MISS GERTRUDE GRISWOLD

ARRIVAL OF COL. M'CAULL'S NEW SOPRANO.

SHE TELLS A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF EXPERIENCES AT THE CONSERVATOIRE IN PARIS.

None were so blithe as Col. John A. McCaull yesterday as he walked rapidly up and down the Cunard dock impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Etruria, which was to bring him his latest acquired soprano, Miss Gertrude Griswold, and her mamma. Col. McCaull's joy was tempered with some gnawing doubts. He was extremely afraid that he would fail to recognize Miss Griswold, whom he had only seen for a short half hour in Paris. "I am sure I shall know the mother, however," he said musingly. "Let us look for the mother."

And when the Etruria arrived it required a considerable amount of looking to find the ladies. Miss Griswold staid on board, and Mrs. Griswold did likewise. It was only when all the passengers had landed that the Colonel's eagle eye spied a slim little ulstered lady looking pensively over the lower deck's railing, and evidently determined to await developments. The sight was stimulating. Col. McCaull's will was good to immediately spring on board regardless of officials and red tape. The officer at the gangplank checked him in his wild endeavor, however, until a full explanation of the important circumstances of the case had been made.

Miss Gertrude Griswold, who is the niece of Bret Harte—or rather of Mrs. Bret Harte—is a pretty young woman of some five and twenty Summers. She has large soft, brown eyes, a well shaped mouth, and a lithe, well constructed form. Her mother resembles her very much. Miss Griswold's manner is extremely fascinating. She is an American, and though she has lived in Paris for nine years, she has not acquired that extremely French luxury known as *mauvaise honte*.

"I went away to study," she said, "and—well, I studied. My life"—here she sighed as though she were at least 150—"has been full of vicissitudes. I have had troubles and terrible experiences—indeed I have."

"All's well that ends well," said Mrs. Griswold tersely.

"When I first went to Paris," continued the soprano, "I entered the Conservatoire, and was under the professional care of M. Barbot—you know Barbot, of course. It was he who created the title rôle in Gounod's 'Faust,' when Mme. Carvalho sang Marguerite. At the end of my first year in the Conservatoire I was admitted to the first competition. It was a wonderful exception made in my favor, because, as a rule, they don't admit scholars. Very good. Everything seemed extremely rose colored. At the end of my second year every one predicted for me the first prize. I knew that would be an unheard-of thing—in fact, impossible, because nobody receives a first prize unless she has previously had some recompense. Well, the important day came. There was a crowd in the room. We girls were on the stage. The jury were in their box attentively listening to each of us. My turn came. I know I did splendidly," said Miss Griswold quietly, "and I anxiously awaited results. Two first prizes, one second prize, and four *accessits* were to be given. I didn't expect the first prize, but I did the second. The jury retired to deliberate, and the result of the examination was first announced from the boxes by Ambroise Thomas, and afterward from the stage, when we were to be called up. The girls were at the wings and knew what was passing. I was in the green room, and I also heard everything that was going on. My name was not announced for the first prize. It was not called out for the second. Alas! I heard it for the first of the four *accessits*."

Miss Griswold looked at her mamma for sympathy, and mamma looked at Miss Griswold and gave it. Then the artist continued: "I was so angry that I got up to leave. I resolved there and then that I would not accept the *accessit*. I considered it so inferior a recompense, especially as they might have divided the second prize, which they often do. I think I was quite as worthy of it as she to whom it was given. Well, I heard them call my name from the stage. 'Mlle. Gertrude Griswold!' I never answered. 'Mlle. Gertrude Griswold!' Dead silence on my part. Once again they called, and once again. I was silent. Then the little master of ceremonies, a small man who thought himself of very great importance, came rushing frantically out. 'Why don't you go on the stage, Mademoiselle?' he asked perspiringly. I said I had no desire to do so. Was I crazy? Was I going out of my mind? Would I explain myself, as he failed to comprehend? He was agitated and distressed. He told me so. I informed him that I would take all responsibility for what I was doing. Said I, 'There is no law in my country which forces me to accept anything I don't want. I will not take what is offered me.' He thought it was an insult to the French nation—he did really.

"Well, I had all the audience with me. There was a regular demonstration in my favor. I had an ovation when I left the Conservatoire from the stage entrance. Next day, when I presented myself at the Conservatoire for study, I was informed that my name had been struck from the list. They told me I must see the administration about it. I did go, and—yes, this is really a fact—they took me back, because they said I was not in my right mind at the time. They considered that I had suffered from a *coup de tête*, brought on by the diphtheria, with which I had been very ill."

Miss Griswold laughed and Mrs. Griswold laughed, and then they both laughed together. "Next year," she resumed, "I got the first prize. I was all the better for my rebellion, I'm quite sure. After that first prize M. Vaucorbeil, the manager of the Grand Opera House, claimed me as his pensionnaire. I received official documents—state things, you know, awfully important—forbidding me to make engagements at any other theatre. I went away for my little vacation, and when I returned M. Vaucorbeil sent for me and offered me my début in the part of Ophelia, with Maurel as Hamlet. I was delighted and overwhelmed. Ophelia is the highest and most difficult rôle in my répertoire. I had four weeks to get ready. I studied diligently with Ambroise Thomas himself. Just as I was prepared to sing I was informed that I should not be allowed to do so. They told me that my predecessor, who they thought was going away, had decided not to go. Jealousy was at the bottom of it. I am quite convinced of that. This kind of thing went on for 10 months and my début began to look very, very misty. At last they told me that another singer—not my predecessor—was engaged to sing the part. That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. I had not asked the part. They had voluntarily given it to me. And then to treat me in that way! I went to Vaucorbeil. I demanded that either he give me my début or release me from my engagement. It was an unprecedented thing for me to do. I had absolutely no right to make such a demand. I was M. Vaucorbeil's goods, to do with me as he liked, just as though he had bought me. He was very nice. He disclaimed any knowledge of the matter, and gave orders for my début at once."

"And it was extremely successful," said Mrs. Griswold.

"Yes, it was. I sang Ophelia 25 times consecutively. Every night the composer, Ambroise Thomas, was there, and he took an immense interest in me. Then I appeared in 'Faust' as Marguerite and sang it for the first time as it was originally written and as Christine Nilsson sang it, with all the cadenzas she used. That is what they call in Paris the second début. Then I appeared as Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni.' More troubles thus came. I made a contract to sing in Italian opera at the new Casino in Nice. Judge of my horror when I heard afterward that the Casino had changed hands, and that the new management repudiated the contracts made by the old."

"But she went to law about it," said Mrs. Griswold quickly.

"Yes, I did; and better than that, the case was decided in my favor, and I got my money. Then I went to London, where I have been ever since. I made my début at Covent Garden as Ophelia. Then I sang in concerts, and finally made a tour through the provinces. I am to open in 'Don Cæsar' with Col. McCaull's company in Chicago about five weeks hence, and then the programme is, I believe, that I sing in New-York next January in the new opera 'Lorraine.'"

SHARP DENIALS FROM MR. ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

A statement has been published in a morning paper of large circulation to the effect that I was waited upon by a committee of pressmen and press feeders in the employment of J. J. Little & Co. and asked to take away my work from their establishment until that firm should comply with their request. The anonymous correspondent declares that "Mr. Rice did not deem the matter referred to worthy his consideration, snubbing the workmen by simply saying that it was immaterial to him what Little & Co. paid or whom they employed."

