The Sun.

FOR

1888.

The year 1888 promises to be a year of splendid political developments, one and all redounding to the glory and triumph of a

UNITED DEMOCRACY.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1888.

A Rising Statesman.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that the attacks of the Opposition are now almost entirely directed against Governor HILL. No other Democratic leader would seem to be thought of just at present by the enemies of Democracy. The Republican *Tribune* and Mugwump *Times*, moved by some strange and unwonted sympathy, are with one mind making war upon the Governor.

The latest object of this combined attack is the report of the legislative committee appointed to investigate the expenditures in the construction and furnishing of the Executive Mansion at Albany. At the head of this committee stands Gen. J. W. HUSTED, the ablest, most experienced, and most orthodox Republican leader in the Legislature. With seven of his colleagues in the committee, he reports that the expenditures in question were all right, and that the Governor was blameless. Along with this report a minority of three members, all Republicans, set forth their views in a separate document declaring that there has been no fraud or corruption in the case.

Thus the Governor is exonerated by both the majority and the minority of the committee; and yet our Republican friends and their Mugwump allies agree in proclaiming, not that the charges against him are shown to be groundless and worthless, but that he has been merely whitewashed!

What can be the reason that both Republicans and Mugwumps are just now so zealous in attacking Governor HILL and endeavoring to drag him down in the public estimation?

The New Methodist Revival.

It has been a triumphant week for Brother HARRISON'S Methodist revival in the Jane Street Church. The three days' jubilee in celebration of the conversion of a thousand sinners, which came to an end at daylight of yesterday morning, was successful in every respect from first to last. Many sinners were gathered in, besides the thousand who had been previously harvested. There were love feasts, and hallelujah services, and enduement prayers, and cyclone sermons, and free-lunch tables laden with the generous gifts of the ladies who tended them. We do not recall another such festive jubilee at any Methodist revival in this city.

The work of revivalism will be resumed today by young Brother HARRISON and Undertaker MERRITT, and it is to be kept up just as long as sinners can be brought under its power. The first thousand converts are eager to welcome the next thousand, who are sure to be gathered in before long if the revival be not blighted by an untimely frost.

Two things have been made evident in the course of Brother HARRISON'S revival. Few of the sinners glorying in their conversion have any proper understanding of the true nature of the religion to which they have given allegiance, and not one of the preachers or exhorters has taught them that it requires a new life in practice, a complete change from their past evil ways, a conforming of their daily conduct to the demands of those laws of righteousness, or right doing, which are held aloft in the Scriptures. In consequence of this ignorance on one side and neglect on the other, the converts of the past few weeks are still in danger as great as that which they rejoice in having escaped from. The sinner should be warned that he must quit wrongdoing, and become an example of the power of religion to make its convert a doer of the right in all the business and conduct of life. If he has been a liar, he must become a truth teller; if a cheat, he must turn to honesty; if a trickster, he must change his habit; if a foul-mouthed man, he must cleanse his tongue; in short, if he be a man of any evil practice, he must adopt the ways of righteousness under penalty of damnation.

This is the religion of the Scriptures, the requirement of the prophets and apostles; and no man is truly converted until he governs his daily life thereby.

If the thousand or twelve hundred sinners who, during the past few weeks, have gloried in their conversion through Brother HARRISON, shall really stand out as practitioners of the righteousness of true religion, the people of this city will soon become aware of the new influence that is at work among them, and the vilest of sinners will recognize the excellence of their example, and, we hope, be led to copy it.

Us.

At the house warming of the new Reform Club on Thursday night, Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL said, among other original and interesting things, that "we [the Reform Club] ought to be thankful that this tariff reform enterprise has been reserved for us." Whereat there was great applause from Us.

And pray who is or are Us? Who are the elect and mighty champions to whom the glory of basting the tariff and scattering ruin through an indignant land has been reserved by fate? Who are the young MILLERS and MORRISONS of Us, the little lump of leaven that is to leaven the whole lump of these United States, the Cobdenite CLEISTHENES who are going to juggle an immense majority into a minority? Mr. LOWELL is much of Us, but he is more interested in literature and English society than in wigging the tariff. Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS lends dignity to Us, but he is too comfortable in his Easy Chair to give great labor to the task of reforming the taxes. Mr. HENRY L. PIERCE of Boston counts for more than most of Us, but chocolate and mild Mugwump politics and European travel will not give Mr. PIERCE, whose health has not been of the strongest, time to reserve for himself much share in the great enterprise of Us. Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER has his law and his civil service reform, and so cannot do all he would like for Us. EUGENE BLACKFORD and ROBERT ROOSEVELT have other fish to fry. Mr. ELBERT ELLERY ANDERSON is too busy with clients and politicians to devote himself to Us. Mr. G. HAVEN PUTNAM is all for international copyright. Mr. "LARRY" GODKIN has his divvie to down and the universe to run, and must, to a regrettable extent, give up to his individual self what was meant for Us.

