The Sun.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1887.

Subscription by Mail—Post-paid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 55
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	1 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	7 00
WEEKLY, Per Year	1 00

Postage to Foreign Countries added.

THE SUN, New York City.

The Boss on a Pedestal.

Thirteen years ago the foremost citzen of Washington, Mr. W. W. CORCORAN, wrote as follows, in measured but scathing terms, respecting the shamefully corrupt and extravagant maladministration of District affairs by the Ring of which ALEXANDER R. SHEPHERD was the Boss:

"I doubt whether in any other community on the face of this broad earth, and not under the Government of an absolute monarchy, the disbursement of millions of money is intrusted to one man or set of men, who, in their own way and without restraint or check, contract indebtedness and give out work to be done without competition and to whom they please at their own prices, and paying therefor in whatever form they choose, either in certificates, bonds, or cash, modes of payment varying in value from forty-five cents to one hundred cents on the dollar, and thus creating a debt to be paid at some future time by the property of this District."

Boss SHEPHERD has returned to Washington after years of absence, and this evening a curious attempt will be made to palm him off on the present generation of taxpayers as the greatest benefactor the city ever had.

If Boss TWEED were still alive and should return to New York after a long exile; if there should be a proposition to receive him with a public ovation; if the freedom of the city should be presented to him in the emblem of golden keys to New York's gates and treasure vaults; if his old partners and pals should raise the cry that here we had with us again the noblest and purest and most disinterested philanthropist who ever worked for the town's good; if the press should almost without exception join in sustaining this great fraud on public credulity—if all this should happen, the incident would be no more astonishing than that which is to be witnessed to-day in Washington.

In another column we print an article which will serve to remind the people of Washington what sort of a public benefactor Boss SHEPHERD was, and why some Washington newspapers would like to see him again established in power in the District.

The subserviency of the local newspapers is, on the whole, the most disgraceful feature of the affair; for it was this same Boss SHEPHERD who plotted and aimed the deadliest blow that was ever struck at the freedom of the American press.

It is hardly conceivable that the history of the District Ring should have passed so completely out of memory of the honest citizens of Washington that they are ready to welcome the Boss back to town with any other reception than that which is due to the chief architect of a colossal scheme of plunder.

The Inner Meaning of the Procession.

The President's mind seems to be so constituted that there is an appreciable interval between sense-perception and full comprehension. It is therefore possible that he did not catch at once the exact significance of the allegorical tableaux that passed before him on floats in St. Louis on Tuesday night. Perhaps he is still puzzling over their meaning. We will give him a lift.

First came Sir ORACLE standing on a miniature globe and waving his hand majestically. If the allegory had been designed to appeal to the ear as well as to the eye, Sir ORACLE would have spouted passages from the Cyclopedia as he was hauled along.

Next, the Expulsion from Paradise. This vision was prophetic, and properly should have come at the end of the series.

The Betrayal of SAMPSON exhibited the Mugwump DELILAH in the act of clipping the locks of the Democratic party and leaving it shorn of its strength.

In the same way, Mr. CLEVELAND might have read in the group representing JOSEPH Distributing Corn to his Brethren, the lesson that the man in office should not forget the ties of political kinship. The Golden Calf signified the Pan-Electric idol which the Administration has worshipped. The float representing JONAH and the Whale was undoubtedly intended to remind Mr. CLEVELAND that it was the Whale that swallowed JONAH, not JONAH that swallowed the Whale. The tableau of DAVID and GOLIAH was profoundly significant. Of course, GOLIAH knows DAVID's full name.

Some criticism upon the taste which introduced these Biblical scenes in a carnival street pageant might be fair and appropriate. The managers of the St. Louis demonstration could hardly be excused for so gross a violation of propriety and the respect due to sacred things, unless there was a very serious purpose behind the mummery.

Mr. CLEVELAND is said to have been highly amused and pleased with the extraordinary spectacle. This shows that he could hardly have understood its real meaning.

The Death Knell of the House of Lords.

It seems clear that the House of Lords must go, when a radical transformation of it is demanded by the *Morning Post*, the most bigoted of Tory organs, and by the *Times*, in which of late the party of reaction has found an uncompromising champion. These papers, to be sure, profess to see in the AILESBURY scandal ground not for the total repudiation of the principle of an hereditary right to legislate, but only for restricting the exercise of the right by decent limitations. But the experience of France has shown that the principle itself will not long survive the general admission that it should only be applied according to arbitrary standards hard to fix and awkward to enforce.

For instance, the common sense of Englishmen will fail to grasp the wire-drawn distinction which would be made should the Marquis of AILESBURY be expelled from the House of Lords for cheating on a race track, while other British Peers, who have been caught cheating at cards, are suffered to discharge the functions of hereditary legislators. Neither could the community at large be made to understand why a man who runs off with a friend's money is a less efficient and edifying lawmaker than a man who runs off with a friend's wife. Much less will the masses of the people applaud a discrimination which would shut out one nobleman for violating the social code and laws of honor, yet not proscribe another who has stood in the dock to be tried and convicted of criminal offences against the common law of England.

