The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 44, No. 328.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice, November 14, 1887, as second-class matter.

Business Office—97 and 99 Fifth Avenue.
News Rooms and Publishing House—75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street.

Eastern Advertising Office, Room 48, Tribune Building, New York.

TERMS OF THE DISPATCH.

POSTAGE FREE IN THE UNITED STATES.

DAILY DISPATCH, One Year	$8 00
DAILY DISPATCH, Per Quarter	2 00
DAILY DISPATCH, One Month	70
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 1 year	10 00
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 6m'ths	2 50
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 1 month	90
SUNDAY DISPATCH, One Year	2 50
WEEKLY DISPATCH, One Year	1 25

THE DAILY DISPATCH is delivered by carriers at 15 cents per week, or including Sunday edition, at 20 cents per week.

PITTSBURG, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1890.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

The old year has taken its departure, with some regrets on the part of those who might be willing to stay the swift flight of time; but the whole world is giving most of its attention to welcoming the young stranger, whom our illustration shows flying in out of the darkness of space, and whose record for the weal or woe of humanity during the next twelve months is still a blank page.

With regard to the year which expired at the stroke of the last midnight, there is much to be said, both of its beneficent and destructive features. Hardly any year of the past two decades has presented more remarkable contrasts. The year which overwhelmed an entire city with a destructive flood and wiped out thousands of lives at a single stroke must bear a black mark in the calendar; and yet 1889 has had much to redeem its record. No war has desolated any part of the globe, outside of petty conflicts of savage countries. While the prosperity of business was in some respects doubtful at the opening of the year, its close sees trade and industry enjoying exceptional and sound activity. For the vast majority of the people of the United States 1889 will take away with it memories as pleasant as the hopes with which we greet the opening of 1890.

It is also to be noted that the change of time noted by the stroke of the big bell at midnight was not only that from one year to another, but that from one decade to another. The period of ten years which has been closed was a notable one for Pittsburg. No preceding era in the history of this city has been more important in its effects on our commerce and industry. While it opened with an era of prosperity for our industrial interests, the steady tendency of events has been to expand and solidity that prosperity. The decade which has given natural gas and cable roads to Pittsburg would be, simply for those features, a red letter era in our municipal history. We must include among the characteristic features of that period the enlargement and expansion of our industry and commerce and the reconstruction and improvement of the city. Above all these material causes is the incitement of that public spirit which causes our citizens to act in unison for the welfare of the community, and induces the representatives of wealth to make magnificent donations for the improvement and adornment of the city that is the common property and pride of rich and poor alike.

What of 1890? It opens with the brightest auspices. Every indication points to business prosperity. Every promise leads to the hope that the work of improvement will go on, and that such examples of public spirit and generosity as the Schenley Park and the Carnegie Library, in Allegheny, will be followed in the future. But we should not forget that whatever fruition comes from the gratifying auspices under which 1890 begins, the real value of the year will be determined by the use we make of it. If public spirit, integrity of purpose in the administration of public matters, and generosity in the application of private wealth are made the ruling principles, we need have no fears for even the adversities that the coming twelve months may disclose.

It is in the hope that both the moral and material promises of 1890 may be an increase upon the beneficial achievements of 1890 that THE DISPATCH wishes Pittsburg and Western Pennsylvania a happy New year.

CREDITABLE SOUTHERN FEELING.

It is no more than justice, in making up our opinions with regard to that horrible Barnwell butchery, to recognize the fact that the respectable Southern press is in unison in denouncing the bloody lawlessness of the act and in calling for sharp measures to punish the murderers. That this feeling of revulsion against wholesale assassination is shared by the people of the South, we are heartily glad to believe; and yet they should hardly lose sight of the fact that such slaughters are a necessary result of the theory that the legal rights of any race can be denied by mob edicts or taken away by mob violence. The earnestness of the Southern endeavor to stop such wanton attacks upon law and the orderly administration of justice will be measured by the activity with which these assassins are hunted down and punished. That the spirit of law and order, which moves these expressions of indignation may result in such an example as will prevent the repetition of these horrors, will be the wish and hope of the entire country.

A PUBLIC DISGRACE.

The conclusion of a case in New York, that was briefly reported in the DISPATCH, last week, should arouse the indignation of every honest American and ought to cause the blood of decent New York people to tingle with shame. Many years ago, a rich Hindoo came to that city with a hundred thousand dollars in his possession. He became insane and finally died; but before his death his money was placed in the hands of a trustee by the courts. During the intervening time his heirs have made unavailing attempts to get possession of the money. The efforts of their lawyers were only sufficient to procure a compromise last week, permitting the trustee to retain a considerable share of the wealth.

