BLESSED ST. PARTRIDGE DAY.

JOY OF THE SPORTSMAN WHEN THE COVEY'S ON THE WING.

Our Partridges Are Really Grouse, but the Delights of the Shooting Season Are as Great as in England—The Rare Varieties Found in Canada.

KNOWLTON, Quebec, Sept. 4.—Of all the dedications of the year, the day consecrated to St. Partridge is one of the dearest to sportsmen. To the Briton it means the tramp over the stubble or alongside the turnip patches, pointers sniffling along in front, whirling off noisily flying coveys, and the rattling of breechloaders. They are pretty, plump birds, those the well-trained retrievers bring to one's feet—like magnified quails, in plumage with a trifle more bronze about them, in size nearly twice the American robin. Nicely browned in a quick oven, with a circumambient aroma of thyme from the crumb stuffing, and an attendant butterboat of bread sauce, the *perdix cinerea* of England is a comforting article to meet with in any bill of fare.

We may be rather astray in our nomenclature on this side of the water, for what are commonly called partridges here are really grouse, but only the dilettante worries over that fact. For size, for startling nerve-trying effect as he starts his flight, for speed on the wing, for ability to fly in a manner most baffling to the wing shot, our bird is as much superior to the other little chap, as is the wild turkey to a turkey buzzard. And we are not so very far wrong about the name after all. The birds are nearly related and come of the same family, *tetraonidæ*, being cousins so to speak.

A rocketing old woodcock dodging along on the subsidiary wings of a gale, at an acute angle from the line of fire, is proverbially a trying mark for any kind of a sportsman. But a whirring, dashing ruffed grouse starting from somewhere near your feet, on the edge of a thick growing timber, and like a flash putting himself behind intervening trees, is an almost impossible wing shot for even the woodcock expert. That old sportsman, Dr. Ralph Bell of Ottawa, whose gun had done good foraging service on Dr. Rae's Franklin expedition in Arctic regions, once declared that they were for their size the strongest flying things on feathers. He had missed several flying birds that day, the wind being high, and the leaves thick, and it being his first appearance for the season he disdained to take them perched, or on the ground. Just as evening was coming on, his companions hurried to see what his call foreboded, and found him seated in triumph beside a noble red deer he had almost run against in the covert. So close was the doctor, and so true his aim, that his charge of No 8 shot had torn a big hole through the jugular into the head of the buck, which fell almost on the spot. The inconsistency of slaughtering an innocent standing deer and of reviling those who would shoot treed partridges, was so brought home to him at night beside the camp fire, that next day he adopted the method popular in that district, and came in loaded down with birds.

That was in the country north of Ottawa, about eighty miles up the river as the crow flies. A spaniel thoroughly up to scenting the game is a first requisite there. Generations of lurking foxes have taught the grouse to take to the trees when the dog appears, and fear keeps them rigidly perched on the boughs, so long as there is any sound or sight of the presence of anything that yelps. Sometimes the gunner kills several birds in the same tree before paralyzing fright permits the brood to stir. On one occasion when the pot-hunter for a surveying party in Pontiac county had shot his first bird off a well-loaded tree he was startled by something dark darting away with the game. He did not realize for the moment that the thief was the owner of the most valuable coat in the woods, the black or silver fox. Regret it as he might and did, Reynard in the one-hundred-dollar costume was not seen again.

St. Partridge day does not fall on Sept. 1 as of yore, in the Province of Quebec. It was found that in this latitude the young birds had tail and wing feathers only half grown at that time, and in consequence of their immature wisdom, and undeveloped power of flight, the bush was fast becoming denuded of partridges. So, in response to a very general request, the close season was extended for fifteen days with beneficial results already. The patient huntsman who is content to meander on a still hunt across the beech ridges, around the edge of berry patches, or along wood roads, where the clover beloved of grouse grows in patches, may pick up a good bag, even in the old border counties of Brome and Missisquoi.

