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FORTY-FOURTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1889. THREE CENTS

Pittsburgh Carnegie Library

THE LAST ACT

Of the Grand and Beautiful Centennial Drama Ends in a Blaze of Glory.

THE CENTURY'S CLIMAX

Is Illustrated by the Brawn and Sinew of This Mighty Nation.

NEW YORK HAS A JAG ON.

Red Noses Everywhere, Some Caused by the Sun, and Some Due to the Flowing Bowl.

HARRISON REVIEWS THE PARADE,

And is Saluted by 3,500 Schoolboys, Who March With a Precision Which Shames the Veterans.

MAGNIFICENT TABLEAUX ON FLOATS

The Centennial is over. New Yorkers, who have a reputation for being hustlers, are tired out and sigh for rest. The last scene was the grandest, and has never been equaled in this or any other country, for it illustrated the institutions of this great nation, the acknowledged leader of the world. The civic parade was magnificent, the spectators were legion, and the reviewing stand was occupied by the giants of the nation. The story of the day is eloquently told below.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, May 1.—To-day we gave the third act of the grand Centennial drama. The bands whose music shook the air early in the morning were the orchestra, the hundreds of thousands of human beings crowding the streets were the audience, the miles and miles of paraders forming far uptown were the players, the metropolis was the theater.

The story of the last act of the beautiful and inspiring play was a tale of our century's strides in industry and art, and the climax represented the mighty numbers and power of the people. And the people were the players. They had seen their navy and their army move across the stage, and now they donned their costumes and became themselves the illustrators of the finish of the plot.

Looking back over the whole joyous and perfectly successful spectacle it is seen that the first act by the navy and the second by the soldiers were only grand from the standpoint of a peaceful nation. They would not have amounted to much in one of what we call the effete monarchies. But the third act of the play, the festival of the people, was something no other nation could have illustrated.

Red Noses Predominant.

When the curtains of the day rolled away to display the great stage all brilliant with the sunlight of a prime spring morning, the scene of the day before had not been changed. All the settings were the same. The great private boxes put up along the parks and before the rich folks' houses were once again packed with waiting spectators, and the upper tiers of windows and roofs were again sought by others. The folks who had no seats, but had to stand along the route now shortened to four miles, were not so numerous as on Tuesday. The people were tired—physically tired and tired of sightseeing. Not above 700,000 persons took the places of the full million of the day before.

Lots of yesterday's spectators were newcomers, and they could be as plainly distinguished as if they were labeled. All the new arrivals looked white and pallid, while those who had been taking in the whole show were sunburned. This was so to such a degree that the hundreds of thousands of red noses along the streets and on the stands suggested a population of hard drinkers.

New York Had a Jag On.

As the slang of the day puts it, the city seemed to have had "a beautiful jag on." Burning red noses and peeling noses and noses varnished with new coats of tan were the portion of the women as well as the men. As for the actual drinking by the Centennial multitude it did not become excessive until to-day. Then it was wonderful to behold. There never were so many boiling, rocky, thick-fingered, blear-eyed folks in New York since the days when the Dutch were extending the suburbs by swipping rum for real estate with the Indians. The Bowery was a sight to see this afternoon on account of the unsteadiness of its pedestrians.

It was just about 10 o'clock when the President arrived with Vice President Morton and others at the grand stand at Madison Square. He was dressed as on each previous day, but his appearance excited both comment and compassion, he seemed so tired and unnaturally pale. He was loudly and emphatically cheered.

Cleveland and Harrison.

When Grover Cleveland came with J. Hampden Robb in a carriage, loud and general cheering followed the carriage as it rolled between the lines of spectators. When he stopped at the grand stand the cheering outran him and spent itself down the lines beyond. Mr. Cleveland lifted his hat at each restrengthening of the applause. President Harrison stood above him bowing to him and smiling. When all the notables were on the stand they included Mayor Grant, General Sherman, Senator John Sherman, Secretaries Windom, Rusk, Noble, Wanamaker and Miller, R. B. Hayes, General J. W. Husted, Elliott F. Shepard and General Abram Daily. All were distinguished with varying degrees of popular approval, especially old General Dally.

When Mayor Grant came to the stand it was in his new relation as Chairman of a committee formed of the heads of the different civic bodies in the parade, all wearing yellow sashes except the Mayor. They met on Broadway, and while the others stood facing the stand the Mayor advanced bearing a silver cylinder in his hand, and presented it to President Harrison with a few formal remarks.

A Pathetic Incident.

After the procession was under way, all eyes were turned from it to a trio of men crossing Broadway. Two were supporting the third, who was so old and so decrepit that he was carried rather than supported. He was the ancient Dally, of whom New Yorkers have read on every such occasion as this since anyone can remember. Reaching the front of the reviewing stand, he handed a letter up to President Harrison. It was altogether pathetic—the letter, the scene and the natural thoughts both gave rise to.

