The Sun.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

The First European State for the Fair.

The American World's Fair of 1892 was the principal subject discussed at a Convention of the Industrial Association of Lower Austria in Vienna on November 8. The Secretary of the Association, Dr. AUSPITZER, advocated an official recognition of the World's Fair on the part of the Austrian Government, and proposed to lay a petition embodying his views before the Minister of Trade. This was part of the petition:

"According to authentic information an International Exhibition will be held in the United States of North America in 1892, and we regard it as our pressing duty to direct attention at once to the importance of this Exhibition for our industrial and commercial interests. Our entirely inadequate participation in the Paris Exhibition has had very deplorable economic consequences. * * * The unusual, almost unexampled, success of the few Austrian firms represented in Paris shows that many of our finer industries have lost millions by not exhibiting there. Especially deplorable is the negligence in not recognizing the importance of Paris during the last eleven years in matters pertaining to the American export trade. The whole Austrian industry must utilize the first opportunity to make good this negligence. Without doubt the American World's Fair will offer such an opportunity. Our woollen goods, jewelry, ceramic and hard wares would find in America a steady market and profitable prices."

The petition closes with an exhortation to the Government to participate officially in the exhibition, to appoint an Exhibition Commission, and to send to the United States an Imperial Exhibition Delegate. "We would be delighted," are the last words, "if on this occasion Austria should take the lead of all other States." The motion to lay the petition before the Minister of Trade was passed unanimously.

This is the spirit with which one of the great European States looks forward to our Fair in 1892. It will be truly the grandest World's exhibition ever known. And New York is absolutely the only place on this continent that presents all the necessary characteristics and equipment for adequately receiving the contributions of the world, both in goods and people, and for making their exhibition and visit here all that they should be to do justice to the occasion.

Getting Together.

When our esteemed contemporary, the *Richmond State*, declares that CLEVELAND or "some other good Democrat will be elected President in 1892," our memory grips with avidity that fine old training song:

Right, left, the Sergeant used to say,
Now you've got it: D——n you keep it,
And don't you give it away.

Hope that is the natural incident of reunion and success now throbs in the Democratic breast. The party's chance for victory in 1892 is good.

Will they give it away?

The sweet reasonableness which now seems to inspire our esteemed, and once fanatical, Richmond contemporary, the *State*, justifies the impression that they won't.

The Reinstatement of Malietoa.

The joint action of the British, German, and American consular representatives at Apia in recognizing MALIETOA as King completes the downfall of the usurper TAMASESE, and, accompanied as it is by popular consent and rejoicings, ensures the peaceful settlement of the Samoan problem.

This reinstatement of MALIETOA was undoubtedly the subject of an understanding at the Berlin conference, although it is believed that no mention was made of it in the protocol. To avoid the appearance of compulsion, Germany was voluntarily to bring back the King from his place of exile at Jaluit, in the Marshall Islands; and we may be sure that Dr. STEUBEL, the German Consul, would never have greeted the much abused monarch on his return with marks of respect so effusive, had he not been instructed that MALIETOA'S reinstatement in office was fully contemplated. This arrangement, as will be remembered, was at first interfered with by the action of the native chiefs, who chose as temporary King MATAAFA, their leader in the revolt against German domination. This choice was due to the ill health of MALIETOA and also to the generosity which prompted him to support the claims of MATAAFA, while the latter, on his part, not to be outdone in courtesy, insisted that he had been only MALIETOA'S representative. But it is now plain that as soon as the chiefs understood that the foreign powers preferred MALIETOA, they also accepted him.

The return of MALIETOA to rulership is the tardy remedy furnished for an international as well as a personal wrong. His dethronement by Commodore HEUSNER, in August, 1887, was a gross violation of the understanding of the three treaty powers that nothing should be done to disturb the political status in Samoa. On the faith of that understanding a conference was going on at that time in Washington between Mr. BAYARD and the British and German Ministers. When, also, the charges made against MALIETOA were examined, they were found to be flimsy, if not absurd. The three offences actually specified by Consul BECKER were, a street quarrel on the Kaiser's birthday between Germans and natives; occasional thieving from the German plantations by natives "to the extent of more than $3,000 a year;" and, finally, the inability of the courts to prevent such offences. Admitting everything, they would be trying to hold the King personally responsible for the petty misconduct of every one of his subjects—for such offences as are elsewhere brought before police courts. If we can imagine Emperor WILLIAM dethroned and banished because of petty larcenies and drunken quarrels that daily occur in Berlin, we should have a fair parallel, on a larger scale, of the wrong done to MALIETOA two years ago. The international outrage was completed in ignoring the vigorous protests made by the British and American Consuls, and by putting on the throne TAMASESE, a mere puppet of the Germans, whom their Consul himself had denounced, in common with the other two, not long before, as a mere pretender.

