Pages 13—22. **The Sun.** Pages 13—22.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 17, 1890.—TWENTY-TWO PAGES.

CLOUDS OVER FRANCE,

BOTH WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Broad Reorganization of the Republic Needed—Monarchists Still Active—Politically Isolated and Hemmed in by Dangers.

Our political sky is still bright, although it is not quite so free from clouds as it was at the time of my last letter, and the horizon beyond the frontier has some dark points. The absolute quietude that was reigning two months ago is changed.

It would be difficult to explain precisely the reason for this. Almost in everything our affairs seem to continue their favorable course. No new question has arisen, and the old ones preserve their peaceful aspect. Unexpected symptoms are also noticeable on the side of the new Municipal Council of Paris, whose first sessions were somewhat dreaded. Contrary to all expectations, the installation of the Prefect of the Seine at the Hotel de Ville, and the changes in the administration which followed, have been accepted without resistance and without recrimination. Far from raising any conflict with the Government, the autonomists seem to have thrown aside their former pretensions to communal supremacy. For more than a month the Council has now been in session, and its deliberations and votes have been marked by coolness and moderation—something that we did not expect. On the other hand, there is a marked diminution in the number of those socialistic meetings and anarchistic gatherings, in which the claims of the ultra democrats, accompanied by the usual threats against the bourgeoisie, are loudly presented. The Chamber of Deputies has also conducted itself in an exemplary fashion. There have been very few agitated sessions, and no serious attempt has been made to upset the Ministry. The two or three aggressive demonstrations that have come from the ranks of Boulangism have ended in very easy victories for the Government. All the groups of the majority have proved faithful to the Government. They apparently have renounced their petty quarrels. The Monarchists also have joined their votes on several occasions with those of the Republicans, confirming in this way the symptoms of a partial union which were manifested at the commencement of the session. At the right as at the left the extremists have called a truce, although we cannot flatter ourselves that it will last forever. The tendency to shake off the old party spirit has become greater in the sphere of political contests throughout the entire country. This was particularly manifest on the occasion of the national celebration of the 14th of July. It was remarked, not only at Paris, but in all the departments, that the rejoicing was more sincere and genuine. It was also noted that the Republican factions did not make of it, as in former times, a sort of challenge addressed to the Monarchists, while the latter gradually came out of their attitude of protestation against an official celebration that revived each year the recollection of the taking of the Bastile. The splendid military review was the occasion of an explosion of patriotic sentiment, to which hardly any one remained a stranger, even among those who support with impatience the republican form of government. In spite of the absence of political conflicts, in spite of the suspension of hostilities by all parties, which gave plenty of opportunities both to Parliament and to the Ministry for the accomplishment of solid work, very little progress has been made in that reorganization of which the country stands so much in need. All our administrative edifice and a good deal of what I may call our public legislation need to be revised, in order to be brought into harmony with new ideas and institutions. We possess all the mechanism that monarchy has left to us—a mechanism superannuated, made for a régime and a time that are past and gone. Of course it would be absurd and chimerical to attempt to change it in a few days; but it is nevertheless certain that changes are indispensable, and that these changes must be profound, although brought about gradually.

Up to the present the necessary revision has not been undertaken, because political agitations have constantly sprung up to interfere with it. The present Parliament commenced its career under very favorable auspices. It was fortunate enough to begin its work in the midst of general peace. It had a splendid opportunity to start ahead with that progressive reformation without which our republic can never work well. Everything seemed favorable for that—ministerial stability, a tranquil disposition in the Chamber, effacement of extreme parties, agreement among the Deputies and among the members of the Cabinet and moderation everywhere. We expected to see, at last, the commencement of an era of reasonable innovations, because the elections of last autumn placed upon the legislative benches a number of young men who were believed to be inspired by a spirit of reform, and were thought to be impatient for its realization. This hope was disappointed. The session which now closes has produced little or nothing. The Ministry has not given to the work of Parliament the impulsion and direction which alone can render it efficacious. Time was passed in projects announced and in good intentions, without effect, as well as in discussions commenced and left off without having led to any decision. The Government should have presented the Chamber with a well-defined plan of the necessary measures, and should have guided the progress of the work. Now, that is just what the Government has not done, and the Chamber, not having found the guide that it expected, simply ran adrift from day to day. Even in the organization of its sessions it has displayed a marked defect which renders it very difficult for it to accomplish anything very useful. It meets only four days in the week, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. In this way valuable time is lost. It is the disappointment which parliamentary results have created that has troubled the public mind. The people are dissatisfied with the Deputies and the Ministers on account of the illusions which they conceived.

In looking over the record of the session it is clear that the legislative progress has not been any more rapid of late than it has been in former years. "It is always the same old story," some say in anger and others in shrugging their shoulders, while the extreme parties are made happy by this sterility and often remark: "You can see now that the moderates are incapable of doing anything. Let us get into power and we will show you how to reorganize the country." Everybody knows that the men who speak this way are never fit for anything except discussion, but everybody knows also that they may possibly succeed in deceiving the crowd by their promises, especially when they meet with nothing but inaction on the part of the opposition. Hence constant uncertainty of the future.

