STEEL RAILS UP THE CONGO.

TEN MILES OF ROADWAY BLASTED OUT OF TOUGH QUARTZITE.

The Road Has Reached the Plateau and Will Now Make Rapid Progress to Stanley Pool—A Lively Town Rises on the Rocky Shore—More Than 300 Whites and 2,000 Blacks in the Undertaking.

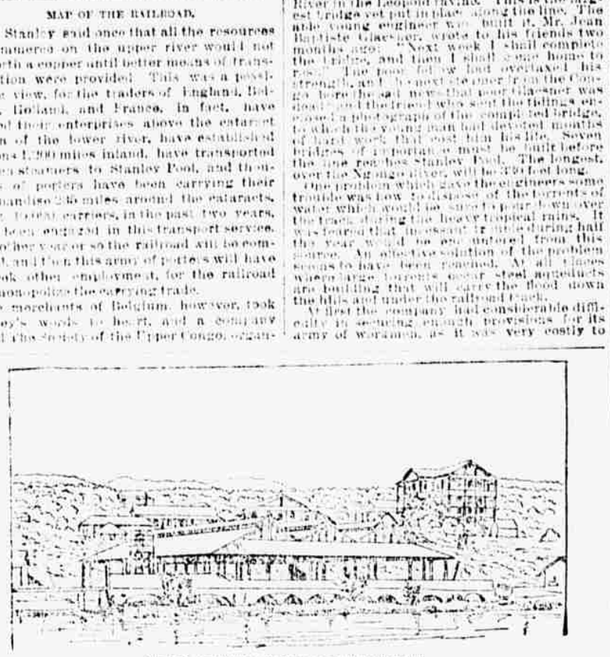
A cable despatch from the Congo announces that the railroad has been completed from Matadi to Palaballa, ten miles. After the track layers reached that point, a mile and a half of the road was completed in ten days, though nearly two years were taken to build the first ten miles. The railroad has been carried beyond the obstacles that long made rapid progress impossible; and now the great enterprise will be easily pushed forward until the upper river, at Stanley Pool, is connected with navigation on the lower Congo.

MAP OF THE RAILROAD.

Mr. Stanley said once that all the resources of commerce on the upper river would not be worth a copper until better means of transportation were provided. This was a pessimistic view, for the traders of England, Belgium, Holland, and France, in fact, have pushed their enterprises above the entarget region of the lower river, have established stations 1,200 miles inland, have transported a dozen steamers to Stanley Pool, and thousands of porters have been carrying their merchandise 236 miles around the cataracts. About 1,000 carriers, in the past two years, have been engaged in this transport service. In another year or so the railroad will be completed, and then this army of porters will have to seek other employment, for the railroad will monopolize the carrying trade.

The merchants of Belgium, however, took Stanley's words to heart, and a company called the Society of the Upper Congo, organized to develop commerce in the Congo basin, begin to study the feasibility of a special road along the 235 miles of Congo cataracts. Their steamboats at Stanley Pool had unimpeded navigation along 6,000 miles of the Congo and its tributaries. They desired first to learn if the trade prospects of the upper Congo region would justify the heavy cost of a railroad. So they sent an expedition four years ago, which spent a year in threading the waterways of the upper Congo, taking a sort of census of the people, and making a thorough study of the country. The exploring party then drew up a careful report with regard to the natives, their desire for trade, the kinds of merchandise they would buy, and the various products that could be secured for return cargoes to Europe.

The company were well pleased with the report and at once sent out two other expeditions, one to make surveys along the south bank and the other along the north bank, to decide the best route for the railroad and its probable cost. This work occupied another year, and after all this preliminary work it was decided to build the line on the south side of the river, starting from Matadi, ninety miles above the Congo's mouth. The engineers decided that the line, after skirting the Congo for five miles, should ascend the Leopold I range to the plateau at Palaballa. From this point to Stanley Pool there are few engineering difficulties. It was estimated that the entire cost of road and equipment would be $5,000,000.



MATADI, STARTING POINT OF THE RAILROAD.

The money was raised and the Congo State gave the company valuable concessions in lands and privileges to help carry out the enterprise. Agents were sent all over Africa wherever it was thought natives could be hired as track layers and laborers. European carpenters, blacksmiths, and other artisans were sent to the Congo to superintend departments and instruct natives to carry on various sorts of labor. At first most of the army of workmen were secured from Zanzibar, Sierra Leone, Lagos, Accra, and the Kru coast of Liberia. Then the Dahomey, Senegal, and the Angola coasts furnished their contingent, and finally many workmen were employed from the lower Congo tribes. Last summer the force of black laborers numbered 2,500, of whom 1,500 had come from various points on the Guinea coast.

FIRST FOUR MILES OF THE RAILROAD.

Then came busy days at Matadi. The place was an arid, rocky, unpromising spot, and only two buildings and ten Europeans were there two years ago this month. One of our pictures shows a part of the town as it appeared last spring, including the hotel and the galvanized iron buildings of the Congo State. To-day the town contains about 300 Europeans, fifty more than Stanley left behind him in the entire Congo region when he returned to Europe after founding his stations. About 2,000 native employees of the railroad are also quartered at Matadi. Three thousand people live in and around the little town. The white population includes Belgians, English, Portuguese, Italians, Frenchmen, Dutch, Germans, Swedes, and Greeks, and besides the employees of the railroad and the State there are quite a number of traders and missionaries.

