The Sun.

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Chicago!

It now seems probable that Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT and Mr. FRANK HISCOCK have killed the World's Fair in New York city. Where they could not rule they were able to ruin; and the glory and benefit which would have resulted to the people of this metropolis, had the mighty project been carried through according to its programme, are all denied to them by those Republican dictators, or rather by one of them; for it is well understood that in all such matters Mr. PLATT commands and Mr. HISCOCK obeys.

New York is the natural, proper, and most advantageous place for a fit celebration of the discovery of America, one of the chief events in the world's history. But if there cannot be such a celebration here, owing to the veto pronounced by the temporary head of the Republican party in this State, it is to be hoped that such an enterprise will not be wholly frustrated, and that the wishes of the whole people of the country may not be crushed under the decree of a selfish New York politician. At any rate let there be a worthy celebration, the best that under the circumstances remains possible.

After New York, there is but one place where there is any prospect that an undertaking so gigantic can be accomplished, and that place is Chicago. The proposition to have it in Washington, because that is the seat of the Federal Government, turns out, when it is carefully examined, to be destitute of merit. To attempt such a thing in Washington is to say that the whole expense must be borne by the Treasury of the United States. That expense will be far from trifling. In Washington there is but a limited population, and though Baltimore and Maryland are near at hand, there are no such masses of people, close at hand and likely to visit the show constantly, as would furnish from their admission fees any considerable offset against the enormous outlay. In St. Louis the case is similar, with the added disadvantage that it is more remote from those great aggregations of towns which may be found in the old States along the seaboard.

Wherever the Fair is held, no important number of visitors can be expected from other countries. The journey across the Atlantic is too long and too expensive for many Europeans to come to us. In this respect, we must depend upon the inhabitants of this country and Canada for the payment of the necessary charges and for the contingency of profits over and above them.

Therefore we say that, after New York, Chicago is the only place which should be thought of. It is a noteworthy and enterprise-loving town. If it undertakes to hold a Fair, it may be relied upon to put it through with all the energy and all the resources of a people not accustomed to failure. It has the convenience of innumerable railways and steamboats for transportation. Its hotels are spacious, orderly, and elegant. Its theatres and other ordinary public entertainments are cultivated and intellectual. Its Auditorium is great and magnificent, notwithstanding the unfortunate blunder of a preposterous name; and any stranger who finds himself obliged to pass a week in Chicago need have no reason to think he is unlucky. For these reasons, after the defeat of New York, under the auspices of the Republican party, we give our vote for the great Inter-Oceanic Metropolis.

The Report of the Parnell Commission.

The Judges composing the PARNELL Commission have not altogether disappointed the party which desired their services. Their report shows the determination and the ability to make the best of a bad case. It exhibits the semblance of fairness by roundly acknowledging what could not be denied, and then proceeds to put the worst construction upon facts whose purport is debatable. Of the grave crimes and misdemeanors charged against Mr. PARNELL he is absolved, but he is solemnly arraigned for the encouragement of boycotting, a thing he never hesitated to defend in Parliament. This is like acquitting a man of stealing a horse and convicting him of borrowing an umbrella.

Let us recapitulate the admissions of three Unionist Judges with regard to offences repeatedly imputed to the Irish Parliamentary leader by the London *Times* in the "Parnellism and Crime" articles. It is not true, it seems, that Mr. PARNELL or the majority of his Nationalist colleagues entered into a conspiracy whose aim was the absolute independence of Ireland. To have had such a purpose would have been no crime in the eyes of Americans, but the Unionist Judges declare that no such purpose was entertained. It is also pronounced untrue that conspicuous Nationalists, while publicly inveighing against certain crimes, privately led their supporters to believe that their indignation was feigned. In connection with this general exculpation Mr. PARNELL and his associates are specifically absolved of insincerity in their denunciation of the Phœnix Park murders. Not only is PIGOTT'S forgery of the letters imputed to the Irish leader unequivocally acknowledged by the Commission, but it is further denied that Mr. PARNELL was intimate with any of the so-called Invincibles; that he recognized the Phœnix Park murders as their work; or that by an opportune remittance he enabled one of them to escape from justice. It is declared, finally, that the accused Nationalists did not directly incite any persons to the commission of crime (other than boycotting); that they did not make payments for the purpose of inciting persons to commit crime, and that they did not subscribe to testimonials for notorious criminals or associate with such offenders. Of every one of these acts, which figured in the foreground of the indictment brought by the *Times*, Mr. PARNELL and most of his colleagues are acquitted by a Unionist Commission.

