The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6, 1889.

THE SUPREME COURT'S SOMERSAULT.

The Supreme Court has beaten Herrmann by the rapidity and completeness with which it has made a large number of very prominent things undergo a rapid disappearance. Monday morning the municipal atmosphere on the Northside was burdened with the complications arising out of the probability that Allegheny must either accept the form of government prescribed for third-class cities by the pending bill, which it did not wish to do; or take the Pittsburg charter as a second-class city, which it would like less; or adopt the new bill just sent on to the Legislature, which some of its citizens liked least of all. Harrisburg was crowded with the political magnates of the State, and complications were cropping out at every turn. Presto! and the Supreme Court makes the whole horde of troubles disappear by the simple method of throwing a somersault, reversing itself and upholding the constitutionality of the act declared unconstitutional last year.

In the absence of a written opinion, which is to appear in the fullness of time, it is impossible to estimate the chain of reasoning by which the Court decides that it was wrong. On the face, it seems to vindicate the legislative power of classification to the full extent of dividing the cities of the State into as many classes as there are cities and assigning one city to each class. The former ruling was to the effect that it might be done in the two higher classes where the division was by hundreds of thousands, but that when it came to cutting them up with divisions measured by the tens of thousands, it was time to call a halt. This position appears to be abandoned now; but whether there may not be, somewhere down toward the bottom, a natural scale of division which will be asserted as essential, remains to be seen.

The quick change relieves Allegheny from its quandary and is therefore received with enthusiasm, if not admiration. But it can hardly fail to strengthen the suspicion that our ultimate tribunal is a rather uncertain quantity.

A SELF-REFORMATORY CARTOON.

It is interesting to observe that the scandalous features of journalism are to be suppressed. The last issue of *Judge* devotes a page to representing the unreliable newspaper reporter as a fiend, scandal-monger, and everything else that is demoralizing and nefarious. It is beyond question that there is a good deal of scandal in the press, and the examples where it is served up on the slightest foundation and in the coarsest form are furnished by the highly-colored pictures of the class of journalism of which *Judge* is a leading exponent. It is encouraging to observe that the evil of scandal-mongering is perceived by this cotemporary. This affords ground for the hope that it will pull the beam out of its own eye.

LIBELS ON PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg's skin is not particularly thin. The taunts of her rivals and the barbed arrows of the envious do not upset her digestion or deprive her of sleep. But isn't it about time for the humorists to stop talking about Pittsburg as the smoky city, and making jokes on her alleged dirtiness, and the grimy perils of her atmosphere? These jokes are founded on a lie. The repetition of that which is untrue is not in itself funny. A joke should satirize, make light or laughter of some fact.

It is really painful to find such a clever paper as our humorous cotemporary *Puck* falling into the same old hole with a joke about a Pittsburg man brushing his beard with a shoe brush, because it could not have any effect on his soot-begrimed face. One of C. J. Taylor's delightful sketches is wasted on this feeble and mendacious jokelet, more's the pity.

Ten years ago or less Pittsburg deserved to be joked on the score of its fogs and smoke. To-day with less smoke than any other manufacturing city in the world, and less fog than even the imperial city of New York has to put up with, Pittsburg can't see anything funny in being told that she is unclean. If *Puck* and some of his brilliant jokists and artists will come West of the Alleghenies for a day or two they will find lots of material for good-natured satire in our busy community, but not a bit of it will be the smoke and dreary darkness with which they insist upon endowing us.

ANTI-ANNEXATION ARGUMENTS.

An adverse view of the project to annex Canada to the United States is furnished by the Toronto *World*, which boils over with wrath at the idea. It is somewhat unique to find it asserting of the United States that "half the impetus of what is called Anglophobia is an effort to improve themselves on English models, and to abandon the lower ruts into which they are grooved." When this argument is clinched by the declaration: "In their first hundred years the Americans have not produced a poet or a philosopher of the first rank," the argument may be considered as clinched. The gigantic examples of genius produced by Canada in the same hundred years, who dwarf Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson and Holmes by comparison, cannot, of course, be degraded by bringing them into the United States. But in its vantage-ground of literary supremacy, we hope that the esteemed *World* will look up the meaning of "Anglophobia" and discover that it is anything but "an effort to improve ourselves on English models."

BARBERS STILL TALK.

Some eccentric and melancholy person from a place known indifferently as Boston or the Hub, has seen fit to inform the world that the modern barber is taciturn, that his loquacity has forsaken him and he chats no longer. Upon this assertion as a basis our Bostonian seer builds up a cunning theory to the effect that there is a tendency, over which he weeps, while confessing that it is in the line of what we know of the great principles of evolution, for the barbers of our day to become dumb and utterly speechless.

