The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1889.

LITIGATION AND MURDER.

The fatal termination of the long and scandalous Sharon-Hill litigation, by the violent death of Judge Terry, yesterday, is an impressive example of the result of disputes in which all restraints of law or decency have been cast aside.

This is no more than the expected termination to a life which has been so replete with violence as that of Terry. From the murder of Broderick down to the assault which he made on Justice Field, he displayed more of the qualities of the brawler and bravo than of the jurist and gentleman. Whatever injustice he had to complain of at the hands of Justice Field, in that celebrated case which has conferred credit on no one connected with it, his resort to personal violence was unjustified.

On the other hand, no matter how wanton the indignity, the account of the shooting fails to show provocation that will put the act of the deputy marshal, who seems to have been acting as Justice Field's body guard, in any other light than that of murder. Full investigation of the case may show that the act was necessary to preserve life; but on the present statement of facts no such justification is shown. It will remain to be seen whether California justice is of such impartiality as to punish the homicide, or whether the deputy marshal has influence enough in the courts to get clear.

The mixture of murder and litigation presented by this case is calculated to raise a doubt as to whether the civilization of the society where such things are possible is quite skin deep.

THE WAY TO DEFEAT THEM.

The charge against another constable, this time located in the hill district of the Southside, that he has been deriving a revenue by the process of instituting proceedings against the people there and then "settling" them, lends point to the opinion already expressed in these columns of the need of a reform among our constables and justices. But it also seems to disclose either a remarkable prevalence of minor offenses among the people of that section or a still more phenomenal ignorance of the rights of the citizen. People should understand that the surest way to defeat schemes of the sort that have been recently exposed is first to obey the law; and, second, to fight every false charge in court. People who are law-abiding and who insist on their rights can laugh at all such plans for bleeding them.

SQUELCHING A RAILROAD JOB.

Judge Gresham has been making a record again; and it is of the kind which will not increase the popularity of that outspoken jurist with the capitalists who plunder and wreck railroads, and the judges who display a remarkable readiness to forward their schemes when they are brought into court. The action of Judge Gresham in the matter of the receivership of the Indianapolis, Decatur and Western Railroad was published in our special dispatches; but there are some very interesting points in connection with it which deserve public attention all over the country.

The receiver in this case was appointed by Judge Wood, of the Indiana district; but public comment upon the nature of the transaction reached Judge Gresham's ears, and as the superior Judge, he took occasion when in Indianapolis to call the receiver before him, and to subject him to a number of very pointed questions. This disclosed the fact that the debt of the road, on account of which the receiver was appointed, is $2,000,000, and that its net earnings are sufficient to pay the interest on the mortgage indebtedness. It also brought out the fact that the receiver had been turning over the earnings to the bondholders, and leaving the debts of the road for labor and supplies undischarged, with a somewhat evident purpose to let the unsecured creditors go without any chance of getting their money. In short the whole business had the appearance of a job to wreck a solvent road for the express benefit of inside parties, and for the purpose of keeping unsecured creditors out of money which the corporation could well afford to pay them.

Judge Gresham's prompt and sharp action in dismissing the receiver was not of course pleasant to the manipulators of the property or to the lower Judge who appointed the receiver; but its practical declaration that the United States courts in his circuit cannot be used for such purposes, is likely to increase the public conviction that it would be well for this country to have more Judges and statesmen of Judge Gresham's fiber.

NEW LITERARY INFORMATION.

Novel and unexpected literary information, combined with enlarged ideas as to the size of certain newspaper reporters' heads, is afforded by the discovery in a report of an interview with Postmaster General Wanamaker, published in an Eastern cotemporary, that the interviewer launches out into the first person singular as follows:

I told Mr. Wanamaker that I saw Thomas Carlisle working night and day on his *Dutch Republic* in his little brick house on Cheyne row in Chelsea, England, and when I asked what he worked so hard for the busy writer said, "I work for a bronze statue in the park."

Just so. We are permitted to hope that the next installment of this interviewer's literary reminiscences will be that John Lathrop Motley told him, when putting the finishing touches to his great historical work on the city of Weissnichtwo that his purpose was to earn a monument in Westminster Abbey. We will be fortunate if we escape a story that Thomas Farquhar Tupper when padding out the meter of "In Memoriam" declared that he did not care a continental for the fame of being Poet Laureate, but that the £100 a year was extremely handy when the grocer's bill came due. There is nothing like injecting a high literary personality into newspaper interviews, even if you have to send it in with a squirt gun.

THE GLASS SITUATION.

A window glass manufacturer is reported as complaining of the difference in wages which the glassworkers' union establishes as between the old factories and the tank furnaces, and to assert that he is in favor of a combination or trust among the owners of pot factories to put up tank furnaces for the production of window glass.

