The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 44, No. 221.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice, November 14, 1887, as second-class matter.

Business Office--97 and 99 Fifth Avenue.
News Rooms and Publishing House--75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street.
Eastern Advertising Office, Room 46, Tribune Building, New York.

Average net circulation of the daily edition of THE DISPATCH for six months ending August 31, 1889, as sworn to before City Controller,

30,045

Copies per issue.

Average net circulation of the Sunday edition of THE DISPATCH for three months ending August 31, 1889,

55,643

Copies per issue.

TERMS OF THE DISPATCH.

POSTAGE FREE IN THE UNITED STATES.

DAILY DISPATCH, One Year	$ 8 00
DAILY DISPATCH, Per Quarter	2 00
DAILY DISPATCH, One Month	70
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 1 year	10 00
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 3m'ths	2 50
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 1 month	90
SUNDAY DISPATCH, One Year	2 50
WEEKLY DISPATCH, One Year	1 25

THE DAILY DISPATCH is delivered by carriers at 15 cents per week, or including Sunday edition, at 20 cents per week.

PITTSBURG, MONDAY, SEP. 16, 1889.

USING MODERN IDEAS.

The march of modern ideas has never had a more marked illustration than the adoption at Dr. Sproull's church, in Allegheny, yesterday, of a telephone device whereby deaf persons in their pews, who could not ordinarily hear the clergyman's discourse, were enabled, by putting the receivers to their ears, to absorb the whole homily.

The subject of the sermon, appropriately enough, was the duty of the church in adapting itself to the needs and character of the age. While the orthodox precepts were valuable, they are not likely to strike the public mind with half the force that attaches to the practice of summoning the latest triumphs of invention to the work of bringing home the teachings of the churches to their hearers.

Some elements in our churches have been indisposed to keep up with the age. The indication that one church at least is going to use the newest methods in spreading the old and yet ever new doctrines is full of promise for its usefulness.

A POLITICAL DECLARATION.

The announcement of the Single Tax Association, of Pittsburg, that it will support the Democratic party as "moving more closely to the line of individual freedom and emancipation of labor than any other," has its peculiar features. In view of the fact that no party in Pennsylvania has been able to adopt the single tax idea, the decision of its supporters to act on the broad and catholic platform of backing the party which they think represents individual freedom and emancipation of labor is certainly commendable. Their principle of selection may be rather obscure, and their estimate of the importance of the votes of their hundred members seems unique. Nevertheless, their determination to do all they can for individual freedom as represented by Mr. Bigler as State Treasurer, whether he collects a single tax or not, is refreshing in its good faith.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

The unique features of New York's World's Fair movement continue to be principally characterized by an overwhelming desire not to put up the cash for it. The latest plan published was based on the neat little arrangement of having the land on which the Fair is to be located bought for $3,000,000, and after the show is over of having it sold for $9,000,000. This simple operation, it is quite plain, would let the Exposition out even.

Pending the adoption of this or some other scheme, the *Herald* calls upon the public to "give the committee time to formulate a plan." The committee being composed of the principal millionaires, who should put up the largest share of the funds, the time required to adopt the simple plan of writing down their subscriptions should not be very great. As that is what no one in New York seems ready to do—except the lively editor of the New York *Sun*—a plan by which the New York millionaires can escape the public duty of paying anything is likely to take a good deal of time in its architecture.

New York's inability to do anything the right way seems to have got in its most fatal work last week. Just when it should be raising the wind for an Exposition it succeeded in raising the wind for an ocean storm.

RICHES UNDREAMED OF.

A new and stunning idea of the increase of national wealth is afforded by a recently published speech of Senator Ingalls. That statesman is reported as having declared to his auditors that "the national wealth increases at the rate of $42,000,000 for every tick of his watch." This assertion of the increase of our wealth at $42,000,000 per second, the Senator conceives to be full justification for a more liberal pension policy than has yet been dreamed of.

The ability of the nation to support a liberal pension policy is conceded; but the magnitude of the Senator's abilities in dealing with figures deserves some attention. It is to be remembered that he is reported as speaking of the "increase" of national wealth, not of the total production. If a man produces a thousand dollars worth of grain, and eats it up or wears out the staples for which he barters it, the national wealth does not increase at all. It is evident that the learned Senator therefore alleges a production far in excess of the increase of national wealth; and as expense of production is necessarily the greater half of it, we do not see how the statement of aggregated national production on his figures can fall below $100,000,000 per second.

Let us see where this leads us. There are 60 seconds in a minute, 60 minutes in an hour and 24 hours in a day. According to the Senator's figures, therefore, the daily increase of the national wealth is represented by the neat little sum of $352,880,000,000; and we shrink from the task of burdening the columns of THE DISPATCH with the figures necessary to show the increase of our wealth for a single year. It is plain that this statement of facts should warrant a decided change in our national policy. We should pay off the national debt in the first quarter of an hour, and then devote a slight share of our surplus wealth in buying up the rest of the world and stopping wars and tyranny forever.

Another remarkable disclosure. There are about 20,000,000 men in this country engaged in the work of production. The average share of each individual in the increase of wealth, according to Senator Ingalls' statistics, therefore, should be $2 10 per second, $126 per minute, $7,560 per hour, $181,440 per day, and the remarkable total of over $54,000,000 per year. When we compare this average for each workingman in the United States, with the actual pittance of $700 to $800 per year, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that some one must be getting rich very fast.

The Senator is too modest in his deduction. When there is an increase of wealth of $7,500 per hour for every worker in the country and the average worker has to hustle to earn twenty cents, the conclusion that the old soldiers should be pensioned is entirely weak and impotent. Everybody should be pensioned. A pension of $50,000,000 per year for each veteran would give them no more than the average, and one of say $10,000,000 for each ordinary citizen would leave a vast surplus. We hope to see the Senator introduce a bill to rectify this vast inequality upon the assembling of Congress. All this wealth should not go undisposed of.

FUTILE FOOLISHNESS.

That Minnesota law by which the attempt was made to prevent inter-State traffic in dressed beef, has reached a decision in the United States Circuit Court at Chicago. Like every State judge who has passed upon that stupidly absurd enactment, Judge Blodgett had no hesitation in declaring it unconstitutional. There seems to be no disposition to take the matter to the United States Supreme Court, and this may be regarded as the end of the law.

The history of this piece of legislation furnishes, first, a remarkable commentary on the class of legislators who pass a law that every intelligent man knows to be unconstitutional; and next an illustration of the foolishness which strives to destroy obnoxious features of a legitimate business by destroying the business altogether. At the same time that this decision is rendered, investigation is proving that the dressed beef magnates have their hold upon that interest by virtue of railroad favors similar to those which built up the Standard Oil Company. If the producers of Pennsylvania had tried to pass laws preventing the sale of refined petroleum, it would have been in the same line of action that was adopted by the anti-dressed beef people.

