The Sun.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888.

Subscription by Mail—Post-paid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 00
WEEKLY, Per Year	1 00

Postage to Foreign Countries added.

THE SUN, New York City.

Advertising Rates.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, 40 cents a line, ordinary advertising; large type, 80 cents; and preferred positions, 56 cents to $2.50, according to classification.

WEEKLY, 50 cents a line; no extra charge for large type. Preferred positions from 75 cents to $3.

Never Again.

Dr. WARNER MILLER sought to arouse the Maine Republicans last Wednesday night by telling them that about one hundred thousand Republican officeholders have been removed by the Administration "because their places were wanted."

The memory of those lost offices fills every true Republican heart with rage, and the hope of getting them back inspires every true Republican heart with new ardor for HARRISON and MORTON and a general kick-out on the fourth day of March, 1889.

Dr. MILLER'S campaign speeches are sometimes a little too dry for human nature's daily food; but in feeding the minds of the Dirigoes with contemplations of office he gave them a diet to their liking.

If BLAINE, HARRISON, and MORTON are elected, with what ease, despatch, and rude propulsive force will the 100,000 Democrats who are now sitting snugly in the places of bounced Republicans be run out, because their places are wanted for Republicans.

And that is the sensible, the traditional American, the right rule for the game of politics. The winner wins and the loser loses. The attempt to let the loser lose without paying will not be made again by the Democrats, as it has never been made nor ever will be by the Republicans.

A Candidate for Vice-President.

Some pother has been made by a number of Republican journals about a speech made at the National Prohibition Camp Meeting at Decatur, Ill., on the 26th day of July, by Dr. JOHN A. BROOKS, the Prohibitionist candidate for Vice-President. It appears from the affidavits of reporters and other persons present that Dr. BROOKS used this language:

"I have lived in the South and I owned slaves there. I sympathized with the South and prayed for the success of the Confederate cause, but my prayers were not answered. I have been a Democrat, but, thank God"—here the speaker shook his head, at the same time raising his arm and shaking his fist at the audience—"I have never been a Republican. I will never have that sin to answer for."

Like MOSBY, MAHONE, CHALMERS, and other distinguished Southern gentlemen, Dr. BROOKS was on the Confederate side during the civil war, but there is no reason to believe that he is not as thoroughly reconstructed as they. Though many hot Republican patriots are howling at him as a Traitor and a Rebel, he warmly praised ABRAHAM LINCOLN in the same speech. His own explanation of his thanking GOD that he has never been a Republican is that he spoke facetiously. That is a natural and in our opinion a satisfactory explanation. That heated Republicans present should have taken him in dead earnest, and failed to appreciate his humorous intention, is perfectly intelligible. There are plenty of unfortunate people who cannot see a joke. There are Republicans of the straitest sect to whom a jest directed against their party would seem like an impiety and an outrage.

But suppose Dr. BROOKS had in sober sooth thanked GOD that he had never been a Republican. What of it? There are plenty of old-fashioned Democrats who are proud and grateful that they never voted a Republican ticket. There are plenty of ferocious Republican partisans who would be ready to thank GOD that they have never been Democrats. Presumably all the Prohibitionists thank GOD that they are not Republicans, and the Republicans thank GOD that they are not Prohibitionists; while the Mugwumps thank GOD publicly and loudly that they are not as other men. Perhaps the feeling smacks of Pharisaism, but it is natural that a man should think well of his party, and prefer it to others. Otherwise he wouldn't belong to it.

Dr. BROOKS's offence, in the eyes of the Republicans, is not the fact that he has been a slave-owner, a prayer-offering Confederate, and a Democrat, but that he is a Prohibitionist. Having been a Confederate, and not voting the Republican ticket, he is, of course, a rebel. All Southerners who are not Republicans are rebels, and very unrepentant too. It is at least clear that Dr. BROOKS is an unrepentant Prohibitionist.

The Awful Collision.

Given the following situation: Two ships approach each other, in weather which admits of sufficient observation, having each other slightly on the starboard bow. What shall be done?

This was the state of affairs as reported by Captain MÖLLER of the Geiser, and with both officers in command at the time of the collision absent, the one at the bottom of the sea and the other not yet arrived in this port, his is the only statement from which any discussion of the event can be evolved.

The first rule of the road says that when two ships approach head on, on the same line, each shall port its helm and pass to the right. In this rule we must find the key to the accident. Evidently the chief officer of the Geiser thought that the boats held each other on the starboard hand so distinctly that another rule obtained than the one just cited, and that they should hold their course, which, by the way, would have kept them clear, the ships passing on the left. The two whistles blown by the Geiser show that that was Mr. BROWN's intention. On the other hand, the commanding officer of the Thingvalla judged that the boats were so nearly on a line as to call for the first rule, and he managed his boat accordingly. From Capt. MÖLLER's statements Mr. BROWN was right and the commander of the Thingvalla wrong.

