

The English men had better stop fooling with the Irishmen.

From all indications the present Legislature is trying to beat itself.

To each spring and summer trade the wise business man advertises now.

During the past week the average green price of iron ore for the month.

Disinfectants, the celebrated mind reader, will be lost if he attempts to read his own mind.

In New York the price of the dollar is fifty per cent more than it was a year ago.

Sheldon's southern hunt is expected to produce a moderate-sized presidential boom.

Among politicians it is a question whether the south or west holds the most available troops.

As the weather prophets let things alone for a while spring and the fruit crop will slide through.

Some years in like a lion, and after wrestling with the elements for thirty days, expired like a lamb.

In New York State high license and the mill loom are traveling side by side—miserable loom company.

The Philadelphia dives must go to some out of the way place until the new mayor gets broke in.

The European situation grows darker and more complicated. England's attempt to coerce Ireland is tyrannical and despotic.

In many towns they say the soldiers must go. They do so right on selling their damaged articles to unscrupulous purchasers.

The Times and Press of Philadelphia, are at loggerheads over a disputed circulation. In country journalism such small matters are of no account.

The American yacht, Caromet, won the recent race across the Atlantic in fourteen days, nine hours and three minutes. After a time England may realize that the American colonies are not to be sneered at.

The water question is apparently as dead as a doornail. The importance of introducing water here is evident to all practical observers. It is impossible to find another town in the Lehigh Valley which has not a good supply of pure water. Our mortals men should move in this matter.

The local newspaper.

The late Judge David Davis, of Illinois, whose judgment on an important problem was seldom questioned, expressed his views as follows regarding the value of a local newspaper: "Each year every local paper gives from \$100 to \$500 in free lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The local editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man to man, he ought to be respected, not because you happen to like him or admire his writings, but because a local paper is the best investment that a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with great thoughts, but financially it is more of a benefit to a community than a teacher or a preacher. Understand us now, we do not mean morally or intellectually, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find the majority of the local papers on the right side of the question. Today the editors of local papers do the most work for the least money of any men on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, not as a charity, but as an investment."

General Master Workman Powderly the official head of the Knights of Labor, has issued a call for a special State Convention of representatives from the various assemblies of Pennsylvania, to meet at Harrisburg on the 7th instant. The call suggests that one delegate be sent to represent every two thousand members.

In his official call, and also in the Journal of United Labor of Philadelphia, the accredited organ of the order, Mr. Powderly gives his reasons for the call so clearly as to fully justify his action. He refers to the fact that there are scores of bills pending in the Legislature relating to the interests of labor, some of which are chiefly vicious in their features, while others with wise aims need more careful and authoritative revision than he can assume to give on his official responsibility. He refers to the fact that signatures to petitions are often obtained in favor of measures which the considerate judgment of the workmen would condemn, and legislators are thus compelled to choose between supporting bills which would be injurious to the whole State or offending their constituents. He believes that the best way to meet the difficulty and to assure judicious and practical legislation in behalf of industry, is to call the representative men of the order together at the State Capital, and there confer, by committee, with all in the Legislature who favor liberal enactments on the subject, and carefully scrutinize the various pending measures and give an official approval of such as may be approved after the most patient inquiry. He wisely suggests that "it would be far better to select a few of the most important measures, say, for instance, such as relate to the store order system and the mining or mine ventilation laws of the State."

We are glad to see this call from Mr. Powderly. He states the exact truth when he suggests that there is danger of the failure of good and the success of bad legislation, unless the intelligent and dispassionate representatives of labor shall accept the responsibility of directly conferring with legislators on the subject. All such experiences must be productive of great practical good to the order. It will bring them into relations with those who have broader responsibilities than pertains to any one interest of the State, and the experience gained will tend to conserve and broaden the views and aims of the Knights of Labor. The delegates to appear at Harrisburg will be received and consulted with the respect to which the great interest they represent is entitled, and it is highly probable that some wise legislation may be thus secured and more unwise legislation defeated without expending legislators' criticisms from their labor constituents' rates. The duty of course, then, and annual good to both employers and employed should result from it.

Monthly he said that "history should not be made up of the gossip of courts and the battles of kings, but it should treat largely of the lives of the common people; and the man who devotes his time to studying the lives of the common people in New York, will not find those unfruitful. Looking over the paper the other morning the first advertisement that caught my eye was—"A young gentleman desires a situation as barkeeper."

"and in an adjoining column—"A lady takes in washing at her own home."

