The Sun.

MONDAY, MAY 14, 1888.

Democratic Clubs in New York.

Though no central organization exists or is contemplated by the Democratic political clubs in this city, their steady growth in influence and membership makes it much more than probable that they will constitute an important factor in the Presidential, State, and municipal contest which will culminate in the election on Nov. 5. During the past few months many additions have been made to the number of permanent political clubs which, while social in character, have for their aim the dissemination of Democratic principles and the support of Democratic candidates. That they can most admirably supplement and support the efforts of the regular organizations has, during the past few years, been conspicuously shown.

Their success has justified the disposition which already existed among Democrats who entertain similar views and who share similar political aspirations, to unite in organizations of this kind. The most important and influential of them is undoubtedly the New Amsterdam Club, a thoroughgoing adjunct to the County Democracy, whose actual headquarters it is, and whose meeting place it has become in New York. So also the Democratic Club of Harlem, which figured so prominently and so creditably in the municipal election of last year, is an organization whose strength, by reason of locality and of membership, is constantly on the increase. The Narragansett Club, in the formation of which Sheriff GRANT was active, corresponds, within the folds of Tammany, to the New Amsterdam Club of the County Democrats. The Narragansett is situated in the Nineteenth Assembly district, and is undoubtedly the most popular political club of the west side.

While these three, the New Amsterdam, the Harlem Democratic, and the Narragansett, are undoubtedly the three most important Democratic clubs in New York, they are by no means the only ones. There is the McClellan Club in the Tenth Assembly district, a Tammany organization in which Judge STECKLER is a prominent member. There is the Thomas Jefferson Association in the Seventh ward, which has a very large influence in the politics of that Democratic stronghold. There is the Jefferson Club of Yorkville, of which Judge MORGAN J. O'BRIEN is President. Then there are the Thomas Jefferson Association of the Fifteenth district, quite recently organized and having already a membership of 250, the Jackson Club of the Ninth ward, the Thomas Jefferson Association of the Sixth Assembly district, of which the Hon. EDWARD MCCUE is President, the Hickory Club of the Fifth ward, with Col. M. C. MURPHY at its head, the Jefferson Club of the Eighteenth Assembly district, the Little Tammany of the annexed wards, and the Jefferson Club of the Twelfth Assembly district.

In fact, the idea of Jefferson Clubs has found such favor that one now exists in nearly every Assembly district in town, and the formation of others is going on. The desire to unite in organizations of this character was shown last year in the case of the Seymour Club, which used to meet at the Morton House on Union square, and has again been shown in the case of the recently incorporated Hancock Club of the upper west side, which has already even more than justified the expectations of its projectors. Scattered throughout the town, and capable, each in its own locality and in its own way, of sustaining Democratic principles, these clubs do not conflict with the regular organizations, but rather assist them.

At the State Convention, which is to meet at the Academy of Music to-morrow, these Democratic clubs will do the honors of the occasion to the delegates from other parts of the State. Exercising a distinct influence, they will unquestionably help to shape the course of the party hereafter, and to bring together Democrats of different factions who, but for their existence and the influence they exert, would be inclined to carry their factional differences to the polls, to the peril and discredit of the party.

The total membership of the Democratic clubs now fully organized in New York is four thousand. Their essential strength lies in the fact that while serving the first purpose of uniting, sustaining, and harmonizing, they do not seek to dominate or direct. Their members are content to support candidates when in nomination, not before.

A Federal Bureau That Should be Abolished.

When Congress established a Bureau of Education, apprehension was expressed that the thing would inflate itself, enlarge the scope of its modest beginning, coolly take possession of undreamed-of fields of labor, trench on functions of Government, and flower out into an ambitious, wasteful, and meddlesome nuisance. The apprehension was justified.

Alaska is one-sixth of the area of the United States. Its population is only 36,000. Alaskans are uncivilized blanket wearers. The separate household is unknown among them. Several families live in one room. In that, children grow up amid filth and indecency. They are carefully taught to lie and steal. In Alaska falsehood and theft are honored. Detection in either is the only disgrace. Polygamy is a venerable institution among these beauties. Two husbands to one woman is another institution, highly esteemed. Alaskan nephews inherit their uncles' wives, and the spectacle of boy husbands to toothless old aunts is frequent. But preëminently beastly and characteristic of the uncivilization of Alaska is the common life of many families in one room, their eating squatted on the ground in a circle around a big iron pot, and their sleeping promiscuously on the floor, wrapped in the skins of animals. Of the 36,000 Alaskans only 2,000 understand the English language.

The Bureau of Education, being a fraud and a folly, could not possibly avoid taking possession of these fragrant savages and going to work to manufacture them into American citizens. The bureau is tumid with the belief that its mission is to make citizens. It refuses to see the line which separates the work of the pedagogue from that of the home, the church, and society. There is a competitive fight between all the bureaus in Washington to get hold of and spend the public money. This Bureau of Education would expose itself to the contempt that insults poverty if it acknowledged the truth that common schools are necessary for the State and special schools for the individual. Therefore it jumped on these bigamous Alaskan savages squatted on the ground in circles around iron pots, as a profitable opportunity for raiding the Treasury and a safe opportunity for wasting public money so far away that the waste cannot be exposed by the newspapers.

