THE 47TH UNDER CANVAS.

IT RELIEVES THE 9TH IN THE STATE CAMP AT PEEKSKILL.

A Week of Hard Work by the Latter with Noticeable Results—The 47th Makes a Brilliant Beginning in Relieving Guard.

Long before breakfast yesterday morning the popping of blank cartridges awoke the newspaper men and other non-combatants about the State camp, and apprised them that the soldiers were hard at work, despite the fact that the night before was the last night in camp, and the Troy Company had celebrated to a very large extent. A good deal of work was compressed into the early hours before the labor of packing up was fairly undertaken, work that showed that the week under tents had not been lost. Indeed, more than one qualified person unconnected with the Ninth Regiment has said that the exhibitions of the past few days have been excellent, and the officers express themselves as more than satisfied, considering the disadvantages the regiment has labored under, owing to the impossibility of proper drill in its armory, and its handicapped condition in other directions. Ripples on the surface hint at hidden rocks, and though the Ninth has had all the opportunities and all the consideration that the statutes call for, every careful observer must at times have found cause for wonder.

When noon came, the camp was simply in perfect order. Everything packable was ready for transportation, the active Quartermaster, reporting that every article belonging to the regiment was accounted for, except a few tin candlesticks worth perhaps a cent apiece. Then the boys went to dinner for the last time with happy hearts and full pocketbooks, for every one of them had just drawn a small fortune from the Paymaster, the colored servants receiving exactly six dollars apiece more for their week's work than the soldiers. A little before 2 o'clock the Sixth, Thirty-eighth, and Forty-first Separate Companies marched to Roa Hook to catch the north bound train, the regiment cheering them heartily down the hill. A little later the Long Branch hove in sight with the Forty-seventh aboard, and the Ninth strapped on their knapsacks in preparation for departure. Despite the court martial of the night before, when Surgeon Roof was sentenced to be shot at daybreak on account of a diminutive fish having been found in the water supply, the Doctor's jovial face was seen about his quarters during this period of preparation. Inquiry brought out the fact that, as Judge Advocate Cooke confessed to having tampered with the witnesses, he and the surgeon agreed to compromise matters by each getting half shot before going to bed. That was why the Doctor was endeavoring to scare up a joke yesterday noon instead of reposing beneath a shroud.

Col. Sewell led the regiment to the wharf, after its successors had taken the camp, and there handed over the command to Lieut.-Col. Rand, as he himself was going north on a visit. The boys cheered their popular Colonel as the boat moved off until old Dunderberg took up the shout again and again. In great contrast with the slow journey up a week ago in the Gen. Sedgwick and Crystal Stream was the trip down in the Long Branch; the start was made at 3¾ o'clock, and with no pausing effort the pier at West Twenty-first street was reached by 6:30.

The band and drum corps united in playing patriotic airs as the steamer glided by Gen. Grant's resting place. At Yonkers the Eleventh Separate Company made a rousing cheering their farewells to the Ninth, and firm friends during a week's standing. A little dash of rain during the trip was the outcome of the thick clouds that had covered the scorching sun since early morning, and made the day of hardest work far more endurable than the day before. On arriving, the regiment marched up Twenty-third street with a brisk tread that astonished veterans, and laid their warlike accoutrements for a two-years' rest in the armory.

STATE CAMP, PEEKSKILL, July 9.

The Eagle flies to the mountain top,
When he flies his wings go flop.
E—e—e—e—e—
(Stamp!) (Stamp!) (Stamp! stamp! stamp!)

That is the slogan of the Forty-seventh Regiment of Brooklyn, and the steamboat Long Branch shook from stem to stern with the quickstep twind-up of it as she left her pier with the Brooklyn boys on board this morning. The regiment gathered at the armory early, and marched down Broadway to the tap of the drums and music of the fifes. They had no other music, because the band struck for $8 per day each man, and Bandmaster Augarde notified Col. Gaylor that he would have to throw up his contract. This was on Thursday night. Yesterday a new contract was made with Jim Wells. His band did not materialize, and today Bandmaster Frank undertook to a get a band to follow the boys to camp. Officers of the post here do not believe that they can get a band except from the country, and favor the plan of last year, when the Musical Union interfered, and a country band was engaged for the whole eight weeks' tour.

A squad of Wendell's First Battery, under Sergeant Emil Neppel came up on the boat. They will relieve Sergeant Becker and eight of his men. They brought a 3-pounder field gun with them. The Long Branch arrived at the Roa Hook dock just after the Nineteenth Separate Company and the Fifth Separate Company of Newburgh arrived by train. They number ninety and fifty men respectively, and will with the 105 men of the Twentieth Company and Sixth Battery of Binghamton, which are expected to-night, form a provisional battalion under command of Major Thomas Miller of the Twenty-second. The two battalions will join in guard duty and dress parade, but in all the rest of the drill will be separate. Col. Gaylor says that he will confine his drill mostly to the execution of such battalion evolutions as cannot be practised in the armory. These are principally changes of front ployments and deployments. The regiment is not out in force, but it is as earnest a body of men as have been on the ground. Instruction began on the boat. Capt. Alfred Doughty, the officer of the day, had the guard drawn up in the after gangway, and lectured them on their duties. The result was that Capt. Thurston, the post guard inspector, said that when the Forty-seventh's guard relieved that of the Ninth it was done without a mistake and in better style than it had been done before this year. There was an improvement, too, in the manner of receiving the incoming troops. Heretofore the outgoing regiment has been drawn up on the side of the road opposite the camp. The Ninth were drawn up next the camp.