It should not take much thought to perceive that the remedy for such things is to establish conditions of transportation as will make it impossible for anyone to secure exclusive privileges. If that were done, every one would be at liberty to buy cattle either for dressed beef or shipment on the hoof. The competition of buyers would give cattle raisers the best prices possible under normal conditions of demand and supply, and the economies of the dressed beef trade would give consumers lower-priced meat.

To abandon that policy for the effort to kill the dressed beef trade by the passage of an unconstitutional law, is to surpass the feat of the man who burned his house down in order to get rid of the mosquitoes in it.

CORPORATION CANDIDATES.

With regard to the reported refusal of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew to resign his railroad position in order to advance his political ambitions, the Philadelphia *Press* says:

It is true that unscrupulous men have made use of railroad corporations to rob the people by stock-watering and other such schemes. But there are men of this kind engaged in every line of business. It furnishes no reason for the wholesale denunciation of the officers of corporations, and Mr. Depew has shown his sterling qualities by refusing to pander to this prejudice.

It is true that there is a decided difference between railroad men; but that fact does not touch the rim of the issue as to corporation men in politics. There are discreditable and dishonest men in every line of business, as the *Press* asserts. But when such a line of business is united in demanding from the legislative powers, that it shall be exempted from the penalties of dishonesty and recklessness, by emancipation from the competition which regulates the profits and business of the masses, it would be very just to object to a representative of that class, however creditable in his private character, as a Presidental candidate or a Senator.

The idea that Mr. Depew can divest himself of his education and environment as a railroad man by resigning his batch of railroad presidencies is, of course, absurd. One illustration suffices to show the way in which all his interests regard public questions where the corporations are concerned. When the Inter-State Commerce law was pending and just before its passage, Mr. Depew asserted that if enacted it would depreciate the value of Western land fifty per cent. Within a year from that time he found it necessary to explain an interview in which he criticised the remarkable advance of Western land. If Mr. Depew had been President when the Inter-State Commerce law was passed, would the public interests in that enactment have had much weight?

When the issues arising out of the relations of the railroads to the public are settled in a way that will keep the corporations themselves out of politics, the bright and able men who manage them will be welcome in politics in their personal character. Until then, it is necessary to remember that the interests of the people are paramount to those of the corporations, and that the man has not yet been discovered who can represent the latter and do justice to the former.

SOME of the most decided aid that is given to Field Marshal Halstead's political aspirations is furnished unwittingly by the people who are trying to serve out the Standard Oil Company's spite under cover of the name of John A. Logan.

THE report that the reclaiming of the Everglades of Florida will give the nation a sugar producing district that will smash the Sugar Trust, is pleasant reading. But what is the security that the eminent capitalists, with Hon. W. L. Scott at their head, who are draining that section, will not, when they get their lands in operation, combine with the Sugar Trust and squeeze some additional millions out of the long-suffering people.

COULD there be any more striking evidence of the pettiness of what is called statesmanship in Europe than Bismarck's desire to have Louis Kossuth driven, in old age, out the home which he has occupied in Italy for years past?

THE adoption of the Australian system of voting in Minnesota is reported to work very satisfactorily. But that is no evidence that it would meet requirements in New York and Pennsylvania. The object of holding elections in New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg are understood to be entirely distinct from those which prevail in Minnesota.

THERE is much more hope of the satisfactory arbitration of Mr. McKnight's claim for work at Johnstown than there seems to be for that neat sum claimed by the Pittsburg Relief Committee.

MR. C. P. HUNTINGTON is reported to have adopted the determination that he will make the newspaper which he owns in New York the special organ of the railway interests of the country. That may increase the value of the journal in question as an organ. It has not for some time had any value as a newspaper.

THE Chief of the Chicago fire department recently read a paper at a public meeting criticising the use of unlined, knit and woven hose. The spread of the dress reform movement is encouraging.

THE funeral of Captain James Rees, yesterday afternoon, appropriately observed the end of a life that had been long and creditably identified with Pittsburg commerce and industries. One by one the old leaders of our city's activities are passing away.

CHINESE boycotts may be a little more incomprehensible than the ordinary kind; but both are equally opposed to the principle of individual liberty.

PERHAPS the reason why the New York millionaires do not put up their money for the World's Fair is their dissatisfaction at not getting what they regard as their due share of Senator Ingalls' $42,000,000 per second increase of the national wealth.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES recently remarked that death bears as pleasing a face to an old man as sleep to one who is tired.

KING ALPHONSO, the baby potentate of Spain, has offered a prize to the citizens of Madrid who will invent the cleverest and most novel toy.

HAVING suffered two severe chills since his arrival in Washington, ten days ago, Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, is confined to his home at the capital, but his friends expect that he will soon be able to go outdoors again.

THE Duke and Duchess of Bedford are "rusticating" at the present moment in their $500,000 cottage at Endsleigh, Devonshire. The "cottage" is surrounded by grounds which contain no less than 60 miles of grass rides and gravel walks.

THAT Queen Victoria is a woman of more than ordinary force of character is clearly shown by the fact that during her recent visit to Wales she on several occasions flattered the natives by addressing them in their own language. Moreover, she is able to both read and write Hindostanee with considerable fluency. There are but few ladies who at the age of 70 would have the perseverance and the courage to acquire proficiency in two such excruciatingly difficult languages as Hindostanee and Welsh.

NATHANIEL E. HOWARD, a retired capitalist of San Francisco, was an original "Forty-niner." He says: "I was in Frisco when there were 45,000 men and not a single family. Judge Terry, who was shot down while attacking Justice Field, made a lot of trouble in those days, and I was a member of the Vigilance Committee that kept him seven weeks in its rooms while awaiting the result of the shot wounds Terry gave Hopkins. Had Hopkins died—and he was mighty close to death—Terry would have been lynched. He richly deserved it."

OF all the sovereigns of Europe the Czar of Russia is the least pleased with his work. This is not owing to the fact that the Czar has Nihilism to fight, but because he is constitutionally opposed to the cares of State. He likes to hunt and fish, and is very fond of his family. He is sociable by nature and enjoys sitting at a table drinking wine and talking to good friends. It is seldom, however, that he can indulge his tastes in any of these directions. He is obliged to give a great deal of time to the affairs of his vast empire, and he often wishes that he had been born in an humble station.

ENGAGED, WEDDED, WIDOWED.

An Eventful Hour in the Life of a Providence Housekeeper.

