THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

Two promising new works in this week's theatricals will interest people who like to see the first tests of plays. An original performance of a comedy by Victorien Sardou will be given at the Lyceum on Tuesday night. Readers of the manuscript say that "A Woman's Silence" is dramatically stronger than "Americans Abroad," the earlier piece which Sardou wrote for this theatre. The scenes are at Lake Como. An unjustly traduced English girl is the heroine, and she will be portrayed by Georgia Cayvan. The hero, to be impersonated by Herbert Kelcey, is a Frenchman who lovingly undertakes to clear the girl's reputation, but is forbidden by her to do so. Her silence is what suggests the play's title, and provides the principal motive for the plot. The Lyceum company will be well if not fully employed, rôles being assigned to Lemoyne, Williams, Gottschalk, Walcot, Tyree, Florence, Dairolles, and Grattan. The production of "A Woman's Silence" in Paris awaits the issue at the Lyceum.

The Bostonians have tried in vain to get another comic opera as good as "Rob Roy." The experiments have ranged from failure to fair success. They hope to do better on Tuesday night, when they bring forth "Prince Ananias" at the Broadway. The authors are Victor Herbert and Francis Neilson, as yet unknown by work for the stage. There is room in the field of musical plays for anybody who has reasonably good matter to offer, and if the Herbert-Neilson piece has merits the Bostonians are just the artists to develop them. There are characters for Barnabee, Frothingham, McDonald, Cowles, Morgan, and Hamilton, and those are names that mean something.

One of the new titles posted last week, that of "The New Woman," will be kept out at Palmer's all the longer for its association with the name of Annie Russell, whose return to the stage has been welcomed more affectionately than is often the case even with more important actresses. Her gentle sweetness is in contrast with the play's audacious acidity, but both are interesting in their ways.

Carrie Turner will continue through the week in "The Coming Woman" at the Fifth Avenue. Miss Turner is a facile and accomplished actress. She looks well on a handsome horse in "The Coming Woman." So much as that may be said with a clear conscience regarding the current perfomances of the dramatic version of "Broken to Harness." A week from to-morrow this Louise Baudet company will come to the Fifth Avenue with "Jacinta."

No equivocation need be practised in declaring "The Brownies" a novelty at the Fourteenth Street. Palmer Cox's imps have been put on the stage in undiminished humor, and if there is any loss of ideal whimsicality it is more than compensated by the a gain in spectacular surroundings. Children are sure to greet their book acquaintances with delight, and have great fun with them.

The somewhat older favorites, soundly established in favor, include the whole set of comic characters in "A Milk White Flag," to be found in a healthy state of exuberance at Hoyt's. The satire of amateur soldiery carried by this piece is good natured, the vaudeville elements are among the best, because original, and even the fun connected with the mock funeral has been moderated until it is not very shocking.

The Scotch lads and lassies in "Rob Roy" are attractive stage personages at the Herald Square. The scenic setting is notably picturesque. Mr. Carroll, the low comedian of the Whitney company, seems to have been licensed to do all the clowning he is capable of, and, though he ought to hang for his murdering of the unities, he saves himself by being laughable. Nobody wishes any harm to an actor who is funny.

For the same reason, the audiences at the Garden are fond of the various types of funny performers in "Little Christopher Columbus." This burlesque failed miserably in its English condition, as first performed here, but it began succeed as soon as the process of Americanization was well under way. Now it is just about the same sort of an entertainment that "1492" was, and seems sure to last as long. A new set of "living pictures" was shown last night.

Just so long as the public gives audience to dramas that do not wear out, the familiar titles must recur often in print. One of the pieces that persists in spending a great deal of time in and about New York is "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which is at the Brooklyn Columbia this week. It is performed there by a first-rate company, and an abundance of horse power is added to the dramatic strength of its rescue episode.

The late Lester Wallack's "Rosedale" has had to be mentioned frequently in dramatic news during the past year owing to visits with it by Joseph Haworth, who brought it into new use. Mr. Haworth and his company are at the Grand Opera House, where the military and gypsy scenes should meet appreciation for their stirring qualities, and where people with memories of Wallackian palmy days may enjoy the performances reminiscently.

Another drama by a dead but remembered celebrity, Steele Mackaye's "Paul Kauvar," may be found at the People's in the Bowery. This vivid stage version of Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities" is a true and energetic melodrama. Its guillotine tableau is a tragic sight that never fails to impress the spectator. The Dickens story of self-sacrifice serves as an excellent plot for the purpose of such a play.

Something familiarly frivolous is at the Harlem Opera House in "1492," the show which spent a year at the Garden and has been travelling since. The company remains substantially the same, with its quite remarkable group of clever entertainers, such as Jones, Barlow, and Vaughn. This is a jovial affair, and no wickeder than ever, though the "living pictures" are still conspicuous.

