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PITTSBURG, TUESDAY, APR. 23, 1889.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE LICENSES.

The opinion of Judge White in the matter of granting licenses to liquor dealers, sets forth in considerable detail the grounds on which the Court has acted in refusing a large number of applications. The general grounds for action as stated by the Court, will receive the abstract approval of the unprejudiced public. The most obvious criticism that can be offered is that, on the basis of the Judge's assertion that most of those who receive license have violated the law, the rule of hewing to the line would turn Allegheny county into a prohibition district.

But it is the practical application of these rules, resulting in the grant of licenses to less than 100 retailers in Pittsburg and under 150 in the county that will arouse the widest divergence of emphatic opinions. The owners of the excluded saloons will, of course, be loud in disapproval; and no doubt the steady or even moderate drinkers who find the places at which they were accustomed to imbibe closed up will be apt to grumble. On the other hand, the radical opponents of the liquor traffic will no less emphatically approve the reduction of the number of saloons to less than one-tenth the number of two years ago. The majority may regard the matter with a good deal of philosophical indifference.

So far as the public needs are concerned there is no reason to fear but that the population of Pittsburg can get all the alcoholic stimulus it requires, at the ninety odd drinking places that Judge White has licensed; and the revenue of those places will be so rich as to make the fortunate proprietors very careful to obey the law. As to the saloons that have lost their licenses, it may also be the case that they have not respected the law and deserve no better fate. But it may also be the case that they have respected the law more than the unlicensed sellers; and it is a question whether this restriction will not increase the incentive to illicit sales, and make the detection and punishment of those selling without license more difficult than before.

It is certain that the second issue of licenses under the Brooks law, shows a remarkable change from the time when Allegheny county contained over 3,000 saloons. Very few people will affirm that the county is the worse for the change.

A PROHIBITION DEFEAT.

The vote on the Constitutional Prohibition Amendment in Massachusetts, as reported in to-day's dispatches, does not promise much for the popular support of that method of abolishing the liquor traffic. The result was perhaps foreshadowed by the election in New Hampshire, where the measure would naturally be expected to carry if it carried anywhere. With Massachusetts added to the list of States that voted against Constitutional prohibition the inference as to the result in Pennsylvania is pretty strong. It is a rather singular reversal of the general estimate of the two sections that while Western and Southern States have adopted prohibition two New England States have voted against it. Pennsylvania seems likely to be satisfied with the restriction of the liquor traffic by the Brooks law, as applied by its courts.

MR. BRIGHT AND SHAKESPEARE.

The late John Bright did not like Shakespeare. "It is the dialogue," he said, "that spoils him for me. The break from sentence to sentence, the question and answer, the continual interruption of the thought divert the attention and impair the interest. The flow of thought is not sustained; the style goes to pieces."

This criticism of the greatest writer the world has produced will strike people as being most singular, especially as Mr. Bright was a man of high literary attainments and one of England's most eloquent orators. On its face this contrary expression of judgment would seem to impeach Mr. Bright's intelligence.

But it must be remembered that Mr. Bright was in some ways a very peculiar man. His attachment to his own ideas was terribly strong, and in some fields of thought he stood absolutely alone. He cared nothing for the lighter side of life. Like his love for peace at any price, his love for certain styles of speech and language was wonderfully strong. Conversation had no attractions for him. Long orations, worked up step by step from premises to peroration, were his delight. He was a master of the old-style school of oratory, and his eloquence in that form was peerless. So the brilliancy of Shakespeare's dialogues was lost to him. Dramatic power he could not understand.

But it is singular that he could not admire Shakespeare's sonnets and his other more strictly poetical works. It was perhaps an eccentricity of genius.

LATTER-DAY MIRACLES.

Miracles do not often occur and it was hardly to be wondered at that Mrs. Pauline King, a colored woman who has attracted attention in Springfield, Illinois, by professing to fast for forty days, should have drawn a great crowd last Sunday to see her convert water into wine. Mrs. Pauline King and several other persons prayed and sang hymns, and then an eight-gallon stone jar filled with well water was placed on the platform. The water was obstinate; it would not turn into wine. The fervency of Mrs. King's supplications and the sympathetic enthusiasm of the audience availed nothing. At the end of an hour of tempestuous prayer, the water was water, still. The miracle did not appear.