The fact is that the legislation of the Chamber has been singularly weak. It has principally been directed toward labor reform, because the social question is in fashion; but, as the subject was neither studied nor understood by the Deputies, with very few exceptions, legislation on the subject has only created confused ideas, some good enough, others bad, and most of them impracticable. The tariff question has also occupied a considerable portion of the time of the session, but it was not raised to the height of a debate on principles. It was limited to arguments upon duties upon a half dozen articles.

Our financial question has not been treated in a manner any more satisfactory. Notwithstanding the promises made, Parliament adjourns again without having discussed the budget, and therefore the examination of the matter which should first of all have been dealt with is adjourned to the extraordinary session of the autumn. The most unfortunate thing of all is that the Minister of Finance, M. Rouvier, has lost in the debate a portion of the moral authority which he formerly exercised in financial matters. The clearness of his views, and the bold frankness and firmness of character which he displayed on several occasions made him one of the men upon whom the people counted most for the direction of the affairs of our treasury. He has in a great measure lost the confidence that he inspired, by his vacillation in the recent discussions, in the course of which he has several times abandoned his opinions. The result has been a most unfortunate confusion. Notwithstanding our prosperity, the country begins to feel that there is something artificial and fictitious in the annual balance of the Budget, and it seems aware of the fact that extreme tension exists in our financial situation, which the slightest unexpected complication might render dangerous. What we need just now is the disentanglement of this situation. The combinations presented by M. Rouvier constituted the first step in this direction. The incoherent votes of the Chamber, and the facility with which the Minister abandoned his own plan have compromised the expected amelioration.

That is the reason why, without any sensible change on the surface, our internal situation is not so good as it was at the time of my last letter. It does not present the results which were expected at the beginning of the year.

Time has been wasted, and, as the loss of time is our greatest evil, public confidence is diminishing, because matters are conducted by this Ministry just as they were by the preceding ones. The Ministry still preserves its chance of remaining in power, but its prestige has become pale, and the fluctuations of M. Rouvier have shaken his personal position.

Esteem and respect continue to surround the President of the republic; nevertheless his name, which up to the present was kept out of the discussions of the press, has now commenced to be mixed up with them. Attacks against the chief of the state have appeared on account of an ill-advised promotion which gave prematurely the stars of a general of division to Gen. Brugère, the Secretary of the President. This promotion, it must be admitted, was an act of favor contrary to the laws of promotion. It would be a pretty small subject of discussion in any other country except ours, where the least pretext serves to form an attack upon the men of the Government, and particularly the depository of the Executive power. The political agitators still remain in comparative repose, but one can see from certain indications that they are not very far from entering into a campaign.

All this explains the vague return of uneasiness to which I have referred. The moderate party re-commences its eternal fault—a fault which it commits invariably every time that lucky circumstances place the political situation in its hands; it rests after its victory, allowing time to pass, and permitting politics to drift in their own way. It imagines that things are finally arranged because moral tranquillity is established for the moment.

Since I have been led to revive the recollections of Boulangism I will mention one fact which is noteworthy, although at the present moment it is not of any great importance. The Monarchists have not abandoned the game so completely as they appear to have abandoned it; on the contrary, they are working actively, although noiselessly, to foment a movement of opinion analagous to that which in 1887 prepared the popularity of Gen. Boulanger. They employ exactly the same means, and have taken for the hero of their programme, not the direct representative of royalty, the Comte de Paris, but the young Duke of Orleans. Now, since this Prince has acquired, on account of the incidents of last winter, a notoriety greater and more sympathetic than that of his father, they are endeavoring to form around his name a legend of patriotism and bravery which they hope later on to turn to the profit of the royalist idea. His picture is scattered about all over the country by hundreds of thousands of copies. Even in Paris it is exhibited in the shop windows of all the quarters of town, and the colporteurs offer it to the people in the street along with the biography at a cost of one cent. The biography is necessarily short, because the young man is only a little over 20 years of age, and of course he cannot have a very long past history. But it tells with details how the young Prince heroically came to take his place as a soldier in the national army, and how the barbarous republic responded to his demand by throwing him into prison. The story is recited with a view of making him appear as a martyr to his patriotism. The organizers of the photographic crusade know very well that they have nothing to gain from it for the present, but they are making what may be called *manœuvre de précision*. They are well aware that, throwing aside political considerations, the person of the Comte de Paris is the object of a national antipathy, which is sufficient to render a monarchical restoration impossible so long as he remains at the head of his dynasty. But they think that the day will come when he will cease to be the pretender-in-chief, whether he dies or whether he yields up the place to his son by a fortunate abdication. When that day arrives, if the republic is not firmly implanted in France, the Duke of Orleans will present himself with the halo of a patriotic souvenir, cunningly worked out beforehand, around his name. And who knows but what he may be able to take advantage of a moment of confusion such as our history has already given so many examples of? I do not mean to say that I admit that there is any serious chance for the son of the Comte de Paris to squat upon the throne of Louis Philippe. If the republic is one day or another exposed to the peril of again being overthrown, it will be at the dictation of a parvenu in politics, rather than that of a descendant of an ancient dynasty. Nevertheless, these zealots of the Duke of Orleans are not doing such a stupid thing as one might imagine when they try to paint the young man in the popular memory as a victim of devotion to the Republican flag.

