The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889.

REVENUES AND SURPLUS.

The report of the Treasurer of the United States shows that the revenue of the last fiscal year was $387,000,000, the expenditures $299,000,000 and the surplus $88,000,000, in round numbers. The revenue and expenditures were among the largest on record outside of the times of war finance. The surplus is somewhat decreased from last year.

These figures show, first, the needlessly large revenue of the Government, and next the lavish expenditure which is stimulated by the presence of immense surplus. While the growth of the country renders natural a moderate increase of Government expenses, growth of expenditures from the vicinity of $200,000,000 in the last decade to that of $300,000,000 must be attributed to the extravagance that comes of having more money than we know how to use.

Congress has been trying for two years to reduce the surplus revenues. It is to be hoped that it will reach some plan of doing it at the coming session.

NAMES AND CONSOLIDATION.

The discomforts of the Mansfield people from the similarity of their name to other the Mansfield, in Tioga county, and the proximity of Chartiers borough, which also has a double in Chartiers station at the foot of the valley is producing a decided agitation for a consolidation and change of names. The advantages of a consolidation which will make a thriving municipality of 9,000 or 10,000 people are obvious. The adoption of a name which will be expressive of the prosperity of the thriving community, and the beauty of its site may be a matter requiring the exertion of considerable taste; but we have no doubt that it will be well done. With the Chartiers valley booming as it now is, its chief town should make the best of itself, both in name and in municipal organization.

AN INVIDIOUS CONTRAST.

The remarkable disclosure made in New York last week of the nature of the trust organization, which permits the officers of a trust to use the money of the organization "to support the market for certificates," has another phase beside the one already pointed out, of the facility which it affords the managers of these anomalous concerns to fleece the unwary people who put their money into certificates. That is the remarkable difference in the application of such principles to wealthy men and to ordinary ones.

It is not presuming anything to say that if some cashier or clerk in the employment of the Cottonseed Oil Trust had used $5,000 in speculations on whatever excuse, he would have been promptly lodged in jail. It is only where the misappropriation is counted by the half million and the speculators have the position and influence of millionaires that it is discovered that they have no legal liability, and that the best thing the owners of the money can do is to take whatever is offered to them.

When the law permits millionaires to do with impunity what ordinary men are put in prison for, there is something radically out of adjustment in our legal system.

CUTTING BOTH WAYS.

There are very strong indications that our esteemed cotemporary, the *Commercial Gazette*, of Cincinnati, has not yet fully cooled off from the heat and fervor of the recent campaign. In fact there is reason to suspect that it is hotter than ever, when we find in its editorial columns the declaration: "The victory won in Ohio has been by the worst, the smartest and the most reckless, the boldest and the most unscrupulous band of cut-throats ever known in any State of the Union." This is severe. Its severity is somewhat reckless when we remember that one of the causes of Democratic victory was the *Commercial Gazette's* rather headlong adoption of a political forgery as a campaign document. That journal does not intend to class itself among the "cut-throats;" but at the same time its resort to language of that sort cuts more throats than those of its political enemies.

WISDOM FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Jenness Miller—all bow! says that no woman should ask her dressmaker what she ought to wear. Most righteous prophet of dress reform, you have won the admiration of millions of husbands, fathers and other bill-footers by that word. We repeat for the benefit of our fair readers: Do not listen to the voice of the dressmaker, under any circumstances! The dressmaker is as shrewd as the serpent and full well she knows how to enthral her victims.

The new-dress question, over which our homes are agitated as regularly as season follows season, would lose its gigantic proportions if the dressmaker were not an accomplice in the conspiracy. It is the dressmaker who tells Seraphina that her rival, Angelina, has bought an evening dress that is a sublime combination of moonlight and gray clouds, a dainty thing of silk and laces, at a bargain—only so many hundred dollars. And Seraphina, a Queen Bess in the plentitude of her wardrobe, begins to sigh for something in the way of sunlight and dew, which shall outshine the robes of the odious Angelina. Then is the dressmaker's chance. She must insinuate; she does insinuate, and in the course of time Seraphina's papa pays the bill, just as Angelina's husband paid hers. The dressmaker's advice, whatever it is, is costly to a man in the background always. It is the dressmaker who sows the seed which grows into dresses innumerable and unnecessary. Mrs. Jenness Miller knows this when she says no woman ought to ask her dressmaker what she ought to wear. But the reformer, perhaps, does not mean to save the money of incorrigible man. In fact the context shows that she wants women to cultivate taste and judgment in themselves, and not to trust blindly in the dressmaker. That is all right, too; but we echo Mrs. Miller's words for an economical object chiefly. Avoid the wiles of the dressmaker for the sake of your husbands', parents' and guardians' pocket-books, mesdames.