I never made such a remark. No such committee ever waited upon me. I never heard of such a strike until this morning, and as a matter of fact for purely business reasons I had before what I now learn was the date of that strike concluded arrangements to change my printers at the close of the current year. I take no notice of certain slanders published in a morning paper of limited circulation, because besides giving contracted currency to various fictions Mr. Dorsheimer has published a letter attributed to me which he must personally know to be a forgery.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

NEW-YORK, Sunday, Oct. 31, 1886.

ENCROACHED ON AMATEUR RULES.

Charges were made recently that Malcolm W. Ford, the champion all-round athlete of America, had, by entering a professional contest in Springfield, Mass., last July, as "T. Williams, of Baltimore," forfeited his right to be classed as an amateur. President Thomas W. Clark, of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, has submitted a report saying that the charges are true. The matter will be referred to the National Amateur Athletic Association.

NEW SUBWAY TROUBLES.

ATTEMPTS TO LAY AN IRON CONDUIT STOPPED BY THE POLICE.

The New-York Underground Telegraph Company, which has the local right to use the patents for subway conduits of the North American Underground Telegraph and Electrical Company, and a permit to open the streets granted by Hubert O. Thompson when Commissioner of Public Works in 1883, after months of preparation took the first steps on Saturday night to secure a legal recognition of their rights and privileges.

About 8:30 o'clock Contractor John McQuade appeared at the corner of Broadway and Wall-street with 16 wagons and 100 laborers and prepared to begin work. Scarcely had two or three paving stones been removed when the police, who were present in large numbers, arrested Thomas Handerbolt, a laborer. The permit was shown, and the workmen were informed that it was "no good," as a general order had been sent out from Police Headquarters that no one should be permitted to open the streets without a permit from the Subway Commission. General Manager W. H. Johnstone then took up the pick, and he, too, was arrested.

The two prisoners were taken to the Twenty-seventh Precinct Station, where they were bailed by McQuade. They were arraigned at the Tombs Police Court yesterday morning on a charge of violating the law which created the Subway Commission. They were remanded for examination until 2 o'clock this afternoon.

When the work was stopped it was found that everything had been arranged to lay 1,600 feet of the iron conduit, known as the Johnstone system. Extra forces of men were in reserve and the rest of the iron and the necessary machinery was ready for transportation from Communipaw. According to the terms of their charter the officers of the company sent a check for $160 to Gen. Newton, the necessary tax at the rate of one cent. per foot, and notified him that they intended to open the streets from Cortlandt and Church streets, by way of Broadway, to Exchange-place at 8 o'clock on Saturday night, and the request was made that the department have an inspector on hand to see that the work was properly done. The bond of $50,000 stipulated by law, which had been approved by Controller Loew and passed upon by Corporation Counsel Lacombe, was likewise deposited. Nothing was omitted from a business and legal point of view to show the intentions of the company.

The officers of the New-York Underground Company are: D. Morgan Hildreth, President; W. H. Johnstone, Vice-President and General Manager, and F. W. Ritter, W. S. Taylor, George R. Thompson, J. B. Ecclesine, Jr., Carl Edelheim, Joseph C. Herr, and W. E. Findley, Directors. The officers of the North American, or parent, company are: Lewis May, President; W. H. Johnstone, Vice President and General Manager; Henry Allen, Treasurer; Percival Farquhar and William B. Dowd, Directors.

President Lewis May said last night: "We have examined thoroughly into our case before beginning work, and are confident that our rights will be upheld against the monopoly which is connected with the Subway Commission. We have acted in good faith as a business company which claims the right to enter into competition with any other subway company. The subway law provides that nothing in that act shall be construed to authorize the granting of an exclusive right to any one company so as to create a monopoly, but the work shall be open to competition. Our iron system has been in successful operation at Chicago and Philadelphia for upward of three years, and is approved by the best electrical authorities."

Mr. W. H. Johnstone said: "The North American Company is interested only in the royalties from the New-York Company, but it proposes to use every sinew to help its child. The act incorporating the New-York Underground Telegraph Company was passed in 1873, and gave us the privilege to lay conduits in every city in the State, with the proviso that in New-York City a permit should first be secured from the Department of Public Works. In 1883 the charter was presented to Commissioner Thompson, who referred it to Corporation Counsel Andrews, now Judge of the Superior Court, who handed down a lengthy opinion upholding it, as also did Attorney-General Russell. The permit, as prepared by Judge Andrews and granted by Hubert O. Thompson, provided that we furnish two ducts to the Police and Fire Departments, and for the payment of taxes and bonds. We are advised that the creation of a Subway Commission does not interfere with our privileges. The case in the police court to-morrow will be but the beginning of the matter, as we shall carry it, if necessary, to all the higher courts. We can build our subway at less than a quarter the cost of the Dorsett system, and our system has been in use for all wires, including electric light wires, in Philadelphia for years, and not a wire has failed us. We are confident that in a small space we can carry all the wires, while the telephone wires even now could occupy eight-tenths of the present conduits on Sixth-avenue. The charter under which we are going to begin business gives us the right to carry, maintain, and use electrical conductors, and we shall be able to manage district telegraph companies and electric light systems by ourselves. We do not care who is against us. Mr. John R. Dos Passos will represent us at the Tombs to-morrow, and we are going to ventilate everything."

M'CABE MUST HANG.

THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER FOR WHICH HE MUST DIE.

HONESDALE, Penn., Oct. 31.—In March last James P. McCabe, of Mount Pleasant Township, this county, was convicted in this place of murdering his neighbor, Michael Riley, and was sentenced by Judge H. M. Lesley to be hanged. McCabe's counsel took the case to the Supreme Court on a stay of proceedings, and it has just been argued, the court affirming the judgment of the county court. Gov. Pattison will name another day for the execution.

The murder was particularly cold-blooded, brutal, and unprovoked, and was for the purpose of robbery. McCabe and Riley were neighboring farmers, and both of prominent families, Riley being a brother of Assemblyman Bernard Riley, of Honesdale. They had grown up together and were good friends. McCabe was addicted to drink and had wasted a fine property through his habits. Riley was a prosperous citizen. Last December Riley's wife and children went away to spend the holidays and he was left alone in charge of the house. A few days before New Year's he had been paid $300, and on New Year's Eve he went with McCabe to the house of the latter's father-in-law to spend the evening. He had $220 with him in bank bills. McCabe and Riley left the house together to go home at 10 o'clock. McCabe had an axe with him, having some chopping to do the next day. About 11 o'clock that night McCabe appeared at the tavern in Brownsville, three or four miles from Riley's farm. He produced a big roll of bills and paid an old score at the tavern, and remained there carousing that night and part of the next day. Toward noon on New Year's Day a cousin of McCabe's discovered Michael Riley's dead body by the roadside not far from his house. The back of his head was crushed in. There was a gash three inches long through the skull on the right side of the head. There was no money on the dead man's person.

McCabe was arrested as the murderer three days later. He confessed the killing, but subsequently retracted this confession. His axe was found, stained with blood, behind a fence near the Brainsville Tavern, and Riley's empty pocketbook was found on a beam in an outhouse near by. In spite of the strong chain of evidence fixing the crime on McCabe, his friends believe him innocent of it, and raised money to carry the case to the Supreme Court. The condemned man is 36 years old and has a wife and seven children.

LOSSES BY FIRE.

The Titusville, Penn., chemical works were damaged by fire last night to the extent of $20,000 or $30,000, the cupola and sulphur house being destroyed. The main building, office, sheds, &c., were saved. The fire originated in the cupola from an overheated cylinder. The works will be rebuilt.

The Spiritualists' Home, about three miles from Westfield, N. J., belonging to George H. Perrine, of New-York, and in which the annual Summer meetings of the Spiritualists are held, was burned to the ground last night. The loss is quite heavy.