So the bureau has actually established schools in Alaska, from 4,000 to 5,000 miles distant from Washington, in a region so absolutely primeval that the materials for school houses and teachers' residences will have to be transported from 1,500 to 4,000 miles, in a region so vast and so solitary that the schools will be from 100 to 1,000 miles apart—a region so vast and inaccessible that the most favored of the teachers will receive a mail only once a month, some twice or three times a year, and the others but once a year.

Oh, the folly of it, exceeding its lawlessness! In this almost boundless desert of forest, rivers, and ice the bureau will waste its first appropriation wheedled out of Congress, amounting to $25,000, and increasingly larger appropriations from year to year, until the bureau gets abolished. Half a million dollars a year will be required to carry out the plan of making American citizens out of these disgusting savages. The huge folly is outlined in the following extracts from the report of the proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at their meeting in Washington in March last:

"As instruction necessarily creates new wants, *and is so intended by the Government*, it is but proper that instruction should go further, and so train the hand that the newly created wants can be supplied; or, in other words, the work of the Alaska school system is not only to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, but also how to live better, *how to make more money in order to live better*, and how to utilize the resources of the country in order to make more money.

"The special resources of Alaska, in addition to her fur-bearing animals, are her vast supply of fish and minerals, and in the southeastern section great forests. There will also, in the southeastern section be more and more the production of garden vegetables and the smaller fruits. Therefore, her schools should eventually teach the best methods of extracting stumps, grading and ditching land and preparing it for cultivation, the vegetables best adapted to the country and the best method of cultivating them, the berries and fruits best adapted to the climate, and how they should be treated, tree planting and grafting, the development of native fruits, also cattle, hog, and poultry raising, *and butter and cheese making* in regions along the warm southern coast.

"The rising young men of Alaska should be taught the cutting and rafting of logs, *the running of saw mills*, carpentering, coopering, furniture making, and all kinds of wood working. To this they will take readily and naturally, for they and their fathers before them have been noted for their skill in certain mechanical arts, the manufacture of canoes, and carving wood, stone, and metal with their rude, native tools.

"As fish is another of the commercial commodities of the country, the boys should be instructed in the names, habits, and the commercial value of the various kinds of fish found in their waters, improved methods of taking and preparing them for market, the making and mending of nets, the management and repair of boats, rope spinning *and sail making, swimming and naval drill, with some instructions in the tides and in the use of the compass.* They should also be taught *how to treat accidents, such as gunshot wounds and drowning.*"

Bear in mind that the languages spoken in Alaska are Russian and Indian Aleut, that teaching English there will be precisely like the teaching of Chinese by a Chinaman in the heart of France, and that not one of the bureau's teachers can speak Russian or Aleut. What a monstrous humbug the whole affair is! Yet by its own confession the bureau is preparing a university course of education for this handful of savages, which shall include instruction in navigation, surgery, agriculture, ship building, horticulture, the mechanical and domestic arts, and the preparation and packing of fish and fruits for foreign commerce.

Of course, the lawless dunces who have devised this scheme to handle the public money and magnify their own consequence cannot even write English. The address of welcome to the National Educational Association, delivered by the "United States Commissioner of Education," is full of such shocking English as the following: "I have tried to increase the *promptness* of this valuable document;" "The circular has *evoked* a great deal of satisfaction;" "Its *publication* promises to *elucidate*" a subject which is perfectly clear; "I trust that you will see that I am no *iconoclast*," meaning that he is carrying out his predecessor's plans and has not substituted new ones of his own.

If this Bureau of Education were managed by our wisest men, instead of by foolish and lawless ones, it ought to be abolished. The Federal Government has no authority to educate. Education is the business of the family, the town, and the State. The United States has no more right to educate the Alaskan Indians, than it has the right to catch the Italians, Hungarians, and Bohemians as they pass through Castle Garden and chuck them into schools to be trained into citizens. The Federal Bureau of Education is an outrage on the Constitution.

Two Ways of Running a Tailor's Shop.

The local and national exchanges of the merchant tailors, in advising the adoption of the cash system by the trade, so far as possible, are simply yielding to what has now become a necessity. During the past few years a great change has taken place in the trade because of the competition of ready-made clothing, and because certain custom tailors, by selling for cash and by liberal advertising, are seriously cutting into the business of those who pursue the old system of long credits, with their inevitable consequence of bad debts and higher prices.

