The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, WEDNESDAY, MAR. 20, 1889.

AN UNFATHERED ACCUSATION.

The breeze raised in the House at Harrisburg yesterday over reported allegations of financial irregularities in the management of the Riverside Penitentiary appears, so far as it can be followed out, to have whistled through the desolate remains of a mare's nest.

When definite allegations are made concerning any public institution, investigation is in order. That principle called for the Maharneke investigation; and the publicity and completeness of that inquiry was undoubtedly salutary. But charges which are made by no one and assume no definite shape, are not worthy of notice. To catch up some underground rumor for which no responsible sponsor can be found and elevate it into a subject of dispute indicates a morbid sensitiveness that fails to take counsel of wisdom.

So far every one makes haste to disown the paternity of the very inchoate charge which Mr. Dearden brought up yesterday. When any one assumes the responsibility for the charge it will be time to notice it; and no sooner.

GOFF'S DETERMINATION.

Having criticised General Goff, of West Virginia, for his reported abandonment of his claim on the Governorship of that State in order to run after federal patronage, THE DISPATCH is glad to quote his declaration: "I claim that I have been elected Governor of West Virginia and I propose to continue in my efforts to get possession of that office." That is the only course for General Goff to take, and it is well for him to stick to it. He now represents, not any party, but the right of the people to have their will respected and the result of the elections declared and carried into force. This country has never witnessed a more complete denial of the basis of republican government, than the practical declaration that a party can be continued indefinitely in power, by the refusal of the Legislature acting as a returning board to count the vote and the consequent retention of his office by the executive whose term has expired. West Virginia partisanship is a rather more demoralizing agent than even West Virginia whisky.

VERY DANGEROUS FRIENDS.

Everything with a single exception seems to point to a victory for home rule in Ireland. We are informed that the singers in the London music halls have attuned their ditties and their jokes to the pro-home rule sentiment. The topical allusions to Gladstone and Parnell were but a few months ago very abusive, now it is said they are laudatory.

With the music hall brigade against them Gladstone and Parnell have continued steadily in their triumphant career; is it not reasonable to suppose that the opposition of the vulgar howlers and buffoons of London's variety stage was a real assistance to the cause of home rule? Under the circumstances the Irish leaders will be well advised to go out of their way to antagonize the MacDermotts, the Jimmy Fawns, the Jolly Nashes and the rest of the music hall prophets. The English people, however, are evidently ready to change the tune of their Government.

AN ORIGINAL SENATOR.

There is hope of an improvement in the standard of Senatorial delicacy, in the report that Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, has asked to be excused from the position on the Senate Committee on Railroads, to which he was appointed by the Senatorial caucus. As Senator Wolcott was a corporation attorney before his election, and was sent to the Senate by the aid of the railroads, his action shows a much more delicate sense of propriety than was entertained by the caucus which assigned him to that place. The caucus idea evidently was that a Senator should be put on the committee where he can be of the most use to his private interests. But the discovery of a corporation Senator who wishes to serve only the whole country is an earnest of the hope that we may some time reach that millenial condition in which all Senators shall think that way.

CAN THE SOUTH STAND IT?

The panacea prescribed by Mr. Flournoy, of West Virginia, for the Southern political system, which consists of disfranchising the Southern negroes, need not necessarily make trouble with the North. To make the right of suffrage dependent solely on a matter of race or color would be a step backward to barbarism. It would only be possible in communities which had worked themselves into emotional insanity over a wholly imaginary race conflict. But on the understanding that the proposition is to disqualify voters by an educational qualification that would shut out the vast majority of the Southern negroes, the North need find no objection to it.

Of course, the question would be open to discussion whether it is better in the presence of an uneducated class to try to raise and educate it by liberal school appropriations, as the Northern States do, or to punish its inferiority by disfranchising it, as this specimen of Southern chivalry proposes to do. But as regards the respective weight of the two sections in politics, the proposition would be to the advantage of the North. The disfranchisement of the 4,000,000 negroes in the South would decrease the Southern representation in Congress and the electoral colleges about thirty votes; and if the South decides to lose that representation in order to rid itself of an ignorant electoral element, the North need not interpose any obslacle to such a gain on its side.

In fact, that element of the change is likely to prove its death among the Southern political classes. It is more likely to be urged on behalf of the North that since the negroes of the South are practically disfranchised already, they should be so in law, in order that the South may not have the representation that it secures by the legal fiction to the effect that the colored people have the right to vote.

WHAT REAL ESTATE SIGNS SHOW.

