cellent language and admirable manner. Mugwumps do love Uncle Filley, there is no doubt of that. The vote which was being taken was the doom of Mr. Filley, so far as national political prominence goes, for the next four years. The people knew he was being defeated, nevertheless, possibly therefore they cheered the fine old fighter until he turned to the galleries and was seen by his gestures to be appealing for silence. He gained his immediate point, which delighted the crowd endlessly.

When New York was reached in the roll call, Mr. Platt, as Chairman of the delegation, arose to announce the vote—noes, 52; ayes, 10. But it was a long time before he could be heard. Here was another fighter, and the great crowd was glad of an opportunity to show their admiration for the battle the New Yorker has been making, although that battle for gold has been a defeat for the Iron Boss.

Under the rule, twenty minutes for debate were allowed on each side after the adoption of the previous question on the Credentials Committee reports. This brought out four orators on behalf of the Iron Boss and only one in opposition. One who spoke in his favor was a Kentuckian, and he was adored by the crowd before he had said a score of words. Naturally the whole discussion in its matter was deadly dull, yet that young Kentuckian who could say and did say "Fellow members of the Republican National Convention" in a way to thrill the blood was cheered at the end of every sentence. Fancy listening to a man who is discussing Mr. Addicks's political methods and yet constantly feel like shouting the roof off. That is a rich inheritance Kentucky has given her sons, the ability to move a mass of people profoundly by the mere manner of speech.

Gen. Grosvenor of Ohio, he of the reputation as a political statistician, was also brought in evidence in this discussion. He is neither a graceful nor a forcible speaker, but if he would trim his white beard he would look not entirely unlike W. C. P. Breckinridge.

When the report, which finally and officially seated all of the contestants favored by the Iron Boss and unseated all those who held contested seats who did not favor him, Mr. Hanna laughed outright, and newspaper correspondents, who, at this time, sent to the Chairman asking, for their private information, if there was to be a night session, were told that the session would continue until 6, when a recess would be taken until 8 o'clock, but at this time the Iron Boss received startling information about a secession from the Republican party, caused by the proposed money plank, and this brought the afternoon, and with it to-day's session, to a close abruptly at 5 o'clock.

Gen. Grosvenor made the motion to adjourn until to-morrow morning at 10, and as his motion indicated the wish of the Iron Boss it was promptly carried.

The spectators yelled a lusty "No" to the motion. Twice in the day had they gone to the Convention Hall and not only not heard a nomination speech but had heard not even the reading of the platform.

CANTON TRIES TO HOLD IN.

The Town Feverish Over McKinley's Prospects.

CANTON, O., June 17.—Canton has been in a fever of excitement all day. There was a well defined opinion that the nomination would be reached during the afternoon or evening, and business has been almost totally suspended except among the tradespeople, who expect heavy traffic in their wares in connection with the demonstration. All day the streets have been thronged with people anxiously awaiting every morsel of news the wires brought and condemning in no moderate terms the telegraph companies for not sending more. The usual telegraph bulletins, by agreement made between the companies, are not received from the Convention, and curiosity is only satisfied through the regular editions of the newspapers and such bulletins as they post.

Late this afternoon the rumor reached here that the McKinley forces, in full control of the Convention, would insist on a night session, and probably the nominations would be pushed through with a whirl. This news spread like wildfire, and the remainder of the populace reenforced those in the business centre of the city until the street had a circus day appearance.

At Major McKinley's residence this was probably the busiest day since his return from Columbus. There was a constant flow of people to and from the house, and the little office and roomy porch were constantly crowded with people waiting for a word with the Governor. The Major read more closely than ever the returns from St. Louis, and during the greater part of the day was not accessible to callers. The callers were for the most part residents of the city who sought to gain fresher and more minute details from the Convention at the Major's office than were obtainable elsewhere.

A regiment of newspaper men and a few people from out of the city whose visits had no political significance arrived to-night. Gen. Hastings of Bermuda, formerly of St. Paul, an old and intimate friend of the Major, and John A. Wise, ex-Congressman from Virginia, now of New York, stepped off the train from the West and were hurried to the McKinley residence. They have been attending the St. Louis Convention. Just what brought them here before adjournment is not known and probably will not be learned to-night.

The committee in charge of the Canton demonstration have arranged for a column of G. A. R. men veterans in open order along the sidewalk to keep the passage clear for the parade. The militiamen will be on hand to support the veterans. F. E. Case, a local manufacturer and member of the bar, is to make a five-minute congratulatory address and a brief response is is expected from the Major.

Over in Apollo, Pa., there is a coon captured on McKinley's farm in this county which Charles Silverman sent to Gen. Jackson when he was elected Treasurer of Pennsylvania several years ago, with the understanding that it was to be returned to Canton when McKinley was nominated for the Presidency.

A miniature reproduction of the White House in tin has been prepared, in which the coon is to make the trip, and the citizens of that vicinity are making up a party to come along with the coon on a special train and extend their congratulations.

