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PITTSBURG, MONDAY, OCT. 7, 1889.

BOULANGER'S END.

The second ballots in the French elections seem to emphasize the success of the Republican government in the first ballotting. The estimates give the party in power two-thirds of the seats, and in several districts of the Seine, where the Boulanger party might be expected to develop strength, the Republicans have elected their candidates.

In the meantime, the complete eclipse of Boulanger is indicated in the abandonment of his name by his quondam supporters, who now call themselves Revisionists, and discard the name of their late leader. Whether this stab in the house of friends is due to the defeat of the General or to the withdrawal of funds by the Orleans faction, may be a subject for discussion; but it does not leave much doubt that Boulanger is a political corpse.

This may, therefore, be taken as the end of a political movement which was founded on humbug and which met with the inevitable crash as promptly as it deserved.

END OF A COMPACT.

A rather significant termination of the boycott which the fire insurance companies of the East declared upon the State of New Hampshire, as a punishment for passing its valued policy law, is furnished by the withdrawal of the Etna Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, from what is known as the "New Hampshire compact." The compact was to abstain from all business relations with New Hampshire until the law was repealed. The compact was a practical declaration that paying business could be done with New Hampshire, even under the law. If there was no paying business it did not need a compact for the companies to withdraw from the State, as the one that got out the soonest would be the best off. This action on the part of the Etna is a virtual admission of the fact that a State can get along without the insurance companies better than the insurance companies can get along without a State where there is good business for them.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF MEANNESS.

It was difficult to imagine how anything more remarkably mean than the record which New York has made in connection with the Grant monument could be evolved. That city proceeds to beat its own record by a proposition, reported to come from a G. A. R. post, to assess the pensioners of the United States one per cent of the slender funds which they draw from the Treasury, in order to raise the money to build the monument.

The one class in the country which should be sacred from such an attack on their narrow incomes is that composed of the old soldiers who draw modest and, in the majority of cases, even petty allowances from the Government. The proposition is widely supported to increase these allowances on the plea of their needs in old age. To propose to tax the veterans in order to build a monument which New York is too stingy to furnish the funds for, in order to raise the money from the class least able to pay it, is an achievement of pettiness which beggars comment.

The remarkable argument is made that the sum drawn from each pensioner is so slight that it would not be felt. One per cent on a pension of $10 per month is only ten cents, it is urged; but on the total $80,000,000 of pensions it amounts to $800,000, which would furnish New York with a fine monument. The argument might hold good with regard to other classes. One per cent on what the money kings of New York make by manipulations and combinations would never be felt and would yield a much larger sum. One per cent on what the fashionable people of New York spend in luxury and folly each year could well be spared, and would not only build a monument to Grant but would honor his memory by furnishing some millions more for the care of disabled and needy soldiers. But to apply this principle only to the poor pensioners, and to argue that the old veteran who has to sustain age on an allowance of $120 will not feel a tax of $1 20, in order that the rich New Yorkers can escape making good their pledge out of their millions, is an effort of logic on behalf of the wealthy that would be silly if it were not so shameful.

A monument to Grant erected by such means would dishonor his memory instead of honoring it.

THE USUAL EMBELLISHMENT.

So it seems that the embellisher got in his work on the early reports of the trial of the new United States war vessel Baltimore, as well as in the case of her predecessors. When the first statements were made of her remarkable speed and the gratifying excess of horsepower, THE DISPATCH expressed the hope that there would be no such discount of them in the official figures as took place in the case of the Charleston. But the official report shows that the horsepower fell below the contract requirement, and that the speed, while very good, did not reach 20 knots. It is true that there is a doubt as to the accuracy of the indicators which tested the horsepower; and that the circumstances warrant a new trial; but that being the case, what was the use of saying nothing about it and overwhelming the public with fairy tales of 21-knot speed and a couple of thousand surplus horsepower? Someone is evidently in need of a lesson on the commercial and journalistic value of truth.

THE REGULAR WAR CLOUDS.

The old story about the impossibility of war in Europe because the Rothschilds could not afford it, is reversed by the current reports from Europe. If the inferences of the newspaper writers are true the Paris Rothschilds can afford it. Perhaps they are in a position where they can make a profit out of war, that will recover their losses in the copper syndicate; but, however that may be, the gossip is to the effect that by making a loan to Russia of $400,000,000, they have placed the Czar in a position to put his armies in motion next spring.

Of course this comes from the sources which are always turning out reports of expected hostilities; and it may be said that so much emphasis on the negotiation of loans indicates some barrenness of other news looking toward war. Nevertheless the fact is beyond doubt that Europe is in constant apprehension of an outbreak. Possibly that apprehension is what has staved off actual hostilities so long. But constant fear alone cannot avert war forever; and in view of the efforts made by Bismarck to prevent the negotiation of this Russian loan, the fact that it is at last placed makes the suspicion not wholly untoundeded, that it is to furnish the sinews of war next year.

