The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 44, No. 70.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice, November 14, 1887, as second-class matter.

Business Office—97 and 99 Fifth Avenue.
News Rooms and Publishing House—75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street.

Average circulation of the daily edition of The Dispatch for six months ending April 1, 1889,

27,986

Copies per issue.

Average circulation of the Sunday edition of The Dispatch for March, 1889,

46,423

Copies per issue.

TERMS OF THE DISPATCH.

POSTAGE FREE IN THE UNITED STATES.

DAILY DISPATCH, One Year	$8 00
DAILY DISPATCH, Per Quarter	2 00
DAILY DISPATCH, One Month	70
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, one year	10 00
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, per quarter	2 50
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, one month	90
SUNDAY DISPATCH, one year	2 50
WEEKLY DISPATCH, one year	1 25

THE DAILY DISPATCH is delivered by carriers at 15 cents per week, or including the Sunday edition, at 20 cents per week.

POSTAGE—All persons who mail the Sunday issue of The Dispatch to friends should bear in mind the fact that the postage thereon is Two (2) Cents. All double and triple number copies of The Dispatch require a 2-cent stamp to insure prompt delivery.

PITTSBURG, THURSDAY, APR. 18, 1889.

THE STANDARD'S LAST PLAY.

The report of the gobbling of the Lima oil field by the Standard, and its intention to use that odorous fluid for refining, in yesterday's DISPATCH, evokes a variety of comment. In Standard circles the statements are met by half denials, which are little less than admissions.

The refining story is all nonsense, we are told; but the building of a pipe line from Lima to this section is correct. According to Standard authority this is to be done for transporting oil to New York, to be used there as fuel. The multiplication of declarations that the Standard would never refine Lima oil would meet with more credit, if it were accompanied by explanations of the extraordinary steps which that combination has taken to prevent anyone else from refining Lima oil. If only loss and failure were to be attained by that attempt, why did not the monopoly let its rivals work out their own extinction by free effort in that direction.

A more salient criticism of the story is that it is old news. It is true that the policy which it discloses is that outlined by the acts of the Standard for the past two or three years. Its whole course showed that it intended to gobble the Ohio field and to use that as a lever to secure its hold on the Pennsylvania producers; but the element of the news was in the indication of the triumph of that policy afforded by the new and mammoth pipe-line project. The substantial truth of the report is shown by the Standard admissions and by the corroboration from Lima published to-day.

This was the danger which THE DISPATCH pointed out in connection with the shut-down movement a year ago. The pertinence of the suggestion was indicated by the unanimous barking set up at that time by the journalistic agents of the monopoly.

APPROACHING A COMBINE.

The milk dispute has reached a point where the dealers express a willingness to pay the farmers their price, and the shippers' agent loftily declares an intention to sell the milk direct and give the consumers the benefit of the dealers' profits. This sounds very much as if the dealers were prepared to come down and the shippers were going to scorn their advances in the interest of the dear public; but there is sounder reason to expect that when the dealers have made their full surrender they will be permitted to charge what they please, so long as they pay what the shippers please. The declaration of an intention to make business unprofitable always signifies an intention that the public shall pay for it in the end. In this case the intention will be defeated by the stimulation of fresh supplies; but it is interesting to notice how the stereotyped forms of combination have been reproduced *in petto*.

ARBOR DAY AND PITTSBURG.

A week from to-morrow has been designated by the Governor of Pennsylvania as Arbor Day, for the beautification of streets and homes by setting out plants and trees. The plan has been so far addressed especially to the schools of the State and in some towns it has been very successful in producing a marked addition to the attractiveness of public grounds.

In Pittsburg comparatively little has been done, on account of the circumscribed surroundings of the schools. Brick courtyards do not afford first-class facilities for setting out trees, and the absence of parks has shut off the other vent for the energies of the scholars on Arbor Day. But the purpose of that festival should not be lost sight of. In the adornment of our streets by trees there is a work that could keep the whole population busy on Arbor Day for several years to come.

During the period of coal smoke the trouble of keeping trees alive was so great that the idea of shade trees along the city streets was pretty well abandoned. In addition to that the confined space and encroaching pavements of many of our streets has added to the difficulty. But with the smoke gone it should be possible to find room for foliage; and the work of supplying the city with them is about equal in magnitude and importance. Every tree that can be made to grow on our streets will add materially to their attractiveness, and therefore to the value of the property in the vicinity. If Pittsburg can be made a city of trees, its beauties will be increased by a high exponent.

This is a possibility of Arbor Day which should be recognized here. The city authorities and the public at large should take it in hand to encourage work for the ornamentation of the city.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S TITLE.

Some pretty high-strung critics have been making a great to-do over the fact that the appraisement of the personal estate of the late I. V. Williamson, the Philadelphia philanthropist, shows that he had no clothes nor books worth mentioning. Though one of these commentators has striven to show that because Mr. Williamson's wealth did not procure for him fine raiment, therefore the Philadelphian might just as well have not accumulated ten millions of dollars or more, and though several others lament the fact that the appraisers did not find any books worth putting a price on, in Mr. Williamson's library, yet we do not, considering all the circumstances, think it necessary to shed tears on either account.

Mr. Williamson's life was usefully spent. If he did not encourage the tailors, he did put life and hope into the hearts of numberless widows and orphans. Again if his tastes were not of the kind that discover gratification in the formation of a gigantic library, it is certain that he built a better monument for himself in schools and hospitals. It is not at all certain that it would be conducive to the world's happiness or prosperity if all its rich men spent their millions in sartorial extravagances, and in the accumulation of books. The world is better for the bibliophile tendencies of a certain percentage of its inhabitants. But there are many other admirable pursuits, not essentially demonstrative of culture, perhaps, but inspired with the infinitely more valuable breath of Christian charity.

