RIVALS IN COLOR.

The Blondes and Brunettes Who Live in Seaside Glass Houses,

And Criticise the Forms, Manners and Morals of Their Sisters.

Narragansett Pier and the Beauties That Revel in Its Sight.

An Aphrodite In White Flannel Trimmed With Celestial Blue.

Narragansett Pier, R. I., Letter.

It is pleasant to be at Narragansett. The breezes are cool. The deep sea tumbles the shallow girls. The Pier is well filled, not overcrowded from a top floor room standpoint, but very comfortably stowed away, and the sign of prosperity—"no vacant rooms"—is hung at some of the hotels. True, the first day of August sees some changes here. Familiar faces are missed and strange ones take their place, but the arrivals to the departures have been as two to one. Life at the Pier progresses.

A tremendous crowd on the beach at noon, a jam under the shed of bathhouse row, a lively party of gossips at the Casino after bathing hour, a man and maid haunted coast line along the rocky south shore at sunset and the Casino concerts in the evening comprise the essential features of daily life at this resort.

BRUNETTE.

The social world for the past week has been very quiet. If the saying is true that coming events cast their shadows before, then from reports circulated in the air the month of August will be brilliant.

TALL, FAIR AND SLENDER.

The bathing costumes this season, as a rule, are very simple, but once in awhile there will apycar upon the scene a suit which for a time opens the eyes of all beholders with astonishment and causes that green eyed monster jealousy to enter the hearts of other sea nymphs. Such a suit appeared on the beach a few mornings ago. She was tall, fair and slender, a maid of about twenty summers. Now there is nothing in a fair maid appearing in a most bewitching bathing suit, still girls will giggle, mothers croak and men stand by and stare; only those with a pure eye for the beautiful will admire. This lovely maid of twenty, this Aphrodite, mysterious as she was lovely, unbeknown to all, was attired in a simply pretty suit of white flannel trimmed with blue. It was composed of trousers to the knee, the regulation short skirt, loose blouse with short sleeves, displaying clingsome white arms, and a V-shaped neck, with a large sailor collar, suggested the line of beauty. Light blue silk stockings were drawn over an adorable pair of legs, and white, high-heeled shoes protected her little feet. To offset all her gracefully poised head was covered with a light blue silk handkerchief. She was the pet beach bird, who charmed the dodos to a point of madness while she was here. She burst upon our vision like a meteor and scattered before the gaze of the callow youth who lounge under Bathhouse row and attempted to creep near enough to bet on the quality of the sea nymph's complexion. What a sketch it was for an artist with a quick eye!

TONGUES OF FLAME.

It is surprising the amount of jealousy which exists among the fair sex here. It is only necessary for a young woman to be highly favored or to have special attention shown her, and immediately the others get together and do their level best to pick her to pieces and say the unkindest things possible. There is a married woma here who, it is veritably believed, never spoke a pleasant word about any one, particularly the young girls. The idle gossip and ceaseless cackle which is kept up by the women about the most trivial matters has been the means of keeping the men away, and is disturbing the social amenity of the Pier. It seems impossible for people to mind their own affairs. Why not remember that those who live in glass houses must never throw stones?

BLONDE.

An amusing "rocking" incident occurred Sunday afternoon, and the facts, as gleaned by the gossips, are as follows: Be it known first of all that it is customary for a man to ask his best girl to go with him to the rocks; if he has no best girl, then the next best, etc. A chappie who was there for Sunday only asked a good-looking girl to whom he had just been presented to go "rocking" with him. "Yumps"—and they started off. Upon reaching one of the softest rocks, in his endeavor to assist her to climb, he landed her in one of the pools, of which there are many in the recesses. This dampened his spirits somewhat, and naturally made him very desirous of redeeming himself in her eyes. Reaching their resting place at last, he undertook to playfully "mash" her, asking her to call him "Tommy," and not only attempted to take her hand, but to take the measure of her fairy-like waist. She very indignantly asked him if he took her for a lemon, and proceeded to lay him out with a lecture. She then arose and wended her weary way homeward—alone. He followed, a sadder but a wiser man. Sometimes you make a mistake in the girl.

THOSE HORRID PAPERS.

