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PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, APR. 20, 1889.

TWELVE PAGES

YELLOW JACK AGAIN.

The winter in Florida and the South pretty generally has been unusually wet, and the comparatively few Northerners who ventured there report that the return of yellow fever in the spring seemed to be widely dreaded. Yesterday it was reported from Richmond, Va., that news had reached there to the effect that at least two deaths from yellow fever had occurred at Jacksonville, Fla., during the last two weeks, and that Fernandina had also been visited by the fearful plague. Naturally the people of Florida are extremely averse to the report of the return of yellow fever becoming public, and it is said that physicians are joining with the business men to suppress all news relating to this matter.

But if yellow jack is about to reappear, or has indeed already made his appearance again, efforts to keep the fact quiet can hardly avail for any length of time. Ill news flies apace, and there are besides many in the South whose duty it is to watch for the return of the pest. Dr. Posey is now traveling through Florida examining the sanitary condition of the country for the Federal Government, and if yellow fever exists anywhere he will certainly report the fact. And it is well he should. No good purpose can be served by trying to conceal the arrival of a ferocious enemy. The unfortunate inhabitants of Florida themselves cannot hope to battle with the fever successfully unaided by their fellow countrymen. This was proven in last year's campaign.

We observe that Dr. Hamilton, Supervising Surgeon General of the Hospital Marine Service, fears that the provision of the State law making it a misdemeanor, the punishment for which is a heavy fine or imprisonment, to report a case of yellow fever falsely or maliciously, will make the discovery of an outbreak of the fever difficult. It will make doctors careful in diagnosis, but it ought not to prevent any decent man from reporting to the State health officers according to law.

IRELAND'S GOOD FORTUNE.

As *Harper's Weekly* remarks, the cause of Ireland never looked so bright as it does today. Partly owing to the indiscretions of a few hot-headed leaders, but much more largely because of the persistent misrepresentations and deliberate lying of so-called respectable newspapers, the real aspirations of the Irish nation have been hidden from the sight of the English people until now. The efforts of Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell to bring the English voters to a sober consideration of Ireland's claims have at last been crowned with success.

The innate sense of fair play, the existence of which some had begun to doubt, has been allowed to emerge in the English character. It was asserted vigorously at the recent Rochester election, where the Tory phalanx of Kent was broken for the first time in many years. There is every reason to believe that until Salisbury is forced to appeal to the country in a general election, these forcible and adverse comments upon his policy will continue to be evoked at the bye elections.

It is really wonderful that the Tory Ministry has not succumbed before this. Salisbury's idea seems now to be to hang on to the reins of government and trust to luck to bring him some relief. This would not be so bad a policy if the Irish party had not so patient and astute a leader as Mr. Parnell. It would be easy now for a careless leader of the Home Rulers to provoke the race jealousy in the English heart which has so long stood in the way of Ireland's happiness and freedom. But Mr. Parnell standing side by side with Gladstone, with the banner of a grand cause above them, cannot afford to wait the opportunity which must come at latest in three years' time.

CANALS AND RAILWAYS.

The abandonment of the old Morris Canal, formerly one of the main routes of transportation for anthracite coal from the mines to the seaboard, is generally made the subject of editorial sermons, showing that the canal system has lost its usefulness. The circumstances attending the surrender, however, when closely examined, are far from warranting that conclusion.

The Morris Canal has for years been owned by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. The canal was a rival of the railroad in the transportation of anthracite coal, and it is a vital factor that if the canal continued to transport that freight as cheaply as it once did, the railroad business would be unprofitable. It is one of the most prominent examples of the bad faith which sometimes governs these enterprises that this canal, like many others, was permitted to fail into the very control that was interested in its extinction; and that thus the destruction of all the Pennsylvania canals has been secured.

That canals can still transport certain classes of freight more cheaply than railways do, is proved by the Erie Canal in New York, which has been kept independent by public opinion, and on which the tolls for grain are about half those of the railways. It is alleged that the transportation of coal is different, one statement being that "the mere digging of the coal out of the boats costs as much as the whole railway charges." With the river transportation of coal in this section at a fraction of the railway charges, this allegation can be estimated at its proper value.

If we are not mistaken, the betrayal of public interests by the extinction of the canals, as routes for the transportation of slow and heavy freights, is proved by one fact, namely, that when anthracite coal was mainly transported by canals, the charges for carrying it were less than they are today.

THE NEWS FROM LIMA.