The Tories themselves must recognize, from the moment that they acknowledge reform to be indispensable, that the hereditary principle must, at all events, ostensibly, be superseded by the elective principle. But whatever influence they wield will be exerted to confine the exercise of choice to a very narrow constituency. In defining that constituency they will naturally follow the precedents with which the English people are familiar. They may say the House of Lords already is in some measure a representative body. Let it be made wholly so. It comprises, including Lord SALISBURY's latest creations, about 590 members, of whom 16 are Scottish representative peers elected for each Parliament by the peerage of Scotland, 28 are Irish representative peers chosen for life by the peerage of Ireland, and 26 are Archbishops and Bishops, who are also merely life peers, and may fairly be considered representative of the Anglican clergy from among whom they rose. These representative members, 70 in all, being deducted, we have left 460 peers of Great Britain who sit and vote in the upper House of Parliament by right of birth.

Now, admitting that purification is necessary, why, it may be argued by the Tories, should not the purifying agency which has worked well in Scotland work well in England also? If the 85 members of the Scottish peerage can be trusted to select 16, or about one in five, to perform the work of legislation, why should not the power of designating, say, 100 of their number to be members of the Upper House be confided to the 460 peers of Great Britain? The House of Lords would then comprise, including the Bishops and the delegates of the Irish and Scotch peerages, 170 members, a body quite large enough for a second chamber, particularly as it is observed that representative peers are much more apt to attend to business. Some of the more stiff-necked Tories would probably desire to have the English, like the Irish representatives in the Upper House, elected for life, but the Scotch method of choosing them only for one Parliament is so much more in keeping with the purpose of representative institutions that it would doubtless be adopted.

That is the mode of reforming the House of Lords to which the Tories could most easily be reconciled, but how would it suit the Radicals? What would they think of a so-called representative body, which arrogated cognate power with the House of Commons, and which yet represented nobody except 460 members of the peerage of Great Britain, 177 members of the peerage of Ireland, and 85 members of the Scottish peerage—which, in fact, would represent a still smaller number of human beings, since a good many of them are members of two or more peerages. Why should these men, many of whom are confessedly unfit to sit in a decent assembly, exercise a voting power incomparably greater than that of the reputable Englishman who can merely help to choose a member of the House of Commons? Why should Lord AILESBURY possess a franchise superior by one iota to that given to the costermongers, whose dress, ways, and vices he affects, or to the horse jockeys with whom he is pronounced unworthy to associate?

Chicago's Encampment.

The international military encampment which Chicago has been eight months preparing is not yet conspicuous in point of numbers, while leisure rather than industry has thus far marked its routine proceedings. The delegation of Illinois Generals that visited Washington last winter, with a view to committing Congress to the enterprise, depicted a grand gathering of the militia of the Union to the competitive drills, and their imagination could easily detect the tramp of armed men in all quarters of the globe, seeking a rendezvous at the Windy City. At the last accounts only about thirteen hundred men were in Camp Sheridan, prominent among them being four companies of the Twenty-third Infantry from Fort Wayne, a troop of cavalry from Fort Leavenworth, and a light battery from Fort Snelling. Its international feature has been chiefly supplied by a few score officers and men from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, who participate as spectators in the camp exercises. There are no picturesquely accoutred Turks and Greeks; the Germans and French have not accepted the opportunity to forget their differences in a common bivouac upon the borders of Lake Michigan; Asia is not represented by a brigade from Japan.

The purpose of this encampment seems to be that of furnishing one feature of Chicago's celebration of her fiftieth birthday. The military companies attracted by the liberal rewards offered for excellence in drill provide material for street displays, but the expenses of such enterprises are large, and prize drills are not especially popular throughout the North, as the great failure of the one held in Philadelphia shows. They have scored some successes in the Northwest, like those of Indianapolis in 1882, and of Dubuque in 1884, the latter being under the charge of Gen. BENTLEY, the chief manager of the present Chicago encampment. But Southern cities, like Mobile, Nashville, Louisville, Montgomery, Houston, and New Orleans, are those in which popular enthusiasm is most excited by such performances. This year the Chicago camp probably finds extra drawbacks in following the Washington drill held last May, and the military gathering at Philadelphia's centennial ceremonies.

However, the Chicago encampment has only begun, and as it is to last twenty days there is plenty of time yet to make it successful. It has the great advantage of a money endowment or guarantee larger than any preceding drill tournament, and this has enabled it to bring military visitors from Europe. It has also made elaborate preparations for rifle practice, in which the regulars will take part, while a liberal supply of sham fights is also on the programme.

Careless Work.

The following facts concerning Chicago, and of thrilling interest to Chicago people, were unaccountably omitted from the President's speech in that town yesterday:

The total number of arrests during the year ending March 31, 1872, was 21,931.

