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PITTSBURG, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1889.

NOT LIKELY TO RETIRE.

Senator Donald Cameron, upon his return from Europe, takes occasion to state that the report of his withdrawal from politics was unauthorized by him. The report harmed no one, however, as all who are acquainted with the Cameron principles were quite well aware that it is not in accordance with them to give anything up that can be held to.

We have had something of a superabundance of that sort of reports of late years, and the public has naturally come to estimate them at their true value. After the independent upheaval of 1882 the public was gravely informed that machine politics in Pennsylvania were a thing of the past and that the machine was dead. Nevertheless the machine has, upon several occasions, proved its vitality. Prior to Senator Cameron's last election some remarks were heard about his lack of desire to remain in the Senate, but after the Legislature which was to choose a Senator was chosen, Senator Cameron's re-election found no obstacles, either in his own unwillingness or in the objections of the legislators.

It is safe to predict that

[illegible] ON THE CORPORATIONS.

The decision of Judge Finletter, of Philadelphia, in refusing a third trial in the case of a man who had recovered large damages from the traction company for the loss of a limb on its road, is a somewhat significant warning to the corporations that their mainstay of getting heavy damages cut down by the Courts as excessive, can very easily be overtaxed to the point of entirely giving away. In this case, the jury first gave the plaintiff a verdict of $18,000, and the Court exercised the rather arbitrary power of cutting it down to $12,000. Not content with this, the company obtained a new trial, and upon that trial the jury increased the damages to $20,000. An application for another trial having been made, Judge Finletter refused it, with some rather pertinent remarks upon the arbitrary discretion exercised by Courts in cutting down the awards made by juries. Indeed, he tended very strongly to the view that a Court has no such authority, and that the verdict of the jury should stand unless based upon some erroneous construction of the law.

This is a novel but not wholly unsatisfactory departure from the practice of Courts of cutting down whatever verdicts may seem to be rather severe, regardless of the fact that if a verdict should happen to give inadequate damages, or should refuse damages altogether in a case where they are plainly justified, no Court has ever taken the trouble to set aside such a verdict. The ruling has still to undergo the review of the Supreme Court, where it may receive the reverse of favorable consideration; but if it stands it will require the adoption on the part of corporations of very decided measures to prevent accidents which may bring them into the courts as defendants in suits for damages.

THE BROOKLYN DISASTER.

From the horror of some people over a recent event in Brooklyn it almost appears that a shadow has been cast upon the title of Mr. Harrison as President of these United States. A frightful doubt appears to have been thrown upon this matter by the extraordinary behavior of the officer in charge of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The President of the United States and commander in chief of the army and navy—that is, Benjamin Harrison—was on board the United States steamer Dispatch, bound up the sound. The big blue flag which denotes the President's presence hung from the peak, taffrail, jib boom, or some other appropriate part of the vessel, as the Dispatch steamed by the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The only man who saw it was a new watchman. The big blue flag caught his eye and he ran with commendable swiftness to the commander of the yard. The latter knew the President was passing, and ordered the salute of 21 guns to be fired, although the Dispatch was then out of sight. But after one gun had been fired he ordered the gunners to stop firing!

What did he mean? He did not blow out his brains with a blunderbuss; he did not order every tenth man in the yard to be shot; in fact, he did nothing heroic to expiate the awful offense. Then he deliberately allowed common sense to interfere with the strict letter of naval etiquette. When one gun had been fired he ordered the salute stopped, because the ship Dispatch had passed. We suppose he will be court-martialed and condemned to live in Brooklyn forever.

In the meanwhile, if Benjamin Harrison can travel between Brooklyn and New York without being saluted at least a dozen times, it is worthy of mention that it will result in a considerable economy of gunpowder and noise.

TENEMENT HOUSES AND MORALITY.

The inquiries of organized charity in various cities seem to leave no doubt that the tenement houses, which form such a blot upon the fame of the majority of the largest cities, are leading causes of intemperance, and the even worse vices which flourish in their midst. The experiences of Miss Octavia Hill and her coadjutors in reforming the tenements of London prove that the improvement of their dwellings has frequently effected a marked reform in the character and habits of the inhabitants. This evidence is corroborated by the report of the Associated Charities of Boston, which declares that "the foul condition of many of the dwellings of our poorest people is the potent cause of their physical and moral degradation. It is vicious economy for anyone, no matter how poor, to live in a tenement, however low the rent, where the health of father, mother or child is injured, disease is contracted and morals are lost."

