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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1889.

AN ATTEMPT AT COMPENSATION.

The contending French factions seem determined to console themselves for their inability to get up a revolution in Paris by kicking up a rumpus in London. That is at least the most creditable explanation of the disorderly conduct of Rochefort and his opponent in London yesterday.

On any other supposition the fact that a lot of factional Frenchmen export their quarrels to the English capital and there indulge in abusive language and display of weapons, must be taken as prima facie evidence that the French politicians are unmitigated fools. After the London bobbies have swooped down on them like bluecoated Fates, and borne them off to station houses, the same conclusion might be apparent, even to themselves.

There has been room for considering French politics of late as a display of inspired idiocy—but it is hardly to be expected that the Frenchmen would take such extraordinary pains to convince foreign nations that it is so. Therefore, we are prone to regard yesterday's outbreak as an attempt to gain compensation for the failure to embroil France, by disturbing the peace of London.

A PERVERSE TERRITORY.

It really seems as if the people of Montana must be picked out as a wicked and perverse generation. They have disappointed the expectations of the Republican politicians, and thrown the ambition of a very prominent and ambitious young man all awry, by electing a Democratic Constitutional convention. Montana was placed among the list of Territories entitled to admittance to the Union upon the understanding encouraged by its Republican victory last fall, that it was to be a Republican State. Montana is also the home of Mr. Russell Harrison who is not remotely connected with the present administration. Mr. Harrison is prominent in the journalism of Montana, as well as of other parts of the country, and as it is understood exercised no light influence in the distribution of the several offices in that Territory.

This was supposed to establish a first lien upon one of the Senatorships, which will be filled when the territory has reached the dignity of Statehood; but at the election just held the Territory elected a Democratic majority for the Constitutional Convention. This indicates a Democratic majority in the next Legislature. In consequence the political ambitions founded upon the presumed Republicanism of the new Territory are reduced to ruins. With such rank ingratitude, what availeth it to be the oldest son of the White House, and to control the loaves and fishes if the Territory goes back on you at the first opportunity.

If patronage, family influence and a part proprietorship of several organs can effect him no more than that, it is better to be a mere rustler of the planes than heir apparent of the party in power.

OUR JARNDYCE CASE.

The recent decision of the United States Court, in the Myra Clark Gaines case, is widely noticed as the end of a very remarkable litigation, by which a large fortune is secured to the heirs of a woman who had to fight her claim for her entire lifetime. But what should be the real significance of this case to the whole country, is the fact that this decision does not by any means end the litigation which has been going on for a period of over half a century. The case is sent back to the lower courts with instructions to carry on the trials in accordance with certain principles laid down by the Supreme Court. It will probably take several more years before even the branch of the case involved in this one suit is decided.

Dickens' sketch of the case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce, was considered a caricature of the law's delay, and was supposed to have worked some reform at least in this vice of litigation; but here is a case begun 55 years ago. When finally reached in the Supreme Court a decision is rendered upon it which will probably make the term fully 70 years before the case is finally settled. We have no hesitation in saying that an organization of the machinery of justice upon the principle of furnishing an economical and reliable settlement of disputed questions would have reached the conclusion much sooner.

ADULTERATION AS A PRINCIPLE.

A striking avowal of adulteration as a principle was afforded in a debate in the Illinois Senate the other day, on the bill to prevent adulteration in food articles. Mr. Craft, of Chicago, the leader of the Democracy in the House, asserted in the debate that it was necessary for the manufacturer of first-class cheese to use lard as one of its components. Possibly the necessity for the thing might be largely modified by the point of view from which the opinion is formed. Sand in sugar, chalk and water in the milk, chicory in coffee and cabbage leaves in cigars, might be considered necessary by some of the people turning out those staples, but the purchasers of the articles are at liberty to take a decidedly different view.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Craft has strong precedents for his assertion. The whole country has recently been informed that the best butter is to be made by the mixtures of oleomargarine. The lard, which according to this statement, is necessary to make the best cheese and also is alleged to highly improve the quality of butter, is well known to be greatly ameliorated by the liberal use of cottonseed oil. Whether any exotic material has yet been discovered which would improve the cottonseed oil is not fully developed; but if there is any failure in that respect it must be attributed to the fact that no material has yet been discovered which will serve the purpose, and which costs less than the cottonseed oil does. It has also been demonstrated by the fact, that the best olive oil is made entirely from the cottonseed product, and that will undoubtedly continue to be the case until good olive oil becomes the cheapest article. Then we presume the makers of cottonseed oil will discover that olive oil will highly improve their product.