Now for the only allegations against the Nationalist leaders which the Unionist Judges regard as proved. They find that Mr. PARNELL and his colleagues combined in 1879 to promote an agrarian agitation against the payment of agricultural rents. Their efforts in this direction have never been denied, and they constitute a strong title to the confidence and gratitude of Irish tenants. It was primarily due to their agitation that Irish rents have twice been cut down by the land courts. Both Conservatives and Liberals have recognized the equitableness of such reductions; how, then, can the peaceful endeavor to secure them be described as a conspiracy? The Judges also find that the respondents disseminated the *Irish World*, received money collected by that paper, and in other ways accepted the pecuniary assistance of the party of physical force in the United States. It has never been disputed that the Nationalist leaders, and particularly Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DAVITT, strove to unite all the friends of Ireland on both sides of the Atlantic, whatever might have been their previous affiliations or opinions, on behalf of the constitutional movement, which has already won over one of the great English parties, and has a bright prospect of complete success. While the *Irish World* supported the new programme, and helped to raise funds for the Land League and the Parliamentary party, the Nationalist chiefs could hardly be expected to refuse to circulate that paper. That any of the respondents knew that the Clan-na-Gael controlled the American branch of the Land League is after a review of the evidence denied by the Commission.

But Mr. PARNELL and his Nationalist coworkers were guilty of encouraging boycotting. Well, we shall have to admit that. They have often publicly avowed it, and Mr. GLADSTONE has found a-plenty of excuses for the practice. The Judges, however, call a combination to promote boycotting a criminal conspiracy. That is the best that the Commission could do for the Unionist majority. It remains to be seen what the Unionists will do with the "criminal conspirators."

How the Saxton Bill Disfranchises.

A valued correspondent in Union Springs propounds the following query:

"There is a little controversy here in regard to ballot reform. I say that a man who cannot read his ballot cannot vote. The other man says that ballot reform does not disfranchise any one. Will you be kind enough to let me know through THE SUN which of us is right, and also in what way it would disfranchise the man who cannot read his ballot?"

We answer our correspondent when we tell him that, under the present law of this State, the only condition placed upon manhood suffrage of qualified electors is the act of bringing the ballot or ballots to the official polling place, and that the bogus ballot reformers propose to supplement this by an educational test, so that instead of bringing his ballots the voter must, in a given place and in a given time, read, mark, and prepare them as the State arbitrarily decrees. If he be an unlettered man, and is from such circumstance unable to do this, then the State absolutely and unconditionally takes his vote away from him and prevents him from casting it. The alternative offered is that a ballot may be cast on his account by "a sworn public officer," who is to vote for him. Ostensibly, the sworn public officer is to mark the ticket as the unlettered man directs, but as the latter cannot read the ticket he cannot know in what way the "sworn officer" marks it, and consequently he is helpless for redress. On the subject of these sworn public officers LEON ABBETT, Democratic Governor of New Jersey, said in his recent message to the Legislature of the State:

"The employment of these officers seems to be dangerous and improper. The fact that these election officers were sworn officials would no more prevent them, if dishonest, from destroying the secrecy of the ballot, or practically intimidating a voter by their knowledge of his ballot, than would the official oath of a dishonest election officer prevent him from tampering with the ballot box or knowingly receiving fraudulent votes. These election officers would become the political agents of the different parties, and every voter who accepted their intervention would feel that there was no secrecy as to his ballot, and that such election officers might expose to others how he had exercised the right of suffrage."

We can add to this, for the guidance and instruction of our inquiring friend, that if the so-called ballot reform law did not disfranchise, and was not intended to disfranchise thousands of honest but unlettered men, workingmen, toilers, and poor men generally, it would not be favored and supported as it is by the believers in a twenty-one years' test of citizenship, by the property qualification reformers, with Mr. SIMON STERN at their head, by the native American Know-Nothings who wish to restrict the holding of all offices to those whose grandfathers were born in the United States, by the Union League Club, by the Mugwumps, and by the lawn tennis politicians generally. That it disfranchises is the reason why they are in favor of the measure, and why the Democratic party is dead against it.

Our friend speaks of those citizens who "cannot read" as those who are to be disfranchised. By this term he evidently means those who have been deprived of the benefits of a rudimental education, and those whose vision is impaired. In great Democratic communities like New York city the disfranchising effects of the bogus ballot bill would extend much further. Thousands of men of thrift and intelligence who may be able to read a ballot perfectly, might not be able so to mark it within the shadow of a horse stall as to conform to the conditions of the law; and they would thus disfranchise themselves. Thousands of voters in the city of New York, though well educated, are not accustomed to use English in daily family intercourse. The State has naturalized such men, and most of them make excellent citizens, but the bogus ballot reformers would do away with their right to vote understandingly. Thousands of workingmen, mostly Democrats, would, from stress of time, not be able to delay in horse stalls at their accustomed hour of going to work. In the districts of this city inhabited by laboring men fully 40 per cent. of the total vote is cast on election morning before 7:30 o'clock, and before the bogus ballot reformers have arisen. While a system which would allow the latter five minutes to vote would not disfranchise them, it would cut deeply into the rights of those whose attendance is needed in the early morning at their places of toil, who cannot afford to sacrifice their work, even at the cost of disfranchisement. In Boston, recently, the Australian method worked a denial of suffrage to 5,000 citizens, 4,000 of whom were Democrats.