The number of pupils in the grammar and primary schools in 1872 was 23,964.

The engines at the shore end of the Lake tunnel can pump 72,000,000 gallons daily.

In 1864, the number of vessels that arrived in port was 8,676.

The hogs shipped in 1859 numbered 110,246.

These facts and many others are contained in the article on Chicago in the fourth volume of the American Cyclopedia, whence the President derived material for his able oration. It seems strange that he should have overlooked them.

We are sorry to have to remind the President that a certain degree of intelligence and care is needed even in the process of making up a speech from the Cyclopedia. For example, he falls into one rather grotesque statistical error, and the fault is his, not the Cyclopedia's. He informs the people of Chicago that their total loss by the great fire was $200,000,000, as stated in the Cyclopedia. He also informs them that the total valuation of property in Chicago in 1871, at the time of the fire, "was probably $280,000,000." His "probably" indicates a modest distrust of his own personal knowledge of the exact figures, which the Cyclopedia puts at $289,000,000. That would mean that considerably more than two-thirds of the entire property of Chicago was destroyed by the fire, a proposition which even Mr. CLEVELAND should see is preposterous. The trouble is that he has hastily consulted the Cyclopedia's table of *assessed* valuations without observing that the real valuation in 1871 is elsewhere stated by the Cyclopedia as $630,000,000—an estimate which properly establishes the proportion of loss to property at about one-third, instead of two-thirds, as he makes it.

For the credit of the Cyclopedia we hope that he will make no more such mistakes.

Exit Mitkiewicz.

Following closely upon THE SUN'S lucid exposition yesterday of the MITKIEWICZ "mission" and its pretended results, comes a despatch from London to the effect that the contingency we expressly foreshadowed has actually occurred.

That is to say, the Viceroy LI has yielded to the diplomatic storm raised about his ears by the European Ministers at Peking, and has abruptly terminated all dealings with the Russian impostor and smashed his whole scheme. There will be no telephone, no bank, no privilege to print money and bonds, no silver diffusion, and no plunder.

In a word, there is an end of MITKIEWICZ and his schemes for the present, and he may be relegated to the herd of that large class of distinguished adventurers and experimentalists of which Mr. FERDINAND WARD and Mr. HENRY S. IVES are shining exemplars.

But somebody has lost a lot of money! Those astute Chinese gentlemen are exceedingly expensive to deal with, and MITKIEWICZ always travels first class, and very fast. And he keeps the Chinese silks and gewgaws all the same.

An ambitious chromo-lithographic portrait of Mr. CLEVELAND, drawn from life by Mr. KEPPLER, is issued as a supplement to *Puck* this week. The finer physiognomical traits of Mr. CLEVELAND'S countenance have apparently been overlooked by the accomplished artist, but the picture gives a good idea of the girth of the President's person. He is represented as standing at a desk in the act of delivering a speech. The book which is partly concealed from view by his pudgy right hand is the eighth volume of the American Cyclopedia, G L A to H O R. The likeness of the Cyclopedia is admirable.

Well, DAVID BENNETT HILL is rather alive to-day, and don't you forget it.

"Was not that thunder?"

The sentiment expressed by the St. Louis man who cried out, "God bless the President and his good lady!" is praiseworthy, but why could he not say good "wife"? Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD has said that it is a test of one's taste in poetry to pick out the scattered evidences of real poetic fire in MACAULAY'S "Lays of Ancient Rome." It is a test of one's freedom from vulgar affectation of refinement to use the word "lady" only at the right time and place. The President's "lady!" Alas, alas!

The Prince of WALES's favorite military organization, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, has been illuminating Montreal with the multifarious splendor of its collection of uniforms. Wherever the Ancients and Honorables go, joy sparkles and likewise wine. It is queer that there should be Prohibitionists in Massachusetts. What would become of the A. & H. A. C. or of the Boston Lancers in a cold and wineless world, and what would become of Massachusetts without those famous and jovial martialists?

Yes, the *Buffalo Courier* is right about it. Governor HILL's term of three years expires with the end of the year 1888. His successor must be chosen in the November election of 1888, and enter upon his duties on the 1st of January, 1889.

One obstacle that has stood in the way of planting that exotic, the telegraph pole, in Chinese soil has been the widespread belief among the peasantry that the strange whispering wires they support when strung along near graveyards exert a baleful influence upon the long sleep of their revered ancestors. As nearly every hilltop in China is crowned by the tombs of lamented forefathers, it has been very difficult to select routes for telegraph lines where the wires were not likely to fall a prey to the popular prejudice against them. It is noteworthy that the great telegraph line which is to connect Pekin with Europe will take a short cut to the Gobi desert, and will pass through less than three hundred miles of inhabited country in the nine hundred miles to Kiachta, where it will join the Russian lines.

IS HE CRIBBING HIS PRINTING, TOO?

