The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEB. 17, 1889.

A SATISFACTORY BACK DOWN.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has distinguished itself once more by overturning its own decision and holding that the limitation of damages to be secured in the case of death by accident was repealed by the Constitution.

This is a decided improvement on the former ruling of the court that the act could not be repealed by the constitutional enactment. The reasoning of the court as summarized in the report elsewhere, is clear and unquestionable, the act of 1868 limiting damages was a contract without consideration; the right of repeal still lay in the Legislature; and *a fortiori* it lay in the Constitution-making power. This puts an end to the anomaly of paying less in damages for the wanton destruction of a life, than the corporations for whose benefit the law was enacted, pay yearly in salary to a third-class official.

But is it not a rather telling commentary upon our administration of law that it is 15 years after a constitutional provision has been enacted, before the Supreme Court will uphold it.

A RULE OF SELECTION.

The annual appeal to city people to go to the polls in February and vote for the "best men" for Councils is so old, so familiar, that every reader who is of age must be able to repeat the incantation in some one of the numerous forms in which the newspapers present it. From very use and custom the advice long ago lost its freshness and force; and, as time rolls on, the Councils of one term are seen to be very much like their predecessors.

It may be that if in the present year of grace the formula is again tried, it will have no more effect in getting, in every instance, a transcendantly superior quality of Councilman; but at any rate it can do no harm to state the plain truth that the coming year is considerably more important to Pittsburg and Allegheny than any which went before. There is an immense lot of work which the needs of the growing cities require should be done. The question of expense in all the departments is, likewise, always present. There are half a dozen subjects of prime importance even now pending at Harrisburg, such as railroad crossings, street improvements, electric lighting and passenger railway bills, upon which Councils should have the first say. All these things, and many more, will affect the interests, the pockets and the sentiments of tax payers in time to come. Of course there should be capable and fit men in Councils to judge of the right and the wisdom of the questions herein involved.

There are very few citizens who, each in his own precinct, cannot tell which candidate he would vote for if his own private business, in place of the city's, were at stake. By applying that simple test the best selections in nine cases out of ten are sure to be made. There is no other rule.

IRON WARRANTS NOT BOOMING.

It is rather satisfactory than otherwise to find that the conservative members of the pig iron industry are disposed to look very coolly upon the project of turning their staple into a football of speculation. The example of the crude petroleum interest furnishes them with a warning that most of them are ready to lay to heart. Those who produce iron that is fit for nothing else than to gamble with, may hail the warrant scheme as establishing a market for their production; but the great mass of manufacturers will do wisely to continue as heretofore selling their metal on its merits and permitting the markets to be ruled by the free action of supply and demand. If any warrant scheme is to be undertaken the iron men might follow the example of the silver men, and demand that the Government shall issue the certificates for all the metal they deposit, and make the certificates a legal tender for all debts, public and private. That would make a general boom in other things besides iron warrants—until the bubble burst.

CHURCHES AND CHRISTIANITY.

The remarkable utterances of the sexton or manager of a New York church, who turned a strange lady out of a pew in that fashionable edifice because the pew did not belong to her, has created a good deal of discussion. It is no more than fair to say that the pastor and wardens of the church disavow the action of their representative, and declare that strangers are welcome to their church. Nevertheless the idea that people who pay for expensive pews in high-toned churches, have the right to be exclusive and are outraged if they must be crowded by unknown persons, makes itself heard. The following from the editorial columns of the Philadelphia *Press* is an example:

When a stranger in a large city goes to hear Booth or Barrett in tragedy or Christine Nilsson or Madame Patti in opera he pays from $2 to $5 for his seat and would think it an unspeakable outrage if his stall were encroached upon. But he will present himself at the door of one of the costliest churches in a city and become speedily indignant if he is not shown to a pew, every seat in which has been rented for more than he paid for his opera stall.

This is just the idea of the New York sexton, to the effect that he does "not care for salvation; it is the dollars that are wanted." If the church rests on the same basis as the theaters the logic is indisputable. But there is an avowal by every church that it professes and tries to practice the principles taught by Christ. These principles cannot possibly be mistaken for lack of definite statement. When we find such a contrast to the rule of conduct laid down in the direction to the rich man to "sell all thou hast and give unto the poor," as is afforded by the rich men who object to let the poor sit beside them in the services that are supposed to worship the Teacher of that doctrine, it is a remarkable instance of the gap that can exist between profession and practice.

We think that the great value and strength of the Christian church of to-day lies in the fact that the mass of the churches are sufficiently cognizant of the principles they profess to avoid such undisguised exhibitions of selfishness as this example. Christianity is taught in most of the churches; and to the degree in which it is taught the influence of those organizations for good is live and effective. But there is hardly a more decisive corroboration of the deadening influence upon a church of making money a leading criterion than this practical denial of the doctrine that, in the worship of the Maker, all men are equal.