We think this view is too sanguine. In plain English it is too good to be true. Whether or not the barber in Boston has lost the use of his tongue—and we can see good reasons for his becoming speechless in the presence of so much concrete wisdom as the average Bostonian represents—it is a fact to which thousands of our citizens will testify that the Pittsburg barber talks as much as ever. His jaw has not stiffened, neither has his nimble tongue ceased to wag with the irritating constancy, but not the quietness, of an amiable poodle's tail. The fusillade of jokes which native and foreign jesters have fired at the gentleman of the razor has not affected the Pittsburg craftsman in the slightest. He talks with fluency still about anything or nothing, preferably the latter. Lather and language are equally at his command; and he dabs the one into his victim's mouth while he pours the other into his ears.

If the Bostonian observer had been correct in the generalization of his small experience there would be great rejoicing to-day everywhere. Silence would look very sweet in the shades of a barber shop.

A NEW ANTI-COMBINATION ORGAN.

It is with a large amount of gratification, not unmixed with surprise, that we find the following sweeping declaration of a public duty in the editorial columns of the New York *Mail and Express:*

The penal code ought to be amended in title 8, chapter 8, by making it a penal offense to take or make any oath, promise or pledge of obedience, loyalty, submission or co-operation to or with any officer or authority not recognized and instituted by law, or any party claiming to be such officer or authority, whether of any voluntary society, corporation or association.

The proposed enactment appears to be rather too sweeping. For example, to punish a man for his pledge of obedience to and co-operation with the order of Masonry or his church organization would be a little severe. But the main principle so obviously applies to one of the greatest and most powerful evils of the day, which capitalists are engaged in upholding, that we warmly welcome this new recruit to the opposition against the trusts and monopolistic combinations.

The keystone of all combinations to suppress competition is the pledge of obedience to and co-operation with the authority, established not only without being recognized and instituted by law, but in direct defiance of the principles of law, as declared by the highest legal authorities. The last example of this sort is furnished by the acts of the great railroad corporations which have renewed their oft-repeated and oft-broken pledges to obey a central authority wholly outside the corporate powers, for the illegal purpose of suppressing competition. It may be a somewhat Draconian treatment to send all the eminent corporation magnates to the penitentiary; but when the good Col. Shepard says that they ought to go there, they should take warning and abjure their illegal efforts to inject value into watered stocks.

There may be a suggestion that this declaration of the new opponent of illegal combinations is only intended to apply to trades-unions. But the person who construes it that way must accuse the pious Shepard of advocating a different kind of law for capital from what he would enact for struggling labor.

WHEN MR. SCOTT DANCED.

Since the flood—no, the election—very little has been heard of the anti-monopolist, monopolist, coal operator, orator and dispenser of Democratic spoils, Congressman W. L. Scott, of Erie. He felt, doubtless, that, after his efforts in the campaign, he was entitled to simmer in silence, and the public acquiesced without complaint. But he is beginning to boil again. The expiring flames in the Democratic range have made him sing with the cheeriness of a tin kettle at supper time.

Mr. Scott boiled over on Saturday night. It was at the Whitney ball at Washington. The flower of the Democracy were there, and of course that included the representative from Erie. He entered the ballroom in a dress suit of ordinary cut; but he left it attired in radiancy which illuminated him as the nimbus glorifies a pictured saint. Of course he kept his clothes on, but it is possible that his pride-swollen bosom made him wish that his garments had been built for a larger man.

The secret of the elevation of Mr. Scott's spirits can be tersely explained. Mrs. Cleveland danced a quadrille with him. Mr. Cleveland does not dance; Mr. Scott does, beautifully. When, therefore, Mr. Scott asked Mrs. Cleveland to give him the next quadrille, she said yes with genuine confidence. She knew that because Mr. Scott had not succeeded in making the entire nation dance to his piping it did not follow that he could not flourish the fantastic toe with the grace of a graduate of La Scala. Probably Mr. Cleveland himself assisted his beautiful wife to a favorable consideration of Mr. Scott's invitation by pointing out that one Matthew Stanley Quay had made Mr. Scott and many other obstinate Democrats dance a measure last November.

Anyhow Mr. Scott led out The First Lady of the Land, and the flashing of his patent leathers met the dancing glances from his partner's eyes in mid air. The whole ballroom was electrified. As a matter of fact, it was not a quadrille that was danced, but a *pas de deux*. Years hence the young people who were at Whitney's ball will say to their grandchildren: "You ought to have seen Mr. Scott dance with Mrs. Cleveland—they danced in those days!"

We hope Mr. Scott and the illustrious and lovely lady who danced with him may never be made to dance to a less joyful tune.

NOT MUCH OF A JOKE.