The evening concerts at the Casino are always very well attended, and a prettier picture cannot be conceived than that offered when the porch and upper terraces are crowded with gayly dressed men and women. Of course, the beauty, the fashion, the wealth and all that sort of thing congregate there. Who are they? That is just what every one wants to know, and yet when they read and say, "How personal!" "Is it not shocking we cannot go anywhere without getting into those horrid papers," and "Dear me, Maria [or Jane], they always leave me out!" One is sure to meet all one's friends at these concerts. It is a noticeable fact that there are several distinct cliques at the Pier, and one group never deigns to notice another. The old visitors keep religiously away from the newcomers, and the amount of hair pulling and personal comments which fly about is astonishing to a degree. The groups are regular schools for scandal. When a loving couple tires of the concert there is Cupid's walk and the tower, where they may go far away from the noisy crowd and hold sweet commune together.

The public mind is very much agitated over the following question: Are the electric lights in the streets a success or not? Some say yes, and some say no. One prominent man expressed his opinion as follows: "We leave the glare and heat of the city to enjoy the cool-

CUPID'S WALK.

ing breezes and evening quiet of the country. We arrive here only to find the streets are as brilliantly lighted as Broadway. They bring insects and mosquitoes and interfere with the outlook to sea." Another theory is that they are a great protection to ladies. Now ladies can walk from house to house without fear of insult.

Who is the belle of the Pier this season? A question hard to answer. There are too many lovely girls here, and men's attention is too much divided for any one girl to lay claim to the crown of belledom. Each set has its bright particular star which it worships, but as yet there is no fixed planet. If there ever was a terrestrial paradise for men of the right kind, if the society of sweet womanhood goes toward creating one, it is by this ocean beach. There are girls here from nearly every city in the Union, and beauties without number. The following is a list of some of the beauties of the Pier and the cities they represent:

THE ROLL CALL OF BEAUTY.

Miss Joy Lindsley, of Nashville, brunette; Miss Tarrter, of Philadelphia, blonde; Miss Daisy Stewart, of Washington, brunette; Miss Eugenie Carter, of Baltimore, brunette; Miss Van Buren, of Englewood, brunette; Miss Wright, of St. Louis, brunette; Miss Alger, of Detroit, brunette; Miss Emily Vyse, of Staten Island, brunette; Miss Bates, of Cleveland, brunette; Miss Pryor, of New York, brunette; Miss Ransome, of Albany, brunette; Miss Carey, of Kansas City, brunette, and Miss Baldwin, of Brooklyn, brunette.

IN THE ALTON'S WAKE.

The Wisconsin Central Refuses to Reduce Emigrant Rates.

OLD PERCENTAGES RESTORED

A Cut in Live Stock Rates Made by the Burlington & Northern.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—The Wisconsin Central has followed in the steps of the Alton and refused to comply with Chairman Pierson's suggestion touching a reduction in emigrant rates. Passenger Traffic Manager Tuttle has addressed the Western roads to-day, saying that the Wisconsin Central has made arrangements with the "Soo" route, by which immigrants were to be carried from Montreal or Quebec to St. Paul or Minneapolis for $20.50, and that under such arrangements no reductions would be made. It is believed in railroad circles that the intention of the Wisconsin Central is to give Western roads the benefit and not the Eastern lines, which are not allowed the commission.

WHAT EACH WILL GET.

Chairman Blanchard Gives Some Injunctions Regarding the Restoration of Old Percentages.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—Chairman George R. Blanchard, of the Central Traffic association, to-day gives notice that at a meeting held July 30, of the trunk lines committee, the recommendation of the Central Traffic association that on East-bound business originating at or east of the Mississippi river, the percentages as per joint rate committee circular No. 4, be reinstated, was approved, but it was also decided that on west-bound shipments the present fixed rates to Chicago and the other junction points to apply on business for points beyond should be continued in effect. This action cancels joint committee circular No. 897 and supplements thereto, the percentage divisions thereunder, and restores the percentages with Western roads to apply upon East-bound traffic originating at Mississippi river points from East St. Louis to East Dubuque, Ill., both inclusive, and destined to points east of the western terminal of the trunk lines, subject of the rules governing the same.

The First Sod.

Special to the Globe.