In this particular respect the Catholic Church shows a greater appreciation of its doctrines than any other denomination, by making everyone equal in the place of worship. Prince and peasant, millionaire and beggar worship side by side in the sanctuaries of that denomination, and to that fact may be attributed a great share of its vitality and its hold upon the common people. But even in this church there has recently been a remarkable exhibition of the difference which it can make whether influence or great power is confronted, instead of weakness or obscurity. The denial of Christian burial to John McGuire, of New York, because he held erroneous views on taxation, while the same rite was granted to Prince Rudolf, of whose death the most creditable explanation was suicide, is an addition to the long list of proofs that the mundane representatives of religion are often prone to forsake their principles in order to flatter or conciliate the great, rich and powerful.

Nevertheless the power of Christianity is most fully shown in that, despite such exhibitions of inability to appreciate its teachings, it still lives and furnishes the light of the world.

THE NECESSARY RESULT.

Prof. Shaler's special contribution in another column, shows how the exactions of the copper syndicate in cornering the market for that metal, and establishing exorbitant prices, has caused such an active search for new mines and such an increase of production, that it is on the point of breaking down under the burden it has created for itself.

This sustains the rule which THE DISPATCH has always urged, that unless such a combination has the power to exclude new production by some lever either of controlling transportation, or owning patents, or fastening its grip on a limited field of production, it is sure to defeat itself. One or the other of these barriers to new competition has existed in the case of every combination; or else it has gone to pieces.

But the fact that such conspiracies against the liberty of commerce must eventually bring their own punishment, does not yield much solace to the people who are burdened by them while they last. The law should be powerful enough to punish such attempts in their inception, instead of letting them flourish without caring for the ruin that must succeed them.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT DUEL.

The public will watch the outcome of the fight between the two great electric light companies with keener interest than they follow the technical arguments of counsel. Here is an article coming into very general use, passing in fact from the list of luxuries into the expanding category of necessities. Freely recognizing that the inventors and promoters of electric lighting should reap handsome rewards from their skill and energy, the public will still regret any unhappy chance that may turn this new article into a monopoly like the telephone.

Of course the wishes or interests of consumers will have no part in shaping events, but recent experience will cause an expression of feeling none the less. The extortions of trusts and combinations in almost all lines of business have led to a strong sentiment which, sometimes with good reason, takes certain phases of the manipulation of patents within the range of its antipathy.

The big capitalization of both the Edison and Westinghouse companies, and the profits made by each concern, even when in competition, show that the demand for their wares gives elegant compensation as things now stand. If one concern get absolute control of electric lighting there will doubtless be many more "millions in it," but these millions will come from consumers' pockets; and for that reason the public will pray, if anything, for other Richmonds to enter the field, rather than that either of the existing concerns should have new opportunities for the watering processes by which immense values in these days are created, often out of nothing more tangible than mere opportunities.

THE REGULAR SPECIFIC.

Some of the principles or methods—if they can be dignified by either term—of the so-called "Christian science," as exemplified by a work recently published, arouses the sarcasm of the Buffalo *Express*. It quotes the following directions for treating a common ailment:

Suppose you have a cold in your head. You may find yourself much better, or even cured, by saying to yourself once, or several times in succession, *or until you feel a change*, as follows: "I deny the fact that I have anything the matter with me. I have no fear." (Lay great stress on this; say it very coolly and calmly; say it several times over, varying the words if you like.) "Sitting in draught has no power to give anybody a cold." (Here you can assign whatever reason the people around you insist was the cause of your cold.) "My head is not heavy, my eyes are not swelled; I am not deaf and stupefied." (You can enumerate as many or as few symptoms as you like; but mention them only to deny them, and do not think that the more effort you make to name all of them the better you are treating yourself.)

The judgment of our esteemed cotemporary that this sort of denial of existing facts is "neither Christian nor science" can hardly be disputed; but it must be admitted that it is human nature. A very little thought will show that it is the treatment adopted by the greatest and most influential for the treatment of a good many worse troubles than a cold or any other mere bodily disorder.

Here is a monopoly that has crushed out all competitors. When its exactions raise a public protest it adopts exactly the course prescribed above. By means of high priced attorneys it denies that it tries to monopolize the market; protests that it never receives special rates from the railroads; declares that it does not try to crush rivals; and represents itself as a philanthropic institution, until by the weight and respectability of its millions, it becomes so in the opinion of the publicists. A political organization got up for the purpose of making money, effective in elections, takes the method of persistently protesting that it does nothing of the sort. A reform administration puts an avowed spoilsman in charge of the reform and goes on protesting its fidelity to the reform principle. A great railroad combine organizes to force rates that will yield profits on watered stocks, and protests that it does not intend to put any burdens on the public. What are all these but the systematic declaration that the things that make the trouble do not exist, as recommended by the exponent of Christian Science?

