The Sun.

SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 1889.

London office of The Sun, Hotel Victoria, Northumberland avenue. Address Arthur Brisbane, sole representative in London.

The Coming Steamer.

A more definite report of the trial trip of the City of Paris, now on her way to this port, will give a vigorous stir to the hopes of those interested in the development of ocean-going craft.

The run already mentioned by cable, in which she was said to have reached a speed of twenty-one knots, we now learn was from the Calf of Man to the Northwest Lightship. That is a distance of fifty-eight knots, and this great rate was maintained for the necessary two hours and three-quarters "in the face of strong winds and somewhat adverse tide;" and there was no hitch in the working of the engines during all the trial. Five days and a half is all that would be needed for a ship of that sort to complete the Atlantic passage.

It is barely possible that the new candidate for ocean honors may beat the record in her maiden trip. Wednesday morning next will tell the tale.

Has Boulanger Blundered?

It seems that some of Boulanger's partisans resent his removal to Brussels. They think he should have remained and faced a prosecution like his lieutenants, Laguerre, Naquet, Déroulède, and others.

At first sight this criticism looks reasonable enough, but it will not bear examination. There is no ground for supposing that Boulanger would shrink from meeting the same kind of prosecution to which his principal supporters have been subjected. They have been arraigned and tried before the ordinary tribunals. One of the charges against them, that of violating the law by forming a secret society, can undoubtedly be sustained. But the offence deserves only a nominal penalty, because the law in question has not been enforced for years, and the so-called Patriotic League has been notoriously countenanced by successive Ministries. As to the other accusation, that, namely, of organizing a plot to overthrow the established government, no proof of it has thus far been produced which would command serious attention in a court of justice. The only thing that could be construed as indicative of treasonable aims was the draft of a proposal to "mobilize" the Paris sections of the Patriotic League. The word "mobilize" suggests an armed demonstration, but the text of the document, which has been published, shows that peaceful meetings and processions were proposed, such as were deemed by the Radicals entirely legitimate when they were levelled at Marshal MacMahon and M. Grévy. Besides, there is no evidence that the mobilizing proposition was ever accepted or even formally submitted to a section of the League.

Now, nobody has yet alleged that any stronger case can be made out against Boulanger than against his lieutenants. Indeed, the refusal of M. Bouchez, the Procureur-Général, to sign the order of arrest, indicates that the evidence against him was even less cogent. It was apparently the consciousness of the weakness of their case against the General that led the Tirard Ministry to refuse to try him in an ordinary court, like his fellow Deputy, Laguerre, and to arraign him instead before a political body. It is one of the most vicious features of the French Constitution that not only is the Senate empowered, like our own upper House, to try those Federal officeholders who are impeached by the popular branch of the legislature, but any private citizen may be arraigned before the same extraordinary tribunal. Moreover, instead of being allowed merely to impose the penalty of disqualification for office, the French Senate can sentence to deportation. This is manifestly a power which never should be vested in a political assembly.

Laguerre, Naquet, and the other members of the Patriotic League who have just been tried in a police court, are the very men who urged Boulanger to leave France sooner than submit to trial before a political assembly, in which his enemies would command a majority. To have stayed in Paris in order to be prosecuted before the Senate would, from their point of view, have been not an act of bravery, but an act of folly. To us it seems that the cowardice thus far exhibited in this affair has been displayed by the Radicals, who did not dare to arraign Boulanger with his colleagues in an ordinary court.

It is really curious to note how hard it is for Boulanger to please some people. Had he killed M. Floquet in their duel he would have been proclaimed a murderer by the political friends of his antagonist. As it happened, he was severely wounded, a fact which his opponents insist upon considering discreditable. Just so at the present juncture, had Boulanger remained in Paris and been sentenced to deportation by the Senate, the Radicals would have boasted that they had extinguished him. As it is, they profess to believe he has extinguished himself. But it is nothing new for his opponents to describe Boulanger as crushed. What worries them is that he will not stay crushed.

Our Minister to England.

The British Government has selected Sir Julian Pauncefote as Minister to the United States. In due time he will arrive at Washington, present his credentials to President Harrison, and settle down to perform the nominal duties of his office.

The change from Lord Sackville to Sir Julian has no other interest for us than the substitution of a new Minister for a Minister who misused his place by meddling in our politics. At the time of his appointment Sir Julian was entirely unknown in this country, and even now he is little more than a mere name to us.

But the people are not concerning themselves about his personality. Whether he or another Englishman is sent to Washington is of no consequence to us, for we have nothing to do with diplomacy as it is known and practised in Europe. There is no British Minister here now and we have no American Minister in London; and yet neither country suffers. The places might never be filled, and it would be all the same as to the conduct of business between the two Governments. There is nothing which a clerk may not perform that is left to the discretion of a Minister. Every negotiation of importance is conducted directly between Washington and London, and the Ministers are the mere errand boys for their respective Secretaries.