WINONA, Aug. 11.—There was great rejoicing in this city to-day, when the first sod was turned for the Winona & Southwestern railway in the presence 3,000 citizens, by Mayor Ludwig. A procession marched to the terminus of the road in the lower end of the city, where addresses were made by Secretary Simpson, of the railroad company, Hon. C. T. Buck, ex-Gov. Yole, C. B. Boothe and others. Secretary Simpson stated that the construction company has money enough to build and equip the first twenty miles without negotiating bonds, and the work is contracted to be done before Nov. 1.

Will Be Built at Once.

Special to the Globe.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., July 11.—The report that the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railway would soon let the contract for the building of the line from Iron River to Superior has been confirmed by reports from New York to parties here interested in the road. It has also been learned that the company has lately obtained considerable property near the Nemadji river here, which it will use for terminal grounds.

A President Elected.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 11.—The Atlanta & Florida railroad directors to-day elected Aaron Haas, of Atlanta, president, vice J. A. Dunn, deceased. It is learned here that Sol Haas, traffic manager of the Richmond & Danville, has resigned to accept a similar position with the Chesapeake & Ohio and Big Four.

Live Stock Rates Reduced.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11—The Chicago, Burlington & Northern road has decreased its rate on live stock from $12 to $5 per carload, Chicago to St. Paul. This is because the competing lines did not make the 25 per cent. increase when the length of cars was made thirty-six feet. This move is not a cut, but is sanctioned by Chairman Abbott's agreement.

So Many "Want" ads in Sunday's GLOBE prove that it brings the best results.

FOR HONOR'S SAKE.

The Way the Abused Jade Is Avenged in Distant Corsica.

Taddeo Carpi Was His Name, and He Was an Embezzler.

His Son Dutifully Makes Good the Missing Cash for Him,

And Then Orders the Swindling Sire to Kill Himself.

FOR a long time they had noticed the change in him, for in that little St. J., sixteen kilometers from Bastia, and in Corsica above all other countries, where everyone is more or less related to the other, nothing passed unperceived. In truth, the character of Taddeo Carpi had undergone a curious change: he now had frequent moments of distraction and somber reveries, while from time to time a scarlet flush would rise to his face, and his handsome black eyes send forth I know not what strange glance of inquiry and suspicion.

"One would think," said the wagging tongues of the gossips of the village, "that our fellow-townsman suffered from a weight on his mind, and to go into his office without warning him of your coming is to find him sitting brow in hand and wrapped in thought, from which he returns nervous, haggard and trembling, as a miser dragged from his hole."

But was it as bad as this with Taddeo Carpi? Aye, and worse. Only the evening before, when Angelina, his little daughter, precious to him as the apple of his eye, had come to softly climb upon his chair as he made up the account of his collections, he had turned upon her with an air and word so wicked that the child,

SOBBING AND AFRAID,

had run for safety to the shelter of her mother's skirts.

All this was talked of, of course, under the statue of the Madonna Marie that crowned the fountain of the Place Paoli, and that these babbling tongues had left a viperish trail I need not tell you.

Taddeo was a man in the neighborhood of perhaps forty years of age, and honored in the canton—of which he was collector of taxes—as much for his personal merit and integrity as for the name he carried, for the Carpi of Corsica, as every one knew, were a family of ancient and noble ancestry, whose probity of life and character were proverbial in a country where even the bandits were men of honor. By the will of his mother, a woman of great beauty and exalted sentiments, Taddeo, had been sent to finish his studies and spend his youth in Paris, but had returned to marry in his own country, and to marry after the fashion of all true Corsicans, his relative, Caterina Bollini, daughter of a cousin from Bastia. Beautiful and good, she had been selected by Mad. Carpi as one well fitted to be the mother of her future grandchildren.

Of this marriage, an ideally happy one, two children had been the issue—Tomaso, who had turned his seventeenth year, and the little Angelina, not yet nine. For several years, when these events occurred, the grandmother had slept beneath the flowery ground.

