M'GINTY'S MYSTERY.

True Story of the Career of the Now Celebrated Daniel.

HIS LIFE AN EVENTFUL ONE,

And a Reasonable Doubt Raised as to His Untimely Death.

THE STRUGGLES OF HIS YOUNG DAYS

And the Episodes That Led a Modern Muse to Tune His Lyre.

Sunday morning just at nine, Dan McGinty, dressed so fine,
Stood looking up at a very high stone wall,
When his friend, young Pat McCann, says, "I'll bet five dollars, Dan,
I could carry you to the top without a fall."
So on his shoulders he took Dan, to climb the ladder he began,
And soon commenced to reach up near the top:
When McGinty, cute old rogue, to win the five he did let go,
Never thinking just how far he'd have to drop.

Dan McGinty was no ordinary citizen. His memory will live in history for years, not because of a great victory on the field of battle, for Dan was no soldier, nor on account of diplomatic service rendered his country while an Alderman, for he had no political aspirations—but because he was a victim of circumstances.

Born under an unlucky star, says a writer in Pulitzer's *World*, Dan grew up with his brothers and sisters, and with the brothers and sisters of several other youngsters in his neighborhood. At the age of 7 years he was fully 7 years old, and he developed a fondness for adventure. On several occasions his doting father found him hanging by his (Dan's) toes from a rudely constructed horizontal bar in the barn owned by his friend Terence McCann. Little "Paddy," Mr. McCann's youngest, was Dannie's constant companion. At 10 Dannie could wrestle any boy of his size for five blocks around, and he beat the cigarette-smoking record in his ward by consuming three packages of a favorite brand in 1 hour 9 minutes and 18 seconds. This pleased the elder McGinty so much that he broke a blackthorn shillelah, which he valued highly, over Dannie's back. The boy apologized, and from that day smoked a pipe.

DAN'S FIRST JOB.

Dan grew and grew, and became a great help to his kind-hearted old mother, who took keen delight in shying flatirons, rollingpins and stove-lifters at him to see how near she could get at the mark without striking it. The elder McGinty was troubled with a weakness of vision, caused in a measure by too close application in looking for work, and in addition to this he was color-blind. He was, in fact, color-blind to such an extent that on several occasions he gave his son Dan a $2 bill instead of a 10-cent piece with which to "chase the duck," as he expressed it.

One fine day Dannie's papa came home, and, after supper, took from beneath the perspiration band of his hat an advertisement clipped from a Mexican paper offering $7 a week for a young man who could make himself generally useful in a plaster factory. The youth tried unsuccessfully to find the advertiser, but he was lucky enough to run against another place where plasters of the porous kind were made, and the proprietor, struck by his manly appearance, engaged him forthwith at a salary of $2 50 per month. Bright and early next morning Dan was on hand, and the kind-hearted proprietor turned him over to a stern foreman, who took him up five flights of stairs and handed him a package of unporoused plasters.

He told Dannie to bite holes in the plasters, and Dannie started in. He didn't like the job, but he stuck manfully and the plasters stuck to him. It didn't take the boy more than three hours to arrive at the conclusion that the plaster business was not his forte, for when he had bitten four holes in one of the pain-alleviating sheets two of his incisors began to ache. Dan threw up the job and went home. Mrs. McGinty felt for her boy and at the same time felt for a can-opener. With motherly dexterity she soon pried out the aching ivories and Dannie was once more happy.

BORN ON AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Had Dannie been born on any other day but Friday and a date other than the 13th, perhaps his teeth would not have ached and he might have been enjoying a lucrative situation in that same factory to this day.

But pass over the period of Dan's school days and we find him in love with Mary Ann O'Brien, a buxom lass, whose auburn tresses were the envy of the neighborhood.

At the time the song written in Dan's honor opens, McGinty was working on a job in Harlem. His duties were not arduous, according to his ideas, for climbing up a ladder with a hod on his shoulders several hundred times a day was good exercise and kept him out of mischief.

As a matter of fact the very first sentence of the song has caused not a little speculation and there is even now a wide difference of opinion as to Mac's exact condition at that time. Some contend that he had been out all night shaking dice for a Hamboletonian turkey, but that will scarcely hold water, for there was not even a feather on his clothes at the time. He had attended a wake the night previous and stopped on his way home to admire the architectural beauties of the front wall of a building in the course of erection.