But for really good brisk shooting, a point eighty or a hundred miles above Ottawa should be chosen. The varieties locally known as swamp partridge and spruce partridge are to be had there as well as the best known ruffed grouse. The first is a beautiful bird, rather rare now but worth all the labor and search he causes. He shows more red about the eye than does the ordinary grouse. His plumage and shape approach nearer to the Guinea fowl, and he is not, in the shooting season at least, gregarious in his habits. So smooth and neat is his attire, that he appears quite out of place in the dense swamps where he is commonly found. In fact, as a well-known Wall Street operator once whispered to the writer as he watched a cock bird strutting and swelling: "It does seem a shame to kill such an uncommon beauty, and as great a shame to leave him in such a place."

The spruce partridges are smaller than the other kinds, and their flesh is rather dry, and occasionally of a balsam-like flavor. There are a dozen broods of these gamey little birds around the Blue Sea Lake this very season.

Later in the season when the snows appear, the huntsman of things uncommon would find the white partridge about the Lépine, the Rédam or the Barrière lumber camps. Nowhere else are the daintily clad ptarmigan with the dancing black eyes to be found so accessible to civilization. The writer has started broods of over a score of them at a time amid the young willow shoots, and though they are rather tame for good sport and not so delicious morsels as the ruffled grouse, they are by no means to be despised. A bird might fall far short of rivalling roast partridge and yet be very fair eating. And certainly a bird might be much easier to secure than is the ordinary partridge, and yet furnish very good hunting.

EVENING DRESS IN SARATOGA.

That Is to Say, in Saratoga in the New State of Wyoming.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

John Charles is a cowboy from Saratoga, Wyo., in San Francisco on a two weeks' vacation. In Saratoga, Wyo., full dress is a wide sombrero, flannel shirt, corduroy trousers knee boots, and a six-shooter on each hip suspended from a belt filled with cartridges. Charles took advantage of the vacation to pay his first visit to San Francisco, but unfortunately, no one had told him of the difference in customs, and he was in full dress when he met a policeman Wednesday evening. Now, there was nothing rude nor aggressive in the meeting, only an invitation to go to the Hall of Justice where Charles had to bail himself out with money he had earned, the patrolman having charged him with carrying concealed weapons. Yesterday he was before Judge Fritz, who asked:

"Do you always wear those things in Saratoga?"

"Why, yes, Judge; it's the custom. A man ain't fully dressed without his guns, especially in the evening. Up there it is good form to oil, wipe and load and buckle on your guns at 8 o'clock in the evening. I had just finished dressing and got on the street when I met this officer. My guns were not concealed; anybody could see them. It ain't good form to hide the fact that you are heeled."

"Well, Charles, you were not arrested so much for a violation of the law, being a traveller, as you were for your own safety. Some one might conceive the impression that you were a bad man and take your pistols away from you. Wrap those weapons up in a newspaper now, and take them back to your hotel, where you must leave them until you are ready to leave town."

"All right, Judge. I am much obliged to you for putting me right. Being a visitor I don't want to break any custom. Good-day."

THE SILENCE AND SPEECH CONTROVERSY.

A Question That Interests Many Earnest Correspondents.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* This latest discussion about silent men is entertaining. Conversation, to be of value, must be natural and spontaneous. Any other sort may kill time but it serves no other use. A driver knows that to get the best result from his trotter he must not urge the horse beyond his pace or he will break and lose. So if you urge a man into talking when and where he cannot respond, he will either break into an ineffective pace not his own or balk.

Woman's conversation is largely artificial; she is usually playing diplomat. Man's conversation is usually the spontaneous expression of naturally evolved thoughts. Man refuses to be urged into conversation. You cannot make him talk any more than you can make a horse drink, to return to our equine. If you find him to be silent, just keep silent yourself for a bit and he will soon speak and, very likely, say something, too.

Why do many women feel great discomfort during a momentary pause in conversation? They seem to think it is awful. They appear to hold themselves responsible for it. They fly to speech, say something, anything, (or better) nothing, nervous to bridge over the wait. The man, doubtless, has been evolving some thought into form for expression, perhaps is about to volunteer a new and interesting subject, but his thoughts are interrupted by the senseless remark and he loses them. Thoughtful persons do not grow uneasy over a pause in conversation. Conversation should be restful, not laborious. It is for man a diversion. Because a man doesn't feel like making work of a conversation doesn't signify that he is selfish. It is positively exhausting to try to keep pace with some talk, not because it is profound, but because it is rapid and lacks what you are trying to find—ideas. For instance, how do you like to be obliged to say "Yes," "No," "Yes," "No," in reply to rapid-fire questions as they come out during the telling of an interminable story of an inconsequential experience, the most minute details of which are discharged at you like grape shot, requiring your most alert attention and wearisome mental effort lest you be unprepared at any moment to reply, "Yes, I think so," to show you are aware you are being told, perchance, of a pet cat's antics?