The European powers have been getting ready to fight for many years. If they are quite certain that it must come, the United States can disinterestedly advise them to have it out, and can back up the advice by furnishing them with provisions and ammunition in large amounts.

OBJECTS OF LABOR STATISTICS.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor, calls the attention of THE DISPATCH to the fact that the act of Congress creating his department charges it with the duty of acquiring and diffusing information, among other details, as to "the means of promoting the material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity" of working men and women. Mr. Wright also states that the divorce statistics were collected last year by special authorization of Congress.

This absolves Mr. Wright from any inference that he has pursued his statistical inquiries into fields not warranted by the law; but it does not alter the fact that the practical result of directing inquiries into these fields is at least disappointing, while fields are neglected in which exact and reliable deductions concerning important issues could be obtained. The law creating the Department of Labor also directs inquiries into the relations of capital to labor, and the earnings of working men and women. While it would, perhaps, be hairsplitting to claim that because the law states these objects first, they should precede in importance those which appear to have been selected, it is necessary to say that more important and practical information is to be obtained by thorough and constant statistical inquiry in that line.

For instance, a few years ago very significant information was furnished concerning the effect of combinations of capital on wages, by the annual publication of the wages paid to coal miners in the different counties of this state. These statistics showed that in the districts controlled by combinations, wages were 30 to 40 per cent lower than under competition. This furnished a very important light on the general claim that competition is the destruction of wages. Singularly enough, about the time that these figures began to bear on important public issues, their collection by the Bureau of this State entirely ceased.

If the United States department had taken up and extended that line of inquiry, it might have led to important information concerning the conditions of capital under which labor gets the highest wages. If that point is made clear we may discover by experience that it has a decided bearing on the social, intellectual and moral prosperity of working men and women.

THE news that the people of Pierre, S. D., went on a spree over the selection of their town for State capital, and put up the prices of lots a thousand per cent, furnishes a stronger foundation for the real estate boom than most Western towns require. Whisky seems to have been at the bottom of this rise in real estate; while in a large majority of cases the inflating element is nothing stronger than wind and water.

THE proposition to assess the pensioners of the United States in order to obtain the funds for the Grant monument is the climax of New York's meanness. All further efforts in that line are unnecessary. That record of wealthy stinginess cannot be surpassed.

WHILE the decision of U. S. Judge Sawyer that the killing of Terry by Nagle was "entirely justifiable in law," was a remarkable assertion of jurisdiction, the declaration of the San Joaquin county grand jury that it was "intentional and deliberate murder" indicates a disposition to prejudge the case which confirms the opinion that California justice is fearfully and wonderfully made.

THE bursting of the Liverpool cotton corner and the Chicago pork corner indicate that this is a year for cornering the corners. Even the trusts are getting squeezed. Natural justice may do its work if legal justice will not.

"CONGRESS may be more favorable to railroads than to rivers, from the dislike of water which statesmen often acquire in the course of politics," remarks the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. This intimation of a belief that the rivers have more water in them than the railroads, displays what would be remarkable anywhere else than in Kentucky, a decided ignorance of railroads and water.

NEW YORK has got the League pennant. With that glory, it does not care for a little thing like the World's Fair. At least it does not care enough to put up the money for it.

SENATOR FARWELL'S explanation of the high price of beef by the allegation that the people will only eat the good cuts, carries the implication that the ordinary cuts of meat can be obtained for little or nothing. An attempt to buy cheap meat on that theory would cut up Senator Farwell's argument into mince meat.

THE report that the telegraph wires are going underground in Philadelphia almost permits the hope that the reform may strike Pittsburg some time in the sweet by and by.

THE Standard Oil Company kindly explains that it does not want the earth, any more than it wanted to refine Ohio petroleum last year. It sticks to its platform in the prior case by confining itself to efforts to prevent any one else from getting a share of what it does not want.

THE reported revival of a demand for Confederate currency and defunct State bank bills in the South indicates an alarming dearth of waste paper.

IF the fellows who have been predicting earthquakes and destructive storms for the beginning of this week had been satisfied with the modest prediction of a moderate cold wave they would now be enjoying the fame of soothsayers, who manage to hit it once in a while.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN, the most popular German novelist, recently celebrated his 70th birthday.

EDWIN EVERETT HALE says that when he was in college he and his chum took the first daguerreotype ever made in Boston.

CAPTAIN PARSONS is the oldest living male born in Wilkesbarre, Pa. His yearly rentals from coal lands amount to over $85,000.

