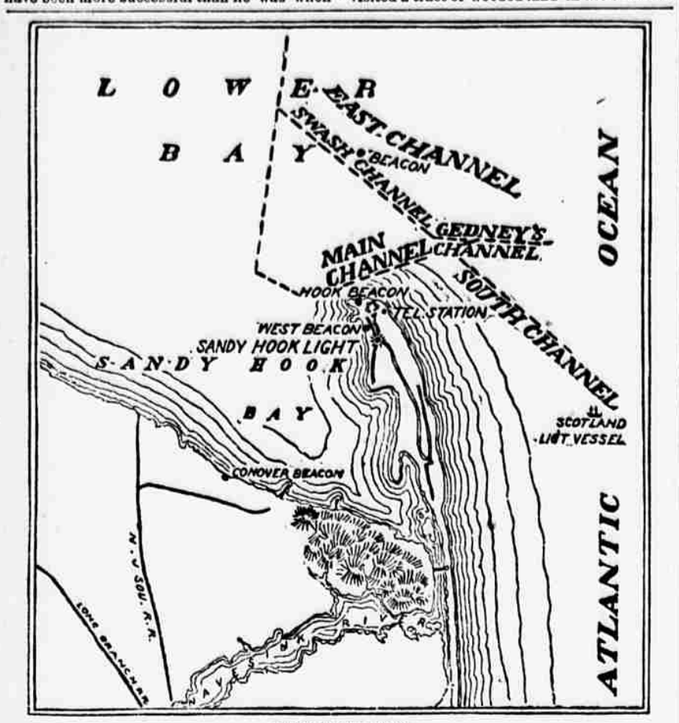
A TERROR TO MARINERS.

THEY FEAR A STRAY PROJECTILE MAY REACH THEM.

Sailors and Ship Owners Object to the Test Firing at Sandy Hook, but It Will Go On Until a Better Target Ground is Found.

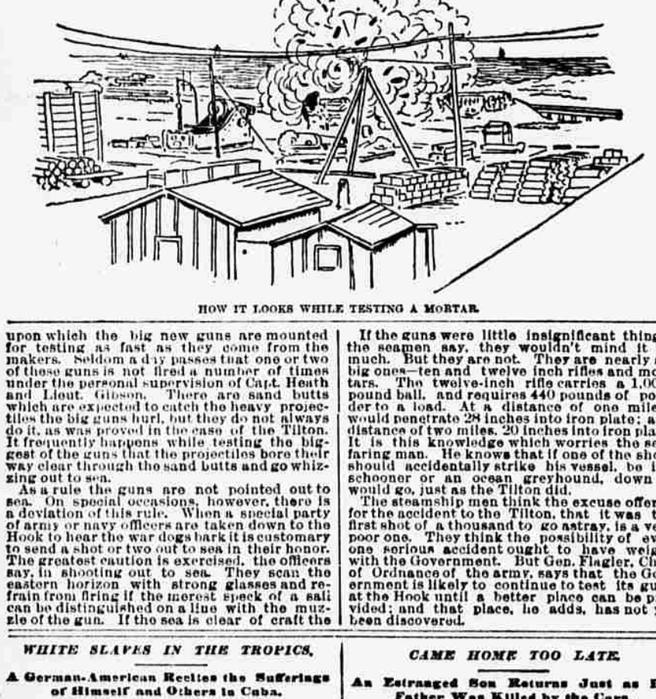
If Uncle Sam had started out to walk along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, with the intention of selecting the most dangerous spot for the tests of his big guns, he could not have been more successful than he was when



MAP OF SANDY HOOK.

he decided on Sandy Hook for a proving station more than a quarter of a century ago. All ships come to a focus off the sandy stretch. It is hardly a wonder that the grizzled and bronzed Captains in the harbor said, "I told you so," when they heard that the schooner Henry R. Tilton was sunk four miles out to sea by a 500-pound projectile, which went tearing through its hull. They had been expressing their fears ever since the Government took possession of the land, and the army men had been laughing at them. In his report to the War Department Capt. Heath, the ordnance officer in charge of Sandy Hook, said: "The shot that hit the vessel struck the sand where the shore made a sudden rise and buried itself to an unusual depth, coming out at a much greater angle with the line of fire than experience at the proving ground would indicate to be possible under similar firings."

The accompanying cut shows the geographical situation of Sandy Hook. The proving ground occupies the extreme point, in close proximity to the telegraph tower where the maritime operators keep track of ocean vessels. Here are a number of gun carriages,



HOW IT LOOKS WHILE TESTING A MORTAR.

upon which the big new guns are mounted for testing as fast as they come from the makers. Seldom a day passes that one or two of these guns is not fired a number of times under the personal supervision of Capt. Heath and Lieut. Gibson. There are sand butts which are expected to catch the heavy projectiles the big guns hurl, but they do not always do it, as was proved in the case of the Tilton. It frequently happens while testing the biggest of the guns that the projectiles bore their way clear through the sand butts and go whizzing out to sea.

