and unimpressionable as Mahone seems under all circumstances to be, he lost his self-command when Blaine was nominated. His anguish was pitiable to see for twenty-four hours after the final vote was taken in the Chicago Convention. He seemed like one threatened with all the horrors of financial wreck and disgrace, and he did not hesitate to predict that Blaine could not carry Virginia, while those who understood the little boss knew very well that he meant that Blaine should not receive Virginia's vote. The election of a Democratic President would be tolerated, because it offered reasonable chances for further fighting; but the election of Blaine meant the snuffing of Mahone's candle. Blaine and he understood each other perfectly, and the boss had been told that Mr. Blaine meant to throttle him.

When Wise and Riddleberger, and Gov. Cameron and others sought Blaine some months before the Chicago Convention, Mahone was grievously annoyed, more perhaps because such action indicated how quickly his lieutenants would betray him in case of Blaine's election than because he feared that they would be able to split the Virginia delegation at Chicago. There can be no doubt that Mahone grieved little over Blaine's defeat. There was not much doubt during the canvass that his tactics were those of feint merely, and that he was preparing to see to it that Blaine did not get Virginia's electoral vote.

Those who depreciate Mahone's power as a politician are either ignorant or foolish. The record shows his capacity, however immoral it be, and such acute managers as John S. Barbour have never shut their eyes to his ability, disgusted as they are with his methods. With a Democratic President, as against Blaine, Mahone saw the opportunity that always arises for skilfully organized opposition, and doubtless to his intense joy, he perceived very early and will make the best use possible of it, that President Cleveland's course respecting the offices would not develop an ardency of effort in Virginia on the part of his party.

So it is that with a popular candidate and an energetic canvass Mahone expects to hold his own, and that, as against a common enemy, his rather worm-eaten following will brace up. Wise is undoubtedly such a candidate, and unless Mahone has lost his skill as a money beggar, or the Republican party is too indifferent and business too dull to bring responses to his begging, the canvass will not suffer for lack of cash; and young Wise knows how to make it exciting and as interesting for the colored folks and rural whites even as a circus. It is a peculiar knack for wild and unconventional campaigning, combined with a sort of school boy's off-hand manner, that has made Wise popular. He is bright in a way, but not very subtle, and has an almost everlasting command of language and plenty of fresh stories—some rather salty ones, too—which he has a rude but rather effective way of telling. If he would put burnt cork on his face and take the place of Bones in a minstrel troupe and tell these stories with all his facial grimaces and mimicry, he would make more money than he can ever hope to do in Virginia politics. He is a short, thick-set young fellow, with the voice of the tone of thunder. He will speak three times a day, week in and week out, and manages to get more fun out of a canvass than any one would deem possible in Virginia, for he has a keener appreciation of humor and a quicker perception of the ridiculous than many of his fellow politicians south of Mason and Dixon's line are blessed with. He is young—several years under forty—and his smooth cheeks and boyish manners make him seem younger than he is. There is no doubt that Wise has many mental reservations about the company he is keeping, but, as it has brought some alleged honors to him while he is yet a youth, he manages to suppress these disgusting gentlemen.

Wise is as quick-tempered as the ideal fire-eater used to be. He has already distinguished himself by slapping the face of one of his rivals; has knocked his man down on the street, has collared a pestiferous interrupter on the stump and flung him head first into the crowd, and has took the mark three times in mortal combat, wherein, however, there was no mortality. Two or three years ago he published a card announcing that thereafter he would neither send nor accept a challenge, and some of his friends thought this a very foolish thing for an aspiring young politician and especially a young Wise to do.

Speaking of this step, he said that dueling went out with slavery, and intimated that there was a good deal of humbug and almost laughable lunacine in almost all the alleged meetings of later days.

"I have accepted fire three times," said he, "and I never felt a bit nervous until it was all over. Only once did I intend to kill my man. I meant my one duel determined to kill my enemy. I was perfectly cool, and had no doubt about the accuracy of my shot. I received his fire without thinking much about it, for my mind was intent on getting the proper range for my aim. I had fixed on a small shrub that was growing right in the line between us, and determined to get my line and range by that, by bringing my pistol up slowly till the top of that twig was in range, and then I saw that the weapon would be accurately aimed for a mortal wound. I brought my weapon up slowly, getting per fect range, and in half a second more my adversary would, I am convinced, have been a dead man, when by some accident, and just before the elevation was reached, the weapon was discharged, the ball lot burying itself in the ground a few feet in front of my opponent. Whether I touched the trigger or how it happened I do not know, but I have since come to be very thankful that the best has not happened. The seconds int ering, there could not be another exchange of shots."