With regard to the first point, if the union has conceded an actually lower rate of wages to the tank factories than to the old style, it is an injustice; but if the claim of the pot factories is that wages should be made enough lower to them to make up for the saving in labor established by the new system, that is plainly inadmissable. The utterances on the subject are not very clear; but it hardly seems likely that a concern which has been seeking workers from the labor organization should have obtained hands at less than the rate of wages prevailing in the other factories.

The resort of building other tank glass works is obviously the only one, if the tank system can produce glass more cheaply than the pot system. But our glass manufacturer is in error in supposing the trust to be the sort of combination necessary to build tank furnaces. The corporation laws of the State permit glass manufacturers or anyone else to combine in a corporation for building factories; and establishes a responsibility that will be far more attractive to the stockholders than the irresponsible and anomalous trust. Trusts are not organized to put up new factories; they are intended to combine the factories already existing so as to prevent competition. As the object of the new tank factories is avowedly to compete with the one already established, the trust organization would not only be unnecessary but actually unavailable.

In other words, for the legitimate purpose of competition by the latest and most approved methods, the legitimate form of organization is preferable to the illegitimate.

BRINKLEY'S THE PLACE.

There is no use whatever in continuing the controversy as to the site of the World's Fair in 1892. New York, Chicago and St. Louis can save their wind for some other occasion. They are out of the race. Not a chance for these over-grown villages exists. They are overshadowed altogether by the immense proportions of Brinkley, Ark. Against Brinkley awakened and eager to have the Exposition no other place can expect to prevail.

It may be asked how do we know this? A question easily answered. The Brinkley *Argus* without hesitation and in the plainest language possible informs the world that Brinkley means to have the World's Fair, and modestly rehearses the stupendous advantages that metropolis possesses over its rivals. The *Argus* has no doubt on the subject; why should we? Where Brinkley is we do not think it necessary to say. We have it on the best authority that there are many people in the State of Arkansas who will swear that there is plenty of room in and around Brinkley for twenty World's Fairs. Six railways cater to Brinkley's wants, and to the wants of those who desire to get away from Brinkley. In other respects Brinkley is a gold-plated, glorious git-up-and-git emporium of Western enterprise.

The poetic editor of the *Argus* compares Brinkley to a great argosy, wafted by angels' wings and heralded by ten thousand songsters. We believe him, and venture to assert that not one of the ten thousand songsters crows louder than the *Argus'* talented conductor. We can almost hear his wings flap. To Brinkley the spoils belong. Let her have the World's Fair and let the war between the cities of the East and West cease.

NEVADA'S SAD PLIGHT.

The State of Nevada is in a bad way. Whereas in 1876 nearly 20,000 voters appeared at the polls in Nevada, in 1888 but 12,000 votes were counted. To-day her population is little more than 50,000, and it is still on the down grade. It will not be long before she will be unable to maintain her State Government; the burden of doing so is almost too much for her to bear now.

What is to be done? The question has no precedent. It is reasonably difficult at times for a Territory to become a State, but we know of no process under the Constitution by which a State can again become a Territory. A State once, a State forever, seems to have been the intention of the framers of the Constitution. Such a case as Nevada's has never occurred before, and is not likely to happen again. But this is no comfort to Nevada. She will be calling for legislative relief before long.

Some suggestions have been made in the line of a union of Utah with Nevada; only to be hotly repudiated by the Mormons. They bid Nevada hook herself on to the skirts of California. There is some justice in this advice. Nevada has never been anything but a tool of California millionaires. How Nevada shall be relieved is not to be determined offhand, and while a plan is being devised the citizens of the decaying State should make the wealthy Californians who have always had a lien upon Nevada's Senatorial seats pay handsomely for the privilege. The money so obtained would be sufficient to support the State Government.

BIDS FOR ONE CONGRESSMAN.

The peculiarities of political inconsistency are pretty closely matched with regard to that Congressional election in the principal sugar district of Louisiana. The Philadelphia *Record*, as we pointed out the other day, temporarily abandons its free trade views in order to assure the voters of that district that they must stick to the Democratic party in order to be sure of the benefits of protection on their products; and the Chicago *Inter Ocean* keeps up its end of the string by telling them that they must vote for the Republican candidate in order to secure "the difference between a protective tariff of $17 per hogshead of cane sugar and a tariff which will permit foreign beet root sugar to compete with the products of Louisiana." This seems to indicate the conviction on both sides of the political fence that the only way in which to secure success is to make the highest bid for it. The free trade Democratic organ is willing to throw over its avowed principles in order to secure one Southern Congressman, and the Northern paper, whose party has been calling for the abolition of the sugar duties, asserts its willingness that scores of Northern districts shall be imperiled in order to gain one Congressman from Louisiana.

