MR. POWDERLY IS SILENT.

NOTHING TO SAY ABOUT THE ALLEGED SPLIT IN THE KNIGHTS.

First Meeting of the General Executive Board Since the Minneapolis Convention —Mr. Barry Speaks a Good Word for the Anarchists and Thinks Pinkerton Men Threw Those Bombs at Chicago.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1.—The General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor yesterday held its first official meeting since the return of its members from the Minneapolis Convention.

Considerable interest was felt by members of the order in this city as to the manner in which the members of the Board would act towards one another in this first meeting in view of the ruptures which occurred at Minneapolis. No violent outbreaks took place yesterday, however, though an unavoidable restraint was noticed in the bearing of certain members of the Board towards certain others, and a good deal of routine business was transacted, the session continuing until nearly 6 in the afternoon.

A delegation of miners from the Twelfth and Fourteenth divisions of District Assembly 135, representing the Schuylkill and Shamokin anthracite coal regions, had visited the headquarters at 814 North Broad street last week in the interest of the Lehigh strikers, and yesterday these, with Hugh McGarvey and D. M. Evans, of the Executive Board of District Assembly 135, appeared before the Board and asked permission to send a circular to the craft throughout the country calling for financial assistance. This boon was granted and as a result there is every probability of increased aid flowing in upon the striking miners.

It was expected that a number of clerks who had incurred the enmity of Messrs. Litchman and Hayes would be removed the first thing, but this was not done. It is probable, however, that an attempt will be made to chop off the heads of some of the clerks to-day and to-morrow on the ground that more rigid economy is needed in the administration of the general offices.

After the meeting Mr. Powderly said he had nothing to say on the question of a split in the order. He is looking well and says he feels ready for plenty of hard work on behalf of the order. Mr. Barry was more communicative and related some interesting episodes of the Minneapolis Convention.

In regard to his future action on the Board he said: "I have been, am and always will be an honorable Knight of Labor, and I will carry out the duties devolving on me as a member of the Executive Board for the good of the order." Mr. Barry denied that he was at the convention of the thirty-eight dissatisfied Anarchistic Knights in Chicago who promulgated the circular of opposition, but said he had been interested in and had visited the condemned Anarchists in Cook County Jail. "I have known Parsons," he said, "for ten years, and a more good-hearted, amiable man I have never seen. He would not hurt a woman. Spies is also a kind, inoffensive gentleman." Mr. Barry heartily sympathizes with the Anarchists, and says he believes they are innocent. "While I cannot prove it," he continued, "I am convinced that those men did not throw the bomb." Mr. Barry leans to the remarkable belief, for which he says he has proof, that the Pinkerton men threw the bomb. Mr. Barry has never had any love for the Pinkertons, and has accused them of almost everything on these occasions.

His predilections are in the direction of Anarchism, which he calls individualism. He said that the ideas of the individualists, of whom Labadie, of Detroit, is one, were too Utopian to prove of much value, yet he felt kindly towards them. Mr. Barry expressed himself quite strongly in regard to free thought and what is known as infidelity. He held that honest free thought was as good as honest Christianity. He ridiculed the mockery of religion that tells murderers they are bound for heaven.

THE RIVAL JOCKEYS.

"Snapper" Garrison and "Jimmy" McLaughlin Tied for the Lead This Season.

[*From the Washington Critic.*]

The rivalry between Jockeys Garrison and McLaughlin has been a topic of great interest in sporting circles during the present season. In no season has the struggle for the proud position of premier jockey been so close and exciting. Up to the time of the Baltimore meeting Garrison had such a commanding lead that his victory was generally conceded. But last week and this week the wins by the Dwyers' cracks helped McLaughlin considerably, and yesterday afternoon, when he landed Banner-Bearer a winner, his score equalled Garrison's—both having had 104 winning mounts.

