The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, MONDAY, DEC. 30, 1889.

THE HISTORY OF CANALS.

The great canal projected from the lakes to the Ohio may be compared with similar undertakings which the world has seen from the time of Darius to that of De Lesseps in an entertaining article which is to be found on another page of this issue.

Most of the facts there collated are impressively encouraging in their bearing upon the canal in which Pittsburg is most interested. The history of almost every canal that has linked seas, avoided dangerous coasts, irrigated deserts, or made commerce possible where none was before, shows plainly the wonderful value of such works. The service of canals to our own country is tolerably well known, and the benefit derived by nearly all lands, England, Holland, France and India in particular, from canals can hardly be computed. It is timely to remember how the cost of the Suez Canal dismayed the capitalists who stood behind the great De Lesseps. Nobody believed when it was opened that the canal would ever pay a dividend to the shareholders. But events very soon showed what an immense want the wonderful piece of engineering had filled. The English nation has no better paying investment than the Suez Canal stock which Disraeli was blamed for buying during his last tenure of office. When it comes to looking at the cost of the new Erie ship canal, and big figures tend to appall, the history of previous projects of this kind may be consulted with good results.

UP GOES ICE'S PRICE.

Hitherto the warm weather has excited no really severe criticism. Fun has been made of it, and now and again a pinch of sarcasm has spiced the popular comment. But nothing really mean or hard has been said of December's summer costume. Presuming on this leniency, perhaps, the weather has grown warmer, if anything, than ever. The time has come to stop. It is getting to be a serious question. Consider! ladies and gentlemen, where are we to get our ice supply next summer? Ice has to be harvested now for the months belonging to the season called summer. Ice cannot be cut when it does not exist. Hence the public is threatened with an ice famine which will make life hardly worth living in the months of June, July, August and September. If the winter is simply to be postponed till midsummer, all may be well yet. We can then lay up a supply of ice for the warm spell which will be due next Christmas.

The ice company which virtually has a monopoly of the business here is weeping with all its might over the prospect. The public will be called upon to weep later on. In the meanwhile, in spite of its grief at the thought of the fancy prices it will be forced to charge for chunks of ice, the company is preparing to put in two machines to make ice. The machines will cost $75,000, and as, if the seasons resume their normal characteristics next year, they will be useless after next summer, the purchasers of ice will have to pay for them before winter comes again.

The weather question is getting very hot indeed. We need ice very badly.

MR. MATHEWS' MISTAKE.

Without any unreasonable bitterness, Mr. Brander Mathews, author and playwright, discusses the relations of dramatic author and theatrical critic in the New York *Dramatic Mirror*. Mr. Mathews is to be congratulated upon keeping his temper during the discussion. Usually the dramatic author has little but curses and kicks, verbal kicks, for the theatrical critic. Mr. Dion Boucicault is wont, when in need of recreation, to scalp a few newspaper critics. Mr. Mathews, perhaps because he is, comparatively speaking, a tyro in the business of making plays, avoids the veteran Boucicault's pernicious example. He mildly rebukes the newspaper critics for giving foreign plays the preference over American plays. But the scolding is gentle and can anger no one.

We do not quarrel with Mr. Mathews' manners, but we question his statements. Here is his summing up: "Our theatrical critics are more prone to point out blemishes of American plays than they are to praise beauties. Indeed, they are prompt to see the blemish and slow to discover the beauty. That this attitude is injurious to the cause of the drama in this country I feel sure, and I am also convinced that this is one of the reasons why the influence of theatrical criticism is far less now than it used to be."

It is true that some of the most talented critics in New York City seem to be somewhat averse to praising the products of American writers for the stage, and it is true that other critics there are elsewhere who have not the courage or the wit to fly in the face of metropolitan criticism. But there are plenty of critics, in New York and in other cities, who properly appreciate the American drama, which is cutting no small figure upon the stage to-day. The sane and candid man can deny the splendid promise of the new American drama, as exemplified in the work of Messrs. Bronson Howard, David D. Lloyd, David Belasco, Sidney Rosenfeld, H. C. DeMille, Henry Guy Carleton, Edward E. Kidder, and, we willingly add, of Messrs. Brander Mathews and George H. Jessop. THE DISPATCH has not been slow to welcome and praise wherever possible the plays of native authors. The critical columns of THE DISPATCH have shown an unwavering friendship for the American drama, and only a few weeks ago the play, "A Gold Mine," of which Mr. Mathews is part author, received the highest kind of commendation in this paper.

NOT A RACE WAR.

