The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13, 1889.

THE REALIZATION OF THE PARK.

The letter from Mrs. Schenley transmitting the deeds of the new park to the city of Pittsburg shows that the time is close at hand when our city will be possessed of that magnificent property in perpetuity. The transition from the undesirable position of a city absolutely destitute of park spaces to one possessed of a park presenting in its unimproved state magnificent features of natural beauty is one that will be gratifying to the entire community.

It should be remembered, however, that the entire duty of the city, in the acquirement and opening of improved park spaces, will not be satisfied with the improvement of this property. It is, and will be for all time, a splendid adornment to the city; but other park spaces should be provided nearer to the densely populated quarters of the working people. The hill tops furnish many places where small parks may be located and improved at comparatively small cost. It should be the policy of the city to provide such breathing spots for the working classes which can be reached at the expense of a shorter journey than many of them will have to take to reach the large and beautiful one which Mrs. Schenley has donated.

The work of beautifying Pittsburg and making it as attractive as it is prosperous, commences auspiciously with this gift of Mrs. Schenley. It should be perfected and filled out by a complete system of smaller parks scattered throughout the city.

AN ACCESSION TO HOME RULE.

The announcement that Lord Dufferin has given in his adhesion to the principle of Home Rule and will take a leading position in the Home Rule party as soon as he is able to retire from the diplomatic service adds a valuable recruit to the party of Gladstone and Parnell. His position and character, as the dispatches indicate, point to him as the Viceroy of Ireland under the first Home Rule government. If the statement is as authentative as it purports to be, it indicates that the drift toward the Liberal policy is making itself felt as strongly among the men of brains and statesmanship as it has for some time among the masses, as shown by the results of the by-elections. It will be an auspicious beginning for Home Rule if it is inaugurated in Ireland under the administration of so able and popular a statesman as Lord Dufferin.

BRICE IN THE FIELD.

The information that Mr. Calvin S. Brice has yielded to the earnest solicitation of his friends and become a candidate for United States Senator from Ohio, follows rather closely upon the heels of Mr. Brice's reported disavowals of any such ambition, in this city, yesterday. It is not an unprecedented change of heart, as is testified from the days when Cæsar put aside the kingly crown, or the young woman who swearing she would ne'er consent, consented.

Mr. Brice's candidacy promises lively times in the Ohio Legislature. With a collection of millionaires like Brice, Thomas and Payne to choose from, the chances of the wire-pullers for remunerative work in the canvass are especially promising. It is no more than just to say that so far in his political career Mr. Brice has not been connected with any acts of corruption. Whether the combination of sanguine temperament and wealth, which he presents, can keep his record equally clean throughout the coming contest is a question which depends upon Mr. Brice himself for an affirmative answer.

We certainly hope that in Mr. Brice's chase of the Senatorial rainbow, someone else will not collar the pots of gold which may be scattered along his path to that roseate goal.

BACK-ACTION FREE-TRADE LOGIC.

A rather singular exercise of free-trade logic is made by the Boston *Herald* in connection with some recent statements of Mr. Swank on the iron and steel trade. Mr. Swank states that the United States is at present the largest consumer of iron and steel in the world. "And yet," exclaims the *Herald*, "we are not able to export iron and steel except in those cases where the value of the exported article consists chiefly in what has been given to it by American labor." The idea that large consumption of a given staple should result in its exportation is only rivaled by the spectacle of a free-trade paper pointing out that the result of protection is to permit the exportation of the most highly finished products, on which the greatest amount of protected labor has been expended. If the *Herald* keeps on arguing with sufficient industry, it will make out a strong case for protection.

RESULTS OF CUSTOM.

The fact that the police of Philadelphia have got to pay a bill for valuable china has a bearing upon some of the customs that seem to have been established by unwritten law. The idea that city urchins are entitled to indulge in all sorts of lawless destruction of property on Halloween received an illustration in this city a few days ago by the placing of obstructions on a railroad track which might have cost a wholesale slaughter. The kindred custom that on election night boys or men can levy on anything combustible they can find, in order to make bonfires, stands in the relation of cause to the china bill which the Philadelphia guardians of the peace must pay.

In the pursuit of the grand public right of bonfires on election night the enthusiastic youth of Philadelphia found a hogshead in the rear of an auction house and rolled it to the fire. Policemen, constables and special officers were present, and when it was found that the heads were intact promptly aided in the task of breaking up the hogshead and consigning it to the flames. But in doing this the fact was discovered that the hogshead contained a lot of china-ware packed in hay. It was impossible that this discovery should be permitted to interfere with public and juvenile right of bonfires; and so the police proceeded to conserve the greatest good of the greatest number by distributing the crockery among the housewives of the adjacent tenements. This operation under the supervision of the police had just been concluded when an employe of the auction house arrived and informed the guardians of the public welfare that they had scattered two dinner sets of Haviland ware worth about a hundred dollars. The hogshead was ready for the bonfire, however, and that great public privilege was enjoyed; although the memory of it may be somewhat saddened in the minds of the police by the order from municipal headquarters that the policemen present must settle for the china.