A light dash of rain laid the dust for the moving columns, and since that the sky has been overcast and the air cool. There will be no military duties to-day for any one but the guard, except an undress parade. Count Alphonse De Riesthal, who has a son in the regiment, was a guest of the officers on the boat, and Gen. Brownell also came up with the regiment. The regiment is officered as follows:

Colonel, Edward F. Gaylor; Lieutenant-Colonel, Selden C. Claridge, detailed from the Fourteenth; Major, John D. Eddy; Adjutant, William H. Hubbell; Quartermaster, Edward Miller; Surgeon, Edward H. Ashwin; Assistant Surgeon, George C. Jeffery; Chaplain, Newland Maynard; Commissary, Warren S. Smith.

Inspector of Rifle Practice, Alva G. Brown.

First Lieut. R. George Williams of Company K commands Company A.

Company B, Capt. Alfred A. Doughty, Lieuts. Chas. H. McIlvane and Eugene Bishop.

Company D, Capt. John B. Christoffel, Jr., Lieut. Emil Christoffel.

Company E, Capt. Hewling H. Quick, Lieut. William Clark Roe.

Company F, Capt. Charles A. Denike.

Company G, Capt. Wm. R. Pettigrew, Lieut. Francis J. Veritzen.

Company I, Capt. Wm. H. Eddy, Lieut. J. Wilton Barlow.

Company K, Capt. Frank J. Le Count, Lieut. A. Pulhemus Cobb.

Liquid Fuel—A Further Improvement.

From the London Gas and Water Review.

A further important advance has just been made in utilizing hydrocarbons for steam-raising purposes on board ship. A legitimate objection to the adoption of liquid fuel at sea, under certain circumstances, has been the difficulty of getrid of the oil in the boiler furnaces entailing a considerable loss of fresh water from the boilers. As this loss has to be made good by salt water on long ocean voyages, the density of the water is so much raised as to be prohibitive. This is, however, entirely overcome by the system adopted in the steamship Charles Howard, owned by Messrs. Alfred Stuart & Co., which has recently been fitted with tanks for carrying refined petroleum in bulk, and also with Tarbutt's system of burning residual oils under the boilers in place of coal. The whole of the cargo space in the vessel is occupied by tanks for carrying the refined petroleum, while the refuse oil to be used for fuel is carried in the water ballast tanks. Her boiler is of the ordinary marine type, with three flues of three feet six inches in diameter each. These flues are fitted with a brick combustion chamber and superheater, as in the case of other vessels fitted on the Tarbutt system. Another point of departure in the present instance consists in the substitution of highly heated and expanded compressed air for the steam ordinarily used in liquid fuel fires. The steam used for compressing the air is exhausted into the condenser, the water from which is, of course, available for feeding the boiler along with that condensed from the main engines. The Charles Howard left London for the Black Sea, and as she steamed down the river at full speed, not a particle of smoke was visible from the funnel, the fires working admirably from the first start. It is stated that the owners propose fitting the remainder of their fleet with similar apparatus. The storage of the oil in the water ballast tanks, we believe, never before been thought of in practice. It is an important feature, as it saves the shipowner the heavy expenditure incidental to the fitting of tanks in the bunker spaces, and, combined with the substitution of air for steam, marks a decided departure in liquid fuel practice.

Carter Harrison's Journey Abroad.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison, in the course of an interview yesterday regarding his prospective trip abroad, said he intended to leave Vancouver or San Francisco for Japan about the last of August or the first of September. His youngest son would go with him, he said, instead of to college. They would probably spend the winter in India, going thence to the interior of Asia, and later on to Germany, France, England, and possibly to Italy and Greece. Mr. Harrison referred to a two years' visit abroad in his youth, during which he tramped with Bayard Taylor over a considerable portion of Europe. His home being broken up, it was his desire if possible to revive his old tastes for travel. He had not fully decided whether or not he would write a book of his travels.

JIM ARNOTT'S OATH.

He Took It Over the Dead Body of His Child—Will He Keep It?

From the Toledo Blade.

A thin-faced, hungry-looking woman, whose tattered dress scarcely covered her nakedness, dragged herself wearily along St. Clair street the other night. It was in the glided section of the street, and the dens of vice and infamy were in full blast. The fiddle made discordant shrieks, and the piano rattled as the woman peered into one and another of the vile places. By her side was a girl of 12 or thereabouts, ragged like herself, but with a face that was beautiful, even though tear stained and cloud cast.