Of course, therefore, the English care no more about whom we send to St. James's than we care as to whom Lord Salisbury sends here. Whoever the man is, they will treat him civilly and with the distinction due to his representative capacity. Just at present they are disposed to be very polite toward this country, dislike us as they may at the bottom of their hearts, and anybody sent by us as Minister would be received with much courtesy. He would be invited out to dinner and a high seat at all public feasts would be given to him, simply as the American Minister. If he was a snob and a fool he would look upon such civilities as a tribute to his personal importance, social and intellectual. Otherwise he would know that they would be shown to any other man in his place. But whether he gets more or less of them than any previous Minister is a matter of no consequence, except to him individually. The relations between the two countries and their sentiments toward each other could not be in the least affected. Probably he would keep his head better and be a better representative of his country if his popularity in aristocratic society was not great.

Yet Mugwump journals like the *New York Times* and *Evening Post* are distressing themselves with fear lest Mr. Lincoln may not be able to cut as good a figure in England as they assume that Mr. Phelps has done. The attentions received by Mr. Phelps, his invitations to dinner, and his chances to make speeches, were all individual triumphs, in their view, so that he has made it very hard for anybody to succeed him. But before Mr. Cleveland discovered Mr. Phelps in his obscurity as a Vermont lawyer, nobody at home or abroad had suspected him of such extraordinary abilities. If he had gone to London as an individual and not as an American representative, he would have caused no agitation. He was unknown on both sides of the water. But as an American Minister, he of course became a man of mark in England, as Buffalo Bill was on his own account.

Nor will Mr. Lincoln receive distinction for any other reason than that he has been selected by the President to represent the American people at St. James's. Though he is the son of Abraham Lincoln, he remained in London last year without exciting attention. But as Minister he will be as important a figure as Mr. Phelps was, and get as many invitations to dinner. He will probably get too many for his own good, if not for the good of his country.

The Wonders of the Sun.

Some highly interesting facts can be extracted from the statistics of solar phenomena in 1888, which are now making their appearance in various scientific periodicals. If any one who has an astronomer among his friends had been invited to look at the sun with a telescope in 1882, 1883, or 1884, and should look at it with the same instrument again to-day, he would be surprised at the change in its aspect. Then hardly a day passed on which the face of the sun might not be seen splashed with spots, which not infrequently attained enormous dimensions, being many thousands of miles across and surrounded by vast areas of disturbance, over which the solar surface was broken and heaped up into those shifting mountains of fire that are called faculæ. Now we would look in vain for any such display. Except at rare intervals the great orb of day looks as smooth as a mirror. Faculæ are visible under favorable circumstances, but by no means as extensive as those of half a dozen years ago, and the observer may watch for a week without perceiving a dark spot anywhere. Such spots as make their appearance are invariably inconspicuous, and exhibit no evidence of extensive and violent disturbance.

The change simply means that a few years ago one of the regular maximum periods of sun spots, which occur at average intervals of eleven years, was attained, and that now the succeeding minimum has arrived. There is something overwhelmingly impressive in the display of physical forces on a scale of such magnitude as these variations in the condition of the sun suggest. The destruction of our globe, which is the most stupendous event that the mind is wont to conceive, would be a phenomenon of no great moment in comparison with the tremendous mutations going on in the sun. Yet ordinarily we become aware of these solar activities only by watching their effects with the telescope. And what we see are simply surface phenomena. The imagination alone can penetrate into the terrible centre of the solar globe and behold the struggle of imprisoned elements, whose atoms, whelmed and ground together at the very axle of the solar system, are yet forced asunder by the mad vibrations of a degree of heat that would dissipate the solid earth in a whiff of vapor. There are all the substances of which the earth is made, sufficient in quantity to form hundreds of thousands of such globes as ours, jumbled in a wonderful mass, that is at once gaseous through the fury of heat, and viscid through the giant grip of gravitation, which there, at its very seat and centre, contends for the mastery with molecular forces that, roused to fiercer energy by its oppression, baffle and confound its utmost efforts. How should we recognize that noble metal iron in the sun reduced from all its pride of strength to vapor, and perhaps with its very molecules rent asunder!

Yet confusing as is the picture which one gets of the war of forces and the chaos of matter in the sun, recent observations have made it clear that there is a certain fundamental organization there, runn ing into details that are highly suggestive, though difficult of interpretation. In the first place, the periodicity of the sun-spot phenomena is, in itself, an evidence that the solar globe possesses a systematic structure, going much further than the simple surface division into photosphere and chromosphere. The mere fact of its rotation must, of course, produce some shaping effect upon it, but the sun spots exhibit appearances not accounted for by any resultant of rotational motion.