This is undoubtedly the correct view; but still it fails to afford a perfect solution of the problem. Although the removal of the conditions which make tenements the nursery of physical and moral vice may create a new class of inhabitants for the improved houses, the class which can afford to pay for the old tenements and nothing better, must still find its habitation somewhere. A few of the people whose means will only afford the pittance required to pay for shelter in the rookeries may be reformed by the reform of the tenement, but the vast majority of them will simply change their place of location. So long as there are people who can only afford to pay for the worst tenement, so long the tenements themselves will exist, however vigorously the reform of their conditions may be pushed. It is the class whose means can only pay for the tenement that create those rookeries, and not the tenements that create the class.

The work of pushing the reform of the tenement is a great one, but it is necessary to perceive that it is not and cannot be complete until we remove the causes that crowd our cities with underpaid laborers, and reform the conditions that create the demand for the tenement houses and must have them in one locality or another.

A QUESTION OF COST.

The expenditures for removing obstructions and cleaning up the debris at Johnstown up to Tuesday are reported at $172,000. Of course there is understood to be considerable work yet ahead, but if the State authorities can complete the job short of a quarter of a million, candor will compel those who thought the Governor unwise in not calling an extra session of the Legislature to revise the opinion. The estimate originally sent out was that $1,000,000 would be required. If the State authorities get through for one-quarter of that, raise the money on their own responsibility, and present satisfactory accounts of the expenditures, they will be entitled to the frank admission that their course was the wiser one. Of course it is too early to judge yet. It will continue so until the final settlement is had; but in the midst of the frequent and continued criticism of the Governor's action respecting Johnstown, we cheerfully note the returns so far as indicating that he may have been better posted as to the actual dimensions of the task than some of those who differed from his views and his estimates.

If the ultimate exhibit show the cost so very much less than the figures originally spoken of, the Governor will have credit for an agreeable surprise—to be shared, of course, by General Hastings, to whose constant presence and vigorous oversight much of the expedition in the labor will justly have to be recognized as due.

DEMOCRACY AND PLUTOCRACY.

A specimen of a widely prevalent, if not predominant, class of opinion is furnished by the complaint of a Democratic organ concerning another Democratic paper's criticism of the election of Calvin S. Brice to the position of National Democratic Chairman as an evidence of the plutocratic influences which are to be found in the Democratic as well as in the Republican organization. The complaining organ takes the ground that to criticise whatever its party may do is fractious, if not presumptuous. After the Democratic committee has elected a Chairman, according to this view, it is not consistent with the duty of a Democratic newspaper to say anything about the fact that the big bank account of the Chairman furnished his chief recommendation for the position.

This is the stereotyped view in the organ type of journalism. Those who think the official action of a party is the ultimate measure of what is right or wrong for all who belong to that party are impervious to argument over the question. Nevertheless, the great mass of people, even among those who are accustomed to regulate their political actions by mere partisanship, will have a good deal more faith in the expressions of the journal which is outspoken enough to point out false tendencies in its own party than in the paper which follows the stereotyped rule of the great majority of party organs in swearing blindly to whatever the party may do.

As to this particular case, there is no doubt that the outspoken Democratic paper is correct. The Democratic party claims in its platforms to be opposed to the plutocratic tendencies of the day, and when it puts into a leading position a man whose only recommendation in politics is his superabundance of money, and whose financial greatness has been created by the practice of the worst corporate abuses, it is both just and pertinent in a public point of view to point out the fact that it is not true to its professions, and that it is abandoning the principles which form its greatest claim upon the public support.

Both the criticism and the complaint will, however, have a decided public use in calling the attention of the people to the fact that as long as blind partisanship forms the leading political motive, and big bank accounts are the principal factors in political campaigns, one party organization will be just about as susceptible to the influences of plutocracy as another.

ARKANSAS' BLACK SPOT.

The New York *World*, which cannot be accused by anyone of being addicted to the bloody shirt, has recently sent a careful investigator to Arkansas to report on the condition of things in connection with the assassination of John M. Clayton. His report is a practical arraignment of the civilization of Arkansas. It shows that a political murder having been committed in the first place, the people of that State have made themselves, morally at least, accessories after the fact. Instead of uniting to secure the detection and punishment of the assassins, there is a greater disposition to shield them from discovery. Detectives in disguise seeking to trace up the crime have been warned to leave as soon as their errand was suspected; and after the lapse of nearly a year, it is certain that the murderers will not be punished.

This is strong corroboration from an impartial source of the charges which Republican papers have made in connection with the Clayton affair. But the case does not contain any especial political capital. The Republicans long ago abandoned the idea that the General Government could exercise permanent supervision over the detection and punishment of capital crimes in the States; and with a Republican administration in power, it is powerless to take any steps for the punishment of Clayton's murderers. The most salient lesson from the impartial statement of the facts concerning that crime is that emigrants who wish to settle in a locality where their political freedom will be respected, and their lives protected, will find Arkansas a good State to stay away from.