It is not a race war that is raging in Georgia; the butchering of negroes at Barnwell, S. C., is not a warlike proceeding. The truth has to be told about the matter: a lawless spirit, finding its vent in murder, is fermenting white society in certain parts of the South. All the facts which have come to hand in regard to the shooting of eight colored prisoners in Barnwell show that it was a cruel and unjustifiable murder. Deeds of this sort show that the white race is lapsing into barbarism in localities where the complaints of the savagery of the negro are loudest. It is not anything like a war. The negroes are taken at a disadvantage, and are slaughtered like sheep. The returns of the killed and wounded in these campaigns show only too plainly that the negroes suffer all the casualties.

This state of affairs cannot last. The clamor of certain Southern white men for Federal aid in removing the colored population of some Southern States, heaven knows to what place, is ridiculous, while such lawless slaughters prove the white men to be most in fault. The South should rather be on its good behavior, seeing that the majority party in Congress is contemplating a reopening of the "race problem," and possibly a readjustment of the election laws. There is no telling how serious the situation may become if the relations of the white and black population in the South are further strained.

COMPROMISED BY EGGNOG.

As far as we are informed Mr. Russell B. Harrison is still connected with the Helena Mont. *Journal*. If he is not he should say so at once. Otherwise he is liable to involve the administration of his revered father in no end of trouble. How can such a paragraph, as that subjoined, which we have taken from the Helena *Journal* be reconciled with a proper regard for temperance?

The *Journal* editorial staff is indebted to Billy Lynch, the expert mixologist of the Merchants' hotel bar, for a pitcher of eggnog compounded in his very best manner and received last night at just about the hour when churchyards yawn and grave editors give up their last cent—or would if they had it—for something liquid.

Of course it was right for Mr. Russell B. Harrison or his representative in charge of the *Journal* to thank Mr. Billy Lynch, the mixologist, if the eggnog was accepted. The question is, should a man of such public importance, as the son of the President of the United States, who has dined at Windsor and made merry with Albert Edward, accept eggnog from Mr. Billy Lynch, no matter how expert a mixologist he may be?

Under certain circumstances and at certain times, as Mr. Russell B. Harrison apologetically and somewhat pathetically remarks, the longing for a liquid, eggnog or what not, asserts itself in a masterful manner. We do not believe that this longing is confined to editors, nor even to sons of Presidents. The longing is not in itself iniquitous, nor will all condemn the quenching thereof with eggnog. The impropriety of the publication in the *Journal* lies not in the description of a pleasant and, we regret to say an unusual episode in an editor's life, but in the exploitation of the fact that the Markis of Montana, as young Mr. Harrison rightly or wrongly has been called, is a consumer of potent concoctions, which some attribute to the brewery of the Prince of Darkness.

THE Akron *Beacon* disputes the remarks of THE DISPATCH, that the radical Republican journals of Ohio have been comparing the record of Senator Payne with that of Calvin Brice to the advantage of the former. The proof of the statement is contained in the following from yesterday's Cleveland *Leader*, a paper whose party fealty will scarcely be questioned: "All the men who have heretofore been elected to the Senate from this State had at some time been active and prominent as political speakers among Ohio people. Mr. H. B. Payne ran for Governor once and had been conspicuous as a Democratic worker in this State for 40 years before he aspired to represent it in the United States Senate."

MRS. JAMES BROWN-POTTER is going to Australia. And thus the friendly relations between the United States and the English colonies are imperiled.

ALLEGHENY is to be denied rapid transit in one direction at least, because Councils and the managers of the Manchester line are at war. We cannot say that either contestant is clearly in the right, but it is unfortunate that Allegheny City should be made to suffer. Allegheny City needs rapid transit more than any other one thing.

PEACH trees are in full bloom in certain parts of New Jersey. The destruction of the peach crop may be expected to occur months earlier than usual.

THE Chinese actors in New York have been reduced to wearing their stage costumes, so threadbare are their ordinary clothes, on the street. Happy Celestials! Our Thespians in distress cannot resort to such devices. When they are not feasting as actors they must starve as common citizens.

A YOUNG hurricane or two tried to vary the monotony of our summer weather yesterday, but with scant success. Snow is now sold for delivery July 4.

THE Allegheny Valley Railroad is prospering these days, and the welcome news comes that a new freight station is to be built for its use on Pike street. Mr. McCargo's management is synonymous with progress and improvement.

JAY GOULD is a bull without reservation. And for once it does not seem necessary for the country to prepare for hard times in consequence.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has killed a pig. Politicians who believe in the doctrine of "to the victors belong the spoils" are requested to hold back their petitions for pork till the owner of the pig has been settled with.

INFLUENZA is said to be closing in upon this community. It is a mighty unpleasant thing to have such an enemy, so to speak, "in our midst."

IT may be true, as a Philadelphia doctor asserts, that peanuts are good for brain workers, but the devourers of peanuts are generally not troubled with brains to feed.

OVER $300 IN THE POT.