If declaring that there are no monopolies, no political corruption, no betrayal of reform pledges will cure the corruption, monopolies and betrayals, why will not the "lie well stuck to" suffice as a specific for colds or any physical indisposition?

THE news that the parties indicted for that Federal street accident cannot be tried on the graver charge of manslaughter will be received with a sense of thankfulness that they can be tried for anything at all.

OUT in Ohio the doctrine that "the greater the truth the greater the libel" does not seem to find much favor—with the lower courts, at least. A well-known citizen of Akron recently had his hands and feet frozen by the unusual, but not wholly inexplicable, act of going to sleep on the curbstone during a cold night. One of his family, learning that a paper was about to publish a statement to that effect, went to the office and destroyed the form containing the article. The court fined him $100 and costs, with the outspoken declaration that "the press must be protected in publishing the news of the day," and that whatever blame there was for such an article "should rest on the party that brought it on himself." Gentlemen who are in the habit of making a lodging of the sidewalk will regard this loosening of the libel with general disapprobation.

THE patriots who are desirous of serving their city in Councils are more than usually busy at present in convincing their constituents that they should be permitted to sacrifice themselves.

MRS. MARY DOW, the President of the Dover, New Hampshire, street railway, reports an eleven per cent dividend, advanced wages, improved service and a surplus in the treasury of the company, as the result of her first year's management of that corporation. This record of success in a novel field for woman's efforts may be taken as proof presumptive that Mr. Dow did not regard her work to lie exclusively in the manipulation of the market for alleged fifty-dollar shares on which ten dollars of cash is actually paid in.

THE extra session looms up as a warning to the Democrats that if they can possibly make a compromise on the tariff question in the next two weeks it will be money in their pockets to do it.

ONE of the instructive features of the markets of the day is the promptness with which the millers boost the price of flour 30 cents when the price of wheat goes up 5 or 10 cents, and the firmness with which they do not reduce flour when wheat goes down. The danger lest the poor should be afflicted with cheap and superabundant bread appears to be fully guarded against.

NOTWITHSTANDING the daily report of a decisive defeat or victory for one side or the other, the West Virginia contest continues to maintain its chronic and malignant form.

BELVA LOCKWOOD'S assertion that she "talked prohibition before the prohibition party was born" is rather severe in its recoil. As there was a party which supported practical prohibition in the shape of the Maine law when men now middle-aged were infants, this sets Belva down among the antiquities.

SUPERINDENT HIGBEE'S clean coat of whitewash for the McAlisterville school is more conclusive in its ranking of Superintendent Higbee than it is concerning the school.

ANOTHER "prince" who has been attentive to American heiresses, turns out to be an ordinary, vulgar criminal instead of a genuinely titled one. It will soon be apparent to the nobility purchasers that the only Highness they can tie to is H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

RUSSIAN honors to Sir R. D. Morier are an affront to the German magnates, which can only be avenged by throwing some more of the late Emperor's friends in prison.

THE Edison-Westinghouse electric suits present the unusual feature of patent litigation in which the public is not especially interested on either side. Consequently there is no side which has no chance of winning on the face of the case.

THE trial of the real issue in the Parnell case is just commencing. Heretofore it has been getting ready to commence.

EVERY one is talking for a bull movement in stocks and petroleum, but it is instructive to note how all the talkers are ready to dump their bundles on the market the first minute they think there is a good chance to unload.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

MR. L. P. MORTON will give the use of his Washington house to the ladies of the Garfield Memorial Hospital, for a charity art exhibition, before he takes possession of it next month.

THE only negro in the next National House of Representatives will be H. P. Cheatham, from the Second North Carolina District. He is 32 years old and is a prominent man in his community.

THE dress that Mrs. Harrison will probably wear at the inauguration is of pearl-white brocade, made with a long train, the front of which is of almost solid gold embroidery. The corsage opens a little at the throat and shows a full ruche of real old point lace. The sleeves reach the elbow.

THE State Senate of Delaware is a body of nine men whose principal occupation, according to a correspondent, is to sit around, tell stories and wait for the House to do something. When a visitor appears they make a pretense of transacting business, but the moment he leaves they resume their occupation of killing time.

THE official jeweler of the Kappa Sigma Society is at work on a costly badge that is to be presented to Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of Jefferson Davis, in pursuance of resolutions adopted at the last conclave of the fraternity, held in Atlanta. The badge will be in the form of a star and crescent, fully jeweled with diamonds and rubies.