For instance, whenever a minimum sun-spot period has passed, and the spots are beginning to appear again, they start in comparatively high latitudes, and then as the maximum approaches the belts on either side of the equator in which the spots make their appearance, seem to draw slowly together, approaching from north and south, while the spots as they break out assume greater dimensions and exhibit more violent activity. At last, the maximum being passed, they begin to diminish both in number and in size, but the spot belts still approach the equator, and the few small spots that are seen during a minimum usually lie within a few degrees of that line. If, as sometimes occurs during a minimum, a sudden outbreak of spots takes place, the region of disturbance appears to be immediately thrown back from the equator several degrees. These phenomena were observed during 1888, and will probably be seen frequently this year; but the recent appearance of one or more spots in high latitudes conveys a hint that the minimum may soon pass, and the oncoming of a new maximum become evident.

Still more suggestive of some curious structural peculiarity in the sun is the tendency, which has been clearly shown in recent years, for spots to prefer not only one solar hemisphere, but in some cases particular longitudes. In November, 1882, a tremendous outbreak occurred in the southern hemisphere of the sun. A spot, that could easily be seen without any optical aid except a smoked glass, broke out, opening an enormous ragged hole in the photosphere, and presenting a spectacle that, with its rapid changes, was at once the delight and the despair of those who watched it with telescopes, and tried to draw a picture of it in their note books. Simultaneously with its greatest displays of energy, violent magnetic disturbances affected telegraphic wires and magnetic needles in various parts of the earth, and splendid auroral streamers and curtains illuminated the heavens at night. After the conclusion of this great solar outburst, the sun spots began to manifest a tendency to appear in larger numbers in the southern than in the northern hemisphere of the sun. This tendency became more marked with the lapse of time, and it has survived the passing of the maximum and was still clearly manifest during last year's observations. It should be added that previous to the appearance of the great November spot in 1882, the spots had been about equally distributed in both hemispheres, and a year or two earlier the northern spots had been more numerous than the southern ones.

That this was no mere accident is shown by the recent investigations of Prof. Spœrer, who has found that twice before, since sun spots have been studied with telescopes, there have been periods of activity in the southern hemisphere of the sun coincident with quiescence in the northern hemisphere. One period was from 1621 to 1625, and the other from 1672 to 1704. Throughout these two periods, it would appear that the phenomenal fact was rather the non-appearance of northern spots than the prevalence of southern ones, for in one case it is said that during forty years no spot was seen in the sun's northern hemisphere.

The other phenomenon that we have mentioned, that of recurrent outbreaks in certain longitudes, might be interpreted as showing that there are regions upon the sun peculiarly liable to such disturbances. If sun spots could be regarded as resembling volcanic phenomena, these regions would appear to correspond to those parts of the earth like the East Indies and the Hawaiian Islands, where volcanoes are most numerous and mightiest. But with our present information concerning the constitution of the solar globe it would be difficult to admit the possibility of such an explanation.

The only effect that these stupendous solar phenomena are known to have upon the earth is, as we have already indicated, of a magnetic or electric character. The theories of their influence upon the weather may have a basis of truth, but have not been demonstrated. Before they can be thoroughly tested, it will be necessary to obtain records of observations made simultaneously in many parts of the globe upon some concerted plan, and capable of careful and accurate comparison. That there is some powerful influence affecting the atmosphere, the law of whose action remains to be discovered, is quite clear from the unsatisfactory condition of the science of meteorology; and it is possible that a more systematic study than has yet been undertaken of the terrestrial effect of changes in the sun, may throw light upon some of the mysteries of the seasons.

In the mean time every intelligent mind must observe with awe the evidence which the gigantic convulsions that shake the solar body present to our senses of the struggle that is going on there between those forces that make the sun an orb of light and life for the earth, and others that are tending to its extinguishment. Unless modern science has gone very far astray, what we behold in the sun is a reproduction, on an almost infinitely grander scale, of that which is merely hinted at in the Biblical history of the earth's creation, when out of matter that was "without form and void," the foundations of the globe we trod were established. The face of the sun, too, will, in the fulness of time, be covered with darkness, and then, while the ancient dwelling place of the race of Adam fades into lifeless gloom, watchful eyes in some of the distant places of creation may note that a star is missing from the sky.

Is the Madstone of Any Use?

We published the other day the opinions of two specialists on diseases of the mind and nerves that the popular belief in the curative powers of the madstone is the merest superstition. In so describing it Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Spitzka undoubtedly expressed the sentiment of the medical profession generally. They have no more faith in the ability of the madstone to cure hydrophobia, than scientific men have confidence in the virtues of the divining rod to discover mines and treasures.

Yet there is no superstition older, more extensive, and of greater vitality than this belief in the madstone. It goes back to the most ancient times. For ages it has continued in China and the East Indies, and Pliny speaks of the ability of the petrifaction called ammonis cornu, and now known as ammonite, to extract the virus from wounds inflicted by mad dogs and venomous reptiles. This stone is the fossil of an extinct mollusk; and one brought from Bombay to Richmond many years ago was believed at the time to have cured several cases of hydrophobia in a very marvellous way, affidavits supporting the assertion. But the madstone at present in use is described as a formation found in the bladders of deer. At least such a specimen was obtained by the Chemical Survey in North Carolina five or six years ago. It came from the paunch of a white-spotted deer, and was said to have cured a case of hydrophobia and one of rattlesnake bite, these cures also being substantiated by affidavits. The madstone was more recently used with success at Terre Haute in Indiana, according to a correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal*.