Between arresting members of dancing clubs and distributing the china of the rich among the wives of the poor the police appear to be engaging in radical reforms. But in this latter case the reform may prove most effective in its recoil. As in the case of Halloween obstructions on railway tracks, when the prescriptive right of bonfires on election night develops into a general distribution of other people's property, it seems time to place the restrictions of reason on the exercise of prescriptive customs.

THE PHILADELPHIA IDEA.

The singular views of some of our fellow-countrymen, concerning the entertainment of public guests, appears from the reports to have reached a materialization by the so-called reception of the Pan-American delegates at Philadelphia. It is remembered that when the Prince of Wales came to this country thirty years ago, there was a general tendency to make a show of him. It was supposed that we had since progressed somewhat beyond that stage; but the municipal idea of Philadelphia still seems to be that the main use of the delegates to an international congress is to be exhibited like the attractions of a menagerie.

The unique idea of the way in which to develop mutual commerce brought out by these performances is certainly striking. Perhaps the Philadelphia mind may be pardoned for looking at it in that way, on account of the probability that the best thing that Philadelphia could send to our Southern neighbors is her Mayor and Councils for exhibition as an awful example of municipal government.

The rest of the country need not have any objections to Philadelphia's making a circus of herself; but it is necessary to interpose a decided protest against treating the nation's guests in that manner.

HE WOULD NOT BUT DID.

It is a rather singular commentary on the recent Kentucky tragedy which was made by a statement of the clergyman who conducted the funeral exercises of Colonel Swope. The clergyman asserts that Swope told him, in speaking of his quarrel with Goodloe: "I could not bear to live, sir, if I had made that wife a widow and those children orphans."

This was intended to show the dead man's goodness of heart; but it can hardly fail to suggest to an impartial observer, that it shows that Swope did what he did with his eyes open as to the consequences. He could not bear to make the wife and children of his antagonist widow and orphans, and yet in the sequel he did it. He did not live to see it because the man whom he shot slashed him to pieces with a bowie knife so that he died first. That the responsibility of one murderer and victim alike can be much distinguished from the other, is not clear. The awful fact is that men who profess the sentiments of Christianity, humanity and chivalry cannot maintain differences of opinion without shooting and stabbing each other with the fury of wild beasts.

That such a thing could be possible at the close of the nineteenth century, raises the doubt whether men who are capable of such butchery have made much of an improvement on savagery, except upon the surface.

BRAWN BEATS BRAINS.

It is curious that John Bull has accorded his broadest smiles, his biggest banquets and his warmest words of welcome to Buffalo Bill and Barnum of all the great Americans who have set foot upon the soil of Albion. Even Brother Blaine, though his name has the cabalistic B as its initial, was received with but a tithe of the clamor that the immortal Bill and our own Phineas T. excited. Does this reflect upon England's taste or our judgment most?

Far be it from us to underrate the Hon. Wm. F. Cody or the uncrowned king of the circus, P. T. Barnum; they are indeed benefactors in their way. It delighted us to see the French enslaved by the cowboy contingent, and there is considerable satisfaction in knowing that Barnum is raking in the shillings and six-pences of Londoners. Still we would like to insinuate in the gentlest guise possible, that the welcome given to our showmen in England would be pleasanter to contemplate if the social atmosphere of that Island did not in comparison grow chilly when a real product of American culture ventured there. British taste seems to be rather beefy still. It is American brawn, rather than American brains, that Britain admires.

"NOTWITHSTANDING all that the President has had to experience during the past week, he must soon issue his Thanksgiving proclamation enumerating all the good things we have to be grateful for." The esteemed Boston *Globe*, which makes the above remark, needs to have some one inform it of the fact that the President escaped the dilemma of issuing a Thanksgiving proclamation after a defeat by getting it out before the election.

CAPTAIN WISSMAN'S industry in extending the German power on the Zanzibar coast is certainly recognized by the press dispatches, which have credited him with capturing the town of Saadani three times. It seems to be a matter of habit with the Captain.

THE assassination of a State Governor in Mexico is a feature which we had hoped was wiped out of the North American continent. The murder of General Corona, however, does not appear to have been a political one, and compared with such an event as the recent Kentucky tragedy does not show Mexico at a disadvantage in comparison with the United States.

THE intimation that Alexander, of Battenberg, may make himself a leading figure in European politics once more has little to go on. Alexander lost his chance of being a hero when he let go of his hold on Bulgaria at the frowns of Russia and Germany.

