Corvallis Weekly Gazette.

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CORVALLIS,

OREGON

"Chicago is a religious center," says a Chicago paper, but the truth of the remark is questioned by St. Louis rivals and "the rest of mankind."

The enfranchisement of a vast number of new voters in England makes the coming election of great interest. Where will they go, is the absorbing question. To capture them is the great object of both parties, and to do this, the American methods of electioneering have been set at work in every direction.

Although there was a decrease in the immigration of the United States during the month of August last, as compared with the same month last year. and also a decrease in the number of immigrants for the eight months ending August 31, 1885, as compared with the same period for 1884, yet the number of immigrants from Scotland slightly increased in and for both periods. The immigration from Ireland continues to decline, while that from Italy increases.

The grand jury at St. Paul indicted a number of gamblers and it is supposed that public gambling will be dangerous business hereafter for a time at least. Nobody believes, however, that the vice will be exterminated. It has taken too deep root for that. Various forms of lotteries, pool selling, raffles, grain options, etc., are still considered respectable, and educate thousands into a condition to demand the stronger excitement of games interdicted by law.

When the Canadian government crushed Riel's rebellion the wives and children of the unfortunate rebels were left in a pitiable condition. Their the subject of the little conversation houses were burned and their property taken from them. They are now obliged to shelter themselves in rude without covering at night. The only food they have is nuts, and the gov- I wouldn't have had him for all the ernment agents refuse to give them

All the steamers sailing from Phil- care for him." adelphia and New York for the past few months have been carrying as many steerage passengers back to Europe as they have been bringing hither. Many of the returning immigrants are miners, some farmers, and some skilled artisans who find it hard- There!" she said, as she drew the diaer to make a living in the United States than in Europe. The English and Welsh coal miners who are going back to England complain that they are driven him, I know, but what do I care?" out of employment by the Poles and Slavs.

Cattle growers of the west are making great preparations for the meeting burst into a quiet shower of tears. of the National Cattle growers' con-Louis, November 23d. The meeting ! Louis, November 23d. The meeting well, well: a pretty scrape you last year at the same place was large came neargetting into, my boy. Didn't ly attended, and matters of much im- mean to be an eavesdropper, certainly; portance to cattle men were discussed. Measures were taken for the detection and punishment of cattle thieves, the settlement of disputes and conflicting fe claims, etc. One topic uppermost last year was the proposition to establish a great cattle trail through certain states and territories. The project | did not meet with much success, and the matter will hardly be urged this year. It was found that neither congress nor the states interested would confer the grant required. Chicago has also a cattle convention on the 19th of October, which in some respects is a rival of the St. Louis meeting. Chicago is not content that all the cattle talk shall be in the southwestern city.

The results of the late election in France is a surprise to Americans, who do not exactly understand its import. Here is a brief statement of the attitude of the various political parties. The Conservatives, who have made extensivegains are the Monarchists of one faction or another. Some of them are adherents of Comte de entirely. Ah, Katiel the battle was Paris, others of the Bonaparte family. The Republicans or Moderates, are the supporters of the present ministry, with Brisson and De Freyginet as the representative leaders. They are likewise partisans of M. Jules Ferry, formerly prime minister. The Radicals look to Clemenceau as their leader. They are as eager as the Monarchists for the overthrow of the Republicans, but only that they may give the government more radical leanings. The Republicans wish to maintain a more parliamentary form of government, but the Radicals wish to abolish the senate and substitute in place of the chambers, as at present constituted. some body like the old convention of 1873. The loss of seats by the Republicans will lead to a reconstruction of

KATIE'S RIVAL.

"Maud, I wish you would not say that again. Itell you, once for all, Mr. Lee is, and cannot be anything more to me than a friend; so if you respect my wishes in the least you will not men-

tion his name to me again." And Katie Lane flung back her bright brown curls as she spoke, a little disdainfully, perhaps, and bent a little lower over the piece of crocheting she held in her hands.

I will not stop to tell you that she, my heroine, was handsome; suffice it to say that she was the belle of the pretty village of M-; and, as a matter of course, was sought after and admired by all the young men of the place, not only because she was witty and accomplished, but because old Guy Lane was the wealthiest man in the place, and would one day leave his all in the hands of Katie, as the only legal

Maud Anthony laughed low and tri-

umphantly as she returned:
"Really, Katie, you need not speak
so angrily. Everybody thinks you are going to marry him, and for my part, I think he will make some one a kind husband."