The other Harlem theatre, the Columbus, has Chauncey Olcott to sing the songs in "The Irish Artist" and enact the gallant and persecuted lover. Mr. Olcott's melodious voice is his fortune, as it seems to be exactly the kind that lots of people like to hear, and he applies it shrewdly to such tuneful ballads as almost everybody listens to with pleasure. Preparations for Gus Heege's "Rush City" are aimed at a thorough production next week.

The American gives a week to variety farce, as exploited by Frederick Hallen and John Hart in "Later On." The two comedians are expert in a colloquial sort of humor, and in an exaggerative style of acting that cannot be classed as art; but they add their stage companions keep well up to date in songs, dances, and tomfoolery, thus meeting a demand for thoughtless diversion. Mr. Hart's Irishmen are extremely unctuous fellows.

Away down town at Niblo's, Nellie McHenry is advertised as "Jolly Nellie," and so in fact she is, for no sombrette surpasses her in a semblance of enjoying all she does for the amusement of an audience. Her play, "A Night at the Circus," has long been familiar by title to all the public, and liked by those who go to theatres. Miss McHenry is an able exponent of the semi-vaudeville farce, in which she helped to originate with Salsbury's Troubadours.

The placards of "Coon Hollow" are displayed at the Brooklyn Grand Opera House. A rural play in this instance is made up of materials that are too well tested to ever fail with an average audience, and there is sufficient newness in the arrangement of the old elements to give an aspect of freshness to it all. Fun is plenty, pathos is not lacking, and everything is placed on a level with the popular taste.

There is to be a week of "The South Before the War" at the Bijou. This is a representation of life among the negroes in slavery days. Work and play on a plantation are illustrated. Black and white performers are employed. Singers of negro songs and dancers of negro dances are said to be numerous and amusing in the company.

With the circus season over, the vaudevilles take in the specialties of the tented shows. To the Union Square comes one of these, done by the three Eugenes, who perform difficult midair feats. Unthan, the armless man, is another item, and the Barra troupe is down for another week. This is the rest of the roster: Charles V. Seaman, Edward H. Banker, Thorne and Carlton, Gloss brothers, Ralph Bloom, Hodgkins and Leith, Meehan and Raymond, John P. Hogan, Barton and Cameron, George Leslie, Healy, Tod, Walters, Redding, and Stanton.

Paris yields up two of its entertainers for to-morrow evening's performance at Koster & Bial's. They are M. and Mme. Bruet Riviere and are announced as imitators and duettists. A more familiar pair, but new to this house, are McAvoy and May, who are the only other additions to the bill. The remaining ones are the Martinettis, the Rossow dwarfs, the Finneys, Bertoldi, Carmencita, Fougère, Chelli, Tschernhoff and his trick dogs, and the Forrests. The performance concludes with living pictures.

From Pastor's come the three specialties will be offered Monday that have never been seen in New York. They are Ramza and Arno, comic gymnasts; Bertina, contortionist, and the Holbrooks, a pair of English musicians that include a woman saxophone soloist. Two others who appear for the first time at this house are Grace Vaughn and Imogene Comer, and these are the remaining contributors: The Preston sisters, Pauline, the Venola brothers, the Hydes, and Murray and Alden.

Bonnie Thornton tops Proctor's list. Living pictures are a retained item, and these specialists are employed: Indan and Lenhart, Charles Gregory, James Britton, Faronn and Seymour, Mildred Comer, the Autey sisters, the Ravens, John C. Leonard, the Gregory brothers, Lidsell, Addie O'Brien, the Kidds, Swinburne Howard, Healey and Gardener, Merritt and Welch, and Ollie Vivian.

Prominence is given at Miner's Bowery to the Vourjears, who appear at the head of a company of variety entertainers and burlesquers.

J. W. Kelly, the rolling mill man, is the name in display type on the bill of Miner's Eighth Avenue. Among his companions are Imogene Comer, the Evanses, Frank Moran, the Macart trained dogs and monkeys, McCale and Danies, and several others.

At the Eden Musée the exhibition of chrysanthemums, orchids, and roses concludes tonight. During the week the wax display will be on view, and there will be concerts twice a day, as usual.

Leah, the giantess, and Rialto, the man who lifts weights with his teeth, are retained at Huber's Museum, and Prince Tinymite and the wild men of Borneo are in their last week. A tattooed snake charmer, an armless and legless man, and a lightning calculator are also displayed. The theatre's offerings include the Weston sisters, Val Vino and Searle, T. J. Heffernamm, young Americus, and Millard and Emerson.