There is a race on between Akron, Alliance, Warren, and Miles as to which of their special trains, scheduled to start as soon as the news is known, shall reach Canton first. All expect big crowds. The J. J. Gell Republican Club of Steubenville put in a bid to-day for a ratification. As they desired ten days to prepare they were advised to join in with the Tippecanoe Club of Cleveland on June 27. Wheeling, West Va., writes to the Local Committee that the Wheeling clubs have arranged to charter a train and bring the iron and glass workers of that city and Bellaire, Martins Ferry, and all Southern Ohio to Canton on June 24.

OBJECTED TO RABBI SALE.

The Methodists Arose Yesterday and They Had to Be Placated.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—It came out yesterday that when Rabbi Sale was chosen as chaplain of the Convention a protest was lodged by a large number of Methodist clergymen. At first the protests were unheeded, but they suddenly became so numerous that attention had to be paid to them. They came by mail, by telegraph, and in person through the delegates, and a great scuall was kicked up.

The Methodists declare that this is a Christian nation, and the national Convention might as well have asked a Moslem priest or an Aztec sun worshipper to pray for the Convention as to have a rabbi, who denies the divinity of Christ. This contention was an eye opener for the members of the temporary organization, and immediately after the Convention adjourned Chairman Fairbanks proceeded to look up a Methodist preacher. He tried to get Bishop Bowman first, but did not succeed, and he took the Rev. William G. Williams, pastor of the Union Methodist Church, who prayed for "this great historic organization the blessing of the God of Washington and Lincoln." He prayed for a blessing on the delegates as "the successors of our noble fathers," and that they might acquit themselves of their high duties in a manner "worthy of their noble ancestors."

"May these men," he continued, "do that which is in accordance with the will of the Supreme Ruler, and may the platform that will be raised here be raised in righteousness. May the men whom this council shall place before the people of the nation be men after the people's own thoughts."

The prayer at this afternoon's session was offered by a colored man.

A McKinley Fizzle.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—Last night, while Reed's forces rallied and paraded the streets in much light and glory, McKinley's ratification at the Exposition Hall, under the auspices of the Illinois Labor Republican League, proved a rank fizzle. Only 100 people were in attendance when W. E. Mason, as presiding officer, appeared on the platform. He came to announce that the speakers advertised had refused to appear because of the slimness of the crowd.

SNAP SHOTS OF THE DAY.

INCIDENTS OF INTEREST TO THE DELEGATES AND OTHERS.

The Noisemaking Instruments—Milholland Introduces Lou Payn to Hanna—A Fake McKinley Demonstration—Hetty Green's Son Spends Money—Prices of Seats Low

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—United States Senator Dubois was the hottest man in St. Louis last night when the sub-committee of the Committee on Resolutions finally voted for the sound gold financial plank. He calmed down somewhat during the night, and this morning when he was asked what he thought of the plank, he rubbed his chin and snarled:

"Well, what could you expect of this Convention? It was bought by Wall street; there never was any doubt about that. It was opened by a Jew and his name was Sale."

The Senator rubbed his chin a moment or two longer and added: "That's all I have to say, my friend."

There is a crash-suit craze raging in this town. The crash suit appeared here the day that the delegates began arriving. Four or five clothing stores in the city laid in a tremendous supply of them, and these stores have been so jammed since the sale began that the people have to stand in line and await their turn. The crash suit costs "foah" dollars, as they say here, and it looks like the old style linen suit from a distance. When you get close to it it is easy to see that its chief recommendation is that it is full of holes, and the wind percolates through these holes even as it does through the whiskers of the Hon. Thomas Henry Carter of Montana. About one-half the delegates have invested in the suits and the other half are after them. The supply is running short and a crash-suit famine may follow the craze.

This city is full of the most awful noises that the human ear was ever compelled to listen to. Every known device for making a noise, from the siren whistle to the locust rattle, is here, and is being sold on the streets by fakirs. These fakirs came expecting to see a great and enthusiastic Convention. They brought enough of their ear-splitting devices to supply four such Conventions as this is, and the over-supply has resulted in a lowering of prices that has put all the things within the reach, not only of the Convention boomer, but also within the reach of the small boys of the town. Nobody can escape from the noises. Even the rooms on the top floors of the hotels are penetrated. Sleep is unknown, and if the thing keeps on the town will become paresis afflicted. It's pretty near that already, and it's getting worse momentarily.

John Milholland is known here as the "boy politician." Boss Hanna permitted John to sit at the table with him this morning in the Southern dining room. Before breakfast was over ex-Marshal Lou Payn came along. He looked slyly at John, and then walked over and greeted him. The ex-Marshal is one of the chief lieutenants of ex-Senator Platt. The iridescent John was so tickled that he jumped up from the table. Turning to Boss Hanna he introduced Payn thus:

"Mr. Hanna, I want to present to you the wickedest man in New York. Here he is."