Harder railroad building is rarely seen than that which ushered in the beginning of the enterprise. One picture shows the first few miles of the road along the side of Matadi Hill. There are seen the right shore of the situation of Matadi. The river here flows swiftly, and is full of eddies and whirlpools. A little further up the river are the Vellala Falls, and the scene of this picture is where Tuckey's ill-fated expedition, in 1816, first heard the roar of the great cataract and found, in a few weeks, crowded with disaster, that these falls formed a barrier they could not pass. The depression in the big hills at the left of the picture is the Leopold ravine, up which the railroad turns to reach the large plateau of Palaballa.

The road, from the starting point at Matadi, all along this hill slope, and up the ravine to Palaballa has been blasted out of solid quartzite of extreme hardness, and progress has been made with the utmost difficulty. The slope along the river is very precipitous, and in many places the track has been laid between two solid walls of rock, which were blasted foot by foot. Still greater difficulties were encountered in the ravine, up which the road had to be made at a steep gradient until it reached a height of about 1,000 feet above the river. The work is carried on under the direction of Capt. Thys, who has been in the service of the Congo State and the Society of the Upper Congo for years.

Another picture shows the bridge, about 200 feet long, that has been thrown over the Mposo River in the Leopold ravine. This is the largest bridge yet put in place along the line. The able young engineer who built it, Mr. Jean Jadot, recently wrote to his friends two months ago: "Next week I shall complete the bridge, and then I shall come home to rest. The poor fellow had overtaxed his strength, and he died a victim to the Congo. A few days later news came that your glasses was dead, and the friend who sent the tidings enclosed a photograph of the completed bridge, to which the young man had devoted months of hard work, that cost him his life. Seven bridges, in portal form, will be built before the road reaches Stanley Pool. The longest, over the Ngungu river, will be 320 feet long.

The problem which gave the engineers some trouble was how to dispose of the torrents of water which would be encountered when the road crossed the heavy tropical rains. It was feared that incessant work during half the year would be one entirely from this source. An effective solution of the problem seems to have been reached. At all places where the rivers are crossed steel aqueducts are building that will carry the flood down the hills and under the railroad track.

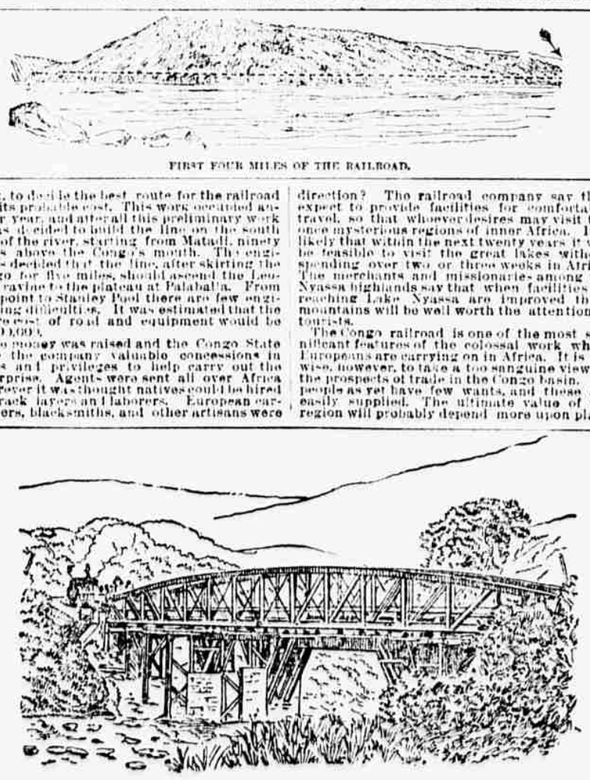
At first the company had considerable difficulty in securing enough provisions for its army of workmen, as it was very costly to bring provisions from up the river. The coast regions far and wide were taxed upon for supplies. The workmen have been well fed on rice, canned beef, dried fish, vegetables, and biscuit, and now that the road is pushing across the plateau, it is expected that provisions will be more easily obtained and at cheaper rates. Seven locomotives and thirty cars are on the track, and a large part of them have been kept busy carrying railroad material and provisions as the road advanced.

The stretch of ten miles above Matadi has for nearly two years presented the busiest scene in equatorial Africa. Fully one-third of the entire work has centred in these ten miles. Now the company can make rapid progress to Stanley Pool, where they expect that traders will furnish considerable freight in the way of ivory, India rubber, gums, dye stuffs, and other articles. It is expected also that coffee, cotton, and tobacco plantations will ultimately be found profitable on the Upper Congo.

When the railroad is completed inner Africa will be within a few weeks of the capitals of Europe. Who knows but some day a small part of the tourist traffic will be turned in this direction? The railroad company say they expect to provide facilities for comfortable travel, so that whoever desires may visit the once mysterious regions of inner Africa. It is likely that within the next twenty years it will be feasible to visit the great lakes without spending over two or three weeks in Africa. The merchants and missionaries among the Nyassa highlands say that when facilities for reaching Lake Nyassa are improved these mountains will be well worth the attention of tourists.