To show how foreign domination was forced upon the Samoans, it is enough to refer to the account given by Consul-General SEWALL of the first *fono*, or meeting of chiefs, for discussion, called by TAMASESE, after he had thus been made King. It was held in TAMASESE'S armed camp and under the guns of five German war ships. Nevertheless, MATAAFA, the chief upon whom TAMASESE most relied, and whom he appointed Governor of Atua, openly told TAMASESE that the kingship belonged to MALIETOA. Proceeding in his letter to Mr. PORTER of Oct. 8, 1887, the Consul-General made this summary:

"The different aspirants to the kingship here, MALIETOA, MATAAFA, and TAMASESE, are all high chiefs. The number of chiefs they can muster shows their actual strength. I have applied this test, using TAMASESE'S own list of the chiefs of Samoa, and have underlined the names of the MALIETOA chiefs. I have included the MATAAFA chiefs with TAMASESE, although since MALIETOA'S deportation they are really to be classed with his chiefs. The list stands: Total, 462. MALIETOA, 276; MATAAFA and TAMASESE, 186; MALIETOA over all, 90. These are the men to whom TAMASESE has entrusted the Government."

Yet, in spite of the wrong done to MALIETOA, the offence to our Government and to Great Britain, and the overriding of Samoan independence, Germany continued her arrogant career at Apia until the natives rose in revolt, when it at once became evident that TAMASESE was upheld solely by German support. When the Germans landed an armed force, which was repulsed with severe loss by MATAAFA, the crisis came, and Congress was aroused to the situation. Then followed the train of events which induced BISMARCK to propose a conference.

While MATAAFA more distinctly than MALIETOA may represent determined hostility to German encroachment, yet the reinstatement of the latter furnishes the more exact vindication of the American position throughout the controversy, and of the original protest of our consular representative on the spot. If, therefore, Germany and Great Britain are satisfied to have the injustice of 1887 repaired in this form, certainly our country need not object.

But the ratification of the PHELPS treaty, soon to go before the Senate—that is another question.

No, John, Not to Hell.

The only reply which WANAMAKER or any of his friends has made to THE SUN'S exposure of the bargain-counter scandal comes to us in somewhat unexpected shape.

We have received by the Southern mail a marked copy of THE SUN which contained a despatch from our Washington correspondent describing WANAMAKER'S gift souvenir to the members of the Pan-American Congress, and on the margin is written in a bold commercial hand:

"*The writer of this article ought to go to hell.*"

The sole specimen of WANAMAKER'S own handwriting at present in our possession is his autograph, as appended to the card sent out last week from the bargain counter announcing the visit of the International American Congress in a body to that emporium. Here is the signature:

We are compelled to say that in swing, slant, shading, and general style, this signature bears a remarkable resemblance to the chirography of the anonymous correspondent who thinks that the soul of our Washington correspondent ought to be eternally damned for sending us the facts about WANAMAKER'S latest advertising enterprise. The a in "article" is curiously like the a thrice appearing in "WANAMAKER." The o in "JOHN," when compared with the o that appears in "of," in "ought," in "go," and in "to," in the anonymous message, would fix the attention of any expert in matters of the kind, and would start a very interesting train of speculation. The r in "writer" and the final r in the autograph "WANAMAKER" are absolutely identical in genius. The same thing is true of the e in "WANAMAKER" and the e in "hell."

On the other hand, the h in "JOHN" is wholly unlike the h in "hell." In WANAMAKER'S acknowledged signature the h is peculiar—more like a capital than a small letter. The h in "hell" is of the ordinary pattern known to printers as lower case script. This apparent discrepancy may result simply from the fact that the peculiar h as above is an affectation, and that this form is not used by WANAMAKER except in his signature. We should be glad to have information on this point. If WANAMAKER habitually forms little h as if it were a small capital, he is clearly not the writer of the undignified and unchristian sentiment which comes to us by the Southern mail.

But if not Holy JOHN himself, who can it be? Certainly not one of WANAMAKER'S pupils in the Bethany Sunday School. They are taught to hope for the salvation rather than the eternal damnation of Washington correspondents and other human beings. Certainly not any employee of the United States Post Office Department. They know the penalty for sending scurrilous matter through the mails, and, besides, they detest and despise to a man the ridiculous Postmaster-General now in office. Certainly no clerk employed behind or around the bargain counter. What any man trained in that establishment would have written, under the irresistible compulsion of inveterate habit, is, not "Go to hell," but "Go to WANAMAKER'S!"

A Chance for Gen. Fisk.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Hon. CLINTON BREWER FISK of Rumson Neck is merging his Dry self into a larger name, if the tale told by Mr. E. EVANS, described as a resident of the able town of Tonawanda, in this State, and "the principal promoter of the national reform party," a small but select gathering of cranks which illustrated Chicago last week, be true. The National Reform party, according to Brother EVANS, is restricted but glorious. "We did not want large numbers," says Mr. EVANS. "We wanted the brains of several parties." Evidently Mr. EVANS is an exclusive in politics. Large parties, are, of course, difficult to handle, and it is possible that an eclectic reformer like Elder EVANS might not exert the influence or enjoy the intellectual and numerical preponderance in them to which ambition and virtue might call him. Yet, on the whole, large parties are rather more useful for attaining their particular purpose than promising midget parties like Brother EVANS'S National Reformers.