If this were merely a case of private dishonesty, definitly successful, it would be bad enough; but it is far worse. The trustee was placed in possession of the money by authority of the courts. He was an officer of the court in his capacity as trustee, and we understand him to have been a court official who was mixed up in one of the recent scandals that have uncovered corruption in the administration of New York justice. It was, therefore, by means of the machinery of the law that he was enabled to hold on to the money that belonged to others, and it is a robbery for which the public is responsible when he forces the rightful owners of the wealth to accept less than what they are entitled to.

When the machinery of justice can be used for robbery and extortion it is time for sweeping and thorough reforms.

AN ORIGINAL PITTSBURGER.

The remarkable statement of Mr. George A. Macbeth, before the Ways and Means Committee, will not surprise people in Pittsburg. That gentleman's peculiar views in favor of free raw materials and the repeal of the protection of finished product have been frankly uttered here, as well as at Washington. They will be taken as the opinion of an active and successful manufacturer, with peculiar opinions of his own, based on a rather exceptional independence of his products from foreign competition.

No one will question the sincerity of Mr. Macbeth's declarations; but that they are not shared by the glass industry generally, was made sufficiently clear by the statements of other representatives of the interest who appeared before the committee yesterday. The majority of the glass trade are in favor of protection on materials as well as on product, and that fact is made clear enough by the exceptional and unique position of our original and enterprising Pittsburger.

But Mr. Macbeth's attitude is rendered more remarkable by his frank avowal that he is in favor of trusts, as private affairs, although he frankly admits that they put up prices. A position in favor of free raw materials in order that the manufacturer may get them cheaper, and combinations by which he can get higher prices for his products will hardly commend itself to the popular support.

WARNINGS TO ALDERMEN.

The trial of the second aldermanic conspiracy case closed yesterday with another verdict of guilty. The evidence adduced in the case will be sufficient to create the opinion on the part of the general public, that the position of the Aldermen on trial, as was shown in the preceding cases, was systematically used to extort money by illegal and dishonest methods. The verdict will therefore be generally indorsed. There is no offense which calls for more severe and signal punishment than the use of the lower courts of justice for the practices of injustice and illegal gain.

The close of 1889 will be a signal one if these convictions impress in a decisive manner the lesson that the Aldermen who make their official power the lever of extortion will be certain of the severest punishment. No more wanton betrayal of the public rights can be imagined than such a perversion of the instrumentalities of law and justice; and the visiting of sharp penalties upon every such offender is a necessity for the people's protection.

But with the visitation of the penalties we should not fail to ponder upon the significance of the fact that the system of selection for our primary courts has resulted in the installment of altogether too many Aldermen who have been found upon trial to have committed acts wholly inconsistent with the integrity and uprightness that are essential qualifications for such positions.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

The complaint has been made in some quarters that it is not so hard to make good resolutions at the birth of a new year as it is to think of resolutions to make. To fill, therefore, what appears to be a long felt want, we will make a few suggestions in this connection.

A good resolution, to begin with, is to resolve not to make any resolution you know you cannot keep. For instance, it is better to keep on smoking four cigars a day than to resolve not to smoke at all, and then smoke six cigars on the third day. Then you would do well to resolve not to boast of the good resolutions you have made, at least until you have tested the latter's sea-going qualities, as it were. There is nothing more annoying to a callow youth—and we are talking for the benefit of the fledgling especially—than to have his benevolent mother remark on January 4 that his breath has an odor which suggests that his vaunted resolution to never gaze upon the wine cup has disappeared in a whisky bottle.

For young men this season a nice line of resolutions is offered, including these: To be thoroughly American in all things; to think more of his parents than his pantaloons; to keep body, mind and mouth clean; to seek the society of pure women always, and to repress the consciousness that he is the best-looking, the smartest and the most blue-blooded young man Pittsburg has ever seen.

We did think of offering a few sample resolutions for young women, but, on second thought, it seems uncalled for. Young women are full of good resolutions, and some of their failures are due to lack of them. A healthy, happy girl can make a hundred good resolutions at breakfast and break them all before supper. But young women would oblige us very much if they would resolve, and stick to their resolve, not to wear high hats at the theater.

It will be observed perhaps that we suggest no resolutions for the use of persons of mature growth. Youth only resolves. Age acts or fails to act upon youth's resolutions.

THE LAWRENCEVILLE PARK.

Every Pittsburger will join in wishing the fullest success to the movement of the people of Lawrenceville for getting a grant of the vacant arsenal grounds for a park. Since the United States are so blind to their own interests as to fail to utilize that property for the national gun foundry, the next best use that can be made of the land is to establish it as a breathing spot for the closely populated district in which it lies. Such an addition to the park system of Pittsburg would balance the establishment of Schenley Park on the other side of the city, and go far toward locating the subsidiary parks, where the working people can reach them without difficulty. If Mr. Dalzell can secure this benefit for Lawrenceville, it will be a decided addition to his hold upon the public appreciation.