A most convincing proof of the substantial character of Pittsburg's growth is to be found in the abounding activity of the real estate market. Not until the present year opened did the element of speculation enter at all into this movement. Manufacturers bought sites because they wished to extend their plants or to build new ones; merchants bought stores because their business pressed them out of old quarters, just as growing boys quickly outreach their clothes; people bought or built dwellings because the market was bare of houses suitable to rent, or for the reason that their means warranted the securing of permanent homes. No sort of growth could be more satisfactory than this. It was a direct, evident result of the increase of population and business. Lately there are signs of another demand ahead, the speculative. The great enhancement of values following the demand to meet existing wants has turned attention to the probabilities and possibilities of greater growth. Capitalists are figuring out what the Pittsburg of to-morrow is to be, where its lines of development will run, and how the real estate bought at prices of to-day is likely to sell one, two or three years hence. This is a process which always follows, or is coincident with, a period of established prosperity. When undertaken without reference to facts and figures, as has been the case in some Western towns, it is known as a "boom;" and such "booms" are sure to be followed by reactions. In Pittsburg there has been, in late years, no "boom," nor is there likely to be any. There was one before '73 for suburban property, but the bottom fell out of the prices then set up by enthusiastic buyers, and a sharp lesson was taught. The best proof that there has been no "boom" since, or mere speculative enhancement, is that there is probably not a piece of business property in Pittsburg which would not find to-day purchasers needing it for legitimate business, for more than the price at which it last sold. Thus though the tendency is to speculation, prices are not yet affected by that spirit.

The truth is the real estate activity which is attracting extraordinary attention has thus far been, as stated, mainly but a mere necessary incident of Pittsburg's marvelous growth. THE DISPATCH can only surmise what the census reports next year will show, but it judges that Pittsburg and Allegheny will pass the 400,000 mark, and not improbably get nearer to the half million. This would not be more surprising than the fact, demonstrated from week to week, that we now almost constantly lead Cincinnati and Baltimore in the Clearing House returns; and frequently come seventh on the list of American cities, viz, immediately following St. Louis.

WORSE THAN THE TRAMPS.

The persistent bent of some communities toward barbarism is illustrated by a report which comes from an Indiana town of the success of the citizens in capturing some tramps and making them run the gauntlet. Running the gauntlet is a custom adopted from the gentle North American savage, and in this case it is reported that it did so much credit to its source that the blood trickled from the victims.

An equal energy on the part of the citizens could have captured the tramps and, under the vagrancy laws, have put them to work. Such work as making roads, building side-walks and cleaning streets would have added to the general comfort and given the vagrants something to do. But these people could not rise to the height of respecting their own laws and reverted by choice to the penalties of actual savagery.

It is only to be remarked that such a proceeding put the tramps in the light of the respectable and innocent victims of lawlessness.

REAL RELIGIOUS WORK.

The Salvation Army in England deserves credit for showing that it does not consider its religion to consist solely of "whooping it up for the Lord," as it is generally credited with doing. It is developing a line of work among the poor and vicious classes of London, in which it shows a practical fullfilment of the gospel of feeding the poor and needy. It has established a food and shelter depot where the destitute have been fed and lodged for more than a year. It has also given its attention to the reclamation of fallen women, having five homes for that purpose open in London, and seven in other towns of Great Britain.

It is in that department of charitable work that the efforts of the Salvation Army will afford a strikingly interesting and important test of its value as a charitable and religious agent. There is hardly any question that the ordinary social and religious machinery for reclaiming women from vicious lives and giving them useful and honest work, is a failure. If the peculiar character of the Salvation Army enables it to do better; if it can redeem women of this class and find them occupation in its work, as reformed sinners, it will furnish the most convincing reply to the many jeers at its grotesque methods and utter violation of all conventionalities, which its career has heretofore provoked. If it does that work, its value and even its eccentricities will be vindicated.

HANDSHAKING BY PROXY.

Undoubtedly this is the day of doing things by proxy. We indulge in the healthy and exciting pastime of baseball by proxy; we have given our aquatic exercises to professional proxies; a very large portion of the nation's prayers are said by proxy, and wherever you look you will find proxies in the field. The delegation of our obligations to proxies is occasionally carried to extremes. Mary Anderson is earning fame as a magazine writer by proxy; several legislators at Harrisburg have obtained unenviable notoriety by voting on important questions by proxy, and a year or two ago one of the Standard Oil Company's shining lights who had been convicted of conspiracy at Rochester, took his sentence by proxy, his attorney paying the fine out of his own pocket. In short the only thing that cannot apparently be accomplished is to live by proxy.

At this very moment a very proper opportunity for the extension of the proxy plan exists at the White House. President Harrison has already been made to feel what a painful duty his is to shake hands with thousands of citizens in a day. The nation is awake to the necessity of saving our chief magistrate from death or disablement by what may be termed applied palsy. It is clear even to the most hostile Democrat that it is not right that Mr. Harrison should be so shaken after he has been taken.

