The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1889.

THE LICENSE DECISION.

The decision of Judge Ewing, yesterday, with regard to the rehearing of applications for retail liquor licenses, created some surprise among those who are ambitious of dispensing alcoholic beverages. There is, however, really more ground for surprise in the manner of the decision than in the matter.

The declaration of the Judge that the decision given yesterday was but his individual ruling, and that the other Judges may decide differently, keeps the applicants on the anxious bench, in its intimation of a disagreement among the Judges. Still those who accept the decision as settling the question for this year, will take the most plausible view. It is more likely that the other Judges are willing to let this decision stand without further work over a difficult and vexatious subject, than that one Judge should file a minority opinion with the expectation that it will be set aside.

In this view, the ruling seems to settle the matter, for the present year, and the disappointed applicants will do wisely to seek other employments, at least until next year affords them an opportunity to once more convince the Court of their superior qualifications for the innocuous distribution of hard drinks.

BOULANGER'S WORST OFFENSE.

The last addition to the charges against Boulanger, on which the French Government is trying to obtain his conviction, may be founded upon fact, but under the circumstances it is more likely to be regarded as an index of the strenuous desire of the Government to find something upon which to obtain a judicial condemnation of the doughty General. In trial upon the charge of embezzlement as much as in a trial for treason, the Anglo-Saxon idea is well founded, that the accused should be present, both for the purpose of defending himself if innocent, and of being punished if guilty. To try him for either treason or malversation of funds, in his absence, is both unjust and unnecessary. Boulanger by running away has not necessarily convicted himself of either offense. What he has convicted himself of is cowardice; and that is more fatal to him, as the idol of the French public, than it would be to be found guilty of either stealing or treason.

HIGH ART TO ORDER.

A correspondent of an Eastern paper wants the patriotism of the country braced up by a new national anthem, and suggests that $10,000 of the surplus be appropriated to supply that want.

As a detail in the dissipation of the surplus the suggestion is not without its merit. While numerous other classes are pitching in for a slice of the superabundant national treasure, there is no reason why the poets and the composers are not entitled to such a modest share of it as is here suggested. There are few classes in the country to the members of which a slight dividend of this sort would come more gratefully than those which compose our music and furnish our rhymes. As to whether the music and rhymes would afford us any equivalent for the money, that is, we believe, entirely foreign to any discussion concerning the disposition of the surplus.

But with regard to the idea that a national hymn of great artistic and patriotic character can be procured by appropriating ten thousand dollars for it, it is simply stupid. No such appropriation has ever yet produced a great work of art. It probably never will be the case that anything truly great, either in music, painting or literature, can be produced to order at the command of an appropriation of money. The inspiration to great musical or poetic effort is not pecuniary, and the best evidence of the fact is the record that whenever any work has been attempted for the stimulus of a stated sum of money it has always fallen into the lower levels of mediocrity.

When any writer and composer is able to produce a national hymn of higher character than we now have, he will obtain a much greater reward than ten thousand dollars. Until then this country will have to get along with "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

THE MILLET ADVERTISEMENT.

We have already expressed our doubts about "The Angelus" of Millet being really worth any such sum as the $110,000 said to have been paid for it, and now revelations are being made concerning the sale which throw a cloud of doubt over the whole transaction. It seems strange in the first place that Mr. Proust did not think it worth while to wait till the French Chamber of Deputies passed upon the question of paying the price he had offered for the picture, but handed it over to the American Art Association at once. Mr. Proust's action, however, was a superb advertisement for the picture. So is the prodigious price it is said to have fetched.

The question arises without much forcing, we think, Was $110,000 paid at all? Have the methods so familiar in theatrical matters been transplanted into artistic dealings? If the auctioneer, Mr. Sedelmeyer, Mr. Proust, representing the Louvre gallery, and the American Art Association had a secret understanding there was nothing to prevent them from carrying through a gigantic advertising scheme at a slight expense. We do not say this was done, but merely indicate a possibility which may serve to explain certain mysterious features of the secretan sale.

"The Angelus" is to be taken through this country for exhibition, and the value of advertising it well is apparent. No picture has ever had more free puffing than Millet's great work. The results are likely to be golden to the skillful advertisers. We suppose it will lead to the regular employment of advance agents, literary puffers and pamphleteers, without whom no theatrical manager considers it safe to campaign, by picture dealers in the show business. But nobody should confound the clap-trap announcement of these traders and brokers with the cause of art. Combinations of picture dealers for advertising purposes may apparently increase the rewards of artists, but it is only apparently. Fictitious figures, even if they come under the Atlantic at half a dollar a word by cable, are not to be trusted.

WHAT IS HE THERE FOR?