So much for the first view of the collision. Back of this reasoning the truth would probably disclose a fault in both officers which, if this accident had not taken place, would of course never have been heard of, but which would none the less have been put down by the Recording Angel who keeps the books of the sea. The probability is that neither ship whistled when law and judgment would have said that a whistle was indicated. If one had been sounded when the two ships were sighted, the precise intended movement of each would have been known, and they would have passed in safety.

It is one of the unfortunate laws of nature that those at posts of even the very highest responsibility lose somewhat the edge of vigilance which is regularly and rigidly prescribed for the performance of their duties. Ship commanders grow slow to whistle when a blast would remove every feature of possible uncertainty as to their course; and this is true of pilots in rivers and harbors to a greater degree probably than it is true of those who cross the ocean.

Eternal vigilance is the price of life.

Shirking Its Challenge to Parnell.

If any evidence were needed to convince impartial onlookers that the London *Times* knows its charges against Mr. PARNELL to be unfounded, it would be furnished by the shuffling course pursued by that newspaper with relation to the libel suit brought in Scotland. It should not be lost sight of that when Mr. PARNELL demanded an investigation by a Parliamentary committee the *Times* defied him to prosecute his alleged calumniators in a Scottish court, and the same challenge was truculently pressed by the spokesmen of the Government during the heated debate over the Commission.

Now, however, that the invitation has been accepted by the Irish leader, the *Times* seems anything but pleased. Its first comment on the news that a suit had been begun at Edinburgh was a profession of surprise that the object of its incessant vilification should invoke such a remedy, though only a few weeks before amazement was expressed that he had not taken recourse to that customary expedient. But as the prospect of being mulcted in damages for a huge sum has become disagreeably distinct, the newspaper has cast about for pretexts on which to evade the tribunal which it had previously described as unimpeachable. For the first time since it asked why its victim did not summon it before a Scottish Judge and jury, it is sorely troubled by misgivings touching the jurisdiction of the court. It has just discovered that its proprietor is neither a resident nor a property owner in the northern kingdom. To the obvious rejoinder that *qui facit per alium facit per se*, and that libels uttered by the agents of the *Times* in Edinburgh are in the view of the law uttered by the principal, it has started the objection that the Scottish newsmen are not its agents, but pay for the paper in advance as so much merchandise. There may be something in this plea, but it seems a pity that a journal so pretentious as the *Times* should have been so ill acquainted with the law of the subject when it dared Mr. PARNELL to arraign it in Scotland.

But we have not yet exhausted the list of the subterfuges to which the journalistic BOANERGES and its Tory defenders are preparing to resort. While on the one hand an effort will be made by taking exception to the jurisdiction of the Scottish tribunal, to defer as long as possible the trial of the cause, on the other the proceedings before the Commission are to be pushed forward with unexpected despatch. The hoped-for effect of this double move is plain enough, namely, to forestall the verdict of a jury concerning the authenticity of the letters imputed to Mr. PARNELL by a judgment of the Commission with relation to some point entirely outside of the main issue. But these are of course the tactics of a rogue who sees exposure looming over him.

That the *Times* should prefer the Commission to a court is natural, seeing that it has been guaranteed against punishment although it should be adjudged a wilful slanderer and deliberate propagator of forged documents. Not the less does it present a ludicrous spectacle, squirming under the well-timed application of the ordinary legal test to which it had loudly summoned the sufferer from its malignity.

The Coroners.

The terms of three of the four Coroners whose jurisdiction extends throughout this county, expire with the close of the present year, and their successors will be chosen at the election in November. The duties which devolve on these officials have, during the last few years, been subject to frequent statutory change, but as now determined they are embraced in the examination of cases of sudden or suspicious death and the holding to abide the action of the Grand Jury of those principals or accessories against whom criminal charges may seem to lie.

Instead, however, of performing these duties, for which each Coroner receives an annual salary of $5,000, it has become the practice of these officials to arrogate to themselves powers never conferred upon them, and to assume to exercise a most arbitrary interference with the prerogatives of the Grand Jury, of the Supreme Court, of the police courts, and the liberty of citizens generally. It is not alleged anywhere that the motive which actuates the Coroners in their proceedings is other than a good one; but if officers charged with the administration of the law do not themselves conform to its requirements, it is not strange that scandalous controversies should arise.