It is seldom that the fool-killer does such a wonderfully piece of good work as he accomplished in the neighborhood of Evansville the other day. A young farmer named Heidel sought to frighten a notoriously superstitious colored man, by dressing himself in a white sheet and hiding in the woods through which his victim had to pass. The practical joke was rather too successful. The negro was horribly frightened when he saw the white figure glide out of the thicket, but instead of running away he struck at the apparition with an ax. The skull of the practical joker unfortunately met the descending steel. This was not on the joker's programme, but it ended the performance all the same. At this price practical joking is an expensive luxury, and it is to be hoped that mock White Caps and other idiots will bear Heidel's fate in mind.

QUITE a striking parallel is drawn by the bright New York *Evening Sun*, between the death of Prince Rudolf and the termination of the plot to restore the Pretender to the throne of England in "Henry Esmond." Our cotemporary says: "The Prince in the story is not slain, though he crosses swords with the man who has followed him to his bedchamber to avenge his sister's dishonor." The parallel is an interesting one in the fact that both the story and the real life show a weak and vicious Prince can fool away his throne, if not his life, by petty intrigue. But in the interest of accurate quotation we wish the esteemed *Sun* would overhaul its Thackeray and observe that the person who is represented as crossing swords with the Prince was not Beatrix's brother, but her second cousin and unsuccessful lover.

THE statement that the errand of John C. New to the East is causing prominent statesmen to go into hiding is tolerably encouraging. If New retires to privacy with them, we shall, temporarily at least, enjoy an idyllic state of politics.

THE news published yesterday that the suit which the Government was prosecuting for the Central Pacific Railroad to enforce its claim to a disputed portion of the land grant, had been decided in favor of the company, means that thirty farmers are to be evicted from the lands they have made valuable by cultivation for over sixteen years. The fact that the decision was rendered by those lights of the judiciary, Sawyer and Field, is not wholly calculated to satisfy the public of its perfect justice.

THERE are now said to be serious obstacles to the annexation of Canada. The most serious one is the objection of the Canadians themselves. When they want to come they can come; but until they wish it, they cannot.

The prophesy of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* that "Senator Brown, of Georgia, will be one of the first of the accessions which will be made to the Republican party in Georgia in the near future" should put that party on its guard against such a misfortune. The Uriah Heep of Southern Democracy will be recognized, if he changes, as making the change because there is the most usufruct for him that way.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Supreme Court decision, it appears that the bill for the charters of third-class cities got past the House yesterday. If Allegheny does not do some work it may still find itself in a split stick.

THE last turn in the Supreme Court decisions for the charter question, gives new force to the local adoption of Tom Marshall's famous saying—not our Tom Marshall, but the Kentuckian—that if there is one thing that Omniscience cannot foretell, it is how the Pennsylvania Supreme Court will decide a case.

IF Arkansas fails to capture and hang the murderer of Colonel Clayton it will be a good State for people who do not like assassination as a political method to keep clear of.

THERE is beginning to be a doubt as to whether Florida considers it worth while to send in any electoral vote for the Presidency. Possibly this is a correct estimate of the value of a Florida election; but we could not expect it to come from Florida itself.

IF Allison will not represent Iowa in the Cabinet, that is no reason why Iowa should be left out. Is not Frank Hatton always on hand?

THE appearance of an editorial argument in favor of "The Wisdom of Cowardice," in the Minneapolis *Tribune* of a late date, is the first indication that the readers of that journal have had, of its supporting the foreign policy of the present administration.

PERSONAL POINTS.

THERE is sadness in the realms of royalty. The Crown Prince of Austria, the King of Annam and the Sultan of Vitu have passed away within the last few days. There is no royal road to longevity.

A NEW smoking room has been provided for members at the English House of Commons. The devotion to the weed among honorable gentlemen is now so great that the one smoking room had become insufficient.

LORD SACKVILLE, the damaged diplomat, is devoting his attention at present to his mansion "Knole." He has thrown the old and beautiful place open to the public, a thing which the late lord and master refused to do.

A WEEK from yesterday Queen Victoria celebrates the forty-ninth anniversary of her wedding. The ceremony will be, as usual, a mournful one, as anything which recalls Prince Albert always casts a gloom over the Queen's household.

MRS. MARY E. G. DOW, the woman who took the Dover horse railroad in hand and made it a paying concern, has just declared a 5 per cent dividend. This, added to that of six months ago, makes 11 per cent and leaves a surplus beside. Mrs. Dow is the President, and when she was chosen the road was in debt.

MR. SARJEANT, the English artist, is painting the portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. The actress wears her peacock green velvet dress shimmering with beetle wings, that in which she appears during the first act. A superb contrast of color is attained by the red hair flowing over the greenish drapery.