However, be the National Reform party small or great, Gen. FISK thinks he is with it. At least Mr. E. EVANS of Tonawanda thinks that Gen. FISK thinks so. Gen. FISK, according to Brother EVANS, "is in favor of the union of forces under a new name, providing such a political union can be formed without any sacrifice to the prohibition cause." It appears, moreover, that Gen. FISK is the proposer of the new name for the new party. And it must be admitted that in the last year or two the respectable name of Prohibition party has lost much charm and all success. As the Prohibitionists are in favor of woman suffrage, Australian ballot reform, BLAIR'S Education bill, weather reform, and various other general and particular "reforms," there is no especial reason why they should not give up their unfortunate and hoodoo'd appellation, and become National Reformers, as Gen. FISK is said to have suggested.

The National Reformers have, to be sure, a good-sized combination of principles. They have accumulated the remnants, or, as Brother EVANS says, "the brains" of many back-number parties. The relics of the Union Labor party, the Greenback party, or such pieces of it as are unnecessary to the formation of the Hon. GEORGE O. JONES'S Greenback base ball nine, and many other minute minorities are in the hands of the National Reformers. The Prohibition party is still in its minority, and many congenial ties of crankism may be thought to unite it to the consolidated cranks who call themselves National Reformers. We have long thought that the Prohibition party would gain both in strength and in simplicity by confining its platform to liquor prohibition, and leaving out the miscellaneous reforms which it insists on trying to amalgamate with its main objects. But amalgamation and combination seem to be the fashion, and if the Prohibitionists need any additional principles the National Reform party can supply them in job lots.

The National Reformers will hire a hall and hold a national Convention next year. The Hon. CLINTON BREWER FISK of New York and Rumson Neck may be the favorite. But why hold a national Convention in 1890?

Practice at the Legislative Bar.

The payment of a counsel fee of $13,000 to Mr. JOHN O'BYRNE, a member of the Bar in this city, for services in promoting the interests of certain oystermen before the Legislature, is one of the most interesting disclosures of the investigation into the affairs of the Dock Department now being prosecuted by the Commissioners of Accounts. It suggests some interesting questions relative to professional ethics and commercial rectitude.

We suppose there is a kind of service before the Legislature, or, rather, before committees of the Legislature, in which it is perfectly proper for a lawyer to engage. He may appear before a legislative committee which has a particular measure under consideration, and publicly advocate such action upon the bill as will be conducive to the interests of his client. Such appearance and advocacy cannot be regarded as inconsistent with the highest standard of professional honor, and for services so rendered the lawyer may properly charge a compensation corresponding with that which he would receive for work in court involving as much time and labor.

But the lawyer whose exertions with members of the Legislature go beyond this; who seeks to effect by personal or political influence what cannot be accomplished by public argument, and whose fee vastly exceeds what he has been accustomed to receive for strictly professional services in court, is justly liable to the suspicion of being more of a lobbyist than a lawyer.

We do not say that such is the case with Mr. O'BYRNE. He is entitled to the benefit of every doubt in his favor until he has been fully heard. But we do say that any lawyer who takes a fee for services before the Legislature at Albany ought to be able, whenever required, to point out exactly what services he rendered for the money.

It would also be interesting to know what the oystermen supposed their purse of $13,000 was to be used for. What legal services did they have in mind for which they were willing to pay a lawyer a fee larger than the annual salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States? According to all accounts, business men seldom exhibit such generosity toward their counsel as the oystermen appear to have manifested in paying this munificent fee.

The Sectional Question.

The Chicago view of the Fair continues to be illustrated through the medium of one of its foremost representatives, the *Herald*, which, because there is evidence of a disposition in the neighborhood of Illinois to look upon the matter seriously, and therefore with an eye friendly to New York, rises in fury to call this a "betrayal of the West."

The natural honesty of our esteemed contemporary does not desert it. It confesses that it is for the Exhibition as a local project, as an ornament and promoter of the western section of the United States, regardless of its imperative and ideal character of a World's Fair.

The newspapers which look upon the enterprise with a proper spirit are not for the East, or for the West, or for the South; they are for the great city of the Union, for New York.

Advice to the Ball Players.

The National Base Ball League has issued a letter, by way of publishing what it considers its true relation to the history and to the future of our national game. It is addressed to the public, but to no portion of that does it offer such an imperative subject for study as to the new League which it is proposed to make out of a combination between the old players and some new capitalists.