A fire at 3 o'clock yesterday morning damaged Marshall's foundry and construction works on Twenty-eighth-street, Pittsburg, Penn., to the extent of $25,000. The fire started in the foundry department and is believed to have been caused by sparks from the ovens. The loss is fully covered by insurance.

Fire in Robert Uler's cigar manufactory, at No. 16 Desbrosses-street, did $1,000 damage yesterday. The cause is unknown.

The Weehawken ferry house at Weehawken was destroyed by fire early yesterday morning. The loss is about $500.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Edwin Booth is at the Victoria Hotel.

Major J. B. Pond, of Boston, is at the Everett House.

A. W. Hendricks, of Indianapolis, is at the Gilsey House.

Ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll, of Maryland, is at the Hoffman House.

Countess Bertinatti, of Italy, and Miss Gertrude Griswold, are at the Windsor Hotel.

Baron W. von Starck and Baron von Eisenhardt, of Germany, are at the St. James Hotel.

Bram Stoker, of London, and Col. Theodore A. Dodge, United States Army, are at the Hotel Brunswick.

Sir Owen Lanyon and Moreton Frewen, of England, and G. de Weckherlin, Minister for the Netherlands at Washington, are at the Brevoort House.

NOT ANGRY WITH HUDSON

IRVING DESIRING TO VISIT AMERICA AGAIN.

WHAT HIS MANAGER, BRAM STOKER, HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE ACTOR'S WISHES AND FEELINGS.

Not at all cast down by the general glumness which prevaded the atmosphere yesteyday, the bright, red-whiskered face of Mr. Bram Stoker, Henry Irving's manager, peeped over the high bulwarks of the Etruria as that big steamer was slowly warped into her dock at about noon, and no sooner had the end of her gangplank been safely made fast under cover, than Mr. Bram Stoker's big English body hustled itself down to the pier and his big English voice called loudly for the Custom House official to go through his "things." When that interesting operation had been successfully accomplished, and the "things" bundled into a handy cab, their owner, who is to decide whether Mr. Irving shall visit these shores next year, followed their example and was driven as fast as the horse could take him—and his things—to the Hotel Brunswick.

"I'm completely at sea, or rather I'm just beginning to recover from the effects of the sea," he said later in the day, "and I don't know yet what I shall do next. Of course I came over on business, to look over the ground and see if it will be advisable for Mr. Irving to make an American tour next Fall. Mr. Irving is anxious to come and I am extremely anxious for him to come. He is very fond of America, and, so I assure you, am I. As I said, I really and honestly do not know, as yet, where to begin. I shall have to study the papers for a while and look about me generally for a few days before I decide upon what course to pursue. Of course, as New-York is the great objective point, my first care will be to study the prospects here, and then branch out into other cities near by. If I find all circumstances favorable, as I most earnestly hope I shall, Mr. Irving's tour will probably begin in September next and continue for the greater part of the Winter. He will bring 'Faust,' and I am sure that Americans will like it. It has had a wonderful success at the Lyceum, and hundreds of people have been turned away almost every night since the play was put on. It is really a magnificent production, and Mr. Irving is at his best in it. The scenic effects are brilliant. Oh, I know Americans will like it," repeated Mr. Stoker enthusiastically, "in fact, fully 15,000 Americans have already seen it in London, and are more than generous in their praise.

"Mr. Irving's company is practically unchanged. There are very few parts in the play, and it does not tax the full strength of the company. Mr. Irving is well. His little American trip this year did him a world of good, and he came back to us looking ten times better than he did when he went away. He must have had a glorious time with these American friends of his, and I have no doubt but the Eastern coast of this continent still retains some of the bright vermilion hue with which they colored it during the time of his stay. He speaks yet with great feeling about his trip on Mr. Buck's yacht. Yes, he must have had a glorious time."

"In the event of Mr. Irving coming over to America next year," asked the reporter, "what other plays other than 'Faustt' will be bring?"

"That I cannot tell," replied Mr. Stoker. "He may bring two or three, or more, or he may simply appear in 'Faust.' It depends entirely upon circumstances. If 'Faust' should prove to be as much of a success as it has done in London there is no telling but what he may play it altogether here and not attempt anything else."

Then the reporter asked Mr. Stoker about this curious tangle which Actor Charles Hudson, of Wilson Barrett's company, has managed to get into, and Mr. Stoker laughed.

"Its very comical," he said, as his sides shook to emphasize the statement, "and I don't understand it at all. Of course, my knowledge of the affair consists solely of what has happened and what had been said up to last Saturday, when I sailed from Liverpool, and even then I knew but little, for there have been but meagre allusions to the thing in English papers. As I gather it, Mr. Hudson is anxious for the American public to understand that Mr. Irving is not offended because Mr. Hudson unintentionally caricatured him in "Claudian," and that Mr. Irving is a particular and intimate friend of his. As for the first, I can say truthfully and without hesitation that Mr. Irving is not at all angry or hurt at Mr. Hudson's caricature—he has proved that such things do not anger him by his cordiality to young Mr. Dixey—and as for the second, I can say with equal truth and promptness that Mr. Irving feels for Mr. Hudson just that amount of interest which he would toward any other young man in his company, or who had been in it. No more. Mr. Hudson did not occupy a very high position in Irving's company. In fact he was what you might call an incipient actor, and never had anything very important to do or say while he was under Mr. Irving. His parts were ten line parts, as a rule, and I cannot imagine why such a fuss should have been raised, unless Mr. Hudson wants to boom himself a little, which, I may say, is the most natural thing in the world for an aspiring young actor to do. But as for any great personal affection felt for the young gentleman by Mr. Irving, that is nonsense."

Mr. Stoker was shown the cablegrams which have passed across the ocean between Mr. Barrett and Mr. Irving, and said:

"This one, in answer to Barrett's first cablegram, from Irving is all right, and Mr. Irving very cheerfully wrote it. But this thing purporting to come from him, in which he alludes to 'dad's letter in the London *Daily News*,' is preposterous. It must have been a hoax played upon Mr. Hudson by some jovial friend. The letter written by Mr. Hudson's father for the *Daily News*, and which consisted mainly of assurances that Mr. Hudson junior as well as senior, entertained feelings of the deepest affection and admiration for Mr. Irving, Mr. Irving knew nothing about until he saw it in print, and then paid but little attention to it. That he ever sent this absurd cablegram referring to it, is, I am sure, not true. Ha! Ha! it is very comical, very comical indeed," and Mr. Stoker's sides shook again.

"Then you do not come over to arrange the controversy between these two gentlemen, as has been said?" asked the reporter.

"No, indeed," answered Mr. Stoker with great emphasis, "I have come on business. And," he he added with a smile, "I am not at all a good shot for snipe."

Mr. Stoker will remain in America for not more than three weeks, the greater part of which time he will spend in this city. He will begin transacting his "business" (with great emphasis) very early this morning.

THE BEST CANDIDATE FOR JUDGE.

New-York Letter to the Albany Law Journal.