WHY NOT BOTH?

Colonel J. B. Andrews, gives in another column, his views in favor of supplanting the Erie ship canal with a four-track freight railroad, using large cars to carry hundreds of tons of ore from the lakes to Pittsburg and to take back coal and coke. The proposition is an interesting one, and coming from a source of such authority will attract attention.

It hardly seems, however, that even Colonel Andrews opinion will turn away the support of the people of Western Pennsylvania from the canal project. It militates against the accepted principle that large volumes of heavy freight can be moved far more cheaply by water than by rail, as demonstrated on our own rivers and the Erie canal. It has the objection that the ore and coal shipped by such a road must be handled twice, while the canal project contemplates that it shall go through without breaking bulk. Notwithstanding Colonel Andrews high authority, it will be generally doubted whether the difference in cost between a canal such as engineers have estimated upon, and a railroad of such magnitude as he proposes, would be so great as to overcome the cheapness of moving freight by water.

Nevertheless these objections need not prevent the realization of Colonel Andrews' project. Any project to cheapen the charges on these fundamental freights will be welcomed by Pittsburg and receive the public approval. Colonel Andrews' wide fame as a practical builder of great public works, and his connections among men of large capital, make him eminently fit to demonstrate the practicability of his plan by securing the construction of such a road and putting it into operation. Such a proof that the project can lower the cost of ore and coal freighting, and be operated cheaper than a canal would be unanswerable; and the profits on it would yield a rich reward to the promoters and investors in the project.

In other words, why not let Pittsburg have both the canal and four-track railroad, and make it the cheapest iron and steel manufacturing point in the known world.

AN EFFORT OF HUMOR.

The objection to the innocuous theory of Governor Hill's late reference to encyclopedias, to the effect that the report was in the printed report of his speech before he went South, is met by the New York *Sun* in the following shape:

> Mr. Flower's speech, like Governor Hill's, must have been prepared before leaving home. What is more natural than to suppose that Mr. Flower submitted a copy of his proposed remarks to the Governor before they started; and that the latter, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, aimed a harmless and good-natured joke at a friend whom he knew to be too substantial and sensible a man, too good a fellow, too little wrapped in pompous self-contemplation, to take the slightest offense?

This is ingenious, if not ingenuous. Possibly it may be accepted by some people as credible that the New York statesmen before leaving for the South, submitted their famous remarks about the Lacadaemonians to each other's revision; and that the result of Governor Hill's study on the subject was the production of the brilliant remark that he had not brought his encyclopedia along with him. But if so, the Governor ought to use his influence with the *Sun* to say nothing about it.

That production of the statesman-like mind, conceived in the leisure of his library and perfected by his deliberations on his journey to Atlanta, is not calculated to arouse admiration for its brightness. It does not present the same objection to his advancement as the theory which has been stated in the late S. S. Cox's case, that no humorist can be President; for the universal judgment will be that the deliberate production of that gem of thought as a joke, is only one in its unconscious aspect. On the contrary, the American people will unanimously come to the conclusion that the man who, after weeks of thought, presents that remark as an effort of humor has no business to aspire to be President of a nation of American jokers.

The theory of the *Sun* that Governor Hill's encyclopedia remark was a prearranged and long-considered joke, stabs the Governor in the house of his friends.

AND now we hear that the reason for the Republican defeat in Ohio was that the Standard Oil Company was on the Republican side in that fight. It seems to be rather difficult to tell which party the great monopoly does favor. In view of past experience with regard to Senator Payne's election, the public may not be disinclined to jump to a conclusion that the Standard has a mortgage on both party organizations. At all events, if the control of a Senatorship is to be gained by it, we do not think that the regular Standard arguments will be deterred by party lines from working among the Democratic members of the Legislature.

THE leaning Tower of Pisa is reported to be offered for sale. It would be an appropriate feature of the New York World's Fair project, as typifying the main quality which that enterprise has so far displayed.

CHAIRMAN COOLEY'S recommendation to the railroads that they shall make a general reduction of their passenger rates, instead of cutting rates on excursion and thousand-mile tickets, is sound sense and good policy. If the corporations could follow it, the results would be good for themselves and the public. But it is not easy for them to emancipate themselves from the superstition of holding up rates wherever they can, and slashing them where they meet competition.

THE production of Hill and Campbell as the Democratic ticket for 1892 is the best reason for not pinning much faith on it. These premature Presidental tickets always get frost-bitten.

Now the New York *Herald* says: "That the Grant Monument Fund is not larger, is the fault of the country at large, and not of the metropolis, which has given its share." Did the country at large promise to erect a million dollar monument to General Grant if his tomb was located at Riverside? The passion of New York for putting off the fulfillment of its obligations on the outsiders is one of the unrivaled idiosyncrasies of metropolitan pettiness.