WHEN we find the London edition of the New York *Herald* presenting the argument that it was very wrong for the Englishmen to object to voting money for the support of the Queen's descendants to the third generation, because Americans have to spend considerable money in electing their representative rulers, it may be taken as an example of how a certain class of New York opinion, when transplanted to England, comes to the conclusion that money spent by the Americans in governing themselves is money thrown away.

IT should be suggested to Prof. John L. Sullivan, that because he has been successful in vanquishing his late antagonist, it is not wise for him to resume his old and long unsuccessful attempt to conquer the champion that has beaten him so many times, namely, Mr. John Barleycorn.

BISMARCK's disposition to suppress Switzerland because the little republic persists in its traditional policy of affording a sanctuary for political refugees, even including the Socialists, is peculiarly Bismarckian. Nevertheless, the Iron Chancellor should remember the fact that what feudal tyrants were unable to do in the way of oppressing a free nation, absolutist statesmen are likely to find an unduly large job in the nineteenth century.

THE experience of a Missouri man who was bitten by a mad dog, and despite 13 applications of a famous madstone died of hydrophobia last week, will strengthen the popular conviction that the only sure preventive of hydrophobia is to avoid the society of mad dogs.

THE suit over the property of the Oneida Community has a strong resemblance in many points to the questions that have been raised as to the ultimate disposition of the wealth of the Economites. But the form of acquisition is so different in the two cases that the strongest point of resemblance is the proof which both communities show of what united effort and abstinence from the common dissipations of life can effect in the creation of wealth.

A MAN has been discovered in Virginia who expresses the belief that General Mahone will be the next President of the United States. He must be one of the millennial prophets, having figured out that the millennium of the spoilsmen is coming.

THERE is a conflict of authority between the Treasury Department and the Navy Department as to the number of stars in the flag. The Navy thinks we have 42 stars now, and the Treasury is of the opinion that we must wait until next year for them. There is no need of quarreling over the matter, but common sense would seem to indicate that the stars cannot rise until the States come into the Union.

AN English writer is out with a story entitled "I Mark the King." The name warrants the warning that in some parts of this glorious country if he tries to play the king after marking it, he is likely to get himself marked with a bullet hole in his body.

THE Hon. Edward J. Phelps, late Minister to England, has expressed the opinion that this country has no settled foreign policy. Mr. Phelps does not seem to have paid sufficient attention to the fact that the settled foreign policy of the last administration was to do nothing that foreign nations could object to, except to make a good deal of bluster in the last year, for the sake of campaign purposes.

BETWEEN artesian wells in the parks and the extension of its water system up the Allegheny river, Allegheny City may hope for pure water and a corresponding relief from fevers some time in the future.

HERBERT SPENCER says that it costs the English railways $250,000 a year "to protect their interests in Parliament." That is nothing in this country. It should not require a great effort of the memory to remember that a single line of subsidized railway in this country reported an expenditure of about the same amount for the same purpose—when it was after some legislation for its benefit.

ITALIANS who murderously assault their superintendent with pickaxes and other tools intended for peaceful use, may not prove as cheap labor in the long run as they were alleged to be in the index.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT is quoted as saying that "there is no inspiration in beer." This would be likely to create the impression that all Mr. Roosevelt's studies of the motive power of New York politics had been futile, if he did not insert the saving clause that there is inspiration in whisky.

PERSONAL POINTS.

MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD, widow of the late President, is making preparations to spend next winter in Washington.

PRINCE BISMARCK and Count von Moltke have become honorary members of the committee for the institution of a Beethoven House at Bonn. Herr Joachim is honorary President of it.

F. H. WINSTON, of Chicago, who served as United States Minister to Persia, thinks there are only about a dozen Persians in this country, and a like number of Americans in Persia, mostly missionaries.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, the British Minister, was one of the guests present at the commencement of the Georgetown Convent—one of the historic schools of the country, where General Scott's daughters, Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, Mrs. Fred Grant and many women of national distinction, were educated.

WILLIAM HAYDEN EDWARDS, who has been appointed Consul General at Berlin, was a personal friend of the Grant family, having been reared with them in Brown county. He was at one time engaged to marry Nellie Grant, now Mrs. Sartoris, but the cause of their broken engagement has never been known, but the romance of it has made Edwards a bachelor.

THE oldest printer in California is Jose de la Rosa, who now lives at San Diego. He will be 100 years of age next January. He was sent by General Santa Anna to Alta California in 1833, to publish a newspaper, and selected Monterey for the place of publication. He has a wonderful memory, and is in control of all his faculties. He is said to have in manuscript a life of Santa Anna and a history of California from 1830 to 1880. He spends most of his time at present smoking cigarettes and conversing upon the interesting episodes of his long and adventurous life.