Mr. Williamson without books and with no store clothes, was of much greater benefit to his fellowmen than a great many millionaires whose houses have costly libraries, and whose valets guard huge stores of fashionable garments.

AQUEOUS FERTILITY.

The large proportion of inorganic, but not wholly innocuous matter which has been furnished to some parts of the city in the water pipes, is arousing considerable discussion. The public is very apt to jump to the conclusion that it has paid money enough to secure clear drinking water; but the officials of the water bureau are equally prompt to explain that they are not responsible for the profitless expenditures of years ago, and that they are doing the best that they can with their present facilities.

There is evidence that clear water can be furnished by an adequate system of settling and storage reservoirs, in the pertinent fact that while the rest of the city has been complaining of a high degree of alluvial trituration, the sections supplied from the Herron Hill reservoir have been enjoying perfectly transparent water. That it would cost a good deal of money to build an adequate settling reservoir is beyond question, but it is not beyond question that it would be worth the money.

IN the meantime is it certain there is nothing that can be made to serve the purpose? THE DISPATCH has several times urged the cleaning out of the Bedford avenue basins, and their use as storage reservoirs when the direct supply was unavailable. An experiment of that sort would not be expensive, and might prove to contain more desirable qualities than the river water does at present.

QUAY AS A REFORMER.

The plaint in which Senator Matthew Stanley Quay is reported as indulging, in an interview yesterday, is calculated to raise the hope that experience will convert our junior Senator into a civil service reformer. That would be a remarkable metamorphosis; but it is nevertheless the legitimate deduction from the fact that the Senator is disgusted and overwhelmed with his experience in the role of spoils distributor.

Senator Quay declares that half of the horrors of the state of siege from office seekers has not been told. He asserts that they attack the fortress before breakfast and keep up the assault till the small hours beyond midnight. Many of them are, in the opinion of the Senator, insane on the subject of getting office; and it is calculated to grieve and injure the ambitious patriots who have been desirous of serving the country, to learn that the Senator regards the greater number of them as "not representative members of the party, but rather the scum of it." Such expressions sound so mugwumpish as to warrant a suspicion that a remarkable revolution is going on in the mind of the recent commander of the Republican forces.

The premises stated by Senator Quay are certainly such as to warrant some very sound conclusions. It is clear that a statesman like the Beaver Senator, who should be permitted to give his exclusive attention to great subjects of legislation, and who has to consider laws, not only for the nation but for the State, should not be the subject of persecution from half-crazed office seekers. It also is plain enough that a system of organized importunity which shoves forward "the scum of the party" is not calculated to produce a good condition of the public service. Senator Quay is in a fair way to perceive the falsity of the theory that Senators should have an appointing power; and even to go further and concede the virtues of a system that shall do away with all this place-begging by awarding positions on tests of ascertained fitness and making promotions in accordance with the records of ability, fidelity and industry.

Is the Senator going to become a civil service reformer? He certainly seems to lay a pretty good foundation for that sort of opinion, by his statement of experience.

THE CABLE CHARTERS.

The decision of Judge McPherson, in the case of the Lafayette Traction Company, of Easton, that charters under the act of 1878 are invalid, furnishes a possible explanation of the urgency with which legislation for the cable companies has been asked at this session. The inference that all the companies in the State are affected by this ruling, would certainly warrant the managers of all of them, in being very desirous to have a legal definition of their status. Of course the question will be taken to the Supreme Court; and, beyond that, the cable companies will be diligent in asking for a law under which they can organize, if Judge McPherson's decision is sustained. No one will dispute that corporations performing such an unquestioned public service as the cable companies do, are entitled to valid charters; but if legislation has to be enacted for them, it will afford a splendid opportunity to provide against the abuses of stock watering and combination to which the business seems especially prone at present.

IT IS stated that "a blow has been given to bimetalism" by the demonetization of silver in the little kingdom of Roumania. If the silver interests find out that Roumania has given a blow at them they will be likely to boycott that small Danubian monarchy.

THE pathetic case of General Sigel, ruined and disgraced in his position of Pension Agent by the dishonesty of his subordinates, ought to teach the lesson that putting veteran soldiers in responsible positions is not even a kindness to them, unless they have the business ability to make sure that the work is properly and honestly done.

THE House, at least seems to be in a fair way for doing something in the way of abolishing wildcats, foxes and minks. Small favors are thankfully received.

AN example of popular looseness in discussing the Inter-State Commerce law is afforded in an editorial declaration of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, that "Judge Cooley's decision that railroad companies have no right under the Inter-State Commerce law to make excursion rates, may be technically correct, but it is certainly not warranted by the general spirit and purpose of the act." The allegation would be pertinent if the *Globe-Democrat* supplied the information, first, as to what decision Judge Cooley has made to that effect; and, second, how it could be "technically correct" when the twenty-second section of the act expressly provides that "nothing in the act shall prevent * * the issuance of excursion tickets."

ONE of the unexpected and compensatory benefits of the New York Centennial is in the recently developed fact that the newly discovered relatives of Washington are rather more numerous than the former multiplicity of his body servants.

AN interesting specimen of free trade logic is furnished by the esteemed Chicago *Herald*. It makes the rush of settlers into Oklahoma, a foundation for the question: "If the contention that protected monopolies enrich the farmer is true, why is it that so many people are this moment getting as far away from these cormorants as possible?" Our lively cotemporary seems unable to perceive the recoil of this question, in the query: If the free trade contentions be true, that protection is at the expense of the agricultural interests, why do not the people who are rushing for new farms, in Oklahoma, make a more decided rush into the industries that are protected by the tariff?