MR. DEPEW'S declaration that the railroad trust "would mean disaster and demoralization to all the railroad securities of the country" shows that the able President of the New York Central has a tolerably clear understanding of the popular temper with regard to projects to secure for the great corporations advantages over the masses of the people.

OUR Eastern cotemporaries which are publishing illustrated articles enumerating the heiresses of New York, seem determined that they will not leave undone any part of the work which they might accomplish in extending our trade with foreign countries.

THE declaration is made by the Philadelphia *Press* that "in choosing a United States Senator, the Ohio Democrats will have to face the old inevitable issue: Bar'l or Brains." The list of candidates named so far shows that at the present time the Ohio Democrats do not consider it necessary to count brains as in the race at all.

FRANK HURD is a rank free trader; but if the Ohio Democrats should send him to the Senate the transaction would be free from the taint of boodle. That is more than it would be safe to say of the election of some of the other men named.

THE Presidents of the leading colleges are discussing whether it is expedient to reduce the college course to three years. Careful investigation makes it doubtful whether the young men can be thoroughly trained in the arts of baseball, rowing, football and boxing in less than the four years' term.

PERHAPS Warner Miller, of New York, is not wholly disconsolate over the fact that other Republican leaders have joined him outside the breastworks. Misery generally can endure itself a little better if it has company.

IF it is true that Governor Foraker was defeated because he was in favor of making the saloon keeper obey the laws, it was a defeat of the kind that is more honorable than victory. But the assertions that it is so, come principally from the classes who think that liquor should be mightier than legislation.

THE operators and miners of the river mines seem to be drifting along to the point where they will respectively make a stand on the principle that no bread at all is better than half a loaf.

MR. C. P. HUNTINGTON is showing especial activity in getting up railroad combinations at present. This is justified by the recent increase in his family expenses, which renders it absolutely necessary that the public shall yield up more money for profit on his stocks.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

SENATOR JUSTIN S. MORRILL, of Vermont, is 79 years old. He was elected to Congress in 1854 and has been in the Senate 20 years.

MRS. CLEVELAND is having her portrait painted by a Washington artist. It is said that the picture will be presented to the Corcoran Art Gallery.

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND will spend the winter in Florida. She has purchased a home at Paola, Orange county, at the southern extremity of the State. Miss Cleveland has been living at Holland Patent, N. Y., of late. She will not return there until next April.

IT seems strange to say that anyone who remembers Colonel William Prescott, of Bunker Hill fame, is still living, but such is the case. Mrs. Sarah Chaplin Rockwood, a daughter of Colonel Prescott's niece, is living in Portland, N. Y., where she last week celebrated her 104th birthday. She says she remembers the Bunker Hill hero very well.

M. S. LANGLEY, who was Thackeray's Private Secretary, kept a diary in 1860, which has been offered for sale. The record of daily events is a full one. Notes of the great author's conversation and remarks have been jotted down day by day, and his opinions on all sorts and conditions of men and events are in the chronicle, and his personal peculiarities have also been noted.

THE son of Richard Wagner has determined to follow in the footsteps of his father, and devote himself to music. He has already taken the first step, having caused his name to be entered on the students' roll at the celebrated Raff Academy or Music School in Frankfort-on-the-Main. The young man bears the name of Siegfried, and those who are intimate with him say that the ambition of his life is to conduct the performances of his father's works at Bayreuth in the theater devoted wholly to his music.

AMONG Senator Edmunds' many witty speeches and crushing repartees, hardly one can have been wittier or more crushing than his answer to some speech of a Senator from Texas. The Texas Senator had just sat down, hot, exhausted and convinced. Senator Edmunds got up and in his driest manner sent this rustling across the aisle: "Now, if my friend from Texas has any good reasons for his proposition, I wish he would kindly state them, instead of giving us the poor reasons, and keeping the good ones to himself."

THE committee from the Catholic Congress, in session in Baltimore, waited on the President yesterday morning by appointment and presented him with an address. The committee consisted of the following named gentlemen: Joseph J. O'Donahue, of New York; John Byrne, of Ohio; John D. Kelly, of New York; B. T. Buval, of Arkansas; Daniel A. Rudd, of Ohio; Anthony Kelly, of Minnesota; M. Glennan, of Virginia; James D. Coleman, of Louisiana; R. C. Kerens, of Missouri; John Guerin, of Illinois, and Alexander P. Morse, of Washington. The President received them cordially and listened carefully to the reading of the address.