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia, the brother of the Emperor, will visit King Humbert of Italy on his way to Athens. His Majesty will make him chief of the Dragoon Regiment, Savoy.

AMONG the distinguished octogenarians who make a practice of early rising may be named Cardinal Newman. He is very feeble, but still receives visitors, and always treats Americans with especial cordiality and courtesy.

ARCHBISHOP POTTER, Bishop of Bombay, whose death has just been announced, was a Jesuit father and a great linguist, as he wrote and spoke seven European languages and over a dozen of the native tongues of India and Asia. He was an inveterate chess player, and on one occasion was known to have forgotton his vesper service while absorbed in the game. For this his self-inflicted punishment was no chess for two months, to him a most severe punishment.

THE admirers of Prince Bismarck in Germany are developing plans to found a Bismarck Museum in Berlin on the next birthday anniversary of the Chancellor. Collections have been made already and requests sent out for all relics pertaining to the Prince or his family. It will, in all probability, be arranged somewhat after the style of the well-known Hohenzollern Museum, which is in one of the palaces of Frederick the Great. The Chancellor is flattered by the idea.

KING OTTO, of Bavaria, narrowly escaped being killed a short time ago, in his castle of Fursteuried. While passing through the dining room, the chandelier fell from the ceiling, and just grazed the head of His Majesty. An attendant, who stood nearby, was badly wounded. The rooms of the castle have since been examined, and, with two exceptions, declared unsafe and unfit for habitation. The King is now confined in these two rooms. His condition is considered more hopeless than ever.

HIS BOOTS ARE NUMBER 16.

A Six-Foot Connecticut Boy With Astonishingly Large Feet.

PUTNAM, CONN., October 6.—Mr. Arnold of Thompson is only 16 years old, but he is over six feet tall and his feet are famous. They are bigger than any other feet in Windham county and perhaps in the New England States. Young Thompson stepped into Eli Tracy's shoe shop at Central Village the other day and said he would like to have the shoeman make him a pair of boots.

"All right," said Eli, "just put your foot on this measure, and I'll get your size."

Thompson tried to do as he had been bidden, but found it impossible to comply with the request. Although Tracy slipped the marker out to the jumping-off place on the measure, there was not nearly room enough to accommodate the young man's extraordinary foot.

"Well," said he, looking up aghast, "I never! You beat the record. What size boot do you usually wear?"

"Oh, generally I can get on sixteens," replied the youth with ingenuous complacency, "but latterly they've pinched my feet some, and I guess I'll take a size or two larger this time."

Tracy then made an approximate estimate of the big foot, and found that it called for a boot one inch and a half longer than his measure. "I can't fill the oill for you," said he, "for you take a boot that is bigger than any last that is made."

So young Thompson had to away without hope, and he is in a dilemma. The prospect is that he will have to go unshod during the remainder of his life unless he can persuade some liberal-soled contractor to make a last especially for his use, which will be expensive. Thompson is not the only six-footer and big-footer in his family. He has a sister who is six feet tall, but it wouldn't do for any one to draw further conclusions.

A MESSENGER BOY WELL PAID.

He Receives Fees Amounting to Nearly $6 From the Presidental Party.

Harry Schoolcraft, a messenger boy at Deer Park, has had a streak of luck. He was employed by the President to do some errands, and Mr. Halford was told by both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison to give him a good fee. As a result of these commands Mr. Halford gave the lad $3, but did not mention the fact to anyone. Mrs. Halford passed him a little later, and, fearful that her husband had forgotten him, she drew out a dollar and handed it to the boy. As the train pulled up Harry was perched on the railing to get a last view of his munificent but departing patrons. Mrs. Harrison saw him.

"The little messenger boy, Benjamin, don't forget him."

"Ah, yes," said the absent-minded President, shaking hands with the surprised Harry and leaving in his palm change that amounted to exactly $1 80. In the car the subject was mentioned.

"Did you ——?" queried Mrs. Halford.

"I did," answered her husband.

"It is all right, Halford, I had the change, so I fed it to the boy," said the President.

"So did I," remarked the Secretary pensively, looking out of the observation end of the fast departing car to the open-mouthed lad on the fence, who still held one hand full of the President's quarters and drew from his pocket with the other Uncle's munificent donations, the whole aggregating $5 80.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS SURPRISED.

They Took a Picture of a Drowning Scene and Didn't Know It.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, October 6.—Amateur Photographers Charles Wylie, of New York, and William Maginnis, of New Orleans, started one Sunday afternoon recently from the Maplewood Hotel, in Pittsfield, to get some views at Pontoosuc Lake, a lovely sheet of water nestling between the hills to the north of the town. Reaching the lake and selecting a vantage ground, they placed their camera in position and made a shot. Twenty minutes later they met an excited man on the roadway who told them that a rowboat had been overturned on the lake and that two of its four occupants had been drowned.