Why not appoint some one to shake hands for the President? Indeed, there already exists an officer of the Government of exalted rank who usually suffers from ennui and indigestion from want of exercise, the Vice President. Mr. Morton might have the title of "High Handshaker" added to his perquisites for waiting for the President to die. By having the handshaking done by proxy Mr. Harrison could find time to sign some more new commissions, patriotism would be more quickly rewarded, spoils would not go bad on the hands of the Republican party, and the Vice President would always have an excuse of some weight for letting Mr. Ingalls sit down upon the Senate.

THE remarkable number of restaurants which crop out in the license court proceedings indicates that the down-town population must be extremely well fed. It also indicates that the threat of some of them to go out of business unless they are permitted to pass off oleomagarine for butter undisturbed, is not so terrible as it might be.

A YEAR ago the rubber manufacturing trade was declaring the necessity of getting up a trust because there was absolutely no profit in the business under competition. The trust scheme went to pieces and now it is announced that a new factory, to be the largest in the world, is to be erected at Woonsocket, R. I. The company which is investing its money in this establishment seems to think there is some profit in the business. The difference between the allegations of the trust combiners and the showing of actual fact is always something phenomenal.

THE report that Russell Harrison is to be one of the new Senators from Montana indicates that the admission of that State was a more deadly Parthian shot by the retreating Democrats, than any one dreamed of at the time.

CONCERNING the report that the United States troops have driven the Oklahoma boomers out of that inchoate territory, but that they keep right on booming and threatening to occupy the promised land, the Chicago *Times* asks: "Have the Indians no rights which a white man is bound to respect?" They have indeed—when they turn over their lands to the big cattle companies. Then the United States troops rally to their relief very effectively, otherwise not.

THERE is a report abroad that "Balfour is going to throw up his position as Irish Secretary." If the *Times* case has that effect on the Tory leader, it must take rank as the most powerful emetic recorded in history.

THE suggestion of ex-Congressman Sowden for the Democratic place on the Civil Service Commission is evidently inspired by the fact that it would be a slap at the late administration. Sowden is very much the same kind of Civil Service reformer as the departed Edgerton; and it is doubtful whether he would take any office where he could not get in his work to secure the goal of his political ambition—a new postoffice for Allentown.

IT is pleasant to observe that half the Allegheny delegation in the House were able to consult the public interest by voting against the grade crossing bill. This is more than the usual proportion.

THE best defense of the London *Times*, if it should be sued for damages by Parnell, would be that it has been damaged a great deal more than Parnell has. Perhaps the London *Standard's* late attack on Parnell for not exposing the forgery more promptly foreshadows a suit by the *Times* against Parnell because he did not stop the slanders so promptly that their exposure would not hurt the slanderer.

THERE is a fair prospect that the Stanley relief expeditions may get started in time to have Stanley tell them where to go before he leaves Africa.

IT is said to be Uncle Jerry Rusk's ambition to exploit the agricultural greatness of this country by sending a watermelon to the crowned heads of Europe next fall. Uncle Jerry's joy at partaking of the watermelon which President Harrison cut up on March 5 is so great that he wants to go and do likewise. But he should have some care against deranging the internal affairs of the effete monarchs.

PROMINENT PEOPLE PARAGRAPHED.

DR. MONK is dead; the well-known composer of church music.

MRS. HARRISON is suffering from a severe cold and was not allowed to see any visitors yesterday.

THE Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, who died in England the other day, lacked a week of being a century old, and was ordained and settled as Vicar of Ashill, Norfolk, some years before the battle of Waterloo.

ELSIE LESLIE, the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy, has signed a contract with Manager Frohman, of the Lyceum Theater, for next season. She will be seen next year in a dramatization of Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper," in which she will enact a dual role.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES advises young men not to smoke. "It is liable to injure the sight," he says, "to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will and to enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of a duty to be performed."

THE London *Globe* says: The world of Birmingham, according to a gossiping journalist, is disappointed at the quiet, retiring manner of Mrs. Chamberlain. What did "the world of Birmingham" expect? There are plenty of American girls with quiet, retiring manners.

ONE day, says the Philadelphia *American*, Dr. McCosh, when President of Princeton College, came into the mental philosophy class and said: "Ah, young gentlemen, I have an impression! Now, young gentlemen," continued the Doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?" No answer. "What! No one knows? No one can tell what an impression is?" exclaimed the Doctor, looking up and down the class. "I know," said young Alan Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place." "Young gentlemen," said the Doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."

