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PITTSBURG, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1889.

ENGLAND'S ROYAL REVENUES.

The debate in the English House of Commons last night upon the report of the Royal Grants Commission is remarkable not so much for the opposition that Mr. Labouchere and his Radical allies offered to the enlargement of the royal revenues as for the tone of the Government leader, Mr. W. H. Smith, in asking for the grants. Since early in the seventies, if not from a remoter date, members of Parliament have been found with courage enough to speak plainly about the extravagant endowment of the royal family. No doubt Mr. Labouchere spoke more bitterly and with less regard for the royal feelings than his predecessors in the same cause. Mr. Smith, however, certainly marked a new departure on the part of a Cabinet Minister in pleading almost piteously for the House's approval of the new grants.

It is very significant to find a stolid and religiously loyal Tory like Mr. Smith admitting that the provision for the royal grandchildren is open to discussion at all. He was not happy in comparing the English system of government with other systems. Mr. Labouchere promptly and aptly pointed out that while the English royal establishment cost the British nation $3,500,000 per annum, the United States pays its President $50,000. In short, Mr. Smith blundered in his accustomed style through a speech that showed in every line a deeper respect for democratic views and votes than a Tory Cabinet Minister has ever exhibited before.

It will not be very long before Mr. Labouchere's suggestion to drop the useless Lord Chamberlain, Lord High Steward, Master of the Horse, Master of the Buckhounds, and all the other lords in waiting, from the royal pay roll will be accepted by royalty itself. For the present larger questions are in the way, and the conservative attitude of Mr. Gladstone may postpone the reduction of the royal revenues till after his death. But the day of reckoning will come in this century, and the English people will take back their own, peacefully and by parliamentary measures in all probability.

PATRIOTIC MR. SLADE.

It seems really sad that Mr. F. L. Slade should be wasting his fragrance on the postoffice of Norfolk, Va. He is a patriot from the boots up. The nation has need of such a man in the highest place in its gift. Slade would be at home on the roof, as it were.

Mr. Slade knows exactly how the Government of the United States should be run. He is no theorist. His methods are as practical as a starfish's in an oyster bed. A public office is to him a heeler's just reward. The postoffice and the naval yards and the Washington departments were created to provide soft berths for the "boys." George Washington and the revolutionary patriots founded the Republic to satisfy a craving for office that the politicians of that day properly designated patriotism. Now that Mr. Slade has pointed it out, we observe the accuracy of his view that it is the first duty of the patriot to carry his own ward; and how can he do this if the spoils are not to be distributed among the victors?

Mr. Slade at present is striving to make the President understand that this fashion of running the Norfolk Navy Yard in the interest of the navy is deleterious to the Republican party. Places for hustling heelers and hungry bosses, and not ironclads, are what Mr. Slade wants the yard to supply. Commodore Brown and Naval Constructor Bowles have somehow got it into their heads that they are doing their duty in employing men to build ships for the United States navy. Naturally Mr. Slade desires the decapitation of these officers, in order that patriots free from any suspicion of naval knowledge, but capable of carrying the primaries, may be housed in the navy yard. We hope that the President will attend to Mr. Slade. The postoffice at Norfolk is too small a place for him. Give him leave to exhibit his patriotic ideas at his own expense throughout the land, Mr. Wanamaker.

POPULAR MILITARY TRAINING.

A rather novel idea, in which there may be something worthy of consideration, is presented, in the memorial of a hundred military companies of Georgia, to the Legislature of that State, asking for the enactment of a law providing for one year's compulsory military service to all the male population of that State. The idea of compulsory military service is generally regarded as foreign to our institutions, although in the early days of the Republic the entire population were subject to the law requiring attendance at the training days of the militia. The same regulation was revived for a short time throughout all sections of the country during our civil war; but since then it has fallen into desuetude.

It is worth considering, not only for the purpose of national defense, but for the effect upon the population itself, whether a year's military training for the entire population would not be beneficial. To require this to be taken out of the period of life when the citizen has engaged in business of industrial vocations would be expensive and injurious; but if all able-bodied males, say between the ages of 18 and 22, were required to be in military service for a year, it would furnish a steady military force ready to repel all sudden dangers, and large reserves composed of those who had gone through the year's training. Beyond that, it would give every able-bodied man the benefit of the discipline, both of mind and body, which would be furnished by intelligent military training. With the whole population imbued by military discipline and trained to the use of weapons in the latest and most skillful manner, this country would be twice as dangerous to attack as it is at present, and would possibly make a decided gain in the personnel of its citizenship.

FINE WEATHER POLITICS.

With the sky bright blue and a breeze breathing coolness into the summer sunshine a man may be excused for being sanguine beyond measure. Hopes are born of such weather and misanthropy has not a chance these days. So the utterances of Mr. Price, the well-known attorney and Prohibition leader, may be accepted as the honest opinions of a sanguine enthusiast inspired by the superb weather. We will admit that there is a chance that Mr. Price speaks by the card and has a clearness of vision and a grip upon the political wires that enable him to distinguish clearly the battlefield of the next election. But we suspect the weather is not innocent in Mr. Price's case.

If we are to believe Mr. Price, who talks very entertainingly on the subject in another column, the cause of prohibition is not injured by the gigantic defeat it received in this State six weeks ago. Mr. Price says that the last campaign and its ending particularly taught the Prohibitionists how vain it is to make alliance with politicians, whose hearts are set on spoils rather than moral principles. This lesson is certainly valuable, and this leader of Prohibitionists says that his party will show how well it has learned it by upsetting the ungodly politicians' plans this fall. It is doubtless true that the prohibition question in its moral aspects has never been so clearly presented as it is to-day, and Mr. Price's reasoning on this side of the question is powerful enough.

Perhaps the perusal of Mr. Price's prophetic remarks may not add to the comfort of those politicians to whom he pointedly alludes. Still the sun shines for everybody, and the cool wind misses nobody's brow. Let us all be happy while we may.

PROTECT OUR HEIRESSES.

Something in the shape of a tax is needed to curtail the exportation of American girls, and their dowries, to Europe. The suggestion has been made that a prohibitive tax be put upon foreign noblemen and other glittering creatures who invade these shores bent upon wedding American heiresses. But it is not clear how this tax could be collected. Indeed, the mischief would not be stopped even if the immigration of titled paupers were. American heiresses go abroad. Each year sees more of them lending sunshine and financial support to the European capitals. The foreign fortune-hunter has not to seek his prey. The prey too often seeks him.

Here is this case of Miss Caldwell and the Prince Murat. Not only a great beauty and a lovely woman are thus to be taken from America, but a fortune of more than a million dollars. Gallantry might induce us to pooh pooh the financial side of the case if it were not for the fact that by hedging in the fortune very often the fair American might be saved to her native land. Our proposition is, therefore, that a heavy tax should be levied on the fortune of the American girl who insists on throwing herself away upon a foreign princeling. This would make the guardians of our heiresses more careful of their charges. It is too often the fault of the guardian that the heiress mates with a foreign bird of doubtful antecedents.