Not very many days ago Coroner MESSEMER, in holding an inquest in the case of Mrs. LEVY, who met her death by being run over by a one-horse car in West Twenty-third street, held the Secretary of the Cross-town Railroad Company on two charges, on one of which, that of manslaughter, he committed him to the Tombs, and on another, that of contempt of court, he committed him to Ludlow street jail. Such an action was on the face of it void, as where a magistrate or Coroner assumes the custody of an individual he cannot for very obvious reasons commit him to two different places at once. The commitment for contempt of court was of itself void, for the reason that a person charged with the commission of a felony is by law freed from furnishing the evidence of his own alleged guilt, and when Mr. McLEAN refused to produce the accident book of the company he was not only not guilty of contempt of court, but he was standing on his fundamental constitutional rights. This fact seemed to be ignored by Coroner MESSEMER, and recourse had to be had to the Supreme Court, which defined the duties of a Coroner. The claim advanced in extenuation of the extraordinary action of Coroner MESSEMER was that "he was engaged in ascertaining whether bobtail cars were a public nuisance." To this Mr. Justice PATTERSON answered very laconically, "What has he to do with that?" It is manifest that a Coroner has nothing to do with any such question. He is there to ascertain the cause of death, and nothing more. The abatement of a nuisance, if bobtail cars be such, appertains to the functions of a Grand Jury.

Not very long ago Mr. MESSEMER's colleague, Coroner LEVY, had charge of the case of Wall Street Broker HATCH, who met his death by falling from a window in West Twentieth street. The examination, which was prolonged by inquiry into numerous anonymous letters, disclosed the fact that the deceased had clutched the branch of a tree, which, breaking, had caused him to fall into the yard below. On the strength of this testimony Coroner LEVY directed a verdict which implicated a man who was at the time of the catastrophe five miles distant, but who was charged with having enticed the deceased into the house, and who for this offence, entirely unknown to the law, was on the 15th of May committed to the House of Detention as a witness, though a witness to what the record did not show, unless it was as a witness to his own deed. In the same case Coroner LEVY committed to the House of Detention LILLIAN E. SCOFIELD, under an order which the Supreme Court was afterward compelled to set aside as in violation of law. This order specified no offence and prescribed no time of incarceration, so that under its terms Mrs. SCOFIELD, though not charged with any crime, would have remained a prisoner for an indefinite period.

These two cases illustrate the slack discharge of their legal duties by the Coroners. Almost every week the aid of the Supreme Court is invoked to prevent Coroners from exceeding their powers. The police magistrates of this city perform their more onerous duties much better.

Each of our Coroners receives an ample salary, and each has the appointment of a physician, at a yearly salary of $3,000, to perform necessary medical examinations and to furnish the certificates which the law requires in certain cases. The three Coroners whose terms are so soon to expire are, it is said, candidates for reélection, and an improved and more strictly legal administration of their office would certainly add to their chances of success.

The Prospect as Reported by Mr. George.

One of the most unapathetic workers at present on the Democratic side of the canvass is Mr. HENRY GEORGE, and he discusses the situation with aggressive interest and interior information of a quality to demand the serious notice of every Democrat less intimately connected with the central powers of the campaign. In his last *Standard* Mr. GEORGE writes as follows:

"As an indication of the temperature at the Democratic headquarters, I am informed by DORR FITZ, editor of *Belford's Magazine*, that he called there a few days ago with Mr. ROBERT BELFORD, publisher of the magazine. They met there Col. TRACY, one of the confidential men in charge of an important department. Col. FITZ said to Col. TRACY: 'From information received from the agents of BELFORD, CLARKE & Co., who have been instructed to inquire into and report on the condition of the country politically, I have learned that we have at the present lost Connecticut and New Jersey beyond doubt, and that we will lose New York unless something is done.' Col. TRACY replied: 'It is of no use; we need not try to blind ourselves to the fact that we cannot stand up against the cry of free trade.'"

Mr. GEORGE is irritated at the circumstance that Mr. CLEVELAND has "in the official lead of his fight men who are against him upon the issue on which he must either win or lose"—men like Chairman BARNUM and Col. BRICE, for instance, who, as GEORGE alleges, refrain from the effort to "convince the masses that protection is a sham and a robbery." The President's "splendid chances," he continues, "have thus far been frittered away by the cowardice and treachery of those whom he has had the weakness or the misfortune to allow to run his campaign, and who will 'Hancock' him if he permits it." The only hope, in this eminent free trader's view, is for Mr. CLEVELAND to "cut the balky horses in his lead from the traces."

Very possibly if Mr. GEORGE's opportunities of investigation permitted, he might find that the most balky horse in the Democratic team is the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND himself.

The blatant support, first on free trade grounds, and next on land tax grounds, that HENRY GEORGE is proffering to the Democratic party, is injurious and dangerous, and we dare say Mr. CLEVELAND appreciates it at its real value. It tends to make the working men of the country believe that his campaign is in the interest of free trade.

No wonder that in the estimation of HENRY GEORGE Mr. CLEVELAND balks.

Shut Up the Wild Beasts!

The HARMON case in New Jersey furnishes a fresh argument in favor of our doctrine that a person who has once unlawfully attempted to take the life of a human being should be permanently deprived of liberty.