According to the formula of official addresses, France holds excellent relations with foreign Governments; but none of these Governments is with her practically. In fact, she finds herself isolated in Europe. If this isolation is not complete, we must thank circumstances which establish between us and Russia a rapprochement commanded by reciprocal interests, and it must be remembered that this relation is at present purely platonic. The exchange of friendly words and demonstrations between the two countries does not imply any engagement on either side. It is not by any means a diplomatic matter constituting an alliance.

Whatever may be the reservations and perhaps the regrets that the thing awakens in the mind of the Czar, this international friendship is positively the only thing that remains to us. The colonial treaty recently concluded between Germany and England has completed the work of coalition against France so assiduously commenced and followed up by Bismarck. In appearance this treaty only regulates the division of African territories; in reality its consequences reach to France. It is noteworthy that it has been concluded without us, without any invitation to take part in it being extended to us, and without any notification whatever to us in the matter, although we had interests similar to those which were to be regulated. As THE SUN wisely remarked in an article which was widely commented upon in Europe, the true meaning of this treaty is "France left out." It means the accession of England to the anti-French coalition. The motive which determined Lord Salisbury to throw himself upon the side of Prussia is transparent. He wanted simply to get a powerful support for his policy, in case France should insist upon the evacuation of Egypt by the English troops.

Another African question serves to feed in Italy the animosity which M. Crispi unceasingly nourishes against us. The French protectorate in Tunis furnishes him with a pretext which he uses with a perfidious cunning to persuade his countrymen that we are their adversaries, and that they should be ours. The Italians had become accustomed to the idea that the Tunisian regency was their property, and that they would come into full possession of it sooner or later. They, therefore, considered our installation there as a veritable spoliation, to their detriment. Even these among them who profess for us the most sincere sympathy find some difficulty in forgiving us completely for this act. The trans-Alpine nation professes for us a vague affinity of views, to which is joined the resemblance of manners and the recollections of the liberating campaign of 1859. When the Italian Government joined Italy to the triple alliance, the people at first accepted this diplomatic combination with some dissatisfaction. Up to the commencement of this year, they certainly would not allow themselves to be drawn without repugnance and perhaps resistance into a collective war against France. But it must not be forgotten that Crispi has succeeded in spreading his francophobia over a great portion of the population by exciting the national vanity on the Tunis question. The newspapers inspired by him have for some time been reviving old animosities concerning Nice, which they claim to be a town unjustly separated from Italian territory. They are also turning into a subject of international hatred the commercial struggle between the two countries in consequence of the rupture of the treaty regulating their customs duties. So long, at least, as M. Crispi remains the Minister we will have in the Italian people a former friend, whom we must distrust perhaps as much as Germany herself, perhaps more.

It is true that Austria must have cooled down considerably in the triple alliance. On the one hand, she has but little to be proud of in the methods of Germany toward her, and on the other hand, she finds herself treated by Italy as an enemy to be despoiled, rather than an ally with whom there is a common cause to be fought for. The uneasiness and concealed intentions of Prussia in regard to the German provinces of the Austrian empire, and Italy's ambition in regard to Trieste have opened the eyes of the court of Vienna to the rôle of a dupe which Austria is playing between two allies who are thinking only of dismembering her. Francis Joseph must often have asked himself what he has to do with these interests, absolutely opposed to his own, and against France, toward whom in reality he has neither a cause of quarrel nor a cause of fear. But the tardy reflections which he may make do not prevent him from being condemned to remain a satellite of German policy. Beyond the obligation which treaties impose upon it, the Cabinet of Vienna is fatally bound to that of Berlin, because it finds itself in the shadow of a danger, a perpetual danger of war with Russia; and in such an eventuality, the support of Germany is indispensable to Austria. She is a prisoner in the camp of her enemies and obliged to march with them.