THERE is a discussion as to whether Mr. Gilbert shall select Egyptian affairs or the recent revolution in Hawaii for the subject of his next burlesque. But the trouble with both is that the amount of burlesque which has an actual existence in each subject would beggar even Gilbert's powers of taking them off.

JUDGE COOLEY's demand for an amplification of the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission by the next Congress will have some cogency when the present powers of that body have been fully exerted and have been found to be insufficient. So long as the commission omits to make a sincere use of all the powers lodged in it to enforce obedience to the inter-State commerce law, the proposition to increase those powers, and to leave them unused and among the features of dead-letter legislation, involves a waste of valuable paper and useful printing material in their publication.

HON. S. S. COX has returned to the East, and gladdened the Democratic heart with the information that all the Northwestern States are going Democratic. Mr. Cox's political function is evidently to cast the roseate glow of sunset all over his political surroundings.

THE fearful length to which the literary rivalry of different cities may be carried is illustrated by a grave charge of the Boston *Herald* against "Will Carleton's use of 'pachyderms' as a word, accented on the third syllable, in his *Harper's Bazar* poem." This still leaves a question whether there is the greatest inconsistency with literary culture in the thick-skinned condition represented by the New York poet or in the thick-headed state of mind indicated by his Boston critic.

THE French Government having convicted its political opponents unheard, now sentences them to imprisonment in fortified places, which the absent statesman will take care to avoid. French politics are nothing if not original.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW reports that the people abroad have got an idea that the United States is spoiling for a fight with some foreign country. It is to be hoped that Mr. Depew took occasion to correct the misapprehension. Talk about fighting and really wanting to fight are two very different things. The great mass of the people of the United States do not want real warfare, any more than the Georgia duellists are thirsty for actual slaughter.

THE London police, after taking a month to find out what it knows about "Jack the Ripper," is obliged to make a formal profession of the state of mind of *Jo* in "Bleak House" and confess that they "don't know nothink."

NORTH DAKOTA is evidently determined to establish its claim as the champion State for Western rapidity, by the assertion that it already possesses forty-four legislative boodlers. The future State that develops the boodle element before it attains to the rank of statehood can only justify its existence by a proportionate rapidity in developing the kind of reform which will lodge the boodlers in the penitentiary.

ONE decided utility of the Brown-Sequard elixir has already been developed. It came just in time to deal the finishing blow to the faith cure craze.

A CHINESE play is running in San Francisco, having been in operation two weeks, and having got to the end of the second act. As there are four more acts to be played, it will be seen that the action of the Chinese drama approximates that maddening and intoxicating illustration of eternity on a small scale, which has been heretofore supposed to be monopolized by the tariff debates in Congress.

CALIFORNIA litigation has established its proud claim to be more deadly in its shooting scrapes than the Chicago brand.

KILRAIN is gathered in by the officers of the law. Now if the Governor of Mississippi can get his clutches on some of the high-toned spectators who patronized the fight, and give them an opportunity to learn the useful occupation of breaking stones on the road, he will demonstrate his claim to be considered the man for the hour.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD has been visiting Warren, Pa., the home of his boyhood. His father was a bank cashier there some 50 years ago.

THE Queen of Italy is an ardent student of Volapuk. She is a subscriber of the *Stavai*, the organ of the new language printed at Milan, and is said to read it with ease.

IT is now said that it was not lack of money which prevented King Kalakau's trip to the Paris Exposition, but fear that he would lose his throne if he did not stick right by it.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON intends to visit the Ellis Islands, where the natives are still addicted to cannibalism. He wants to see if he can make them swallow his newest story.

THE oldest banker in the country is Deborah Powers, senior partner in the bank of D. Powers & Sons, Lansingburgh, N. Y. She is 99 years old and shrewd enough to be a thousand.

SENATOR CAMERON is strongly in favor of enlarging the President's house at Washington, or building a new one. But he would not have the present White House, with its illustrious historical associations, removed or demolished.

THE Prince of Wales is in very bad health. One of his legs is tremendously swollen. Since he had typhoid fever he has been troubled more or less from a varicose vein which prevents his riding at present, and interferes greatly with his walking.

CONSTANTINE, heir to the Greek throne, is in his 22d year. He is a very handsome young man and has a most fascinating manner. He is extremely fond of military matters, but has devoted a great deal of time to the study of literature. He can read and speak English, French, German, Russian and Danish.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN ITALY.

Edison's Invention Creates Something of a Sensation in That Country.