The Court of Appeals nominations naturally call forth considerable discussion by members of our Bar. I speak entirely without prejudice or favor when I state that if the election were to be decided by the votes of the New-York lawyers, Judge Daniels would exchange the ermine of the Supreme Court for that of the Court of Appeals. He is universally respected by members of our Bar. No Judge who sits upon our local bench is more conspicuous for "the judicial temperament" than he. Deliberate, patient, commandingly able and invariably just, surely was he born for the highest judicial honors. Removed for many years from the atmosphere of political contention, litigants and lawyers throughout the State rest assured that no odor of partisanship clings to his gown. The ability and uprightness of Judge Peckham we all concede, but did he not wear the polished armor and equipment of the advocate so long that it is even now difficult for him to thoroughly divest himself of the tendency to regard one side or the other by light other than that shed by cold judicial reason? Would he assume his seat on the bench of the highest court of the Commonwealth with his robes entirely free from the dust created by many a fierce and not very remote struggle in the political arena? These are questions pertinent to the comparison between the two men, and should be answered by every one participating in the choice of candidates. Was there ever a better opportunity for the people of this State to declare that they do not want and will not tolerate partisanship as a quality in any candidate for judicial preferment, and that the honors of the Bench are to be reserved for those members of our profession whose habits of mind, thought, and purpose lead them to achieve greater success in the Court House than in the caucus?

ELECTION DAY IN MOTT-STREET.

Not to be left out in the cold in this season of politics and voting the Chinese of Mott-street held an election Saturday night for Chairman of the Municipal Committee, an office that means to them as much as all the city offices combined mean to the average voting citizen. This officer is known as Tong-Yen-Kong-So-Cean-Sung. As may be supposed, the title is long enough to cover a multitude of functions. His most important duty is as chief arbitrator of disputes. He listens also to grievances and tries to adjust them, and generally he exercises paternal protection over the Chinese colony. His election occurs once a year and is a great event in Mott-street. Chinamen gathered there in force Saturday afternoon, and until all the votes had been cast some fine electioneering work went on. Whether or not reform was the issue, those who saw the gathering did not hesitate for an instant in pronouncing it an election crowd, for argument ran high and the placid smiles of the contestants indicated rare enthusiasm.

Ung Hong Su was the lucky man. Inaugural ceremonies followed close upon the election, and afterward the animosities of the campaign were whiffed away and drowned in social pleasures. Yesterday was the new official's inning. He arrayed himself in a robe of yellow silk and, attended by his predecessor, Lee Hong Gwing, in a sky-blue gown, went visiting his constituency. At every shop and residence he left one of his cards, a gaudy affair a foot long. The glories of the day culminated last night with an elaborate banquet. To-day the new officer will enter upon his duties and begin to draw $6 a week. The salary has been lately doubled.

MR. BLAINE AND STEEL RAILS.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

Mr. Blaine's oratory resembles the erratic course of a rocket—at first brilliant, flashing, and then utter darkness. It seems that he has again sent off one of these brilliant rockets on steel rails in his speech in Newark, and came down as usual as a poor stick.

I am really beginning to believe that Mr. Blaine is actually convinced that his steel rail assertion is true. Though his statements are so glaringly untrue, and are put forth in sheer ignorance of facts which are patent to those who know the commercial history of the world, Mr. Blaine has naturally come by repetition to believe his own absurdities. For example, Mr. Blaine is reported to have made the following statement yesterday in Newark:

"It was about 1867 or 1868 that the first steel rail was laid in England. When we desired to import them here it was found that they could not be laid down short of $170 per ton, and some were laid upon what are known as the Vanderbilt roads at that price. In 1870 these railway men came to Congress—the iron manufacturers and the steel manufacturers—and said, 'If you will give us an adequate tariff, we will manufacture steel rails here and reduce the price;' and on top of the enormous price at which rails then were furnished the Congress of the United States imposed a specific duty in gold coin of $28 per ton. Those of you who pay special attention to the tariff question will remember the instantaneous and enormous howl [laughter] that went up from the free trade journals and the free trade oracles all over this country. 'Why,' they said, 'this steel rail is already $170 in currency, and you are going to put $28 in gold on top of that'—the gold itself being worth about 30 per cent. premium. 'You have simply gone stark mad, and Congress deserves to be sent bodily to an insane asylum.' [Laughter.]"

In the first place, steel rails in 1870 were not selling for $170 currency a ton. The Bessemer patent being on the point of expiring, steel rails were sold in England from £10 to £11 a ton.

Secondly, the premium on gold in 1870 was not 30 per cent. Any one who chooses can find on page 22 of the Secretary of the Treasury's report for 1871 that the price of gold during the year 1870 was highest early in the year for only a week, (122,) the lowest being 110⅝; in fact, the average was not 116.

Thirdly, the duty on steel nails, up to the passing of a specific duty in 1870 of $28 a ton, was, as Mr. Blaine of all men in the country ought to know, 45 per cent. ad valorem, as manufacture of steel not otherwise provided for.

Therefore if steel rails in 1870 were selling in England at $100 a ton 45 per cent. would have been $17 more duty than the virtuous and benevolent manufacturers really did ask at $28 specific duty per ton. But the crowning point of Mr. Blaine's rocket is when he says: "The free traders set up a howl, [in 1870.] They said: 'This steel rail is already $170 in currency, and you are going to put $28 in gold on the top of that,' the gold itself being at 30 per cent. premium. 'You have gone stark mad, and Congress deserves to be sent bodily to an insane asylum.'" Now, then, if steel rails were, as Mr. Blaine says, already $170 in currency, so $28 in gold at 30 per cent. premium is exactly $36 40. Ergo, the duty of $36 40 on $170 is only about 21.80 per cent. If, I say, Mr. Blaine's statement had any foundation in it, why should free traders have gone mad at a reduction of duty from 45 per cent. ad valorem to $28, duty which would only be 21.80 per cent. duty? I have already explained in a former letter this monstrous steel rail duty swindle. According to Mr. Blaine's own statement in Maine the steel rail corporations, and there are only 11 I believe of them, have made $250,000,000 in 15 years and no doubt have kept 90 per cent. of it. Where is the workingmen's portion of their earnings? How much have they saved at $1 25, or even $1 75 a day, having had families to support? Only think of it. Two hundred and fifty million dollars made in 15 years by perhaps less than a few score of iron lords.

In conclusion I wish to reiterate what I stated in my last letter on this subject. It is not the high tariff that has promoted the steel rail industry in this country. It is due to the expiration of the Bessemer patent in 1870. This country with its then 40,000,000 people would have made steel rails if that article had even been entirely free. The only actual great result of this swindling duty of $28, and since 1883 $17, a ton on steel rails was, as Mr. Blaine justly pointed out, the gain of $250,000,000 by a handful of monopolists who swell the plutocracy of this tax-ridden country and cause ill feeling and bad blood among 60,000,000 of people. Mr. Blaine adds a curious sentence on the steel rail question. He says:

"I know that a tariff discussion by items is not altogether an interesting subject, and I don't propose to go further on just that point: but I think if that one thing be kept at the front, if that one case be held up, it is an argument which, when you confront opposition, throws a Democratic orator immediately into a temper and a perspiration. [Laughter and applause.]"

Well, Mr. Blaine should not wonder at the disturbance of Democratic orators when speaking on the steel rail duty swindle. These orators are not in the steel rail ring, nor can they possibly expect political adherence from such monopolists. It ought to raise the temper and perspiration of any honest Democratic orator to be told by the champion of high tariff and monopoly that owing to his infernal economic slavery one industry made $250,000,000 profit in 15 years. The average farmer or modest citizen with a family would be happy to accumulate $5,000 in 15 years, and yet the duty on steel rails has given to a handful of millionaires in 15 years an amount which would have made 50,000 farmers happy at $5,000 each.

J. S. MOORE.

NEW-YORK, Sunday, Oct. 31, 1886.

WOMEN AS HIGHWAY ROBBERS.

THE STORY WHICH CAUSED THE ARREST OF TWO GAY FEMALES.