As it is a porous stone it operates, if it operates at all, by absorption, but in that respect, as Dr. Hamilton says, it has no more curative power than a common sponge. Any porous substance applied to a wound would act in the same way. The belief in the madstone as a cure for hydrophobia is, moreover, only one among many superstitions as to the methods of dealing with that terrible disease which have been held in both ancient and modern times. It is a question, too, whether the disease itself is not imaginary quite as much as real, and for that reason especially adapted for the use of superstitious means of cure, madstones, incantations, charms, and faith cures.

Both Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Spitzka express some skepticism on this point. Few physicians allege that they have seen a genuine case of hydrophobia in man, and Dr. Spitzka goes so far as to say that real rabies, transmissible from dog to man by a bite of the dog only, has not yet been demonstrated. In the great majority of cases, at least, it is a purely imaginary disease, and in others blood poisoning or lockjaw may furnish the explanation.

But people will answer that in their own experience they have known of rabies; of men, women, and children dying in horrible tortures because of the bites of mad dogs. From this time forth until the end of the summer many alleged cases will be reported in the newspapers. Whole communities, very likely, will be terrified by dogs regarded as mad, as happened in Newark a few years ago, and there will be a wild demand for the slaughter and extermination of the entire canine creation.

To these the physicians answer that this very terror may provoke nervous maladies, which, among their manifold forms, will take on the appearance of hydrophobia. The manifestations under hysteria are often to the last degree startling and horrifying, and there is no doubt that the imagination is capable of creating what seems to be a case of rabies, with all the frightful symptoms attributed to it. The person bitten is thrown into a condition of abject terror by the excitement of the chase of the mob after the equally terrified dog, and he and his friends live thereafter in constant dread of the consequences. Thus it comes to pass that finally his own imagination brings on him what seems to be the expected disease. The sufferer, as Dr. Spitzka says, dies from fright.

That is the true explanation of the great majority of what are called cases of hydrophobia; and, of course, imaginary cures may avail in imaginary diseases. The scientific physician constantly uses the imagination in this way with purely nervous affections, and quacks, charlatans, and fanatics have always employed it successfully. Very often men may get well by determining to do so, or, in the cases of women more especially, by reaching the true conclusion that they are well, after all. Therein lies such potency as the mind cures and the faith cures have, and to that extent they may be useful.

The madstone cures because its curative power is believed in. But the true remedial agent is not the stone ammonite or the secretion of the deer. It is the faith alone. Very likely such cures as are accredited to Pasteur's method of inoculation are also due to the wonder-working power of the human imagination.

Old Masters and their Credentials.

Guarantees of old masters are for the most part superfluous, and are demanded only by the ignorant and the timid. A purchaser who asks for a guarantee of authenticity as a condition of his taking a picture, has no business to buy it at all. A diamond of the first water does not require a guarantee; and when Rembrandt painted a picture he put his own guarantee upon every inch of its surface.

The guarantee which the owner offers with the Durcal old masters is a concession to ignorance and timidity, as well as a rejoinder to certain extraordinary criticisms. A number of articles have appeared which have been wholly outside the pale of art criticism. Badly written, vulgar in tone, and in every way unskilful, they have attracted attention only through the very curious personal motive that appeared to inspire them. It looked as if the persons of cultivation and training, whose usual function it might be to impart æsthetic views upon æsthetic subjects, had been made to give way to some uninstructed, ignorant, but very active and vindictive personal enemies of the unfortunate owner of the collection. Nothing could have been more savage than these attacks, or more gratuitously offensive.

We do not think, however, that they have inflicted any pecuniary damage upon the pictures, or that, if they have, the guarantee offered by the Duke de Durcal will mend it. We have stated very plainly our conviction that the public taste in this country is not yet sufficiently developed in the matter of ancient art to make the offering of a collection of old masters a commercially successful undertaking. From that point of view, it were far better they had been sent to auction at the Hôtel Drouot or at Christie's. If they should sell fairly well here, we doubt if any purchaser will pay the least attention to the guarantee or in any way seek to exercise the privilege it implies. The people here who buy an old master are like the people in Europe who buy an old master; they know what they are about.

Whatever the fate of the pictures, the exhibition of them in New York has been instructive and interesting in no common degree, and that is something for which people of taste will be grateful.

The Sphere Goes Round the Globe.

Yesterday the party of able men who, when at home, play ball in Chicago and elsewhere, returned from a memorable and perhaps momentous tour around the earth. They are welcome home again. Their domestic greenswards, with the exception, we regret to say, of the Polo grounds, are ready for them to begin business again.