THE biggest revenue, biggest expenditure and among the largest surplus, are the features of the United States Treasurer's report. Who says that we are not a great nation?

THE remark of an esteemed cotemporary, that the snow storms of New Mexico, have caught thousands of cattle without shelter of which "many have perished, it is said, and with them a number of cowboys," gives a unique indication of the respective priority and importance which the financial point of view assigns to cattle and cowboys.

THE opening of the Confluence and Oakland road along the beautiful upper valley of the Youghiogheny brings a new section into direct connection with Pittsburg, and promises a valuable addition to the already vast mineral production of Southwestern Pennsylvania.

AMID all the explanations of the cause of the Republican defeats, it is not well to overlook the solid and significant fact that the Democrats got the most votes.

EVERYONE will be glad to see the river miners getting better wages. Present rates are undoubtedly low and should be raised. But before going into a strike at this season of the year, the miners should be very certain that it will not have the same result as the shut-down of a year ago.

ANOTHER five-hundred barrel well in the Chartiers Valley gives a stunning bow to the theory that the petroleum production of Pennsylvania is playing out.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

M. DE LESSEPS will be 84 years of age on the 19th of this month.

COLONEL CASSIUS M. GOODLOE, of Kentucky, could have had the Russian mission had he desired it, after Mr. Rice's death.

COLONEL SWOPE, who was killed by Colonel Goodloe at Lexington, Ky., last Friday, bore a striking resemblance to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

FRANK R. STOCKTON lives at Madison, N. J. He is fond of rural life, and his wife's tastes agree with his. Mr. Stockton will remain at his home in Madison until Thanksgiving Day, after which he will go to Washington.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL is so ill in Washington that he is unable to leave his bed. He has not progressed toward recovery as rapidly as his physicians thought he would. He spends his time in reading and dictating. His wife never leaves his bedside.

JUDGE LONGWORTH, of Ohio, who was recently appointed Colonel on Governor Forraker's staff, has countermanded the order for his new uniform. It would hardly pay to get it, as he would have but one opportunity to wear it, and that at the inauguration of Governor-elect Campbell.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, British Minister at Washington, spends much of his time in driving and walking with his four daughters, Maud, Sybil, Lillian and Audrey. He is delighted with Washington, and considers it one of the pleasantest cities in the world. Lady Pauncefote is still suffering from a severe indisposition which was caused by the stormy weather encountered during her voyage from England.

IT is related of Cyrus W. Field that when he owned the *Mail and Express* he asked his managing editor what a certain member of the editorial force was doing. "That's Mr. ——, our exchange editor," replied the managing editor. "Well," said Mr. Field, frowning, "it's my opinion that he isn't worth his salt. As often as I have been in his office I've never seen him doing anything except read newspapers, and he's always got a big pile of 'em in front of him."

DANGERS OF COURTSHIP.

A Connecticut Lover Almost Asphyxiated by Coal Gas.

HARTFORD, November 10.—A young man named Clark is engaged to a Durham girl, and visits her often. One evening last week two coon hunters passing the girl's home were startled by piercing shrieks. They found young Clark almost insensible and his sweetheart quite distracted with grief. The youth soon came too, however, and no questions were asked.

The next day Mr. Clark, Sr., father of the lover, drove over to the maiden's home. He had a huge wood stove in his wagon and was evidently bent on business of some mighty import. He drove straight to the house and interviewed the father of his son's fiancee. After an exchange of greetings, Mr. Clark offered to trade his wood stove for a certain coal stove owned by the other. The bargain was made, and Mr. Clark drove back to his home with the coal stove.

It is now made known that young Clark, when found by the coon hunters, was in a state bordering upon asphyxiation from coal gas. His father, determined that the son's life should be no further endangered, if he could help it, had made the offer to trade his big wood stove for the coal burner, which produced so much gas. The other family saw the matter in the same light, and everything is lovely now.

YOUNG ABE LINCOLN'S ILLNESS.

His Parents Summoned from London to His Bedside at Versailles.

Cable dispatch to New York World.]

PARIS, November 9.—The *World* correspondent called upon Minister Lincoln to-day at the Pension Passa, Rue Marie Charlotte, at Versailles, where his son Abraham, more familiarly known as "Jack," is lying very ill. Mr. Lincoln said that his boy's sickness was very sudden. He had been with him on Tuesday, and starting for London on that day had left him quite well.

"On Thursday," continued the Minister, "I received a telegram informing me that he was dangerously ill. I crossed over to Paris at once with my wife and found him well attended by the local doctors. The illness was due to an accidental cut on the arm which developed blood poisoning with severe fever. Yesterday his condition was very critical. In the night, however, he took an excellent turn. To-day all cause of anxiety has disappeared and I shall return to London on Tuesday. Indeed, my boy's recovery has been almost as sudden as his illness."