Judging from the letter of our correspondent, the controversy which has sprung up in Union Springs is of a thoughtful kind. In this city, with the exception of a few cranks and a few selfish, pretentious, and unconscious enemies of real Democracy—defeated and discredited candidates, for the most part—no Democrat of standing has yet advanced a word in favor of this disfranchising system. It is a Republican device, pure and simple, and an uncommonly shrewd one, too.

We may add, for the fuller consideration of our candid correspondent, that there are now pending before the Legislature of this State two electoral bills, one introduced by a Democrat (the LINSON bill) and the other introduced by a Republican (the SAXTON bill). The essential difference between them is that under the terms of the latter voting is to be made in this State a Government monopoly, and the votes of unlettered poor men are by it to be cast for them by Returning Board officers. That is the disfranchising measure.

Under the terms of the LINSON bill electors do not forfeit their right of using unofficial ballots to express their choice, if they so desire, and do not become, as under the SAXTON bill, temporary prisoners in a booth, and made dependent, if unlettered, upon the good faith of their wardens or jailers. Under the LINSON bill a voter can, as now, procure his ballots in advance of election day, and prepare them with such assistance as he may desire from his family, neighbors, or friends, so that the ticket may embody his deliberate choice, and not merely such a voice as Mr. SAXTON and the "sworn public officers" may leave him in the concerns of the community of which he is a citizen.

We hope that the query of our correspondent is answered.

The Time to Speak.

An esteemed correspondent in Ohio has written us a private letter which we take the liberty to print in part, because it touches a question of political duty:

"I am a Democrat, having reached the allotted three score and ten. With the exception of one vote for LINCOLN when it seemed clearly my duty to break away from party, I have always voted the straight Democratic ticket except in town affairs. I can't help telling you that the manner in which you pursue Mr. CLEVELAND hurts the feelings of a great many true Democrats. Your articles will be scrap-booked by Republicans and brought out if Mr. CLEVELAND should happen again to be a candidate, as I think he certainly will be, though I sincerely hope not."

Our friend does not tell us why he sincerely hopes that Mr. CLEVELAND will not be nominated again for President by the Democratic party. We suppose it is because our friend is a good Democrat, and wants to see the Democrats win in the next election.

If that is the case, he and we are in perfect agreement thus far.

The only difference of opinion is as to the present duty of those who sincerely hope that Mr. CLEVELAND will not again be the candidate of the Democracy.

Mr. CLEVELAND is already his own candidate for President in 1892, although he is not the party's candidate. He is professionally engaged in an attempt to persuade the party that there is no Democracy but CLEVELAND Mugwumpism, no future for the Democracy unless it follows where he leads, no prospect of success except under the banner on which disaster perched a year ago.

That is the business of a politician; and if he can accomplish his desire, it will be good for the politician and bad for the party.

It is the business of a newspaper like THE SUN, on the other hand, to present the truth as it understands the truth, without regard for such considerations as our friend urges in favor of passive acquiescence.

Practically, our friend is requesting us to assist in promoting the event to which he looks forward with sincere apprehension. That is not the way to serve the Democratic party. All that a colossal egotism and a scheming selfishness ask at the present time is a clear track in which to make headway; and what they fear most is the outspoken expression of such loyal and honest Democratic opinion as we are quoting from day to day in the columns of THE SUN—to-day, for example, from the *Wilkes-Barre Newsdealer*.

To Carry New York.

Our brilliant and enterprising Republican contemporary, the *Globe-Democrat*, speaks with real or affected confidence:

"Of course Mr. DEPEW is able to carry New York in 1892, and so is any other man on the Republican roll of Presidential possibilities."

It depends on the name and standing of the Democratic candidate.

DAVID BENNETT HILL can carry New York against any Republican who can be put up. There is no other Democrat who can be said to approach him in point of popular strength in the Empire State.

TOM PLATT'S recent demonstration against holding the World's Fair in New York tends to add immensely to the relative preponderance of the great Democratic leader. Following PLATT'S reckless and absurd manipulation of this question, the Republican party cannot escape its heavy punishment; and even the influence of CHAUNCEY DEPEW among the masses is seriously damaged.

Never before did the Democratic cause in New York wear a brighter halo of hope; and never was the genius of a public man more earnestly appreciated than that of Governor HILL among this people.

The great World's Fair in New York is dead.

Me Too!

Our philosophical contemporary, the *Pioneer-Press*, suggests that there should be "a permanent, experienced, and impartial" Speaker of the House of Representatives, and that the House Committees should be elected by the House itself. The latter idea has been frequently propounded, and some good arguments have been offered in favor of the plan. But the British plan of a permanent Speaker has nothing to recommend it. It is scarcely consistent with American ideas. It is possible to have an impartial Speaker without having a permanent Speaker. And rotation is as good in the Speaker's chair as in other offices.

