MAGONE STIRS THEM UP.

IMPORTERS WHO TALK ABOUT ASKING FOR HIS REMOVAL.

He Says he is Administering his Office According to Law, and he is Going to Keep on Doing it—He will Get on Faster when the Republican Incapables Get Out.

A report was current yesterday both up and down town that a petition was circulating among lawyers and customs brokers asking the Secretary of the Treasury to remove Collector Magone. A firm of lawyers in the Equitable building was said to have charge of the petition. The senior member of the firm denied that he or any member of his firm was interested in the petition, but he and other lawyers whose names had been incidentally mentioned said that they wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that such a petition was in circulation. They said that clients of theirs had been discourteously treated by the Collector.

It was learned that the personal feeling of the lawyers and Custom House brokers, and incidentally of their clients, proceeded, among other things, from Mr. Magone's understanding of the proper methods of disbursing the refunded duties under the Oberteufer decision. The lawyers and brokers admitted that Collector Magone was acting under instructions from Secretary Fairchild, but they contended that Mr. Magone was instrumental in influencing the Secretary to adopt the methods which they say have kept them out of their money.

One of the lawyers said yesterday that, under the decision of Feb. 2, 1886, the merchants of New York were entitled to fully $1,250,000 in refunded duties.

"Of that amount the merchants have only had $250,000," he continued, "and Mr. Magone and United States District Attorney Walker are responsible for the delay. Under the decision of the date already mentioned the merchants of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and all other big cities have got their money back, but under Mr. Magone's system the Lord only knows when the merchants of New York will get the $1,000,000 that the Supreme Court and Mr. Fairchild, who, on Feb. 2, 1886, was acting Secretary, have decided belongs to them. Our clients complain to us, and say unpleasant things, because they cannot get their money. We tell them that the Collector has interposed all sorts of obstacles to delay the payment. The main trouble proceeds from Mr. Magone's interpretation of the order of the Secretary of the Treasury dated Jan. 1, 1886, the new rule that protests and appeals must be made within ten days after liquidation. Before that merchants were allowed to protest and appeal when the duties were paid. For instance, if a merchant's entry was made out on June 1 the Collector got his duties, and if his clerks did not arrive at a liquidation until Nov. 1 the merchants were allowed to protest and appeal up to that date. It was the practice for many years, and all other Collectors and Secretaries accepted the practice as the law. Collector Magone has placed the Oberteufer cases under the new rule. It is true that Secretary Fairchild did not order the money due under that decision paid until a month after that the new rule about protests and appeals was issued, but the causes at issue arose long before that period, and we claim the old practice should govern. As it is, there is $1,000,000 locked up in the Custom House which belongs to the merchants and which they need. We claim that three-quarters of the accounts are paid up and ready to be liquidated, and that if the money were sent to Washington to get the necessary warrants to pay the money. The Collector, however, institutes new delays at every step and I venture to say that Grover Cleveland would have a sorry support just now from New York merchants. We had no such trouble under other Collectors."

Collector Magone smiled at the talk of a petition to remove him, and at the prospect of getting his face smashed, and said that in the Oberteufer cases, as well as all other cases, he was proceeding according to customs regulations as recognized by the Treasury Department. It was said for him that many of the claims under the Oberteufer decision were of a speculative nature, and in answer to this the Collector's critics said that he should accept the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter. The Collector stated that he had suffered from the grossest inefficiency on the part of clerks in the Liquidating Bureau. He added that of the 14,794 entries of September, 1885, the clerks had returned 13,754 as liquidated, and that of the 16,333 entries in September, 1886, the clerks had returned 10,991 as liquidated. "Those returns were false," the Collector continued, "and when I came here I set about demonstrating that the clerks had performed their work carelessly, and had even thrown aside the difficult entries for future investigation. I got that bureau into fair working order, and this is shown in the number of entries in September, 1887—16,770, of which 3,668 were honestly liquidated. When I came here there were 29,000 unliquidated entries and with an increase of one-seventh in the business. I have now only 27,000 unliquidated entries on hand. I have added a number of clerks to the force in the Liquidating Bureau, but I must have more. I must also remove inefficient men, and I say flat-footed right here that they must go. Some of them are so ignorant that they couldn't multiply 43 by 43. Under the system of promotions these men's places can easily be filled. To that end I have to-day promoted David H. Plough, Louis F. Murray, and Lasalle J. Hayden."

It is stated that a score of removals will be made in the Custom House to-morrow.

SHORT OF HONEY.

There was a Poor Crop All Around, and the Scarcity is Notable.

"People who like honey," said a West Broadway dealer yesterday, "will have to pay just about double the price for it this year that they did last. There is the greatest scarcity of honey that there has been for years. There was a poor crop all around. Here in the State of New York we probably had about the best crop there was in the country, unless you except Eastern Pennsylvania, and even here in this State the crop is not up to the average.