The two walked slowly and in silence. Both seemed to have but one object in view, and that was to find some one. They would steal carefully up to the door of a saloon and peer cautiously through the cracks, as if eager not to disturb the revelry within. At one of these doors, with diamond cut glass in front, stood a rough-looking fellow, who was more than "half seas over," though not too drunk to notice the couple as they glanced anxiously through the half-open doors.

"You won't find Jim there," he growled; "I saw him going up to the bridge half an hour ago, so get along. We don't want you around here," and with that he started toward the woman as if to hurry her on her way. Quick as a flash she drew a revolver from the ragged folds of her dress, and said huskily: "Don't yer lay yer hands on me, Mike, or I'll send you home, sure." With a threat Mike turned away, and the woman started again up street.

They had nearly reached the bridge, when suddenly both stopped. Their eyes and caught sight of the one they sought. He stood in front of the bar in a dirty-looking place. He was leaning carelessly against the bar, his head resting upon his left hand. In his right he held a glass of beer. He was without a coat, and the red sleeves of his shirt were scarcely of a ruddier hue than his face, which was swelled and bloated. He was a man of large, powerful frame, seemingly capable of doing a large amount of work with little exertion. There was that in his eyes and in his general appearance which impressed one that, in spite of the surroundings and the bad indications, something good could come out of him. The woman watched him full five minutes, and her eyes flashed as she saw him pay for the drinks, not for himself, but for half a dozen other men, who were in all stages of drunkenness.

Finally she turned to the girl, who was nearly ready to cry, and, whispering a few words to her, left her standing on the sidewalk, and, walking rapidly into the saloon, she made straight for the man in the red shirt.

"Jim, I want you to come home."

The person addressed turned around, and, looking at the woman contemptuously, said:

"What do you want of me? What are you doing here, anyhow?" and, when he had framed the two questions, he emphasized the displeasure evident from his looks by seizing the woman by the arm and pushing her toward the door. She turned easily pale as the man laid his hands upon her, and then drew her revolver, which she almost thrust in his face. "Jim," she said, her voice choking with emotion, "you must come home with me, or I will shoot you. I have worked myself nearly to death for you, Jim Arnott, and, instead of helping me, you steal my earnings and come here to drink it up. We have a babe at home, and God knows it suffers for want of enough to eat. Liz is outside, and the poor girl is so faint and hungry that she can hardly walk. Look at me! The woman you promised to cherish and protect, Jim Arnott, in rags almost to nakedness, and without a mouthful to eat since morning. We might have been happy if you had let drink alone. You might be respectable to-day but for your want of manhood. Come home, I say, or I will shoot you, as true as there is a God in heaven." She almost shrieked the last words, and Jim Arnott was not so drunk that he could face the glittering barrel of the revolver. He muttered something as a sort of farewell to his boon companions, and then led the way out followed by the woman.

A *Blade* reporter, who had witnessed the performance, walked after the trio.

A long distance out from the centre of the city, the wife and daughter almost dragged the half-drunken man into a plain single-story cottage. In a moment a faint light gleamed through the windows, which were devoid of shutter or shade. The interior of the room was evidence enough of the pinched poverty which dwelt there. A deal table, two or three rough wooden chairs, an apology for a stove, and a cot constituted the pieces of the outfit. The reporter had only time to take a cursory glance through the window, when his attention was directed to the cot. The mother had stepped up to it as soon as she had lighted the feeble lamp. Her back was toward the reporter as she stooped over the cot. For a moment, for a moment, Suddenly she threw her hands wildly above her head, and with an agonizing cry that would have pierced the stonest heart, she fell across the cot. Arnott sprang toward his wife, and, rough though he was, lifted her tenderly up. Then, for the first time, the reporter caught a glimpse of the pale baby face that was partly hid out from the sheet. The next instant Arnott had left the cottage and was tearing down the street. A few minutes later and he returned followed by a doctor. They entered the cottage, and the latter walked straight to the cot, stooped over, placed his hand over the heart of the child, without it, knelt down, and then placed his ear close to the infant's breast. As he arose he turned to the anxious parents, who were watching every movement closely, and shook his head. Another cry from the mother, who again threw herself on the couch, startled the reporter. The doctor left the house, and the living were alone with their dead.

It was impossible to hear what was said in that house, but the reporter was a witness to what happened. For a long time the mother lay motionless across the cot, clasping the dead body of her infant to her breast. Liz, on the contrary, was hardly undeserving to get her mother up. Finally she arose, and going straight to where her husband sat, with his face buried in his hands, touched him on the shoulder. Then, taking one of his hands in her own, her tear-stained face turned piteously toward him, she led him, almost by main strength, to the cot side. Then she spoke to him, and he knelt, she by his side. He raised his right hand to heaven, and the reporter could only see the woman's lips as they moved, but the pantomime was too real to be misunderstood, and no man could take a holier oath than that taken by James Arnott in the presence of his dead child.