AMONG the President's callers yesterday was Mr. Bright, of England, son of Mr. Jacob Bright, M. P., and nephew of the late John Bright. He was accompanied by his friend, Mr. Pace, of England. The President received them very cordially and expressed to Mr. Bright his great admiration of the character and services of his distinguished uncle, referring to his well-known friendship for this country during the Civil War. He also remarked that among the books he valued and often referred to was one containing extracts from the speeches and writings of the great English statesman. The visitors were subsequently conducted through the White House and their attention drawn to a marble bust of John Bright occupying a prominent place in the main corridor.

AN INGENIOUS ENUMERATOR.

A Machine That Performs the Work of Half a Dozen Clerks.

From the Brooklyn Citizen.]

There is no doubt that in the course of time work people are going to be a superfluity, and that we are all going to spend our time in play while the machines wait upon us and perform all necessary labor. I came across a new proof of this assertion the other day in one of the telegraph offices. I noticed that the man who received my message went to a queer-looking machine and struck some keys, something after the manner of a typewriter. There immediately flew up in the back part of the contrivance the number of my telegram, the number of words in it and the amount I had paid. My curiosity being aroused I interviewed the player of this queer instrument, and he told me it was a new labor-saving device, and also a check upon dishonesty which Norvin Green was trying in their office and was about deciding to place in every telegraph office the Western Union controls.

It is an enumerator. Now adding machines have been known ever since the invention of the old Abacus, but this enumeration performs the work of half a dozen clerks, does it with unfailing accuracy and is, moreover, so simple that it can be made for $5 or $6, while the ordinary adding machine used in banks fetches anywhere from $40 to $100. It is a double back action sort of affair, as the telegraph clerk explained it to me. As it is used in their work it registers every telegram, its price and length on a slip, and at the end of the day registers the whole number of words dispatched and the entire sum of money received. In banks it is used in much the same way in filling the checks and making up the books at the end of the day.

On touching a key the number and value of the check is thrown up into view, and at the same moment it is registered on the slip, while at the end of the list of checks it registers on the slip the entire amount calculated with perfect mathematical accuracy. So greatly does it simplify and shorten the cashiers' and bookkeepers' work that the Clearing House the other day, using one of them, cleared off its entire list in 30 minutes—the same work usually occupying two hours and a half and the labor of many clerks.

25 BUFFALOES LASSOED.

The Surprising Feat Performed by a Hunter in the Northwest.

WINNIPEG, November 12.—Buffalo Jones, of Garden City, Kan., has had an exciting time at Stony Mountain this week. He lassoed 25 full-grown buffaloes to-day and had them hobbled. They are to be shipped to Salt Lake City.

Many are the regrets that the buffaloes are to leave the great Northwest, where they are so much needed for their fur and hardiness.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Rather Wet and Muddy is the Woods, but a Redbird, and a Snake Varied the Monotony.

THIS is not exactly the time of year to go tramping through the woods—woodland glades are unromantically muddy, the rotting leaves may have a pleasant odor to the melancholy poet, but they are disagreeably sloshy under the foot of the prosaic pedestrian—and yet yesterday's sunshine tempted me to walk out over a rural road and then strike off on a bridle path through a wooded valley that I remember as a cool retreat from the July sun, and a grand grouping of nature's gaudiest banners in October.

The tiny infant of a run that I had known in the summer had grown out of all recognition. It was a burly stream with a goodly voice of its own. Here it spread out over a pebbly beach, there burrowed beneath the twisted roots of a forest tree. In quiet places the leaves still lay matted on its bosom, and a water rat, jumping from the bank into one of these carpeted pools, seemed scared at the contact with the leaves and flustered around for a dozen seconds before diving out of sight.

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THE sky was so deeply blue, the southerly wind so soft and warm, and the sunshine made so mellow a glow even among the thickly growing trees, that a redbird hardly discernible in the top of a cedar tree sang two or three verses of a roundelay that I feel sure he had been composing for use next spring. Well, who would sneer at a redbird for thinking that spring had come yesterday? If this gentlest of Indian summers keeps up a day or two I shouldn't be surprised if that redbird falls to building a new nest in his favorite terrace on the cedar. By the way, what a charming residence from which to watch the leaves swell to the bursting, the grass grow green again, to hear spring's grand concert break from all the birds' throats, would be that same redbird's villa in the big cedar tree shadowing the creek!

But the warmth has drawn other and uglier creatures than the redbirds from their seasonable courses. Across the narrow path where the sunlight fell full and generously upon the shale rock's yellowish face, a tolerably long black snake lay basking. Very few sober persons have the privilege of seeing snakes in mid-November, but I am free to say that anybody can have my privileges in this direction at a bargain. Not that this particular black snake proved an obstacle or a turning point in my career. His snakeship was wondrous sleepy and docile. Even when a walking stick urged him to hurry his departure he did not talk back, but slowly wriggled down the bank toward the creek.