Interesting women seldom have to complain about silent men. The clever woman who opened this discussion may have charmed her listeners into absolute quiet. Men usually keep silent when they find their own thoughts more profitable. Their minds are by no means dormant. We are told that good breeding demands that a man try to "make himself agreeable." We are told, also, by some good ministers that devoutness requires that their congregations be attentive. Allowance must be made for some men's diffidence, but if your friend won't talk, keep silent yourself for a period and see if that doesn't bring him.

ONE OF THE "DORMANT MINDED."

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

Sir: The question, "Do the silent think?" recalls what my friend, a Philadelphia Quaker, once said to me when I had proposed my company, on one of his twilight pilgrimages to Fairmount Park—that though I should remain mute, my presence would interrupt his complete communion with Nature.

To him, the murmuring of the breeze, the music of the birds, the blooming of the flowers, the hum of insect life, the rustle of the foliage, every natural sound or bit of scene beauty were inoculations of beautiful thoughts—glimpses of heavenly visions of St. John, arousing him to themes of mental sublimity. His well-stored brain heard sermons in stones, speech in the running brook, and God in all. Only the gifted tongue of Chateaubriand could express them. The mental pictures they evoked, could be painted only by the brush and color of a Rubens or a Michael Angelo. Milton and Horace only could interpret that meaning to the ordinary understanding. They reminded him of many beautiful passages, a lesson he had read in many a volume of forgotten lore. Although he was a man full of years and understanding, able to speak in many languages, yet he chose to remain silent midst the grandeur of his own magnificent thoughts.

JOHN HALLIDAY, M. D.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

Sir: The question "What do the silent think?" has often occurred to me in associating with people who, while possessing faces of average intelligence, seemed to utterly lack the faculty of talking and who, to the casual observer, seemed to be thinking unutterable thoughts unto themselves.

I think the type referred to should be divided into two classes. In the first I would put those who can and will not talk, who find self-communion more satisfactory than the exchange of ideas with another and who are too selfish to consider their obligation to society. I have said that these people can talk if they will, but that statement should be modified. Any faculty becomes rusted by disuse. The selfish non-talker might have difficulties at first should he suddenly decide to put his thoughts into words with any degree of fluency.

In the second class I would put the people who are silent because stupid. These people sometimes acquire an undeserved reputation for profundity of thought. In any event they deserve credit for good nature. They are infinitely more bearable than those who have nothing of importance to say but who don't know enough to keep still.

All this, of course does not answer your correspondent's question, "What do the silent think?" I, too, wish they would write and tell us.

J. H. PIERSON.

MASSILLON, Ohio, Sept. 4.

Sir: I am glad this controversy over silence has been introduced for I trust it may be the means of silencing some everlasting talkers and say-nothing people who seem to imagine that they know everything and that all others are ignoramuses.

The main reason why most men don't talk is that some old chatterbox "holds the fort." The medium between the two extremes will guarantee an occasional word for the silent man.

In 1895, while on my way to the Thousand Islands, I was thinking what I would do if I had unlimited power, several people spoke to me but I answered not a word until I decided I would revolutionize the earth and persuade everybody to do right.

H. C. D.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 5.

Sir: In my experience, the one great factor in determining a person's conversational ability, is association, another term for breeding and social education. Beyond this, there are many varied and pronounced reasons why one should or should not be silent. Among relations and intimates, silence is out of the question. There remain: Strangers, first introductions, acquaintances. Prudence, together with mutual attraction or repulsion, settles the first class. Society defines with great exactness the lines for No. 2's edification. The third class is the one that deserves a longer digression.