In short the efforts of adulteration have arrived at this point: everything is better if it has something else in it, and is a sham and fraud. We should judge that the Illinois statesman who teaches this rule, must be prompted by kindred feeling for the shams.

THOSE PASSING SHADOWS.

If unlimited credence were given to everything emanating from employers of labor and from labor circles at this time of year, the outlook for local business would be far from cheerful. Talk of strikes over wages is heard in many quarters, but the public know that this is nothing new for the early summer months. It is, in fact, quite the usual thing for the season. We have the satisfaction of knowing that in past years clouds of far more threatening aspect lifted quickly, and that employers and employed came to terms with scarcely any serious stoppage of work.

It is a pity, nevertheless, that these annual interruptions to harmony should occur. The day must come when both capital and labor will hit upon some better plan of settlement than insistance upon extreme claims. Pittsburg has the coign of vantage as a manufacturing district. As the country grows so will Pittsburg's superior resources more conspicuously assert themselves. But it is a distinct drawback to its mercantile, its real estate and its general interests to have very remote possibilities of protracted stoppages of its mills and factories discussed as serious annual probabilities. THE DISPATCH is not now prepared to forecast precisely what the voluminous reports of next year's census as to strikes and "shut-downs" will show; but it believes that while nowhere is, there, in the early summer months of every year, such a general canvassing of disputes between capital and labor as in Pittsburg, there is on the other hand hardly a city of the size where so little actual interruption of work on that score takes place.

The current year has been full of bright promise so far. We are not inclined to think, however assertive extremists in controversy choose to be, or however gloomy those people who exaggerate passing and even not unfamiliar clouds, that any serious check will be felt in Pittsburg or vicinity during the remaining months of '89.

A NEW SAFE DEPOSIT.

The idiosyncrasies of different people in the care of money, could hardly find a better illustration than that of the woman up in the hill district who wrapped up a thousand dollars in bills and placed the bundle under the front steps of her dwelling for safety, while she went down town shopping. No doubt good reasons can be cited for that class of safe deposit. The locality being that where the Owl Gang ruled supreme a few years ago, the practice might be justified either on the ground that the money would be safer almost anywhere than in the house, or that it would save trouble to put the funds out under the front steps and let the Owls take it as they pass by. It is also conceivable that the fact that the owner of the money was going shopping would convince her that the money would be safer under the front steps than in her pocket.

Nevertheless, the results of making a safe deposit vault of the front door steps do not appear to have been very satisfactory. The children of the Fifth ward are of an exploring turn of mind, and when they found the bundle it struck them as a very satisfactory plaything. By the time the owner returned and recovered the money, a hundred and fifty dollars had been scattered as a medium of exchange, or torn up for decoration. The hill district will be apt to conclude that after all a good bank is as safe a place as any to keep their surplus money.

OTHERS WILL NOT RESIGN.

The complication and wheels within wheels, which hamper the distribution of offices in Washington, is shown by the fact that a number of the sensitive young ladies in the Land Office propose to resign their positions because a colored man has been appointed chief of their division. The new official is well known as a man of intelligence and property; but the horror of the young women rises at the idea of being superintended by a person of colored blood, and they declare that they will have none of it, even at the cost of their positions. The proper advice for the young ladies would be that they should go slow. Prejudice against color is a strong incentive, but the salary of offices in Washington is a much stronger one. When the young women come to reflect upon the fact that a large number of patriots are standing ready to take their places, without regard to color, or any other prejudices except that against hard labor, they will probably conclude that it is better for them to keep their places. After they have arrived at this discreet conclusion they will also probably find that their colored superior is more courteous and gentlemanly on account of his color than most of the imperious placeholders who generally rule over the bureaus in these Government offices.

WHENCE COMES THE POWER?

The disposition to make loose statements with regard to the action of the Inter-State Commerce law is illustrated by a statement of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "That Judge Cooley says that the Inter-State Commerce Commission has power to fix rates which may throw a particular road into bankruptcy." It would be interesting to have the esteemed *Globe-Democrat* state when Judge Cooley made this remarkable assertion; and then, upon what sections of the law the judge founded the power of the commission to fix rates at all. The fact that there is no such section creates the impression that the judge made no such assertion. He has been too averse to exercising the powers that the law does give the commission, to set up any claims of power that cannot be found in the law. But the imputation of the remark to him, is a striking illustration of the loose allegations prevalent concerning that enactment.

COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD may discuss with a great deal of feeling the question whether a Christian can be an editor or not, but he entirely fails to throw any new light upon the question, whether a great religious editor can publish tips on the horse races.