We can hardly see the reason for regarding the utterances of Mr. John Jarrett, with regard to our friendly feeling for the English people, as anything very reprehensible. If Mr. Jarrett has, as reported, been disclosing his instructions from the administration, he has been somewhat indiscreet; but it does not seem likely that has done any very great harm.

But Mr. Jarrett's statement that the people of this country are, in general, friendly to the English, is no more than diplomatic and veracious. The United States is friendly to the English people. We are so closely related that, like members of the same family, we esteem it our privilege and duty to find fault and show where our relatives are doing wrong; but this criticism is the expression of our close relationship and affection. It is accurate to say that the great mass of Americans and Irish-Americans wish so well to England as to earnestly urge her to do justice to Ireland and gain the strength and harmony that will result from such a step.

As to Mr. Jarrett's reference to the Sackville fuss, it is chiefly open to the criticism that it tells what was perfectly plain last year. It was by no means creditable to use private correspondence as a means of betraying the British Minister to the blunder of undiplomatic truth-telling; and it was still less dignified for the administration to raise such a fuss over a case of pernicious veracity. But certainly, as THE DISPATCH said at the time, the whole affair was one for thinking men to be ashamed of.

It is pertinent to ask those who profess to be horrified at Mr. Jarrett's utterances, whether the consular duties in England are supposed to consist of informing the English people that the people of the United States hate them?

ARE THEY PUNISHABLE?

A rather interesting question in connection with the Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight is raised by the Boston *Globe*, in the shape of the theory that if Kilrain should die of his injuries within the course of the next year Sullivan could be held for murder in the first degree.

There is no room for doubt as to the law in the case. If Kilrain should die from the result of injuries inflicted by Sullivan, in the commission of an unlawful act, every legal theory would hold Sullivan responsible for the crime. There would, of course, be a claim of the absence of malice; but the law has expressly covered that point by enacting that where there is an intent to commit one unlawful act, the unintentional commission of a capital crime is murder in the first degree.

But that any such punishment would be inflicted is more than doubtful, in view of the fact that it is difficult to secure the milder punishment which attaches to the well-known and avowed commission of the smaller offense. So long as we make idols of prize fighters it would be practically impossible to hang the champion, even though he were legally guilty of murder. The case could be easily befuddled with the charge that the death was the result of injudicious medical treatment, or a hundred other pleas, so that the jurors could get an excuse to refuse a conviction. So long as we are unable to punish prize fighters for the lesser offenses which they have committed, it is unnecessary to talk of the possibility of their being punished for the greater crime which may possibly result from their offenses.

A DUKE FOR VALOR.

The athletic deer-stalking Earl of Fife, who is to wed the Princess Louise of Wales, is to receive a dukedom from the hands of his grandmother-in-law, Queen Victoria, before the marriage takes place. From what we know of the Earl of Fife it is safe to say that he deserves a dukedom, if he wants it. A healthy, whole-souled sportsman with good Scotch blood in his veins is a rare husband for a princess to catch, and Queen Victoria cannot exert herself too much to show appreciation of the honor done her son's daughter.

Some carpers will say perhaps that the ducal title in the days when it originated was only conferred on men who showed themselves fitted by valor on the field of battle or wisdom at the council table to dominate their fellows. The title in the time of Theodosius was given to the military governor of a province, and the dignity went with the same office in France under Charlemagne. But in England monarchs were not particular whom they made dukes. The strawberry leaves and coronet as often as not went to the man who could drink longest with the royal roysterer, or to children of the royal line whom the law refused to recognize.

Queen Victoria may intend to give the Earl of Fife a dukedom for his valor in espousing a daughter of the Prince of Wales. She knows what the Marquis of Lorne has gone through since he married the aunt and namesake of Fife's fiancee. She knows it takes courage in a British nobleman to marry into her family. It is an amiable act, anyhow. We trust that the Earl of Fife when he is made a duke will, as the French dukes did under the successors of Charlemagne, achieve almost absolute independence.

A SOLID TRUTH.

The Philadelphia *Press* gets very close to the meat of the present railway question with the assertion that "while a railroad association is restricted from doing much damage by the present law, the trouble is that a great many violations of the law have been made secretly, and that there has been no enforcement of the inter-State act in its strict sense. With the aid of associations the railroads have obeyed what they chose of the law and ignored what they chose." This simple statement of the fact goes nearer the true inwardness of the entire question than the columns of nonsense which have been published regarding the necessity of combination on the part of the railroads. When the inter-State commerce act has been fully and thoroughly enforced, according to its letter and spirit, there will be a fair opportunity to judge of its effect upon the interests of the railroads and the country. Until then, what we have to judge of is the effect of the evasions of the act by the combinations of the railroad managers.