IT is evident that Senator Evarts does not fear the malarial blights of the Potomac flats, says the New York *Sun*. He has built a log house, his friends say, in honor of President Harrison, in the very heart of the Potomac swamps. It is on the banks of Swan creek, a few rods removed from the sweeping Potomac. It cost $2,000. It looks solitary and almost forlorn from the river, but the senior Senator of the Empire State has some quiet times there. With the opening of spring and the return of the malarial gusts the Senator leaves his seat in the august body and has a quiet night in the log cabin. When in the Senate he sinks low down in his armchair and wraps his coat about him up to the ears. His friends do not believe that this is an indication that the malaria has taken hold yet, but they add there is plenty of hope for him, particularly if he spends many more nights in the forlorn log cabin in the swamps.

Mr. Phelps' Bang.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

When Bismarck sees Mr. Phelps' bang, he will understand that we might shoot if driven to do so.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Slipped Upon a Banana Peel — Storing Printed Treasures—A Case in Point—Odds and Ends.

IT comes easy to some people to explain things.

Bilkins said the other day: "Most of the bananas the Italian fruit venders get from the South reach here green, and it has always been a puzzle to me how they are ripened?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," replied Philkins, who absolutely knows everything, "the venders sleep with the bananas!"

Now Bilkins always lets the bananas pass at his boarding house, and Philkins, who has a great liking for the fruit, takes two where he used to take but one.

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ALMOST every man of literary taste falls into the habit of keeping books, magazines and even newspapers, to say nothing of clippings from all sorts of publications, which at the time seem to possess some sort of permanent value. How the pile of printed matter will grow, to be sure! and how ephemeral its value proves to be. Some men who have this habit avoid its most unpleasant consequences by taking stock, as it were, every once a year, usually discovering that in that short time very few of the reserved papers are worth keeping. A bonfire or the ragman is then called into requisition.

But often the accumulation of printed matter continues for years without a break, sometimes till death removes the accumulator. Then the habit surely devolves annoyance upon the possessor thereof or his heirs.

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DR. JENNINGS, who used to look after the souls and bodies of most of the people who lived on the south side of the Ohio from above Coraopolis to below Shousetown, years ago, was a victim of this habit of preserving nearly every religious paper, pamphlet or tract that came to his house. He would note something of interest in a magazine or what not, and straightway it would join the mountain of material for reference.

Whether he often referred to the treasures in the mountain I don't know. Perhaps he did, for the way Dr. Jennings worked would make most of our modern divines perspire and tremble simply to contemplate. He had need of plenty of material for his sermons, which were delivered in no less than three churches, the Sharon church, one on the Island and another called, I think, the Hopewell church at Shousetown. He preached twice every Sunday at the Sharon church, and once on alternate Sundays at either of the others.

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WHEN good old Dr. Jennings died his daughters were at a loss what to do with the gigantic store of printed matter. Every nook and corner of the house was filled with knowledge or one sort or another, but mostly theological. Opportunely a ragman appeared upon the scene and no less than 400 pounds of printed matter, as much as he could load in his cart, was sold to him. About the same amount was turned into smoke and ashes in the orchard of the parsonage.

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THE HON. BARDWELL SLOTE, otherwise Mr. W. J. Florence, strolled into the office of the Phonograph Company yesterday morning. He was asked to speak "a piece" into the phonograph, and chose some familiar passage from the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in the character of *Falstaff*, his famous speech and other bits from the lines of the *Hon. Bardwell Slote* and a selection from "Dombey and Son" in his masterly characterization of *Captain Cuttle*.

The phonograph repeated the recitations with great success, and Mr. Florence was delighted.

AN INDIGNANT POETESS.

Ella Wheeler Objects to the Use of Her Portrait in an Ad.

MERIDEN, CONN., March 19.—Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a great favorite in this city, the home of her husband, and there is much feeling over the unwarranted liberty that has been taken with her photograph. A Meriden man traveling in Nebraska saw a paper published in Kearney, and the first thing that attracted his attention was a double-column cut of Mrs. Wilcox. Interested in her as he was, he was somewhat startled to see the name of a third-rate actress attached to it, advertising a performance to be given there.

The paper was sent to Mrs. Wilcox's friends in this city, and the storm it raised has not subsided yet. Mrs. Wilcox herself wrote the editor, demanding to know what it meant. The editor replied that he received the cut from the advance agent of the company, advertising Miss Blanche Inman, and it was inserted in good faith. He apologized for having unintentionally injured the feelings of Mrs. Wilcox and her friends, concluding as follows: "But our Eastern friends must bear with us. We are young, have only a barn-like building for an opera house, and only a few 'stars' come our way; our artistic education has not yet reached that point where we can invariably distinguish celebrities by newspaper portraits of them."