LORD ROTHSCHILD is popular in London among the poor. "He is a good 'un, he is," said an omnibus driver, passing his palace. "If all the bloomin' swells was like him they should have my wote and interest." "How's that?" "Why, every Christmas he gives my mate and me a brace of pheasants, and so he do all of us wot passes his door. Good old Baron."

THE begging letters which Mrs. Harrison receives from people who wish her to intercede with her husband to secure them an office number about 25 a day. As soon as Mrs. Harrison gets far enough along in the reading of a letter to ascertain that it is of an office-seeking character she stops reading it at once and consigns it to the waste-basket. The appeal is never, under any circumstances, brought to the attention of her husband.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Umbrellas and Those Who Steal Them—Rachel's Umbrel'—Stockings Wanted—A Chapter on Chickens and Calves.

UMBRELLAS yesterday were at a premium. The man that hadn't one, or couldn't borrow or steal one, was indeed to be pitied. No pity was wasted on me, for I stole one. It was my own, to be sure, but I hadn't seen it for so long that it was almost as pleasant as stealing it when I borrowed it from the obliging friend who had had the usufruct from it for many, many months.

A plan a friend of mine has to circumvent the umbrella thief has some things to recommend it. He has a large tablet of silver riveted into the handle of his best silk umbrella, whereon is inscribed the following notice:

THIS UMBRELLLAIS STOLEN
FROM
ALPHABET SMITH.

He says he has found it operate very effectually upon forgetful friends, but once it rather embarrassed him. He was traveling in a Pennsylvania train, and in the seat in front of him was an elderly lady of rural antecedents. Her face seemed to be familiar to him, and he looked at her several times. She for some reason took fright at these glances, and the next time the conductor came through the car she whispered her suspicions of the man in the next seat. His umbrella with the notice of theft plainly in sight lay in the corner of the seat, and the conductor happened to see it. It was with some difficulty that my friend convinced the conductor and the old lady that he was not a crook upon mischief bent.

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HAVE you ever seen one of the old-fashioned umbrellas of cotton that our grandsires—or some of them—used to carry with immense pride?

An old character who was well-known in the Sewickley valley for I don't know how many years—she isn't dead or forgotten yet—had an umbrella of this sort by which she set great store. It was of blue cotton, with broad, white, circular stripes, and to what era it belonged old Rachel did not know.

They say she only lent it once. One day, a score of years ago, her husband, who was a track walker on the Fort Wayne Railway, screwed up his courage enough to ask her to lend him the sacred umbrella. She brought out the blue and white treasure from a corner of the little station house where they lived, and, with many injunctions to be sure and bring it back, gave it to him.

He had to walk three miles into the country that day, and when he had reached his destination it had stopped raining. The sky was clear when he started for home, and I suppose that was why he forgot the blue and white umbrella.

He never thought of it again till he was at the threshold of his home, and there his wife confronted him with her 200 pounds of muscle and bone.

"Where is it?" she said in a low and ominous tone.

"Where is what, Rachel?" was her husband's meek reply.

"Where's that umbrel'?"

"Sakes alive! I left it behind!"

"Before you git into this house you'll fetch that umbrel'."

Jim, that was her husband's name, knew that Rachel would do as she said every time, and he walked back three miles and then retraced his steps, bearing the umbrel'."

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WHAT a remarkable old woman Rachel must have been in her prime!

She used to boss the neighborhood in which she lived, and most of the time she was at war with all the boys for miles around. On cof the boys tells me a good story of those days.

He and a few more juvenile brigands used to delight in tormenting old Rachel. Their ways and means were not unlike those popular among the boys of to-day. One trick which always had the effect of aggravating old Rachel to the verge of insanity was to knock at her door and then scoot away to a safe distance.

When Rachel lived in the old station house at Edgeworth, her enemies, the boys, were wont to get under the station platform and with a piece of telegraph wire keep up an intermittent storm of raps upon Rachel's door. She never solved the mystery of that rapper who could never be caught, though she often opened the door 50 times an hour armed with some weapon or other.

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THE boys got tired of this mechanical device after operating it the best part of one summer morning, and came out on to the railroad track just as a book and map peddler happened to come up. He asked one of the boys where he could get a drink of water, and the urchin obligingly replied: "Yes, Rachel will give you all the water you want, if you knock at the door."

Which was strictly true.

The peddler knocked at the door, and it flew open faster than any door that peddler had ever known before. A tall, bony, broad-shouldered woman, her face livid with anger, filled up the doorway, and a jugful of hot water hit the book agent in the face. He turned and ran away as fast as he could down the track, shaking his fist at the boys, who stood at a safe distance and shouted to Rachel that she would surely be arrested.