Events have conspired with our own incoherent policy to second the devilish policy of Bismarck and fortify his work in the anti French coalition. The circle in which for twenty years he has endeavored to close us appears to be shutting around us in such a way that, except the opening on the Russian side, we are surrounded to-day on all sides; and even this opening it is hoped in Berlin that Emperor William will be able to shut at his next visit to St. Petersburg. He goes there, it is said, with the intention of offering to the Czar all the compensations that he wants on the eastern side, in exchange for his promise to allow France to be completely isolated. Happily, there are three good reasons why this proposition will not be listened to. In the first place, Alexander III. knows very well what an error he would commit in allowing us to be crushed, and what a political misfortune would be the disappearance of France from the European concert, while German omnipotence would reign without any counterbalance. On the other hand, he has little sympathy for the German race, whose influence he endeavors to check by every means in Russia. In the third place, the character and methods of William, his alternate displays of despotism and socialistic tendencies, can scarcely please the Russian monarch, and must certainly inspire him with little confidence. There rests our guarantee for the safety of European peace. But, if we have on this side a relative security, other dangers appear elsewhere. This peace of which Russia is the arbiter may possibly have to be broken by herself in the near future. The inconsiderate and audacious policy of Bulgaria threatens to light up the latent fire that the treaty of Berlin has placed in the midst of the Balkans.

When the war comes at last it will be the most terible that the world has ever witnessed. The thing is of such gigantic proportions that the mind recoils from it, and probably the Governments also. But events are stronger than men. The further we advance, the more it becomes evident that the peace of the world no longer depends upon any one will; it is at the mercy of an incident in the Balkans or in Constantinople, or of a *coup de tête* at Berlin.

PARIS, Aug. 1. E. MASSERAS.

SOME ODD FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS.

A Tramp's Valuable Coat, an Unused Stove, and the Unjust Sacrifice of a Cow.

RICHMOND, Ind., Aug. 14.—Martinsville is justly excited over a number of very unusual financial transactions. Last May a decent-look ing tramp applied at the farm of Ovid Martin for a supper and a night's lodging, in payment for which he said he would be willing to work for the farmer next day. Martin fed the tramp and gave him a bed. True to his promise, he worked all of the following day at different chores he was set to doing. At about supper time next day he was seized with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs. Before a doctor could be summoned the tramp had three other hemorrhages, and died from the last one. The man had been singularly reticent, and had not even told his name to the farmer or any of the family. Nothing could be found upon him that gave any clue to his identity. He was evidently 50 years of age. Farmer Martin buried the stranger at his own expense in one corner of his orchard. The clothing he wore was badly tattered, with the exception of the coat, which was a reefing jacket of stout woollen cloth.

Mrs. Martin hung the coat away in her garret. A few days ago she was cutting up a lot of cast-off clothing into carpet rags, and she added the tramp's coat to the rest. The first rip she made in the lining of the old jacket revealed to her astonished gaze a $100 bill. As soon as she recovered from the effects of her discovery she resumed her ripping at the coat. Every rip uncovered a bank bill, until she had taken from the tramp's reefing jacket $1,540 in good United States money, all carefully padded away between the lining and the cloth. As the Martins recently met with a heavy loss by fire, the good fortune that has come to them through the tramp's legacy is most opportune.

Mrs. Albert Gilmore, on the same day Mrs. Martin found the money in the tramp's coat, was treated in a far different manner by fortune. She had been paid $500 in bank notes, and wishing to keep the fact secret for some reason hid the money in an old stove that was not in use. The stove was in a shed. Some children who were playing in the shed kindled a fire in the stove, and when Mrs. Gilmore discovered what they had done her $500 had been reduced to ashes.

On the same day Presley Brewer, a neighbor of Mrs. Gilmore's, was ploughing in a field on his farm. He had $263 in his pocket. Fearing that he might lose it, and not caring to go back to his house with it, he hid the money under the roots of a tree. One of his cows was cropping the grass around the tree. At dinner time Brewer went to get his money, but it was gone. The cow was still feeding near the tree, and there was no doubt in Brewer's mind that it had eaten his money in cropping the grass. He hailed his hired man, who was cutting brush in another lot a few rods away, and when the hired man was told of the disappearance of the money he agreed with Farmer Brewer that it had been swallowed by the cow. It was then nearly supper time, and the farmer went home, mourning his loss. A neighboring farmer happened to be at Brewer's house. He raised hope in Brewer's breast by assuring him that split-hoof cattle swallow their food whole and digest it in their first stomachs, and that if he should kill his cow without delay and dissect her he would find the money intact in her first stomach. The cow was worth $50, but Farmer Brewer was willing to lose her value to recover his $263, and he sent the hired man to drive the cow in as quickly as he could. The hired man did so, and Farmer Brewer and his neighbor proceeded to butcher the cow. Being inexperienced, they had a long and tedious task, and they had to make the dissection of the cow's stomach by lamplight. They found not the least sign of the missing bills in either the first, second, third or fourth stomachs of the late cow. It was not until toward 10 o'clock at night that Farmer Brewer recollected that the hired man was not present at the post-mortem examination of the cow. The hired man did not appear at the house that night. He has not appeared since, and as yet no one has been able to find out where he is. There seems to be a suspicion that if he had not been at work so near the tree when Farmer Brewer hid his cash in its roots the cow would be living yet.

LEBANON'S OLD CHURCH.

Eight Pastors Have Served It for 190 Years—The Late Rev. Orlo D. Hine.