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Steel Magee.

The numerous friends of Mrs. Elizabeth Steel Magee will deeply regret to learn of the death of that venerable lady, which occurred yesterday at the residence of her son, Mr. C. L. Magee, corner Forbes and Halket streets, Fourteenth ward. Widely known and appreciated for many qualities of distinguishing excellence, Mrs. Magee had been a resident of Pittsburg for almost 70 years. Few, if any, persons living knew so much of the growth of Pittsburg from a mere village to its present great population. In the course of this long residence here Mrs. Magee was universally esteemed, not only for the gentle traits of womanhood, but for qualities of mind of an uncommon order. Despite her advanced age all her faculties were clear and strong to the last.

Mrs. Magee was born at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, England, March 9, 1814; left Liverpool for the United States May 27, 1819, and after a long voyage arrived at Philadelphia August 27; the same year came to Pittsburg. Her elder brother, John R. Steel, is the only direct member of the Steel family now surviving. Deceased married Christopher L. Magee in 1836, and leaves surviving children F. M., C. L., Thomas S., W. A. and Margaret C. Magee. While all of these were yet young children her husband died, and the responsibility of rearing them safely to man's and woman's estate was borne with an intelligence and fidelity which found loving recompense in the devotion of her family to her and the solace which their presence around her afforded her constantly in her later days.

Deceased was still an active and energetic woman until July, 1887, when a fall resulted seriously. The last time she was out of her room was to take Thanksgiving dinner with her family. Deceased was a member of the Methodist Church until her marriage, when she joined her husband's church, the Episcopalian. In the truest sense of the word she was a Christian woman, and her many unostentatious acts of charity and kindness will cause her death to be deeply regretted by very many others besides the relatives and immediate friends.

Mrs. Magee's nearest friends had been for several days anticipating the sad end, which came about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The funeral will take place at the residence at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. Lappe.

Mrs. Caroline Lappe, wife of J. C. Lappe, a prominent Allegheny tanner, died suddenly last evening at her home, No. 8 North Canal street, Allegheny. She was 59 years of age, and was a leading member of the Presbyterian Church, always taking part in church and missionary work. Her death was very sudden, and was caused by blood poisoning.

She was present at a reception given by her husband on the occasion of his 73d birthday last Thursday, and assisted in entertaining the guests. The deceased was born in Charleston, S. C. She leaves a family of nine children. They are Hon. C. O. Lappe, ex-member of the Legislature, Adolph, Dr. Martin, Harry, C. Eugene, Albert C., and Oscar, the last four named being members of the firm of J. C. Lappe & Sons, tanners. The other two children are Mrs. James Wettach and Mrs. John Dunb, Jr.

The funeral will take place on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Walter Caskey.

Walter Caskey, who died yesterday morning at his home on Meadow street, East End, has been for long years a leading produce commission merchant of this city. He was a man honored and beloved by all who knew him. Those who knew him best esteemed him most. In all matters pertaining to business he was the soul of honor and rectitude. The memory of the just is blessed, and many will cherish in all time to come the memory of the departed.

Mr. Caskey was a member and trustee of the First Congregational Church of Allegheny, and one of its most generous and self-sacrificing supporters. He was also a Knight of Honor. He was liberal to fault.

Of quiet, reserved manner, only his most intimate friends fully knew his worth. It is pleasant to know that his widow will be provided for. By wise forethought, Mr. Caskey leaves her a $10,000 life insurance policy and an unincumbered home.

Rev. James Curley.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The Rev. James Curley, S. J., the oldest Catholic priest in the United States, is dying at Georgetown College. The dying priest was born in the County Roscommon, Ireland, on October 25, 1796. In 1817 he came to Georgetown to begin life as a Jesuit. Father Curley is famous as an astronomer. It was under his supervision that the observatory of Georgetown College was built. Until his present illness he never failed to celebrate mass every day. Father Curley frequently visited this city, and only a few months ago he mounted the flight of 900 steps which lead to the top of the Washington Monument.

HEART OF HEARTS.

The Florences Very Successful in a New Comedy at the Opera House.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, in a new play, ought to have drawn all the town to the Grand Opera House last night, but unhappily it didn't. The few who were there saw a most masterly performance on the part of Mr. Florence, and a charming and characteristic bit of portraiture by Mrs. Florence. The play, "Heart of Hearts," by Henry Arthur Jones, is pretty and innocent enough to give delight to a Vassar College audience, but it is not a strong production. The first act is structurally weak and talky to dreariness. The second is a striking improvement on the first, and it includes a glorious opportunity for Mr. Florence in the role of *James Robins*, the butler, of which he takes the fullest advantage. The finale of this act is also extensively dramatic.