The management of a huge corporation like this city has nothing to do with politics.—*Epoch.*

What is the reason, then, that the law provides for public elections by which these managers are chosen? And why does the immemorial custom of the people lead them to divide into parties and to vote in accordance with their politics in these elections?

What's the matter with QUAY?—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Too long a story. It begins with BILL KEMBLE and ends with JOHN WANAMAKER.

A Great Western Journal and Mr. Randall.

From the Kansas City Times.

THE SUN, after remarking that "only the other day a number of the free trade Democrats who were loud and vehement in their demands that Mr. Randall should not merely be driven out of their party, but out of public life altogether," but that "lately, ever since it has been known that he was lying seriously ill in Washington and unable to take part in the great contest of politics and legislation, they have refrained from the vituperation they used to indulge in" says: "And now we have the *Kansas City Times* expressing itself with the generous appreciation which men of sense always feel for others of kindred quality."

If THE SUN imagines that the *Times* ever indulged in vituperation of Mr. Randall it is very much mistaken. The *Times*'s position on tariff reform, not free trade, is too well known to need any explanation, and it had hoped that its regard for Mr. Randall was also not open to misconception. While it differs with him on the tariff it has always recognized in him, to quote from THE SUN, a Democrat of "high character, supreme ability, long service, and great achievement in the cause of Democracy," and it has never hesitated to reprove and condemn the narrow-minded and intolerant Democratic newspapers which sought to belittle his great ability and admirable character because he could not honestly look at a great issue through the same spectacles that they did.

No newspaper has greater respect and admiration for the eminent Pennsylvanian than the *Times*, and no newspaper has been so sorry that his surroundings were such as to place him on the other side of a question which the *Times*, in common with the great majority of the Democracy, has espoused, and which he and THE SUN have so ably opposed.

A Party that Has Flopped.

From the Public Service.

Those County Democracy leaders who favor the Saxton Ballot bill need a steady diet of cold fish. This article of food quickens the mind. After the fish diet these same leaders would remember that they asked Governor Hill last year and the year before to veto what they called the "infamous Saxton bill." To this action of the C. D.'s another attempt by ex Mayor Grace and his man Friday, better known as Bill Ivins, a law partner in the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt, to put Governor Hill in a hole. This leads to the question: Does the County Democracy Platt combination in the Legislature mean Republican assistance in electing Grace Mayor of this town next November?

Married at the Age of 91.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BROUSSARDVILLE, Feb. 10.—A notable event occurred here to-day in the marriage of the oldest resident of this locality, and perhaps of the parish, in the person of Mr. Pierrvillien Broussard, 91 years old, to a lady some what over 50. This was his second venture, having lived in wedlock sixty-six years with his first wife.

Good!

From the Kings County Rural Gazette.

Mr. Erastus H. Craw has discovered a plan whereby he can run a steamship to Europe in four days and a half with less than 100 tons of coal. Mr. Craw is an inventor of rare merit.

CLEVELAND?

No!

From the Wilkes-Barre Newsdealer.

While it is of course early to forecast the probabilities of Cleveland's nomination in 1892 it is an undeniable fact that he and his friends are doing all that can be done to bring about that result. By various pretexts he manages to keep himself before the public, and every opportunity is eagerly seized to advance the ambition which lies nearest his heart.

Will the Democracy of the country permit this to be done? We hope not. To pursue such a course would be nothing more than inviting defeat. The lesson of 1888 should impress upon them the undeniable fact that Cleveland is not popular with the party in general. Many causes have contributed to this, among which are his shortcomings as a party Democrat. His lack of accord with the Democratic leaders, and last, though not least, his offensive assumption that he was greater than his party. The Clevelandish policy that prevailed under his régime disheartened and alienated thousands of Democrats, the effect of which was plainly felt in the campaign, and contributed more largely than even his out-of-order stand on the tariff to his defeat. When the candidate of a party entrenched in power, and with all that influence exerted in his behalf, fails in his ambition, a blind man can perceive that it would be folly to make him the standard bearer with all the advantages of official power and possession against him.

No more of Cleveland, should be the motto of every Democrat.

A Question of Identity.

From the Washington Critic.

Is this my Fair, or is it Tom Platt's?

C. COLUMBUS.

The Poetic Muse of the Wild West.

From the Omaha World-Herald.

The Hon. N. K. Griggs of Beatrice, who recently went to Cheyenne, has evidently done all he cared to do. A copy of a Cheyenne paper is before us, and in it is an extensive account of a banquet given by the Bar Association of Wyoming and N. K. Griggs was there and he read three poems and sang one song. When it comes to reading his own poems Mr. Griggs is wildly at home. The Cheyenne paper, for some mysterious reason, did not print either the song or the poem. It said, however, they were as fine as anything ever heard in that section, which is certainly complimentary to Mr. Griggs. We may be pardoned in reproducing the first jag of the first poem the talented gentleman read:

In the wilds of this no man's land
Where the vilest likker does flow,
And five aces often make a hand
And men on the trigger ain't slow,
It is here I could weep,
And is where I could sleep—
As the seasons come and go.