"Pig Iron Mike," as Boss Hanna is known here, got up from the table, too, and greeted the ex-Marshal pleasantly. A waiter got a chair. The party sat down and they chatted together for five minutes while breakfast got cold. A man who saw the party remarked:

"Two months ago Boss Hanna sent for the boy politician and told him to go and see Payn and win him away from Mr. Platt. John went to the Marshal to carry out his orders. He pleaded with him. The Marshal listened in silence, and when the boy politician had finished the presentation of the case he said:

"'John, you forget your own honor as well as mine. I have been the lifelong friend of Senator Platt. Go and tell your master that I will stick to him as long as I live.'"

Some Hoosier from Indiana brought in a quantity of pampas grass, dyed red, white, and blue. After the Convention was called to order to-day he got after Temporary Chairman Fairbanks, who had just received the report of the Committee on Permanent Organization. The whole Convention waited until the Hoosier had pinned a plume on the coat of the Chairman and another on the coat of Chairman Carter of the National Committee.

The wicked Gibbs and Col. Abe Gruber stood in the entry in the hall leading to the bathrooms on the third floor of the Southern at 8 o'clock this morning. There were three bathrooms. Gibbs and Gruber had finished their baths and were talking, when another New York delegate came in. He was in a hurry.

"What! Full house?" he snorted, "and I'm third in line. Great Scott!"

"Can't always be first," said Gibbs. The other man walked up and down nervously. Another man came in in his pajamas. He saw the others standing, and so he said "Full house, hey?" and he walked up and down. A third and a fourth and a fifth and a sixth came in, and every man of them said "Full house, hey?" and walked up and down. As they walked, and there was no sign of any of the bathrooms becoming vacant, they got madder than wet hens.

The Convention was called for 10 o'clock, and every man was afraid of being late. The madder the party got the more they talked. A seventh man came in, and he was in an even bigger hurry than the other men. He just snorted as he saw the crowd with him. All the crowd began talking about hogs who monopolized bathrooms. The talk got hotter and hotter, and it was loud, intended plainly for the ears of the monopolists. Finally the seventh man, who was a Westerner, began telling stories about men who had been lynched in his town for less serious offences than appropriating bathrooms. The talk got hotter and hotter. Gibbs and Gruber went out and stood outside the door and listened. At last the Westerner let out a string of cuss words a yard long, and swore he would shoot through the bathroom doors if the hogs didn't get out.

There was no response to the threat. He followed it up swearing he would yank out the occupant of one room anyway, and he seized the knob of the door and threw it open. The room was empty. Two others of those waiting pulled open the other doors. Those rooms were empty, too. For five minutes the air was blue in that room. "Abey," said Gibbs to Gruber, as the cuss words floated out, "did you tell those jays that there was people in those rooms?"

Last night when the streets were full of Reed and Allison boomers marching here and there, and the town seemed given over entirely to them, the McKinleyites mustered a crowd of 200 men, headed by a band, and started to have a parade of their own. The Southern Hotel fronts on Walnut street and takes in the entire block from Fourth street to Broadway. There is a corridor running through the hotel from street to street, and this McKinley parade started from the Broadway entrance and marched around the block and in at the Fourth street entrance. Around and around they marched in a never-ending procession. It lasted an hour, and the 200 had made no less than twenty circuits before the crowd got onto what was up.

Meantime the boomers of the other candidates looked on disconsolate. When the crowd did discover what was going on it made a dash at the paraders and scattered them to the four winds, screaming:

"Fake, fake, McKinley's a fake."

No candidate for the nomination is so liberally supplied with pictures as the Hon. William B. Allison. There is a great oil painting of the Iowa Senator in the State headquarters. Every post and every pillar in the several hotels is decorated with pictures of the Senator, and in every conceivable place and position his "mug," to use the language of Col. Abe Slupsky, the eminent school reformer, is to be found. There are at least a dozen different sizes and kinds of these pictures, and the noticeable thing about them is that they were all taken when the Senator had his overcoat on. It is said that the Senator has not had a picture taken without his overcoat since the Convention of 1888, when he had a freezing time of it. While the thermometer is over 90 in the shade here, it may be remarked that it is well that the Senator is wearing his overcoat. If he didn't his boom would catch cold, and, to quote Slupsky again, that is no joke either.

"What I like about Warner Miller's friends is their unvarying courtesy," remarked a New York man to-day. "I just met one of them today in the dining room. He was from Michigan. Seeing that I was from New York, he said 'Warner Miller is giving this man Platt a great go, isn't he?' 'Oh, I don't know,' I said. 'It seems to me that his goose was well cooked yesterday when he tried to do some monkey business in the delegation.' 'Oh, you are prejudiced,' he said. 'That's what's the matter with you.' As he said this he swept his hand over the table in my direction and knocked over a glass of water. It fell in my lap and wet me through and through. The waiter rushed up and dried me with napkins. The Michigan man didn't say a word until the waiter had finished, and then he said: 'Well, as I was saying, I think you are prejudiced in this little matter.' Now that's Warner Miller's courtesy," said the New Yorker in conclusion.