The fact that they have seen the world, though, is of far less importance than that the world has seen them—and their game. Will it take? Will it drive out or divide the honors with cricket, which has been carried everywhere before this by the Englishmen? Will it so encircle the globe that the sun will not hang over a meridian of its surface without being able to look in upon a base ball field? If this happens, the tour of the base ballists will have been an affair which both of the travelling nines, victor or vanquished, could regard as a triumph, for the whole country would be concerned.

There are some things which the more we like the more we want the rest of the earth to have, and of these base ball is emphatically one.

The True Principle of Reform.

In the remarkable interview with the Hon. Andrew H. Green, which we published on Sunday last, the solid Democratic doctrine regarding the civil service was expressed with extraordinary force and lucidity. Let us consider Mr. Green's language:

"I would have a Democratic government as the best that is possible. All the freaks of civil service and minority representation I should look twice at before adopting. The heads of departments should be men intelligent enough to know whom they want as subordinates and aids, decision enough to appoint them, and firmness enough to remove them if they ought to be removed. That is the sort of service that is desirable. Where reform is chiefly needed is at the head."

This is the true philosophy. Mr. Green puts more wisdom into ten lines than the professed reformers have said in all their voluble and voluminous utterances. What he says is Democracy; and Democracy is the life and soul of popular self-government.

It has now become evident that the centennial celebration here at the end of this month is to be made attractive by many grand and picturesque features. There are to be numerous spectacles worth looking at, and sure to give pleasure to all our citizens, old and young, as well as to visitors who come here from other places. It will be a far more majestic and ornamental show than that in which George Washington took part a hundred years ago.

The Sun has not recently recorded a more interesting bit of geographical news than the announcement yesterday of the exploration of the Lomami tributary of the Congo. This noble river empties into the Congo about 125 miles below Stanley Falls, and four years ago Grenfell ascended it, steaming almost due south for over 200 miles, passing scores of large native villages on the way. The exploration has now been carried a distance of 503 miles from the mouth of the river, which is found to be about a fifth of a mile wide, from 12 to 18 feet deep, and from its upper course Nyangwe, the great Arab market of Central Africa, can be reached by an overland march of 60 miles. This means that when the Congo railroad is built travellers from Europe can journey by steam to within 250 miles of Lake Tanganyika, avoiding by this new waterway the nine cataracts in the Congo between Stanley Falls and Nyangwe. Another significant phase of this new discovery is that it practically proves the identity of this river with the navigable Lomami crossed by Cameron about 150 miles south, and the river is probably navigable for at least 700 miles, and is the third largest tributary of the Congo.

The story of Sequoyah, the Cadmus of the Cherokee Indians, whose genius gave that tribe their alphabet and written language, and put them ahead of all other Indians in progress toward civilization, is told in a very interesting way by our correspondent in the Southwest. He has found also much that is valuable and historically important in the lives of the other remarkable men of the Indian Territory, including that eminent and influential personage of the Choctaw Nation, Mr. Jay Gould.

The *Post-Express* has some sensible remarks upon "the alleged humorous paper which calls itself *Puck*," and we must say that the bitter attacks which it is making of late upon our Irish fellow citizens justify severe condemnation. It is a pity to see a newspaper which has at times displayed wit and humor, as well as talent, reducing itself more and more to the rôle of Caliban, as our Rochester contemporary says. Why should citizens of this country who are of German origin make themselves hateful and hostile to other citizens who are of Celtic origin? Let us be happy if we can.

Too stiff a backbone may be dangerous.

The Lord Mayor of London has raised a fund of $5,000 to pay the expenses of a delegation of skilled workmen at the Paris Exposition. The delegates are to make a report upon the inventions, the mechanism, and the industrial processes not on exhibition, and which they are to examine in the interest of British industry. We presume that a good many American skilled workingmen will go over to the Paris Exposition on their own account, and that when they come back they will make known to us all the novelties of every kind that they may see there. Thus we can keep up with the procession.

John Holmes is making of the *Boston Herald* a better paper than it ever was before.

Our esteemed Canadian contemporary, the *Empire*, comments as follows:

"The Sun complains of the success of the Canadian railways in securing a large portion of the carrying trade to which the United States railways think they have a right. It wants Congress to interfere. The inconvenient success of our railways is one of the chief causes why our neighbors desire to absorb Canada."

Our contemporary is mistaken. There is nothing in the success of the Canadian railways to make anybody desire to have them. In fact, their present stockholders would generally prefer to get rid of them, if they could. Neither do we care so much about absorbing Canada. If the Canadians should want to come in, we would admit them out of pure good nature on fair terms; but if they prefer to stay by themselves, they can stay just as long as they please for all that the United States is likely to do to the contrary.

But there is one reform that we should be glad to see adopted by the Canadian railways. Let them become honest. At present they are piratical.

A Man Who Didn't Know His Mind.