Thus had Taddeo lived in the midst of his little family, prosperous, put beyond the need of worry by his position of collector of taxes, an honored father and envied husband, when all at once he had become, as the neighbors had said, and without any one knowing why, tacituru and depressed. Caterina passed among

her associates as a model of domestic virtues; Angelina grew daily in health and beauty, and Tomaso had given to his parents no other subject of disquietude than a gravity and maturity of character too precocious for his age. He was a Corsican, in short, from head to foot, a counterpart of the old Mad. Carpi, stern.

AUSTERE AND MAGNIFICENT.

One evening during the time when the gossip regarding the Carpi family was creeping through the city, Tomaso, returning from hunting the bartarelle from the haunts in the thickets, stopped at the fountain of the Madonna Marie to quench his thirst with a draught of its water. Moreover, as he knew very well, it was possible to see from the corner of the Place Paoli the house of the old Guiseppe Rubbo, father of the beautiful Guiseppa, who sang always from morning to night, and with the silvery tones of a nightingale. He had also laid aside a couple of the baratelles for his accustomed gift to the singer's family, but to-day the door remained firmly closed, the blinds were even drawn, and the voice of the nightingale did not make itself heard.

Weary of waiting and sighing a little, the young hunter rose up at last to regain his home; but it seemed to him as he passed along that his salutations to those he met on the road were received with a strange indifference, and that several times the heads were turned away.

"What can it be?" he said to himself. "What is the matter here?" and without pausing a moment he planted himself before the next one he met, a trusted friend of the family, as it happened, and bluntly asked him the question.

"And thou knowest it not, that the inspector of accounts has come?"

"The inspector of accounts?" repeated Tomaso, astonished. "Well?"

"But it is not well," said the other, sorrowfully; "thou hast stayed too long in the thickets, boy! Go, and quickly—thy mother weeps and waits thy coming!"

"The inspector of accounts! His mother weeping!" Tomaso could not comprehend. Then all at once he carried his hand to his brow; a convulsive trembling shook his limbs. He wheeled and hurried away.

Upon the threshold of the door Caterina awaited him, erect and

WHITE AS A SPECTER.

"He is no longer here!" was her single greeting.

"Where is he?"

"Who knows? In the road of all thieves, doubtless."

"Caterina Bollini," said Tomaso, gravely, "forget not thou speakest of one who was born a Carpi," and he passed into the office where the inspector of accounts, a tall, blonde young man, verified for the last time the books of the collector.

"Monsieur," said Tomaso, approaching him, "how much is lacking?"

"How much? I know not for certain, but—it is serious."

Tomaso lifted his gun that he laid aside on entering, and went out again without a word.

Caterina spent the night upon her knees by the bedside of the sleeping Angelina, who, understanding nothing of what was happening, had demanded constantly "to embrace her little father."

At peep of dawn the two Carpi returned to their dwelling, Tomaso walking behind his father. Where and how they had encountered each other, and what had passed between them, God alone will ever know. What matters it since the collector had followed his son?

"Sit you there," said Tomaso, pointing to a seat in the corner of the fireplace," and await my coming."

And Taddeo seated himself, his head bowed, his eyes bent gloomily upon the

floor. Angelina would have thrown herself into his arms in the joy of seeing him return, but her mother withheld her.

The hands of the clock had gone twice around the dial before the door opened again and Tomaso reappeared, the inspector with him.

"Monsieur," he said to him, pointing to the motionless figure beside the fireplace, "my father has to tell you that he was forced to go to Bastia. He has returned and brings you your money. It is here!" and he placed in his hands a pocket-book drawn from the breast of his jacket. The inspector accepted it without a word—he understood, but withdrew saluting them courteously.

"Dost thou wish," said Tomaso, as the door closed upon him, addressing his father, "dost thou wish to go and pray upon the tomb of thy mother?"

"To-day is not the anniversary of her death," replied the collector, who seemed to see all at once in the flesh and blood of his son the flesh and blood of the old Angelina Carpi.

"So be it; and now," added Tomaso, regarding his father fixedly, "to the chamber and finish the rest!"

Taddeo leaped to his feet pale and shuddering.

"Thou wishest it," he cried, "that I kill myself—I, thy father?"

TOMASO BENT HIS HEAD.

"I have none," he responded, "there is no longer a Taddeo Carpi in the family!"