The Congo railroad is one of the most significant features of the colossal work which Europeans are carrying on in Africa. It is not wise, however, to take a too sanguine view of the prospects of trade in the Congo basin. Its people as yet have few wants, and these are easily supplied. The ultimate value of the region will probably depend more upon plantations of sugar, cotton, coffee, and tobacco, conducted under white superintendence, than upon any other source of commerce. In time India rubber and one or two other products may become large sources of traffic; but no hopes of permanent prosperity can be built upon the ivory trade, which is sure to dwindle in a few years.

CYRUS C. ADAMS.



RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE MPOSO.

Mr. Biffington Restrained Himself.

When Mr. Biffington arose so as to be ready to get off when the train stopped at Twenty-third street he found himself surrounded by twenty others who had arisen with the same purpose; as the train slowed up they all crowded together near the door. As they stood there for a moment, waiting, somebody laid a hand upon Mr. Biffington's back and began to push him. He was irritated by this, for it seemed to him that it must be obvious to everybody, including the person behind him who seemed to be in such a hurry, that it was impossible for him to move.

Well able to take care of himself, and accustomed as he is to doing so, Mr. Biffington's natural impulse was to resent this rudeness in the most summary manner. But, he reflected, it wouldn't be nice to make a scene in a place like that, where there were a lot of women and children, and so he thought he would just turn and give this rude person a cold stare and let it go at that. He turned with this stony stare upon his face, and then he was very grateful that he had not done anything worse, for the rusher was a little child, who was leaning forward from the arms of its father.

Farmer Bratt Rides Down.

From the Buffalo Courier.

BATAVIA, Nov. 9.—Eight years ago Emery Bratt, an aged farmer and one of the largest Democratic farmers in Genesee county, "came down Salt River" when Cleveland was elected. He rode a mule which was decorated as profusely as himself. Four years ago Mr. Bratt was among the first to acknowledge that he was beaten, and, following his established custom, rode through the main streets of Batavia upon his mule "on his way up Salt River."

Mr. Bratt had made a statement publicly since the campaign opened to the effect that he was fattening his mule and that they were coming back this year. Hundreds of citizens and business men gathered about to see Mr. Bratt "come down" this morning at 10 o'clock. The mule was attired in red, white, and blue, with Mr. Bratt upon his back blowing a large tin horn. A hundred enthusiastic boys were soon in his wake blowing tin horns, and the drum corps was soon in line also. The sidewalks were devoted to the unique parade, and all pedestrians gave way. Mr. Bratt's quadrennial parade is becoming historical.

LABOR'S GREATEST BATTLE.

SIXTY THOUSAND OPERATIVES WITH $600,000 ON ONE SIDE,

The Federated Owners of Half of England's Cotton Spinning Mills on the Other—The Great Struggle Which Began in Lancashire Week Before Last—Both Sides were Eager for the Fray—The Situation.

MANCHESTER, England, Oct. 29.—By the time this reaches SUN readers a campaign gigantic in its proportions and unique in importance and interest will have begun in the great industrial district of which Manchester is the centre. It is to be the first great struggle between capital and labor in which the conditions are apparently equal—in which both sides are thoroughly organized, well equipped and provisioned, and anxious for a test of their powers. Capital is the aggressor, and, therefore, says labor's army, the campaign must be called a lockout and not a strike.

The opposing forces are the owners of cotton spinning mills containing about 20,000,000 spindles and located in a dozen or more cities and towns in Lancashire, of which Manchester is the centre on one side; 60,000 operatives, including 7,000 spinners, 16,000 spinners' assistants, and 16,000 carders, on the other side. The casus belli is a reduction of five per cent. in wages ordered by the employers, which the operatives refuse to accept. The employers, nearly 500 in number, and including fully half the consumers of raw cotton in England, are banded together under the name of the Master Cotton Spinners' Federation. The operatives are organized as the Amalgamated Association of Operative Cotton Spinners and the Card and Blowing Room Operatives' Amalgamation.

The unique feature of the situation is the fact that the trouble could be amicably settled in five minutes' conference if either side desired to avoid a fight. The operatives admit that the state of the market makes it necessary for the mill owners to reduce their expenses. They argue that the cause of the embarrassment is overproduction, and they are quite willing to submit to the closing of the mills for one or two days a week or any similar arrangement. They will not complain of an even greater reduction of income than their employers propose, if it is accompanied by corresponding decrease in labor. As a matter of fact, the employers would rather close their mills than not, and the operatives are anxious to take a long holiday. Naturally, both sides are not unwilling to make the gratification of their joint desires the occasion of a test of strength, which must come sooner or later. The secret of the operatives' motive is that they have accumulated a great fund for just such an issue, and they are impatient for the fray. They have the strongest and richest trade union in the world, and they are curious to know how they will fare in a trial bout with the new organization of the manufacturers.