An Exciting Poker Game in Which Remarkable Hands Were Held.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

At a leading hotel last week six prominent gentlemen sat down to a friendly game of poker. The ante was 50 cents, with a $5 limit. In the party were a well-known doctor, a cigar dealer and a wholesale liquor merchant. The gentleman to the right of the doctor opened a jack pot which had passed several times, and which contained $93. The M. D. squeezed down his hand and found four nines pat, and trailed along. The third man came in, and the fourth—who was the cigar dealer—raised the opener, with aces and kings. The fifth player raised again, with three queens. The sixth man and the opener went to the deck.

It was now the doctor's chance, and he raised again. The cigar dealer came to the front, and another raise came from the liquor dealer, who held the three queens, and who was again raised by the doctor. Both men stood the last raise and the cards were drawn. The doctor and the man with aces up took one and the man with three queens drew two cards. Betting now went fast and furious. Nothing could be heard but the click of the chips, and the excitement rose to fever heat when over $300 was in the pot. The doctor was the first to call. When the hands were exposed it was found that the doctor had four nines, the cigar dealer an ace full on kings, and the liquor dealer four queens.

The Way of the Wise.

From the Boston Globe.]

It is now but a short step to 1890. Do not waste time trying to remember last year's resolutions, but put in a brand new set and keep them on file.

A TREAT TO ALL READERS.

Yesterday's 20-Page Dispatch Replete With Interesting Features.

The mammoth triple number of THE DISPATCH went out to its 250,000 readers yesterday filled with the freshest news and the choicest literature. It was an unusually excellent number, as the following brief summary will show.

I.

Nearly three-quarters of a million of people in Europe have been attacked by the influenza, and between 200 and 300 deaths occurred last week. In this country the epidemic is also spreading rapidly, and a fatal case is reported from Chicago. The ex-Empress of Brazil died at Oporto of heart disease. How Christmas was celebrated abroad was told by THE DISPATCH'S London correspondent. Captain O'Shea has sued for divorce, making grave charges against Parnell. Portugal and England refuse to refer their difficulty to arbitrators. England wants Blaine to have no hand in the matter. Prince Bismarck is ill. A determined anti-Socialist agitation is kept up in the German Empire.

Business men in New York, Pittsburg and elsewhere talk encouragingly of trade prospects for the coming year. Jay Gould is particularly hopeful. Mrs. Brooks, of Brooklyn, was murdered by her young son, who put her to death to end her sufferings. Ten persons were killed in a railroad wreck near White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Colonel Harry McCormick, of Dauphin county, is being pushed for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. Nine men were terribly burned by molten metal in an accident at a Dallas, Tex., foundry. A mob took possession of the jail at Barnwell, S. C., and took out and shot nine negro prisoners.

II.

County Commissioner Mercer and others talked interestingly on the convict labor question. Complaints are made to the Humane Society that the law against employing children in factories is violated and nullified. It is thought that a clew to the Tarentum murderers has at last been found. United States Marshal Harrah was given a banquet by his friends at the Duquesne Hotel. The warehouse of the Wormser Glass Company at Laughlin was burned; loss, $15,000.

A review of leading events in the sporting world for the year, and the latest news in pugilistic and baseball circles, was given on the sixth page.

III.

The Washington homes of Congressmen and other statesmen were described in an illustrated article by Frank G. Carpenter in the second part. Interesting reminiscences were contributed by B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington). Willis Kenyon's paper dwelt upon the curious relations of hypnotism and crime. Prominent politicians, among them several Senators and Representatives, discussed the question, "Should a Young Man Engage in Politics?" The Pittsburg Library, and the reasons why it should be preserved, formed the subject of Brenan's article. Robert Buchanan told how plays are made. Henry Haynie gave some entertaining gossip about Mme. Bernhardt.

Hon. Henry Hall pictured life in the hotels and concert halls of London. Prof. Ebers' novel "Joshua" was brought to a happy conclusion. Rev. Dr. Talmage and Marian White contributed a fine Christmas story. "Violet Island" was the title of a pretty fairy tale by Ernest H. Heinrichs. Choice miscellany, the usual departments and articles by Edward Wakefield, Max O'Rell, Clara Belle, Shirley Dare, Rev. George Hodges, F. S. Bassett, Gerald E. Flanigan, James C. Purdy, Maud Howe, Mrs. Grundy, Jr., Dr. Jackson, Bessie Bramble and others were included in the second and third parts.

LIQUOR SMUGGLED IN HAY.

Remarkable Charges Against Alleged Violators of Customs Laws.

BOSTON, December 29.—The city of Haverhill is a great deal disturbed over a remarkable case which has just come to light there. It is generally understood that a warrant has been sworn out by Customs House Inspector J. E. Morris against Ferdinand Dupres, of Haverhill, on a charge of smuggling in liquor from Canada in bales of hay and straw. He is supposed to have accomplices, and to be one of a ring that takes in the cities of Haverhill, Lawrence, Manchester, Nashua and Lowell.