In nearly all these so-called miracle meetings, which are generally remarkable for the total absence of the miraculous, either gross ignorance or crafty imposture is the motive power. Probably the case of Mrs. King illustrates the potency of ignorance coupled with religious enthusiasm. If the water had been apparently turned to wine, we should have sought for an impostor. Usually the ignorant crank or clever rogue finds at his disposal a goodly number of semi-intelligent persons in every community, who are only too ready to lend their ears and dollars, too, to the first man or woman who promises them something miraculous. These credulous creatures assure themselves and would have the world believe that they are influenced in this by genuine religious feeling. But in reality they are only dupes of their own curiosity and of a fool or a knave, as the case may be.

QUAY'S GRIEVANCES.

It appears from Washington advices that Senator Quay has more to complain of in respect to the distribution of patronage than the siege of office seekers. The importunities of the fellows who want office is bad for the junior Senator's equanimity when he wants rest, but the contrariness of the officials who fail to appoint Senator Quay's men to office, and the bad faith of the statesmen who get their men appointed over Quay's head, produces the exasperation that makes the once wily Matthew Stanley throw to the winds all his old rules of silence and discretion.

Senator Sherman is the latest object of Senator Quay's complaints. The Pennsylvania Senator virtually charges that the Ohio Senator played a card from the deckhead, as it were, and the cool Ohio Senator's reply amounts to an admission that a surreptitious trump was used to take the trick, but claims that the other fellows did it. Senator Quay is worked up by this political sharp play almost to the point of vowing that he will quit the game; but he is deterred by the reflection that if he should do so the other fellows will absorb all the stakes, and they would like it altogether too well.

Even if the indictment which he brings against Senator Sherman be true it looks as if our formerly clever Pennsylvania leader was rather unnecessarily vociferous over his wrongs. Sharp play is what is to be expected in the game of politics at which Senator Quay is an expert; and if in such a game the Senator finds himself on the chilly outside, it hardly befits him to fill the air with assertions that "Poor Tom's a-cold." The supposition was that he, of all men, understood that it is not discreet for an ambitious leader of the machine to advertise the fact that he is on the outside, or to unnecessarily antagonize the fountain of patronage. The fact that he has disregarded these primary rules by quarreling with the bread-and-butter of his followers, if not with his own, and by raising a rumpus with the Senators who have got ahead of him, seems to warrant the conclusion that the quondam Napoleon of Pennsylvania politics has lost his head in the whirl of the national game.

We have heretofore suggested to Senator Quay the value of that advice which he tendered to Governor Beaver. But the advice seems of little use now. He has talked too much already.

OTHERS SHOULD REMEMBER.

The New York *Financial Chronicle* has an extended article upon Mr. Carnegie's controversy with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Of course this organ of railroad stockholders disapproves of Mr. Carnegie's position in all its details. It produces the stereotyped railroad argument at length, in refutation of Mr. Carnegie's statements; and finally gives up its own case by the admission at the close that "it is of course possible that, in some special cases, existing rates should be modified." As this is a virtual, though grudging, admission of the Pittsburg position, we need not review its arguments at length; but it is interesting to notice one point which the *Chronicle* makes very prominent.

The New York journal intimates that Mr. Carnegie is arousing a feeling of hostility against corporations, and asks him whether he has forgotten the great Pittsburg riots and the havoc they caused. If Mr. Carnegie is attempting to incite disorder and produce riot against the railroad corporations, he is doing very wrong, and THE DISPATCH will afford him no support in any such effort. We hardly need say that we do not believe that Mr. Carnegie has any such purpose; but it is worth while to turn the question of the *Financial Chronicle* upon itself and the railroad corporation that it represents. Have they forgotten the riots of 1877 and the causes which produced those riots? It is worthy the recollection of the railroad that those riots were only rendered possible by the feeling of enmity and hatred aroused through the persistent discrimination and oppression of the Pennsylvania Railroad on Pittsburg industries. If Pittsburg had not been burdened and taxed by the railroad for years previous to that event, the good sense of the people would have at once repressed any tendencies to disorder. But the persistent policy of the railroad in levying upon Pittsburg manufacturers all that they could bear, alienated public confidence and deprived them of that popular support upon which all corporations must depend for maintenance and protection.

That this lesson was understood was manifest in the course of the railroad for a few years after 1877; but it seems to have been forgotten now. The corporations should not forget the riots of that year. They prove above all things that the sole dependence of corporate preservation lies in their respect of law and their conciliation of the public good will.

GO AHEAD, WANAMAKER!

The Washington correspondent of a cotemporary writes as follows:

Mr. Wanamaker has started in to run a big Government department on the same principle that he ran his big merchandise house in Philadelphia. This may or may not be good for the Government, but it is certainly distasteful to the general public. The public doesn't like it, and it says so. His first assistant acts as a bulwark to the Quaker City merchant and meets at least nine out of every ten of the office seekers. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Wanamaker is unjustly building up for himself a reputation of being unnecessarily disagreeable.