Wise, like all the servants Mahone brought to Washington, from Riddleberger down to the unfortunate Mayo, did not succeed in establishing a very profound admiration for his abilities either as a statesman or politician. The case was different in Congress from those that obtain in the Senate. Neither in Virginia wilderness and mountains, so that it happened that when Wise meant to be severe, oratorical, and deliberative, Congressman were apt to smile, and the Congressional smile under such circumstances is very discouraging, while on the other hand, when Wise was facetious and witty, as he occasional, Congress sighed, and no humorist ever saw anything encouraging in the Congressional sigh. His father, Henry A. Wise, was dramatic, powerfully and originally so, on the floor of that same chamber, and when once he attempted to silence ex-President John Quincy Adams and could not, he rose shouting to Virginia to leave the chamber. They did so, following him to prepare the way for resisting Adams's attempt to introduce a petition to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. That was a dramatic event, intensely, startlingly so; prototype as it was of a withdrawal of members a generation later that was meant to be permanent. Young John Wise could never have done that. He tried to be dramatic two or three times while in Congress, but the impression was that he was bombastic.

Mahone is never ridiculous, though his curious figure and antique and comical gait cause smiles. But he began his career in the Senate with a dramatic scene with Ben Hill, powerful enough to make spectators forget the maniac in Mahone's face. Mahone will have terrible trouble with Wise if the young man is elected Governor, but Mahone is not very timid. At the Chicago Convention, however, there occurred something that gave Mahone some nervous apprehension. He saw a man of whom he was afraid, actually physically in fear of him. There had come to Chicago from Boston a curious individual who was said to be a business man in good standing in Boston, but who had become possessed of the idea that he could be nominated for the Presidency. His delusion seemed harmless, and almost everybody signed their own in somebody else's name to his paper or gave him verbal encouragement. Some one, in the jollity, suggested to him that if he could get Mahone's aid he could be nominated. The man did not know Mahone but he hunted the passage to his room, and even stopped Mahone himself one day. He said to the Boss that his nomination all depended on Mahone, and that if he was not nominated on Mahone's head be his own blood. He made the little Boss's life a sorrow, and one afternoon Mahone saw him coming straight for him in the dining room. Mahone thought the man had a wild and homicidal look, so he hastily quitted the table. On the night after the Convention adjourned Mahone was sitting in the lobby of the Palmer House with Col. Brady, when the crank appeared. He made Mahone very nervous, but Brady told Mahone to keep still or the fellow would suspect who he was. Then Brady asked the crank if he was looking for Mahone. The man replied that he was, that Mahone had refused to see him or to support him, and he wished to settle with him; further, that he understood that Mahone was to take the night train home by the Pennsylvania road, and that he should take the train and settle with Mahone on the cars.

"My God, Brady," said Mahone after the crank had gone, "that fellow is a raving maniac and has me on the brain. It won't do to go home by that train. I can fight soldiers and sane men, but I'm — if I can face a lunatic." The result was, Mahone's party exchanged their tickets and slipped away on the Baltimore and Ohio train.

Mahone's friends chaffed him a good deal about this, telling him that at last he had found a man he had to show his back to. It is not probable that Mahone will show his back to John Wise, and so it is quite likely that, in the event of Wise's election, there may be circus-like proceedings in the allied Republican party of Virginia.

RING RULE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

How a Country Newspaper was Fed from the Public Crib—And how Matt. Quay Audited the Bills.

TOLEDO, O., July 30.—A sojourn of a few days here brought me in contact with a former Pennsylvania publisher, who was in the direct confidence of the Republican State Treasury Ring at Harrisburg for several years prior and up to 1875. It is also a matter of official record that his publication received large and exorbitant sums in those days from the State under said Ring control on alleged advertising accounts. As the present Republican candidate for State Treasurer of Pennsylvania was, as is well known, one of the choice political coterie that flourished under that notorious "addition, division, and silence" period, and knowing that the publisher herein alluded to knew him well and the Ring's peculiar manipulating methods, an interview was sought with him with the following result:

"I understand you were the editor and publisher of the daily *Mercury* at Harrisburg, Pa., from 1871 up to 1875, and that you were well acquainted with the leading Republican State officials of that period including to-day, M. S. Quay, now candidate for state treasurer?"

"Yes I was the editor and publisher of the paper you allude to during the period you name, and also knew the Republican State officials of that period well—Gov. Geary, Gen. Hartranft, U. S. Mackey, Gen. Harrison Allen, M. S. Quay, and others."

"It is generally supposed, owing to the very considerable sums you received for advertising during the period named, that you were favored with their political confidence more or less. Would you object to giving a few details of their methods of conducting campaigns?"