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"Do you know," said my companion, "that snakes always move in a straight line?"

"No," said I, "casual observation of a snake's locomotion has led me to believe that its course is anything but Euclid's definition of a straight line—the shortest way between two given points."

"I'm not speaking of a snake's movement geometrically," was the reply; "but speaking generally it is a fact that a snake is averse to changing its course, and cannot turn readily. I heard that long ago. A girl I know once proved the truth of this theory very opportunely.

"She was a dear little girl then, with light brown curls, and the strangest liking for funerals I ever heard of. Her favorite pastime in the summer was to sit on a rock by the cemetery gate and watch for funerals. One day when she was sitting in her wonted position with her feet curled under her on the warm rock, she heard a rustle in the leaves, and, looking down, saw a very large snake with stripes, which, she declares to this day, were as big as those on the national banner. Being a brave little girl she did not scream, but, instead, at once bethought of her grandmother's advice as to receiving snakes. This advice was to run a little way in a straight line from the snake, and then abruptly turn off at right angles. So this little brown-curled girl jumped off the rock and ran down the hillside as fast as her sandals could carry her. The snake, for reasons best known to itself, also fled down the hill. After traveling a dozen yards, the child jumped to one side and ran a few steps according to the recipe. She had the intense satisfaction of seeing the snake disappear down the hill.

"Perhaps the serpent wanted to go down hill anyway?"

"Perhaps you don't know anything about serpents, sir!"

A WORM NINE FEET LONG

Intrudes Among a Party of Beer Drinkers, Creating Great Excitement.

NEW YORK, November 12.—John Braun and his sister, who live at 44 Avenue D, were enjoying a comfortable class of beer in Fritz Pabst's saloon in Park Row about 9 o'clock at night. The back room where they were sitting was once used for a concert room before the law divorced beer and music. Mr. Braun's back rested comfortably against a railing that inclosed the otherwise open stairway to the cellar. A step ladder rested on the rail beside him and hung alongside the short wall between the front and back rooms. His sister sat opposite him, facing the stairway. Pabst and Louis, the bartender, were behind the bar, and in front of it, seated at tables, were Richard Cluff, Andrew Shoemaker and others. Cluff was just raising a big glass of beer to his lips, when the whole party heard Braun's sister cry: "Look out, John, there's a worm."

Everybody ran into the back room. Sure enough, there was a snake, and a big one. He was crawling out of the cellar, and when Braun first saw him he had got his head a foot or so above the rail and was surveying his new surroundings. Pabst sprang behind the bar for a revolver. Shoemaker shed his big overcoat and grabbed a cheese knife from the bench counter, and Louis appeared with an ax from the kitchen. Cluff clung to his glass of beer. Braun's sister got behind a table. They moved to the attack in a hollow square, and after a hard battle, slaughtered the snake. The cellar wall divides Pabst's from Charles Reiche & Bro.'s animal store, and the snake had escaped from there. He was about nine feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. He was probably a young python.

WILLING TO OBLIGE A LADY.

An Amusing Story of Thaddeus Stevens and His Red Wig.

From the New York Tribune.]

Colonel Thomas, one time member of Congress was in the city this week, and among tales of the old days told the following about Thaddeus Stevens:

"Thaddeus Stevens was sitting in his office one day with a few friends when in walked an old lady, wearing a poke bonnet, blue goggles, and carrying a green alpaca umbrella. She looked around the room as if in search of some one, and then said solemnly:

"'Can you tell me where to find Thaddeus Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty?'

"'Old That!' blushed.

"'I'm Thaddeus Stevens,' he replied shortly.'

"'Are you Thade-e-us Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty?'

"'I reckon I am, ma'am.'

"The old lady dropped her parasol, made a rush toward Stevens to kiss him, and when he held her off, she said:

"'I came from Bucks county to see Thade-e-us Stevens, the Apostle of Liberty, and to take home with me a lock of his hair.'

"The Apostle of Liberty took off his red wig, handed it to her, and said:

"'There it is, ma'am. Take as much as you want.'"

HELPED ON HIS OWN GALLOWS.

A Condemned Youth Assists in the Building of a Scaffold Meant for Himself.

PHILADELPHIA, November 12.—The gallows on which Joseph Hillman is to be hanged to-morrow at Woodbury, was placed in position to-day. Hillman requested to be kept in his present quarters and mingled with the workmen, and once offered his assistance in placing the instrument of death in position.

In an interview this morning he said that all his sins had been forgiven and he was going to heaven. This afternoon his wife, sister, mother, father and uncle paid him their last visit. Joe Van Hise, the official hangman of the State, is at the jail superintending the details of the execution.

A Multitude of Candidates.

From the Chicago News.]

