THE CAFE CONCERTS.

A Prominent Feature of the Parisian's List of Amusements.

FREE AND EASY ENTERTAINMENTS

Where the Audiences Smoke, Drink and Join in the Chorus.

PRETTY PETS OF THE PARIS POPULACE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

PARIS, March 20.—Cafe concerts in the French capital are places of amusement where there is usually a lot of fun going on, and where at cheap prices we can enjoy a certain sort of variety entertainment while smoking cigars and cigarettes and drinking whatever we choose to order. The Eden Theater and the Folies Bergere are not cafe concerts, but the Scala, Eldorado, Ambassadeurs, L'Horloge and Alcazar d'Ete are, as are also a few other places which might be mentioned. Each season, almost each month, notices the increasing competition of these popular shows with the more legitimate houses. The oldest of them all is the Eldorado, as it is one of the best, sharing first honor with the Scala in the winter months, both giving way, however, in summer to Ducarre's popular resort in the Champs Elysees.

It is well to note the fact that the success of the concert hall is largely due to the freedom which it offers to all who enter. We may sit, stand, drink or smoke without being obliged to listen attentively, and indeed at these performances, artistes and audience are soon on an agreeable footing, the one leading and encouraging the other to chorus, in an out-of-tune recklessness that may be discordant, but is really enjoyable. Nothing much is needed to establish good feeling between those who pay and those who sing, and this intimacy ripens into a popularity that is likely to prove as lasting as was that of the great Machin, the first comic singer the boulevards ever knew.

UNDER THE ROSE.

Of course a certain portion of the public go to these places "under the rose," and yet it is not at all uncommon for high-toned folks to invite these same artistes to sing at their houses the very evening when a famous actor is reciting monologues, or selections from Moliere and Shakespeare, and certainly articles devoted to divettes and cabots are eagerly read with curiosity by nearly everybody.

The importance which cafe concerts have acquired is quite surprising. There used to be street singers, M. et Mme. Sans-Chagrin, who sang while dressed in colored prints and a patched gaberdine, but they disappeared (along with the road-side public houses, when the making of the broad avenues that now traverse the city did away with narrow courts). When in 1840 the Sans-Chagrin took refuge in the Champs Elysees, where they gave open-air concerts, a local impressario engaged them and arranged the business so that the poor things were no longer free to follow their own sweet will. A stage was put up, on which men and women sang romantic songs, or made broad jokes under the very noses of the police, and after each "turn" the artiste came down plate in hand to make a collection, this being their only remuneration.

A POLITICAL MOVE.

During the empire, although comfortable, well-managed halls had taken the place of the temporary stages of the Champs Elysees, the censor forbade the managers to set up scenery, to act plays or to dress their artistes otherwise than as men and women of everyday life, even wigs being interdicted, as were also the wearing of pantaloons by women. It was not until 1867 that these concerts were emancipated, and it happened in an unexpected manner.

M. Camille Doucet, the censor who was then exercising strict surveillance on establishments where plays of three to five acts were being performed, determined that the Eldorado should benefit by an act of clemency. This house had recently lost its brightest star, Mme. Suzanne Lagier, and the manager was advised to fill the vacancy by engaging Mme. Cornelie, of the Comedie Francaise. Though this was a complete overturning of traditions, of which Camille Doucet had never dreamt, he approved of it, and Cornelie made her debut in full evening dress with selections from the "Songe d'Athalie." Soon after this the manager was at liberty to act "chef d'oeuvres" to the *gavroches*, his actors and actresses were permitted to dress in suitable costumes, and from that date the success of the Eldorado was assured. Then eight or ten rival establishments started up with troupes of young and pretty girls, who contributed materially toward cheapening places of amusement, and presently the public were hearing Theresa, Theo, Judic, Marie Sasse, Michot, Verquet and Berthelier.

AROUSING PATRIOTISM.

After the war, cafe concerts again assumed a new aspect. The nation had suffered severely in that terrible year, and their detestation of the conquerors found expression in patriotic songs which roused great enthusiasm. Theresa re-appeared; Mme. Amista sang "Le Clairon"; the name of Alsace was on every one's tongue, and military refrains, which now seem vulgar and hackneyed, raised a tempest of bravos, the audience clapping their hands and almost bringing the house down with their heavy stamping. Those days of patriotic songs are over, and critics complain severely of the stupid things that have taken their place.