If this writer tells the truth about Mr. Wanamaker and his methods, it will not be the general public that will complain of the Postmaster General. The politicians, the professional office seekers, may growl. The public, the sensible mass of men of both parties, would like to see all the departments run on strictly business lines. Mr. Wanamaker will get all the popularity and praise he wants if he succeeds in putting the Postoffice Department upon a basis like that which has brought success to his private business.

The trouble is that Washington correspondents, especially at this season, are surrounded and swamped by office-seekers and office-holders, and they easily fall into the habit of mistaking the grumbling of the animals at the nation's trough for the voice of the public. We hope Mr. Wanamaker will continue his business methods, which are certainly for the good of the government and the people, and we can assure him that the public likes them. When a proper occasion occurs the public will say so in very plain language.

THE New York police authorities are urging a bill authorizing the locking-up of criminals without trial, during the centennial celebration. This is a rather unique way of celebrating the centenary anniversary of a Government which is based upon the universal rights of trial by jury and the maintenance of the rights of every person. Do the police officials desire to record their convictions in this way that a hundred years of the Anglo-Saxon principles of protecting people from star chamber imprisonments is a failure.

THE season has advanced far enough for the Bunslys weather prophecy to indulge in the confident prediction that, if no setback comes later on, we shall have a very early spring. The meaning of which prophecy lies in the application on it.

THE reported allegation of a "local sport" that if the pool bill fails to pass the Legislature, the Homewood and Exposition park people will be responsible because "they have spent no money with the boys," reveals a status of political morality which enables us to estimate the social morality of the measure to facilitate betting on horse races.

THE widening of Diamond street is making steady progress. The reference of the project to the City Attorney for examination is a cautious step in the direction of making that narrow street one of the leading thoroughfares of the city.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature having come to the conclusion that it is not worth while to pass any laws which the interests of the people demand, fell back last week upon the regular legislative resort of junketing trips and circus monkey work during the sessions that are held for the purpose of going through the motions.

IT is interesting to be assured that the proposed salt combine will not be a trust and will not force up the price of salt. None of the combinations ever do intend to put up prices—if we can believe their preliminary statements.

IT is a subject on which there may be a difference of opinion; but there is certainly a good deal of force to the claim that to tax farmers and gardeners who bring in their food products to sell to the people of Pittsburg, will be likely to prove a rather costly tax to the general consumers of food in the city.

ABOUT a hundred licenses for Pittsburg will make the conversation of the Governors of North and South Carolina peculiarly applicable to this city.

IF Governor Beaver has any sense of the manner in which the whirligig of time brings round the opportunities for revenge, he has ere this sent a dispatch to the following effect:

DEAR QUAY—

Don't talk.

BEAVER.

THE Oklahoma boomers are now taking possession of the promised land; but they have yet got to make it a land flowing with milk and honey.

IT is all right for the workmen at the Duquesne Steel Works to stand out for full wages. But the fellows who shoot at watchmen or other people around the mill should understand that they are making themselves into eligible candidates for the penitentiary.

AND still some people will persist in the assertion that the distribution of the spoils is necessary to preserve the unity of a political party.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

MRS. PARSONS LATHROP is writing a novel.

FATHER MATHEW's centenary is to be celebrated elaborately next year.

A FINE window is to be placed in St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, Hanover, N. H., in memory of Benjamin Hale, Professor of Chemistry at Dartmouth from 1827 to 1835, and President of Hobart College from 1836 to 1858.

MISS PAUNCEFOTE, the daughter of the new British Minister, Sir Julian Pauncefote, is said to be a very popular young lady abroad, and her entree into the social life of Washington will no doubt prove an attractive addition to the ranks of favorites at the Capital.

THERE has grown up a superstitious feeling that the men Harrison wishes to honor are doomed to misfortune. Murat Halstead is very ill, as is also Minister to Denmark Enander. The son of Thomas Ryan, Minister to Mexico, has been arrested for forgery. Russell Harrison is undergoing the unpleasant ordeal of a heavy libel suit.

EX-SENATOR Palmer, Minister to Spain, is not very cheerful over his prospects. He recently said: "I'll be back next year, for I can never stand it longer than that. The fact of the case is when I have been over there four months I become so homesick that I cannot wait to get home. Lookout for me, for if the feeling takes me between the railings of the big vessels I may come dancing over by myself in a skiff."