Who, then, are the active Usites who are to rescue this down-trodden land from the sin and shame of protection? We append a few of the names so famous and heavy that the Robber Barons will tremble as they read of them in their citadels of steel and circumvallations of iron:

A PARTIAL LIST OF US.

ADAMS, S. G.,	LE GROS, G.,
BRYAN, G. F.,	MILLER, C. R.,
BOWSON, W. H.,	OGDEN, F. F.,
ELLIOTT, D. G.,	PALMER, C.,
FLAGG, W. J.,	RUSSELL, J. G.,
GANTZ, W. H.,	SCHERMERHORN, C. L.,
HINMAN, JASON,	TRAITEL, E. F.,
HAMMERSCHLAG, J.,	UNDERWOOD, F. L.,
JOHNSON, J. G.,	VALLANDIGHAM, E. M.,
KAHN, E. D.,	WOODWARD, C. A.

These names are of the names of Us.

These are the heroes of Us, the tremendous minority that is to drive the tariff into the ground. How few are the elect compared with the unregenerate or reprobate! Yet when the American people read what masterful statesmen are the men of Us, will they not have to give up the tariff? What is disturbing the business interests of the country compared to disturbing Us?

Deeper Views of the Outer Universe.

The recent completion of the LICK telescope has awakened anew the popular interest in celestial discoveries, and the monster refractor gives promise of revelations worthy of the ambition of the founder of the Mount Hamilton Observatory. The huge object lens of this telescope when bared to the sky collects more than 30,000 times as much light as normally enters the pupil of the human eye. The accuracy of its expansive grasp upon the illimitable multitude of radiations which stream from all quarters of the heavens, has already been demonstrated. Hardly had it been turned to the sky before a star hitherto unknown to astronomers fell within its ken. This is a most minute twinkler within the celebrated Trapezium of Orion. The Trapezium itself is not a naked-eye phenomenon; it is a quadrangle of stars, which telescopes show, situated in a gap in the great Orion nebula, and so placed that its four stars appear to surround a blank space in the nebula, a sort of window through that wonderful wall of gold-green gauze seeming to open upon the blackness of empty space beyond.

Right in this central void the great telescope detected the gleam of a little sun—little as it appears to us, though, perhaps, magnificently great could we approach within the orbits of its circling planets. Astronomers generally are of opinion that the stars of the Trapezium have some kind of connection with the nebula that surrounds them; possibly they have been formed from that nebula. But whether this new star is a member of the same cosmic family, or a star beyond, whose light, coming from unthinkable distance, streams through the gap to us, is a question. More probably it is really situated within, or near, the nebulous group. If its actual situation corresponds with that which it appears to hold, and if it is one of those suns that are attended by inhabited globes, the imagination can have no more inspiring theme. Engulfed in a gaseous universe, surrounded by the primordial stuff out of whose formless masses, in the course of millions of ages gravitation will shape a galaxy of suns and planets, these remote children of space stand on the very threshold of creation.

All around in their heavens is preparation; the play of demiurgic forces, the rush of nebulous streams, the clash of meteoric masses. The foundations of a universe are being laid there. With the exception of their own sun and its planets, and the stars of the Trapezium and a few other solar neighbors, everything about them is inchoate. They are surrounded by the rocking elements of chaos, which are slowly yielding to the reign of laws tremendous enough to master even them. How clear to their eyes those changes in that monstrous nebula, heaving with mighty impulses, and which the astronomers of the earth strain their vision to the uttermost, with the aid of the most powerful telescopes, only to perceive faintly and to guess at doubtingly! The error could never enter their minds, that found lodgment for so long in our quiet neighborhood or forgotten worlds, that their sun-revealed mote was the acme of creative achievement.

The views which the LICK telescope have given of the great nebula itself, are described as unspeakably magnificent. How splendid the sight must have been may be judged from the statement of the observers, that so many intricate details were brought into view that months would be required merely to make a satisfactory record of them! Yet only the central part of the nebula could be got into the field of the telescope at once, and the whole nebula appears to the naked eye simply as a faint speck, or a misty-looking star. To have seen the field of the great telescope filled with flocculent masses, gigantic streams of nebulous matter, clouds of luminous haze monstrous in form, mysterious in significance, with here and there gaps and gulfs opening, vast enough to swallow many solar systems like ours, must have seemed like being poised beside MILTON'S Satan on the brink of that wild abyss:

"Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand."