"DON'T legislate too much," the advice given by Judge Cooley to the Constitutional Convention of Dakota, is generally receiving the indorsement of the press of the country. In view of the fact that the legislation which we have is very widely suffering from the evil of non-enforcement, it is possible to support the idea that the practical effect is just about the same, whether we legislate too much or too little. The Judge's advice would have been more pertinent if it had been: "Don't legislate until you are prepared to maintain the enforcement of the laws you pass."

A REPORT is going the rounds of the press to the effect that the air at Valparaiso is such that chestnuts decay there on exposure. This fully explains the mystery of Mr. R. G. Horr's refusal of the Valparaiso consulship.

THE difference between buying trust certificates and buying lottery tickets is defined by the Philadelphia *Inquirer* to be, that in buying lottery tickets you occasionally have a chance to make a hit. The assertion that it is impossible to have a square deal in the trust game is correct enough; but as it is coupled with the assertion that there is occasionally a square lottery deal, it leaves it an open question whether the statement is more flattering to the lotteries than just to the trusts.

LORD DUNRAVEN should bring his yacht over and have a race anyhow. Mr. Jacob Kilrain, the Democratic party and the Pittsburg Baseball Club can assure him that it is nothing to be beaten after you have once become accustomed to it.

THE most credible variation of that story about a Brickyard Trust is the one which is presented by the Chicago *News* to the effect that the English syndicate is buying up brickyards with the intention of turning them into distilleries. The English idea is very evidently to the effect that it must go into the business of supplying the raw material for bricks in the hat on a wholesale scale.

"JACK THE RIPPER" seems to have been prompt in taking his usual tragical method of removing all suspicions from the lunatic who was arrested, and who claimed to have been that remarkably fiendish creature.

THE Salt Trust's announcement that it is no trust, because anyone can buy the shares who will put up the money, is a more than ordinary violent effort of combination logic. Numerous other trusts have shown an entire willingness to unload on the people who are deceived by the promise of monopoly profits into paying three or four dollars cash for one of actual investment and the rest of paper.

DON PIATT now has abundant food for reflection upon the lack of frankness in humanity, in view of the fact that none of the other blackguards have come forward and followed his example of confession.

SOME genius has discovered that mosquitoes can be driven out of a room by burning camphor gum in it until the air is pretty well impregnated with its fumes. The recipe, however, fails to state whether the human beings who occupy the room will not find it necessary to leave about the same time that the mosquitoes do.

NO sooner has Browning written one verse that the public mind can easily comprehend, than literary taste begins to discover that Browning is decidedly coarse.

THE cash valuation of the white-lead factories controlled by the Lead Trust being $12,950,000, the true inwardness of the trust becomes evident in the issue of $83,000,000 of trust certificates. This trust is principally profitable in passing off bogus values on deluded investors.

PERMITS for over $300,000 worth of buildings, issued last week, indicate that Pittsburg's building boom has no intention of letting up.

THE news that the Socialist editors of Berlin have managed to beat Bismarck's decree of suppression, by giving their paper a new title with every issue, is likely to create a decided feeling of approval for the plucky Socialists.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

W. B. TATE, a philanthropic bachelor of Tennessee, has divided a fifth of his fortune of $100,000 between 40 needy Confederate veterans of that State.

UP to June 30th only 594 babies in this country had been named after Benjamin Harrison. This lends color to the rumor that Harrison is not popular with his party.

W. H. PUTNAM, great-grandson of General Israel Putnam, died at Brooklyn, Conn., on Wednesday of paralysis, at the age of 77. He was the most prominent figure at the recent dedication of General Putnam's monument at Brooklyn.

EMMONS BLAINE, whose engagement to Miss Anita McCormick, of Chicago, was announced recently, receives a salary of $1,000 a year as assistant to President Davis, of the West Virginia Central Railway Company. Miss McCormick is very rich.

KING MENILECK, the new ruler of Abyssinia, is a fierce looking man, dark, tall, thin and active, with piercing black eyes and a long, dark beard. He is not quite as cruel by nature as the late King John, but nevertheless he manages to awe his subjects into docile submission.

MR. MATTHEWS, the young Virginia artist who was so successful in touching up the portrait of George Washington in the East Room of the White House last summer, is now engaged in rendering the picture of Abraham Lincoln presentable. The canvas of the Lincoln portrait is not nearly so well preserved as was that of Washington.

SIR HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH, the new Governor of Cape Colony, accompanied Lord Elgin on his special mission to China in 1857 and was also attached to the second embassy of that nobleman in 1860. While engaged in negotiations under a flag of truce, it is related, Loch and some of his companions were seized and cruelly treated by the Chinese, and on one occasion he was carried about in a cage by his captors.