SENATOR Spooner has a 7-year-old boy who is a musical prodigy. He has an exceedingly sweet voice. He can hear an opera once, come home and repeat every air in it. He inherits his love of music from his mother, who has a very sweet, well-cultivated voice, and he has entertained her friends often with his singing. Among his toys he has a miniature theater, and when he has seen a play or heard an opera, he reproduces it at home, with his mother as an audience.

A PLEASANT story is told at San Francisco of the wife of the Mexican President. The Spanish Opera Company recently found itself in distress in that city. It seems that one of the musicians was something of a poet, and he had dedicated some verses once or twice to Madame Diaz. She was very much pleased with the compliment and told him if she could ever serve him in any difficulty she would be happy to do it. He recalled her promise and asked her if she could assist the poor opera people to go back to Mexico. Immediately a telegram came from the kind lady authorizing them to be sent home at her expense, said to be some $3,000.

One Way of Learning it.

From the Philadelphia Times.]

When the incumbents have to hand
The keys of office over,
In grab for spoil we understand
Who are the "pigs in clover."

A Great Boom in Shipping.

From the Washington Post.]

One or two good men and true, like First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson, would be enough to restore American shipping. Mr. Clarkson is launching about 200 ships a day—postmasterships.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Improvidence a Crime—Notes About an Old Town and Its Inhabitants.

It sometimes seems to me that the poorer a man is the more ridiculously foolish he is in his expenditures.

There is an old colored man whose case I have known for a good while. He finds it a tough struggle to support himself and family. Usually he is anywhere from a month to a year in arrears with his rent. Every storekeeper from whom he can get credit he never pays cash. Once in awhile his pastor or some other benevolent person hands round the hat for this old spendthrift, and a relief fund is raised for him. He is, for a wonder, tolerably industrious, and moreover he is honest and a good father and husband.

If he had a little sense about managing his treasury department he would be a good citizen.

A few weeks ago I heard that the old man, who had to my knowledge just avoided being thrown out of his house, had undertaken to purchase on the installment plan a gaudy plush photograph album with gilt clasps. He had not a photograph in his possession; is never likely to have. But he bargained with a traveling agent to buy that garish album of plush with gilt clasps for $7 50 at 50 cents a week. The album, mind you, would be dear at $2; to this particular purchaser, of course, it would be dear at any price.

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BUT old colored men are not the only suckers who bite at the bait of the itinerant installment agent. Men of culture and women of refinement and position are often tapped, as everybody knows, into buying books and other things that they do not want, that are absurdly dear, and that nobody in his senses would buy in a store.

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GEORGE SHIRAS I., the venerable head of the family which has reflected a good deal of honor on Allegheny county, is hale and hearty still, though not far off from four score years and ten. As he has done for over 50 years he has seen the spring break this year among the orchards and trim streets of picturesque Economy. In a few days he will start on his usual fishing trip to Marquette.

Not long ago at the hotel table in Economy were gathered the representatives of the four generations of the Shiras family, namely: George Shiras I, Mrs. George Shiras II, George Shiras III, and the last-named's infant child.

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TALKING of Mr. Shiras I. staying at the Economy hotel for over 50 years suggests the fact that the queer old Dutch settlement has a fascination for most people who have stayed there long enough to become accustomed to its many peculiarities, which has proven in several cases in my knowledge marvelously strong.

Economy is a wonderful place for a man who likes regular hours and meals, fresh air and the depths of peace and quietness. I have known it to build up shattered health and put new life into a man; and yet I have experienced the stillness and primitive customs of Economy until a trip to Dixmont appeared imminent.

Economy is losing its identity very fast—if, indeed, the old settlement which Rapp ruled is not already, excepting the houses and the habits of a half a dozen original Economites, altogether transformed.

CONTROLLER DURHAM RESIGNS.

He Couldn't Coincide With the Policy of the Administration.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—First Controller Durham severed his connection with the Treasury Department to-day. He tendered his resignation on the change of administration, and it was accepted by Secretary Windom to take effect at once. There are several explanations for this action. The one generally accepted by those supposed to be acquainted with the inside facts is that the First Controller has taken a position on several official matters entirely at variance with the views of the present administration.

The immediate cause of the change is due to a personal misunderstanding between Attorney General Miller and First Controller Durham in regard to the accounts of Mr. John I. Davenport as Supervisor of Elections in New York. The latter recently presented vouchers aggregating $3,200 for "extraordinary expenses" incurred during the last Presidental election. These were being examined by the First Controller, and he signified his intention to disallow them. He had several conferences with the Attorney General on the subject, which resulted in an open rupture between the two officials, so much so that the First Controller on Friday last ignored two requests from the Attorney General to call at his office. The Davenport accounts were then taken out of his hands and turned over to the Attorney General, where they now are.