THE struggle for precedence among the local Republican managers yesterday was several degrees hotter than the weather. While the public will watch the outcome with interest, and the prominent workers in the party ranks regard it with the concern which always attaches to the query "Under which King, Bezonian?" it stands out clearly that the issue for the present is one of personal leadership almost wholly. Within political parties, as well as between them, these rivalries for control are usually productive of benefit in one direction. Where the forces are fairly well balanced, each section is put to consider courses, and candidates who appeal to the public, which holds the balance of power.

THE Rev. Dr. Edward C. Towne, discounts the saying of old Fletcher of Saltoun. He cares not who delivers the Centennial orations of the country, so long as he can get up the historical facts at the cash price of $800 per oration.

A FRENCH predicter of natural events and convulsions beats the Americans all hollow in the safety of his predictions. He asserts that the world is steadily growing colder, and that the terminal and greatest cold snap will occur in the year 11,750, at which time he thinks the whole world will be frozen up and life will be extinct. This solves the problem of making predictions with entire assurance that the prophet will never be confronted with the failure of verification.

THE Allegheny county courts, like those in Philadelphia, give no relief to the rejected applicants for wholesale license. Their only hope is in the Supreme Court, and they have little encouragement to hope for much there.

A REPORT from San Francisco states that the new cruiser, Charleston, has scored its first victim. The chief engineer in charge during the trial trip, had a fit of delirium tremens on the boat and died since. Judging from the discrepancies in the report of this trial we should imagine the disease with which the chief engineer was affected was epidemic on the vessel.

THE report that James Gordon Bennett is in Egypt, is calculated to create an apprehension that he is going to have another shake-up in the *Herald* office, and put a few first-class mummies in charge of its editorial columns.

A FEW offensively partisan newspapers are calling attention to the fact that the same Ballot Reform bill which Governor Hill, of New York, vetoed, was quietly shelved by the Pennsylvania Legislature without any fuss. Most of our legislators did not know what the bill enacted, but its name was enough to insure its fate.

THE contending politicians on both sides claimed everything with confidence up to the closing of the primaries last night. Everyone is claiming a good deal now; but some of them are not quite so confident as they were.

IT is interesting to learn that Speaker Cole, of New York, in adjourning the session lately, said in indorsement of the House that it had been "an exceptionally strong House." Mr. Cole's characterization is undisputed. The House was exceptionally strong, and in rank was also high. It smelt to heaven.

THE report that Uncle Jerry Rusk has been seen driving a four-in-hand at Washington, is alarming. Cannot even agricultural simplicity be held proof against the encroachments of aristocratic customs?

THE mention of General Felix Agnus, of the Baltimore *American*, for the Russian mission, is an evidence that the bread which General Agnus cast upon the waters in the shape of a dinner to some big railroad men, is returning to him, not after many days, but in very short order.

IF the King of Holland had a moral constitution one-tenth as strong as his physical stamina, what a splendid example of the divinely-appointed ruler he would make!

BOTH with regard to Arch street, Allegheny, Diamond street, Pittsburg, and other restricted highways, it is good policy to widen them in order to keep up with the changes of the day. Pittsburg and Allegheny are both going to be broad-gauge cities hereafter.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS is still in very poor health and does but little literary work.

HENRY CABOT LODGE is now mentioned as an appropriate person to represent our Government at St. Petersburg.

JUDGE ANDREWS, of Litchfield, Conn., who has just been elevated by Governor Bulkeley to the highest judicial position in the Nutmeg State, was once Governor of that Commonwealth.

THE sister of Sir Charles Russell, Miss Mary B. Russell, was the pioneer Sister of Mercy on the Pacific coast. At present she has under her charge a hospital, a Magdalen asylum and schools near San Francisco.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, has offered a prize of $50 to be given to the applicant for admission to the academic freshman class of Princeton College who shall pass the best entrance examination June 20, in Philadelphia.

WHEN Mr. Randall entered the House in December, 1883, he had just passed his 55th year. He was then a remarkably handsome man, with coal-black hair and eyes. The hair is thin now and gray, but the eyes are as bright as ever. Mr. Randall shows traces of his recent illness, but he is by no means the infirm man that some papers represent him to be.

A PROMINENT Philadelphia physician who had an opportunity at the reception given by General Agnus, near Baltimore on Wednesday, to watch Secretary of State Blaine closely, says that Mr. Blaine cannot live many more years. It is doubtful, this gentleman thinks, whether the Secretary will live to see the beginning of another Presidental campaign.