The letter rehearsed how he and the other surviving veterans of the War of 1812, who had asked for grand stand tickets had got four seats on some other stand, had torn them up, and then had asked permission to ride in the procession in a carriage, and had been refused. What General Harrison said when he read the letter nobody has reported, but he seemed to say: "Come right up and take my place if you can't get any other." That was the translation of his manner. And sure enough old General Dally did go up and sit by the President amid cheering that honored any who indulged in it. Long afterward there was more cheering. It was when the great concourse of people saw the President talking to the old General.

A Wonderful Parade.

Three parts of the industrial parade were very notable. Indeed there was nothing to compare with them in the opinion of many spectators during the three days of great spectacles. These three features were the marching of the boys of our public schools, the bewildering and artistic floats contributed by the German Americans and the hearty, whole-souled enthusiasm of those citizens themselves.

The first body of note was the dudish battalion of students of Columbia College. In bearing, in dress, in the enormous size of the canes they carried and the height of the collars they wore, no other men in either parade approached them. They wore white gaiters and reached from curb to curb. Very different were the country boys studying medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, who came next. They were of good mettle, none the less.

But hark? Hear the cheering. It sounds at first like the noise on a distant sea beach in a storm. It grows louder. It is approaching rapidly. Tens of thousands of throats are carrying loud applause rapidly along Fifth avenue toward the President. Every one is curious to know what provokes such excessive ardent applause.

A Sight to Make the Heart Throb.

In another two or three minutes the mystery ended. The prettiest sight New York ever saw was about to burst upon the President's vision. The boys of the public schools were approaching, 3,200 strong, in lines as close as those of the West Pointers the day before, with 18, 20, 22 or 25 in each file. As 7,000 persons were passing the President in an hour the boys remained the sensation for 30 minutes. On and on they came, chins up, breasts forward, little feet swinging in unison, eyes as bright as jet, heads proud, happy light heeled and brave hearted. On and on they marched, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but smiles here and there in the ranks where the plaudits struck sensitive souls—a splendid, noble troop of eight great battalions of cosmopolitan New York boys—the judges, merchants, soldiers, beaux and leaders of the city that is to come, that Andrew Green thinks will be a greater London.

In age the boys ranaged from 10 to 16 years. All were neatly attired and marched under derby hats. Their lines were held as straight as the rows of desks in their schoolhouses. In every way theirs was a superb exhibition of the rigid discipline of our school system.

Marched Better Than Veterans.

Trained like little soldiers every day within the schoolhouse walls, they looked like little soldiers in their parade. Every nationality that contributes its quota to our population was represented in their ranks. The women were in ecstacies over them. The President wreathed his face in smiles as he looked at them. He was so delighted with the unexpected and beautiful display that he caused a note to be written and sent to the reporters in which he said that he considered this exhibition superior to any made by the troops yesterday. Vice President Morton stood beaming by his side, and General Sherman was so pleased that during the 30 minutes the boys took in passing he kept nodding and smiling and commending them to the President.

The Grand Army men on the platform said that the boys marched better than the veterans, and that they were more thrilled with the sight of these fine little fellows than by anything they saw to-day. Someone on the reviewing platform was so moved by the scene that he called out, "What becomes of the Anarchists now?" And late last night all over the city the beauty and moral splendor of this scene was the main and proudest topic of household conversation.

An Effective Movement.

The boys did one very effective thing that nobody else thought to do. As each line approached the reviewing stand it turned and came obliquely into the presence of the President. While everybody else was cheering, while the delight of all the hundreds of thousands of faces made them radiant, while the air was electrified with the transports of the general pleasure, the little boys, with the instinctive self-command of New Yorkers, kept their faces immobile. Never veterans of France were better schooled.

The captains saluted with a saber movement of their canes. They had to do so with their left hand. This was a left-handed parade. The consequence of moving the great industrial procession over a reversed line of march laid out for the military men of the day before was that every marching man brought his left side toward the President, and had to salute with his left hand.

Ireland and Germany to the Fore.

The rear ranks of the Tammany men attracted attention by a disinclination to salute the President. They were brought to their politeness by commands from the crowd and tardily they lifted their hats.

Then came the Hibernians wearing hats that told the fashions of distant epochs as do the Centennial curiosities in the museum—strange, weird, wonderful hats, such as make St. Patrick's Day something to talk about.

Last of all came the squadrons and beautiful floats of the Germans. It was indeed a great day for our Teutonic fellow citizens—a day in which they endeared themselves to every New Yorker. By their numbers, by their fine appearance, by their intense enthusiasm and self-sacrifice they exhibited their loyalty to the spirit of this holiday which has been no more than equaled by our native-born citizens. High credit, then, to Steinway, to Keppler, to Emil Schaeffer and Colonel Seifert, and to every marching man and artist of them all.