MATTHEW RILEY, one of Brooklyn's million aires, is a young man who has retired from business. His fortune was made in an interesting way. Fifteen years ago Riley was one of the clerks at Congress Hall, Saratoga. William H. Vanderbilt, who was staying at the hotel, took a fancy to him and often drove him to the lake, the geysers and other places of interest. Mr. Riley now drives his own team in Saratoga and lives in handsome style. He is a genial, popular man, and is not at all "puffed up" by his financial success.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Where the American School of Illustration Came From—Edwin A. Abbey's Start—How A. B. Frost Got His Foothold—Hollyhocks—Gossip of the Town.

"Twenty years ago," said an Eastern artist who is now in Pittsburg, "there was no such thing as the American school of illustration, but the men who have since created that school and raised it to a leading position in the world of art were nearly all at work then, and strangely enough a majority of them were clustered together in the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia. The Academy still exists, but its old quarters have long since passed into other hands. At the time I speak of, between 1865 and 1869, the Academy stood between Tenth and Eleventh streets on the north side of Chestnut street, in what was known as the Shakespeare building, and where the Chestnut Street Opera House now is.

"Among the students who were imbibing the principles of art as best they might at the Academy during the years I have mentioned were 29 men whose names are well-known to day. There was E. A. Abbey, for instance, a celebrity of the wide world now; A. B. Frost, Peter Moran, Jack Wilson, Charles Stephens, Smedley, George Bensell, W. P. Snyder, E. B. Bensell, F. H. Taylor, and W. R. Yeager. Every one of these almost has made his mark since. Abbey, I don't need to tell you, has become famous largely through his delightful pictures of old English life and country in *Harper's Magazine*. He has a studio now with the brilliant Millet in an old-fashioned house they tumbled across in their wanderings through London. The Morans' etchings are also famous. A. B. Frost every American knows by his clever work for Harpers, and in illustrations generally. Smedley succeeded Rinehart in Paris, and his work is winning praise everywhere. G. B. Bensell's hand has served *Saturday Night* and *Golden Days* with no little success. George Bensell's picture 'Judith before the tent of Holofernes' attracted great attention at the exposition in 1876 at Philadelphia. Jack Wilson has, I think, drifted into scene painting in New York, and W. R. Yeager has made a high reputation as a book illustrator.

"All of these men were, as I have said, at one time in the Academy at Philadelphia. American illustration to-day owes its advanced place largely to the labor of a few."

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"MY brother," continued the artist, "was at the Academy when Edwin A. Abbey was expelled for a trivial offense. Abbey was a small, wiry little fellow, as full of tricks as some of his sketches are of fun. He was always cutting up. One day he broke a plaster cast while he was skylarking. The directors of the Academy hauled him up the next day before the whole class and dismissed him after a severe scolding. They told him he was a mountebank and would never amount to anything.

"But nothing could subdue Abbey's spirit. He got lots of snubs from his brethren, especially the elder brethren in art. After he left the academy he went to Henry M. Snyder, the engraver, to learn his art. Abbey, even in those days, was devoutly fond of all sorts of antique things—armor, old dresses and furniture. He never tired of drawing them wherever he found them. I am told that when the Dolly Varden hat and the flowered calico dresses were the style, he was constantly sketching them. The youthful fancy has blossomed in the exquisite glimpses of old fashioned England, lads and lassies, country squires and city dames, bits of lordly parks and gardens and corners of old hostelries and market places, in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*.

"But when Snyder found young Abbey spending his best licks on what he called old-time trash, he had no further use for him. He told Abbey to leave; that he would never serve himself or art by continuing in the latter's service. 'What shall I do?' asked Abbey. 'You might try the grocery business,' replied Snyder.

"But Abbey kept pegging away and the world as well as he have reason to be thankful for it."

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"THE very opposite of Abbey as far as physical characteristics are concerned is A. B. Frost," said the artist. A great, big fellow is Frost, and in his student days rough but good-natured. At the beginning of his career he was employed at a very small salary by Worley & Bracher, the lithographers, on South Sixth street, Philadelphia. He worked away with his pencil outside, however, and one day he took some figure sketches he had made to E. B. Bensell, who was then in the illustrating business back of Independence Hall. Mr. Bensell looked at the sketches and said that if he was worth while for Mr. Frost to go into the business.