WOLFE—NUDEL.

Pretty Wedding at the Austro-Hungarian Synagogue.

A brilliant marriage took place at the Austro-Hungary Hebrew Church, on Grant street, yesterday. The contracting parties were Mr. A. Wolfe, of Penn avenue, and Miss Clara Nudel. The nuptials were performed by the Rev. S. S. Kohn, of Philadelphia. The quaint Hebrew ceremony, full of solemn and profound significance, was duly performed. During the service the bride and groom stood under a pretty canopy of cream colored satin.

After the conclusion of the exercises at the synagogue, the wedding party were regaled with an elegant supper at the home of the bride, on Penn avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets. The house was elegantly decorated. About 70 guests were invited to the marriage. The bride received a number of elegant presents. They left for the East for a wedding tour.

BOUGHT WHISKY AT MORTON'S.

Senator Blackburn Finds it Easy to Get a Drink at the Shoreham.

WASHINGTON, November 10.—Senator Blackburn, having been asked by the editor of a Western Democratic newspaper whether liquor could be bought at Vice President Morton's hotel by others than guests of the house, went into the Shoreham Cafe with the correspondent of the Western newspaper, bought and drank some good old Kentucky whisky, and then telegraphed the Western editor that, although he was not a guest of the Shoreham, he had had no difficulty in buying a drink in its cafe.

MRS. BURNETT'S LUCK.

The Authoress Thinks a Moonstone Ring is Her Mascot.

Some years ago a daughter of Harriet Beecher Stowe gave Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett a thin gold ring, set with a single moonstone (moonstones are accounted as "lucky" stones), and shortly afterward she made her first success in the field of literature, where she had formerly labored in vain. She laughingly attributes her success to the moonstone, and since then the ring has never left her finger, and she declares never will.

Determined Not to Become a Hoosier.

LEAVENWORTH, IND., November 9.—The Hon. John Benz recently bought a 4-weeks-old pig from a farmer living two miles south of the Ohio river, and placed it in a pen. In less than two hours the pig escaped, and, it was ascertained afterward, had swam the river, bankfull at the time, and was back home in advance of the boy who had delivered it to the purchaser.

Keep an Eye on Campbell.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Governor Hill's friends are beginning to talk about Mr. Campbell in connection with the Vice Presidency; but they are mistaken if they think they can make a dicker of that sort with the Ohio man. His gun is loaded for larger game.

Death of Thomas Christian.

Thomas Christian, janitor of the First ward, Allegheny, school, died suddenly about 6 o'clock last evening, it is supposed, of apoplexy. He was about 60 years of age, and at one time was an Allegheny Park policeman, but for the past six months has been janitor of the First ward school.

THE CRITIC.

Pictures and Verse in Christmas Books—Those That Are Best for the Little Folk—Juvenile Prose and the Romance It Requires—Other Lines of Literature—Sergeant Von, Arthur Merton and Their Opposites—The Czar Reading Kennan's Works.

"O, monstrous! but one-half pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" Evidently, Sir John was more thirsty than hungry. He ordered more sack than bread, because he wanted less bread and more sack. So with the Christmas picture books. There is a half-pennyworth of verse to a deal of illustration. But we will not join with Prince Henry, and say an "intolerable" deal. Because this is just what we want. All the year round we can get poetry with pictures; at Christmas time let us have pictures with poetry.

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One of the first comers, heralding the army of the season's artists, is *The Song of the Brook* (Cassell & Co.; H. Watts & Co.) This is Tennyson's pretty poem, set to graceful and fitting illustration. The artist is Wedworth Wansworth. The book is pictured in soft blacks and browns, the full page drawings being especially good. Some of the smaller sketches have, perhaps, a little too much frame about them. The trees, of which there are many, are done with evident sympathy. The best ones—to our taste—being in the "Haunts of Coot and Hern."

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Miss Elizabeth N. Little, who published a Christmas book last year, has another in a similar style this year. *Off the Weatherbow* (White & Allen; H. Watts & Co.), is full of pictures of the sea. Even the poetry has bits of sea weed tangled in the letters. The selections are for the most part of a religious turn. The verses are so well chosen that it is a pity that they should be written out in such a "blackboard exercise" style.

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After a good deal of experience in choosing books for boys and girls, we are prepared to commend, even without reading, any publication which is addressed to a juvenile constituency with the imprint of Roberts Bros. on its title page. The young people's books of this house are uniformly excellent, having a good purpose, written in an admirable spirit, with manly boys for heroes and nice girls for heroines.