Of course the most profitable trade is that of the men who are always ready and willing to pay their bills whenever they are presented, and that is just the trade which is surest to go where it can get the most for the money. Formerly, if such customers were very particular about the cut and fashioning of their garments, they were obliged to patronize the tailors who charge high prices to make up for their losses on bad debts, and because of the comparatively limited custom they can secure at such prices. Instead of the modern principle of large sales and small profits, they follow the old plan of small sales and large profits. These conservative tailors spend nothing upon advertising, except in sending out occasional circulars to their immediate customers, and they have been accustomed to plume themselves on that account as more aristocratic than the tradesmen who make their goods known to the general public through advertisements in the newspapers.

So long as the best of tailoring could be obtained only from such as they, their systems worked very well, and some of them made fortunes, despite their many bad debts; for, having once obtained reputation as leaders of fashion, they could charge what they chose. But when, a few years ago, tailors of more enterprise and quicker to see the drift of trade started out to follow modern methods by selling for cash and advertising extensively and judiciously, the situation was speedily changed. Their best customers, those who needed no credit, of course preferred the new plan of large sales and small profits, the quality being the same. They had no care to keep up the old aristocracy of tailors, and were not prejudiced against buying of men who advertised equally good clothing at much lower prices. The consequence has been a falling off in the trade of the old-fashioned tailors so great that they are now led to consider the revision of their time-honored methods. They must meet the competition of their more enlightened rivals, or they will retain only the most undesirable of their customers, the fellows who do not mind the price charged them for the good reason that they never worry about tailors' bills.

All tailors who want to win much success will therefore henceforward be forced to sell for cash, or on short credits, to put their prices down, and let the public know through advertisements in the newspapers what they have to offer. If they expect men to hunt them up to beg for the privilege of getting their particular workmanship, they are bound to be disappointed when they come to count their profits. The shops that invite custom by lower prices for similar work freely advertised will get the cream of the trade. It will be impossible for them to stem the tide which is setting against them more strongly every year.

This new method of conducting business is steadily extending to branches of trade that have long tried to resist its adoption. It began with the late Mr. A. T. STEWART in the dry goods trade, which it has completely revolutionized, and of recent years it has transformed the boot and shoe trade, where the advantage of large advertising is now recognized by every enterprising dealer and manufacturer. The tailors were the last to come into line, but now they are beginning to see the necessity of joining the procession.

Larry and Pat.

The *Union and Advertiser* makes a curious statement respecting the origin of the bitter and jealous hatred which Mr. "LARRY" GODKIN of the *Evening Post* bears toward Mr. PATRICK FORD of the *Irish World*. Mr. GODKIN cannot think or speak of Mr. FORD with calmness. The mere sight of the latter's name is enough to provoke the divvie in the former to a spasm of raging malevolence. Mr. GODKIN invariably refers to Mr. FORD as "PAT" FORD, not good-naturedly and in the friendly, off-hand way in which other LARRIES speak of other PATS, but with a sneering insolence that leaves no doubt as to the ill will behind the quotation marks.

Our Rochester contemporary affirms that this bad blood is the survival of a family feud, centuries old, between the GODKINS and the FORDS in County Wicklow, Ireland. If true, the explanation is interesting for more than one reason.

It has never been exactly ascertained where "LARRY" GODKIN did come from. The biographical authorities throw no light upon his personal origin or history. His name occurs in no cyclopædia or biographical dictionary that we know of. No space is devoted to his career either in "Men of the Time," the standard English reference book concerning contemporary persons, or in VAPEREAU'S giant Dictionnaire des Contemporains. DRAKE'S Dictionary of American Biography knows nothing about him. ALLIBONE'S Dictionary of Authors mentions only a JAMES GODKIN, "formerly a Roman Catholic," who wrote a book forty years ago called the "Antidote against Romanism." In the latest edition of BROCKHAUS'S Conversations-Lexikon, the proper place, just after Lady GODIVA, contains no mention of "LARRY" GODKIN. All that is definitely known about the previous history of this now celebrated personage is that at a date more or less remote he emigrated to America, bringing with him his divvie of unveracity, which, by some deplorable oversight on the part of the Custom House or the Castle Garden authorities, managed to slip in along with "LARRY;" that he and the divvie established themselves in the Second ward, and that "LARRY" presumably took out naturalization papers, inasmuch as he now holds an office under the municipal Government.

Even this is matter of hearsay. "LARRY'S" own statements, of course, count for nothing; indeed, they serve only to complicate the problem. Several months ago he distinctly asserted, in the *Evening Post*, that he was an Irishman. Several years ago he wrote a letter to the *New York Tribune* declaring, under his own signature, that he was not Irish, but English. One of the two assertions is probably true. The difficulty is to discover which one of them is true. It unfortunately happened that they were both made before the alethometer was invented.