New York Is Tired Out.

Elsewhere their scores of moving tableaux are described. It is enough to say here that never has New York seen any sight of the kind to be compared with this. In truth, this city has seldom given expression to jubilation by means of these street tableaux. The long lines of rapidly moving platforms crowded with living figures, with workmen at their labor, with lovely women in the attire of goddesses, made a brilliant, opulent and never-to-be-forgotten show. It was moved along too fast. It was too bewildering.

FLOAT REPRESENTING FAIRY TALES.

But to come to the end, three days is too much of such festivities. The people were tired, the President was tired, the marching men were tired, our eyes, our minds, our nerves were tired. There is proof of this in a thousand matters, some of which have been referred to; but the strongest proof came when (because the President had to hurry away to catch a train after about 25,000 men had passed him) the rest broke ranks and vanished like fog banks before a hot sun, too tired to finish what little remained of the gigantic celebration.

THE CIVIC PARADE.

Eighty Thousand Men in Line—Beautiful and Striking Tableaux—Pennsylvania's Float—George and Martha Escorted by German Knights.

The great civic parade started promptly at 10 o'clock, headed by Chief Marshal General Daniel Butterfield, preceded by a detail of mounted police, and followed by a staff of aides representing each State.

There were 80,000 men in line, comprising regular soldiers and sailors, veterans, State military organizations, collegians, school children, secret societies, singing societies, mechanics, firemen, and societies composed of English, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Swiss and German-Americans.

HUMBOLDT FLOAT REPRESENTING SCIENCE.

The tableaux were remarkable in design and magnificent in construction. The first represented the reading of the Declaration of Independence by John Nixon, in State House yard, Philadelphia, July 8, 1776, followed by a float representing Washington crossing the Delaware, with its guard of several hundred cadets in uniform. Then came 3,500 school children, escorting their center tableau of "Washington at Valley Forge, winter of 1777 and 1778." It represented the winter quarters at Valley Forge, the meeting of General Washington with Baron Steuben and sick and wounded soldiers.

Then came tableaux representing Washington saying farewell to his officers; Washington resigning his commission, and his inauguration as President.

Pennsylvania Shows Up Well.

The Sons of Veterans, 1,000 in number, followed, guarding tableaux representing New York, Massachusetts, Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania. The New York tableau was the discovery of the Hudson by Hendrik Hudson, 1614, and consisted of a boatload of Dutch sailors and voyagers. Massachusetts was designated by the anchoring of the Mayflower at Plymouth, 1620. The efforts of Lord De La War to Christianize and educate the Indians formed the pictorial subject of the Delaware tableau, A. D. 1627. Maryland's Catholic settlement by Calvert, 1633, and the religious freedom guaranteed to Protestants, was the subject of the Maryland tableau, and Penn's treaty with the Indians that of the Pennsylvania tableau. Separated from these by a band and a delegation of 600 members of the United Order of Foresters, was a tableau of Georgia, 1732, the last colony settled before the Revolution. Oglethorpe and his little band of Scotch, Irish and English Non-conformists, were well depicted.

A Swiss organization presented two tableaux—Helvetia, with 22 living female figures, representing the Cantons of the Swiss Republic, and an Alpine crag with chamois, and the historic group of Tell defying Gessler. The division was concluded by the first Hungarian Scheutzen Bund.

The Labor Division.

First came 300 shipjoiners, with vessels on trucks, and men working at their construction. Then came floats bearing plasterers, cloak and suit workmen, painters, marble cutters, plumbers and gas fitters and carpenters and joiners, all engaged in practical illustration of their handicrafts and escorted by large delegations of their fellow workmen. About 7,500 men were in the division.

The Italian delegations escorted two floats representing Columbus and Washington, discoverer and father, and Italy and America.

The industries with which the German-American citizens are chiefly identified, were represented by living figures, German poetry, music and art were represented partly by living figures, and partly by tableaux and allegorical designs. Many of the latter are by Keppler, the others being by Operti de Glim and various other artists.

In the first float, by Lauber, German immigration to this country 100 years ago, was contrasted in an amusing fashion with similar immigration to-day. The next showed the German heroes of the Revolution, DeKalb, Steuben and others. The next represented the "Emigration Caused by the Revolution in Europe in 1848." It contained living models of the famous men who were driven from Germany on account of their liberal ideas and their sympathies with the masses in the general uprising that signalized that era.

George and Martha.

Next in order was a float which was loudly applauded. On it was Washington's carriage, on the inside of which were figures gazing out of the windows representing George and Martha Washington. The carriage was escorted by German Knights on horseback.