"Not at all, though the same methods can hardly prevail today under the new Constitution of Pennsylvania. I have no hesitancy in saying that during the years of the existence of the daily paper in question, of which I was editor, publisher, and part owner, it was conducted on a business basis, politics included. While we were independent in tone our inclinations were Republican and when overtures were made to us from the "addition, division, and silence" crew, of which Quay was an adjunct but powerful spirit, to the effect that we might also feed sumptuously at the State crib if we would give in our adhesion to Republican ascendancy, during the campaign of '72, we were not slow in accepting so generous a proffer, made possible under the lax provisions of the old State Constitution."

"What were some of the conditions precedent to the consummation of this political bargain?"

"Well, in the first place ours was smaller than the other three dailies at the capital city, and we had not been in existence quite a year. In answer to the question, 'What do you want?' we replied, 'The same patronage as the other papers.' There was a commotion, but our terms were favorable, and were accepted. Five hundred dollars was paid on account, after the first two or three issues of a small sal."

"Did they allow you more than regular rates for the matter you inserted?"

"We made a special rate for this matter more than double the usual rate, and the bills were paid in full. We leaded the matter, set it in the body type of the paper, for the Gov. Geary obsequies, giving a full descriptive account, measured it solid agate or nonpareil, charged the full special rate per line for it, and it was paid for under our Republican political contract. In the same way we charged for every line of matter we could possibly construe as State matter, and the Ring paid the bills. We performed our part of the job, as we understood it, and they did theirs. Our rates in several instances were largely in excess of older dailies of larger circulation, but they were paid to the last dollar."

"Was Quay ever directly cognizable of any of these bills?"

"Yes, he audited one of the heaviest of them when he was Gov. Hartranft's Secretary of State. It was a bill for publishing the new Constitution of the State."

"You consider, then, that Quay was one of the leading spirits of the Republican Ring at Harrisburg in those days?"

"Why, certainly; that is an open secret. In any conclave of those days where you would find Hartranft, Tom Mackey, and Kemble you would be sure to find Quay; and you can depend upon it he is the same in political principle and action today that he was then. Should this lead to any controversy, I may have something further to add of a corroborative nature."

GRANT'S FIRST NOMINATION.

The Narrow Escape of a Church which Bore an Odd Inscription During the War.

BIDDEFORD, July 31.—A veteran of the Seventeenth Maine Regiment tells the story of Gen. Grant's first nomination for the Presidency. The Second Corps was marching from Cold Harbor to Richmond, and one morning, when about ten miles from the Confederate capital, a halt was made for breakfast near an old church. Some of the boys entered the church out of curiosity, and the first thing that met their gaze was an inscription in charcoal upon the dead white wall back of the pulpit. It read:

Ulysses S. Grant; may he be hung, drawn, and quartered.

The first impulse of the soldiers was to take revenge by burning the church, and this would undoubtedly have been done had not one of the more apprehensive of the pulpit discovered another inscription, which could not be read from the further end of the church. It was this:

Hung with the laurels of victory, drawn in the chariot of peace, and quartered in the White House at Washington.

The church was saved.

A distinguished officer here tells a new story of Gen. Grant. In one of the opening battles of Grant's last campaign a Maine soldier received a peculiar and painful while not dangerous wound. He was but a short distance from Gen. Grant, who at the time was talking to Gen. Hancock. The Maine man yelled with considerable vigor, and Gen. Grant, turning to Col. Moore, now of Deering, said: "Let that man go to the rear; he'll demoralize the entire rebel army if he keeps up screaming in that way." At that time Gen. Grant was in constant danger of being killed.

THE CATTLE QUEEN IS MISSING.

She Left Behind her Costly Jewels which an Expert says are Worth $18.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Mrs. Salm, the self-styled cattle queen of Houston, Texas, and the owner of four large cattle ranches, 125,000 head of stock, and diamonds to the value of $75,000, who has been attracting considerable attention here during the past week, has suddenly departed from the Palmer House. She disappeared from that hotel yesterday, leaving behind her the alleged valuable collection of jewels and her trunk as collateral for an unpaid board bill amounting to $75.

Mrs. Salm arrived a week ago yesterday. In addition to occupying a room and visiting the dining room three times a day, she whiled away the time by driving a team of spirited horses, a four-in-hand being her outfit one day. Her livery bill was getting large and so was her board bill, and on Thursday the clerk intimated that it was customary for a guest not known to the proprietor to make a deposit.

Mrs. Salm expressed her regret that it was after banking hours. The clerk remarked that she could have no objection to delivering her jewels as collateral for the bills. She said she was a business woman, was acquainted with the ways of the world, and had no objection to such a proceeding. The jewelry included an alleged diamond necklace, pearl earrings, and a silver spoon with an alleged diamond in the bowl. Their value, as assessed by a jeweller, amounts, it is now ascertained, to $18, the most valuable article being the silver spoon.

A WOMAN'S CONTEMPT OF COURT.