NORWICH, Aug. 16.—The Rev. Orlo D. Hine who died recently at his home at historic Lebanon Green, was a remarkable pastor of a notable church. He was born at New Milford in 1837. In Yale College he was a classmate of Chief Justice Waite, Samuel J. Tilden, William M. Evarts, and Profs. Silliman and Lyman. He was pastor of the Congregational church at Lebanon for thirty years, his pastorate ending with his death a few days ago. He had also been a member of the Legislature. His son, Charles D. Hine is Secretary of the Connecticut State Board of Education. Mr. Hine was a man of remarkably fine mind, refined and sensitive temperament, and noble character. After his death, in keeping with an old-time custom, the church bell was tolled one stroke for each year of the pastor's life.

The Lebanon Congregational church, with which Jonathan Trumbull, Connecticut's Revolutionary war Governor, and William A. Buckingham, the civil war Governor, were connected, has had a history that may not be paralleled in this country. It was founded in 1700 and has had only eight pastors, including the late Mr. Hine. It had the fortune to get men of long lives and who were satisfactory to their parishioners. Several of the pastorates were notably long ones. That of the Rev. Dr. Solomon Williams endured from 1722 to 1776, and that of the Rev. Dr. Zebulon Ely from 1776 to 1824.

Before the old church was remodelled a dozen years ago it was perhaps the only one of typical Puritan architecture in the State. The organ loft, in which the choir sat, was up in the peak of the church, and the gallery ran along the ceiling, both being uplifted so far they hardly seemed to be a part of the sanctuary. The pews were straight-backed, the fronts being so high one could barely look over, and the pew doors were locked. In the Indian wars the male members of the congregation lifted their rifles against the sides of the pews. The tunes were given out by a deacon by means of a tuning fork, and it was only a few years ago the fork was discarded.

Two Little Failures on the Consolidated.

Members of the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange were relieved of much anxiety yesterday when Old Trinity chimed out the hour of 12. The two-hour Saturday session was over and glad were the brokers that the business day was done. There had been two failures or suspensions or cases of inability to meet contracts, and, although the stock market was almost as placid as a country pond, nobody knew how far the disaster might extend. So the brokers were glad when the doors were closed.

The unfortunates yesterday were N. N. Cornish and G. L. Baker, both of whom had been short for a week of 400 shares each. The losses to each were $800, and, as yesterday was settling day, there was no holding out longer.

The Chickamauga National Park Bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—The conferees on the Chickamauga National Park bill have agreed, and the conference report will be submitted to the House to-morrow for adoption. The object of the bill is to carefully mark out and preserve the lines of battle. This will be done by macadamizing the avenues which are to trace the battle lines. At this late date some difficulty will be encountered in accurately ascertaining these lines, but the bill provides that three Commissioners, each of whom must have been in one of the battles, shall determine the positions of the opposing armies. Two of the Commissioners are to be Union officers and one a Confederate officer. The Society of the Army of the Cumberland has taken great interest in this bill.

If Little Babies *Could Write*

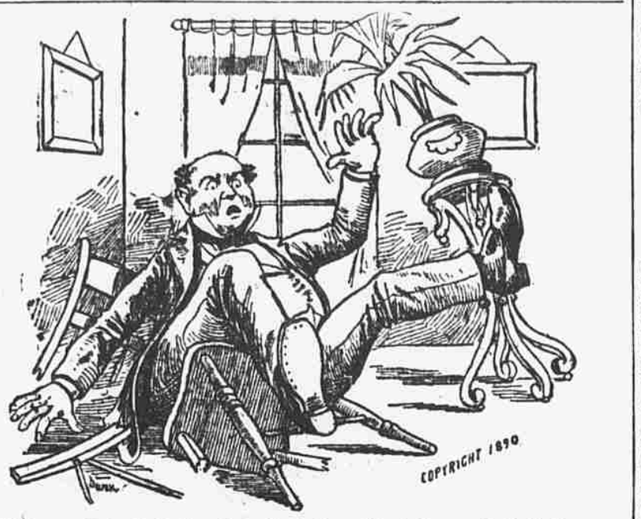
WHAT a host of grateful letters the proprietors of the CUTICURA REMEDIES would receive. How their little hearts would overflow in ink. *They* know what they have suffered from itching and burning eczemas and other itching, scaly, blotchy, and pimply skin and scalp diseases before the **Cuticura Remedies** were applied. Parents, are you doing right by your little ones to delay a moment longer the use of these great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies?

Everything about the **Cuticura Remedies** invites the confidence of parents. They are absolutely pure, and may be used on the youngest infants. They are agreeable to the most sensitive. They afford instant relief in the severest forms of agonizing, itching, and burning skin and scalp diseases, and are by far the most economical (because so speedy) of all similar remedies. There can be no doubt that they daily perform more great cures than all other skin and blood remedies combined. Mothers and children are among their warmest friends. ☞ *Summer, when the pores open freely, is the best time to cure skin diseases.*

"ALL ABOUT THE SKIN" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to mothers, affording information not obtainable elsewhere.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, an Exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the greatest of Blood Purifiers and Humor Remedies, $1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Pimples, Blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands, and simple humors and blemishes of infants and children prevented and cured by that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated **Cuticura Soap.** For the prevention of tan, freckles, and sunburn, and for giving a brilliancy and freshness to the complexion, **Cuticura Soap** is incomparably superior to all so-called skin and complexion soaps. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps.