It is a generally conceded fact that the silent folks are in the minority. I venture to opine this is as it should be. I think it harmonizes matters considerably to have a few silent folks around. It is well that it is so for the lively folks, since if every one was equally talkative, or possessed those qualities that go to the making of the successful entertainer, what commotion there would be! I think I am safe in assuming that these same people who object so strongly to the silent ones would complain more if there was no silence. I find it to be the case that when a fairly clever person comes into contact or in the vicinity of one superior in the art of talk, the former invariably becomes almost as dumb as the veritable mute up for disenchantment. Allow me to disagree with one of your correspondents who says the silent ones are self-conscious and selfish. They may be generosity itself. The one is fond of talking; her near neighbor is fond of keeping quiet. To decide which is the less selfish we must know the reasons for their different attitudes. One may be just as selfish as the other.

P. M. F.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

Sir: Sorry the lot of the "silent man" unfortunate enough to be the guest of "A Man" from Seabright! To the naturally refined and courteous, silence could be the only answer to such a statement as "They are silent because their minds are a blank."

There is an innate refinement not acquired wholly by "breeding" and more hardly by "social familiarity," which by the very nature of its being, instinctively uses the quiet protest of silence against the volubility of the vain and self-assertive, the complacent assumption of social and mental superiority and the insufferable inanities of social small talk, at present so generally served with the *sauce piquante* of Bowery vaudeville slang and the piano accompaniment of coon songs and rag time. It seems to me there is much in social usage, conversation and manners to make the thoughtful silent; it is often the reason why he is silent. May his tribe increase.

CHARLES N. HOAR.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.

Sir: Here is the experience of one silent man. The art of holding his tongue was not born in this man but has been a growth.

He remembers early in life hearing a young man hold forth for an hour, with perfect assurance that he was holding his audience, and, indeed, a whole roomful seemed interested, about the personal peculiarities of his grandma, his Uncle Isaac and his Aunt Sarah, their likes and dislikes, what they ate for breakfast, how many hours they slept and any number of like trivialities. The silent man had a grandmother, and uncle and aunt of his own, but he shrank from dragging them into the light of semi-publicity, not only on account of his regard for these estimable people, but also because he was unable to conceive how their doings could possibly interest strangers.

Again, he heard persons discoursing of their aching limbs, their slothful livers and their weak stomachs. They found eager and sympathetic auditors who betrayed no signs of weariness or impatience until they felt the time had come round for them to talk of their own livers and stomachs. The silent man had a few physical imperfections of his own, but it would have been as easy for him to talk of them in public as it would have been for him to disembarrass himself of his shirt in public.

Thus conversation gradually grew to mean to him a lively clacking of the tongue, an incessant buzzing of the human voice, with little regard to what was actually said. The silent man was not a dummy, and could have given a fairly intelligent answer to any question regarding the movements of the heavenly bodies, the higher criticism or the future of American literature. But nobody seemed to have time for conversation on such subjects.

The silent man was far from thinking himself superior to the people who talked about their livers and their grandmas. Indeed, he envied them their ability to entertain, and even made one or two desperate attempts to imitate them. But the leopard could not change his spots. Thus silence grew to be a habit with him, and he fell into the way of communing with his own thoughts. At rare intervals he meets a sympathetic soul to whom he finds he has something to say. But this is always a *solitude à deux*. In general company he knows he will ever be a silent factor.

Your correspondent asks if the silent man thinks while he remains silent. He does, good madam. He thinks hard. In fact, if he may say so without offence, he keeps up a devil of a thinking.

J. F. T.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

Sir: My interest in human nature is sufficiently keen to have induced me to observe and make inquiries in relation to the mental activity of persons who are addicted to the conserving of their faculties of oral expression.

The sum of my investigations is that persons who speak infrequently are possessed of more than ordinarily active mental faculties, but have natures that cannot readily be brought in sympathy with immediate surroundings or subjects of conversation. They have a mental world of their own in which they dwell peacefully; and there is a disposition rather to resent any encroachment than to court it.

They do not feel any particular desire to give oral expression to their thoughts because, for one reason, they do not recognize the utility of so doing; and, for another reason, they are not possessed of the gift of oral expression; yet I have known a veritable sphinx who has become almost eloquent in the oral expression of ideas in relation to the subjects most interesting to himself. My experience further teaches me that such people seldom, if ever, display any difficulty in properly expressing their thoughts in writing. It is simply that they have not "the gift of gab," which brings me to the expression of a thought that has impressed me profoundly, viz: There is altogether too much indulgence in the faculty of speech by the human race.