Secretary Windom said this afternoon that he had accepted Mr. Durham's resignation in the ordinary cause of business, not because of any fault with the latter's official conduct, but because of several newspaper articles reflecting upon the administration, which are said to be inspired by the First Controller. These attributed sentiments to the First Controller which, if true, must have made it unpleasant for him to continue in office under the existing circumstances.

A FLYING TRAIN.

An Express on an Eastern Road Makes 62 Miles in 68 Minutes.

NEW LONDON, April 22.—The limited express train from New York to Boston over the New York, Providence and Boston Railroad ran six miles in five minutes on Friday afternoon. The train was delayed three hours and one minute by a derailed engine at Stony Creek, this side of New Haven. When it reached the Groton side of the Thames river it was attached to engine No. 34, the old Connecticut, in charge of Engineer Charles C. Vars. W. H. Reynolds was conductor. The train is a flyer at any time, but Vars set out to whittle a few of the lost moments off the schedule time, and he did it. The train consisted of a combination car, a coach, two drawing rooms and a dining car, equal in weight to seven ordinary passenger cars, and the veteran throttle puller landed it in Providence, 62½ miles away, in 68 minutes. This without making a stop.

The passengers enjoyed the trip hugely. From Wickford Junction to East Greenwich, a distance of six miles, the running time was five minutes. From the junction to Providence, 20 miles, the run consumed 22 minutes. The speed maintained over the entire Groton division by Vars is said to beat the record on the Stonington road. He gained 14 minutes on the train's schedule time. The Connecticut has hauled some of the most important trains on the road in her day. She has 18x24 cylinders and 8-foot drivers. She has just come out of the shops.

A VERY PRETTY SCENE.

Easter Monday Celebrated in the Usual Way at the White House.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—Easter Monday is known as children's day at the White House and in the grounds surrounding it. To-day the infantile boomers, in imitation of their adult prototypes who were crossing the border into the promised land of Oklahoma, swarmed into the White House grounds, made their location on the grassy knolls, and proceeded to the joyous occupation of rolling brilliantly dyed eggs.

The merry laughter of hundreds of children rang in the ear, and the pretty costumes of mothers and maids, who came to keep a watchful eye over their rollicking youngsters, rendered the scene an attractive one, and one which the occupants of the Executive Mansion frequently appeared at the windows to admire. The merriment and pleasure of the occasion was enhanced by an order issued by Secretary Tracy requiring the Marine Band to furnish music for the little ones during the afternoon, and many impromptu dances were indulged in.

Ought to Have Consulted Sackville.

From the New York World.]

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British diplomatic agent, arrived yesterday and denied himself to the representatives of the press on the ground of fatigue. This was a bad beginning. It is evident that the new Minister does not appreciate the press. His predecessor should have posted him on this point.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Stanton Blake.

BOSTON, April 22.—Stanton Blake, one of the best known citizens of Boston, died early this morning, after a week's illness. He was born in this city in 1837.

John C. Park.

BOSTON, April 22.—The Hon. John C. Park, a notable Whig orator of 40 or 50 years ago, died at Newton last night, aged nearly 88. He was a graduate of Harvard and a member of the Suffolk bar. At the dinner tendered Charles Dickens in Boston in 1842, Mr. Park's speech so touched Mr. Dickens that he requested an introduction to the orator.

AT THE THEATERS.

Kellar's Tricks—The Hanlons—And Other Plays and Players.

In every respect the performance of Kellar at the Grand Opera House is interesting, and he has reinforced himself with several valuable names. Of his tricks it is not unfair to say that they are not in every instance new—a good many are old—but they are all graceful and amusing. It is a drawing room entertainment. From the marvelous production of the white roses in abundance from emptiness—the roses were given to the ladies in the audience—to the most remarkable automata Mr. Kellar's work is admirable. He is so quiet and unassuming that one almost takes some of his most mystifying tricks as a matter of course from him. "Psycho," "Echo" and "Astarte" are all clever pieces of machinery, and the Hindoo seance at the end of the programme is full of striking feats of magic. As usual, Mr. Kellar's bantering exposure of spiritualist humbugs is good-natured, though earnest, as far it goes.

The Spanish students are not as young or good-looking as, for example, the Princetonians who were here a few days ago, but they can play with ravishing sweetness and a spirit characteristic of their nationality as of their nation's music. The little band is made up of three guitars and two mandolins, while the leader has an excellent knowledge of the violin. This combination of instruments produces a volume of tone which is as remarkable as the exquisite delicacy of the execution at times. They alone are worth going to hear.

The stage was handsomely and suitably draped with plush curtains.