As a rule the guns are not pointed out to sea. On special occasions, however, there is a deviation of this rule. When a special party of army or navy officers are taken down to the Hook to hear the lower dog shark it is customary to send a shot or two out to sea in their honor. The greatest caution is exercised, the officers say, in shooting out to sea. They scan the eastern horizon with strong glasses and refrain from firing if the merest speck of a sail can be distinguished on line with the muzzle of the gun. If the sea is clear of craft the gun is adjusted so that the projectile will strike the water about half a mile from land. When it strikes it causes a waterspout to shoot up fully fifty feet. From the shore the column of water looks to be twenty-five feet in diameter. It rises and falls with a roar that can be plainly heard on shore. The projectile goes boring its way through the water for half a mile or so, and then it comes to the surface again and goes ricochetting along, sending showers of spray in all directions.

The protests of seafaring men against having the proving grounds at Sandy Hook were so loud at one time that they were heard in Washington, and a Board was appointed by the War Department to look for suitable grounds at some interior point. The Board visited a tract of wooded land in the southern part of Monmouth county, New Jersey. They found a stretch of land there twelve miles long and three miles wide and nowhere near the sea. The Board decided, however, that this spot was not available for a proving ground and so reported. As a result the Government still clings to Sandy Hook. It says it has no better place. Seafaring men say that any place would be better than Sandy Hook.

The extent of damage the big guns can do was shown last fall at the test of one of the 12-inch breech-loading, steel-hooped, steel-lined, cast-iron mortars. On that occasion a shell weighing 628½ pounds was sent whizzing into a wall of solid steel armor plate four inches thick. It smashed it into smithereens, filling the air with a shower of broken steel and sand. The distinguished party of army and navy officers who were present saw it all in a looking glass which had been rigged up on a stand just around the corner of the bomb-proof which protected their heads. A photograph was also taken of the shot automatically, as is the custom of Lieut. Gibson, who assists in making the tests. It is such sights as these that make the seamen shake while sailing in or out of the harbor.

If the guns were little insignificant things, the seamen say, they wouldn't mind it so much. But they are not. They are nearly all big ones—ten and twelve inch rifles and mortars. The twelve-inch rifle carries a 1,000-pound ball, and requires 440 pounds of powder to a load. At a distance of one mile it would penetrate 28 inches into iron plate; at a distance of two miles, 20 inches into iron plate. It is this knowledge which worries the seafaring man. He knows that if one of the shots should accidentally strike his vessel, be it a schooner or an ocean greyhound, down it would go, just as the Tilton did.

The steamship men think the excuse offered for the accident to the Tilton, that it was the first shot of a thousand to go astray, is a very poor one. They think the possibility of even one serious accident ought to have weight with the Government. But Gen. Flagler, Chief of Ordnance of the army, says that the Government is likely to continue to test its guns at the Hook until a better place can be provided; and that place, he adds, has not yet been discovered.

WHITE SLAVES IN THE TROPICS.

A German-American Recites the Sufferings of Himself and Others in Cuba.

Letters have been received in this city from Sigua, Cuba, in which Alfred von Kalkow, the leader of a party of young German-Americans who lately "sold themselves into Cuban slavery," publishes his and his companions' experiences, and begs for funds to enable them to return to New York. They signed a contract, it appears, with a New York employment bureau, which made a specialty of engaging farm hands for Cuban and South American planters. The contract was for a twelve-month, and its stipulation were very stringent. The men were engaged at a fixed salary, and their employer promised to board and house them decently.

"Myself and five companions," says this writer, a member of an excellent German family, "succeeded a few weeks ago in running away from the plantation, where we were used worse than slaves, and starved into the bargain. Our flight was attended by many dangers, but we escaped the vigilance of our pursuers and arrived safely at Santiago de Cuba. At that town we sought refuge with the German Consul, who declined to have anything to do with us, as we had broken our 'contract' with our master and were subject to punishment. We then tried to find work on outgoing sailing ships and steamers, but were unable to meet a Captain willing to allow us to work our way back to the United States.

"By this time our funds were exhausted; we were starved, weary, and discouraged. Finally we lay down on the docks to await death. A German merchant of Santiago found us in this condition, and saved our lives by offering us a substantial meal. He fed us for a week, during which time we continued our search for work. Being unsuccessful, there remained only the alternative of starving or returning to the plantation whence we had fled. We chose the latter alternative, but no pen can describe our sufferings on the road and the terrible experiences in store for us after we re-entered the service of the Cubans.

"Two of my companions died from the effects of exhaustion, overwork, and insufficient nourishment. I myself have just come out of the hospital, and am but the shadow of my former self. There are besides me some fifty Germans and Americans still remaining on the plantations hereabouts under the same conditions as I. We are all doomed unless speedily rescued from the clutches of the slaveholders."

The writer closes his letter with an appeal to his friends to send him enough money to pay his return passage to New York.

Killed by a Train.

BRIDGEPORT, July 30.—A. L. Winton, aged 67, a prominent temperance advocate and one of the leading business men of Bridgeport, was killed by a Housatonic train on Friday evening. Ten minutes before the accident there arrived from the West a son of Mr. Winton, who had been estranged from the family for ten years because of a quarrel with his father. Mr. Winton, despite constant search, could not locate his son's whereabouts until two years ago, and has since then been earnestly soliciting his return. The young man was in the hotel opposite the depot when the news of his father's death was brought in.

CAME HOME TOO LATE.