The Cyclopedia Speeches Said to Have Been Set Up in the Government Office.

From the Baltimore American.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—President Cleveland's speeches in the West are causing much comment and talk here, and several men have boasted that, if they wished, they could deliver to-day the address Cleveland intends to make in Atlanta or any of the Southern towns he proposes to visit. For two weeks before the President left this city he used an immense amount of writing paper. Together with his private secretary, he spent many hours of the night and day writing either at his desk in the White House or at Red Top. About four or five days before he left for the now famous trip a large amount of manuscript came very secretly into the Government Printing Office. About the time the President's annual message comes to the Government Printing Office a select force of printers are summoned by the Public Printer and sworn to secrecy, then pieces of the message are given to each one, and the proofs are taken, handed to the Public Printer, and the matter in type is locked up in the safe. All these precautions are taken to prevent any one outside of the White House from getting copies of the message before it goes to Congress. About the same time the manuscript came so secretly to the Government Printing Office. Public Printer Benedict called forth his select force, and gave them each odd pieces of manuscript. The same oath was taken as at message time, and the proofs gathered up and the type locked up in the great safe as soon as set up. The printers—the select few—began to talk among themselves about this strange circumstance, and remarked that "the copy" read very much like an historical lecture on certain cities of this country, especially West and South. They wondered thereat—thought it strange that such copy should come from the White House. Finally the proofs began to come back to be corrected, and in a number of instances there were so many corrections necessary that the entire speech had to be reset. It was then discovered that these mysterious manuscripts contained President Cleveland's speeches to be delivered on this Western-Southern tour. The plan had been carefully studied, and a speech prepared for every city to be visited, and, in a number of cases, three or four speeches for the same city, to be delivered under certain circumstances, in response to visits to fairs, Boards of Trade, or banquets. The select force of printers have been chuckling to themselves as they read the old chestnuts in the papers, and wonder if the President gave out proof slips to all the reporters before or after the spontaneous burst of eloquence, for they say a number of printed slips of each speech were printed and sent to the White House before the party started.

"I know what I am talking about," said one of the printers, "for I set one of the speeches. It has not been delivered yet, but it will be before long. I will tell you the name of the city it is to be delivered in, but don't publish it, because it will give me away and cause my removal, for you know all on this work are sworn to secrecy." The question was asked to-day what right had Public Printer Benedict to thus employ the Government printers on private work for the President, especially when the Government Printing Office is running so close on its annual appropriation. Under what head is he to charge this? The appropriation is divided by Congress between Congress and the Executive Departments. No provision is made for the White House. The President's messages, his vetoes, and Executive communications are printed in anticipation of Congress ordering them after they reach either House. They are Congressional documents, and are paid for out of the portion appropriated for Congress. All else goes to the credit of the departments, except some special reports of bureaus and minor departments. How, then, can Mr. Benedict work in the expenses for setting up and printing the private slips of the President's extemporaneous speeches?

There is a "pause" here "for reply."

Is He a Democrat, or What?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Joseph Pulitzer has given $50 to the Henry George fair in Madison Square Garden.

That is right, if he is a George man; but if he is a Democrat, it is funny.

HENRY DUMMER.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

A story is told of two doctors up town who had a long convivial chance at a saloon the other night. They live a door or two apart, and one started for home ahead of the other. Unfortunately his night key had swelled, as night keys will, and while he was struggling with it he fell asleep on the doorstep. His friend, the other doctor, followed in a few minutes, and seeing the plight of his friend, and also that his own wife was waiting up for him on his stoop, he said to her, "I've been kept up very late on a surgery case and I consider it very fortunate, for there is poor Doctor Dash whom I must assist into his house for sake of the dignity of the profession." This falsifier now not only receives the thanks of the unsuspecting friend, but laughs in his sleeve at his own duplicity.

Mr. Lawrence Jerome stands alone in New York as a story teller and wit. He can literally tell funny stories by the hour and the peculiarity of his case is that it does not matter in the least what company he is in, he is equally happy. He has been known to amuse a party of ladies, a crowd of workmen, and a club of practiced wits all in one day. As for children, they think no one understands how to please them so well as he. He told a story at the Chamberlin dinner night before last, of a dude running for Congress in a down-town district and saying to a lot of 'longshoremen that he had never been in that locality before. This incensed them to a strange degree. "Low cality? Low cality, is it?" said one of the angry men; "What d'ye mane by insulting decent people that way? If this is a low cality I'd like to know where you'll find a high cality."

The engineers of the new Kings County Elevated Railroad in Brooklyn were asked the other day whether there has been any improvement in elevated railroad construction since the first roads were built in this city. They said that practically nothing better than the methods followed in our roads has yet been devised, and that this is not extraordinary, since elevated railroads are simply iron bridges repeated over and over again for mile after mile. The science of railroad bridge building is an old one, and the science of elevated road building is precisely the same thing. Nevertheless, the new Brooklyn road will differ from any other in that it spans the street from curb to curb, even when the span required is longer than any now in use on roads of that sort.