JOKES A LA RUSSE.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Russian people are not fond of jollity, that they wear their beards long and their faces to match. The contrary is the truth; witness the behavior of the Czar and the Nihilists. They are always having fun with one another. To-day the Nihilists try to blow up the Czar, and the next day the Czar has a few Nihilists hanged or shut up in the casemates in a St. Petersburg fortress, or sent to join the happy fellows Mr. Keenan has told us all about in the *Century*. A very merry-go-round is life in Russia.

The Nihilists had their little joke a few days ago, at least the Czar puts the jest to their credit. The Czar was enjoying himself greatly in the bosom of his family. Only twenty detectives were in the family's bosom with his Imperial Majesty. The doors were all shut, the Gatschina palace was surrounded by soldiers, the burglar alarms were all set, and the political indicators—new electrical machines which record with minute accuracy the state of the political atmosphere—showed an absolute loyalty to be dominant. The Czar had playfully suggested that the Czarina should be searched for dynamite, when without the slightest warning the electric lights all over the palace went out, The Czar was so badly scared that his lungs became congested, and he has been confined to his room ever since. Nobody thinks of attributing the extinction of the electric lights to any cause but nihilistic plots. When it rains there loyal people always curse the Nihilists. So now the latter are blamed for a broken dynamo or grounded wires.

The next joke will be upon the Nihilists—the scaffold, the casemates, Siberia or suicide; "something humorous with boiling oil in it," as Gilbert puts it.

WITH no material increase in the public works estimate beyond the $100,000 required for park improvements it hardly becomes necessary to apprehend any undue enlargement of last year's moderate tax rate.

THE report that Mr. Blaine is to make an alliance with England to push the McMurdo claim against Portugal does injustice to Mr. Blaine. The Secretary of State may not be superior to the suspicion of meddling with claims, but his worst enemies never before accused him of being foolish enough to get up an alliance with England.

IT is to the credit of the strikers on the Traction road that they are preserving the best order. They will command the public sympathy most thoroughly by adhering to that commendable line of action.

THAT fifty-thousand-dollar service of silver, presented by the Vanderbilts to Mr. Morgan, is a slight testimonial to the services which secured victory to the policy that no railroad must run through New York in competition with the New York Central or through Pennsylvania in competition with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

A SERVANT girl in Columbia, S. C., is reported to break everything she touches. The fact that she is regarded as a curiosity speaks volumes for the solution of the servant girl problem in the South.

THE able-bodied Democratic journals which are taking up their time in sneering at John Wanamaker are likely to be chiefly useful in advertising the fact that Mr. Wanamaker made a success of his business and is likely to make a success of running the Postoffice Department on business principles.

THE Montana and West Virginia deadlocks still continue to hold themselves up as examples of what rabid partisanship can do, in the way of reducing honest Republican Government to a mockery.

MRS. POTTER, her dresses and Kyrle Bellew have recovered from the recent indisposition which attacked the feminine part of the combination, and are going to charm the Australian theater goers. We presume there is plenty of opportunity for elevating the Australian stage.

WITH the English syndicates trying to buy up the United States, why would it not be a mild retaliation for an American syndicate to organize and buy up Ireland?

CONCERNING that fire engine test, the supporters of the rival engines should remember that there is scriptural authority to the effect that it is wiser not to boast about your engines as much before they have won in the test as after.

IN view of the prevailing habit on New Year's Day, why not introduce a little variety on the present occasion and swear off from swearing off?

THE prominent events in the Criminal Court at the close of the year warn the Aldermen of this city to start the new year with the good resolution to conduct their courts in the future on the principles of honesty and justice for the people.

PERHAPS this contrary season will adhere to its policy of reversing things by letting a January freeze take the place of the usual January thaw.

AS Mr. Westinghouse has solved the problem of safe electric lighting by a practical underground system, with an induced current for each lamp, let us hope that Pittsburg will get the benefit of it at an early date.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

BILL NYE, who was rather careless in his dress, has blossomed out as a man of fashion, a Broadway dandy, almost a dude, since his visit to Paris last summer.

EMPRESS ELIZABETH, of Austria, was one of the most beautiful women in Europe, before the tragical death of her only son, the Archduke, crushed her to the earth.

MISS JULIA FLETCHER, author of "Kismet," and other novels more or less popular, is tall and handsome, about 30 years old, with large dark eyes. She has a rich, musical voice, and she converses with great fluency. She has been abroad ten years, chiefly in Italy. Her home is now in Venice.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' letters bring only $2, while those of Captain Wirz will readily fetch $32. One was President of the Southern Confederacy, the other the jailor of Andersonville prison. Such is autographic fame! Letters of Stonewall Jackson are among the scarcest of the prominent men of the Civil War.