It may as well be understood right here that Dan never claimed to be an architect, but he had been engaged in assisting to construct walls during the greater part of his lifetime, and he naturally was attracted by this particular wall, because it was of immense height. As he was critically eyeing the unfinished structure a sound slap on the back interrupted his reverie, and Pat McCann, the friend of his boyhood days, stood before him with extended hand. Dan was, of course, overjoyed at the meeting, and after they had talked for a few minutes on family matters, McCann happened to espy a ladder leaning innocently against the building. That Paddy was of a speculative turn of mind cannot be denied, for he bet on horse races, played poker and indulged in many other pleasant diversions, such as handling fighting dogs and training pugilists. He was, in fact, a born gambler, and the sight of the ladder suggested a novel bet to him.

HE WASN'T A QUITTER.

"I'll go you five I can carry you up that ladder to the top," he said.

On the impulse of the moment McGinty accepted the wager, never dreaming that McCann had the remotest idea of attempting the feat. But when Pat soon stood in his shirt sleeves ready to carry out his part of the contract, Mac concluded that it would be a bad time for him to show the white feather, so, without even removing his coat, he climbed on McCann's back and they began the ascent. Dan chuckled away as he heard the man beneath him groaning and puffing, and expected every moment to hear McCann cry quits. With all his faults, give McCann credit—he wasn't a "quitter." He puffed away after the fashion of a man with a tightly rolled cigar, but he was bound to get Mac's money. When within a few feet of the top Dan loosened his grasp and plunged both headlong and feetlong (for he turned three separate and distinct somersaults) into empty space.

McCann, at the top of the ladder, did not hear the dull, sickening thud which followed, but that there was a thud of that kind is generally conceded.

Dan had bought a new suit of clothes the night before, and for some unaccountable reason he put the trousers on wrong side foremost. When McCann reached the sidewalk he found his friend lying on the broad of his back, writhing with pain.

"Are you much hurt?" he asked.

"No," replied Dan, looking at his trousers, "but I got a terrible twist."

Dan was taken to the hospital, and the song goes on:

From the hospital Mac went home when they fixed his broken bones,
To find he was the father of a child;
So to celebrate it right, his friends he did invite
And he soon was drinking whisky fast and wild.
Then he waddled down the street in his Sunday suit so neat,
Holding up his head as proud as John the Great,
But in the sidewalk was a hole to receive a ton of coal
That McGinty never saw till just too late.

DAN'S THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Any man who does not celebrate the birth of his first child in some way or other is a good person to watch when you have a large wash hung on the lines to dry. Dan McGinty, upon being presented with an eight-pound son, invited a coterie of friends to his home, and treated them in a manner thoroughly in keeping with the occasion. They had a right royal time of it, and at broad daylight McGinty, gallant that he was, offered to accompany Miss Anita Casey as far as avenue A.

In returning, Mac walked through Twenty-third street, and his friends who saw him say that he tried to walk on both sides of that broad thoroughfare at the same time. One thing is certain—coal holes ought to be abolished. If they can't get the coal into their houses in any other way, slide it in through the windows or shovel it on the roof, but do away with the coal hole at all hazards. It is a menace to public safety. Dan's case ought to be sufficient evidence of this.

On this eventful morning a careless driver opened a coal-hole near the curb and pulled the trigger on the back of the wagon just as Dan fell through the opening. He didn't see the hole, or instinct would have prompted him to step aside. He went down and so did the coal. Fortunately he had done a good deal of courting over a coal-hole when the then Miss O'Brien was employed in the capacity of third cook at a Fifth avenue mansion, and naturally he felt more at home under the circumstances than the majority of men would. When his friends finally dragged him out of the vault he was naturally wrathy. A man who wouldn't have at least made an attempt to thrash that driver doesn't deserve the name.

A DOSE OF JUDICIAL MEDICINE.

McGinty heaped or rather threw coals at his thick head, not coals of fire to be sure, but pieces of anthracite of the size known as grate. The driver took umbrage at this, and declared that he was not fond of practical jokes. A policeman marched Dan off to court. The driver followed and smiled a hollow and inaudible smile. If this policeman, who was rarely on the spot when he was wanted, had arrested the really guilty man, it is to be presumed that he would have been removed from the force. That virtue is not its own reward is proven beyond all doubt by the fact that this same policeman is now a roundsman, and expects soon to be made a sergeant. It must be admitted that Mac looked like anything but an American citizen as he stood before the bar of justice and awaited developments.

He was covered with coal dust, and his best suit was completely wrecked, but this was no reason for a police justice to condemn him to six months' imprisonment on the island. Was the plain statement of a policeman to the effect that a man had been drinking mixed ale and creating a disturbance sufficient evidence to put him in prison?

Is an American citizen to be dictated to as to whether he shall drink old ale, new ale or mixed ale?

McGinty's sentence was a most unjust one. The statement that Judge Duffy imposed this inhuman punishment on poor Dan is a vallainous libel on that magistrate's judicial ability, and some of his old enemies in the First Assembly district are credited with having started the story with an idea of injuring the Judge. He emphatically denied it yesterday to a reporter and pronounces it a malicious lie.