THE variety of deadly instruments which have been imported as a feature of the settlement of Oklahoma, suggests that perhaps it is the intention to start a new agricultural industry by planting settlers on disputed claims.

THE learned demonstrations of the naval building experts in Washington, that not enough water could possibly have gotten through the hawse pipes of the wrecked Trenton to extinguish her fire, because the hawse pipes were furnished with patent rubber stoppers, is interesting in view of the manifest fact that the water did get in. Some time ago Mr. Dodd, of the Standard Oil Company, made a beautiful argument that monopolies could not be created in this country, because the laws were opposed to them. The Washington experts seem disposed to rival Mr. Dodd, scientifically proving that the things cannot be done, which have been done.

THE reported new departure of the Standard Oil Company into the refining of Lima oil, may reveal to the Pennsylvania producers a possibility of another and more prominent shut-down movement.

THE reported construction of a "bicycle locomotive" is announced as intended to "create a revolution in railroading." If the new invention has the capacity of its prototype for producing headers, it will create a great many more revolutions in railroading than the traveling public is anxious to see.

THE recently reported disappearance of Senator Quay warrants an anxious inquiry whether he was among those Beaver fishermen upon whom the game laws have recently laid ruthless hands.

MR. BROWN'S resolution for a ship canal survey from Lake Erie to the Ohio river, might be productive of a great work, if it was guaranteed that the Beaver member would not kick, if it should be found that the best route was by the Allegheny river and Lake Chautauqua.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

SUNSET COX is again on the lecture platform.

CARTER B. HARRISON of Murfreesboro, Tenn., the President's brother, wants an office. He asks to be made a United States Marshal for the Middle District of Tennessee. His chances are considered good.

THE venerable Judge Thurman takes great comfort in smoking. The cigars he prefers are large and strong, and he was seen to get away with two of them in less than two hours while on his recent visit to Washington.

CONGRESSMAN SPRINGER, of Illinois, although a Democrat, is a frequent visitor to the White House. He is on very intimate terms with the President. Mr. Springer expects to take a trip to Alaska this summer.

EX-GOVERNOR PORTER, the new American Minister to Italy, is a man of notably precise and accurate business habits. He does nothing hastily. It is related that when he was Governor if a commission for a notary public came to him with a misplaced comma in it a correction would have to be made before he would sign it.

FIFTY years or more ago P. T. Barnum was the editor of a paper in Danbury, Conn. He cut and slashed the corrupt officials so savagely that he was arrested and lodged in jail. The other day the old jail was torn down, and the public, in appreciation of the old editor, had a hadsome cane made from one of the rafters and presented to Barnum as a memento of the period.

WHILE Historian Bancroft, now quite feeble, was walking on the arm of a valet in Washington the other day, ex-Secretary Bayard espied him and stepped up to greet him. The two bookworms fairly hugged each other and exchanged terms of endearment that seemed to be culled from the vocabulary of sweethearts. But even in an outburst of his affection the old historian is a great stickler for the proprieties. He had both gloves on, and insisted upon taking the right one off before shaking hands.

MR. WANAMAKER loses no time during these frequent railway journeys between Philadelphia and Washington. He and his private secretary, Mr. Jones, always occupy a stateroom, shut off from the rest of the car. A satchel full of mail is brought along when they leave on Saturday afternoon, and during the three hours' run to Philadelphia replies are dictated. When they start back on Monday morning Mr. Wanamaker spends some time looking over the newspapers, which he does not see on Sunday, and then he plunges again into the endless task of answering his mail.

A Quaker-City Malady.

From the Chicago News.]

A frightful epidemic just now prevails in Philadelphia. The patient during a meal is suddenly seized with violent convulsions. He grows red in the face and claws the air frantically, at the same time uttering terrifying sounds. Instant relief is experienced, however, when the doctor arrives and removes from the sufferer's œsophagus the offending shad bone.

THE PITTSBURG STAGE.

"THE Main Line," a popular play, will be the next attraction at Harris'.

HARRY WILLIAMS has a good bill this week, and his house is well filled every evening.

THE Casino has much that is curious and interesting. Next week several novelties are promised.

THE Princeton College Glee Club gives a concert at the Pittsburg Club Theater this evening.

KELLAR, the renowned magician, will be at the Opera House next week. He is a thorough master of his art, and never fails to amuse and mystify. Associated with him are a number of other clever wonder-workers. The sale of seats for this engagement begins to-day.

NEXT week the Hanlons come to the Bijou. They are always welcome in Pittsburg, for the reason that they never disappoint their auditors. A revised production of "Le Voyage en Suisse" will be the bill. The company includes a number of well-known people, while the scenery is said to be new and perfectly wonderful in its way. The sale of seats opens to-day.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

A Market Basket Nuisance—In Memory of Major Omohundro—Odds and Ends.

A MARKET BASKET is tolerable only in a crowded railroad car when it is attached to a very pretty girl—when the basket is full of corpulent packages the fair owner must be a beauty of the first class to escape the obsecrations, none the less earnest because unspoken, of the passengers who trip over or are squeezed, cramped and punched by the blessed basket.

But when a positively ugly middle aged man drags into a railroad car filled to overflowing with tired citizens, a basket bursting with tin cans and other sharp-edged atrocities, deposits it in such a way as to occupy the best part of two whole seats, and then throws off the burden of moving that basket to allow the egress of passengers upon the unfortunates sitting opposite to him in the end seat of the car, he is such an unmitigated, impudent, greedy nuisance that the brakeman would confer a favor on mankind by throwing him and his basket off the train.