The Master Cotton Spinners' Federation is only about a year old. It took the place of an old combination of about 420 owners of cotton-spinning mills, which had proved unwieldy and ineffectual. The new federation is made up of representatives of various local mill owners' associations, chiefly in Lancashire. The basis of representation in the central body is one delegate per 500,000 spindles. The confederation consists, therefore, of forty members or delegates, and it has its headquarters in this city. The real cause of its formation was the fact that the spinners' association easily enforced its repeated demand for a five per cent. increase of wages carry in 1894. That demand, the employers say, would never have been acceded to if they had possessed their present power of organization. The excuse for it was a temporary and speculative rise in the price of cotton yarn. It is that advance which is the easier situation proposes to cancel now that prices are at so low a figure. The reason for the manufacturers' unwillingness to adopt the policy of reduced production suggested by the operatives is because they feel that the 1894 demand was an unjust one. One of the rules of the federation provides that any member may continue to operate his mill when a lockout has been ordered upon payment into the treasury of a forfeit of one farthing per yard per week. Under this rule it is probable that nearly 2,000,000 spindles will continue in motion for some little time after Nov. 7, the date fixed for the lockout. About 14,000,000 spindles will stop on that day.

The operatives' side of the dispute is full of interesting points. The history of organization among the spinners of Lancashire dates back to the beginning of the century. Some savage and bloody battles have been fought under their auspices. For more than fifty years their organizations were most of them temporary and weak. Operatives in those days were ignorant and unthrifty. They were incapable of making patient and systematic preparation for the enforcement of their demands. Members of the craft now living can remember the enthusiastic Irishman's inevitable motion to devote the strike fund to a celebration of St. Patrick's day, as often as spring came round. All that is a thing of the past. The Lancashire spinner of today is perhaps the best type of the educated English workingman. Not for more than twenty-five years have any of his disputes with his employers, not few in number, been accompanied by lawless violence. He proudly boasts, as he will tell you, he has, the strongest trades union in the world. Of the 20,500 operative cotton spinners in the United Kingdom, more than 15,000 are active members of the Amalgamated Association. A fund of about $600,000 is available for the campaign about to begin.

The leadership and systematic management of the Amalgamated Association challenge admiration. The last two annual reports of the organization, carefully compiled pamphlets of more than 100 pages each, contain full statistics of all facts and figures bearing upon the cotton trade—crops, imports, exports, prices, cost of spinning, range of profits per pound of yarn and yard of cloth, &c. The record of relations between spinners and their employers during the previous year is in each report reviewed apparently in a fair spirit, and both sides of disputed questions are presented. In fact, all subjects are treated on a business basis, and there is no trace of demagogy or prejudice.

It should be borne in mind, however, that all that has been said applies only to the operative spinners, who are the best paid and most intelligent of those employed in the cotton spinning trade. But for every spinner in the mills there are eight other employees. Each spinner has two assistants, and then there are the large number employed in the carding, blowing, and other departments of the mill. The spinners, all paid by piecework, earn on an average a trifle less than 33 shillings, or $8 per week net. A false impression is sometimes created by the statement that spinners are paid from 50 to 65 shillings, or $12.50 to $15 per week. They draw that amount from the mill treasury, to be sure, but they must out of it pay their two assistants, who receive respectively $4 and $2.50 on the average. The men with families to support and receiving only $8 per week should, 12,000 of them, add to their reserve fund at the rate of $100,000 per year, in addition to disbursements of $200,000 per year for benefits and other drains upon the association's treasury, speaks well for their thrift and self-denial.

The average spinner and his family live in a four-room tenement—a kitchen and living room on the ground floor and two chambers above. Everything is plain. The chances are that the spinner's wife and at least one of the children also work in the mill. Each household is at least independent and undisturbed in the occupation of its domain. The big tenement-house system is unknown. So is the compulsory lodging in corporation boarding or lodging houses. For mill owners to seek to compel their employees, either directly or indirectly, to occupy their houses is now recognized as a legitimate cause for a strike. Such premises must take their chances in the market with all other property. Other things being equal, operatives are pretty sure to hire houses of no city their employers where there are such, it being well understood that the corporation or mill owner will use the weapon of eviction in cases of a strike or other dispute. The English millhand, on the whole, leads a life of deprivation compared with his American brother. His wages average much lower, and he has only cheaper rent and cheaper clothing to offset the disadvantage. Food and clothing are as cheap as at will below America figures. With less resources, therefore, the English millhand must content himself with fewer comforts and he does just that. In this he must be credited with the greater thrift. He is satisfied with a mere pittance of living and out of his meagre earnings he saves a little something in most cases, besides his contribution to the reserve fund of his trade's union. In case of sickness, death, or old age, he has the treasury of his union to draw upon to an extent sufficient to save him from suffering.

The serious feature of the pending suspension of work is the fact that only a comparatively small proportion of the 60,000 operatives who will become idle will be provided for by the trades unions. The number of spinners involved is only 7,000. These can afford to remain idle indefinitely. They have not only their accumulated fund of $600,000, but their 13,000 or 14,000 fellow unionists who remain at work will contribute each $1.25 per week for their support. So the spinners, the skilled laborers of the mills whose places cannot be filled by substitutes, can take an all-winter holiday without seriously crippling their resources. Not so their associates. Their immediate assistants, 14,000 in number, have little to fall back upon. No doubt the spinners themselves will give to this class a great deal of help, pecuniary and otherwise. The first assistants, many of them men with families, will receive direct assistance from the spinners' association. The second assistants are beginners, small boys and lads still living with their parents. Then come about 16,000 operatives who are members of the Card and Blowing Room Operatives' Amalgamation. This organization is comparatively new, and its financial resources are therefore limited. It has however, some funds on hand, and it can prevent actual suffering among its members for some little time. There are about 3,000 more employees affected who are members of various unions, mechanics, winders, engineers, &c., and 27,000 hands (having in round numbers about 27,000 hands) who will be thrown out of work without any trades union resources to assist them in their enforced idleness. Most of these, no doubt, are women and children, and they are the ones who receive the smallest wages. Women earn on the average $4 to $4.50 per week, and the children, "tenders," $1.50 to $1.75. It is among these unprotected ones, who are almost in the majority, that the suffering will begin almost at once and will soon become acute.