A PRIZE PRIG.

If we were asked to give a young man starting out to college the finest chunk of advice we have in our cabinet we would say to him: Don't be a prig!

Priggishness is a blight that falls upon some of the most promising young trees in our orchards of learning. It is a blight that kills, if measures to counteract its mortal effects are not taken in good season. Though you can recognize it at a glance or in the utterance of a dozen words, priggishness is not easy to define. It may show itself in an assumption of moral superiority, or mental exclusiveness, or in some simple social way. But everybody knows a prig when he sees one. Everybody keeps out of the prig's way.

In a college paper a very exemplary prig writes that he believes he cannot afford to read Roe, Haggard, etc., while Hawthorne and Eliot are unmastered. He adds that he cannot afford to read Swinburne, Harte, Morris and Rossetti, while Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Hugo, and Shakespeare are unmastered. He also proposes in philosophy to confine himself to Plato, Kant, Bacon and Spencer.

This is prime priggishness. If he had said merely that he could not afford to wade through the diluted drivel of Roe or the African yarns of Haggard he might have passed for a young man of sense, though the declaration of his personal preferences would still have savored of bumptiousness. It is not necessary to say that Swinburne and Rossetti or Harte would contribute as beneficially to his mental equipment as Dante or Goethe, or indeed to seriously take him in hand at all. He will not read what he can afford to read; nor will he touch what he says truly enough he cannot afford to read. He is a prig. That's all. If he could afford or would afford to pay a man, a strong man, to kick him for a few weeks, there might be some hope of his redemption. But the rule is, once a prig, always a prig.

THERE is a premium on twins in Omaha. The *Republican* of that city offers to every child born between January 15, 1889, and April 15, 1890, whose parents subscribe to the *Republican*, one chance in a drawing for a building lot, worth now $1,500, and guaranteed to be worth $10,000 before the child becomes of age. Twins, of course, get two chances, and unscrupulous parents will try to ring in triplets.

THE Signal Service bulletins are working splendidly just now. The weather this year has been nothing if not contrary, and it seems that so long as the bureau continues to forecast rain we shall enjoy the beautiful weather we have had for the past week or so.

WE are glad to hear that Minneapolis is continuing to grow, although we cannot truthfully say that the announcement that its growth far exceeds that of St. Paul fills us full of delirious joy. Pittsburg, by the way, is setting a splendid example to all American cities in the line of healthy growth. Not growth by wholesale annexation, either.

IT is highly probable that before all those gigantic transactions in which American mills, breweries and factories are being exchanged for British gold are concluded, Uncle Sam will be found to have the money and Johnny Bull the experience.

MINISTER WHITELAW REID doesn't like having to follow picayune South American Ambassadors in to dinner. But Mr. Reid should not forget that he has the superb privilege of leaving the table first if he pleases. He would, perhaps, best preserve his dignity and his digestion at the same time by doing so.

CONSUL JOHN JARRETT, of Birmingham, England, denies the sloppy sentiments ascribed to him in an interview which appeared in the *Times* of that city. English interviewers seem to have powerful imaginations, too.

OUTSPOKEN Sam Jones, in a recent sermon, said that a man could not get lower down in the world than the druggist who hid himself behind half a dozen old patent medicine bottles to deal out whisky by the quart. It is a fact that Mr. Jones may have overlooked that the whisky is usually as bad as the druggist.

AN educated rooster is to travel with Kate Claxton next season. It ought to make a good advance agent, but it will probably find that its education is against it.

A PHOTOGRAPHER named Bower is being sued for heavy damages by the widow of Frederick Fisher, for causing the latter's death. Bower is said to have claimed to be a physician and treated Fisher for lung disease when he had typhoid fever. Photographers generally stop at killing likenesses.

THE Pittsburg club won a game yesterday. The fates were kindly, though a Cleveland product named Faatz tried to make himself a stumbling block.

STILL another echo from the crash of ruin in Johnstown. The failure of Lewis Bros. & Co., the great drygoods merchants of New York, is attributed in a measure, not a very great one probably, to the destruction of the Woodvale Woolen Mills in the Johnstown flood.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

SECRETARY WINDOM and Secretary Tracy returned to Washington yesterday from New York.

THE will of the late Millionaire Blythe, of San Francisco, which is being contested by his heirs, gives $110,000 to churches and beneficial societies.

LOUIS S. HARTMAN, a prominent Republican leader in Lancaster, Pa., bears a most remarkable resemblance to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

SENATOR HISCOCK, of New York, fluctuates between Saratoga and the metropolis. His colleague, Senator Evarts, is at his summer home in New York.

AUGUST is going to be a red letter month in the birthday calendar. Tennyson celebrates his 80th birthday on the 6th and Dr. Holmes his 80th on the 29th.

MR. LORING, the new American Minister to Portugal, yesterday proceeded to Cintra, where the King is sojourning, and presented his credentials to His Majesty.

THERE are in the Treasury vaults at Washington nearly a pint of diamonds and other precious stones that were presented to various Presidents by admiring friends.

WARNER MILLER is devoting this summer to miscellaneous reading. He was always fond of literary pursuits and recently said to a friend: "If I had devoted more time to letters and less to politics I would have been better off to-day."

SENATOR HISCOCK, who is really a very handsome man, is not looking well this summer. His face is pale, his cheeks are a trifle sunken, and beneath his gloomy eyes are dark circles. There is nothing the matter with him, however, excepting lassitude caused by the weather.

THE departure of Miss Bessie Hainsworth, of Lawrenceville, for her new home in Seattle, Washington, which occurs next week, will be the cause of genuine sorrow. Miss Hainsworth was a leading member of the Butler Street M. E. Sabbath school, and a prime favorite with the members of all the classes.

WILLIAM VAN EPS, the wealthiest citizen of South Dakota, was always a rolling stone. He learned the printer's trade when a boy, and was afterward in various kinds of business in many different Western towns. In 1871 he located at Sioux Falls, where he is now a merchant and bank President, besides being identified with many important business enterprises elsewhere.

THE Rome correspondent of the *Catholic News* cables that Bishop Walsh, of London, Ontario, has been elected Archbishop of Toronto. The new Archbishop was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Archbishop Lynch, which occurred on May 12, 1888. Kingston, which was one of the suffragan sees of Toronto, has been made an archdiocese.

The Need of the Hour.

From the Detroit Journal.]

"Now we've got a Sugar Trust," said Old Simmerdown, "what we need most is a Beat Sugar Trust."

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Charlemagne Tower.