An Estranged Son Returns Just as His Father Was Killed by the Cars.

BRIDGEPORT, July 30.—Deacon Andrew Winton was killed by being thrown from his horse in front of a train on the Housatonic road last night. Nearly every bone in his body was broken. Mr. Winton was 65 years old. He had for years been a deacon in the Park Street Congregational church. Ten years ago Mr. Winton and his son David quarrelled. The latter left home and went West. His father had given him up for dead, but a few months ago the son began correspondence with his father. The latter beseeched him to return. The son did not say when he would return. He arrived in this city last evening just as his father's body was being removed from the railroad tracks.

Art and Edification.

Prof. Bosanquet of Oxford, who is lecturing at Plymouth, Mass., to the School of Applied Ethics, had this to say last week about art and edification: "A novel with a purpose is neither art nor science. It is not disinterested in treating fact as true art always is; it is not freely critical as true science must ever be. An example of this is in Dickens's novels intended to reform abuses of the law. His information was inaccurate, and his sentiment rang false.

"When an artist strives to edify he misses the best aim in art. Yet all the best art has ever a root of human truth, and every great artist sets before himself a purpose. Art represents to us in its own special mode the order underlying nature, which the moral law reveals in another and coordinate way. A great artist is never indifferent to morality; he is healthy and robust without thinking very much about it, and his soundness comes out in his work. His main wish in his art is expression, and you cramp him when you ask him to edify. In Wordsworth you have moral ideas so fused into the poet's life as to have passed into passionate emotion, welling up in thoroughly artistic expression. Often, however, the moral element is conscious, tacked on, and his lines were they not cut into metrical lengths would be sheer prose.

"Walt Whitman, as Swinburne remarks, is the artist complicated with the man of theory. He has considerable power of expression, yet in burdening his poems with lessons, poetry cannot carry her hands as catalogues resembling the lists of exports and imports we were wont to find in old-fashioned geographies.

"It is curious to observe how all the aberrations of art come together when its cardinal principle is forgotten. Look at Ibsen, a man of genius unquestionably, yet so desirous is he to preach his theories in season and out of season that he gives you a false scientific interest, a false sensuous interest, and a false moral interest, all by leaving the ground of transparent expression. Great artists and great poets have been the instructors of nations in that they have never sought to teach."

A Young Girl Dying of Ossification.

EL RENO, O. T., July 30.—Rose L. Clemens, 18 years old, the daughter of Thomas Clemens of Pais Valley, O. T., is slowly dying of ossification. There is now scarcely any flesh on her bones, her weight being only twenty-eight pounds. She can yet move her arms and legs, but they are gradually stiffening.

HE WAS TROUT FISHING,

And Made an Extraordinary Catch in the Dead Water of Alder Run.

If you should ever go trout fishing on the "dead water" of Alder Run, in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt, be careful as you make your casts, and don't hook a wildcat, for if you do you may be put to a good deal of annoyance, and as like as not have your day's fishing spoiled. That is, if your wildcat should happen to have a disposition like the one had that my friend Harry Cavanaugh hooked the time he was fishing these dead waters. He was in charge at the time of a gang of men who were at work constructing one of the tram roads that the big lumber operators of the hemlock belt had then just begun to build in the isolated and mountainous forest tracts.

"I had heard," says he, "a good deal about the dead water of Alder Run, and the big trout that had their home there, which were likely to always have their home there, because of the difficulties that lay in the way of any one who sought to fish those waters. The dead waters extended for nearly a mile over a level stretch of the stream's bed, and were nowhere less than four feet deep. They were bordered on each side by an almost impenetrable thicket of alders, growing close to the edge, and in some places, where the stream was narrow, closing over it and hiding it from view. There were many narrow openings in this thicket where deer sought the creek to drink, and among the alders many hemlocks and other trees grew along the stream. In some places the dead waters were fifty feet wide, but the most of the stretch was narrow.

"In those days I enjoyed nothing so much as trout fishing. I had found excellent sport in the many wild streams in that locality, but felt that I could never go away from those woods entirely satisfied without trying what the dead waters of Alder Run were capable of, and as the season grew my determination to get into those waters grew with it. At last I had one of my men make me a small, rude, flat-bottomed boat out of hemlock boards, had it carried to the head of the dead waters, two miles distant, and one humid, overcast June day I started in the rather unsteady and not entirely water-tight craft to fish through that virgin trout ground. The capacity of the dead waters was even greater than I had anticipated, and before I had fished one quarter of the way through the dark stretch of stream I had landed a score or more of the biggest trout I had ever seen come from any brook—all of them of a dark color, with the crimson spots almost as brilliant as sparks of fire.

"My boat had drifted, aided by an occasional movement of the paddle, into a part of the creek where the alder borders were at least fifty feet apart. This big pool grew very narrow at its lower end, a hundred feet from its head, and there the thick alders interlocked their branches over and in the water, and the creek disappeared from view as completely as if it had been swallowed up by the earth. On the right side of this broad extent of water was one of the deer openings in the thicket, and the soft dirt at the top of the creek showed by myriad tracks that deer were frequent visitors there. Just above that opening a hemlock tree reared its big stem, some of the lower branches on the upper side extending several feet out over the water.