It would seem from the latest discoveries of THE DISPATCH'S correspondent in the Lima field that there can be no longer any doubt as to the feasibility of refining the Lima oil. There may be yet some delay before the Standard Oil Company consents to admit that it has such a remarkably good thing in the Lima field, but as to the oil itself, unless appearances are altogether deceptive, its enhanced value is established. The proceedings of the Standard Oil Company yesterday in Lima can only tend to confirm this conclusion. Late last night the conference between the Standard people and the Trenton Rock Oil Company as to the sale of the latter to the Standard was still in session, with a favorable conclusion for the greater company in sight.

The Trenton Rock Oil Company owns 10,000 acres of oil territory, of which 7,000 acres have been developed. THE DISPATCH has no interest whatever in the matter beyond furnishing the news of this extremely important increase of the refinable oil field, but it is idle to imagine that the Standard is making purchase after purchase of land on a grand scale in the Lima region without some very solid advantage in prospect. The news that THE DISPATCH has given, probably anticipated by some days or weeks the formal announcement of the Standard's acquisitions of territory in the Lima field, and its possession of a process to refine the oil. This may not be agreeable to the Standard, but the public as usual will not be displeased to have been put in possession of the facts at the earliest possible date.

INHARMONIOUS GREATNESS.

It is with profound grief that we observe a tendency among the lights of the baseball world, to indulge in personal altercations only second to the bitterness which seems to prevail among the great leaders of fashion. A discussion has arisen between Anson, of the Chicago nine, and Kelly, the ten thousand-dollar beauty of Boston. The interchange of compliments between these great men consists, first, of the allegation of Kelly that Anson could not "catch a little bit, not even a railroad train." To this fearful stab Anson replies that when he saw Kelly last it appeared that he "could not catch a horse car." This arraignment of the baseball abilities of the great professionals and the darlings of the bleaching board, indicates the most strained relations. The enmity between Anson and Kelly appears likely to become as terrible and world-famed as the warfare between Fish and McAllister.

With the great men of baseball belittling each other and the great men of fashion attacking each other's gentility, what hope is there for harmony among the lights of the country? It seems desirable that the distinguished men of the land, the glasses of fashion and the molds of baseball form, should set the example of mutual courtesy and appreciation.

But, from these animadversions, it really looks as if the only example of peacefulness and mutual consideration among the noted characters of the land must be sought among the prize fighters.

LYNCHING AND THE COLOR LINE.

Governor Richardson, of South Carolina, has recently taken an action which, though rather unique in itself, goes far toward absolving his administration of the charge of unfairly treating the negro. Two negroes having been convicted of lynching a white man, were sentenced to be hanged. They were the first colored men convicted of lynching, and the Governor granted them a full pardon, declaring that he would not allow them to be hanged so long as white men are never punished for the same crime. This certainly is justice to the negro, and no less creditable from the fact that it is a radical departure from the old Southern idea that the same law cannot apply equally to white men and negroes. If one class cannot be punished for lynching, perhaps it is just that the other class shall not be. But would it not be more likely to contribute to public safety and respect for law in South Carolina, if the authorities and people would assert the determination that all lynchers, whether white or colored, shall be hanged for murder, without regard to color, race or previous condition.

THE CATS MUST GO.

THERE is, unless we are much mistaken, a much greater supply of cats than there is a demand for them in this region. Probably every individual residing within the city limits of Pittsburg or Allegheny would aver off-hand that the surplus of cats in his vicinity is one of the factors in the question, Is life worth living, as it presents itself to him? And yet when we are revelling or reviling, as the case may be, in the midst of a superabundance of cats, there are many places in Dakota where the song of the nocturnal vocalist is sighed for, but never heard.

This unequal distribution of the feline race has attracted the attention of a commercial genius in Dubuque. He is now engaged in buying cats, for which he pays from 50 cents to $1 each, according to age and size. He ships them to Dakota, where he sells them for $3 each. They are in great demand there, where they are wanted to destroy the mice which swarm by thousands around the corn and wheat bins, doing great damage. Thus far two carloads of cats have been shipped from Dubuque, and another load is being secured.

It is true that Pittsburg is not as near Dakota as in this case it would be convenient for her to be, but she possesses such a remarkable stock of cheap and yet comely cats, well equipped for doing business with mice or other vermin, that it seems a pity that she should not enter into competition with Iowa points at once. The railroads, perhaps, considering all the circumstances, would refrain from discrimination against Pittsburg, and make a specially low rate for the transportation of cats in carloads.

There may be protests against this enterprise from old maids, the makers of bootjacks and other interested persons, but we feel sure that the majority will regard the exportation of cats to Dakota as a timely, profitable and philanthropic measure. The cats must go.