Did "LARRY" come from County Wicklow, as the *Union and Advertiser* positively asserts? Was his divvie originally a *diabhal?* If he came from County Wicklow, was it from Kilougiter or Kilruddery or Kilmichael; from Laragh or Shillelagh or the Devil's Glen; from Ballinalea or Ballinameesda or Ballyknockan? If there is any foundation for the *Union and Advertiser's* assertion, Mr. PATRICK FORD ought to know; and we believe that "PAT" is man enough to tell the truth, even if his testimony establishes the Irish origin of "LARRY" GODKIN, to the humiliation of every self-respecting, veracious, and loyal son of the beautiful green isle.

Yes, Speak the Truth!

We have recently had occasion to rebuke our free trade contemporary, the *Washington Post*, but one thing must be said in its favor, and this is that it is a banner bearer in the gallant army of anti-humbug. Here is what it says on the remark that Mr. CLEVELAND is merely in the hands of his friends:

"This is great rubbish. Mr. CLEVELAND is a candidate for the renomination—an earnest, eager, anxious candidate, armed and equipped at all points and possessed of all the advantages of a great number of friends and a powerful machine.

"Look out for the CLEVELAND machine, fellow citizens. You may hear of it in Georgia to-day and in Maine to-morrow, but wherever it is you will find it in beautiful order and working as smoothly and as effectively as a Corliss engine. It has yet to meet an obstruction, and the delegates are pouring out of the hopper at all hours of the day and night.

"This being the truth, why not proclaim it? There is no mystery at the White House. The gentleman in possession there knows a good thing when he sees it as well as the rest of us."

This is the patent spectacle for every one who falls into the CLEVELAND column, except, of course, the Mugwumps, who prefer to march with their faces to the rear. And how much better it is to tell the truth about it! Better a public humiliation of the President's callow utterances of incipient statesmanship than a continuance of pretence and cant and sham.

No Surrender Yet, Except On Paper.

The *Montreal Gazette*, the organ of the Canadian Government, sums up the results of the fishery treaty negotiations in just two dozen words:

"The main and material contentions of Canada have been admitted by the Government of the United States to be just and fair and valid."

That is not quite accurate. The main points contended for by Canada have been surrendered by the negotiators on the part of Mr. CLEVELAND. Why they were surrendered Mr. CLEVELAND and Sir CHARLES TUPPER know. But the Government of the United States has admitted no Canadian claim yet, nor has it surrendered any American position.

Without the consent of the United States Senate, by a two-thirds vote, the rights of our fishermen cannot be surrendered, except on paper.

It is to be hoped some enterprising traveller will before long visit the Grand Falls in Labrador and tell us whether they are really the stupendous affair they have been reported. They are a little over 200 miles from the south coast, near 65° west longitude. An Englishman named HOLME endeavored to make them a visit last summer, but his provisions ran short, and as the fish wouldn't bite and there was nothing to shoot, he was compelled to turn back when within fifty miles of them. Mr. HOLME asserts that the drop from the interior plateau of Labrador to the coast region is precipitous, and as near as he can learn, the waters of Grand River pour over the edge of the plateau with a drop of about 2,000 feet, and a breadth of 120 feet. If this is true, the Grand Falls are in point of height the biggest thing known in their line, for the largest waterfall in the Yosemite, though about 2,550 feet high, is broken into three leaps and properly consists of three falls. The Grand River is quite a large stream, while all other falls that approach the reported height of the Grand Falls are little more than mountain torrents. We may well be a little skeptical about the astonishing character of these falls until we have more definite evidence, but there is no doubt that the falls exist, and are well worth the attention of some enterprising explorer.

Very hard fiddling indeed for Bob in Tennessee this year!

The *Boston Post* reports the opinion of a young man belonging to one of the first families of that town, who says he would rather be a lamp post in Boston than a church in New York.

Perhaps this singular preference explains the fact that whenever a gilded youth from Boston goes astray in New York, our police invariably investigate the neighborhood of all the lamp posts before exploring the interior of our metropolitan churches.

For the second time a white man has descended the Congo River hundreds of miles in native canoes. Mr. WARD, who has returned to the lower river, undoubtedly paddled down stream 600 miles from Yambuga to Bangala, whence a steamer very likely conveyed him to Stanley Pool. His budget of news, contained in two recent cablegrams from the lower Congo, is of a reassuring character. He is supposed to have left Yambuga in March, and when he departed nothing had been heard of STANLEY. This increases the probability that owing either to scarcity of provisions or to the rumored big swamps on his route, STANLEY was compelled to make a long detour to the north near the Welle Makua. Nothing travels faster in Africa than bad news, and if any disaster had befallen STANLEY the news would in all probability have reached either EMIN Pasha or BARTTELOT at Yambuga.

Meanwhile TIPPU TIB has apparently shown himself worthy of the confidence STANLEY reposed in him. He has not only brought the slave-stealing Arabs to terms and restored order at Stanley Falls, but he has also travelled up the Congo 300 miles further to his own town Kasongo to get 600 porters that he had promised STANLEY. They were needed to carry a large part of the EMIN Pasha stores which STANLEY was compelled to leave behind him at Yambuga. Up to March this year BARTTELOT had received 250 porters from Kasongo, and WARD also expected to return up the river soon with a force of porters.