"I had drifted along beneath these branches, and twenty feet below the tree. There I stood up in my boat to make a cast at the edge of a bunch of alders, some of whose limbs were stretched out on the surface of the water. As I threw my rod forward my hook stopped suddenly in the air behind me, and my reel hummed at the resistance. Simultaneously with the stopping of the hook a blood-curdling screech rent the air. I turned quickly about. I was just in time to see a big wildcat leap from the lower limb of the hemlock, and he was pointed straight for me, although there was a watery space between us, and all woodmen have always held that an intervening stretch of water is a sure barrier against the attacks of all fierce animals of the cat kind. My hook had caught somewhere in a tender spot on the wildcat, which had been crouching on the lower limb unknown to me, and the pain of the puncture had waked him instantly into uncontrollable fury.

"I was standing near the bow of the boat, but moved quickly to the other end, and none too quickly, for the wildcat pounced into the boat on the spot where I had stood, before I'd had time to steady myself in my new position. Then I saw that the hook was fastened in one of the animal's ears, and a cat's ears are the most sensitive part of its body. The hook had gone clear through the tender membrane, and the blood was trickling down in quite a stream. Fortunately the paddle was in the stern of the boat. As the wildcat struck the boat it almost upset the clumsy craft. The enraged beast came for me again without an instant's delay. I met it with a blow from the paddle. The paddle flew into a dozen pieces. The disturbance in the boat was too much for the boat's equilibrium, and over it went, tumbling the wildcat, the boat, and myself into the water, fortunately close together, and instead of the bath cooling down the wildcat's temper, it seemed to make it hotter, and the ugly beast renewed the fight in the water.

"The boat, when it upset, was within a few feet of the lower end of the pool, where the water disappeared behind the single alders. I had nothing to defend myself with against the wildcat but my fists, and I pounded it with them, with very little effect, except to their own damage. The wildcat could swim like a duck, kept its head well out of water, and struck out and bit with such quickness and agility that my sleeves were torn in strips in a very short time, and the blood began to flow from deep gashes on my hands and arms. I saw that in the struggle my hook had torn loose from the wildcat's ear, leaving a long and bleeding slit. The persistent animal kept up an unearthly yowling the while it fought. We worked our way down against the wall of alders, and, as the struggle went on for a moment against it, I heard another screech, and presently another wildcat came tearing through the thicket to the edge of the pool. As this second ugly customer crouched as if to leap upon me to the aid of its mate, the alders that barred the channel gave way, and my cat and I floundered through the maze. Below it the creek was ten feet wide between the alders, which formed above it a regular canopy of netted branches, nowhere more than three feet high. It was almost as dark as night in that low-vaulted watery tunnel. The channel was straight, and far below I could see a small circle of light, where the creek emerged again into the sunshine.

"As we floundered through the dense alders the other wildcat bounded into the thicket and made toward the spot. I could hear him crashing through, screeching as he came, and finally saw the tall bushes swaying before him as he drew nearer. I had changed my tactics in my struggle with the wildcat, and was trying to force it beneath the surface and hold it under long enough to drown it, but the cat was too active and supple, and about all I succeeded in doing was to lessen the quantity of my clothing and add to the slashings in my flesh. I had been struggling with the fiend a minute, perhaps, in that close, dark passage, where the water was fully six feet deep, when I saw the two fiery eyes of its mate appear in the alders, where he had thrust his head through on the opposite side. That wildcat, though, hesitated to take to the water as far back as 1882, but I didn't know how long he would be of that mind, and consequently saw the importance of getting the best of one fierce contestant before another joined in the fight. I resolved on a desperate move, but one that would be decisive if it were successful. Watching my opportunity I seized the wildcat with both hands by the throat, and, holding it at arm's length, dove to the bottom, taking the cat with me. My breath was short, owing to the long and hard struggle in the water, but I had good lungs. I put all my strength in that clutch on the wildcat's throat. The cat struggled desperately, but at about the time when I found I must return to the surface, it gave one tremendous kick and hung heavy and motionless in my hands. I knew it was dead, and dropped the carcass and rose to the surface, with just about strength enough left to grab an alder bush and hold myself up. If that wildcat's mate had tackled me then he would have found me an easy victim, for I could have made no defence. He pushed his head and half of his body beyond the edge of the bushes, and his eyes almost lit up the place where they blazed with fury when they fell on me. Then with a yell, which in the close confines of that watery tunnel was indescribably terrible, he turned and went crashing away through the thicket.

"My strength gradually returned and after a while I was able to make my way back through the alders at the head of the dark and narrow channel and out into the open pool. My upturned boat was lodged against the alders. I pushed it to the deer opening, righted it, and with a long pole poled it back to my starting place and struck out for home. My fish and tackle were lost, although the gashes and scratches on my hands and arms were numerous they were not as serious as they seemed, and in a week or so I was able to repeat my fishing trip, much to my enjoyment. I also spent an evening with a jack and a rifle at that deer opening, and got a doe and jerky buck and a doe. I believe, also, that the big wildcat tumbled from that hemlock branch just at dusk that same evening was the mate of the wildcat I drowned in the alder tunnel. He was lurking there, as his mate had been, I have no doubt, with the hope of springing on a fawn that might come into the creek at that watering place." ED MORT.