A camp of fortune-telling gypsies is a feature of the entertainment at Doris's Eighth Avenue Museum, and the show of bogies and hobgoblins is in its second week. Simmond & Slocum's troupe of specialists replaces Carrie Stanley and her company in the theatre.

Several entertainments will reach the end of their terms in New York at or before the close of the month. "The New Boy" will bid adieu to the Standard next Saturday night. It has had a merry time with us, especially since Mr. Powers took up the most comic of its rôles, and it will go out on a route of laughter.

An extremely prosperous burlesque show, "A Gaiety Girl," will stop on Saturday at Daly's and begin an American tour. Impelled by the profit of this importation of London beauties by Mr. Daly, a second lot will be brought over for exhibition in the same piece.

John Drew and "The Bauble Shop" will disappear from the Empire with November, giving place to the Charles Frohman stock company and "The Masqueraders." Mr. Drew's vogue is mainly with fashionable people, and that is a good thing for the Empire, not because modish dollars are better than others, but for the reason that the Drew season has held the theatre firmly in the regard of "society."

William H. Crane is an extremely popular comedian, and his audiences enjoy him alike in strong character parts, such as he had in "The Henrietta" and "The Senator," and in outright farcicality, with which he permeates and enlivens "The Pacific Mail." That play and Mr. Crane are to remain at the Star only two weeks more. The Potter enlargement of "The Overland Route" is a fine medium for the actor's comic abilities.

Lillian Russell is sincerely complimented when it is said that she is the most beautiful thing that meets the eye in all the fine sights of "The Queen of Brilliants." That musical piece will soon be superseded at Abbey's by a revival of "The Grand Duchess." Meanwhile the current performances are tuneful and resplendent, while the book is at least better than that of the dreadful "Princess Nicotine," the last previous new work in which Miss Russell took part.

The first night in December will bring the final repetition of "Shenandoah" at the Academy of Music. Miss Tyler and Mr. Radcliffe head the present company, which is as good as, perhaps better than, any that this war drama has had before. There is no denying, however, that the mounting of the troops on horses in the battle scenes is what has rendered the renewal of the play popularly successful during the past three months at the Academy.

In the way of miscellaneous amusements, negro minstrelsy is given by Comstock's company at St. James Hall. Mr. Sweatnam still leads the comedians of this party, in which Dougherty, Chase, French, and many others are included. The Comstocks will go to the Academy of Music this evening and give a Sunday entertainment.

A Sunday diverter, Mr. Snazelle, will give his "Music, Song, and Poem" at Palmer's to-night. He sings, recites, tells stories, shows stereoscopic pictures, and is assisted by vocalists.

At the Grand Opera House this evening Joseph Haworth, Eben Plympton, and other volunteers will give a show for the benefit of Harry Tillinghast, an attaché of the theatre.

The Casino will be used to-night by members of the cast of "The Passing Show" in a programme which will also call for the services of other volunteers. William McGeans is the beneficiary.

A score of fashionable ladies have given the good effect of their names to a matinee next Tuesday at Chickering Hall in aid of the Sunny Hour Barefoot Mission. Tableaux by stage children, mainly illustrative of life among the lowly, will be conspicuous.

The exhibition of women's portraits is continued at the Academy of Design. It has thus far been both fashionable and popular.

Roses and carnations will hold the front places in the flower portion of the industrial exhibition at the Grand Central Palace this week. The Japanese troupe and a band of music help along the enjoyment.

A deserving charity, the endowment of a bed at St. Luke's for crippled children, will be aided by a matinee at the Fifth Avenue on Tuesday next. The committee are Mr. Herbert D. Brown, Mr. S. V. White, and Judge Rastus H. Ransom. Conspicuous in the entertainment will be Edward Vroom, an actor of uncommon promise. He will appear with Mrs. John Drew in a scene from "The Rivals," in a new comedy by Margaret Merington, entitled "A Love Knot," and in one act of "Ruy Blas." Such a programme will test Mr. Vroom's versatility, of which his friends think he possesses an uncommon amount.

A PARISIAN DIAMOND TRICK.

The Swindler Substituted an Imitation for a Gem Before the Jeweller's Eyes.

One of the foreign travellers of a famous jewelry house in this city has just returned from his annual trip abroad, and upon reading of a clever shoplifter's trick executed here, told of a bold and clever diamond robbery in Paris that borders on high art.

The swindle was perpetrated in a diamond shop on the Rue de la Paix, one of the busiest centres of the trade in Paris. A stranger came in and told the proprietor that he had found a stone among his family effects, which had been there a great many years, and the value of which he was anxious to know. He said he didn't suppose it could be worth very much, as otherwise it would not be found among his family possessions. The jeweler took the diamond out of the soiled paper in which the stranger brought it, and, examining it closely with a strong glass, seemed surprised. Hesitating a moment he stepped into his private office which adjoined the counter room. Returning he said:

"Why, sir, that is not only a good stone, but a remarkably clear one and very valuable."