MR. GLADSTONE goes to the English Church at Naples every Sunday morning. A correspondent writes that, sitting exactly behind the G. O. M., he managed to secure a single gray hair which fell on the collar of his overcoat. But an Italian deputy of high position, who was shown the trophy, got that tremendously excited and—says the correspondent—seized my hair (the gray one), threw me a 5-franc piece and bolted.

THE Emperor of Germany is cutting down his household expenses. He has given orders that the daily breakfast shall cost but 62 cents for each person, and that dinner shall not require more than $1 25 a head. The servants of the household are now obliged to purchase their own meals. All this has excited a great deal of unfavorable comment, for the house of Hohenzollern is by no means so poor that its expenditure need be placed on a mean basis.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

A Handsomely Illustrated Book, Descriptive of Pittsburg and Allegheny.

A beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound quarto volume entitled "Pittsburg and Allegheny Illustrated Review," has just been published by J. M. Eistner & Co. The work contains 120 large pages, and includes interesting historical sketches from the pen of many well-known local writers. The manifold industries of the two cities are reviewed at length, and many valuable statistics are given. The illustrations are numerous, and finely executed. They include views taken in various parts of the city, sketches of public buildings and manufactories and portraits of several representative citizens.

Considerable space is devoted to biographical matter and brief histories of various business enterprises. The work, as a whole, is excellent, so far as it goes, and deserves to take high rank among publications of its class.

The Sphinx as an Umpire.

From the New York World.]

Every man who has a touch of romance in his constitution has been thrilled by the news that the peripatetic baseball players from this country are to play a game under the shadows of the Egyptian Pyramids, and within a short distance of the great Sphinx. Would it not be a curious thing if the Sphinx, after maintaining silence for ages, should raise her voice at the cry of the onlookers for "Judgment" and exclaim "Not out!" Even the Sphinx would find umpiring a dangerous pastime.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

New Studies of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Down With the Weather Sign Posts—Modesty Blocks a Golden Stream—Art in Fair Hands.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, were he to stop running around barefoot with savages and trying to soothe the barbaric breast with music from his flageolet, and were he to pay ten cents for a seat in Harris' Theater and sit through one act of Dore Davidson's strictly original dramatic version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," I am convinced that his sensations would be unique and surprising.

The author would certainly find it difficult to recognize the children of his brain, and it is doubtful if he would appreciate the evasion of the awful climatic moral of his story in the pretty ending to which Mr. Davidson has shaped the drama.

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MANSFIELD'S version of Stevenson's novel, which was seen here last season, was a morbid, distressing play, with episodes in it so disgusting and hideous that Pittsburgers generally did not care to see it. And it is in my memory that Richard Mansfield and his manager, Mr. Price, were very disturbed in spirit over the excellent taste and judgment which our people showed in this matter. Nevertheless there was abundant art in Mr. Mansfield's adaptation of the story for the stage, and still more in portions of his delineation of the dual character of *Jekyll* and *Hyde*. The drama and the actor were on a higher plane than Mr. Davidson is able to set himself and his play.

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IN a single particular I fancy Mr. Davidson has a great deal the best of Mr. Mansfield. The former's methods in accomplishing the change from the gentle *Dr. Jekyll* to the horrible monster *Hyde* seem to be better considered than those of Mr. Mansfield. Besides, there was a grotesqueness in Mansfield's *Hyde* which brought the spectator dangerously near to laughter. Davidson's *Hyde* is revolting, diabolical and uncanny—uncanny most of all. It is the sort of sight which makes one's flesh creep. Not a laughing matter at all.

Mr. Davidson seems to use very little but his natural powers of contorting his features and limbs to produce the appearance of outrageous deformity. One would like to know how he makes the extraordinary change in the contour of his teeth in less than five seconds. The jutting fangs of *Hyde* are not at all suggested in the regular teeth of *Dr. Jekyll*.

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ALL the old-established weather sign posts must be chopped down. They are deceiving people, and hurting their trusting natures, and spoiling bonnets and tempers, and there is no health in them.

For instance, the old rhyme which the shepherds on Salisbury plain seven or eight hundred years ago used to gamble upon with the utmost confidence, viz:

"A red sky at night
Is a shepherd's delight,"

came to everybody's mind on Monday evening when the sun went down in a bed of crimson glory and the rosy tiers of clouds were left out in the west till long after sunset. Everybody said: "To-morrow will be fair!"

And yesterday was that to-morrow.
Was it fair?
Pull down the weather signs and kill all the weather prophets, and perhaps Nature will regain her balance!

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SOME of the most admired pictures hanging in the School of Design gallery are the work of a young woman who is really troubled with a superabundance of modesty. Two or three of these pictures possess such marked merit—merit of a higher kind than the expensive imported canvases absolutely painted in Europe usually possess—that would easily command a sale.