Since, through the process of evolution, our simian ancestors acquired that faculty there has been a distinct check to evolution. Forces which might have acted in evolving a yet higher rate of beings have been expended in talk. A link of energy has been wasted every instant in the expression of theories absolutely opposed to common sense and reason; of arguments based on tommyrot; and in relation to shoe strings. Who is it that sifts what is worth while and of permanent value from the tornadoes of talk indulged in by the orators and plain wind bags? The thinking man.

"Mrs. J. K. H." admits that her silent friends are above the average intelligence. How, then, can she reasonably ask whether their brains lie dormant? She must have some evidence of their superior intelligence. What is the nature of the evidence? Has she discovered what subjects are of highest interest to the silent ones? If so, have they ever expressed any consecutive and sustained ideas in relation thereto? If not orally, then by writing?

Let her pursue her inquiries more systematically, and she will soon discover whether her friends' brains lie dormant.

B. M. TATE.

BUFFALO, Sept. 4.

Sir: Do the silent ones ever think? Of course they do! They are perpetually wondering how under the sun the other fellow finds so much to talk about, and what in the name of common sense he is driving at.

ONE WHO HAS WONDERED.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

Sir: "A Silent One" in to-day's SUN should have written "The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb," instead of "The shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb," as quoted by him.

J. L. B.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 5.

Sir: One thing seems to have escaped the notice of your correspondents who have sought to answer the question: "Do the silent think?" namely, that there are times when the subconscious individuality holds complete sway over the outward mind and body. Nearly all deep-thinking individuals have this subconsciousness so strongly developed that very frequently they fall into spells of abstraction, or, properly speaking, introspection, and at such times the normal consciousness is quiescent, which becomes painfully evident, often, when the "silent one" is being bombarded by a rattle of shallow verbal artillery. At such times his outward sensibilities, already held in bondage by the more powerful subconsciousness, are therefore lulled to sleep, as one lying under a roof with the rain pattering on it, and, no matter how hard he tries, it is simply impossible for him to be responsive.

But let such a one be approached on a subject with which his subconscious self is occupied, and, behold! there is a quick metamorphosis from a slain to a brilliant conversationalist. It is like touching a slow match to a set piece of fireworks.

Most silent people possess a great fund of matured thought. While they are, as a rule, slow at repartee and badinage, they rise to the occasion when drawn out by souls that are en rapport with their own. But this requires some tact and spiritual insight. I would add that it is usually the truly spiritual man who is the "silent one."

EMILE PICKHARDT.

ISLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 5.

Sir: It should not read "Do the silent think?" but, "Do talking people ever think?"

I have listened to chattering humanity now some forty years, and was long ago convinced that the world would be much happier, much more prosperous, and much more moral, were 99 per cent of the so-called literature and conversation never uttered or put into words. Analyze the conversation that you have heard, any conversation, in the home, club, church, gathering or meeting of any kind and it is all absolutely devoid of thought. It consists of a rehash of old thoughts, centuries old, long since dead or now in decay.

Some wise man has said that not one person in a million ever thinks. There are 75,000,000 people in the United States. Rash, indeed, would that man be who would assert that we have seventy-five thinkers. We have not ten—or have we one?

There is a happy parallelism between the human race and the race of the barn-yard hens in this matter of talking and thinking. In the barn-yard the males principally know how to fight and crow, the females principally know how to cackle and scratch. So with the race human, every act of the male may be reduced in the last analysis to fighting or crowing, and the entire life of a woman may in the last analysis be reduced to cackle and scratch. When the husband comes home in the evening she regales him with the capers of the children or the events of the day—cackles. No thought is needed, none is required, and in ten thousand years no thought has been produced by any woman on this theme but she will scratch up the doings of her neighbors, or at mothers' meetings, the club or the church, she gets into the clothes or reputation of other women—she scratches. No thought is needed to scratch. No thought has even been produced by the scratching of women.

It may be taken as an axiom, or a demonstrated proposition, not only that women never think, but with all their chatter, they say absolutely nothing. When "Mrs. J. K. H." had completed the two dozen blocks of chatter with her silent companion, he probably felt like remarking to her: "Do you realize, madam, that you have been talking for half an hour and have said nothing? But politeness prevented him from letting slip the apparently unkind remark.