The stranger laughed incredulously, remarking lightly: "Nonsense; it may be a fine imitation, but certainly not a real diamond, for how would it get into the possession of my family, who were always poor? And how could it lie among our effects undisturbed for so many years?"

The jeweller assured him that it certainly was a diamond and a gem of the first water, and added that if the owner would leave it for a day or two he would show the stone to other jewellers and get their opinion. The owner agreed to this and two days later called again. The diamond merchant promptly repeated his assertion as to the purity of the stone, and added that it was worth at least 18,000 francs.

"Well," the owner replied, "I can't believe you yet, for I am certain it must be an imitation no matter how good it looks; but I want to sell it, and if you are willing to buy it. How much will you pay for it and take your chances on the stone?"

"Well, under the circumstances I will give 17,000 francs for the stone," the merchant replied.

"And when can I get the money or your check for it?"

"You may call in a day or two."

The jeweller was not a novice in business; moreover, he was a Parisian of the purest type, and in matters of business was as shrewd as any of his brother merchants in that busy city. He took no chances, and, to make doubly sure of his bargain, he put the stranger off again, and in the interval not only removed all possible doubt as to the genuineness of the stone, but also found at least two very willing purchasers at a handsome advance over what he had offered. Therefore, when the stranger paid his final visit the jeweller had the stone in his safe, and with it a check all filled out. As the jeweller turned to hand the check over to the stranger, the latter heaved a half a sigh:

"Well, if I must part with it, let me have one last look at it."

The check still lay on the counter as the stranger picked up the paper containing the gem and slowly opened its folds. Then, after a long look, with a heavy sigh, he folded the paper again and handed it back to the jeweller.

As the jeweller started to make out a receipt for the money the stranger said: "Now it is not very clear in my mind that this can be a genuine stone, and as I am very peculiar about some things please make your receipt read 'Received for one imitation stone 17,000 francs,' for I can never believe that our family ever possessed anything else."

"That is a strange peculiarity of yours," the jeweller replied, "but I don't know that it makes much difference."

The receipt was made out as the stranger desired, who signed it, and the jeweller deposited the paper containing the stone with the receipt once more in the drawer of his safe.

The following day a friend called, the recent purchase was spoken of, and the paper containing the stone was brought out. As the jeweller took out the stone his face grew pale.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried. "My money! my money!"

The closer he now examined the stone the more evident it grew that the stone was really an imitation after all, and as he sank down in his chair and read the wording of his receipt and then recalled all the circumstances and how the stranger took one last long look at the treasure, it became clear to him that in that moment he was robbed and an imitation substituted for the good stone before his very eyes.

SOME POEMS WORTH READING.

This Old Country.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still;
With her on the mountain top, or slidin' down the hill;
Don't care how corn's a-selling, if cotton's high or low;
This old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still;
Every time we feel her shake we have a friendly chill!
Don't care how things is goin', nor how the tempests blow,
This here old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still;
With her when we sow the grain, an' when we go to mill,
Don't care what's in the future; we'll whistle as we go,
For this old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

A Georgia Song.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

There's lots o' fun in livin' in the country all aroun',
When the frost is in the furrow an' the green is turnin' brown;
When the days are cool and crispy, an' the nights have brighter stars,
With a tinkle, tinkle o' the bells across the pasture bars.

No use in wishin'
While the weather's fine for fishin';
No use in sighin'
When the partridges are flyin';
There's fish that's for the ketchin',
An' deer hides needin' stretchin'
An' honey for the fetchin'
Every day!

There's lots o' fun in livin' when the woods are full o' haze,
An' you hear the fiddle singin' where the cabin fires blaze;
When the girls are candy pullin', an' they've robbed the honey bees,
An' you're dancin' when you want to, an' you're sparkin' when you please.

No use in grievin'
When the girls are so believin';
No use in pinin'
When the eyes o' love are shinin';
There's cider for the makin'
An' hick'ry nuts for shakin',
An' sweethearts for the takin'
Every day!

Oh, the whirrin' o' the partridge an' the boundin' o' the buck;
The treein' o' the 'possum an' the rabbit's foot for luck!
The barkin' o' the squirrels on the oak an' hick'ry trees;
You strike 'em when you want to, an' you ketch 'em when you please!

No use in wishin'
When the weather's fine for fishin';
No use in runnin'
When there's game enough for gunnin';
Milk an' honey flowin'
Hunter's horn a-blowin';
Don't care if it's snowin'
Every day!

F. L. S.

High Tide at Gettysburg.

Republished in The Sun by Request.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
Anu from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry
With Pickett leading grandly down
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns,
A cry across the tumult runs:
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigru!
One instant on it rolled and raged,
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cries to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon those works to-day,
The reddest day in history!"