Dupres left Haverhill last Tuesday, ostensibly on a business trip to Canada. He is the junior member of the firm of Joseph Dupres & Brother, hay and grain dealers. Joseph Dupres, the senior member of the firm, has been in business in Haverhill 12 years and is well known and accounted an honorable business man. Moreover, he is opposed to liquor selling, and it is not thought that he is connected with the business. This morning, at the store, Mr. Joseph Dupres was found in the office. He said that he knew nothing whatever of the matter, and supposed his brother had gone to Canada on business, which he does every two months, as most of their hay is Canadian. If any smuggling had been done it had been done outside the firm, and as a firm he was ready to face any charge or warrant.

It is supposed that Ferdinand Dupres had the cars consigned to him at Lawrence, and with the aid of some one there unloaded the goods which he brought to Haverhill over the road, as it is known that he made several night trips to that city. The liquors seized are known as Geneva gin.

ASKING IN GOOD FAITH.

Mrs. George Washington Wants a Present From Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

WASHINGTON, December 29.—The custom of giving New Year's presents has apparently not died out in the South yet, as a woman in that section lately wrote the following letter to Mrs. Harrison:

I am very desirous to get a New Year's present from Washington City, and consequently I have located on you for the present, as I gave all the aid I could to give Mr. Harrison the President's office. My son John cast his first and only vote for Harrison through my influence, and many, many others, and now a New Year's keepsake will be highly appreciated from you. If you respond to my desire please do not express it, as I have vowed never to pay express again unless I could get to see what I pay for. So pay the expressage when you make the present so that I will not have to break my vow. A dress pattern or anything. Your true friend,

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A Weather Prophecy.

From the Philadelphia Record.]

An entomologist has predicted that unless severe weather sets in before the 8th of January, flies will swarm out in their spring clothes.

In Her Normal Condition.

From the Baltimore American.]

Hayti is feeling natural again. Her affairs are very much disturbed. Hayti at peace would scarcely be Hayti.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

MRS. LIVERMORE, the lecturer, is a woman of large frame and powerful physique, of unusual height, with iron-gray hair, a beautiful complexion and a gracious presence.

MR. FRENCH, the sculptor, is making a statue of Louisa M. Alcott for the Fine Arts Museum of New Orleans. It will represent her seated in a rustic chair, a girl and boy near by.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ("Uncle Remus") was a typesetter on a Georgia country newspaper before he became an author. His first venture in verse was made in the days before the war.

THE ex-Emperor of Brazil is a member of the Paris Academy of Sciences under the name of Dom Pedro de Arcantara. He has been in the habit of sending reports to the Academy from his observatory at Rio Janeiro. He has many friends among European scientists.

MR. PHILLIPS, the late President Arthur's Private Secretary, is a New Yorker, who has made his home in Washington. He is a man of leisure, living on his income. Every afternoon he is found at the Metropolitan Club discussing National topics. He is eminently a "clubbable man."

DURING the Christmas vacation Prof. Dana, of Yale, has been hunting over the country for botanical and geological specimens, and it is reported that he has succeeded in discovering some most rare and valuable ones. Although nearly 70 years old, Prof. Dana is in full physical vigor, and is able to endure longer walks than the majority of his pupils.

CARDINAL NEWMAN has all his life been a vigorous worker, but now he rarely preaches, and writes little. He still rises early, as he has always done, and his mornings are given to devotions and to looking after the affairs of the Oratory that he loves so well, and which he established some years ago. The love that the students and priests at the Oratory bear for the aged Cardinal is touching. Between all of them and the Cardinal the warmest friendship exists.

THE CRITIC'S REVIEW.

Judge Tourgee's Latest Stories, From an Old Law Office—E. P. Roe's Last Success, The Tarnathan Age, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Between Times, Feet of Clay, Wine Ghosts of Bremen and Other Books.

With Gauge and Swallow (J. B. Lippincott & Co.; H. Watts & Co.) is a collection of law stories by Judge Tourgee. "Gauge and Swallow" are a firm of attorneys, in whose office the teller of the stories, whose part in most of the plots makes a thread through the book, is employed as clerk. In such an office, "where the crookedest things in the world are made plain, even if they are not always made straight," there must be almost as many stories hidden away in tin boxes as Inspector Byrnes has in his remarkable journals. Judge Tourgee writes under stress of an imagination urged and guided by experience. The stories are all interesting. They are of great variety; love, fraud, spiritualism, forgery, mines and railroads, mysteries and surprises, rogues and heroes play their part in the pages of this entertaining book.