From the Orion nebula the astronomers who enjoyed the privilege of first testing the powers of the LICK telescope in its mountain-crowning dome, turned to Saturn. The ring-encircled planet is a suprising object, even with the smallest astronomical telescope, and with large instruments it presents a thousand points of interest to the trained eye. The magnifying power employed was 1,000 diameters. This was not a greater power than has frequently been applied to the scrutiny of Saturn, but in this case it was extraordinarily effective on account of the immense light-grasping power of the instrument. The divisions and markings of the great rings were beautifully sharp and distinct, while in the centre hung the huge globe, slightly tinged with rose color about the equator, and steel blue at the pole, and encircled by alternate lighter and darker bands. Saturn has three main rings, one within another, the innermost being the celebrated gauze ring. Upon the flat surfaces of the brighter rings, and particularly the middle ring, shadings were visible which, according to Prof. KEELER, one of the observers, suggested an "annular concentric structure." Between the middle ring and the gauze ring there was a narrow, perfectly black division, instead of a gradual blending of one into the other, such as has heretofore been represented. The outer ring exhibited a very remarkable appearance. Its outermost edge was the brightest part of it. One-fifth of the distance from the outer to the inner edge was a fine black line, following the curve of the ring, as slender as a spider's thread, but perfectly sharp and distinct against the golden background. This singular line marked the beginning of a dark shading on the surface of the ring, which extended completely across, but gradually diminished in intensity as it approached the inner edge. No piece of the finest jewelry could compare in delicate beauty with those rings marked with strange lines and shadings.

The rings of Saturn have always been more or less of a puzzle to astronomers. Under the laws of gravitation, it was almost a miracle that they should have been left suspended there, while the huge ball of the planet was forming itself within them. The enormous flat surfaces that they present are unlike anything else in the visible creation. They vary in width from rim to rim from 9,000 to over 17,000 miles, and the diameter of the outermost ring is upward of 170,000 miles. We speak of great level plains on the earth's surface; but such plains really are not level, but partake of the curvature of the earth. The rings of Saturn, however, have level surfaces. And yet demonstrably they cannot be solid, but are probably composed of unnumbered millions of little bodies, circulating around the planet in such close proximity to one another that with the most powerful telescopic aid we cannot distinguish the individual members of these satellite armies. What, then, is the meaning of the lines and shadings detected by the LICK telescope? We may here be on the threshold of a most interesting discovery.

In the mean time other great telescopes have not been idle. In the clear sky of Nice, M. PERROTIN has recently been pursuing the surprising investigation of the condition of the surface of Mars, begun ten or twelve years ago by SCHIAPPARELLI. He has again confirmed SCHIAPPARELLI'S discovery of those singular phenomena on Mars that have been termed canals. The equatorial regions of the planet are covered with a network of them, and they are of enormous magnitude—fifty to eighty miles broad and in some cases 2,000 miles long. M. PERROTIN has also studied the motions of clouds in Mars's atmosphere, and even detected, as he believes, the shadows of the clouds upon the landscape beneath them. That Mars is a globe supplied with an atmosphere and water seems, in view of the evidence adduced, an indisputable fact. Whether it has inhabitants is another question. It is at least interesting to know, from the laws of gravitation, that, while Mars is a small planet compared with the earth, it may be the home of giants fourteen feet tall.

A large part of the work recently done with great telescopes has been in the direction of celestial photography. Less than three years ago the HENRY brothers of the Paris Observatory discovered, with their great photographing telescope, a nebula in the Pleiades which the most powerful telescopes had failed to reveal to the eye, although a well-known star named Maia was partly enveloped in it. The photographic film had proved more sensitive than the human retina, and showed that the heavens may contain many wonders that the eye, with its limited powers of vision, cannot detect, although their chemical radiations may be perfectly apparent. Since then a few of the largest telescopes have shown faint traces of this mysterious nebula. But lately the Paris astronomers have vastly increased their photographic discoveries, and Mr. ROBERTS of Liverpool has seconded them. He has obtained pictures of the Pleiades showing a marvellous nebulous structure there, the gaseous matter being spread between and among the stars in streams, wisps, and fleecy masses. It was long ago shown that the Pleiades are probably an associated group of suns having a common motion and a common destiny. Now it appears that they may have a common source of solar fuel in the huge nebulous mass which envelops them.

Thus in the quiet of the observatories, when most of the world is asleep, human eyes and brains are pushing out further and further into the deeps of space, and finding everywhere additional evidence of the unity in substance and design of the great universe in which we dwell.

What to Do for Our Daughters.

Mr. WALTER BESANT, so well known as the collaborator of Mr. JAMES RICE in the production of a series of very ingenious novels, has also a fondness for writing essays on social subjects, and one of these, in an April magazine, has started a very lively discussion in England.