"We depend upon California for a great deal of honey. Some people have the notion that it is not quite so good as the State honey. The State honey is so-called because it grows here in what some of the California people to this day call 'the States'—that is, east of the Mississippi River. As a matter of fact the State honey is better than the California honey only in people's imaginations. They have got it into their heads that it is a little smoother and of finer grain than that which comes from the Pacific coast. The notion is nonsense, yet it seems to make State honey command about a cent more in the pound than the coast honey.

"Last year the very best California honey sold here in the market for five cents a pound. That which was a little inferior in quality brought only four cents. California honey now costs you eight and a half to nine cents per pound, and it is bound to go still higher. State honey is now at nine and ten cents a pound, whereas last year it sold at five and six cents. The great honey producing States are Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. Last year these States were sending to this city car load after car load of honey. This year they are not sending a pound. On the other hand, it is the East that is sending honey to the West. Western buyers, buyers from these very States of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan, have been scouring the East for honey. They have swept through New York State and the Eastern part of the State of Pennsylvania like a swarm of locusts, licking up all the honey they could get scent of, and sending it back West for the Western home consumption. In Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan there is not enough to feed the bees, let alone having any to sell. The cause of it all was that long dry season they had out there during the latter part of the summer. Everything was dried up to dust. The bees could hardly pick up a living, to say nothing of putting anything away for winter. They would die of sheer starvation were it not for the contributions they are getting from the East. So, with honey already at double its usual price, I should not be surprised to see it go up to twice what is commonly paid for it before the winter is over."

A Wonderful Eel Pond.

From the Kingston Freeman.

George Cole, George Kraft, and Theodore Smith of Pine Hill last week made a trip "away back in the Catskills" to look for suckers. They found a lake without a name, which contained suckers and eels in great numbers. The first night they say they caught 157 eels, and the second night 157. They caught seven suckers which weighed twenty-five pounds. On their way back they got lost in the woods and were in the wilds two days before they could find their way out. They say that a forester, whose house is near the lake, stuck a living eel in each tacking them up against the side of the building, drying them, smoking them, and then selling them.

An Eleven-Pound Muskrat.

From the Danbury News.

This morning when Hector Hauclair opened his back rooms under the Rocster House, he saw what he supposed was a large rat swimming about in the plunge bath. He tried to kill him, but the animal would dive down and disappear for a time. Hauclair now became very excited and talked and gesticulated frantically. He finally let out the water and the Jumbo rat ran up the steps and jumped out upon the floor and showed fight. Hauclair then ran and heated a poker in the furnace, and this he succeeded in plunging into the rat's head. When it was dead he weighed it at the village store. It weighed eleven pounds. It was a muskrat. How it got there is a mystery.

From Another Point of View.

From the Punxsutawney Spirit.

Harry Hill's variety theatre, New York, has been permanently closed by the authorities. This will be a serious loss to the wholesale houses of that city, as most of our country merchants will now go to Philadelphia and Boston to buy goods.

HARRY S. DURNALL'S INSANITY.

He Tells of his Intimacy with Senators Conkling and Evarts, and R. B. Hayes.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8.—Harry S. Durnall, who claimed to be a member of the Washington bar, came before Judge Bregy yesterday for hearing upon a writ of habeas corpus, he having been committed to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane on the certificate of two physicians on May 17 last. Durnall, who is a fine-looking man in the prime of life, alleged that he had been unjustly restrained of his liberty, and related a long story of his intimacy with with Senators Conkling and Evarts and other prominent officials at Washington. He said he had been employed in the Census Department and Patent Office, and gave an account of what he called a valuable brief of the law which should have governed the Electoral Commission in settling the Presidential contest between Hayes and Tilden. This document was so striking that Judge Taft of Hayes's Cabinet, after reading it, gave him a letter of introduction to Senator Evarts, explaining that he was the author of the brief, and recommended him as a useful man, and after Hayes became President Judge Taft gave him another letter of recommendation to Secretary of the Treasury Sherman, stating that he had been of valuable service.

Mr. Durnall then rambled off into a statement of his intimate relations with Senator Conkling, to whose presence he had been once refused admittance, which he thought a strange thing, but upon being persistent was at last ushered into the Senator's presence, who met him with the remark, "I have been dying to see you." He couldn't understand why he had been confined, as he was an athlete and in good health. He thought he had been poisoned by his brother and wife, but he was now well and should have his liberty. The man admitted that he had been confined in Flatbush Asylum, New York, and said he saw while there a person whom he thought to be R. B. Hayes. He says Hayes was in a deplorable condition, with his limbs exposed. When first seen he was eating soup, and next day Durnall was told by the attendant that Hayes was dead.

Dr. John B. Chapin, physician in chief at the Pennsylvania Hospital, testified that he regarded the relator as a dangerous man at the time of his admission to the Institution. He had suspicions regarding his food, retained these suspicions yet, and thought he had been poisoned. He had been in the hospital before, being placed there by his mother. He was now improving, but might have a relapse, and it was not safe to discharge him. Judge Bregy, in remanding Durnall back to the hospital, said that for Durnall's own sake and the sake of the public he was not a proper person to be at large.