PROVIDENCE, September 15.—The death-bed marriage of John Lawton, Past National Supreme Ranger of the Foresters, has invested the closing scene of his life with a touch of romance. Lawton was a man of considerable means and had a big and generous heart. Touched with the devotion of Clara Louise Elinora Fogg, his housekeeper, he offered her his hand and heart as he lay dying, with but an hour of life to live. The person to whom he offered to devote the remainder of his existence (about 69 minutes) did not ask for delay nor toy with the offer. She was no coy maiden, but a matron of 35, who had passed through a period of miserable matrimony years ago. She had nursed him with tender solicitude and with unselfish devotion, and had refused to be relieved of duties trying enough to prostrate the most robust woman. He appeared to be so desirous of being accurately informed as to his condition that be created an impression that if there had been any hope of recovery he would have reserved his hand for some other woman, to whom rumor says he was engaged in New York. But the medical men were positive nothing could save him. His housekeeper had gone into the bedchamber with a tray containing delicacies when Mr. Lawton beckoned her to his side.

"I want you to do me a favor," he said. "I want you to marry me. I have but a few hours to live, and I want to make you some return for all your goodness and attention. Will you have me?"

Half an hour later the Rev. Mr. Plummer read the marriage service at the side of that deathbed and Mrs. Fogg became Mrs. Lawton. In less than another half hour she was Widow Lawton and her husband was being prepared for the grave.

Mr. Lawton's estate, which goes to the widow, is valued at $50,000, but his relatives will try to get it on the ground that Mrs. Fogg, having a husband living, was not legally free to marry.

THE FEATURE OF THE SHOW.

A Couple Wedded on the Grand Stand at a County Fair.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., September 15.—As announced in advance, the marriage ceremony solemnized on the grand stand at the annual fair of the Delaware Valley Agricultural Society, held at Walton the past week, was the attraction of the show. The couple who filled the role of bride and groom on the occasion were Miss Ella Hotchkiss and Mr. John Bristol, good-looking and respectable young folks of Walton. At 2 P. M. on Wednesday the enamored pair, attended by bridemaid and best man, were driven to the fair grounds in an open barouche, drawn by four gayly caparisoned horses, and escorted by the officers of the Agricultural Society and by the Walton fire department, of which organization the groom is a member, all to the music of the Walton Band. The nuptial ceremony was formally celebrated on the grand stand by the Rev. O. D. Ramsey, pastor of the Walton Methodist Church, in the presence of 5,000 interested spectators, who cheered the pretty young bride enthusiastically.

The display of wedding gifts to the pair by the officers of the agricultural society and by other friends formed a large and somewhat incongruous selection of housekeeping goods. The list included parlor and bedroom furniture, chinaware, a range, a family Bible, a baby carriage, a doll wagon, a pair of game chickens and a Scotch collie pup. The Ontario and Western Railroad Company supplemented the other gifts by free tickets to New York and return on the wedding journey.

WEDDED WHILE THE STORM RAGED.

A Marriage Under Unusual Circumstances at Atlantic City.

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 15.—While the winds and waves were battling fiercest on Tuesday along the shore a rather remarkable wedding took place here. The ceremony was performed by Mayor Hoffman, and the groom was John J. Kersey, a wealthy gentleman residing at Nineteenth and Green streets. The bride was Miss May H. Kirby, the sister of the proprietor of the Margate Hotel, where the sister has always acted as housekeeper for the brother. Mr. Kersey has been spending the greater part of the summer at the Margate, and it was there that he met and wooed his bride.

The couple were to have taken the 4 o'clock train for Philadelphia on their way to Baltimore for their wedding trip, but at that time the train service was cut off, and they were compelled to spend their honeymoon at the wave-swept shore. When telegraph service was re-established between Atlantic City and the rest of the world, Mr. Kersey received news of the death of a near relative, Mrs. Mary Jacob Jones, of Bridgeport, Montgomery county. The wedding trip has been postponed indefinitely.

A Bogus Shooting Story.

From the Chicago Tribune.]

Esteemed Southern exchanges should not believe all the stories that are printed about the "carnival of crime" in the North. The late reports concerning the unprovoked shooting of Niagara Falls are generally discredited by the best informed Northern papers.

THE CRITIC.

Singular and Suggestive Interest in the Twentieth Century—Looking Backward in Review—Bellamy's Ideas Touched Up—The Spirit of Dr. Holmes an Element of Next Century—Lost Leaders.

We ought to be able to recognize the twentieth century when it comes at last upon the scene. If we fail it will be either because we have ourselves departed where centuries cease from troubling, or else because there has been something wrong about the descriptions of it. At any rate there has been no lack of description. The new century has already had its picture taken by a good many enthusiastic and amateur photographers. We know precisely how it will look; or ought to look. And as for writing, the most ambitious century could hardly desire to be written up at greater length or with more abundant generosity of adjectives. The twentieth century has had plenty of "advance notices." Indeed, one is reminded of what Max O'Rell thought was one of the queerest incidents of his recent visit to "Jonathan and His Continent," when he was met, as be embarked at Liverpool, by a note from the editor of "The Critic," asking for two columns of his "preconceived notions" of America.

It is rather remarkable, when you come to think of it. Though, for that matter, every thing in this world becomes remarkable and notable when anybody does any genuine thinking about it, it is not a little singular and suggestive, this popular interest in the twentieth century. Whatever else it means it shows this: that there is a widespread consciousness of two significant elements in the century in which we live to-day. There is an element of wonder, and there is an element of wrong in the existing conditions. We are all looking ahead to see the wonders emphasized and multiplied, and to see the wrongs righted. The two most interesting personages in our modern life are the scientists and the socialists. We expect a great deal from each of these companies of progress. And this expectation makes us look ahead into the darkness into which the world is in a few years to take a leap, and to wish that some flash light could make it visible.

⁂

If there were no science and no socialism, Mr. Edward Bellamy would never have written *Looking Backward*. And so a great multitude of people would have missed reading a good book. I bought a new copy a day or two ago—some absent-minded borrower having made way with my old one—and it was inscribed on the title page as being one of the ninety-first thousand. It has not equalled, even yet, the 300,000 of "Mr. Barnes, of New York;" but, after the sense of literary discouragement which falls upon one at the sight of such a large number on such a bundle of bound trash, it is some comfort to find a worthy book selling at such a rate.