It is on that exceedingly troublesome and distressing phase of the woman question—what to do for unmarried women who were not brought up to work, who have no aptitude for any particular work, and who yet must support themselves. We know how serious this problem may be in our older communities, but in England, owing to various causes, chief among which is the continuous agricultural depression, it has now become of really alarming importance. There has long been in that country what Mr. BESANT calls an "army of necessitous gentlewomen," of women "who have known better days," and who have sunk into what amounts to genteel pauperism; but since the agricultural depression of late years the army has greatly increased.

As he points out, it is not merely the landlords and farmers who are suffering from this cause. All the trade of the small towns droops with agriculture; professional men lose their practice; clergymen get less from their glebes and dissenting ministers from their congregations. There has also been during the last thirty years a vast increase of the "cultivated classes," because of the diffusion of education among both the poor and the rich. "The thickness of the cultured stratum grows greater every day."

The consequence is that the number of educated and cultivated women who are trying to earn a living, has both actually and proportionately been enormously augmented. Besides those impoverished by the agricultural depression, "the daughters, who in the last generation would have joined the working girls," have now acquired tastes and habits which unfit them for such employment. So far as the making of a living is concerned, their education has therefore been a disadvantage to them. They also belong to the very circles of society in which the marriage rate has declined, and their chances of matrimony therefore are less than they were before. Yet when they enter the labor market they have nothing except "general intelligence" to offer in the competition, and of that the supply, even among men alone, much exceeds the demand. There is another very serious consideration. If women are to get the work, they must do so by underbidding men, and thus their entrance into employments on a great scale tends to make the labor question still more troublesome.

Mr. BESANT takes the extreme ground that "no woman should be forced to work at all, except at such things as please her," and to him it seems "a shame that a lady should ever have to stand in the labor market for hire like a milkmaid at a statute fair." Accordingly, he urges that the plan which prevails in France, of providing an endowment for every daughter of a family, should be followed in England, so that whether married or single, she should have something to depend on, no matter how small.

In France, as it is well known, no girl born of respectable parents is unprovided with a *dot*, however poor her family may be. As soon as she is born they begin to accumulate a dowry for her, well knowing that without a *dot* she can never be married. In Germany this custom is not so prevalent, but there are societies, on something resembling the tontine plan, for the express purpose of providing for unmarried women. On the birth of a daughter, a father puts her name on the books of such a company, and every year pays a small sum on her account. If at 25 she is still unmarried, she receives the right of living rent free in two rooms, and becomes entitled to a small annuity. If she marries she gets nothing, and therefore those who marry pay for those who remain single, the system being in the nature of an insurance against the chances of matrimony. As four girls out of five marry, the spinster gets five times her premium. If, for instance, her father had paid $25 a year for her for twenty-one years, she would get at compound interest about $5,000.

Mr. BESANT therefore advocates some analogous method of providing endowments for daughters in England, so that they may be sure of an annuity which will save them from the ranks of the "necessitous gentlewomen," and his suggestion is bringing out a vast amount of correspondence from the fathers of families and from spinsters. How large is the number of people in England who have a vital interest in the subject may be inferred from the fact that in 1881, of 3,000,000 women then eligible for marriage, about 500,000 were 35 years of age, or even older.

The subject is also likely to provoke discussion in our own country, for what to do for daughters is one of the most serious questions that disturb all parents of small or moderate incomes.

Gone to the Bottom.

There is little or no hope now left for the safety of the yacht Cythera, and less doubt that she was lost with all on board during the terrible blizzard of March 12. She belonged to Commodore W. A. W. STEWART of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian, Eastern, and Larchmont Yacht Clubs. Mr. STEWART was on board with a guest, Mr. C. SMITH LEE, a member of the New York and Corinthian Yacht Clubs, and the yacht was in command of Capt. WM. PHIPPS, who had a well-selected and well-trained crew. It is sad to believe that they are all lost, and somewhat surprising to think that so powerful a yawl, rigged specially for heavy weather, could not stand any amount of storms at sea. She was regarded as about the ablest craft of the English type that ever came to this country; and only last summer her owner remarked pleasantly to a reporter that she was the best country house he could find. She was 95 feet over all, drew 13 feet, and, as she was ballasted with lead in the keel, cutter fashion, it was impossible to capsize her. Just what happened to her is a mystery. If she didn't hit anything, there must have been a weak spot in her construction after all; otherwise a boat apparently so powerful could not founder with the good management which she unquestionably must have had.

When the Mohawk capsized in a little squall, the disaster was attributed to bad seamanship and the alleged treacherous character of the flat and shallow American type of boat; and now a splendid British-built craft, with all the boasted improvements of recent years, is believed to have foundered in a gale through which our own pilot boats, with two exceptions, passed in comparative safety. The exceptions were very old boats, one of them, the Enchantress, being of questionable seaworthiness.

This is a sad lesson for yachtsmen to begin the season with; and it only shows that too much confidence must not be placed in any boat, for there is no such thing as a king or a queen of the ocean.