"Well, if you see so many good qualities about him why don't you marry him? When I see fit to get married I shall take whom I please, despite what everybody says.

The curls flew again, and the sparkling eyes glanced saucily at the finish ed coquette opposite her.

"Oh, ho! so my pretty young lady is getting angry, eh? If that's the case must flee. Only remember I have done my duty. I thought you ought to know how people are talking.'

You need not trouble yourself Miss Anthony, to look after my affairs; ou must have enough of your own to look after. When I need your advice I will surely let you know. So I bid you good afternoon.

The queenly little head rose proudly erect at this, and with a scornful expression on her lips Katie walked quickly away into the shadow of the shrubbery of the garden.

As she walked hastily on a footstep on the other side of the hedge checked her flight, and in a moment Wilkes Lee. under the elms, scrambled up into sight, without seeming to have seen Katie, and hastened away

The strange little heart of Katiegave huts, open to every wind. They are a sudden start as she recognized her almost naked in the day time, and old friend and-lover, and she paused.

murmuring:
"I wonder if he heard what we said? world. A plague on Maud Anthony! She forced me to say it. I suppose she is glad, too; for now she thinks I don't

For a moment Katie was silent as she worked nervously at the pretty diamond ring that encircled that chubby forefinger. It was a gift from

Wilkes, a betrothal ring.
"I don't care!" Katie at last broke
out, postingly. "Now, that I've said
it, I'll show Miss Anthony I mean it. mond from her finger and cast it away into the bushes, "there, lie there and rust, for all I care. Much good may it do you, Maud, too. You can catch

More than you think, my pretty heroine: we shall see.

A moment, Kate stood therelooking clapping her hands to her face she

On the other side of the hedge Wilkes vention which is to be held at St. Lee strode quickly away, saying sheep-

accidents will happen, you know. So the don't care for you, eh? We'll see. il warrant she don't know her own heart now. I think I'll run away a w days, and let her get over her fit.

And the young man disappeared in the underbrush that lined the road, leaned over the fence, and was soon ost to view in the distance. * * * *

Katie waited patiently for many days for the visit of her once ardent lover, and then, concluding that he had not only overheard what she said that day in thegarden, but had taken her at her word, commenced not to look alone, but to mourn him as lost to her, indeed.

And Maud Anthony, to whom all this was due, rejoiced that Wilkes seemed to have suddenly ceased to visit the Lanes, and strove with renewed efforts to entangle the hand-some young fellow-for Wilkes Lee was considered the best catch the village afforded. But with all the pleasing ways she could effect, Wilkes seemed impregnable to her attemps. Indeed, no one knew that he even noticed her, save Katie, who looked on jealousy, thinking she could no longer hold a place by her side. In Katie's presence alone did Wilkes seem to care more than half fought when you cast the love of a man, pure and undivided from you. This was only a little

struggle before the atual d efeat. There was a great ball at the Anthony's; positively the affair of the season, those said who ought to know. Of course all the fashionable people would be there; no one would miss such a chance to show themselves as this ball masque afforded. The Lane carriage was in attendance, and Katie was there looking prettier than ever; a trifle paler than usual, no doubt. though for the world she would not havehad the sharpsighted gossips sur-

mise the real cause. The ball was in full blast when the close carriage of the Lees was whirled up to the door, and the occupants en costume, announced. No one doubted, even for a moment, that that tall, distinguished lookingfellow, with a lady leaning heavily on his arm, was Wilkes Lee; but who was his compantheme of wonder; none the less with | terred beside it.

Katie than with the coquette Maud Anthony. Some said 'twas his wife; perhaps he had married in a foreign land. Some said no; Mrs. Lee had said only to-day that Wilkes was

coming home unmarried. And so, while all wondered, no one knew. Katie's wandering little heart sank still lower as she saw what care and attention the young man bestowed upon his companion. 'Twas well her face was concealed beneath the simple milk-maid's dress; otherwise some might have said she stil! cared for him.

And, think you, this verdict would have been wrong? I very much surmise it would not.