ADOLPH HARMON, who murdered his wife and killed himself at the Highlands of Navesink on Thursday, was not a novice in crime. Some years ago he fell in love with a young woman at Long Branch, who very sensibly refused to marry him. Incensed at being rejected, he tried to kill her, and inflicted a pistol-shot wound in her side. For this offence the would-be murderer was punished by imprisonment in the New Jersey State Prison for six months.

If he had been kept there until now, he would not have had the opportunity to become a murderer in fact as well as in intent.

When a man has once manifested the nature of a tiger, he should be treated as civilized people treat tigers.

He should be caged, if he is not killed.

A number of Virginia Republican politicians of the anti-MAHONE school implored the Republican Executive Committee yesterday to bring about harmony in the Republican party of the Old Dominion. This will be an easy task. If the members of the WISE faction will acknowledge MAHONE as their Boss, they can have all the harmony they want. Boss he is and Boss he will continue to remain whether they like it or not. He is perfectly harmonious with himself, and Republicans unable to appreciate his style of harmony can leave.

The homeliest man in the United States was in the Capitol yesterday. His name is MELVILLE DENNON, he hails from Dakota, is worth $5,000,000 in cash, and has over 100,000 cattle.—*Albany Argus.*

Nonsense! DENNON isn't the homeliest man, if he is worth five millions. That glory belongs to the Hon. GEORGE WEAT, M. C., of Balston. Next to him the cake should go to the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, the successor of BEECHER. Mr. DENNON can't have it.

An even temper laughs at the thermometer, and better is a flannel shirt with coolness and contentment than a sealskin overcoat with a froward mind.

Giddy Rumor giggles the news that the manager of the St. Paul base ball nine has fallen heir to a snug sum in consols and an Irish estate with a castle on it. This is interesting and may be true; and if true, shows that merit is occasionally rewarded. The manager of a first-class nine should be wealthy enough to keep up a castle and even to run a nine.

A "campaign" coon came by express to the Republican headquarters in this town yesterday. He will be used as a mascotte, and, if 1888 were 1840, might be a great stoker of the fires of enthusiasm. But he may have to come down, all the same.

The Hon. COURTLAND C. MATSON, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, represents the Fifth district of that State in Congress. Gen. ALVIN P. HOVEY, the Republican candidate, represents the First district. The Indiana canvass is beginning, and will soon be full of sound and fury. Those two candidates, melting in the canicular blaze of Washington, are casting longing glances homeward, impatient for the fight. Both want to leave Washington, but neither dares to go away and give to the other the honor of remaining at the post of duty. According to the *Tribune*, Gen. HOVEY has informed Mr. MATSON of his willingness to pair with him and go home at any time, and it is probable that they will soon pair off and fly away.

They should do nothing of the kind. They were elected, and are paid to serve in Congress. Their place is in the District of Columbia, not in Indiana. They hold a mandate from the people, and they should either fulfil it or give it back. Neglect it they cannot with honor. If they propose to give their energies to the canvass in Indiana, they should resign their seats in Congress. That body will probably sit for many weeks to come. While they are members of it, they belong there and should stay there. No doubt the temptation to go home and look after their interests as candidates for Governor is almost irresistible. It is none the less their part to remain in Washington and take care of the interests of their constituents and the public business.

They will not show their fitness to be Governor by shirking their duty as Congressmen.

It's too bad! After such a string of victories as was never known on the ball field, since the League existed, the New York boys dropped a couple of brilliantly played games to their most powerful rivals, as a tribute to the law of chances if for no other cause, and this is the result, sent by a rhythmical, if not judicious correspondent:

"The Giants need a set of bats
To win a game or two;
So boom the movement every one,
And see the racket through.
A man on base, a single hit
Will often win a game;
So let them have a tennis bat,
And they'll get there just the same."

This is the sort of castigation which the cantankerous greed of the heart of man sheds upon our good gigantic friends of the Polo grounds. They play splendid ball, but the moment that Fate turns her face away there be those who will jump upon them. This is unjust, but let them be not cast down. It is human nature, something that is essentially the same now as it was when the singing sage of Avon, Mr. SHAKESPEARE, sagely sung:

"The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

We occasionally answer very foolish questions, and here is one of the most foolish:

"Is a citizen claiming Washington as his residence entitled to vote there for candidates for President and Vice-President?"

Of course he isn't. Nobody anywhere votes directly for the candidates of President and Vice-President. It is for the candidates for Electors that the citizen votes. These are only chosen in the different States. The District of Columbia, where Washington is, has no such candidates, because it doesn't belong to a State.

No more jiggers on Twenty-third street. The world do move, and the Hon. ABRAM STEVENS HEWITT makes it move pretty lively sometimes.

THE JEWISH CONTROVERSY.