EDITOR LUSK, of the Parsons, Kan., *Sun*, thinks that the lawyers and not the boomers, nor even the Coroner, will reap the harvest in Oklahoma. Briefs will be more plentiful than bullets, and suits more prolific than murders, Mr. Lusk thinks. Thus civilization goes hand-in-hand with the frontiersmen nowadays.

IN the latest big commercial failure in New York City, one for a million dollars by the way, the only asset discoverable seems to be a solitary British Secretary. The creditors will have a hard time getting satisfaction out of him.

BEAVER has succeeded in catching one out of the many burglars who have been grazing in her preserves of late. The culprit caught was one of five who were engaged in gutting a Beaver shoe store systematically, when some inconsiderate citizen gave the alarm and interrupted them.

SOME people are of the opinion that President Harrison is not turning the wheel of fortune with enough bias toward Pittsburg. But Mr. Malone, the new Superintendent of Public Buildings here, is not saying a word.

WHATEVER the exact truth about the negotiations between street railway lines in Allegheny City may be, it seems tolerably certain that the old funeral processions with decrepit mules will have to give way to genuine rapid transit over the river in the near future.

PRESIDENT CAMPBELL, of the Window Glass Workers' Association, is not the sort of man to resign without making his reasons for resigning very plain and possibly unpleasant for his opponents.

THE Legislature decided yesterday that after all it was just as well for the State to pay for the transportation of the militia to New York City during the centennial. It would have been more dignified to have made this decision when first the question was mooted.

Two sunstrokes and general complaints about the heat are strange things to chronicle in April. If we are having August now it is to be hoped we shall not have April at midsummer.

IF a man must use a revolver let him have some idea of how to aim the weapon. A South Pittsburg youth tried to quell a disturbance between two cats by discharging his revolver, and the bullet went into his sister's brain.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

SECRETARY TRACY has returned to Washington from Brooklyn.

MUNEMITSU MUTSU, Japanese Minister to the United States, speaks six languages fluently.

THE late George W. Utermehle was the owner of more real estate in the District of Columbia than any other man. He paid taxes on more than 500 houses.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY BACHELLOR has accepted an invitation to attend the dinner to be given by Mr. Elliott F. Shephard in honor of Whitelaw Reid in New York this evening.

JOHN D. JENNINGS, the Chicago real estate millionaire, who died a few days ago, was called the father of the 99-year lease system. His estate amounts to more than $5,000,000.

SECRETARY WINDOM'S daily lunch is a very frugal meal, consisting only of a bowl of bread and milk, but as a consequence he has a good digestion and a correspondingly equable temper.

MRS. THOMAS A. SCOTT, of Philadelphia, has a necklace of diamonds and pearls that is valued at $150,000. Her collection of emeralds is one of the finest in the country, and the total value of her gems is at least $500,000.

EDWARD BULWER DICKENS, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, represents a Protection district in the Parliament of New South Wales. Twenty-eight years ago his illustrious father said: "Nothing under heaven could induce me to offer myself as a Parliamentary candidate for any place under the sun."

VICE ADMIRAL S. C. ROWAN, of the navy, who recently took his place on the retired list, is 85 years of age, but in fine physical condition. He was born in Ireland, but is accredited to Ohio on the Naval Register. He is a man of splendid physique, much more than 6 feet in height, and broad and strong in proportion. His hair is white, his cheeks red, his eyes bright, and as he strides along with the springy step of a middle-aged man, men turn and look at him in wonder.

BY the Hamilton turnpike, in Hamilton county, Ohio, and on the way from College Hill, stands a large sycamore tree that was planted there in 1832 by Alice and Phœbe Cary. They were then 8 and 12 years old, and coming home from school one day they saw a small tree a farmer had grubbed and thrown away in the road. This they planted and cared for as children will, and now the tree flourishes, and every one who passes by stops under it for a moment's shade, and whenever the Cary sisters went to that part of the country they paid a visit to their tree.

HARD TO MAKE A CHOICE.

A Number of Proposed Sites for Public Buildings Under Consideration.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—There are several perplexing questions before the Treasury Department in regard to the selection of sites for public buildings. Among these most difficult of solution relate to the sites at Milwaukee and Omaha.

Secretary Windom has decided to dispose of them all as soon as possible, and to that end he has requested Assistant Secretaries Batchelor and Tichener and Supervising Architect Windrim to investigate each case thoroughly and to report their conclusions to him for action.

History in Statistical Form.

A valuable work, containing information that will be of lasting interest to the whole American people, has just been published at Albany. It is entitled "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," compiled by Lieutenant Colonel William F. Fox. The book, which is a handsome royal quarto of 600 pages, is the result of years of patient labor. It shows the record of each of 300 fighting regiments, chronological list of battles, the loss of men from each State, total number of enlistments and drafted men, naval losses and a great variety of other statistics of the greatest value.