After hearing nothing for nine months from STANLEY'S permanent camp at Yambuga it is gratifying to learn that all is well there, and we believe, with the EMIN Pasha relief committee in London, that there is no need yet to be alarmed for the safety of Mr. STANLEY.

The outrageous method of washing down the approaches to the Brooklyn bridge by which passengers are bespattered and sprinkled, and forced to wade through rivulets and pools of water, is continued. It had better be stopped. The apparent inability of the present management of the bridge to comprehend the needs of that great establishment, and to develop the full scope of its usefulness to the public, may be owing simply to lack of broad mental grasp, which is not common; but the most ordinary mind ought to be able to understand that there are ways of keeping a bridge clean without sousing those who cross it in dirty water.

Two rather queer court-martial cases have recently occurred in the Department of Texas, which Gen. D. S. STANLEY commands. One was that of a soldier tried for allowing a prisoner to escape; and Gen. STANLEY thus describes it:

"It appears from the evidence that the rivets of the shackles of the prisoner who escaped had been filed off the day before he escaped, and that they were held together by a string. This should have been discovered by the officer of the day and the sergeant of the guard when the new guard assumed charge of the prisoner; and his escape was due more to their neglect of duty than anything else. This is the third prisoner who has escaped from Fort Ringgold within the last six months, and this is likely to occur again if officers of the day have so poor a sense of duty as to permit general prisoners to go out to work with shackles held together by strings."

The other case was that of a soldier tried for desertion, and that also yielded a strange development:

"The evidence shows that this man was so ignorant of the English language that he did not understand what was said at his trial, and was of so weak an intedect that he could not have comprehended what was being done even if he had understood what was said."

It would appear that if the culprit's attempt at desertion had been successful, the service would not have suffered an irreparable loss. This instance recalls the finding of the court of inquiry in the case of Paymaster BASH, from whom a very large amount of Government money was stolen, in part because the members of his escort were, according to the court, too stupid for the simple duties of an escort, one of them also having a most limited acquaintance with the English language. With a nation of sixty millions, and an army of only 25,000 enlisted men to maintain, it is singular that recruits of this stamp should ever have the preference.

There is a rumor to the effect that an Eastern man is going to put $50,000 into the treasury, and some brains into the management of the decaying *Republican* concern of St. Louis. All friends of honest and intelligent journalism will hope that the report is true. St. Louis ought to have an able and reputable Democratic newspaper.

At last the legislation for taking part in the Paris Exposition project has been completed, and the Government of the French republic can be informed of its result. To the tact of Commissioner COLMAN has been attributed a part of the success achieved in breaking the deadlock on the pork controversy. The House was bent on using the occasion to vindicate American swine in the eyes of the world, while the Senate was reluctant to incorporate this subject into the legislative answer to a courteous invitation. Mr. COLMAN promised to furnish "a complete line of our pork products," even if not specially required to do so by the bill, and also to compile and distribute without charge a pamphlet at the Paris Fair, setting forth "the abundance and soundness of our material for swine feeding, the ample and airy feeding grounds and healthful conditions for meat making, and the ingenious and skilful methods in killing, dressing, and curing." The House, mollified by this assurance, allowed the defiant pork clause to be stricken out of the bill; and now if Mr. COLMAN'S national pork pamphlet comes up to the language of his recent letter to Congress on the subject, it will be a contribution of literature to the great show.

THEY CALL FOR THE CRACK OF THE CLEVELAND WHIP.

Singular Intimation From an Organ of the Tariff Smashers.

From the Washington Post.

Mr. Cleveland has it in his power to aid his friends in the House of Representatives in passing the Mills bill—the bill that exists as a response to his message; the bill that, coupled with his message, must be his and his party's platform in the Presidential campaign. As we said the other day, it is time to have done with political prudery and to get down to business. It is not a time for sentimentalism or fastidiousness, but for practical politics. There are men who, while enjoying the favor of the Democratic Administration, may be found working with their coats off and sleeves rolled up on the Republican side of the fence.

Let them look for their rewards to the party whose work they are doing.

A Constant Temptation to the Dishonest.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

THE SUN has a hard time keeping track of the editors who steal its copyrighted articles. The trouble is that THE SUN has so many good things that it is impossible to protect them all against the journalistic poachers; poachers, by the way, of whom it must be said that they know a good thing when they see it.

THE GETTYSBURG CELEBRATION.

The Proposed Gathering of Northern and Southern Soldiers on the Famous Field.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—The bill setting apart $25,000 for paying the expenses of the reunion which is to be held at Gettysburg next July has been very promptly reported from the House Military Committee with a favorable recommendation. An appropriation of such a character is rather exceptional, and its propriety will perhaps be questioned on the ground that the occasion is not a Governmental celebration, but only the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. It will perhaps be urged that this society ought to pay its own expenses, and that to make an appropriation for them is creating a bad precedent for subsequent meetings of this and other army societies, and for the celebration of other battles. It may also be said that if the society wishes to invite guests it should defray their expenses.