GLADSTONE is 80 years old, but his mind and body are in as fine a condition as when he was only three score. His voice is still clear and ringing, and he is never thrown off his guard. He is tall, slim and bony, has been all his life fond of healthy out-of-door exercises, and to this he attributes his vigorous old age.

JOHN R. TAIT, the Cincinnati artist, has come out as a man of fashion since he married a famous Baltimore belle, and established himself in the Monumental City. Mr. Tait has lived much abroad, and he speaks English with an elegant English accent. He is 62 years old, and his face is decorated with a full dark beard.

WALT WHITMAN is the most picturesque character in American literature, to-day. His splendid wealth of white hair is a fitting frame for a face of majestic beauty. His magnificent figure is not yet bowed by the weight of 70 winters. In his youth, he described himself as a "rough," and he was in the habit of associating with stage drivers, and he sometimes handled the reins, and drove down Broadway, dressed in outrageous style. But, of late years, he has settled down into a decorous and most respectable character, as the "good, gray poet."

JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER, the eccentric artist, is coming for certain this time. He will stand and deliver his "Five O'Clock Teas," and the public will be curious to see and hear this most un-American of Americans. He is 55 years old, is a native of Lowell, Mass., but has lived abroad more than 30 years. Ruskin once said of him, that he threw a paint pot at the British public, and charged 200 guineas for it. For this severe criticism, the great art critic was sued for $10,000 pounds damages, and Whistler received one farthing, which he has worn as a charm ever since.

AN EXCITING FOX CHASE.

It Extends Ninety Miles and Thirty Hounds Participate.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

MILLERSBURG, O., December 31.—A fox chase took place yesterday at Benton, five miles east of here, in which 30 hounds took part. D. R. Spielman, a noted hunter, had charge of the affair. The chase began at 8 A. M., and at 3:15 P. M. the fox was caught by a genuine English hound, owned near Van Wert, O.

As nearly as could be ascertained, Mr. Spielman claims that fully 90 miles were traversed in the chase. The closing scenes were very exciting, 28 dogs still holding out and the Van Wert hound only leading by a few lengths.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Greeting for the New Year—The Message in Brings—Resolves in Rubber—New Year's Receptions Out of Style—A Tip to Boulanger.

A HAPPY New Year!

How easy it is to say it, and how many times it will be said, sincerely and otherwise to-day! Surely I may say with all sincerity, "A happy New Year!" to THE DISPATCH's readers, to whom I have been talking for more than two years and a half continuously. That is one advantage the talker has over the talked to. What they wish me I can only conjecture. But, having wished them a happy New Year and many returns of the day, the Talker retires into impersonal existence for another three hundred and sixty-five days. This personal paragraph is, moreover, a first offense.

***

THE DAY'S MESSAGE.

To you who linger still in love,
Who, plucking blossoms by the way,
Walk hand in hand, and slowly move,
Or gaily dance away the day,
The new year dawns with rosy light;
Unmarked the old year takes his flight.

With you who know love's limits here,
Whose hearts the scars of passion show,
Who miss and mourn the dead and dear,
Who long where they have gone to go,
The new year pleads with gentle voice:
"Put by the past, rejoice! rejoice!"

And you who have no hearts at all—
Some deem you luckiest of men—
Count up your cash, a balance call!
You have much goods, be merry then!
For all the new year means to you
Is but a calendar that's new.

***

AS far as my personal observation goes the giving of presents at this holiday season has reached unprecedented proportions. Another little indication of the prodigious prosperity of the people:

One youngster, a blue-eyed boy who has seen three years dawn, received on Christmas Day no less than 57 presents, and, showing the infinite variety of children's toys, books, etc., there were no duplicate among them, strictly speaking. Of course there was a strong family likeness to be observed here and there. The toy horses, iron and wooden, had the impossible tails and fierce countenances of their race, of course. A mild-faced paltroy, with a modest tail, would feel uncomfortable in a nursery stable.

But children were not the only ones to reap great harvests. The presents of Christmas in a family of four grown up people numbered 92; two young ladies received 35 and 37 presents each.

***

RESOLVES OF RUBBER.

Abjuring evil habits is
A pretty custom of to-day;
Man swears to go that way or this,
And straightway goes the other way.

The trouble is that time dissolves
Cast iron vows, when mortals make 'em
Of rubber form; your good resolves,
You then may bend and never break 'em!

And when old Satan starts to pave
Anew his realm, he'll rage to see
Intentions good rise wave on wave,
In rubber melted instantly.

***

IT is curious how the New Year's reception has gone out of style, out of existence altogether. The custom has taken half a dozen years dying here. Gradually year by year fewer receptions were held, and fewer young men have gone to them. Last New Year's it was clear that society had buried the reception which once was so great a feature of the day.