THE late Mary Crawford was sexton of St. Barnabas Chapel, New York, for nearly 20 years, and died at the age of 84. Her position was no sinecure. She had to put on the chancel before and take off after every service the furnishings, lecterns, carpet and all the books for a service of 200 people. She cared for and kept clean the holy vessels and priestly vestments. She not only kept the missionary's room in order, but she prepared his lunch and tea, and helped him distribute the books from the library, and visited the sick. It was with great reluctance that she gave up any of her duties when compelled to do so by failing health and loss of sight.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

A Sad Scene From Life—Greek Beauties in Boston—Commissioner Tanner's Popularity.

THIS very day the word "finis" will be written on the last page of a very sad story. The body of Miss Cornelia Vickroy Suter will be cremated according to her wish at Sampson's crematory this afternoon. She was a lovely girl, and of the highest promise in many ways. It was but last year that a celebrated musician of this city predicted for Miss Suter a notable career as a pianist, and her talents have already been recognized by a large circle in the East End, where she lived with her widowed mother.

I am constrained to allude to this taking off of a young and talented woman by the memories which her father's name will recall to a host of telegraphers and veteran soldiers in this city. He was the Pennsylvania Railroad's leading telegraph operator for many years, and there must be many now high in that railroad's telegraph service who had their training under Captain Suter. His death was very sad, also. The strain of work, and I believe the hardships of soldier life in the Civil War, for he had an unusually good record for actual fighting, told upon his brain and insanity was the horrible precursor of his death some two years ago.

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IN *Harper's Bazar* for this week there is a very graphic description of the Artists' Festival which took place in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston on April 29. It was what is called a costume party, and a very beautiful picture the accurate presentments of antique garbs made memorable by the great masters of the old world.

But it pains me to be obliged to say that if Harper's artist has done full justice to the young women who, in severely correct Greek robes, passed in procession before the Committee of Inspection, Boston's feminine art students can only be called fair by courtesy. Few as Pittsburg's art students are in comparison to Boston's it may be said with terrific certainty that a band of caryatides infinitely more beautiful could be selected here to wear the ivy chaplet and bear the thyrsus.

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THE fact is we are only just beginning to understand what sort of men President Harrison has chosen for some of the highest posts in his gift. Ex-Solicitor General Jenks let in the light in THE DISPATCH a few days ago on the grand proportions of Mr. Miller, whose appointment to the Attorney Generalship had been regarded as suggestive of the strength of Mr. Harrison's head rather than that of his heart.

A Pittsburger who spent a few days last week at Washington and who heard not only the current talk of the hotel lobbies, but conversed with statesmen of note and politicians of all sorts and sizes, informs me that no one in President Harrison's administration is being more talked of than the new Commissioner of Pensions, Corporal Tanner. That official has just returned from Tennessee, where he delivered a rousing speech before the Scotch-Irish Convention, the echoes of which are ringing still.

What surprises me most is that my friend assures me that Commissioner Tanner is one of the cheeriest and pleasantest men in the Government service to-day. He discards all formal pretensions so common in the departments at Washington, and receives all visitors—and their name is legion—with a heartiness and directness of attention that is immensely gratifying to them. In short he is a magnetic man, well endowed with backbone and a power and disposition to speak out. Consequently to note, I am told, how the politicians are realizing that Commissioner Tanner is a potential and vigorous factor in the new regime.

A HOME FOR DIVORCED WIVES.

Opening of an Institution Backed Financially by the Government.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

SALT LAKE CITY, May 18.—The new industrial home for which the United States Government made an appropriation of $70,000, was to-day opened. The idea was prompted by philanthropy, in view of the action of Congress in divorcing, by an act, the plural wives within the territory. Something had to be done, for a plurality of wives could be provided for under one roof, but a family segregated would work a hardship upon some one, so the humane idea was promoted, and Congress passed an act for the erection of an industrial home for the widows-in-law and their young children, with light employment and the freedom of homes, upon their renouncement of polygamy.

For two years a rented building has been occupied, but the home has not been very liberally patronized. Personal pride has much to do with it, and women have preferred to abandon their homes have in many cases gone back to their paternal home or struck out and commenced caring for themselves. It is thought, however, the more quakeress will be more generally accepted by the waifs, and more particularly those who become useless. All the inmates are required to renounce polygamy. The home is located in a pretty part of the city, and is liberally provided for by the Government, as one of the weapons in use to break up polygamy.

THE PASSENGERS NOW FOOT IT.

An Expert Persuaded Mr. Yerkes to Grease the Chicago Cable.

CHICAGO, May 18.—The wear and tear on the Northside cable loop line has been something fearful from the first, and the frequency with which new cables have had to be purchased was cutting considerable of a figure in the expense account of the road. Mr. Yerkes sent for the wise man of San Francisco, who is supposed to know all about cable roads. He looked things over and said: "Oh, we can fix this easily. Your grips wear out the rope. I'll grease the rope and then the friction will be reduced."