The collector appealed to his wife. She, too, turned her back upon him with the sign of the cross, and placed herself between him and the sobbing Angelina, conscious that sorrow had come upon them, yet ignorant of its cause. It was the last blow. Taddeo resisted no longer. He flung himself toward his chamber, the words of his son, "You have an hour!" going with him as he climbed the stairs.

Profound silence now rested upon the household. Caterina knelt before her crucifix, the beads of her rosary gliding rapidly between her fingers. Angelina knelt beside her. Tomaso leaned against the window frame, his face set and inflexible, listening to the ticking of the clock on the wall and counting pitilessly the seconds.

Profound silence did I say? Yes, but broken from time to time by the sound of restless footsteps in the room above stairs—at last by a despairing voice crying out, in horror of the silence:

"Angelina! My little Angelina!"

"Go to him, dearest," said Tomaso to his sister; "embrace him, but return quickly. Also say to him that he still has twenty minutes."

Angelina needed no second bidding, but ran to throw herself upon the neck of the father she adored, the echo of whose sobs, mingled with the sobs and the tender caressing tones of his child, floated to the foot of the stairs.

"And hast thou been wicked father?" they heard her question him: "hast thou been wicked to be thus put in punishment?"

Alas! poor Angelina!

When there remained but five minutes more of the hour Tamaso recalled his sister, and as the hour began to sound lifted his gun again.

His gun?—his gun, but needlessly, as you will see, for simultaneously with the last stroke of the hammer upon the gong a dull report and the noise of a falling body came from the chamber above!

"Mother," said Tomaso, going to her side and laying his lips upon her brow, "I am now the only Carpi!"

Two days later Taddeo, followed by the villagers, the relatives from Bastia and neighboring cities, Tomaso walking at the head of the procession, was carried to his last resting place, honored and respected as of yore—had he not in the eyes of all Corsica sufficiently atoned?

Only Caterina, when alone in her chamber, again threw herself upon her knees before the image of her Savior and wept bitterly, for she had loved her husband dearly. Nevertheless, when her son rejoined her, her face was calm, her eyes dry and the hand with which she gave him the account books and the keys of the household as firm as his own.

FOR WILSON.

Result of the Convention Yesterday in Jackson County.

Special to the Globe.

LAKEFIED, Aug. 11.—Pursuant to call the Democratic mass convention of Jackson county met at this place today. The convention organized by electing A. D. Palmer, of Hunter, chairman, and Hart J. Hollister, of Lakefield, secretary. The office of chairman of the Democratic central committee being vacant, the vacancy was filled by the election of C. W. Hall. H. J. Hollister, of Lakefield, was elected secretary of the central committee. The county committee was then completed by electing two additional members from each township. It was decided to place a full Democratic county ticket in the field this fall, and September 15 was set for the time of holding said convention at this place. The election of delegates to the congressional convention at Mankato August 14, resulted as follows: John E. Jones, of Heron Lake and D. M. De Vore, of Jackson. The delegates are probably favorable to Hon. M. S. Wilkinson for congress. The same gentlemen will represent the county at St. Paul on the 15th. They are uninstructed, but are understood to be for E. M. Wilson for governor. This convention was in favor of harmony, and opposed to the factional fight now being waged. For the first time in the history of the county the Democratic party is thoroughly organized and in earnest for Cleveland and tariff reform.

North Dakota's University.

Special to the Globe.

GRAND FORKS, Dak., Aug. 11.—The regents of the University of North Dakota have been in session to-day. Final arrangements are being made for opening the college in October. Students of the university will be furnished room, fuel, light and board for $2.50 per week. President Homer R. Sprague has made the institution very popular. It affords a splendid opportunity to gain a higher education.

Justice Moves Swiftly.

Special to the Globe.