Another tableau of great beauty and artistic merit was one representing the achievements of Germany in science. Von Humboldt was the leading feature in this group, which was designed by DeGrimm. Another represented Music, with Wagner surrounded by the Rhine daughters, Siegfreid, Die Walkure, etc. A second float in this tableau was devoted to operatic music, and bore figures of Beethoven, Mozart, Meyerbeer and others.

The remaining tableaux were also of great beauty and significance. They included the printing press of 100 years ago, and public enlightenment, Arion, the patron saint of the singing society, a rehearsal for a rural concert, Bacchus, an infant school, a Christmas tree, the turnverein, Arminius, conqueror of the Roman legions, civil engineering, fresco painting, a piano industry, artistic forging and hammering, bakers' industry, brewing industry, King Gambrinus, cooking and pastry baking, butchers' industry, mowing and reaping, shoemaking industry, furniture industry, basket industry, Columbia and Germania, besides as many more or less striking in appearance. A model of the Brooklyn bridge stood for Germany's part of the mechanical arts of the country, J. A. Roebling having been a German engineer.

Prince Carnival.

The tableau representing Prince Carnival was 30 feet long, 8 feet wide and 18 feet high. A number of colossal champagne bottles, six feet high, with an enormous glass poised upon their corks, stood in the middle of the float. For decorations there were miniature musical instruments and groups of merry makers, dancers and maskers.

The Liederkranz float was in the form of a rock, with caverns and a water scene at the base. Loreleiet sits at the top and plays a harp while a young man comes out of one of the caves in a boat and sings about "Woe to the Nymphs." Other singers also appear.

About midway was one of Washington's coaches, drawn by four horses, and specially escorted by 1,500 colored men forming the Colored Centennial Committee. The Sixty-ninth Regiment, famous for its gallantry during the late war, came in for a large share of the applause that was awarded this section of the parade.

THE PRESIDENT GOES HOME.

He and His Cabinet Return to Their Official Duties at Washington.

NEW YORK, May 1.—At 5 P. M. the Presidental party, consisting of President Harrison, Secretary Windom, wife and two daughters; Secretary Proctor, Colonel Barr, Colonel John M. Wilson, Walker Blaine, Private Secretary Halford, Secretary Tracy,

Continued on Sixth Page.

STILL THEY ARRIVE.

Another Squad of English Glass Workers Appears at Jeannette.

GETTING ACQUAINTED RAPIDLY.

They Did Not Know Each Other When They Landed, but Are Now

HANGING TOGETHER LIKE BROTHERS.

All of Them Keep Quiet, but Other People Do Some Lively Talking.

One more detachment of English glass workers has arrived at Jeannette. At Philadelphia they claimed that they were not even acquainted, but their actions now tell a different story. All are skilled workmen in their line. They are very guarded in their conversation. The American workmen at Jeannette, however, express their opinions very freely.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

JEANNETTE, May 1.—Ten more bloomin' Hinglish glass blowers arrived at Jeannette last evening, ostensibly to work in Chambers & McKee's big new window glass plant. They got into Pittsburg some time in the afternoon, and about 5:30 P. M. started for Jeannette. The men about the depot reported that there were at least 20 in the party, but so far as could be learned late last evening only ten men, one woman and two children reached Jeannette. The reports from Philadelphia said that 20 landed altogether, and they will probably reach the new glass town to-day.

About a week ago a party of six more arrived. With the first batch of 25 and the last two lots there are now in Jeannette 41 English glass workers who, it is strongly presumed, have been hired under contract. When they landed in Philadelphia they claimed not to know each other, but any man who could have seen them playing cards together last night and calling each other by the most familiar names, would soon be convinced that they were old friends. How many more are to come the fates and the proprietors of the glasshouse can tell; but both uniformly are silent.

FISH OUT OF WATER.

The last party came from Philadelphia over the Pennsylvania road. When they reached the Union depot they acted like a lot of fish out of water. "Where can we be booked to Jeannette?" they asked train men. "Jimmy, get a third-class ticket," said one to a companion; but he soon discovered that not much distinction is made in tickets in America. No one, apparently, was with them, but the men seemed to act as if some hidden hand was guiding them. They appeared to be well supplied with tin trunks and luggage, but not a great deal of money.

The woman in the party yesterday was the first one to arrive, and she was the wife of one of the men. Most of them are married, and they talk freely of sending for their wives later on. A DISPATCH scribe reached Jeannette about 10 o'clock last night, and after a lively experience in the darkness with country mud, and coming within an ace several times of falling into holes or rolling over an embankment, finally got out on to the road under a natural gas jet.