The dual role which Mr. Florence takes enables him to appear as an English butler of conventional stoutness and plump politeness, and as a worn and ragged old ne'er-do-weel. The larger portion of his work is done in his character of the butler, and it is of the wonderfully high order we have learned to expect of Mr. Florence. His humor is racy and so unforced that nature was always in it. His interview with *Lady Clarissa*, in which he gets the better of the aristocratic dame in a deliciously funny and equitable way, is the biggest gem in the play. Strongly contrasted to this embodiment of good nature and good sense is the other role he assumes, that of an old vagabond touched to penitence by a pure and innocent daughter. Mr. Florence brought tears as well as laughter.

Mrs. Florence has not so much chance as her husband, but she too made much merriment with her gentle touches of that sly, unpresuming humor of hers in the presentment of *Miss Wilhelmina Pkrralph*, a spare woman of aristocratic birth, who has married her butler (Mr. Florence) secretly. Miss Annie Mayor was powerful at the right time in her presentment of the heroine, and Mr. Wm. Herbert was very quaint and original as a doctor with a big heart. Mrs. E. L. Davenport was also successful.

To-night Mr. Florence will appear as *Captain Cuttle*.

The Rose of Castile.

"The Rose of Castile," unlike the other famous opera by Balfe, "The Bohemian Girl," has never been popular in this country. As rendered last night at the Bijou, it was a decided success, to judge by the hearty applause it received. Emma Abbott as the *Rose of Castile* was at her best, A number of the arias of the opera called forth her best powers of voice and action. The Convent song was particularly well received. F. Michelena as *Manuel*, and William Broderick as *Don Pedro* fully came up to expectations, which were high. The former has improved in his English utterance since his last appearance before a Pittsburg audience.

The opera was greeted by a full house, and one thoroughly appreciative of its many fine parts. Miss Abbott was in better voice and spirit than on Monday night, and all indications point to a successful week at the Bijou.

LIKE A YOUNG INFANT.

The Peculiar Case Reported From a West Virginia Community.

WESTON, W. VA., March 19.—A most peculiar case is interesting the people of the Holly neighborhood in Webster County. Abraham McMasters has long been a well known citizen of that section. His family consisted of five children—two girls and three boys—all in perfect health except the youngest, a boy of seventeen, whose mind had been affected from birth. He was what is in provincial sections known as "simple." With the greatest difficulty he had been taught to read, and by years of laborious application had learned what most children of five years know. He was harmless, good natured and industrious. Early last fall the boy was sent to the mill, and not returning at the expected hour, nor for some time later, search was instituted, and the imbecile was found unconscious by the roadway. Blood oozed from his nose and ears, and his head appeared to have been struck by some blunt instrument.

A cheap watch and some change the lad had were gone, giving evidence that the boy had been assaulted and robbed. He was taken home and remained unconscious for two weeks. At the end of that time the boy became as a new-born child. His eyes rolled and he had no control over his limbs, and was cared for just as an infant. In time his teeth came out, and he is now cutting a new set, just as a baby. He first crawled, then began to walk. Speech came gradually, as with all infants, though much earlier if his age be measured from the time of his injury. He is now able to talk about as a 4-year-old does; his mind is clear and he is in everything except stature a boy of 4 or 5 years. So far as can be learned he has no recollection of his past life, and scenes he knew well then are now unfamiliar to him. He treats his former playmates as strangers, and plays with toys and wooden horses as do the babies of the neighborhood. Physicians say he will grow into an intelligent, healthy man.

A PROPOSED NEW RULE

In the Senate Causes an Exceedingly Warm Debate.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—In the Senate today Mr. Sherman called up the proposed amendment of the rule requiring resolutions that call for information from executive departments to be referred to the appropriate committee. He said that the adoption of such resolutions without inquiry sometimes involved very large and unnecessary expense, and that such a change of the rule was desirable. Mr. Voorhees opposed the change of rule. He understood that no assent to it had been given on the Democratic side of the chamber. He called attention to the fact that the Government was within a few weeks of closing its first hundred years of history, under the Constitution; and that during that century of national life no such rule as that now proposed had ever been found necessary.

He could see no object that it was likely to accomplish, except to stifle investigation and obstruct inquiry into the conduct of any executive department. He submitted to the Senator from Ohio and to all Senators on the other side, whether they could afford, at the threshold of a new administration, to give notice to the world that investigation and inquiry into proceedings of the departments shall be less free and less untrammeled than had been the case heretofore. The administration of the affairs of the Government was now in new hands, and he wished to those hands success and prosperity. He had no desire to drag down or to destroy that administration. But the majority of the Senate could ill afford to let it go forth that it had put up the bars to stop the pathways by which wrong doing could be found out. The proposition, when he first heard of it had startled him.