Garrison began the season at Memphis on April 25, eight days before McLaughlin had a mount. It is singular that he won with Favor, the very horse that enabled McLaughlin to tie him yesterday. He won his first four mounts, and went to Lexington and won on Banburg on May 2. On the same day McLaughlin opened the meeting here, winning with Pasha. Garrison had 5 wins the start. Jimmy, however, had 6 wins here and 4 at Baltimore, and then he and the "Snapper"—a contraction of "Jack-snapper," as Garrison was called when a youngster—met at Brooklyn. On the second day he defeated Garrison on Tea Tray. Jimmy riding Hanover. Two days later with Orlando he defeated Garrison on Stuyvesant, "fairly lifting his horse in first by a neck." But Garrison on Tea Tray then defeated his rival on Fordham twice. Jimmy won the Withers, the Croton Handicap and the Juvenile Stakes.

At the second Brooklyn meeting McLaughlin also won the Parkway and Lawnview handicaps and the Brooklyn Derby. At Sheepshead Bay Garrison won the Foam Stakes on Omaha, Mac on Kingfish finishing third, and again defeating Jimmy in the Sporting Stakes with Burch, McLaughlin on Telie Foo. The Fourth of July was a great day for the "Snapper." The Fourth of July Handicap he won with Ben Ali, and then defeated The Bard with Troubadour in the Ocean Stakes, and, as a kind of make weight, won the Welter Cup with Lancaster.

At Monmouth and Saratoga the rivalry continued. His greatest triumph was in defeating McLaughlin on Hanover with Hanburg at Monmouth. After this his wins were principally with Eolian, Stuyvesant, Cyclops and Oyster. McLaughlin on Bess twice defeated the Snapper on his own Eolian. His greatest success was winning the Junior Champion and the Champion Stakes in one day, winning nearly $20,000. He also broke the seven-furlong record with Hanburg, Garrison Stuyvesant being third. And so it has continued, first one winning and then the other. It is a gallant struggle and may the best man win.

A Cowboy's Find.

[*From the Denver Republican.*]

About two months ago an east-bound freight train over the Union Pacific broke in two near Laramie City while going down hill in the night time. The front half, going around a curve, whipped off the rear car, which went rolling down a steep embankment. The car was filled with choice silks, and yet its departure from the front end was so clean and unattended by any unusual shock that the train men did not notice it. They coupled up again and went on to Cheyenne where the loss was discovered, since that time search has been made for the car along the whole line without avail. Last week a cowboy found a car lying behind a big pile of rocks and covered with bushes down a deep draw. He chanced to be going to the nearest station, and casually asked the agent why the company didn't clear up that wreck. The agent accompanied him back and discovered that it was the missing car. Aside from being broken in at the sides slightly the car was not damaged, and its valuable contents were found intact.

French Masonry.

[*From the Louisville Courier Journal.*]

It is not a well known fact that the Free Masons of this country and Great Britain, Germany Italy and Spain are cut off from all intercourse with those of France. The Masonic orders of those nations discountenance those of France, because the latter resolved years ago to omit all mention of the name of the Deity from the ceremonial forms. The French, in their fights with the church carried their antagonisms to this weak extreme in an order which has always been discountenanced by the potentates whom they regard as the heads of ecclesiasticism.

CURIOSITIES WORTH SEEING.

One Can Travel Over the World by Walking the Corridors of the National Museum.

[*Washington Letter to Utica Observer.*]

I dropped into the National Museum yesterday. It is one of the finest in the world, and in its specialties it surpasses those of Europe. Few people have any idea of its extent. Its exhibits are numbered by the tens of thousands, and the articles which compose them will run into the millions. One can travel over the world by walking through its corridors, and he can study many people here almost as well as in their own countries. Here, for instance, Japanese life is represented by figures of Japs engaged in their various occupations. Here are Japanese men and women of life size just as they look in Japan, and there has of late been received a large collection of Japanese household utensils and of tools of all kinds in common use in Japan. Then there are the products of the country in art, and in the porcelain collection the finest of the Japanese ware is seen beside that of Sevres and of Worcester.