PHILADELPHIA, July 25.—A private dispatch from Waterville, N. Y., announces the death at his summer residence there of Charlemagne Tower, of this city. Mr. Tower was in his eighty-first year, and his death was due to paralysis. He leaves four daughters and a son and an enormous fortune. Mr. Tower was born in Oneida county, N. Y. He graduated from Harvard University in 1830. He studied law in New York City, where he practiced his profession for some time. Some legal questions that arose in connection with his practice took him to Pennsylvania in 1846 for the examination of the title to large bodies of mineral land lying chiefly in the county of Schuylkill.

Mr. Tower was the leading counsel in the famous trials that arose out of questions relating to the Munson and Williams estate, in Schuylkill county, comprising a large body of coal lands, the litigation in regard to which he carried along for more than 25 years. He mastered and perfected the title to these lands, which are now the property of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, and his footsteps may be traced through many other great legal battles in different counties of Pennsylvania.

He became the owner of large bodies of coal lands and was a director in several corporations. He was actively interested in the construction and management of the Northern Pacific Road, and a member of its Board of Directors for several years. The greatest and most successful undertaking, perhaps, of Mr. Tower's long business career, was his development of the iron resources of Minnesota, now well known to the world as the Vermillion range. It was about 15 years ago that Mr. Tower learned of the existence of iron ore deposits near Vermillion Lake, a body of water 90 miles northwest of Duluth. The country was then a wilderness, the forest almost without paths, and exploration a matter of great difficulty. An expert was, however, soon sent out by Mr. Tower in 1875 to make a thorough examination, and the report was so favorable that he determined to buy some land and build a railroad to bring the ore to market. He accordingly purchased about 20,000 acres of mineral land near the lake. Years were required to get things into shape and it was not until 1883 that Mr. Tower had things in readiness for the construction of the railroad. He laid out a line of road from the lake to a point on Lake Superior, about 30 miles northwest of Duluth, called Two Harbors. Here Mr. Tower bought property, constructed docks and acquired terminal facilities. The mines were opened and a force of men set at work digging ore. Meanwhile the railroad was being built. All through the winter of 1883-84 a force of 1,500 men were laboring in the mines, felling trees, grading and laying ties. The expense was enormous, but Mr. Tower was equal to the demands upon his resources. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended and not a cent was coming in. Through the spring of 1884 the work was pressed with vigor and late in July the road was completed. On July 31, 1884, the first train load of ore passed from Vermillion lake to Lake Superior, whence it was shipped on barges to Cleveland. Before the close of the year, 68,000 tons of ore had been shipped from the mines and by 1887 the annual output had been increased to 400,000.

On June 5, 1887, Mr. Tower disposed of his large interests in the Vermillion range to a syndicate which proposed to extend the railroad and develop the mineral resources of the district to the east and northeast of the property which he had developed. On that day in this city Mr. Tower handed over to the syndicate the stock and bonds of the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad and the time deeds to some 20,000 acres of land and received in return certified checks on banks and financial institutions to the amount of over $8,000,000. The syndicate to which Mr. Tower disposed of his property was composed of General H. H. Porter, of the Pullman Palace Car Company; J. C. Morse, of the Union Steel Company, of Chicago; Marshall Field, of Chicago; D. O. Mills, of New York; J. D. Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company, and a number of others.

Mrs. Mary Lupton.

Mrs. Mary Lupton, of 587 Wylie avenue, for over 50 years a member of the M. E. Church, died at 12 o'clock last night, after a year's illness. She leaves a family of six girls: Mrs. Joseph Phillips, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Mrs. L. B. Taylor, California, Pa.; Mrs. W. A. Easton, Oakland; Mrs. C. B. Callahan, Mrs. Thomas Griffiths and Miss Myra Lupton, of Pittsburg, all of whom were at her bedside when she died.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

How Visitors Are Entertained in the Royal Palaces of England.

THOUGH Pittsburg contains a wonderful variety of men, you would hardly expect to find anyone possessing an intimate knowledge of the ways of English royalty. Strange as it may appear, however, I chanced to meet a man yesterday who was just chock full of such peculiar information.

At this particular time, when the papers are full of the grand doings of Prince Russell Harrison, as all good Democrats love to call him, at Windsor and Sandringham, when the politeness of Queen Victoria to the President's son and the well-aired condition of the beds at Windsor are a leading topic of conversation in this land of the free, it may not be amiss to repeat some of the points about palace life in England as they were given to me by a British subject yesterday.

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How the persons to be honored with an invitation to the royal presence are selected depends upon circumstances. It may be taken as a general rule that a suggestion is made to Queen Victoria by some Minister of hers or by one of the Princes of the royal family. The selected individual receives an intimation that the Queen is graciously pleased to invite him to dine, or stay, as the case may be. This "intimation" is almost equivalent to a command, and very few can afford to disregard it. A story is told of an English peer, recently deceased, who one night while starting out to a jovial party with some boon companions, received a message from King George IV. requesting his presence at one of the stupid royal feasts, which in those days were little better than orgies. The daring peer, determined not to lose his night's amusement and knowing that an ordinary polite apology would only irritate the King, hit on a happy expedient. He scribbled on a piece of paper: "Lord B——, would feel happy to accept His Majesty's kind invitation, but he happens to be going to a much jollier place."

The very audacity of the message quite disarmed George's wrath; and the end of the matter was that the King gave up his own party and carried off his guests en masse to the "much jollier place" in question.

But, of course, no one would think of writing such a note to the prim puritanical Queen who now sways the scepter. All engagements must give way before the mandate of majesty. If the invitation be to Windsor, a carriage meets the visitor at the railway station, and he is whirled into the castle courtyard. If he be a visitor of great importance, he is immediately brought before the Queen; but with visitors of a lesser degree, the hour of arrival determines the time of introduction. Should he come in the morning he will meet the Queen before luncheon; should his advent be in the afternoon, he must perforce put off that pleasure until 6 o'clock tea, or even until dinner hour.

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IN all cases, however, the tyro is first closeted with the equerry in waiting—the indispensable Sir Henry Knollys, who gives him full and complete instructions regarding his behavior in the presence of "the little great lady," as the English Radicals call Her Majesty.

When the ordeal at last arrives he is letter perfect, and makes his bow and pretty speech quite as well as anyone could have expected. The Queen asks a few questions, and just as the newcomer fondly imagines he has begun to interest her with his replies, he finds himself interrupted and his place usurped by some other notability, who has also got to be introduced. Unless he be a very big man, indeed—like the Shah, for instance—he will not sit near the Queen at dinner. When dinner is over the gentlemen do not remain over the wine, but all follow the Queen to the drawing rooms.