On reaching their hotel the photographers developed several plates taken that afternoon, and their surprise may be imagined when they discovered on the negative taken at the lake a reproduction of the drowning scene. There was the overturned boat, with one man clinging to its stern and another's head just visible above the water. The young photographers had no knowledge of the accident that had occurred before them at the time they took the picture.

TOADS AT $50 EACH.

Mr. Sellers Engages in a Novel But Apparently Profitable Business.

From the San Diego (Cal.) Union.]

A few weeks ago Mr. Ilderton, of this city, left for a visit among relatives in England. Mr. Campion, the real estate man, gave him a horned toad to present with his compliments to a brother of Mr. Sellers, his partner. A letter just received from Mr. Ilderton says that he has not only had a jolly good time, but thinks he has discovered a new source of revenue for San Diego county, and especially for his friend Campion. He found Mr. Sellers' brother at Nottingham and presented him with the horned toad, which was a great curiosity in that country.

To possess the handsome "varmint" became the desire of several of Sellers' friends, and a lively bidding ensued, and the result was that Sellers disposed of it for the snug sum of £10—$50—and writes for more toads. Campion says that until real estate picks up he will go into the toad business, and he has about 500 of the product stuffed, and expects to start a large shipment of English gold toward San Diego in the near future.

A School Teacher's Good Fortune.

PARKERSBURG, October 6.—John L. Grove, a school teacher of Berkeley, has fallen heir to $40,000. An elderly lady of Frostburg, Md., took a fancy to him some time since, and on her death bed a few days ago she made Grove her principal heir.

Merely a Coincidence.

From the Washington Star.]

It is an interesting coincidence that the chestnut season begins in the markets and on the political stump about the same date every year.

Rev. Thomas Hubbard Vail.

BRYN MAWR, PA., October 6.—The Right Rev. Thomas Hubbard Vail, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the diocese of Kansas, died here this morning, after an illness of two weeks.

THE CRITIC.

A Door Into the Seventeenth Century—A Gift of Unconventional Speech—Differences in Historical Novels—Beginnings in New England and Pennsylvania—Boy Travelers in Mexico.

Whoever opens "Micah Clarke, His Statement" (Longmans, Green & Co.), opens a door into the seventeenth century. The statement of Micah Clarke relates to "certain passages in his early life," and is made to his three grandchildren during the long evenings of the hard winter of 1734, and from his lips, by the eldest of the three, day by day set down, and now from the original manuscript, arranged in order by A. Conan Doyle.

"A. Conan Doyle" is a queer name, almost too queer to be really used by anybody every day. Still there is no rule for giving names—unfortunately. Perhaps A. Conan Doyle is not a pen name after all. Anyway, whether the name is real or only invented, it belongs to the writer of an uncommonly good story.

"If "A. Conan Doyle" were to be taken off the title page, and "Robert Louis Stevenson" were to be written in the place of it, there would be no reason for any critical surprise. "Micah Clarke" is more like the work of Mr. Stevenson than "The Wrong Box" is. "Micah Clarke" is in the manner of "Kidnaped." It is just as good a story as "Kidnaped"—or let us frankly say, a better story, with more of interest in its characters and in its plot. It takes one just as completely out of the air and view of the days we live in, into other times and scenes; and the style of it is charming for its own sake.

They had the gift of speech in the seventeenth century. They had a way of saying even commonplace things which made them sound quite unconventional. The statement of "Micah Clarke" is put in seventeenth century language. It catches that fresh and charming strain.

"Micah Clarke" is set down under the head of fiction, but it belongs better among the histories. In 1685, James II. being King of England, and hated by his Puritan subjects for his enmity toward Protestant religion, James, Duke of Monmouth, who had fled to Holland, came secretly back, put himself at the head of a handful of troops and summoned all the disaffected folk in England to his standard, calling himself king. The uprising was speedily put down. At the battle of Sedgemoor the troops of Monmouth, set in a position of disadvantage against a bottomless ditch, and weakened by the cowardice of their leader, were hopelessly defeated. The rebel chief was sent to the block. And as for his followers, Chief-Justice Jeffreys came down and held that "bloody circuit" which has made his name everlastingly infamous, and meted out savage punishment to them.