The Rabbi Joseph and His Hebrew Critics and Opponents.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your paper of Aug. 15 and to-day you give publication to two letters defending the cause of the Hebrew United congregations, and severely attacking those opposed to the work undertaken by Rabbi Joseph. As one of those who, in the words of your correspondents, are in open hostility to the imported rabbi, and who, by the way, far outnumber the friends of the latter, I beg to submit to the readers of your valuable journal the opening of a sermon delivered by Rabbi Joseph at the Eldridge street synagogue on Thursday, July 26, in a literal translation from a stenographic report published in the Hebrew *Volksadvocat*. As the so-called official translations of the new rabbi's sermons given to the press are, as a rule, a refinement on the rabbi's eloquence and contain very little of what he actually says in a style which does not lend itself to the spirit of modern languages, the following may be of some interest to those who desire to have a true conception of the views held by Rabbi Joseph:

"My flock is dissatisfied with my sermons because I cannot speak the language of the Christians. A debtor may pay his debts in any coin he possesses. I cannot pay my debts. The educated people say I know no language. Well, I am in the same fix as the Rabbi Yoshua-ben-Khanina [one of the authors of the Talmud]. He did not speak any other language than his own (Judeo-Syriac), and was unfamiliar with the dialect of his Christian fellow citizens. When a princess asked why he did not care to learn the language of his country, he asked her, by way of reply, why she preferred to keep her choicest wines in earthen vessels instead of in golden ones. Golden vessels would spoil the wine, continued the Rabbi. The wine is our Torah [the Talmudical prescriptions and teachings]; the Judeo-German, which we speak, is the earthen vessels of the wine. The teachings of the holy rabbis would lose their taste when expounded in another language.

"It may be urged that there are some wise men, well learned in our religion, who also speak the modern languages. To this I should answer that if the wine is not spoiled by the golden vessel, it would have a still higher flavor if kept in earthen ones. In like manner, if those learned Jews did not possess the knowledge of languages, their religion might be of more value."

This passage, which I single out from the rabbi's discourse because it is free from that entanglement of untranslatable cabalistic quotations that characterizes his sermons, speaks for itself. I only beg to add that the names Anarchist, Nihilist, Socialist, and what not, which your correspondent bestows upon the opponents of the rabbi, are terms indiscriminately applied by the old-fashioned Jews to every Jew whose manners and customs are in accord with the views and habits of civilized nations.

Is an Anarchist one who persists in believing that the earth turns around the sun?

Is a Nihilist one who denies the existence of demons (*shedim*), and who is bold enough to doubt some ridiculous mysteries of cabalistic nonsense?

Is a Socialist one who, in religious matters, follows the rational way of seeing and thinking?

The *Volksadvocat* is in no wise an Anarchistic paper or it would not reach its high circulation among the Jews, who know very little of any "ism." Indeed, Rabbi Joseph himself, in alluding to socialism in one of his sermons, did not even know how to pronounce the word. Thus *Socialisten* was transformed by him into *Islisten*.

AN AMERICANIZED JEW.

AUG. 17.

Col. Brice Seeking Help in Washington.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—Mr. Calvin S. Brice, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, is here on important business. The recent demonstration in New York by the Republicans, and what has been developed since Mr. Blaine landed, worries the Democratic committee, and Mr. Brice has come to confer with certain Democratic Senators and Congressmen.

He saw the President to-day, and to-night is closeted with Speaker Carlisle. What help the Administration will offer him is, of course, a state secret, but it is said the resources of the party are ample for all emergencies. The publication of President Cleveland's letter of acceptance is urged, that it may be printed in the campaign book.

A prominent Democratic member of the House, whose position and influence entitle his complaint to respectful attention, and who has just returned from New York, says that he was disgusted and made heartsick by the apathy or indolence which was manifest at the Democratic headquarters in that city. There was an apparent lack on the part of the management of far-seeing sense, which is so necessary in a national campaign.

Mayor Hewitt Should be Kept in Office.

From the Washington Evening Star.

If it be true that Mr. Hewitt is willing to take another term as Mayor of New York city, it is to be hoped that he will be elected his own successor. Every American takes a lively interest in the welfare of the commercial metropolis of the New World, for a triumph of good government there is an encouragement to efforts in the same direction elsewhere. No administration the city has ever had has been more free from scandal than Mr. Hewitt's; but his uprightness of character, and the good he manages to accomplish in spite of every drawback, are no light arguments in favor of keeping him in office now that he is there. An attempt will doubtless be made to injure his canvass by showing him to be neither an outright Republican on the one hand, nor a friend of the Democratic national candidate on the other. But as Federal politics has properly nothing to do with municipal government, such talk ought to be contemptuously disregarded by thoughtful men. What the city of New York wants is an honest and fearless man in the Mayor's chair, and she would be very foolish to let him go simply because he is not to the taste of the professional politicians.

No Hurry, He Thinks.

From the Springfield Republican.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—The President said to a prominent Democratic Congressman who called upon him this morning that he does not intend to write his letter of acceptance until the Republican Tariff bill is made public, if it is completed within a reasonable time. He desires, he says, to see whether it is in accord with the Chicago platform or not. He does not feel that there is any special haste about making the letter public.