Dinner begins at 8:30 P. M., and the Queen has barely time for a short desultory conversation with her guests in the drawing rooms afterward, before it is her time to retire. Everyone ostensibly follows her example; but Sir H. Knollys knows how to take care of the men, and very few of them get to bed early.

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THERE is often a good deal of secret intriguing among the great folk to get placed on the Queen's right or left hand during dinner. Not many years since an Oriental Ambassador, in England for the first time, was placed during his first Windsor dinner on the Queen's left. Next day, however, M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, arrived, and it was felt that he ought to have his turn in the seat of honor. But what was the consternation of Sir Henry Knollys when the Eastern Minister—who, by the way, had some of the notions of our friend Hassein Ghooly Khan—came to him and refused point blank to cede his place to anybody.

Questioned as to his reasons for such a rude course, he replied that when he entered the palace he was given a place in accordance with the rank of his sovereign master, and that yielding up of that place to any other ambassador would imply the superiority of the other ambassador's nation. The affair was settled through the civility of M. Waddington, who declared that the honor of his country was too assured to be put in jeopardy by the position of its representative at a dinner table.

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THE Queen very seldom appears at a Windsor breakfast; but in her Scottish home—Balmoral—she is always one of the first at the matutinal meal. This is accounted for by the Highland air, and by the fact that an early start is necessary for those mountain excursions she loves so much. It is well known that those long, dreary drives, with Her Majesty as cicerone, have scared countless visitors away from Balmoral.

At the Prince of Wales' houses no ceremony is observed, beyond the ordinary rules of English society. Sandringham Hall—the Prince's Norfolk seat—is just like any other wealthy nobleman's residence. In the Irish Viceregal Lodge, or in Dublin Castle, very little of the court is kept up. The levees and drawing rooms, which are held in the castle, are about the last shreds of the old viceroyalty. Even the ancient—and extremely enviable—privilege formerly enjoyed by the Lord Lieutenant, of kissing every young lady presented to him, upon the right cheek, has been allowed to fall into disuse within the last few years. It is only in the Queen's household that the old forms and regulations survive in all their pompous entirety.

No Cause for Alarm.

From the Washington Press.]

Don't get scared at the rush of English capital to this country to find investments here. Money is a good thing, no matter where it comes from. All the capital in the United States is under the control of our own laws. It will be our fault if it hurts us.

Not Their Way.

From the New York World.]

A dispatch from London says that the police of that city have recovered their equanimity. We doubt it. The London police never recover anything after it is once thoroughly lost.

Burke's Counsel Talks To-Day.

WINNIPEG, July 25.—The appeal case of Martin Burke was adjourned, at the conclusion of Mr. Howell's argument, until to-morrow, when Burke's counsel will be heard.

SOME SUMMER THOUGHTS.

ONCE in a while the weather clerk makes a signal failure.—*Boston Post.*

THESE be the days when two gallons of ice cream knocks out a whole picnic.—*Fort Worth Gazette.*

OF course the gay and festive mosquito whets his little whistle at mosquito bars.—*Baltimore American.*

THIS is the time of year when two big cucumbers are sold for 1 penny—and yet people live.—*Brooklyn Times.*

EXTREMES of heat or cold are equally fatal to mental activity, whether of writer or reader. —*Milwaukee Journal.*

FLIES are so scarce at the Vineyard that the boarding house butter looks lonesome.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

THE average girl is not afraid of danger, and the reports of exploding soda water fountains and poisonous ice cream do not interrupt the delightful placidity of her appetite.—*Baltimore American.*

THE way to keep cool is to be temperate in all things. To eat little or no meat or strong starchy foods and to drink as little ice water or iced drinks of any kind as possible. To fill the stomach with fluids far below the temperature of the body and then to correct results by swallowing Jamaica ginger and alcoholic remedies ought to disqualify a man from making a will. But, then, there is no use in talking—people will read this, say it is all true, but do it all the same.—*Kansas City Journal.*

THEY WANT THE FAIR.

New York Appoints Committees to See That Columbus' Discovery is Celebrated.

NEW YORK, July 25.—At the meeting of business men in City Hall to-day Mayor Grant presided and said if New York expected to have the exposition to commemorate the discovery of the New World she would have to move fast, as other cities were eager for the honor. Immediately, on motion of Roswell P. Flower, the Mayor was made Chairman and Wm. M. Spear Permanent Secretary of a committee to move in the matter. Then Edward Simmons, President of the Board of Education, moved that a world's fair be held in New York in 1892, and it was carried enthusiastically. President Charles S. Smith, of the Chamber of Commerce, offered as a substitute the appointment of four committees of 25 each—one of permanent organization, one on finance, one on legislation and another on site and buildings. The President of the committee and the Secretary were, on motion, made members ex-officio of the four committees, and the meeting was adjourned subject to the call of the chair.

The Chamber of Commerce this afternoon appointed a Committee of Sixty to co-operate with national, State and city authorities in promoting the project and making a success of the Exposition. Among the names on that committee are these: Grover Cleveland, Levi P. Morton, John Bigelow, Wm. M. Evarts, Carl Schurz, Chauncey M. Depew, Wm. Steinway, Hamilton Fish, J. Pierpont Morgan, John T. Agnew, Frederick P. Olcott, Henry B. Hyde, Samuel Sloan, Chas. B. Flint, Jesse Seligman, John D. Rockefeller, Alex E. Orr, John Claflin, J. Edward Simmons, Francis B. Thurber, Eugene Kelly, John F. Plummer, John D. Crimmons, John B. Inman, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Abram S. Hewitt, Francis Leggett, Brayton Ives, Vernon H. Brown, Erastus Wiman, Wm. P. Clyde, A. A. Low, Chas. L. Tiffany, A. D. Juilliard, Jackson S. Schultz, Isaac Ickelheims, Roswell P. Flower, Andrew Carnegie, Cyrus W. Field and Charles M. Fry.

WAR ON THE MOSQUITO.

A New York Doctor Has a Plan for Exterminating Him.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Dr. Robert H. Lamborn, of No. 32 Nassau street, has been much bothered by mosquitoes this summer. A low estimate of their robbery of him places his loss of blood at 97.136 milligrammes. These figures may seem large, but they are not exaggerated in the least and must be believed. It is not wonderful, then, to find the doctor a deadly enemy to the little vampire.

Recently the doctor sat himself down and ruminated. "Mosquitoes and houseflies," he said to himself, "are the most numerous, widely distributed and persistent of the creatures that attack the health and comfort of human beings. Who knows whether or not the mosquito can be exterminated by breeding swarms of strong enemies to destroy him? Gadzooks! 'Tis worth the effort. I have seen dragon flies gathering in scores around my camp in Minnesota to feed on mosquitoes. Why may not the active, voracious, harmless, 'mosquito hawk' pounce on, seize, carve, rend, demolish, destroy and forever exterminate the mosquito?"