MR. BLAKE IN PARLIAMENT.

CAREER OF THE BRILLIANT CANADIAN ELECTED FROM NORTH MEATH.

A Liberal with Qualities from Which Much is Expected in the Coming Home Rule Fight in London—His Skill as a Leader.

When the British Parliament assembles at Westminster next month a seat is to be taken by a man from whom much is expected by those who know him. Edward Blake, ex-leader of the Liberal Opposition at Ottawa, who at the urgent invitation of the Anti-Parnellite leaders left his home in Toronto to run for an Irish constituency, has been triumphantly elected member for South Longford. In Michael Davitt and Edward Blake the Nationalists may fairly claim to possess the two most distinguished men among the new members of the House of Commons. The fame of the one-armed member for North Meath is world wide. If that of the Canadian statesman has not spread so far, it is because he has been content with the sphere afforded him by his native Dominion and has not hitherto desired to enter the wider arena in which his commanding ability entitles him to play a prominent part.

Edward Blake

Edward Blake was born at Adelaide, Ontario, on Oct. 13, 1833. His paternal ancestors belonging to Galway and those of his mother to Wicklow, the strong interest in and sympathy for Ireland that have marked his career are easily accounted for. His father, William Hume Blake, was a stanch Reformer, and played a prominent part in Canadian politics, afterward becoming Chancellor of Upper Canada. Young Blake's scholastic career was brilliant, and a distinguished future was early prophesied for him. He entered political life at the age of 34, when he was elected a member of the Ontario Legislature. With the late Alexander Mackenzie he waged in that body a vigorous fight against the Sanfield-Macdonald Ministry. On the fall of that Ministry in 1871, Mr. Blake became Premier of the province; but, with Mackenzie, he soon deserted provincial politics for the larger field at Ottawa. Elected to the Dominion House of Commons, he was soon recognized as one of the most brilliant men Canada had produced.

Except for the five years of Mr. Mackenzie's Administration, during part of which he served as Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake's entire career at Ottawa was passed on the Opposition benches. Sir John A. Macdonald, defeated on the Pacific scandal issue in 1873, returned to power with an immense majority in 1878. In 1880 Blake succeeded Mackenzie as leader of the Liberal party. Twice in the general elections of 1882 and 1887 he led his party against the Conservative forces, but unsuccessfully. In 1883 he resigned the leadership, and was succeeded by his Quebec lieutenant, the eloquent Wilfrid Laurier. On the dissolution of Parliament last year Mr. Blake declined a renomination, announcing his intention to retire from public life.

Mr. Blake's failure to oust his Tory opponents from office is often cited as proof that he lacks the requisite qualities of leadership. Certainly he never inspired the enthusiasm that was aroused among widely different classes by the late Conservative chieftain, Sir John Macdonald, nor attained over the Liberal party anything resembling the ascendancy Sir John enjoyed among the Tories. Few leaders, however, have had greater odds against them. A man of straightforward methods and incorruptible honesty, he had as his opponent one of the shrewdest and most unscrupulous politicians of modern times. He had to fight without funds a rich party intrenched in power by a system of partisan legislation and corrupt expenditure almost without a parallel. Nothing is more clearly established than that with a fair trial of strength at the polls the splendid onslaught that Blake made against the Government in 1887 would have carried him triumphantly to power. Mr. Blake, who sacrificed the large income he might have made in his profession in order to serve his countrymen, must feel that he has been poorly rewarded. But Canada is suffering to-day, and for years to come will suffer, the evils that her instinct of self-preservation put on the shackles of Toryism have entailed upon her.

At Ottawa Mr. Blake towered intellectually head and shoulders above his fellow members. In acquaintance with parliamentary tactics, in grasp of constitutional law, in breadth of view and profundity of knowledge, and in all the highest qualities of parliamentary leadership, as much the superior of Sir John Macdonald as Sir John was his in political finesse and the management of men. As a debater Blake never had an equal in the Canadian Parliament, though that body has contained many good debaters and several of the first rank. His opponents were generally chary of crossing swords with him, and in few of them could he have found foemen worthy of his steel. With the redoubtable Tupper, now Canada's High Commissioner in England, he had, in the days when they sat facing each other at Ottawa, many a tilt.

Blake had the two fundamental requisites of the orator—a commanding presence and a magnificent voice. Of more than average size, with massive head, striking features, and face clean shaven save for a straggling fringe of whiskers on his cheeks, he would attract attention in any surroundings. Though he does not cultivate the arts of the stump speaker, and seldom attempts any sustained flight of eloquence, he has the power of awaking enthusiasm in his hearers, and is said to have found no difficulty in carrying his Irish auditors in Longford with him. But it is in Parliament that Blake is at his best. His speeches at Ottawa in opposition to Conservative policy are masterpieces of destructive criticism. They are characterized by a wealth of sarcasm and show an absolute acquaintance with the subject in all its remote details. In fact, if they have a fault it is that they abound too much in detailed criticism. Mr. Blake's lawyer's habit and indefatigable industry inclining him to cover the entire ground himself instead of leaving minor points to his lieutenants. His delivery is strongly suggestive of force, and he finds his way through mazes of involved construction, inserting parentheses within parentheses, with a facility scarcely second to that of Mr. Gladstone.