GRAND FORKS, Dak., Aug. 11—A footsore tramp named Patterson stole a pair of shoes from a merchant to-day at noon. One hour later he was apprehended and sentenced by Justice Devoy to fifteen days in jail for petty larceny. Criminals receive quick punishment in Grand Forks.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

Continued From First Page.

of Gen. Sheridan brought tears into the eyes of many, and even old weather-beaten veterans seemed to be affected. When the cardinal concluded the priests and seminarians and altar boys, with the cardinal occupying a seat at the head of the catafalque, gathered about the bier. The cardinal burned incense about the casket and sprinkled it with holy water; he then pronounced the absolution; the seminarians chanted the benedictus and the services of the Catholic church over the body of Gen. Sheridan this side of the grave, were at an end. The casket was then placed on the shoulders of the eight sergeants from the Third artillery, who have been with the remains as a guard of honor since their arrival here, and were

CONVEYED TO THE CAISSON

at the door of the church. Following came the pall-bearers; Gen. Wesley Merrit, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia; Marshal Field, of Chicago; Gen. Joseph S. Fullerton, St. Louis; Secretaries Whitney and Endicott, Gen. Auger, Senator Hawley, Speaker Carlisle, Col. Charles P. Lincoln and Gen. MacFeely. Then followed Mrs. Sheridan and Col. Sheridan, members of the family, Gen. Sheridan's staff, his late physicians, the president, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Folsom and the members of the cabinet, the senate and house committees. The diplomatic corps, the Loyal Leion, army and navy officers, the judiciary and the invited guests. Drawn up in line in front of the church was the military procession. The procession, under comman of Col. Gibbons, moved to Arlington cemetery in the following order:

A battalion of cavalry.
Two batteries light artillery.
Marine band.
Third artillery band
Battalion of foot artillery.
Clergy in carriages.
Pall-bearers in carriages.
Body bearers, artillery sergeants.
Caisson, having remains.
The general's horse.
Mrs. Sheridan and family.
Military staff.
The president and Mrs. Cleveland.
The cabinet.
The judiciary.
The congressional committees.
Diplomatic corps.
Representatives of the Loyal Legion and G. A. R.
Citizens.

The escort assembled while the funeral services were in progress. It formed on H street, facing north, with the foot artillery in the right, the cavalry in the left and the light batteries in the center. Before the completion of the services the caisson and the general's horse were moved to a point nearer the church entrance, and after the casket had been placed on the caisson the columns were formed by wheeling to the left and moved en route far enough to permit the formation of the column of carriage in the rear. Just before the close of the services Gen. Schofield and his aides arranged themselves

IN FRONT OF THE TROOPS

and prepared to receive the funeral party. As the boby was borne from the church the bell tolled and the Marine band played "Nearer My God to Thee." The soldiers stood at present arms and nearly all the citizens removed their hats. The best of order was preserved, and the crowd seemed inspired by the solemnity of the occasion. When all had been arranged the column moved slowly in the direction of the cemetery. The route was by H street to Pennsylvania avenue to the Arlington road by way of the acqueduct bridge. Crowds lined the entire route. All available places for a view of the line were occupied. The greatest respect was paid to the occasion, and the spectators generally

UNCOVERED THEIR HEADS.

as the body passed by. Several houses along the route were draped in mourning, the most noticeable of which was the Metropolitan club house, at the corner of Seventeenth and H streets. Gen. Sheridan was a member of this club at the time of his death. The weather was warm and not so oppressive as yesterday. Several soldiers, however, became exhausted during the march and had to be taken to the hospital.

It was about 1 o'clock when the funeral procession reached the cemetery at Arlington. As the battalion of cavalry entered the northwest gate the Marine band played a dirge. Arrived at the grave, the light artillery skirted the picturesque hill and took up a position on the road just below. The foot artillery was ranged along the side of the hill.

NEAR THE HEAD OF THE GRAVE

stood the president and Mrs. Cleveland, while Mrs. Sheridan and the other members of the family stood near the side. The Union veteran corps was stationed near the grave, and just behind the president and Mrs. Cleveland stood the members of the cabinet who had attended the services at the church. Right Rev. John S. Foley, bishop-elect of Detroit, conducted the services, which were brief. They included the consecration of the ground and the simple rites of the Catholic church. At the conclusion of the religious services the light artillery fired a military salute of fifteen guns and the foot artillery fired three volleys of musketry. The bugle call for "taps" rang out upon the clear air, over the heads of the hushed assembly and the services were over.

THE NATION MOURNS.

Masses Said at Places Other Than the Capital for the Repose of Sheridan's Soul.