Dr. Lamborn is a great man, but he is not an entomologist. To answer his simple problem was too great a task for him. Whereupon he wrote out a check for $200, sent it to President Morris K. Jesup, of the American Museum of Natural History in this town, and decreed that it should be divided and paid by him in three prizes of $150, $30 and $20 for the three best essays based on original observations and experiments on the destruction of mosquitoes and flies by other insects.

DROP A NICKEL FOR A DRINK.

Novel Scheme Worked by a Saloon Keeper in a Prohibition Town.

VAN WERT, O., July 25.—At Shane's Crossing, this county, the citizens recently passed a prohibitory ordinance, and as a result the saloons were all closed and the thirsty had to drink what they could get and where they could get it. Now it happens that Shane's Crossing is situated on the banks of the St. Mary's river and that the bank nearest the village is the corporation line. A small island is located in the center of the stream underneath the wagon bridge, and on this island there is now a flourishing saloon called "Oklahoma," which is reached by a small footbridge.

The ingenious proprietor has also arranged a "dummy" elevator from his saloon to the wagon bridge above, on which the farmers and other dusty mortals deposit their nickels and in return have their beer elevated to them, where they drink it in the wagon. It is not an unfrequent occurrence for the bridge to be completely blockaded by teams while their drivers are awaiting their turn to work the "dummy."

ANOTHER CELESTIAL WANDERER.

Prof. Davidson, of Queensland, is the Man Who Found It.

BOSTON, July 25.—A cable message received to-day from the European Union of Astronomers, announces the discovery of a bright comet in the southern heavens by Prof. Davidson, of Queensland, on July 21. A position secured there the following night is as follows: July 22, 961, Greenwich mean time, right ascension 12 hours, 16 minutes 9 seconds; declination south 32° 29'. It has a motion northward of nearly 3° a day. This cannot be the comet which was reported yesterday as being Barnard's comet, as seen from Sidney, N. S. W. The comet discovered by Prof. W. B. Brooks, of Geneva, N. Y., has been observed at Lick and at Cambridge. A rough orbit, computed by Prof. S. C. Chandler, indicates that it is probably a comet of short period, passing perihelion in August. It will not become at all bright.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Our Efforts Seem Insignificant Compared With Those of England.

From the Lancaster New Era.]

One would think from the fuss which is made in the newspapers that this country was building the most powerful navy in the world. We believe about half a dozen ships are either completed or on the stocks, and over their trials and their slow progress we have become wildly enthusiastic. These little efforts sink out of sight compared with what Great Britain is doing in the same direction at the present time.

The keels of 52 war ships of all kinds have been laid during the present year and still more are to come. That makes our efforts look insignificant in comparison.

Fresh Facts From Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 25.—The first train on the Monterey and Gulf Railroad reached Montemorelos yesterday.

Ex-Speaker Carlisle was given a reception at the American Legation yesterday.

On Saturday President Diaz will give a banquet to the new American Minister and the new Minister of the Argentine Republic.

English capitalists are buying mines in the State of Hidalgo.

Rich coal discoveries have been made in the State of Guerrero.

$20 for a Wife.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Commissioner Stephenson to-day got a letter from a German farmer of North Bradley, Mich., named August C. Gabist, asking him to get the latter a wife from the old country. He will give the Commissioner $20 if he can get one for him.

Not So Bad as it Might Be.

From the Troy Times.]

Rheumatism of the lungs, it is said, has attaked the Prince of Baden. This, of course, is serious, but not so serious as the rheumatism of the pocketbook, which so often assails European princes.

American Whisky Abroad.

From the Chicago Herald.]

Her physicians have ordered the Queen to drink whisky instead of champagne. The great American drink is rapidly extending its power and gaining in popularity. It may yet swell all the crowned heads of Europe.

Chicago Grocers Fail.

CHICAGO, July 25.—The Q. W. Loverin Company, wholesale grocers, doing business at 57 and 59 Wabash avenue, made an assignment this morning to John Roper. The liabilities are estimated at between $40,000 and $60,000, with assets about the same amount.

Clawed by a Bengal Tiger.

PORTSMOUTH, O., July 25.—Willie Wamser, aged 8 years, while standing near the tiger cage of the John Robinson show, which exhibited here to-day, was frightfully clawed about the arm by the Bengal. Blood poisoning is feared.

Striking the Lyre.

From the Boston Herald.]

Poet Laureate Tennyson, on the verge of 80, must find his lyre a little squeaky as he tunes it up for the wedding of the Queen's grandchild. However, what Tennyson says goes.

The Knights Have Gone.

CHICAGO, July 25.—The members of the K. of L. Executive Board have all left the city.

BITS OF GOTHAM GOSSIP.

Caused a Check in His Career.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, July 25.—Last April Frederick William Stokes Palmer, an Englishman, introduced himself to Mark Jacobs, a Canal street merchant, as the agent of a London syndicate of millionaires, who wished to buy up a lot of profitable enterprises in America. He showed Mr. Jacobs letters of introduction over the names of the Lord Mayor of London and other English big wigs. Pretty soon he succeeded in having the Canal street merchant cash his checks for $450. Before Mr. Jacobs presented these checks at the bank Mr. Palmer took them up by giving him a check for $700 on Kountz & Co. Mr. Jacobs gave him the $250 change in bank bills. The $700 check was dishonored. Palmer was arrested in his young wife's presence at the Astor House this morning. In court Palmer claimed that he had brought an action against the United States Commercial Company for $4,000 salary due him, and that Mr. Jacobs would be paid when he got the money. He could give no explanation about the bogus check. He was remanded.

Termination of a Curious Case.

The decree of divorce granted to-day to Mrs. Herbert Nutt, of Brooklyn, terminates a curious case. Herbert Nutt married Miss Carrie A. Bassett, a young woman of high social standing, four years ago. Before the honeymoon was over he began to remain away from home evenings. Oftener than not he was at his club after midnight. Young Mrs. Nutt remonstrated in vain. Then she began to entertain the friends of her girlhood days, notably young Edward Bushnell. The frequency of Mr. Bushnell's calls caused comment. At midnight last December 20, Mr. Nutt went home and started into his wife's room. Just what happened then has never been explained. Mr. Nutt fell or was thrown down. He received dangerous injuries. For weeks he lay between life and death, at his father's house. When he recovered, he went West without a word to his wife. After he had been absent some time she sued for the divorce she has just obtained on the ground of infidelity. He did not oppose her petition.

Careless Drivers in Jail.

Last night Josephine Overhuly, 4 years old, was run over and killed by a Third avenue horse car. This afternoon Joseph Israel, 4 years old, was run over and killed by a wagon. Both drivers are in jail.

Prefers Something Easy, Near Home.