This is the substance of the statement of "Micah Clarke." Except that while one can read this much briefly enough in "Green's History of the English People," you not only read it here, but you live in the midst of it. Back go the clock hands 800 years. It is century the seventeenth, and the scene is turbulent England. These places and people stand out like life. The households of the Puritans, the den of the smugglers, the old man in his lonely hut working at the ancient problem how to make gold out of iron—a problem which we in Pittsburg know how to work out pretty well—the fight with the fanatics in Wells Cathedral, the battle beside the fatal "Rhine," and the vacillating Monmouth, and the mad Jeffreys, "The Devil in Wig and Gown," and Micah Clarke with his good friends, and Decimus Saxon, the soldier of fortune, and Hector Marot, the highwayman—you close the book, and it is all as distinct and real as if it happened yesterday.

There are historical novels and historical novels. And there is as much difference between them as there is between an inkbottle and a bottle of ink. But when one gets a first-rate, carefully written, interesting and fairly accurate historic novel, it is better than 40 regular histories. It is the difference, as I said, between reading about an event and living in the neighborhood, within sight and sound of it. Scott and Shakespeare wrote the best histories of England. That is the sort of book "Micah Clarke" is.

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"Micah Clarke" knew very well what he was about when he mounted his stout horse "Covenant" and started out to help put James II. out of his throne. He knew that he was setting himself on liberty's side. But we know what it all meant now, better than he could. Because we see the perspective now and understand how puritanism fitted into the general progress of things.

The study of history has shared in that general improvement in ways of doing almost everything which marks the last half century. This is especially noticeable in this matter of perspective, of looking at events as they stand in line, finding out what their place is and what they mean.

It seems, at first thought, a little queer and remote to begin a history of the planting of New England with a study of the political methods of Greece and Rome. It makes one think of Knickerbocker's "History of New York," which started with the primeval chaos. This, however, is the way in which Mr. John Fiske introduces "The Beginnings of New England (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). He starts with the ancient ways of nations, making you watch the progress of the argument as one might watch an expert blackboard artist. Here is a line and there is a dot, and yonder is a curve. What is it going to be? How are these marks to be marshalled into the promised shape?

Mr. Fiske makes it speedily clear. History shows that nations have been made after three methods: In the Oriental way, by conquest without incorporation; in the Roman way, by conquest with incorporation, but without representation; finally, by the English way, which our barbarian ancestors somehow worked out amid their forests and brought with them when they came down and conquered Rome, by incorporation with representation. It was for this English principle that the Puritans stood when they rose up in a day when power was everywhere getting more and more centered in kings' hands, and the rights of the people were every day getting to be less regarded, and cut a King's head off and put their representative, a man of the people, in his place.

Some people think of the Puritans as grim-faced men, who broke the beautiful stained windows in the old cathedrals and never kissed their wives on Sunday. They were bigoted, stern, ungraceful men. There is no doubt of that. But the Puritans saved to the world the "English idea." This fight was for liberty. The United States of America is the monument of their victory.

The story of the Puritan exodus, of the journey of the Mayflower, of the beginning of the colony, of the immediate setting up of representative government, of the division of the Legislature into two bodies on account of a dispute about a stray pig, of the founding of Harvard College by public taxation in the midst of dangers and dissensions, of the interminable theological discussions which taught men to think and made freedom of thought possible, of divisions and persecutions, of bigotry and fanaticism, of the wars with the Piquots, and the Narragansetts, and the Nipmucks, of the days of terror when no man's scalp sat steadily upon his head, of the oppressions from over the sea and of brave resistance to them. This Mr. Fiske narrates with that perfect clearness, truth, and fairness which characterizes all his work.

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Our forefathers here in Pennsylvania had an easier time of it, by far, than the Puritans. We used to be taught at school that this was due to the peaceful influences of the Quakers. It seems, however, as Mr. Fiske tells us, that it was due rather to the peace-making influences of the great Iroquois league. These powerful Indians had been fighting, when Penn came with the ferocious Susquehannocks, and had conquered them almost off the face of the earth. The Indians whom Penn found were Delawares. The Iroquois had beaten them so that they had submitted to be called "women." But the Iroquois were friends of the English. It was not until after that change in Indian politics which showed itself in Braddock's defeat that the English had any serious trouble here.

The Iroquois sided with the English because they hated the French. And they hated the French by reason of certain foolish musket shots which a gay young courtier named Champlain had fired at a company of them one day beside the lake which bears his name. The three steel-clad Frenchmen who made an attack that day upon 300 naked Indians, had little notion what mischief they were doing. To them one Indian nation was like another. But that absurd little skirmish settled it forever that France should not be the prevailing power in this new country.