The critics of the town were fairly enraptured with Mr. Griggs's poetry, and many of them wished that he could be induced to sleep there. Col. Colby of Beatrice, who also courts the muse, says that Mr. Griggs's production is not first class, and that if he ever goes to Cheyenne he will show them poetry as is poetry.

Philadelphia's Versatile Muse.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Platt,
'Scat!

Angels take our little Tommy,
Lay him at our Lady's feet,
Tell her that another angel
Comes to fill a vacant seat.
Gone to meet his brother.

Foreign Notes of Real Interest.

An English railway company has set apart a special fund from which to reward acts of bravery on the part of its employees.

Typhoid fever in India is becoming so widespread that it is as much feared as cholera, and a Government commission has been appointed to investigate it.

The heaviest taxpayer in Prussia is Krupp, the gun maker, who is assessed this year upon an income of $1,400,000, an increase of $300,000 over 1889.

The historic lime tree at Munchenwyler, in Freiburg, under which the Swiss Federals assembled before the battle of Murten, in 1476, has been uprooted by a storm.

The lances with which the German cavalry are to be armed are to have shafts of hollow steel and to carry small flags in the Prussian colors nailed near the head.

The Birmingham *Post* alleges that an English firm has secured a large quantity of mummified cats from the Egyptian tombs and is to grind them up for use in the manufacture of fertilizers.

The Sultan of Turkey has decided to put new uniforms on his troops, and is now inspecting different styles of military dress. It is settled that in summer the uniform shall be white like that of the Russian army.

The stationery of the committee getting up the American banquet to Stanley in London has for crest a solid black spot shaped like Africa, with a faint white line across it, showing Stanley's route from the mouth of the Congo to Zanzibar.

The grip had a queer effect on James Lane a Portsmouth cabman, who became delirious while suffering from an attack of it, rushed out into the street and after running over a mile dropped dead, the sudden exposure causing acute pneumonia.

The chimney sweepers of Vienna have struck for an increase of wages. They are described as the most wretchedly paid men in the town. Their monthly pay has been about 14 florins, or 28 shillings, and they are almost entirely dependent on tips.

The latest maps of the Austrian empire show that its area is 3,247.12 square kilometres, or quite a good-sized country, larger than it has been made out by previous maps. The error came about through incorrect triangulation in the Hungarian survey.

It took thirty years to get the British Museum opened at night, the original parliamentary report in favor of the opening having been made that long ago. The same recommendation made at the same time as to the National Gallery is still to be carried out.

Arthur Knight, a young English workingman with a fancy for sparring, put on the gloves with a friend a few days ago, and, after a little light hitting, fell insensible in a fit and died in a short time. But it is said that epilepsy and not sparring was the cause of his death.

In Vienna, four workingmen found a bottle labelled "rum" and drank the contents. When too late it was discovered that the bottle, instead of containing spirit, was filled with nitro glycerine. One of the men died immediately, and the others are in a hopeless condition.

Queen Natalie, who is furnishing a house at Belgrade, has ordered all the furniture, 500,000 francs worth, from Russia. It is taken as an indication of strong Russian proclivities on her part, inasmuch as the Russians have the reputation of being the worst upholsterers in Europe.

Hendrick Lunstroo went to a fancy ball in London in the costume of a prince, and became so imbued with the spirit of the character that early in the morning he was found by the police knocking at the doors of Buckingham Palace, demanding admittance. After being locked up a while he recovered his sanity.

The scheme for sending out an Antarctic expedition under Prof. Nordenskjold, which it is said is to be carried out in the summer of 1891, the expedition will be undertaken at the joint expense of Baron Oscar Dickson of Gothenburg, the Antarctic Exploration Committee of the Royal Society of Victoria, and the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia.

Attention has recently been called to the fact that most of the bric-a-brac and other goods of Gladstone were left by him stored in the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing street when he left it in 1886, and have remained there undisturbed ever since, apparently with the idea that they will probably be needed again there by Mr. Gladstone.

The unsold paintings found in Jules Dupré's studio after his death have realized at auction 208,500 francs ($41,000). The Duc d'Aumale bought for 20,000 francs his last work, "Returning from Field Labor in an Autumn sunset." He also obtained for 40,000 francs Corot's painting of "Un concert," which was sold by the painter to Dupré for 7,000 francs.

A Paris court has just refused to break the wills of Baron and Baroness de Marizes, the latter an American who, after having spent some time in lunatic asylums, became spiritualists, and, falling under the influence of a notorious medium and her son left them all their property. The next of kin charged the medium with undue influence and with having poisoned the testators.