Edward J. Sherlock of the Abbey in Brooklyn has purchased what used to be called Water Island, in front of Patchogue and next to Fire Island. He will call it Sherlock Island after this. He was naturally elated when he got home from the sale last night, and this is what he said: "Yes, I've bought an island, as it were. It fronts on the Atlantic, backs on the Pacific, and is bounded east and west by the great South Bay. It takes an hour to get to it in a catboat, and only five out of every twelve that start for it ever reach it alive. But this will be changed, as it were, now that I am one of the owners of North America."

It is doubtful if a more unpretentious man could be found in town than William Waldorf Astor, the son of countless millions, the writer of books, maker of plays, and general politician. Not long since he wandered into Delmonico's for his daily lunch in the wake of Mr. Billy Deutch, who once made a quarter of a million dollars in playing baccarat and dropped it all in subsequent speculations in oil. Mr. Deutch is at present under the weather financially, he has not made any money recently, and he says it with a degree of force, vigor, enthusiasm, and profanity that leaves nothing to be desired but blue smoke. Mr. Deutch walked into the café of Delmonico's on the day in question, with his hands thrust into his pockets, a big cigar gripped in the corner of his mouth, and his hat on the back of his head. He threw himself into a chair and began a noisy discussion with a friend half across the room, emphasizing his remarks by thumping the table noisily with his fist. He succeeded in about four seconds in permeating the entire establishment to such an extent that the old timers felt like stuffing cotton in their ears and praying for silence. Meanwhile Mr. Astor sank quietly and unostentatiously in an obscure corner, drew a red-covered book of science, printed in French, from his pocket, and fell to reading it with entire absorption. His broad and muscular shoulders were bent forward and his massive and thoughtful face put on a look of perplexity as he followed the text. After a moment the waiter touched him politely on the shoulder and the millionaire, realizing where he was, started, ordered what looked like an Irish stew and probably was, with another name. Ate it at intervals between his reading, drank ice water for a beverage, paid his modest check, gave the waiter a modest fee, and quietly withdrew while Mr. Billy Deutch continued to pound the tables and air his opinions on horse races, oil, the stock market, gambling, and kindred subjects.

Sir Thomas Esmond and Arthur O'Connor are recognised now wherever they go, though they have been less than three days in New York. The pictorial spirit of the daily press makes a popular and famous man out of a stranger over night. The day after the arrival of the two distinguished and eloquent Irish agitators they stood in front of the Hoffman House gazing interestedly about them and entirely unattended by the various committees who have them in charge. There was nothing about their attire to attract attention, and, barring the fact that O'Connor is a fine-looking and impressive man, there is no reason why the public should stop in its rush up and down Broadway to gaze a second time at the two strangers, and yet the public did stop, and in a short time a small crowd was collected about the spot where the two men stood. They bore the scrutiny with unruffled composure, and talked as though no one in the world was looking at them.

A very neat bit of repartee fell from the lips of Actor Maurice Barrymore recently. It was just after the production of his play, "Nadjesda," in London. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, pronounced it the best play that had been written either in England or France during the present century. Another critical confrere of Scott's damned the play as beneath contempt, and nearly the entire press of London jumped upon it heels down. It got a tremendous deal of blasting and an enormous amount of praise, all of which was echoed more or less resonantly in this country. The night after the production, Barrymore, who had been badgered and abused, and had "Nadjesda" dinned into his ears till he did not know which way he stood, was approached by a man of eminence, who stopped him abruptly and said:

"I am amazed, sir—I took my wife to see 'Nadjesda' last night, sir, and, upon my word, sir, I am astounded."

"Very likely, sir," said Mr. Barrymore, wearily, but suavely. "Nadjesda' is a play you are expected to take some other man's wife to see."

For several years it has not been distinctly fashionable to drive tandems in the park, but this season shows them coming up again. Yesterday seven tandems passed Mount St. Vincent in the course of half an hour, and the horses were invariably well matched, admirably groomed, and skilfully handled. One pair that Mr. Haskins drove was particularly noticeable for their sleekness and similarity. The wheeler was just a shade larger than the leader, and they moved along with taut reins and traces, forming as pretty a picture as anything that horseflesh can show. Ladies are also driving a good deal this season. Most of them confine themselves to well-groomed and dock-tailed ponies. Quite a number drive good-sized horses. Once in a while a horsey and handsome girl in the latest of English toggery drives by in a T cart, holding the reins taut on the back of a pair of sixteen-hand thumping bays or sorrels, who look as though they could yank her slender arms out of their sockets with a single toss of their massive necks. The women of New York are rapidly becoming skilful whips. None of them for daring and courage, however, can approach the Baroness Blanc, formerly Miss Betty Regel of Philadelphia. She used to whirl in and out among the crowds of rushing vehicles on Fifth avenue and upper Broadway with the skill of an old-time stage driver. For a long time she was the sensation of the town, and her marriage to Baron Blanc was a fitting end to the extraordinary gossip she had occasioned during her stay in New York. The happy pair are now in Europe.