Champlain was the first white man who saw that part of this country which we call Vermont. It is with this significant incident that Mr. John L. Heaton begins "The Story of Vermont" (Lothrop-Weldin). It is not to the advantage of "The Story of Vermont" to read it just after "The Beginnings of New England," because Mr. Fiske is one of the masters. Nevertheless, Mr. Heaton has done good work here. And this handsome book, with its clear pages and excellent pictures, will no doubt attract readers who would not care very much for the philosophizings of Mr. Fiske. Here is the straightforward story of a great State. The wars with the Indians, the brave deeds of the "Green Mountain Boys," the War of Independence, the building of the State, the anti-liquor and anti-slavery agitation, the part which the soldiers of the State took in the War of the Rebellion, and the progress of things since, are all told clearly and well. At the end of the book is a valuable historical epitome, in which the growth of the State is divided into eras—beginnings, discovery, colonization, dispute, formation, development, progress. This is excellent.

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From Vermont to Mexico would have been a dangerous and interminable journey not so very long ago. It is hard to realize that only 60 years have passed since Charles Carroll, signer of the Declaration of Independence, spoke the oration at the opening of the first section of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. To-day Mr. Thomas W. Knox takes his "Boy Travelers" the whole world over. Boys did little traveling 100 years ago. It took men with the nerve of that old pirate, Dampier, to venture far from home.

We may sit in our easy chairs and travel now. Any boy can go to Mexico for $8 00. That is the price of "The Boy Travelers in Mexico" (Harper's—Weldin.) This is the tenth journey in the Boy Travelers' series. Like all the others, it is full of interest, and profit, and pictures. Lucky are the boys who get into the company of Mr. Knox.

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The boy travelers took the overland route to Mexico, going through Texas. If they had taken boat at New Orleans and pushed out into the Gulf they might have seen what is left of Lost Island. Lost Island was once a resort of pleasure-seekers. There were five cottages there and a large hotel. But one night, 40 years ago, the sea rushed in upon the island, as it did the other day upon Atlantic City, only a hundred times harder, and tore almost the whole of it away. Down went the cottages, down went the hotel, and everybody in them, into the black water.

They were dancing that night at the great hotel. The Captain of the Star, as the fierce gale blew the boat in toward the dangerous coast, heard the band playing Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz."

"Waltzing!" cried the Captain? God help them! God help us all now! The wind waltzes to-night, with the sea for his partner! O, the stupendous Valse-Tourbillon! O the mighty dancer! one-two-three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south: then from the south he came, whirling the sea in his arms."

The next day Felin, a fisherman on the gulf shore, carried home in his arms a little baby which he had saved out of the wreckage. And his wife Carmen named the baby "Chita." Chita's mother had been drowned, and her father saved. She, too, was lost, her father thought. At last, years afterward, by accident he came sick to Felin's cottage and saw his child and died.

This is the story by which Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has written his book, "Chita." (Harper's—Weldin). The charm of "Chita" is in the telling of the story. It is refreshing, amid the realistic chronicles of the commonplace which crowd the bookstores nowadays, to find a writer who is not afraid of enthusiasm and not ashamed of exclamation marks. The description of that fierce August storm which turned Lost Island into a desert is worth everybody's reading. It is like one of Turner's pictures.

CATCHING 400-POUND TURTLES.

The Curious Methods Practiced by the Fishermen of New Zealand.

Auckland Letter to New York Times.]

There are several curious ways of catching turtles. While lying asleep on the water in the sun, a canoe will silently approach, its crew seize the animal, and tumble him aboard "before he knows where he is." He is turned on his back, for otherwise he would climb out and swamp the boat in short order. A native will also swim up quietly behind the sleeping beast, spring on the back of his shell, and hold on in such a way that he cannot dive. Having no idea of escaping in any other way, he can be steered whithersoever his captor chooses. Considerable agility and nerve are necessary in accomplishing this feat, for if the man should miss his leap and fall back into the water he is liable to be dangerously cut by the animal's flippers. An inexpert person or one who wished to have some fun with the turtle might grasp him by the tail. If so, like the Irishman who devised the plan of catching a bull by the horns and rubbing his nose in the dirt, he will do well to laugh first. The turtle has his tail close up to his body, whereby the man's hand is held as fast as in a vise, and then dive with him to the bottom of the sea. Most of the turtles, however, are captured on the beaches, whither the females land to lay their eggs, and the males accompany them out of gallantry or to keep guard.

The eggs are laid in a perpendicular cavity about a yard deep, at the bottom of a great circular excavation, which the turtle scrapes by whirling around like a fly with its wings singed, and violently plying its flippers. There are usually over a hundred eggs in a litter. When surprised, the turtle offers no resistance, but makes off at a pace surprisingly rapid in so clumsy an animal, and which a good runner can hardly keep up with in the sand. To turn a turtle weighing 400 pounds on its back and thus capture it, while it is scuttling through deep sand, requires more knack than strength. A turtle's progress on land is by a series of wriggling jerks from side to side, and the fisher, taking advantage of the moment when it cants away from him, overturns it with ease. The young are hatched in a month, making their appearance when about the size of an American silver dollar, and are prepared to begin life on their own hook at once, which they do by rushing for the sea as rapidly as possible. Many of them never reach it, however, being caught by birds if it be day and by the land-crabs at night.