After some further skirmishing the men were located. Five of them were found in Mrs. Coburn's boarding house having a friendly game. It was now about 10:30 P. M., and they were laughing and talking over the cards. The reporter sized them up through an open window with a curious crowd outside. They appeared to range in age from 35 to 40 years, and seemed to possess considerable intelligence.

ALL SKILLED WORKMEN.

A few of them bore red marks on their necks, evidently from burns they had received, but otherwise they were fine, stalwart men. They are all skilled workmen, and understand the working of the tank system of making window glass thoroughly. A strong effort was made to pump some of the men, but they would not bite. They were very guarded in what they had to say, and nothing would draw them out. It was plain to be seen that they were well posted by somebody.

It wasn't long before they retired and there was nothing left to do but to gather some of the things they had dropped to the citizens. They all claim to be union men and hold that they are members of the international union. They speak of their cards, but, strange to relate, nobody in Jeannette has ever seen them. If they have them they certainly guard them as closely as they do their tongues. Those in the town who have met the foreign blowers speak of them as a very decent class of people, but they wonder where the thing will end. One man said:

There are plenty of laborers in Jeannette hunting work who can't get it, but here are 41 strange Englishmen who have no trouble in securing jobs. They arrive one day, recuperate the next and go to work on the following morning in Chambers and McKee's window glass plant.

SOME PERTINENT FACTS.

The general impression here is that something is decidedly wrong. Here is a characteristic interview from one of the American workmen on the ground:

Of course I haven't had an opportunity to meet the ten who arrived to-day, but I know most of the 31, and some of them quite well. I must say for them that they are a fine-looking set of fellows, and understand the workings of the tank system. I watched the crowd today as they walked from the train to the boarding house, and none of them looked like men blessed with any too much money. They were shabbily dressed and didn't appear like well paid foreign workmen, as they claimed to be. I know when the first lot arrived they hadn't money enough to pay the expressage on their baggage to have it hauled from the depot. They went to board with Mrs. Coburn. She charged them $5 a week, and it is a singular fact that she handed their bill over to the Western Land and Improvement Company for payment.

The supposition is that Chambers and McKee looked after the men through the company as a medium. The first week the men were here they didn't have a copper. I treated one to a glass of beer and he apologized because he couldn't return the compliment. He said he would have plenty of money after Saturday. Sure enough, he had, and was liberal with it, too. I explained to this man the contract laws in force in this country, but he feigned ignorance. He said they had never heard of the law, and came here of their own accord. They had paid their fares themselves.

"In England, he explained, that he got £24 a month, but they expected to make £40, or nearly $200, here a month. He had been called a scab by some of the Americans, and this hurt his feelings. He asked me to stand by him and put a good word in for the party with the people.

A DIRECT VIOLATION.

I rather pitied the fellow, though I am thoroughly convinced, from all I have seen and learned of him, that the entire party is under contract, and they came into the country in direct violation of the immigration laws. Another one of the first batch told me that he had heard of the plant here three months before he thought of coming over, and his desire to live in America and earn better wages is what induced him to cross the water. He had worked in an English glass house and was conversant with the tank system.

Strangers were excluded, and only two American glass buyers ever got in, and they only saw part of the works. The window glass plant at Jeannette is closely guarded, and an outsider couldn't get in for love or money. After the men had rested for a few days they went to work inside. It was given out that they are only laboring, but it didn't take them long to discover that the stock was not high enough, and since then they have been making it higher. I asked one of the men why it is that the owners are so secret about everything. He replied that some of the machinery used in making the glass is so fine that it can hardly be touched with the hand, and the proprietors are afraid that some prejudiced person might enter and destroy some of the delicate machinery without being discovered.

The men will not say what they are working at inside, and no one on the outside can surmise anything else but that they are putting on the finishing touches. The same man explained to me how the glass is rolled and slided. In fact I could soon see that they all understood their business. These men say that the tank plant here will be the finest in the world when complete, and they think it will be a decided success if the gas will produce heat enough. They seem to be a little doubtful on this point, but hope for the best. It is expected the window glass works will be started in two weeks. The town is dead and everybody is waiting for these glass plants to start. The Western Land and Improvement Company discharged 52 laborers to-day because they hadn't any more work for them to do. The fact is that there are plenty of men here suffering, but waiting in hopes, while these Englishmen get to work as soon as they arrive.

A STRONG PRESUMPTION.

The presumption is strong among the people of the town that this is to be a scab institution. Not only will the men hired be scabs, but it is hinted by many that the proprietors will cut loose from all the manufacturing associations and run their works all the year around. The glass men usually agree to shut down for a period during the summer, but I have it pretty straight that Chambers & McKee have no such intentions. American blowers will not work during the hot period, but the firm thinks that their English allies will stand by them and the glass disciples of Uncle Sam can go to the wall.