WASHINGTON, August 14.—Charles H. Wood, Vice Consul General to Rome, reports to the State Department July 29 that Signor Enrico Copello, who formerly resided many years in the United States, has purchased the right to sell the Edison phonograph in Italy. As a preliminary step to this enterprise, the Consul reports that Signor Copello visited Rome, bringing with him the first phonograph ever seen in the kingdom. It was exhibited before representatives of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, leading scientists and King Humbert.

The King dictated a congratulatory message of the phonograph to the inventor, and requested Signor Copello to carry to Queen Margaret at Venice a phonograph message. The invention awakened great interest throughout the country, the Vice Consul says, and the columns of the press are filled with handsome tributes to Mr. Edison and to the inventive genius of the American people generally.

Kicks May Follow Kisses.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

There isn't much doubt that some of the Emperors who are kissing each other now will be kicking each other before the year is out.

A Candidate Wanted.

From the Philadelphia Times.]

The Democratic nomination for State Treasurer appears to be hunting for a candidate who won't decline.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

The Big Bass Voice at Coney Island—Some Actors' Way of Summering—A Blue Pup That Nobody Wants.

WHEN you step from one of the Iron steamboats on to the new iron pier at Coney Island you will probably hear a very deep and mellow bass voice say: "Step lively! Move along there." When you take the boat again you will encounter that same rich voice as you pass through the last turnstile on the pier. It comes from some part of the internal economy of a stout but not very tall man in navy blue and brass buttons. He is a ticket taker for the steamship company, and his smooth, regular-featured, rather jolly face has shone at the same place for several summers. The voice he possesses is not natural; it couldn't be. Probably he acquired it after tremendous cultivation.

When he isn't saying in his sonorous yet mellifluous tones: "Come along now! All right, sir; pass right along!" and adding a new gloss to the rather faded glories of the Isle of Coney he is a bad bold villain or a bluff, big-hearted papa in some stirring melodrama. Two years ago he traveled with the "White Slave" through the country, and played a small part reasonably well. His voice is his principal stock in trade on the stage as it is on the pier. I never heard the equal of that bass voice. The echoes of it are ringing in my ears now, and curiously enough make me ravenously hungry. I suppose this is the result of parallel memories of the sea air those vocal echoes call up.

When that voice comes to Pittsburg again I mean to let the public share the delight of hearing it with me.

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WHAT do actors do in summer?

Many, nay most of them, enjoy the vacation as the rest of us who are lucky enough to know what a long summer holiday is. Of those who do not follow the beaten path there are the actors who spend all their earnings as they go along, and so have none left when the season closes, and there are those who manage to throw away their earnings in the first two or three weeks of the vacation. Both these classes finally drift on to Broadway in New York and snatch a precarious living there, how I can hardly say, though the ways of the Rialto are tolerably well known to me. The lunch counters suffer terribly; so do the pockets of actors, managers, theatrical agents and others who have money, and are foolish enough to get within reach of the birds of prey.

A great many country managers, as the New Yorkers call all managers of theaters without the limits of the metropolis, get to New York in July and August. They have to plunge into the theatrical pools between Twenty-sixth and Thirty-third streets, and they are generally played for all they are worth by the penniless gentry on the lookout for suckers. But many of the country managers now leave their booking to dramatic agencies that victims are scarcer on the new Rialto than they used to be on the old.

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THE other day a well-known Pittsburg lawyer was surprised by a visit from an old client who had left a rather large bill unsettled for a long term of years. The attorney was still more surprised when the visitor pulled out a check book and wrote out a check for the full amount due. The passage of money between client and lawyer always clears the air and brings out the sun. On this occasion it also brought out the whisky.

Things became extremely pleasant. The lawyer told some of his best stories, and not a single time did the client fail to laugh in the right place. So it went on till the conversation turned upon dogs. Both men proved to be dog lovers, and the layman excited the lawyer's interest by describing a fine litter of Skye terrier puppies.

"I'll give you one," said the visitor effusively.

"That's asking too much, old man," said the lawyer.

"Not at all. I'll send it down to-morrow."

"But the dog's too valuable. I don't see how I can accept it."

"You must," said the owner of the Skye puppies; but the lawyer went on protesting until the former said: "You're welcome to one, I'm sure; they're no sort of good to anybody."

That clinched the matter. The visitor left. Next morning a very weary-looking puppy arrived by a boy who fled precipitately as soon as he had put the animal down.

There is, or was yesterday afternoon, a blue pup in a Diamond street office which anybody is welcome to take away. It is as the donor said—no sort of good to anybody.

HE KNEW THE PRISONER.

A Witness to Character Sends His Brother to Sing Sing.

NEW YORK, August 14.—James Anderson, 19 years of age, of 224 Broome street, was tried today before Judge Gildersleeve for stealing clothing from 40 Mercer street. Anderson, it is alleged, darted into the store and seized the clothing and ran into the street. The only witness who saw him in the store was a young girl, and she was not very sure it was Anderson.