"Looking Backward" is being translated, *The Nationalist* tells us, into German. And the prediction is hazarded that Bismarck will read it with a sensation of strong disgust. Somebody else is putting it into French, and "quite a stir" is anticipated in our sister republic. "Looking Backward" is, at least, making quite a stir here. And this evidences itself in other ways than the testimony of the booksellers' ledgers. *The Nationalist* itself is a significant mark of the impression of the book. *The Nationalist* is the organ of the Nationalist clubs. In Boston, in New York, in Hartford, in Chicago, in California, in Minnesota, in Texas, are associations of men and women reporting to this paper, meeting for discussion of the best way to make the twentieth century and the millennium come in together, and working along the lines suggested by "Looking Backward."

Mr. Bellamy tells us in the opening article of the first number, "How I came to write 'Looking Backward.'" It is always interesting to know how people come to do things, and especially when the things were worth doing. Mr. Bellamy had no idea of writing a serious book when he began, he says. He had simply set about composing "a mere literary fantasy, a fairy tale of social felicity." In the great out-of-doors of the future, with all the room he wanted and no facts to bother and obstruct him, he was proceeding to make the whole world over. The date was the year 3000, and the center of the universe was Asheville, N. C.

Somehow it happened in the construction of the plot by one of those intellectual surprises which begin by surprising the author, and for which a good name is inspiration—somehow Mr. Bellamy hit upon the word "army." And that revolutionized his whole idea. More and more, as he worked that out, the idea seemed more practicable and more near. At last he changed the date and narrowed the scene to the United States, and wrote his book.

⁂

That, if you think over the splendid vision of "Looking Backward," is the word at the center. An industrial army, with an army's combination of aristocracy and democracy, with an army's union of effort and purpose, with the elimination of the idea of shame or degradation about the doing of menial duty when one is assigned to it, with the possibilities in the way of every man for making the most of himself, and yet always in subordination to the aim and purpose of the army and for the good of the whole—this is the solution which "Looking Backward" offers to the problem of industrial discontent.

The twentieth century will be a fine time to live in, if it is at all like Mr. Bellamy's picture of it. In the first place we will all have money enough to live on comfortably; and "comfortably" means not only bread and butter, but books and pictures. And as for the spending of money, shopping in the millennium will be even more interesting than it is now. There will be a Wanamaker's in every ward. And the clerks, we are told, though this is almost too good to be true, will not tell us what we ought to buy. The clerks will all be Government officials, and will be no more interested in the amount of our purchase than the man is at the stamp window.

And we will have a May Festival every hour of every day, if we want it, by our telephonic connection with the central concert room of our ward, where the city has the best talent, by relays, every hour of the 24. The boy will bring us the daily programme when he brings the morning paper. When we are wakeful at night we can have the softest harmonies to persuade us off to sleep again. And when we want to get up for an early train we can have an anvil chorus, or a brass band playing "Hail Columbia!" right in our ear, at 5:30 in the morning.

As for the great maid servant problem, that will be solved by elaborate ward kitchens, where we send our orders and get our dinners piping hot, or else by family rooms in elegant ward restaurants.

And when "The Century Dictionary" is revised to fit the twentieth century there will be no such phrase in it as "ward politician," and no such word as "menial;" "ennui" will be obsolete, and "brotherhood" will be printed in illuminated capitals.

⁂

The umbrella in the twentieth century will be the symbol of these selfish days we live in, with which every man shields his own head and lets the drippings drop down his neighbor's back. The chambered nautilus, though, would be a truer symbol, at least if it is true, as the poets have written about it, that it builds each year a new room in its shell, and each room wider than the last. With all our shortcomings, we are doing that. Things are not as they should be, and the millennium is still a good way off, but we are getting nearer to it all the time.

I see that they had a nautilus to crown the birthday cake at Beverly Farm the other day when Dr. Holmes passed the eightieth mile stone. And they had a silver loving cup to give him. Dr. Holmes has now these many years been inspiring people to build more stately mansions for their souls, and this very largely by the contagion of his own kindly, loving, sympathetic spirit. We will all have that spirit in the twentieth century.

Dr. Holmes has probably got more out of his 80 years than Methusalah got out of his 800 (Was that the number?), because life to-day has so much more of interest in it than it had in that very young time, and because Dr. Holmes is so much more interested in life than we have any reason to think Methusalah was. It is helpful to read anything which he writes, if only for the sake of catching his bright, interested way of looking at things.

⁂

Mr. Andrew Long, in a paper under the curiously chosen title of "American Drolls," calls Dr. Holmes "the master of them all." Mr. Long has a large measure of this same charming way of looking at things, and this same delightful fashion of helping us to see through his eyes. His *Lost Leaders* is a gathering together of brief papers from the *Daily News*. He doesn't mean by a "lost leader" what Mr. Hughes means in this month's *Forum* by his article on Mr. Gladstone; he speaks in the newspaper sense.

The "Lost Leaders" lead one in all sorts of delightful directions. And a great part of their charm is that they don't insist on taking you such a long tramp that you are tired out before you have gone half way. They are all short, and they are upon all manner of topics. "Scotch Rivers," "Thackeray's Drawings," "The Art of Dining," "On Shaving," "The Lending of Books," "Club Bores," "The Theory and Practice of Proposals," "Some Rare Things for Sale"—these are some titles from the table of contents. Indeed, we have here a two hours' talk in the most friendly and familiar fashion with a man most delightful to listen to, in which, as in most of the best talking, the conversation turns easily "from politics to puns" and passes "from Mahomet to Moses."

⁂

"Lost Leaders" is the utterance of a man of letters. Mr. Long's studies among books and myths show through in every paragraph. Another book of brief and varied sketches, in which the writer converses charmingly with the reader, is Miss Baylor's *A Shocking Example*. Only here we have the privilege of the society of a bright, clear-eyed woman. Miss Baylor's "Behind the Blue Ridge," while very likely quite true to nature, was a most depressing book. I see that the publishers have bound it in blue. But "On Both Sides" was inspiring and cheerful enough to wake up. And in "A Shocking Example" it is the writer of that charming international study who talks to us. The name-piece doesn't amount to much; it is a sketch of the goings-on at a very mixed and miscellaneous "Union" Sunday School in California. In fact, none of the sketches "amount" to much, from the point of view of some people. The Cambridge wrangler who was disgusted with "Paradise Lost" because it didn't prove anything, would very likely have some fault to find. "Craddock's Heldest" is a significant study of life in the lower levels of London society. "Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico," is a serious and strong piece of historical writing. But, for the most part, the sketches are simply bright and entertaining. And, according to the wise saying, for the people who like that sort of thing this is just the sort of thing they will like. There are a good many bright people who like "this sort of thing" greatly. For others, there are the metaphysics and the algebras.

A WONDERFUL WHIST HAND.

Each of the Players Accidentally Dealt a Complete Suit.