Another book of short stories is that which, under the title *Taken Alive* (Dodd, Mead & Co.; J. R. Weldin & Co.) stands last in the series of "The Works of E. P. Roe." The stories are fitly prefaced by the title essay in autobiography, which Mr. Roe contributed some years to *Lippincott's*, and which he entitled, repeating a contemptuous phrase of Matthew Arnold's "A Native Auth or Called Roe." After all is said, E. P. Roe must be confessed to have won success. And success means that the books which he wrote commended themselves to a very large number of our fellow citizens. "No critic," he says, "has ever been so daft as to call any of my books classic." But a great many "classics" have had fewer readers, Mr. Roe appealed to the average mind. There is such a sort of mind. It does prefer "Barriers Burned Away" to "Marius the Epicurean." It is more interested in E. P. Roe than in George Meredith. The average mind is made that way. Well, because we are cultured shall there be no more cakes and ale? Mr. Roe addressed his books to the largest audience in the world, and the audience were pleased, and gave him their applause, and no number of his books could weary them. They were not "classics," but they were good, straightforward, carefully written, helpful, wholesome, and uplifting books. They attracted readers, and they did the readers good.

The short stories which are collected in this book are of a piece with the rest. They have the faults and virtues with which Mr. Roe's friends and critics are familiar. In our own opinion—but this is only the opinion, we fear, of an "average mind,"—they are well told, worth telling, and worth reading.

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One who permits himself the bad habit of beginning books in the Chinese way, at the end, will be somewhat surprised by his first glimpse at *The Tartuffian Age*. (Lee & Shepard; J. R. Weldin & Co.) The book ends with a list of cosmetics. Signor Mantegazza, in the original Italian, of which Mr. Nettleton gives us here a translation, set down the names and characteristics, poisonous or otherwise, of no less than 266 recipes for making one's self beautiful. It is not cosmetical hypocrisy only, however, which is assailed in this fierce little book. The good Signor begins with the harmless, necessary cat, whose deceitful conduct excites his condemnation, and goes on, from the fig-leaves of Eden to the compliments of polite society, to objurgate even the whitest kinds of lies. He is a sort of Carlyle in Italian. "The Tartuffian Age," the writer himself confesses, "cannot be popular, cannot be written except with one-half ink and one-half tears and gall." Signor Mantegazza has but a poor opinion of the world in general. He says, without any appearance of haste, but as a deliberate judgment, that "all men are liars."

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The last volume in the series of "The World's Workers" tells of the good work of *Dr. Arnold of Rugby* (Cassell & Co.; J. R. Weldin & Co.). Rose E. Selfe is the author. Out of the historical material to be found in the works of Stanley and Hughes, she has selected that which in a brief space shall tell us most about that inspiring life. The little book is excellently done. The schoolmaster, the teacher, the publicist, the writer, the friend, the man, all the sides of Arnold's character, except as husband and father, are delineated as well as could be done in such brief space. Anybody who writes with any sort of appreciation of a man like Arnold is sure to write something both interesting and helpful. One cannot get near to such a character without getting inspiration, nor describe him without inspiring other people. The individual care of Arnold for his boys, a care kept up in the midst of a great burden of other and wider cares, is perhaps the characteristic of his work at Rugby which is most emphasized in this book.

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A graceful little book in pretty covers, with pretty verses between them, is Walter Learned's *Between Times* (F. A. Stokes & Bro.; J. R. Weldin & Co). The rhymes are neatly turned. The subject is an old one which even the poets can never wear out, the pages are easy and pleasant to read. Not much is undertaken. The little valentine poems are dashed off impromptu "between times." They are pretty lines for fans, and albums, and fly-leaves, and the margins of letters, and the 14th of February. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop contributes a graceful and friendly preface. At the end of the book are several translations from the French.

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It looks for a good while, as the book goes on, as if *Feet of Clay* (Dodd, Mead & Co.; H. Watts & Co.) were going to be a very unpleasant story. Indeed, after all is told, the story is not particularly cheerful. The scene is in the Isle of Man. The hero, George Pennington, is the individual who has the misfortune to have "feet of clay." There is a great deal that is good in him, balanced by so much that is selfish, mean and dishonest, that the reader is almost sure that he is going to turn out wholly bad, and make a wreck of it, and wreck several other lives with his. Pennington is, indeed, a mean fellow until the very last chapter, and is as selfish as Tito, as despicable (and in somewhat the same way) as Dean Maitland. He is a faithless lover, and he forges the name of his friend. Finally he allows another man to go to prison in his stead. Mrs. Barr has made him out so low-down, that it is with a rather unpleasant surprise that the reader is told at the end that, instead of getting his head shot off in India, he is wounded just enough to give employment to the cheering nurse, who proves to be a nice girl whom he has known before, and whom at last he marries, and turns out quite a decent fellow. The value of the book is increased by the pleasant-looking picture of Mrs. Barr which fronts the title-page.