Every brass band that has struck this town so far is afflicted with a sickly sentimentalism that is becoming nauseating. As said yesterday, the liveliest tune that the Convention Hall band played was "Say Au Revoir, but Not Good-by." To-day it hit up to "Farewell, Farewell, My Own True Love," and "I Cannot Bear to Leave Thee." The Milhollandites hired this band last night to aid in expressing their sorrow that they ever came. Boss Hanna began discouraging this because sad and weary. The band tortured the people at the Southern Hotel with wails about "The Old Folks at Home." The "Coxeyites" sang "Farewell, Farewell," nine hundred and seventy-two times, and wound up with "Home, Sweet Home." After they had finished that, they went down to the railroad yard, where their train was and where the thermometer stood at a hundred and twenty in the shade.

There are no less than 500 employees of the National Convention. Nobody knows how they are to be paid. They are all of them over-officious and most of them are impudent. This morning they tried to keep the newspaper men from talking with any of the delegates. They succeeded until one of the New York men who wouldn't be bluffed started to go down among the delegates. Then there was a rumpus, the end of which was a victory for the newspaper man.

The only new decoration in the Convention hall to-day was a big blue flag right over the speakers' platform. On it in gilt letters were the words:

"Boston—American wages for American workmen. American markets for American people. Protection for American homes."

"Here, you; here, you. Now get your Republican coolers for a nickel," yelled the street fakirs all day, and they handed out great armfuls of fans.

"Here, you have your own," yelled the pullers-in for the gin mills. "Yar, now, get your Republican coolers," and they handed out glasses of beer, eight-tenths froth, one-tenth glass, and one-tenth beer. There was never so much froth sold for a nickel as there is in this city, the home of the beer brewers. It is altogether likely, however, that the gin-mill keepers to-day were trying to compete with the Convention speakers, who didn't do anything but give away froth.

The indignity of having to occupy a half seat on the floor of the Convention was too much for Cornelius N. Bliss. He couldn't go it, and he induced the Sergeant-at-Arms to provide a place for him on the platform among the distinguished guests, none of whom, by the way, it may be said without injustice, was distinguished. Mr. Bliss was entitled to a seat on the platform, any way, by virtue of his office as a member of the National Committee. He was a the only member of the committee who was a delegate, however, who did sit on the platform. From the seat he occupied he could neither see nor hear anything.

When Congressman Hepburn was making his minority report of the Committee on Credentials, and on reaching the State of Missouri said that old man Filley's delegate had been turned down unjustly, the old man himself hopped up, and waving his sugar-loaf hat above his head he danced a jig, while the galleries rang with rebel yells. The yell is proof positive that the crowd meant it, for nobody ever yells a rebel yell unless he is dead in earnest.

A tall, lean young man has been floating around the city for nearly a week now spending money like water. He has put up champagne for the boys whenever the occasion demanded, and has been hail fellow well met. He wears a black hat with a rim a foot wide, which is a sign that he is in from Texas. The young man was a mystery to a great many people for a while. He is E. H. R. Green, the son of Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, and he is a delegate to the Convention from Texas. He has one ambition, that is to get the Republican nomination for Governor of Texas. What in the world he wants it for nobody knows but himself.

John R. Calvert, a festive and patriarchal delegate from South Carolina, staying at the Southern, took a carriage drive on Tuesday night. He left the hotel at 11 o'clock and at 1 A. M. was found by two officers sitting on a sidewalk. He was minus a gold watch and chain which he valued at $90, also $60 in cash and his ticket back home, worth $23. The man with the carriage cannot be found.

The price of Convention tickets slumped again yesterday and admission tickets were sold as low as 25 cents each in many instances. One of the speculators was asked by a SUN reporter how business was. He said:

"We fellows got bit on this the worst way. I expected the price would go up to $30 or $40 and was glad to buy all I could get yesterday at $12.50 or $15, but now I am stuck. The fact that it is a cut-and-dried thing all along the line has kept away three-fourths of the people who would have come to see an open fight, and most of those who are here won't pay to get in to see the machine run. I paid out my good money yesterday willingly, but now my tickets are a drug on the market. To sell them I have to talk an arm off and then lose money. That set of tickets I just sold for $6 cost me $12.50, but I was glad to get it and not be out all I put into it."

Boss Hanna's men are playing the same sort of tactics in the Vice-Presidential game as they played when they were getting delegates for McKinley. This afternoon they announced that they had captured the following of H. Clay Evans of Tennessee, and would throw it to Hobart of New Jersey. At the same time that they were circulating this story they were working with the Iowa delegation. They told the Iowans that they would support Senator Gear for Vice-President. They wanted Allison votes for McKinley. The Iowans laughed at them.

The Massachusetts delegation last night sent an immense bouquet to the Tennessee headquarters bearing the compliments of the Easterners to H. Clay Evans, the Southern candidate for Vice-President.