It Stands at the Head.

From the Meridian News.

For clear, crisp, censorious, vigorous editorials THE NEW YORK SUN still heads the list.

THE ITALIAN CAMORISTA.

A Secret Order of Brigands that Defies New York Laws.

Some time ago a SUN reporter was detailed to inquire into the merits of a shooting case where both the victim and the assailant were Italians. The assailant was arrested, taken to the Tombs, and held to await the results of the wounded man's injuries. As the Italian interpreter of the Tombs Court left the witness stand he was seen to smile and afterward made this remark:

"He is guilty, but he will be discharged."

In astonishment the reporter asked why.

"Both of these men," said the interpreter, "are members of an Italian organization known as the Camorista. The organization is strong in Italy, and there are many branches in this country. One of them is located in New York. The creed of its members is simple. It forbids work and encourages crime. The members are a species of brigands. They gamble, rob, and aid each other when the law overtakes them. Their victims are the ignorant of their own countrymen, who dare not murmur. To betray them is supposed to mean death by the stiletto. Their crimes are numerous, and will yet make a stir."

Yesterday THE SUN received a communication from an Italian who claimed to be a victim of some of these cutthroats, and who was not afraid to announce it.

On July 12 Gaetano Salcano and Luigi Gaston, two Italians, entered the barber shop of Stanislaus Lamortes, a fellow countryman, at 408 Second avenue. Lamorte is a fat, good-natured man, who has won an enviable reputation among his customers and countrymen for never-failing good humor. Salcano had been to see him before, and had sold cigars to him on several occasions.

"Stanislaus," he said to Lamorte, "I want to buy a barber shop down town, and I want you to help me pick it out."

He showed Lamorte several packages containing $5 gold pieces, and promised to pay him for his trouble. Lamorte put on his hat and accompanied the two men down town. At Baxter street they stopped at a tenement house at No. 70. Salcano said that he wanted to see some friends, and asked Lamorte to go with him. Lamorte demurred, but under pressure agreed to go in for five minutes.

Salcano led the way. He entered a barc-looking room in which there was a woman and a man. They had no sooner passed the threshold than the woman slammed the door shut and locked it, after which she put the key in her pocket. Salcano asked Lamorte to have a drink. Lamorte took a glass of beer.

"Let us play a game of cards," said Salcano. Lamorte had heard of such things before, and he refused to play. Then the three men pounced on him and took his wallet, containing $65. The men rushed down stairs, and he demanded his money of the woman.

"I know nothing of it," she replied, laughing impudently; "go find it."

Lamorte rushed down the stairs three at a time, but could not find a trace of the men. After this Lamorte says he went to the Elizabeth street police station and told his story, and the Sergeant sent a policeman around with him to arrest the thieves. Only the woman could be found, and she was locked up. She gave her name as Rosa Gamberino. The next day she was arraigned at the Tombs. There was no proof against her, and Lamorte could not speak English well enough to explain the conspiracy. She was discharged by Justice Smith.

After that, Mrs. Lamorte, who is an intelligent Irishwoman, took the matter in hand. She took her husband to Police Headquarters, and there between them she says they explained the case. Detective McManus told Inspector Byrnes's staff was detailed to find the thieves. He arrested Luigi Gaston. Mrs. Lamorte says she was present when Gaston was taken to Police Headquarters, and that the detective found a revolver and some packages on the prisoner. She did not know what the packages contained. McManus told her Gaston would go up for ten years sure.

The next day Gaston was arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court, Justice Ford said the case was out of his jurisdiction, and ordered the prisoner to be taken to the Yorkville Police Court. Gaston was discharged there by Justice White, as Lamorte had no witnesses.

Lamorte said yesterday that neither the revolver nor the packages were shown. He said also that Salcano had repeatedly boasted that he was not afraid of the law. He said he knew the way to open prison bars and that he had the wherewithal to overcome the police and the Judges. After he had robbed him of the $65 he went into the barber shop of Antonio Padrone at Ninth street and Third avenue and told Padrone that he had avenged himself on Lamorte.

"Luigi Florenz, who worked for Lamorte," he is reported to have said, "told me that Lamorte spoke badly of me. Now I am even with him. So will it be with all my enemies."

The police did not arrest Salcano.

"Salcano is a bad man," Mrs. Lamorte said yesterday, "and boasts of it openly. He told me that he had been in prison seven years, but that he was not afraid of being arrested any more. He told me of stabbing and robbing one of his secretary friends in Genoa. The doctors know of no way of neutralizing the effect of the iron. Perhaps they wouldn't resort to it, even if they knew it. For it is the iron in the blood that makes red-headed girls so strong and hardy and good-natured. It also is the cause of freckles, which are very good for the health. And it is noted as a singular thing—probably also having some relation to the iron in the blood—that mosquitoes never bite red-headed girls. So you see, according to the dictum of this learned physician, a red-headed girl has many advantages over her dark-haired sister.