Henri Tourville, the hero of a minor duel, has just died at Grate, in the Saxon principality. He murdered his wife by pitching her down a precipice in the Harzer Mountains. He pretended that the affair was an accident, and was allowed to return to England, of which country he was a naturalized citizen. Subsequently damaging evidence was discovered against him, and after a great legal contest he was finally surrendered to the Austrian authorities in 1888, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The German fleet consists at present of 22 large armored vessels, 15 armored vessels intended for the defence of coasts, eight sea-going frigates intended for long voyages and naval instruction, parts chiefly for cadets, 10 cruising corvettes capable of being equipped in war time to prey on the enemy's commerce, 4 cruisers and 3 launches with guns specially constructed for the colonial possessions of Germany, 7 despatch boats attaining a high rate of speed, 10 training ships, 8 yachts and 60 torpedo boats.

A saint's skull is in litigation in Lyons. It belonged originally to Saint Jean Reaken, revered by Mahometans because he had protested against the Bull "Unam tue." It came after his death into the possession of an ancient family by whom it was handed down until recently an unworthy scion sold it to a local dealer in bric-a-brac who, in turn, disposed of it for $1.60 to a woman who already chanced to own the lower jaw of the same saint. The broker who brought this customer to the dealer rejected the latter's offer of $5 commission and has sued for more.

WANAMAKER'S EGYPTIAN GOD.

The Story of the Postmaster-General's Latest Transaction in Idols.

MALAFARDIS, N. J., Feb. 14.—A sense of duty to the public, not less than an earnest desire for information, impels me to make the following statement of facts:

I am a hay farmer by occupation, but my chosen profession is that of an Egyptologist. With limited means and unbounded devotion I pursue in the winter months the fascinating study of the oldest of recorded civilizations. I hope the day will come when my name will be as well known at the British Museum and at Boolak as it is now all along the west side of the Whippany River, and from Parsippany to Shongum. Perhaps that is an idle dream.

A few days ago I received from a friend in Philadelphia a marked copy of a newspaper containing a long advertisement signed by John Wanamaker. It appears that this Mr. Wanamaker is the Postmaster-General of the United States. He keeps in Philadelphia a great shop, or rather a congeries of shops, or bazaar, in which articles of various kinds may be purchased; and in the advertisement which I read, the Postmaster-General recommended in the most enthusiastic terms the quality and the cheapness of everything he has for sale. I observed that the Postmaster-General advertised fine antique furniture and children's wool leggings, astronomical brass clocks and women's muslin drawers with deep Hamburg embroidery and small tucks, all in the same column. The range of his enterprise and business activity must be extraordinary.

You may like to read in Mr. Wanamaker's own language the announcement which determined me to visit his establishment:

We stated a few days since that we have no use for the "old stock" racket now being worked so thoroughly and dreadfully in the bread and cheese advertising of which the papers are full. We were in error. We have found some old stock. Much of it is over two centuries old, some of it not over one. The reductions are from 50 to 80 per cent. on every item. The hand of time has been laid gently upon these ancestral things. Some are inlaid by costly, painful work, some are carved with bones; handwork—they antedate machines—and there is a rich tone of color which only age can give. Every piece has filled some honored place and many could only talk with higher luxury. The shades of long ago come trooping up if you permit a touch of sentiment as you gaze. Take one of these old pieces to your home. Your fancy can weave poems or essays as you admire or use it. It is here for sale. But it's a rare chance for people with tastes for the Antique. *Mostly one piece of a kind.* JOHN WANAMAKER.

This seemed to me to be very beautiful descriptive writing. But what particularly attracted my attention was this line in the list that followed the passage which I have quoted:

Large Egyptian carved idol, $20

Here was an opportunity such as is rarely offered to an Egyptologist with limited means. There was a tone of honest friendliness and straightforward good faith in the Postmaster-General's writing which led me to believe that he would be the last man in the world to misrepresent a god or to deceive his customers. I already possess a good stylus, a piece of inscribed mummy cloth from a Theban tomb, which I believe to date from the eighteenth dynasty, a lovely bronze figure of Pasht, a small Osirian statuette in blue pottery, with the cartouche of Psammetichus, beads and minor objects in great variety, a little earthenware cynocephalus, supposed to belong to the time of the exodus, and the glass eye of a wooden cat taken from the Cat Tombs of Sakkarah. Pardon me for troubling you with the catalogue. It is a modest collection, but it is all my own; and these things I value beyond all my other possessions.

"A large Egyptian carved idol" for $20! I went to Philadelphia the next day.

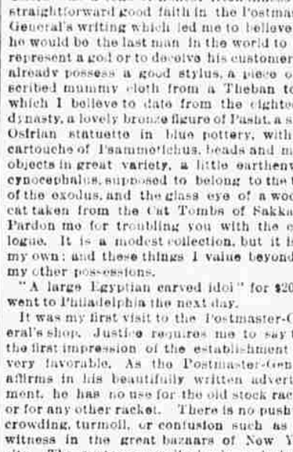
It was my first visit to the Postmaster-General's shop. Justice requires me to say that the first impression of the establishment was very favorable. As the Postmaster-General affirms in his beautifully written advertisement, he has no use for the old stock racket, or for any other racket. There is no pushing, crowding, turmoil, or confusion such as you witness in the great bazaars of New York city. The customers walk slowly and almost humbly along the footpaths between the innumerable counters. You get that singular impression of slow, silent, phantasmal movement which I have often experienced in the streets of Philadelphia, as if you were watching a throng of people in a dream. The atmosphere is that of a compromise between Sunday and a business day. The clerks all look as if they belonged to an adult Bible class, and the functionaries who walk the floor might be Sunday school superintendents.