Bijou Theater.

The pranks of the model servants in "Le Voyage en Suisse" are so familiar now to Pittsburgers that it is not necessary to say much of Ed Hanlon and T. W. Ryley's reappearance in these amusing roles at the Bijou last night. They made a large audience laugh as heartily as ever last night, and the company as a whole was competent to bring out every bit of humor in the piece. The scenery was well handled, and all the marvelous mechanical effects involved in the accidents which are constantly occurring to the travelers in Switzerland were produced in such a way as to give a wonderful likeness to reality.

Harris' Theater.

The Post-Lenten season at this popular house opened most auspiciously yesterday, the attraction being that entertaining American drama, "The Main Line," which is given by a well selected company, and the scenic and mechanical effects being very good indeed. Miss Florence Roberts is an ideal *Possy*, and Miss Augusta Martine a beautiful and statuesque *Do'a Van Tyne*. The rest of the company is equal to all demands, two gentlemen, especially worthy of mention being Eugene Bertram as *Jim Blakely*, and Walter Osmond as *Sam Burroughs*. The latter is a native of Pittsburg, and is renewing old acquaintances.

Academy of Music.

The Leavitt Company, which appeared last night at Harry Williams' Academy of Music, is not only strong in numbers but also in talent. In the English extravaganza, "Monte Cristo, Jr.," the pretty women and diverting comedians of the company make an excellent showing. The Mexican part of the programme is very attractive, and the specialties generally are amusing.

STRANGE PEOPLE OF PITCAIRN.

An Island Inhabited by 115 Persons All Descended From Mutinous Sailor Ancestors.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22.—When the clipper ship L. Schepp, which has just tied up at Race street wharf, was beating down in the trade winds in the dreary waste of the South Pacific Ocean, on her way from San Francisco to Philadelphia, Captain Gates was much surprised to find on coming on deck one morning a boatload of stalwart men approaching his vessel. An island was seen a short distance off the starboard bow, and on the boat getting within hailing distance an aged and decrepit man in the bow shouted: "I am Thursday October Christian, Governor of Pitcairn Island."

He said that the population of Pitcairn consisted of 115 men, women and children. Captain Gates ordered the yards aback, and in a few minutes 18 men were on the ship's deck, all of whom bore evidence of English ancestry. They were extremely religious and held exclusively the teachings of the Seventh Day Adventists, the result of a work of a missionary who was wrecked there years ago while bound from San Francisco to China.

The Governor stated that he was the grandson of one of the mutineers who in 1789 set adrift the officers of the English war-ship Bounty and then bore away for the island of Otaheite, and had lived for years there before being discovered. They were afterward arrested and sent to England for trial. The Governor said that the use of tobacco and liquors was entirely unknown among the people of Pitcairn, and that the little colony were in need of dress goods, particularly for the women, as nearly all of the latter were dressed in men's clothes secured from passing vessels. A supply of clothing was given, and an abundance of fruit and provisions was sent on board the ship in exchange.

A CHARMING HOME WEDDING.

The Murtland-Woodwell Nuptials in Homewood Last Evening.

Although of a modest and unostentatious character, the wedding of Mr. William E. Woodwell, the prominent hardware merchant, and Miss H. Elizabeth Murtland at the home of the bride's mother, Homewood, last evening, possessed many iridescent elements. Rev. George Hodges, of the East End Calvary Church, officiated.

Immediate family connections were the only guests invited, making the event reasonably recherche and void of all affected "fads" so common among aristocratic matrimonial alliances.

The bride, who is popularly known as a beautiful woman, looked doubly so as she led the bridal train through the parlors, leaning upon the arm of her brother, J. A. Murtland, who gave her away under an arch of artistically arranged flowers. She was attired in white faille and silk, with diamond ornaments. The bridal attendants were Miss Childs and a younger sister, Miss Hester Murtland, who were both becomingly dressed in pale green and heliotrope silks respectively. Mr. T. Howe Childs acted as "best man" for the groom.

After the ceremony a congratulatory levee and a wedding luncheon were given the guests prior to the pair's departure on the Fast Line for Eastern and Southern points of interest, amid the traditional shower of rice, flinging of antiquated footgear and innumerable "wish-you-wells."

DIED TO PRINT A LETTER.

A Man Commits Suicide Because an Editor Rejects His Communication.

LAWRENCE, MASS., April 22.—Section-hand Henry Moyes committed suicide here yesterday because he had been misunderstood. Although an Englishman by birth, Moyes was an ardent Home Ruler, and his writings on that topic from time to time appeared in local papers. He had also pronounced ideas on industrial questions. A recent article from his pen had caused something of a sensation, and when the writer's identity became known he became very much troubled in mind. He wrote a card of explanation to a local paper, but the editor published only a paragraph giving its substance. This caused Moyes additional uneasiness, and he shot himself through the brain.