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet;
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A fury in her wrath unassuaged
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace;
They only heard Fame's thunder wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

WILL H. THOMPSON.

Too Much.

She had read in books of scientific lore
Of the proper thing for babies, one or more.
With a thirst for information she had studied incubation, and she read works on lactation by the score.

She declared that paregoric was a sin,
And the cradle was no place to put babes in;
And she wrote for publication on pronounced regurgitation, and she plead renunciation of the pin.

She had studied infants' cries and what they meant,
And could locate pain whene'er the air was rent.
She was up on imbibition and all manner of nutrition,
and she was in deglutition confident.

But when her baby came she lost her head,
And every night was heard her trembling tread;
And she got so agitated o'er each symptom indicated
that her husband, man ill fated, turned and fled!

TOM MASSON.

The Vassar Girl's Lament.

We send the pigskin flying
Like a burnt-out shooting star,
As we play our games of football
Up here at old Vassar.
We chase across the gridiron,
We plan the rush and run,
But when the ball's kicked o'er the goal
The Vassar girl is done.

For her there are no plaudits,
No shout of victory,
No thundrous tongues to raise the cry,
No thousand eyes to see.
"You've won the game! You've won the game!"
Our Freshmen comrades say;
But there's no mighty voice to shout,
"Hurrah for Rose and Gray!"

"Oh, why is this?" we cry aloud,
"Give us the reason true,
Why is it that the Rose and Gray
Can't kick with Orange and Blue?"
"Hush, hush, my dears," the teachers wise
Unto the players say,
"It cannot be until your clothes
Are built some other way."

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

He Had No Hard Feelings.

You see that woman coming, Jack, dressed up in pink and gray?
Well, that's a woman whom I loved in times now passed away.
I used to visit her each night and write her every day,
And words of burning, eager love to her I'd often say.
I'd take her out to parties and to many a matinée;
Would send her every week or so a costly big bouquet;
Large sums out of my salary I cheerfully would pay
For buggy rides and such like things, to make our courtship gay.
Well, after all I'd done for her, this same young maid, Miss May,
Although her parents stern had said to such a marriage, Nay,
Packed up her clothes together and skipped lightly out one day,
And wedded a young fellow down at Narragansett Bay.
Well, good-by, Jack; she's coming, and with her I must stray.
You say that you're astonished that a word to her I'd say;
That I should coldly snub and scorn such a deceitful fay;
But don't you see? I am the man with whom she ran away.

CHARLES J. COLTON.

The Circus Parade.

From Armazindy.

The circus! the circus! the throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band wagon comes;
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street!

In the circus parade there is glory clean down
From the first spangled horse to the mule of the clown,
With the gleam and the glint and the glamour and glare
Of the days of enchantment all glimmering there!

And there are the banners of silvery fold
Caressing the winds with their fringes of gold,
And their high-lifted standards with spear tips aglow,
And the helmeted knights that go riding below.

There's the chariot, wrought of some marvellous shell,
The sea gave to Neptune, first washing it well
With the fabulous waters of gold, till it gleams
Like the galleon rare of an argonaut's dreams.

And the elephant, too (with his undulant stride
That rocks the high throne of a king in his pride),
That in jungles of India shook from his flanks
The tigers that leapt from the Jajboo banks.

Here's the long, ever-changing, mysterious line
Of the cages, with hints of their glories divine,
From the barred little windows, cut high in the rear,
Where the close-hidden animals' noses appear.

Here's the pyramid car, with its splendor and flash,
And the goddess on high, in a hot scarlet sash
And a pein-wiper skirt! O, the rarest of sights
Is this "Queen of the Air" in circusian tights!

Then the far-away clash of the cymbals, and then
The swoon of the tune ere it wakens again,
With the capering tones of the gallant cornet,
That go dancing away in a mad minuet.

The circus! The circus! The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band wagon comes;
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

QUESTIONS BY SUN READERS.

Last Sunday's Sun contained two verses, and a suggestion that some reader with a long memory might be able to supply the balance of the poem and give the author's name. The poem appeared anonymously about 1840, and, excepting the concluding verse or moral, runs thus (I write from memory, but am substantially correct):

Life is but a span of horses,
One is Age, the other Prime,
Up and down the hill their course is,
Go in, ponies—make your time.

Hi ya, there! the stakes we'll pocket,
To the winds let care be lent;
Time—two-forty, whip in socket,
Give 'em string and let 'em went.

Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure,
Youthful folly gives a stroke,
Manhood goads them at his leisure—
"Let 'em rip!" they're tough as oak.

On the sunny road to fifty
Prime is drowned in Lethe's stream,
Age jogs on, grows old, unthrifty,
Life then proves a one-horse team.