As about all the Democrats in Ohio are now candidates for the United States Senate there are good reasons for thinking that some of them will be disappointed.

Death of Louis Schaeffer.

CLEVELAND, November 12.—Louis Schaeffer, a well-known capitalist and philanthropist, and owner of the Canton Opera House, died to-day at Canton, aged 74.

THE MOZART'S CONCERT.

The Rendition of Cinderella a Complete Success—Characters Heartily Encored.

An audience representing the wealth and fashion of the two cities filled Old City Hall last evening to listen to the first concert of the season by the Mozart Club.

The initial number of the programme was Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," performed by the entire orchestra. That it was appreciated the applause with which it was received testified. The harp solo, "Grand Fantasia on Operatic Airs," rendered by the composer, Mr. John Cheshire, harpist to H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, was received with great favor. Out of compliment to the long and continued ovation given him the gentleman favored his hearers with a second selection.

The ever interesting story of Cinderella was refreshed in the minds of those present with Mrs. Emma Wolfe assuming the title role. It was hard to imagine the beautiful women, in a Parisian toilet of white, with the shimmer of many diamonds, a poor neglected maiden, but in the story, such is narrated. The "Fairy Queen," Mrs. M. Henkler, whose mission it was to relieve the sufferings of poor "Cinderella" by calling to her aid the fairies and spirits, was a charming impersonation of the benign fairy in a decollete costume of soft white silk with a handsome diamond necklace sparkling on her neck.

Mr. E. H. Dermitt, as the *King*, who won the heart, and after numerous trials and tribulations, the hand of the fair *Cinderella*, was kingly enough both in manner and in voice to win the heart and hand of almost any maiden. The chorus of fairies and spirits were all that imagination could suggest in their co-operation with, and anxiety to assist, the *Queen* in her match-making scheme, and in their expressions of joy at her success.

The orchestral accompaniment and the rendering of the entire programme was fully up to the standard long ago won by the artists of the Mozart Club.

The programme was a trifle long, as was proven by a great many people leaving the hall during the ten minutes' intermission between the second and last part, but with that exception the concert was a complete success.

A FETCHING CALISTHENIC PICTURE.

Mt. Washington Young Ladies Going in for Healthful Exercise.

A fetching picture was presented in the gymnasium of Library Hall, of Mt. Washington, yesterday afternoon. Fifteen maidens, ranging from 10 years up to 20, arranged in bewitching calisthenic costumes, were receiving instruction in the use of the Indian clubs and dumb-bells. Miss Blanch Jones, daughter of Rev. David Jones, is the teacher of these young ladies, and if her own superb physique and delightful coloring is the result of light gymnastics, as she calls the course of training, it is certainly to be recommended, although the system is antagonistic to that advocated by Delsarte, Jenness Miller and Mrs. Bishop.

Yesterday was the third lesson of the course of 50 to be given, and the class numbers 15, as already stated. For some time the Board of Managers of the library have been considering the formation of this class, and finally a committee of the following ladies was appointed: Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. W. Sawhill, Mrs. B. Smithson, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Torrence. Mrs. McMillian as Chairman and Mrs. Sawhill as Secretary.

Of course the class was a certainty when these ladies took hold of the matter. It will meet twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, and the price for the course is moderate enough to allow anyone to become a pupil.

THEIR ANNUAL SUPPER.

About 200 at the Tables in Fourth Avenue Baptist Church.

The supper and annual meeting at the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church last evening were as enjoyable as possible for the sociable company of 200 members who gathered around the tables and sharpened their appetites for an after-feast, consisting of gratifying reports and discussion of the elements that had contributed to marked success and progress in the church the past year. The clerk's report showed a total membership of 650; the treasurer's figures exhibited faithful activity of the members in giving, and was admirably supplemented, rounded out and stimulated by Mr. H. K. Porter's address on the benefits of systematic contribution.

Then there were encouraging reports from all the interests of the church, including the notable improvement in attendance and interest at the Linden Grove Chapel, in charge of Rev. William Ward West, the assistant pastor. The Young Men's League gave promise of good and better work in the near future, and the pastor, Rev. Howard B. Grose, closed with one of his characteristic happy and hopeful talks on "The Retrospect and the Prospect." It was an evening well spent.

LOTS OF LITTLE LORDS.

The Woman's Industrial Exchange Has a New Fad Well Started.

The inauguration of the sale of Christmas novelties will take place on November 21 at the rooms of the Woman's Industrial Exchange on Penn avenue. Little Lord Fauntleroy and his mother "Dearest" are at present guests at the aforesaid rooms, and before the time specified for the reception a whole family of Fauntleroys will arrive. They promise to be the prevailing fad this winter, and the ladies hope to find permanent homes for a great many members of this very popular family.