Scarlett's Huge Tombstone.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ATLANTA, Aug. 9.—Mr. Henry Scarlett was buried to-day under a rock about 100 by 200 feet in dimensions. Scarlett lived in the upper part of Upson county, where he had amassed a great deal of money and owned large tracts of land. In early life he had been disappointed in a love affair, and ever afterward lived as a hermit. Several years ago, in anticipation of coming death, he selected the huge boulder referred to as his tombstone. He sent to Atlanta for a stonecutter and had a suitable inscription placed upon the rock, and then a cave was dug down under it, where a coffin was placed to await the corpse. Recently Scarlett fell ill and died. He was buried to-day, according to his desire, under the biggest tombstone on record, and the cave was closed in.

Mysterious Bright Lights.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Mysterious bright lights, appearing like big fires at a distance, have caused some discussion in Portland and vicinity, recently. From Portland they appear to be in Gorham or Alfred; from Alfred, they seem to be in Scarboro. Scarboro people have located them in Westbrook, and residents of Westbrook have thought the Reform School was burning. The Portland *Advertiser* seems to favor the theory that they are a species of mirage produced by the reflection of the Portland electric lights, especially as the supposed fires are seen on foggy evenings. It is fortunate that the days of witchcraft are over, or somebody's head might be in danger.

Go Join the Thirteen Club.

From the Epoch.

The idea of fearing that if thirteen sit down at a table one of the thirteen would soon die is so absurd that sensible men and women ought to court every opportunity of having just thirteen at meals so as to counteract this silly fear.

The Weather's Vagary.

Suddenly—was it the weather man's terrible blunder?—
Suddenly, quick as the lightning preceding the thunder,
Came a warm wave from the south, overbolled, superheated,
Hotter than ever this summer to mortals had meted.

Then was the weather supremely, distressingly torrid;
Then were all manner of garments oppressively horrid;
Then did the city break out in a fierce perspiration,
Venting its wrath in a sadly subdued execration.

Then did the volatile mercury get acrobatic,
Suddenly climbing and leaping right up to the attic,
While the unfortunate citizens, saturate, solemn,
Gazed in despair at the height of the thin little column.

Heat and humidity, merciless, pooling their issues,
Joined in together to prey on humanity's tissues,
Cornered the market for coolness, and bought up the breezes,
Forcing the hot weather bears to submit to tight squeezes.

Then was the pick of the year for the summer resorters,
They who were ready almost to return to their quarters;
Then they remained where the air and mosquitoes could find them,
Casting all thoughts of the heat-ridden city behind them.

Men who declared that the backbone of summer was broken
Wilted when asked if the heat of the day was a token;
Brice was disgusted with hot politicians complaining,
Quay was quite sure that the day was too warm for campaigning.

Oh for a draught of the vintage from Keats's bright pages,
Cooled in the depths of the earth for a decade of ages!
Oh for the ice does that bother the people of Truro!
Oh for a club for the weather, and one for its Bureau!

When leaving home for the summer the prudent provide themselves with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, in order to treat promptly and effectually all attacks of cramp, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, &c.—complaints more or less prevalent everywhere at this season of the year.—Adv.

THE ROMANCE OF A LETTER.

A Pleasing Narrative of the Strange Chance that Reunited Two Lovers.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 15.—About a year ago a young woman in Chicago, to whom Henry Reightmeyer, chief clerk of a hotel in Lewisburg was engaged, failed to send him a reply to his last letter, and he was piqued at the neglect and did not write for an explanation. As time went on and he received no word from her, he became convinced that she had jilted him for some one else, and he gave her up. The young woman was employed in a large bookbindery in Chicago. Two weeks ago young Reightmeyer received a letter addressed to him in the well-known penmanship of his late sweetheart, and another one in a strange chirography, both letters bearing the postmark of a town in Maine. He opened the girl's letter and found that it was dated Chicago, nearly a year ago, and was the answer that had never come to his letter. The other letter was from a traveller on a Maine railroad, who said he had purchased a Chicago magazine on the train on the day his letter was dated. On looking over the magazine he found between the pages a letter held fast in the close binding. It was addressed to Henry Reightmeyer, Lewisburg, Pa., and was stamped, but bore no post mark. The traveller had mailed it to the address at the first town he came to, and wrote the explanation of its discovery.

Reightmeyer wrote at once to the Chicago girl, telling her the story of her letter. She replied, and the only explanation she could give was that she had placed the letter under some loose sheets of the magazine she was folding until she could mail it, and had then forgotten that she had not mailed it. The letter had been folded and bound within the sheets without discovery. Not receiving any reply, she, too, had been seized with jealous doubts, and was too proud to write again. The correspondence and engagement have been renewed.