In spite of the facilities for gaining a fleeting popularity artistes in cafe concerts are not a very talented lot, but they do not deserve to be too severely criticised. Girls of 16, who are too idle to sew, and think they possess a voice, go to the Eldorado or the Scala, and see the audience, after a witty sally from some gaily dressed artiste, throw bouquets on the stage; this seduces them, and they too will be singers. At the door of their workroom is a notice "wanted, young girls to be trained as singers." One of them applies to an agency, and very soon is permitted to take her first lesson. This costs 3 cents, and once heard, the future stars are classified into sentimental, comic, peasant girl, or patriotic, according to their abilities and appearance. In another part of the room another pupil is singing alone, studying and copying carefully the movements of the throat, and the tired gestures of the old cabot who calls her "stupid," pinches her, and charges her 5 cents for the lesson. In either case it is only necessary for the girl to be able to repeat her part and she is at once an "artiste."

WORKING HER WAY UP.

Generally the agencies place their beginners in the provinces, in the cafe concerts of garrison towns, where they make a collection after each moreau; but such an engagement is not a very brilliant one. If Paulus gets 300 francs a day, and Mme. Bonnaire 150, poor Zed or Mlle. Egreg are paid for their debuts only 6 francs an evening in the "genre" comic or sentiment and the engagement is only binding on one side, for the manager may discharge her that same evening or whenever it pleases him.

Whenever one of the country singers shows particular brilliancy, she tries by the help of a journalist, or actor, or stage manager, to obtain an audition in Paris. These hearings are given in the afternoon in a gloomy hall, where the manager, with collar turned up, and hands in his pockets, stands near the accompanist, while in the boxes a whispered conversation about the voice of the debutante is carried on. The girl trembles all over, and it is really pitiful to see this shadow of a woman trying to make her voice pierce the darkness around her.

A PARISIAN DEBUT.

Well, we will suppose she is accepted. The evening for her debut arrives; she goes to the theater and finds no dressing room, or at least only an apology for one. As a rule, she has to take off her street clothes and put on her costume in the presence of several other girls in a damp, moldy place, with bare stone walls adorned with indecent expressions. Last of all, she dons her gloves, that have been whitened with pipe clay, and when her turn comes goes on to sing her couplet. Presently there is a passage which she thinks should be emphasized with an energetic gesture, so she places her hand over her heart, and when she removes it, lo! there is the white imprint of thumb and fingers on the colored corsage. The hall shrieks with laughter, her comrades guy her from the side scenes and the stage manager hastens to drop the curtain to avoid a disaster.

Usually the public are in sympathy with the performers, but not always, and sometimes they have a way of cutting up a singer with bantering interruptions. Most of us have seen and heard a popular caricaturist who often thus amuses himself. One evening at the Scala a bearded baritone sang, "Je voudrais etre petit oiseau," and directly afterward came the words, "Je voudrais etre millitaire."

RATTLING A SINGER.

Our friend, standing up on his chair, remarked in a very loud voice, to the great delight of everyone present:

"Pardon, Monsieur, little bird or officer as you like, but you cannot be both. Come, now, make your choice," and the singer disappeared, all broke up.

Another time this same funny man served a girl a similar trick. She was singing "Je chante bien quand il est la," but she was doing it in a very falsetto voice, so he arose, and bowing politely to the left and to the right of him, remarked:

"After hearing what Mademoiselle has just said, I quite understand it is my duty to go and find him."

As a rule, however, the audiences are very indulgent, and give these artistes more applause than they do groans and hisses, and when one of them has got into the good books of the troupe, especially of the chief of the orchestra, a very important individual who supplies little "boubouis" their music for 90 centimes daily, they gain, good and bad years, a very fair living, besides seeing their name in print in the programmes. Some few marry and make good wives, others remain single, and all, O supreme honor! may hope after death to have their bust on their graves, as do members of the Institute. HENRY HAYNIE.

Opening on Monday.

Mr. Schoenthal, formerly and for many years with Mr. M. H. Danziger, has established himself at 612 Penn avenue, Hotel Anderson building, and will on Monday, April 8, open one of the coziest stores in this city.

Mr. Schoenthal will carry a full line of ladies' fine furnishings, making a specialty of corsets, gloves, hosiery and underwear. A special feature of the corset department will be a convenient fitting room, affording ladies an opportunity to try on before purchasing, avoiding the trouble and annoyance of exchanging. Ladies who wish can have the corset fitted by an experienced lady fitter, in this manner obtaining the particular corset best suited to the form. No absolutely cheap goods will be carried, but the range of prices and qualities will be large enough to satisfy the most economically inclined. In gloves Mr. Schoenthal will carry a full line for ladies, misses and children in fine and medium grades only. Determined to sell only such goods as Mr. Schoenthal can guarantee, he will ignore those grades usually sold as bargains. The Hosiery Department will contain all the latest novelties in fancies and a complete line of the celebrated Onyx fast black. Mr. Schoenthal's patrons will find low-priced goods in his establishment, but no so-called cheap ones.

In addition to the above items Mr. Schoenthal will carry a full line of muslin and fabric underwear, handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs, ruchings, neckwear, jewelry, fans, umbrellas, veilings and many other specialties and novelties for ladies and children's wear.