Everything desirable in the trimmings of parlor and boudoir will be found at this opening of Christmas goods, and in the newest and most artistic designs.

Handkerchief and glove cases are made now in the finest of white linen, and embroidered, perfumed with sweet clover. Sweet clover promises to be the favorite this winter, both in design and perfume. They are to be found on almost every article of recent manufacture intended for the use of the dainty maid or matron. The ladies will serve lunch on the day of the reception between the hours 12 and 2, and icecream and cake during the remainder of the afternoon.

In a Social Way.

THE Social Thirteen Club held their annual election of officers last evening at the residence of Mr. John H. Detker on Davis street.

THE Willing Workers of the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church will give an entertainment next Friday evening.

REASONS FOR GIVING THANKS.

Governor Beaver Refers to the Johnstown Flood in His Proclamation.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

HARRISBURG, November 12.—Governor Beaver to-day issued a proclamation recommending to the people of Pennsylvania the general observance of the 28th of November, the time designated by the President as Thanksgiving Day. The Governor says:

Not unmindful of the deep waters of affliction through which many parts of our Commonwealth have passed, we can rejoice with them in the constant abundant stream of charity which has flowed from all parts of the world for the alleviation of their suffering, and mitigation, so far as such ministrations can avail, of their sorrow. Let the day be one of devout worship, of hallowed memories, of present cheer, of social amenities, and of large-hearted beneficence; and so shall we honor God and be a help and a blessing to our fellowmen.

OBSEQUIES OF TREASURER HART.

Over 5,000 People Take a Last Look at the Remains Lying in State.

HARRISBURG, November 12.—The remains of State Treasurer Hart lay in State in the rotunda of the Capitol two hours to-day, during which time over 5,000 people looked into his face. Several elaborate floral tributes contributed by the Executive, State, and Treasury departments were displayed at the head of the casket. Rev. George H. Chambers delivered the funeral oration in the hall of the House in the presence of the members of the several State departments and many Senators and Representatives as well as citizens.

The funeral arrangements were under military direction. Among those who participated in the obsequies were United States Senator Quay, State Treasurer-elect Boyer and Senator Delamater.

The Ballot in Rome.

From the New York World.]

It is a strange thing to read in the current dispatches from the Old World the result of the municipal elections in Rome. The Eternal City seems to represent the extreme ideas of ancient conservatism, but, behold! the people must have the ballot. Monarchy is doomed.

Bury the Hatchet.

From the New York Tribune.]

With such an example as the correspondence of Mr. Foraker and Mr. Campbell before them, why can't Governor Hill and Mr. Cleveland shake hands over the bloody chasm?

Not Exactly a Novelty.

From the Boston Globe.]

At Pittsburg the Pan-American delegation was treated to a natural gas display. Just as though they didn't get that wherever they go!

IN THE FROZEN NORTH.

Strange Sights in the Icy Polar Regions—The Influence of the Harsh Climate on the Viking Races—Hairbreadth Escapes Among the Wild Cliffs.

The further north you go, the more marvels spring up around you. No words can do justice to the weird attraction of this strange life beyond the bounds of the living world, where there is no sunrise and no sunset, but one endless, unchanging day; where time, space and established rules are alike unknown; where you breakfast at 4 in the morning, sup at midnight, dine whenever you please, and never go to bed at all; where men are no bigger than children, and children no bigger than dolls; where mosquitoes swarm beyond the arctic circle; where you find cattle the size of sheep, sheep the size of dogs, and dogs the size of rabbits; where one turns from watching the sea foam into whirlpools around a frolicsome whale to see an eagle swoop from the brow of a perpendicular precipice 6,000 feet high; where phantom ships appear hanging upside down in mid-air, and instead of one sun you see four or five at once; where dwarfs live under the snow as in fairy tales, and the day of the week or of the month is a matter of glorious uncertainty from the beginning of the voyage to the end of it.

But when you pass from the limit of vegetation into the region of eternal emptiness beyond, the Polar Ocean is seen in its grimmest and gloomiest aspect. The brightest and clearest day can do little to soften the sternness of the cold, gray rocks and lonely lifeless waters of "the land where all things are forgotten;" but when seen beneath the gloomy shadow of a gathering storm the desolation of the whole landscape becomes absolutely overwhelming. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare, craggy sides of innumerable precipices, heaving up their gaunt outline against the darkening sky, and the endless succession of barren mountains overhung by the cold dead whiteness of the eternal snow, the sullen, lifeless waters beneath, the gray leaden sky overhead, the tremendous loneliness, the dead, unearthly awful silence, all combine to crush you with an overpowering sense of utter and ghastly isolation, a weird nightmare feeling of being the only thing left living upon the face of a dispeopled earth.

The Stern Norse Gods.