IN A GYPSY CAMP.

The Sentiment and Superstition Heard in the Romany Tent.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Around the tent and kettle-stick cluster by far the most that is prized in gypsy lore, sentiment and superstition. The tent is the gypsy's home, as much as your own habitation is yours. The race feeling of attachment to it is wonderful to us who see in it only a ragged temporary covering. But it has ever been his home from an earlier time than you have record of your own progenitors' habitations. It is undiscoverable why it is so, but these tents here in this lovely camp on the Gorgio shore recall nearly all race sentiment, and you will find that true of any gypsy camp in any part of the world. Possibly there is traceable in it an unconscious relic of ancient sun worshipping. Possibly your reason that its lazy occupants love the sun like any other animals would hold good. But even in a language only preserved from lip to memory, and whose possessors are too ignorant to comprehend its or their own origin, there still remain from the imagery of an almost barbaric heart lore many expressions of most poetic form and feeling. These tell how closely knit into the very life fibre of the gypsy has been the aspiration to make his tent, home and all that it most and best to him.

"Firm as a rounded hill are the tents of my people," breathed some gypsy poet a thousand years ago, and the roadside wanderer to-day will pridefully give you the same sentence in Romany. "My love's breasts are as hillocks of amber, or as bright tents burnished by the sun," sang some Indian gypsy maiden in the time of the Indus, and the gypsy lover of to-day sighs in the same poetic simile, "True to my people as our tents against the sand wind." "I will cling to my Rom (the first, the head, the husband) like the panther skin to the crooked wood"—namely, as closely as the panther's hide to the tent bow; "I will shall guard him from the evil eye as shields of brass make powerless great spears;" "As the crouching hare is vaulted by the raging lion, shall our earth colored tents remain hidden from the pursuer;" "As still as the red stars sleep, shall nestle our tents in the valleys;" "As the heart holdeth the warm blood, so gives it strength, so my tent shelteth all my life"—are a few of the innumerable poetic imageries attaching to the tent; which rough and unctuous fancies, crystallizing motive and character are countless. The skewer is the sharp hickory peg with which the woollen coverings are pinned to the tents. Consequently a virago has "an evil eye and a skewer for a tongue." A wasteful gypsy is as a coverless tent. A spiritless one, as a rotten tent bow. A lewd woman is as a fallen tent, and a good one "as snug as a proper tent." There are also many quaint and tender love and gypsy home songs, in which the tent stands for all that shuts harm out and good in: it will be there are certain unwritten and inviolable laws and customs about the tent which are very interesting to observe and study. The rule is universal preventing gypsies occupying the tent's inner compartments, save at night or when driven inside by storms. In case of quarrels, involving serious trouble and possible endangering of life, no gypsy who is defending himself may be pursued within the tent. Gypsies cling to an old tent until the last moment it can be spliced and patched together, out of pure affection for it. "An old tent's an old friend," is one of their proud sayings. Any gypsy born under a tent preserves a piece of its brown or white woollen covering until his dying day, and it is then buried with his effects. To be born in the tent carries pride, as does a good strain of blood. Those born "under a roof" are regarded as unfortunate. These are often derisively termed in Romany kair rajahs, or "house lords."

As with all things else in use among the gypsies, the kettle-stick has its place among the legends and lore of the race. It is not only an imperatively needed factor in every day life, but it is far more. Indeed, this one black piece of iron possesses almost the same cherished value as the ingle hook. It is the typified hearthside of the race. It often becomes the object of the tinker's highest efforts. "Job," the tinker over there by his little portable forge, is now hammering away upon one upon which he has been at work for months at odd hours, and its knobs, diminutive griffins and floriture, are wonderful indeed. I once saw one wrought by the gypsy Faa tribe, of Yetholm, England, an heirloom in constant use, which no money could buy. The female head of the gypsy household is always the owner, and the anxiety about proper protection of this one bit of old iron, from which the pots and kettles hang and sizzle above the cheery fires, sometimes amounts to positive lunacy. The reason for this I discovered to be that all sorts of superstitions cling to its continued possession. It is a kind of amulet to the gypsy home as an entirety. Its loss especially through any manner of carelessness, is fully believed to be the precursor of all sorts of ill luck. But they have no use for this prized utensil unless it comes into their possession through the grotesque avenue of precedent and race bugaboos.

I once found a little band of newly arrived German gypsies on the banks of the romantic Wissahickon, in a state of pitiable poverty. I felt I was doing them a great turn in having made them a handsome kettle-stick in Philadelphia at my own expense. They accepted it with apparent gratitude and delight; but I afterward learned that I was their second day of camp are they had sold my fine gift for old iron. It had come from a Gorgio, a non-gypsy. However kindly meant, it could never possess gypsy character. The truth is, they would have eaten their food raw before they would have used it. I have since asked many gypsies the reason for this ingratitude and discourtesy, and all I could get out of them was: "We jes like jess as w'at's our own," or the briefer and more explicit, "Hit's our way."