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WHEN Rachel's husband was killed by falling off a hand-car, she was apparently overwhelmed with grief. She walked up and down outside the station house with a stride and gait as though she was stepping over tall grass, and screaming at the top of her voice. The neighbors one and all came down and tried to calm her. But she would not be comforted. Neither would she hear of having the funeral the next day.

One of the neighbors, who had known her all her life, tried to reason with her on the subject. She was obstinate and insisted that the funeral must be postponed. Her reasons for wanting delay she would not give at first, but after much pressing, she said: "I ain't got no black stockings!"

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A YOUNG and presumably tender chicken in whom I have taken some interest of late has been ailing for several days, and though it has refused to eat, has presented a distended, not to say balloon-like appearance.

The proprietor of the chicken instituted an inquiry, and several witnesses were called. One, a small, but intelligent child, knew a great deal about the chicken. She was positive that the Bantam—for of that small and comely breed the invalid is—had eaten heartily on a very recent occasion.

"Why," said she, "I gave it a lot to eat myself."

"What did you give it?" the inquisitor asked.

"Rice!" was the reply.

"Uncooked rice?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

Now that small chicken attracts no attention from the curious; it still is of abnormal girth, but is convalescent. See what a few grains of rice can do!

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IT affords me great pleasure to note the latest progress in suburban dairy farming. Here is one of the latest notes in my book: An East End gentleman is bent upon raising calves, and at present there are four as pretty young Alderneys as a man may see in his stable. The other day I met the daughter of this gentleman, a little miss of 8 summers. I inquired after everybody's health, and last of all I asked how the calves were.

"Oh," said she, "they're getting along all right now. Papa's feeding them lime water."

"Isn't that a queer thing to give calves," I asked.

"You see we've not enough milk now for them all, and lime water looks just like milk, you know!"

Afterward I met the gentleman who owns the calves, and told him how glad I was to hear that his calves were thriving on lime water. As he seemed puzzled at the remark, I repeated to him what his daughter had told me.

"Lime water!" said he, laughing; "it is flour and water, and my little girl, I suppose, mistook it for whitewash."

And so what I deemed a discovery in cow feed vanished out of sight.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

Effect of the Weather.

From the New York World.]

General Greely informs Congress that a large percentage of the officers in charge of the Signal Service of the country are mentally unfitted for the performance of their duties. Surely the weather of the past year has been erratic enough to shake the intellectual faculties of anybody who gave it close attention.

LOG-ROLLING.

A Timely Warning to Those Who Join Mutual Admiration Societies.

From the London Globe.]

THE cultus of mutual admiration is not confined to any time or any rank. Maudie and Postlethwaite have cut their hair and given up beslobbering one another with verbal adulation; but they "log-roll" for one another in the magazines and the weekly papers, which comes to much the same thing. The practice, moreover, is not confined to literary and artistic circles, as may be learned from an interesting case which came yesterday before Judge Edis at the Clerkenwell County Court. In 1886 there were in Islington several gentlemen who served the public on boards of various kinds. Determined that their zeal should be duly recognized they used to get up testimonials to one another at frequent intervals. At last it came to be the turn of Mr. G. S. Elliot, then a member of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and now of the London County Council, to score a succes d'estime of this kind. Two of his friends undertook the arrangements, and suggested a dinner at a local public house. But Mr. Elliott was not going to be fobbed off with that. He insisted upon the venue being the Albion of City fame; and, moreover, determined upon being treated in good style, told the landlord that though a 6s. 6d. dinner was to be ordered, a 10s. 6d. was to be supplied, he (Mr. Elliott) agreeing to pay the difference. So far, so good.

Five thousand circulars were distributed among the parishioners, the dinner was held and a portrait and a gold watch (purchased by the recipient) were duly presented to him "as a small token of our respect and esteem" by his admiring friends. But trouble arose, as it has often arisen before, over the wine. Some gentlemen, it seems, were under the impression that the 6s. 6d. which they had paid for their tickets included wine—an impression which, we need hardly inform the frequenters of public dinners, was entirely erroneous. Accordingly the bill was not settled; and hence yesterday's action, in which Mr. Elliott himself was one of the co-defendants. The case may serve as a useful warning to other gentlemen who join Mutual Admiration Societies. So long as everyone "plays fair" nothing can be nicer; but when, after you have rolled your friends' logs and paid for their dinners, they refuse to move a finger or to put their hands in their pockets, the game hardly seems to be worth the candle.

WOULD BAR THE SAVIOR.

The Sexton of St. Thomas' Stands by the Rich—The Pastor Indignant.