She Refuses to Produce her Husband's Child and is Sent to Jail.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Mary Ellen Cunningham, the handsome young wife of a wealthy merchant, Michael Cunningham, was sentenced to jail to-day by Judge Tuley for contempt of court. This was the denouement of a long series of marital troubles which the Cunningham family have been airing in court for a month past.

Mrs. Cunningham refused to produce Mary Alice, the sixteen-year-old daughter of her husband by a former marriage, to be sent to a Catholic school as a ward of the Court. Judge Tuley postponed his decision from time to time to give the lady opportunity to learn of the girl's whereabouts and produce her in compliance with the Court's order, and she failed to obey. She was therefore committed for contempt when the matter came up this morning.

Sending the Gypsies Back to France.

Judge Cullen decided yesterday that the Bosnian gypsies who arrived here on the 23d of last month from Bordeaux, should be returned to France by the Bordeaux Steam Navigation Company. The Commissioners of Emigration, having refused to permit the gypsies to land upon the ground that they were likely to become a county charge, the steamship company, upon a writ of habeas corpus, asked the court to permit the gypsies to remain here because they were not paupers, and were perfectly able to take care of themselves. Judge Cullen says that if the decision of the Commissioners as to the character of the immigrants is not conclusive only the Federal courts can review it.

Three excellent reasons why ladies and gentlemen at our spas and seaside resorts should use Glenn's sulphur soap. It thoroughly purifies the skin. It removes component blemishes. It protects the cuticle from tan and freckles.—Adv.

HARNESS FOR GOATS.

A Storekeeper Converses Interestingly About an Interesting Animal.

"Goat harness for sale" is a sign that hangs among patent currycombs and horse blankets in the window of a harness store on Murray street. Yesterday it attracted the notice of a young man who remembered that his goat harness used to consist of several small pieces of rope and a large club, and he determined to find out what strides civilization had made in the way of hitching up billies.

The dealer said many such strides had been taken, and pulled out an elaborate stock to prove it. It consisted of at least a dozen kinds of harness, each of which would have made the mouth of any industrious goat water. They were all much like those made for horses, each with tugs, bridle, eye binders, saddle, belly band, &c., in regulation style, and ornamented with brass and varnish unlimited.

"This set," said the dealer, holding up a modest looking affair, "I can sell you for $3. It's very cheap, made of scrap pieces of leather, but good and strong, and sure to give satisfaction to both child and goat. If you don't want that, here is something fancy for $10, and if you really want your goat to leave every goat around your neighborhood in the shade, you can buy this for $25, and then bet that no goat on the road will equal the style of yours. It's the finest thing made, everything finished up as carefully as in the best horse harness."

The $25 harness certainly was a beauty. A goat could see his face reflected in any part of it, and it was as lavishly decorated with silver and gold as though those metals did not cost anything. After that the dealer showed double sets of goat harness which cost from $8 to $50 a set, and then told how he got into the business. "This house," said he, "has been dealing in harness for seventy years and never had anything to do with goats until about a year ago. Then Mr. Simmons, who keeps a restaurant next door, came in to see if I couldn't supply him with harness for a goat which he had presented to his children on Christmas. I got him a set, and when his children began driving around the ward with their goat, I was called upon for three sets more from parties who thought their children could afford a goat as well as Simmons's. Then I hung out a sign, and have sold since that time nearly two hundred sets. I didn't think there was so much goat driving in the world, but it seems there is, and the profit is good. At first I made the bits of leather, but Mr. Simmons's goat showed me the folly of that by eating his bit up on the first day. Now I have got these steel bits, which defy even a goat. Another point about which we have to be particular is the tugs. There is a great strain on these, for when a goat is tempted by anything, whether in or out of harness, he will buck, and I've seen a horse harness, I'd like to say, too, that goats are good for children; teach them to be wide awake, and to suffer pain without murmuring. When you get any children or goats come around and let me fix you out."

POOL TICKETS COUNTERFEITED.

Photographs of Genuine Tickets Cashed at Long Branch Pool Rooms.

When the pool sellers at Long Branch tried to balance their accounts at the close of business a week ago yesterday they found they couldn't do it, because there was a deficit of $2,000 that persistently refused to be accounted or. In looking for the cause of the deficit the pool sellers concluded to balance the mutual pool tickets which had been cashed in. They couldn't do this either, because there were several hundred more tickets on hand than there were at the opening of the day's business. A close investigation followed, and it was discovered that the genuine tickets had been counterfeited by the aid of a photographic camera.

A number of tickets would be struck off and given to men who would rush to the pool room the minute the result of a race was announced and cash in the tickets. When this discovery was made the pool sellers were in a great fright, until word reached them from Irving's pool room in Hoboken that the counterfeit tickets could be readily discovered by the aid of a certain acid that would remove the impression made by the engraver, but would have no effect on the printed ticket. This acid was immediately brought into use, and hundreds of spurious tickets were detected and destroyed.