"I have never sentenced a man in my life upon such flimsy evidence," said the little Judge, "and I can say in all truthfulness that Dan McGinty, whom I knew very well, never was arraigned before me. I think his sentence was an unjust and cruel one, and the Judge who imposed it should be taken to task."

DATA FOR ANOTHER VERSE.

Dan languished in a prison cell for six long and dreary months. The holidays came and passed, but he received no word from his wife, nor in fact from any one in the outer world. Even the tailor who made the suit which the driver of the coal cart ruined, and to whom Dan was indebted, never gave the poor fellow a ray of hope by sending in his bill. Mac worried over his wife's silence and gradually wasted away until he became a mere shadow of his former self.

He counted the days, hours and minutes until the time came for his release, and then the man who wrote of him concludes:

McGinty thin and pale, one fine day got out of jail,
And with joy to see his boy was nearly wild:
To his home he quickly ran to meet his wife Mary Ann,
But she skipped away and took along the child.
Then he gave up in despair and he wildly pulled his hair,
As he stood one day upon the river shore,
Knowing well he couldn't swim, he did foolishly jump in,
Although water he had never took before.
Down went McGinty to the bottom of the say,
And he must be very wet,
For they haven't found him yet,
But they say his ghost comes round the docks before the break of day,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Mrs. McGinty, upon learning the fate of her liege lord after the coal-hole episode, straightway sent for O'Hare, her first love, and Terry advised her to send to Chicago for a divorce. She sent, and while poor Dan was dying by inches within the white-washed walls of the prison on Blackwell's Island, the faithless woman was married to O'Hare, and they went to Gowanus on a wedding tour. They liked the place and concluded to remain there. If they haven't moved away there is a strong probability that they are in Gowanus yet.

WHERE, OH, WHERE IS M'GINTY?

But where is Dan?

Coroner Messemer is forcing himself into an early grave trying to figure out the question. There are already seven gray hairs in his flowing auburn whiskers, and the other day while he was at the Battery looking for the exact spot from which McGinty jumped, a piping breeze coming from the direction of Fort Hamilton whistled a tune through the hirsute appendage upon his jolly face which sounded very much like "Down went McGinty." The Coroner paid no heed to this annoying circumstance, however, but continued his search. He didn't find the place and now Coroner Messemer argues that McGinty is not dead, but is sleeping, and will startle the whole civilized world when he wakes up.

"You can bet a new hat that Dannie is alive," said Coroner Messemer confidently as he sat in his office yesterday and stroked his whiskers, "for I've found out that he couldn't swim a stroke, and it stands to reason that under these circumstances he would not deliberately jump into the sea. He may have been pushed overboard, however, but even in that case his body would have been found and either myself or one of my colleagues would have been called upon long before now to investigate the case. The report that McGinty's ghost walks on the docks every morning I am inclined to believe is untrue. I do not believe in ghosts, anyway, but to satisfy myself I have remained up several nights looking for the ghost and I haven't found it. Ghosts don't wear clothes anyway, and I'd like to know who could tell the difference between McGinty's ghost and anybody else's ghost. If Dan McGinty was murdered we will hunt his assassin to the end of the earth, and as soon as the body is found there will be a rigid investigation I can assure you."

The whole world wants to know the whereabout of two persons: one is Charlie Ross and the name of the other man is Dan McGinty.

Dangerous Negligence.

It is as unwise to neglect a case of constipation or indigestion as a case of fever or other more serious disease, for, if allowed to progress as great danger to life may result. A few Hamburg Figs will put the bowels in a healthy condition, in which they may be kept by occasional use of this medicine. 25 cents. Dose, one Fig. Mack Drug Co., N. Y. TTSU

THE OPIUM FRAUDS.

An Enormous Quantity of the Crude Article is Imported.

LOOPHOLES IN THE LEGISLATION.

It is Very Difficult to Know That the Drug is Smuggled.

THE GREAT PROFITS OF THE BUSINESS

SAN FRANCISCO, December 25.—Special Treasury Agent Brooks and Deputy Surveyor of the Port John T. Fogarty had just returned from an expedition through Chinatown when they were seen by THE DISPATCH correspondent. Through one of those mysterious channels by which the Government officials often gain valuable information news was received by the Collector that a large quantity of opium, which had never paid Uncle Sam's tariff of $10 a pound, was about to be taken to the place of business of a large dealer in poppy juice in Chinatown.

Preparations were immediately made to seize the drug, if practicable, and it was with this object in view that Mr. Brooks and the Deputy Surveyor visited the Chinese quarter. The officials had not the slightest difficulty in finding opium ad libitum, but as no "dope" was seen to be brought into the place no seizure was made for reasons which were explained by Agent Brooks.