PHILADELPHIA, September 15.—The cornerstone of the new building of the Hamilton Club, soon to be erected on Forty-first street, near Locust, will contain one of the most remarkable packs of playing cards that the eye of man has ever gazed upon. One week ago it was merely an ordinary pack of red-backed cards, but a few evenings since it performed such wonderful evolutions that it is now regarded as little less than sacred. A quartet of well-known West Philadelphians, namely: Dr. S. R. Skillern, Colonel Alexander W. Russell, Joseph H. Cofrode and William S. Kimball, were gathered in the cozy card room of the present Hamilton Club, at Forty-first and Locust street, intent upon a game of "whist."

Prior to Dr. Skillern's arrival the other gentlemen had been playing a three-handed game. When he came in he took the pack, shuffled and proceeded to deal. As the doctor examined his hand he glanced up with a bewildered twinkle in his eye, only to discern the same bewilderment reflected on the faces of each of his comrades.

"Fellows, I never had such a hand in all my life, the doctor chuckled, after a moment's pause. What do you think of it? Every card's a diamond."

"Great heavens!" cried out Mr. Cofrode, "why, mine are all clubs!"

"And I—I—I hold 13 hearts," exclaimed Colonel Russell, breathlessly rubbing his eyes and pinching his nose to make sure that he was awake.

And then they all looked in Mr. Kimball's direction. The whole suit of spades lay spread out before him, and he was bending over them in complete mystification.

The cards were not bewitched, and there had been no trickery. When the astonished players had somewhat regained their composure they put their heads together and concluded that the law of chance had sanctioned a most peculiar freak. They called their friends in to view the wonderful deal, then picked up the cards tenderly and signed an affidavit stating how the hand was dealt and denying the operation of any external agent in the arrangement of the cards. The pack is now on exhibition in the clubrooms, where it is viewed by scores of half-incredulous clubmen.

It is said that only two deals of like character are on record as having been made in this country, one in a Chicago clubhouse and the other on a Massachusetts railroad train, both of them some years ago.

TWO FINE MONUMENTS.

Statues of Gen. McClellan and Emma Abbott's Husband Both by Ellicott.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, September 15.—Mr. Henry J. Ellicott, chief of the model room of the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, has just completed the final details of a contract to construct the equestrian statue of General McClellan, which is to be erected in the city of Philadelphia, and is to cost $30,600. Mr. Ellicott has also been engaged by Miss Emma Abbott, the prima donna, to construct a monument to her late husband, Mr. Wetherell, which is to cost $80,000. Miss Abbott is endeavoring to prevail upon the friends of her husband to consent to the removal of his remains from the suburb of Boston, where they are interred, to Greenwood Cemetery, and if so the handsome monument will be erected in that fashionable burying ground.

Mr. Ellicott is a Philadelphia sculptor, and under the terms of his engagement as chief of the model room he may design and take charge of outside work.

THE CORPSE AROSE AND TALKED.

A Woman Prepared for the Grave While in a Trance.

BUFFALO, September 15.—Mrs. William Diemens, of Wilson, in Niagara county, apparently died Thursday night of a low fever. The body was prepared for the grave, and the next morning her relatives gathered about her bed and discussed the advisability of sending messengers to notify her friends of her death. In the midst of their talk the supposed corpse arose and said that she would act as messenger.

Her relatives ran from the room, but returning, found her not only alive, but in a fair way to complete recovery. She explained that, though in a trance, she had from the first realized all that had gone on around her.

Still Able to Kick.

From the New York Herald.]

Prohibition is dead, they say. Well, as for the two fore legs we can't say; but as to the two hind legs, you had better keep clear of them for some time to come.

ODD ITEMS FROM ABROAD.

THE "scab" in England is a "blackleg."

AFTER October 1 the French soldiers' pay will be 27 centimes a day, or a little over 5 cents.

MINNIE PALMER is to play the title role in "Cinderella," the next pantomime at Her Majesty's Theater.

THE amount given away by the Emperor of Austria during his recent visit to Berlin was 24,000 marks, of which 15,000 went to the poor of the city.

THE tan shoe may have a permanent future after all. One of the results of the recent maneuvers of the fleet has been the suggestion that the marines should wear tan or brown shoes henceforth instead of black ones, and brown gloves instead of white.

THE most famous barber now living, probably, is about to celebrate his silver wedding in Paris. He is M. Adolph Paques. He was the greatest of his kind 60 years ago. He numbered among his clients Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Theodolph Gautier, Mlle. Mars and Malibran.

WHILE the Ajax was engaged in shell practice after the recent maneuvers, a shell exploded within a 38-ton gun, that had been run out in the turret to be fired, and the gun burst. The greater part of it fell into the sea, but one piece flew into the turret, one seaman being slightly wounded.

FIFTEEN hundred and fifty-eight million letters, or 41 per head of population, were delivered in the United Kingdom during the year which ended on the 31st of last March. Besides that there were 800,000,000 postal cards, newspapers and parcels. The telegraph service showed a deficit of £240,000.

THERE are several good reasons for the attempt to train swallows for military messengers, instead of carrier pigeons. The swallows are swifter and more difficult marks to shoot at. The experiment so far promises well. A young swallow from Roubaix flew home from Paris, 155 miles, in an hour and 30 minutes.

WHY THE MAILS RUSH.

Delays That Cost the Railroad Companies Large Sums—Steps Paid for at the Rate of $55 an Hour—The Pay for Service on Fast Trains.

Delayed mail trains cost the Pennsylvania Railroad $150,000 a year.

"The letter carrier may flirt with his servant girl friends or kill time as he tramps his daily rounds with the mail pouch," said an official to a Philadelphia *Record* reporter, "but the railroad companies that hurry Uncle Sam's letter bags at lightning speed from ocean to ocean and lake to gulf, must run their trains sharp to schedule time or pay damages for delay.

"The public does not know it, but the Pennsylvania Railroad and every other line in the country—for practically all are to some extent servants of the Postoffice Department—pays a fine for all its shortcomings in the mail service. Postal freight is, of course, charged to the Government, but there have been years in which the Postmaster has subtracted as much as $200,000 from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's bill because the bags of letters have been delivered at their destination late. They are stern task-masters, those officials in the big granite buildings at the Capital.

"Superintendent J. Lowrie Bell arranges all railroad contracts for carrying the mails. The transportation companies are paid according to the average weight of the mail they carry and the distance it is conveyed. For example, the mail that passes over the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia to New York is weighed some day during the year, and the amount multiplied by the distance to New York gives an aggregate by which compensation may be adjusted. And in proportion to the payment for service so are the fines for delay.

Ironclad Contracts.