We are confident that upon the very first discussion of the case presented in this letter the author will recognize his own delusion as clearly as it is seen by the world at large:

To the Editor of The Sun—*Sir:* I am a young man and have associated with a young lady for a year past. I had reason to believe that my feeling for her was fully reciprocated, and, though I intended to marry her, I esteemed the lady too much to compromise her with a young man whose immediate prospects could not warrant such a course. I have not monopolized her society, and to the encouragement which I have given my friends to call there I owe the fact that one of them, whose prospects or habits are no better than mine, has taken my place in her affections.

Was I right in doing as I did? Should I have been a more zealous lover, and who is to blame? M. L.

New York, April 6, 1889.

Our friend need not regret a lack of zeal. A sane man who would take such trouble to surround the object of his supposed affections with other companions than himself is no lover. Any amount of conscience cannot drive a fellow to that pitch of altruism if it is confronted with the genuine force of the tender passion. As the passionate seaman, *Sir Joseph Porter*, sings:

Love can level rank * * *

So true love would have levelled clear out of existence that little habit of our correspondent's of taking his friends to call upon his girl. Real sentiment would by no means be incompatible with such self-restraint as refusing the attempt to entangle a susceptible heart within the bonds of a promise, when circumstances did not permit a prospect of its fulfilment. Thousands of brave men and sincere lovers are in just that identical box constantly, and stay there with heroic fortitude which even passion stimulated by repressed sympathy unconcealed cannot move. But the fellow who formed the intention of marrying a girl whose hold upon his emotions did not prevent him from supplying her with other beaus made a great mistake. In his case love was a delusion, and hence matrimony would have been an irretrievable misfortune.

And this is apart from the consideration of the young woman's feelings. It is pretty plain that she couldn't have cared much about him, either, and therefore, so long as either dreams of marriage these two individuals are much better apart.

Falling from the Moon.

To the Editor of The Sun—*Sir:* In your issue yesterday you compute the time required for a body to fall from the moon's distance to the earth and make it four days and twenty hours. Is this correct?

I enclose my calculation, which makes it 6 days 4¾ hours. I presume that I am wrong, but I can't exactly make out where. J. W. W.

Tarrytown, April 2.

The trouble with your calculation is that you have treated gravity as if it were a constant force, whereas in reality it varies inversely as the distance. The formula you start out with would give sufficiently accurate results for a fall near the earth's surface, and is, in fact, identical in form with the ordinary formula for falling bodies. But when the fall begins from so great a distance as that separating the earth from the moon the variation of gravity must be taken into account. The printing of the formula used for this purpose, which is derived by an operation involving the use of the calculus, requires a font of mathematical symbols, but there is another simpler formula which answers the purpose, and which can be stated in this shape:

$$T = \frac{P}{4\sqrt{2}}$$

In this T represents the time of fall required, and P the periodic time of the falling body regarded as a satellite of the attracting body. If you will substitute the periodic time of the moon in this equation and solve it, you will find that the moon would fall to the earth in about four days and twenty hours.

Chess Player Gossip in an American.

To the Editor of The Sun—*Sir:* Permit me to rectify a misstatement in The Sun of to-day respecting myself, which I notice in your report of the pending international chess tournament. I notice the same strange error in another paper. You class me among the "foreigners." As it is well known that I was born in Franklin street in this city, and that my mother was American born and bred, I object to this, and shall feel obliged if you will correct the misrepresentation. G. H. D. Gossip.

New York, March 30.

Democratic Vitality.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Democrats come up smiling and hopeful in the municipal elections throughout the West. It is surprising what a degree of vitality is possessed by the party even in the strongest Republican cities.

The play of "Mephistopheles" will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening, May 9, by Company I of the Seventh Regiment, for the benefit of the Seaside Home and St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children.

Boxes and seats can be obtained from Mrs Arthur Welman, 16 Fifth avenue, and Mrs R. Irvin Jr., 12 West Thirty sixth street. The prices will be: For boxes, including six tickets, $20; baignoir boxes, $12; reserved orchestra seats, $2; reserved seats, dress circle, $1.50.

Interesting Gossip of the Day.

Ticket sellers on the elevated railroad stations never accept a foreign coin for passage over the road without a kick or unless they doff "unbeknownst" to themselves, as it were. Whenever a long suffering citizen does succeed in working off his Canadian silver or other foreign small change on one of the monarchs of the L pagodas, the wrath of the aforesaid monarch is terrible to see. But he lays low until the commission or rush hours, and then he proceeds to rid Manhattan's treasury of all spurious or foreign coins by stacking them in little heaps of good American dimes or nickels. Then when frantic paterfamilias, in a hurry for his dinner planks down a dollar and asks for one ticket, he gets his change handed to him in a neat little stack of five or ten cent chips, and marvels to himself on the politeness of the stern man at the ticket window. If he puts the money into his pocket without looking at it, he is astonished the next day at finding so much Canada coin in his trousers pockets, and loses his temper in fruitless endeavors to pass it. Nowadays it is not uncommon for a man to find in his pockets a Belgian coin of ten centimes value. This coin is exactly the size of the new nickel, and goes very neatly in a stack of that character.