The ablest leader of the spinners is James Mawdsley, the general Secretary of their association. He is broad-minded, temperate in his ideas, and not given to demagogism. He discussed the situation briefly this morning.

"I see no chance of avoiding a lockout," he said, "because both sides are spoiling for a fight. Our people are more than willing to take a holiday and enjoy some of the fruits of long years of economy. The mill owners, no doubt, will be glad to shut down until prices improve and at the same time test the strength of their new federation. We think their decision to cut wages 5 per cent. is a mistake, because it will not in any way improve the situation. The saving would all go to middlemen, and it would not in the least affect the retail price of cloth, as I can easily demonstrate. A cut of 5 per cent. in wages means a reduction of one-twentieth of a penny per pound in the cost of making cotton yarn. Now, a pound of cotton yarn makes about six yards of cloth, and it is obviously impossible for such an infinitesimal change in the cost of manufacture to affect the price to the consumer. The trifling margin would almost immediately go to the middlemen and, under the rules of competition in trade. The real cause of the present trouble in the cotton market is overproduction, and sensible manufacturers know this as well as I do. It is true that the cotton mills were loaded a few weeks or months ago have almost disappeared. I do not believe, however, that the yarn has gone to consumers. Prices have not improved, the spinning mills have not increased their production, and not many of them have unusually large quantities of yarn in reserve. I think the great surplus of yarn has been bought up by speculators, in anticipation of the effect on the market of the coming reduction. The apparent demand just now for cotton yarn I regard as speculative and fictitious. It is partly caused, no doubt, by the orders of weavers given for the same reason. We already know that this demand will keep about six million spindles busy for a short time after the date fixed for the lockout. It is quite possible that slender demands may engage so many mills that the federation as a whole may be compelled to abandon the lockout in self-protection of its members."

It is not easy to prophesy what the result of the struggle will be. Of course, it will depend to some extent upon the movement of the market. It would not surprise me if at the end of six weeks or so the federation should reopen its mills at the old scale of wages. I admit that the probabilities are not quite that way, and that the advantages of the situation are perhaps slightly in favor of the employers. It will be a perfectly peaceful struggle as far as our members are concerned. I honestly believe that nothing is so fatal to the working man's cause as a resort to violence. In order to avoid all temptation to such folly, we do not even allow our members to hold meetings while a strike or lockout is in progress. The tendency of violence is a sort of contagious insanity when men get together under such circumstances. I have felt it myself and know how insidious and potent it is. So we discourage even the assembling of our men in groups of half a dozen on the street. The contest will very likely be a severe one. The employers are the aggressors, but we are well equipped and we have every confidence in the justice and success of our cause."

It is quite apparent from the above why the efforts within the last day or two by the Mayors of Manchester and Liverpool to secure a settlement of the pending issues by arbitration are not likely to succeed. Both sides are really full of aggression, and the victims of the unhappy dispute will be not those immediately arrayed against each other, but the 30,000 or more small operatives who are in no way prepared for a winter of idleness and for whom the outlook is one of appalling privation and suffering. The situation, indeed, suggests very forcibly a new question, namely, is not well-garrisoned and well-equipped skilled labor in such a case the worst enemy of humbler associates? The accumulation of a great strike fund had brought with it the temptation to spend it in a deadly struggle, and the first has been held in favor by the masses and in scorn by the Wagnerites. Yet a consideration of the Philharmonic programme, with which the season of that society is to be inaugurated on Nov. 19, decisively and indisputably that Anton Seidl is in danger of losing his eminence as an apostle of Wagnerism. He, indeed, opens the Philharmonic term to his oldest favorite, the Meistersinger overture. But this worth-every is followed by an aria from Berlioz's "Spectre's Bride," a Beethoven concerto, a new aria by Saint-Saëns, and a Tschaikowsky symphony. It is stated that during one of his recent concerts at the Garden, the conductor was approached by a familiar and unsolicitous person who said wearily: "Why did you select that composition, Herr Seidl? It is certainly the most uninteresting and tiresome thing in the world." "Madam," replied the leader, coldly: "Richard Wagner intended it to be the opposite of tiresome. Pardon me, I pray." This incident may be imagination. But there is no doubt of the fact that Anton Seidl is beginning to realize the public desire for scores against which his influence has long been used. With Mascagni at the Lenox Lyceum, with Wagner only once in the Philharmonic and not at all in the Boston Symphony, it would seem that the Bayreuth disciples are threatened with a disaster this winter almost as great as that which befell them in the abdication of Mr. Edmund C. Stanton.