"Agents of the Government record every lateness in mail trains the country over and send this intelligence to Washington. In due time the railroad companies receive an official communication levying punishment in the shape of heavy fines. The various trains that have been late are enumerated, and we at once communicate with our various Division Superintendents and find the cause of delay. Oftentimes it may have been the railroad company's fault, and we own up, but if our roadway was washed by a storm, or Providence in some other fashion blocked the way, we file an affidavit to that effect at Washington and ask for a remission of the penalty.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad Company did not pay for the countless delays resulting from the Johnstown flood, nor will it be out of pocket for the recent stoppage of Atlantic City's mails. And," continued the railroad man, "there are other delays which, as common sense dictates, we should not be held responsible for, but there is a wide margin for the play of caprice on the part of the Postmaster General and his associates.

Fined $55 an Hour.

"Under the last administration certain precedents were established as to the extent of railroad responsibility, which were eminently fair to the public as well as to the railroads, but the new broom which has performed service for the last few months, in its effort to brush away supposed abuses, has borne too hard on the railroads. Uncalled for fines have been inflicted, and petty irregularities magnified, but this will all be remedied as time goes on. Practice gets the better of theory ere many months have passed over an administration."

"How large are the fines that are paid?"

"Of every amount, from a few cents up to many hundreds of thousands. For the delay of a mail train on one of our small branches a fine of about $1 has sometimes been charged against us. As the route becomes more important, the money loss to us grows accordingly. For the past few months the Pennsylvania Railroad has run a special mail and express train from New York City to St. Louis. It makes better time than any passenger express between those points, and the Government pays for the service about $40,000 a month. That is about $55 an hour, and the fine for every hour's delay comes to about this figure. If the train were six hours late we should be charged over $300. In the case of other mail trains the charge for an hour's lateness might be several hundred dollars, possibly $1,000.

Every Puff Worth a Dollar.

"Such severe discipline makes the railroad management strain every nerve to keep to schedule time. Every puff of the locomotive is worth a dollar. The wheels must whizz over the track at flying speed if necessary. Where there has been delay it must be made up, and 60 or 70 miles an hour is sometimes made by the mail train with a price on its head. There is a story—it may be fiction—that a railroad company once altered the time-piece to escape a fine. The temptation to such a plan is certainly great; for what with all the efficiency of railroad service in this country, yearly fines run sometimes mountains high."

STERLING'S REMARKABLE SIGHT.

He Could See With His Eye While it Was Out of the Socket.

From the Bridgeport Farmer.]

A caller at the office of Dr. F. M. Wilson this morning was Mr. Julian H. Sterling, artist, journalist and official draughtsman of the Housatonic Railroad system. His mission was to consult the doctor about one of his eyes, which had been paining him intensely for an hour or two previous. The doctor ascribed the irritation to the presence of some foreign substance, and, when a superficial examination failed to locate it, he determined it would be necessary to take the eye out. To this the patient agreed. Dr. Wilson temporarily deprived the organ of all feeling by spraying it with cocaine, and then forced out the eyeball. A cinder was found to be the cause of the trouble. This was removed, and the eye replaced in its socket.

The operation was entirely painless, but the feature about it which struck the subject as absolutely ludicrous was the fact that while the eyeball was lying on his cheek he could see with it the ear on that side, the power of vision being fully retained. With the other eye he also obtained a full view of the eye that was resting on his cheek. The cocaine caused a dilation of the pupil to nearly twice its natural size, and this condition remained for some time after the operation.

A GOOD TALKER AT 104.

The Oldest Inhabitant of Long Island a Smart Woman Yet.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, September 15.—The oldest person on Long Island is Mrs. Rachel Stillwaggon, of Flushing. She will celebrate her 104th birthday on Wednesday. She is the daughter of Stephen and Hannah Acker, who, when she was born, lived on a farm at Tarrytown. With her parents she moved to New York City when she was 12 years old and lived in a house on Stone street, near Broad street, for many years. The whipping post, the postoffice, the debtors' prison in City Hall Park, "Bridewell" in Broadway and other places she graphically describes. Mrs. Stillwaggon is rather short. Her eyes are gray and they appear to be useful to her, but her sight now is much impaired. Her hearing is only slightly defective, and she is a good talker. Her mind is as clear as it ever was, and she shows little evidence of her wonderful age in conversation.

Until she was 96 years old she performed her own housework and made her own dresses. She now uses a cane in walking, and she suffers from lameness in her left knee. She also is troubled by a numbness in her left hand and arm at night. On February 14, 1811, she married David Stillwaggon, who was a carpenter. Seven children were born to them, only three of whom are now living.

Easier Said Than Done.

From the New York Tribune.]

It wouldn't be a bad idea to put a straitjacket around "old ocean's gray and melancholy waist."

TELLING A FORTUNE.

Would you have your fortune told?
Cross my palm with shining gold,
And I'll tell it true.
In the future dim I see
Fortune,—love,—prosperity,—
All awaiting you.

Soon a maid with raven hair,
Star-lit eyes, and beauty rare,
You will meet by chance.
Boldly you will woo, and win,
Happy fates will aid you in
This, your life romance.

She will bring you wealth in store
Happiness, and love, and more,
Blest will be your life.
Such good fortune comes to few,
All mankind will envy you
Such a perfect wife.

Would you know the lady's name?
Yes, of course; and who could blame
You for your request?
And the half has not been told,—
Cross my palm again with gold,
And I'll tell the rest.

—*Somerville Journal.*

A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

Brief Summary of the Interesting Contents of Yesterday's Dispatch.

THE DISPATCH of yesterday contained 16 pages, all filled with the freshest news and the choicest original matter. Every class of readers, old, young, married and single, male and female, find in the Sunday edition of this paper a greater amount of choice literature than can be procured in any other form for the same price. THE DISPATCH makes no steps backward; its motto is "Progress," and its aim to give its readers a complete newspaper every day.

I.

The London strike, which has been settled after having cost the workingmen over $10,000,000, has not been without its useful lessons. It is the first time in the industrial history that unskilled workers have triumphed over capitalists. The lower class of laborers have been taught the virtue of temperance, and great numbers of them have signed the pledge. Paul du Chaillu has aroused the ire of the English by writing uncomplimentary things about their Viking ancestors. Herbert Spencer's biography is being prepared. The latest Whitechapel murder remains a mystery. Boulanger is still in London, and it is rumored that he will be something of a figure in the coming political campaign in France. Emperor William has been cordially received everywhere, and is reasonably sure of a unanimous support in case of trouble. Count Bismarck has made a secret visit to Italy on account of the Vatican troubles.