Printer Benedict Steps Another Leak.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

I hear that Public Printer Benedict has been stopping a number of leaks in the Bureau of Printing, and several men who were found helping themselves to public property in a dishonest way have been dismissed. As a simple of the way things used to go, I mention an order which since the superintendent came to Mr. Benedict and said the establishment needed a fresh lot of stereotype metal. "We need at least $10,000 worth, and want it immediately." "Do you need it?" asked Mr. Benedict, for we shall need it by the time it can get here."

"What becomes of the old stereotype plates?" asked Mr. Benedict.

"We save them," was the reply. "It has been the policy of the Bureau to keep them."

It occurred to Mr. Benedict that if such was the case there must be an immense stack of these plates somewhere—quite as many as any public building in Washington could hold. He determined to find out the real state of affairs, and investigated, and found that there was a large number on hand, enough, it is estimated, to supply the Bureau with metal for the next four years! Mr. Benedict sent letters of inquiry to the various branches of the Government asking if there was any likelihood of such books or documents being printed from these plates, and the unanimous reply was that no one anticipated any such contingency, so the old plates were ordered melted up to be used for new work. The $10,000 order was not given, and the Government is in, on that item alone, from $40,000 to $50,000. There are many other things which Mr. Benedict has discovered that will make a sensation when the facts are given to the public.

Free Trade in the Labor Parties.

From the Brooklyn Labor Press.

We have no fight with Henry George, but are opposed to many of his impracticable schemes; but when he asserts that "there is no dissatisfaction in the Labor party, and that no split is likely to arise on the question of free trade or protection," he exhibits after a profound ignorance of affairs as they exist or a pompously proud world, which would convey the idea that King George alone reigns, but that he is greater than the thousands of workingmen who constitute the Union Labor party. That there is a split is a self-evident fact because of the existence of two parties in New York. When he asserts that "we are gradually bringing them (the workingmen) over to free trade principles," he but illustrates a spirit of egotism, and will find himself greatly mistaken. It is a dangerous time for male baby faces to be peeping out from the sheet. The workingmen are not willing to be led by such egotists as these, and choose leaders who have an interest in America rather than follow puffed up Scotch sympathizing free traders or Wall street speculators.

FASHION NOTES.

The *Season* for August is out.

The favorite reticule is the Marguerite pocket.

The fan of seven sticks is the fancy of the moment.

Lovely tinted ribbons trim dressy morning camisoles.

The latest shade of blue green takes the name of wave blue.

The neck is dressed as high as ever in spite of the hot weather.

Pin-head dotted white muslins are revived for young girls' wear. They are worn over colored slips or white ones at pleasure.

Some exquisite camisoles or morning sacques for house wear are made of embroidered muslin in "all over" designs, with borders to match.

China crape shoulder scarfs and small white and tinted silk shawls, with deep netted fringes, are the favorite piazza wraps at watering places.

Pretty white lawn frocks for home wear are sold at Denning's for $2.75. The suit consists of a plain, full tucked skirt, and a tucked basque.

As long as the Princess of Wales is the leader of fashion on the other side of the water we will have high and close neck and throat dressing.

Home dressing sacques for the breakfast table and morning hours are of white French lawn, and come in improved shapes, and they are as frequently trimmed with tucks and hems only as with lace and embroidery.

It is no longer considered good form to have fire or six different kinds of wine served with the courses of a fashionable dinner. The wines are now limited to claret, hock and sherry, champagne and fine old port are the three preferred by the best dinner givers and diners out.

For domestic wear around the house are pretty dressing sacques and loose waists of speckled, dotted, striped, and sprigged linen lawns and percales, intended for wear with colored wool or cotton skirts. The collars and cuffs of these garments are usually edged and buttonhole stitched with colored cotton, red, blue, pink, or lilac, to match the dots or lines or figures on the lawn or percale of the waists.

GAMBLING LEVELS ALL RANKS.

A Curious Group Seen at the Sheepshead Bay Race Track the Other Day.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of the most unique groups I ever saw was at the races. It consisted of five persons in a box at the front of the grand stand, and now and then one or two others who stood on the turf in front. In the forward row was a young colored woman and two young Irish woman. Back of them were a husband and wife of middle age, neither of them Irish or colored. All of them were intent upon the races, and had come down to bet. A young Irishman was the messenger and head of the party. He remained on the turf in front except when he went to the betting pavilion to learn about the odds or to place money. They were all quiet and unobtrusive, and for this reason probably escaped notice until after the first race. Then a tall, powerfully built negro passed along the turf from the pavilion, and as he went before the box he looked up at the group and in a tone which was at once politely familiar and business like said:

"Well, did you make a good thing?"

It was one of the Irish girls who replied: "Yes, five for one."