NEW YORK, February 16.—Only half the story has been told of the first interview Sexton B. W. Williams, of St. Thomas' Church, had with a reporter when he advanced his ideas on business and religion as partners. Shortly after the sexton had, as alleged, insulted Mrs. G. W. Moore, of Detroit, and hustled her out of a pew because she was a stranger, a reporter called on the sexton and had a long interview with him, most of which has been published. It is now, however, for the first time made known that the reporter, at that interview, said that the Savior sought rather the poor than the rich, and in the sight of God both were judged from the same standpoint of morality.

Mr. Williams responded in this way: "That is a beautiful theory, but it would not be practicable in our present state of civilization. Most probably if Christ were to present himself personally for admission to St. Thomas' Church as He appeared on earth (meaning in poverty's garments), and had not paid for his pew in advance"—here the sexton shrugged his shoulders and concluded, "you know." Even the Savior could not enter St. Thomas' Church; that was the unquestionable impression the sexton conveyed.

Rev. John Wesley Brown, rector of the church, was seen by a reporter, and asked if any formal complaint had been made against Sexton Williams.

"Not that I am aware of," he replied.

"What the church stand by the statements Sexton Williams has made to reporters?" the rector was asked.

"Is the newspaper responsible for the statements of a reporter on a horse car?" was the rector's way of answering that question. "Why the old gentleman," he added, "who has been with the church for 30 years, should have allowed his tongue to gallop off with his reason is more than I can say. St. Thomas' Church is one of the most hospitable churches in the country. No one is turned away from its doors because he or she is too poor to pay for a pew. It is unfair to judge of the sentiment of our congregation by the expression of a paid employe. I think, however, that too much has already been said about the matter."

ANDREW JACKSON'S HOMESTEAD.

The Movement to Preserve the Hermitage as a National Memorial.

NASHVILLE, February 16.—A bill was introduced in the Legislature to-day looking to the disposal of the Hermitage property to the Hermitage Ladies' Association. The bill provides that the dwelling house, tomb, improvements and 250 acres of land shall be sold to this association, hereafter to be organized, and that they shall beautify and adorn the same as a national and historic possession. The association shall not dispose of the property, mortgage it or otherwise encumber it, and the same shall be open to the public, under rules and regulations established by the association.

If the friends of the bill succeed in getting it passed, regents and vice regents will be immediately appointed in all the States of the Union to raise the funds wherewith to pay the purchase money and other necessary expenses. The property will then be kept up upon the same plan as that whereby Mount Vernon is maintained as a national memorial.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Colonel David Fleming Houston.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

LANCASTER, February 16.—Colonel David Fleming Houston, a prominent citizen of Roanoke, Va., met with an accident causing his death here to-day. He arrived in Lancaster at noon from Indianapolis, where he had been to visit President Harrison. He went at once to the store of his cousin, Robert J. Houston, and soon started to the latter's residence for dinner. As the Colonel was about entering the front door he slipped on the icy step and fell heavily, striking his chest. He did not seem hurt at first, but soon began bleeding and died in less than half an hour of internal hemorrhage, caused by the fall. The deceased was 48 years of age and unmarried. He was a son of John Houston and was born in this county, but went South years ago. He was manager of the Crozier Steel and Iron Company, of Roanoke, and treasurer of the Houston Coal and Coke Company, of West Virginia. He was a leading Republican politician and was elected a member of the Virginia State Senate by a small majority, after a big fight, last year. He had intended leaving for home at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Henry Richter.

Henry Richter died early yesterday morning at his residence on Center street, Allegheny, of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He was well known on the Northside, and was for 16 years in the employ of Joseph Lautner & Co., hardware merchants on Ohio street, and an active member of Twin City Council No. 121, Jr. O. U. A. M., Lieutenant Lysle Camp No. 2, S. of V., and Allegheny Lodge No. 54, A. P. A.

William A. Humberstone.

Death for the first time this year has entered Post 88, of Allegheny City. Comrade William A. Humberstone died last evening at 7:30, aged 70 years. Funeral Tuesday, at 1:30, from his residence, No. 14 Charlters street, Allegheny. Grand Army men in general are requested to join with Post 88 in paying tribute to his memory.

HISTORIC NOTES.

ENVELOPES were first used in 1839.

ANÆSTHESIA was discovered in 1844.

THE first steel pen was made in 1803.

THE first air-pump was made in 1654.

THE first daily paper appeared in 1702.

THE first lucifer match was made in 1798.

THE first iron steamship was built in 1830.

MOHAMMED was born at Mecca about 570.

THE first balloon ascent was made in 1798.

COACHES were first used in England in 1569.

THE first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

THE Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

THE first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

THE entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

SHIPS were first "copper-bottomed" in 1783.