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Wilhelm Hauff, who wrote *The Wine Ghosts of Bremen* (White and Allen; J. R. Weldin & Co.,) is described in Mr. Fletcher's sprightly and entertaining preface as having once held the position of editor of a paper with a remarkable name. The paper was published in Germany, and the name, being translated was "Morning News for the Educated Classes!" What sort of editor Hauff made we are not informed, but we have here an opportunity of exercising our own judgment as to the sort of pleasant writing which he was able to do. In Bremen, beneath the Rathhaus is the Ratheskeller. And in this cellar are great casks of wine with dates upon them reaching back into the early years of the eighteenth century. Twelve of these casks bear the names of the Twelve Apostles. Bacchus has a vault all to himself. So has another mighty barrel named the Lady Rose. The teller of the story sleeps one night in this ancient cellar, and is present at a mighty revel where the revellers are the worthies, after whom the casks are named. They tell some good stories over their cups, one of the best being the tale of the devil and Balthasar the Bottomless. Even old Roland, the stone image, who guards the door of the town hall, comes to join the merry-making, and is much disgusted to learn how things have changed since the old crusading times, the knights of Europe being just then occupied in fighting on the side of the Moslems against the Greeks. This charming little book is exquisitely printed by Theo. L. DeVinne & Co. The edition is a limited one, the type having been distributed after printing. The critic's copy is one of fifty which were made as complimentary copies for the press.

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Emmanuel: A Story of the Messiah (Dodd, Mead & Co.; H. Watts & Co.), has not so much thread of story in it as "Ben Hur," but is much the same sort of book. It is a life of Christ in narrative form. It begins with "The Herald Angels," and ends with "Emmanuel Triumphant." Mr. William Forbes Cooley, the writer, has studied Geikie and Edersheim, and woven their scholarship into his story. Like James Freeman Clarke he selects the character of the doubting apostle, and makes him present at all the most notable scenes in the life of Christ. For some reason he chooses to name him "Thoma," leaving off the last letter. The book is not written with any theological intent. The writer is a Christian believer who wants to acquaint people, who have not the mental training which makes the weightier books about the gospels interesting, with the results of recent research and study. He chooses the narrative as the best way of accomplishing this end. The book is carefully, reverently, and, so far as we can see, accurately written.

TENANTS OF A COSTA RICA HUT.

Tarantulas, Centipedes, Bats and Scorpions Around a Sick Man's Bed.

From Longman's Magazine.]

Go and live there, inhabit that picturesque adobe dwelling for 24 hours, either with or without jungle fever, and your enthusiasm will possibly be considerably modified. The breeze, tepid and languorous, brings little refreshment to the heavy, steaming atmosphere, charged by blazing sunshine in brief alternation with torrents of rain, deadly miasms from the rot-laden lagoon steal like ghosts through the moonlit night, and every type of winged and creeping abomination that earth produces there teems and swelters in luxuriant virulence. Great hairy tarantula spiders, centipedes a foot long and scorpions like miniature lobsters had their being in the banana leaf thatch above me; land crabs burrowed up through the fungus-grown floor to visit my couch; huge toads and venomous reptiles came frankly in at the door. Alligators and enormous serpents infested the lagoon hard by and might be expected at any moment. I did not see an anaconda while I was there, but a blow from the tail of an alligator struggling with some creature it had captured actually broke away some of the wall of my hut one night. Beastly bats sailed in occasionally, and were found by daylight pendant and pugnacious overhead, while more than once a yell, a scuffle and a rush proclaimed the disturbed intrusion of some unidentified delegate of the cat tribe.

Respiratory air seemed to have acquired a third constituent in addition to its normal oxygen and nitrogen in the stifling clouds of mosquitoes which filled the darkness—and a Central American mosquito is as merciless an organism as any of its accursed kind found outside the Arctic circle, which is saying a good deal. Strange things whizzed and buzzed and boomed through the obscurity, dropping with a sharp thud as though shot, or alighting with sticky feet, reluctant of dislodgment, on one's face; all night long there was a rustling and a crackling and a creeping suggestive of unseen invertebrate horrors all around; walls, floor and roof crawled, and were betrent with hideous animation. I am a naturalist by instinct and can love and cherish the meanest reptile, but I would not voluntarily of forethought and design choose a hut in a Costa Rica swamp as a shelter for my sick bed during the delirium of intermittent fever.

IN A HIGHLAND SCHOOLROOM.

Master MacTaggart's Flock and His Method of Keeping Order.

From Murray's Magazine.]