A Defunct Party.

Dr. MCGLYNN has been denounced as an "enemy of labor" by the Central Labor Union. That body did not mince its language in the resolutions adopted last Wednesday night. It formally repudiated the United Labor party, of which Dr. MCGLYNN has become the leader, and set its seal upon the declaration that the party has "fallen into the hands of the enemies of trade and labor organizations." The vote of the delegates was nearly unanimous.

This declaration marks the death of the United Labor party, and terminates MCGLYNN'S present career as a politician.

It is an inglorious ending of the party and its leader; but the Central Labor Union could not have taken any other course regarding them. The language of repudiation and denunciation is as severe as it could be made; but it is not a whit too severe in view of the facts of the case.

Dr. MCGLYNN is prosecuting an anti-Catholic crusade. He has turned the party into a weapon of attack upon Archbishop CORRIGAN. In his recent speeches he has used the most rancorous language against the Church from which he was expelled, and the clergy who refused to countenance his vagaries. The Central Labor Union could not have sustained his course without ruin to itself, and it properly declared him to be an enemy.

The United Labor party, which was repudiated at the same time as a disreputable party, merits the doom which has thus overtaken it. It has become a mere sham, deserted by its former members, and destitute even of a platform strong enough for its leader to stand on.

The United Labor party was organized by the Central Labor Union, which has now repudiated it. It had a short life, during which it did all the mischief it could, and now that it lies defunct, under the repudiation of the very men who formerly boasted over it, sensible workingmen will join in saying Good Riddance!

Hopes.

"We hope," says that stanch Democratic journal, the *Buffalo Courier*, "that Mr. BLAINE will live to lead his party in the coming campaign."

It is a very suggestive circumstance that those Democrats who are especially devoted to Mr. CLEVELAND, are hoping that BLAINE will be the Republican candidate, while, at the same time, the BLAINE Republicans are resolved that he must have CLEVELAND to run against him. The Democrats think that BLAINE is the easiest of Republicans to defeat, and the Republicans think the same of CLEVELAND.

It is not yet certain that all these people can be gratified. Only the most gifted political prophets know for a certainty what the future has in store.

It was a startling announcement that Undertaker MERRITT made on Friday night at the Methodist revival: "There is a blizzard in hell to-night!" He said he had obtained the news of this fact from a "godly brother," whose identity he did not reveal. If he will kindly send us the name and address of this godly brother, we will promptly despatch a SUN reporter to interview him on the subject. Was the infernal blizzard raised by Satan? Why did he raise it, and what was its effect upon his hosts and the thermometer? If the godly brother of Undertaker MERRITT procures news from Satan, perhaps he is in receipt of the journal which, according to the German poet SCHILLER, is published in hell.

The French Hotel property is destined to the uses of the Brooklyn Bridge and the corporation of New York.

For that reason THE SUN refused to buy it. It was repeatedly urged upon us before Mr. FRENCH thought of selling it to anybody else.

PULITZER hasn't bought it with any idea of transferring his Morgue to the site. He is speculating on the city. That is all. The rest is lies.

Our highly esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Universe*, speaks as if in bitter anger:

"The *New York Herald* is a hog. Rather than give the *Universe* proper credit for letter of Pope LEO XIII. to Cardinal GIBBONS, it makes the misstatement that all the Bishops received the letter, &c. We will fix the *Herald* another time. THE NEW YORK SUN gives proper credit, so do all other papers we have noticed."

We suggest that this is hardly a Christian way of dealing with an offender. The *Herald* may be mistaken; it may even have done wrong; but that is not a sufficient reason for applying to it an epithet so gross and repugnant as that employed by the *Universe*. Gentle rebuke, persuasive admonition, earnest yet forbearing appeal to conscience, form much more suitable means of correction than that adopted by our esteemed contemporary.

The *Washington Post* has formally read THE SUN out of the Democratic party.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Yes, and so they have several times read out SAM RANDALL, the ablest and wisest Democrat alive. But about election time Mr. RANDALL becomes absolutely indispensable, and the readers-out all stand around in terror entreating him to come and run the machine for them.

The revivalist preacher VAN BRUNT, who was hanged last Friday, at Warsaw in this State, for the cold-blooded murder of the brother of his sweetheart, was evidently ignorant of the religion which he urged others to accept. Even while working in the Salvation Army he was a bad-tempered, vicious, erratic fool. He boasted of his conversion, but it was a sham; he sang hymns of praise, but they were an abomination in his mouth; his voice was loud in prayer, but it was false; he wrestled with sinners, while he himself was bound in the service of sin. Preacher VAN BRUNT does not appear to have been taught, when at the altar as a convert, that true religion is a thing which must govern a man outside of his mouth, and stand guard over every act of his life. It is of the utmost importance that the revivalist preachers in this city, who are now striving to convert sinners, should proclaim the practice of religion as well as its faith. VAN BRUNT was hanged upon the murderer's gallows because he had not been brought to realize the necessity of righteous practice among professed converts. The lesson is one that young HARRISON, the revivalist, should not fail to enforce.