The latest McKinley badge to be seen in St. Louis is a "dickey" shirt front on which is printed the head of the coming nominee, with a band of little stars around it. This McKinley breastplate is a little late in arriving, but has attracted more attention and commendation on that account.

CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE.

Hanna's Men Rode Rough Shod Over the Anti-McKinley Men.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—The Credentials Committee resumed its session this morning at the New Jersey headquarters at 10 o'clock, the contest between the Grant and Cuney factions, for the four delegates at large from Texas, being immediately taken up. The claim of the "Lily White" faction to representation from Texas was deferred until the Grant-Cuney case was settled. Under the order of business, adopted yesterday, four minutes was given to each side, Gen. Grosvenor, of Ohio, opened for the Grant faction, basing his argument chiefly on the usurpation of power by Chairman Cuney, of the Texas Convention. E. H. Terrell appeared for the Cuney faction and John Grant presented his own case.

Dr. Grant presented the record of the second Convention, showing that 641 members of the first Convention answered to the roll call in the second Convention. This was denied by the other side. Mr. Cuney closed the argument in a ten-minute speech. At 12:20 the debate was closed, and the committee went into secret session.

A motion to allow forty minutes' debate before taking a vote was defeated, 20 to 21. Then a motion to proceed to an immediate ballot was carried, 22 to 14. Judge Thompson of Ohio moved the seating of the delegation headed by Grant. Mr. Sutherland of New York moved a substitute that the delegation headed by Cuney be seated. The substitute was lost, ayes, 16; noes, 29. A motion to give the Lily Whites, who were ruled out by the National Committee, a hearing was carried down.

The resolution offered yesterday that the temporary roll presented by the National Committee be made the permanent roll of the Convention with the exception of the Delaware and Texas cases, which should be heard, then became the regular order. An amendment was offered adding the contest in the Twelfth Missouri district to those to be passed upon. Judge Thompson opposed the consideration of the Missouri case on the ground that if one were heard the committee could have no excuse for not hearing all cases that were disposed of by the National Committee, and said that it would take two weeks to hear them all.

The committee was about to take a vote on the question of adopting the remainder of the temporary roll as reported by the National Committee when Mr. McCamant of Oregon made a vigorous appeal for a hearing of the contest between the Filley and Kerens factions in Missouri, taking the ground that it differed from all other contests, and that to ignore it would jeopard the prospect of Republican success in Missouri.

Mr. Knight of California, where there is also a contest, opposed hearing any further cases. Congressman Hepburn of Iowa then moved to take up the contests on the delegates at large from Louisiana, the Ninth district of Texas, and the Fifth district of Georgia. A long debate followed. The motion was lost on a viva voce vote.

The roll call on the original resolution to adopt the temporary roll as the permanent one resulted, ayes, 31; noes, 13, and all further contests were put out. Chairman Fort was authorized to report to the Convention at 2 P. M. that the temporary roll prepared by the National Committee be adopted as the permanent roll, and that the names of the Higgins delegates from Delaware and the Grant delegates from Texas be added to the roll. The Committee adjourned at 1:20 P. M.

"There is a past
which is gone forever.
(We are satisfied with ours.)
But there is a future
which is still our own."
We're going to make that
future a good one if
right dealing with
the clothes-wearing
public will do it.
And we know
it will.
To-day's talk is on
those black Clay
diagonal coats and
vests in cutaway or
sacks. Vests have
chamois pockets.
Sacks single or double
breasted, slims, fats,
stouts, and regulars
Trousers to match, **$3.00.** } **$7.00**

Brill Brothers
Outfitters to Men.
THREE STORES { 279 Broadway, near Chambers. 47 Cortlandt, near Greenwich. 211 Sixth Ave., near 14th Street.
Shoes, Hats and Furnishings.

LONDON CALLS IT A COME DOWN.

The Financial News Sneers at the Republicans' Gold Plank.

LONDON, June 17.—The *Financial News*, in an article on the Republican National Convention at St. Louis, will say to-morrow:

"The gold party's ultimatum at St. Louis is a great come down. If accepted it will commit the Republican party to following slavishly in the path of Cleveland. English investors ought not to buy American securities simply because one party has annexed principles which failed when practised by the other.

"Possibly the accession to office of the Republicans will facilitate the keeping of a parity of silver and gold because the tariff will tend to curtail imports and so reduce the necessity for gold shipments."

SAUCES FOR TOBACCO.

Flavored to Suit the Diverse Tastes of Various Classes of Buyers.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

All tobaccos are treated with sauces before being made up into their commercial form. By this means they are flavored in various ways so as to adapt them to the tastes of consumers. The tastes of consumers vary in different localities, and to make his goods to suit is the business of the manufacturer. Each manufacturer has his own secret recipes, which are handed down from father to son. Tastes differ, even among people of various occupations. Miners, for instance, want a very strong tobacco, with a scent and flavor which another class would not relish. Outdoor workers in general like a stronger tobacco for smoking and chewing than indoor folks.