Those polished chairs "marked down" at Jones & Co.'s "carry-a-little-of-everything" establishment may be pretty, but they are very flimsy—in fact, not cheap at any price.

If you want a good, reliable ARTICLE of FURNITURE (Parlor, Chamber, and Dining Room), CARPETINGS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, and kindred goods, go to the OLD and RELIABLE "CONCERN," where goods are sold strictly on their merits, and at prices LOWER than any other responsible HOUSE IN TOWN.

We are away from the inflated Dry Goods District, with its EXTORTIONATE rents, which mean big profits. We own Large STOREHOUSES right by our WAREROOMS, so that if one needs 50 suites (Bedroom or Parlor), we can furnish them at a couple of hours' notice. ESTIMATES furnished on any quantity from $5.00 to $5,000.00. Polite and prompt attention at the OLD stand.

MASON'S,

NORTHEAST CORNER BRIDGE ST. AND 117, 119, 121 MYRTLE AVE., BROOKLYN.

REINTERRED AFTER 35 YEARS.

One Hundred and Fifty Bodies Removed From the Vault of Zion Church.

A gang of laborers were hard at work yesterday covering up forever the big vault beneath the main entrance of Zion Episcopal Church at Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street, which was opened for the first time in thirty-five years at midnight Friday in order to take away the bodies which have lain there since they were removed from the original church site at Mott and Houston streets. Eighteen large boxes, containing each between eight and ten bodies, were removed to the cemetery at 179th street and the Grand Boulevard, where they were reinterred. All of the bodies were reduced to dust and bones.

The Zion Church some time ago decided to consolidate with St. Timothy's, which is building a handsome edifice at Fifty-seventh street and Broadway. This change of location necessitated a sale of the old church property, and a purchaser was found in the congregation of the South Reformed Church. Not being able to take the remains of their dead with them the officials decided to place them where they now lay, and on a permit furnished by the Board of Health they were removed. The bodies were all buried between forty and fifty years ago. Most of them lay about fifteen years in the yard of the old church at Mott and Houston streets, and when the congregation moved up town they were taken up and placed in a vault made for their reception in the new church.

Curiosities of the Lightning.

SATBROOK, Aug. 16.—A thunderbolt that struck the house of E. A. Buell at Clinton-on-the-Shore a few days ago produced strange effects on the members of the household. The bolt came down the chimney and cleft it into three parts. All the family were flung senseless on the floor in the sitting room. All recovered consciousness soon, and it was found that the lightning had painted a strange bright red spot as large as a silver dollar on the cheek of Mrs. Buell, which remained there, glowing, for about twenty-four hours. Miss Almeda Buell was completely paralyzed for several minutes, and then suddenly she regained the use of her limbs. Her twin sister, Alida, was thought to be dead, but in the evening, six hours later, she recovered. It was not until three or four hours after the bolt had fallen that the house was found to be on fire, it having been ignited by the electric fluid, but none could find where the flames were lit.

HAILSTONES EXTRAORDINARY.

Startling Features of Two Recent Connecticut Storms.

MIDDLETOWN, Aug. 16.—The hailstones that fell in recent thunder storms in Connecticut were extraordinarily large, and cut like flying shot. In one tempest along the Sound they were simply misshapen chunks of ice. They tore corn into tatters, and pierced the hide of cattle, so that blood followed the impact of each ice ball. The foliage of shade trees was slashed from the boughs. At Branford, on Long Island Sound, the stones were two or three inches in circumference, and now and then one was two inches in diameter. Many windows were smashed by the ice.

It is a theory of a Connecticut weather observer that the ragged, irregularly-formed hail accompanies any cyclone of the genuine Western breed. There have been two cyclones in the State this month, and the curious hail was a feature of each. One cyclone, the first one, which was noted in THE SUN at the time, swept down the Quinnebaug River valley from a point forty miles north to this city and wrought great havoc. The other one roared along the Sound shore last Sunday afternoon. It came in a funnel-shaped cloud and with a horrible grinding roar. In each instance thunderbolts did as much damage as the blast. Miss Josie Peck of Madison was out in the storm, and her face was badly cut and scarred by the ice pellets. At Waterbury, also, several ladies had their faces, hands, and arms deeply cut and blood flowed from their wounds.

John Thompson Wasn't "On Hand."

TACOMA, Aug. 16.—Margery Thompson, one of the pretty girls travelling with a farce comedy troupe through this region, left the company very suddenly and quietly a few nights ago. She is the sister of Mollie Thompson, the soubrette, and both girls are daughters of Johnnie Thompson, the "On Hand" star of years ago. It is asserted that Margery went away with a commercial traveller named Emil Loupe, and that a hasty marriage was performed here. The bride is about 18 years old, and is petite and pretty. She has been playing minor rôles.