E. C. TOWNSEND.

"To-day, in answer to 'C. H. C.,' you give Isaac Taylor's 'Names and Places' as an authority on the etymology of surnames. Do you not refer to his 'Words and Places,' which treats of English place, names, and only incidentally of surnames? Recently, in a personal letter, Canon Taylor advised me to read Lower's 'Patronymica Brittanica,' and Bardsley's 'English Surnames' on their title subject. I have consulted the latter and can state that it will give your correspondent the information wanted on the syllable 'kin.' ISCHYADUS."

In THE SUNDAY SUN of July 1, in the article relative to Edison's experiment for extracting iron ore in the Jersey mountains, occurs the following: "It was here, at Greenwood Lake, that Shepard Kollock forged the chain that Washington put across the Hudson at the Narrows. * * That big chain was forged link by link, and these were packed across the mountains and joined at the waterside." 1. Can you give me any further information about this chain? Was it a success? What was its length, &c.? 2. Who was Shepard Kollock? J. K. H.

1. The chain was made in 1778, and put in place by Capt. Thomas Machin. It was 1,800 feet long, and extended from Anthony's Nose on the east side of the river to Fort Montgomery on the west, opposite Peekskill. Three chains in all were placed there, the last one in 1777. This was broken by Clinton, Oct. 7, 1777, when he burned Kingston, and did much other damage. Another chain was put across the river at West Point. 2. Shepard Kollock was a Delawarean, born in 1750, an officer in the Continental army, and then an editor. He founded a paper at Chatham, N. J., in 1780, and died in 1839. He had been County Judge for many years before his death.

What is the official name of the city situated on the island of Hong Kong, China; also, is there a city in China called Victoria? I send you the following information which I have gathered from different cyclopedias and manuals: International Cyclopedia, census of 1880, population of Victoria, capital, Hong Kong, 191,842. Rand & McNally's Atlas of the World, 1893, population of Victoria, capital of Hong Kong, 221,141. Encyclopedia Britannica, in speaking of Hong Kong, says: "The island is separated by a narrow channel which, at Hong Kong roads, between Victoria, the island capital, and Kau Lung Point, is about one mile broad." J. G. B.

Victoria is the city, the capital of the colony of Hong Kong. The population of the colony in 1891 was 221,441; Rand & McNally seem to have moved on the date, to bring their atlas down to more recent times. On Dec. 31, 1892, the colony's population was estimated at 231,662. The population of the city of Victoria is not given separately.

With whom did the English colony of "Rugby" in America originate? of what class was its people? what was its object? J. L. M.

With Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown." It was founded in 1880 with very excellent persons socially, who were not so good as colonists. They laid out tennis courts and had afternoon tea, and in the intervals of the employments indicated by these features of the colony they farmed. The object of the colony was to help the younger sons of good families, and other poor gentlefolk, to have a little of old England in this country. There are said to be 122 inhabitants there now.

Who supported Booth and Barrett in "Julius Cæsar" during the run of that play in New York two or three years ago? B. R.

Let's see; Booth died in 1893, and Barrett in 1891; they did not play "Julius Cæsar" for a "run." The last time it was played for a run was in 1874-75, or thereabouts, at Booth's Theatre, when E. L. Davenport played *Brutus*, Barrett played *Cassius*, Bangs played *Marc Antony*, Milnes Levick played *Cæsar*, Mary Wells played *Portia*, and H. A. Weaver played *Casca*. A year or so before that Booth had produced it at his theatre with much the same cast, we believe.

Can you give me the number of miles of railway in this country and in Europe? G. F. CLARK.

In this country, on Dec. 31, 1892, there was 171,866.29 miles of railroads; in Europe, in 1890, there were about 180,000 miles. These latter figures include the railroads of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Continent of Europe.

Will you please tell me the names of the three oldest savings banks in New York city? H. O. D.

The Bank for Savings, known as the Bleecker Street Savings Bank, incorporated 1819; the Seaman's Savings Bank, incorporated 1829, and the Greenwich Savings Bank, incorporated 1833.

A is a native of Canada who settles in this State and engages in business here. He is never naturalized. He marries a Miss B, a native of this State, and the couple continues to reside here. In this case does Miss B lose her American citizenship in consequence? W. K.

Yes, she follows the nationality of her husband.

If an unmarried sister dies without a will does her personal and realestate go to father and sisters? A. E. K.

The father takes all the personal property; he also takes all the real estate except such as came from the mother, and in that he has a life interest.

How many national legal holidays are there? E. J. McA.

One legal holiday is national—Labor Day. It was made so by a law enacted during the last session of Congress.