The custom has long been in decadence in the East. Eight years ago there were still plenty of ladies in New York who received at New Year's, and the society dandies, gorgeously arrayed, went from house to house exchanging courtesies and swallowing wine until they were so full of loving kindness and liquor that they were content to allow the coachman to drive them home. I do not know how the decadence of the hospitable custom came about here, but in New York the presence of wine upon the sideboard had a good deal to do with it. Refined women naturally grew tired of having their parlors turned into barrooms, and of seeing young men in various stages of intoxication paying loud compliments to their daughters. The best people found the only remedy was to cease receiving on the holiday; for though they might remove the wine cup from among the refreshments offered in their own houses, there was nothing to prevent the men who called upon them getting all they could drink at other houses. So the custom born in revolutionary days died.

***

HE OUGHT TO CHANGE HIS NAME.

Boulanger's changed his mind, they say,
It is a way he has—
And home he now intends to say,
Nor come to us, alas!

Boulanger should no longer bear
That name—he's not a baker,
But rather *agent funeraire*
That is, an undertaker.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

OUR MAIL POUCH.

Amendments to the Constitution.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

How are amendments to the United States Constitution adopted? Do the people vote on them? C. C.

ALLEGHENY, December 30.

[No. Article V. of the Constitution provides that, by a two-thirds vote of both Houses, amendments may be proposed to the States, and that when the Legislatures or special conventions of three-fourths of the States have ratified the proposed amendments they shall be incorporated in the Constitution. Another way of amending is by a convention called on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States; amendments proposed by such a special convention must be ratified as amendments proposed by Congress. Congress can't amend the Constitution, as you will see if you read the Constitution. You'll find much strange and new matter in it.]

Cleanliness Next to Godliness.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Whence comes the expression: "Cleanliness is next to godliness?" MARION.

WAYNESBURG, Dec. 29.

[John Wesley used the expression, "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness," in his ninety-second sermon. "On Dress," Beacon, however, used the idea in his Advancement of Learning: "Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God;" and Dr. Bettelheim, a rabbi, says that Phinehas ben Yair, one of the Hebrew fathers, writes: "The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness: vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness."]

Pennsylvania's Record.

From the Boston Herald.]

Every Governor of Pennsylvania since the war has been a volunteer soldier. It is probably the only State in the North that can make good such a boast.

No Appropriation Needed.

From the Germantown Independent.]

There appears to be no need of Congressional expenditures to deepen Salt river. The majority of political crafts that ascend it are light weight.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Dr. W. Oswell Livingstone.

LONDON, December 31.—Dr. W. Oswell Livingstone, the only surviving son of David Livingstone, the famous African explorer, died last night at his home at St. Albans. Almost with his dying breath he regretted that he could not live to see Stanley again. Oswell Livingstone was born in Africa 39 years ago. He had been in failing health for nine years, unable to follow his practice as a medical man.

Rev. William W. Patton, D. D.

NEW YORK, December 31.—Rev. William W. Patton, D. D., President of Howard University, of Washington, died suddenly at Westfield, N. J., from congestion of the lungs. The funeral services will be held at Westfield on Thursday. The remains will be taken to Hartford, Conn., for interment. Before going to Washington Dr. Patton resided in Chicago for a number of years.

Judge Alva Stewart.

PORTAGE, WIS., December 31.—Alva Stewart, Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit of this State, died at the Corning House, this city, last night, from pneumonia. Judge Stewart was 66 years of age and had been on the bench of this circuit for 25 years.

RAISED MORE THAN HALF.

The Woman's Christian Association of the East End, Bravely at Work.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and in the case of an East End young lady, a multitude of starters. Early in the season, when the Woman's Christian Association, of the East End, placed a case of fancy articles in Kuhn's store, the sales of which were to accrue to their fund for payment for the new building recently purchased by them, this young lady contributed a pair of silk garters with the understanding that if they sold she would make all that purchasers could be found for.

As a result she has spent her winter gartering, has made over 50 pairs, and has orders ahead for more, and my, how she does dislike the very sound of the word garter, but she keeps her word faithfully.

Another benevolent lady sent a silk purse with the same conditions tacked on and has ever since been enriching the purse of the association by her contributions, for they sell like hot cakes.

The President of the association stated yesterday that they already had $5,500 of the $8,000 they expect and hope to raise before the first of April, when they will come into possession of their new purchase, known as the La Clede property, on Collins avenue.

The Industrial School will be removed to the new building as soon as possible; a school for boys will also be organized very shortly, and a child's hospital is being talked of for the near future. May success crown the efforts of the Woman's Christian Association of the East End.

THE BEGGS-SPROUL WEDDING.

The Handsome Residence of Mr. Dilworth to be the Scene of the Event.