Sold Peanuts and Made a Fortune.

WILLIMANTIC, Aug. 16.—Charles Dondero, an estimable Italian resident, knew how to run a peanut roaster, and his success proved there is money in the business. Mr. Dondero died this week, respected by every one. Twelve years ago he had a few dollars and spent them for a roaster. He built up a good trade. He was known as "Peanut Charlie." He amassed $10,000 in the last twelve years

WECHSLER AND ABRAHAM.

NEW FALL FLANNELS---ASSORTED STYLES---BIG SAVING.

A little saving in such staples as Flannels is in reality a big saving. Going to open our regular fall assortments of 1890---91 Flannels decidedly earlier than usual, and as decidedly under price.

You'll see our meaning below:

2 cases of 3-4 white wool Flannel, the 25c. quality, to be . . 18c.
3 cases of 3-4 white wool Flannel, the 30c. quality, to be . . 23c.
1 case of 3-4 extra fine white wool Flannel, the 50c. quality, to be 39c.
3 cases of 7-8 white wool Flannel, the 35c. quality, to be . . 25c.
2 cases 7-8 white Shaker Flannel, the 28c. quality, to be . . 20c.
1 case of 7-8 white Shaker Flannel, the 35c. quality, to be . . 25c.
3 cases of 3-4 white twill Flannel, the 37c. quality, to be . . 30c.
1 case of 4-4 plain white wool Flannel, the 45c. quality, to be . . 35c.
3 cases of 3-4 twilled scarlet Flannel, the 25c. quality, to be . . 18c.
2 cases of 3-4 twilled scarlet Flannel, the 35c. quality, to be . . 27c.
4 cases of 3-4 twilled scarlet Flannel, the 40c. quality, to be . . 30c.
1 case 3-4 twilled scarlet Flannel, the 45c. quality, to be . . 32c.
3 cases 3-4 navy blue twilled Flannel, the 32c. quality, to be . . 25c.
5 cases of all-wool gray Flannel, the 35c. quality, to be . . 25c.

Flannels—Right Centre.

56 FULL CASES STRICTLY HIGH GRADE BLANKETS.

25 per cent. in your purse—Bought in May last at a National peremptory trade (auction) sale 56 full cases of strictly first quality Blankets.

Knew we were buying them way down at the time, but think of what's happened since in these goods—advanced 25 per cent. in the crude.

No rise here—shall carry out our first plan—that of doing by you as we first intended spite of this advance.

These Blankets come up to every standard required of first quality goods—this we promise; so have no fear on the score of goodness because of their strikingly low prices.

Sizes and prices follow:

9 Cases of 10x4 White Wool Blankets, the $2.50 quality, to be.....$1.75 per pair
6 Cases of 10x4 White Wool Blankets, the $2.75 quality, to be.....$2.00 per pair
8 Cases of 10x4 All-Wool California Blankets, the $4.75 quality, to be.....$3.95 per pair
4 Cases of 11x4 White Wool Blankets, the $3.00 quality, to be.....$2.40 per pair
5 Cases of 11x4 White Wool Blankets, the $4 quality, to be.....$3.25
8 Cases of 11x4 All-Wool California Blankets, the $5.50 quality, to be.....$4.90 per pair
3 Cases of 12x4 All-Wool California Blankets, the $6.50 quality, to be.....$5.75 per pair
6 Cases of 10x4 All-Wool Scarlet Blankets, the $4 quality, to be.....$3.40 per pair
7 Cases 11x4 All-Wool Scarlet Blankets, the $5 quality, to be.....$4 per pair

Blanket Basement, Front, Left.

"FLIRT." LATEST FROM PARIS.

The latest from Paris in the book way is "Flirt."

By Paul Hervien. Translated by Hugh Craig, with 37 illustrations in photo by Madeleine Lemaire (the illustrator of "The Abbe Constantine"); 1 vol., cloth—published at $1.25—here, 98c.; paper, 75c.; regular—here, 58c.

Books—Second Floor.

FINAL AUGUST SALE MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Muslin Gowns, yoke of fine tucks and embroidery, sold for $1.00—marked for Monday.....75c.
Cambric Gowns, tucked yoke and tucked ruffle, 85c.—have been $1.00.
Cambric Gowns, Mother Hubbard yoke of fine Platte lace and Hamburg embroidery; $1.75 quality; to be.....$1.25
Muslin Walking Skirts, fine embroidered ruffle, $1.50—have been $2.00.
Cambric Walking Skirts, fine insertion of Torchon lace, $1.98—been $2.50.
Cambric Drawers, tucks and Medici lace edge—have been $1.35—marked.....98c.
High Neck Corset Cover, Hamburg embroidery and ribbon, 50c.; worth 75c.
Lawn Sacques and Waists, tucks and embroidery, 59c.; always sold for 98c.
Percale Waists (a lot of about 6 doz. only), neat figures, good shapes, 63c.; these are the $1.00 waists.