Anderson himself testified with great gusto that it was a case of mistaken identity. He was a Californian, he said, and he recited the names of many wealthy and influential employers there. He described circumstantially his history in California.

Lawyer Purdy looked around the courtroom for his witnesses to Anderson's good character. He saw a gentleman whom he thought he recognized and asked if he knew the prisoner.

"Certainly, I have known him since he was a boy," said the gentleman. "My name is Grant."

"Go to the witness stand, Mr. Grant," cried Mr. Purdy. Mr. Grant kissed the Book and Mr. Purdy began:

Q.—Now, sir, can you testify to this man's character? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Very well, sir, please do so, and speak up loud, so that last juror way back there can hear. A.—Yes, sir, I'll speak loud enough for anyone to hear. That man is my brother. His name is not Anderson. He is a thief from way back. He never did a stroke of work in his life. He is the black sheep of the family. State prison will never be full until he gets there. He gives a recommendation from a lady here. I believe the recommendation is false.

Mr. Purdy gasped once or twice and told Mr. Grant he could step down. The jury convicted Anderson, alias Grant, without leaving their seats. He was remanded for sentence.

SURROUNDED BY FLAME.

Two Men in a Burning Forest Save Their Lives in a Cave.

HELENA, MONT., August 14.—John Bloom and Louis Siff, just returned from a trip to the Cœur d'Alene, give the details of a thrilling experience. On July 26 they left Murray, Idaho, for Missoula, Mont., with two wagons and four horses. They had been warned at Murray that the journey would be dangerous on account of forest fires raging along the line from there to Thompson. A few hours after they started the roar of flames was heard and they urged their teams as rapidly as possible. The speed of the horses was slow compared to the rapidity at which the fire traveled. They were soon overtaken, and, leaving their teams in a deep ravine, ran for shelter to a deserted tunnel which was in the dense timber.

Their place of refuge was entirely surrounded, and it was five days before they were able to get out. They were entirely shut off from their wagons containing provisions. There was a small spring in the tunnel from which they obtained water, but they were without food nearly five days. The flames burned their horses and wagons.

Times Have Changed Somewhat.

It would take columns to enumerate all the dainty and wonderful little timepieces that have been made during the past 400 years. They have been made not larger than peas, and set in rings for physicians to facilitate the counting of the pulse. They have been fixed in bracelets, brooches, eye glasses, tops of umbrella handles and even on the ends of lead pencils, where they occupy the same position as the rubber on the average Faber.

That this is a great age goes without saying when we consider that it has only been 300 years since only the European monarchs could afford a roughly constructed iron pocket clock. To-day a month's work on a farm will buy as fine a gold watch as any man need to carry.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

'Squire William Grace.

'Squire William McCulley Grace, died last Monday, at his home, Lorenz avenue. The 'Squire was the pioneer of Chartiers, and he was respected for his genial disposition. He cultivated a large number of fruit trees on his fine estate, which covered 100 acres. Several years ago a building boom took place at "Bogtown." The 'Squire had considerable land there, which he sold at a snug profit. On his property the residents wished to open up a roadway, but owing to some hitch, the deal fell through. Mrs. Grace survives her husband, and has full charge of the property. The captain was 70 years old, and will be buried to-day.

CUTTING EACH OTHER'S THROATS.

New York Chinese Laundrymen Engaged in a Lively Race War.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, August 14.—The Chinese laundrymen of New York are now engaged in a race war. It began about two weeks ago between the Lay and Li factions in Harlem, and has become almost universal. Each faction has been doing its best to oust the other from the washing business by cutting rates, until now a white man can in many parts of city get his shirts done up in style for 5 or 6 cents, and collars and cuffs for 1 cent each. It is expected that many laundries will not only wash and iron for nothing, but will give chromos in the bundles they deliver to their customers. Already several laundries on Second and Third avenues, between Eightieth and Ninetieth streets, have hopes of cheap cigars and demijohns filled with Fourth ward whisky, ready to be given away to their patrons on Saturday, while on Fourth street near Washington Square, the Chinese laundry men have engaged canvassers to go to the patrons of rival shops with boxes of fresh cigarettes and bottles of perfume under their arms to be given away.

This method of doing business has been the means of driving quite a number of "washees" out of business within the last few days. This spirit of contention prevails not only among the Chinese laundrymen, but among all the Chinatown shopkeepers. It has got so now that no small Chinese grocer can exist in Mott, Pell or Park streets, because the larger firms, by importing their goods direct from China, are able to sell to consumers at home cost, using the money thus obtained to buy American goods and sell them in China at a big profit. The smaller firms, not being able to do this, are obliged to quit. One big firm, that claims to be worth over $200,000, employs several horses and wagons to deliver laundry supplies and Chinese groceries to their countrymen all over the city, at a lower rate than any other shop in Chinatown.