MR. J. R. WERNER, who used to be an officer of the Congo Free State, says that when he visited Tippoo Tib that African magnate was always very polite. "But," says Mr. Werner, "from the first moment of seeing him I felt a certain distrust of him, which I have never got over. One thing I noticed in particular—nothing escaped his quick restless eyes, and I was very much amused when, a few days later at Yambuya camp, he sent an interpreter to me with a request that I would come and see him. I found that all he wanted to know was the meaning of the numbers and designs on the brass buttons of two Belgian officers who were in uniform."

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

John Chinaman in Pittsburg—He Learnt the Lesson of Poker Young—Minnie Palmer's Plans—Summer Hotels Near at Hand.

THE Chinese who reside in Pittsburg are already noted for their general good behavior. The Mongolian colony in the two cities number several hundred, almost all of whom are in the laundry business. A great many of them have shown a liking for ordinary American attire lately.

On Sunday last, on Smithfield street, in the short distance between the really visible promise of a postoffice and the Monongahela House, I encountered no less than half a dozen young Chinamen rigged out in regulation cutaway coats, wide light-toned trousers, gray derbies, high standing collars, cuffs and canes. Very neat and clean they looked, too, and decidedly superior in their behavior to the majority of young Americans on that populous street.

As two of these Americanized Celestials were passing a Chinese laundry, the proprietor of which, in the silk blouse and baggy pantaloons of his native land, was standing at his door, a couple of Southside shop girls going in the opposite direction smiled at them. The laundryman shouted something in Chinese to his dudish compatriots, which made them turn and look after the girls. It was evident that the laundryman was joking them about the impression they had made upon the "Melican girlee." But flirtation translated into Chinese has not an appetizing appearance.

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LONGFELLOW has immortalized the truth that impressions taken upon the mind in youth are the strongest and last the longest. He never wrote a grander, or truer, or more touching poem than "The Song of My Lost Youth."

Somehow I was reminded of Longfellow's lines the other day when a middle-aged man, who has seen a very active life, said to me: "You were surprised just now because I refused to take a hand in a game of poker. Naturally. I have played all sorts of games of chance but the national game, as they sometimes term poker. I've tried my luck against many a faro bank; played horses to a pretty loud tune, and I've never been averse to making a little bet to oblige a friend on any sort of subject. But I don't play poker—never have played poker and never shall. Why? I'll tell you.

"When I was a boy I traveled a good deal with my father, and though he did not play, I used to see a friend of his—a very rich man—constantly playing poker. He lost money in almost every game I saw him play and the games he played were for big money. It became impressed upon my mind that poker playing was a very sure way to lose money, and the final ruin of my father's friend only made the impression stronger. I resolved never to play poker then, and I have lived up to that resolve."

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THE general public does not know very much about John R. Rogers, who signs himself "Yours merrily," and is the husband of money-making Minnie Palmer. But dramatic editors and the theatrical profession know that he has played a pretty big part in the success of his pleasant but not overwhelmingly brilliant wife. Mr. Rogers has given up his life entirely to advertising and pushing Minnie Palmer for the past ten years. He has kept her before the public in some way or other all the time. When Minnie Palmer was touring in England the American papers bristled with stories of her astounding social as well as histrionic triumphs. Baronets and even bigger British bugs battled for her smiles under the management of "Yours merrily, John R. Rogers." When she was in America her husband-manager kept surprising the public through the theatrical news columns of the papers with odd accidents and incidents of fortune good and bad. In short, Minnie Palmer has been magnificently advertised wherever she has gone. Probably she has considerably more money than she needs, as a result of this advertising. She owes her success—a real success—in England to it. In England she was comparatively a failure for the lack of it. Lotta, a real dramatic sunbeam, remember.

Well, the strange news is that in future Miss Minnie Palmer is not to be managed by "her's merrily, John R. Rogers." He makes the announcement that he has abdicated in favor of some other fellow not named. Mr. Rogers says his wife and star has accumulated enough money to live comfortably, and they mean to take life easily together. Minnie Palmer will play a short season at places she likes, and somebody not her husband will toot the horn and plaster the papers and the walls for her.

If she does not want to make any more money she has gone a good way about it.

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SOME remarks made in this column the other day about the beauty of the scenery back of Sewickley, and the splendid site for a hotel that exists among the hills of the McKeesrock, have been interpreted by a gentleman residing in another direction entirely as a reflection upon the scenery about him, and a hotel which everyone knows fills the wants of Pittsburgers in that region completely.