With the tank system it is supposed they intend to monopolize the trade and drive all the other window glass workers out of the business for a time at least. Here is another fact that seems strange about this whole business. The Jeannette Planing Mill Company is waiting for the works to start up before they will commence to build 100 houses, the plans for which have already been made. The people believe these houses are intended for as many English families and the American workman is to be debarred.

The citizens here feel bitter against the foreigners and the firm, and they are positive that if an investigation were made it could be shown that the contract laws have been violated. ISRAEL.

BOSTON GETS IT.

The Pittsburg Idea Travels—Her Licensed Saloons Cut Down 75 Per Cent—Sporting Resorts Closed—A Howl in Culture's City.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, May 1.—Boston is anything but a paradise to sporting men just at present. To-day the principal sporting places in the city have been closed, and admirers of sports in general have been unable to exchange the gossip of the day at their old haunts. The new license law went into effect to-day, and Boston's supply of rum is curtailed nearly 75 per cent. Instead of 2,636 licenses which were issued last year only 780 have been granted this year.

The sporting fraternity are the greatest sufferers from the cut down, and to-night they are forced to seek pastures new. Mike Gleason, Ed. McAvoy, Geo. Bosmer and Larry Killen locked their doors at 11 o'clock last night, and have not since opened them. All day the friends of the unsuccessful applicants for licenses have thronged police headquarters, and the board of police have been talked to death. Ernest efforts are being made to have the privilege of selling liquor extended and the Legislature will be appealed to if the board of police refuse to take action.

NO REDUCTION TO BE ACCEPTED.

Illinois Miners Are Unanimous in Deciding to Quit First.

STREATOR, ILL., May 1.—At a convention of the miners of the Northern district of Illinois, held here to-day, a resolution was unanimously adopted refusing to accept a reduction of 10 cents per ton for mining during the coming year, as offered by the operators. Delegates were present from every mining point in the district.

A resolution was also adopted directing the district officer to call a national convention of all the miners in the bituminous coal fields, as far as the competition reaches, and that there be no work in the districts until such convention is called. Machine men and day laborers who are producing coal will also go out pending the settlement of the difficulties.

IT NEVER FAILS.

The Didn't-Know-It-Was-Loaded Revolver Gets Another Victim.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PEORIA, May 1.—A sensational accidental shooting occurred here this evening. Miss Jessie Beoning, a well-known young lady, was in the real estate office of William Scott. They were in a rear room when Miss Boening picked up a revolver which was supposed to be unloaded. She snapped it several times, and then turned it toward herself with the remark: "I wonder if I can shoot myself." She pulled the trigger again, there was a loud report, and she fell mortally wounded.

GALLANT SOUTHRONS.

They Throw Kisses at the Chorus, Yell Fire and Are Promptly Fired.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, May 1.—Just as the curtain was descending on the first act of "Nadjy" at the Casino, to-night, two well dressed Southerners, who had seats in the parquet near the stage, arose together and kissed their hands to the actresses in the chorus. Then one turned toward the audience and shouted "Fire!" The chief usher ordered the strangers to leave, and Manager Aronson called in a policeman, who took them out of the theater. They had been drinking.

YELLOW FEVER ON THE OCEAN.

An Epidemic Breaks Out on Board One of the Lloyd Steamships.

LONDON, May 1.—Lloyd's agent at Berlin reports that the Weser has yellow fever on board, several officers and 28 men being ill and three having died.

The North German Lloyd steamer Weser, Captain von Schuckmann, sailed from Baltimore April 17 for Bremen.

THE QUARANTINE RAISED.

Sanford is Said to be in the Most Perfect Sanitary Condition.

SANFORD, FLA., May 1.—All quarantine restrictions were ordered raised to-day by Dr. Porter, though their regular term would extend to May 8, such action being justified by the prompt precautions taken and the good sanitary condition of the town. The former inmates of the Demons House are still kept in camp.

KICKING FOR SPOILS.

Maryland's Republican League Denounces President Harrison's Policy—All the Fault of a Congressman—A Decidedly Objectionable Appointment.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

FREDERICK, MD., May 1.—There was the biggest kind of a row at the convention of the Maryland State League of Republican clubs held here to-day. Trouble had been brewing in the Republican ranks ever since the inauguration of President Harrison owing to the bitter antagonism of the two factions of the party, both of whom demanded recognition from the administration. That wing of the party led by Congressman McComas seemed to have had the pull all along, and the Young Men's Republican Club of Baltimore, which was left out in the cold, has been kicking vigorously.