The mask seemed not to have any eyes or ears for anything save the lady beside him. And lower and lower sank Katie's poor little heart as the evening wore on, and still Wilkes made no effort to distinguish her from among the crowd. At last, when she could constrain herself no longer, she quietly slipped away from the throng and went out into the moonlit garden and wept alone in a seat un-der the trees.

A long time she sat thus, when, with the thought that she would be missed,

she started up.

A hand was laid gently on her arm. "Stay a moment, Katie. I want to speak with you a moment." "Twas Wilkes Lee's voice, and Katie struggled to get from the grasp that

"Katie, I heard what you said that day under the elms; did you mean

His warm breath touched her face. "No, Wilkes, I did not, I was provoked," came faltering, hesitatingly, from Katie's rosy lips. What if, after all, he had been true to her? She could not help thinking of it.

"And you love mestill?" "I have always loved you, Wilkes." "When you own up that you are de-

"But what of that lady who is with you? She is your-"Mother, my darling; and you are to

be my wife?" Suffice to say a few days after there was a wedding somewhere, and some one, which means Katie, was married to some one, which means Wilkes Lee, the one who so unwillingly became once a participator in Katie's defeat.

Greek Meets Greek.

One day last week a lightning-rod man and a life insurance agent made their advent in this community, and that without the knowledge of each other's presence. They both began to canvass Merrill avenue with an ardor of enthusiasm peculiar to the profession only. It is unnecessary to say that under such an accumulation of horrors most of the residents yielded in apathetic despair. One individual yet remained to be interviewed and as fortune ordained it the two agents arrived simultaneously one morning at his gate. They fell into mutual error of imagining the other to be the person with whom they were seeking an interview. The lightning rod man opened fire first, with:

"Good morning, sir." "Good morning, good morning," plied the insurance agent, cherrily.
"I am glad to meet you," continued

on a subject of vital importance—"
"By all means, by all means," sponded the insurance agent, delighted in being anticipated as he imagined, upon the subject nearest his heart. "It will afford me inexpressible pleasure

"Thank you, thank you," eagerly interrupted the dealer of lightningrods, delighted in his turn, at getting such a customer, and continuing: "I have no doubt that you thoroughly comprehend how essential it is for the

security—"
"Just what I was about to observe," again chirped in the insurance agent.

"The danger-"Yes, yes," said the other. "The danger is more than enhanced by neg-

lect and the only effectual-"Just so," again interrupted the life institunce agent. "I felt sure that you would comprehend at once how absolutely necessary it was to establish

safeguards calculated-"Of course, of course," said the lightning-rod man, running over in his mind whether he had enough rods on hand to supply such an eager customer. Then again continuing:

"You are doubtless aware of the fact that a false economy often

leads. "I perceive," said the insurance 'that your mind is above the ordinary level, and is one that can easily recognize the pennywise foolish sys-

'Thank you. And your opinion is but a reflex of my own" answered the

And thus they continued, the one interrupting the other, and both en-deavoring to impress his listener until it became a question of endurance merely. The lightning-rod man, though of a stouter build, was the first to succumb, and at length he sank with an expiring gasp, casting a look of reproach upon the insurance agent. The life insurance agent lasted a few mo-ments longer, but he, too, at length sank by the side of the lightning-rod man, whispering in his ear. Then they both perished, literally talked to death. The sad affair has cast a gloom over the community.

In Madison county, Fla., Bob Sutton, an aged negro man, died, and his family or neighbors, wishing to establish a new burial ground, and entertaining the idea that if his was the first grave in the new cemetery the deaths of the remaining members of the family would soon follow, dis-pelled the illusion by cutting a tree down, encasing a length of it in a coffin

and almost opposite the rolling-mill at Aurora, Ind., stands a deserted, vacant frame dwelling, known far and wide as the haunted house. So many stories have been told about it that sturdy, weather-beaten and sun-bronzed fishermen, while passing in their skiffs, look upon it and talk about it as a "hanted" place, and the boys and girls from Aurora, while rowing for pleasure upon the river in the summer moonlight evenings, cease their singing and are inclined to pull away from the Kentucky shore when approaching the

This uninviting, shunned and mysterious house is a frame, two stories high, with two rooms below and two above. It stands above the reach of floods some fifty feet back from the high, bluff bank. The fence which once surrounded it has long since fallen down. and the yard is full of high rank weeds and creeping vines, where snakes and lizards live unmolested. In the evening hundreds of swallows fly out of the old brick chimney, circle around and settle back into the dark funnel; bats fly in and out of the broken windows and half open doors, and later in the night is heard the owl's dismal hoot from her perch upon the roof. The whole premises present a scene of utter ruin, decay and desolation.