"I lost $300 about a month ago," said Mr. Irving yesterday, "and I about made up my mind that the counterfeiters would ruin pool selling, when I discovered the acid. It takes us a great deal longer than it formerly did to get through with our business, but we can't be cheated now if we exercise ordinary care."

HE NEVER TOOK MEDICINE.

Mr. Penrose Lived Ninety-three Years Without the Help of Doctors.

READING, Aug. 1.—Thomas Penrose, aged 93, a rich and eccentric bachelor, died near Blandon, this county, to-day. He refused all medicine to the last, and thus carried out his life-long determination never to take any drug or medicine as long as he lived. He was frequently slightly ill, but no one could induce him to be doctored. He never married, and died on the farm upon which he was born, never having lived anywhere else. He never left the place, but was thoroughly well read on the leading topics of the day. His bedroom windows were wide open all the year round, and he slept in the icy air of winter without ever experiencing any harmful results.

Another of his eccentric ideas was to perform his morning toilet at the pump, some distance from the house. Every morning, no matter if the mercury was below zero, he went barefooted to the pump and thoroughly washed his face, neck, hair, arms, hands, and feet in the ice cold water. He never wore an overcoat, and clothed himself about in the same way all the year round.

Penrose was careful and close manager of his estate, and accumulated considerable property. He was confined to bed but a few days. His last words were that people should not be afraid of fresh air and cold water, and that they should keep their hands off drugs.

HE PROMISED TO MARRY HER.

A Young Man Unexpectedly Walks Into Court and Settles a Law Case.

BELLEVILLE, Ill., Aug. 1.—A young woman named Pauline Gussler swore out a warrant last evening for the arrest of Wm. Webster, charging him with the paternity of her unborn child. Webster was arrested, and the case came up this morning before Squire Phillips. Webster admitted that he had known the woman, but said he could prove that she had associated with other young men also. She admitted that the accusation was true, and when Webster mentioned the name of a young man who had kept company with her she said that young man had seduced her. At this point the young man they were talking about walked into the court room, and when he heard what the girl had said he announced without hesitation that he would settle the difficulty by marrying the girl. She was very willing, and agreed to dismiss the case against Webster. Pauline and her future husband left the court room arm in arm. They procured a license from the County Clerk, and will be married in a day or two.

CHANGES IN STEAMSHIP PIERS.

The Inman Line will Hereafter Land its Passengers in Hoboken.

Hereafter the Inman Steamship Company will land all its passengers and freight in Hoboken. Peter Wright & Sons, the new agents of the line, are also agents of the Red Star line, which has its pier at the foot of Grand street, Hoboken. The pier adjoining, which is at the foot of Sussex street, will be used by the Inman line steamers. The change was made because the agents wish to concentrate their business. The present location is near the Desbrosses and Cortlandt street ferries, and so passengers can reach New York in a very short time.

The old pier of the Inman line at the foot of Spring street has been leased by the Stonington line, which will forsake its old pier at the foot of Jay street at once. The Stonington line makes the change because it needed more room. It only occupied half of the old pier, the West Shore Railroad occupying the other half. Hereafter the railroad company will occupy the entire pier.

It is a Great Satisfaction

To patronize a drug store like Riker's, where you can implicitly rely on everything being of the best and purest, and likewise upon the representations of the assistants, and at the same time feel assured that you are buying at the lowest possible prices consistent with the best. Riker's drug store, 353 6th av., is without doubt the most popular and reliable in the city.—Adv.

"Thought I could stand the summer in New York, but couldn't, so I'm off for the mountains to-morrow." "Glad that box of sensitory & Johnson's Ready-made Mustard Plasters in your grip!" "Oh, yes; always carry a supply wherever I go. So handy, you know. So tether. Just dip one in water and there you are." So says everybody. Cheap, perfect. All druggists.—Adv.

A CITY ONE MONTH OLD.

Fern City Flourishing Where Oil Wells Have Recently Been Discovered.

OIL CITY, Aug. 1.—Your correspondent has just returned from the new oil field of Cogley Run, sixteen miles from this city. On a former visit, one month ago, there were here a school house, a hardware store, and a tent. Now there is a thriving town, rejoicing in the name of Fern City, with a weekly newspaper and other evidences of civilization. Nearly fifty buildings are up, or in various stages of completion, while a dozen families and stores have their household goods and wares piled on their locations, while the owners thereof calmly sit on the tops of the piles and wait for carpenters to begin on their buildings. A post on a vacant lot bears the announcement that the "Imperial Drug Store" will shortly be established there. Beneath the trees a family has gathered its household goods, and the children sport among the chairs; the woman is busy making coffee on a stove propped against a tree; a man is hanging up a sheet for the purpose of improvising a bedroom for the night, and a sign announces that all this will soon be transformed into a restaurant. There is a constant din of hammers and screeching of saws, mingled with the creaking of walking beams and the puff of engines. All this life and enterprise is the outcome of a good oil well found here three months ago, and the extension of the territory. The new field is now producing about 1,700 barrels a day, and the wells give promise of holding out.