In the debate which followed Mr. Sherman sustained the measure, while Hoar, Spooner and others opposed it. It was finally referred to the appropriate committee.

A LITTLE DECREASE.

The Annual Report of the Panhandle Railroad Company.

COLUMBUS, March 19.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company was held in this city to-day. The annual report of the Board of Directors for the year ending December 31, 1888, was submitted and read, showing the following results: On the main line, between Pittsburg and Columbus: Gross earnings, $5,388,548 84, a decrease compared with 1887 of $419,830 86. Net results for 1888, a profit of $344,838 91, a decrease compared with 1887 of $478,236 47. The results including all lines operated for 1888 being a deficiency of $86,254 74 against a surplus for 1887 of $602,947 43. The expenditure during the year in betterments, but charged to operating expenses, was $486,112 96. This includes the completion of the second track between Pittsburg and Mingo, as well as about 8½ miles of new second track between Columbus and Newark.

The directors elected were as follows: George B. Roberts, Wistar R. Morris, John Dubarry, H. H. Houston, Frank Thomson, William H. Barnes and John P. Green, of Philadelphia; J. N. McCullough, W. Thaw, Thomas D. Messler and James McCrea, of Pittsburg; Robert Sherrard, Jr. and George W. McCook, of Steubenville. The board will organize by the election of officers at an early date.

Not So Large, Considering.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

The junior Senator from Pennsylvania is said to have received 4,000 letters from his State on the subject of office. This may seem like a great rush, but when we bear in mind that there are now half a million Republicans in this Commonwealth, the proportion is not so very large after all.

An Obstacle Overcome.

From the New York World.]

It has been conclusively proved that the fogs of England would make baseball as now played impracticable in the "tight little island." Perhaps, however, a transparent ball with an electric light inside might be used to overcome the atmospheric obstacle referred to.

The European Tourists' Goal.

From the Boston Globe.]

The American baseballers have at last reached the final goal of European tourists' distinction—a recognition from the Prince of Wales.

WHAT TREES TO PLANT.

Some Seasonable Hints for the Guidance of Amateur Landscape Gardeners—The Effect of Evergreens in Beautifying Spacious Grounds.

The almost entire neglect of evergreen trees and shrubs in planting the grounds surrounding the many beautiful homes that are being built around Pittsburg, is becoming the subject of remark by the most experienced gardeners and other persons of refined tastes. This neglect, says W. L. Akers in a communication to THE DISPATCH, arises from the association of evergreens with cemetery planting. A friend speaking on this subject, remarked: "I want the surroundings of my home to be bright and cheerful, and when I look out at the window do not wish to be reminded of the home where the departed are laid to rest." In answer to the objection, it is proper to remark that evergreens do not belong exclusively to cemetery planting. They belong to the great art of landscape gardening, and are used to some extent in cemeteries and other public grounds, as well as upon private estates. It has been the misuse of these trees that has lent to our cemeteries a certain air of melancholy. They have been planted in such abundance that when a few years have elapsed the grounds have presented the appearance of a forest of evergreens. The present style of improving cemeteries does not admit of their use in this indiscriminate way, but confines all planting to the drives and to other portions held for ornamentation.

Some Beautiful Trees.

Another objection is made that most of the so-called evergreens are brown in the winter, just at the time when a bright green would be cheerful and refreshing. The Norway spruce and the American arbor vitæ are notable far this unfortunate trait. Of native evergreens we have several that are beautiful always and everywhere, and yet, because they are native and common, they have been neglected. The abies canadensis (hemlock spruce), abies alba (white or blue spruce), pinus strobus (white pine) and juniperius Virginianum (pea cedar) are all worthy of being planted in localities suited to their respective characters. The latter is not quite so bright in color as the others, but the habits of the plant are so graceful that it is almost indispensable.

The Hardy Hemlock.

The hemlock spruce is simply peerless among evergreens for this latitude. It is perfectly hardy, of a bright green color that does not turn brown in the coldest weather, and when making its growth in the month of May, covered with its bright young shoots, is one of the most beautiful objects that can be imagined. There are specimens of this plant from five to 50 feet in height, growing in deserted fields of Cambria and Clearfield counties, that have had room to grow in a natural manner. They form a well-defined cone from the ground up—perfect and symmetrical. When laden with snow the limbs bend gracefully to the earth, and when the winds relieve them of the burden they spring to their place again, unharmed and bright with their shining green foliage.

Pines for Extensive Grounds.