The players intend to make a change just from the same motive from which other people make a change—in order to do better. Yet, if they are going to carry on the base ball business, it is difficult to see how they can succeed on any other general plan than that which has been observed by the old League. The men who have run that, have had a lot of experience. Their inclination has been friendly to their employees, but they have established just such rules as they thought would enable them to furnish the best possible ball playing and make the most money, something that the players must, of course, hope for, also. The latter, consequently, must accept substantially the entire body of regulations in use by the League, and there will have to be some awfully stiff-necked spirit in control of the organization if it is to be run by the players themselves. If such a man as KELLY of Boston, or LATHAM of St. Louis, or all other such piratical artists who stand ready to cut the third base whenever the umpire's back is turned, are to have a hand in the regulation of their own affairs, they will need to be watched with a rigidity that is found in effective quantities only outside the limits of mere friendship.

And who is to provide the discipline indispensable for success? The new capitalists?

After Governor HILL went South there was some apparently pretty feeling criticism against him for venturing to use the expression, the New South. There was declared to be an insult to the South in the suggestion that that region had been the subject of alteration.

The fact that the originator of this phrase, the Hon. HENRY W. GRADY of Atlanta, in his contributions to the *New York Ledger* keeps on calling it the New South, just as he has been accustomed of late to call it, shows that the attack on HILL didn't come from any impulse of distinctly Southern sentiment.

It came from that small but ferocious group, the Nothing-but-CLEVELAND crowd, and from nowhere else. Though they are but little they are fierce.

No trotting horse has made a more interesting series of trials against the watch this fall than Gov. STANFORD'S Palo Alto, who up to date glories in a record of 2:12¼. The wonder is that he has not gone much faster than this. Gov. STANFORD says that he has timed him a quarter in 30 seconds, and with such speed, backed by his absolutely unequalled breeding, he should trot the most tremendous of all miles. Yet in all his trials he breaks near the finish, and so mars his performance. We were informed a few days ago through the *Turf, Field and Farm* that the trouble with Palo Alto was in his foot, and we now have further details to the same effect in a letter in the *Spirit of the Times* from Mr. JOSEPH SIMPSON, himself a great student of the foot, and the leading advocate of shoeing with tips. "Palo Alto was quite lame when he trotted at Stockton in 2:13¾," says Mr. SIMPSON, and he is lame still in the same manner.

The truth is that, with the advance of veterinary science, the foot looms up as the cause of lameness in a greater degree even than malaria or suppressed gout as a cause of disease looms up to the modern doctor. Only the foot theory has far more in its support than the malaria theory.

It happens that the great professor on the horse's foot, Mr. ROBERT BONNER, is now on his way to California to Gov. STANFORD'S ranch, where the latter is at present boarding Mr. BONNER'S mare Sunol. It would not be surprising if, when the owner of Sunol reaches the farm, he should amuse himself by putting a pair of shoes on Palo Alto that would let him come home to a mark that would make 2:12¼ look silly. There may be still very interesting developments on the Pacific slope this fall.

The battle of the Crimson and the Blue at Springfield to-day ought to be great and glorious, shaking the earth and scaring the skies. The rivalry between the two great New England colleges has never been keener than it is at present, and the young gentlemen who court fame and fractures on the football field will kick for all they are worth. The crowd will be mighty and filled with impetuous enthusiasm, the selection of college cheers will be various and horrific, the pretty girls numerous. Mr. ELIHU YALE and Mr. JOHN HARVARD discussing athletics and the elective system in the yard or campus of Elysium may, perhaps, hear murmurs or roars from the fracas at Springfield. As for that attractive little settlement, we hope that the army of invaders will spare and not sack it.

Police Commissioner VOORHIS has reorganized, as he says, in the interest of a purer Democracy. Reorganization on that line will never hurt any one.

Mr. GILBERT A. PIERCE, a Senator in Congress from North Dakota, is said to be the author of a prose translation of the "Æneid." Thus is literature patted and petted in the boundless Northwest, and the notion that SCHENCK on Poker is the only literary production held in honor there is shown to be wind. Massachusetts has great confidence in the talents of the Hon. ELIJAH ABIMELECH R. S. P. MORSE, whose essays and orations on stove polish are much admired; but Mr. MORSE is not a Latinist.

The Hon. IGNISFATUUS DONNELÉ, the Gopher cryptogrammatist, is said to be opposed to the election of the Hon. TOM REED to the Speakership. It is Mr. REED'S misfortune to resemble in his mighty dome of thought the Warwickshire man whom Mr. DONNELÉ accuses of having embezzled BACON.

It is striking to observe how the two solitary free trade Presidents ever known in the annals of this country have asked for identical treatment from the public after their retirement from office.

"All I want is to be let alone," said the Hon. JEFFERSON DAVIS subsequently to his withdrawal from Richmond.

"The way to deal with ex-Presidents is to let them alone," said the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND at the Chamber of Commerce dinner on Monday night.