Here are three volumes from the Roberts press in this week's book bundle. *Ribboo Garey* is by Walter Wentworth. It is the story of an expedition into the heart of Africa. Colonel Leslie and two bright boys, Bob and Ted, aged 15, and a negro servant, Nap, who had been a slave, and Jack, a dog, are the members of the company. They have all manner of adventures with snakes, and sandstorms, and savages. The boys are captured by the Waricks and get away again. Finally, Nap turns out to be Tibboo Garey, the lost chief of the Copper Mountain. Mr. Wentworth promises a serial which will deal with the "dangers and horrors of the slave trade."

Their Canoe Trip, by Mary P. W. Smith, is dedicated to two boys of Roxbury, whose real adventures are related in the book. The frontispiece is a map of a part of New Hampshire and Massachusetts showing the course of the "Black-Eyed Susan." The boys have a first-rate good time. They meet with snags and tramps, sleep in queer places, and have funny experiences which season their dinners. They see whatever is worth seeing, and remember what interesting things happened at all the places which have histories. They are capital, manly young fellows; any mother may be satisfied to have her boys in such good company.

Lil is by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." That, of itself, promises a good book; and the promise is generously fulfilled. Lilland Ken and Sylvia and the others are like the boys and girls in some of the best of Miss Yonge's books, notably in "Pillars of the House." These young people are just what young people ought to be—manly and womanly, earnest and merry, enjoying their lives and making the most of them. There is enough of a love story to add to the charm of the book without any sentimentality. Everything comes out delightfully in the end.

These three books are well printed and tastefully bound. The first two are illustrated. H. Watts & Co. have them for sale.

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Deb and the Duchess (White & Allen, J. R. Weldin & Co.) is another child's book. Deb is a little fly-away of a girl, whom the maids and governesses can do nothing with. The Duchess is the little daughter of a circus performer. Mike is the young heir to a good many broad English acres. The father of the Duchess, by way of revenge for some old injury, steals the young heir, and also, to provide a playmate for the Duchess, steals Deb. The three children are brought together in a wretched tenement in London. Mike has to act in the circus. At last the Duchess, taking the part which her father had meant for Deb, gets hugged too tightly or somehow hurt by the dancing bear, and the story ends tragically. But the little stolen children are recovered. L. T. Meade is the author.

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Esther Bradford, aged 18, possessor of $10, in a strange country, with no friends, comes to meet us in the first chapter of *Esther's Fortune* (Porter & Coates; J. R. Weldin & Co.). Her father has just died suddenly, and she is left alone. Dr. Maurice, who has been attending her father, introduces her to Miss Janet Lisle, a charming lady, who becomes her friend. Miss Lisle takes her to her home in England, where she has a "flower home" London flower girls, and does all manner of helpful things for other people. Esther's fine voice is cultivated. Relatives, good and not so good, are discovered. At last, after various adventures and misadventures, Esther's fortune is effectually and happily made. Lucy C. Lillie has thus added another to her lengthening list of good, pleasant, uplifting books for girls.

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A "birthday book" of a new kind is *Every Day Biography* (Fowler & Wells: J. R. Weldin & Co.). Under each day of the year are set the names of several more or less eminent people who were born on that day, each with a brief paragraph of description. The selections are often rather queer, some of the American notables, especially, being people not very extensively known to fame. We open at random at September 3. Heinrich Christian Schumacher, "an able Danish astronomer;" John Humphrey Noyes, "founder of the sect called Perfectionists;" Caroline A. Soule, "an eminent American lecturer, writer and journalist," and Sarah Orne Jewett, "an American author," are the proper people to think of on the third day of the ninth month. We are informed concerning Miss Jewett that "she has traveled extensively in Europe, Canada and the United States, and, in addition to valuable contributions to periodicals, is author of many books." This is a fair sample page.

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A capital series of practical papers for boys, which appeared in *St. Nicholas*, is now gathered into a book, under the title *Ready for Business* (Fowler & Wells: J. R. Weldin & Co.) These papers give just the right sort of advice in the difficult matter of choosing an occupation. Mercantile and professional life is written up in interesting chapters. The young man who thinks he would like to be an electrical engineer, or an architect, or a builder, or a drummer, or a banker, or a chemist, or a druggist, can get good "points" out of Mr. Manson's bright and common-sense comments. Even if he aspires to be a sea captain or a city editor, he can still find good suggestions.