Yesterday, for instance, a purchaser for one or two of them was found, but the sale could not be made because the fair painter had been too modest to put a price upon her work. If the exhibition is not at all for the purpose of selling the students' pictures—which most people take to be a most laudable purpose—would it not be a good idea to tell the public so? Then nobody's feelings could possibly be hurt by the tender of filthy lucre in exchange for the products of divine art.

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THERE is a shining white spot in the portrait of a colored boy which hangs in the gallery of studies from life in charcoal. The spot occurs with startling effect in the upper part of the boy's cheek, and some of the School of Design girls—how unfortunate it would be to term them designing girls—have suggested to the artist that the picture would be a splendid advertisement for a patent article, with the subscription: "Soapine Did It."

STREET RAILWAY FIGURES.

Profit and Loss Accounts of Pittsburg Roads for the Past Year.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

HARRISBURG, February 5.—There was filed to-day with the Secretary of Internal Affairs the annual statement of a number of Pittsburg street railway companies for the year 1888. The Federal Street and Pleasant Valley road reported 2,112,104 passengers carried during the year; the expenses of operating the road were $71,813 69, and the receipts at $96,402 10. The dividends declared amounted to $18,000. The liabilities of the company are given as follows: Capital stock, $100,000; bonds, $75,000; unclaimed dividends, $405 78; coupon account, $246 52; right of way, $37,429 51; surplus, $37,455 93; total, $250,537 74.

The Pittsburg Traction Company reports the following for 1888: Number of passengers carried, 2,890,889; expense of operating the road, $93,364 97; receipts, $178,536 97. The payments were: For construction, $848,644 03; equipment, $64,522 85; interest, $18,495 55. The statement of the road's liabilities is as follows: Capital stock, less $1,000,000 installments unpaid, $1,500,000; first mortgage bonds, $500,000; Pittsburg, Oakland and East Liberty bonds assumed, $15,000; constructive debt, $457,662 69; dividends declared, but not yet paid, $100,000; surplus, $15,906 90. Total, $2,588,669 59.

The People's Park Railway reports as follows: Number of passengers carried, 888,130, running expenses, $44,583 97; receipts, $37,716. Its liabilities are: Capital stock, $100,000; bonds, $100,000; due corporations, $39,011 65; total, $239,011 65.

The St. Clair Incline Company in its statement shows the number of passengers carried during 1888, 123,026; running expenses, $7,080 75; receipts, $8,459 97. Its assets are given at $991 75; cash on hand and liabilities as nothing but an unadjusted construction account. The total unfunded debt of the concern is $67,000.

JUSTICE FOR POOR LO.

The Creek Indian Treaty Sent to Congress for its Ratification.

WASHINGTON, February 5.—The President to-day transmitted to Congress, for its approval and ratification, a provisional agreement lately entered into between the United States and the Creek Indians, by which the title and interest in and to all lands in the Indian territory or elsewhere, except such as are held and occupied as homes, are ceded to the United States. By the terms of the agreement the Creek Nation cedes to the United States the title of the entire western half of the domain of the nation, lying west of the division line as established by the treaty in 1866. The United States agrees to pay to the Indians $2,280,857. $280,857 to be paid to the National Treasurer of the Nation and $2,000,000 to remain in the United States Treasury to the credit of the Nation, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. The Nation agrees to devote not less than $50,000 annually for educational purposes.

The President says that the ratification of the agreement will be of benefit to the Government. The agreement, he says, is entirely free from any suspicion of unfairness or injustice toward the Indians.

PRAISE FROM THE POPE.

His Holiness Preparing a Brief Eulogizing America and Her People.

WASHINGTON, February 5.—Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, rector of the new Catholic University, in a letter to Vice Rector Garrigan, dated Rome, January 22, announces the endowment of another chair in the University by Judge O'Connor, of San Jose, Cal.

Bishop Keane also states that the endowment of three more scholarships has been secured, and that the Pope is preparing a brief in furtherance of the plans of the University and in praise of America, her people and her institutions.

THE DIPHTHERIA MICROBE.

Pasteur's Professors Make a Discovery That Will Benefit Humanity.

PARIS, February 5.—The *Figaro* says that two professors connected with the Pasteur Institute have succeeded in identifying the generative microbe of diphtheria. The discovery of a preventative of this disease by means of vaccine virus is expected to follow.