The President has been rigorously denounced for not providing for the faithful, and when last week it was announced that Calvin Gorman, a brother of Senator Gorman, had, after being dismissed from the service, been reappointed to even a better position than he formerly held, there was a howl all along the line. The bitterest things were said of the administration, and only an opportunity was wanting to make the dissatisfaction public. It came to-day, when the league of clubs met in convention here. Almost the first resolution offered was one condemning the President for appointing Senator Gorman's brother an inspector of the Treasury. It was presented by the Howard county delegates, who represent the home of Senator Gorman.

The excitement it occasioned was tremendous, and the debate lasted fully two hours, some bitter personalities were indulged in, the President being roundly censured for making the appointment. By the hardest kind of work the President's champions succeeded in having the resolution toned down a little, when it went through with a rush. Even in its present shape it is decidedly uncomplimentary to the Executive.

GRAND ARMY MEN MAD

At the Story That Colonel Drake Pinned His Badge on General Gordon's Breast.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, May 1.—The Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, Major William Warner, of Kansas City, was the chief guest at a reception and campfire in the Harlem River Park this afternoon and evening. The Grand Army posts of New York City, Brooklyn, and Kings, Queens and Richmond counties were represented. About 2,000 veterans were present.

Colonel D. V. Quick, Chairman of the Reception Committee, read an article from a morning paper which stated that Colonel Drake, of Drake's Zouaves, Elizabeth, met Governor Gordon, whom he fought against in the war, and took off his Grand Army badge and pinned it on Governor Gordon's breast. His staff followed his example, and, taking off their badges, pinned them on the breasts of Governor Gordon's staff. Hisses and groans were heard on all sides.

Post Department Commander Burrows, of New Jersey, sprang to his feet. "I am thunderstruck," he said. "Any man who disgraces the Grand Army badge in that manner is not fit to be called a comrade. In 48 hours from now I will have this matter investigated, and if I find that the article read is true, he shall be court martialed and expelled from the Grand Army."

Colonel Quick said: "No citizen, however loyal he may have been, can in honor wear that badge, much less one that fought against us. Any man who, for the sake of notoriety and mock sentimentality, would pin a Grand Army badge on a man who fought against the Union is unworthy to be a member of the order and does not know its first principles."

THE SOUTH WIDE AWAKE.

Her Cotton Men Will Seek Foreign Fields and Circumvent the Jute Trust.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

AUGUSTA, GA., May 1.—The Southern Cotton Manufacturers' Association has permanently organized to-day by the election of H. H. Hickman, of Augusta, President. About 50 mills in Georgia, North and South Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee and Louisiana were represented. Augusta was selected as the central headquarters, and the officers will be located here, where statistics will be gathered for information of the members of the association. National Government aid will be invoked to extend the cotton goods trade to South America and Mexico.

By invitation of the association, delegates from the Farmers' Alliance of Georgia and South Carolina were present to discuss the absorbing question of using cotton bagging for jute bagging. A committee appointed from the alliance and the associations to confer upon the cotton bagging subject reported that cotton bagging would be manufactured yard for yard at the same or less cost than jute bagging. The farmers are delighted at the action of the association, and think they have scored a victory against the Jute Bagging Trust. Several manufacturers say they will make cotton bagging for the farmers just as cheap if not cheaper than jute bagging.

THE SAME PRICE ALL AROUND.

Saloon Keepers in All Cities in the State Must Pay $500 for a License.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PHILADELPHIA, May 1.—The Supreme Court on Monday affirmed, in a per curiam opinion, the judgment of the Common Pleas Court of Luzerne county in the case of the Commonwealth ex rel Zirnhelt vs Smoulter. The decision in this case established that in Wilkesbarre and all other cities whose population makes them cities of the third class, under the classification made by the act of May 23, 1874, the license fee for retail venders of liquor is $500. At the time the Brooks bill was passed, the act of 1876 was in force, dividing cities into five classes, and the act of 1887, dividing them into seven classes, was upon the eve of passage. Both of these acts have since been declared unconstitutional, so that the provision of the Brooks bill that the licensed venders in cities below the third class shall pay only a fee of $300 has become inoperative.

This afternoon the same question arose in a Crawford county case, in which Joseph Hoenig was the licensee. The Chief Justice shortened the argument of Hoenig's counsel by calling attention to the delivery of the opinion in the Zirnhelt case deciding the same point.

GOUNOD ENGAGED.

The Eminent Composer Signs a Contract for 75 Concerts.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

ST. LOUIS, May 1.—Benjamin F. Marx and Louis Nathan, of this city, have made a contract with Gounod, the composer, for a tour of this country next season. The contract calls for 75 concerts, and Gounod is guaranteed $250 a performance. Mr. Marx is a wealthy young Hebrew, and Mr. Nathan is a dramatist and his wife a prominent vocalist.

A Number of Embryo Congressmen.

EMPORIA, KAN., May 1.—The Fourth Congressional District Convention (Republican), to nominate a successor to the Hon. Thomas Ryan, met here to-day and effected a preliminary organization. There are ten candidates, and the convention will probably be in session several days.