Special to the Globe.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 11.—This morning Mrs. Col. Sheridan, with the four children of Gen. Sheridan, Mary, Irene, Louise and Little Phil, drove to this city from Nonquitt and went to the Parker house where they were met by Maj. Edwin Dews, B. Penniman and Dr. John H. Mackie, representing the Loyal Legion. The party then proceeded to St. Lawrence Catholic church where pews direct in front of the altar had been reserved for them. A large congregation was present. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated at 10 a. m. by Rev. J. Hugh, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. James J. Brady, of St. Lawrence, as deacon, Rev. James J. Flood, of New York, pastor of St. John the Evangelist church, as subdeacon, and Rev. Thomas Daley, of St. Lawrence church, as master of ceremonies. Fourteen boys acted as altar boys. The service was very impressive, and many were deeply affected. At the close the party were driven to the Parker house, and from there a carriage was taken for Nonquitt. The Sheridan children watched from the windows the people as they entered the church. Mr. and Mrs. Sands, summer residents of Nonquitt, accompanied the party from Nonquitt.

HEBREWS PAY A TRIBUTE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Rev. Dr. Gottheil, of Emanuel synagogue, in the course of his sermon this morning referred in touching terms to the death of Gen. Sheridan. A great and good man, he said, has been struck down in the midst of his usefulness. The death of such a man is at all times a loss to a people. He was an ideal hero. He was one who was held in high esteem throughout the civilized world, but especially was he beloved by his countrymen. Other great men they esteemed and trusted, but for Gen. Sheridan they had only love. Within the heart of every American, whether Jew or Gentile, there was a sacred place for the hero of Winchester, because he fought not for glory, but to kill war; fought that the unsheathed sword might not pass again through our land, carrying with it the terrible front of devastation, of misery and death. We, too, as Jews, can honor the memory, can bless the hero, Sheridan—he who liberated millions of slaves by his sword. The voice of the cannon will die away, but the deeds of a just man never can—they are embalmed in history. The place where the body of Gen. Sheridan will be placed to rest forevermore will be sacred. It will be as a symbol of his character.

AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Aug. 11.—A solemn requiem mass was celebrated in the soldiers' chapel at West Point for Gen. Sheridan at 10 o'clock this morning by Rev. Edward McGinley.

FLAGS AT HALF MAST.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—Flags are at half mast on all the public buildings to-day, the suspension of business in the executive and military departments at the state house, and the booming of cannon on the common were the outward signs of Boston's respect for the memory of Gen. Sheridan. Guns were fired at half hour intervals from sunrise until 10 a. m., and then every minute for an hour, as well as during the funeral ceremonies at Washington. At sunset there will be a national salute.

WILL DO DOUBLE DUTY.

Gen. Schofield to Assume Command of the Army and Remain in Charge of the Division of the Atlantic.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—On Monday next an order will be issued by the president placing Maj. Gen. Schofield in command of the army. He will be directed to remain in command of the division of the Atlantic and department of the East until arrangements looking to his relief from those duties can be perfected. The situation is rather complicated as there are not a sufficient number of general officers to fill the commands. Army officers suggest that congress could simplify matters by making Gen. Schofield lieutenant general of the army. This would open the way for promotions all the way along the line and relieve the strain on the general officers consequent upon a doubling up of commands. Gen. Schofield's personal staff will be Cols. Pitcher, Bliss and Sawyer. All three of these officers have been on his staff for some time. The members of the late Gen. Sheridan's staff will, of course, be assigned to other duty. Col. Kellogg will doubtless rejoin his regiment, the Fifth cavalry. Col. Sheridan will remain here to complete the memoirs of his famous brother. Col. Blunt may remain here on duty in connection with army rifle practice, and will perhaps have a desk at headquarters.

THE LAST RESTING PLACE.

Sheridan's Grave Is Surrounded by the Bodies of Thousands of Those Who Fell in Battle.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 11.—Sheridan's last resting place is in one of the most beautiful spots in the vicinity of Washington. Arlington is one of the most delightfully located of all the national cemeteries. Situated on a high bluff on the western bank of the Potomac, it possesses a splendor simply indescribable, and with its 17,000 veteran graves, a solemnity that awes and impresses the most thoughtless visitor. Gen. Sheridan's grave is located near a little grove of trees on the grassy slope, between the Arlington mansion and the river. Here in this beautiful spot the gallant general was laid to rest to-day, surrounded by the bodies of thousands of the soldiers and officers who lost their lives in the civil war. And here, it may be said, he sleeps—as in life he stood—at the head of an army.