ROME, N. Y., Oct. 31.—A story of attempted highway robbery, in which two women were the actors, is the sensation of the hour in this part of the State. The persons implicated are Mrs. Susan Scoville, a young widow, who tends a canal lock, eight miles north of this city, and Miss Mary Jane Dunn, a dashing girl, barely 20 years old. The scene of the alleged crime is on a road between here and Boonville, the loneliest and most desolate public highway in Oneida County. The complainants in the case are Hugh Dorritty, Luther Jones, and Miss Jones. Their story is that, while driving from Hillside, one dark night last month, to their home in North Western, their horse was suddenly halted at a point about midway between the two villages in a lonely spot on the west side of Paddock's Woods. A revolver, they say, was presented at their heads and they were commanded at the peril of their lives, to deliver up whatever money or valuables they had on their persons. Two mounted figures, apparently those of men, could be distinguished in the darkness, one at the side of the carriage, and the other standing directly across the roadway at their horse's head. Dorritty protested that he and his companions had neither money nor valuables. He gave his name to the seeming highwaymen, and lighted a match to disclose his identity. The carriage was finally allowed to pass on after the occupants had been warned to keep the fact that they had been stopped on the highway a close secret. Dorritty claims that when he lighted the match he got a good look at the supposed highwaymen, and that despite the fact that they were dressed partly in male attire he recognized them as Mrs. Scoville and the Dunn girl.

After waiting more than a month he swore out a warrant for their arrest, and they were taken into custody last Friday evening. On being arraigned they pleaded not guilty, and gave bail in $1,000 each to appear for examination on Thursday before Justice Haynes at North Western. Both women make light of the affair, and say it was simply "a little lark." Their story is that on the evening in question they got a couple of horses in a pasture, mounted them bareback, and rode from Hillside to North Western, a distance of six miles. They had no garment of men's wear, except hats, they claim. On the home journey they heard a carriage coming and consulted as to the best means of passing it and avoiding the ditch. Dorritty must have heard their voices as he called out: "Is that you, Mary Jane?" She then asked: "Is that you, Hugh Dorritty?" Then Mrs. Scoville says, the Dunn girl reined her steed in front of Dorritty's horse and stopped him, while she rode up and demanded that he light a match so that she could distinguished him. Both women say they had no revolvers, made no demand for money or valuables, and meant no harm. Their arrest has caused great excitement all over the county.

LUTHER'S LIFE AND WORK.

Despite the damp, chilly weather the St. James Lutheran Church, in East Fifteenth-street, was filled last night, the occasion being the celebration of the three hundred and sixty-ninth anniversary of the Reformation. The Pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. J. B. Reimensnyder, made an address of welcome, and J. F. Miller introduced the Rev. Dr. Adolph Spaeth, of Philadelphia, who delivered an oration on "Faith and Life as Represented by Martin Luther."

The speaker reviewed the conditions of religious thought in the time of Luther, and said that the whole body of the church had drifted away from the great central truth of justification by faith. Luther, by persistent preaching of this doctrine, reconstructed the principles of Christian ethics. The speaker then went on to show how Luther demonstrated in his own life the two great principles which he laid down, that "by faith the Christian is the free lord of all and subject to none," and "by love is a servant of everything and subject to all."

YACHT RACE ON JAMAICA BAY.

The last of the three yacht races for the silver prizes offered by Capt. Henry Smith, of Ruffle Bar, was sailed on Jamaica Bay yesterday afternoon. A stiff breeze from the northeast made exciting work for the seven competing yachts. They crossed the line well together, the Secret leading in the first class and the Florence in the second. After rounding the spar buoy at the entrance to Rockaway Inlet, there was an exciting race home between the Secret, Julita, and Aurora. The last named won in 1:26:30, corrected time, beating the Florence by 5 seconds.

PRACTICE UPSETS THEORY

AND DICK LOSES FAITH IN THE MAJOR.

AN ANTELOPE HUNT WHICH MIGHT HAVE ENDED BETTER IF THE MAJOR HADN'T KNOWN SO MUCH.

CAMP SUPPLY, Oct. 24.—The Major insisted upon our not leaving the Pan Handle until we had a good antelope hunt, and so we staid over, but Dick said yesterday on our return here that while he agreed with the Major that it was a noble sport to skim over the vast and flowered plain in pursuit of the fleet-footed American gazelle, he wished it wasn't all skim and no meat. He coincides, too, in the Major's opinion that the antelope is picturesque, but only about as much so as a cannon ball on the wing, and says that while he enjoyed this particular hunt very much he will postpone the next one until somebody invents a gun that can be loaded with a streak of lightning and will kill at seven miles. The fact is, a coolness has sprung up between Dick and the Major over this antelope question. When we left here two weeks ago, Dick said it was all very well for the Major to argue that we should go like true sportsmen with only salt, coffee, and ammunition, and live exclusively upon the revenues of the chase, but that unless the Major intended shooting pumpkins or canned provisions he thought we'd better take out a refrigerator full of chops, for he'd be hornswoggled if he was going to bed every night empty in this weather just to feel like a sportsman. The Major's feelings were combed the wrong way by this innuendo, and it took a great deal of unctuous diplomacy to smooth him down, but next morning he appeared at breakfast brilliantly cheerful, and said that Dick was right, for in case of a norther or a prairie fire game might be scarce for a few hours, and it would be just as well to have something to fall back upon. This pleased us all very much, and Dick made the amende honorable by voting that we appoint the Major Commissary, and it was unanimously carried. The first day out we fared well, for Dick had taken out seven watermelons and a steak, but on the second we had to fall back on the larder thoughtfully provided us by the Major, and found that he had only laid in a bag of red beans and four sides of army bacon. He said there were plenty of antelope around, and lots of wild turkey, not to speak of the probability of buffalo and the possibility of bear and elk, and although we had found it impossible to get closer than four miles to a steak that day we would certainly have more venison than we could use before another sun had gone down. Dick didn't have much to say that night, but we were all very thoughtful as we sat around chewing our rasher and began to have misgivings. The third day we had beans and bacon for breakfast, hunted all day, and came back to a dinner of bacon and beans. The fourth day we had bacon in the morning and beans at night, and on the next we reversed this bill of fare for a change and then fell back on the first combination and took a mixture of both. By this time Dick began to look bilious and careworn, and although he refused to complain there was an ominous gleam in his eye the following morning when he asked the Major to pass the snappers and hog, which told us that unless some antelope got paralyzed or folded his legs and waited for our bullets to catch up there was going to be trouble. After this the Major and Dick gradually got to be more polite to each other and less conversational, until by the end of the week our meals were devoured in painful silence and gloom.