And the colored woman added, "I got there, too."

Their tones indicated satisfaction, but it was of the kind in which enthusiasm was repressed, in which long experience had driven out excitement. It was as clear as the hot sunlight that they were regular attendants—that betting partook with them of a business character. They were typical New Yorkers in dress, but there was none of that flash that would lead to a suspicion of irregularity. The negro went his way, but during the afternoon frequently returned and engaged the girls in conversation. I never saw a blacker man anywhere. His grave face was lightened only by the red of his lips and the whites of his eyes, and, when he smiled, by a deep dimple, in which the sunbeams played and lost themselves. He wore a narrow-rimmed brown derby on the side of his head, a dark green, diagonal coat, mixed trousers, a white spotted vest, a large blue tie, and he carried an umbrella in his hand.

I have said that this party gambled as a matter of business; I should make one exception. One of the Irish girls in the front row shrunk back into her chair and never said a word during the entire afternoon. And nobody addressed a word to her. She watched the young man who did the placing of the money, and when the negro was present she watched him, and during a race she loooked shyly at the racers? but she hardly left her chair, and never smiled. Her companions were not so lucky on the next two races as they had been on the first. The horses were started opposite the grand stand, and when the starter dropped his flag and Mr. J. B. Haggin's Firenzi went off more than a length ahead of the rest, the party in the box groaned vigorously in the hissing and groaning that went up in criticism of the manifest bad judgment of the official. They looked bitterly sour, for they had not backed Firenzi, and when that horse crossed the line a winner they shut their teeth together and declared that they hadn't been given a chance for their money. Then they consulted their programmes, and the young man went off to find how the odds were on the third race. Third were eight starters, and at least four favorites. When the young man returned all the racers were on the track taking their preliminary exercise. He reported that he could get a bet of 15 to 1 against Belinda, one of August Belmont's horses. The betting was nearly even on the favorites. The party looked at the track.

"I think it had better be Belinda," said the white girl seriously.

"She's a good one," acquiesced the colored girl.

And the young man evidently had a tip on Belinda, for he also favored placing the money on her. Such was the result. When the start was made, Belinda went off a good third, and there was much excitement in the party at the prospect of getting $75 for every $5 they had wagered. But, lack-a-day! before an eighth of a mile had been run, Belinda had dropped to within hailing distance of the rear. The excitement was turned into disappointment, and the young white girl exclaimed: "There's my Belinda, and she can't get through," which mixture of feminine and horse talk meant that Belinda was doing well, but the horses in front of her were in the way, and so prevented her from getting the lead. They lost, but consolation was ready in the fact that Belinda had done well, and had it not been that she did not have time to get around the competitors she might have won. Then something occurred to the white girl. Hastily she leaned over the rail of the box and looked down at her feet. A look of annoyance crossed her face, and she settled back and smoothed out her skirts and shook them down, after which she leaned carefully over again to see what the effect of her action had been. Not all the girls in the grand stand had been so thoughtful.

WORK FOR OUR CONSULS.

One Boys a Spanish Jack, Another Rescues a Woman from Imprisonment.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"No one who has not had practical experience has any idea of the various duties which a Consul representing his country abroad is required to perform," said Dr. St. Clair, the chief of the Consular Bureau of the State Department, to your correspondent yesterday. "Not only have they to look after the commercial interests of their country, but they have to attend to some of the queerest kind of requests from their countrymen at home. It has more than once been the case that Consuls have been applied to to purchase peculiar animals found in the country to which they are accredited, all the way from elephants to rare kinds of lizards. Very frequently they are asked to collect a number of specimens of the sea shells peculiar to their part of the world. Only a short time ago we received a request from a gentleman in Kentucky asking that the Consul at Barcelona, in Spain, procure for him a fine specimen of the native ass, for breeding purposes, the gentleman being under the impression that the animal attained to a large size in Spain. The request was forwarded, but it was a short time before we received a very fine animal of the donkey kind. But the more frequent requests, outside of the purely commercial duties of the Consul, are of a private and family kind.

"If a son, daughter, husband, or wife goes astray, or if information is required of the whereabouts of a person of any degree of intimacy to the inquirer in a foreign country, application is at once made to the representative of this country nearest to the place where the missing person is supposed to be, and the Consul is asked to look him up. Some very startling romances have been unearthed in this way through the consular agencies. One strange case which was unearthed some time ago in Florence, Italy, by Mr. A. Schuyler Crosby, who was then United States Consul at that place. One day he was conducting a party of Americans through the principal places of interest in the city, and among the places visited was the insane asylum. As the party was going through the wards one of the inmates of the institution suddenly called out to Mr. Crosby: 'Oh, sir, you are an American, are you not? For God's sake, come here and listen to my story.' Mr. Crosby went to the cell from whence the piteous appeal came, and saw behind the bars a woman much emaciated but apparently sane. He listened to her story, and, after making inquiries, set himself to work to procure her release, in which he succeeded after a great deal of trouble. The woman's story was as follows:

"She was born in Mobile, Ala., of wealthy parents, and being attractive in appearance she had a number of suitors for her hand in marriage. One day an Italian came to the city. He was handsome, and wrote the prefix 'Count' before his name. He soon got himself introduced into the best circles of Mobile society, and by his pleasant and courteous bearing became a great favorite among the ladies of the place. He became a constant visitor at the house of Miss —, the subject of this story, and intimacy began to ripen into love on the part of the young girl. Her parents did not approve of the match, but the handsome Italian portrayed in glowing terms the wealth of his inheritance for her and the beauties of the lovely Florentine home which he wished her to become the mistress of. At last his entreaties were successful, and the young girl was married to the 'Count' secretly. When the girl's parents heard of it they were enraged. Her father refused to have anything to do with her, and instead of giving her the fortune he had intended to be hers, settled on her the sum of $2,000 a year. The young couple started for Europe, but it soon became apparent to the wife that her husband was not only not in love with her, but that his only object in marrying her was to procure her fortune, and having failed in that through the anger of her father, had no more use for her. Shortly after reaching Florence the Count had three physicians called in, and they made an examination of the young girl, much to her surprise and terror. On the following day a covered wagon came to the door, and she was told to get inside. When she refused she was seized from behind and rudely bound and bandaged. She fainted, and when she recovered she found herself in an insane asylum. There she remained for over two years, until she was found by Mr. Crosby. Meanwhile, the husband, who had caused her incarceration, wrote home to the girl's parents that she was very sick, and described the expense he was putting himself to in order to take proper care of the girl he loved so well. The father was too proud to allow him to bear the full expense of his daughter's illness under the circumstances, and the annual remittances continued to come along. The Count paid $500 to the asylum for the keep of his wife, and lived in good style from the remaining $1,500. As soon as the news reached Mobile of the true state of affairs, however, the remittances suddenly stopped, and the young girl was received home with open arms. The Count is still living in Florence, but has had to resort to other means of earning a living.

Easily Explained.

"If you dont know when you were born, Uncle Rastus, how can you say that you are fifty-five years of age?"

"Kase I'se kep' track ob my age, sah, ever sence I was thirty yo' ole."

STRIKING AT MORRISON.

THE GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD ATTACKS D. A. 126.

Powderly's Formal Statement of Grievances Against the Carpet Weavers—Expulsion Based Chiefly on Technicalities.

PHILADELPHIA, July 9.—The General Executive Board's explanation of the trouble with District Assembly No. 126, which ended in the expulsion of the entire district assembly, was completed yesterday, and last evening it was mailed to the secretary of every local assembly in the order.

The pamphlet is long, and contains all the facts bearing upon the trouble between the order and Higgins & Co.'s carpet works, and the causes which led not only to the expulsion of the carpet weavers, but also to the boycott on Higgins's mill.

In referring to the cause which led to the preparation of the pamphlet, it says:

The General Executive Board, or members of it, have been accused of rushing into print in reference to this matter, but this is the first statement of any kind that has been made on the subject by the General Executive Board or any member thereof. All the documents, letters, telegrams, and testimony from the beginning of this unfortunate affair up to the present time are in possession of your General Executive Board, and will be presented to the General Assembly at Minneapolis for the information of all delegates.

At the outset the charge is made that John Morrison, District Master Workman of Assembly 126, was not a member of the order. It is alleged that he had taken his transfer card from No. 1,899 and deposited it in No. 2,985. He was chosen a delegate to District Assembly 49 by this local, but he was not admitted to the district because the laws prevent the admission of a "sojourner" in mixed assemblies in the district. He was a machinist, and deposited his card with carpet workers.

Then, it is alleged, he organized Assembly 4,235, composed of suspended members of other assemblies, and attached it to the General Assembly. Charges were preferred against him for organizing the assembly composed of such persons, and he replied: "I am not an organizer. Charges against me must be tried by the court of my local assembly." In becoming a member of the new assembly he used the same transfer card with which he entered 4,235. This, the report says, is a direct violation of the constitution. It proceeds to assert that at the end of this season John Morrison was instructed through his friends at Richmond to restore himself to good standing in L. A. 1,899, and then, if he desired to take his transfer card in a legal way, no objection would be offered.

Having asserted the standing of Morrison, the General Board enters into an explanation of the trouble with D. A. 126, beginning by stating that the General Board was invited to interfere in the Higgins trouble. Before it did so the following telegram is given:

NEW YORK, Jan. 14, 1887.

J. Hedlins, 2,235 Palethorp street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Get one of the General Executive Board to come on with you immediately. Trouble ahead.

JNO. MORRISON.