Two of the leading characteristics of the Canadian statesman are his courage in expressing his convictions and his broad toleration of view. A thorough-going Protestant, he is totally free from religious bigotry. He was a Home Ruler long before Gladstone was converted to that policy, and spoke from his seat at Ottawa in support of Irish self-government as far back as 1882. In 1882 he made an eloquent speech in support of the motion for an address to the Imperial Government urging the passage of a Home Rule measure. He persistently opposed the bill to incorporate the Orange body in Canada, believing that the Government should extend no recognition to a society so foreign in its spirit and mischievous in its operation. He took his political life in his hand when he censured the Government for executing Louis Riel, the French half-breed leader of the Northwest rebellion of 1885, and later when he opposed the disallowance of the Jesuit Estates act passed by the Quebec Legislature. His avowed aim has been to meet the racial and religious difficulties of Canada by a broad policy of conciliation and generosity to the minority, and in its pursuance he has cared little for the maledictions that Bigots-hers and France-phobes have showered upon him.

Mr. Blake is a thorough-going democrat. He has set his face against every attempt to introduce Old World ideas and institutions into Canada, and emphasized his attitude by refusing the title of knighthood offered him by the Queen.

Many of the former Liberal leader's countrymen would be glad to know his views on the future of Canada, but these are shrouded in mystery. At the beginning of his career he advocated an imperial federation, but he is believed to have long since seen the futility of that project. Later he was identified with the abortive Canada First movement, the logical outcome of which would have been the erection of the Dominion into an independent republic, though that was not its avowed motive. In a famous letter to his late constituents, published just after the general elections last year to explain why he dissented from the new trade policy of the Liberal party, he drew a gloomy picture of the condition to which twelve years of Tory misgovernment had brought Canada, and delivered a somewhat oracular judgment which was believed by many to mean that Canada would find the remedy for her troubles in political union with the United States. But in a subsequent letter Mr. Blake declared his belief that political union, though becoming Canada's probable, was "not her ideal, nor yet her inevitable destiny," and since then he has maintained a sphynx-like silence. Probably his discouragement with the political situation in his own country was not the least of the motives that induced him to respond favorably to the invitation of the Irish party.

Mr. Blake is not unknown in England. He has on several occasions appeared as counsel before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which constitutes a court of appeal from the Canadian Supreme Court, and has been warmly complimented on the ability he has displayed. He is on friendly terms with Gladstone and Rosebery, and, should the former decide to take a member of the Nationalist party into his Cabinet, Blake may be the man selected. At any rate, his knowledge of the federal system and its workings in Canada will be of no small value to the veteran Premier in framing his Home Rule bill, and the Canadian's advocacy of that measure on the floor of the House may be trusted to be forceful, and, coming from one against whose Protestantism nothing can be alleged, to carry weight with the people of England. It is unlikely that Mr. Blake aspires to or would accept the leadership of a reunited Irish party. Even were leadership his forte, his comparative unfamiliarity with the political conditions of the United Kingdom would disqualify him for the task. For the same reason, joined with the natural jealousy of a "colonist" and outsider that his too great prominence would arouse in the British mind, he is little likely to achieve the brilliant future prophesied for him by some enthusiastic admirers in Canada, as Gladstone's successor in the leadership of the British Liberals. He has stated that his only aim is to aid in securing for the land of his ancestors the measure of justice that has been so long deferred. But whether or not his Parliamentary career closes with the accomplishment of that object, he is likely to play a more important part in Parliament than has been played before by a man from beyond the British Isles.

THE RECALL OF CAPT. BORUP.

An Army Officer, Familiar With the Whole Matter, Talks of It.

An officer who is familiar with the case of Capt. H. D. Borup of the army, who was recalled as military attaché of the American Legation at Paris at the request of the French Secretary of State, said yesterday that the War Department seemed to be very slow in the official investigation of this case, which has had so much publicity. He added:

"The complaint against Capt. Borup was of furnishing confidential information, received or obtained from the French authorities, to the German and Italian governments. Capt. Borup has denied that he did anything beyond his duty as a military attaché. He declared before he left France that while the War Department had seen fit to recall him, and that there was possibly no alternative since the French Government had requested it, yet he did not ask to be exonerated. He had simply made a call for discharge from blame, but he did intend to have his duality before the law. He also says that he does not even know the man Granier, who accused him of a violation of his legitimate duties as a military attaché of the United States Legation toward a friendly power.

"Capt. Borup went to Europe determined to accomplish everything in his power in the direction of obtaining military intelligence for the War Department, for which purpose the Government allows an expenditure not to exceed $50 a month. The records at the War Department show that he has been an efficient attaché, and has transmitted quite valuable intelligence to Washington. The military officers of European armies, who are stationed at foreign capitals, are sent out to obtain all the information concerning military organizations and the development of military affairs of other nations which can be obtained without resorting to offensive or dishonorable methods. But they use every opportunity to study the military systems and preparations of the Government to which they are assigned, and so great is the desire of some of these countries, like Germany and France, to obtain military secrets, that any officer or clerk who may have a venal disposition can secure a good reward for any valuable map, plan, or report which he may secure possession of.