It is needless for me to say that in talking of one place I did not refer to another. There is a very good hotel in Sewickley itself, but the lack of one in the picturesque hills two or three miles away can be alluded to without injury to Mr. McKelvey's excellent house. In other neighborhoods there are other hotels which serve certain purposes admirably. At Idlewood, for instance, Mr. Jackson has a first-class house, and many Pittsburgers know what a delightful refuge from the city heat and turmoil is to be found there. And it is pleasant to know that Mr. Jackson finds it does pay to keep a first-class hotel in a summer resort as near to Pittsburg as Idlewood is.

There is no necessity for a Pittsburger to rush a thousand miles to find rest and rural comforts.

MRS. TYLER DEAD.

Another Lady of the White House Enters the Dark Valley.

RICHMOND, VA., July 10.—Mrs. ex-President John Tyler died at the Exchange Hotel this evening from a congestive chill. Mrs. Tyler had only been at the hotel since Sunday evening, having come from a visit to her son, Lyon C. Tyler, at Williamsburg, and was to have left here Monday on a visit to another son, on the James river, but, feeling unwell, she kept her room. Tuesday at 11 o'clock she was taken with a chill. Medical skill proved of no avail, and she died at 5:15 o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Tyler leaves four children—Lyon C. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, Virginia; Gardiner C. Tyler, who lives in Charles City county, Virginia; Dr. Lackian Tyler, of Washington City, and Mrs. Wm. Fillia, of Montgomery county.

Julia Gardiner Tyler, second wife of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, was born on Gardiner's Island, near East Hampton, N. Y., in 1820. She was educated in Chegary Institute, New York City, and after a short time spent in travel through Europe, she came to Washington with her father in 1844. A few weeks after their arrival they accepted an invitation from President Tyler to attend a pleasure excursion down the river on the war steamer Princeton. The festivities on this occasion were sadly marred by the explosion of a gun on the vessel, causing loss of life. Among those killed was Miss Gardiner's father. His body was taken to the White House and Miss Gardiner was thrown a great deal into the society of the President. President Tyler's first wife had died shortly after he entered the White House, and the President pale Miss Gardiner marked attention, which resulted in their marriage in New York City, June 26, 1844. For the succeeding eight months of President Tyler's term she presided over the White House with tact, grace and dignity. After the 4th of March, 1845, Mrs. Tyler retired with her husband to the seclusion of their country place, "Sherwood Forest," on the banks of the James river, Virginia. She remained in Virginia until after the Civil War, her husband having died about the beginning of the strife, and then went to reside at her mother's residence on Castleton Hill, Staten Island. After several years' residence there she removed to Richmond, Va., where she died. Mrs. Tyler was a Roman Catholic in religion.

A Printer Gets Married.

E. J. Murray, formerly a compositor of THE DISPATCH, and Miss Lydia Brindley, a young lady of Wheatland, Mercer county, were married yesterday by Rev. Father Gallagher, of St. Mary's Catholic Church, at New Castle.

This Settles It.

From the Chicago News.

That stupendous institution, the North American bustle, has practically become extinct in Chicago. This great advance in civilization is a matter for sincere rejoicing.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Miss Kate Agnes Winkel.

Miss Kate Agnes Winkel, daughter of Mr. Henry Winkel, of the Union Planing Mill Company, died yesterday at her home, No. 2100 Sidney street, Southside. Miss Winkel was an active worker in the Sunday school of the German Lutheran Church on South Eighteenth street. The funeral services will be held on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

BOBBY PORTER ISN'T SLOW.

The Superintendent of the Census Will Appoint His Own Clerks.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—It looks very much as if Robert P. Porter, the Superintendent of the Census, has beaten the Civil Service Commission in the contest between them for the privilege of appointing the army of clerks that will be employed in the work of ascertaining the results of the tenth census. The struggle between Porter, backed by the Secretary of the Interior, First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson and other anti-Mugwumps on the one hand and the Civil Service Commissioners on the other has been going on all summer. Porter contended that there was nothing in the law organizing the Census Bureau giving control of the appointments to the Civil Service Commissioners, and he did not mean to let them have them. The patronage he claimed for himself. He said that the work of collecting census statistics was of a technical character, and as he was to be responsible for the work he desired to name his own men.