A Fancy Dress Affair.

A pretty fancy dress party and children's entertainment will be given Thursday evening, April 25, in Forbes street Turner Hall by the Saturday afternoon dancing class of Thomas Academy. The entertainment will consist of a reception and evening's amusement of King and Queen Pschorus' court, and a large number of young people will take part.

Ohio Swallowed Up.

From the Philadelphia Times.]

The Standard Oil Company has long owned one of Ohio's United States Senators, and now it has absorbed the rest of the State. The Ohioans who aspire to greatness after this must emigrate.

Joseph Medill's Family Remembered.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—Robert S. McCormick, of Chicago, son-in-law of Joseph Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, has been appointed Second Secretary of Legation at London, in place of Charles Phelps, resigned.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

The Fate of a Butterfly—The Great May Festival Chorus—A Howl and a Fishy Excuse.

A LEADING photographer showed me yesterday a portrait of the Englishman, Sydney Walters, who committed suicide in Chicago on Wednesday last. The face looked very familiar, for Walters was fond of exhibiting himself in prominent public places. He was a rather handsome man, with a blonde mustache, and what hair he had was of the same color. He affected an air of terrific swellishness; wore clothing just on the border of loudness by day and donned a clawhammer and a corrugated dress shirt at the smallest provocation in the evening. He was also fond of button-hole bouquets; and those who knew him when he was here say that his appetite for champagne was amazing.

The character of the man is clear enough in the photograph of him that was shown to me yesterday. The picture presents the man in flamboyant, full dress; the immense expanse of shirt bosom dotted over with small knobs, and the low cut vest of some light material. The bouquet and the swell swagger are also noticeable. In just such guise he was the cynosure of a Bijou Theatre audience's eyes one night last winter when he occupied a box with a remarkably pretty woman in a quaint flowered gown.

It is a sad end to such a butterfly career, but what else could be expected?

***

The weather may be oddly hot,
But we who stay at home are
Still free to thank our stars we're not
In torrid Oklahoma!

***

THE chorus which is to sing in the May Festival is making nice progress, so Mr. Carl Retter, Mr. Locke and others competent to judge declare. The rehearsals of this chorus, which originally reached the somewhat unwieldy total of 450, but is not likely to number more than 250 voices by the time the festival comes off, have been taking place on Thursday evenings at the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church. Henceforth the rehearsals will be held bi-weekly, on Monday and Thursday nights.

A chorus as large as this at the commencement always needs pruning before it can acquire its proper value. The singers who drop off because they are not competent or find the work of rehearsals more onerous than they had bargained for, are usually many in number. It seems altogether likely that Mr. Carl Retter will have a very fine chorus in shape before May 21 comes around.

By the way, some people seem to have doubts of the exposition building being ready for the May festival. There is no need for any fears on this score I am informed by Secretary Batchelor of the Exposition society.

***

The blossoms frost the orchard trees,
The streams contract their channels,
And husbands doubt their wives' decrees
To keep on winter flannels.

***

CONCERNING the chorus rehearsals in the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church, a queer little incident occured shortly after they had been begun.

A young man who has to labor on certain nights in the week in a building mightily close the "Old Home," as the First Methodist Protestant Church is often called, happened to be talking to a young woman who goes in a good deal for singing and the young man said: "Choral singing is all very well in its way, but I do wish some energetic singers, several hundred of them I judge, would not howl in my hearing every Thursday night of the week. They bother all of us."

"Where do they howl?" asked the fair singer.

"Oh, in the Methodist church just back of us—you ought to hear them!"

"I do hear them," replied the young woman, with a grim smile, "I'm one of the howlers!"

***

When lovely woman—no, not that!
'Tis not to folly that she stooped—
But just to stroke a friendly cat,
We knew her dress was "hooped."

***

A WORTHY priest in a suburban neighborhood met one of his parishioners early yesterday morning walking toward the church.

"I'm glad to see you're going to church this morning, Michael," said the good man.

"Sorra' a bit, yer rev'rence," replied Michael honestly, "I'm goin' a fishin'."

"Don't you know what day it is, Michael?"

"That's it, yer rev'rence, and me ould woman says we must have fish for dinner or we'll never get to the good place!"

A JOURNALISTIC FLOP.

The Oldest Democratic Newspaper in Tennessee Is Now Republican.