"Frost belonged at that time to the Philadelphia Sketch Club, in which the Attic Sketch Club had been merged. It was the custom at the club to give out to the artist members—for there were authors in the club as well—a subject for illustration every Saturday, and on the succeeding Saturday the artists would bring in their conceptions and the sketches were put on exhibition for the evening. Some sketch Frost made in this way attracted the attention of a brother of Max Adler, the humorist, who was a member of the club. Max Adler was then contributing a series of papers to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, but he had just finished his book, "Out of the Hurly Burly," and he was looking for somebody to illustrate it. He had given the book tentatively to E. B. Bensell, the man who had poohpoohed Frost's sketches. Max Adler saw at once that Frost's sense of humor was as keen as his own, and taking "Out of the Hurly Burly" from Bensell's hands, he gave it to Frost. The result established Frost's reputation as an illustrator of marked ability. His quaint pictures in Adler's book really proved the foundation upon which Frost has built a fortune and acquired considerable fame. Of course his subsequent work has surpassed his early efforts."

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HOLLYHOCKS.

Flaming 'gainst a cloud of green,
Red or white or salmon tinted,
Washed with gold or softer sheen,
Or with wavy lines imprinted—
Stand they like tall halberdiers
High above the hedge of box;
Hot July has not the peers
Of the stately hollyhocks.

Tilt your dainty nose and smile,
If it please you, lady fair,
Tell me they are not the style,
Fashion sighs for something rare.
Flowers grow, the Lord ordains,
Careless of the fashion plates,
Fashion's penalties and pains
Stay without my garden gates.

At the gates of Paradise,
So the Syrian poets sing,
Some day shall those flowers rise,
And their purple glory fling
Where, amid the cherubim,
Once there waved the flaming sword—
Blazoning the way to Him
Who so loved them, Christ the Lord.

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THE only way to make a comedy of the lighter and ultra-farcical order go is to fill it full with entirely new and startling specialities. They are plums of the pudding. Without them, and no matter how good the pudding be or how rich the humorous sauce, the dear public will have none of it.

George Jenks is rightly minded that his comedy, "The U. S. Mail," needs all the plums he can lay hold of. He told me yesterday of two he had just secured. They are two small colored boys of Baltimore. Mr. Jenks' stage manager, whose name escapes me, found them there and made use of them in comic opera. They can dance a jig that is described as delirious; they can box with more skill than Sullivan and Kilrain, and they have a large cargo of cuteness under their dark skins. They will be Special Delivery messenger boys in "The U. S. Mail," and opportunities to exhibit their dancing and pugilistic talents will be given them. But the great feature of their engagement is that during the day they will run around the streets attired in exact imitation of Uncle Sam's letter carriers, mail pouches and all. In the pouches they will carry "U. S. Mail" dodgers.

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THERE has been some curiosity to know who "Miss Marigold," the writer of a very clever series of sketches in the *Bulletin*, might be, and yesterday I heard it said with some authority that John Black, the publisher of the magazine, was the man behind the nom de plume.

If Mr. Black is the author, he is entitled to congratulations. But the point of view taken by "Miss Marigold" is so feminine, and so faithfully feminine, that it makes the report hard to believe. Before this Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., has been discovered in "Miss Marigold," and a very much cleverer woman of this county has been hinted at as the author. The mystery does not detract from the piquancy of the papers.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

AN ENORMOUS FLYING EEL.

New York Furnishes the Best Fish Story of the Season.

From the Lyons (N. Y.) Republican.]

An account of a strange occurrence comes from Sodus Bay. While some of the facts connected with the event may appear incredulous, yet the high character and standing of the parties witnessing the abnormal occurrence entitles the narrative to consideration. Three men, whose names shall not be mentioned, were fishing last Friday night in the placid waters of Big Sodus Bay. They pursued their sport in a skiff of ordinary size, aided by a friendly light, reflected from the bow of the boat. At a late hour in the night the occupants of the boat were startled by a peculiar sound proceeding from the heavens. It resembled the flapping of wings.

Imagine their surprise when the trio of men suddenly beheld a fish lying at the bottom of the boat. It apparently approached from the cloud region, and at an angle of 45 degrees. After recovering from their surprise the men proceeded to a critical examination of their nocturnal visitor. It was found to be an eel and weighed 5½ pounds. In place of the ordinary eel fin was a short, stout member, part fin and part wing, about five inches long and four wide. The tail of this monster, which evidently served as a rudder to guide it in its aerial flight, was also supplied with semi-formed quills.

Local scientists who have examined this curious creature are inclined to believe that it is in a transitory stage from the fish to the bird creation. The evidence is further emphasized by the fact that when supplied with different kinds of food the creature ate nearly a quart of corn, using its head much in the manner as a goose does when eating corn. There are also well-defined legs and toes forming upon the belly of this undefinable creature.