A CHINESE MILLIONAIRE.

The Pagan Owner of Peruvian Plantations Returns to China.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

The steamer Parthia, which sailed yesterday for the Orient, carried among her cabin passengers a distinguished Celestial. The passenger, although wearing his queue according to Chinese custom, had discarded the usual costume of his countrymen and was attired in a neat-fitting suit of black broadcloth. A high standing collar of the latest fashion encircled his neck, and, unlike other Chinese, he wore a tight-fitting pair of gaiters.

Just before the steamer departed yesterday morning he paced the deck of the steamer with the air of a nabob. The voyager is registered on the passenger list as Chun Lee, Peru, bound for Hong Kong. He is said to be worth, in coin and other property, over a million dollars. This fortune he amassed in Peru, in which country he has resided for thirteen years, having arrived there in 1875.

When he left this city he had but $400. This amount he placed to advantage in a plantation. He made money rapidly, and gradually increased his acreage, until he now has large tracts in different parts of the country. He decided several months ago to visit his native country, and, leaving his property in the hands of his managers, he left for Panama, at which place he took the steamer for this city. He arrived here about two months ago, and during his stay has made things exceedingly lively for his friends. Swell banquets and dinners on the Chinese plan were numerous, all given at the expense of Chun. His friends also enjoyed carriage rides and trips to the suburban cities through the pagan millionaire's liberality.

He made things fairly hum during his short stay and his friends reciprocated by giving a grand farewell dinner to the distinguished visitor. The dinner was had at the residence of a leading Chinese merchant and the tables groaned with all the luxuries that the Chinese restaurants afford.

A number of the Chinese merchants were at the Oceanic wharf yesterday morning to see Chun off. He shook them all warmly by the hand and bade them good-by, after which he boarded the steamer, where he was seen by an *Examiner* reporter.

He talks but little English and his remarks are almost unintelligible. He refused to say anything regarding himself or his business interests in Peru. He stated that he was going to make a complete tour of the Flowery Kingdom. When asked if he was going to travel alone, he smiled slightly and pointed to a mite of a Chinese woman, and remarked that the female was his wife. He married her in this city previous to going to Peru. The pair expect to be gone about four months.

Chun is a man about 45 years of age, and his better half is about ten years his junior.

Why Red-headed Girls Don't Tan.

From the Philadelphia Press.

A red-headed girl, I believe, never turns brown. That, I understood from a learned physician, is because she has too much iron in her blood. It is the iron that gives the fine, Titian hue to her hair. If she had less iron in her blood her hair would probably be brown or chestnut, or perhaps blond. The doctors know of no way of neutralizing the effect of the iron. Perhaps they wouldn't resort to it, even if they knew it. For it is the iron in the blood that makes red-headed girls so strong and hardy and good-natured. It also is the cause of freckles, which are very good for the health. And it is noted as a singular thing—probably also having some relation to the iron in the blood—that mosquitoes never bite red-headed girls. So you see, according to the dictum of this learned physician, a red-headed girl has many advantages over her dark-haired sister.

Scarlett's Huge Tombstone.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ATLANTA, Aug. 9.—Mr. Henry Scarlett was buried to-day under a rock about 100 by 200 feet in dimensions. Scarlett lived in the upper part of Upson county, where he had amassed a great deal of money and owned large tracts of land. In early life he had been disappointed in a love affair, and ever afterward lived as a hermit. Several years ago, in anticipation of coming death, he selected the huge boulder referred to as his tombstone. He sent to Atlanta for a stonecutter and had a suitable inscription placed upon the rock, and then a cave was dug down under it, where a coffin was placed to await the corpse. Recently Scarlett fell ill and died. He was buried to-day, according to his desire, under the biggest tombstone on record, and the cave was closed in.

Mysterious Bright Lights.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Mysterious bright lights, appearing like big fires at a distance, have caused some discussion in Portland and vicinity, recently. From Portland they appear to be in Gorham or Alfred; from Alfred, they seem to be in Scarboro. Scarboro people have located them in Westbrook, and residents of Westbrook have thought the Reform School was burning. The Portland *Advertiser* seems to favor the theory that they are a species of mirage produced by the reflection of the Portland electric lights, especially as the supposed fires are seen on foggy evenings. It is fortunate that the days of witchcraft are over, or somebody's head might be in danger.

Go Join the Thirteen Club.

From the Epoch.

The idea of fearing that if thirteen sit down at a table one of the thirteen would soon die is so absurd that sensible men and women ought to court every opportunity of having just thirteen at meals so as to counteract this silly fear.

The Weather's Vagary.

Suddenly—was it the weather man's terrible blunder?—
Suddenly, quick as the lightning preceding the thunder,
Came a warm wave from the south, overbolled, superheated,
Hotter than ever this summer to mortals had meted.

Then was the weather supremely,