"One of the Silent" says that the silent are those who dislike women. Exactly the contrary. I love it, is the truth. The silent adore the voluble with a deep, true, everlasting fervor, that is utterly unknown to either the chattering man or to womankind herself. That man who dislikes woman is for the time off his mental balance, either partially or wholly insane. Every healthy well-poised man loves a woman, or womankind, better than he loves his own life, and will, in case of opportunity, sacrifice his life for her. And while I love her much more than I love my own soul, I have often thought how much happier this green old world would be had a woman been created with all her present charms and graces, yet absolutely without the power of speech.

And what an immense fortune there is in store for some future Dr. Koch, or Dr. Pasteur, who will invent a lymph or serum which can be administered by a husband to his wife and will keep her silent for a day, a week, or a month, without injury to her other faculties or to her temper. Within a few years such an inventor would have a greater fortune than all existing millionaires combined.

Make no mistake, "Mrs. J. K. H.," please, the silent are the only ones who ever think. To the talkers it is only thought impossible, but if they would stop to think over what they have said, and analyze it down to its true nothingness, they would be so ashamed that they would cease talking and try to do a little thinking.

A HAPPY BACHELOR.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

Sir: Your correspondent, "An Old New Yorker," takes the trouble to deny what no one ever asserted: That wisdom and taciturnity are cause and consequence. But it would be safe to affirm that volubility and stupidity are closely related. Macaulay's "flow of language" is said by his contemporaries to have made him a bore, while Dr. Johnson's idea of conversation was to pour out sesquipedalian words without intermission. Taciturnity is not, as your correspondent thinks, a great misfortune, but a source of infinite happiness and serenity, provided it is the result of self-sufficiency, or what might be styled an enlightened egotism, the product of a high condition of intellectual development; in such a state no one is ever less alone than when he is alone. The craving for society and companionship just in the proportion to which it is felt is the unconscious confession of incapacity. There is no happiness in "intercourse with the world" comparable to that which one may discover in a life spent in companionship with one's self.

"Habitual self-repression, self-consciousness and self-introspection" may be, as your correspondent asserts, "social vices" which "destroy the victim of them as a member of society," but such a "victim" will get from his own self-knowledge and his delight in himself far more than he can ever hope to attain from "society," with all its shams, its frivolities, its vacuities and its inevitable disappointments. "We dream alone, we suffer alone, we die alone, we inhabit the last resting place alone." But there is nothing to prevent us from opening our solitude to God. And so what was an austere monologue becomes dialogue, reluctance becomes docility, renunciation passes into peace, and the sense of painful defeat is lost in the sense of recovered liberty.

ONE OF THE SILENT.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 6.

Willie Is a Natural Failer.

From the Philadelphia Record.

William Earnshaw, whose years are seven, lives on Crawford street at the Falls of Schuylkill, where he is called "The Rubber Boy." This term they give him there because, though he falls two or three times a week, he never hurts himself.

Only yesterday he climbed to the top of a telegraph pole and fell 40 feet to the ground, striking which, it is said, he rebounded slightly. Then he arose looking greatly annoyed, and walked home without even limping. The lad has had some 30 lofty falls in the course of his brief life. There is scarcely a barn, a stable or a carriage-house in his neighborhood from which he has not taken, some time or other, a few tumbles. Until yesterday he was proudest of a fall which he made in July from the bridge over the Reading Railway, above Belleveue. That was a 46-foot fall, and he boasted of it until his friends were almost bored. Now, however, he regards his feat of yesterday as his record.

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Pan-American Route with N.Y.C. or West Shore R.R. Palatial Day Steamers "New York" and "Albany." Fastest and finest river boats in the World. DAILY, except Sunday. For the Catskills, Albany, Saratoga, Buffalo and all points, East, North and West.

Leave Brooklyn, Fulton St. (by Annex)	8.00 A. M.
" Desbrosses St. Pier	8.40 "
" West 22d St.	9.00 "

Landing at Yonkers, West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Kingston Point, Catskill, Hudson and Albany. Through tickets to Buffalo and all points on sale at leading ticket offices, including those of New York Transfer Co., who check baggage from residence to destination.

CONCERTS MORNING AND AFTERNOON.