DAMAGE TO THE DAM.

Effect of the Conemaugh Flood Upon the Davis Island Locks.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, July 20.—Engineer Martin, of the Davis Island dam, gives the following report of the advent of the flood of May 31, which destroyed Johnstown: "Enormous rains had fallen in the mountain region and both the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers rose rapidly. The great volume of water began to reach the Davis Island dam at midnight, at which time the gauge read 13¼ feet; so sudden was the coming that it was then impossible to protect our machinery and appliances from damage. We succeeded in getting all our boats to the island, but the engine, pump and derricks, remained in position. The river began to rise at 6 P. M., May 31, when the gauge showed 6.42 feet, and the rise reached its maximum at 5 P. M. June 1, when the gauge showed 22.36. The rains at the head waters since the breakage of the South Fork dam kept the river at a high stage, and it wasn't until the morning of June 5 that the fall was sufficient for us to ascertain the condition of the work.

"The steam engine was forced off the pier in the coffer dam inclosure, and the two derricks were knocked down, but are uninjured. Two hundred and thirty-six feet of the coffer dam was destroyed and requires rebuilding before operations on the permanent work can be resumed. The frame of the centrifugal pump was broken; the discharge pipe, 28 feet long, and one section of the second shaft, 10 feet long, with pulley, were lost. The steam engine was not damaged beyond breaking the governor and a few pipe connections. The wreck had been cleared away, and work was in progress at the close of the fiscal year.

A Place of Some Importance.

From the New Castle Courant.]

No city in the country is making more rapid advancement than Pittsburg. It is destined to become a place of some importance. New York, Chicago, St. Louis, etc., labor under the disadvantage of being located too far from New Castle, while Pittsburg is so near as to be almost a suburb.

Practical Politics.

From the Kansas City Star.]

The proposition is being discussed in Washington of having a Legislature "too big to corrupt." The scheme is to have so many representatives that it will be too expensive to buy a majority of the members. That seems to be a practical plan of regulating practical politics.

Americans Have a Monopoly.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

There is still one industry in the United States upon which no English syndicate has yet presumed to lay a hand, and that is the free-born American prerogative of seeking an office.

He Might, but He Won't.

From the Denver Times.]

Jay Gould says that the first year of his married life he lived on $100 and was happy. There is nothing to prevent his going back to that way of living.

A Singular Delusion.

From the Wheeling Intelligencer.]

Some of our distinguished fellow citizens who desire office seem to think the President is named Quay.

A FEW FISH STORIES.

EIGHT men fished all day in a Butler county stream and were rewarded by the capture of one small sunfish.

TOM WELLS, while fishing for bass near Reading, caught three fish at one time—one on each of the three hooks attached to his line.

AFTER a recent rain in Tuscumbia, Ala., young catfish, from four to seven inches in length, were picked up all over the city. They are supposed to have rained down.

A BOY who was bathing in the Mahoning river near Youngstown, was nearly pulled under water and drowned by some strange creature that caught his foot and lacerated it terribly. His assailant is supposed to have been a big fish.

BOATING for bass is a new sport at Marietta, Pa. A party in a boat drift on the river, and while floating around the bass, which are so numerous, jump from the water into the boat. A party of four the other evening had 13 bass to jump into their boat.

EELS got into the turbine wheel at Jesse Smith's great mill, at Trough Creek, Pa., the other day, and stopped it. Some of them measured nearly four feet and were 10½ inches in diameter. In their efforts to escape they were nearly cut to pieces by the wheel.

A GOOD fish story comes from Saratoga Lake. A lady, a veteran angler, was fishing there one morning last week about 4 o'clock, using side lines with minnows as bait for bass. She felt a tug at one line and began pulling it in. A fine bass was at the end of it badly entangled in two lines. The voracious fellow had swallowed the bait of one line, hook and all, and before he knew he was caught had swum under the boat, and devoured hook and minnow of the other line as well. A couple of hours later he explated his greediness on the broiler, whence he was deliciously served with cream-hashed potatoes for his captor's breakfast.

BEYOND THE MYSTIC RIVER.

Beyond the mystic river
Are paths that lead to peace,
To the mansions of the ransomed,
Where strife and turmoil cease.
Beyond the murky waters
Of Charon's sullen stream
I catch the sheen of jasper
Through a star-illumined dream.

Beyond the mystic river
Are paths that lead to joy;
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And never griefs annoy.
Beyond the storms and shadows
That gloom our lives below,
There is a land all radiant
Where living waters flow.

Beyond the mystic river
Are paths that lead to light,
Where the glowing sea of crystal
Breaks on thy ravished sight.
No sunlight gilds the city,
Nor argent moonbeams play;
God's presence, all of glory,
There pales the orb of day.