He Stood.

From the Buffalo Courier.

A Buffalo man who was recently in England tells of a remarkable experience he had at a fair in a small village in the outskirts of London. He was walking aimlessly about the grounds when a young man walked up quickly and said: "Are you working, or will you stand?" "I'll stand," said the Buffalonian, and he remained standing where he was for probably fifteen minutes. During that period the stranger came to him three times and handed him money. At last he began to think he had enough of "standing" and struck out for his hotel. Soon after his arrival there he tumbled to the fact that he had been doing "stool-pigeon" work for a gang of pickpockets, who had evidently made a mistake as to his identity, but he cleared about $50 by the contract.

Economy.

From Harper's Bazar.

"You must practise economy, young man," said the old gentleman; "you are altogether too extravagant."

"I do practise economy," was the response; "I only ate a bowl of bread and milk to-day for my lunch."

"That looks better," commented the father, somewhat mollified. "What did it cost you?—ten cents?"

"Well, I had to give the waiter half a dollar, father."

So Happy.

From Harper's Bazar.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, after the momentous question had been propounded, "I am so happy! Papa and brother Frank have been teasing me awfully about you lately, and, besides, I'm the first girl of our graduating class to be engaged!"

Another Reason Why.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Gov. Hill will be nominated for the Presidency, sure. It has been discovered that he is passionately fond of base ball, and never misses a game.

SECRETS OF THE WIDE SEA.

TRAGEDIES ENACTED ON THE OCEAN OF WHICH THE LAND KNOWS NOT.

A Sailorman's Yarn of Swift and Awful Punishment for Brutality—The Disappearance from his Ship of the Mate of the Marietta.

From the Alta California.

"What's that you say? Murders ever committed at sea that are never found out? Well, I should say there were."

The speaker was a tall, well-formed, bronzed mariner, the chief officer of an American ship now lying at the sea wall. He has followed the sea from his infancy, for he was born on it, and the forty-five years of his wave-tossed life have been full of incident and adventure.

"Yes," he went on, "there are many, many crimes committed at sea which never come to light, and many is the old shellback whose hand is stained with blood. Talking of this puts me in mind of something that occurred to me—a case that furnishes an instance in point. It happened about six years ago that I was stranded in this port without a rag. I had been ashore about six days, ample time for an old shell to get away with his all, and I was determined to ship as soon as possible. There was at that time in port as pretty a little ship as I have ever seen. She was the very craft to charm a sailor's heart. Long and graceful of hull, with tall taking masts, she had the run of a clipper, and was as clean as a man-o'-war.

"I took a fancy to the Sea Foam at once, and hearing that the Captain wanted men, I went aboard and was shipped as bo'sun for a voyage to Cork. I found the old man a splendid fellow, bluff and hearty, a real sea dog, who liked his glass of grog, and whose nose showed his liking. The second mate was a nice young man, but the mate was a queer card. He'd never look you in the face, was always talking to himself, and would fly into terrible paroxysms of rage. Even in his sleep he could not keep quiet, and the stillness of the night watch would often be disturbed by his shrieks for mercy, and his cries of 'I did not do it; it wasn't me.'

"I at last came to the conclusion that the man was tormented with remorse for some past crime. As the days of the voyage wore on I became more and more convinced that my belief was correct, and I felt the mate was a criminal, and that the truth was to be revealed to me sooner than I expected.

"It was on Trinity Sunday, 1881, and we were in 45° south and 120° west when we were overtaken in one of the heaviest gales it has been my lot to encounter. The glass had been jumping about as if it had St. Vitus's dance. The old man had foreseen the gale which broke on us from the sou'west, and we had everything snug when the first blast struck us and heeled us over till the water poured down the companion way. Luckily we had brand new topsails and trysails, or the devil himself could not have saved us.

"We were lying up to the wind pretty steadily when eight bells struck at midnight and the mate got ready to go below. Poor fellow! he never got below by himself, but had to be carried there, for a sudden lurch to leeward threw him across the poop deck, and at the same moment the spanker boom was carried away from the mast and fell across his chest. When we picked him up he was senseless, so we carried him down below and brought him around with some brandy. But he was a dying man, and he knew it. Tell the old man to come here, he said, and the Captain was brought alongside. 'Captain,' he said, in a hoarse whisper, while every now and then the welling blood choked his utterance, 'I have a confession to make, and I'm afraid to make it before God, and it has rendered my life a burden to me. Three years ago, Captain, I shipped before the mast in the Marietta, brig of New Orleans, bound with cotton for Liverpool. I forget the old man's name, but the mate was named Roberts, and he was a brute. Hardly had the ship left harbor before he commenced to ill-use the crew, but a terrible punishment was to overtake him. We had been out six days, the weather was fine, and I had the first wheel in the afternoon watch. The stores were to be given out that afternoon, and at two bells I saw a man coming aft with some kids in his hand to get the stores. It was a terrible hour for the poor creature carrying a kid of molasses. As he came out of the booby hatch the Captain's dog, a snarling little cur, bit him on the leg and he fell, spilling the molasses on the deck. The mate saw the accident, and going deliberately up to the man, kicked him in the face and the poor wretch rolled over senseless. The inhuman brute was not punished, however. He raised the prostrate man's head up and laid it on the overturned kid. Then getting astride the man he raised his foot and kicked the poor wretch beneath the nose, tearing the nostrils clean off. He then set the dog on the man.