Only a few days ago Cogley City was the liveliest oil town in the country. When the sun rose this morning it caught several shanties on wheels moving in the direction of Fern City. The dusty road leading to that place was lined with men on horseback and men on foot. The Mayor of Cogley City took an inventory, and found that two-thirds of his subjects had left the place. Many of Cogley City's houses were put up in sections. All these houses had been taken apart, and are now anchored here. In a few days nothing will remain in Cogley City except, perhaps, the watering trough, which is fashioned out of a huge pine log. The manipulator of the temper screw has nearly completed his work in that section, and at present only five or six wells are drilling. All the excitement is now centred at Fern City, which is the latest and freshest oil town in the region. The city is named after Farmer Fern, on whose fertile farm the embryo town is located.

It takes good and lively carpenters about two days to start and finish a two story house. The work is rushed through, and tenants do not have long to wait for their goods. More than a dozen families and storekeepers have all their goods and chattels piled up in heaps in their lots. They are waiting for the busy and hard-worked carpenters to come along. Enterprise predominates on all sides.

In a few days Fern City will number fully 500 souls. The inevitable faro bank is always one of the first institutions that is established in an oil town. In Fern City the gamy tiger can be fought in no less than four different places, all of which are doing a booming business. Fern City wants an exchange, a national bank, a Town Council, a Chief of Police, and half a dozen patrolmen. If the town lives long enough it will sport all these, and more besides.

FISHING WITH DYNAMITE.

A Practice that has Ruined Many Trout Streams in Pennsylvania.

BRADFORD, Aug. 1.—The killing of trout by the use of dynamite cartridges in the streams of northwestern Pennsylvania has come to be a business of such proportions that meetings have been called in several places for the purpose of organizing vigilance committees to bring the despoilers of the streams to punishment. Three years ago Johnson's Run, Bear Creek, Spring Creek, Mile Creek, the Sinnamahoning and Driftwood, Clarion Creek, Straight Creek, and the hundreds of smaller streams in Elk, McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clearfield, Warren, and other counties were unequalled anywhere for the abundance and size of their trout, the regions through which they flow being a wilderness but little visited.

The advent of oil prospectors, railroad laborers, lumbermen, and tannery employees has been followed in the extension of the dynamite in all the waters, and they have been practically destroyed as trout streams. The banks of the creeks are lined with stones and other deposits that have been cast from the bottom of the deep pools by the dynamite explosions. The discharging of half a pound of the stuff close to the pool will stun all the fish, big and little, for a hundred feet around. The concussion bursts the air bladders of the fish, and after the water clears they may be seen lying dead on the bottom of the pool.

MR. CORBIN BUYS LONG BEACH.

Possession to be Given on Nov. 1—Additional Cottages to be Built.

The Long Beach Hotel and the surrounding property, which was developed by and which belonged to the Long Beach Improvement Company, has been purchased by Mr. Austin Corbin of Drexel, Morgan & Co., who acquired it under foreclosure of a mortgage upon the property. The price paid by Mr. Corbin is not reported. He will take possession on Nov. 1, when the term of the present lessee of the hotel will expire. Although Mr. Corbin made the purchase personally, some of his business associates are interested in it, and in due time a stock company will be organized and the property turned over to it.

Mr. Corbin said yesterday that the place would be put into first-class order, and that extensive additions, all of which would be in the line of cottages and private residences, would be made as fast as warranted. The Long Island Railroad bought, some time ago, the branch running to Long Beach, and it now runs to every seaside resort on the island.

ONE BANK BACKS OUT.

Refusing to Supply its Quota of Gold to the Treasury.

The number of applications received by the Clearing House Committee for fractional silver coin from the interior banks yesterday ran up to 300. The applications are for sums all the way from $100 to $100,000, the latter coming from a bank in Jersey City. Some of the banks say they will take certain amounts every month. Altogether the applications thus far foot up about $3,500,000. A savings bank in St. Louis yesterday took $3,000 in dimes. A Broadway bank after agreeing through its President, to furnish its quota of gold ($85,000) to make up the total of $6,000,000, which is now in the Sub-Treasury under the control of Assistant Treasurer Acton, has, through its Board of Directors, refused to comply, consequently only $5,915,000 has been advanced to the Government. The directors of the bank decline to state their reasons for refusing to join the Clearing House in this matter.