The floor of the schoolroom was of hard black earth, studded thickly and irregularly with smooth round stones about the size of a cricket ball, and projecting about an inch from the ground, in which they were firmly embedded. Over this I clattered with my mother (my boots had thick soles covered all over with hobnails) till we reached the schoolmaster's desk. There we halted. Mr. MacTaggart, wholly absorbed in his occupation of pen mending, did not appear to notice us. When he had finished he gave a slight start at seeing us, whereupon my mother explained to him in Gaelic that we were new arrivals in Glen Bue (Yellow Valley), and that she had brought me, her only son, as a pupil to his school.

Meanwhile some eight or nine kilted, bare-legged youngsters, with eyes squinting cautiously leftward toward the schoolmaster's desk, had softly left their seats and formed a semicircle in front of the fire. Presently others also glided from their places and endeavored to squeeze themselves into the semicircle. Their attempts being resisted by the first comers, a scuffle occurred, which, gradually getting more and more noisy, at last attracted the attention of Mr. MacTaggart. The old schoolmaster, grasping the situation in a moment, suddenly laid down his pen, seized his leathern five-fingered "taws," which lay conveniently near his elbow, hurried down the steps, and applied this instrument rapidly and vigorously to the naked calves of as many of the delinquents as had not succeeded in regaining their seats before his arrival.

This punishment administered, he returned slowly to his desk, leisurely ascending the steps, and calmly sat down as if nothing had happened. Of the boys who had received a taste of the "taws" some were rubbing their calves and crying; some were rubbing their calves and looking generally uncomfortable, but not crying, and some were rubbing their calves and smiling, as if they did not care a bit. The smiles of these last, however, struck me as being somewhat forced. As for the rest of the school, though here and there I detected a smile or a grin of amusement, the generality looked on with indifference as on an incident of very common occurrence.

TWO BROTHERS' FIRST MEETING.

John and William Reilly Meet and Make Each Other's Acquaintance.

NEWBURG, N. Y., December 29.—John and William Reilly, brothers who had never previously met, made each other's acquaintance in this city yesterday. John is the elder. Twenty-four years ago his parents came to America, leaving him in the old country. At the age of 8 John came to Providence and from that time earned his own livelihood. Knowing that his own parents had settled in Newburg he advertised for them, but received no reply. Last summer he came to work at Fort Montgomery, and in September removed to Newburg. Yesterday he told his story to a friend, and the result was that the similarity of name, of features and other points satisfied the friend that he knew the whereabouts of the missing brother.

Accordingly he sought out William Reilly, who was born in the United States and who lives only a few doors distant from John on the same thoroughfare. Thus the brothers were united. Their father died about the time John came to this country. The two brothers had passed each other on the street almost daily for months without knowing it. John Reilly, in addition to discovering a brother, has also found two half sisters, of whose existence he knew nothing.

CHINESE EVOLUTION THEORY.

How the Celestial Scientists Trace the Origin of Man.

From the Popular Science Monthly.]

The rocks are the bones of the divine body, the soil is the flesh, the metals are the nerves and veins; the tide, wind, rain, clouds, frost and dew are all caused by its respirations, pulsations and exhalations. Originally the mountains rose to the firmament, and the seas covered the mountains to their tops. At that time there was in the divine body no life besides the divine life. Then the waters subsided; small herbs grew, and in the lapse of cycles developed into shrubs and trees. As the body of man, unwashed for years, breeds vermin, so the mountains, unlaved by the seas, bred worms and insects, greater creatures developing out of lesser.

Beetles in the course of ages became tortoises, earth-worms became serpents, high-flying insects became birds, some of the turtle-doves became pheasants, egrets became cranes, and wild-cats became tigers. The praying mantis was by degrees transformed into an ape, and some of the apes became hairless. A hairless ape made a fire by striking crystal upon a rock, and, with the spark struck out, igniting the dry grass. With the fire they cooked food, and by eating warm victuals they grew large, strong and knowing, and were changed into men.

KILLED BY HIS EYEGLASS.

A Pair of Improper Lenses the Cause of a Boy's Death.

WILMINGTON, DEL., December 29.—Albert H. Connaway, aged 11 years, was buried in the Riverview Cemetery yesterday afternoon. The boy died on Christmas Day under peculiar circumstances from meningitis. He was an Albino, and being near-sighted went to an optician in this city about six weeks ago for glasses. The latter, instead of furnishing the proper lenses, fitted the lad with strong far-sighted glasses, and as a result Connaway had a hemorrhage of the eye.

An oculist was then consulted, who advised that the far-sighted glasses be discarded. It is thought this was done, but hemorrhage caused meningitis and the boy's subsequent death. The oculist who was consulted says the death is directly due to the wearing of the strong eyeglasses.

Greatness Has Its Limits.

From the Philadelphia Times.]