Dick says there is nothing wrong with the antelope. On the contrary, the pesky brute is altogether too bumptious and healthy, but the trouble seems to lie in the fact that he isn't sociable. When the Major sighted our first herd he hurriedly whispered to us to dismount and keep the horses quiet while he decoyed the game within range. We dismounted softly and crouched down, holding the bridles and watching. The Major got out a red bandana and affixed it like a flag to a bamboo cane he had brought from St. Louis for the purpose. Dick wanted to know if antelope knew enough about railway matters to be brought to a stop like a freight train, but the Major smiled and whispered that we would see that when he crept cautiously out, laid low, and waved the bandana slowly, the herd would lift their heads and snort, and then with great caution approach to examine the unwonted sight, and others get within range. Antelope, he said, were curious to an extravagant degree, and it was by taking advantage of this trait that true sportsmen wooed them within reach. Well, we were all goose-fleshed with excitement, and Dick whispered to me that it was almost a pity to kill the whole herd when we had no ice to ship them home in, and we crouched as low as we could and hardly breathed, watching the Major. The Major got close to the ground and crawled to leeward, for he had informed us that antelope could smell an ordinary white man a mile if the wind was right, and Dick said if that were so he wondered how Kansas hunters managed to get along without Krupp cannon. Well, the Major crept and crept, and slipped along till he got behind a swell in the prairie, and then worked his way slowly and with extreme caution to a point of observation at the summit. The herd was grazing a quarter of a mile away, unconscious of impending doom. The Major lay flat, hidden in the grass, raised the bandana and waved it solemnly back and forth. The herd continued to graze. The Major increased the motion. The brutes took no notice, but Dick, who was eagerly watching with field glass, said afterward they must have seen the thing, for they looked at each other and winked. The Major tried a gyratory motion, then three circular flourishes and a vertical jab, but to no purpose. Then he got excited and waved like a Signal Service recruit on drill, but the antelope merely continued to nibble the grass and move leisurely toward the horizon. Suddenly the Major emitted a shrill whistle. He had told us that it was a well known fact among sportsmen that no member of the deer family could resist inquiring into the source of a whistle. The shrill note was borne on the wind and evidently got to its destination in good shape, for the herd with marvelous unanimity leaped a yard into the air, wheeled about, and stared. Now was the Major's chance. He waved the bandana thrice slowly and then held it at rest. Dick and I cocked our carbines and prepared for the rush. The rush came. The leader of the herd, an old buck with one horn broken and the general appearance of having had his day with the boys, gazed for a moment on the gory signal, then stamped his hoof sharply on the plain, and fled like mad, the does bounding like a covey of tumultuous fleas in his wane. The Major threw his whole soul into making that bandana go, and whistle after whistle went in chase, but that old buck had made up his mind to a change of climate, and was making a bee line for Mexico at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and the does were putting in their most frantic licks to live up to his wishes. It took just seven seconds for them to vanish from the range of the naked eye, and Dick reported a quarter of a minute later that his last reckoning with the field glass was that they had made 10 miles and were warming up to better work at every jump. The Major stood up and watched until the last brown-and-white fleck had shot out of sight, then came slowly down, with his gun and bandana, and we mounted without a word and plodded on. After an hour of reflection the Major cleared his throat and remarked that it was a fine day, and Dick said it was, but a little chilly. Then after awhile the Major said that of course animals sometimes exhibited phenomenal peculiarities entirely foreign to their real nature, but that the only way he could account for the cussedness of those late antelope, was that perhaps he hadn't appealed to their curiosity enough—had been too tame, as it were; but Dick replied that from the way they acted he should judge they thought they had about as much information aboard as they cared to acquire that morning, but perhaps next time, if the Major would throw in some handsprings and a few cartwheels, and we could borrow a handorgan from some ranch, we might amuse them long enough to get a snap shot. This, of course, complicated with his experience, made the Major red hot, and he said that every tomfool knew that antelope could be decoyed, and Dick said he had no doubt of it, and that if they would only let him get close enough with a reliable club he'd lay he'd decoy a couple inside of six minutes.

Just across the Canadian River, at Antelope Hills, we caught our first glimpse of the Llano Estacado or Staked Plains, which is simply a billiard table of grass bounded on all sides by the sky. It stretches the entire width of the Pan Handle and southward to Red River and the tributaries of the Brazos, and I do not believe it holds in that vast sweep a dozen elevations 20 feet high. Once it was the domain of millions of buffalo, whose traces are there still—the grass grown "wallow," and here and there a whitened and crumbling bone. There are a few of the wariest of the once numberless droves remaining, but soon the roving Comanche or cowboy will have laid the last low, and this monarch of the vast American Plains will have passed into history. A herd of buffalo is a remarkable and impressive sight. A mile beyond the outskirts of the main body may be found the patriarchal bulls, war-worn and mangy, no longer able to cope with the younger and stronger, who have driven them into exile. There they wander, with wistful eyes turned toward the bellowing community which once they ruled. Feebler and more rickety wax the mighty limbs; at last the venerable monarch takes his final stand. Now gather the wolves, cowards and skulkers that dared not tempt his olden wrath—they gather about, and the death watch is set. Angered at their unwonted familiarity he lowers his horns and with eyes of flame bellows his great displeasure. They heed it not, squatting in a wide circle about, or stealthily trotting to and fro to pass the hours. Day succeeds day. At last the old hero of a hundred fights, having consumed the last blade of grass within his reach, confesses the approach of the end, yet stands with trembling limbs braced apart to face his fast-gathering foes. Nearer and nearer they steal, to tempt his futile efforts at their destruction, for each hastens his exhaustion. The final hour comes; he can no longer lift the mighty head and the eyes are sightless. There comes a signal yelp; there is a concerted rush, and a wild shriek pierces the air, for with a last effort he caught the leader on his horn and slew him; then he totters and falls with a score of fangs at his throat, and the tragedy is over.

H. G. C.

THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—For Maine, New-Hampshire, Eastern Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, rains, followed by fair weather, northerly winds, nearly stationary temperature.

For Vermont, Western Massachusetts, Connecticut, Eastern New-York, Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, fair weather, northwesterly winds, nearly stationary temperature.

For New-Jersey, fair weather, preceded by local rains on the coast, northwesterly winds, slightly cooler.

For the District of Columbia, fair weather, northwesterly winds, nearly stationary temperature.

For Western New-York, Western Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, fair weather, westerly winds, slightly warmer.

The following shows the changes in the temperature for the past 24 hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's pharmacy, No. 218 Broadway:

	1885.	1886.		1885.	1886.
3 A. M.	36°	48°	3:30 P. M.	49°	53°
6 A. M.	36°	47°	6 P. M.	45°	52°
9 A. M.	39°	49°	9 P. M.	42°	51°
12 M.	43°	53°	12 P. M.	38°	49°

Average temperature yesterday.......50¼°
Average temperature for same date last year....41°

CHAMPAGNE ANALYZED BY PROF. R. OGDEN DOREMUS, OF BELLEVUE MEDICAL COLLEGE, NEW-YORK.

In the investigation of wholesome food and drinks Prof. Doremus chemically analyzed the champagnes of the most prominent brands imported in this country, purchased for the purpose of Messrs. Park & Tilford, and reports as follows on the result: "By chemical analyses I find G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry to contain in a marked degree less alcohol than the others. I therefore most cordially commend it, not only for its purity, but as the most wholesome of the champagnes."

It is a well known fact, supported by prominent members of the medical profession throughout the world, that champagnes containing the least alcohol are the most wholesome.

Wine drinkers should therefore be careful to avoid the heavy champagnes which have of late unfortunately gained considerable prominence.—*Mail and Express.*

OBITUARY NOTES.

Commodore B. F. Chandler, civil engineer, United States Navy, retired, died yesterday afternoon at Onset, Mass., of apoplexy, aged 70 years. He leaves a widow and two sons. For many years he was connected with the navy yards at New-London, Portsmouth, and Charlestown. He will be buried at Waverly, Mass.

Justice Austin Melvin Osborn, of the Supreme Court, died at his residence in Catskill at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. He was in his fifty-first year, having been born Dec. 2, 1835. He was elected District Attorney of Greene County in 1865, and served for three years. In 1870 Gov. Hoffman appointed him County Judge, and this position he held for a year. When Judge Miller, of the Third Judicial District, was elected to the Court of Appeals Gov. Tilden appointed Judge Osborn to the seat then made vacant in the Supreme Court Bench, and at the following election in November, 1885, he was elected for a full term, which would have expired in 1890.