So Mr. Yerkes greased the loop line and since then people have been walking. The cable is so slippery that when the grip strikes a place that brings an extra train it fails to hold to the rope, the car stops and the passengers walk.

CARPE DIEM.

'Tis the season now for tennis,
Tennis is the game to play,
And you'll find that most the people
Have other pastimes put away.

Lads and lassies caper nimbly
O'er the court of verdant grass;
And the boys will most politely
Chase the balls the girls let pass.

But the game it is so noisy,
Always shouting is the crowd,
They can't play without a racket;
And e'en the costumes are quite loud.

MR. PIPETOWN—Well, that's the most sensible thing I've seen for a long time.

Mr. Tigarton—What is?

Mr. P.—This giving brains away with cigarettes.

Mr. T.—What do you mean?

Mr. P.—Why they are putting an editor in every box now.

IT was a mean editor who referred the humorist who was seeking a new field to labor in to the real estate agent.

IN a short walk on Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon I saw seven children between the ages of 5 and 12 wearing spectacles. What's the matter?—*Joe Howard.* Something wrong with their sight, Joseph; something wrong with their sight.

WHAT profession can boast of the greatest number of stars?

I give it up.

Bootblack. At any rate they all shine.

A PUBLIC park is what we want,
A sort of a regular lovers' haunt,
A place where children can romp and play,
To while the heated term away.

And where all kinds of people can go—
The rich, the poor, the high, the low;
So make it, make it anywhere,
But don't make it a "keep off the grass" affair.

PHERSY—How long has Funnyson been writing for the *Blowhard Journal?*

Percy—I don't know; but it must be a long time.

Phersy—Why so?

Percy—Because he has quit looking through other papers to see if he has been copied.

FIRST CRANK—Which club is going to win the pennant this year?

Another Crank—Cleveland.

F. C.—What? Cleveland!

A. C.—Why, certainly. Don't the baby usually get what it wants.

SOMEWHAT of a chestnut—Oh, my, but you are getting fat.

I CAN think of nothing to write about,
Have I run my course so soon?
Oh, no, I'll dress a chestnut up,
And it is about the moon.
Why's the moon like a chorus singer?
"I cannot guess it right."
Well, she mingles with the brightest stars,
And is only seen at night.

SEE S. SEA.

A RELUCTANT BRIDE.

A Girl of 18, Forced to Marry a Man of 70, Quickly Deserts Him.

TWEED, GA., May 18.—There is much excitement in this section over the marriage of Lewis Hutchinson, a prominent farmer, aged 70 years, and Miss Annie Wilkins, an 18-year-old belle. Hutchinson was a widower with nine children, ranging in age from 5 to 20 years. When services were concluded at Shiloh Church a few Sundays ago the pastor, Rev. Benjamin Fortner, accompanied Mr. Hutchinson home for dinner. On the way home the ancient widower coolly asked the pastor if he could recommend a young lady who would make him a suitable wife. Mr. Fortner replied that he could recommend to him just such a girl as he desired.

Miss Annie Wilkins, the young lady who figures in the episode, resides in Johnson county, on the Ohoopie river, with her father and stepmother. She is described as being of a decidedly attractive appearance—a plump and well formed blonde. Mr. Hutchinson went with his pastor to call on the young lady, and before his departure he received an assurance from the parents that Miss Wilkins would become his wife when he came again. In due time, armed with the license, he appeared with preacher Fortner at the abode of Miss Annie. The groom sat in the parlor waiting patiently for the bride. Soon guests began assembling. Hours passed, however, and there were no signs of the anticipated wedding. The bridegroom and people grew restless.

It was finally decided to institute a vigorous search for the bride. The men were formed into several divisions and instructed to find, if possible, the whereabouts of the young lady. In a short time her hiding place was discovered. She sent word back that she would die before marrying Hutchinson, but, after considerable persuasion, she reluctantly returned and, while the tears were coursing down her cheeks, the ceremony was performed. The day after the nuptials the bride fled to Johnson county. Mr. Hutchinson, when apprised of the abrupt runaway, started in pursuit. She reached her father's house before he overtook her. The deserted bridegroom pleaded in vain. Then the father and stepmother tried to induce their daughter to return to her spouse, but instead she fled, and is now sojourning with friends. She says she will never go back to Hutchinson.

The prominence of the parties add much to the sensation in South Georgia, where they are known.

A QUAY DISPATCH FACTORY.

Legislators' Hindsight Far Better Than Their Foresight.

[Yesterday's Philadelphia Record.]