Cheese and Butter Very Cheap.

Cheese dealers have suffered from the warm weather in more ways than one. The high temperature has seriously affected much of the cheese in storehouses in this city, and yesterday the best gilt-edged dairy cheese could be had for 7½ cents a pound. Exporters of cheese say that recent shipments to Liverpool and London have been returned to them out of condition, and they are "out" the freight charges, and besides they have an excessive supply of poor cheese on their hands.

Butter dealers also say they have suffered pecuniarily from the hot weather, and that there are stacks of the finest butter that one would wish to taste to be had for eighteen cents a pound.

New Pickpocketing Dodge.

Thomas Rogers, Frederick Walling, Annie Rogers, and Margaret Beel, whose portraits are in the Rogues' gallery, accosted Mrs. Eliza North of 51 Prospect place in Washington place on Friday afternoon.

"Will you be kind enough to tell us the way to Desbrosses street Ferry," Rogers asked, while the two women drew close to Mrs. North. The latter showed them where they could get a Sixth avenue car. After they left her she missed her pocketbook containing $1.50 and six pawn tickets, which were in the pocket of her dress. She complained to Inspector Byrnes whose detectives arrested the four thieves in the Bowery. They were held at the Tombs yesterday.

Sydney Rosenfeld Escapes Incarceration.

Sydney Rosenfeld was duly arrested yesterday for alleged complicity in the production of "The Mikado" in the Union Square Theatre in contempt of Judge Wheeler's injunction. Judge Wheeler telegraphed from Brattleboro to Court Clerk Shields to take Rosenfeld's recognizance in $2 and for his appearance on Tuesday. This was done. Edward I. Abrahams was bailed out of Ludlow Street Jail in $1,000 by William J. Kennedy, the back owner of the Jt. James Hotel.

Independent Colored Voters.

At a meeting of colored citizens on Monday evening an independent county organization was started by the election of Dr. T. S. P. Miller President, P. A. Walton Vice-President, J. Butler Treasurer, J. Latmore Secretary, and J. Bohannah Chairman of the Executive Committee. The platform says: "Opposed to party politics, we believe that the government of our country can best be preserved by the election of the best men nominated by either party."

Riker's Compound Sarsaparilla

Is composed of sarsaparilla, dandelion, yellow dock, burdock, chamomile, gentian, rhubarb, mandrake, iron, &c.; you can judge for yourself if it be good. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Extra large bottles (17½ ounces), 75 cents; three bottles for $2. Sold only at Riker's drug store, 353 6th av., corner 22d st.—Adv.

THE TWENTY-SECOND HOME.

Congratulated on the Showing it Made in the State Camp.

STATE CAMP, NEAR PEEKSKILL, Aug. 1.—Reveille this morning was the last in the State Camp of 1885. No State organization will succeed the Twenty-second Regiment. The members of the Engineer Corps, consisting of Privates McVay, surveyor; Kelly, draughtsman; Gatterman, measurer, and Prager, Miller, and Callahan, chain and axemen, all of Company E, were detailed to make a typographical map to accompany Surveyor Duncan's report. This will be finished in a few days, and will be the first map of the State Camp to be made. Company E is the inexhaustible bag of the regiment. The Telegraph Corps and the Signal Corps were recruited entirely from this company, and the Engineer Corps is the latest company acquisition.

At the close of guard mount this morning, Col. Closson, U. S. A., detailed by the Government as Inspector at the State Camp, congratulated Col. Porter on the showing the Twenty-second had made in camp. A State officer, some time ago, said that the conduct of the Twenty-second while in camp three years ago contributed largely to the decision in favor of continuing the State Camp.

At 1¼ o'clock the march to the Hook was begun, and at 2:10 the steamboat Long Branch left the landing with the Twenty-second on board, 598 strong. The largest number in camp was 610, and the smallest 581. The average number of men in camp was more than 88 per cent., and the average number of absentees on the sick list was 4 per cent. On the other hand, the average number of prescriptions issued is one of the smallest, being somewhat more than 4 per cent. Only five men were carried to the steamboat.

The Long Branch arrived at West Twenty-first street at 5:10 o'clock, and, in spite of the thunderstorm, the regiment marched to its armory.

BURNED ON THEIR STEAMER.

Four Boatmen Lose their Lives on a Canadian River.

PEMBROKE, Ont., Aug. 1.—The steamer C. O. Kelly of the Upper Ottawa Towing Company was burned to the water's edge at the lower town wharf, one mile from here, this morning. Four of the crew lost their lives, and two others were very seriously burned. The names of those burned to death are Louis Ricard of Portage du Fort, Quebec, Sydney Smith of Fitzroy Harbor, John Gibson of Deux Rivieres, and Angus Hart of Pembroke. Those seriously burned are John Jeffrey and Alexander Gunther of Pembroke. The cause of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed to have originated in the engine room. The steamer was valued at $20,000.