Beyond the mystic river
Are paths that lead to love,
Where streets of golden splendor
Illume the world above.
There sits enthroned the Father,
Amid the seraph throng,
That cast their crowns before Him,
And glorify with song.

Beyond the mystic river
I hear the harps afar,
And through the crimson sunset
See pearly gates ajar.
Beyond the vale of shadows
A star beams on the way;
The star that led the magi,
Leads on to endless day.

—*F. A. Foster.*

GOSSIP FROM THE CAPITAL.

The Truth About Blaine's Health—An American Pepys and His Diary—A Sensational Poker Game—$32,000 in the Pot.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 19.—The sensation of the past week has been the reports in regard to the ill health of Secretary Blaine and his intention to resign. I am somewhat interested in this for the reason that I sent to THE DISPATCH the special telegram out of which the whole sensation grew. It was taken up by other writers, distorted into every conceivable shape to suit the relations of the paper written for with regard to Mr. Blaine. The Blaine papers denied it in toto, and carefully interviewed those who were certain to give the lie to the reports. The anti-Blaine papers and all others which accepted the news as having a good groundwork of fact on account of the appearance of things, followed either in the line of the telegram given in THE DISPATCH or added to it the more sensational assertion that the Secretary was absolutely unable to perform his duties and was on the point of resigning his office.

Now what I sent to THE DISPATCH was based on the most careful inquiry extending over a fortnight after the departure of Mr. Blaine for Bar Harbor. Almost immediately upon his leaving I was told by a high official of the State Department that it was probable the Secretary would never return as an official of the Government. Remembering how former reports of Blaine's ill health had been denied I did not desire to be caught in a trap, and, as I hate the sensational in any form, I kept silence until I happened to meet a physician who was thoroughly conversant with the condition of the Secretary's health, and who confirmed the report given me by the official of the State Department.

A Peculiar State of Affairs.

Doubtless it is not the proper thing to assert that a man is sick when he and his immediate friends vow that he is well, but I think I am justified in doing it in this case, upon the testimony of persons who know what they are talking about and have no interest in misrepresenting the facts. Add to this the evidence of Mr. Blaine's own actions, and the unnecessary vehemence with which the denials were made, and the story of the illness is pretty well substantiated. If ever man looked sick Mr. Blaine does. He bears every evidence of suffering a serious general debility. He has not attended to his duties as Secretary half the time during his stay here since the 4th of March. He leaves the first of July following his appointment, just at a time when the work of his office is most pressing upon him, and the latest authoritative announcement is that he will not return before the first of October. Mr. Walker Blaine, a young man without experience and of decidedly ordinary ability, is practically the Secretary of State, though he really has no official standing in the department, the office to which he was appointed being a misnomer, and he really acting as his father's private secretary. No single transaction of affairs has ever been known before in the State or any other department, in the first or any other year of an administration, and it is remarkable enough to be spoken of and dwelt upon.

Mr. Walker Blaine explains that his father is working very hard in affairs of the department at his far-away seashore residence. He is said to be engaged on matters pertaining to the exposition of the Three Americas, which will be held in this city in 1892, but that is positively absurd, for Mr. Blaine has absolutely nothing to do with the arrangement of the machinery for that great fair. He has sent forth one circular, and that is all. The South American States have either accepted or they are considering acceptance. Clerks in the department have charge of all the official correspondence, and there is a committee of citizens here which is constantly giving information on the subject.

So much for the question of health. As to the story of resignation, the official referred to tells me that he had it from the mouth of Mr. Blaine himself that if he does not soon regain more vigor, and consequently more ability to attend to his duties, he will be forced to resign.

An American Pepys.

I have recently been shown the outside of a diary which, if it can ever be secured and printed for the delectation of the public, will create one of the liveliest sensations that have been known for a long time in this raw country of ours, where we have no scandals of royalty or nobility to feast our souls upon, but must be content with small gossip about such ordinary persons as millionaires or members of Congress. It will be remembered that some time ago the death was announced of "Jim" Christy, the Assistant Sergeant at Arms of the Senate. He was a factotum of the Senators, especially of the lively ones and the good livers. Nobody could order a better dinner, and the fellow who devises a good dinner can always penetrate to the inner circle of the elect for whom he orders it. Christy used to go on all of the great junketing trips of the Senators. He would order the wine and cigars and luncheons, and it is said his very ordinary salary was greatly swelled by these extra services. In a thousand ways he assisted and aided the Senators, and became possessed of more of their secrets than any other man in the country. He was close-mouthed and discreet, but it seems that like the adorable Pepys, he kept a diary, and in this diary he jotted down the baldest sort of memoranda of his association with Senators of high renown. "Jim" was not an intellectual sharp, and did not possess the art of concealing fortuitous gifts of colored sugar. He lacked imagination. A primrose by the river's brim a simple primrose was to him, and nothing more. Consequently he called things by uncanny names, and consequently, also, before his diary can ever be published it will have to be carefully "edited," and made fascinating by that classical style which takes the Decameron of Boccacio, the Confessions of Rousseau, the stories of Boccacio, and other similar volumes, without the pale of the law, and to which even the ferret eyes of the Anthony Comstocks of the land are blind.