THE CYCLOPEDIA SPEECHES.

The Signal Success of the President's Oratory.

From the Boston Evening Record.

It was an audible snicker that went up all over the country when President Cleveland devoted himself, in speaking before the people of Indianapolis and Terre Haute, to reading choice statistics from Appleton's Cyclopedia and the *Tribune* Almanac. His painful desire to talk without saying anything set a great, good-humored grin on everybody's face.

From the New York Times.

The President's speech in Indianapolis did undoubtedly bear evidence that he had read the description of that city in the American Cyclopedia. In his remarks he followed the order of facts given in the Cyclopedia, and to some extent the language in which they were given.

From the Syracuse Journal.

Mr. Cleveland is proven to have gone to the book for his facts. His intimate knowledge of the origin, growth, and peculiarities of Indianapolis and Terre Haute doubtless impressed his hearers, but THE SUN makes the President seem small when it demonstrates that verbatim extracts from the Cyclopedia embody the sum of this knowledge.

From the Rochester Herald.

We are not sure that the President could have shown better judgment in selecting the source of his information.

From the Binghamton Republican.

Never mind, so long as he makes judicious selections. He has not used the first personal pronoun so monotonously and offensively on his Western trip as he generally does in his public talks.

Does the Southern Dude Give his Horse Car Seat to Women?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* M. E. S. writes from Key West to Richmond you will never see a man seated in a public conveyance while a woman stands.

I have never been south of Mason and Dixon's line, and so want to ask whether this gallantry is extended to the "fair sex" of African descent, for I understand that colored people predominate in that region. In short, does the Southern dude resign his seat to the buxom colored woman, or does he only arise and touch his hat to the exceptional white beauty who happens to enter a crowded car?

G. L. F.

REPUBLICANS THREATEN TO BOLT.

They Charge Fraud and False Count in the Sixteenth Senatorial Convention.

TROY, Oct. 5.—The Republicans of the Sixteenth district, in Convention here to-day, nominated Assemblyman James H. Manville of Whitehall for Senator, but it was by no means a unanimous nomination, and there is a possibility that Manville will be defeated. There is a good Republican majority in the district when the party is united. The Rensselaer Republicans conceded that Washington county was entitled to the nomination, and that county presented two candidates—Manville of Whitehall and ex-Assemblyman Hiram Sisson of White Creek. There are eight votes in Sisson's Assembly district and nine in Manville's. It was supposed that each candidate had carried his own district, which would give Manville a majority of one, and consequently he was the choice of Rensselaer. In some way the Sisson men captured the Putnam delegate from Manville, giving Sisson a majority in Washington. But the Sisson men were outgeneralled by ex-Congressman Burleigh, Railroad Commissioner T. V. Baker, Jr., ex-Assemblyman Teft of Whitehall, and ex-District Attorney Foster of this county, who had charge of Manville's canvass. Ex-Congressman Smart, ex-Senator MacArthur, and ex-Assemblyman Armstrong made a desperate fight to furnish the Convention with evidence of Sisson's majority of one, but the other side would not give them an opportunity. They carried a motion to ballot, and on the informal and formal ballots Manville had a bare majority of the Convention and was declared the nominee. Thereupon the Sisson men left the hall, charging fraud and false count, vowing vengeance, and declaring that they would not vote for Manville. Ex-Assemblyman Demers boldly proclaimed that he would not peddle a Republican ticket on election day.

The fight to-day was really between two factions, at the head of one of which is Arbitration Commissioner Robertson, and ex-County Clerk Tappen runs the other. Tappen wants to be the Republican boss, but the majority of the Republicans do not want him. Democrats are quite sanguine that a Democrat can be elected here this fall.

THE SUPREME COURT DOCKET.

A Decision in the Telephone Cases Not Expected Before November.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—The Supreme Court of the United States will convene at noon on Tuesday next for the October Term of 1887-1888. The number of cases on the docket today is 1,119, an increase of 37 as compared with the same date last year. Sixteen cases, in which argument had been heard, were left without decision when the court adjourned for the summer in May last, the most important of them being the telephone cases. It is probable that the court, in accordance with its usual custom, will adjourn on the first day of the term, after hearing motions and acting upon applications for admission to the bar, and decisions in the pending cases can, therefore, hardly be expected before Monday, Oct. 17. A decision in the telephone cases will not be rendered, it is thought, before November. No cases of great importance will come up in the first two weeks of the term except the long-standing Myra Clark Gaines litigation with the city of New Orleans.

Two Copies of 2,000,000 Words.