NO WAY TO PROVE IT.

"No, we did not get what we went after," he said, "and I am at a loss to know on what ground we could have made a seizure in the place, even had we known that the opium was smuggled, of which we had no proof. Once opium is in a place where it is sold it is perfectly safe, as far as the officers of the law are concerned, for how are they to prove that it was smuggled? The Government does not require that it be stamped, and there is absolutely nothing to show that it has not paid duty in the regular way. Should the Government, however, require that all opium be stamped, as imported cigars are when in the custom house, what then would be the result? Wherever a pound of opium was found without the Government stamp on it it could be seized.

"As it is now, an officer may go into a Chinese store where he is sure there is smuggled opium, and the first case he pitches on he asks, 'Where did you get that?' 'Oh, I buy him from a man who got it at a sale in Michigan.' There is no way of disproving his assertion, as the official knows that some seized opium was sold in Michigan some time ago. Concerning the next case the Chinaman may say he bought it from a wholesaler, mentioning a prominent and very legitimate firm and showing documents to prove his statement.

"A third box is picked out and the dealer says, 'Oh, I have him ten year,' and points to the marks on the box in which the tins are contained, and sure enough there is the evidence that the box at least came from Hong Kong, China, ten years ago. When the next box is reached the dealer says: 'We make him right here. You see paste no dry yet.' The officer then asks: 'How about that Lai Yuen Hong Kong label I see on it there?'

SOME STARTLING FIGURES.

"The preparation of opium should be put under the supervision of the internal Revenue Department. You are probably not aware of the amount of crude opium which is manufactured into the smoking opium in this country every year. Let me show you some figures. Here are the Custom House records of crude opium imported through this port in a tabulated form."

The table was as follows:

	Pounds.
July 1, 1884, to June 30, 1885	12,541
July 1, 1886, to June 30, 1886	29,002
July 1, 1886, to June 30, 1887	94,883
July 1, 1887, to June 30, 1888	73,950
July 1, 1888, to June 30, 1889	74,768
Total	285,804

"You see the amount is increasing steadily. It is imported for medical purposes, but, in my opinion, nearly, if not all of it, goes into the manufactories of Chinatown. It pays a duty of $1 per pound, and now let us see how much the Government has lost during the past five years by the manufacture of this into refined opium after arriving here.

"Crude opium yields 62½ per cent of smoking opium, so that within the time mentioned enough was brought into manufacture a little over 178,627 pounds of the smoking article. The duty on this, if imported, would be $1,786,270, and subtracting the duty of $1 per pound, or $285,804, we find that between July 1, 1884, and June 30, 1889, the Government lost over $1,500,000 in duties. Now, let us look at the profits of this manufacturing and see if it is not more profitable for opium to be manufactured here than even to smuggle it.

A GLANCE AT THE PROFITS.

"The smuggler pays $7 to $8 per pound for Lai Yuen opium in Hong Kong and ships it here. The man who takes it in charge to land it must have his divvy, and the ring, supposing for the sake of argument that there is a ring, must also have a slice. These men take great risks in landing the stuff and must be well paid, and we cannot compute their pay at less than 75 per cent of the original cost.

"This, with other minor expenses, would bring it up to nearly $12 per pound. The smuggler sells for $17 and thus has a profit of $5 per pound. The manufacturer buys crude opium in Hong Kong for $3 per pound and pays $1 per pound duty. It cannot cost him a great deal, say $3 per pound, to refine it. After putting on Lai Yuen labels he sells it for the same rate as the genuine, and makes $10 per pound. As I told you some days ago, I am assured that there was a ring here some time ago, but if there is one now I have no evidence of it, and I do not see why it should be smuggled when it can be manufactured at such a profit."

A gentlemen who has had long experience with the opium trade said yesterday: "It is almost out of the question to make a case against smuggled opium, and an officer may be as painstaking and vigilant as possible and still not be able to make a seizure which will stick. It is a shame that the present laws are not amended so that officers can seize opium when they find it unstamped. I believe, however, that Collector Phelps is making every effort to secure the proper legislation."

THE COLLECTOR'S VIEWS.

Collector Phelps was up to his ears in Chinese affidavits when a reporter broached the subject of legislation on opium, but he immediately turned his attention to his favorite subject.

"I have been averse to saying much on this subject," he remarked, "but as you know I am in correspondence with the authorities at Washington and with our representatives in Congress, and I hope before long to have the matter so adjusted that we can control this traffic. As it is now we are powerless, and though I have sent men to all parts of the State for the purpose of seizing smuggled opium, if possible, I don't see how it could be done.