Casually I may remark that I met the nuisance and was his for the space of a half hour on a Fort Wayne train two days ago.

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SIDNEY OMOHUNDRO.

I. M.

No glare in the sky, no smoke, no din,
No clatter of hoofs, no roll of wheels,
No startling shout, "Fall in! Fall in!"
No thunder of cannon in deaf'ning peals,
But the springtime sun, and a zephyr suave
Kissing the rim of a peaceful grave.

But he was a soldier, aye, and fought
Not with the mules and the army trains,
But where the shell and the saber sought
The life of the trooper gripping the reins
And gritting his teeth till the order came
To charge through the storm of steel and flame.

And now to his rest in the friendly earth
He goes, in the calm of an April day,
When the soft spring air is cloyed with mirth
Of birds, who are singing the reveillee.
No glare in the sky, no battle shout,
But a comrade silently mustered out.

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IT is superb, the expression of supercilious superiority that lights the face of the Californian when you ask him casually to observe the lovely weather we are lucky enough to be having just now.

For instance, I chanced to remark without thought to Mr. Locke, the able and very agreeable gentleman who is preparing the public of Pittsburg for the great musical treat in store for us, to-wit, the May Festival—I repeat I said to him a day or two ago: "Beautiful weather, isn't it?"

To this tentative trifle of commonplace Mr. Locke replied with the look which I have attempted to describe, "You must not talk of beautiful weather to me, sir; I am from California!"

The words were few, but the look spoke whole volumes of weather statistics.

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MATILDA ANN sat upon the doorstep. She had been cleaning house and weeping. Her face bore marks of both. A neighbor came over and sat down beside Matilda Ann, whereupon the latter dried her eyes with her apron and gave a great gulp.

"What's the matter, Tildie?" said the kindly neighbor.

"Oh, here I've been a-cleanin' house all day" (suppressed sob), "an' Bob's off on a tear again—an' it's our weddin' annervers'ry!"

"Dear! Dear!"

"Yes, an' I don't believe Bob 'members anythin' about it, I don't."

And then Bob came around the corner, rather shaky, his hat on one side and dinged in at the top. On his left arm was about a yard of crepe tied in a bow. He had "'membered the anniversary!"

MRS. HARRISON'S GOOD SENSE

Has Put a Stop to Indiscriminate Handshaking and Baby Kissing.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Mrs. Harrison has shown her pluck and a due regard for her health most emphatically by announcing that the custom of handshaking at public receptions is, so far as she is concerned, vetoed. She believes that handshaking had as much to do with her recent illness as anything else. Mrs. Cleveland saved herself a great deal of the physical pain of continuous handshaking by reaching out and grasping the hands before their owners had a chance to squeeze her slender fingers. It was this shrewdness on her part that made each caller think that especial clasp was meant for him, together with the bright glance which for the moment he was fool enough to appropriate. Mrs. Harrison cannot grasp the hand in this masterful way, because her own hand is too small.

The good sense of the first lady in the land is evident in another particular. She will not allow any one to kiss the White House babies. Benjamin, Marthena and Mary are an unkissed trio, and they have their grandmother to bless for it. Benjamin has been trained. When a caller rushes to him with a gurgling "I'm doin' to put a kiss wight on oor itty mouf," Master Benjamin rushes to the nearest lap and buries his "itty mouf." When he thinks the danger is over he looks around at grandmamma, who, quite on the sly, smiles approval at her grandson's breach of manners.

A DECIDED FALLING OFF.

Messrs. Wanamaker and Clarkson Show Signs of Losing Their Grip.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—One hundred and forty-seven postmasters, all told, was the outcome of the labors of Messrs. Wanamaker and Clarkson for the last 24 hours. This is a considerable falling off from the two days preceding, but even this pace will give 1,000 removals for the week, if it be maintained. Following are the appointments for Pennsylvania:

John Eberle, Cottage; Thomas Stephens, Coopersburg; W. T. Voorhies, East Smithfield; Mrs. M. Parkinson, Larimer Station; E. D. Himes, McAllisterville; Adam Snyder, Manordale; David Scheetz, Mountainsville; William Watson, Mt. Chestnut; J. G. Cook, New Alexander; Joseph Robbins, Robbins Station; Mrs. Ella L. Foster, Rural; W. H. Brewster, Shirleysburg; H. R. Harrick, State Line; Joseph Kauffman, Tilden; C. M. Pithick, Tylersville. J. A. Perrill, at Newberg, was the only appointment for West Virginia.

She Deserves the Money.

From the Chicago Tribune.]

James Gilbert, of Smithville, Ark., puts in a claim for the $50 offered by the Little Rock *Gazette* for the largest family in Arkansas. He is the father of 17 children. The mother of the whole 17 is still alive, and if Mr. Gilbert wins the prize and doesn't turn every cent of it over to her he will be one of the meanest men that ever lived in Arkansas, which is saying a great deal.

Simply Awful.

From the Chicago News.]

Jay Gould has lately declared that New York is good enough for him. A more startling confession of moral depravity probably was never made.

Wait a Little Longer.

From the Indianapolis Journal.]

If you must go to Oklahoma wait. There will be plenty of land for sale there cheap a year hence, and still more five years hence.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Brigadier General S. K. Dawson.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

NEW YORK, April 17.—Brigadier General Samuel Kennedy Dawson died at his house in Orange, N.J., this morning. He was born in Pennsylvania about 60 years ago, and was graduated from West Point in 1839. During the Mexican War he was promoted for bravery on the battlefield. He fought the Seminoles in Florida from 1851 to 1856, and in 1859 helped chase Cortina's Mexican marauders back home. During the Rebellion he was brevetted Brigadier General for his bravery at Fort Pickens and Chickamauga. He retired from the army in 1870.