But the reply will be that the occasion itself is no ordinary one. Gettysburg, to begin with, is no ordinary battlefield, and more than any other has become a typical scene of the great struggle, and has received a distinctive character also from the establishment of a Government military cemetery there and the placing of an unexampled array of monuments of all sorts, from those of army corps through those of divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies to individual statues. Above all, the celebration to be held on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July is that of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the great battle, so that it naturally takes on an unusual significance. An additional point is that the Society of the Army of the Potomac at its last annual meeting at Saratoga especially invited the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia to meet it on this famous battlefield at the coming reunion, and this invitation has been so warmly accepted by influential men that the railroads have made special rates and arrangements for bringing veterans from all quarters. The invitation as actually given has also gone out to the survivors of all the Confederate armies and all the Union armies, so that the coming anniversary is expected to be the greatest reunion of Northern and Southern soldiers since the close of the war.

Whether the appropriation recommended is granted or denied, there is no doubt that the reunion will be successfully held, and will be one of the interesting events of the coming summer. Gettysburg will be the greatest battlefield of the war in the view of history, although the struggle for secession continued nearly as long afterward as it had before. The effects of Gettysburg, however, on the conduct of the war were felt to the end, and are even more obvious now than they were at that time. Important as this battle proved, its occurrence at the obscure Pennsylvania village was the result of accident, since the advance of each army was groping forward, not knowing where the other was; and the point where they chanced to find each other was accepted by each as the site of the great struggle for the mastery. Meade's army being satisfied to occupy the strong position on Cemetery Ridge, and Lee to assault it there. Even after this placing of the forces, Gettysburg would have been robbed of a great part of its renown had Lee followed Longstreet's advice and contented himself with moving past the Union left, thereby putting himself between it and Washington.

Besides the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, there will be a meeting of the Pennsylvania posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, and many dedications of battle monuments will take place. Barracks will be erected, tents pitched, and kitchens built for the cooking of rations, so giving the place some faint semblance of the scenes of a quarter of a century ago.

A somewhat difficult task is the one imposed on President Cleveland. He is to be invited to deliver an address on that occasion. The remembrance of the address of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, famous for its eloquence, will make it a hard contrast for his present successor to speak there; but as if this were not enough of an undertaking in itself, the programme actually contemplates Mr. Cleveland's reading the immortal words of Lincoln as a preface to his own remarks.

Going to Finish the Capitol.

From the Washington Star.

Many persons who view the Capitol from the east express surprise that the pediment of the porticos of the Senate wing and the main or middle entrances are ornamented with statuary, while that of the House portico is not so embellished. The latter is entirely plain. This difference grows out of the fact that the Senate wing was completed before the war and the House wing during the war. Plans were all prepared for bronze doors for the House wing, ornamented with historical work, as the Senate has, but no appropriation has ever been made to pay for them. The models are in possession of Architect Clarke. The models contemplate six panels, one to represent the massacre of Wyoming, one the battle of Lexington, one the sentence of Col. Hayne at Charleston, one the Declaration of Independence, one the signing of the treaty of Paris, and the sixth Washington surrendering his commission. One of the medallions represents war in the death of Montgomery, and the other peace, showing Franklin in his study. An early movement looking to an appropriation for completing the House wing in accordance with the original designs is contemplated. The statuary for the pediment of the portico will be historical, and the bronze doors will be like those of the Senate wing, with the chronological representations as contained in the models.

Not Enough Influence.

From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—A good story is told on Superintendent Nash of the railway mail service, who has just tendered his resignation. Fault has been found with him because his desire for an efficient service led him to be very slow in making removals. In the early part of his Senatorial career, Bate of Tennessee called upon Nash with a friend to ask the removal of a Republican postal clerk.

"What charge have you to make against him?" asked Nash. "None, except that he is a Republican," said the Senator. "I want his place for a Democrat." "There is a rule in force here," said Mr. Nash, "that no clerks are to be removed except for cause, and I cannot comply with your wish, Senator." Bate turned in a dazed way and walked out, and the friend from Tennessee, who had come in to be impressed with a sample of Senatorial power, whistled and then said: "Well, I'll be d—d. Bate, if I was a United States Senator and couldn't get a Republican postal clerk fired out, I'd resign, and go home and get elected Justice of the Peace."

A Little Previous.

From the Binghamton Republican.

A couple from across the border came to the city yesterday and stopped at one of the best hotels. The young lady was plainly but neatly dressed, and was a handsome brunette. The young man stepped up to the clerk after having escorted the lady to the parlor, and asked where he could find a minister, as he wanted to get "spliced." Upon being informed, the clerk handed him the pen to register.

"I don't want to register now," said the young man; "wait until after we get married, then I can write it Mr. and Mrs. ——."

"That don't make any difference," said the clerk, "as long as you are going to get married."