There are different sorts of stock actors. For instance, JAMES OWEN O'CONOR is a laughing stock actor.

VIRGINIA REPUBLICANS DIVIDED.

Mahone and John S. Wise Calling Each Other Pet Names.

RICHMOND, April 14.—The wrangle between Mahone and ex-Congressman John S. Wise increases in bitterness, and is giving the canvass in Virginia more than its usual amount of novelty. For instance, John S. Wise is against Mahone, while Richard A. Wise is supporting Mahone, and in several like instances there are bitter differences in the Republican family. Mr. John Wise's long and bitter defence of Mahone had the effect of making Mahone's enemies his own, and there is a third element among the Republicans which is determinedly hostile to both Wise and Mahone. This element is manœuvring to get both of them out of the way.

At present Mahone and Wise are writing bitter letters against each other, in which Wise likens Mahone to a kitten tangled in a ball of twine, and Mahone likens Wise to a baby who has sucked a sugar rag so long that he cries when it is proposed to take it from him. Mahone is now endeavoring to capture Richmond. The outlook seems to point to two, and possibly three Republican Conventions in Virginia—a Wise delegation, a Mahone delegation, and a delegation opposed to both of these—and the National Republican Convention will have to decide between the three.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

The country girls are on the tops of the Fifth avenue stages again. Difficult as the feat of mounting the boxes, and often as it is attended with the gathering of crowds of men, the young women brave it in great numbers. The city girls will renew the practice later in the season, and then only toward dusk, mounting in the gloom at Central Park and making the round trip to dismount at the same place. Another peculiarity about the city maidens who do this is that they always have a trusted masculine companion, who follows close behind each one to make sure that nothing awkward occurs. But this is apparently all nonsense to the country lasses, who mount boldly exactly as they would climb a five-rail fence or swing themselves into the low-headed bough of an apple tree on a wager.

The Thirteen Club sets great store by the single brick that was found in the middle of the door of its club room at Morelli's the other day, after the collapse of the walls of an adjoining building, in which the club formerly had quarters. The brick was detached from the falling mass and crashed through a window. It will be gilded and otherwise ornamented, and thenceforward will be conspicuously displayed among the emblems of the club's defiance of superstitution. If the accident had occurred one day later it would have been on the thirteenth of the month and on the day that is popularly supposed to be the most unlucky of all days, Friday.

Several prominent sporting men of this city were discussing the latest English racing scandal in the Hoffman House cafe when an Englishman who is stopping in the city for a few days, and who is on his way West on a shooting expedition, said:

"I know young Baird, the owner of Mary Hampton, well. He races under the name of 'Mr. Abington,' and is a millionaire. He and the Marquis of Aylesbury, who was warned off the English turf for life last year for pulling horses, were sworn friends. One day last spring I was talking to Baird at Sandown Park, just before a race, when Aylesbury came up, and addressing Baird said:

"'I say, old fellow, I'm a peer of the realm and you're a millionaire, and what do you think I just heard a bloody vagabond without a bit of a shoe to his foot say about us?'

"'Well, what was it?' said Baird. 'Go ahead.'

"'Well,' rejoined Aylesbury, chuckling with suppressed laughter, 'he said that I am the biggest blackguard and you are the biggest thief on the turf.'

"We all burst out laughing and adjourned to a booth to crack a bottle at Baird's expense.'

A Home for Deaf Mutes.

A fair, to run two days, will be opened in St. Mary's Chapel, at Park avenue and Skillman street, Brooklyn, on next Tuesday. It is for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf Mutes, which has recently been founded by a society known as the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes. The home is located on a farm of 156 acres on the Hudson River, between New Hamburgh and Poughkeepsie. For the present the home will only be used for the poor deaf mutes of this state. Funds are necessary to make the work a success, and the charitable are asked to contribute to the fair money or articles that can be sold. The home is laboring under a debt of $10,000.

Gifts can be sent to Mrs. H. L. Juhring, 508 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, or to the general manager of the home, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, 9 West Eighteenth street.

Is It So?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will you kindly answer the following? Did you ever notice how much more infrequent red-headed girls are met with in the evening than in the daytime? I have frequently.

Do they at that time all stay at home, or is their absence attributable to the scarcity of white horses?

NEW YORK, April 13. CONSTANT READER.

Free Medical Information.

"I say, Doc," remarked Brown carelessly, "I read more or less about the danger of going up stairs too rapidly. What's your idea of the safest way?"

"Well, Brown," replied the physician, "I think the least dangerous way for you to go up stairs is in your stocking feet."