The President found himself between the two horns of a dilemma in settling the matter. He desired to admit the justice of the claims set up by Superintendent Porter and his friends, and yet he felt that his repeated profession of civil service reform demanded that he should put as many Government employes as possible under the protection of competitive examination. His friends, the Civil Service Commissioners, are becoming rapacious. Having swallowed up the 5,000 employes of the Railway Mail service, their appetite wouldn't be appeased until the census employes were given them also. But they have been disappointed. The President has escaped his predicament by a sort of compromise. The census clerks will be named by the Secretary of the Interior on the recommendation of Mr. Porter, of course, and appointed after being subjected to an examination held by the men whom Mr. Porter shall select for the work. This is just what the Superintendent wants. Under this arrangement he will not only have the privilege of naming his men, but will see to it that they possess the qualifications necessary for the proper performance of their duties. Among department people here who fully appreciate the difficulty of getting competent clerks for technical work general satisfaction is expressed at the arrangements made for the appointment of the census force.

JAMES NEELY'S STRANGE BEQUEST.

A Republican Ex-State Chairman Gets the Bulk of His Estate.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10.—Colonel Frank C. Hooten, of Westchester, at one time Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, has received, according to the terms of a will just filed in the Register of Wills' office, a legacy of about $70,000 from the estate of James Neely, who died a week ago at Fifteenth and Spring Garden streets. Neely was not a relative of Colonel Hooten and the friendship between the two men had existed a short time, but when Neely made Colonel Hooten his executor he willed to him the bulk of his large estate. The singular disposition of the estate has caused considerable talk. Small legacies were left to the Episcopal Church in Westchester and to the Westchester Library, and $5,000 to relatives. A young woman of Neely's acquaintance received $2,500.

The history of the young man was as singular as the disposition of his estate. He was the son of Robert Neely, of Westchester. Robert Neely was a director of the National Bank of Chester County. He had devoted his whole life to the accumulation of wealth. He amassed a fortune of more than $150,000. Upon Robert Neely's death this estate went to his son James, who entered upon possession the year. The father had married since the death of his first wife, the mother of James, and his last wife had entered into an ante-nuptial agreement by which she promised not to apply for or to accept any part of the estate. After Robert Neely's death his widow charged that her signature to the agreement had been obtained by fraud, and suit was entered in the courts, which has not yet been determined. Young James Neely, after coming into possession of his father's estate, entered upon a career which so rapidly reduced the property that upon his death not much more than $70,000 was left, and the bulk of the fortune, which had taken the father so many years to amass, went to a stranger.

THE EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS.

Doctors Could Provide a Simple Method of Poisoning to be Given in Sleep.

From the Electrical Engineer.

The *Electrical Engineer* does not share the feeling expressed by some electricians that the employment of the electric current in capital punishment would disgrace or stigmatize their vocation. We take the liberty, however, to point out the following paragraph from the report of the commission:

"Your commissioners are firmly convinced that if the criminal could be put to death in a certain and efficacious manner the purpose of the law would be achieved equally well as if the terrors of death were enhanced by the infliction of prolonged physical torture before the end was finally accomplished. Various suggestions have been made as to the means of accomplishing such a result. One has been the injection of a violent and sudden poison, such as prussic acid, by means of the hypodermic needle, into the body of the condemned, which is open to the very serious objection that the use of the instrument is so associated with the practice of medicine and as a legitimate means of alleviating human suffering that it is hardly deemed advisable to allow its application for the purpose of legal executions against the almost unanimous protest of the medical profession."

We are not told when and how the medical profession was polled on the question, but the above paragraph clearly implies that the suggestion of poison was satisfactory but for the feelings of the doctors.

It has always seemed to us that the question of simpler and more humane executions could be best met by physicians. There is no doubt that they could provide a simple method of poisoning, which could be applied with no expectant attention on the part of the condemned—unawares, say in sleep, if desirable, as we think it is—and which would be sure and certain to inflict no conscious physical suffering than any other means hitherto suggested.

And Yet He Didn't Win.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Kilrain was born one month before Sullivan and has had just so much more opportunity to train.

SO IT IS SAID.

BULWER wrote his finest novel in full dress.

LUTHER, when studying, always had his dog at his feet.

TASSO wrote his finest pieces in the lucid intervals of madness.

PLINY read 2,000 volumes in the composition of his Natural History.

CÆSAR composed his famous commentaries, it is said, on horseback.

PASCAL wrote his thoughts on small scraps of paper at his by-moments.

BACON knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from heaven. —*America.*

ROUSSEAU had the greatest difficulty in composing his works, being extremely defective in the gift of memory.

CUVIER never recopied what he had once written. He composed with great rapidity, correctness and precision.

LA FONTAINE wrote his "Fables" chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau.

ROUSSEAU wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage, at midday; Byron, at midnight. Aristotle awoke early, and worked until he slept.

CORNEILLE, in his lofty flights, was often brought to a standstill for the want of a word, which was commonly supplied by his brother Thomas.

DEMOSTHENES passed three months in a cavern by the seaside in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied and declaimed.

CALVIN studied in his bed. Every morning at 5 or 6 o'clock he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together.