In this porcelain collection, indeed, one may study the evolution of pottery from the rude productions of the savage up to the finest art work made by the factories of the French government, and it is so with nearly every branch of manufacture.

Take, for instance, such articles as knives and swords, and you may find them here of all nations, from the scalping-knife of the Indian to the Damascus blade of the Mohammedan. Here are knives made by the Sitkan Indians of Alaska, hammered out of copper and ornamented with carved handles representing human heads. Here is the stone-knife of the Navajo chief, and here is an executioner's knife from Central Africa. It is as big as a sickle, but the sharp edge is on the outer instead of the inner curve. It is said that the criminal's head is fastened to a bent tree, and that the executioner slices it off as the tree is allowed to spring back into shape.

The hat collection of the Museum embraces the head-gear of all nations, and there is a collection here from Corea which contains some hats as big as umbrellas. Fancy dresses of all kinds are displayed in another exhibit, and you may study the costumes of a dozen nations from the silks and satins here shown. Some of the Japanese costumes were the gifts to presidents, but the presidents of the United States have no right to receive gifts from foreign potentates, and such gifts are turned over to the Museum. There is a feather cloak at the entrance which was made for one of the old kings of the Sandwich Islands and which consumed nearly a century in its construction. It is as big as a good-sized dolman and is made up of countless red and yellow feathers of a quality so difficult to procure that three of the feathers cost a dollar.

Just opposite this cloak the Grant relics shine out of their cases in all their beauty, and within arms' length of this royal cloak hangs the uniform which the great General wore when he was commanding the armies of the United States, and a yard or so on the other side are the fur clothes of an Esquimau. Speaking of the Grant relics, the collection of historical matter belonging to the Museum constantly increases, and it has many a choice reminiscence and rare curio. Gobelin tapestries hang upon its walls, and it has the mosaic lion which was exhibited at the Centennial. This lion stood in the court of Tunis. It was sold to the English Consul-General there by some iconoclastic Arabians, and was given to the Museum by this Consul-General. This lion was originally stolen from the temple of Astarte in Carthage. It was made about the time Christ was born, and it is probably the oldest mosaic in this country.

There is an old tomb here of marble, a sarcophagus, which probably once held the bones of some Roman nobleman, and the collection of relics of Washington's Day is full of interest. More can be learned of Washington from the study of the articles in the museum than from those of Mount Vernon, and a look at his rare old china and fine furniture shows that he loved the beautiful and the fanciful, and his dress proclaims him to have been somewhat of a dude. He drank his wine from the finest of cut glass. He ate his soup from the blue china which is so hard to get now, and when he rested his shapely limbs he dropped them into cushioned mahogany.

The original Declaration of Independence is also here, and there are a number of old Spanish documents dating back 400 years and more. One curious autograph letter is that of Robert Fulton speaking of his patent, and there is a letter from John Randolph, of Roanoke, to Madison. Here are autograph letters of nearly all the Presidents, and there is an autograph copy of Longfellow's "Excelsior."

Another curiosity is a case containing locks of hair of all the Presidents, and from it you may see that the color of a boy's head is no sign as to whether he will be President or not. Jefferson had red hair, and his portraits represent him as hanging it down over his forehead. Garfield's hair was almost that of a tow head, and the hair preserved of George Washington is iron gray. President Arthur had dark hair, and Abraham Lincoln's hair was dark brown.

AL FRESCO TRAGEDY.

Booth and Barrett Play Under a Roofless Theatre in Kansas City.

[*From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*]

Those eminent tragedians, Messrs. Booth and Barrett, have had an experience of wild Western ways and push in Kansas City which is unique and which they will not soon forget. The company was booked to open in the new Waeder Grand Opera-House last Monday. The house is the property of Col. George W. Warder, the poet of the Kaw, and real estate millionaire. He started to build it just sixty-two days before the opening, and his honor and the honor of all Kansas City were staked on the fact that the building, which is, or should be, five stories high, would be completed in time.