Henry S. Ives is now charged with forgery in his financial transactions. The amount which, it is alleged, he sought to secure by this method was $7,000,000. Holzhay, the train robber, is sulking in prison, closely guarded. His sweetheart cannot be found. The Relief Commission will at once distribute the remaining $1,600,000 among the Johnstown sufferers. Mrs. Langtry has secured a divorce at last. Two young men at Avoca, Pa., engaged in a prize fight for the hand of a girl. Examination into the accounts of the Pension Office shows a shortage of cash, as compared with the vouchers. A man named Lacey, claiming to be the advance agent of a circus, has victimized Wheeling business men.

II.

In a quarrel over a game of cards Giovanni Franceschiello stabbed and killed his brother Michele in a house on Archilio street, East End, Saturday night. A serious blockade of freight cars on the Junction Railroad is reported. Trouble between that road and the Pittsburg and Western is supposed to be the cause. Chief Bigelow states that he has received a letter from Mrs. Schenley, and that the prospects are favorable for a park. Other park projects are progressing well. A strange funeral service was held at Foxburg last Wednesday, a complete account of which was given. The Chairman of the Pittsburg Relief Committee still insists that $125,000 is due from Governor Beaver.

The referee decided that the Teemer-Gaudaur race should be rowed again, but the contestants refused to do this, and the stakes were withdrawn. The Washington club defeated the Pittsburg players 16 to 7. Other sporting news was of an interesting character.

III.

"Andras Normaine's Duel," a French-American novelette by the renowned actress, Sara Bernhart, was given complete. It was a choice bit of fiction. The capital of the Ottoman Empire was described in a graphic sketch by Frank G. Carpenter. Bill Nye made a good deal of fun of the sensational methods of reporting lately adopted in New York. "A Statistical Study of Trades Unions" was the subject of a valuable paper by a staff writer. The historical associations clustering about Brownsville were pleasingly sketched by "Jacksonian." Shirley Dare contributed a story that will serve as a lesson to parents on the training of boys. Ernest H. Heinrich's story, "The Musical Wonder," was ingenious and well told. Teemer, the oarsman, described the progress made in the art of rowing. Mrs. Frank Leslie discussed the comparative value of beauty and wealth to women. Clara Belle and Bessie Bramble contributed interesting letters. Rev. George Hodges' paper on the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, contained an instructive lesson. Olive Weston furnished an entertaining column on "Queens in Exile." The preserving of specimens of birds and animals formed the subject of M. C. Williams' article. A variety of miscellaneous matter and the usual departments completed an excellent number.

MORE SILVERN THAN SPEECH.

How Grandfather Harrison Complimented a Throng of Young Ladies.

From the Washington Post.]

A. W. Faulkner, of Columbia, La., who has been a member of the Legislature for 16 years, is in Washington. Although he has lived in Louisiana for 43 years, Mr. Faulkner was born in Ohio, and he tells an interesting story of the campaign of 1840, in which the grandfather of the present President was elected.

"I was quite a boy then," said Mr. Faulkner to a reporter, "but I took a deep interest in politics. I was a Democrat, but when I heard that General Harrison was to speak at the town of Ripley, 12 miles away, I determined to attend the meeting, and I walked the whole distance. It was the first great crowd that I had seen, and I remember it well. It was estimated that there were 60,000 people present. Many of them had come great distances in large canoes, dug out of buckeye wood and mounted on wheels. Others had constructed log cabins on their wagons and had driven to Ripley with teams of as many as 16 horses, in some instances. The stage from which General Harrison was to speak was decorated, and on it were seated about a dozen young and pretty girls. They wore garlands of buckeye balls and carried flags bearing a picture of a log cabin. Finally General Harrison appeared. He was an old man then, and was looking, as he felt, quite fatigued and tired.

"In a few words he thanked the immense audience for their interest in politics and in his success, but asked to be excused from making a speech, as he did not feel able to undergo the exertion. 'I cannot make a speech,' he said, 'but I can do something else. I can kiss all these young ladies, and I am going to do it.' What that, he kissed every one of the girls in succession right before the whole crowd. You ought to have heard the shout that went up. I believe the echo of it reached the next county."

An Appropriate Emblem.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

Hayti is to have a new national flag, and wants ideas and suggestions. While this is our busy day, we would suggest two tomcats hanging over a clothes line on a yaller background.

Abundance of Good Timber Here.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Pennsylvania can offer the President one of any number of good soldiers with high administrative ability if he wants a Pension Commissioner from this State.

TRI-STATE TRIFLES.

THE meanest man in Ohio lives at Newton Falls. His wife tumbled into the Mahoning and on being rescued a four-pound bass was found entangled in her dress improver. When her husband found this out he wanted to set her again.

AN Ohio man has written Jay Gould a begging letter every day for the last 450 days, and in his last he announced that he had purchased $10 worth of stationery and calculated to keep turning the crank until he got some response.

SEVEN pounds and three ounces of bass hooked itself on the fishing line of Lewis McCloskey at Norristown.

JAMES N. ROGER, of Lebanon, has a pear tree which has borne a large crop this summer, and is again in full bloom.

A BICYCLE which can be made into a quadricycle, and can be used by either man or woman, has been invented by a Lancaster genius.

SEVERAL hundred yellow jackets having located in the lock tender's horn at the Little Dam, Reading, some vicious young men asked their acquaintances to go to the house, knock upon it, and give their opinion of the peculiar noise they would hear. Messrs. H. Nerder, C. Troxel, C. Hiester, W. Humbert and several others who did so were badly stung as a result.

SIX different couples were applicants for the leading part at the proposed wedding at the Doylestown fair. Two have been selected and will divide the honors and gifts.

A WHEELING girl of 18 has received numerous proposals of marriage. The last was from a man 86 years old who is a paralytic.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—Queen Victoria now weighs 193 pounds.

—Siegfried Knoepffmacher, of Chicago, has had his name changed by order of court to Siegfried Buttonmaker.

—An old bear and her two cubs took a leisurely stroll through the streets of Edenville, Midland county, Mich., the other day.

—A letter landed in Ann Arbor the other day which was labeled, "Look out! This letter was written at the top of the Eiffel Tower. The goose that wrote it hangs high."

—Two climbers of Mt. Ararat, Russians, found in perfect preservation a minimum thermometer, which was left there last year. It registered 50 degrees below zero, centigrade.

—F. L. Parker, of Ann Arbor, wishes to gracious he had torn that old sidewalk up himself. The men to whom he let the job of building him a new sidewalk found a $20 gold piece and some silver money under the old walk.

—It is reported that a Fremont, Neb., lady, recently deceased, had become so strongly attached to her two Jersey cows, which had supplied her stock of milk for some time before her death, that she insisted that at her death they should both be killed.