Brigadier General Emmons Clark, late commander of the Seventh Regiment, has declined the Havre consulship. His principal reason was that learning French and being Consul at the same time would have been too hard work for him. He also thinks he would be lonely and homesick so far away. As Secretary of the Board of Health General Clark does not have to bother his head about foreign languages, or, indeed, much of anything.

Caught a Half-Wild Man.

A crazy and half-wild vagabond, barefooted, clad in rags and with matted hair and beard a foot long, was captured after a desperate struggle in the mountains near Plainfield this morning. He had assaulted a man and a woman in a farm house. His pockets were loaded with stones. Four men overpowered him and carried him to the North Plainfield lockup in a wagon. He talks only in a strange gibberish.

A New Archbishop for Toronto.

The Rome correspondent of the *Catholic News* cables that Bishop Walsh, of London, Ontario, was to-day elected Archbishop of Toronto. The new Archbishop was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Archbishop Lynch, which occurred on May 12, 1888. Kingston, which was one of the suffragan sees of Toronto, has been made an archdiocese.

Killed an Old Woman With a Cat.

Mrs. Eidel Beck, 70 years old, scolded Jesse Abraham, 13 years old, for tormenting a cat in the corridor before her door last Saturday. Young Abraham, it is said, caught up the cat by the tail, swung her around his head, and struck Mrs. Beck full on the side of the head with it. The woman fell to the floor and the boy ran away. Saturday evening Mrs. Beck fell ill of inflammation of the brain. Two doctors were called, but they could not help her. Last night her case became hopeless. The Coroner was summoned this afternoon to take her antemortem statement.

Filled Out the Bill Minutely.

The Hon. Frank Duffy wants a job. The other day he went up to the Civil Service Commission and filed his application. This is a copy of the filled out blank:

Q. What was your business or avocation? A. Machinist, volunteer fireman, grocery clerk, letter carrier, policeman, messenger in the Mayor's office, newspaper carrier, soda water and root beer peddler, shouter for Tammany Hall, candidate for the Assembly and Alderman, Special Deputy Sheriff, bouncer in theater, chair warmer, hanger-on, and utility man generally.

Q. What place do you seek? A. Messenger, or some other soft, easy job.

Q. Were you ever before in the public service? A. Yes; on the police force under Fernando Wood.

Q. Cause of your dismissal? A. Republican jobbery.

Q. Were you ever arrested? Yes; because I returned a watch which I stole, and because I talked loudly on the streets, and because I shot a man who told lies about me to everyone.

Q. Do you drink? If so, how much? A. Moderately; as often as I am invited.

Q. Are you healthy? A. I am, thanks to God; He takes care of me very well in that respect.

Q. How old are you? A. Only 56.

Duffy says that Richard Croker, Mayor Grant, Sheriff Flack and Commissioner Gilroy know him well.

Gossips Getting in Their Work.

A writer in a weekly paper to-day says: "There is a most natural desire on the part of Mary Anderson's friends to disguise the serious nature of her mental trouble, and the contradictory reports that have been flying about for several months have only fomented the public's curiosity, while leaving it entirely in the dark as to the actual truth of the case. I am, nevertheless, reliably informed that the handsome Kentucky girl is at this moment in a private mad house across the sea, and that there is little reason to hope that she will ever be seen again on the stage, her trouble being, after all, paresis of the most malignant type."

Preparations for a Quintuple Hanging.

The fixing by the courts of the same day for the hanging of five murderers, Ferdinand Carolin, Charles Giblin, John Lewis, James Nolan and Park Packenham, in the Tombs prison, is unprecedented. Under-Sheriff Sexton is already making arrangements for the quintuple execution, and has decided to use the same gallows upon which three colored men expiated their crime. In case the Governor does not interfere and change the date, the men will be hung on August 23, in two batches, three men in the first batch and two in the last. In such case the first three will probably be Lewis, Packenham and Nolan. Hangman Joe Atkinson will do the hanging. All five men were in a cheerful mood to-day. Lewis, the colored murderer, danced a plantation break-down on the stone corridor. Packenham, who looks like a harmless old fellow, says he is ready to die.

Failed Before It Began.

LONDON, July 25.—The project of forming a syndicate of paper manufacturers here has been abandoned.

THE SILENT DEAD.

"*Their candles are all out.*"—MACBETH.

What hap dismays the dead? Their couch is low,
And over it the summer grasses creep,
Or winter snows enshroud it, white and deep,
Or long-prevailing winds of autumn blow.

They hear no rumor of our joy or woe—
The ways we tread are perilous and steep;
They climb no longer—free, at last, to sleep—
Our wearifal, vext life no more to know.

Do they forget their loves of long ago,
And the glad hopes that made their glad hearts leap?
Or the spent joys for which they used to weep,
When Love and Sorrow buffeted them so?

On us, by winds of Fate swept to and fro,
Do they have pity, whom no rude winds sweep?—
How can I tell? Their mystery they keep,
Beneath the blossoms, as beneath the snow.

And yet, I think, from that deep rest below,
They would be glad to rise, and love, and weep—
Once more the thankless harvest field to reap
Of human joy and pain—Life' Whole to know.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in Youth's Companion.*

A LAWRENCEVILLE WEDDING.

The Home of E. W. Bates Transformed Into an Arbor for His Sister.

The home of Mr. E. W. Bates, on Forty-fourth street, was transformed into a floral arbor last evening. The occasion was the marriage of his sister, Miss Anna M. Bates, to Mr. James E. Adams, of Bolivar, Pa. Dr. Pearce, pastor of the Butler Street M. E. Church, united the happy couple, and Miss Mashenheim brilliantly executed Wagner's Bridal March prior to the ceremony.

There were 30 guests present to witness the nuptials, including Mrs. L. D. Bates, mother of the bride, and Mrs. L. F. Matson, a sister, from Vermont, Mr. James Erskine, Mr. John Erskine, Mrs. James Davidson, Mr. and Miss Nessel, Mr. David Davies, Lowellville, O., Mr. and Miss Bole, Mr. and Miss Le France, Mr. Jesse Ferley, Miss Cora Tate and Miss Essie Fradenick, of Pittsburg. Mr. L. Erskine and Miss M. Pettigrew acted respectively groomsman and bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams received many presents. They left the city for their new home in Lowellville amid the congratulations of their friends. Hagan did the catering.

Shayle-Cutler.

Mr. Charles Cutler was married last evening to Miss Maggie S. M. Shayle, daughter of Mr. J. B. Shayle, at her home, 80 Forty-fourth street. The Rev. M. D. Lichlighter, pastor of Liberty Street M. E. Church, officiated at the marriage. Numerous and costly presents were received by the bride. The guests included Mr. J. B. Shayle, Jr., and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. O'Donnell, Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. Will Thomas. Miss Jordan acted as bridesmaid and J. T. O'Donnell groomsman. The bride and groom have furnished an elegant house on Forty-fourth street and immediately go to housekeeping.