The youthful swain stepped up to the desk, took the pen, looked it over carefully, and then at the register. His face grew red, and he hesitatingly inscribed "Joseph Link" upon one line, and upon the next, "Mrs. Lotta Link, all of Scranton."

"I wonder what she would say if she knew it," he said in an awe-struck voice, and then hurried out in search of a clergyman. The inscription was soon legalized.

The Proposed Bureau of Harbors.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—Secretary Endicott has taken ground against the bill now before a Senate committee, proposing the establishment of a corps of civil engineers and a Bureau of Harbors and Waterways, to take charge of river and harbor improvements at present intrusted to the army engineers. He thinks that the change would be expensive and unwise:

The proposed corps of civil engineers is to be composed of 60 officers, with pay amounting to $1,000,000, which will shortly be added to expenses of a civil retired list, which must before many years become a heavy charge against the Treasury, inasmuch as the age at the time of appointment is not fixed. It is exceedingly questionable whether the interests of the country at large would be promoted by a change which would require the suspension of operations upon most of the works now in progress and permit them to decay, while a few were advanced to completion at a somewhat less cost.

There are, no doubt, grave objections to Senator Collom's bill, and among them is its provision for the retirement of civilian officers, which would have to be stricken out.

Why Internal Revenue Reduction Doesn't Interest Mr. Scott.

From the Denver Republican.

Congressman W. L. Scott, President Cleveland's political adviser, smokes cigars which cost $1.40 a box.

Is "Larry" a Wicklow Man?

From the Rochester Union and Advertiser.

"Larry" Godkin of the *Evening Post* delights in speaking of the editor of the *Irish World* as "Pat" Ford. There has been for centuries an old grudge between the Godkins and the Fords in county Wicklow.

Plenty of Time.

Brown (on lower Broadway)—Going up Broadway, Jones?

Jones—Only as far as Chambers street.

Brown—In any hurry?

Jones—No.

Brown—Well, let's take a car, then. I want to talk to you about an hour.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

The report reaches New York that the St. Louis and Chicago boarding house mistresses are aflame with expectation. Even matronly housewives are somewhat agitated. All this is because of the thousands upon thousands who are expected to attend the Democratic and Republican National Conventions. It is expected that the overflow from the hotels will find its way to the boarding houses and the homes of the housewives, and the gleam of New York sheiks is the beacon that agitates them.

The Police Captains will soon wear the summer helmet ordered by the Commissioners. It is a combination of white cloth and gold lace, and expensive. It will be a trying hat for dumpy Captains, and an adornment for the tall, square-shouldered ones.

Now that Mr. Charles F. MacLean is a Police Commissioner it is anticipated in some circles that the sessions of the Board will be more interesting and lively. Mr. MacLean is spoken of as of an exceedingly vigorous temperament, and one not at all timid in advancing and maintaining views which he believes to be right and for the welfare of the department.

She was stout and matronly and silver haired, and didn't know that the fare in a Twenty-third street jigger car was five cents. She thought it was three cents, which is the fare in some of the suburban jiggers. She quietly dropped the three coppers in the box. The driver counted 'em from the outside, opened the door, and peered into the box to see if his bulging eyes hadn't deceived him, looked at the serene one, and snapped: "You only put three cents in the box." "Yes," timidly replied the matron, and the "s" of her response hadn't been clipped from her kindly lips before the driver snarled: "Well, you're old enough to pay five cents."

People who come from the country to take up temporary quarters in New York boarding houses have remarked the celerity with which changes are accomplished during the May moving time. The country folks recall that their parents occupied the same house, in many instances, for a lifetime, and that when a change was made it took anywhere from two to four months to get things settled in the old ship-shape fashion. The new comers, who are temporarily dependent upon our boarding houses, say that a room in one of them may be as bare and uninviting as Coney Island in winter time, but by evening the new tenant has adorned it with odd little knick-knacks and winsome trifles and made it inviting and pleasantly agreeable. This is particularly so when a happy-hearted country girl has charge of the decoration. The husband begins to think his wife is as good as they make 'em, if he didn't realize it before.

It is remarked that many young ladies are wearing the light cloth overgaiters, which for some time have been affected by men who think it is English, you know. At first some of the swell Murray Hill belles wore them. It was noticed yesterday that their fair sisters on the east side had taken to them, and very natty they looked, too.

Many of the delegates to the Methodist Convention say that life in a New York hotel is tedious to them, and that the rush of "Fronts" and the clanging of gongs have greatly wearied them. In some instances the nervous temperament of the delegates has been somewhat impaired. These are the men whose days are spent in quiet villages, where life is as placid as the neighboring ponds. Between their quiet and peaceful homes and the smashing and clashing and banging and rushing of some of New York's great hotels there is a vast difference. They have also commented on the fact that about half of New York, particularly in the vicinity of Madison square, doesn't begin to get its eyes open before midnight, and that the situation is much after the fashion of the young man who at 4 o'clock in the morning inquired of his friends where they intended spending the rest of the evening.