Dr. J. Leland Miller.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS., April 17.—Dr. J. Leland Miller, the wealthiest resident of Sheffield, died at his home in that place, last night, aged 77. He served in the Mexican War as surgeon. He recently gave $40,000 to Williams College, and he contributed liberally toward building the Orville Dewey Memorial Hall here, and to the churches. He leaves a wife.

George Peats.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

DRAVOSBURG, April 17.—George Peats, aged 80 years, formerly employed as Government Storekeeper of Allegheny County, and an old and respected citizen of this place, died to-day. He will be buried by the Knights of Pythias on Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. Febiger.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Mrs. Febiger, wife of Rear Admiral John C. Febiger, who was thrown from her carriage and badly injured Sunday evening, died at an early hour this morning.

LOVES OF GREAT MEN.

Interesting Passages From the Lives of Some Writers and Composers—Walter Scott's First Love—Schubert's Dream of Passion—Daudet's Wife.

One Sunday young Walter Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty who was coming out of church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted and Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John Belches. His attentions to the lady continued for about six years, when she married a banker, who proved to be one of Scott's most generous friends when his time of troubles came. The story of this, his first and only deep passion, is recorded in the diary that Scott kept in 1827, from which it would seem that there may have been some misunderstanding between the young people.

Probably it was pride which led him to engage himself, within a year, to Mademoiselle Charpentier, or Miss Carpenter, as she was usually called, the daughter of a French Royalist who had died early in the revolution. She made, on the whole, a very good wife, only one to be protected by Scott from every care, and not one to share his deeper anxieties, or to participate in his dreams.

Yet Mrs. Scott was not devoid of spirit and self-control. For instance, when Jeffrey, having reviewed "Marmion" in the Edinburgh *Review*, in that deprecating and omniscient tone which was then considered the evidence of critical acumen, dined with Scott on the very day on which the review had appeared, Lady, then Mrs. Scott, behaved to him through the whole evening with the greatest politeness, but fired this parting shot in her broken English as he took his leave: "Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abuse Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it."

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The French writer, Alphonse Daudet, had determined to remain a bachelor, because he was afraid that if he made a wrong step in marriage he might dull his imagination; but, on being introduced to Mademoiselle Julie Allard, who loved literature and was a charming writer and critic herself, his fear was removed. The union proved a very happy one, and the picture of the two at work is an attractive bit of biography. "She has been," says his brother, "the light of his hearth, the regulator of his work and the discreet counselor of his inspiration. There is not a page that she has not revised, retouched and enlivened; and her husband has borne witness to her devotion and indefatigable collaboration in the dedication of 'Nabob,' but she would not allow this dedication to appear." Once, it is related, he had a sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife, concerning which he remarked: "This seems, my dear, like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into one."

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The Countess Caroline, an enthusiastic girl of great beauty, became the object of Schubert's romantic passion. His exterior was anything but that of an ideal lover. Rude, unshapely features, thick nose, coarse, protruding mouth and a shambling awkward figure were redeemed only by eyes of uncommon splendor and depth. The inexperienced maiden, belonging to a haughty family, hardly understood the devotion of the humbly born genius. Only once he was on the verge of a full revelation. She asked him why he had dedicated nothing to her. With abrupt, passionate intensity of tone Schubert answered: "What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you." This brink of confession seems to have frightened him from any further intercourse with the family, yet he never forgot his beautiful dream or loved another woman.

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Beethoven used to speak in passionate utterances of a certain countess, Giulietta Guicciardi, calling her his "immortal beloved," "his angel," "his all," "his life." It was to her that he dedicated his song "Adelaida," which, as an expression of lofty passion, is world famous. The charming countess, however, preferred rank, wealth and unruffled ease to being linked even with a great genius—if, indeed, the affair ever looked in the direction of marriage. She married another, and Beethoven does not seem to have been seriously disturbed. It may be that, like Goethe, he valued the love of woman not for itself or its direct results, but as an art stimulus which should enrich and fructify his own intellectual life.

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Haydn married a hairdresser's daughter, who had a dismal, mischievous, sullen nature, a venomous tongue and a savage temper. So intolerable did she at last become that he had to separate from her.

Almost equally unfortunate was Weber. He was wont to say: "To be a true artist you must be a true man." But the beautiful singer, Gretchen, with whom he fell in love at Stuttgart, however she may have consoled his somewhat arid life, was not a beneficial influence, for she led him into many sad extravagances and an unwholesome taste for playing the cavalier.

M. D. EDSELLE'S ROCKET.

The Latest Flying Machine a Dead Sell—Invented by Billy Florence.

From the Chicago News.]

Our valued friend, Mr. William J. Florence, the comedian, is a gentleman whose humor is of a peculiar kind. He loves a practical joke, and he enjoys it most when its authorship remains a dark, impenetrable mystery. It is always a pleasure to betray a friend who takes such delight in selling his fellow mortals. We take immense satisfaction, therefore, in exposing the practical joke which Mr. Florence has played with more or less success upon several communities within the last five years.