All tobaccos, in fact, are doctored. Sometimes it is done in an illegitimate way, for the purpose of deception. Ordinarily, however, it is honest and even necessary. One object of it is to make the tobacco keep better. Without such treatment it would become so much dry leaves, the aromatic properties passing off. Nitre is added to smoking tobacco in order to make it burn well. The leaves intended for chewing are steeped in licorice or other gum, in order that the plug shall have the requisite consistency and sweetness. Mucilaginous substances in small quantities are added to cigarette tobacco, so that the particles may hold together and not fall out of the paper wrapper. Some pipe tobaccos are heavily charged with perfumes by treating them with essential oils of rose, verbena, citronelle, bergamot, cassia, musk, and catechu.

It is not true that cigarettes are commonly charged with opium and other injurious drugs. However, they are flavored with essences of various plants, such as vanilla, stramonium, coffee, valerian, and tea. Occasionally a few tea leaves are mixed with the tobacco. These flavors are matters of fancy, and women particularly select their cigarettes with reference to them. Scarcely a plant that will yield an agreeable flavor escapes employment by the manufacturers of tobacco. Among those most used are the lemon, the orange, geranium, sassafras, thyme, anise, mint, and cinnamon. Honey and maple sugar are utilized for sweetening. A decoction of hay is sometimes applied to smoking tobacco.

The basis of a "sauce" is nearly always some spirituous liquor usually rum. Sometimes wine is used, diverting the sauce from its original. More or less molasses enters into the composition of much plug tobacco. The rum preserves the tobacco, and adds to the flavor of the plug. The plug trade for the United States navy is large, and it is required by the Government that the tobacco furnished in this shape for the use of its sailors shall contain no foreign substances, except a limited percentage of licorice. The tobacco leaves are dipped into the sauce or else sprinkled with it.

Free Trade After Fifty Years.

From the Saturday Review.

Both at home and abroad the fiftieth anniversary of the repeal of the Corn Laws, which is to be celebrated toward the end of this month, is exciting a good deal of controversy. In England neither party is quite sure about what it should say on the subject; they have both practically abandoned the old *laisser faire* attitude, and are inclined to nibble at protection in small things. But their leaders are afraid to admit it in so many words, although on the back benches of the Government side a very distinct protectionist group is forming itself. It has no definite policy, but it is full of blind wrath at the steadily approaching ruin of the "agricultural interest," and tries in vain to discover some means of reviving corn growing without bringing the town workman, who is said to be growing a good Tory, but who will dearly love a loaf of the "dear loaf." The problem is a difficult one; but it is, from the political point of view, worth making an attempt to solve it, for the man who discovers a means of uniting the rural and the industrial protectionist will find an enormously strong party at his back with demands to which neither Radical nor Tory can turn a deaf ear. Trade unionism, as Cobden saw, is in its essence rigidly protective, and there are marked symptoms, both in the iron and in the coal industries, of a feeling with regard to German and Belgian competition very similar to that existing among the farmers and their advocates. If this should develop, and if the two armies of discontent should join hands, the Cobden Club will have to pull itself together and face a fight much bigger than that of fifty years ago.

If the prospects of free trade at home are not particularly bright, the situation abroad is such as would have rejoiced Cobden to despair. The system of rigid protection which was established in Germany by Prince Bismarck in 1879-1887, and which was somewhat relaxed under Count Caprivi, is now more exclusive and aggressive than ever. The strongest protectionist in France has just been made Prime Minister, while in the United States the triumph of Mr. McKinley seems assured. Even Mr. Courtney, when he comes to address the Cobden Club at its jubilee dinner, will not deny that free trade is a forlorn hope over three-fourths of this world.

Cobden was the sublime type of what the Continental democrat loathes most of all—the "bourgeois." He was against trade unionism, against factory legislation, against everything that the workingman wears by, except, of course, the "cheap clothes," and that he and his friends advocated most of all because they thought it meant cheap labor. Cobden was hated and his meetings broken up by the real democrats of the time—the Chartists—and he swells with glory in describing his meetings, composed of "earnest, energetic men of the shopkeeping class." The fact is, of course, that a great deal of Cobden's work consisted in forcing an open door. Peel was at heart like Pitt, a free trader, and he only awaited his opportunity, which came with the agricultural crisis of 1845 and "the rain that rained away the Corn Laws." The question was not settled by the legislation of fifty years ago, and, as we have hinted, it may come up for reconsideration sooner than most people think.

The Brown Snake's Chuckle.

A man sits down to his dinner, if he be appreciatively hungry, with a broad smile on his lips, a merry twinkle in his eye, and a comfortable anticipatory feeling. A parallel to his case is contained in this paragraph in the London *Field*:

"I have several times heard snakes chuckling, always from the common little brown snake of Cachar, Bengal—a reptile about two feet long, usually when it was swallowing a frog. The sound very closely resembles that of a hen cackling to her chicks. It is one certainly of contentment."