If a building is 100 feet high and a ladder is 100 feet long, and the ladder is pulled from the building 15 feet from the bottom, how far from the top of the building will it reach? W. C. VON G.

About 2¼ feet.

What year and month did Thomas A. Ledwith run against John Hardy for Police Justice? J. T.

We don't know; this very important political battle seems to have been overlooked by the historians.

Will you kindly inform me whether Maud S. is a thoroughbred horse or not? M. S.

She is a standard-bred mare, not commonly called thoroughbred. Thoroughbreds are racers.

Will you kindly inform me what official position Cord Meyer, Jr., Democratic nominee for Secretary of State last fall, held in the Sugar Trust? J. T.

He held none, except that of a large stockholder.

1. How is it that there is more silver in a Mexican dollar than in our dollar, yet we discount their money, and American silver dollars buy more in Mexico than their own dollars buy at home? 2. How much does our people discount their money? 3. What better off are we in regard to sound finance when if the outstanding money redeemable in gold was to be presented for payment in gold and would only get in return eighteen cents in gold on a dollar; what would the people think? J. H. B.

1. Mexican silver here passes at what it is actually worth. Our dollar in Mexico, though worth less intrinsically than the Mexican dollar, is backed up by the promise of our Government to exchange it for gold; so the Mexicans take it. There is no such guarantee behind the Mexican dollar. 2. We don't know; the rate of discount varies, we suppose. 3. We fear that the people would think, and some of them would say, "What t' ell!"

What hotel was there on Broadway between the Stevens and the Astor House, on the east side? A. R. C.

None, within recent times.

Will you kindly inform one of your readers through the columns of THE SUN whether Gen. George Washington received and kept his salary as President of the United States, or did he turn it into the Treasury of the United States? J. R. L.

We think he kept it. He earned the money and took it and used it to maintain his state.

What are the areas of London, Paris, New York, Berlin, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn? C. O'N.

London has an area of 118 square miles; Paris one of 30¼ square miles; New York, 41¼ square miles; Philadelphia, 130 square miles; Brooklyn, 27 square miles, and Chicago, 180 1-3 square miles and still growing. Berlin seems to have a population, but no area; at least, none of the "reference books" speaks of any area or even suggests that it has one. Still, we may be wrong in this conclusion.

M. J. D.—Pope Pius IX. died Feb. 7, 1878.

W. G. McDowell.—Bedloe's Island is in New Jersey.

S. M. P.—Washington was 6 feet 2 inches in height.

Mountain View.—There is no street in Brooklyn called "Westminster street."

Steven Huber.—There is no especial way of celebrating the thirty-fifth wedding anniversary.

T. G. S.—William M. Tweed was arrested at Vigo, Spain, Sept. 8, 1877, and reached here Nov. 23 of the same year.

J. W. G.—An excellent book on mesmerism is Carpenter's (Appletons, $1.25); a later book is Ernest Hart's "Hypnotism, Mesmerism, &c." (same publishers, same price).

W. Clark.—Mr. Du Maurier's "Joe Sibley," alias Whistler, was President of the Society of British Artists in 1891; at least, "Men of the Time" for 1891 speaks of him as being President. M. D.

H. Chase.—Undoubtedly your son can do as he suggests; but we don't know that there is any future for him in the law. If he cares to begin his studies let him do so; if he gets tired he can give them up. If he doesn't get tired he will evidently get along at the law.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The next Board of Aldermen will consist of 18 Republicans, 14 Tammany Hall Democrats, and 1 Independent Democrat (Dwyer, in the Eighth district). In support of the policy of Mayor Strong the Board will stand 18 to 14, but one of the duties which will devolve on it will be to make a reapportionment of the city districts, whereby, instead of thirty, New York will have thirty-five Assembly districts. On this point, should it turn on political questions, the Board will stand fifteen Republicans to fifteen Democrats, and President Jerolomon will have the casting vote. He is known to be opposed to any arbitrary disfranchising project which might enlist the support of some radical Republican partisans, and his vote, it is probable, therefore, would be cast against such a scheme. In several Aldermanic districts, notably the Second and Thirteenth, the vote is so close that the official canvass may be necessary to decide the title to the seat.

Joyousness in defeat is a characteristic of the Democracy; frivolity marks many Republicans in this hour of triumph. Says the *Star Sayings* of St. Louis, recalling a song familiar on the streets of Chicago during the Democratic National Convention of June, 1892: "Grover! Grover! Two years more of Grover. Then out he'll go. Then we'll be in clover."

The principal offices to be filled at next year's election are a Register in place of Ferdinand Levy, a County Clerk in place of Henry D. Purroy, a City Court Judge in place of Robert A. Van Wyck, a City Court Judge in place of Joseph E. Newburger, and three additional Supreme Court Judges as provided by the new Constitution. State Senators, too, will be elected on the basis of the new apportionment.