From the Boston Herald.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—Capt. Black and Messrs. Salomon to-day began preparing the petition to the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of error in the Anarchists' case. There are only two copies of the record accessible to them. One is on file with the clerk of the Illinois Supreme Court, and the other is in the State's Attorney's office here. Mr. Grinnell would not let his copy of the record leave the office, and so Capt. Black and Mr. Salomon established themselves in one of his rooms this morning and began to turn over the first leaves of the monster record. By noon a pile of notes littered the tables at which they work. They fix no date at which their task will be done, but say they will regard themselves fortunate if it is completed within a month. The other copy of the record at Ottawa is being used to make a transcript, which will be attached to the petition. Mr. Salomon has engaged to have one made for $4,000, and has put up $1,500 in advance as a guarantee of good faith. A. A. Snow, chief deputy clerk, came up from Ottawa to procure typewriters for the work. Advertisements in the papers brought a battalion of them to the criminal court building this morning. Five are now at work in Ottawa, and he took down 15 or 20 more with him to-night. The work will be pressed with all despatch, and the 2,000,000 words will be written out in ten days. Then Capt. Black and Mr. Salomon will go to New York with this record, and finish the preparation of the petition to the Supreme Court in conjunction with Gen. Pryor.

A Present of $5,000,000.

From the Chicago Tribune.

M. Andre Kron has decided to live permanently in Paris. This is an interesting announcement to society, because M. Kron is one of the richest men in the world, and will doubtless live in a style befitting his wealth. The story of his rise from poverty and obscurity to wealth and honor is a curious one. It was in the reign of Czar Nicholas. M. Kron was then a young man, a tailor's clerk, in St. Petersburg. One summer the weather was unusually hot, and an epidemic of fever broke out in St. Petersburg. People died by thousands. It was a veritable pestilence, and threatened to depopulate the city. The doctors were powerless to check it. One day M. Kron wrote in one of the papers that all the trouble was in the water the people drank. It was drawn from the Neva, and all the sewers of the city emptied into the Neva; consequently the people were drinking diluted sewage. It is a remarkable commentary upon Russian intelligence that no one had thought of this before. But now Czar Nicholas read M. Kron's suggestion, and at once ordered a good water supply to be secured, no matter what it might cost. The imperial engineers went to work, but met with obstacles they could not overcome. Nicholas sent them to Siberia and set others to work on the problem. They failed, too, and were sent to Siberia, and a third set of engineers went to work at it. They not only failed, but they convinced the Czar that it was an impossible task, and he decided to abandon it. Then M. Kron came forward. He organized a company and carried the work to completion. Thereupon the Czar bestowed a decoration upon him with his own hand, and gave him a fortune of $5,000,000, and the Czarina wrote him an autographic letter of thanks. The enterprise was, of course, a profitable one apart from the royal favor, and M. Kron is now said to be worth upward of $50,000,000.

A Persuasive Kentucky Girl.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Society has something to talk about. It is the original manner in which a young lady overruled a decision of her father's. The daughter of a well-known professional gentleman wished to make a visit to some friends in New Orleans. The father withheld his consent. The young lady was very indignant. Her father entertained some gentlemen friends at his house and gave a handsome supper. In the midst of the meal they heard a tremendous noise in the room above them. It sounded as if some one were overturning all the furniture. The host rose hastily and went up to see what was the matter. His daughter was lying squarely on her back in the middle of the floor, pounding it with her heels and small pieces of furniture she held in her hands. He asked her what was the matter, and she replied that she wished to go to New Orleans. He told her to stop her noise, that she could not go. He went back down to his guests, and in ten minutes the noise was resumed worse than ever. He went up to his daughter's room and again found her beating the floor. "You can go to New Orleans," he exclaimed, angrily, "and you can start to-night." Thus the young lady carried her point.

Fair and Mackay.

From the Reno Gazette.

John Mackay is reported to have told some friends in Virginia City that he did not seek Fair for assistance, but the offer came voluntarily from Fair. Mackay tells it this way: "I met him coming along the street, and he says: 'John, I think you are distressed, and if you are, I've got five million you can have if you like, and let by-gones go.' I accepted the offer, and Jim would have to kick me all over the bank before I could be made to think he wasn't a pretty good fellow."

The Handy Cyclopedia.

Whene'er a modern President goes in for circle swinging,
About his ears the general acclamations loudly ringing,
Unless he makes his speeches on a well-considered system,
He leaves the people with the fear that he has somehow missed 'em;
And, therefore, lest his friendly talk from local facts should vary,
A handy Cyclopedia is the one thing necessary.

To save himself from talk about a second nomination,
He has to tell the townsfolk all about their own location,
To give them facts and figures over which they long have gloated,
So that the meaning of the jaunt may not become misquoted.

These points, collected carefully, to circumstances fitted,
Must be, an easy task enough, to memory committed.