The men had worked hard all day and retired about midnight. Before they woke up the fire burned the cables that held the steamer to the shore, and, all ablaze, she drifted down the river. People were awakened on shore by the agonizing cries of the crew penned up in the hold of the boat. Their escape was entirely cut off by the flames. No assistance could be rendered, and the burning boat floated slowly down the stream, lighting up the dark foliage on each side of the river.

CAPTURE OF A DEVIL FISH.

It is Caught in a Fishing Seine and Dragged Ashore by Horses.

GALVESTON, July 31.—For several days past a school of marine monsters have been seen disporting in the Gulf a short distance from the shore, and all efforts to harpoon or capture them proved futile until to-day, when one was caught in a fishing seine. Ropes were thrown around the monster and, with horses, it was dragged ashore.

It proved to be a specimen of a very rare fish, the *cephalopterra vampyrus*, also called devil fish and vampiro of the ocean. This is believed to be the third specimen ever captured. Its weight is about two tons, and as it lies spread out on the beach, dead, it has the appearance of an enormous bat or vampire.

It is fully sixteen feet wide from the extreme edges of the pectoral fins and fourteen feet long. The mouth is four feet wide, and is provided with either side by rows of hideous appendages resembling horns, with which it scoops in food. The curious monster attracts great attention.

JUMPED INTO THE SEA.

A Steamship's Passengers Witness the Suicide of One of their Number.

HALIFAX, Aug. 1.—Owen Thomas, a steerage passenger on the steamer Caspian, which arrived from Liverpool at 1 o'clock yesterday morning, committed suicide last Sunday by jumping overboard. He clambered on the rail near the forward rigging at about 6 o'clock in the evening, and an instant later leaped into the sea. The steamer was going at full speed, and the weather being fine the deck was filled with passengers, nearly all of whom saw the man jump.

Some of the ship's crew seized a life buoy and threw it toward the man. It struck the water within a few feet from where he was, but he made only one attempt to reach it. The steamer was stopped, and a lifeboat was launched with all haste, but when it reached the place where the man was last seen, there was no trace of him, but his cap, which was floating on the water.

SAID HE WAS A MURDERER.

A Mysterious Tragedy Explained Soon After it was Discovered.

MALDEN, Mass., Aug. 1.—The engineer of the 5 o'clock train from Boston, on the Boston and Maine Railroad, last night discovered the body of a man near the track, half a mile west of the Atkinson depot. His head was crushed in a terrible manner. He was identified as Patrick Connors, a section man on the Haverhill section.

Late last night a man who gave his name as Patrick Maloney, and his residence as Dover, N. H., came to the Pinistow Centre Station and confessed that he had murdered Connors. He said he was walking on the track, and when passing Connors the latter threw a handful of sand at him. Maloney then laid in wait for him and attacked him with a piece of railroad iron, beating his brains out, and then throwing him beside the track. Maloney was immediately arrested and taken to the lock-up at Pinistow. It is thought he is insane.

Dynamite on the Rail.

DENVER, Aug. 1.—The Leadville passenger train, due here at 9½ last evening, exploded a dynamite cartridge when about two and one-half miles south of this city. The engine and tender were badly wrecked by the explosion, and one length of track was torn up, but none of the passengers were injured. The explosion was distinctly heard ten miles. It is believed that the outrage was the work of strikers.

Mutinous Canadian Volunteers.

PRESCOTT, Ont., Aug. 1.—Two volunteers of the Fifty-sixth Battalion, who were court martialled on Wednesday last for mutiny and were to have been sentenced to-day, escaped last evening and crossed to Ogdensburg in a small boat. The regiment was to have been disbanded to-day, but orders have been received from Ottawa not to do so. The sentries will be tried by court martial.

Conductors Discharged.

PORT CHESTER, Aug. 1.—Conductors Fuller, Smith, Jones, Thompson, and Wildey received their discharges from the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company's employ last night. One of the conductors asked superintendent Stevenson for the reason of the discharge, and Mr. Stevenson told him that Vice-President Bend had given the order.

One of a Sailing Party Drowned.

PORT CHESTER, Aug. 1.—Patrick Smith went out sailing with a party from Greenwich, Conn., to-day. After the sails were spread, near Rye Beach, and while the anchor was being hoisted, he fell overboard. The boat readily left him, and he was drowned. He could not swim. He was 30 years old, and he formerly kept a livery stable in Greenwich.

No Power to Lease Indian Lands.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—Attorney-General Garland, to whom the Secretary of the Interior referred the question of the power of the Interior Department to authorize the