On his person was a note in which he said that he decided to commit suicide because he wanted his card of explanation published, and he knew it would be if he took his life. He also left a note expressing the hope that his workingmen friends who had been divided by reason of his utterances, honestly made, would now be reconciled.

REAPING THEIR REWARD.

A Number of Appointments Made, but no Public Printer Yet.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—William R. Lapham, of New York, has been promoted from clerkship to be Chief of the Division of Stationery and Printing, Interior Department. Alexander R. Morrison, of New Mexico, has been appointed a timber agent.

Paul Vandervoort, of Nebraska, has been appointed Superintendent of Mails at Omaha, Neb. Henry A. Thomas, of Massachusetts, has been appointed Superintendent of Mails at Boston, vice Peter J. Hughes, resigned. Mr. Thomas has had 15 years' experience in the mail service.

Died From the Effects of Mesmerism.

COZADDALE, O., April 22.—Presley Morris, living near Goshen, O., has died very suddenly. Not long ago he permitted himself to be mesmerized, and, while in this state, a pin was thrust through his hand. Blood poison set in, causing his death. He was about 22 years of age.

WONDERFUL LITTLE LAMPS.

Strange Creatures, on Land and Sea, That Shine by Their Own Light—Phosphorescences in Plants—Frogs' Eggs Mistaken for Meteors—Insect Ornaments.

From the London Standard.]

There is no subject which the researches of scientists have more completely failed to elucidate than that of the cause of animal, mineral and vegetable phosphorescence—the light which, unlike all other lights, illumines without either consuming or giving out any perceptible heat. The ocean is the great storehouse of phosphorescent light—on its surface myriads of noctilucæ (little creatures just visible to the naked eye) are often seen lighting the waves for miles, and presenting wonderful effects when the water is broken by the bow of a ship or the oars of a boat. Persons who have passed through a stretch of water crowded with noctilucæ say that the light they give dims that of the stars, and makes the sea look as though it were a vast heaving mass of metal at white heat. The intensity of the light is explained by the immense quantity of the little animals, which are computed to number thirty thousand or so to the cubic foot. Bathers in waters where they abound have often been amazed to find, on emerging, that their bodies are rendered luminous by the noctilucæ that cling to them.

A Many Colored Marvel.

A kind of sealug that is met with in the Mediterranean and the Pacific emits light from certain spots in the body. It is capable of being kept in an aquarium, and there are usually some specimens in the famous one at Naples. When disturbed or swimming the light makes it look like a flame in the water. The most splendid of the many luminous inhabitants of the sea are the pryosomæ. At night they look as though made of glowing white-hot iron, diffusing so strong a light that other fishes are rendered visible when they happen to swim within the sphere of their radiance. A distinguishing feature of the pyrosoma is the variety of tints that it gives forth—orange, green, azure, blue, white and various shades of dark red having been all noticed by various observers.

Extraordinary Sea Creatures.

A tiny kind of shark that is met with off the shores of the Southern States of America is a noted light giver. Specimens captured and taken into a dark apartment present an extraordinary spectacle. The entire surface of the head and body emits a greenish gleam that is constant, and is not, as in the case of most these luminous inhabitants of the sea, increased by friction and agitation. The smallness of the fins of this fish show that it is not an active swimmer, and the assumption is that its light is useful in attracting its prey, on the principle of the torches used by many savages in fishing.

Fishes That Carry Lights.

Several kinds of crabs are luminous. One named the sapphirina is noted for the intensely vivid character of the light that proceeds from it. So brilliant is it that it does not need dark ness to make its presence known, but coruscates blue, purple, green, gold and sapphire rays in full daylight. The presence of a school of mackerel is often indicated by the phosphorescent gleam which these fish produce. Fishermen often descry them at a great distance by this light, and hasten to surround them by their nets.

Insects as Ornaments.

It has been urged that the poet was gulty of an exaggeration in describing the fireflies as giving sufficient light to be of any service; but the accounts of travelers in South America, who tell us that the natives light their path while journeying by a couple of these insects tied to their feet, show that he was speaking quite within the bounds of possibility. At evening entertainments in that part of the world it is customary for ladies to decorate their hair and dresses with fireflies, confined by delicate silken threads.

Queer Method of Catching Fireflies.