CHATTANOOGA, April 19.—The Athens *Post*, one of the oldest and probably the ablest county paper in Tennessee, with its issue tomorrow leaves the Democratic party and joins the Republicans. Its editor and proprietor, Jo J. Ivins, also resigns his position as Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of McMinn county. In an open letter, which is highly interesting reading, he says the dominant idea of the Democratic party as manifested by the recent action of its Legislative majority is party ascendancy at any cost, and cites as a case in point the gerrymander of this (Third) Congressional district, saying no more hurtful thing could have been done for Tennessee and the South. He argues from the record that the development of manufactures in the South depends largely upon the success of Republican principles, and that the policy of President Harrison will bring unity and prosperity.

The new departure will cause a prodigious sensation, but shows how the leaven is working, and is only the beginning of the end. Mr. Ivins will not lack for company. Other young men in the South by scores and hundreds will follow his example.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE STAGE.

A Young Lady Learns the Hardships of a Dancing Girl's Life.

New York Sun.]

We have just had the old story over again. The young lady was fascinated by the glitter of the stage and by the gay costumes of the actresses who reveled amid the applause of their admirers; she grew crazy to become one of them, and fled from her home to enjoy that glorious privilege. She soon learned more than she had known about the life of a dancing girl.

She found that the work was very hard; that the discipline was very severe; that the pay was barely enough to support her; that she had lost the balmy sleep of other times; that she was feverish when behind the footlights and languid in other hours; that she did not get the glory she had looked for, and that her Lexington avenue boarding house was unlike her father's home. She has gone back to her mother in tears and taken her lesson along with her. Other stories of the kind have been heard for centuries.

THE RIGHT TO KEEP BEES.

A Novel Question Which Is to be Decided by the New York Courts.

HOBART, N. Y., April 19.—The "Hobart bee case," which involves the right to keep bees when the industrious little insects annoy the neighbors, will be retried in the Delaware County Circuit Court. This is the first case of its kind ever known, and the Bee Association of the State will carry it to the Supreme Court of the United States if necessary. Eleven maps of the premises of Apiarist Rich, whose bees were decided to be a nuisance in the first trial of the case, have been made by surveyors and engineers.

A Mansfield Man Gets a Job.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed William A. Rogers, of Mansfield, O., to be chief of a division in the Third Auditor's office, vice William S. Kaiser, resigned.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Rev. B. K. Peirce, D. D.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

BOSTON, April 19.—Rev. Bradford Kinney Peirce, D. D., the widely known preacher and writer of the Methodist Church, died this afternoon at Newton, Mass., aged 70 years. Dr. Peirce graduated from Wesleyan University in the class of '41, and joined the New England Conference two years later. In 1855-56 he was a member of the Massachusetts Senate. In 1863 he received the appointment of chaplain of the House of Refuge at Randall's Island, N. Y., and remained in that place, continuing his duties at that public institution until 1872, when he was made editor of *Zion's Herald*. Returning to Boston he held charge of the editorial columns of that paper until about two years ago, when he retired. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst succeeding him. In the field of literature Dr. Peirce has been very active for half a century. Manuals, Sunday school notes, magazine sketches, biographies, stories, essays and other varied articles have come rapidly from his pen. In personal life he was a most agreeable companion, having a rich fund of anecdote, a quick wit, and beyond that a warm-hearted geniality that won the hearts of every acquaintance.

BRAIN POWER IN PLANTS.

Reason and Instinct in the Vegetable Kingdom—Close Similarity Between Certain Fauna and Flora—Irritability of Orchids—Plants That Move and Think.

From the London Standard.]

Science has of late years revealed so many animal characteristics possessed by the vegetable kingdom, that when a writer in the current number of the *National Review* claims for plants a certain amount of brain power, the world will scarcely be surprised. In the higher animals there is, as we all know, a central brain, from which diverge nerves for the performance of special functions. Some of these subserve the purpose of sight, others enable the muscles to move the limbs, and a third series aid in the all-important process of digestion. In like manner, the brain itself is divided into regions, each of which is now known to have an exclusive use. But when we descend to the humbler creatures—to the worms, snails and so forth—there is no regular brain, though the "ganglia," or collocations of nerve matter, scattered throughout their bodies seem to serve much the same purpose as the brain in vertebrates. Finally, when we reach the lowest of all the recognized members of the animal kingdom, we fail to discover either brain or nerves.

Nerves in Jelly Fish.