READY FOR THE SHOW.

SOCIETY'S YEARLY TRIBUTE TO THE HORSE BEGINS TO-MORROW.

Secretary Wharton of the National Horse Show Association Announces 680 Actual Entries for this Year's Exhibition—The Most Famous Thoroughbreds, Trotters, Hackneys, Saddle, and Carriage Horses Engaged in the 105 Classes—The Battles of Former Years to be Fought Over Again.

New York has had some splendid horse shows in her time, but the eighth annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association, which begins to-morrow morning at Madison Square Garden, promises to overshadow any of its predecessors. The entries are most liberal, the most noted horses of every variety being engaged in the competitions for the $25,000 in prizes.

Society long ago set the stamp of its approval upon this yearly display of America's most lovely women and the country's most prized horses, and none of the many exhibitions held in Madison Square Garden approach it as a paying investment. From the moment the doors are opened to the public on Monday morning until the last high-jumping contest is decided shortly before midnight on Saturday night, interest does not flag for one moment. No matter whether the skies weep or smile, everything within the spacious Garden is bright and cheerful, and the display of fashion is one of the features of the show, it being considered the proper thing to occupy a box during the afternoon or evening, to see and be seen by the thousands that promenade unceasingly about the ring in which the horses are shown. Of course there are many who go to the Garden from pure love of the horse, but there are others to whom the horse is a secondary consideration. The social leaders of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and other cities send their most stunning turnouts, and it is an ordinary thing to see a multi-millionaire tooling a coach, handling the reins over a pair of flying trotters, or putting a park hack through his paces over the tan bark. Last year Miss Cassatt of Philadelphia drove her own pair, and did it as well as the most experienced professional while in the building. Perhaps this young lady will try again this year, her father, A. J. Cassatt, having made extensive entries in a number of classes.

But the National Horse Show Association deserves the sincere thanks of everybody anxious for the advancement of the horse—one of man's best friends. These yearly competitions have put the breeders of the country on their mettle, and they vie with each other in the quality of the animals they send to New York. Almost every breeder of prominence in this country and Canada is represented, and the competition this year in the thoroughbred, hackney, and trotting classes, always good and close, promises unusual interest, our Canadian cousins having sent a number of very strong candidates for the blue ribbon.

Among the thoroughbred stallions entered are Foxhall, King Alfonso's greatest son, the winner of the Cambridgeshire, the Grand Prix de Paris, and other historic racing events on the Continent; imported Parsonearer, a son of Scottish Chief; imported Cardemas, a full brother to the $100,000 Derby winner St. Blaise; imported Dandie Dinmont, sire of Ajax, one of the most consistent two-year-olds that raced in the East last season; imported Lunar Eclipse, Mr. Samuel S. Howland's grand looking son of Xenophon; imported Prestonpans, a good race horse and a son of that great race horse and sire Prince Charlie; Mikado, winner of the Omnibus Stakes in Batavian's year; Saxony, one of America's most famous stallions in his day, and Macbeth, a fine horse and a successful sire, considering the opportunities offered him in the stud. Foxhall is still the property of Lord Rosebery, and those who have never seen the horse have a great treat in store for them. His beauty is not of the tinsel and flash variety, but a thoroughbred with the trained eye would select him as one of the highest types of the racehorse. Dandie Dinmont is much of the same order. Lunar Eclipse, since passing into the hands of Mr. Howland, has grown magnificent. Imported Macbeth is justly proud of the half brother to Astoria. Mikado, a regal-looking son of King Ernest, is considered good enough to lead his own in any show ring. Taking it all in all the judges for this class have a difficult task before them.

But if the gentlemen entrusted with the thoroughbred classes have hard work they may be consoled with the reflection that the judges of trotters have an equally eminent task, the entries for the numerous classes being large and of such quality as to make the light harness horse one of the distinct features of the show. Two veteran Mambrino King, owned by C. J. Hamlin of Buffalo, will enter the lists once more and contend for the honors with George Clark's great young trotting sire, Haldane, by Mambrino Russell, and Quartermaster, a son of Alcantara, owned by Morris Ruggles & White of Danbury, Conn. Mambrino King, the dude of trotting stallions, whose progeny trot, in addition to being speedy, win big spurs years ago. He was a great favorite in New York, but in Haldane and Quartermaster he will meet two of the greatest and best representatives of the great trotting family, and the honors will be easy by any means. Haldane is a wonderful young sire of speed, and the same may be said of Quartermaster, whose progeny trot from the day they are foaled. It will be regretted how Quartermaster and four of his get won the herd prize at the Columbian Exposition in the class for trotters, this time Quartermaster will have determined opposition, as Village Farm shows Chimes, the son of Electioneer and Beautiful Bells, and C. C. Davis of Lee, Mass., fetches his great horse Alcantara with four of his get. Among the progeny of Chimes will be found the speedy two-year-old Princess Royal, and the great three-year-old Chimes Girl. Quartermaster, Haldane, King Darlington, Lavelaro, Albert H., and Reed Wilkes are in a strong class by themselves. Lavelaro is a new entry, he having been owned by A. B. Darling of this city, while Albert H. and Reed Wilkes come from the Overdell Farm of Albert H. Moore, Culpeper, Va. In the class for two-year-old trotting colts, Mr. Moore has entered Worth, by Albert H. Sunol, Mr. Robert Bonner's great young mare.