GOLD was first discovered in California in 1848.

THE first telescope was used in England in 1608.

CHRISTIANITY was introduced in Japan in 1549.

THE first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

THE first sawmaker's anvil was brought to America in 1819.

THE first almanac was printed by George von Furbach in 1460.

THE first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

PERCUSSION arms were used in the United States army in 1830.

THE first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

OMNIBUSES were first introduced in New York in 1830.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Inside Facts Concerning the Smalls-Elliott Contest—An American Lady With Parisian Experience Objects to Our Crude Manners—A Clock Wound Up by an Earthquake.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, February 16. — The "nigger" is finally knocked out of Congress. I use the orthography of the g-g's because we do things largely in the Southern way here, and the Southern man or woman who spells it n-e-g-r-o is unworthy of being noticed by the rest of Southern mankind. To be sure, the "nigger" has only been a figure in this Congress as a contestant, but that was bad enough in the eyes of the South, and so they deferred his case as long as they could in the fear that a sufficient number of Democrats would be afflicted with a sense of the justice of the claims of Smalls, and vote with the Republicans for his admission. If he was to be admitted it were better to defer the calamity to within a couple of weeks of the end of the Congress in which he would sit as a member.

If Democrats had voted according to the prompting of their consciences, Smalls would have been admitted. I long ago had the personal admissions of more than a dozen Democrats whom I could name, that they believed that Smalls was honestly elected, and that they would probably vote for him if the case was ever brought to a conclusion; but when the final test came the Southern wing of the party ruled, and only 2 of the 12 or 15 had the nerve to fly in the face of the party leaders. It is a fine comment on the honesty of the others, the vote of Wilson, of Minnesota, and Russell, of Massachusetts, two Democrats of the House, who, of all others, are noted for their broad knowledge of the law and their rigid integrity. Judge Wilson is one of the most learned lawyers and able jurists in either branch of Congress. He had made a profound study of the Smalls case. He had decided that Smalls was honestly elected by a large majority, and nothing could turn him from his purpose to vote for his admission. If Judge Wilson reached that conclusion it is proof enough for me that everyone who voted the other way was wrong, either ignorantly or deliberately. Undoubtedly many Democrats voted against the contestant because they neither knew nor cared about the justice of the case. It is a habit of most of the members on both sides of the House, and in the Senate as well, to leave the decision of all matters to committees having them in charge. This enables the committees to perpetrate all sorts of wrongs, and receive the support of their party, and they do not hesitate to go to the most outrageous extremes.

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American Manners.

"I am going to Paris in the early spring, and I don't care whether I ever see America again," said an American lady to me the other day, who has spent most of her time of late years in the French capital. "The manners of the Americans are so disgusting they make me sick. I did not notice it so much before I lived abroad, but now I can't endure it. The loafing in front of the hotels and public houses and on street corners, on the main business streets, where ladies must go to do their shopping, the offensive manner in which the loafers stare at you, the insulting remarks they make loud enough for you to hear them, and worse than all, perhaps, their filthy habit of chewing tobacco and ejecting their saliva all over the pavement, are things which are seen in no European country. A man who would chew tobacco in any of those countries would be looked upon as worse than a pig. Why, here in Washington, the capital city of America, I do not dare to wear a good gown on the street. Unless I were to hold it higher than the law allows it would surely be ruined trailing through the pools of sickening tobacco juice which mark the whole length of the sidewalk. I have a little boy who was born in France. He had never seen a cuspidor until last fall we came home to America on business. It was in an elegant parlor—just think of it!—and was a very pretty one of fine Japanese pottery. The little fellow picked it up and ran to me, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, look what a pretty vase. But why don't they have flowers in it and set it in the window like we do in Paris?" I did not dare to tell him that it was used for the members of the family and visitors to deposit quids of tobacco and filthy spittle, for fear the child's criticism would grate on the ears of the elegant company present. I can't imagine how women can endure the attentions of any man who chews tobacco. If my husband used it I would consider it good ground for a divorce. I certainly would not live with him. We had intended to make Washington our home, but these horrible dark blotches everywhere on the sidewalks, and their nauseating fumes everywhere in the air, have so disgusted and sickened me that we have absolutely determined to fly the country forever."

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The Tobacco Habit.