BUFFON, in writing his books, used pages divided into five distinct columns. In the first column he wrote out the first draft; in the second he corrected and improved, and so on to the fifth.

RICHELIEU amused himself, in the intervals of his labor, with a squadron of cats, of which he was very fond. He used to retire at 11, and, after sleeping three hours, rise and write or work.

VOLTAIRE was a most impatient writer, and usually had the first half of a work set up in type before the second half was written. He always had several works in the course of composition at the same time.

MILTON was of the opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumnal and spring equinoxes were always the best, while Alfieri, on the contrary, said that the equinoctial winds produced a state of almost "complete stupidity" in him.

A PRETTY MOUTH.

It Is a Rare Thing—How Mouths Are Spoiled—Some Suggestions of How to Improve Its Appearance—Care of Teeth and Gums.

From Harper's Bazar.]

Being the most expressive feature of the face, the mouth has much to do with producing the effect of beauty or its opposite. While a large mouth gives an impression of coarseness, particularly in a woman, too small a one is almost equally objectionable, and has been not inaptly compared to a buttonhole.

Cupid's bow is the standard pattern for a perfect mouth, which has clearly defined edges, while the under lip is short and full, as if, to quote the old poet,

"Some bee had stung it newly."

The color should be a vivid red, with no need of biting the lips to give them a look of glowing freshness.

There are few things so charming as a lovely mouth, and few so rarely seen. There will be fine eyes and beautiful hair in profusion, but a perfect mouth is hard to find. It is not a feature that engages the attention of unrefined or uncultivated people, who are invariably attracted by bright eyes and a showy complexion, but to the reader of human nature, the mouth is an interesting study.

The Study of the Mouth.

Thus, thin straight lips indicate bad temper, while those that are too full proclaim a sensual nature; a mouth with blunt corners is charmingly expressive; corners that turn upward belong to a merry disposition, while those that droop downward denote a hard, cruel nature. Dimples at the corners of the mouth give a look of great sweetness, and the soft flexible curves of the upper lip are also very expressive. When these curves are sharply defined, and the space between them and the nose is very short, it gives character to the profile.

A habit of sucking and biting the lips is ruinous to their shape, and Mme. de Pompadour confesses that her very pretty mouth was spoiled in this way before she was 30. Children's mouths are often stretched out of proportion by their propensity from babyhood for stuffing all sorts of miscellaneous articles into this convenient receptacle.

Biting the lips frequently makes them sore, and for hard, dry lips a little pure glycerine, lightly rubbed on at night, is often beneficial. A harmless application for the same purpose is made of a quarter of an ounce of white wax, with one teaspoonful each of glycerine and mutton suet. The wax and suet are melted separately, and then the whole mass is well mixed, and turned into a mold to cool.

Some persons are greatly troubled with chapped lips, for which the above recipe will be found beneficial—and a chapped, dry-looking mouth is anything but attractive. Mungo Park, during his much quoted travels in Africa, was the subject of frequent criticisms among the negro belles, and among the decisions at which they arrived was the impossibility of finding a woman anywhere who would be willing to kiss such a thin, shriveled mouth as his, from the African standpoint.

Don't Make Faces.

A man's mouth should be large rather than small, as the latter characteristic gives a contracted and effeminate look to the whole face, and it is expressive of an entire lack of manly qualities. Any mouth to be fully satisfactory requires a reasonable amount of room; and the "perfect rosebud of a mouth," which the writers of a past generation were fond of bestowing on their heroines, was appropriate only for a child.

"Making faces" and excessive smiling are both injurious to the shape of the mouth, and the former, which seems as natural a propensity of childhood as stuffing things into the mouth, requires constant watchfulness. This ugly habit sometimes clings for life, and it seems impossible for the victim to talk without grimacing. Superfluous smiling is almost equally unpleasant, and to be, as it were, on the verge of smiling, without really doing it, is more attractive and dignified. When smiles are too profuse they lose their value, like other things, but the charm of a thoroughly sweet smile, when not too often repeated, is quite irresistible.

Lessons in the art of smiling have been recorded of ancient times, and as an elegant accomplishment, the art of smiling gracefully, in just the right place, deserves consideration. Many persons open the mouth too widely, and the process recommended by a writer on beauty is "a sweet and gentle smile, where the mouth hardly opens, the cheeks dimple slightly, and the lower lip just conceals the ends of the upper teeth."

Catching Flies.

A mouth half open—the rustic's look of wonder—gives a vacant expression to the face, and produces the unpleasant result of a dark line at the base of the teeth. This is very disfiguring, and it always suggests a lack of personal cleanliness. A very important part of the mouth never comes into view, and one on which the beauty of its smile depends. It makes all the difference in the world whether the parted lips disclose two pearly rows of teeth or gold fillings and discoloration. Good teeth will make an ordinary mouth attractive, but fresh, wholesome-looking gums must be included.