"All European governments have much larger secret funds than that of the United States, which are intended to be used for the purchase of such things, and the rule is that all is fair in love and war, and that this should govern the conduct of officers who are detailed to the work of collecting military intelligence. Was Capt. Borup approximately very likely. Was he susceptible to the offer of bribes? As to the latter, he married a daughter of the late Dr. Brandreth, the pill manufacturer, hence he has the use of a large private fortune. But these questions should be thoroughly sifted, and proven or disproven, by a court of inquiry. Until then public censure should be suspended. If he did sell secrets for money, he did it because the divine law, 'Lead us not into temptation,' had been violated, and by his own Government, too.

"Many people will believe that absolute proof is furnished, that Capt. Borup either offered or accepted a bribe to betray his official trust, and the charge against him exposes to odium not only the honor of an American soldier, but also the honor of the American nation. Capt. Borup has long enjoyed an excellent reputation, notwithstanding that he was once court martialled at West Point and sentenced to be dismissed from the army. The charge against him was fighting with another cadet, but President Grant recognized that a good officer must also be a good fighter, and he mitigated the sentence and sent the young man back to his class. He has the reputation of sending more information to the War Department than any other officer who has been sent abroad, and it is said that he spent much of his private means for the purpose. If, as was reported, Capt. Borup sold the secrets of the French Government to the German Government, it seems inconsistent that France should not have requested the recall of the German attaché also. Perhaps it is because France loves Germany more (at present) and fears the United States less."

The Sun's Guide to New York.

Replies to questions asked every day by the guests and citizens of the American metropolis. Suggestions to sightseers and practical information for practical people. The Sun will publish, in time for use at the Columbus Celebration next October, a complete, unique, and practical guide book to this city. It will tell visitors what the sights are, how to reach them, where to lodge and board while here and the cost, where to do wholesale or retail shopping, how to amuse themselves, and get rest when weary of sightseeing. It will be attractively printed, pleasant to read, and the subject matter will be divided and arranged in a way to insure the best results. The retail price will be 25 cents per copy. The Sun's Guide will also offer unequalled and exceptional opportunities to advertisers. Those who wish further information on this subject should address The Guide Book Department of the New York Sun.

JERSEY CITY'S NEW CITY HALL.

It Will Be a Fine Commodious Structure—How It Will Look.

Jersey City's new City Hall, designed by Mr. Louis H. Broome, will have a frontage on Henderson street of 150 feet, and on Montgomery and Mercer streets will be 135 feet deep. It will be three stories high, and owing to the fact that much of the ground in the neighborhood is "filled in," there will be no attempt to go below the surface.

THE NEW CITY HALL.

The first floor will be level with the street. Here will be located the offices of the City Clerk, City Collector, and City Treasurer. These will be on either side of the main entrance, in front. There will also be a room for public meetings. At the back will be vaults for the reception of record books and documents. At the rear of the building will be a driveway extending from Montgomery to Mercer street.

The main room on the second floor will be the Aldermanic chamber. The dome will be of glass, rising to a point thirty-four feet above the floor. In the wings will be offices for the Mayor, City Marshal, the Commissioners of Assessments, and the Board of Street and Water Commissioners. There will also be a number of other offices, the use of which has not yet been decided.

On the third floor will be located the District Court room, with offices for the presiding Judge and the court Clerk. Here, too, will be other offices, whose use will be decided later. The details of the plans may be changed somewhat, in accordance with suggestions from citizens and officials, but there will be no important modification of the outlines here given. The building will be constructed of granite and Indiana limestone, and the cost will be about $250,000. Mr. Broome, the architect, will supervise the erection of the building. William D. Tallman will be the supervising inspector.

Work on the new City Hall will begin as soon as the contracts can be made, and Mr. Broome has received instructions to prepare the necessary specifications and make drawings at once.

ARMY OFFICERS IN COLLEGES.

An Important Means of Securing Popular Military Education.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—A bill just introduced into Congress increases to 100 the number of army officers that may be detailed as instructors of military tactics and drillmasters in schools and colleges. The navy detail would bring this maximum up to 110, exclusive of those that may be assigned as instructors of steam engineering and steel shipbuilding in scientific schools, and of retired army officers who may voluntarily assume such duties.

The present bill indicates the importance to which this means of popular military instruction has grown. The reports made to the Inspector-General, during the present summer, by regular officers detailed to inspect some of these schools, show a high average degree of efficiency in the military departments. One institution is declared to be in its drills "second only to the corps of cadets at West Point;" in another, "there was perfect steadiness in ranks and a good soldierly set up, while the arms and accoutrements were scrupulously clean and neat, and would compare favorably with those of regular companies;" in a third, there was "excellent discipline and military spirit, the cadets soldierly in appearance and well-instructed in infantry tactics;" in a fourth, the drill was surpassed anything the inspecting officer had ever seen in a similar institution. So the comments run on, indicating a high standard of efficiency, most marked, of course, in the military schools proper, but by no means to be dispised in colleges and academies not specifically military.