THE NEW REVENUE BILL

Advocated and Explained by the Auditor General—What May be Gained by It.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

HARRISBURG, February 5.—Auditor General McCamant appeared before the Ways and Means Committee to-day in advocacy of the general revenue bill. Mr. McCamant explained that since 1887 the State had lost $700,000 revenue by reason of the Supreme Court's gross receipts decision, and had also lost $300,000 by the operation of the high license law. The State would also have lost largely by the Dauphin court's decision on the loans tax had not the Supreme Court reversed that decision. He explained that the bill as presented retained the existing laws concerning the personal property tax that had stood the test of the courts, and also retains many of the features of the bill that was lost by reason of not having the signature of the President of the Senate, and also many of the features of the Revenue Commissioner's bill.

Its main distinctive features are: First, a tax on mortgages and judgments of corporations, except such as go to make up their capital stock, which is taxed separately; second, a tax on the capital stock of all corporations except building and loan associations, while its third important feature restricts the 6 mill tax on banks and savings institutions to banks incorporated under the laws of the State and to national banks. The other features of the bill are much the same as former revenue measures. The abandonment of the two-fold measure of taxing corporations, namely, 1 mill on each per centum, where a dividend of 6 per cent was declared, and where the dividend was less than 6 per cent or was nothing, a tax of 3 mills on the dollar of appraised value, was explained to be made necessary by a possible unconstitutionality and threats of corporations to appeal. The uniform 3 mill tax would produce greater revenue, he thought, than the two-fold plan of taxation.

He defended the tax on manufacturing corporations, because it was necessary to make good lost revenue and because so many concerns were claiming exemption as such that another big hole might soon be knocked in the State's receipts. A Philadelphia fruit preserving company has been declared by the courts a manufacturing corporation, and in the Dauphin county courts a host of electric light companies are pleading to be declared such. The definition was becoming entirely too broad, and besides there was good ground for believing the exemption of these corporations was unconstitutional. He admitted that the same objection might apply to the exemption the bill makes in favor of building and loan associations, but their peculiar character led to the attempt to make this exception.

Auditor General McCamant roughly estimates the gain to the State under the provisions of the bill as follows: From manufacturing corporations, $500,000; from the restriction of the six-mill tax to incorporated State and national banks, $150,000; from corporation mortgages and judgments, $300,000. In answer to questions, he stated that from a hasty reading of the County Commissioners' bill, he did not think it could be operated. There were grave constitutional questions raised by it that would be fought to the court of last resort, and the revenues would in consequence be tied up for years, putting the State to the necessity of borrowing money to conduct its government. The grangers' bill for the equalization of local taxation did not, he thought, conflict with the general revenue bill.

Auditor General McCamant was before the committee for three hours, explaining these points and the machinery of the bill. He will be called on again, as will the State Treasurer and Attorney General.

THE BURLINGTON IN LINE.

Iowa Commissioners Win Their Fight and the Rates Will Drop To-Day.

CHICAGO, February 5.—The first of the Chicago roads to take its Iowa medicine in accordance with the prescription received from Judge Brewer is the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. General Freight Agent Morton gave notice to-day that his company would put into effect to-morrow the Commissioners' schedule of rates in the State of Iowa. This prompt action took some of the other roads by surprise, as it was supposed that there would be a meeting of the Iowa lines to consider Judge Brewer's decision, with a view to agreeing upon a course of procedure and acting in concert. The Burlington, however, concluded to waste no time in putting itself in harmony with the law. By so doing it avoids the danger of damage suits that may be brought by shippers for every overcharge on freight transportation within that State, and gains whatever advantage may accrue to it from being the first to reduce its rates. The only other road that adopts the Commissioner's schedule to-morrow is the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern. The rest will probably follow suit as soon as they have had time to revise their scales.

The position of the Chicago and Northwestern and a few of the other interested roads is somewhat peculiar. The injunction restraining the Commissioners from enforcing the first schedule of rates prepared by them has not been dissolved and is still in force. There was a second schedule arranged for the Burlington, the Rock Island and the St. Paul roads, in which some of the rates were slightly advanced and made subject to the Western classification with a few exceptions. The Chicago and Northwestern was not concerned in the case out of which this new schedule grew, and the injunction that has just been vacated has reference to this schedule alone. But alone of course this point has no particular weight, as when one road reduces its rates the rest must do likewise or sacrifice their business.

A FORTUNE FOR UNCLE SAM.

An Eccentric Schoolmaster Leaves Considerable Wealth to the Government.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

NEW YORK, February 5.—Surrogate Tuthill has issued a citation for the probate of the will of M.W. Merriam, the eccentric Suffolk county schoolmaster who willed his property in bulk to the United States Government. The executor, C. B. Ackerly, in searching for the assets, found $81,000 in Merriam's room in Newport. It was tucked away in old letters, books and corners of old trunks and valises. It is thought that when his money is all got together it will amount to more than $100,000. He has a sister who is said to be worth $500,000. One reason he gave for giving his money to the Government was that it was rich and could afford to fight his sister if she attempted to contest the will. His sister, it is said, will not contest the will, as there are some unpleasant family affairs which would necessarily come to light in the controversy.