Mr. Florence's scheme has been to advertise the "ascension of a human rocket," and to attract together at a given time at a stated place an enormous crowd of people anxious to see the sight of a man who, tied to an enormous rocket, blazes away from earth to a preposterous height and subsequently descends safely by means of a parachute. Our ingenious friend told us all about this hoax when he was last in Chicago, and he gave a graphic description of the crowds that waited patiently for the "human rocket" that never came. This was Mr. Florence's idea of an ideal joke. While he was in the Northwest last winter the Minneapolis *Tribune* (January 13) printed a long and harrowing description of the human rocket, and gave several woodcuts of the alleged machine in operation. The description and illustrations purported to have come directly from the inventor of the rocket, Prof. D. Edselle, at that time said to be a sojourner in Minneapolis.

Mr. Florence has now reached Northern New York, and, of course, his hoax is with him. Yesterday morning the daily papers all over the country printed telegrams from Buffalo, giving information about the remarkable invention of a Prof. D. Edselle, which was to be exhibited at the International Exposition.

Well, of course thousands of credulous people will believe this yarn and will pour into Buffalo for the purpose of seeing D. Edselle and his preposterous machine. And Mr. William J. Florence will meanwhile laugh, laugh and grow fat. It seems strange that so few folk should have recognized the "dead sell" in that peculiar name, D. Edselle.

A LEGAL STATE HOLIDAY.

Governor Beaver's Washington's Inauguration Centennial Proclamation.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

HARRISBURG, April 17.—The announcement was made a short time ago by Governor Beaver that the President having declared the 30th of April a legal holiday, no proclamation from him was necessary. This statement of the Governor did not appear to meet with general favor, and to-day he issued the following proclamation:

"WHEREAS, the President of the United States, by his proclamation bearing date the 4th day of April, A. D. 1889, did recommend to the people of the United States that on the 30th day of April, at the hour of 9 o'clock in the morning, they repair to their places of divine worship, to implore the favor of God that the blessings of liberty, prosperity and peace may abide with us as a people, and that His hand may lead us in the paths of righteousness and good deeds; and

"Whereas, Doubts have arisen as to whether or not this appointment and recommendation is sufficient to constitute the said 30th day of April a general holiday in the ordinary legal acceptation of that term; and

"Whereas, It is important for the business interests of the Commonwealth that there should be certainty thereto, now, therefore,

"Be it known, that in pursuance of the provisions of the act of the 2d of April, A. D. 1873, and in recognition of the recommendation of the President of the United States, I do hereby designate the said 30th day of April, A. D. 1889, as a day of general thanksgiving for the blessings of constitutional government which have for a century been uninterruptedly enjoyed by our people, to the end that there may be a general cessation of business upon that day, and that the same may be regarded as a legal holiday."

We Can Do Without It.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

To the proposition to "call Congress together in October," a multitude of tired people will say don't.

METROPOLITAN MELANGE.

Lost His Life While Saving a Child.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, April 17.—A hero clad in brown, greasy overalls, a checked jumper and a dirty cap, was killed in the yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Jersey City, this morning, while saving the life of a little child. He was Patrick McAtamney, a switchman. A 10-year-old boy, who was picking up coals on the track before McAtamney's switch house, did not notice a swiftly approaching locomotive. McAtamney shouted a warning. The child did not hear him. McAtamney jumped to the track, right before the locomotive, pushed the boy from it, and in almost the same instant was struck down and crushed to death. McAtamney was 45 years old, and he had been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railway 20 years.

A Timely Display of Relics.

A big exhibition of centennial relics will be opened at the Metropolitan Opera House to-morrow evening. Some of the gems of the collection are Governeur Morris' wooden leg, Washington's camp service and dress sword, autograph letters of Washington, John Andre, Benedict Arnold, Burgoyne, Paul Jones, and John Hancock; copies of nearly all the American periodicals of revolutionary days, and the most famous portraits of Washington. The exhibition fills five large rooms.

Boston Wants Improved Street Cars.

Seventeen Boston alderman came to the city this morning to inspect the system of electric storage batteries in use on the Fourth Avenue surface cars here. If they consider the system a success they will allow Boston street car companies to adopt it.

Cal. Brice Back Home Again.

Colonel Calvin S. Brice has returned from a six week's trip to Cuba, Nassau, and south America. He left the yacht Meteor, upon which he made the voyage, at Brunswick, Ga., and came home by rail.

The Dinner to Mr. Cleveland.

The committee in charge of the dinner which is to be given to ex-President Cleveland by the Young Men's Democratic Club finds that more than 500 persons wish to take part in the demonstration. The banquet will probably be given in the Metropolitan Opera House, so that ample accommodation my be provided.

Blew in His Money and Out His Brains.

William Gould, 60 years old, blew out his brains with a revolver at an uptown hotel, this morning. Mr. Gould was once a prosperous tobacco dealer. He lost his money in speculation, and was forced to sell out his business. Some months ago he got together a few hundred dollars, and went to Pennsylvania to speculate in oil. He was unsuccessful. He came back to the city last night, almost penniless and despondent.

RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

Some of the Noteworthy Features of the Centennial Exhibition.

NEW YORK, April 17.—The loan collection of portraits, relics and silverware of Washington and his time, which will be one of the pleasantest features of the centennial celebration, will be open for exhibition in the assembly rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House to-night. A press view of the articles, all of which are connected with the earliest days of American independence, was given this afternoon and although all the pictures are not yet in place, enough are hung to give an idea of what the exhibit will look like. The portraits, of which there are over 50 of Washington, are hung in three rooms and the exhibition of newspapers by the Fellowcraft Club, the silverware and relics, occupy two more.

The relics of Washington are numerous and comprise everything from his sword and clothing to the trappings of his horse. Among the finest of the portraits of Washington in existence are two by John Trumbull. They are owned by Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore, and the city of New York, and both are in the collection.