Yet Mr. DAVIS'S lips alone expressed truthfully their owner's wish.

The United States would be the laughing stock of the world if it should sell the backs of its postage stamps for advertising purposes.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

It will be the laughing stock of the whole world if it allows the Postmaster-General to continue to use the back of the Post Office Department for advertising WANAMAKER'S bargain counter.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Chicago News*, communicates the important information that VOLTAIRE died in 1694. So that all his works must have been posthumous. Here is an interesting subject for the Pork Products LOUIS XIV. Literary and Social Club, the Consolidated Canned Meat Men's French Circle, and other organizations of Chicago students to take up and settle.

The *Atlanta Constitution* is correct when it informs its readers that THE SUN regarded the exordium of Brother GRADY'S Virginia oration of last June as the loftiest style of poetry. You bet! We still remember that exordium.

Now, if Br'er STARIN would put up his $500,000 for the steamboatmen, we should about have our five millions.

A FRANK ENOUGH ADMISSION.

The Internal Revenue Must Go, or There Will Be Free Trade.

From the Epoch, "Tariff Reformer."

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue estimates that the receipts of his office for the current fiscal year will not be less than $135,000,000, being $5,000,000 more than last year's and $11,000,000 more than for the year before that. It is instructive to note that, deducting the pensions charge and the interest on the public debt, the internal revenue taxes are sufficient to pay the entire expenses of the Government, economically administered.

But the public debt is rapidly approaching extinction, and though the pension list continues to grow, the day is not far off when it must also disappear for lack of survivors of the war. It is, therefore, easy to understand the anxiety of the high-tariff advocates to get rid of the internal revenue system. We could dispense with half the receipts from duties on imports to-day if there is to be no interference with the taxes on whiskey, tobacco, and malt liquors.

As years go by, the increase of the yield of these taxes will render more and more apparent the uselessness of the present tariff system.

Perhaps Nobody Knows that Gen. Boulanger Issued this Proclamation, but he Did.

From the London Standard.

To the French Nation.

DEAR FELLOW CITIZENS: The moment is come for me to break the silence which I had voluntarily imposed on myself since the last legislative elections. The results of a *scrutin* in which official pressure and fraud played so great a part are not calculated to shatter the hopes of those who desire to see France great and prosperous. The cause of the revision of the Constitution has not sustained a defeat. It simply undergoes a delay, and victory will only be the more assured on this account. I am certain of this, as I have more confidence than ever in the unswerving honesty of French democracy, which wants to give itself rulers worthy of it and a truly republican Constitution. The National party is going to carry on without cessation the struggle which it has undertaken for the consolidation of a popular republic—of the open republic the programme of which I mapped out at Tours, and which will insure the national reconciliation of all good citizens. With the national republic we will give France that position of courage and dignity, exempt from provocations, which is the best and surest guarantee of peace. With the national republic we will obtain the social reforms which are the essential aims of a democratic government. Devoted friends in Parliament or out of it carrying on this campaign of patriotism and honor will show to the country the absolute incapacity of a powerless and corrupt parliamentarianism, and will succeed in destroying the equivocal position which our adversaries have tried to create and to "exploit." In exile I shall join my friends in this great work. A soldier of France, I have never ceased to love and to serve her passionately, and the country will always find me ready to accept any duties with which she may intrust me, and any risks which her confidence in me may impose.

GEN. BOULANGER.

JERSEY, Nov. 11, 1889.

Story of a Cross of the Legion of Honor.

From the London World.

In order to obtain the Legion of Honor it is not indispensable to produce fine work. Witness in the French section M. Charles Meissonier, who has been made Chevalier, to the amusement of all the artists; for M. Charles Meissonier is a striking instance of the truth of the proposition that talent is not hereditary. This is how it all happened: In the early days of the Exhibition, just one year after the death of his wife, the great and unique Ernest Meissonier sent out cards announcing his marriage with Mlle. Besançon, a lady with whom he had had a *liaison* of twenty years' standing. Thereupon M. Charles Meissonier called upon his new mother-in-law and said to her: "Madame, je vous respecte comme la femme de mon pere, mais je vous méprise comme ayant été sa maîtresse du vivant de ma mere. Bonjour!"

Naturally, after this subtle speech, the relations between the father and the son became embarrassed. What was to be done? Obtain the red ribbon for Charles? Excellent idea! And so the great Ernest insisted that Charles should be decorated, and, as he is the greatest man in France since Napoleon I., the Minister did not dare to refuse. Naturally, after this proof of paternal affection, M. Charles Meissonier tied the red ribbon in his buttonhole, called upon his father and fell weeping into his outstretched arms, and so there was an end of the family feud.

ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILES.

Efforts to Produce Heavy Shells Equal to Those of Foreign Manufacture.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Next week Saturday bids will be opened for the supply of armor-piercing shells for the navy. The amount called for, $200,000 worth, is such as to make the matter one of unusual importance; and since the projectiles must be made in this country the offers will have a wider importance, as indicating the progress of American steel manufacture.