Altogether, the financial as well as the social condition of the Chinese of New York is anything but enviable at the present moment. Here is the Chinese market report for August 14, 12 o'clock, noon:

Money loans, 25 per cent per week, good security.
Sharks' fins, formerly $5; now $2.
Birds' nests, formerly $5; now $1 50.
Fantan stocks, formerly $1 50 per share, now $3 25.
Opium, way ahead, formerly $6 25; now $6.
Other sinful things equally high.

THE ELIXIR A FAILURE.

Experiments in Philadelphia Prove to be Very Unsatisfactory.

PHILADELPHIA, August 14.—The resident physician's room at the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital was crowded to-day with patients who either had tried or were prepared to try the Brown-Sequard method of treatment. Those who had tried are not in any sense carried away with it. To a man, all the patients who have been treated declined anything further in the same line. Among those were Andrew Drummond, aged 67, janitor of the college, and James Henderson, aged 56, who were each given an injection in the arm on Monday. For to-day's clinic, Prof. Boenning, the operating physician had prepared a solution of the Brown-Sequard elixir. Prof. Boenning said to-day that the object of the experiments that were being made at the college was simply to establish whether the Brown-Sequard elixir had therapeutic properties that could be recognized by their effects. He repeated with emphasis that the faculty of the college were not committed to any belief concerning it, and would not apply it otherwise than as an experiment upon patients who were to take it at their personal risk.

After treating several patients the doctor asked if any of the patients treated yesterday desired to receive another injection to-day, but there was not a solitary response. Dr. Boenning then announced that there would be no further public demonstration of the Brown-Sequard treatment at the Medico-Chirurgical College after to-day. The patients treated today would be heard from privately. The doctor said that out of 117 cases operated upon, five of them had developed abscesses. Abscesses, he said, were not always injurious, and very generally they were beneficial after a patient recovered from one and the inflammation was drawn from it. So that nothing definite could be based one way or the other on the forming of abscesses. While he and his professional associates were skeptical as to the therapeutic properties contained in the so-called elixir, the doctor said that they were one and all open to conviction, if anything could be revealed to them to sustain what has been ascribed to its remedial power. All the patients who suffered more or less deleterious effects from the treatment were prescribed for. The two newspaper men who undertook to test the elixir are recovering under the care of Dr. Boenning himself. One was very much improved to-day, and the other was still confined to bed.

PITCHED BATTLE IN CHURCH.

The Clergyman's Nose Smashed and Several Brethren Disfigured.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 14.—The congregation of Mount Zion Baptist Church was in court yesterday for having participated in a general fight in the church. There has been trouble over the pastor, Elder Morton, for some time, the congregation being about equally divided in opposing and supporting him. He was locked out of the church by order of the trustees, and this provoked threats of violence from his followers, but with a view to bringing about an adjustment of the difficulties, the elder was induced to tender his resignation.

Elder Williams was brought to the church to conduct services as his successor. One of the deacons got up and declared that he should not occupy the pulpit. The elder replied that he was there to preach the Gospel and he proposed to do so if he had to fight. With this the row began. The pastor's nose was smashed, and a general knock-down followed. Several of the brethren were badly disfigured when they appeared in court. The contending factions swore out warrants for the arrest of each other on charges of assault and battery and disturbing the peace.

HALF A LOAF.

The Bankrupt Firm of E. & A. H. Bachelor Will Pay 50 Cents on the Dollar.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, August 14.—The assignees of the estate of E. & A. H. Bachellor, the big boot and shoe manufacturers whose recent failure was duly chronicled, report that the firm's liabilities are about $1,300,000, and that the assets will net enough to pay about 50 cents on the dollar.

The outstanding orders at the time of the failure are being filled, and in that way the creditors will be enabled to receive a larger percentage than if the factory had been shut down at the time of the suspension of the firm.

Why Father Time is Bald.

From the New Orleans Picayune.]

Old man Time, with a scythe, is pictured always with a bald head. Ambitious people made him bald in their hustling, grasping efforts to take time by the forelock.

TRI-STATE TRIFLES.

A MISS KEITH, of Clay township, Huntingdon county, a few days ago while out picking huckleberries, noticed a flame of fire coming up out of the ground near by. The flame lasted a few minutes when it disappeared, at which time the young lady heard a voice say: "That is for you." This statement, it is said, can be vouched for by reliable persons.