HALF HIS LIFE SPENT IN JAIL.

A Hoosier Convict Who is Serving His Ninth Term in Prison.

LAPORTE, IND., July 25.—Henry Brown has been received at the Michigan City Penitentiary from Fort Wayne to serve a term of three years. Brown is the banner Indiana convict, and is now serving his ninth term. He is about 40 years of age, and has been serving in the prison in Michigan City for the past 20 years. He has never received any long sentences, three years being the longest. From the time he was first sentenced he has not been outside at any one time for longer than two or three months.

One thing strange in the career of the criminal is that he never committed a crime in any other than his own county. When he is released from prison he makes a bee line for Fort Wayne, his home, and, after renewing old acquaintances, commits some theft, and comes back for a year or two. He follows no occupation outside, and on the prison record, where the prisoners were registered, the word "thief" follows the name as his occupation.

BEGINNING TO GET HUNGRY.

The Indiana Faster's Appetite Coming Back After Forty-One Days.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 25.—Robert Marvel, the octogenarian faster, finished the forty-first day of his abstention from food yesterday. He looked better than for some days. Sunday he partially broke his fast by eating two pieces of pie, which he seemed to relish, and which seemed in no way to disagree with him. Tuesday morning Mr. Marvel arose from his bed without any warning to the family and marched out on the porch, where he stood for a few seconds, apparently greatly enjoying the prospect. Then he returned to his bed. This performance was repeated without variation yesterday morning.

Although very weak and scarcely able to walk Mr. Marvel appeared to experience no evil effects from the exercise. Though still unable to converse the sufferer seems brighter and more cheerful than heretofore, and some hopes are entertained for his recovery.

DIED OF NOSEBLEED.

An Accidental Blow From a Sleeping Boy Kills a Williamsport Man.

WILLIAMSPORT, July 25.—Warren Fausey, aged 24 years, living in Du Boistown, opposite Williamsport, died in the hospital here to-day, the result of bleeding at the nose, which began on Monday morning and continued ever since.

His little son, who was occupying the bed with him, accidentally threw his hand over in his sleep, striking the father on the nose and starting the bleeding which produced fatal results.

Jockey Murphy Under the Sod.

MOTT HAVEN, N. Y., July 25.—The funeral of John J. Murphy, who for a quarter of a century has been the most famous jockey in the world, and trainer of the fastest horses at Fleetwood Park, took place to-day. Mayor Grant, Mr. Bonner and others whose confidential trainer of horses Mr. Murphy was, were present at the funeral, as were also a large number of the deceased's professional friends.

His Scythe Cut His Throat.

ALLENTOWN, July 25.—Prof. E. S. Dieter, of Muhlenburg College, met with a severe accident at his farm near Kresgeville, Carbon county. Mr. Dieter had been mowing, and, becoming tired, hung the scythe on the limb of a tree and lay down to rest. In some manner the scythe fell, the blade cutting a long and painful gash in his throat.

Habeas Corpus for Henry Ives.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Judge O'Brien to-day granted a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Henry S. Ives, now in Ludlow Street Jail, in the suit for the recovery of $2,553,328 brought against him and George H. Staynor for alleged misappropriation of the funds of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad Company.

Guaranteed Work for Three Years.

NEW HAVEN, July 25.—Forty ex-employes of the Branford Lock Works, left here this morning for Florence, Ala., whither they have been induced to go by Charles Foster, agent of a manufacturing concern in Trenton, N. J. The men are guaranteed work for three years at wages ranging from $1 75 to $3 per day.

Restored to Their Places.

WASHINGTON, July 25.—D. S. McIntyre, of Illinois, formerly a special examiner in the Pension Office, and George W. Carr, Jr., of Kansas, formerly a principal examiner in the same office, have been reinstated under modified civil service rule 10.

Hay Sets a Barn on Fire.

WEST CHESTER, PA., July 25.—Spontaneous combustion in hay started a fire this morning that totally destroyed the fine barn of Nathaniel Ring, at Chadd's Ford, with the crops of John Glates, a tenant, causing a loss of $10,000.

TRI-STATE TRIFLES.

A CITIZEN of New Brighton recently received from Gettysburg a bottle of applejack over 25 years old. It seems that while in that place during the war, he had a four-gallon keg of the beverage, and when the rebels got too close he was in such a hurry to get away that he didn't want to take it or give it up, so he dropped it in a posthole. It became covered up, and while excavating there a few days ago, it was dug up and his name discovered on the keg. A portion was taken out and sent to him, the finder keeping the balance.

TAXIDERMIST W. W. STORY, of Harrisburg, is mounting a white egret, a bird seldom seen in this locality. It was shot in the vicinity of McCormick's Island. Though only a young specimen it is 34 inches in height. A full-grown bird of this species attains a height of 48 inches.

JORDAN BLAIR, of Montrose, Pa., is a colored man possessed of remarkable courage. He was afflicted with gangrene in his leg and foot, and the doctors said he would die if they performed amputation. Blair thereupon cut off his leg with a jackknife and is now limping along the road to recovery on a crutch.

MISS SIMPSON, of Ayr township, Fulton county, Pa., placed eight eggs under a turkey hen that was setting in a field of grass on the farm, and a few days ago she found mother turkey demurely sheltering eight plump young turkeys and two frisky young rabbits.

DR. A. C. MOYER, of Bethlehem, Pa., has 100,000 heads of cabbage under cultivation, and among minor crops two acres of horse-radish.

IN Ohio county, W. Va., a man and his wife, both past 50 years of age, are sick of the measles.

A CADIZ (O.) cat tried to kill a 3-foot blacksnake. She didn't succeed, but was choked to death in the attempt.

AN East Liverpool man who states that he has told an average of 500 lies per year for the last 30 years, announces that he will never speak anything but the truth hereafter.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—David A. Thompson, of Columbus, swallowed his false teeth, and it is feared he will die.

—A novelty at Narragansett Pier is a lady who teaches whist professionally, and advertises for pupils.

—A Danbury (Conn.) photographer has a greenhouse the glass roof of which is composed of old negatives from his gallery.

—The doll appears to have been the plaything of prehistoric times. A large wooden one has just been unearthed in a Roman sarcophagus.

—A San Francisco jeweler has just received $700 for diamonds which he sold 25 years ago. The purchaser was honest, but he had bad luck.

—An Elizabeth, N. J., man being pursued by the police leaped from the third story of his home to the ground, and ran off. He wasn't injured in the slightest.

—The most original swindler of the day is the one who has been telling the colored people of Georgia that the world will come to an end August 16, and has sold 150 pairs of "angel wings" at $10 a pair.