After Dec. 31, 1895, the Superior Court and Common Pleas Court of New York city, the Superior Court of Buffalo, and the City Court of Brooklyn will be abolished, and the present Judges of those courts will become Judges of the Supreme Court for the rest of their respective terms. This will do away with a very large amount of patronage in this city, for the Judges of the Superior and Common Pleas Courts make their own appointments. Hereafter these appointments will devolve upon the County Clerk, who, by virtue of his office, is Clerk of the Supreme Court. The patronage of the Superior Court at present amounts to $71,000 a year, and of the Court of Common Pleas to $68,000. Henry D. Purroy, the present County Clerk, was elected in 1892. His successor will be chosen at the next election, November, 1895, and will have a largely increased appointive force under his control. The City Court of New York is not affected by the judiciary article of the amendment to the State Constitution recently adopted.

The combined vote of the State Democracy and the Good Government club organization in the Ninth district was 237 at the recent election; the Anti-Tammany candidate for Assembly in the same district polled 131 votes.

Under the new Constitution as adopted on Nov. 6, the Court of Appeals has power of revision over any apportionment made by a New York Legislature.

The Fifth Assembly district, in which 1,100 votes were polled for the Socialist candidate for Mayor at the recent election, is the banner Socialist district.

Under the new Constitution, Commissioners of Lunacy are hereafter to be constitutional officers. This Commission was established in 1889, superseding the law of 1873, which intrusted the care of this department to one Commissioner. There are now three, the terms of two expiring on the 19th of April next and one on the 15th of May.

At the recent election, Hugh J. Grant received 8,000 less votes than he polled for Mayor in 1890. An apt illustration of the stability of Tammany Hall, either in victory or defeat, is furnished by the fact that in the annexed district beyond the Harlem River Mayor Grant polled, in 1890, 6,525 votes, while his vote in the same territory in 1894, four years later, was 6,500—25 votes less.

Late reports from Mississippi are very reassuring. The Democrats have carried the State beyond the power of Republican election officers to interfere with the count, and the next delegation from Mississippi to Congress is solidly Democratic. If more States had withstood as stanchly the Republican tide as Mississippi did on Nov. 6, there would be a different story to tell this year. The population of Mississippi by the last Federal census was 1,290,000. The number of male citizens of voting age in the State by that census was 270,000. The total vote of Mississippi in the national election of 1892 was 52,809.

David B. Hill, with William R. Grace supporting him, received fewer votes in New York city this year than he did in 1885 or 1889, with William R. Grace opposing him.

Now that the Republicans of New York city have, after an agitation of ten years, a suitable meeting place of their own in the spacious and convenient State Club in Twenty-second street near Broadway, they refuse to visit it; and the Milhollandites, not to be repulsed by such neglect, are about to join the regular organization of the Committee of Thirty and so enroll themselves in the ranks of those whom they have been so long denouncing.

The decline in popularity of the Prohibitionists at the recent municipal election has been a frequent occasion of remark in political circles since election day, but the explanation of it is simple enough: A large number of the Prohibitionists voted the Strong and Goff ticket. There was a falling off, too, in the Populist vote, some of the Populists appearing to have made common cause with the Prohibitionists for this year's election only. The banner Assembly district of the Populists is the Twenty-sixth.

The members of the Everett P. Wheeler Democracy, encouraged by the good numerical showing which they made at this year's election, have determined to "go it alone" hereafter, disattaching themselves from the State Democracy which supported to the extent of its influence (which wasn't much) David B. Hill. The Wheelerites believe that the Democratic party in the Empire State can be, as they express it, "reorganized without." It certainly can be reorganized without—them. They constitute but a small fraction of the voting population, and the idea of 25,000 voters reorganizing 550,000 would be grotesque to any one but a Mugwump who was incapable of learning anything from the lessons of experience.

One department of the municipal Government which is pretty certain to secure the attention of the next Legislature is the Board of Assessors. This Board is something of a close corporation, the Commissioners being appointed not by the Mayor, but by the Commissioners of Estimate and Apportionment, and there being, apparently, no summary power of removal. The present Commissioners are Edward Cahill, a former member of the Democratic State Committee, Henry A. Gumbleton, former County Clerk, Patrick M. Haverty, a Grace Democrat, and Charles E. Wendt, a member of the German-American Go-as-you-please Reform-bund. The duties which devolve upon the Board of Assessors consist chiefly of the making up of assessment lists for public improvement not devolving on separate commissions appointed by the Supreme Court. Their labors in a year are considerable, but the apparently irresponsible character of the Board is what makes the intervention of the next Legislature most probable.

The post of Corporation Counsel has, in New York city politics, always been a lucky one for the incumbent. Richard O'Gorman after being