"I have never been able to understand why the old Custom House regulation requiring the stamping of opium was rescinded. It is true that it was only a Custom House regulation and there could be no punishment for counterfeiting it, but still it was something, and once in a while we could catch a lot that was unstamped. This crude opium business is growing, day by day, and immense quantities arrive in this city every month."

WHERE THE CRUDE OPIUM GOES.

One of the largest dealers in crude opium on this coast, whose place of business is on California street, was asked yesterday afternoon regarding the amount of crude material which is coming into San Francisco.

"I am of the opinion," he said, "that the business is increasing every year. The price of opium is very high this year, and we are not importing so much, but I have calculated that up to October 1 of this year 55,000 pounds came into this city. We have large stocks on hand, and will not buy while the present prices reign."

"Is it not a fact," asked the reporter, "that the largest part of the crude opium imported to this city goes into Chinatown for refining?"

"Not only the larger portion," was the answer, "but every pound we import is sold to the Chinese manufacturers of smoking opium. It yields from 50 to 75 per cent of the refined article. There may be some crude opium imported for medical purposes, but it is different from the kind we handle. Most people imagine that our crude opium comes from China direct, and in this they are mistaken. London is the greatest opium market in the world, and it is from there that we receive most of it. London is supplied in the main from Persia and China. Of course we obtain some from China, but not a great deal. Dealers in opium are at a loss to understand why the old regulation requiring the stamping of opium in the Custom House was discontinued. Of course we are interested in seeing the smuggling stopped, for it hurts our trade, and while the old stamp was not a complete protection it aided some in making it pay duty."

NOTED SMUGGLERS CAPTURED.

Some Old-Timers Caught by United States Officers at Tamoca.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

OTTAWA, December 25.—Advices from British Columbia state that, encouraged by past success, opium smugglers between Victoria and the United States posts on Puget Sound are becoming more defiant over the rich harvest they are reaping. Last week three opium smugglers were captured at Tamoca with 160 pounds of opium in their possession. Two of the men are noted smugglers of the Sound country, and have been hunted by every inspector of customs for the past four years. Their names are Bill Easton, alias "Black Bill," Jack Powers and a Northern Pacific Railroad conductor named Fisher. The opium was taken to Tamoca from Victoria on the Olympian, but the men were unable to land it on account of the inspectors.

On Wednesday morning a man was sent out from the steamer in a small boat, as a decoy, but only one inspector followed, and the other watched them land the opium. Then he called on them to surrender, at the same time covering them with his revolver. The men were turned over to Deputy United States Marshal Price, and taken to the county jail, but were released on $1,000 bonds, furnished in cash by Easton. The value of the opium is $2,210.

BUTLER'S PRODUCTS.

The Mud Has Almost Overcome the Petroleum—A Number of New Wells—A Peculiar Rivalry.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

BUTLER, December 25.—The staple commodities of this county just now are mud and oil. As the first increases the latter decreases. It is almost impossible to get supplies to the oil fields, and it is not a rare thing to see ten horses tugging at a boiler in the streets, and six, and sometimes eight, at an engine. The same trouble is experienced in getting coal to wells not supplied with gas. Under such circumstances drilling is very expensive. No new work is undertaken that can be delayed without loss, but it frequently occurs that a rivalry springs up between owners of adjoining leases as to which can draw the most oil from under the other's lease. For this purpose wells are located close to the dividing line by one, and the other is compelled to do the same to protect his interests.

In such cases the race for the pay streak is lively and interesting. A week's delay might result in the loss of hundreds of dollars. Notwithstanding these difficulties, over 100 wells are in process of drilling in the several Butler fields, and new wells are coming in daily. Within the past two days Sutton & Walker brought in a 60-barrel well on the Samuel Marshal farm, on the Big creek; W. J. McKee, a 50-barreler on the Q. G. Shannon; Greenlee & Forst, one of the same capacity, on the James Welsh. Sutton & Co.'s No. 3, on the Q. G. Shannon, is one bit in the sand and flowing nicely at the rate of 75 or 100 barrels per day; their No. 4 will reach the sand tomorrow or the next day. Christie & Co.'s No. 1, on the Hugh McClelland, is in the sand and showing for a good well. It is some distance southwest of developments. Ruff Latshaw & Co. shot their No. 2 on the Bolton yesterday, and got an average well. Abrams & Co., No. 2, on the Hazlett, is in the sand and looks very promising. Greenlee & Forst have two, and Christie Bro.'s three wells on the James Welsh farm which should reach the sand before the end of the week.

A WINTER CHAUTAUQUA

To be Started in Florida as an Annex to Talmage's Tabernacle.