Messrs. Hayes and Aylsworth of the General Executive Board were appointed a committee to act with D. A. 126 in settling whatever trouble then existed in the district. When they reached New York they found members of locals 2,985, 4,235, and 4,717 assembled in a mass meeting discussing affairs which should have been discussed with closed doors. The statement says that the members of that meeting learned for the first time, from the lips of John Morrison, that a 10 per cent. reduction submitted to by the employees of the factory would secure the reinstatement in their places of those who had been discharged.

This is the only instance on record where a person other than the employer or his agent was chosen to announce to the employees that they must submit a reduction of wages for any purpose whatever.

On Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the General Board was informed that D. A. 126 had decided to strike Higgins's mills at 7:15 o'clock on the next Monday.

The following was sent at once:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: The General Executive Board cannot approve of the demands presented by your Executive Board through Brother Lawson today. The question of compelling a manufacturer to allow a delegate permission to go through the factory and examine the cards of each member must be presented to the Executive Board of your district. They can, by proper management, keep all in good standing. Also the clause to make the mill a union mill is virtually compelling the company to assist your assembly in forcing non-union people into the order. Trusting you will give this careful consideration before taking any further action, I remain, fraternally yours,

JOHN W. HAYES, Sec'y General Executive Board.

On the following day Mr. Alvin Higgins called at the Bingham House and stated that his employees were going to strike at 7¼ A. M. He signed the following agreement:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan 23, 1887.

J. W. Hayes, Secretary General Executive Board:

I will agree to meet the members of your Board in conjunction with the Executive Board of D. A. 126 for the purpose of talking over and settling completely the trouble now existing in the factory of E. S. Higgins & Co. to-morrow morning, Jan. 24, at the Barrett House, at 10 A. M. ALVIN D. HIGGINS.

The following order was at once sent:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 23, 1887.

J. J. Cunningham, Esq., care Jno. Morrison, 343 West 43d st., New York:

Do not allow the people of E. S. Higgins's factory to strike to-morrow. Call home Executive Board to meet the General Executive Board and the representatives of the company, at the Barrett House, at 10 o'clock Monday morning, Jan. 24, for a complete settlement of the trouble. JOHN W. HAYES, Secretary.

With the telegram in his pocket Cunningham went to the factory of E. S. Higgins & Co. and ordered the people out. Later in the day the General Executive Board proposed that the strike be ordered off, when Cunningham replied: "I'll be ——— if I do, and will see them in ——first."

The next day Morrison effected a settlement on the basis he proposed—a ten per cent. reduction. Although the order issued by the General Board viewed the standing of those who requested to strike, the following telegram is given:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: The order by telegram of Jan. 23, 1887, directed to James Cunningham, Secretary of District Assembly 126, justified all members who remained at work in E. S. Higgins & Co.'s factory as well as those who returned in consequence of said order. This Board being responsible for said order must assure protection to all who availed themselves of it. It will be borne in mind that the above order was not rescinded, therefore their claim to claim protection under the order is conceded by the Board.

JOHN W. HAYES, Secretary.

Notwithstanding this, these members were summarily expelled because they obeyed the order of the General Board. They were reinstated after a fair trial by jury of a trial, and were discharged by Higgins the next day. It was then that the committee, two of whom were entire outsiders, was appointed to investigate the trouble. The committee consisted of the Rev. George Muller, James B. Corbitt, and W. H. Bailey. One paragraph of their report reads:

"In all candor we are compelled to state that the impression prevails here that the said John Morrison is recognized by our order, and as a member in good standing not only by one faction, but by the firm, general superintendent, and mixer generally. We regret the unfortunate part of this affair, on the other side, is that the said John Morrison is permitted, and so far has the power apparently with the firm, to have any or all discharged on his demands if they fall or refuse compliance with his mandates or power as walking delegate."

A letter was sent to E. S. Higgins requesting him to reinstate all the members discharged by the order of Morrison. The firm refused to do so and 400 members of the order struck by direction of the General Board. It is shown by a table in the report that instead of having 10,000 members, as Morrison gave out, there were but 1,172 in good standing at the time of the expulsion. At no time were there more than 5,284.

Melville B. Smith Dies on the Circassia.

On Friday night at 11 o'clock an attempt was made to send a telephone call to St. Vincent's Hospital from the steamship Circassia for an ambulance, but the hospital could not be raised. At 6:20 yesterday morning another call was sent. The ambulance surgeon found Melville B. Smith of San Francisco dying in the saloon of the steamship. A half hour later he died. Mr. Smith was registered in the books of the Metropolitan Hotel as coming from New Zealand. He left the hotel on Friday with a friend, who was registered as H. J. Bischfield of Glasgow. A letter on Smith's person, which he had evidently forgotten to mail, was addressed to a broker in Glasgow, and referred to his expected arrival there. Smith was a tall, consumptive-looking man, about 40 years of age. His papers and effects are in the hands of the Coroner. An inquest will probably be held to-day. His death is attributed to heart disease.

Labor and Wages.

The strike at the Pullman brick yards has been declared off, and 140 men will go to work Tuesday.