—A man never appreciates the value of a newspaper so thoroughly as when he cannot get it. The first copy of a newspaper that reached Atlantic City through the floods was quickly bought by a man who thought he got it cheap for $2 50. The regular price was 2 cents.

—The idea that one can really love but once stands corrected in the case of John Wales, a Newburg man. He has been married seven different times, and he says he truly loved in each and every case, and he never went sparking without carrying a package of gum-drops along for his ideal.

—The latest excitement at Jeffersonville, Ind., comes from the claim that the city jail is haunted by the ghost of Tim Sullivan, who hanged himself while a prisoner in September, 1885. Nightly at 12 o'clock a sound is heard as if a heavy body had swung against an iron door, and this is followed by a gurgling sound very suggestive to the affrighted jailer.

—A Miss Chauncy, of Columbus, O., has had a fright that will doubtless teach her a lesson. She used for her complexion a mixture of arsenic and nitrate of silver. Then she went to the White Sulphur Springs and took the baths. The sulphur decomposed the silver salts in her skin and turned her so black that she has gone into retirement and will not be seen again for a year.

—An old trick has been played in New York on a prominent actor. He received letters asking for autographs, and inclosing cards and stamps and directed envelopes. He wrote his name on the cards and thought no more of them until his manager showed them to him with the words "Pass two" written on each one above the name. They had been found in the doorkeeper's box.

—Charles Mead passed through Columbus, Ind., the other day having in his charge a remarkable family of rattlesnakes, which he captured in Brown county, 20 miles west of that place. The largest of the reptiles measured 9 feet 2 inches in length. Its circumference was nine inches. When discovered by Mr. Mead this monster snake had with it nine young rattlers, all of which were captured. An exciting time was had in taking them alive.

—The Prince of Monaco, who has just died, reigned over a trifle less than eight and a half square miles of territory, with a population of 8,000 persons, all titled nobles in their own right. His principality is defended by an army numbering 72 officers and men, and his people, besides enjoying aristocratic titles, are exempt from taxation, the expenses of the empire being paid by gambling house franchises.

—Four years ago last Fourth of July Miss Nelly Noyes, Captain Noyes' daughter, of Portland, Ore., after eating a peach planted the pit. It grew and flourished, and is now a handsome, thrifty tree about 15 feet high, and has on it some 200 peaches of remarkably fine flavor, equal if not superior in size to the largest ever seen here, many of them measuring 10½ to 11 inches in circumference. The stem of the tree is between three and four inches in diameter, and the spreading limbs with their load of magnificent fruit are a perfect marvel for four years' growth.

—A Saratoga reporter espied a couple of young ladies and two men, one a policeman, searching with a lamp along a street there late the other evening. One of the ladies, with a trembling voice, stated that she had visited the Hathorn Spring during the evening and had lost a pair of diamond earrings, valued at $250, from a case which she held in her hand. She thought she had dropped them on the way. She had straightened up from her stooping position while speaking, and was about to commence the search again. As she pushed back the hair above her ear, she gave a little cry of joy and exclaimed: "I've found them—in my ears! Really, I had forgotten that I had placed them there!"

—Noah Maragrum and William and John Lewis, while out hunting Wednesday, had an experience with bigger game than they were looking for. They were ranging the woods in Sussex county, N. Y., when their dogs treed a large wildcat. Before the hunters reached the spot the beast had whipped the dogs and taken refuge in a cave. After vainly trying to smoke her out Maragrum started into the cave with his shotgun. He had hardly entered when he saw the green blazing eyes of the animal and fired at them. In an instant the cat sprang upon him, and began clawing his face and shoulders in a terrible manner. Maragrum staggered out of the cave with the howling cat on his shoulders, and his companions, not daring to shoot, beat the animal to death with clubs. Maragrum fainted from shock and loss of blood when released. He was frightfully disfigured, and may loose the sight of one eye. The catamount measured over five feet in length.

—A case of interest to stock-owners is now on trial before the Circuit Court for Baltimore county at Towsontown. It grew out of a judgment given by a county magistrate in favor of William Tunney against Dr. Francis W. Patterson, United States Veterinary Inspector, for $50. Tunney, who lives at Cross Keys, on the Falls road, about four miles from Baltimore, had sued the inspector for injuries alleged to have been inflicted on one of his cows by attaching a numbered tag to the animal's ear. He claims that the fright caused by the tagging operation injured the cow to an extent that she will not recover for a year or two. The opening statement of the other side was that the tag was attached as directed by the Live Stock Sanitary Board, which passed a resolution that all cattle within a radius of six miles of the City Hall should be marked with numbered tags, the object being to stamp out pleuro-pneumonia from that locality. It was stated that the sum of $200,000 had been expended by the United States in attempting to eradicate this disease.

CLIPPED BITS OF WIT.

They call gum an elective at Vassar because the students needn't take it unless they chew.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The kind and correct thing to say to the comer home is: "I hope you feel rested from your vacation." Nobody says, "rested by your vacation" except those who haven't had any.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Miss Ancientmaid (to Rusticboy)—Yes, dear, I return to the city to-morrow. Alas! we must indeed part! But why do you weep?

Rusticboy—I am sympathizing with the city fellows.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Is your father easy to get along with?" asked George as they sat on the doorstep.

"Why, certainly. What made you ask?"

"Nothing; only he seems to be a good deal of a kicker."—*Washington Capital.*

Old Gentleman (passing through hall)—I don't want to see you kiss my daughter again, young man. Do you hear?

Young man (in parlor)—I do, sir; I'll close the door next time.—*New York Sun.*

Head Clerk—I'm letting my whiskers grow, sir.

So I see; but I can't permit employes to grow their whiskers in business hours. They must do that in their own time.—*Toronto Grip.*

Briggs—I had a dickens of a time to-day, I tell you.

Braggs—What was it?

Briggs—Just for fun I shook my fist at a blind beggar across the street and he chased me three blocks up an alley before I could get away.—*Terre Haute Enterprise.*

A Gap Somewhere—"Did you hear my speech last evening?" said a Congressman to a friend.

"Yes; pretty good effort."

"It was short-handed."

"I thought that there was something of that kind about it. A clerk or a private secretary off on his leave? I imagined when I heard it that you were short-handed somewhere."—*Washington Critic.*

Mrs. A.—I met Mr. B. on Madison avenue this afternoon, and I hardly recognized him.

Mr. A.—What was the matter with him?

Mrs. A.—He was out fishing and got dreadfully sunburnt. He said it was caused by the reflection of the water.

Mr. A.—Reflection of the water? Humph, the reflection of the water will sunburn a man down in a cellar if he takes as big a flask with him as B. does when he goes fishing.—*Texas Siftings.*