The opening took place on Tuesday night instead of Monday, and the telegrams sent from Kansas City indicated that the opening was a grand success, the only drawback being the coolness of the auditorium, owing to a defect in the heating apparatus.

P. J. Toomey, the scenic artist who is painting the scenery, came down from Kansas City yesterday and told Mr. Levy, of the Booth-Barrett company, all about it. When Mr. Levy left Kansas City a week ago the walls were not up and not a bit of plastering had been done; but Col. Warder was sanguine, and declared that everything would be all right. Mr. Toomey says the walls are still not up, and Messrs. Booth and Barrett have been playing since Tuesday night without a roof on the theatre; and the fresh breezes of the Kansas prairies have toyed with the curls of Mr. Barrett and the long ringlets of Mr. Booth, while it waved the togas of the supers and kissed the fair shoulders of the Kansas City beauties who braved the elements in full dress to see the distinguished actors.

At 6 o'clock Tuesday evening the house was full of scaffolding and the new-laid plaster was wet and dripping. A force of 150 men made the scaffolding disappear like snow in the sun, and Col. Warder stood on the edge of the stage roof and superintended the job. At 9 o'clock the scaffolding was down and the doors were thrown open. The scenery was all ready, but only one set could be used, and the entire play of "Othello" was given with this one set. The actors wanted to play in overcoats and sealskin sacks, but heavy woollens were substituted and the whole tragedy was given. A couple of big stoves were placed where the boxes ought to be, and the audience went and warmed up between the acts. Warmed apartments were provided for the stars. Many of the ladies had come out in full dress and sat in their wraps. The thermometer in the house, owing to the cold wave and the dampness, was nearly down to zero. Wednesday afternoon "Julius Cæsar" was given with one scene, and another performance was given last night under the shining moon and the blinking stars.

The proscenium piece is not up and the top of the curtain and the flies are hid by draplngs of blue tissue oil paper. The boxes are not in and the chairs in the parquet and dress circle are not in, temporary chairs being used. There are four balconies altogether. There is a temporary railing around one in place of the front, but the upper galleries have no railing at all.

It is expected that the few feet of wall yet incompleted will be put up and the roof put on by to-night, but so far the week of tragedy in Kansas City at the Warder is without parallel in the annals of the modern stage. Wednesday night in order to fill contract for steam heat, Col. Warder hired a lot of threshing-machines and attached the boiler-pipe to the steam heating pipes and pumped steam into the roofless theatre. The tragedians had to play in the house, because there is a guarantee of $18,000 for the week. Enough seats have been sold to cover it.

Always Free and Easy.

[*From the Buffalo Express.*]

The style of the average sailor may or may not be indicated by the following story, but it will pretty closely fit the conduct of very many of these easy-going citizens of the world. It was down on the dock not far from the pier chutes a week or two ago. A schooner was about to leave port, and the last of the crew, a careless looking chap who had cut a pretty big swath while ashore, was very reluctantly making his way on board. Somebody asked him what he was so slow about and he explained that he had somehow entirely failed to do justice to the occasion. He hadn't come out even this time. Putting his hand into his pocket he drew out about $2 in silver pieces. Looking at them with some misgiving he said that he had never shipped before when he had any of that sort of stuff left and he didn't feel all right now. Then a happy thought struck him. Giving his hand a sudden jerk he flung the handful of coin into the water and jumped on board, perfectly happy.

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You can find the Balsam on sale at all drug stores in small and large bottles. Prices, 10, 35 and 75c. Put up so that all can be accommodated. Remember, in speaking of

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Convincing a Skeptic.