In a manner befitting the social rank of the young people will the wedding ceremonies of Miss Louise Beggs and Mr. Harry Sproul be celebrated on the 22d of January.

The residence of Mr. Lawrence Dilworth, on Fifth avenue, will be graced by the happy event, and the appointments of the wedding and reception will be of the handsomest ever witnessed in the city.

The bridal trousseau, which was all selected in Europe during the recent travels of the family there, is a dream of wonderfully pretty gowns, tea gowns, afternoon gowns, street gowns and reception gowns, but the handsomest and most elaborate of all is the bridal gown itself, so Dame Rumor says. However elegant it may be, though, it is doubtful if Miss Beggs can, or will, look more charming than she did when bridemaid at her future brother-in-law's marriage in Trinity Church a short time ago. The groom-elect was also one of the attendants at his brother's marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Sproul will return from their wedding trip in time to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sproul immediately the all important words are pronounced.

SWEETS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The Newest Things in the Confection Line Cost $4 a Pound.

The breath of the society belle or matron now is either fragrant with the perfume of the blushing rose or sweet with the odor of the dewy violet, made so by the crystalized rose leaves or violets sold by the up-and-up dealers in toothsome sweets. They make an exquisite bonbonier; the true rose leaves and violets, not an insipid imitation. France claims the honor of preparing these dainties, and America imports them from there. They cost—only $4 a pound, expensive enough to make them exclusive, you see, hence their popularity.

It is said that the acme of perfection in confections is reached in the land of Mexico, and that the greatest connoisseurs of the sweet art are to be found there, but the confectionery stores in Pittsburg have a sufficiently tempting array of delicious bonbons to ruin any ordinary digestive apparatus, and what a busy scene one of these stores did present yesterday afternoon, although the proprietors said "trade was horribly dull." Box after box, and basket after basket, was filled with the tempting dainties, and "taffy," plain taffy, also was in great demand.

A NUPTIAL TREAT.

The Members of Trinity Vested Choir the Recipients of a Pleasant Token.

By the courtesy of Mrs. M. W. Watson, the Trinity vested choir was given a treat at the chapel last evening subsequent to the usual rehearsal.

The music of the choir at the Watson-Sproul nuptials gave so much pleasure that the mother of the bride signified an intention of conveying to the choir a formal acknowledgment, and accordingly arranged with Director C. S. Huntington for the pleasant event of last evening.

Social Chatter.

THE cozy little hall on Penn avenue of the John J. Davis Commandery was the scene of much merrymaking last evening. About 45 couples were in attendance, and a right royally enjoyable time they had. It was souvenir night, and each lady present received a handsome case containing three exquisite little books, the "Matins," "Noon Songs" and "Vespers," bearbearing the name of Cassell Brothers, London, on their title pages. A banquet was served at 11 o'clock, and with many a toast was the old year honored and the new year welcomed.

A PINK dinner was given last evening. Mrs. W. E. Schmertz was the hostess to a very charming company, and her table was decorated with pink carnations of the Grace Wilder variety, intermingled with maiden hair ferns. The lovely residence on Craft avenue was unusually attractive, and the interesting farewell given to the old year must have made it reluctant to resign in favor of its successor.

AT the pretty home of Mrs. John Woodwell, Lang avenue, from 4 to 6 yesterday a very enjoyable tea was in process. The house was very prettily decorated with pink carnations, and the costumes worn by the ladies receiving and the ladies received were such as to excite considerable admiration.

AT the pretty home of Mrs. John Woodwell, Lang avenue, a number of congenial friends gathered around the long mahogany table that was beautifully trimmed with pink carnations, and with merry repartee and enjoyable conversation the sumptuous dinner was appreciated.

NEW YEAR will be celebrated in fine style at the Oliver residence, Shields station. Early this afternoon the festivities will commence, and until late this evening they will extend. Miss Amelia, the eldest daughter of the house, will assist Mrs. Oliver in her duties as hostess.

THE Yale Glee Club of 22 voices and a banjo club of 13 instruments will occupy the stage next Saturday evening of the Pittsburg Club Theater. The programme is an unusually interesting one.

MRS. HENRY HAYS, of Ellsworth avenue, received a number of her friends yesterday afternoon. The Concordia club had the third of its series of receptions last evening.

THE McAllister Four Hundred, or eight hundred rather, are in a tremor of excitement over gowns and flowers to-day.

MRS. MCKEE will pose as the first lady of the land to-day in Washington.

Some English Weather.

From the Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle.]

A correspondent says: Along the Shotley Bridge road, on Monday last, the writer observed the following flowers in full bloom: Wallflowers, sweetwilliam, jessamine, roses (cultivated), and wild strawberries.

Greely Losing His Grip.

From the Philadelphia Times.]

This weather has been so bad for General Greely that if he said to-morrow would be Tuesday nobody would believe him.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE REGRET.