One of the latter turned to me with benignant graciousness when I approached him.

"Where can I find a wooden Egyptian god?"

A shadow passed over his countenance for an instant, as if the mercantile instinct was struggling with an impulse to engage in exhortation. Then he replied: "Market street side, third story, elevator west of centre, to the left." He turned sadly away to hear the application of an old lady who was after an open mesh grenadine.

The large wooden Egyptian god was exhibited on top of an old mahogany bureau. I saw him from a long way off, and at the very first glance the indescribable expression of his face fascinated me. It is the figure of an aged man, nearly naked, about as big as a slender child of seven or eight years, sitting upon a rock. Over his shoulder is a staff, to which a gourd or water bottle is tied. An embroidered cloth is around his loins, and over his shoulders a cape of leaves, the twisted stems forming a loose necklace. In his left hand he held a wooden frog, not represented in the picture I send you because it is too badly damaged to appear to advantage.



I wish to record with scrupulous accuracy what was said during the negotiations for the purchase of Mr. Wanamaker's Egyptian god:

Customer—What is that object over there?

First Clerk—[genuine antique mahogany bureau thirty dollars former price sixty-five it's a bargain.

Customer—No, I mean the curious object on top of the bureau.

First Clerk—[with the infant-class intonation suddenly appearing—Oh! That? It's an idol.

Customer—An idol?

First Clerk—Yes, an idol. They worshipped it, you know.

Customer—Where?

First Clerk—Why in—in those lands. The heathen.

Customer—Is it old?

First Clerk—[impressively—Hundreds and hundreds of years. Mr. ——— can tell you more about it.

The second clerk came up, with a gentle smile on his fair young face, and the first clerk hurried away, as if glad to be out of a transaction that promised to involve theological considerations of a perplexing character.

Customer—Is it genuine?

Second Clerk—Oh certainly. Mr. Wanamaker sells nothing that is not unquestionable. It's a real idol, and very old and valuable.

Customer—Do you know anything about its history? Where did it come from? From Bubastis?

Second Clerk—I don't know that I ever heard. All I know is that Mr. Wanamaker bought it personally.

Customer—Mr. Wanamaker?

Second Clerk—Yes, in his travels. It's a genuine heathen divinity. Mr. Wanamaker purchased it himself, and brought it to this country. It's marked down from $80 to $20.

He showed me the tag attached to the god's left ankle, and there, sure enough, in plain figures, was the mark, "Former Price, $80, Present Price, $20."

Customer—Why so great a reduction in the price of the god? Has it been long in stock?

Second Clerk (hesitating)—It never was in the store before, except once when we had a special exhibition of curios. I suppose it's offered at the present figure because it's a little damaged. You see there his voice dropped to a confidential tone) it has been handled rather roughly, and the lower lip is gone. The idol is not in perfect condition.

Customer—Was it damaged here in the shop?

Second Clerk—Oh, no, sir.

Customer—At the Bethany Sunday School?

Second Clerk—Well—I can't say.

Customer—At Mr. Wanamaker's house?

Second Clerk—I'm sure I can't say.

This was all of the information I could extract from the young man who sold me Mr. Wanamaker's large wooden and personally acquired Egyptian god for $20, with the additional charge of seventy-five cents for boxing. The god had been recently and rather badly damaged. It looked as if some person in a fit of holy zeal, or exasperated beyond control by the leer of senile wickedness which characterizes the expression on the face of this bad old deity, had attacked it with a poker and beaten it severely about the head and shoulders. The lower lip was gone altogether and the end of the nose had received a whack. In places the dark brown lacquer which covers the body of the god had been knocked off, exposing the carved wood underneath. Mr. Wanamaker's Egyptian god had evidently passed a very bad quarter of an hour, at no very remote date.

Nevertheless, the god came up smiling, as this profile view of his features will show:

I bought Wanamaker's god, paying cash down; and I received the following mysterious memorandum of sale:

ARTICLES.		
1 Idol	20	
Boxing		75
	20	75
74	20	75
29		

SUNDRY No. 8,
FURNITURE AND BEDDING.
74
From JOHN WANAMAKER.
THIS RECEIPT IS TO AVOID MISTAKES.
"KEEP FOR REFERENCE."