Mr. Merriam was a zealous Blaine man. He refused to vote the Republican ticket last fall because his favorite wasn't at the head of it. When the success of the Republican party became known he at once named Blaine as his choice for Secretary of State. He said if Blaine were not appointed he would change his will and cut off the Government. He fell dead in his schoolroom at Springs last week. He was 65 years old.

The Forgotten Soldier.

From the Chicago News.]

One of the most striking pictures in the Verestchagin collection at the Art Institute is "The Forgotten Soldier." It represents a bit of rough country, some sky, and a watchful vulture. "But where is the soldier?" asked a visitor the other day. "I can't see how the name of this picture can be made to fit it."

"Why, the name is appropriate, of course," said the man who knew all about art. "The picture is called 'The Forgotten Soldier' because the artist forgot to put the soldier in."

The Indication of Riches.

From the New York World.]

A good deal of discussion has been caused by Max O'Rell's ex cathedra assertions regarding the richest men in this country. It is claimed that he made great blunders in his list. The truth of the matter will be learned next summer, when the public finds out what families are indulging in ice.

Out of Their Element.

From the Chicago News.]

Two astronomers have gone to law in New York to decide who owns a certain catalogue of 35,608 stars. Law suits about stars are very common, but they are generally engaged in by theatrical managers. What do astronomers know about stars, anyhow?

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

DORE DAVIDSON'S weird "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is filling Harris' Theater to the last bit of standing room, at each performance this week. It is a performance as unique as it is original, and worthy of witnessing.

MINNIE PALMER will be seen as "My Brother's sister," this evening, and at the only Palmer matinee on Saturday. The Bijou at each of little Minnie's receptions this week has been completely filled. The rule is not apt to be broken during the engagement.

MISS CORA TANNER, who will appear at the Grand Opera House next week in "Fascination," is an attraction in herself, but her company is also well spoken of, and the scenery is called beautiful and elaborate by all who have seen it. The play is English, and the plot is called one of Robert Buchanan's best, which is saying something in itself.

GREAT FEELING AROUSED.

The Charges of the Claytons Read With Interest at the Capital.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, February 5.—The statement of Powell Clayton and Judge Clayton, in regard to the assassination of their brother, which appeared in all the prominent papers of the country this morning, has caused a deal of feeling among the Republicans, and few of the Democrats make any attempt to soften the severity of the criticism that is heard on every hand. Republicans are all of one opinion, that Congress should sift the matter to the bottom, and that at a risk of a renewal of the accusation of flaunting the bloody shirt some steps should be taken by Congress and the administration to prevent the desecration of the ballot box in the South and the reduction of elections to the condition of a ridiculous farce. The indications are that in view of the recent tragic occurrence in Arkansas the next administration will not be able to pursue the conservative course with regard to the South that had been advised hitherto, and which Mr. Harrison has shown a disposition to adopt.

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No Attempt at Denial.

None of the prominent Southern Democrats attempt to deny that the statement of the Claytons is true. Of course only a few are acquainted with the facts in this particular case. But those who are not say that it is apiece with what is commonly known to be the tactics of the Democrats of the South, and that they are ready to believe every word of it. This was the admission of at least a dozen of prominent Southern Democrats to the correspondent of THE DISPATCH to-day, though they, without exception, exacted a promise that their names should not be used in connection with the publication of their sentiments, as that would be very distasteful to them in their own communities. Only a few of the "hustlers," such as those which are described by the Claytons as taking charge of the polls and driving away Republican inspectors, attempted to make light of the story, and only one denounced it as "a pack of lies," and he was the least respectable and prominent of the lot.

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Mr. Breckinridge Regrets it Much.

Representative Breckinridge, of Arkansas who was the opponent of the murdered Clayton in the race for Congress, and against whom Clayton had filed notice of a contest, would not speak farther on the subject than he has already spoken, and that was to say that he regretted the occurrence more, if possible, than the Claytons themselves, as it placed him in a most unenviable position. He denounced the outrage, and said all of the papers and all citizens of any standing denounced it, but when asked why more vigorous steps were not taken to apprehend the assassins, he said he was too far from the scene of action to know what was being done.

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An Anonymous Colleague's Opinion.