The little fresh water polyp is so indifferent to mutilation that it may be chopped into a dozen pieces, and yet each fragment will grow into an animal capable, in its turn, of being almost indefinitely divided. The sea anemone has some vestiges of nerves, or at least of scattered nerve cells. But though the same has been claimed for the jelly fish, it is only an acute physiologist, armed with the finest appliances of the instrument maker, who can affirm his belief in the existence of these elementary representatives of organs all too active in the higher creation. It seems vain to seek for even these traces of nerves among the sponges and hosts of minute forms which the unscientific lump under the name of animalcules. Yet these biological items are far from being insensible. A little extra light or heat, the slightest touch, the obscuration of the sun by a passing cloud, and these morsels of animated jelly shrink into a formless protest against the annoyance.

Plants With Brain Power.

It is the same with many plants. They are amazingly irritable, as everyone knows who has seen a sensitive plant fold up its pinnules on being disturbed; and a still more remarkable instance can be observed at times in tropical forests where a carpet of these weeds will become recumbent before the tread of the advancing pedestrian, the irritability being transmitted by sympathy from plant to plant. Yet no one has ever yet affected to have seen in these plants even the trace of anything which could be called a nervous system, far less a brain. But a brain, Mr. Arthur Smith, the author of the paper to which we refer, will insist that they possess. For, though there is no sign of that aggregation of matter which is known as such, the curious phenomena—the almost intelligence which many species of plants display to an even greater extent than the lower forms of life—indicate a something which is akin to brain power.

Chloroforming a Plant.

This brain power "can and does exist apart from a visible brain," though the botanist may refer all the movements of plants simply to irritation in the slimy protoplasm in their cells. But even in the highest animals, Mr. Smith, with an audacity that deserves recognition, declares that the brain itself cannot be looked upon as the source of all nerve power. It is not in itself a battery, only "an intermediate motor" which serves for the more perfect transmission of impulse. The motor is absent in plants, but the motion is there all the same. The spores or seed-like bodies of seaweeds and other lowly plants move about in the water with a certain freedom; and the filaments of many liverworts and mosses exhibit a capacity for extraordinary movements. What is more remarkable, all these movements can be enfeebled or arrested by the application of chloroform, or a weak solution of opium or other soporific.

Irritable Orchids.

It is unnecessary to remind anyone at all familiar with botany that the microscopic diatoms and desmids dart about in the water, thoughas yet the cause of their locomotion is a mystery. Some other plants have a peculiar independent motion of their own.

Some orchids exhibit a curious irritability in their lower petals, while others are prone to display the same nerveless nerve action in other parts of their flowers. The compass plant of the American prairies presents the edges of its leaves north and south, while their faces are turned east and west. The sunflower, in like manner, twists round on its stalk twice a day, so that its movements have led to the ancient myth of "Vad Clytie, whose head is turned by the sun." Indeed, were all the movements of plants, either automatic or due to irritability, taken into account, it would be found that many of them display an "animality," and even an instinct, so extraordinary that it becomes difficult to account for them on any other hypothesis than that, in some way not yet clear to us, they are endowed with nervous—if not with brain—power.

Instinct in Vegetable Life.

This "instinct" begins to display itself with the sprouting of the seed, when the root and the stem take determinate directions, altogether apart from the influence of light and darkness. Plants open and close their flowers, and fold and unfold their leaves, at such fixed hours that floral cloaks have been formed. Climbing plants revolve ceaselessly in search of the object round which they are to cling, with a pertinacity which reminds one of a blind man feeling his way with his staff. The carnivorous properties of Venus' flytrap, the sundew, and other plants are not only remarkable owing to the fact of vegetables being able to digest animal matter, but from the manner in which flies and other nutritive objects are held by the leaves, and never quitted until they are assimilated.

More Light Needed.

Doubtless we have still a great deal to learn, though possibly the existence of "brain power," either among the lower animals or among plants generally, depends simply on the manner in which we define this power. It is like "instinct" and "reason," though, in reality, there is no hard and fast line between the two manifestations of brain so termed. The boundaries between plants and animals are so shadowy that Haeckel has suggested an intermediate kingdom, to include the debatable members of the other two.

A BOOMER WITH A HISTORY.

Ninety Years Old, Married 9 Times, and the Father of 27 Children.

DENISON, TEX., April 19.—Jeremiah Coughlan, aged 90 years, arrived in the city last night from Arkansas. Coughlan is en route to the Oklahoma country. He is well preserved and in the possession of all his faculties. Coughlan has been married nine times and has a progeny of 27 children, all of whom he says are alive and in good health. He is accompanied by four sons, John, the eldest, being 61 years of age. Coughlan carries with him a Kentucky squirrel rifle which has been in his possession for over 40 years. He said: "My eyesight is as good as ever, and last spring I killed a wild turkey gobbler in Beach river at a distance of 40 yards."