—The unusual sight of a rat up a tree and several birds after it, was seen in an Xenia door yard recently. The birds chased the rat up a high limb, from where it sprang upon the roof of the house and was lost from the sight of those watching.

—Two former Vassar students are the editors and publishers of a weekly paper at Atlantic Highlands. They are said to be practical, enterprising girls who are running their journal on strictly business-like principles, and are making it a success.

—A cow belonging to Mr. Clinton Martz, near Boonsboro, Md., while on the mountain was bitten in the tongue by a snake. The tongue swelled so that for several days the cow was unable to eat. By applying proper remedies the swelling has been reduced, and the cow is liable to recover.

—A plumbago mine has been discovered in Somerville, 12 miles west of Augusta, Me. Specimens have been analyzed and are pronounced almost pure black lead. The mine was discovered accidentally. The road ran over a portion of the deposit and the dirt would not remain in place. Digging down the mineral was found. A mile square of land has been leased, and the mine is to be opened at once.

—A novel method of raising funds has been tried by a Sunday school in Burlington, N. J. Some time ago 250 new 5-cent pieces, called "talents," were distributed among the scholars and teachers, with instructions to do whatever in reason they could to increase the sum. Last Thursday the talents were called in, and, notwithstanding all the scholars did not make returns, the sum received was $587.

—During a heavy thunder storm the other night, Mrs. J. K. Blattenberger, of Liverpool, a town in Perry county, Pennsylvania, saw a fiery ball drop from the clouds and land on the street in front of the Commercial Hotel. There it lay like a piece of red-hot metal or a live coal, but gradually its brightness died. At daylight she went to the place and found it to be a meteoric stone, or an aerolite, 9 inches in circumference.

—The largest number of wild beasts which have ever been shipped on board one vessel from Hamburg has recently left that port for the new zoological gardens at Buenos Ayres. The caravan consists of two male and two female lions, two tigers, eight panthers five bears, two Indian elephants and camels seven kangaroos and antelopes, a couple of ostriches and a large number of birds of prey. The value of this live stock is $27,500.

—Bar Harbor society women have made a home run in fads, and the very latest and most novel fad is to become a student of Christian science. Mrs. Cushman, wife of Charlotte Cushman's nephew, is the leader of the craze, and a Miss Barker, of Boston, is closely identified with it. The modest fee is $50 for 12 lessons, and the ability and willingness to pay that sum are all that is necessary to gain admittance to the class, which is oddly mixed.

—A Chinese gambler arrested in San Francisco had a clever arrangement for cheating on his person. It consisted of a steel "clip," which was fastened inside of one sleeve. Two cords reached up the sleeve, across the breast and down the other sleeve to the hand, where one was fastened to the thumb and the other to one of the fingers. By a pull of one cord the clip reached out and took in a card, which was at once drawn up the sleeve. Pulling the other cord caused the card to be shot out into the hand of the player with lightning rapidity, and without exposing any part of the mechanism.

—The will of Edward O'Connor has been admitted to probate at Lawrenceburg, Ind. The instrument attracts attention on account of its peculiarities. The old gentleman desires first in his will that his body shall be taken to the grave in a spring wagon, and that a Catholic priest accompany the remains; for so doing he to receive the sum of $5. After the funeral he desires that all who attend the interment shall stop at his late residence on their return from the graveyard and partake of a good dinner. He bequeaths to his son Edward the old family Bible, but binds him to provide each one of his three sisters with a Bible. Edward is also to have his gold-headed cane, and the three daughters are each to receive a quilt, the work of his first wife.

—Nature has enabled some animals to see objects behind them as well as in front without turning around. The hare has this power in a marked degree. Its eyes are large, prominent and placed laterally. Its power of seeing things in the rear is very noticeable in greyhound coursing, for though this dog is mute while running, the hare is able to judge to a nicety the exact moment at which it will be best for it to double. Horses are another instance. It is only necessary to watch a horse driven invariable without blinkers to notice this. Let the driver even attempt to take the whip in hand, and if the horse is used to the work he will at once increase his pace. The giraffe, which is a very timid animal, is approached with the utmost difficulty, on account of its eyes being so placed that it can see as well behind as in front. When approached this same faculty enables it to direct with great precision the rapid storms of kicks with which it defends itself.

FUNNY MEN'S FANCIES.

"Will you marry me, Bridget?" a widower of a year asked his cook. "How many afternoons a week out kin I have, sorr?" she asked in reply.—*Harper's Bazar.*

It Would Seem So.—Ted—Is love really blind?

Ned—I suppose so. You know a fellow seldom goes to see his girl until it's dark.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Ground for Doubt.—Prospective Tourist—I'm going West because I have reason to believe that it's a great place to settle in.

Returned Tourist—I'm not so sure of that. I lived there ten years myself, and never paid a bill while I was there.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Of Little Consequence.—I'll sue you for $20,000, you scoundrel! cried old Brown. "You've drawn the wrong tooth."

"Don't grow so excited about a little thing of that kind," returned the dentist. "It will cost you only $5 to have it put back."—*Judge.*

A Foolish Question.—Brown—It is a very strange thing about that suicide last night. No apparent motive can be found.

Mrs. Brown—Was the poor man married?

Brown—Didn't I just tell you there was no apparent motive.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Not Like Other Girls.—Miss Gushinggirl—Oh, dear, no, Mr. Curious, I never read anything. The fact is, I'm not a bit like other girls.

Young Gushinggirl, across the hall—That's a fact, Mr. Curious. Other girls have a little common sense occasionally.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Mrs. Gilhooley—I understand that your daughter Kate said I am a gadabout and other uncomplimentary things.

Mrs. McGinnis—You should pay no attention to what the simple child says. She is always repeating everything the neighbors tell her.—*Omaha World.*

Simpson—Well, my boy is through college now, and I guess I will start him in one of the professions. Sampson—I think he will make a good physician. Simpson—Why? Sampson—In the next two years that boy is going to have as fine a set of side whiskers as you ever saw.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Woman's Rites.—Mr. Newhusbande (of California)—Have you bought that pretty house you wanted so much?

Mrs. Newhusbande—No: I've got to wait till day after to-morrow, then I get the monthly alimony from my first three husbands, and it will be just enough.—*Judge.*

Mr. Plaintalk—Have you traveled much, Miss Elderly?

Miss Elderly—Indeed, I have. Every summer since my 18th year dear papa has taken me off for a trip abroad.

"Is that so? Well, I don't suppose there is any country that you have not visited."—*Texas Siftings.*

He came with lace upon his coat,
With fancy fez and banners;
He said his purpose was to note
Our customs and our manners.

The customs were not hard to find—
The tariff furnished many—
But as for manners, to his mind,
We simply hadn't any.

—*Washington Post.*