Fifty delegates, representing nearly all the potters in the United States, met at East Liverpool, Ohio, on Friday, and formed a national trades assembly of the Knights of Labor.

The striking weavers at the York Mills, Saco, Me., have agreed to return to work on Monday and comply with the rules of the company. They struck because a man had been discharged for putting his coat on before the bell rang. One condition of the return of the strikers was that the man be taken back. This was agreed to by the corporation.

Obituary.

James H. Startup, senior proprietor of the Russell House, Middletown, N. Y., died yesterday, in Jersey City, where he lived until two years ago, he was prominent in Republican politics, and was elected Alderman and Freeholder, being at one time President of the latter Board.

Charles Merriam of the old Webster Dictionary publishing firm of G. & C. Merriam died in Springfield yesterday afternoon. He gave his native town a public library.

Taxing One's Strength.

"Yes," said young Mr. Wabash of Chicago to a lady visiting from Boston, "I am engaged in the pork-packing business."

"The pork is packed in barrels, is it not?" she asked.

"Yes, in barrels.

"I fancy you must find the work very laborious during the warm weather." Was a further remark she made.

A Big Hurry.

"I want to look at some canes," said a magnificent young man to the dealer, "and I'm in a big hurry."

"Yours, yours," responded the dealer, very much flustrated. "Here, James, show this gentleman some hurry canes."

BANKER SAVERY'S TURN.

He Wants Commissioner Stephenson's Scalp—Mr. Stephenson Holding On to It.

Mr. J. C. Savery of the "American Emigrant Company" of 30 State street is after the scalp of Emigration Commissioner Stephenson, who accuses Mr. Savery of carrying on a banking institution contrary to the law of the State. "If Mr. Stephenson does not apologize," said Mr. Savery yesterday, "I shall sue him for libel." Mr. Savery gave his history of his connection with the company:

When Mr. Bartholomew, then President of the institution, went off to Canada, the directors proposed to Mr. Callaghan and myself that if we would take the assets and assume the payments of all deposits at this office they would go out of business and hand over the franchises and good will of the company to us. Mr. Callaghan and I filed a good and sufficient bond with abundant security to pay every depositor his money when called for. We have paid out over $100,000 since Jan. 1, and are ready to pay the rest.

Mr. Callaghan, my partner, is worth from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000, and never borrows money. It was reported here from Western banks and bankers as being worth $1,000,000. Mr. Callaghan and I own over 100,000 acres of land in Iowa, upon which there is absolutely no incumbrance. We are paying our depositors 4 per cent. on their money.

We never take money from Castle Garden immigrants. We have acted as their financial agents between European countries and America.

Mr. Stephenson came into my office some time ago and said very brusquely:

"What kind of a business are you doing here? I hear you are doing a swindling business here, and I am investigating it."

I gave him first class references then, and told him that we were carrying on an investigation. We were investigating Castle Garden. We found than it is run by a railroad pool, and the worst pool that ever existed.

Railroad men have boasted that they could transport emigrants to Chicago cheaper than they can send freight, as emigrants load and unload themselves.

I told Mr. Stephenson what I knew about the pool, and he tried to forestall me by bringing these charges. Now he shall prove them in court.

The secret of the whole thing is this railroad pool, which is called the Castle Garden Association. The pool constantly violates the Inter-State law. It not only divides the net profits, but it divides the passengers, too.

An immigrant cannot choose his own route to the West. The roads comprising this pool are the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, Lake Shore and Western, Erie, and the Ontario and Western.

I think that the Governor should order an immediate investigation into the way in which this pool is running things at Castle Garden.

Mr. Stephenson said he was not frightened by Mr. Savery's threat of suing him. He (Mr. Stephenson) had never questioned Mr. Savery's financial standing. All he wanted to know was where the "American Emigrant Company" deposited its funds, if it was a lawfully organized institution, and the location of its main office.

The cashiers of the United States and Chemical Banks said that the American Emigrant Company had no account with them, but that Mr. Savery had a deposit account. The cashier of the Chemical Bank said:

"We believe Mr. Savery to be a man of means. He informed us that he was responsible for certificates of deposit issued by the American Emigrant Company, of New York, successors to the American Emigrant Company of Hartford. He also told us that he and Mr. Callaghan had bought the trade mark of the Hartford company, and assumed the payment of its certificates and those of the new company."

The officials of the United States Bank said that they believed Mr. Savery to be a responsible man. They had received a first-rate report of him two years ago. He had never asked for a loan.

DRIVEN FROM HIS CHURCH.

A Clergyman Forced Out Because he Befriended a Catholic.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 9.—The Rev. John J. Hurlbut, pastor of the Congregational Church at Mittinenague, a village two miles west of here, will resign his charge to-morrow. The cause of his resignation is the trouble that has grown out of the fact that he had voted for a Catholic priest for the School Committee. Last April the friends of a Catholic priest, the Rev. Thomas O'Keefe, who had served on the School Committee, prepared to run him again, and the Protestant vo