BROOKLYN, December 25.—At a meeting held by the trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle a project was finally worked into shape which has for some months been under discussion. It is for the establishment of a society to be called the T. DeWitt Talmage Winter Chautauqua Association, to be located at Crescent City, Putnam county, Fla., and, like the summer schools of the same nature, is intended to furnish not only refined amusement, but valuable instruction by means of lectures, musical entertainments, etc., to those who attend its meetings. These it is proposed to start about the middle of February, 1890, to be continued for a month, and the first attraction will be the reverend gentleman for whom the association is named, and who will by that time have returned from his trip to the Holy Land.

A charter has been obtained, a stock company formed and officers elected, among whom are Messrs. John Wood, Edwin Gilbert, L. A. Ballard, Dr. H. A. Tucker, E. H. Branch, Alexander McLean and James R. Howe. Mr. L. A. Ballard, of Crescent City, has been made general manager of the real estate department, and parties interested can procure further information by applying to him, at 223 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is proposed that the profits of this enterprise shall assist in the rebuilding of the Brookyn Tabernacle.

TOOK OFF THE REGULATOR.

Young Biggerstaff Invited Death, and It Came at His Call.

The old story of the bursting grindstone, so graphically described by Charles Reade in "Put Yourself in His Place," is retold in the inquest upon the death of John Biggerstaff, who was killed by the bursting of an emery wheel at the Springfield foundry, on Thirty-second street, on Tuesday. Biggerstaff was in a hurry to finish some work he was doing on the Emery wheel, and in order to accelerate the speed took off a regulating attachment.

He was warned by a fellow workman not to do so, but persisted, and in less than a minute the wheel gained such a velocity that it burst, one piece striking the young man on the head and breaking his skull. Biggerstaff was 27 years of age, unmarried, and boarded on Thirty-third street. The Coroner will hold an inquest this morning.

Do not be imposed on by imitations. The genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is 25 cents.

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BOGGS & BUHL.

THE COUNTRY ROADS.

Benefits Growing Out of Keeping Them in Good Condition.

SOME HINTS TOWARD REFORM.

No Excuse for Bad Highways in a Rich Nation Like This One.

THE VALUE OF FARM LAND AFFECTED

The National Government treated the members of the Pan-American Congress to an 8,000-mile ride over the best equipped railroads in the world. From pure national pride it is a matter for thankfulness that the gentlemen composing the Congress were not permitted to examine the common country roads in Allegheny county, or subjected to the discomforts attending a few miles' drive over them.

The best roads in the world to-day are those of England, France and Germany, the excellence of which is due to the fact that those countries were the first to awaken from the long sleep of the dark ages, and the growing rivalry between them necessitated attention to their roads for the proper prosecution of both their military and their mercantile interests. In each country they early came under the national supervision, the results of which are seen in the most splendid highways in existence, costing the least to maintain, and in every way the most satisfactory and economical for those who use them.

IN THE BEGINNING.

Up to the advent of railroads, most of the setlements in this country were along the water fronts, and on the seacoasts, lakes and rivers. The invention of steam, and the development of the railroad, seem to have taken all our energies and resources, to the neglect of our roads and highways, and now that we have more miles of railway than the whole of the Eastern Hemisphere, and about all we can make to pay at present, we can well afford to turn our attention to the matter of highways, in which everybody should be interested, for all have to use them, rich and poor alike; those that ride and those that walk.

No country has a greater road mileage, in proportion to the population, than the United States, but while with characteristic American push and hurry, the most extensive means of communication and intercourse have been provided, we have suffered the consequence of a lack of any general system of public policy, covering the location, construction and maintenance of ways.

In many a case where one's travel leads him through the old farming regions of New England and the Middle States he may take occasion to do anything but bless the memory of the frugal early settlers who, when the necessities of the case seemed to demand that a road be established for the convenience of public travel, each contributed a way across his farm, lying perhaps over the worst hill, and through the sandiest, or the rockiest, or the wettest land, with a view rather to the economy of his best pastures, than the saving in the years to come, of the time and strength of the traveler obliged to use it.

FAR BELOW THE AVERAGE.

American roads are far below the average; they certainly are the worst in the civilized world, and always have been, largely as a result of permitting local circumstances to determine the location, with little or no regard for any general system, and haste, and waste, and ignorance in building.

Old post-roads and turnpikes, in times no further back than the War, afforded the only comfortable travel to be had in many parts of the country; nor could the general badness of the roads, by any means, be attributed to a lack of the proper materials for their construction. Indeed, it often happens that we find them the worst where natural resources are the most abundant, and the better roads are frequently found where the natural conditions were so bad that the ordinary crude and wasteful expenditures were out of the question.

Fifty years ago there was some excuse for bad roads, for the country was poor. Now it is rich, there is no excuse.

REASONS FOR GOOD ROADS.