They may be old and rather stale, some years behind the season;
But he cannot be blamed for that in any sort of reason.
If facts and figures suited to each rising town and city
Are not brought fully down to date, well, that's indeed a pity.
Of living truths the circle swinger feels he must be chary,
And so the Cyclopedia is the one thing necessary.

WHAT POLITICIANS ARE SAYING.

The defection of German Republicans in New York and Brooklyn this year from the support of the State ticket headed by F. D. Grant will not, it is figured, fall short of 10,000. Some of these German Republicans will go with the Progressive Labor party, but most of them will support Frederick Cook, himself a German, a native of Wurtemberg, and a prominent member of the social organizations which furnish recruits for every movement of Germans in American politics.

Matters are somewhat split up in the Thirteenth Assembly district. There are two Republican parties, two factions of Tammany, two of Irving Hall, a Progressive Labor party, a United Labor party, a German Socialists' organization, and a number of floating independents. It looks as if there would be about seven candidates for Alderman and five or six candidates for the Assembly.

At a secret meeting held on Sunday morning at Wilsig's Hall in East Fifth street it was resolved to procure a new enumeration of the Socialists in town. The result of the enrollment is to be sent to H. Goldschmidt, Branch 1, which meets in the Tenth Assembly district, has 253 members, against 189 a year ago.

Much of the talk regarding nominations on the county ticket by the united Democracy is premature. No nominations will be made for two weeks, and it is impossible to state at this time who will be chosen until a basis of union has been determined upon. Though probable, a union on all nominations between Tammany Hall and the County Democracy is not at all certain, and in certain contingencies these two branches of the New York Democracy might agree to disagree on many points. In the Twenty-fourth Assembly district last year there was no union between the two factions on local nominees, but the county ticket suffered nothing in consequence, and the Democrats elected both Assemblyman and Alderman. It is the opinion of many shrewd political leaders that a division on local candidates in strong Democratic districts like the Second, Fourth, Fourteenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twenty-fourth, will be calculated to help rather than to hinder the large vote on the county and on the State ticket.

Tammany Hall has a full list of candidates for Civil Judges this year, and in whatever districts the friends of the Wigwam may be alloted the nominations, aspirants are in readiness. The Tammany candidates are as follows: First, Michael Norton; Second, Charles M. Clancy; Third, William H. Dusinberry; Fourth, Alfred Steckler; Fifth, J. Henry McCarthy (Jeffersonian); Sixth, James M. Ball; Seventh, Ambrose Monell (unless nominated for Surrogate); Eighth, Joseph H. Stiner; Ninth H. P. McGown; and Eleventh, Leo C. Dessar.

The last time that a Republican candidate ran for Secretary of State in New York on his father's name was in the year 1875. Frederick W. Seward was so nominated. The friends of his father, ex-Gov. Seward, who were supposed to be extremely numerous in the country districts, did not materialize for the son's support. He was beaten by 14,810 majority. In Cayuga county, which includes the city of Auburn, where Gov. Seward resided, and where he was best known, his son got just 15 votes less than the next man on the Republican ticket.

Bakers' Union No. 1, which has a large membership, determined on Saturday evening to support the Progressive Labor candidates. Hermann Walther, F. Bucksath, and Louis Michel are at the head of it. This union is almost exclusively German in its membership.

In 1884 the Republicans polled in the Twentieth Assembly district 3,334 votes. In 1885 they polled 2,648 votes. In 1886 they polled, on Mayor, 1,964 votes. The Twentieth district extends from Forty-second to Fifty-ninth street on the east side. The population is rapidly increasing, and the Republican vote steadily falling off.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction among those who work as ship calkers, joiners, and foundrymen, with the action of the Navy Department in making no disbursement of a large fund which it was expected to be employed in pushing work in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. In Assembly districts Four, Six, and Twelve, along the East River, the ship building interest is a large one. Since the failure of John Roach business in this craft has been dull, and many of the voters are inclined to hold the Administration responsible for not disbursing a fund which a Democratic Congress provided.

In 1872 Judge Charles Donohue was the Tammany Hall candidate for District Attorney of this county. Abram R. Lawrence was on the same ticket for Mayor. Both were defeated. The next year Tammany nominated Messrs. Donohue and Lawrence for Judges of the Supreme Court, and they have held seats on the Supreme bench for fourteen years.

Six years ago there were 8,811 voters registered in the Twenty-second Assembly district. Four years ago there were 10,828. Two years ago there were 14,232. Last year the registry jumped to 17,435. This year it will probably touch 20,000.

Under the law passed by the last Legislature the Twenty-fourth Assembly district will have this year and hereafter two Aldermen instead of one—the Twenty-third ward in and about Morrisania getting one, and the Twenty-fourth ward of Fordham and Jerome Park the other. This fact is well calculated to stimulate the aspirations of a number of patriotic Democrats who, residing in the remote fastnesses about Van Cortland Lake and near Tibbet's Brook, have been overlooked hitherto in the distribution of Aldermanic honors. They will