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The occupation which Vernon Belcourt chose for the exercising of his peculiar talents is not recommended in Mr. Manson's papers. Mr. Vernon Belcourt was a professional rascal. His remarkable adventures make the latest installment in the Inspector Byrnes series of detective novels a good deal the most exciting of the lot. *Sergeant Von* is the title. Cassell & Co. are the publishers. It is for sale at Weldin's. The writer is not Julian Hawthorne this time, but somebody "unknown." We suspect that the "unknown" has taken half a dozen of Inspector Byrne's scamps and added them all up into the character and exploits of Mr. Vernon Belcourt. Such an amazingly versatile, accomplished, "all around" rascal never lived within the enclosure of one skin. Whether it is fooling bank presidents or beguiling learned professors, or making love to young ladies, or imposing upon princes, or escaping from dungeons, or mere common everyday stealing, it makes small difference to Belcourt. His disguises are as many as his talents. He can be the mayor of an earthquake-stricken town or the advance agent of an opera company, and lie just as ingeniously in one case as in the other. Sergeant Von might as well have been left out, for this story begins on the other side from most detective stories. The interest is centered not in the pursuing officer—who in this case is on a false trail most of the time—but on the rascal.

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There is not so much of the adventurer, but quite as much of the rascal in the principal villain of Admiral Porter's *Arthur Merton* (D. Appleton & Co., J. R. Weldin & Co.) Arthur Merton's father is a miserable, low-browed, despicable scoundrel. Whom he will he sends into dungeons and whom he will he weds and makes miserable. We have a sort of shamefaced liking for such a brilliant scamp as Belcourt, but we hate Merton with a vigorous hatred. There are several reprobates in this book. They get all the money, and the good fellows have their character defamed and make acquaintances with iron bars. The heavy villain business is a little overdone. Merton is just a trifle too deliberately bad.

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"The Banner Library" has for its motto, "Hang out our banners on the outward walls, the cry is still 'They come.'" We hope that the cry in this case is a false alarm; or at least that those that "come" will be pleasanter people to meet than *My Good Friend* (Worthington & Co., J. R. Weldin & Co.) Robert de Vernier is a susceptible youth, who spends his time falling in love and playing roulette at Monte Carlo. The story is about as highly colored as the cover.

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Four paper-bound novels are added to the International Series, which is published by Frank F. Lovell & Co. (Pittsburg: J. R. Weldin & Co.) One is *Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship*, by F. C. Philips, a well-written story with a tragical ending. Another is *Sheba*, by "Rita," not a pleasant book. *The Haute Noblesse*, by George Manville Fenn, is a dramatic, somewhat stagey story, with a robbery and pretty nearly a murder in the middle of it, and many complications following, which, however, are happily untangled at the end. *The Tree of Knowledge* has always proved a tree of evil fortune from the beginning. The fruit has a bitter taste to it. It is not sweetened any in G. M. Robins' story, which ends like the myth of Cupid and Psyche. Psyche tells the secret, and Cupid puts on his yachting suit and sails away into a fatal storm.

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John A. Grier, of Philadelphia, in *Our Silver Coinage* (John W. Lovell; J. R. Weldin & Co.), calls upon "the people of our common country to rally around one of our old well-tried measures of value, the silver dollar, just as we are now all glad to rally around our common flag." Mrs. S. T. Rorer, also of Philadelphia, tells us not of silver, but of sugar. *Home Candy Making* (Arnold & Co.) is a book of recipes. Mrs. Rorer says that the best way to keep candy is to use air-tight boxes. If the candy is made after these sensible directions the air-tight boxes will need locks on them. *Lectures by the Thompson Street Poker Club* (White & Allen: J. R. Weldin & Co.) will please those whom the antics of this remarkable organization have already interested.

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The Czar, they say, is reading Mr. Kennan's articles in the *Century*. Mr. Kennan finds one good prison in Eastern Siberia, so he tells us in his installment for this month, and gives it what praise he can. He has great trouble in one place to get anybody to provide horses for him. The whole town, man, woman and child, is enthusiastically drunk. "What's the matter," he says, "with everybody in this village? The whole population seems to be drunk." "They've been consecrating a new church," said the driver, soberly. The November *Century* is uncommonly good, many of the articles being not only interesting but of permanent value. Joseph Jefferson begins his autobiography in a way which promises the reader abundance of comfort. Mr. Stockton's "Merry Chanter" catches the wind in her sails and sets out to sea, with her crew of captains. Amelia D. Barr begins a serial story, "Friend Olivia," with the scene in Oliver Cromwell's England. "Street Life in Madrid" is charmingly sketched with pen and pencil, old Æsop in Velasquer's picture leading off as frontispiece. Brander Matthews tells of the "Grolier Club." Grolier was a lover of books and bindings several centuries ago in France. The members of the Grolier Club are book lovers and book makers in New York. The vagaries of New England transcendentalism are described in a capital article, entitled, "The Newness." The late Mr. Robert Carter read this paper of reminiscences at a literary club in Rochester. The performances of rabid Abolitionists, the experiment at Brook Farm, where Nathaniel Hawthorne tended the pigs, the queer cranks and monomaniacs who took part in that singular movement, partly philosophical, partly religious, partly vegetarian, and sketched delightfully.