The grand opening of this store will take place Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 8, 9 and 10, and the ladies of Pittsburg and Allegheny are invited to give Mr. Schoenthal a call.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the City Savings Bank of Pittsburg, held Friday, April 5, 1889, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

The announcement of the sudden death of James Callery, President of the City Savings Bank, startled this community this morning, and none received the sad intelligence with more profound sorrow than did his fellow directors of this bank, which, as director and President, he has served so faithfully and efficiently for the past 18 years.

We, therefore, desire to place on record some testimony, however brief, of the regard and esteem which many years of intimate business intercourse have inspired in us, and which will forever surround his memory.

While his removal is a loss, hardly reparable to us in many ways, foremost of these is the feeling of personal deprivation, which at this moment far exceeds all lesser and more selfish sentiments. We tender our sympathies to his bereaved family and will attend upon the last sad rites whereby we can attest our appreciation of his worth; and instruct this minute to be entered upon the permanent records of the City Savings Bank as the best means of perpetuating to our successors the memory of this President to whose influence and energy the bank is so largely indebted.

P. LE GOULLON,
CHAS. F. MCKENNA, Chairman.
Secretary.

Spring Announcement.

Mr. H. J. Lynch, 438 and 440 Market street, has now open for inspection at his usual low prices, all the latest and most desirable novelties in French embroidered robes, combination suits, Henriettas, foules, English serges, all the newest shades, cashmeres and fancy plaids, stripes and checks.

Special values in black French cashmeres, and silk warp Henriettas.

Guinet's celebrated black cashmere silks at $1, $1 25, $1 50 to $2 50 per yard; every piece guaranteed to wear.

One hundred pieces of American dress ginghams, new styles and fast colors, at 8½ cents per yard.

New sateens, over 100 styles to select from, at 12½c, 15c and 25c per yard.

New parasols and sun umbrellas, with gold, silver and natural stick handles, from $1 to $5.

New lace curtains, spreads, napkins, towels, table damasks, sheetings, hosiery, gloves, underwear, corsets, laces and flouncings at low prices.

Intending buyers will find it to their advantage to examine his stock before purchasing. H. J. LYNCH,
TuSSu 438 and 440 Market street.

A CHOICE line of handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs, ruchings, veilings, umbrellas, fans, jewelry and many specialties and novelties for ladies and children's wear. Come to the grand opening to-morrow.
F. SCHOENTHAL, 612 Penn ave.

Easter Creams, Easter Creams,

Just new. One of the daintiest and best confections made. Try a pound.
ThSSu S. S. MARVIN & CO.

LACE department—A splendid assortment of flouncings in Chantilly and Spanish guipure lace; entirely new designs in drapery nets just opened.
MWFSu HUGUS & HACKE.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

MARK all the belles that grace the ball,
Blonde or brunette, full-formed or slight,
And she, you'll find, transcends them all,
Whose teeth are the most pure and white—
Whose toilet never knows the want,
Of the victorious Sozodont. WFSu

A MATCHMAKING MISS

How Amanda Grover, Spinster, Acquired a Great Reputation as

AN EXPERT IN LOVE AFFAIRS.

The Origin of a Successful Matrimonial Agency in a Yankee Town

WHERE COURTSHIP WAS MADE EASY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

MISS AMANDA GROVER, better known as "Aunt 'Mandy," enjoyed the distinction of being the most expert match-maker in Sagawam Center, Mass. In a community where nearly all females between the ages of 16 and 80 devoted more time and attention to this subject than to anything else, save the occupations by which they gained their living, such a reputation was by no means easily acquired, nor devoid of honor when established. Aunt Mandy had fairly earned her position, and her matrimonial agency was one of the recognized institutions of the village. Her sister's husband, Dave Martin—a big man with a boyish heart and a streak of humor running entirely through his system, from his funny waddling legs up to the dimple in his chin and beyond even to the thin tuft of light hair that stood straight up in front of the bald spot on the crown of his head—this overgrown, eccentric fellow, who resembled nothing so much as a fat and gigantic baby that was never fretful, was wont to make fun of Mandy and her occupation. But he was the only person who dared to do it, and Mandy didn't mind, because Dave had a habit of making fun of everybody. Once he painted a board, making a neat sign, with the following inscription:

MISS A. GROVER,
MATCHMAKER.
Life partners secured for old and young.

The sign was completed and would have been nailed right over the front door (Mandy lived with her sister in Dave's house), only the mischievous Dave was caught by Miss Grover herself, with the evidence of his audacity before him in his shop, and his project received a final quietus.

"I hed to larf,' said Aunt Mandy to her sister Eleanor, "though I was dretfully provoked. S'posin' folks do say I make matches—I don' know's I care. I've an idear thet all the matches I've ever hed any hand in hain't turned aout so bad ez they might ha' done. I like to see young couples enjoy theirselves, fer they'll never be young agin."