SAMUEL WILDRICK, of Stoddartsville, aged 97 years, walked to Wilkesbarre, over 20 miles, to visit a man, day before yesterday. Mr. Wildrick is the father of 28 children. Two weeks ago he cut two new teeth.

MRS. WILHELM, of Niles, O., found a $5 gold piece in the crop of a chicken she was preparing for dinner.

MR. JOHN S. MILLER, of Manheim vicinity, responding to his little son's call, found a very large weasel in his wagon shed killing a rooster. He clutched it by the neck, but it turned on him and clawed him. He was pretty badly torn, but he got its head beneath his heel and ground its life out.

A BLIND dog that finds its way over the country unaided and is often seen miles from home, is a curiosity owned by a farmer in the vicinity of St. Clairsville, O.

A WEST VIRGINIA exchange speaks of "a lady tramp."

A FARMER in Jefferson county, O., whose poultry was disappearing rapidly, resolved to capture the foxes which were doing the thieving. So he tied a couple of live hens to a stake in his field and set traps all around them. The next morning the hens had disappeared, but not one of the traps had been disturbed.

A HOG in Pleasant county, W. Va., caught and ate a toad, and died from the effects of its poison.

A COUNTRY OF CAVES.

A Quaint Little Southern Town With a Subterranean River Under It—How a Brave Girl Saved Her Father's Life—Reminiscences of War Times.

The little town of Union Depot, Tenn., is built over a cave. During the war, when the Confederates held undisputed possession of this section of the country, it was named Zollikoffer, in honor of that brave commander who lost his life at Sinking Springs. The feeling among the inhabitants at Zollikoffer was decidedly against the ordinances of secession, and when the Federal army marched into upper Tennessee, and the Stars and Stripes floated in every direction, the patriotic Zollikofferans held a meeting in the town hall, and unanimously agreed to call the place Union Depot. Union Depot it remains to this day.

It is on the southern bank of the Halston river, and is what in the parlance of that country is denominated a "string town." There is one principal street, and at the lower end, where the bluff on which it is built slopes toward the river, is a spring of water. This spring furnishes the town with its aqueous supply, and early in the morning and late at night the inhabitants, men, women and children, wend their way toward the "water works" with buckets, barrels and firkins.

They Cannot Sink Wells.

Several of the inhabitants have attempted to sink wells on their premises, but they have met with signal failure. At a depth of 30 feet their drills have suddenly sunk out of sight, and through the aperture thus made could be heard the gush and gurgle of a swiftly running stream. Union Depot rests on a thin stratum of soil and rock, and underneath boils and tumbles a gigantic underground river, which, uniting its waters with the Halston, swells that stream below the railroad bridge to a volume that admits of partial navigation where the stream is up to Prather's dam.

This is a country of caves, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Five miles to the south, and the probable source of the river that flows beneath the town, is a succession of caverns that hold in their depths immense deposits of saltpetre, which were utilized during the war by the Confederate Government for the manufacture of gunpowder. Near these caverns are the famous "bat caves," which give shelter to millions of these nocturnal flyers. For hundreds of years the bats have made these caverns their abiding place, and the guano deposits are a great source of profit to the owner. In these caves during the war hundreds of Union men found shelter, while being piloted through the lines by Don Ellis, the famous Union scout.

The Scene of Many a Skirmish.

All this section of country was distracted with feudal troubles during the war. Colonels Snap, Ledbetter and Leith, of the Confederate forces, with their partisan bands, ravaged the country from one end to the other, and were met with stern resistance by the Union home guards. At the beginning of hostilities the bridge across the Halston, above Union Depot, was fixed upon for destruction by the Confederate officials.

A band of men under Colonel Ledbetter were sent up from Knoxville to fire the structure. They arrived in the town just after sunset, and proceeding to the bridge found it guarded by two men. One of these guards ran away when the Confederates began to smear the bridge with coal oil, but the other remained, and, shotgun in hand, opposed the marauders. As they advanced he retreated, fighting them step by step, and several of the guerrillas, shot dead, fell from the bridge into the turbulent stream and were carried on down toward the Tennessee.

Defiant to the Last.

Finally the brave defender was overtaken and one of the Confederates, who knew him, cried out, with musket cocked and presented at his heart:

"Surrender, or you are a dead man."

"Never!" cried the watchman, and he discharged his shotgun full at the advancing man's heart.

The Confederate fell upon the ties, and his body, resting for a moment, finally tumbled into the river below. The burly watchman's gun was empty and he had shot away all of his ammunition. He clubbed his gun, and in the lurid light, already flaring about him from the fired bridge, he faced his enemies, resolute, defiant to the last. They rushed upon him and he was overpowered. His gun was wrested from his hands, and a stout rope was wound about his body, fast inclosing his arms.

They Would Lynch Him.