"'The mate laughed. "Take him forward," I could hear him say to the men who were gathered round fingering their knives in a threatening manner. They lifted their wounded, senseless comrade and took him forward as the mate went below. He presently returned and proceeded to take the sun. He stood abaft the main rigging on the port side. He seemed to be searching intently at the glowing sun. I saw the men consulting together, and then one stepped forward. He was a big, brawny collier. Picking up a heaver, he stole behind the mate and brought the iron bar down with crushing force upon his head, dashing his brains out with the force of the blow. The mate fell forward, crushed aft, picked up the body and dropped it overboard with the sextant. A few buckets of water washed away all evidence of the crime, and the men resumed work.

"'At four bells the old man came on deck and looked around for the mate, but not seeing him went below again. In the mean time I was relieved, and went forward. "Did you see anything," asked the collier. "No," I answered. "I am glad of it," was the reply, "for there's more heavers in the ship." Passing by the main rigging, I looked over; blood and brains bespattered the chain plates. I drew a bucket of water and washed it off.

"'I had scarcely finished when the skipper came on deck again, very much excited. "Who's seen the mate?" he asked. No one had. The ship was searched, but no mate was found, and at last the search was given up, the Captain concluding that his chief officer had fallen overboard, though how was a mystery.

"'We arrived in Liverpool all safe, and I shipped mate acting as first and the boatswain as second officer. The tragic story was never told, and I have lived in hell ever since.'

"The excitement which had kept the mate up now failed him, and he fell back on the table with the death rattle in his throat. And there, amid the shrieking of the wind and the howling of the vessel, the poor fellow died, the little oil lamp casting a weird light on his pale, convulsed features.

"There, sir," concluded the mate, "was a crime which was never avenged, for though we laid the facts before the proper officials in Liverpool, the murderer was never discovered. Yes, sir, the sea has many mysteries."

EVICTING AMERICANS.

An English Land Company Turning Western Farmers Out of their Homes.

DES MOINES, Oct. 8.—The brief telegram from Washington reciting sundry cruel evictions in northwestern Iowa has been doubted here. One of the most reliable citizens of O'Brien county was asked last night as to the truthfulness of the despatch and instantly endorsed it. In regard to the English land company which is said to be turning American citizens out of their homes, he said: "It certainly is true. They are an old firm reorganized into the Western Land Company. They bought from the old McGregor Western, or its assigns, the Milwaukee and the Sioux City Companies, some lands granted to the McGregor Western in 1864, but never earned, for the road was never built. When Teller was Secretary of the Interior, he and the Land Commissioner both declared the lands unearned, and promised to open them for settlement. On the faith of these declarations and promises, some settlers went on these lands and built their homes. The English syndicate now has the railroad title, and proposes to keep possession. They evicted at least 100 families. Before they get through the number will be increased to 140."

"You say you know some of the families. Were any of those you know of subjected to undue severity in the evictions?"

"Yes, the Finch family locked their doors against the intruders, but the doors and windows were broken in, and they were carried out and compelled to spend the night on the public road. In the case of Nels Nelson, the same thing happened, and his wife was so terrified by a troop of armed men, and by levies on his live stock and furniture that he succumbed and signed the company's lease. Others have been terrorized into doing the same thing. In one case with which I am perfectly familiar, the mother-in-law, who is a member of the family, was sick abed. She was carried out into a hard rain and compelled to spend the night there, and in the morning seek such shelter as the family could find for her. These are only a few of the cases I personally know, but they will do for a sample of about a hundred that have occurred and half as many more that are threatened."

The Trouble on the Crow Reservation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—The Secretary of the Interior to-day sent telegraphic orders to Indian Inspector Armstrong, now at Hoyt, Kansas, to proceed at once to the Crow Agency in Montana and make a thorough investigation of all agency affairs with a view to ascertaining the cause of the recent trouble there.

Ceremony Unnecessary.

From the Omaha World.

Evening Bore—The clock is not running, I see.

Pretty Girl—No, it has been out of order for some time.

"To be frank with you, I was wondering if it was not time I was going, and you know it is not polite to look at one's watch in company."

"Oh, don't stand on ceremony in this house I beg of you."

But Still She Got There.

From the Wilmington News.