Robert C. Kearny died yesterday at his home, No. 33 Madison-avenue, after an illness of three weeks due to heart trouble. He was connected with the Stuyvesant, Cheeseborough, Stevens, and Schenck families, but his tastes inclined him to his own fireside rather than to society, and he led a quiet life. His father, Philip R. Kearny, founded the New-York Life and Trust Company, now at No. 52 Wall-street, and it was with that company that the son began his business life. Of late years he has been in the real estate and insurance business at No. 60 Wall-street. He was 46 years old. A wife and two children survive. Funeral services will be held on Wednesday probably.

LATEST ARRIVALS.

Steamship La Gascogne, (Fr.,) Santelli, Havre Oct. 23, with mdse. and passengers to Louis de Bebian.

Steamship Wyanoke, Hulphers, Richmond, City Point, and Norfolk, with mdse. and passengers to Old Dominion Steamship Co.

LATEST FOREIGN SHIPPING.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—The steamship Oregon, (Br.,) Capt. Williams, from Montreal Oct. 19 for Liverpool, passed Moville Oct. 30.

The steamship Bulgarian, (Br.,) Capt. Parry, sld. from Liverpool for Boston Oct. 30.

The steamship Iowa, (Br.,) Capt. Walters, sld. from Liverpool for Boston Oct. 30.

The steamship Bassano, (Br.,) Capt. Read, from New-York Oct. 14, arr. at Hull Oct. 30.

The steamship City of New-York, Capt. Searle, from San Francisco Oct. 9, arr. at Yokohama Oct. 30.

The steamship Gaelic, (Br.,) Capt. Pearne, from San Francisco Sept. 30, arr. at Hong-Kong Oct. 30. Sld. Oct. 30, Alfred D. Snow, New-York; Girvan.

500 Pieces English Royal Wilton Carpets just received and placed on sale at exceedingly low prices. SHEPPARD KNAPP & CO., Sixth-av. and 13th-st.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. An Elegant Toilet Luxury. 25 cents.

MARRIED.

TWYEFFORT—MATHEY.—At Eglise du Saint-Esprit, Oct. 28, 1886, by the Rev. A. V. Wittmeyer, EMILE TWYEFFORT to LILLIE GERTRUDE, daughter of Auguste S. Mathey.

WARD—McINTOSH.—Thursday evening, Oct. 28, at the residence of the bride's parents, Glen Ridge, N. J., by the Rev. Duncan Kennedy, D. D., FRANK D. WARD to GRACE WHITEWRIGHT, daughter of Wm. McIntosh.

WEBB—MITCHELL.—On Monday, Oct. 25, by the Rev. James S. Chadwick, D. D., Z. SWIFT WEBB, M. D., to Mrs. CATHERINE MITCHELL. No cards.

DIED.

CROSS.—In Brooklyn, Saturday, Oct. 30, Doct. WILLIAM W. CROSS, formerly U. S. Consul at Cienfuegos, Cuba.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at the residence of his brother, Alfred F. Cross, 101 Columbia Heights, on Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Interment private.

DIMOCK.—SUSAN WESTON, wife of Rev. Anthony V. Dimock, at Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 30, in the 67th year of her age.

Funeral from her late residence, 473 Morris-av., on Monday, Nov. 1, at 2 o'clock P. M. Interment at the convenience of the family.

HUBBELL.—Suddenly, at the residence of her son, J. H. Hubbell, at Yonkers, N. Y., Mrs. MARY P. HUBBELL, in the 86th year of her age.

Funeral services and interment at Jackson, Mich.

KEARNY.—On Sunday, the 31st ult., at his late residence, 33 Madison-av., ROBERT C. KEARNY, son of the late Philip R. Kearny.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

KNOWLES.—MATILDA KNOWLES, widow of James Knowles, on Saturday, Oct. 30, aged 75 years.

Funeral from Allen-Street Presbyterian Church on Monday, Nov. 1, at 1 P. M.

LIGHTHIPE.—At Orange, N. J., Oct. 30, 1886, SARAH, wife of Charles A. Lighthipe.

Funeral services will be held at Grace Church, Orange, Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 P. M. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. Train leaves foot Barclay and Christopher sts. at 1:30 P. M. via D., L. and W. R. R.

LITTLE.—On Saturday, Oct. 30, JAMES LITTLE, in his 82d year.

Funeral on Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 11 A. M., from the Second-Street M. E. Church.

LOCKTUIN.—On Sunday, Oct. 31, DAVID R., youngest son of James J. and Mary Locktuin.

Funeral from his late residence, 204 East 56th-st., on Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 11 o'clock. Interment at Woodlawn.

PECKHAM.—On Thursday, Oct. 28, ANNIE C., daughter of Abby and the late George Peckham.

Funeral at the residence of E. B. Fellows, Esq., Union-av., near 165th-st., Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Carriages will meet the 1:30 (Harlem R. R.) train from Grand Central Depot at Morrisania Station.

PITTIS.—On Sunday, Oct. 31, ELLINOR HEARN, widow of Thomas Pittis, in the 73d year of her age.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend her funeral from Grace Church, Plainfield, N. J., at 11 o'clock A. M., on Tuesday, Nov. 2.

ROBINSON.—Entered into rest, on Saturday morning, DAISY ROBINSON, daughter of James A. and the late C. Augusta Robinson and granddaughter of John B. Kitching, aged 18.

Friends are invited to attend her funeral on All Saints' Day, Monday, Nov. 1, from Calvary Church, 4th-av. and 21st-st., at 2 P. M.

RUST.—At her residence, 1,370 Pacific-st., Brooklyn, Saturday, Oct. 30, of consumption, Mrs. MAY F. RUST, daughter of the late Dr. John Osborn, of New-York.

Funeral service at residence Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

SINCLAIR.—At Westfield, N. J., on Sunday, Oct. 31, SADIE REED, daughter of Robert R. and Jemima M. Sinclair, aged 14 years and 6 months.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

STEPATH.—On Friday, Oct. 29, 1886, after a short illness, CHAS. STEPATH, aged 50 years; residence, 148 West 122d-st.

Funeral will take place from All Saints' Church, 129th-st. and Madison-av., on Tuesday morning, 10 o'clock. Please omit flowers.

TIBBITS.—At Sands Point, Oct. 30, 1886, JANE C. TIBBITS, widow of Hall I. Tibbits, in the 85th year of her age.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend her funeral from Christ Church, Manhassett, Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 3 o'clock P. M. Trains leave Long Island City at 1 P. M.

VANDERVEER.—Suddenly, at the residence of his father, T. D. Vanderveer, 76 Meserole-av., Brooklyn, on Saturday, Oct. 30, WM. H. VANDERVEER, aged 39 years.

Services at residence at 8 P. M. Tuesday. Funeral at 11 A. M. Wednesday. Interment in Greenwood.

WILSON.—On Saturday, Oct. 30, FREDERIC R., son of George L. and Tillie B. Wilson, aged 1 year and 2 months.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the residence of his grandfather, Frederick Rohde, 168 West 44th-st., on Monday, Nov. 1, at 1 o'clock.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WILLIAM P. MOORE, AUCTIONEER. MOORE'S AUCTION ROOMS, 290 5TH-AV.

Grand and highly attractive sale of ENGLISH SILVER PLATE, IVORY HANDLED TABLE CUTLERY, FRUIT AND FLOWER EPERGNES, FORKS, SPOONS, &c., IN CABINETS, OXYDIZED GOLD AND SILVER WARE, &c. Made and consigned by MESSRS. J. LYDON & CO., CUTLERS AND SILVERSMITHS, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

SALE WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY NOV. 3, 4, AND 5, AT 2:30 O'CLOCK EACH AFTERNOON.