John D. Rockefeller is said to be worth $129,000,000. And yet he could not eat a whole turkey on Christmas Day.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Mrs. Robert Tyler.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., December 29.—Mrs. Robert Tyler died in this city this morning at 3 o'clock in the 74th year of her age. Mrs Tyler was a daughter of the tragedian, Thomas Cooper and Mary Fairlie, a celebrated belle of New York. In 1839 she married Robert Tyler, eldest son of President Tyler, and upon the special request of the President and of his wife, who was an invalid, she presided as "Lady of the White House" during the first three years of President Tyler's administration.

George W. Sawin.

BOSTON, December 29.—George W. Sawin, an instructor of mathematics at Harvard College, died this morning at the Massachusetts General Hospital, aged 40 years. He was seized with an acute attack of peritonitis on Tuesday and on Wednesday was taken down with la grippe. He underwent an operation Saturday afternoon.

HIS SOLAR MAJESTY NEAR.

Next Thursday Will Find Him Only 90,822,000 Miles From This Little Earth—Two Partial Eclipses on His Running Schedule for a Year—Glimpses of Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

All sights are alike to thy brightness!
What if thou waken the birds to their song, dost
thou waken no sorrow;
Waken no sick to their pain; no captive to wrench
at his fetters?
Smile on the garden and fold, and on maidens
who sing at the milking:—
Flash into tapestried chambers, and peep in the
eyelids of lovers,
Showing the blissful their bliss.—*Kingsley.*

So the Greeks regard the sun in their mythology. And it does not seem that we should be too enlightened or matter-of-fact to find pleasure in their stories about nature. For example, they typified the sun by the god Helios or Sol, who had a magnificent palace in the East, whence he started out each morning in a chariot drawn by four horses. At evening he reached his palace in the West. How he got back to the East again was not explained. He saw and heard everything, and was able to witness against those of the gods who did wrong.

The earth is nearest the sun on the second day of the year, on which day she is only 90,822,000 miles from his solar majesty. In the early part of the month the day increases in length at the rate of about half a minute daily.

The sun will be eclipsed twice during the year 1890, but neither of the eclipses will be of much importance. The first will be on June 17, and will be visible to a certain extent in all the continents of the Eastern hemisphere except Australia; but the moon will be so far away from the earth at the time that she will not hide the whole disk of the sun, but will for certain places of the earth's surface obscure the central part, leaving a ring all around, on account of which such an eclipse is called an annular eclipse. The next solar eclipse will be on December 22, and will partake of the same nature at the beginning and end, but will be total for a small region. It will be visible in the Indian and Antarctic Oceans and the southern part of Australia.

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Mercury is evening star until the 20th, when he passes to the western side of the sun and becomes morning star. On the 13th he is at that point in his orbit where he is separated by the greatest angular distance from the sun, as seen from the earth. Mercury, the sun and the earth are then at the apices of an approximately isosceles triangle, Mercury being 92,000,000 miles from the earth and 29,000,000 from the sun, and the earth 91,000,000 from the sun. The angular distance between the sun and planet will be 18° 51'. This elongation may be considered a moderately favorable one, and the planet may probably be seen easily with a field glass a few days before and after the 13th. On the 5th Mercury sets at 6:21 P. M., 1 hour and 14 minutes after the sun; on the 13th he sets at 6:48 P. M., 1 hour and 33 minutes after sunset. His apparent diameter at the elongation is 6''.8, and he is in the constellation Capricornus.

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Venus may be seen in the early morning for a few days in the first part of the month, but she soon loses herself in the sun's beams, and will pass beyond the sun from west to east, becoming evening star, on the 18th of next month. On the first day of the year she rises at 7:46 A. M., 49 minutes before the sun. Her apparent diameter is 10''.3, and she is in the constellation Sagittarius.

Mars is morning star, rising at 1:58 on the morning of the 5th, and at 1:33 on the 25th. On the 1st of the month he is in the constellation Virgo, about 10° east of Spica; later on he gets into Libra. His apparent diameter is 6''.4, and the phase is gibbous.

Jupiter, the king of planets, has withdrawn himself from our view, and will not be visible to earthly gaze for several weeks to come. On the 10th of January he passes behind the sun and becomes morning star.

Saturn is morning star, but rises in the early part of the evening, and can be observed by 10 or 11 o'clock. The rings may be well seen, their plane making an angle of about 9° with the line of sight. The apparent diameter of the planet is 18''.5. Saturn may be identified by the star Regulus, in the well-known sickle of the Lion. The planet is about 7° east of this star, and rises on the 5th at 8:36 P. M., and on the 25th at 7:32 P. M.

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Uranus is morning star, rising on the morning of the 15th, 51 minutes after midnight. He is in quadrature, i. e., 90° west of the sun, on the 16th of the month. Uranus is still in the constellation Virgo, about 5° east and 1°