The house was built many years ago, with the lumber and materials taken down the river from Cincinnati by a young man named West, whose family were murdered among the pioneers of Boone County, all the members of which were prominent and respected citizens of the community. The house was intended to be his future home, and at the time of its construction was regarded as the finest residence on the Ohio, nearly all the others being log cabins of rude construction. The young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and whom he expected to occupy his new home as his wife was named Reed, and lived upon the opposite side of the Ohio on the hills near Aurora, Ind. She, too, was quite a belle and an heiress. In due time the marriage took place at the home of the bride, and, after the ceremony, their friends accompanied the young couple to the river and West rowed his wife over to the newly built and furnished home. reaching there just at dark. Their friends watched them from the opposite shore till they entered the house, and that was the last time either was

ever seen alive. Late the following morning relatives calling, and failing to receive any reply to their repeated knockings upon the door, opened it and entered the house. Upon the bed in her night clothes lay the bride of a few short hours cold in death, her face and throat showing that she had been strangled or smothered to death, and the furniture in the room giving proof by its disarranged condition that a terrible struggle had taken place in the chamber of death. The husband could not be found and has never been seen or heard of. Whether he killed his wife and fled has never been known, but his relatives and friends asserted most positively that that could never have been the case, as there was no motive for such a

deed. The most reasonable theory is that some third person or persons murdered them both, the murderers having some grudge against them, and then either concealed the husband's body in the vicinity or carthe other. "I wish to avail myself of ried it down with his clothing, and, the opportunity of addressing you up with rocks to hold them down, sunk some say, is because the murderers wished to leave it in the room, and, the husband's body and clothes not being found, the natural inference would be that he had murdered her and had fled the country, the perpetrators of the double murder taking this plan to divert suspicion from themselves. But be that as it may, and whichever story concerning it be true or false, the house has never since had an occupant for more than one night.—Cin. Enquirer.

Improving On His Wife's Method. Buffalo Courier.

There is in this city a young Bene

dict who is so fortunate as to be wedded to a lady of rare beauty and attractiveness. Now this young Benedict had in all respects proved a model husband and had acquitted himself so faithfully on all occasions that his wife had confidence in him, and willingly intrusted the most sacred and important duties to his charge. So fully, indeed, did she trust him that on Wednesday last she started for the country to have a week's visit with a friend, and the last words to him before starting-having consigned the baby to the tender mercies of the nurse-were: "Georgie, promise to take good care of Fido. Don't let him over-eat himself, and above all, bathe him regularly. You'll find the bath tub in the parlor the towels are in the linen press and his comb and brushes are in the left hand corner of my right hand bureau drawer, and the cologne is on the shelf above. And be sure when you're finished to wrap him in his blanket and put him in the sunshine to dry, and if he c-ccatches cold teelgraph me." So saying she printed one last impassioned kiss on Fido's nose, tearfully delivered him to her husband's arms, stepped into the carriage and was gone. On Thursday and Friday George implicitly carried out the parting instruc-tions of his absent wife. He bathed Fido, cologned Fido, brushed, combed and dried Fido. But yesterday morn-ing when the scribe passed by their residence he heard wild yelpings and ki-yi-ings proceeding from the yard. Stepping up to the fence he looked over and saw an unusually fat pug, now tumbling on the ground, now turning somersaults in the air and frantically yelping the while. Some few yards off stood Georgie with his hands in his pockets and a smile of sweet contentment on his face. He was bathing Fido. He had chained Wilkes Lee; but who was his companion—who was she? This was all the The next day Bob's remains were in upon him.

Story of A Stage-Struck Man. From the New York Sun.