Now, this lady is not nervous or sqeamish. She travels the ocean in the roughest weather without seasickness, does her own marketing and housekeeping, though she is wealthy, and is really one of the bravest little women in the world. I agree with her. When you get south of the Pennsylvania line nearly everybody chews tobacco and smokes, to say nothing of what is done north of that line in smaller degree. If I were to go about to reform the health and habits of the Americans I would begin with the smoking and chewing of tobacco, if no farther back, for the use of the weed is infinitely more disgusting than the use of liquor, generally speaking, and a thousand people are killed by the nicotine where one is sent to grass by excessive use of stimulants. Why do not Prohibitionists include tobacco in their anathemas? And why do not some of the saints who anathematize both, indulge in an occasional lecture on the habit of gorging at meals, which is put down in the books as a saintly custom, from time immemorial? Excessive eating leads to nine-tenths of the other excesses of the human kind. Why do not the temperance advocates begin at the root of the evil? Of course it is all right to endeavor to hack off the fingers and toes of a dragon which devours his thousands of human victims every day, but why don't they stick him in the stomach? That's where he lives. Given a good, healthy beginning, it is our food that makes or unmakes us; yet what advocate of temperance begins at that point, and what learned physician attempts to prescribe a reasonable and scientific diet to prevent sickness? Verily we are a topsy-turvy race that begins at the wrong end of everything.

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It's French, You Know.

If we must ape foreign customs and use foreign words and phrases at the capital, it is a relief to know that all is not English that glitters, though I am aware that the impression has gone out, probably on account of the reputation of the State Department, that we are all English, you know. A little hotel on the avenue has swung out the sign of "The Pension Bourgeoise." Lest the unlearned may think that this has some reference to the Pension Office it may be well to explain that a French "pension" is a kind of private or family hotel. A laundry on the avenue has the word "Blanchisserie" on its front, and a baker on Fourteenth street has had painted on his window "Charcuterie et Patisserie." You see we are progressing. But I fear that little hotel keeper is too ambitious. It is a very humble looking house, and the sign should have been "Pension Proletaire."

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The Earthquake and the Clock.

A member of a South American legation tells me a pretty story of an earthquake and a clock, the latter one of those wonders of the old clockmakers of mediæval days, which has no counterpart in these times of shoddy and cheap utility. It had stood for generations in the old family mansion and no living person had ever heard it tick or strike. A not far distant volcano had been in a state of eruption for several days, and then one night it began to rumble and roar and rock, and the earth was shaken tremendously throughout a circuit of several hundred miles. A gay company was gathered at the old mansion, which had the fun knocked out of it to some extent when the ancient building began to sway from side to side, and the stones to fall from the chimney, and the crockery to tumble from the cupboards. Following an awful shock there was a silence that was hardly less awful in expectation of another yet more destructive shaking up, and in that moment of stillness there was heard a cheerful, homelike tick-tock, tick-tock from the old clock in the hall, and in a moment the musical old bell, which may not have tolled the hour for a hundred years, began a deep, melodious, drowsy d-o-n-g-g-g, d-o-n-g-g-g, d-o-n-g-g-g, till it had struck the hour of 12.

Long before the generations who listened to it were born it had "run down," and had never been rewound. The shaking of the earth had roused the ancient weights to a new effort, and they had tugged at the wheels until, in concert with the swinging of the pendulum, started by the swaying of the walls, the entire rusty machinery was put in motion. One of the company got a stepladder, laid hold of the mighty key which hung on a projection of the case, wound up the massive weights, and from that hour the old clock was as good a timepiece as a Spaniard would want, that luxurious creature who takes no note of time, and to this day it ticks and tolls in that ancient mansion in memory of the great earthquake. E. W. L.

One Consolation.

From the New York Herald.]

Mr. Jay Gould is buying real estate. Well, there's one consolation—you can't water the soil without improving it.

GOSSIP OF NEW YORKERS.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, February 16.—Forty-six members of the Crib Club, a wealthy organization of young Harlem bloods, crowded upto the bar of the Harlem Police Court this morning. The club had a prize fight at its house last night, between the "Yorkville Rusher" and the "Harlem Spider." The fight was such a tremendous success that by the time the eighth round was finished all the spectators were yelling like mad. The disturbance attracted the attention of the police, who broke into the clubhouse and arrested everyone they could lay hands on. Some 30 clubmen dropped out of the windows and scurried away, hatless and coatless, across lots. Fifty-one prisoners, including five reporters, marched to the police station, two by two, at the head of a howling mob. They were bailed out after a few hours' confinement. This morning they all swore that the prize fight in question was only a sparring match and were acquitted.

A Mark of Identification.

In deference to the wishes of Archbishop Corrigan, who recently asked the Commissioners of Charities to assist him in identifying Catholics among the pauper dead in the hospitals, the Commissioners will hereafter brand the coffins of Catholics dying in the institutions with a cross. Archbishop Corrigan has blessed a portion of the potter's field, in which consecrated ground Catholics may henceforth be buried.

Ran Away and Failed.

The disappearance of Christopher A.