AIDING THE NEWSPAPERS.

Trainmen Allowed Hereafter to Carry Special Correspondence on Any Train.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—The Postoffice Department officials have rescinded an order issued during the last administration, having for its object the discouragement of the practice by trainmen of carrying special newspaper correspondence and other matter on other than mail trains. It is said at the department that there are a very large number of small towns throughout the country which have meager telegraph facilities. In many of these villages the post and telegraph offices close early, and to prohibit trainmen from carrying to the neighboring town or city small packages containing, possibly, information of the highest general importance, is regarded as unwise and unjust.

The newspapers of the country, it is maintained, should receive every possible facility for obtaining and disseminating the news of the day, and to this end trainmen will be encouraged to lend their aid.

LAMAR'S LONG HAIR.

Secretary Noble Explains Why His Predecessor Didn't Go to the Barber's.

From the Washington Post.]

Mr. Peixotto, the young New York artist, called upon Secretary Noble at his rooms in the Arno one evening last week. The two gentlemen had met before and sat down to talk together.

"I was up at your office at 10 o'clock this morning," said Mr. Peixotto, "but did not go in, as there was such a crowd of people who had business with you, while I had none."

"Yes, I do have something of a crowd there these days, but I want you to come some time and see the pictures of my predecessors. I can't say much of them as works of art, but they make a very good freize for my office."

Mr. Peixotto remarked that he had a commission to paint Justice Lamar's portrait.

"By the way," said the Secretary, "did you ever hear how Justice Lamar came to wear his hair so long?"

Mr. Peixotto admitted that he had never learned the reason.

"Well," said the Secretary, "Justice Lamar once happened to be Secretary of the Interior, and didn't have time to get his hair cut. You see that mine is down to my shirt collar already. It will soon be on my shoulders."

In a State of Uncertainty.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

Under the law of New Hampshire a man who takes out a marriage certificate has three days in which to substitute the name of another girl, if he should change his mind. That's the sort of State to live in.

FREE ADS FOR WANAMAKER.

OMAHA *Herald*: It is hinted that Wanamaker may leave the Cabinet before many months? Eh bien! as Mike Lee would say.

CHICAGO *Times*: Every Washington dispatch touching Illinois affairs begins with this statement: "Congressman —— went to the Postoffice Department to-day."

BOSTON *Herald*: The Old Roman's caustic allusion to Postmaster General Wanamaker's haberdashery business may have been inspired by the discovery that he doesn't keep a stock of bandannas.

NEW YORK *World*: Another banquet to Postmaster General Wanamaker is to be given in Philadelphia. Wanamaker is not a jester, but it behooves him to become a digester if this sort of thing continues.

NEW YORK *World*: Postmaster General Wanamaker's advertisement in a Quaker City newspaper has the following announcement: "Spring overcoat trade at full tide. The new coats stamped all over with good style." The Postmaster General shows his cleverness in stamping his new coats with that which catches the public. It is evident that Wanamaker knows all about stamps.

ST. LOUIS *Republic*: One-cent postage is a plank that sticks to the Republican Chicago platform. Mr. Wanamaker is a business man, planted firmly on that platform. He has nothing to do but attend to the business of the department. His able First Assistant will attend to the postoffices. Everybody who writes letters is waiting to hear from Mr. Wanamaker. We hear from Clarkson every day.

AKRON *Beacon*: It would probably strike the foreign visitor, who got his knowledge of matters and things in the United States from what he read in the newspapers, that a religious man in the public service is about as great a rarity in this country as the kind of man Diogenes was searching for as he poked about Athens, and that the American people couldn't get over talking about one of this rare species when they found him.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—Judge Park, of Norwich, Conn., granted 12 divorces in one day recently.

—Over 2,500 trout were taken in Big Spring creek, near Newville, Pa., on Monday.

—Josiah Anderson, the giant of Marion county, Kansas, was killed by lightning. He was 6 feet and 7 inches high.

—Mr. Gardner Carr, a Wyoming county widower of 70, in visiting Dalton, Luzerne county, for the first time met Mrs. Gay Adams, a widow, and in three days they were married.

—A wide-awake Steelton grocer offered 13 pounds of white sugar for $1. A rival, hearing that sugar had gone up, bought 140 pounds of the wide-awake sugar by proxy. A coolness has resulted.

—Mr. Boher and Miss Casenius had a license and were nearing a preacher's house in Bedford, Pa., a few nights since, when the lady's heart failed her, she dropped his arm, and took flight for her home.

—Isaac Keim, of Reading, has the fur of the largest fox ever killed on the Blue Mountains. The length, with tail, is over four feet. The fur shows that the animal was a cross between the red and gray foxes.

—A rosy-looking Chester county man stayed some time in a Pottstown hotel, leaving his horse unhitched. When he came out, brushing his mustache, the well-informed animal awaited him some distance up the street, before another hotel.

—The constable of Everett, Pa., was ordered out of a house in that town but refused to go. The mistress attacked him with a broom and broke it up over him. Then she took up the mush paddle and used it with such good effect that the officer obeyed orders and departed.

—A young man giving the name of Henry Banks, visited Mount Holly, N. J., several months ago and made preparations for his death. Two weeks ago his grave was dug at his direction, and Monday he died from consumption, without disclosing any information about himself.

—Lightning acted strangely in a Middletown (Pa.) barn. One large steer next to the wall was found dead, two next without a hair singed, while the fourth was killed outright. Then it crossed the entry and performed the same feat, the one next the wall and the third one being killed.