Coughlan was for a number of years on the waters of the Missouri river, in the service of the Northwest Fur Company. He was a companion of Daniel Boone, the renowned patriarch of Kentucky. He trapped in the Black Hills and for a number of years followed the fluctuations of savage life, being a member of the Arickara tribe. He remembers very well Jim Beckwith, who was chief of the Crow nation and the hero of frontier romance. Coughlin was also a soldier under General Kearney, and made the trip with him across the plains to California.

In 1850 he was captured by a war party of Ogallalla Sioux near Fort Laramie, adopted into the tribe and married the daughter of the chief. He was present at North Platte, Neb., when General Sherman made his famous trip with the Sioux. Coughlan left the frontier and moved to Arkansas at the outbreak of the great civil war, but did not participate in it. He says that he feels that he is good for many years yet, and expects to cultivate a farm in Oklahoma. Coughlan is of Scottish-Irish parentage.

A VERY YOUTHFUL HERO.

A 5-Year-Old Boy Saves His Little Companion From Drowning.

CARBONDALE, PA., April 19.—Ralph Ball, age 5, is the hero of the day in this city. Yesterday afternoon several children were playing around an unprotected well, when Eddie Widner tried to drink from it. As the water rises to within a foot of the surface, he thought he could reach it by lying on his stomach. He lost his balance and fell into the water, which is over six feet deep.

Ralph Ball hastened to the well, and, seizing the half drowned boy, he held his head above the surface of the water until the united voices of the children drew a man who was working near by to the rescue. Eddie was restored to his parents.

TOPS THEM ALL OFF.

The Best Day's Record of Decapitations Beaten Yesterday.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, April 19.—Postmaster General Wanamaker was on deck to-day, and he and his first assistant, Mr. Clarkson, were both in good spirits. They oiled the guillotine afresh and went to work, and the net results are that 192 fourth-class Democratic postmasters' heads fell into the basket. Senator Quay had an extended private chat with the two officials, and possibly this had something to do with the fact that the best former day's record for Pennsylvania was exceeded by one, the entire number for to-day for that State being 37. Following are those for Pennsylvania:

Edith M. Webb, Alba; M. Moody, Asylum; N. H. Hastings, Austin; Mrs. Jane Coulter, Bolivar; R. H. Horton, Ulster; R. P. Hill, Burlington; K. J. Fuller, Camptown; Peter Campbell, Carrolltton; J. M. Robertson, Clairville; T. P. Vincent, Dushore; Henry Cooper, Fellowsfield; P. P. Mohr, Eagleville; G. E. Golls, Golleton; Mrs. E. Brown, Golden Hill; B. E. Loomis, Milan; S. Green, Kinzua; A. M. Roberts, Little Marsh; Mrs. L. E. Cooper, Milledgeville; D. C. Kimball, Mitchell's Creek; S. S. Ormsley, New Albany; J. R. Wilson, Penn station; W. C. Wimer, Pleasant Hill; J. A. Truxel, Portage; J. H. Elkin, Porter; C. D. Markham, Potter's Brook; R. E. Park, Rummerfield Creek; Andrew Kerr, Seward; P. L. Califf, Sower's Lane; J. C. Luke, South Fork; R. A. Patterson, Spring Creek; H. B. Boyd, Stoners; J. D. Wentroth, Somers Hill; A. M. Proudfit, Taylorstown; Mrs. M. E. Robinson, Thorn Hill; John Kaufman, Wiconisco; Wallace Sheriline, Wilmore, and J. M. Berrill, Woodbourne.

Jesse Hays was appointed for Greenland, W. Va.

SPITE IN BRICK.

A Feud Between Millionaire Armour and His Former Broker.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 19.—Phil Armour, 50 times a millionaire, is in Europe on pleasure bent, but his trip will not afford him the expected joy because of happenings at home. Mr. Armour lives on Prairie avenue, near Twenty-second street, and to the south of him lives Broker Roloson, who formerly did a part of Mr. Armour's business on the Board of Trade. There is a space 15 feet between Mr. Armour's house and that of Mr. Roloson, and by means of this space the light of day is admitted to Mr. Armour's smoking room and library. There has been a verbal understanding between the two men that Mr. Roloson would not build on his 15 feet, and also that when Mr. Roloson felt like selling Mr. Armour would give him $1,000 per foot for the ground.

Not long ago Mr. Armour withdrew his business from Broker Roloson and Mr. Roloson withdrew his friendship from Mr. Armour. The other day Mr. Armour sailed for Europe, and soon after Mr. Roloson began the erection of a three-story addition to his house on the 15 feet of ground referred to. Ogden Armour cabled his father and the latter authorized his son to offer $2,000 a foot. Mr. Roloson said "No," and then Mr. Armour offered $5,000, which offer was also rejected. This is the highest price ever offered for vacant land in Chicago.