The natives of Vera Cruz do quite a large trade in fireflies, which they catch by waving a blazing coal at the end of a stick. The insects fly toward the light, and are captured in nets. The fireflies of Northern America differ from those just described in the fact that they emit their light in capricious flashes, instead of with a steady, uniform glow. This peculiarity has gained for them the name of "lightning bugs." Their light is very similar to that of our glow-worm.

A Strange Sort of Meteor.

A story is told of some French peasants who were returning home one night and saw a meteor fall through the sky in front of them; about half a mile farther on they came to a glowing mass in a ditch, and rushed away terrified, declaring that a star had fallen upon the earth and was burning it up. On investigation it was found that this burning star was nothing more uncanny than a mass of frogs' eggs that had developed phosporescence.

Luminous Plants.

Several varieties of the vegetable kingdom are luminous in a greater or less degree. One of the fungi, which is not at all uncommon on the walls of damp, dark mines, caverns, etc., occasionally emits sufficient light to admit of the reading of ordinary print by it. The emission of light from the common potate when in a state of decomposition is sometimes very striking.

MORE THAN A HOG COULD EAT.

Six Hundred Hard Boiled Eggs as a Feast For Three Men.

NEW YORK, April 22.—Eighteen Staten Islanders celebrated Easter Eve with an egg-eating contest. At West Brighton there is a saloon bearing the sign: "This Place Keeps Cogan." Mr. Cogan a few weeks ago offered a prize of $25 to the person who would eat the largest number of hard boiled eggs in the shortest space of time. It cost $2 to enter the contest, and the agreement was that the contestants should not leave the table during the match, nor take anything to drink with the eggs. Six hundred hard boiled eggs were laid out on a table in Cogan's barroom Saturday night.

At 8 o'clock Cogan gave the word "go," and 18 men pitched into the eggs. Harry Winters gained the lead and James Johnston was a good second, but Jim Daly gradually ate his way up to them until at the end of 30 minutes the three were a tie. Daly was as fresh as when he started, while the others were beginning to weaken. At the end of 45 minutes Daly was the only man eating and declared the winner. He got away with 39 eggs. Johnston during the same time ate 38 eggs and Winters one less.

Mr. Cogan told a reporter last night that the record for hard boiled egg eating was held by a young man named Canary, who once disposed of 42 eggs in 45 minutes.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HAIR.

A Dealer Who Advertises It for Sale to Relic Hunters.

From the New York Sun.]

The advertising columns of the newspapers nowadays teem with offers of all sorts of relics of Revolutionary men and things at astonishingly low prices. Of course a guarantee of genuineness is promised with every relic. The most unique yet offered can be found in Washington. The advertisement is headed "The Hair of General and Mrs. Washington," and adds that "an extraordinary chance is herewith offered to purchase a genuine and exceedingly interesting relic of the Father of his Country."

Husbands, Take Notice.

From the Baltimore American.]

The best way to admire an Easter bonnet is to look at it well before the bill comes in.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the light vesture, snow on snow;
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on the mound.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul that warms it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask: "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud
That tried to blossom in the snow
Lies withered where the violets blow."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NOTES OF NEW YORK NEWS.

Passed a Burning Ship at Sea.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, April 22.—The brig Twilight, which arrived here from Santa Domingo City late last night, passed on April 9 a ship of 800 tons on fire. The spars of the burning vessel were hanging over her sides. The flames had just caught the upper works of the ship, fore and aft, when the Twilight sighted her. On the following day the Twilight passed several large pieces of wreckage. Nothing was seen of the crew of the burning ship.

Friday's Fire Not Yet Extinguished.

Six fire engines are still pumping water on the burning ruins of the big elevators which burned down last Friday. The coal which the elevators contained is still burning brightly, and the neighborhood is filled with stifling smoke. The walls of the Wilcox lard refinery are blazing fiercely on the west and south sides, where a quantity of lard and grease feeds the flames.

Sir Julian Pauncefote Does the Town.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister to the United States, received his visitors to-day, attired in a closely-buttoned Prince Albert coat and Scotch cheviot trousers. He talked a great deal about the weather, Central Park, and the bad cold of his big private secretary, but he shut his mouth tight whenever Canada, the fisheries, and kindred topics were mentioned. To-day he did the town. He thinks New York is much more like Berlin, Paris or Vienna than like London. He has a good opinion of Delmonico's and American hotels. He ate luncheon with Whitelaw Reid, and passed the afternoon with General Sherman. As soon as he can find time the new Minister will go back to England to bring over his wife and four daughters. He will leave for Washington to-morrow morning.

Fourteen People Bitten by a Mad Dog.

Fourteen persons asked the doctors at the Chambers Street Hospital to-