In the interminable conflict for superiority between the attack and the defence the four main factors are the gun, the powder, the projectile, and the target; and the large gain of any one of these requires an adjustment of some sort to produce a corresponding gain in the others. It was the rivalry of such armor makers as Cammell & Co., and Sir John Brown & Co. of Sheffield, and Schneider of Creusot, and the contemporaneous rivalry of such gunmakers as Armstrong and Krupp that enormously increased both the attacking and the resisting forces. Meanwhile, the preparation of special powders for heavy guns, such, for example, as the Fossano progressive, used in the trials at Spezia, gave additional vigor to the attack. By that time it became apparent that the projectile propelled by a force which sought to be irresistible, against a target which sought to be impregnable, was getting the worst of the battle. Its liability to be broken up before getting through the thick and hard steel plates called for tougher material, and this came in the chilled iron of Tregarini and the steel of Whitworth.

In our naval service there is the same need of projectiles that can be used with the powerful charges and high initial velocities of modern guns, so as to perforate the steel armor carried on modern war ships. Commodore Montgomery Sicard, Chief of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance, in his recent report, says that the armor-piercing shells hitherto submitted to the Navy Department have not been satisfactory. In the hope that a large order might induce American steel manufacturers to establish the necessary plant for producing projectiles equal to any made in Europe, the amount of $50,000 was proposed for purchasing shells. It was soon found necessary, however, to quadruple the amount; and this prize proved so attractive that there has been a promising demand for information from steel makers, and the Navy Department has hope of acceptable bids on the 30th of November. The projectiles required are for the calibres from 6-inch up to 12-inch, inclusive. The Government applies perforating tests of the same general character as those exacted of the foreign makers. These latter have so perfected their workmanship that some of their projectiles have passed completely through steel targets of a thickness equal to one and a half the calibre of the projectile without breaking into fragments or being unduly twisted. In the tests one or two shells are taken from a lot offered to the Government, and if the first stands the test it passes the rest; if not a second may be tried, and if both fail the lot is rejected.

Meanwhile, lest private manufacturers should not be willing to accept the exacting conditions, the Naval Bureau of Ordnance has been experimenting a good deal with the manufacture of projectiles at the Washington yard. Some of these experiments have taken the form of so treating the steel of the projectile that it will be greatly increased in toughness, especially at the point. In one way or another American ingenuity is expected to overcome the obstacles hitherto existing in the manufacture of projectiles for heavy guns, and this will dispose of one more element in the ordnance problems.

Foreign Notes of Real Interest.

There is a young giantess six feet eight inches high, said absolutely to be only twelve years old, on exhibition in London. She is a Don Cossack.

The Orient express train, running between Paris and Vienna, seldom has an applicant on Fridays for the thirteenth compartment of the ladies' Pullman sleeping car. The cars are always reserved beforehand, but the numbered tickets are only distributed at the last moment. In spite of this precaution, however, No. 13 of the ladies' tickets on that day of the week is almost invariably returned; and the train, although otherwise crowded, has to travel with one berth empty. Ladies have got so far that they will dare No. 13 alone or Friday alone, but the two together they cannot swallow.

A lady, passing down the Strand, in London, a few days ago, perceived a wretched-looking man with his eyes fixed longingly on a parcel of sausages frizzing in the window of a well-known cheap vender of these delicacies, the while a fragrant steam crept from the door every time it was opened. The lady approached the man and timidly pressed a sixpence into his hand. He turned round, flung the coin on the ground, and angrily exclaimed, "Who are ye, who expect me to pay for sighting and sniffing the food?" The lady blushed and fled. The man continued his culinary observation.

Duelling still flourishes furiously in Continental Europe, and the Hungarians appear to gather in the largest crops in the fields of honor. The biggest contract on record in this business was recently undertaken in Pesth by Count Victor Orsaitch. He challenged forty gentlemen and nobles to mortal combat because they criticised rather severely some statements of his made in a club room. One of his invited victims was Count François Esterhazy, a gentleman with no less than seventy duels and six dead men upon his conscience. He positively refused to be counted among the proposed *cadavres*, and gave no reason for the refusal. It is fair to suppose that he has retired from the field.

Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter, wears the cross of the Legion of Honor, and M. Rene Peyrol, her brother-in-law, now tells us how the distinction was gained. The Empress asked for it for the artist, but the request could not be granted. The cross had never been given to a woman, and the Ministers protested against a precedent. But the Empress bided her time till the following year, when, during the absence of the Emperor in Algeria, she acted as regent. One morning a servant hurriedly entered Rosa Bonheur's studio with the announcement that the Empress was below. In another minute she was in the studio borrowing a pin from one of her ladies. The Empress then kissed the artist, who, glancing down, saw the cross of the Legion of Honneur pinned on her breast.