A rowboat anchored to one of the pillars of the elevated station at the New York entrance to the bridge was a queer sight to thousands yesterday. It was a unique curiosity in the streets of New York. The youngsters of the Fourth ward evidently thought it was placed there by some good spirit with especial regard for their happiness. They climbed into it, tumbled over it, handled the oar locks, inspected the rudder, and were as delighted with the treasure as some winsome baby girl with a flaxen-haired doll. It reminded older onlookers of lakes and fishing, and the pleasures incident to a summer vacation out of the city.

Everything is fodder to the Bowery museums. Mme. Diss De Barr now has a counterfeit presentment of herself doing the spook act for wondering and unsophisticated gazers. The Railway murder, the feats of the bridge jumpers, the death of the German Emperor, great railroad accidents and hangings have all been utilized with profit by the museum proprietors. No matter how faulty the reproduction, it is evident that thousands of untutored minds are hungry to have the events of the day portrayed for them with more or less startling effect.

There was a report circulated yesterday that the Fourth avenue surface road would adopt open cars this summer. The statement was casually mentioned to a conductor on the line, and he indignantly derided it, saying: "Open cars are not the swell thing. They are for the hundreds of thousands. This is the select line of the town, and you can bet clever patent leathers that there'll be no summer cars on this line."

Isaac Bell, once a Charity Commissioner, and now School Commissioner, was visiting the Tombs prison yesterday. When in town he frequently takes a run down there, and he never goes away without leaving a check for a liberal amount to pay the fines of prisoners who have families and have made the mistake of drinking too much.

President Cleveland's Cigarette.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

When Mr. Cleveland drives out with his fast horse and side-bar buggy on the country road his body is slightly at one side and a cigarette rests between his lips. A delicate streak of smoke trails behind him as the trotter gets on speed. This is a sight that would warm the heart of a Tammany politician. There is a dash and a swagger about it that seems to say: "No more Mugwumps here." A long cigar, well chewed up at the end might come better within the Tammany idea, but there is something in the manner in which Mr. Cleveland handles his cigarette that gives character to it. There is nothing effeminate in the Cleveland cigarette. He does not roll it himself. It is ready made, and as large as they make them. There may be the picture from the French ballet in the package. I don't know about that, but it's a good, large ready-made cigarette. He does not hold it tightly between his fingers and draw dainty little puffs through it, and blow the smoke slowly from his nostrils. He plants it firmly in the corner of his mouth, burns it away with a few long, steady puffs, and then takes another. It is said that he can strike a match and light his cigarette while going at a brisk pace against the wind.

The Handy Time Table.

A stout, elderly woman stepped upon the railroad platform at Spring Valley, N. J., at 8 o'clock a few evenings ago, and sat on the hard bench before the closed and darkened station until 10. Then a countryman with a lantern came along the road and asked her what she was doing there.

"I'm waitin' for the train to New York," said the woman. "I always like to take plenty of time. It's the safest way, even though I have to sit for a couple of hours on a hard seat. Better be too soon than too late, you know."

"But," said the man, "there ain't no train down from here to-night. The last one went more'n two hours ago."

"Oh, yes there is," replied the woman, confidently. "There is a train at 7 minutes before 10. I've seen it on the time table."

The man looked incredulous, and held his lantern over the time table, while the woman showed him that a train left Spring Valley for Jersey City at 7 to P. M.

"There," she exclaimed, "you see for yourself that there's a train down at 7 minutes before 10."

"So there is, be gosh," said the man, as he scratched his head. "I never heard tell of it. It must have been put on mighty sudden."

He walked away, and left the woman on the platform, where she sat until 11 o'clock, when, as no train appeared she concluded that it must have been taken off "sudden," as it was out on, and, running for shanks' costly round her, for it had grown cold, she went home.

QUEER WRINKLES.

Sickness in Europe.

Old Mr. Bently (reading the paper)—I see that the King of Spain is sick.

Old Mrs. Bently—Goodness, Joshua, I hope he hasn't got a cancer, too!

Old Mr. Bently—No, he's teething.

War Reminiscences.

"How well I remember," said Dumley, as he proudly brandished the sword, "the first time that I ever drew that once shining blade."

"Where did you draw it, Dumley?" inquired Featherly; "at a raffle?"

Exceptions to Every Rule.

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "do you know we are all liable to be called at any time?"

"Yes, sir," responded the young man, "we are liable to, of course; but I made three men lay down on a pair of deuces last night."

Face to Face.

"You wouldn't think," he said, indicating a gentleman across the street, "that that ordinary, commonplace looking person has many times stared death unmovingly in the face."

"Why, no! Is he a desperate character?"

"Not very; he's an undertaker."

Not Long Out of the Water.

"These fish, my dear Mrs. Hendricks," remarked the minister, who was discussing a Sunday dinner