"So you want to know something about the inner life of the show busithe reporter. "Well I'm just the one who can give you the straight tip as to roughing it on the road."

couple of years ago, while I was engaged in a church choir, I felt the fever coming on mighty strong. I began to cultivate an acquaintance with theatrical people, and almost before I knew it I had signed a contract with a com ic opera company for a forty weeks' engagement. I was to receive \$18 a week besides traveling expenses, and I had it figured out how I was to do the left happy homes and mothers, some lars saved up when we disbanded in the spring. Everything seemed rosy; there was an air of business about all the details, for the author of the spring that the details for the author of the spring that the details for the author of the spring that the details for the author of the spring that the details for the author of the spring that the details for the author of the spring that the spring the details, for the contracts, were drawn up by a well-known agent, and, although the chorus was mostly com posed of amateurs like myself, the principals were public favorites and well up in their several lines. "It was the middle of August, so we

had about two weeks in which to rehearse our parts. The theaters were vacant at the time, and we had little difficulty in getting a suitable place. Although our repertoire consisted of several comic operas, we were to be put through only two, the others ing rehearsed while on the road. It was here the trouble began. The chorus was painstaking and quick to learn, but the principals, who were blown up with self sufficiency, seldom appeared together at the rehearsals; and when we made our debut in a small town in Jersey one of the men, who had boasted he knew the whole thing, word for word, torgot his lines. We had struck our first snag, and the local papers gave us a poor send-off the next day.

"But I enjoyed the life. The gilt had not yet worn off the business for me, and I had conquered all traces of nervousness. The only thing we were afraid to face was the empty benches, and we saw plenty of them until we got into Pennsylvania. The boys were a jolly, devil-may-care lot of fellows, and we had not been two weeks on the road before I had blown in the little sum of money I had stored away for an emergency. Then until I again set foot in Brooklyn, I hardly knew what it was to have a dollar in my pocket.

"As soon as the manager got his clutches on the door receipts they were sent off to the backer in New York. Of course the principals, got their salaries, but the chorus and the rest of us got nothing but promises. It did not matter how good the houses were, we were always told we would be paid in full as soon as we struck good business. Our traveling expenses had to be paid, as well as the board bills; but we never had the money in our own hands. When we struck a stand, the manager would make arrangements with some third-class hotel to board the chorus. The principals, who had the spending of their own money, never put up at the same hotel with us, and I didn't blame them. "Why didn't we kick. What was the

use? We were far away from home without a cent in our pockets, and as long as we staid with the show we had something to cat and a place to sleep. Some of the members who could afford it telegraphed home for enough money to take them back to New York, while others slipped into rival companies them in the river. Why the wife's and took their chances of jumping body was not similarly disposed of, from the trying-pan into the fire. We thought of nothing but schemes to raise the wind, and there wasn't a crook in the country who was so full of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain as we. Some curried favor with the principals, and managed in that way to squeeze the box, while others bribed the stage manager to discount their notes. But the best of all was the box-office racket. It was this way. You see, a man would buy something—an umbrella, a valise, or any other article he likedand enter into an agreement with the storekeeper to take it back for a consideration. Then it would be sent to the box office with the bill. This panned out immensely until one day when we were in Galveston a Jonah sent a coon in with a mule, upon which there was \$65 to be paid. That was working it a little too much, and the manager shut right down on it there and then. We never got up anything so good afterward, although a Jerseyman we had with us, a pretty hard drinker, hesitated at nothing when he wanted a drink. One afternoon, while we were rehearsing, he rushed into the green-room clad only in an old oilskin suit smeared with paint and tar. He told the manager he had been taking a swim off one of the docks, and some sailors in a skiff had stolen his clothes and left the jumper and overalls in their place. He was drunk for three days, when the manager asked him how he got such fine New York clothes

in Texas he never winked an eye. "The manager thought of nothing but making money, and after the treasurer had skipped with the re-ceipts one night, he became harder than ever on the company. For weeks we had nothing but one-night stands, and when the cities were a hundred or more miles apart we had no sleep except what we got on the cars. At first we thought that when the last train left before the show was over we would have a fuil night's rest, but we soon found that the engineer had received extra pay to keep the train waiting for us. We got our meals in the same haphazard way as our sleep. We'd tele graph ahead to the next station for so many covers, and as there wasn't time for any examination they didn't care much what they served. Sometimes the dinner was good, but the temptation to cheat was so strong that we soon began to anticipate it. and seldom got what we wanted. empty dishes were left at the following station, whence they were returned to their owner. When the dinner was particularly bad, the plates, usually met with some accident.