The progress of schisms in the English Church continues. THE SUN lately chronicled the suspension, by order of the civil court of the Vicar of Hoo, for declining to administer the holy communion to a parishioner who refused to repent for attending a Wesleyan service. The notice containing the order of suspension was fastened on the church door on the first Sunday of November, and the Bishop of the diocese, in compliance with the order of the court, sent a curate to officiate. The regular vicar said that it was his "duty to God" not to recognise any such priest, and the latter retired without conflict. The vicar in his sermon then said that when "a temporal judge, sitting in a temporal court, without a shadow of spiritual authority, presumed to deprive a priest of his spiritual powers, if the latter was faithful to his ordination vows he would refuse to recognise the usurped right of a court set up merely by the authority of Parliament to judge spiritual questions." He would leave only in consequence of force.

The minuteness of the instructions of the Berlin police just before and during the Czar's recent visit in the German capital was well illustrated by this incident: Shortly before the arrival of the Czar from Copenhagen at the Lehrter station a fine-looking, elegantly attired foreigner was seen lingering near the first-class waiting room. A policeman who noticed him summoned Police Director Kruger. As soon as Kruger saw the foreigner he called to him: "Sir, you are Count ——." The foreigner shook his head. "Don't deny it, here is your picture," and the police director drew a photograph of the foreigner from a big bundle of pictures in his pocket. The foreigner finally acknowledged that he was the count in question, but refused to "move on" as the police director ordered. The director then showed him instructions from Copenhagen to the effect that the count must be kept out of the Czar's sight. This didn't move the count either, and so he was taken by two officers into the waiting room, already cleared in anticipation of the Czar's arrival, and was held tight to a seat well away from the windows till the Czar had passed out of the station and well down the street. The count in question was a wealthy, well-educated, and reputable Russian. When he demanded an explanation of the outrageous treatment he had suffered he was only told: "Your presence would not have been agreeable to the Czar."

Gen. Alger's Invitation to the G. A. R.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"I want all of you to visit me in Detroit," concluded the General. "You will have a warm welcome, for I assure you the Grand Army boys there keep beans on tap."

Ninety-five Off for Cash.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chicago would have a high old time realizing five cents on the dollar of her World's Fair Guarantee Fund.

The Peerage.

"I hear that a grocer in England is to be knighted."

"It doesn't surprise me; to be raised to the peerage one has to be."

"To be what?"

"Benighted."

Rival Infantile Dissipations.

"If you won't take in that stupid catnip tea this afternoon," said the Colic to the Baby, "I'll take you to the bawl this evening."

The Christmas number of *Harper's Monthly* is out, and a more distinguished example of a monthly periodical was never printed. In illustration it surpasses all previous achievements, and in text it is a compressed anthology of the best of contemporary writing. In the history of the modern magazine, the American magazine, the Christmas number of *Harper's* marks the latest stride upward, and a great stride.

THE PETTUS HOMICIDE.

A Desire to Guard Against an Alleged Tendency of Modern Juries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It might possibly be improper at the present time to comment upon the apparently very simple case of Mrs. Hannah Southworth, the woman who yesterday shot and killed Mr. S. L. Pettus, but it is certainly timely just now to call attention to a disease that this country is evidently afflicted with, and which may be called mawkish sentimentality of the jury. Under cover of the symptoms of this malady too many fiendish women have already been allowed to enjoy an amount of liberty which their conduct certainly did not justify. And in many newspapers, too, it often happens that when some vile *mégère* commits a cold-blooded murder, she receives commiseration and sympathy that is introduced *ad nauseum* with the heading, "She Shot Her Betrayer!"

Now, it is to be presumed that that betrayer, if betrayer he was, had the best right to know something of the true inwardness of the woman's character, and that he discovered in time that she was a good woman to avoid. The fact that his judgment was sound has been repeatedly proved by the evidence of vitriol and blood. It may seem a harsh statement, but it is none the less true, that good women, as the world goes, are rarely "betrayed;" and creatures who right their "wrongs" with the vitriol bottle or the revolver can hardly be counted among the number.

In crime there is no such thing as sex, and the woman who commits a foul and dastardly murder receives no sympathy from any community that is free from the malady to which we have referred. The stupid question is often asked by the afflicted if we had not mothers and sisters of our own. In connection with female criminals, or she devils, as they are more plainly termed, the remark to most men, thank heaven, is a blasphemy. A murderess is a monster to which the name of woman cannot apply, the creature of crime, to which our criminal laws should be applied in their fullest force. It is, indeed, a poor compliment to our mothers to claim her as a sister. Rarely, if at all, can it be said that a woman may be driven to desperation and crime by the wrongs she may have suffered. Criminals are born, not made, and the criminal code is the barrier set up against them for the protection of society.

Let the law take its course.

HOMO.