Table Chat.

New Boarder (to neighbor at table)—Beastly butter, this. Where does the landlady buy it?

Neighbor—She buys it of me. I'm her grocer.

PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS.

An Easy Explanation.

"No second term for any man,"
A candidate observed,
But soon forgot that simple plan,
And from it widely swerved.

They called him inconsistent; then
The matter he explained,
As other folks are wont to when
An object may be gained.

"I said that Congress ought to pass
A solid act, and firm,
To send our Presidents to grass
After a single term.

"The Congress did not come to taw;
So here I am, you see,
Quite unrestrained by any law,
Unpledged, unhampered, free.

"Some tell me that I gave my word;
A mere opinion, that,
And stubbornness would be absurd;
I know what I am at.

"The people's representatives
To my request said nay,
And that a clear assurance gives
That I'm desired to stay.

"My words were meant, as all must see,
The proper course to show
To those who may come after me,
Not to myself, you know.

"So I among the candidates
Am first, as you perceive,
And I shall work the delegates,
And 'get there,' I believe."

Mr. Scott's $10,000 Cook as an Issue.

From the Fayette Monitor.

Congressman Scott is opposed to protection to home industry, and so is any man who employs a French cook at $10,000 a year. Congressman Scott is the dispenser of Pennsylvania patronage under Cleveland's Administration. Sam Randall, the poor man and the poor man's friend, has to take a back seat in Democratic counsels, and a man who pays his cook a salary of $10,000 a year has the ear of the Administration and controls Pennsylvania appointments. Gentlemen, this is not Democratic; it is neither Jeffersonian nor Jacksonian. Give us back our old commander.

Is Cleveland Sure of It?

From the Rhinebeck Gazette.

The nomination of Cleveland is said to be inevitable. Yet the logic of the situation is against this conclusion. New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey will be the battlefields. Cleveland is not popular with the masses of those States. He excites no enthusiasm. The labor men do not like him. The stanch Democrats distrust him. The captains doubt his capacity, because he is not a trained statesman, and has shown no leadership. In fact his party is not at his back.

The State of New York nominated Hill over the heads of the Administration and elected him without the support of the left wing of the party. This in ordinary times would be an intimation which would be heeded by the leaders in other States, because it is made by the Democrats of a pivotal State who will bear the brunt of the coming battle.

Hill's strength lies in his opposition to Cleveland, and he, as well as his lieutenants, know that any combination with the Administration would excite distrust and deprive him of his following. "I am a Democrat" is his battle cry. "He is a Democrat" is the cry of his captains, and the people respond. Hill assumes distrust in the hearts of Democrats, and he is not mistaken.

The *Times*, the *Evening Post*, and the Mugwumps, with the official power of the Administration at their back, denounce Hill. It is said that the powers at Washington will not consent to his renomination as Governor. Yet it is clear that Hill's renomination is a political necessity in case of Cleveland's renomination. Without him the Democrats will not vote. The Administration must have him or relinquish all hope of success at the polls.

Surely the nomination of a candidate by a disciplined band of regular officials, under the pay and control of the Administration, over the heads of a party strong enough to elect a Governor, in spite of opposition in a pivotal State owing its being to Cleveland, will be hazardous, and will scarcely commend itself to a statesman of cool judgment. Yet we are told it will come to pass.

A new issue which splits the party in two; the abandonment of the platform and ancient principles of the Democracy; the disbanding of the rank and file; the formation of a personal party of organized officials surrendering their convictions to retain places; drilled like soldiers to obey orders, maintained by the Government, fighting for pay under the control of the Executive and the Commission, means disintegration.

Republican Delegates from the Empire State.

From the Chicago Globe.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 9.—It is conceded that if the Empire State delegation in the National Convention is united, its members can name the Presidential nominee. Orders have been issued from the Platt headquarters to harmonize. Warner Miller's friends are also talking harmony. The slate for delegates at large has practically been agreed upon. These are the names it bears: Chauncey M. Depew, Thomas C. Platt, Warner Miller, Frank Hiscock. Kings county has been left out in the cold, and it will stay there unless its sixty-six county delegates stand together for a candidate at large. Rumblings are heard of a Gresham boom. A good many of the old-time Stalwarts have put their shoulders to it, and are pushing it lustily along. They say that if the Blaine men will hold off the national ticket will read: "For President, Walter Q. Gresham of Indiana; for Vice-President, Levi P. Morton of New York." Mr. Platt will not be averse to Judge Gresham's candidacy. Under no circumstances will the ex-Senator countenance the John Sherman movement. To an intimate friend Mr. Platt said not long ago that the nomination of John Sherman would be a calamity; that every friend of Chester A. Arthur would cut the ticket with him at the head. "Why," said Mr. Platt, "I would not vote for Sherman anyhow."