The coming years may bring me fame,
Health, wealth and happiness—and more;
May make me winner in life's game,
May grant me blessings in great store;
Yet can I not repress my tears,
Nor cease, beloved, to repine,
That ne'er again thro' coming years
Shall we see dear old '89.

'Twas then I met you, fairest one,
One dreary January day,
When, e'en as though the hidden sun
Had pierced the clouds with one bright ray,
You came into my life—nay, more,
Thenceforward were this life of mine.
Now that its bark has reached the shore,
I weep for dear old '89.

And when the blossoms came in spring,
New life you gave to my dead heart,
My soul you took and made it sing
With gladness when it learned Love's dart
Was sure of aim; and sweetly "yes"
You said when I approached that shrine
Where lovers ever do confess—
In that dear spring of '89.

In autumn we were wed. To-day
The old year dies, so filled with sweets
I'll not forget it, cherished—nay
Not e'en when death my own soul greets.
And in that distant time when all
Shall stand before the throne Divine,
My memory shall still recall
These happy days of '89.

—*John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Bazar.*

THE STROLLER'S STORIES.

Odd Opinions and Quaint Observations From Curb and Corridor.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the gospel temperance evangelist, was standing upon the street the other afternoon talking with the Stroller, when a smooth-faced, wide-mouthed, ully dressed man approached and held out his hand for a shake. Mr. Murphy turned for a moment to look at the newcomer. "Oh, you poor fellow," he said, with a look of compassion in his deep gray eyes; "I know what you want." Mr. Murphy went into his pocket and produced a silver dollar. He gave it to the man, saying to him: "John, if I give you this, will you allow me to get by you to-morrow?"

— — —

AT a meeting of veterans the other evening, C. F. McKenna, the lawyer, smiled across the table and said: "The other day down in Philadelphia General Pearson sat for a photograph of Phil Sheridan." "How is that General?" two or three men asked, with smiles on their faces. "That's right," General Pearson replied. "They wanted a good-looking portrait of Sheridan that day. It was the time when Charlie McKenna sat for a picture of Ossawatomie Brown." The close resemblance set the laugh going the other way.

— — —

ON the large calendar hanging over the Stroller's desk the leaf for December has been for two weeks hanging by one little corner. At 12 o'clock last night the lights winked, the leaf fell, and there was revealed to the eye of the toiler a new page, where 1890 was printed.

— — —

"FRIEND," Steve said to Jim N. the other day, "Mr. Brown has stopped traffic on Fifth avenue." "Why is that, Mr. H.?" Jim asked, with a large dish of surprise plastered over his countenance. The answer was, "Because there's a Hole in the Ground at the Opera House."

— — —

GEORGE was playing billiards. George had not been at home for three weeks, and his nerves were shaky. He poised his cue and sighted at the pink ball. At that moment a mouse popped out of the wall just opposite the pink ball. George saw the mouse. He saw its bright eyes, and he took off his hat and wiped his forehead. He looked about the billiard room to see if anybody else saw it. All had seen it, but they did not show it. The game went on. George shot again, and again as he drew his cue the mouse popped its head out of the hole. George saw it. The perspiration rose upon his forehead. He took off his hat, looked at the mouse, wiped his brow, felt his limbs to see that he was awake, and glanced nervously about the room to see if anybody else had caught sight of the miscreant. Apparently nobody had seen it, and George was bathed in perspiration. The mouse disappeared when he moved, and his shot was made without a resulting carom. Was it fate or chance which brought that mouse out every time George shot? It will never be known. A stranger entered the billiard room, and stood a minute to watch the bad game then being played. "By George," he cried, "look at that mouse." George braced up. He wiped his forehead, and with hearty steps he chased around the table, and grasped the stranger's hand. "Did you," he cried, with the clinging confidence of a Chicago widow, "did you see that mouse?"

— — —

THE gentlemen who have charge of Mr. J. O. Brown's Second avenue blue wagon stable were somewhat wroth the other evening. At about 2 o'clock in the morning somebody called up Ben Leech. "Send the wagon to Second and Ferry," the voice said. "What's the matter?" Ben asked. "Never mind," was the reply; "a fellow tried to pick my vest pocket. You get the wagon here quick and I'll have a man for you." The wagon was sent. Dick was not there, and the gentlemen who operated the wagon looked here and there without avail. Morris Mead was asking yesterday if anybody had seen his assistant.

— — —

CAPTAIN STONE, of McKeesport, was in the city yesterday. "How is the postoffice contest coming out?" he asked. "Upon my word, I cannot tell. I know that I have the best support from the people. I have offered to leave the question to a vote of the people, but my opponents have not been willing to try that test. I have confidence because I have noticed that in other cases the President has appointed the men who have the best backing from the people." Captain Stone is a tall, manly man, with hair growing gray, a strong, genial face, and a beard almost white with the frosts of long ago.