THE UNION CLUB MATTER.

A Friend of Mr. Duval Declares that He Could Have Had Nothing to Do with the Rejection of Mr. King.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* An article in your issue of yesterday entitled "Union Club Blackballers," and referring to the failure of Mr. John King to be elected by the club's Governing Committee, contains the following: "A prominent club man * * * said that it was very well understood by insiders that the opposition to Mr. King was due to the very remarkable machinations of a Mr. Raymond Duval, a Southern railroad man," &c.

If by "Mr. Raymond Duval" is meant Mr. H. Rieman Duval, I feel that my intimate personal relations with that gentleman justify me—in Mr. Duval's absence—in pronouncing the statement attributed to a "prominent club member" as without foundation and untrue. Mr. Duval is traveling in the South, and will, doubtless, upon his return be able to satisfy any one interested in the matter that the alleged understanding "by insiders" is groundless.

Knowing, however, as I do that Mr. Duval will be much annoyed at the unwarrantable connection of his name with the matter, I take the liberty of sending you this communication, feeling sure that your sense of justice will give it as prominent a position in your journal as was accorded to the original statement.

WM. BAYARD CUTTING.

OAKDALE, Long Island, Nov. 21.

The Jewish Sabbath.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* May THE SUN shine on to the end of time, but I cannot follow your advice about keeping the Christian Sunday. So to-day (Saturday) I shall go to the Synagogue and rest, and to-morrow (Sunday) I shall work or read Church history. Yet you tell me that I am not properly informed as to the history of both the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday.

I will say that I did not know, until you told me, that Luther and Calvin, the heads of the Protestant Christian Church, "denied that there is any Scriptural obligation to observe Sunday." This knowledge strengthens my position, and I am, of course, anxious to find out more. The Scriptures give information down to the death of the first followers of Christ, and they being Jews must have honored the commandments of God. The throwing aside of the Fourth Commandment, defying God, will come afterward.

Now, with what information I possess, and I confess it is entirely Scriptural, I can come to but this one conclusion:

That Christians, so called, have destroyed God's Sabbath; that their substitute is not acceptable to Him; that He will have it restored to Himself again; and, as I believe, they have not much longer time to do it in. The Apostle Paul speaks of when the "time of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled." They have then, their allotted time in the great plan, the plan of God, the Jewish plan of salvation for mankind.

You say to me, "As I am a Christian and not a Jewess." Now, if you had made the mistake and said, "As a Jewess and not a Christian," it would have been more like the letter from which you judged, I think, I am this: A person who believes in one God; that Moses was his faithful servant; that Jesus of Nazareth was His beloved son, the Messiah of the Jews and the hope of the Gentiles, and is the hope of the world; and that Mahomet was a prophet.

Can you give me a name? X.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 16, 1889.

Elijah A. Morse Heard From.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letters which you printed yesterday, purporting to be written by me to Reed and McKinley, are bogus, and forgeries. I never wrote any such letters.

ELIJAH A. MORSE.

THE SUN copied the letters from the *Kansas City Times*. If that paper has been printing spurious letters, it ought to be ashamed of itself.

They Couldn't Let His Health Suffer After That.

The trustees had just begun the business of their monthly meeting, and Deacon Smith had the floor. They were legislating for the interest of one of South Norwalk's most prosperous churches. Two of the members had late business engagements in the city, and Deacon Smith's shop on the main street near the station, had been chosen for the meeting this month for the sake of convenience. The Deacon was well under way when the outer door was seen to open slightly, and he paused to note the cause of the interruption.

Connecticut is famed for the extensive variety of its tramps, and one of a most interesting type now appeared. His entrance into the room was made in a thoroughly original manner. When the door was sufficiently ajar to admit of his head, it popped in on the astonished deacons, surmounted by a most dilapidated EVENING SUN hat, and complemented by a smiling face and full, ragged beard. When he became assured that no tangible obstacle was on its way to meet him, he opened the door wide, and with another glance of satisfaction on the benevolent faces that surrounded him, he softly closed the door behind him, and stepped jauntily forward with his hat in his hand. His hair hung down his face in a rakish way, but with a graceful sweep of his long arm he caught up a wad of it in hand and laid it back from his forehead. He had on a long frock coat fastened closely around his waist by a thorn, and from the flowing lap above oozed out the ends of a much soiled handkerchief. His closely-fitting trousers, through numerous portals of which protruded his interesting self, seemed to run without any dividing line into the shoe and boot which respectively encased his feet.

The deacons had time to note these peculiarities before the stranger broke the silence. His voice seemed to emanate from that particular boot and emerged with a most pronounced French accent, which will here be omitted.

"Gentlemen," he began, "your pardon for disturbing you, but I am very sick."

He paused after this announcement to note the effect.

"I went to the doctor," he soon continued, "and he gave me the pills—see, the pills," and he held up to view a small bottle which he had in the palm of his hand.