An Interesting Diary.

"Christy would never let this diary go out of his hands," said a gentleman, in whose possession it now is, to me yesterday, "and he intended it should be in safe keeping after his death. It was more than a year ago that he gave me one day a sealed envelope, which was not to be opened except in case of his death. After that occurrence, so startling in its suddenness, I broke the seal, and found an order for a book, which would be found locked in his writing desk. I secured the volume, and here it is. You will notice that it is very extensive. I have calculated it would make at least 500 closely printed pages. I keep it locked in this safe, of which no one but myself knows the combination. What if I should die like Christy? I have provided for that as Christy did, in regard to this diary. I would not have its contents published, nor even show them to my nearest friend for any sum of money, for in that manuscript is a startling history, told in Jim's crude way, of personal peculiarities, escapades, queer capers, lobbying schemes, intrigues, and so on, of half the Senators of the United States. I have no doubt it is true, every word of it. I may at times show you harmless passages like this one, but any page which would involve a Senator in a scandal will be sealed forever, at least during the lives of all the actors on the Senatorial stage of this period."

A Steep Poker Game.

The custodian of this precious volume then showed me a few lines containing mention of a poker game between Senators, which run as follows:

"Sat in a poker game last night with (here he names five Senators). It was a deuce of a hot game, —— and —— seemed to have a pick at each and quarreled nearly all the time. Finally —— caught —— discarding four cards and holding up two on his own deal and accused him of cheating. Don't think —— knew he had six cards, but the looks of things was against him. —— declared it was all a mistake, but —— was ugly and wouldn't have it, and it was all we could do to keep them from coming to blows. It was easy to see there was blood on the face of the moon, and nobody was surprised when on one deal they both stood pat to see them square themselves for business. We all knew they would both bet their last dollar before they would give up, just on account of their quarrel. —— bet $100. —— raised him $500. —— swore the thing might as well be ended then and there, and swooped down with $5,000. —— declared that he wasn't to be scared with a little bluff like that and coolly raised —— $10,000. Then —— got nervous. It was plain to be seen he would like to have crawled out, but the words that had passed between them made him hot, and after a little while he concluded to call. That made about $32,000 in the pot, —— who had made the $10,000 raise, spread out his hand, and showed a straight flush of clubs, eight high, and started to rake down the pot.

"'Hands off that money,' shouted ——, his face lighting up. 'Your hand's no good?'

"'The deuce you say,' said ——, his jaw dropping as though he had been shot through the head.

"'No, it isn't, for I've got a straight flush of hearts, ten high.'

"'If' was a fact. He had 'em, and none of 'em had got away. It was the biggest two hands I ever saw out against each other, and the astonishing thing was they were both pat. I kind of think ——, who can shuffle the cards like a professional, put up a job on them."

I have never blown open a safe, but I would do something decidedly energetic to get hold of that diary.

E. W. LIGHTNER.

THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

A Distinguished Lot of Flitters.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, July 20.—William Hayden Edwards, United States Consul General at Berlin; Julio de Arellans, Spanish Minister to Central America; Frederick Schenck, United States Consul to Barcelona; Tom Karl, Sir Charles Brownlow, Karl Woxen, Swedish Secretary of Legation at Washington, and Sir Donald Stewart sailed for Europe to-day.

An Exciting Scene in Court.

The trial of the divorce suit of Giuseppi Serra was enlivened to-day by a rough-and-tumble fight right under the Judge's nose. Gasparo Rollo was on the stand telling just how Mrs. Serra and the co-respondent were hugging each other when he surprised them in Serra's back parlor about a week ago. Mrs. Serra was terribly excited by this testimony. She tried several times to get at Gasparo, but her lawyer held her down. He let go of her for a minute to make an objection. She jumped at Gasparo, buried her nails in his cheeks, tore out one side of his mustache, and dragged him to the floor. Then she wept copiously, while Gasparo went out to wash his wounds. The trial was adjourned.

'Twasn't Eddie Gould's Wife.

A story was printed this morning to the effect that Edwin