A LAUREL SHIFTED.

Bold Ben Butler Says Farragut Was the Hero of New Orleans.

ALL WERE BRAVE MEN THERE,

With the Sole Exception of One High Officer Who Ran Away.

HE ONLY HELD THE CAPTURED CITY

And Governed it in Such Way and Manner as History Has Settled.

Another idol shattered. Ben Butler says he is not the hero of New Orleans. He removes the laurel wreath from his own brow and places it on the tomb of the brave Farragut. He also pays his respects to one high officer who showed the white feather, but does not mention names. A graphic description of the sea fight is also given by the eloquent old war horse.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, May 1.—For 27 years Benjamin F. Butler has heard his praises sounded as the Hero of New Orleans, and to-night, on the anniversary of his landing on the levee in the Crescent City, he disclaimed any credit for his deeds, and gave all the praise to Admiral Farragut.

Surrounded by his bosom friends, the members of the Butler Club, who had gathered to honor the doughty warrior, the General told in graphic language the story of the memorable struggle for the possession of the Mississippi, and modestly laid down the laurel wreath which a grateful Republic had laid upon his brow. The old man has lost much of the vigor which has until recent years made him conspicuous among the great men of the country, but his keen intellect seems to retain that wonderful power to grasp all the salient points in any subject he considers, and his tongue gives utterance to the thought with the same forcible, commanding, brilliant speech that has placed him in the front rank of orators.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

The gathering to-night was made notable by the presence of General Butler and of Mr. Charles A. Dana. The doughty warrior and the doughty editor were given a rousing reception, and their words were eagerly awaited. Congressmen Morse, Greenhalge and O'Neil and James Parton, General Butler's historian, were among those present. Colonel Noah A. Plympton was the presiding officer. General Butler was the first speaker, and when he had finished his panegyric of Admiral Farragut he was cheered to the echo. Among other things he said:

I have taken some minutes of your time to renew your remembrance of this glorious victory of Farragut and his brave officers and sailors—heroes all save one, a high officer who ran away, so the exception proves the rule—so that, by the testimony of an eye witness then within some 600 yards of the fort when the Hartford passed it, and who saw the facts as I have described them, it may be fixed who was the sole hero of the capture of New Orleans, and should be so recognized for all time and by all men. For myself I claim only that I held, preserved and governed that city in such way and manner as history has settled, for good or ill, a theme subject for every reason. I cannot discuss here and now. But I may leave to say that after a quarter of a century's reflection since, and the knowledge which ought to come from acquaintance with public affairs, if it were to happen again, I could do it twice as well as I did then, because with what I now know of sedition and treason, I should make the little finger of Rheoboam heavier than the whole hand of Solomon. I have left myself hardly time for greeting. Friends all, I welcome you with every sensibility of my heart. I feel that we have a common bond which, whatever may be our differences in other respects, will draw us together, because true love of country is stronger than party ties.

A WORK OF ART.

General Butler's description of the sea fight was a work of art. He said:

At 3 o'clock in the morning the order was given to ascend the river at eight miles an hour, giving but about four overland, a snail's pace when exposed to cross fire. As soon as he was discovered the forts opened upon him with all the enemy's guns, afloat or ashore. Fire raft upon fire raft was sent down upon the fleet, one being pushed by the rebel ironclad ram Manassas upon the bow of the Hartford, setting fire to all her forward sails and rigging. The whole scene was lighted up as if for an illuminated parade. His ship on fire, the whole artillery of the fort pouring shot and shell upon his disabled vessel, see the dauntless sailor on his quarter deck issuing an order heard above all the din: "Cease firing! call away the fire brigade and put out that fire! Call away the cutter, clap on that fire raft and send her down the river!" Farragut meantime standing quietly supervising his orders exposed to the whole fire of both forts. The fire put out, his order was given: "Guns on the port side, fire on the embrasure and casements! drive the enemy from their guns!" and

THE GALLANT OLD HARTFORD,

with smoking, half burnt sails, steams onward past the fort with a dash for victory, and New Orleans is ours. If anyone failed to see in this the most gallant and most glorious achievements of naval warfare it must be because of the impotency of my description. As the fleet was passing the forts it was attacked by the armed vessels of the enemy, led by the Confederate ironclad ram Manassas. She was promptly sunk, and the rest of the fleet were either driven ashore, sunk, or fled up the river.

Before this attack it had been arranged between the commander of the co-operating forces that if the fleet failed to pass the forts a force should be landed from the Gulf side of Fort St. Phillip—if landing it could be called where all the soil was covered with water, and an assault made on the fort from the land side, and thus the city taken. As soon as the fort was passed