"What shall we do with him?" asked the leader.

"He should hang! Hang him!" echoed the chorus.

"To the cedar grove!" was the order, and those grim guerrillas, with the bound watchman in their midst, marched back across the bridge, now a sheet of flame, and through the town, to a dense grove of cedars on the ridge beyond.

Here they halted, and the leader of the band, addressing the prisoner, said:

"It's the verdict of the crowd that you be hanged. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing!" was the defiant answer. "You are whelps and I am a Union man. Do your worst."

"String him up!" ordered the leader, and a rope was produced and knotted about the patriot's neck.

He was allowed a minute for prayer, and his white lips were inaudibly voicing a last petition to the Great Father, when a slender, girlish figure, attired in snowy white, burst through the grim throng and threw her arms around the doomed man's neck.

Saved by His Daughter.

With nervous fingers she undid the noose, and forcing the stern-visaged crowd aside, cried out in daughterly indignation:

"For shame! You are 50 to 1, and you would commit murder. This is my father. If you hang him you shall hang me also."

The guerrillas were abashed at this bold defense, and for a time said nothing. Finally one man spoke, and he evidently voiced the sentiments of his fellows, for his words were wildly cheered.

"Now," said he, "let's adjourn. Jed Davis is a free man."

"Aye! Aye!" was the answer, and they slunk away, leaving father and daughter to make their way back to the little town, which now was photographed against the sky's black background by the lurid glare of the burning bridge.

Father and daughter still live in Union Depot, and every night the brave girl, now a matron with children about her knees, gathers up her two bright tin buckets and journeys to the spring below the town, chatting gayly with her neighbor women.

A STORY OF BROWN-SEQUARD.

He Stuck Pins in a Patient and She Called Him a Fool.

From the Boston Courier.]

Now that the newspapers are all talking of Dr. Brown-Sequard, and his wonderful elixir stories of his experiences in this vicinity are in order, and some of those which are told are droll enough.

It may be remembered that one of his ideas was that the nervous condition of a person could be judged by the susceptibility of the skin, and this he tested by the distance apart at which two pin-pricks merged themselves into one to the sensation of the patient. This method he used with considerable success, being not infrequently called in as a specialist in complex cases of nervous disorder.

On one occasion, it is said, he was called upon to go to the suburbs of Boston to see a young lady who was suffering from some nervous trouble, and was left alone with the patient to make his examination. After a time, which seemed to the family rather long, he came downstairs with a very serious face, and informed the family that he was extremely sorry to report that the vitality of the girl seemed so low that there seemed no possibility of her rallying. They were thunderstruck, as the case, though obstinate, had by no means been regarded as a serious one. The family physician, who had been unable to be present, was sent for in all haste. He assured the frightened relatives that there was some mistake, and proceeded to go up to the chamber of the invalid to hear her account of the examination.

"That man you sent here," she announced almost before he could ask her, "was a fool."

"He is nothing of the sort," was the answer; "he is a very able specialist."

"Well," she said, "I know he acted like a fool. All he did was to stick pins into my back and ask me if it hurt. Of course I said no."

The physician was too much amused to be angry, but the conclusion of Dr. Brown-Sequard was at once explained, to the great relief of the family.

Several Good Subjects.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

The effect of the elixir has not yet been tried on creaking stairs, smoky chimneys, locks that perversely refuse to yield to the wrong latch keys, doors that bang, policemen's clubs, and hats that fit at night and don't fit in the morning, but we may yet hope for the best. The day of elixirs has come to stay.

METROPOLITAN MELANGE.

Going Abroad to Meet His Mother.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, August 14.—William Ralph Lee, of Chicago, the youthful hero of a dozen or more yellow-backed dime novels, sailed for Germany to-day on the steamship Pennland. Lee is the young man who, one Sunday morning in 1886, lay in wait at the door of the church where his stepfather was worshiping, and shot him on the steps of the church as he came out. The stepfather was the banker, Stephen W. Hawson, and Lee shot him because he had been illtreating Lee's mother. Lee was arrested, and after a very sensational trial was found guilty and sentenced to a term of 18 months. He was released from prison last Saturday and came East on Monday. He was handsomely dressed this morning in a dark woolen suit, alligator hide boots and heavily embroidered gloves. He goes abroad to meet his mother on the continent.

Diamonds Too Dear to Buy.

The diamond dealers of this city are complaining loudly of the exactions of the "London Amalgamation," a diamond trust which consists of three firms who control the entire African output of rough diamonds. Within the last four months the trust has raised the prices of diamonds about 25 per cent. Many dealers who went abroad to buy heavily this summer have returned with only one-third or one-fourth of their usual stock. In London, they say, many retailers are booming the already high prices by buying up diamonds