—Of all the war vessels of the United States the largest and most powerful will be the Maine. She will be 310 feet long, with a breadth of 57 feet, a displacement of 6,648 tons and a horse power of 9,000. She will have two batteries, and her armor will be 11 inches thick. She will be a very ugly customer for any hostile vessel to attack.

—Peter Berger, of New York, was presented with an old iron safe which was considered useless. He tried to sell it to a junk dealer, but the latter found it too heavy to carry away. So Peter gave it to his son. The boy, very naturally, tried to find what was inside the safe. He broke it open and found a lot of old silver worth $500.

—A Dubuque newsboy got even with a deadbeat in great shape. The man owed the boy for papers and would not pay him. The boy wrote to his (the boy's) brother, who is attending school in Indiana, telling about the action of the customer, and one day last week the man received a box by express marked "C. O. D." The express charges amounted to several dollars, and upon opening the box it was found to be full of bricks.

—George Baisden, of Starke, Fla., while holding a chicken roundup the other day saw a little chick that had only one wing. This was on the back, like the dorsal fin of a fish. The legs were placed where the wings should have been. But as this arrangement made him topheavy behind, another pair of legs and feet were tacked on to the end of the body. The little fellow hopped like a toad, sat down on his haunches and scratched with his forefeet. Sometimes he would fan himself with the wing.

—In the flower yard of Mrs. E. Swann, of Lexington, Ga., is growing a pretty euonymus bush in the shape of a large arm chair. Its shape was only discovered a short while ago, and when trimmed and trained will be an almost perfect figure. Growing in the same yard is a flower of an unknown name that captures humming birds. This flower is quill-shaped, and when the birds insert their bills they become sometimes so securely fastened that the birds are unable to withdraw them. Several have been captured in this way.

—An interesting case, growing out of the will of the late J. C. Stilson, has just been filed in the Circuit Court at Galesburg, Ill. The suit is brought by Anna Stilson, a daughter by Mr. Stilson's first wife. Mr. Stilson left a large estate, and in his will made provision for his wife and three children. He states that Anna shall receive but $100 in case she marries Samuel Unger, a young man with whom she has been keeping company for some time and to whom she is engaged to be married. The case promises to be a long contested one.

—The following snake story is told by a South Haven, Mich., paper: "The first of this week Mort Hopkins was out with his rifle looking for squirrels and other game, when right in front of him he saw some snakes. Now listen, and get this right, so you will not stretch our story in trying to tell it. He shot one of them some six or eight inches from the head, paralyzing all below that point. The others ran less than a yard from the wounded one, formed a semi-circle with their heads to the front, and lay there until Mort loaded and fired ten times, killing a snake each time, making 11 snakes that we can have any time we go after them."

—George Gray, an employe of Farmer Bull, near Pine Mill, Pa., was hauling stones in the field, and while overturning a pile of them was attacked by a weasel and bitten on the arm. The taste of blood seemed to increase the fury of the weasel, and Gray had all he could do to keep it from springing on his throat. He at last succeeded in stunning the weasel by a kick, and was about to hurry to the house to have his wounds dressed when six other weasels, one after the other, trooped from the stone pile and made a combined attack on Gray. They swarmed upon him, biting and tearing his flesh on the legs, arms and body. Fearful for his life, Gray turned and fled, followed by the weasels, which chased him clear to the house, over half a mile, inflicting still further wounds with their sharp teeth. Gray's shouts for help brought three men to his assistance. The weasels were finally routed, but not until the men were covered with blood from head to foot. Gray has been confined to his bed ever since.

FUNNY MEN'S FANCIES.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Samoan Commissioner Bates sailed with his fellow-commissioners for Europe on Saturday. His contribution to the *Century* will probably be succeeded by a contribution to the Atlantic.—*Boston Herald.*

The Secret Out.—"It always did puzzle me to see how these astronomers can foretell eclipses so long before they happen."

"Sure, that's aisy enough. All they have to do is to borry somebody's almanac."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Time Brings Wisdom.—Jack Borrowit (furiously)—To think of it! There's Twitchell, my friend of five years, refused me a paltry $10 loan this morning.

Lambrequin—Maybe that's because he's known you five years.—*Life.*

No Shamming There.—Bagley—I understand your wife is sick.

Bailey—Yes, she hasn't spoken a word for three days.

Bagley—By gracious! She must be a pretty sick woman.—*The Epoch.*

It Was Time to Pay His Bills.—Goldsmith—Mr. Smart, why are you like a large caliber cannon when you leave my store?

Smart—I don't know. I give it up.

Goldsmith—Because you always go off with a heavy charge.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

A Case in Point.—Uncle Tom—Got anything to do to-morrow, Jack?

Jack—Yes; I've got to go downtown to try a case.

Uncle Tom—Then you've got a client at last?

Jack—Oh, this case isn't in court; it's at a wine merchant's.—*Life.*

"Your part of the country is developing rapidly, is it not?" was asked of a Missouri man.

"Oh, yes, mighty fast. Why, sir, only a few years ago we still used the old-fashioned pepper box, but we now have double-action revolvers that would reflect credit on any community."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Just before his death, a man in New Haven ordered a sum of money to be laid out in beer for the mourners at his funeral, thus departing from life and the usual order of things at the same time. Generally, the bier is laid out for the corpse, but, in this case, the corpse laid out for the beer.—*Baltimore American.*

UP TO THE SCRATCH.

Three Warren dames at break of day
Awoke and went to the garden, gay,
And made them beds in a feminine way
And put in the seeds to match.
Three hungry hens, who stood close by,
Watched the business with twinkling eye;
When the dames got through three hens fly
Boldly walked up to the scratch.

—*Warren (Pa.) Mirror.*