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The November *Cosmopolitan* is a horse number. The first paper, which concludes an article on the French army, is illustrated with drawings of Detaille's characteristic and spirited dragons and cuirassiers, splendidly mounted. The second paper describes the stables of the Queen of England, and the complete novel, which is more or less the feature of the *Cosmopolitan*, is "The Dark Horse." The number is a very good one. The illustrations are well done, the little sketches of heads which accompany the Cornell University article and the book review department being especially attractive. Senator Farwell discusses "Chicago's Candidacy for the World's Fair of 1892." Elizabeth Bisland, in a valuable paper, with pictures accompanying, writes on "Co-operative Housekeeping in Tenements." This is one in a series of practical economic articles. Social problems are treated in a special regular department conducted by Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Hale has a good word for the associated charities of Pittsburg. "The reports of the city of Pittsburg," he says, "are a most satisfactory illustration of what can be achieved under the most difficult circumstances."

SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

A One Hundred Page Volume Only Half an Inch in Length.

From the Fall Mall Gazette.]

Considerable interest seems to have been taken in our recent article on "The Smallest Book in the World." We now proceed, therefore, to describe a much greater (no, a much less) curio than any of those hitherto mentioned. For indication of its whereabouts we are indebted to Mr. Axon, M. R. S. S., of Manchester, and for courteous permission minutely to examine it to Mr. John Plant, F. G. S., the accomplished curator of the Salford Royal Borough Library and Museum. The work in question—which differs from the rest in the essential point that while, like them, de jure a book, it is also de facto a manuscript—consists of 100 leaves of the finest rice paper, octagonal in shape, and measuring from side to side one-half inch, stitched together and covered in silk. Nothing can exceed the lightness, delicacy and softness of the material or the neatness of the penmanship. This dainty little morsel of calligraphy, which at the first glance precisely resembles, in its glass prison, a very tiny butterfly of some uncommon kind, is very probably unique in the Western world.

How it escaped imminent destruction is not the least wonderful feature of its history, for it was looted at Ghaneti, in India, by a private soldier during the mutiny, but is has been safe in Mr. Plant's possession for many years. The work has not been translated, but is officially defined, on the authority of an Indian scholar, to be an example of the "Kathas, or Sacred Recitations of (the) Mahrattas Brahmans," and it is written, without blot or alteration, in the Mahrattas character in glossy black ink, with a brilliant margin of vermilion to every page, which is also numbered. Possibly the acme of Biblical minuteness is reached in this beautiful little work of art, which, for the present, at any rate, may claim to be "the smallest book" as well as "the least collective manuscript in the world."

AN INVOLUNTARY THEFT.

How a Young Man Picked a Pocket and Never Knew It.

From the Providence Journal.]

A curious story is told of a robbery which occurred on a Broad street car last evening. Dr. A. O. Robbins was relieved of a costly gold watch and chain on the rear platform of a car on Broad street. There were five persons on the platform—Dr. Robbins, Deputy Chief of Police Brown, the conductor and two others. The watch was not missed until the doctor entered a watchmaker's to have his timepiece set. The police were notified, and a description of the watch left with them. It was of gold, made by Breitling Sniderich at Loch, Switzerland, for Dr. Robbins when he was traveling abroad, 20 years ago, and cost $360. In answer to a carefully worded advertisement in the *Bulletin*, Dr. Robbins succeeded in meeting the young man who had stood opposite the Deputy Chief of Police on the car platform. The young man had unconsciously taken the watch from the doctor, and from him the doctor recovered it.

When the doctor boarded the car between the Deputy Chief and the young man his watch chain caught and took a turn around a button on the young man's coat. The watch was dragged from its place in the doctor's pocket without disturbing its owner. The young man discovered it dangling there after the doctor had left the car, and was a good deal surprised. After some consideration he decided it would not be wise to ask for a claimant for a valuable watch among so indiscriminate company of people, so he pocketed the timepiece and advertised for the owner.

Two Millions Thrown Away.

From the Chicago Times.]

Prince Hatzfeldt cost Papa Huntington $2,000,000 in cold cash, which is $2,000,000 01 more than he is worth.

NEWS OUR ANCESTORS READ.

Quaint Features Culled from a Journal of 1741—A Year That Began in March, not January—Early Foreign Trade—The Privateers—Uneven Values of Money—Slaves and Other Commodities for Sale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The Philadelphia *American Weekly Mercury* on January 7, 1741 was in its 23d year. From the 8x11 leaflet of its babyhood, it had grown into a sturdy youth of four pages. The two old woodcuts which for many years had adorned the title were supplemented by a third, a larger one, quaintly portraying the harbor and city. Let us glance at a few of the features of this ancient publication, sidelights as it were, on the history of the day.