A man whose zeal outstripped his knowledge of yachting parlance exclaimed when he saw one bellatin: "It's all up with us; we'll lose the race. The Volunteer has broken out her spinnaker."

WOOL DEALERS COMPLAIN.

They Say Foreign Wool is Admitted Almost Free of Duty.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 8.—The *Globe-Democrat* publishes an article on wool in which it says: "The depressed condition of the wool market has so mystified the wool factors that a secret investigation has recently been on foot which promises to expose a gigantic ring among Eastern manufacturers and New York and Boston Custom House officials. The investigators have discovered that choice unwashed Australian wools, which cost twenty-one cents in European markets, are taking the place of American wools of the same grade, which are sold in the home market for twenty-seven cents. But the tariff on the foreign article is ten cents per pound, which ought to make it cost the American buyer thirty-one cents, not counting expenses of shipping. One of the discoveries made was that the Custom House officials in New York had been undervaluing wool entered at that port, thus reducing the tariff to such an extent as to enable the higher grades to sell below even the medium and lower grades of the American article.

"One instance in particular showed a saving of twenty cents on each pound. Scoured wool, on which the tariff is thirty, was entered as waste wool at ten cents per pound, and it came in by the ship load, the Custom House officers passing it in this manner with a readiness that gave rise to very loud suspicions of crookedness. In this particular case, however, Secretary Fairchild interposed his authority, and scoured wool is now paying full duty of thirty cents. Similar transactions of even greater magnitude are alleged by the wool men, who declare that a ring exists among certain manufacturers and importers in the East and the exporters beyond the Atlantic. This ring, it is charged, includes Custom House employees and perhaps officials in both New York and Boston."

Said a leading Commissioner: "I believe one of the biggest rings ever organized in this country has been manipulating the wool market through connivance with Custom House authorities at New York and Boston. They have, by undervaluation, passed millions of pounds of wool through the ports, and have loaded the market with it. They have been able to supply the demand with foreign wools at prices that defied American competition, and, while we have been at their mercy, we knew nothing of their existence. There is no doubt that an amazing amount of crookedness has been in progress, and that somebody has benefited immensely by it. Our organization is bound to stop it, and when that is accomplished I think the condition of affairs will suddenly improve."

LOVELY WOMAN IN PERSIA.

She Must be Neither Fat Like the Elephant nor Lean Like the Camel, and it is a Good Thing for her Eyebrows to Run Together.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Eastern women are pitied as unhappy beings on the theory that they are imprisoned in a gilded cage closely guarded by very ugly eunuchs, and relieved only by their efforts in attempting to catch the smiles of a jealous lord, as they sprawl in graceful attitudes on silken cushions. Their only other occupation is understood to be devouring immense quantities of sweetmeats in order to become corpulent; their only amusement the pleasure of poisoning rival wives and leading interminable lives of the "Arabian Nights" pattern.

It is true that with the Turk beauty must be fat. It is not so, however, with the Persian; he has the appreciation of a connoisseur for the *juste milieu*. A stout woman in Persia is spoken of as an elephant, while the leaner ones are generally called camels. Though the ideal largely varies, the Persians do not mince matters in speaking of the fair sex.

The veil, which is habitually worn out of doors even by the very poor in all great towns in Persia, though its use is unknown among the tribes who form at least a third of the whole population, is clung to by the women as a privilege. It is, in fact, a domino. The Persian woman out of doors is unrecognizable even by her husband. She sees without being seen, and in the veil it is impossible to detect the age of the wearer. As the Persian lady is nearly always married at 14, she begins to fade at 27 at latest, at 30 she appears 50, and there are only two dentists in the whole of Persia.

Polygamy is the rule in Persia, and in the upper and middle classes bigamy is the rule. A man's first alliance is a marriage de convenance, the second either a marriage for love or for the gratification of vanity. When your Persian brings home a second wife there is usually a scene which lasts for a week or two; there is a struggle for mastery, and the latter soon sees her two wives do their best to please the master of the house, but they do not attempt to poison each other unless in very exceptional circumstances. But Persian ladies still believe in the efficacy of love philters, and many an abomination is secretly administered to unfortunate husbands. Stupefy the love philter, though it is composed of horrible ingredients, is quite harmless.

The bath takes up a good deal of the time of all Persian women. Even the poorest will attend the Hamman at least once a week. For the lady the bath is one of the serious affairs of life, and takes up daily from two to four hours. It is a social gathering more than our idea of a bath. The victim is scraped and rubbed and parboiled. The soles of the feet are pumiced until they are as soft and tender as those of a little child. The hair is thoroughly washed by means of hot water and the saponaceous clay for which Shiraz is celebrated. Then the attendants mix in a brazen bowl the aromatic henna with the requisite amount of lemon juice, till a brown paste of the consistency of gruel is produced, and several handfuls of the repulsive-looking compound are smeared over the lady's head. Then the hair, collected into a mass, is bound up in cabbage leaves. Small quantities of the dye are then smeared over the eyebrows; the soles of the feet, the toes, the palms of the hands, and the finger tips are also covered with it. And now the lady has to sit perfectly still for from one to three hours, till, like a meerschaum pipe, she colors; and it is exactly the color obtained on the best specimens of the pipes that is most fashionable among Persian ladies. Day after day the bath is thronged with women, each sitting perfectly still for the color to "take." But they have their reward, for the henna dyes the hair a beautiful deep warm chestnut; hence gray hair is unknown among Persian ladies.