A colleague of Mr. Breckinridge said that the assassins were prominent men, and Mr. Breckinridge was aware of that fact, though he might not be able to place his finger exactly on the persons who did the murder. "The only honorable course for Mr. Breckinridge to pursue," said he, "is to resign the seat which he claims in the Fifty-first Congress, and submit to a new election, in which he will be responsible for its fairness and honesty. He certainly cannot claim to represent his people when his election was accomplished by methods such as those described by the Claytons. These things are not general in the South, but they are common enough to disgrace the entire section, and we cannot expect to have the confidence or respect of the North as long as they are permitted anywhere. Respectable Democrats, instead of covering up these things and making light of them, must admit them and look them in the face and attempt to uproot them, or we cannot hope for the investment of Northern capital, without which our progress will be very slow indeed. It is possible that after all the murder of Clayton may work a vast good to the South, in arousing Democrats themselves to throttle these outrages on the ballot."

A PREACHER'S POLITICAL PRAYER.

It Creates Quite a Disturbance in the New York Senate.

ALBANY, February 5.—Rev. S. V. Leech, of Albany, opened the session of the Senate this morning with a prayer. He referred to the corruption which so greatly influences elections in great cities, and prayed for deliverance from "the political gamblers who buy up the votes of the ignorant immigrants who compose such a large proportion of the population of cities."

At the conclusion of the prayer Mr. Grady arose. "I move," he said, "that the officer having charge of the selection of the clergymen to offer opening prayers in this body be instructed hereafter to give no invitation to do so to the person who has just assailed the throne of mercy with the very peculiar petition. It is an outrage that prayer should be made a cover for assailing political majorities in our cities as ignorant immigrants steeped in superstition."

"Perhaps the prayer was meant for the Senator from the Sixth (Grady)," interrupted Erwin.

"No, it was not," answered Grady.

"But I think it was," replied Erwin.

"The insult is worse," said Mr. Murphy, "because it comes from a clap-trap politician who has been the perennial candidate for Chaplain of the Senate."

"But what is the matter with the prayer?" persisted Mr. Erwin. "I think we should pray continually to be delivered from fraud and corruption."

The Lieutenant Governor at this point ruled the entire matter out of order.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AS IT IS.

Some Senators Look Upon the System as a Broad Farce.

WASHINGTON, February 5.—The House bill for the establishment of a Territorial Government in Oklahoma having been presented in the Senate to-day, Mr. Platt moved its reference to the Committee on Territories, and Mr. Dawes moved its reference to the Committee on Indian Affairs. A long and at times acrimonious debate ensued, which ended in the bill being referred to the Committee on Territories, by a vote of 39 to 12. An attack on the Civil Service Commission followed when the appropriation bills were taken up, during which Mr. Plumb referred to the recent extension of civil service rules to postal employes as an attempt to embarrass the incoming administration, and said that Mr. Hawley's amendment was a contribution to that attempt. Mr. Gorman reminded Mr. Plumb that Mr. Arthur's administration had within 20 days of leaving office extended the civil service rules to the Agricultural Department. Mr. Plumb contended that "partisanship of the most desperate character" had been practiced in the administration of the civil service law. Mr. Stewart said he was absolutely and unqualifiedly opposed to the present system, which he characterized as a "broad farce."

In the House to-day the Nicaraguan Canal bill occupied the entire time. The debate was lengthy, but developed nothing of interest. The evening session was devoted to the consideration of District business.

There Are Words Enough.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The great increase of words in the English language is quite an unnecessary growth, at least for family use. The most uneducated of wives is never at a loss for words in her conversations with her husband, no matter how much she has to say. The dictionary business is undoubtedly overdone.

Indianapolis in a Bad Way.

From the Chicago News.]

If a few more citizens of Indianapolis remove to Washington and Montreal during the next few months the town will have to be shut down for lack of hands to run it.

A Comforting Thought.

From the Chicago News.]

The act of dying is said to be absolutely painless. The present administration at Washington should be greatly comforted by this assurance.

THAT'S WHY.

Why do I sit to-day with visage solemn
And fix across the street my gloomy gaze?
Spring's coming fast and winter's spinal column
Will soon be fractured, everybody says.

The birds will shortly throng the forest arches
'Neath smiling skies and warmly glowing sun,
The opening buds appear upon the larches
And coal be half-a-dollar less a ton.

Why should my heart with bitterness be swelling
When winter is approaching his decease,
And strawberries will pretty soon be selling
Way down as low as sixty cents a piece?

Why should a rising anger stir my pulses,
My thoughts be all revengeful, unforgiving,
Why should I think, while wrath my frame convulses,
This life of ours is hardly worth the living?

Why am I feeling in the mood for fighting,
Impatient, eager, longing for a fray?
Because a fiendish peddler while I'm writing
Is shouting "Chestnuts!" just across the way.

—*Boston Courier.*

MATTERS IN THE METROPOLIS.

One of Those Squabbles That Pays.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, February 5.—Managers Frank Sanger and