Republican legislative statesmen who have returned to their homes to think over the events of the session have begun to suspect that they were not treated fairly by the Quay managers during the session.

"Quay must have hired a special operator and an extra telegraph clerk, or have left a barrel of telegrams to suit all emergencies at the Harrisburg office last winter," said a prominent Republican State Senator from this city yesterday. He was speaking of the manner in which legislation was retarded or accelerated to please the junior United States Senator. "It astonished a good many people," said he, "how quick news of what was going on could get to Quay and word come back from him. When a fellow thought he was playing a fine game and getting in some legislation for his friends of which Quay could not have time to meet, along would come within an hour or so a dispatch 'Don't do that,' or 'Do this for me,' signed M. S. Quay, which would just break us all up. It was rather curious, too, that when Delamater and Andrews were at their wits' ends to defeat or help a particular measure, and had harped on the Quay tune until it would no longer command credit, within half an hour, if necessary, would come dispatches signed 'Quay,' which would do the business."

It has lately begun to dawn upon the Senator and some of his colleagues that there was somewhere in Harrisburg a Quay dispatch manufacturing bureau, either by his consent or without his knowledge, and it is proposed the next time he comes to the city to find out from him how many, if any, of these telegrams were authentic.

ELOPEMENTS ALL THE RAGE.

New Haven Afflicted With Five Clandestine Marriages Within a Few Days.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., May 18.—Another elopement and clandestine marriage came to light to-day, making the fifth which has taken place in this city during the past two weeks, when John A. Dockendorf received a telegram from his brother, J. E. Dockendorf, of Yale, '88, announcing that he had married Miss Lizzie Goodyear, in New York City, Wednesday. On that morning Miss Goodyear left the residence of her grandfather, William B. Goodyear, the wealthy real estate man with whom she is residing, and informed them that she was going to visit the residence of a friend. She did not return in time for dinner, but no alarm was felt, as it was thought that she might have been unavoidably detained. She didn't return home until Thursday morning and explained her absence by saying that she had been to New York and had married Mr. Dockendorf. A stormy scene followed, and her aged grandparent ordered her to leave the residence unless she was able to produce her marriage certificate. She got over this difficulty by producing the necessary document, after which she returned to New York, and in company with her husband will sail for South America on Monday.

The Dockendorfs are sons of a wealthy Brazilian family and both have now married New Haven girls. John A. having married Miss Tillie Horton about a year ago. Miss Goodyear was one of the prettiest girls in the city and is an heiress. She was well known by all the members of the prominent students' clubs and received a great deal of attention from Yale men.

A BIG MEAT COMBINE.

The American Cattle Trust and the American Meat Company Consolidate.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

NEW YORK, May 18.—At the adjourned meeting of the representatives of the American Meat Company and the directors of the American Cattle Trust at Aldrich Court to-day, the much talked of deal between the two organizations was consummated. A contract for a term of years was drawn up and signed. By its terms the meat company is to handle the entire product of the Cattle Trust.

Ex-Senator Dorsey, one of the moving spirits of the meat company, expressed himself as well pleased with the new arrangement. He said that the two organizations had not been consolidated. "We've effected a traffic agreement," he added, "which practically makes the American Meat Company the agent of the American Cattle Trust."

An Exception to the Rule.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.]

Ruskin says that in this world "the men who look for the straight will see the straight." Not always, John, and experience teaches that the man who puts in his ante on a bobtail will, nine times out of ten, regret the circumstance.

A Fashion of the Blue Glass Region.

From the Chicago Tribune.]

Young Kentucky wife—Daniel, aren't you almost ready to start to the Sunday school convention? Husband—In a moment, dear. I haven't got my shotgun yet.

An Affidavit Needed.

From the Chicago Times.]

The fact that Montana has gone Democratic would indicate that Editor Russell Harrison's circulation needs an affidavit.

A Change in Fashion.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.]

Red is the fashionable color in Paris. Blue will be snortly, when the Americans are called on to pay their bills.

MEADOWS OF REST.

I remember the beautiful meadows
And their sweet streams purling clear,
With flowers bespreut, where my young days were spent,
Where the birds their nurslings rear.
I was sheltered then in the dear home nest,
Where my feet turned oft to the meadows of rest.

I remember a grave in those meadows,
Where slumbered a laughing-eyed boy;
Death found him at play, he lured him away,
And with him went half our joy,
We molded the turf that his feet had pressed,
And kept his grave green in the meadows of rest.

I remember a silver-haired father,
Who walked by the river wave
To watch the reeds grow, or the sweet waters flow,
Or to muse by that little grave.
He has passed long ago to the home he loved best,
To the infinite peace of God's meadows of rest.