A long-drawn sigh succeeded and a far-away look came into Aunt Mandy's eyes. She was 60 now, but she had been handsome once, and there had been a romance in her life, though she never spoke of it. The old residents of Sagawam Center knew her story, though. It was sad and brief, but nothing out of the ordinary run of human affairs to any except Mandy. A happy courtship, succeeded by a betrothal; a lovers' quarrel; the youth suing for reconciliation and pardon, the maiden stubborn and unyielding; a farewell, hasty, and coldly spoken; a vessel, wrecked at sea, and lost with all on board—that was all. A tale too simple for recount, perhaps; every village on the coast can furnish innumerable histories like it in every detail; yet it changed the whole course of Amanda Grover's life, and the only happiness she ever knew afterward was the satisfaction of seeing others happy. Poor Aunt Mandy, old maid and match-maker! How different everything might have been—and yet there are many women equally noble and true-hearted whose fates are worse than hers.

The Courtship.

Aunt Mandy was a woman well endowed with common sense. She had a "master faculty of gettin' on the good side o' folks and then stayin' there," according to the testimony of Hen Parker, who was the richest farmer in Sagawam, and being "first seelect man," was regarded as "head man" in the community. Hen had been one of the many who aspired to Amanda's hand, after the great sorrow of her life was passed. But he wooed in vain, like all the rest, and though he married later he still "set a great store by Mandy" and praised her "faculty" to everyone, not even excepting his wife.

Mandy received the attentions of so many suitors, all of whom she rejected, still managing to retain their friendship, that her girl acquaintances came to look upon her as an oracle in regard to love matters, and they gradually fell into the habit of seeking her advice on all occasions when they were in need of counsel. After she had settled the matrimonial business of her friends and her numerous cousins, both male and female, her reputation for sagacity became so great that she had no need of a sign to bring plenty of customers to her matrimonial bureau. Meantime her brothers and sisters had married and a troop of nephews and nieces were growing up. When they became of suitable age Mandy lent her offices to secure them mates, and so numerous were they that had she confined her attention wholly to the love affairs of these, her relatives, this duty alone would have given her more match-making experience than usually falls to the lot of a woman anywhere, except in a village like Sagawam.

The old village struck Edward Martin, Dave's young cousin, as being a very peculiar place when he first began to get acquainted with it. But it was only Edward's inexperience that made it seem so. He was a boy of 18, and his journey to Sagawam from his home "down East"—a term applied indiscriminately by Massachusetts people to any territory on the Atlantic coast between Portsmouth and Halifax—was the longest he had ever undertaken. Edward had more knowledge of books than of the world. He was a poor farmer's boy, and accustomed to hard work and the toilsome tasks of a lad of his station in life. But he was ambitious—"smaht as a steel trap" his Yankee associates said—and he had determined to fight his way upward in life, get the best education he could, and pursue some profession that should be more remunerative, as well as more congenial to his tastes, than farming. He had already made a good start, passing through the common school and the academy of his native town with honor, and he now came to Massachusetts to help on his Cousin Dave's farm and so earn money to pursue his educational course at some higher institution. It is just possible he didn't find Sagawam Center as enlightened and progressive as he had imagined a community within 30 miles of cultured and æsthetic Boston should be. At any rate he was impressed with a good many customs that appeared novel to him, and, writing to his mother, said:

The Hired Man.

"It's the queerest place I've ever come across. The chief industries are shoemaking, onion raising and matchmaking. When Cousin Dave was here he talked about his 'farm, and I supposed he had some land worth counting. Well he has only 20 acres, and half of that he plants with onions. It's the same way with the other farmers in the neighborhood, and five and ten acre lots of onions are as plentiful as cornfields at home. Every man that is not a farmer—I mean an onion raiser—is a shoemaker, and works in one of the big factories in the village. The factories employ about twice as many girls and women as they do men, and this proportion of feminine population seems to hold good all over the town. Factory work is hard for girls, and they tire of it after a year or two and jump at the first offer of marriage, in order to escape from their drudgery. Some of them don't even wait for an offer to be made by the man in the case, but make a tender of their hands and hearts, if they think there is a possibility of being accepted. There is a scarcity of beaux and a tremendous surplus of women of marriageable age (and past), and any single stranger of the opposite sex is an object of universal interest.

"Boys and girls begin courting at the age of 16 and marriages among minors are almost as common as any other. The prevailing craze for husbands is so great that I, a 'hired man' and almost penniless, at 18 years of age, could have my 'pick of any one of a dozen likely girls.' Now don't say I'm getting conceited—the idea didn't come to me until Aunt Mandy used the words I have quoted. She says so, and it must be true; for what she doesn't know about matters of that sort is certainly not worth knowing. She astonished me by informing me that it was time for me to think of getting married. Such a thought never entered my head before. But, as I said, Sagawam people are peculiar."