Thoroughbred classes, whether for pair or single horses, will surpass anything ever seen in New York before such great campaigners as Mambrino Maid, owned by Albert H. Moore; Honest George, Belle Hamlin, and Nightingale, an almost invincible trio from Village Farm; Mona and Lyrmine, from the stable of Col. Lawrence Kip, and Mesgrez, Handie A. White's fine bells being some of the entries.

The display of hackneys will be something unequalled on this continent. For instance, the $25,000 stallion Cadet, lately imported by Alexander Cochran of Philadelphia, will try conclusions in the chain horse stakes with the Seward Webb's great horse, imported Matchless of London, enough, perhaps, a year ago from Henry Fairfax of England at a price that was reported as 15,000 at the time, and Thomas Lawrence's imported Fashion, whose winnings in America are large and have made him one of the best hackneys in the world. Matchless of London is also considered the best hackney on the continent. Mr. Cassatt is an enthusiast on the hackney question, and regards that breed of horse as family as the most useful. He has had for years the stallion Little Wonder, which is only named, as he has no equal for his inches in the world; but he yearned for a horse of more quality, and bought Matchless of London. Little Wonder, a cattle for the honors, Cadet has been seen by good judges since he landed, and nothing but praise is heard of him. His color, his action, his quality and disposition are admired. Cadet will meet Mr. Cassatt's fine horse Bonifice, Hampstead Stock Farm's The General II, and Prince Victor II, and Graham Bros.' Firefly in class 55. The Graham brothers are entertaining Canadians who have made a number of entries in the hackney and heavy draught classes. They have been importing the best specimens of both breeds for years and are among the best-known breeders in this country. Hillhurst Farm of Hillhurst Station, Quebec, sends their horse Maxwell to try conclusions with the best hackneys, with such well-known stallions as A. B. Spanger's Berserker, Henry Fairfax's Northern Light, Henry L. Hutchinson's Enthorpe Performer, a rattling good horse that is said to be able to hold his own in any company, John A. Logan's Bad Boy, and George Lees's Forest Swell.

Mr. Logan showed a superb coaching last year in Lord Rufus, by Vagrom, out of Jet, and this same youngster is one of the entries in the class for hackney ponies, two years old. Coming Wonder, Rufus, Jr., Grandeur, Mustard, and Lord Fitzsway II. being his competitors. Some smashing fine imported mares or mares bred from imported sires are to be found in the numerous classes set apart for them, the pick of the basket being sent from the farms of Messrs. Weld, Wilson, Cassatt, Logan, Rutherford, and Bloodgood.

The classes for carriage and saddle horses have filled well, and there will be some very bitter rivalry in the high-stepping division, such well-known animals as Gladys, His Highness, Dorothea, May Day, Queen, Gay Boy, Lamplighter, and Canadian Belle being engaged. There are several dark ones in these classes, picked up since last season, that may carry off the coveted trophy. Mr. O. H. P. Belmont having purchased extensively during the past three months. His Canadian horses are very highly spoken of, and as that country sends us the best, we may look for something very near the top of the ladder. The four-in-hand display should be even finer than usual. Messrs. Seward Webb, S. S. Howland, Fred Gebhard, T. Suffern Tailer, O. H. P. Belmont, E. M. Fulton, Jr., and other gentlemen entering their turnouts.

The entries for the saddle classes are also very extensive, that for stallion, mare, or gelding not exceeding 15.2 hands having thirty nominations. These include the imported Russian stallion Ad, owned by F. G. Bowne of Oakdale, L. I., Eugene Higgins, Lauderdale, S. S. Howland's Hector and His Choice, A. H. Moore's Cash and Sweetheart, and Mrs. S. S. Howland's The Raven.

The jumping contests that have held thousands spellbound for hours at a time are numerous as ever, and there is no denying the fact that they have done as much as anything else to popularize the horse show, as there is a spice of danger in connection with it, and, when some of the women may shriek terribly when a horse clears an obstacle well, it is exhilarating sport, and they like it. In the Corinthian class, open to all hunters, to be ridden by members of some recognized hunt club, some of our greatest timber toppers will be seen. Among the forty-two entries may be found T. L. Hargrave, Jr., R. A. Cundall, Charles Carroll's fine steeplechaser, Richard S. Palmer's Kismet, S. S. Howland's Sapphire, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.'s, Jack High, Jest Baron, and Prince Charming, A. H. Moore's Beaufort, and H. L. Herbert's great old gelding Transport. Mr. Hitchcock's horses are all thoroughbreds. The open high jump, in which the bar will be placed at 4 feet 6 inches at the start, and gradually raised to 6 feet 6 inches, will be a much more humane spectacle than in former years, when it was the ambition of every jumper to exhibit in an endeavor to negotiate a height that was beyond their capabilities. We have half a dozen horses that can clear 6 feet 2 inches and top it without touching, and the prize go to the horse doing the best work. The Canadian mare Maud, a marvel for her inches, owned by Morehouse & Tepper, S. S. Howland's Ontario, Mitchell Bardsen's Colossal, and H. L. Herbert's Pluvius and Transport will fight it out this year. All are fine jumpers, and the public will see some very pretty work. In the other jumping classes may be found such clinkers as Mayor Hugh Grant's gray gelding Oxford, Mrs. J. E. Smith Haldeman's mare Sunbeam, W. W. Tuck's Jim Crack, George Lees's Bismarck, Miss Bird's Merry Boy, Sidney Dillon Ripley's Grey Duck, Fred Gebhard's Lady Lavonia, Vanderbilt Allen's Sweetheart, and Mitchell Harrison's Goldie.