Now, what do you suppose is the true history of this degraded god, purchased from the heathen by Mr. Wanamaker himself, brought to this country and held for some time in high esteem (eighty dollars) as the private property of the Postmaster-General, then to become the victim of a sudden and violent assault, and finally to be publicly exposed for sale upon the bargain counter at a price humiliating to the self-respect of any divinity?

The mystery interested me, just as the knowing iniquity of the old fellow's damaged countenance, the perky impudence of his grin, fascinated me when I first beheld him. You can tell me, perhaps, whether he is of Japanese, Siamese, or Hindu origin, and how it happens that he looks so much like Benjamin Harrison, only more wicked.

He is no Egyptian god, I know, in spite of the Postmaster-General's guarantee; and he has no proper place in my collection. As an Egyptologist I have been disappointed—I will not say swindled. As a man of sentiment and of imagination, I am glad that I was lured to Philadelphia by the false representations of Wanamaker's advertisement. It has given me an opportunity to befriend a god who has been treated outrageously by the Postmaster-General, and to put him forever beyond the reach of pokers wielded by furious bigotry or the calculating policy of mercenary greed.

G. B.

Not a Public Contractor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Referring to a paragraph of "Political Gossip" in the Sunday SUN, alleging that I am a favored contractor in the Park Department, I desire to say that I have never been interested in any contract secured from the Park Department, directly or indirectly. Further, I am not a public contractor, in the strict sense of the word, inasmuch as the work performed by me is for private corporations and individuals. Very respectfully,

JOHN D. CRIMMINS.

She Had Nothing to Do with It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: The criticisms on the conduct of Mr. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") in connection with the death of Frank Richmond in Barcelona and the comments attributed to me on the business and financial affairs of the Wild West, which appeared in THE SUN of the 9th, were never authorized by me, nor am I in any respect responsible for them. Respectfully, GRACE GAYLER.

CLINTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN, Feb. 9.

The American Joke.

"Do you buy jokes, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the editor.

"Here is one I'd like to offer."

The joke consisted of a paragraph cut from a morning paper, and read: "Murat Halstead has been retained to write a series of political papers in a non-partisan manner for one of New York's magazines."

A check for $5,000 was handed to the humorist, and he was invited to call again.

Despondent.

"What do you suppose he drowned himself for?"

"Somebody told him his day old baby was the image of him."

The Best Yet.

"What do you think of the 'Angelus,' Mrs. Forcus?"

"Very fine. You know it is to me a sort of dry 'What Are the Wild Waves Saying, Sister?'"

An Opinion.

"Has Bronson any head?"

"Well, he has a round bullet shaped thing on his shoulders he calls a head. I guess it's a good one—he has a good crop of hair."

For Universal Use.

Gazley—Did you hear of the new perfume Mr. Wanamaker is selling in Philadelphia?

Gassam—No, what is it?

Gazley—The odor of sanctity.

Opposed to the Practice.

"Why doesn't that man pull the bell instead of monkeying all night with his latch-key?"

"He's a horse car conductor, and doesn't like to ring them up."

Still Making a Fair Record.

"Was Platt's record in the Senate good for anything?"

"Fair."

A Gifted Butcher Boy.

"Who put those eggs on the mat?" said the cook, opening the door.

"I just laid them there," replied the butcher boy.

Straining and racking your lungs and throat with a reaping cough is put poor policy. Rather cure yourself with *Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant*, an excellent remedy for asthma and bronchitis.—[Adv.

WHAT WE ARE ALL TALKING ABOUT.

"The question may fairly be raised," said a Harvard graduate, a rising young lawyer, the other day, "whether it is for the best interests of the alumni of colleges, who live in and near this city, that $3 or $4 should be charged for a plate at the annual college dinners. In college we thought a $3 dinner was a banquet fit for the gods, but in New York city the Executive Committees of the alumni associations seem to think that it is necessary to hold the annual dinner at a grand place like Delmonico's or the Brunswick. Of course there is a good reason for resorting to these places because there is plenty of room there. What would meet the wishes of a large majority of the alumni, who are for the most part young men struggling to get a place in their chosen professions, is that a hostelry should be selected for the annual dinner where all the alumni would go, and where they would enjoy themselves in a good old-fashioned college way—a dinner for about $3, and songs and speeches that would promote good fellowship. In the present scheme there is too much of a stilted uniformity. Too few graduates attend, and the speeches are mainly by a few old fogies who bore everybody with long winded reminiscences. Of course Dr Depew is not included in the list of old fogies."

"When our paper currency was new, early in the '60s," said a well-known criminal lawyer, "I was a student in the law office of R. Delafield Smith, and had been recently admitted to the bar. Being sent to the United States Circuit Court to obtain an adjournment of a case, I lingered after the adjournment to hear a case against an old offender in counterfeiting, Bill Guernsey. The woods were full of counterfeiters of the new currency in those days. The case for the Government was presented by Gen. Tracy, now Secretary of the Navy. The prisoner was a tough old customer, and as he had no counsel Judge Benedict looked about the court room and assigned me to the case