While the coloring process has been going on tongues have been running, and a good deal of scandal has been exchanged. The female barber with a pair of tweezers has removed every outlying hair from the region of the lady's eyebrows. It is the ambition of every Persian woman that her eyebrows shall meet, or at least appear to do so. So attractive are eyebrows that meet that they are called the "bridge of love." The first care, then, of the Persian beauty is with a little pencil of antimony to unite her eyebrows, and then she proceeds to make them appear of unnatural thickness. Her eyelashes are pencilled, too, in a manner not unknown to our own countrywomen. By this time the lady will have smoked many kalians or water pipes, she will have partaken of tea and regaled herself with coffee. Iced sherbets, too, will not have been wanting. Her finger tips, nails, and palms, as well as the soles of her feet and toes, have attained a bright chestnut hue, which will last a week. The hair is carefully washed once more. It is seldom under a yard long, often much more, for the Persian woman never cuts her hair, except in front, perhaps, when two heavy love locks are left on either side of the face. The ladies now return home for the moonlight breakfasts. After breakfast there is generally a siesta, and this in a hot country is almost a necessity. About 4 tea and pipes appear, and then the lady receives callers or pays visits, or perhaps does a little shopping or takes the air mounted on her ambling mule or a donkey of snowy whiteness.

The Persian lady is a good housewife, she rises with the dawn, she is liberal in her housekeeping, kind to her servants—a little profuse, perhaps, but then living is cheap in the East. The keys of everything are in the keeping of the mistress of the house, and she is usually exact in her account. All the vast stock of conserves and sweetmeats, syrups for the preparation of sherbets, and pickles in endless variety are either prepared by her own fingers or under her eyes. Nor does she disdain to be confectioner and maker of pastry.

As evening approaches—the long and elaborate Persian dinner being partaken of among the upper classes by the sexes apart—she prepares to entertain her husband; he will play to him upon the lute or harmonica; she will sing to him or read him to sleep with poetry, or she will play with him at backgammon or chess, or recite to him long stories in the style of the "Arabian Nights." When he is sick she nurses him, and it is her pride to see that his wardrobe is well supplied and his servants well clad. She will intrigue for him, plead for him, lie for him, and has been known to die for him. She will even carry her complaisance so far as to find another wife for him.

Funeral of Ex-Gov. Washburn.

GREENFIELD, Mass., Oct. 8.—The funeral of ex-Gov. W. B. Washburn took place at 2½ P. M. to-day from his late residence. The Rev. S. H. Lee, formerly pastor of the Second Congregational Church here, and Gov. Washburn's former pastor, with President Seelye of Smith's College, officiated. Eloquent words of eulogy were spoken by both gentlemen. Gov. Ames and staff were present, with several noblemen from abroad. The residence on Main street was taxed to its fullest capacity to accommodate the large crowds. The body lay in state in the west room. The floral tributes were beautiful in design and very numerous. Special trains came up from Springfield carrying the President, directors, and prominent stockholders of the Connecticut River Railroad. Every store was closed this afternoon. The remains were interred in Green River Cemetery.

E. S. Wheeler in a Police Court.

HARTFORD, Oct. 8.—E. S. Wheeler, the New Haven bankrupt, appeared in the police court here today to answer a charge of obtaining money on false pretenses, brought by a local bank two weeks ago. The case was by agreement continued for two weeks.

Gen. S. H. Merwin, trustee of the insolvent estate of E. S. Wheeler & Co., has issued a statement of the firm's affairs to the creditors. The total assets supposed to be available some time are shown to be $81,[illegible]40.74. The liabilities shown by the books are $1,[illegible],445.62.

MATERIAL FOR A NOVEL.

SAD LIFE HISTORY OF A BEAUTIFUL BROOKLYN GIRL.

Adopted While a Child By a Rich New Yorker She Becomes a Belle and Falls in Love With Her Own Brother—The Denouement—Her Reason Dethroned.

From the Brooklyn Times.

In a little white frame cottage on Liberty avenue, near Wyckoff street, in the town of New Lots, twenty-seven years ago, lived Louis Hart and his wife, Catharine. They had four remarkably pretty children. Three were boys, and the other, the youngest, Marguerite, was a beautiful little girl but 18 months old. She, of course, was the pet of the family.

The father of this interesting family was a hard-working man, and earned but small wages, barely sufficient to supply the necessaries of life. In addition to this he was affected with lung trouble. He was a brushmaker by trade.