Mr. Roloson says he won't sell to Mr. Armour for any price, and when the great pork king sits in his library or smoking room hereafter, even though it be at high noon, he must needs light the gas. Mr. Roloson is happy in his revenge, and Mr. Armour is not enjoying his vacation so much as he thought he would. When he returns Mr. Roloson's three-story addition will be completed.

ROUND THE WORLD BY RAIL.

Senator Stanford Says the Earth Will Have an Iron Girdle Within 25 Years.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 19.—When Senator Stanford was asked to-day about the rumored extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad he said that the line was growing all the time, and it was possible that more branches would be built, but at present his road had no desire to reach Seattle. The Senator said:

"As to railroad building, however, it will not be long till a railroad will reach all the way up to Alaska. When it gets there it will trend across Behring Sea and down into Asia. All this, I believe, will be done in 25 years, and there will be literally an iron girdle round the earth. It's no harder to build a road down the Himalayas than to build across the Sierra Nevadas or other places where roads have been built. Snowsheds can and will be built the same as we have over the Sierra Nevadas for 40 miles. Behring Sea is the worst obstacle, but a way would be found to conquer even that. The reason why the road through is feasible is because it would be a long line and could be deflected according to the obstacles to be overcome. I have no doubt that in 25 years a man can go clear round the earth by rail."

STUMP OF A FAMOUS TREE.

A Piece of the Forest Monarch Under Which Penn Met the Indians.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19.—Neafie & Levy, ship and engine builders, on Beach street, above Hanover, are building a one-story enlargement of their works, which is to be 50 feet wide and 105 feet long. The location of the improvement adjoins their present works on the south, and, in digging for the foundation of the southeast pier, the workmen came upon the stump of a large tree, which, Mr. Neafie states, "is undoubtedly that of the elm tree under which, tradition states, William Penn held his treaty with the Indians."

The stump was found about 50 feet northeast of the location of the monument, erected in 1827, to commemorate the site. Mr. Neafie said yesterday that "Mr. Tees, one of the oldest residents of Kensington, informed him about six months ago that the stump of the tree would be found just where it was unearthed a day or two ago." "The stump," Mr. Neafie said, "appeared to be about seven feet in diameter, and, after the workmen had chopped out about a bushel of chips, the foundation, of the southeast pier of the building was built over it. The chips are being eagerly gathered up by the residents of the locality for preservation as relics."

RIPE IN YEARS.

An Old Veteran of Two Wars Dies at the Age of 110 Years.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 19.—There are very few persons to be found as old as the nation's Constitution. An old man has just died in Laurens county who was an active lad of 10 when the Constitution was adopted. "Uncle Johnnie Fielder," as he was called, was born near the Natural Bridge of Virginia on May 11, 1779. His parents were well-to-do and respected Scotch Presbyterians. He took part in the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. He wanted to re-enlist in the Confederate service during the Rebellion, but his children would not allow it. He was a Democrat and never missed voting at a Presidential election. In 1884 he walked four miles to vote for Cleveland, and at the last election he was carried to the polls to cast his vote. He leaves a numerous progeny, scattered from Virginia to Texas, and he had a clear recollection up to within a fortnight of his death.

The Way It Strikes Him.

From the Bellefonte News.]

We say to the National Guard—stay at home, don't go to New York City. New York invited you and now condemns you for accepting the invitation. If any one should invite us to go to see them and then should tell us to bring our dinner along, we would not again visit that place.

Lost and Forgotten.

From the Philadelphia Press.]

There is a large and painful lack of information concerning the political movements of William L. Scott and Calvin S. Brice nowadays. Can it be that these versatile and volatile statesmen have been lost by evaporation.

He Wasn't a New Yorker.

From the Boston Herald.]

Mem. for the warlike Centennial Committee of New York. George Washington was first in peace.

A Trial for Our Patience.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.]

It is suggested that Boulanger now try America. If he comes here he will try America sorely.

EASTER DAWN.

Midnight rests
On Calvary,
On the lonely
Crosses three.

Easter dawns—
The night is past—
See, the morning
Cometh fast!

Hope and gladness
After loss,
Golden sunlight
On the cross!

Hark! the white-robed
Angels say:
"Christ, the Lord,
Is risen to-day!"

—*Willis Boyd Allen, in Youths' Companion.*

GOSSIP OF GREAT GOTHAM.

The Biters Badly Bit.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, April 19.—Charles James, a Chinese cook from Albany, came here to do the town. He fell in with