Muslin Underwear—Second Floor.

LINENS. EXTRA STRONG ATTRACTIONS FOR MONDAY.

1,000 extra heavy Germany Damask Table Cloths, with red border and fringe, 2 1-2 yards long, $1.19 each.
1,500 Satin Damask Tray Cloths, size 18x28. . . . . 18c. each
500 doz. Wash Cloths at 25c. per dozen.
1 bale of extra heavy Russia Crash, 8c. per yard.
1,500 remnants of Table Damask at 1-4 less than regular prices.
100 dozen Stamped Bureau Covers, 72 inches long. . . . 23c. each

Linens—Right, Centre.

FOREIGN DRESS NOVELTIES FOR FALL WEAR.

Dress Goods for this Fall here in sufficient variety already to give an idea what weaves and effects are likely to prevail. From Scotland, from Germany, from France, from England.

Been ticketing some of them very low—low on purpose to benefit early buyers:

50-in. Plaids and Stripes, with Plain to match, in approved shades of Navy Blue and Yellow—a specialty at.....$1.25
50-in. Suitings for tailor-made dresses, in checks and stripes, extra strong value..$1.25
A 42-in. all-wool Clan Tartans and Fancy Plaids.....$1.00
200 pieces Fancy Plaids, 40-in. wide, suitable for Misses' and Children's school dresses, the strongest value imaginable, at.....49c.

Main Aisle, Rear.

ONE AGAINST US. RICH CHINA WARE.

Some one has blundered. Got dates of shipment from the factories abroad mixed up—instead of getting ½ July 15 and ½ Sept. 15, as ordered, our entire order for the year comes over in one vessel. Haven't room for them in the store. Sacrifice of money for room's sake is apparently the only wholesome remedy—Monday commences it.

Shapes and decorations are the very newest; mostly confined to the store in Brooklyn.

Lest we may not be so ready to quote these prices later on, away-from-home housekeepers had better find some means of attending the sale soon.

25 complete Dinner Sets, new design, beautifully decorated, gold edge, 125 pcs., positively worth $35.00—will be marked $19.50. 25 sets only will be sold at this price.
100 transparent china Toilet Sets, 10 pieces, full size, decorated with colored flowers, gold edge, worth $8.00, marked $4.29 set. 100 sets only will be sold at this price.
2,000 transparent china Fruit Plates, tinted edge, flower centre with gold, worth 18c. each, marked 10c. each. 2,000 only will be sold at this price.
1,000 dozen china Cups and Saucers, thin transparent china, ten decorations, gold edge. These goods are perfect—to go at 17c. pr.
1,000 dozen only will be sold at this price.
500 transparent china Cuspadores, decorated with flowers and gold, worth 75c. to $1.00; will be marked at 39c. each. 500 only will be sold at this price.
500 Ice Cream, Berry or Preserve sets, 12 Saucers and one large Platter, handsomely decorated, gold edge, worth $5.00, at $2.69. 500 only will be sold at this price.
10,000 other pieces of china, Pitchers, Sugar Bowls, Cracker Jars, Plates all sizes, Fancy Dishes, Salad Bowls, Comports, Meat Platters, and everything made in table china, at cost of making.

China, Glass—Main Floor.

WECHSLER AND ABRAHAM.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn, N. Y.

HENRY STEELE'S TERRIBLE HACK.

It Gets Loose Again and Harpoons the Dwelling of Mrs. Lynch.

MIDDLETOWN, Aug. 16.—When Hector made his farewell tour around the walls of Troy and met Achilles, also on the war path, it is to be regretted that he didn't meet Henry Steele's hack of Middletown, Conn.; with that vehicle for Hector to ride on. It is possible that Ilium might have been standing to-day. At any rate, if the Grecian champion had run up against it, he would have found that it was no soft thing. Mr. Steele's hack is a remarkable engine of destruction. Now and then it gets away from Stephen Lloyd, who pilots it, and the amount of havoc it does at such times is amazing.

It got loose one morning this week on Sumner street, the pole snapped in two, and then, bearing horses and driver along at a mighty rate, it swept down on Middletown. Middletown got out of the way as swiftly as possible. Then the hack made a tumultuous dash for the home of Mrs. Lynch, in a wooden dwelling, at South and Sumner streets; and with the broken pole, couched as a lance at an angle of about 10 degrees above the horizon, it hit the dwelling with a fell thud. The jagged and invincible pole went straight through clapboard, sheathing, lath, plaster, and paper into Mrs. Lynch's trim little parlor, while the rest of the hack, Stephen Lloyd, and the two horses remained outside, doubled up under the livery chariot. The concussion, as the wooden harpoon crashed through the house, was heard five blocks away, and Mrs. Lynch in the kitchen, hearing her parlor crumble, thought an earthquake was ripping up Middletown. She flew to the parl