If Edward had been much acquainted with Eastern Massachusetts he would have known that there are scores of country villages in that region whose inhabitants exhibit exactly the same traits of character that

Ned Martin and Widow Harris.

made the residents of Sagawam seem to him unlike any people he had ever known before. Whether it be a dislike of the shoe shop or of the onion farm that takes them away, it is a certainty that great numbers of the young men emigrate from those districts to the cities, while most of the girls stay at home. As marriage is the theme perpetually discussed by the village gossips the maidens unconsciously absorb the opinions of their elders, and by the time they are old enough to wed they have arrived at a settled conviction that matrimony is the summum bonum of earthly existence. Aunt Mandy Grover's precepts and labors had helped in bringing about such a state of affairs in her neighborhood, no doubt, and she was proud of her success. Well she might be, for in 30 years there had scarcely been a young married pair in the village who had not named their first girl baby Amanda.

When Edward became an inmate of her brother-in-law's house this lady at once set about the task of finding him a mate. This would not have been difficult, for Sagawam was alive with female Barkises, had the young man taken kindly to her views and accepted her proffered assistance. But he didn't. He was an independent youth, who had a way of thinking and acting for himself. For once in her life Aunt Mandy failed to bring about a match on which she had set her heart.

The cause of her failure was explained by Miss Grover herself, to one of her confidential friends in language about as follows:

"I don't know what to make o' that boy. He ain't a bit like Sagawam folks. Now there was Jennie Perkins, jest as nice a girl as the' is in taown, an' everybody knows she neveh hed a beau. You know she's wuth proputty, too. Her gran'sire left her $10,000 in money an' her grand uncle willed her five acres of as fine onion land as the' is abaout heah. I managed to introduce her an' Ned, and got them acquainted an' he took her to evenin' prayah meetin' three Sundays running an' everyone said 'twould be a match. An' when the neighbors begun to talk, as you know they allus do, that chap just deliberately quit goin' with her, an' when I asked him why he done it, he sez to me, sez he:

"'Aunt Mandy, I have no present desire to pay serious attention to any girl. My visits to Miss Jennie have excited so much gossip that I have discontinued them to save annoyance to her and myself. Why, it seems to me a fellow can't speak to a girl but what the gossips will say they are engaged. When I want a wife I'll find her myself, and I won't ask all her female relatives to assist me in conducting the courtship.'

"Jest think of him a sayin' that to me! An' he said a lot moah—somethin' abaout goin' a fishin' and watin' fer fish to bite, 'stead o' jumpin' inter the watch an' chasin' 'em. I was so put aout I jest made up my mind not to hev nothin' moah to do with him. An' I let him alone afteh that. Well, he worked six months fer Dave, an' left fer home last week. I didn't even know of his speakin' to a girl afteh he quit goin' with Jennie Perkins, an' yet he'd been a courtin' one stiddy all the time."

"Yeou don't say!"

"As troo as I'm a livin'. He wouldn't look at Jennie, with her $10,000, and he's gone an' promised to merry a girl 'thout a cent to her name. Who is it? Why, one o' them Harris girls—Addie's her name—livin' on the Swampscott road, just back o' Dave's field. She's pretty, an' smaht an' respectable, an' her mother, Widder Harris, is a nice woman—but land! haow much better off he'd 'a been if he'd a taken Jennie!"

"Haow did it happen?"

"Well, you know the end o' Dave's onion patch runs almost up to the widder's doahyahd. When Ned was daown there weedin' the onions, an' that was most of his work, he'd go naow an' then to the widder's for a drink o' water. She's English, an' she makes a home-made beer that is first rate. Ned went there so often, afteh a drink o' water or beer, an' was made so welcome that he actually got better acquainted with Mis' Harris' family than with our own. Mis' Harris is one o' them women that makes fun of our ways an' says she don't believe in teachin' girls to be in a hurry about gettin' married. If she'd a' been the cleverest kind of a match-maker she couldn't 'a succeeded betteh. Anyway, her girl captured Ned as easy as could be, an' they'll be married after he finishes his schoolin' an' gets a staht in life. Well, if a boy like him will shet his eyes to a han'some proputty an' a han'some girl an' merry agin' the wishes of his friends I'm sure he's nobody to blame fer it but himself. Dave he sez he's a goin to split up that sign he made an' put a notice in the paper thet the Sagawam matrimonial agency has failed an' gone aout o' business, but he's allus a talkin' nonsense."

ELIAKIM EASTMAN.

The Faults and Follies of the Age

Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic cathartics. These wrench, convulse and weaken both the stomach and the bowels. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these nostrums, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the bowels, the stomach and the liver. Use this remedy when constipation manifests itself, and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.