The white spruce comes to us from the cold region about Lake Superior, and is consequently a hardy plant. It is something like the Norway spruce, but more dwarfish and compact in habit. This, together with its bright and enduring color, renders it a very desirable plant to fill a certain place in landscape planting. The grand old monarch of the forest, the white pine, needs no commendation, and yet there are so few that have seen it in all that beauty which crowns the first 50 years of its existence, that it should be planted on all estates of considerable size. To these native trees must be added the Siberian arbor vitæ and retinospora aurea, which are of small growth and more suitable for less spacious grounds.

Too Many Lawns.

With these most desirable evergreen and our long list of deciduous trees and shrubs to choose from, the experienced gardener can easily fit up a place that will be creditable at once, and be continually growing in beauty. The "well shaven lawn" idea is good; but we are carrying it to excess. Beautiful trees have a place in gardening as well as grass.

NAVAL VACANCIES FILLED.

Only One Way to Secure Them, Through the Congressmen.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The Secretary of the Navy sent out yesterday the usual notices to members of Congress who have vacancies at the Naval Academy to make their nominations of candidates, who will be permitted to report on the 15th of May for examination. There are now 47 vacancies, and 41 more will occur early in May on account of that number of cadets completing the six-year course. Only one cadet is allowed to each Congressional district, and its Representative has the selection of the candidate.

Neither the President nor Secretary of the Navy nor the Senators have anything to say in this matter, and therefore applications to them are useless. There are no vacancies at large for the President to fill, and none will occur in 1890, and then only one, unless some casualty interferes. The candidates nominated to fill the vacancies referred to must not be under 19 nor over 20 when they report for the examination, and must be actually residing in the district from which they were appointed.

GAMBLED AWAY HIS LIFE.

Failure to Win a Lottery Prize Drives a Man to Suicide.

PHILADELPHIA, March 19.—His life was staked on a lottery ticket; he lost, and he gave up the stakes. This is the brief story of the death of August Weidemann, a grocer at No. 1112 Federal street. Weidemann bought a ticket in the Louisiana lottery for the drawing last week. He failed to draw a prize, so he put a bullet through his heart yesterday.

On Saturday last Mrs. Weidemann noticed that her husband was very despondent, and he confessed that he had gambled all his money away; that his business was all gone, and creditors were pressing him. In his clothing was found a letter written on Sunday. It was addressed to his "badly injured wife," and started off with: "What is the necessity that I should live any longer? My life has not been such that you could expect anything better of me than death. The cursed lottery swindle has brought me to do this; not the beer, neither the women. I was in the time under water, and bitten seven times by dog. I fell off a scaffold at the Church of the Holy Spirit, Coburg."

SAVED BY PARENTS' PRAYERS.

A Revelation and a Supplication Followed by a Miraculous Cure.

HUTCHINSON, KAN., March 19.—At Burrton, a little town 12 miles east of here, for the past six months the 12-year-old daughter of W. H. Osborne, has been afflicted with some mysterious disease which has confined her continually to her bed and has baffled the skill of the local physicians. Last Friday night the parents claim they had a revelation that earnest prayer would cure their little girl.

The next morning they knelt by the sufferer's bedside and earnestly invoked Divine intervention. The invalid was asleep. Shortly afterward she awoke and expressed a desire to get up. Two hours later she was dressed and playing in the yard with other children, and to-day to all appearances is quite well.

A Man Who Wanted Two Offices.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The Secretary of the Navy has decided, in reply to a query from a retired officer of the navy, whether or not he could accept a position in the Consular service without vacating his commission, that, under the law and the rulings of the Attorney General, the acceptance of such an appointment would be regarded as a resignation of his commission as an officer of the navy.

Search the Scriptures.

From the Columbus Dispatch.]

The Steubenville *Herald* gives the name of a man near that place who found, in his family Bible, a check on the old Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, of Steubenville, dated December 19, 1821. The depth of the dust on the Bible is not given.

An Explanation.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

A white spot has been discovered on one of the rings of the planet Saturn, and the astronomers are unable to account for it. Probably it is a moonstone.

Our Clean and Progressive City.

From the New York Herald.]

It is claimed that Pittsburg is now the cleanest of all the large Western cities—neither smoky nor pokey.

Its Well That Dudes Haven't Brains.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

Convicts at Sing Sing, N. Y., are going insane under the system of idleness in vogue there.

A GREAT CITY'S BRIEFS.

Honesty Among Ex-Convicts.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, March 19.—Matron Howell, of the Florence Mission, a refuge for women in Bleecker street, lost her pocketbook, containing a check, a $5 gold piece, a $5 bill and some change, while on her way to visit