— — —

"THERE has not been any profit for us," said an iron ore man at the Hotel Duquesne yesterday, "for the past two years. The trade is good now, however, and prices are up. We look for a good season in 1890. It always runs that way in our business. For two or three years we make no money, but we keep the furnaces in blast. It is only in the good years, every three or four years, that we make up for the dull season. Iron ore dealers generally expect a good season."

THE STROLLER.

Tories in Desperate Straits.

From the New York Star.]

The latest Tory assault upon Parnell is universally regarded as evincing the desperation of a losing cause. Political opponents do not resort to efforts to show that there are laws in the private life of a popular idol until they have lost faith in their ability to combat him in a fair fight in the political field.

How to Disgust La Grippe.

From the Boston Globe.]

It is only a solemn duty to the public which compels us to state the unsavory fact that the man who goes to bed with his chest covered with a hot onion poultice, and his stomach full of boiled onions, will wake up to find la grippe disgusted and gone. It is an heroic remedy, but brings with it a great reward.

Remarkable Foresight.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The Philadelphia *Record* is right. That New York iceman who quit business and went to Congress must have foreseen how mild the winter would be.

THE OHIO SENATORSHIP.

CHICAGO *Inter Ocean*: If Cal Brice wants to settle the question of his citizenship in Ohio, why don't he run that champagne Pullman car, used in St. Louis in 1888, down to Columbus, and make it his abode during the Senatorial contest?

WASHINGTON *Post*: Ohio is developing a new Senatorial candidate every twenty-four hours. There is now grave danger that when it comes to casting complimentary votes there will not be enough members of the legislature to go around.

PHILADELPHIA *Press*: Judge Thurman, it is said, is opposed to Calvin S. Brice for the United States Senate from Ohio. Possibly the original Red Bandana is trying to get square with the illustrious rain-bow chaser for his failure to elect the Democratic ticket last year.

CLEVELAND *Leader*: If Mr. Brice had not bought the chairmanship of the National Democratic Committee, he would not now be able to buy the Senatorship from Ohio. It is the "hope of favors yet to come," as well as the "zeal born of benefits received," that makes him popular with the party boodlers in Ohio.

ATLANTA *Journal*: The strongest point made against Calvin S. Brice by his opponents is the charge that he is not a citizen of Ohio, having removed to New York several years ago. He denies having given up his Ohio residence. But if he is defeated in the canvass for the Senatorship, he will owe it to this charge.

CLEVELAND *Plain Dealer*: If the angel Gabriel should appear on earth and receive the election to the United States Senate at the hands of the Democratic Legislature the Republican papers would accuse him of bribery. No matter what the result of the deliberations of the Legislature of Ohio may be the Republican papers will find fault.

ST. LOUIS *Globe Democrat*: If any serious mention of the name of Allen G. Thurman in connection with the Ohio Senatorship has been made since the election of the Legislature it has escaped the notice of the public. The "Old Roman" is young when his party gets in a tight place in a canvass, but he is always too old when offices are to be distributed.

PHILADELPHIA *Inquirer*: Mr. Brice will suit the Ohio Democracy very well. He is rich and can accommodate his views on any subject to the exigencies of the occasion. He is a guileless young man, who might learn something by contact with Senators of ability and experience. But it seems to us that if the Ohio Democrats have to go outside their State they might make a better selection.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—The Bank of France has at the present $350,000,000 in gold in its cellars.

—A black snake 4 feet 5½ inches long was killed on Christmas near Mount Holly, N. J., by George W. Craig.

—Francis Christian, of Muskegon, Mich., was 100 years old the other day. His mother lived to be 104, and he has a cousin who is now in his 100th year.

—Last summer the Queen of Italy attained the loftiest point ever reached by a European sovereign, by the ascent of the Breithorn, 13,785 feet.

—The Empress Frederick has given orders to have her castle at Cromberg put in telephonic connection with the opera house at Frankfort, so that she may hear the music in her own home.

—An eagle attacked a peacock on the farm of Henry Huber, near Baraboo, Wis. A boy who tried to drive the bird away was attacked in turn and was badly hurt. Two men, who finally came to the lad's assistance, captured the eagle, which measured 9 feet from wing tip to wing tip.

—An Englishman who came to this country 30 years ago, leaving a wife at home, to whom he soon after ceased writing, was amazed Sunday at his boarding house in Cohoes, N. Y., by coming face to face with her. They eyed each other for a moment and then embraced. She had been searching for years for him, going from town to town all over the country.

—Miss Martha Kah, of Cheyenne county, Nebraska, is the only representative left of the missionary party established at Mamby, in the French Congo, by Bishop William Ta