ASCENSION ROBES PREPARED.

Jersey Adventists Prophesy That the World Will End To-Day.

LONG BRANCH, October 6.—Three miles to the westward, in the vicinity of Monmouth Park, is an old colony of Second Adventists, and they have fixed upon to-morrow night, October 7, as the end of the world. Though there is some difference of opinion in the Advent community on the subject, a majority of the Adventists about here seem to be convinced that the end is at hand, but they do not like to speak about their belief for fear of ridicule. The Adventists in this county are most numerous in West Long Branch, Eatontown and Oceanport. Their preparations for translation have been made secretly. Every true believer has a white ascension robe ready and will repair to some elevation to-morrow night to wait for the end.

Elder Esek Walcott, the leading spirit in the Advent Church here, declined to give any information on the subject, but he has not made a free distribution of his property and does not intend to. Fully one-third of the Adventists are not in sympathy with their brethren. The news of the coming end of the world is particularly alarming to some of the negroes about here.

ARTHUR WALLACK QUIETLY WED.

He Was Secretly Married to Miss Jessie Churchill on September 9.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, October 6.—Arthur Wallack, the son of the late Lester Wallack, was married on September 9 to Miss Jessie Churchill, the daughter of Edward S. Churchill, of 363 Fifth avenue. The ceremony was performed at Mr. Churchill's cottage, at Lake Mahopac. Only the immediate friends of the bride were present.

Mr. Wallack's first wife died a year ago. She was a daughter of Theodore Moss. The newly married couple dispensed with the customary honeymoon trip, and are now in this city.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL.

ANCIENT Greek saying: A man, hearing that a raven would live 200 years, bought one to try it.

BOSTON *Transcript:* Many a man considers himself a great gun when, in fact, he is nothing but a smooth bore.

NEW ORLEANS *Picayune:* A man is famous when he is listened to in both hemispheres and not believed in either.

YONKERS *Statesman:* The pugilist would rather give than receive, and yet, when in battle, he shows that he is close-fisted.

BOSTON *Traveller:* The man who claims the right to think for himself should be tolerant toward those who disagree with him.

BINGHAMTON *Leader:* When a man is corned he fancies that the community has one greate ar for his especial accommodation.

MUNSEY'S *Weekly:* It is hard work to be good. After the average man has put in about half a day trying at it, he feels like laying off indefinitely.

SOMERVILLE *Journal:* You cannot always tell by the size of the number of a man's check how rich he is. It isn't what he draws out of the bank, but what he lets stay in, that may interest his creditors.

MINISTERS' MISTAKES.

Errors Which Clergymen Are Liable to Make—Amusing Result of a Reproof From the Pulpit.

One of the standing admonitions which an Allegheny theological professor was wont to give to his classes in the olden time was, "Never suggest an infidel objection in the pulpit, which you are not perfectly sure of your ability to overturn. In other words, do not raise the devil unless you are sure you can knock him down."

There is a very large nugget of wisdom in the advice. The writer has often been reminded of the counsel of the old theological professor in listening to some minister whose education and advantages were none of the best, while he obliterated, to his own satisfaction, Huxley and Darwin and Herbert Spencer at one fell swoop.

There are, in every congregation of worshippers, some who are not ready to accept loud assertion for logic, and the devil is not always downed in minds where he is raised by the preacher. It is not long since a Pittsburg preacher denounced Hume's argument against miracles as not being worth the paper it was written on. The fact that the wisest theologians have been for a century expending their utmost force in attempts to meet Hume's argument is proof enough that it is a very strong statement of the anti-orthodox idea, and thoughtful hearers are not satisfied with such summary annihilation of Hume as that. It is unworthy of notice.

Influence of a Poet's Words.

Many years ago a prominent minister of this vicinity, in a sermon to students, quoted the following sentiment from Pope to combat it:

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

The effect of the preacher's effort, so far as one student was concerned, was to impress indelibly in his mind the sentiment of Pope, while all the rest of the sermon was soon erased from the memory. And, as the years roll on, that student is more and more impressed with the truth of Pope's couplet.

The clergyman who is charged with the care of a congregation, and who must needs devote a large part of his time to visiting the sick, burying the dead, and looking after a thousand and one things pertaining to his flock, of which the outside world knows very little, would be a phenomenal man if he could successfully combat Ingersoll and the scientists in his pulpit efforts. The wise thing for him is to tackle the questions of religious life and character, concerning which there is no controversy, and ignore the matters which free thinkers and scientists delight to discuss. Let him by all means follow the advice of the old professor and not raise the devil unless he is perfectly sure of his ability to wipe him out.