It is from such scenery as this that one learns to understand the grim, mighty, granite-hewn figures of Scandinavian mythology, whose very heaven was no place of ease and softness and luxury, but a whirl of eternal battle. One can fancy how mean and paltry would appear, says David Ker, in a letter to the New York *Times*, amid the silence and loneliness of these tremendous solitudes, the dainty divinities of soft, sunny, sensuous Greece—a curly-bearded Jove, a sleek Apollo, a dapper Mercury, a round-limbed Venus. Far different are the stern deities of the stormy North—Odin scattering the clouds of heaven before the rush of his giant horse, Thor dashing the mountains in pieces at every stroke of his thunderbolt hammer, Ægir shaking the solid rocks to their foundations with the shock of his roaring waves, Heimdall making earth and sky echo to the blast of his war horn, and Surtur's fiery sword "melting the mountains in the day of his wrath."

It was in one of the countless rocky islets of this ghostly sea (a mere dot in the boundless waste of waters) that I once met with an adventure which, though I have already made some passing mention of it, is well worth telling over again. The island, which was one vast precipice on all sides but the southwest, terminated to the North in a bold turret-shaped headland more than 100 feet in height, just beyond which towered an isolated crag of equal height, evidently torn from the main cliff by some mighty convulsion ages ago. This I climbed at the risk of my neck one afternoon, only to find that the natural bridge of rock by which I had reached it had been covered by the rising tide, and that my retreat was cut off.

A Thrilling Escape.

So there I was, 50 feet up a dangerous precipice, on a ledge just wide enough for me to stand on, with a raging sea below, and a coming storm blackening the horizon, which, as I well knew, would whirl me off my perch like a feather into the roaring waves beneath. My sole remaining chance of life was one from the thought of which I instinctively shrank, viz., to leap across the hideous chasm that separated me from the main cliff and alight upon the nearest ledge of the latter. It was indeed a fearful risk, which nothing short of the prospect of certain death could have nerved any man to face. The leap was a wide one, the shelf on which I stood barely large enough to give me space for a spring, and the ledge on which I meant to alight was so narrow and slippery as to make it an even chance whether I failed to reach it at all, or reached it only to fall back into the dreadful gulf below. But I knew that every moment of hesitation would only make matters worse, and that my only chance was to risk the leap before my nerves gave way altogether. I clinched my teeth and sprang out into the empty air, and the next moment I was safe on the opposite ledge.

So far so good; but even now my troubles were only just beginning. Far below me roared the chafing sea, and high above me towered a grim precipice, which I had always heard spoken of as absolutely unscalable. To all appearance there was no going either up or down; yet up or down I must go, and that speedily, for if I staid where I was the approaching storm would hurl me from my perch and dash me to pieces. Just at this moment I espied a cleft, or rather crack, running slantwise up the face of the cliff above me, the edges of which, frayed and roughened by spray and storm, offered just footing enough for a cat or an Alpine climber. A perilous scramble enabled me to reach it, and up I went inch by inch like a fly on a wall.

He Startled the Artist.

Not without a long and hard struggle, and more than one hair's-breadth escape from instant destruction, did I at length drag myself wearily over the topmost ledge, spent, gasping, bruised, cut, and aching in every limb. As I did so, I caught sight of a man seated close to the edge of the cliff only a few yards away from me, seemingly busied with a sketch of the sea view. So completely engrossed was he with his work that he never heard the scraping of my feet against the rock as I scrambled up, till, as he happened to raise his eyes suddenly from the paper, there I stook like a ghost on the very brink of the precipice, a ghastly figure, right between him and the red, angry glare of the stormy sunset, which outlined me in all my terrors. My face and hands were black as ink, my clothes torn and stained with blood, while my wet, disordered hair, standing wildly out in every direction and intertwisted with three or four stray tufts of seaweed, powerfully enhanced the horror of my appearance.

For a moment he stood gazing as if suddenly turned to stone, and then, flinging down his sketch and implements with a yell worthy of an Ojibbeway Indian, flew away with such amazing speed that I could hardly see where he went to. I never had a chance of finding out what account he gave of his adventure, but I can pretty easily guess it.

JUST SHOVING THEM OUT.

Plenty of Postmasters Made to Walk the Plank Nowadays.

WASHINGTON, November 12.—The President has appointed the following named postmasters:

Illinois—Mike T. Quirk, at Arcola, vice Albert Snyder, removed; Franklin Melrose, at Grayville, vice Thomas J. Matthews, removed; Henry T. Woodruff, at Harvard, vice John A. Sweeney, removed; Thomas G. Lawler, at Rockford, vice John D. Waterman, removed.

Indiana—Thad. Butler, at Huntington, vice S. H. Shearer, resigned; Henry M. Bickneil, at Garrett, v