A CHOICE line of handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs, ruchings, veilings, umbrellas, fans, jewelry and many specialties and novelties for ladies and children's wear. Come to the grand opening to-morrow.
F. SCHOENTHAL, 612 Penn ave.

WAITING FOR CRUMBS

Patient Office Seekers Starving at the National Capital.

THE FLOPPERS AND THEIR FLOPS

Finding but Little Favor With the Dispensers of Fat Jobs.

A BOOM FOR INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATION

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5.—For the student of humanity there is no place in the National Capitol quite so attractive at this time as the hotel corridors. Ever since the inauguration they have been crowded with office seekers, and pretty much the same lot. A few have gone away, some with appointments, others because of depleted pocket books. Somehow the hotel keepers don't take much stock in the substance of the office seeker's purse, and when it begins to run dry little deference is paid to political prospects. In many cases pay in advance by the day or week is demanded. In a few hotel bills have been successfully evaded by those who have reached the little end of their financial string, but the instances in which the hotel clerk is beaten are very rare.

Politicians are often smart, but no class of men are keener judges than the hotel clerk of the pecuniary condition of guests, not by their clothes or their cheek, but by an instinct which scents almost infallibly that indefinable something which tells with equal certainty of a full or an empty purse.

A Busted Office Seeker.

I grieve to say that one office hunter from my own parental State of Pennsylvania is now suffering from too much confidence in his ability to close the eyes of hotel clerks. He is a victim of the last administration. He endeavored to become a Democrat so quietly as to prevent discovery after removals began in his department, but unlike many others whom I know, he was caught in the act and unceremoniously fired. He endeavored to get reinstated by a complete flop to the party in office, but there were too many life-long Democrats, each of whom had elected Cleveland, wanting places, and so he failed. After the 6th of last November he was suddenly seized with a renewal of Republicanism of the most dangerous kind, and was again an office-seeker.

Within the last few weeks he exhausted his small remnant of funds. The hotel clerk seemed to know to a cent the condition of his purse, and at once shut down the floodgates upon his brooklet of sympathy and good-fellowship. The office seeker left one trunk as security for a week's unpaid board, took his other trunk and his gripsack to a cheaper hotel, pawned a few trinkets he yet had saved from the clutches of that other "uncle" who is even more inexorable than Uncle Sam, and took a new lease of office hunting life. But, alas! he is again gone broke, his trunk and grip are levied upon by the second hotel keeper, and the office hunter is now eking out a living on what he can borrow. He is living with profound economy. His case is a hard one, and has my deepest sympathy, but that sympathy is somewhat tempered by the fact that he endeavored to make merchandise of his party principles, admitting that he had a fair share of this marketable commodity to begin with.

Enthusiastic Floppers.

This little story reminds me of a letter I saw the other day. It was from one former Democrat to another. They had both been applicants for office under Cleveland during the whole of that official's term, but were constantly shunted off because their champion was a Democrat not in sympathy with the administration. The letter from one congratulated the other on his flop to the Republicans, pronounced the fiat that "the Democratic party is gone to hades," and inclosed a letter eloquently indorsing the other for a position. Each has recommended the other in the most glowing terms, and I should not wonder if they both got in, for such energy and persistency usually has its reward in preferment. The trouble is they will not be worth elbow room if they get in.

It Was Very Depressing.

The following conversation was unintentionally overheard by me in the lobby of the Ebbitt House the other evening. A Western office seeker who had formerly lived East, met a friend, also an office hunter, from their old town. After a mutual inquiry about their own families, the Westerner began to speak of other old acquaintances who were local politicians.

"How's Smith?"

"Oh, he's dead."

"And Brown?"

"He's dead too."

"My! my! that's too bad! And how's old Jones? I don't think he would die."

"He was killed in an election row last November."

"Great Scott! What's broke loose in the old town?" Then, somewhat cautiously: "Well, how's—how's T—T—Thompson?"

"Oh, he committed suicide two years ago on account of his not getting office under Cleveland. He was a great Democrat, you know."

"I—I think I'll go to bed," said the Westerner; "somehow I don't feel well myself."

Ex-President Cleveland's Portrait.

Very soon after his return from his Southern tour ex-President Cleveland will give several sittings to the artist, Mr. S. Jerome Uhl, of this city, for the completion of the portrait ordered by the management of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Mr. Uhl had two sittings at the White House previous to the 4th of March, but owing to the pressure of executive business, and the necessity of packing up and getting out, could have no more of Mr. Cleveland's time. The Corcoran gallery has a complete line of portraits of the Presidents, but only four or five of these were painted from life. A majority have been done by A. G. Heaton from other portraits, and only two or three of the whole number have any artistic merit.