"After being on the road some seven

months we disbanded at Pl Indelphia, all glad to be dropped so near home. I was all broken up. Instead of being recuperated by the traveling I was sick in body and mind from hard work ness?" said a dapper young man to and disappointment. We were prom-the reporter. "Well I'm just the one ised settlement in full, and instructed to call at a certain place in New York for our statements. After charging me for many things I had never heard "Ever since I was a boy I have had of, and over \$100 for 'bus hire, they hankering after the show life, and a figured that there were a few dollars coming to me. I called a couple of times, but never got it. The Jersey-man found himself in debt to the manager, and I'm afraid he never paid

> "But hard as it was on us, it was worse for the poor girls. Many of them, allured by the tempting salary, had no money to purchase more, and when the winter set in, while the men could keep themselves warm in the bar or hotel office, they had often to stay in bed all day, as they had not the quarter to pay for a fire in their rooms. I have often seen them singing in opera bouffe with tears in their

Current Paragraphs.

Several writers have lately celebrated abstinence as a cureall. One of them quotes the old Russian General Suvaroff as maintaining that hunger is the best treatment for every human disease; and Rulty, an English Quaker physician, records in his diary, "1775, 3d month, 29th day. A blessed repast of bread and water, a sovereign cure for indigestion, and no danger of

General Judson Kilpatrick used to tell the story that after his appointment as Minister to Chili he was met by an old lady who had known him from childhood, and to whose bucolic mind the gallant General's large way of stating things had sometimes seemed like exaggeration. "Wall, Jud," she said, "I hear you have been called to the mitistry. Glad to hearit. You'll make a real good preacher; but [solemnly], Jud, you must stop your lying."

In the northern part of Nebraska an Irish colony, called Jackson, has been settled for 29 years, six of the colonists of which are worth from \$40,000 to \$90,000 each. They were very poor when they arrived there, and were so discouraged by the deso-late appearance of the prairie and the loneliness and desolation, which affected them so much that if they had the money they would have left. Fortunately they had not. They had come up by steamers from the Southern States, where they had been digging ditches.

As the morganatic young prince Henry of Battenberg has been turned into a "Royal Highness" because he married the queen's youngest daughter, says London Truth, there are to be found many people so foolish as to ask why a similar honor was not conferred on the Marquis of Lorne, who married her majesty's youngest daughter but one. The answer to me seems simple. Lord Lorne is an Englishman. Prince Henry is a German. Referring to Lord Lorne, in the Court Circular his name is not allowed to appear with that of his wife, Princess Louise, but is put down as the last on the long list of guests, being made to give the bach-Schoenberg.

When General Sherman was at Sara toga recently a newspaper correspondent had the thoughtfulness to remind him that the period of his sojourn "on this shoal and bank of time" was limited and delicately observed: "I know you won't want so much ostenatation at your funeral as this one" (referring to that of General Grant). He answered with a plump, round "No!" and added: "I want to make all the noise while I am alive." Then he went on to say "My grave is bought and paid for. I shall be buried at St. Louis, where my children are buried. When I go they can put me in there and drive a stake in to mark the spot." These sentiments of the old hero were perfectly characteristic of him, and yet there is nothing more certain than that his own obsequies willnot be the simple affair he describes. There are those who think that in military genius he is the peer of Grant, and the stake by which his country marks his last resting place will be a very different sort of stake from that he refers to.

Shoddy at Long Branch.

The most quiet people at Long Branch are those who have good positions at home and who have gone there for the purpose of seeking a rest. The most exuberant and notoriously conspicuous are those who are obscure in their own homes. They make up for this obscurity by becoming what they consider the stars of the life at this place. Many are the ex. pedients employed by these people to attract attention and achieve the notoriety so desired by them in their brief careers. Not over half of the elegant equipages seen on Ocean avenue during an afternoon are owned by the people driving them. They are sent down from New York, and hired by the week or the month or the season by dealers who make a specialty of furnishing showy and aristocratic outfits for hire. Liveried coachmen and footmen are also furnished by these same dealers. This explains in many instances the incongruity between the persons who are driven and the persons who drive. The equipages are nearly always correct in style and taste, and the liveries are of the best cut and make. The coachmen and footmen often look like younger sons of English peers. The people who hire these outfits are not remarkable for their taste in dress or for their refined appearance. If they are remarkable at all it is for the very opposite.—New York World.