There are many reasons for goods roads. They are a source of comfort and convenience to the traveler. They attract population, as well as good schools and churches. Good roads improve the value of property, so that it is said a farm lying five miles from market connected by a bad road, is of less value than an equally good farm lying ten miles away from market, connected by a good road. They encourage the greater exchange of products and commodities between one district or place and another. They benefit the poor in the cities by enabling farmers to regularly market their produce, and thus keep prices down.

Various movements, already under way, in the direction of road improvements, must have, and are already having, their effect in bringing about a material raising of the average quality. The Governors of several States made special and important references to it in their annual messages, and in several States bills have been presented having in view the betterment of State highways, by regularly organized systems of work, to be carried out under the supervision of departments provided by the State.

The following outline, furnished by Colonel Albert Pope, of Boston, in a recent address, may suggest some idea of a scheme in the right direction: A Commissioner of Highways might be provided for, in the Agricultural Department, with a corps of consulting engineers, and suitable appropriations made, for the prosecution of a general supervising work. Under the charge of this commission, full systems of maps should be prepared, based largely, perhaps, upon the working of the State and county boards, showing more or less completely, as circumstances would permit, the highways of the country.

WORK FOR THE STATES.

For co-operation with this central bureau and the prosecution of the work in the most thorough and practical way, each State should have its highway commissioner, charged with the highest interests of the State in the way of maintaining its system of roads under the most approved methods and for the general public welfare. Then the best practical results could probably be attained by the division of the State into highway districts, consisting of counties, or perhaps townships, each of which should have its overseer in full charge of the opening and construction of new roads in his district and the proper maintenance of all, responsible for the expenditure of the regular appropriations for these purposes. These districts could then be divided into smaller ones under sub-overseers.

The importance and the value to any country and every citizen, from the highest to the lowest, whether taxpayer or tramp, of well constructed and properly maintained roads, is not easily estimated, but clearly it is greater than that of many interests which are continually receiving the time and attention of the people in their homes, counting rooms, public meetings and legislative halls.

An eminent writer says: "The road is that physical sign or symbol by which you will best understand any age or people. If they have no roads, they are savages, for the road is the creation of man, and the type of civilized society."

The Geographical Limits

Within which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters performs its mission of preventing and curing disease are well nigh measureless. North and South America, Europe, Australia, and the islands of the Caribbean and Pacific are included in this area. Wherever malaria, the universal scourge, is found, there the bitters is the recognized specific, as it is also for dyspepsia, rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints and constipation.

B. & B.

Balance of doll stock included in this half-price sale to-day. BOGGS & BUHL.

GREAT IS THE TOMATO.

But the More Than 50,000,000 Cans of It This Year Fall Nearly 9,000,000 Cans Short of Last Year's Total—Where it Grows.

NEW YORK, December 25.—The twelfth annual estimate of the tomato packing of the United States during the season of 1889 made by the *American Grocer*, results in a total of 2,976,765 cases of two dozen cans each, a shortage as compared with the season of 1888 of 366,372 cases, or a reduction of nearly 11 per cent. The deficiency is attributed to the unusual amount of rain which fell on the Atlantic seaboard during the summer and particularly to the heavy storms in September. Had it not been for an extension of the industry and a good season in the Western and Southwestern States and on the Pacific coast the supply would have been unusually light.

The result, based upon returns from over 400 factories, compares with that for the previous year as follows:

	1889.	1888.
Maryland	671,333	988,733
Virginia and West Virginia	184,174	150,000
New Jersey	516,701	769,383
Delaware	191,767	227,050
California	234,020	140,519
New York	142,250	197,432
Ohio	154,200	104,150
Indiana	194,150	153,150
Illinois	102,750	50,833
Michigan	44,084	49,517
Iowa	107,905	106,702
Missouri	102,608	85,000
Kansas	72,800	38,218
Nebraska	42,000	42,100
Colorado	15,000	50,000
Canada	34,325	73,990
Massachusetts	35,900	29,760
Arkansas	67,003	21,100
Texas	3,350	20,000
Pennsylvania	17,292	20,200
Connecticut	11,770	13,600
Tennessee	3,300	8,800
North Carolina	4,950	1,400
Mississippi	7,000	1,350
Minnesota	.....	200
Georgia	2,500	.....
Kentucky	1,563	.....
Dakota	12,000	.....
Total	2,976,765	3,343,137

The total output in 1889 compares with the pack of previous years as follows:

	Cases—2 doz. in each.
1883	2,943,579
1884	2,021,177
1885	1,434,006
1886	2,365,790
1887	2,817,048
1888	3,343,137
1889	2,976,765
Total seven years	17,899,472
Average per year	2,557,067
Average per year 1887-9	3,045,617

The average character of the supply has not been what it should. Although the packing season has been closed less than three months, there is a pronounced demand for fine goods. The lack of high grade goods is probably due to the large quantity of country-packed goods put up by inexperienced canners. The result of this is that a difference exists in quotations between standards and extra hand-packed goods of from 25 to 40 cents per dozen. Such a disparity should put a premium upon the packing of superior grades and induce canners to make special efforts and incur extra expense to establish a market and reputation for their brands.