[*From the Albany Journal.*]

At a spiritualistic seance, 8.30 P. M. Two ladies and twelve men are seated in chairs in a circle facing the medium, who has judiciously placed a "skeptic" between two "believers." The "judge," a gray-haired believer in manifestations of mortal senses of the presence of disembodied spirits, be they good or evil, seizes with his left hand the right wrist of the skeptic at his left, while his right wrist is clasped by the left hand of the skeptic seated at his right. In this wise the circle is completed, and the medium, after making sure that the hands of all present are engaged, turns down the gas and out, seats himself in front of one of the skeptics, in order to convince the disbelievers that he does not take part in the anticipated manifestations, and tells the faithful not to fear the antics of the spirits. The medium can with his long arms and fingers touch the heads and shoulders of all present. He places a violin, bow and fan upon his lap and then folds his arms. Presently the violin moves about the circle, the fan whisks by the noses of the skeptics, and the "judge" shouts "There they are!" "Is that you, John?" &c. A sprightly old man, with rosy cheeks and the lingering vigor of youth, has his boot pulled off by a festive spirit, and the medium admonishes him (the sprightly o. m.) that his father is standing behind him. "Describe him," demands the s. o. m. excitedly, "describe him, I say, do you hear?" "He is tall and not very stout," replies the medium, complacently. "That's him, that's him!" the s. o. m. exclaims assuredly, "just such a man, just such a man!" Then the skeptic next the "judge" disengages his left hand, wrests the violin from the alleged spirit, and, raising it by the neck over his head, taps the venerable judge on the head. "There they are at my head," the v. j. ejaculates gleefully as the mischievous skeptic bangs the back of the violin upon his head. Then there are some passages on slates, and then the gas is lighted and the sleek medium stands at the front door and collects $1 of skeptic and believer alike as they pass out.

Forgot Her Name.

[*From the Albany (Ga.) News.*]

A country darky applied at the Ordinary's office in this city one day last week for a marriage license. Mr. S. J. Jones, who was acting for Ordinary Odom, procured a blank and prepared to issue the necessary papers. When the darky was called upon to furnish the name of his fair inamorata he looked puzzled, and then a look of consternation spread over his ebony-hued countenance as he ingubriously said:

"'Fore God, boss, I'se done forgot dat gal's name, and she jess tole me dis morning." The darky hastened off and soon returned with the name of his intended spouse, and left rejoicing with the marriage license.

A Father Abducts His Child.

[*Baltimore American's Washington Letter.*]

Somewhat of a sensation has been created in the West End lately by a dramatic episode in one of our best-known families. Among those who have made their home in Washington for the past few seasons is a young married woman, whose great beauty has already become a threadbare topic of conversation. Having recently returned from her summer trip, the young matron put the finishing touches to the toilet of her two little ones and sent them out for a constitutional with the nurse. They went to Lafayette Square. While the nurse was quietly seated on one of the benches chatting with a friend, the children were observed to rush towards a handsome man, whom they recognized as their father, albeit they had not seen him for some time by reason of his having chosen New York for his residence. With one of the little ones in his arms, the father advanced to the nurse and told her that he would take the little one to the Arlington Hotel for a half-hour, at the end of which time she was to call for him. Acquiescing in this arrangement, the nurse let go of her little charge, but rose at the end of the half-hour, and crossing the street to the hotel, inquired of the clerk for the child's father. As might have been surmised, no parent was not forthcoming, and neither was the child. Almost distracted at this turn of affairs, the nurse hastened home to her mistress. By the next train the pretty young matron was speeding on her way to New York, on reaching which city she at once acquainted her brother, a well-known man about town, with the facts of the case. What transpired between the brother and the husband is one of those things which can only be guessed at; but whatever the means employed to regain the child, it was successful, and holding the little one fast in her arms, the mother hastened back to her home in this city, the whole event having transpired in the course of two or three days. Evidently on more than one subject the parents must hold widely different ideas, for while with his father the little fellow was shorn of his long lovely curls, which were the especial pride of his mother.

Novelties in Flower Jewelry.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

Flower jewelry is more varied and in higher favor than ever before. Infinite pains is taken in close imitation of nature, and double violets, in exquisite enamel with diamond centre, four-leaved clovers, rose buds and blossoms, edelweiss, lilacs and clover are the posies that society girls most fancy. The orchid is a new thing in jewelry, and with its multitude of shapes and colors affords ample ground for the experiments of the artist in enamel. Black violets are the latest notion for people who wear jewelry in mourning. Twenty-five dollars to $150 buys the daintiest of blossoms in enamel, but when one comes to pinks done in fine deep red rubies, or violets in blue sapphires, then the figures run up to $700 or $800. The real novelties in flower jewelry for the winter are turquoises cut into forget-me-nots, the blossom carved bodily out of the stone, and moonstones cut likewise into blossoms of half a dozen kinds.