I wonder if green are those meadows,
If purling and clear are the streams,
If the moon shines as bright, if the stars give such light
As they did in my youth's happy dreams.
Oh, angel of destiny, heed my request:
Give me back, give me back my dear meadows of rest.

—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne.*

MODERN DEATH-DEALERS.

Contrast Between the Weapons of the Past and the Present—A Gun That Wipes Out Lives While the Gunner Takes a Walk.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 18.—What a ghastly curiosity shop are the stores of arms and projectiles and warlike models of all kinds in various nooks and corners of the War and Navy Departments! They are scattered and meager by comparison, to be sure, but they are enough to set the most thoughtless a-thinking as to what we are coming to, and what will be the end of the wonderful impetus of invention in the direction of weapons for the destruction of human kind. All that we possess up to this time, in this our new country, in the way of examples of such invention, would hardly compare in interest or volume with a single room of the vast collection in the old Tower of London, but it is enough to tell the whole story. One would think the governors of the world—that is, the politicians—were bent on the extinguishment of the human race, instead of its improvement and preservation, to look at all this murderous machinery.

When Men Fought Hand to Hand.

Along with the modern inventions which enable one man to kill 1,000 in the twinkling of an eye are the crude weapons of those simpler days when men fought hand to hand in battle, when bravery and prowess won the day, when individual skill and alertness were counted more worthy of admiration than the mere power to kill, and when victory often meant little more than the forcing back of the enemy rather than a decimation of his ranks. The romance of joust and tournament and the grandeur of knightly courage clings about those old swords and bucklers, and one can read with almost a feeling of pleasure of the battles fought with them. But we need not refer to them to illustrate progress in the art of warfare. Even the machinery used in the very latest of the great wars is now antiquated. Were a new civil war to begin to-morrow in the United States, or were we to become involved in a war with a foreign country, we would as soon think of taking wings and battling in the air as to fight with the weapons of a quarter of a century ago. A few of the guns and ships which came into vogue toward the closing days of the war, remodeled and improved almost out of their original shape, might be employed under some conditions, but the great bulk of the murderous machinery would be supplanted with entirely new inventions, compared with which the best of the old would be weak or wholly powerless.

A Modern Death-Dealer.

I never was more forcibly reminded of this progress in the domain of the horrific than yesterday when on an errand to the Navy Department I was shown the model and plans of a gun which will be tested soon at the proving ground at Annapolis, and undoubtedly adopted with the provision that a plant be established in America and the guns manufactured here. And this may serve as a hint to Pittsburg steel makers to look out for and capture the concern for making a weapon which will go far to destroy the future great armies of the world.

The Maxim automatic mitrailleuse, and the Maxim gun with other names, is certainly the most ingenious and the wickedest of all the curious weapons of warfare recently invented. The inventor first won prominence in connection with an electric light, and turning from other things, turned his attention to means for killing people legally. Up to this time only a small gun, 45 caliber, I believe, has been made, but it is the intention to manufacture them up to the size of a six-inch cannon, which will automatically fire about 600 rounds in a minute. This, of course, has been exceeded by the Gatling and other guns, carrying very small projectiles, but these, compared with the Maxim, are cumbersome to operate, require more attendants, are much heavier and far less accurate. One man can operate the Maxim gun, or one woman, or one child, for that matter, and after setting it going the gentleman gunner can stroll away and get a few beers while his gun is engaged in killing a few hundred people, or the lady gunner can sit behind a bullet proof with which the weapon is provided and continue her crocheting.

Annihilation Made Easy.

The gun has a heavy breech in which the automatic mechanism is chiefly concealed. Into the side of this breech passes a belt containing the ammunition, that is like nothing else so much as the belts worn by sportsmen which hold the cartridges. This belt may be made to hold any number of cartridges. The number is only limited by the length of the belt. They may be carried in a box beneath the gun, or they may be run out to the gun from an improvised factory indoors while the weapon is being used in a street fight, and the belt made simply endless by concealed workmen. The gunner sits on a seat at the rear of the gun behind his bullet proof, if he desires to use it, or not. When he wants to mow down an army in a few minutes he simply waits till the aforesaid army gets into a position favorable for his pleasant work. Then he pulls a crank which fires the first cartridge, and the work of the automatic machinery begins. The explosion of the first cartridge causes a recoil which throws the empty shell out of the breech, bringing another shell into place and fires it. The recoil of that explosion does a similar service, and so on to infinity. It is murder in perpetual motion. The gunner may now take his pose, mean while, proud to the flank of his enemy and watch with intense satisfaction the deadly operation of his weapon, or, as was suggested by a high officer of the navy, he may go to his mess room, and indulge in a few courses and a bottle of champagne while waiting for the gun to exhaust its ammunition. Now isn't that just the sweetest thing in the shape of a killing apparatus of which you have ever heard?