Honor for an American Artist.

A very pleasing little story comes from Paris about Miss Daisy Brown, of this city, to whom I have already referred as a young artist who promises to make a name in the world of art. After a brief term under Cox and Chase in New York, a wealthy relative was good enough to furnish funds for her instruction abroad. A few weeks ago she sailed, and at Paris immediately entered the noted Julian school, which is visited twice a week by such masters as Bougnereau and Fleurie. Miss Brown's first charcoal drawing, a figure from life, arrested the attention of Bougnereau on the occasion of his first visit after her admission to the school. Going hurriedly among the many pupils, dropping remarks in passing, the strength, boldness and truth of Miss Brown's work caught his eye. He stopped before it, applauded with his hands enthusiastically and exclaimed in admiration—conduct decidedly exceptional with Bougnereau. He selected the sketch as one of four to be placed on exhibition, which is an honor rarely accorded to a student only beginning an initial term.

Industrial Co-Operation.

The idea of industrial co-operation is gaining converts here with a rapidity that is astonishing. Aside from quite a large number of the old advocates of Socialism, a large society of "Nationalists" has been recently organized, which takes for its industrial Koran the "Looking Backward" of Edward Bellamy. This society includes many prominent business and professional men, and holds weekly meetings, which I hear are always well attended. I dropped in the other evening to a lecture delivered under its auspices by Prof. Garside, the official lecturer of the Socialist Labor Party. Grand Army Hall was crowded to suffocation. One of the most prominent drug dealers of the city was keeping door, and I noticed many other well known business men all of whom listened and applauded heartily. It was a remarkable scene, and one which almost prompted belief in the assertion of Prof. Garside, that Americans are being converted to this theory of universal industrial co-operation at the rate of 50,000 a month. Another class of co-operationists are just now organizing to start for Oklahoma on the 20th inst., to found a colony, but these isolated experiments in co-operation, which must always be hampered and hounded by the competitive, capitalist system outside, find no favor with the nationalists and other socialists, whose ambition is to establish a new national and international system, and not merely strive for temporary relief for a few. E. W. L.

The Death of James Callery.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the City Insurance Company, of the city of Pittsburg, held April 5, 1889, action was taken upon the sudden demise of James Callery, as follows:

It is with the deepest feeling of sorrow that we learn that Almighty God has in His wisdom removed from our midst one of our fellow-members, James Callery. In his death we feel that the City Insurance Company has lost an efficient officer and one of its most valued supporters, and that we and the community will miss a noble and generous friend and a good citizen. In him we recognize a man of the most sterling qualities, and a Christian gentleman whose virtues we will do well to emulate. To his family we tender our warmest sympathy in their bereavement, and as a further mark of our respect we will attend his funeral in a body.

M. MUNHALL, President.
JAMES PHELAN, Secretary.

A Successful Firm.

A notable anniversary was celebrated Wednesday in the Albany building, Vine street, Cincinnati. It was that of the successful newspaper advertising agency of S. H. Parvin's Sons. That enterprising firm was established in Cincinnati 31 years ago, and has grown steadily ever since. Since its inception the firm has been doing business with this paper, and The Dispatch takes pleasure in saying that its relations with the agency have always been of the pleasantest character, and that the gentlemen connected with it have the strictest regard for business integrity and truthful statement.

CLOAK DEPARTMENTS—At $5 each a new line of fine tailor-made stockinette jackets, bound with silk braid. Best value ever offered. HUGUS & HACKE.
MWFSu

THE best line of corsets, gloves, hosiery, underwear and a general assortment of ladies' and children's fine furnishing goods in the city. Come to the grand opening to-morrow.
F. SCHOENTHAL, 612 Penn avenue.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW SUBURB, IVANHOE.

WOOD, HARMON & CO.

Card:

It is not perhaps advisable to make announcements of prospective sales of Real Estate before the property is actually for sale, ready to be put into customers' hands.

But, as the fact has become pretty well spread about in Pittsburg that we intend to place a new suburb, called Ivanhoe, upon the market, and propose to give a large number of lots away to those who will build, and AS A NUMBER OF OTHER FIRMS IN THIS CITY HAVE TAKEN PAINS TO IMITATE THE METHODS by which we have in the past been so successful in building towns, it seems but just to the public to make a definite statement in regard to the rumor. There may be some people to whom the knowledge would be of service. THEREFORE WE MAKE THIS ANNOUNCEMENT: In about two weeks we will offer to the public the sub-division of Ivanhoe. It lies on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad, about 8½ miles, or 14 minutes out, and we will endeavor to put the price of lots AT SUCH A LOW FIGURE that none who have any desire to buy will be debarred by the cost.