Morgan & Brother, storage warehouse 232, 234, 236 West 47th st. Separate rooms for furniture, pianos, baggage, &c. Boxing, packing, and shipping. Padded vans for moving, city or country. Telephone 119-38. —ads.

NEARLY 250 LIVES LOST.

STEAMER DRUMMOND CASTLE WRECKED OFF USHANT.

Struck on the Rocks in the Middle of a Thick Night and Went Down in Three Minutes—Of the 143 Passengers and 104 Crew Only Three Known to Be Saved.

LONDON, June 17.—A despatch received here to-day reports that the British steamer Drummond Castle, which sailed from Table Bay May 28 for this port, has been sunk near Ushant, the most western of the islands off the coast of Brittany, France.

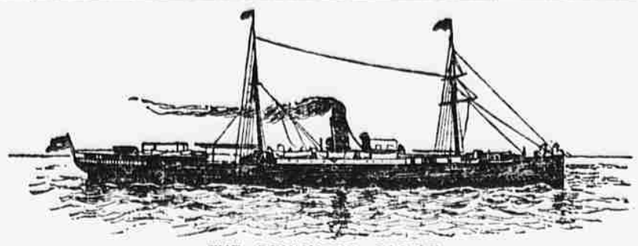
The Castle Steamship Company have issued the following bulletin received from the lighthouse keeper at Ushant:

"The steamer Drummond Castle was wrecked at midnight on June 16. A survivor of the disaster named Morwerk is at Ushant and two others are at Ile de Molen. Six bodies have been recovered, including that of Officer Gill. About six bodies have been placed in a special house. The ship sank in three minutes."

A representative of the Castle line stated this afternoon that the Drummond Castle's passenger list contained 143 names, and that she carried a crew of 104 men.

The following despatch was received this evening by the Castle Steamship Company from the British Consul at Brest:

"The Drummond Castle struck the rocks west of Ile de Molene at midnight on the 16th



THE DRUMMOND CASTLE.

and sank immediately. There was not time to take out the boats. Present information is that one person was saved at Ushant and two other survivors are at the Ile de Molene. Their names are not given. A Government tug is carrying on a search."

The United Press correspondent at Brest telegraphed at 10 o'clock this evening that no positive knowledge had been obtained up to that hour regarding the fate of the missing passengers and crew of the sunken steamer, except that, as before reported, one survivor was at Ushant and two others at Ile de Molene and that six bodies had been recovered. The correspondent also stated that a search is being made by steamers in the vicinity of the scene of the disaster in the hope of rescuing other survivors.

Incoming vessels which have arrived at Plymouth report that upon entering the Channel on the night of the 16th they encountered rainy weather and a rough sea, with some wind blowing.

A despatch from Brest says residents of Ile de Molene state that at midnight on June 16 they heard the piercing cries of persons on board the ill-fated steamer, but that the suddenness of the disaster prevented any aid being rendered.

A telegram was received to-night at the Admiralty Office from the Commander of the British war ship Sybille, which is cruising in the Bay of Biscay, confirming the reports previously received regarding the suddenness of the foundering of the Drummond Castle.

The telegram states that the Sybille lowered her boats and did all that it was possible to do to rescue those on board the steamer, but so sudden was the collapse of the vessel that the efforts of the cruiser's men were vain.

Many friends of persons who were known to have been on board the lost steamer, especially ladies, remained at the offices of the steamship company until late to-night, hoping to learn that there were other survivors of the disaster and that among them would be found their friends.

The meagre telegrams received, however, tended only to confirm the worst reports, and many of those who had been waiting a long time in the hope of obtaining favorable news, finally gave up and departed in grief for their homes. Several persons fainted, and there were many painful scenes.

Among the passengers on the Drummond Castle were some of the persons who were concerned in the recent troubles in the Transvaal.

Mail advices from Brest state that the Drummond Castle was making the passage for Plymouth to the east of Ushant Island when the accident occurred.

A slight haze hung over the water, and the steamer crashed upon a rock and foundered in three minutes.

Two torpedo boats have gone to join in the search for any who may have survived the disaster. The weather has been good, but there is a haze to-night.

It is conjectured that the Drummond Castle was lost while trying to make the always dangerous passage to the east of Ushant Island.

LONDON, June 18.—The Castle Steamship Company at midnight had received no further news regarding the sinking of the Drummond Castle.

The first announcement of the disaster was made in a despatch to the Maritime Prefect of Brest from Le Conquet, a fishing village on the mainland.

The *Daily News* prints the names of some of the passengers on the Drummond Castle, including a number of residents of Johannesburg Kimberley, and Cape Town who were accompanied by their wives and children.

The *News* also publishes a report of an interview had with Sir Donald Currie, M. P., Chairman of the Castle Steamship Company, in which Sir Donald declared that he had not the slightest idea as to the cause of the disaster.

Ushant, he said, was a terrible place, the currents in the vicinity of the island being very strong and running irregularly. Capt. Pearce, Sir Donald added, had been thirty-three years in the company's service and was considered a first-rate man.