Commodore Gerry has a decided fancy for caps, especially for caps. He usually wears one during business hours, and he always has several within easy reach at home. A visitor at his house recently counted four on the hatrack in the hall. A facetious friend says that when the Commodore is in a hurry to get away from home he never squanders precious moments hunting for headgear; he merely has to stretch out his hand anywhere and be reasonably certain of striking a cap.

According to Commodore Gerry, there is a paper in this town using questionable methods to get subscribers. The Commodore says he recently received a copy of this publication accompanied by a note calling his attention to a marked article commendatory of himself, and indicating that his subscription would be thankfully received. The Commodore didn't subscribe, and the next article he saw in the paper was as full of abuse of him as the first was of adulation. He declined to tell the name of the paper. This way of increasing circulation seems to the Commodore to savor of blackmail.

"Hair," said an upholsterer, "is higher now than for a long time. Twelve years ago I could buy for 36 cents the pound wholesale what costs me 41 cents to-day. The most and best of it comes from Africa, whence it is imported in bales. It has to be subjected to several cleansing processes before it is ready for use. The trade is constantly having other material presented to it, purporting to be as good, but nothing has been, and I don't believe ever will be, found better than clean, well-cured African horsehair."

Some of the dress coat fraternity who have not the pluck or desire to follow the example of the famous half dozen who appeared in knee breeches at Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball have introduced the counter novelty of black silk neckties with full evening dress. A gentleman so provided had also at a recent reception a bright scarlet silk sash girding him about the waist, and tied with a big bow with short fringed ends at the left side.

Visitors at the rooms of the centennial committees in the Stewart building have wondered what it could be that a bright-faced and nimble-fingered girl was forever pasting into huge scrap books. There are other girls there engaged in typewriting and clerical work, but the one with the paste pot and scrap book seemed the busiest of the lot. It was discovered the other day that the committees are carefully preserving everything, good, bad or indifferent that the newspapers are saying about them or the celebration. The same firm that clips the newspapers for President Harrison has contracted to clip also for the centennial folks. It is the work of pasting these clippings into big scrap books that so absorb the pretty wielder of the paste brush. Up to April 1 about 1,800 feet of clippings had been pasted up. This makes nearly a quarter of a mile. But from now till the celebration the daily quota will grow bigger and bigger, and by the time it's over a whole corps of pasters will have to be engaged to catch up.

Probably no library can show better results of its system of handing books than the Mechanics' Library on Sixteenth street. There are about 80,000 books upon its shelves, and it has a large patronage. Yet last year only three books were lost.

Editor Overton of the *Kings County Journal* crossed the ferry last night with a piece of plank an inch and a half thick and two feet square under his arm. "It's a little idea of my own" he said, "and so far it's proved a very good one. When I was South a few years ago I ate some planked shad, and it was so good that I've been hankering after more ever since. Now, however, I can have it on my own table as often as I please, and I'll tell you how I get it up. You know that the old way is to nail the shad to a white oak plank and hold it before a hot open fire until it is cooked. Well, I sent down to Virginia and got some white oak planks from the Dismal Swamp and cut them up into pieces as big as this. There's more prolifuous acid in white oak than in any other sort of wood, and that's the acid that gives the flavor to smoked ham as well as to planked shad. I just put the shad on the board and put it into the oven to cook. The oil from the fish mingles with the acid in the plank and generates a gas which gives the fish a delicious flavor—exactly the same flavor that makes planked shad so popular. Well, my home-made planked shad is just as good as any other kind."

"I remember Philo Remington when he was a little boy," said a gentleman whose youth was passed in central New York, "and I remember his father, Eliphalet Remington, the founder of the house of E. Remington & Sons, way back in the twenties. There was no village of Ilion then, and the present site of it was known as Remington's Forge. It was there that Eliphalet had his forge and little machine shop, and often on clear days his hammering could be heard three miles away, in the town of Herkimer, where I lived. I remember going over to the forge when I was a boy of ten and finding the old gentleman—he wasn't very old then, though—working away at a gas engine he had invented. Well, he went on inventing things and building up his business, until Remington's forge became the great manufacturing establishment it is to-day, and the village of Ilion grew up around it. By the way, there's hardly a great concern in this country that did not spring from just such small beginnings."

Rudeness at Daly's Theatre.

Ticket Holders Excluded from the Stoddard Lectures.

To the Editor of The Sun—*Sir:* I wish to call attention to a very strange, not to say questionable proceeding in regard to the Stoddard lecture. I presented my course ticket this morning to the usher at Daly's Theatre, and was told most emphatically that I was fifteen minutes late, and could not take my seat.

After expostulating, I was informed that if I went in I must stand through the entire lecture, as I would not be allowed to disturb the audience by occupying the seat to which my ticket entitled me.