Dakotians Honor His Memory.

Special to the Globe.

WATERTOWN, Dak. Aug. 11.—The Sheridan memorial exercises at this place were successfully carried out under the auspices of Freeman Thayer post, G. A. R., to-day. The exercises were held at the Armory opera house. The attendance was large, all places of business being closed during the services. Appropriate and interesting speeches were made by Hon. C. G. Williams, Hon. S. B. Van Buskirk, Rev. Col. E. E. Clough and R. T. Warner, and John Banvard read an original poem. The meeting was presided over by Rev. G. H. Parker, commander of the post.

Mass Said at Grand Forks.

Special to the Globe.

GRAND FORKS, Dak., Aug. 11.—Solemn requiem mass was celebrated here to-day in honor of Gen. Sheridan at St. Michael's church. Flags were at half mast and many business places closed. Willis A. Gorman Post, G. A. R., and Company F, D. N. G., marched in procession to the church. The address of Rev. Father Conaty was a most eloquent tribute to the dead hero.

Ashland Observances.

Special to the Globe.

ASHLAND, Wis., Aug. 11.—The funeral services of Gen. Phil Sheridan held here to-day were very elaborate, all local societies, civic and military, participating in the parade. Business houses were closed in the afternoon.

All Business Suspended.

Special to the Globe.

TAUNTON, Mass., Aug. 11.—Memorial services in honor of Gen. Sheridan were held this forenoon. Business was suspended between 2 and 4 p. m., and many business houses were appropriately draped. Bells were tolled from 1 to 2 o'clock, and at 1:30 a procession was formed and marched to the city hall, where appropriate exercises were held.

OBITUARY.

VICAR GENERAL SMITH.

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 11.—Vicar General Anthony Smith died here this morning at 11 o'clock after a short illness. He was born in Germany in 1821, joined the Redemptorist order in France in 1838, came to this country in 1844, and was ordained in Baltimore June 21, 1845. He will be buried on Wednesday at the cathedral.

RICHARD S. SPOFFORD.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Aug. 11.—Hon. Richard S. Spofford died at Amesbury this morning at 1 o'clock, aged fifty-six years. He was the husband of Harriet Prescott Spofford, the novelist, who survives him. Mr. Spofford had brilliant social gifts, and was an orator and writer of considerable merit.

ISAAC STRAUSS.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—The death is announced of Isaac Strauss, the French musician, in his eighty-third year.

DAVID G. M'RITCHIE.

Special to the Globe.

WISCASSETT, Me., Aug. 11.—Lieut. David G. McRitchie, U. S. N. (retired), died at 5:40 this morning. He was taken ill three weeks ago with what proved to be a carbuncle, and since then he has failed rapidly.

WILLIAM B. BAKER.

WINCHESTER, Va., Aug. 11.—William B. Baker, the owner of extensive rolling mills and president of the Shenandoah Valley National bank, died at his residence here this morning. He was well known throughout the South and in Northern, Eastern and Western cities.

FLEEING FROM JUSTICE.

Four of the Hatfield-McCoy Gang Are Skurrying Over the Mountains of West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Aug. 11.—Information has reached here that four of the Hatfield-McCoy gang are working their way through the mountains of West Virginia toward the Norfolk & Western railroad. It is claimed that their intention is to take a train at some point west of Roanoke for Washington, and thence proceed north to some locality where they will be beyond danger of pursuit. The Roanoke officers have an accurate description of the men, and as the governor of Kentucky has offered $1,000 each for them, it is believed that they will shortly be arrested. They are desperate men and will not be taken without trouble.

Lighted by Electricity.

Special to the Globe.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 11.—The common council at a special meeting last night decided to place the electric light along Dubuque street to the fair grounds and on the grounds, making the Rochester grounds the only fair grounds in the state lighted by electricity. A telegraph wire is to be strung from the grounds to the local city office, giving direct communication with St. Paul and Minneapolis.

If you want to hire a tenement read The Globe "Want" Columns.

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