The West and Southwest together can now, in a fair season, be safely counted upon to furnish one-third of the total supply. It seems to be the rule that if we have a bad season in one section of the country it will be good in another, so that the shortage in one direction is compensated for by a large supply from other directions.

Tomatoes during the past year have been sold in this market from 70 cents to $1 15 per dozen. Throughout the season fine goods have been in demand at full figures. In fact, we might say that at no time has the supply of really choice tomatoes been equal to requirements.

TERRIBLE MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

A Man Murders His Wife, Commits Suicide and Burns the House.

EAST TEMPLETON, QUE., December 25.—A man named W. P. Ford, who has been out of his mind for some months, Tuesday night about midnight murdered his wife. The noise of the struggle awakened his sister-in-law, Miss Busby, and his little daughter, who were asleep upstairs. On their appearing Ford attacked Miss Busby with a razor, but after a desperate struggle she escaped with the little girl to a neighbor's house about a mile distant.

As they left the house they saw Ford cut his throat with a razor. The lamp having been upset in the struggle it fired the house, which was burned to the ground. It is supposed Ford's body was burned with it. Mr. Ford was a member of the Council here.

FOR ONLY 4,000 PUPILS.

A New $200,000 Public School Going up in the Big Metropolis.

NEW YORK, December 25.—One of the largest and finest public school buildings in the world has just had its cornerstone laid in this city, at the corner of St. Nicholas avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street, an admirable site commanding a view for miles up and down the Harlem river. It will be the new Grammar School No. 46. The ceremonies were very pretty. More than one thousand school children, bearing flags and banners, marched to the grounds, headed by the Hebrew Orphan Asylum Band, and sang national airs.

The new building will be four stories high, with a tower on St. Nicholas avenue. It will contain 36 class rooms, and will accommodate 4,000 pupils. It will be of Belleville brownstone and Philadelphia brick, with Wyoming bluestone trimmings, and will cost about $200,000.

THE WEATHER.

For Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, fair, lower temperature, westerly winds.

PITTSBURG, December 25, 1889.

The United States Signal Service officer in this city furnishes the following:

Time.	Ther.		Ther.
8:00 A. M.	58	Maximum temp.	65
12:00 M.	62	Minimum temp.	54
1:00 P. M.	—	Range	11
2:00 P. M.	—	Mean temp.	60
5:00 P. M.	—	Precipitation	.01
8:00 P. M.	55		

River at 8:30 P. M., 7.2 feet, a change of 0.5 in 24 hours.

River Telegrams.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAMS TO THE DISPATCH.)

BROWNSVILLE—River 5 feet and stationary. Weather clear. Thermometer 57° at 6 P. M.

MORGANTOWN—River 4 feet 6 inches and stationary. Weather cloudy. Thermometer 58° at 4 P. M.

WARREN—River 3 5-10 feet and falling. Weather clear and pleasant.

SICK HEADACHE—Carter's Little Liver Pills.
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SICK HEADACHE—Carter's Little Liver Pills.
no18-67-TTSSU

INCLUDING ONE DARNING MACHINE.

The Patentees of This Inventive Region Are Still at Work.

List of patents issued to Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia inventors on Tuesday, December 24, as furnished by O. D. Levis, patent attorney, 131 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg:

Edward C. Boyer, Dayton, O., disk harrow; Samuel A. Collins, Troy, O., suspender buckle; Frank P. Copper and A. Blair, Tiffin, O., signal lantern; Charles G. Gote, Glenville, O., device for darning stockings; James W. Gill, Fairview, O., feed rack; Thomas A. Gillespie, Pittsburg, pipe joint; Charles K. Hann, Columbus, window screen; William Hardnick, Erie, low water alarm; Frederick Habler, Dowington, Pa., clamp; William H. Jenks, Brookville, Pa., engine governor; Charles H. Coyle, Easton, reflector and mirror; Sanford D. Lockwood, Wheeling, tubular lantern; Juna Mearis, Columbus, vehicle hub band; C. W. Raymond, Dayton, brick pressing machine; John C. Robinson, Hampton, W. Va., bail for bucket; Elmer W. Ross, Springfield, feed cutter; Daniel B. Scheaffer, Fleetwood, Pa., harvester; Albert Schmid and N.