Of course there will be a number of ponies for the children to pet and admire. The mounted police will, as before, go through the drill and picked members of the corps will catch runaway horses and perform other feats of horsemanship, showing that they are useful as well as ornamental in our city parks.

Secretary Wharton announces that he has received 1,080 actual entries for the 105 classes.

THE AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

Foreigners Fail to Understand, but All the More They Heartily Admire Her.

One of the certain and constant satisfactions of Americans travelling abroad is the American woman, distinguishable everywhere, known as an American woman everywhere, and admired as is no other product of what most Europeans are pleased to regard as the barbarism on the other side of the Atlantic. How they are able to keep up the idea of America as barbaric with the joyous presence of the American girl so often before them, is a mystery that no one can solve.

There used to be a fallacy abroad in the world that only many generations of wealth, power, and culture could give a woman certain graces of features, form, and carriage. As these graces never did exist among European women of the lower classes, who are so busy at ploughing and reaping and at draught-horse work of various kinds, it is no wonder that the fallacy existed. But American women have changed all that. There is a romantic notion that princesses and duchesses and the like are generally most aristocratic to behold. It is akin to the other idea that great men are necessarily great to look at. As a matter of fact, which we all know now, a high-born woman is just as likely to have huge feet and hands, an angular form, and ugly and insignificant features as anyone else.

But, they were wont to urge, granted that nature makes no distinctions in favor of long ancestry, still the high-born woman has the grand air, the impressive and confident serenity of manner which the lowly born cannot hope to imitate. And this has held on much longer than the other fallacy, because it rested upon an intangible something which people are loth to surrender in the high born of earth whether it exists or not.

But the American women have disproved this. None of us on this side of the water can lay much claim to ancient and lofty ancestry. The Pilgrim fathers and the settlers at Jamestown, the pioneers of the border, and all of the original and pure Americans were simple, honest people who had simple, honest virtues, and were brave and strong and self-reliant without any props from ancestors or without any great hope of fame. And it is the daughters and granddaughters of these people, and daughters and granddaughters being the first of their race to have the advantages of the civilization that is supposed to refine and make cultured, who have gone over to Europe to see what they could see.

Now in the European theory those humbly born ought to be awkward and lacking in the grand airs that the breeding gives. Even if their table manners were not positively bad they ought have something of the peasant in them, some suggestion of the pioneer settlement and the mining camp. But lo and behold, the American woman walking among the high-born women of Europe has more of distinction in her appearance than the decayed scions of ten generations of counts.

In the first place, these American women when it is so pleasant to see on the boulevards or at the fashionable resorts of Europe, are taller and straighter and more robust looking than the European women. They have better teeth, better hair, better eyes, better noses and better forms. Their feet are smaller and more shapely, and their hands are as long and slender, and their fingers as tapering. Their complexions, too, are more delicately colored, and they wear their clothes further than their English cousins. As for the manner, they bear themselves with a dignity and grace that are not exceeded by the women of any other country. They wear their gowns and hats as well as any woman on earth. In the Bois or any great dressmaker's or the Bois de Boulogne, and any milliner of the Boulevard des Italiens will bear witness cheerfully.

All this comes in a large measure from two things, from the youth and vigor and virility of the race, and from the freedom of women in the intellectual education and the equality of women in America. And the European men, who first ran after these American women because they were all supposed to be millionaires and afterward married them because they thought them a trifle rapid, or perhaps because they worship them because they are so frank and their conversation so interesting. The American woman can do something more than look healthy and stupid, which are the chief points of the English girl. She can do something more than think and say, "Oui, monsieur," or "Non, mon cher," as the French young girl. And the European men know that high breeding is not necessarily distinct from commercial ancestors and that mere honor is not necessarily the result of hawk-eyed chaperons and elaborate external defences.

The good things for European men to learn for generations of loose morals, and often of debauchery, have not been without effect. And honest and clean ideas about women are the rule rather than the exception on this side of the water. So the American woman in Europe is pleasant to contemplate; the more so as she is eminently able to take care of herself.

An Incorrect.

From the Argonaut.

Here is Thackeray's version of his first meeting with Charlotte Bronte. The tiny, intense creature had idealized Thackeray, personally unknown to her, with a passion of idealization. "Behold a lion cometh out of the north," she quoted under her breath, as Thackeray entered the drawing room. Some one repeated it to him.

"O Lord" said Thackeray; "and I am nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner." At dinner, Miss Bronte was placed opposite Thackeray to carve for them. "And I had," said he, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it, until at last, as I took my little potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly:

"Oh, Mr. Thackeray! Don't!"

The Watches.

From the Jewelers' Circular.

The fancy for small watches is a revival