Another lady stood beside me, who was only five minutes late. She likewise was forbidden to enter, excepting upon the same conditions as myself. A third lady accompanying me was offered a single ticket for a reserved seat, but on investigation found it was next to the last row, and for this reason declined it. Why, I ask, was the usher there, if not to conduct me to my seat? How could my friend have used the ticket offered her when the usher refused her entrance? There was no such restriction on the tickets when they were purchased, requiring every holder to be in his seat exactly on time.

It is not customary in any theatre in New York to insist on such rules. Is this rudeness due to Mr. Daly or Mr. Stoddard? The act cannot be commended either as courteous or honest. J. V. D. S.

New York, April 5.

A Song Not from the Four Hundred.

Four Hundred classic noses are lifted high in air,
Four Hundred glasses glitter a cold and frigid glare,
Four Hundred faces look upon the plebs with pitying scorn,
Till those unfortunates almost regret that they were ever born.

I pity folks whose daddies have been engaged in trade,
They're not the sort we want in the centennial parade,
But you can come and look on, good people, if you please,
As we march along so proudly in the shade of our 'amily trees.

George Washington's family wasn't much; were he alive to-day,
We shouldn't think of giving him a place in the display;
And Thomas Jefferson's name would be emphatically mud,
Although upon the Randolph side he came of gentle blood.

I'd rather be a cannibal and eat long pig with rum,
Than move about promiscuously where vulgar people come.
I cannot but deplore that the United States should be
So horribly afflicted with the curse of low degree.

If only our Four Hundredness were properly expressed,
We should wear a golden collar and a Tyrian purple vest,
And when the people saw us they would kneel down in the street,
And say, "Here's a Four Hundreder, and isn't he real sweet?"

The vulgar politicians, I see, are down on us,
And our superior ways and words intemperately cuss,
But by billingsgate of blatherskites we will not be dismayed
Or let the common people spoil our centennial parade.

By our elegant demeanor and most resplendent mien,
By the patrician calmness that in our looks is seen,
By the fact that we know, if you don't, we're better born than you,
You should pick out the Four Hundred, and make no more ado.

First Ward Mac.

By drifting with a cold, many a one allows himself to drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent disease, which thereafter takes full possession of the system. Better cure your cold at once with Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for throat ails and lung affections.—Adv.

What is Going on in Society.

The city is almost as dull as it is in August. Little or nothing is doing in society, and there will be still less next week and the week after. Ever theatre and circus parties are few and far between, and if matrons and maidens are not gathering roses on their cheeks during the present season of recuperation they are likely never to do so. Some things they certainly are gathering as rapidly as they can, namely, new gowns and costumes for spring and summer use. The surest place to find a fashionable woman just now is at her milliner's or her dressmaker's. These functionaries hold high change between 10 and 1, and ladies meet in the anterooms and discuss the news of the day while they wait their turn to be admitted to the inner sanctuary from whence proceed the marvellous inventions which make the homely handsome, the stout slim, the slim stout, and, in short, disguise all nature's defects and develop every beauty. Easter weddings, Easter services, and the great centennial celebrations will furnish opportunities for the display of all these wonderful creations, which are now occupying so much time and such deep thought. Meanwhile the hour or two spent in the anteroom is not lost time as a great deal of information is obtained and imparted, and the gossip is often the brightest and most amusing. Engagements, marriages, and divorces all come under discussion and for once in a way the ladies have as good a time as their husbands and brothers do in their pet corners of the club window.

Centennial ball gossip seems to be outside of the ladies' province entirely. Indeed, a tremendous social cyclone has been created without the aid of even the smallest feminine finger. The old Turkish Cadi, who always prefaced the parting of a dispute with the command: "Bring the woman," would have been at fault in this instance, for all the brawlings and battling, the skirmishes and squabblings, the insinuations and innuendoes, have been purely of masculine invention. How it will end no one seems to know, but it has certainly had one effect already, and that is to diminish the interest felt in that part of the centennial celebration which will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of Monday, April 29, and to increase the eagerness felt to witness the naval and military parades. Ancestors, for the time being, have taken a back seat, and after the tempest-tossed quadrille, Assemblymen, Aldermen, or policemen may have it all to themselves, if they think it worth fighting for.

One of the handsomest dinners of the week was that given by Mrs. Josephine May in farewell to Mrs. John Sherwood, who sailed yesterday for Europe. Mrs. May's table appointments were both novel and sumptuous. The entire service was of exquisitely carved and embossed silver, and the enamelling of the Russian dessert set was something that has never been seen in this country before. Such a profusion of plate might have been a little heavy but for the relief afforded by the exquisite flowers that bloomed on every side. The violets of Lent, the lilies of Easter, the roses of affection, with tall stately daffodils and gaudy tulips, all had a place, and the effect of the handsome suite of rooms, thus lavishly adorned, was equal to anything that has been seen this winter. The friends of Mrs. John Sherwood will be sorry to hear that she has gone abroad for a longer visit than usual, and will not return to this country for a twelve month, and perhaps more.

Very few cards are out as yet for post Easter weddings, but doubtless more