These need brushing as much as the teeth, and tooth powders are bad for both. Those which are put up so attractively in tasteful boxes, and represented as infallible for whitening and preserving the teeth," usually contain powerful acids or gritty substances, both of which are sure to injure the delicate enamel. Rub the teeth and gums with a piece lemon, although often recommended for whitening the teeth and giving firmness to the gums, is as destructive as the use of other acids.

A ripe strawberry crushed around the teeth before retiring, and left there until morning, is said to give a lustrious hue to the enamel and a rich, fruity aroma to the breath, but there is the same objection to the acid.

Charcoal Sweetens the Breath.

A bad breath is certainly repulsive, and very properly so, not only because it is so unpleasant in itself, but because it can always be remedied with proper care. If it proceeds from decayed teeth a dentist should be consulted; if from a disordered stomach it is a case for the physician. Two drachms of chlorate of potash mixed with six ounces of rose water will make a purifying wash to rinse the mouth with every few hours.

Charcoal is a great sweetener of the breath, and besides this it "strengthens and whitens the teeth, removes the tartar, prevents toothache and gives the gums and lips an attractive red color." About as much as can be placed on the point of a knife should be rubbed gently into the interstices of the teeth on going to bed, to be rinsed out thoroughly in the morning.

The objection to charcoal is its grittiness, and it must be reduced as nearly as possible to an impalpable powder. Its purifying qualities are invaluable, and, it is said, if taken inwardly, it will cure indigestion.

"Pearly" teeth are considered especially beautiful, and this rare charm if accompanied, as is apt to be, by a space between the two front teeth, gives a peculiarly sweet, arch look to the whole face. Sound teeth, thanks to the improvements in hygiene and dentistry during the last 20 years, are not uncommon now, but beautifully shaped teeth with a pearly luster are.

Trying Weather for Them.

From the New York Tribune.]

This is trying weather for the people who keep their doors and windows hermetically closed in order to give the impression that they are out of town.

Chicago's New Industry.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

Chicago's recent annexation has given prominence to a new industry within the city limits—the raising of hay.

A COLLEGE GRADUATE.

College days are over now,
I'm at last a graduate, or
So they tell me; anyhow
I am done with Alma Mater.
Lessons were an awful bore;
Wonder how in all creation
I survived 'em, what is more,
How I passed examination!

Wonder what I learned? Why lots!
All the books of whist and euchre;
How to desiccate jack pots,
How to spend no end of lucre.
Then I learned to pull an oar,
Though I never took to training,
Voted it a beastly bore;
Billiards proved more entertaining.

Baseball for a time I played,
Though my blistered hands grow sorer;
I scored all the runs we made,
When I was appointed scorer.
Football was too awful rude,
Such a game I can't survive. A
Suit in tatters! I'm no dude;
Neither am I a Godiva.

Lessons I found very dry,
Yet I studied 'em, at random:
Learned 'em, too, yet somehow I
Couldn't ever understand 'em.
Modern languages all flow
From my lips like—well, like nectar;
As for the dead ones, well, you know
No one gossips with a specter.

Like the other graduates
I received this, my diploma.
If it means all Webster states,
I surmise it's a misnomer.
It's all Greek, or some such stuff,
So I hardly think I'll need it;
Still I wish I knew enough,
Now I've got the thing, to read it.
—*New York Sun.*

METROPOLITAN DRIFT.

Dudley's Blocks of Five.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, July 10.—The general term of the Supreme Court, in an opinion by Justice Daniels and concurred in by Presiding Justice Van Brunt and Justice Brady, has affirmed the decision made by Justice Patterson some time ago, denying a motion to vacate an order for the examination of Colonel W. W. Dudley as a witness before trial in his suit for libel against the *World*. Colonel Dudley, it now appears, will eventually be obliged to explain what he meant by getting the Indiana "floaters" into "blocks of five."

She Escaped by Death.

In a Brooklyn police court this morning Julia Clarkson, 40 years old, was sentenced to 29 days in jail for vagrancy. As she turned from the desk she said: "I am glad it is so long," and dropped dead on the floor. Court proceedings were suspended till the body was removed.

Mr. Brice Never Heard of It.

Calvin S. Brice, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was asked to-day what he had to say in reply to the charges made by General H. V. Boynton in the *Commercial Gazette*, of Cincinnati, reflecting severely on Mr. Brice among others. They are to the effect that the late administration took sides with Hippolyte, the Haytian insurgent commander, and protected block