Turning over its files, one is made aware that the old method of beginning the year, in March instead of January, was still in effect, and unless the fact is borne in mind, the reader is likely to forget that the month after December was in the same year. February, 1741, was subsequent to June, 1741, not prior thereto. Unless the relations of the months are clearly settled in the memory, the reader is apt to become sadly mixed.

The Spanish privateers were the greatest source of annoyance and anxiety the colonies had. These piratical craft literally swarmed from Florida to Newfoundland, and almost drove commerce from the seas. In the years 1741-2 17 vessels bound for or from Philadelphia were seized. For one port only this was a very heavy loss; but the colonists were powerless to aid themselves, and the home Government seemed little more able to cope with the enemy. Privateers were fitted out by the Americans, but in the main they accomplished little. Now and then, however, one or two reprisals were made, and we find two Spanish vessels, with their cargoes, advertised for sale in one instance.

In those early days our trade appears to have been chiefly with Jamaica and Barbadoes, four or five vessels advertising every week for cargoes, from which it would appear that the business was profitable, notwithstanding risks of seizure by the Spanish. War with Spain had begun in 1739, and the West Indies were the scenes of much tumultuous strife. The colonies were, of course, expected to contribute their quota of men, and we read in the *Mercury* that several officers arrived in Philadelphia in the ship Elizabeth from Jamaica, March 12, 1742, and the following week a call for recruits is printed in English and German. Pardon is promised all deserters who will re-enlist, and "gentlemen" are offered the first commissions becoming vacant if they will but join. At the same time rewards are promised for apprehension of fugitive soldiers, and householders are warned against entertaining them.

In glancing idly over the pages of this paper the eye catches such "news" as this; A long article, printed by request, upon the resurrection of the body, taking up nearly all the space devoted to reading matter; a comet seen in Philadelphia on March 4, 1741-42, and visible a few days later in New York; Saturday, April 24, 1742, Thomas Smith and Thomas Skinner, standing under a shed on Society Hill, were struck by lightning, and the former instantly killed; in April, 1742, two very large whales were washed ashore at Cape May, bearing harpoon wounds, and were held for demand of owners.

Prior to the Revolution Pennsylvania was under the control of a Governor appointed by the Proprietaries with the approval of the Crown, who, in concert with the single house of the Assembly, exercised the government. As may be supposed, the Assemblymen and the foreign Governor did not always concord in their views, and the differences between them were often serious. Governor Thomas in particular had an unusually thorny path to follow, and the dislike for him was so strong that it could not be restrained. A matter trifling in itself brought affairs to a tapis. The immigration question was already a much discussed one, and the members of the Legislature were, almost to a man, opposed to the landing of German and Irish redemptioners. Thomas, on the contrary, was earnestly in favor of the accessions, even though the newcomers were little more than slaves. Difficulties culminated when about January 21, 1741, the Governor sent a message to the House calling their attention to the necessity of providing a proper hospital for sick immigrants. The Assembly was evidently far from pleased with the suggestions, for it answered immediately to the effect that as the Governor had applied the State funds to other purposes, there was no money available for such uncalled-for ends as he proposed.

There were renewed charges against him, however, and, as the House shut off reply by adjourning on the 17th, sine die, the Governor did not have a chance to defend his actions until Thursday, May 20, when he answers the charges at length, claiming that his is the correct position, and has the commendation of the King. To still further strengthen his assertions, the next ship bearing reply from the Proprietaries to an appeal made by the Assembly on October 22, preceding, in which the Governor's removal is petitioned for. The Penns not only decline to accede to this request, but approve of Thomas' course so strongly that the Assembly, evidently much chagrined, by the untoward response. Nothing more is heard from them until three months later, when, in a much more submissive spirit, they ask the Governor whether he will not agree to consider the business in hand, to which he consents.

Much inconvenience was felt in the olden times on account of the dissimilarity in the money standard in different localities. A coin had one value in Maryland, another in this State and a third in New York. Pennies were a drug on the market, and could scarcely be gotten rid of at any price. One enterprising shopman advertises on January 21, 1741, that he will take £5 out of £20, or in proportion in more or less sums in pennies at the old rate for present pay. A few months later the merchants of Philadelphia convened and united upon a standard by which all foreign moneys were rated. Among the signers to the agreement we note such names as Joseph Sims, Richard Nixon, Joseph and Edward Shippen and Charles Willing.

To close the volume before us without noticing the advertisements, would be to overlook what is possibly the most interesting feature of all; for instance