The Drummond Castle was a brig-rigged iron screw steamer of 2,352 tons register. She was 305 feet long, 43.5 feet beam, and 31.3 feet depth of hold. She was built at Glasgow in 1881, and was owned by D. Currie & Co. of London.

PROBABLY AGAINST THE JESUITS.

Prince Hohenlohe Says that Will Be the Decision of the Bundesrath.

BERLIN, June 17.—In the Reichstag to-day Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor speaking upon the motion of the Centrists for the admission of Jesuits into Germany, said that the Bundesrath had not yet reached a decision upon a similar motion made in 1895, but it was not probable that they would assent to the proposal. The Government, however, he said, were willing to consider the admission of other religious orders, for instance, the Redemptorist Fathers, and the like.

FOR THE GOLD STANDARD.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach Says England's Credit Rests Upon It.

LONDON, June 17.—A dinner was given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House this evening to the prominent bankers of London. The Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was the principal guest, made a speech in which he defended the gold standard, upon which, he asserted, the gigantic fabric of the country's credit rested. Sir Michael advised the bankers to propagate their views so that the cotton operatives of Lancashire and the half-ruined farmers in the south of England should not be led away by bimetallic theories.

DE MORES REPORTED KILLED.

Said to Have Been Assassinated by Arabs Near Tripoli.

TUNIS, June 17.—Rumors are being persistently circulated here that the Marquis de Mores, who, it was recently stated, had started for the Soudan for the purpose of renewing friendly relations with certain Arab chiefs, with the idea of obstructing the British expedition, has been assassinated by Snoussis tribesmen, and that thirty of his followers have also been killed. The scene of the massacre, according to these reports, is a point thirty miles south of Tripoli.

BRITISH GUIANA INVADED.

Official Reports in London of an Advance by Venezuelan Troops.

LONDON, June 17.—Official reports have been received at the Foreign Office of an incursion into British Guiana by Venezuelan troops.

Congregational Pilgrims at Farnham.

LONDON, June 17.—The American Congregational ministers who are making a pilgrimage to England, and later will go to Holland, paid a visit to Farnham to-day, and were cordially received by the Bishop of Winchester, who, in a speech, traced the history of the castle at Farnham, which the pilgrims visited. The pilgrims later had luncheon in the great hall of the castle. The Hon. Jonathan A. Lane and the Rev. A. E. Dunning of Boston made brief addresses expressing to the Bishop of Winchester the thanks of the visitors for their reception and entertainment.

Presbyterian Convention at Glasgow.

GLASGOW, June 17.—A Presbyterian Convention, the sittings of which will be attended by sixty ministers of that denomination from the United States, was opened in this city to-day, the members attending service in the cathedral.

The opening session of the Convention was held in the City Hall. Dr. Roberts of Philadelphia, Pa., delivered the Presidential address.

Cretan Assembly Convoked.

CANEA, Crete, June 17.—The Governor of the island of Crete has convoked the Cretan Assembly.

A Sportsman Without Hands.

Jim Wilson, colored, lost both hands in the early seventies at Dover, Del., by the explosion of a Fourth of July cannon, but in spite of his misfortune he is a good shot with a gun, he digs well with a spade, and does other things which men without hands are supposed to be incapable of doing. He is a fisherman, also. He uses a muzzle-loading shotgun, measures out the proper charge of powder, rams home the wad, drops in the shot, and puts another wad down, and when a rabbit goes hopping past it throws the gun to his shoulder, pulls the trigger strong with his teeth, aims, and by throwing back his head discharges the weapon, usually with deadly results on the rabbit.

Where Yesterday's Fires Were.

A. M.—2:20, 216 West Sixty fourth street, J. Edward Laycroft, damage $15; 5:30, 219 West Twenty ninth street, Chinsto Cattle, damage $5; 7:15, 97 Stanton street, damage trifling.

P. M.—2:50, 431 West Fifty second street, Patrick Kely, damage $50; 4:50, 51 Rutgers street, damage trifling; 5:10, 77 Henry street, Samuel Vrena Dam, damage $7,500; 5:15, 216 Sixth avenue, Pickus & Co., damage $1,000; 7:50, 155 Second avenue, Michael Schotz, damage $1,000; 8:00, 31 West 126th street, William Lorgel, no damage; 9:20, 161 East Fifty third street, damage trifling.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.
Newest Designs at
Factory Prices.

FLATS AND LEASES.

An Occult Relation Exists Between the Two, Real Estate Men Say.

Some real estate men familiar with the letting market are claiming that unless there is soon an adjustment of the lease question in middle-priced flats, the value of these as an investment must necessarily depreciate in the future. In flats of the very highest grade, expensive in construction and situated in the most eligible parts of town for residential purposes, the custom is for the owners or their agents to execute yearly leases for the flats dating from May 1, and by this arrangement the letting of a floor or apartment is assured during the full term of one year. In flats not of the first grade the custom is to make leases by the month, and in fur