BANGS & CO., 739 AND 741 BROADWAY, WILL SELL AT AUCTION MONDAY, NOV. 1, AT 3:30 AND 7:30 P. M., a private library of standard and popular English literature.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, AT 3 O'CLOCK, the library of W. H. KEMP, Esq., of this city, comprising dramatic literature, first editions of Dickens, Rowlandson and Cruikshank's illustrations, Lodge's portraits, &c., many in handsome bindings.

FRIDAY, AT 3 O'CLOCK, a library of good books, comprising many valuable works.

Bids executed for buyers unable to attend, free of charge.

HAMILTON VOCALION ORGANS. Warerooms, 28 East 23d-st. A. H. Messiter, Esq., organist of Trinity Church, says: "The beauty and purity as well as novel character of its tones produce a most effective combination with voices or other instruments, whilst the amount of power, astonishing in itself, is especially valuable for churches and concert rooms where space is a consideration."

FIRST-CLASS DENTISTRY OF EVERY DEscription at the lowest prices by Drs. WAIT & SMITH, 45 East 23d-st.; old stand. Sets of teeth, $8, upward. Extracting under gas, 50c. Please call. Ref's: Dr. W. N. Gilchrest, Dr. J. W. Howe, Dr. J. W. Warner.

THE EFFECT AFTER TAKING ADAMSON'S Botanic Balsam is a soothing and controlling influence over any cough or cold, promoting rest, allaying the tickling sensation in the throat, and causing a healthy expectoration. Kinsman's.

WE REGARD MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP as INVALUABLE for the purposes for which it is designed, and would have it if its price were double what it now is. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BEST GRADES FAMILY AND STEAM COAL at retail; also English cannel coal and wood; office, 21 Cortlandt-st.; yard foot East 3d-st. WARD & OLYPHANT.

CARPET CLEANING.—THOMAS JAMES STEWART, 1,554 Broadway, second door above 46th-st.; Erie and 5th, J. C. Tle.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

(Should be read daily by all interested, as changes may occur at any time.)

Letters for foreign countries need not be specially addressed for dispatch by any particular steamer, except when it is desired to send duplicates of banking and commercial documents, letters not specially addressed being sent by the fastest vessels available.

Foreign mails for the week ending Nov. 6 will close (promptly in all cases) at this office as follows:

MONDAY.—At 10 A. M. for Central America and South Pacific ports, per steamship City of Para, via Aspinwall, (letters for Guatemala and Mexico must be directed "per City of Para;") at 1 P. M. for St. Thomas, via St. Croix, and for St. Croix and Windward Islands direct, per steamship Barracouta; at 2 P. M. for Progreso, Mexico, per steamship Thornhill; at 3 P. M. for Truxillo and Ruatan, per steamship City of Mexico, from New-Orleans.

TUESDAY.—At 10:30 A. M. for Porto Rico, per steamship Elcano.

WEDNESDAY.—At 7:30 A. M. for Europe per steamship Aller, via Southampton and Bremen; at 7 P. M. for Para, Pernambuco, and Ceara, per steamship Paraense, from Baltimore.

THURSDAY.—At 8 A. M. for Europe, per steamship Adriatic, via Queenstown, (letters for France, Germany, &c., must be directed "per Adriatic;") at 9 A. M. for Europe, per steamship Hammonia, via Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Hamburg; at 11 A. M. for Hayti, per steamship Claribel; at 11 A. M. for Venezuela and Curaçoa, per steamship Valencia; at 1 P. M. for Bermuda, per steamship Trinidad; at 3 P. M. for Progreso and Vera Cruz, Mexico, per steamship Mexico via Havana.

FRIDAY.—At 9 A. M. for Newfoundland, per steamer from Halifax; at 3 P. M. for Truxillo and Ruatan, per steamship Prof. Morse, from New-Orleans.

SATURDAY.—At 10 A. M. for Norway direct, per steamship Geiser, (letters must be directed "per Geiser;") at 10 A. M. for Europe, per steamship Etruria, via Queenstown, (letters for France, Germany, &c., must be directed "per Etruria;") at 10 A. M. for Germany, &c., per steamship Fulda, via Southampton and Bremen, (letters for Great Britain and other European countries must be directed "per Fulda;") at 10 A. M. for France direct, per steamship La Gascogne, via Havre; at 11 A. M. for Jamaica, per steamship Edith Godden; at 11 A. M. for Scotland direct, per steamship Anchoria, via Glasgow, (letters must be directed "per Anchoria;") at 11 A. M. for Belgium direct, per steamship Pennland, via Antwerp, (letters must be directed "per Pennland;") at 11 A. M. for the Netherlands direct, per steamship P. Caland, via Rotterdam, (letters must be directed "per P. Caland.")

SUNDAY.—At 3 P. M. for Bluefields and Truxillo, per steamship Maria P., from New-Orleans.

Mails for China and Japan, per steamship San Pablo, (from San Francisco,) close here Nov. *2 at 7 P. M. Mails for the Sandwich Islands, per steamship Zealandia, (from San Francisco,) close here Nov. *3 at 7 P. M. Mails for Australia, New-Zealand, Sandwich, Fiji, and Samoan Islands, per steamship Mariposa, (from San Francisco,) close here Nov. *13 at 7 P. M., (or on arrival at New-York of steamship Celtic with British mails for Australia.) Mails for the Society Islands, per ship Tahiti, (from San Francisco,) close here Nov. *24 at 7 P. M. Mails for Cuba, by rail to Tampa, Fla., and thence by steamer, from Key West, Fla., close at this office daily at 2:30 A. M.

*The schedule of closing of transpacific mails is arranged on the presumption of their uninterrupted overland transit to San Francisco. Mails from the East arriving on time at San Francisco on the day of sailing of steamers are dispatched thence the same day.

HENRY G. PEARSON, Postmaster.

POST OFFICE, NEW-YORK, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1886.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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POLITICAL.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE ELEVENTH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

We commend for Assembly Mr. FRANK D. SHAW, for many years a resident of the Eleventh Assembly District, a graduate of Columbia College, and a practicing lawyer.

We believe him to be well qualified ably and honorably to represent your interests.

Oct. 30, 1886.

Latham, Alexander & Co.,	Charles A. Rapallo,
Algernon S. Sullivan,	Geo. S. Stitt,
Woodward, Baldwin & Co.,	Edward W. Scott,
Henry Milford Smith,	T. S. Ormiston,
David Valentine,	Chas. H. Webb,
	Horace J. Fairchild.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR MEMBER OF CONGRESS—In Tenth Congressional District, comprising Eleventh, Sixteenth, and Eighteenth Assembly Districts—

ALLEN T. RICE.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

For Congress, Seventh Congressional District, composed of the Second, Third, and Seventh Assembly Districts,

JOHN D. LAWSON.

CONGRESS.

For Representative in Congress for the TWELFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT, GEORGE HAMILTON PELL.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

ELEVENTH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

FOR ALDERMAN,

JAMES TALLMADGE VAN RENSSELAER.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION. FOR ASSEMBLY, 15TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT, CAPT. JOHN FARRELL.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION. FOR ALDERMAN, 15TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT, JOHN KANE, JR.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC AND INDEPENDENT nomination for Assembly, Twenty-first Assembly District, ABRAHAM L. JACOBS.

FOR ASSEMBLY, ELEVENTH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.—Regular Republican nomination, ROBERT RAY HAMILTON.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION. FOR ASSEMBLY, SEVENTH DISTRICT, ALFRED R. CONKLING.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION. FOR ASSEMBLY, SEVENTH DISTRICT, GEORGE H. HENRY.

THE ONLY UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES is at No. 1,269 Broadway, between 31st and 32d sts.