Next door to the Harts lived a middle-aged gentleman by the name of Edward Wilder. This Wilder was a rich man. His East New York residence he occupied only a few months in summer. His winter quarters were in New York city, not far from Fifth avenue. He formerly had a butcher stand in Washington Market, where after years of patient labor he amassed a competence. He then retired from business. Some lucky investments in real estate made him a millionaire.

Mr. Wilder, although passionately fond of children, had no little ones of his own. He often called upon the Hart family, and admired the little Marguerite. He had noticed the struggles of the head of the family to keep the wolf from the door, and observed with sorrow that the poor man's strength was unequal to the tasks imposed upon it. The baby antics of the little Marguerite had also worked upon his affections, and a great love for the little one arose in his heart.

One day Mr. Hart returned from his work sick in body and mind. Destitution stared him in the face. His rich neighbor's sympathy was aroused, and, calling upon Mr. Wilder, the latter made a proposition to him. He stated how he had become attached to little Marguerite, how he had noticed their circumstances, and wound up by offering to adopt the little one.

The poor man could not bring himself at once to part with his child, and asked for time to consider the matter. But Mr. Wilder had set his heart upon gaining possession of the little one and offered to settle an annuity upon the boys if his proposition were accepted. He also offered to divide between the boys a valuable plot of land lying in the northern part of New York State. He insinuated that were he should once have possession of the child it should never again be reclaimed by its parents under any circumstances, and that Marguerite should never be made acquainted with the fact that he was other than her own father. Quite an affecting scene ensued. The parents did not want to let the child go, but at last came to the conclusion that it was the best thing under the circumstances and gave the child into Mr. Wilder's keeping.

Mr. Wilder immediately took Marguerite to his New York establishment, and she grew up to be a very beautiful young woman, admired by all. She was of the blonde type, with deep blue eyes and golden hair and skin like alabaster. Her figure was superb. She was the belle of her set, and many were her suitors. But she had not as yet met her affinity.

In the summer of 1883 her father took her to Newport, where she was the acknowledged belle. It was generally known that she was an heiress, and that, with her beauty, brought many suitors to her feet. Among the many handsome young Lieutenant of the United States Navy. He was a young man with many virtues and but few faults. He was a frequent attendant at divine services. They met at the church. A mutual reciprocation sprang up between the young people, and they were often seen upon the sands of Newport enjoying one another's society. It was a handsome couple, admired by all but envied by none. Society began to whisper that it was a match. Society for once was right. The friendship of the young couple in course of time ripened into a warmer feeling, and one beautiful moonlight night the young man rose to the occasion and the inevitable "proposal" was made. Marguerite had been expecting this for some time, but, like a dutiful daughter, asked for time to consider her answer, and in the mean time referred the whole matter to her father. Her reasons for so doing were that she was an heiress and he was comparatively poor. People would look upon her as a mercenary creature. She was not sure but that her supposed father might also.

Mr. Wilder listened attentively to Marguerite's story, and at the conclusion he smiled, and, clasping her to his bosom, kissed her, at the same time assuring her that if he found the young man's character and antecedents to be satisfactory, he would be no bar to the consummation of their happiness.

That same day Mr. Wilder went out, and did not return until late. He appeared to be depressed and went to bed without saying a word. The next day at the breakfast table he proposed to his little family that they take a trip to Europe. Marguerite was delighted at the idea, but when this proposition was made she understood it as meaning that her father would not give his consent to her marriage, and her heart failed her for the moment. There was something wrong. She asked him for his answer. Mr. Wilder evaded her questionings as long as he could, but when she stated that if he did not get his consent to their union she would leave her supposed parents and go to her lover the old man was obliged to divulge the secret of years, and informed her that the man she loved was her own brother, Frederick Hart.

The poor girl fainted. When she came to she was delirious. She was removed to her bed, where she remained for several weeks, and when she arose it was seen that her brain was seriously affected. Her lover's name was constantly on her lips.

When Mr. Wilder started out to inquire into the young man's character and found that he was none other than his adopted daughter's own brother, Fred Hart, he was stunned. The young man was made acquainted with the fact of his relationship and took it to heart. A few days afterward his body was found in the river.

After Marguerite had recovered sufficiently to bear the news, her adopted parents told her of the death of her lover. She became affected with melancholia, and gradually grew worse, until now it is thought necessary to place her in some institution where she will receive proper treatment and possibly recover.

With that end in view Mr. Wilder visited a well-known medical expert in this city yesterday and arrangements were made for placing her in a private institution in this county.

INDIA AS A WHEAT PRODUCER.

Consul-General Bonham Says she is a Dangerous Competitor of the United States.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—The report of Consul-General Bonham at Calcutta, British India, treats at length of the wheat interests of that country. The area devoted to wheat in 1886 was about 27,500,000 acres, and the total yield 289,000,000 bushels. As compared with the wheat of the Pacific coast, the Ind