The property is certainly a beautiful piece of ground, as all who are acquainted with the road already know, lying between Groveton and Montour, and will make almost an ideal suburban village. It is not our purpose to extol in high sounding phrases the advantages of Ivanhoe, if a plain, moderate statement of facts, coupled with the many inducements we make to secure a lovely abiding place for those favoring us with their patronage, will not sell this property for us, the use of superlatives will not benefit the case. We will try to claim only those things which can be thoroughly and fully substantiated.

Progress is an absolute necessity to success in this age and this city, and a matter of the most careful study and serious thought of our firm is working up and advancing new inducements, more generous offers and advantages, that will insure each new place as complete success as the last has been.

It would be a unbusiness-like procedure to state the terms and inducements of this property in advance of its sale. Suffice it to say, we will certainly not be less liberal in placing the possession of "Home" within the reach of all than in the past.

In conclusion, we would respectfully and earnestly request all persons contemplating the purchase of property to defer investment until we can show them what we propose to do to make Ivanhoe the prettiest suburb out of Pittsburg. Remember there is but two weeks' to wait.

Respectfully,

WOOD, HARMON & CO.,
545 Smithfield Street.

ap7-43-TuSu

Special Purchase of Silks and Dress Goods

ALMOST AT OUR OWN PRICES, AT THE

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF FIELD, CHAPMAN & FENNER, NEW YORK.

Causes which led to this GREAT SACRIFICE SALE were the continuous bad weather and overloaded manufacturers and importers. Our Mr. Shoenberg, with ready cash, was on the spot and availed himself of this golden opportunity to make heavy purchases in these goods. Our customers and the public will now have a chance of getting the best values in Silks and Dress Goods ever offered in this or any other city. We never misrepresent or misconstrue in any way in any of our announcements to the public. Strict integrity, honesty of purpose and a desire to please are the foundations on which our success has been achieved.

This Gigantic Sale Will Commence on Monday Morning at 8 O'Clock

READ THE PRICES.

2,000 yards Satin de Lyon, in colors, worth $1 25, our special price 79c.
7,500 yards Black and all imaginable shades double-twilled, All-Silk Surah, worth 85c, our special price 59c.
4,000 yards Black and all shades Faille Francaise, guaranteed all Silk, extra wide, worth $1 50, our special price 89c.
8,000 yards 24-inch India Silks, in elegant designs and figures, worth 85c to $1, our special price 59c.
3,000 yards India Silk, All-Silk, in new spring Suitings, worth 50c, our special price 32c.
3,500 yards 24-inch, all colors, extra quality, China Silks, sold at 85c, our special price, 49c.
2,000 yards Colored 22-inch Surah Silks, best quality, worth $1 25, our special price 79c.
100 Pongee Silk Dress Patterns of 20 yards each, $7 50, our special price $4 29.
4,000 yards 20-inch Black Gros Grain Dress Silks, worth 75c, our special price 51c.
2,000 yards extra heavy Black Gros Grain Dress Silk, Satin-finished, worth $1, our special price 69c.
1,500 yards A 1 Black Gros Grain Dress Silk, worth $1, our special price 72c.
1,000 yards extra fine Black 22-inch Faille Francaise, worth $1 50, our special price 89c.
2,000 yards extra heavy Black Satin Rhadames, extra wide, worth $1 25, our special price 73c.
800 yards Black Faille Francaise, All-Silk, worth $2, our special price $1 18.
500 yards extra heavy Black and White Striped Silk, worth $1 50, our special price 89c.
6,000 yards Plaid, Plain and Checked Mohairs and Siciliennes, 40 inches wide, in 25 different shadings, regular price 75c, our special price 39c.
4,500 yards elegant Wool Checked Dress Goods, double width, worth 50c, our special price 33c.
3,000 yards extra wide Siciliennes, flowered in elegant designs, worth 75c, our special price 48c.
2,500 yards extra wide and new designs All-Wool Plaid Dress Goods, for spring wear, worth 85c, our special price 50c,
2,000 yards All-Wool Bengaline Plaids, 44 inches wide, in all the latest colorings, worth $1, our special price 63c.
1,000 yards elegant Silk Striped Cashmeres, 40 inches wide, worth 60c, our special price 35c.
4,000 yards Inson Dress Goods, double width, in Checks and Stripes, all new spring shades, worth 25c, our special price 12½c.
1,000 yards new Plaids, nice bright shades for children's wear, worth 30c, our special price 15c.
2,000 yards new and elegant double-width Tricot, all the latest spring shades, worth 50c, our special price 34c.
1,000 yards extra double-width Luzerne Suitings, new spring effects, worth 50c, our special price 33c.
3,000 yards double-width, all the latest shades Henrietta Cloths, worth 50c, our special price 34c.
300 pieces extra wide new Dark Challis, elegant designs, worth 12½c, our special price 6c.
100 pieces Freres Koechlin best French Sateens, exclusive design