CENTRAL HUDSON BOATS.

STMR. "RAM DELL" LEAVES FRANKLIN ST. PIER, week days, 9:30 A. M., W. 129TH ST. 10 A. M. for WEST POINT, COLD SPRING, CORNWALL and NEWBURGH; connects at CORNWALL with trains for all points on N. Y., O. & W. Ry. Sundays leave 1st hour earlier and extends trip to POUGHKEEPSIE and RONDOUT.

STMR. "ALDWIN" or "ROMER" LEAVES FRANKLIN ST., week days, except Saturdays 4 P. M. Saturdays 2 P. M., for NEWBURGH, POUGHKEEPSIE, RONDOUT and intermediate landings.

STM. "NEWBURGH" or "MARLBOROUGH" LEAVES FRANKLIN ST., week days, at 5 P. M., landing at TARRYTOWNS, NYACK, GRAND View, COLD SPRING, CORNWALL, NEWBURGH, HIGHLAND and POUGHKEEPSIE. Saturday lands at W. 129TH ST., 5:30 P. M.

PEOPLE'S LINE

Albany, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Saratoga, Lake George and Adirondacks.

DIRECT PAN AMERICAN ROUTE.

Steamers Adirondack or Dean Richmond leave Pier 32, N. R., foot Canal street, at 6 P. M., week days only, connecting at Albany with Buffalo express. Saturday night steamer connects with Sunday morning trains for Buffalo, Saratoga, North Creek, Caldwell, and steamer on Lake George.

TROY BOATS.

REBUILT, REFURNISHED & REDECORATED Steamers SARATOGA or CITY OF TROY leave West 10th st. daily at 6 P. M., except Saturday, Sundays steamers touch at Albany. Direct railroad connection at Troy for all resorts north and east.

Dining Rooms on Main Deck; Searchlight Display

Excursions Troy, $2.50; Saratoga, $4.50.

Send for booklet excursion tours.

Ocean Steamers.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic....Sept. 11 noon | Oceanic....Sept. 18, 9 A. M.
Celtic....Sept. 17, 5 A. M. | Teutonic....Sept. 25, noon

For passage, freight and excursion rates apply to WHITE STAR LINE, Pier 48, North River. Office, 9 Broadway, New York.

PUBLIC INSPECTION.—The new steamship "Celtic" (the largest in the world), will be thrown open for inspection on Saturday, 14th September, between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., for the benefit of Seamen's Charitable Institutions in New York city.

Tickets obtainable at White Star Pier, No. 48, North River. 25 cents.

ANCHOR LINE. Glasgow, via Londonderry.

Pier 54, North River, foot W. 24th st.

Astoria....Sept. 14, noon | Furnessia....Sept. 28, noon
Anchoria....Sept. 21, noon | Ethiopia....Oct. 5, noon

Cabin, $50 up; 2d cabin, $32.50 up; 3d class, $18.

HENDERSON BROTHERS, 17 and 19 Broadway.

Ocean Steamers.

Hamburg-American.

TWIN SCREW EXPRESS SERVICE.
Every Thursday to
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—HAMBURG.

A. Victoria, Sept. 12, 10 A.M.	Deutschland, Oct. 3, 9 A.M.
Columbia, Sept. 19, 10 A.M.	A. Victoria, Oct. 10, 10 A.M.
F. Wilh'm, Sep. 26, 7:30 A.M.	Columbia, Oct. 17, 10 A.M.

TWIN SCREW PASSENGER SERVICE.
Every Saturday to
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—HAMBURG.

*Bulgaria, Sept. 14, 6 A.M.	Patricia....Oct. 12, 5 A.M.
Penns'a, Sep. 21, 10:30 A.M.	Waldersee, Oct. 19, 9 A.M.
Pretoria....Sept. 28, 5 A.M.	*Palatia....Oct. 26, 3 P.M.
*Phoenicia, Oct. 5, 10:30 A.M.	Penns'a, Nov. 2, 9:30 A.M.

*To Hamburg direct.

Hamburg-American Line, 37 Broadway, N. Y.

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.
NEW YORK—LONDON.