Now, there is no earthly reason why they should not be very gentlemanly barkeepers and very ladylike washer-women; but it is a question of propriety as to whether it is a wise thing to advertise their gentility in connection with their business. Did the young gentleman in search of a profession choose the noblest calling within his reach? that is the question. He supplements his advertisement with the fact that he is strictly temperate; an admirable recommendation for a gentleman who relishes whiskey, and one that should not be overlooked. The other day I overheard a conversation between a liquor dealer and a customer, which had a moral. The customer had ordered a gallon of sour mash, which the merchant had sent home; but when the demijohn arrived the customer found the cork suspiciously loose—suspecting the fact that the unfaithful messenger might have been sipping the quality of his six dollar Old Crow, so he went to the merchant and made his complaint, and what do you think he replied? "Oh, sir, the cork being loose in your demijohn signifies nothing; there isn't a man in my employ who touches a drop of whiskey. I don't drink myself, and I won't have a man about my store who does." What do you think of that? If a dynamite bomb had exploded under me I could not have been more astonished, and the man who bought the whiskey looked as if he had been hit over the head with a sandbag. For the last week I have been trying to figure out whether to call this high moral courage or monumental cheek. To return to the young customer who desired to become a barkeeper. If he wishes to distinguish himself in his profession, he will not have to grope his way in the dark, for I observed a glaring sign on the Bowery—"Instruction given in the scientific compounding of mixed drinks; cocktails, smashers and juleps, prepared in the most scientific manner, and according to the latest and most approved formulas." This looks like business; here is a benefactor of his race—a professor who can give you the exact quantity of sugar, Angostura, lemon, absinthe, Vermouth and quassal and other ingredients, which will ruin your digestion and send you to a lunatic asylum or to the— If this young gentleman wishes to rise rapidly in his chosen profession, by all means let him apply to this Bowery professor.

There is no question that the saloons are getting to be the most delightful places of recreation in the city. A few years ago, and a man could start the whiskey business with a few barrels and kegs, a couple of dozen glasses, a looking-glass behind the counter and a few cheap ornaments, but that day is past. To-day we have plenty of saloons the interior trimmings and furnishings of which are worth from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars. Ned Stokes' saloon at the Hoffman, used to be the wonder and delight of visiting countrymen and some countrywomen; but there are plenty of others filled with magnificent pictures and costly bric-a-brac, which tell of the marvellous profits of the whiskey business. The lower class saloons are imitating the style of their more opulent and high-toned neighbors—big lunches and easy chairs being provided for the guests. If the temperance people only made half the effort to catch customers that the saloons do, we might see a greater temperance harvest. Several attempts have been made here at starting temperance restaurants, temperance coffee houses, dairies and other establishments, all under temperance supervision; but I have never seen one where there was the slightest effort to make them comfortable or attractive. Some I have seen that were scrupulously clean—but there was nothing homelike or comfortable about them—they had a cold, cheerless, forsaken sort of an air, and the lady who sat beside the small table near the door, dropping her book or her sewing just long enough to give you change, and as she sunk back in her chair when that duty was performed, she seemed to say in no uncertain tones—"Don't you look at me, or I'll call a policeman." Then the coffee and tea might be indicted for libel; and the steaks and the chops furnished ample ground for a suit-at-law for obtaining money under false pretences.

While on the subject of restaurants, there is a remarkable one on Broadway, known as The Gentlemen's Buffet, and the lucky proprietor is rapidly rolling up a fortune. On either side, beautiful black walnut buffets, and these at the opening of lunch are piled high with all sorts of tempting edibles. Sandwiches are there by the thousand, of all kinds. Smoking hot corned beef hash, no swindle, but good—very good; all sorts of cakes, milk, coffee and tea; and milk, means milk; and tea, means tea; and coffee, means coffee. Sandwiches, coffee, tea and milk only five cents, and a stout plate of pork and beans or lamb only ten cents. You would be surprised to see the men who lunch there. Rich merchants, bank clerks, brokers from Wall Street, and speculators on change, messenger boys, doctors and lawyers, all were busy as bees. The singular feature of the place is that you go in, help yourself to what you want, call for anything within your reach, and then it is left entirely to your honor to say how much you owe as you go out. Nobody watches you or takes account of what you eat or except yourself. On going out you step up to a young man near the door, and say five tongue sandwiches, three pig's feet, a plate of corned beef hash, four cream cakes, three cups of coffee and a plate of stewed tripe upon which, the young gentleman hands you a check, which you pass over with your cash to a very pretty young lady and the thing is done. Unless a man is very busy, twenty-five cents will give him a first-class lunch.

A benevolent lady of this city, however, conceived the idea, that there were thousands of poor people who could not spare a quarter for a meal, and for those whom fortune or misfortune has knocked out, she has provided fifteen places in different parts of the city, where the hungry tramp can get a meal for one cent. Yes, sir, a big bowl of soup and a chunk of bread, of good charitable proportions for one cent; in fact it would puzzle a hungry tramp to put himself on the outside of two of these chunks. Hot coffee and tea with bread at the same rate. The food, of course, does not pay for the food; that is mainly supplied by benevolent people, who believe in this form of charity. The paying is, what lawyers