The last report of Gen. Breckenridge showed that 48 institutions to which officers were detailed had 10,820 male students, of whom 6,505 belonged to the military departments. Add the five schools taught by retired officers, and we have a total of 11,361 male students and 7,092 in the military departments. At least one other school has been added to the list during the past year. These 7,000 students, in all parts of the country, are taught by subalterns who are considered specially fitted for the work. In all the schools except two the organizations wear uniforms. In more than thirty practical instruction is given in artillery as well as in infantry, and in six there is artillery target practice. Only half a dozen of them hold fewer than three drills a week, and from that the number goes up to five and six, and in one instance to ten. A few of the institutions are expressly called military academies; but the great majority are general schools, universities and colleges, particularly agricultural colleges.

The influence of this constant military training upon so large a body of young men, renewed year after year with new classes, is perhaps rarely if ever set forth with adequate appreciation. Some of them established their military departments back in the seventies, and some even still earlier. Some teachers are educated in a part of these schools, so that it can well be understood that the influence of this system goes out in widening circles to other institutions. Besides drills there are military lectures in some of the schools, and the text books used last year included the United States Drill Regulations, Upton's and Reed's Tactics, Califf's Notes, Kennon's Manual of Guard Duty, Wheeler's Field Fortifications and Art and Science of War, Hamilton's Art of War, and so on, according to the choice of the instructor.

If the new bill should become a law, it would be possible to have more than a hundred schools and colleges under military instruction. And even the present system must have a great effect in imparting a knowledge of the rudiments of military science, and in accustoming lads to the drill regulations. This is really, to a great extent, the American substitute for the burdensome compulsory service of European nations. Started in an unpretentious and tentative way, it has already become an important part of the military system. The organized militia of the various States forms a much larger body of men, but in most cases their drills are far less frequent than those of the schools taught by these regular officers. No doubt a portion of the lads, after leaving the schools and colleges, join militia organizations, and thus bring to the latter a reenforcement of already drilled recruits. Others, who do not join the militia, but yet have received instruction enough to fit them for military service, should the country need them. In this way the professional education furnished at West Point to a few hundred young men who are to be army officers is supplemented by a popular military training, given by competent instructors to thousands of lads all over the country.

The importance attached to this system by the War Department may be judged not only from its careful annual inspections of the schools, but from the publishing every year in the Army Register the names of one, two, or three of the most distinguished pupils in the military department of each school. Still, it may be doubted whether the pending bill for an increase of the number of detailed officers to 100 is yet needed. There should be great care not to detail officers to schools that have too few students. By withdrawing officers from some schools that are too small to justify giving them the services of a line officer, there might be enough, at least for the present, for others that deserve such assignments. But the very fact that such requests are made shows the popularity of the system.

Girls Who Look Meek—But, oh, My!

The Philadelphia maidens, who outnumber all the other girls in Asbury Park, look very demure and sober, but it does not do to take all kinds of girls upon their looks. Baron Bradley's assortment of seashore amusements is added to this summer by two astonishing things, one called "a roundabout" and the other "a razzle-dazzle." The roundabout is a wheel of enormous size and built like a steamer's paddle, but with a swinging seat hung on a pivot where each paddle should be. Whoever rides this wheel is up above the neighboring houses when each seat rises to the top. The razzle-dazzle is another wheel, horizontal instead of perpendicular, and also fitted with seats. Two men go into it and make it dip and it spins, so as to imitate a ship in a storm. Then there are the usual shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, milk shake and Frankfurter stands, and all the rest. The Philadelphia girls, who sit so sedately on the hotel piazzas by day and evening, make it a practice to "do the rounds" of all these wonders by night. They gather in bands, with a collection of nickels intrusted to a leader, and they whoop up the beach with laughter and frolicking as they scamper from one of Baron Bradley's devices to the other. They keep them all going until at least an hour later than that modest time when the Baron says that all true gentlefolks will vacate the beach and seek their boarding-house cots.

FOR A VAUDEVILLE CLUB.

INVITATIONS SENT TO CLUBMEN TO BECOME MEMBERS.

The Club is to Have the Usual Facilities, and is to Offer Besides a Thirty Weeks' Season of First-class Vaudeville Performance on Its Private Stage.

The projectors of the proposed vaudeville club, a general description of which has already appeared in THE SUN, have been occupied for several weeks past in preparing arrangements to launch the scheme and place it intelligently before the public. Encouragement in the shape of substantial financial aid from men prominent in club and social circles has stimulated the men in whose heads the plan was conceived, until there appears to be no doubt of the success of the organization.

The invitations to join the club have been prepared and to-morrow will be sent out, but only members of the important city clubs will be favored with one of the letters, a copy of which is as follows:

"THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB.

"DEAR SIR: Under the above title a club has been regularly incorporated, which it is proposed shall furnish its members with an evening entertainment, consisting of music and thoroughly high-class specialties of a character at present unattainable in New York. Negotiations are now pending for desirable quarters in a central situation, which will be exclusively occupied by the club and especially designed for the comfort and convenience of its members.

"The club house will be fitted up in the usual way, with billiard room, reading room, grill room, &c., and with a large concert room, on the stage of which will be given performances between the hours of 10 and 1 o'clock nightly during the season of thirty weeks, beginning on Nov. 1 and ending on June 1 in each year. The concert room will be arranged as a café, and will also contain a number of private boxes. Members can be served with a supper and other refreshments during the performances.

"No person residing within fifty miles of the city of New York, not being a member of the club, will be admit