A Hint to Anarchists.

One form of Mr. Maxim's invention contains a gentle message to Anarchists, or other excitable and revolutionary mortals, or to workmen who insist too vigorously for a larger share of the proceeds of their labor than their employers choose to give them voluntarily. It is called the "riot gun," and is a light little affair that can be transported in one's arms with enough ammunition to drive any ordinary mob out of the streets or out of existence. It is curious how all of the most recent inventions in this line look toward a certainty of riotous mobs. I wonder when did the inventors turn prophet? Well, this "riot gun" can be worked at the rate of ten murderous shots a second, with the gunner all the time concealed, and in perfect safety, even from a mob armed with guns or pistols, provided that same mob does not conclude to make a rush and capture gun and gunner. It seems to be expected by inventors like Mr. Maxim that modern mobs will stand in the streets to be shot down without acting either on the defensive or the aggressive, and that they will not stand around safe corners with bombs, or blow up or burn a city in their frenzy. However this may be, he has done all he can in the way of a gun for mobs. This little weapon can carry enough ammunition with it to clean out a street at one round, and in a few seconds, and it can be operated from walls or windows with as great facility as in the open street. With a twist of the wrist it can be turned up or down on the point of its carriage, and made to kill directly below or above the gunner without endangering the life or limb of that devotee of the fine art of murder.

Making Further Improvements.

While this is the latest and most destructive of the recent inventions, it by no means follows that it is the last or the most effective that will be contrived. It gradually dawns on the mind of one whose attention is called to this matter that we are but well begun in this thing. We have been trying to keep pace in the matter of defenses with the progress of the means of effective attack, but in vain. No vessel can be constructed to float that will withstand an explosion of the modern torpedo. No nation is rich enough to build forts that cannot be destroyed in a short time with the latest and most villainous form of dynamite projectile. Balloons can now be steered with almost the same facility as a vessel in the water, and will be extensively used, in the wars soon to occur, for the destruction of armies and forts. Death-dealing machinery is being made so simple and inexpensive that one man may destroy an army. If the strong are more fully equipped to destroy the weak, on the other hand the weak may easily be made strong enough to destroy the strongest. On both sides war will mean annihilation. The armies of the land, the monsters of the sea and the war cruisers of the air will simply wipe each other out of existence if they come to blows at all.

The End Will be Peace.

What must necessarily be the end of this condition? Why, surely, that there will be no war at all. When it comes to that no conscription or coercion will enable the politicians to organize an army to do their fighting for them. No patriotic outcry will call men to arms when they know there is no earthly chance for them to escape with their lives. It is all well enough for soldiers to talk of being willing to lay down their lives for their country, but if it were not for the chance of their escaping with those same lives mighty few of them would be so ready to enlist.

Therefore, the end must be peace, but peace will come only when nations have discovered that they no more dare to go to war, and when the oppressed classes of all countries have secured absolute justice. This time is vastly hastened not only by the invention of industrial implements, but also by the wonderful invention of the machinery of war.

LIGHTNER.

NEW YORK NEWS NOTES.

A Big Dinner to Grover Cleveland.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, May 18.—About every shade of National and local Democratic opinion will be represented at the dinner of the Young Men's Democratic Club to Grover Cleveland, one week from next Monday. Seats have been taken by the most prominent members of Tammany Society, the County Democracy, the Manhattan Club, the Reform Club, the Brooklyn Young Men's Club, the Brooklyn Democratic Club, the Constitution Club of Brooklyn, the Business Men's Democratic Club, of this city, the Harlem Democratic Club, the Sagamore Club and the New Amsterdan Club. Many of the 300 covers which will be laid at the banquet will be reserved for members of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, the judges of the United States Supreme Court, the judges of the State Supreme Court, Allen G. Thurman, Patrick A. Collins, ex-Speaker Carlisle, ex-Minister Phelps, and ex-Governor Waller.

Mrs. Morton Sails for Europe.

The exodus to Europe is at its height. More persons sailed to-day on transatlantic steamships than on any preceding day of this season. Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Miss Edith Morton sailed on the French steamship La Normandie, and will go directly to Paris, where they will stop with the family of Minister Whitelaw Reid. They will travel in France and Central Europe for several weeks, and will return to America next September. Robert Garrett, Harrison Garrett and Miss M. E. Garrett were on the steamship Werra, which left for Bremen and Southampton. A party of Eastern bicyclists, under the