MARQUETTE....Sept. 14, 9 A. M.
MENOMINEE....Sept. 21, 9 A. M.
MINNEHAHA....Sept. 21, 11 A. M.
MANITOU....Sept. 28, 9 A. M.
MESABA....Oct. 5, 9 A. M.
MINNEAPOLIS....Oct. 5, 11:30 A. M.

ALL MODERN STEAMERS, LUXURIOUSLY FITTED WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE. ALL STATEROOMS AMIDSHIPS ON UPPER DECKS.

FIRST CABIN PASSENGERS CARRIED FROM NEW YORK TO ST. PANCRAS STATION, LONDON. FOR RATES, ETC., APPLY TO 1 B'WAY.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.

Philadelphia, Sep. 11, 10 am | St. Louis, Sept. 25, 10 a.m.
St. Paul, Sept. 18, 10 a. m. | Philadelphia, Oct. 2, 10 a.m.
Haverford, Sept. 21, noon | St. Paul, Oct. 9, 10 a.m.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

*Vaderland, Sept. 11 noon | Zeeland....Sept. 25, noon
Kensington, Sept. 18, noon | Friesland....Oct. 2, noon

*New Twin Screw Steamers calling at Cherbourg.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY.
Piers 14 and 15, North River. Office, 73 Broadway.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

DIRECT LINE TO PORTLAND, MAINE, connecting with all railroad and steamship lines to all Summer resorts. Steamships "Horatio Hall" and "North Star" leave Pier 32, East River, foot of Pike st., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 P. M. Steamers fitted with every modern improvement for the comfort and convenience of passengers. Ticket offices, 290 Broadway, cor. Reade St. Tel. 3419 Franklin. Thos. Cook & Sons, 1185 Broadway; General office, New Pier 32, East River.

OLD DOMINION LINE.

DAILY SERVICE.

For Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Pinner's Point and Newport News, Va., connecting for Petersburg, Richmond, Virginia Beach, Washington, D. C., and entire South and West.

Freight and Passenger steamers sail from Pier 26, N. R., foot of Beach St., every week day at 3 P. M.

H. B. WALKER, Traffic Manager.

Mallory S. S. Lines from N.Y.

Delightful ocean voyages to ports of Texas, Georgia, Florida. Tickets to all resorts in Texas, Colorado, Mexico, California, Florida, &c. Special rates Hot Springs, Ark. Tourists' tickets a specialty. Send Postal for book, "Southern Trips."

C. H. MALLORY & CO., Pier 20, E. R., N. Y.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

New York-Rotterdam via Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Twin Screw S. S. 10,500 tons, Saturday, Sept. 14, 10 A. M. STATENDAM
Twin Screw S. S. 12,500 tons, Saturday, Sept. 21, 10 A. M. POTSDAM
MAASDAM....Saturday, Sept. 28, 10 A. M.

Apply to Gen'l Passenger Agency, 39 B'way, N. Y.

CUNARD LINE TO LIVERPOOL, via QUEENSTOWN.

From Pier 51, North River.

Umbria, Sept. 14, 7 A. M. | Etruria, Sept. 28, 3 P. M.
Lucania, Sept. 21, 11 A. M. | Servia....Oct. 1, 7 A. M.

VERNON H. BROWN & CO., Gen. Agents, 29 Broadway.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMSHIP CO.
FAST EXPRESS SERVICE.
CHERBOURG, SOUTHAMPTON, BREMEN.

K. M. Th....Sep. 10, 10 AM | K. d. Gr....Sep. 24, 10 AM
Lahn....Sep. 17, 10 AM | Kronprinz Wm. Oct. 1, N

OELRICHS & CO., 5 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Railroads.

NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, 42d St., New York, as follows:

Leave New York		Arrive New York
*3:15 A. M.	Mail and Paper Train	*7:00 A. M.
†7:50 A. M.	Adirondack & Montreal Spl.	†10:20 P. M.
†8:00 A. M.	Syracuse Local	†6:25 P. M.
*8:30 A. M.	Empire State Express	*10:00 P. M.
*8:45 A. M.	Fast Mail	*10:00 A. M.
*9:20 A. M.	Exposition Express	*9:50 A. M.
*9:40 A. M.	Saratoga & Montr'l Special	*9:30 P. M.
†10:40 A. M.	Day Express	*7:00 P. M.
*11:31 A. M.	Rutland Express	*7:00 P. M