In Town and Country.

[*From the New Orleans Picayune.*]

New York society is said to have gone back to the country to watch the leaves turning red. The club men are in town making their noses turn red.

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After our early jobbing trade has depleted the assortment of sizes of a number of lots of goods, we usually collect together the remaining garments and give our retail customers a benefit. This explains our bargain sales—short, sharp and decisive, as you who have participated in former ones well know. Therefore, if you would not be disappointed, come early for

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of the Twenty-second Assembly District

UNITED LABOR PARTY

TO-NIGHT, at 60TH ST. and 1ST AVE.
HENRY GEORGE, JOHN McMACKIN, LOUIS POST, MICHAEL BRESLIN, CHARLES FIELD and MAX BAYERSDORFER will address the meeting.
A TORCH-LIGHT PARADE will precede the meeting from headquarters, 1438 3d ave., 7 P. M.

UNITED DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.
For Justice Fourth District,
ALFRED STECKLER.

BLANKETS.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.

Continue their special sale of several thousand pairs of Fine California Blankets at a large reduction from manufacturers' present wholesale prices. The following are the sizes and prices:

10-4 60x70 inches	$5.50 per pair
11-4 72x84 inches	7.00 per pair
12-4 78x86 inches	8.50 per pair
13-4 84x90 inches	10.00 per pair
14-4 90x96 inches	11.50 per pair

A special lot of Eider Down Bed Quilts, with handsome Sateen Coverings, in single, double and extra bed sizes, at $8.00, $9.50 and $11.00 each, being a little over half price.

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"The Century Magazine is doing more than any other private agency to teach the American people the true meaning of the words Nation and Democracy. It is a great magazine and it is doing a great work."—Phila. Daily News.

THE CENTURY
MAGAZINE

Siberia.

Begins its new volume (the 35th) with a magnificent November number containing the beginning of a powerful novel by Edward Eggleston (author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster") and a charming three-part story by Geo. W. Cable. It contains also "The President-elect at Springfield," by the private secretaries of Abraham Lincoln,—as interesting as a novel and full of facts hitherto unpublished. The writers of the Lincoln History, having completed their preliminary work, now enter upon the more personal and important part, to be called "Lincoln in the War." A great feature of the November CENTURY is the paper on "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals," being the first of the long-expected series on

"SIBERIA

and the Exile System," by George Kennan, who has recently returned from a journey of 15,000 miles through Russia and Siberia (accompanied by an artist), undertaken at the expense of THE CENTURY. Mr. Kennan knew the language thoroughly, he visited all the prominent Siberian prisons, and made the acquaintance of some 300 Nihilists and Liberals,—and the papers which he is now writing for THE CENTURY will form the most thorough and graphic study of the Exile System that has yet been made. All dealers sell the November CENTURY; price 35 cents, $4 a year. THE CENTURY CO., New York.

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A.—CALL AND SEE the elegant "Opera" piano, the finest upright in the market; elegant cases; moderate prices; $10 monthly instalments; $5 rents; one quarter's music lessons free to purchasers; second-hand pianos very low. Peek & Son, 216 West 47th st., corner of Broadway.

A.—THE ESTEY UPRIGHT PIANOS, with their new repeating action, with the admiration of the most critical; see them before you buy; sold on monthly payments. Estey Piano Warerooms, 5 East 14th st.

A NUMBER OF GRAND, upright and square pianos of our make, slightly used, almost as good as new, and fully warranted, will be sold at a liberal reduction from regular prices; pianos to rent. Wm. Knabe & Co., 112 8th ave., above 16th st.

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