Reproving an Erring Brother.

Herbert, Spencer and Tyndall are possessed of abilities and opportunities far beyond any average minister, and the best plan for the preacher is to let such severely alone.

The writer once knew a preacher whose patience was sorely tried by a leading member of his flock, who was disposed to kick in the traces when he could not have his own way. The preacher concluded to tackle the brother from the pulpit. The description he gave of the troubles in Israel was close enough to lead the brethren and sisters to exchange significant glances toward the offending brother who sat in the amen corner. When the minister reached his climax by the affirmation that "churches were cursed by those who would not be sheep unless they could be bellwethers and that the cause of Christ would go on triumphantly when all such were rotting in their graves," the brother for whose benefit the sermon was preached, broke forth in a stentorian "Amen," which sent a ripple of laughter over the congregation and caused the occupant of the pulpit to labor in manifest distress until the end of his sermon.

He afterward acknowledged that the brother in the amen corner was ahead in the controversy, though he did the business with one emphatic word. J. H. Y.

THE ZETETIC PHILOSOPHY.

One of Its Disciples Tries to Prove That the Earth is Flat.

From Carpenter's Folly, Philadelphia.]

The Zetetic philosophy, which proves absolutely and without a shadow of doubt that earth is a plane and not a planet, has in it no theories, but establishes its conclusions upon facts alone. Many of these facts are of such a nature that not to know all about them will soon be deemed a sign of ignorance. The people should know that the surface of standing water is level, whether it be in the form of a pond, a lake, a canal, a sea or an ocean, and that it makes no difference at all how many people, in consequence of false teachings, believe it to be curved; that in no surveyors' operations in the construction of railroads, tunnels, or canals is any "allowance" made for the "curvature" of the earth's surface, although the books tell us that it is necessary; that the view from a balloon in the air is that of a flat earth and not of a globe; that the river Paraguay, in 300 miles, does not fall a foot—that, for the last 500 miles, the Amazon falls but 10 feet, 6 inches—and that the Nile, in a thousand miles, falls but a foot.

Sailors can see the light at Cape Hatteras 40 miles out at sea, whereas on the globe theory it ought to be more than 900 feet below the level line of sight; strain your eyes as you please, you can never see a ship coming "up," for, at the furthest distance that you can, by any means, see a ship, it is on a level with the eye; the horizon always rises on and on just as you rise on; if the mariner were to take a "globe" with him with which to navigate the ocean he would wreck his ship; meridians are straight lines diverging from the central north toward the south in all directions horizontally—"parallels of latitude" only are circles—and on a globe, the pointing of a compass north and south is clearly impossible; sailing westerly is sailing round horizontally with the north star on your right hand, and sailing easterly is sailing in the same horizontal mode, with the north star on your left—and all the money in the United States Treasury would not buy a proof of so much as the bare possibility of sailing down a globe, under a globe, and up the other side!

Effect of Chicago Smoke.

From the New York Sun.]

We learn from our esteemed cotemporary, the Chicago *Herald*, of "the absence of the devil from the moral city of Chicago." It may be conjectured from the retirement of this leading citizen of Cook county how strong and terrible the smoke nuisance has become.

An Excellent Equipment.

From the Boston Herald.]

Sir Julian Pauncefote is on his way back to this country with all his pretty daughters. He couldn't be better equipped for diplomacy in Washington.

THE TELEGRAM.

"Is this the tel'graph office?"
Asked a childish voice one day,
As I noted the click of my instrument
With its message from far away.
As it ceased I turned; at my elbow
Stood the merest scrap of a boy,
Whose childish face was all aglow
With the light of a hidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead
Shaded eyes of the deepest blue,
As if a bit of the summer sky
Had lost in them its hue.
They scanned my office rapidly,
From ceiling down to floor,
Then turned on mine their eager gaze,
And he asked the question o'er.

"Is this the tel'graph office?"
"It is, my little man,"
I said; "pray tell me what you want,
And I'll tell you if I can."
Then the blue eyes grew more eager,
And the breath came thick and fast;
And I saw within the chubby hands
A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the lightning
Came down the wires some day,
And my mamma has gone to heaven,
And I'm lonely since she is away;
For my papa is very busy,
And hasn't much time for me,
So I thought I'd write her a letter,
And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big so the angels
Could read out quick the name,
And carry it straight to my mamma,
And tell her how it came;
And now won't you please to take it,
And throw it up good and strong
Against the wires in a yander shower,
And the lightning will