Destitution in England.

From the London Times.

I write from a large and populous rural parish, in which from special causes, into which I need not now enter, the prevailing depression is felt with peculiar severity.

There are around me many farm laborers, decent, steady men, able and willing to do a good day's work, who during this long winter have had no work to do, and would have starved unless I, aided by a few generous friends, had been often able to help them to have a bit of fire in their grate and a loaf of bread on their table.

The general wage for the few men whom the farmers are able to employ is 9s. the week, deduction from this being made for the days (very frequent, alas!) and portions of days during which work cannot be done on this wet clay soil. Two strong youths, aged 18, whom I am just helping to emigrate, have been earning, one 5s. per week and the other 4s. 6d., deductions from these sums being also made for all time lost through the badness of weather. As the mother of one of these lads said to me of his earnings, "It is not enough to find him in food, let alone clothes."

A large proportion of these people are already deeply in debt to the little tradesmen of the place, and are sinking fast into utter despair. In many a village the parson, himself generally with sadly diminished means, is laboring wearily to assist the most grievous cases among his still poorer neighbors. Yours obediently,

JAMES A. BONSER.

SHILLINGTON VICARAGE, BEDS, April 4.

The Sucker Season Opened.

From the Otego Times.

Harvey Brown caught fifty-six suckers near the mouth of Briar Creek last Wednesday in a few hours.

From the Ithaca Journal.

A fisherman, who was angling yesterday for suckers in Fall Creek, surprised himself by catching a California trout weighing about a pound.

From the Dryden Herald.

Talk about suckers, have you seen Mike Dugan's catch? Four pounds and three ounces, and contains 16,000 bones! Now subside, ye sucker boasters.

From the Homesdale Independent.

"Jim" Peters caught a sucker in the pond yesterday that weighed four pounds. We should think he would have needed "suncor" to pull him out.

An Islandless River.

From the Frankfort Roundabout.

Did it ever occur to our readers the fact that, although the Kentucky River is 260 miles long, there is not an island in its whole length, so far as we are advised? This fact was called to our attention this week by an esteemed friend. We doubt if there is another river in the whole country, whose length is the same, that can present a like showing.

Know Her Place.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Why, these are not the shoes I ordered," exclaimed the lady of the house, with extreme vexation; "this is a pair of 310 French kids. I can't afford such shoes as these."

"Beg pardon, Madam," said the messenger, respectfully, "but you've opened the wrong package. This $5 pair is yours. The other was ordered by the hired girl."

Edison's Ear Trumpet for Husbands.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

A lady in La Grange wrote to the wizard, Thomas A. Edison, requesting him to invent a trumpet that would enable her husband to hear. The wizard immediately sat down and wrote the lady to just wait a few months and that husband of hers would think he heard the stars fall ing.

Not Familiar to Him.

Guest (in reading room of hotel, to stranger)—Excuse me, sir, but will you kindly tell me how to spell embarrassment?

Stranger (a Chicago drummer)—H-m—embarrassment. I don't know the word, sir. French, isn't it?

Asthmatic troubles and soreness of the lungs or throat are usually overcome by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure remedy for all coughs, colds, &c.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

Society this last week has been occupied mainly with weddings. Wednesday was absolutely given up to them, and fortunately the sun shone on that day, the down pour of Tuesday having interfered somewhat with the bridal festivities of Miss Hartshorne and Mr. Harry Kane. The upper four hundred were pretty equally divided between the quiet, unpretentious wedding of Miss Moran and Mr. Morgan, and the surging crowd which assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Adelaide Kip and Mr. Philip Rhinelander.

Miss Moran was a charming bride, as simple and unaffected in her manner as she was in her attire, with no display of lace, diamonds, or bridal gifts, and her wedding was conducted with the utmost judgment and good taste. Indeed everything was so well done that no one thing was particularly noticeable, except, indeed, the equipage in which the young couple took their departure, which was absolutely faultless in regard to horseflesh and appointments, including the minor details of liveries and favors. It might easily have done duty at a royal marriage in England.

Miss Kip made a very pretty bride, be ng young and fresh, but the quantity of lace and jewels she wore produced the impression of being uncomfortably rich. The wedding was a very handsome affair, however, and the families of both bride and bridegroom most generous in the presents that they gave.

Miss Hortense Bartlett and Mr. Edward Livingston Burrall were also united on Wednesday, the ceremony immediately preceding the reception in Mr. Bartlett's drawing room. Church weddings are decidedly out of fashion this spring, and the tendency to a quiet solemnization of the matrimonial rite, which has been growing for a year or two, bids fair to establish itself for some little time at least. The glare, bustle, and publicity of church weddings, as they have been conducted of late in this city, have become very distasteful to people of refinement, and, although the sacred edifice may be the proper place for