The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 45, No. 101.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice, November 14, 1887, as second-class matter.

Business Office—Corner Smithfield and Diamond Streets.

News Rooms and Publishing House—75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street.

EASTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE, ROOM 21, TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK, where complete files of THE DISPATCH can always be found. Foreign advertisers appreciate the convenience. Home advertisers and friends of THE DISPATCH, while in New York, are also made welcome.

THE DISPATCH is regularly on sale at Brentano's, 5 Union Square, New York, and 17 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris, France, and 35 Strand, London, Eng., where anyone who has been disappointed at a hotel news stand can obtain it.

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, 3m'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, MONDAY, MAY 19, 1890.

☞ The BUSINESS OFFICE of THE DISPATCH has been removed to Corner of Smithfield and Diamond Streets.

ITS HIGHEST UTILITY.

The plans of the Exposition Society, as will be seen by the expressions of its manager in our local columns, contemplate making the second Exposition peculiarly valuable to Pittsburg as an illustration of our industries and a proof to capitalists and manufacturers of the unlimited field for enterprise offered in and about this city. For the more perfect carrying out of its plans, the society proposes to secure subscriptions to the extent of a hundred additional life memberships.

It is an eminently correct view of the highest utilities of the Exposition that is set forth in the interview referred to. The greatest value of such enterprises to a progressive community is first in extending the reputation of its products and opening the way to an extension of its markets; and second in presenting the proof to the world of the field for enterprises and the opportunities for investment in the districts which they represent. The devices which draw crowds are doubtless necessary to swell the receipts which support such expositions. The art of combining one object with another without permitting the lesser to overcome the greater, requires a rare degree of skill and judgment; but with the high ideal that they have set before them, there is no doubt that our Exposition managers will accomplish great good for Pittsburg in the permanent enhancement of its prosperity by the policy which aims at the largest results.

With such a prospect of usefulness before the society there should be no delay on the part of the business interests of Pittsburg in subscribing whatever funds may be necessary for the most thorough realization of the Exposition Society's plans.

THE SPEAK-EASIES MUST GO.

The campaign against the speak-easies is assuming large proportions. From our local reports it will be seen that municipal and national officials are joining hands in the work of making a clean sweep of the illicit saloons and the promise is held out that by June 1 the city will be wholly rid of them. This, as THE DISPATCH has said before, is as it should be. The only criticism that can be offered on the movement is that the attack on the unlicensed saloons was not begun before. Every reason that now exists for wiping out these unlawful drinking dens existed last year; and the public duty of attacking them was just as binding in 1889 as in 1890. But it is better late than never; and the public will wish the officials in charge of the movement a complete success in their reformatory work.

THE LAST THEATRICAL ATTRACTION.

The latest variation of the realistic drama rises above the level of the tank and sawmill in the introduction of another sort of mill, by the engagement of John L. Sullivan and Joe Lannon to appear in a melodrama and give a real boxing match in one of the acts. Such a leap of the stage to the level of scientific demonstration will, beyond doubt, be hailed with wild whoops of delirious joy by the gallery gods wherever it may be performed.

Mr. Sullivan's previous histrionic efforts have not, we believe, been crowned with glittering success; but that may be fairly attributed to the violation of that ancient rule about the cobbler sticking to his last. But in this case Mr. Sullivan and his side partner will be acting within the scope of their peculiar talents, and it could be taken as certainly that they will never appear without making several hits—if it were not for the addition of one frill which is wholly at variance with the dramatic harmonies. It is stated that Messrs. Sullivan and Lannon will box in dress suits, in order that ladies may be present at the performance. The nice sense of delicacy which would exclude the softer if the bruisers appeared in sack coats and the regulation pugilistic check shirt, is to be commended; but in the interest of dramatic realism we cannot approve of the innovation. Pugilists in dress suits will not do much better than cats in gloves, and a mill in that costume will be equally out of harmony with the uses of the spike-tail and the regulation guise of knocker-out when he proceeds to business.

Nevertheless, it is believed that the patrons of the drama will overlook this departure from strict realism in view of the great dramatic treat to be offered them. The theatrical season will close with a blaze of tragic glory furnished by the stunning hits of the new stars.

FAITHFUL TO ITS TRUST.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* takes another twist on the sugar question. Having asserted that THE DISPATCH's statement that the "sugar duties are prohibitive on all grades fit for consumption" was a false statement, and being compelled to take that back, it now makes the wriggle that "the tariff in so far as it benefits the refiners inures to the benefit not of the South but of the North" and asserts that THE DISPATCH "charged that the *Courier-Journal* opposed free sugar because the South received the full benefit of what it was pleased to call a prohibitory duty." This is simply another instance of the esteemed *Courier-Journal's* chronic inability to state an issue correctly. We have never imported any such cheap sectionalism into the issue as the *Courier-Journal* is prone to. What THE DISPATCH has said and what is true is that the *Courier-Journal* opposes any interference with the duties that are beneficial to the Sugar Trust, "principally because they are beneficial to Democratic interests."

The truth of this assertion is to be found in the measure which the *Courier-Journal* has supported and that which it now opposes. Having dodged about the question in the manner above indicated, it wants THE DISPATCH to "study the McKinley bill and compare it with the Mills bill." That is exactly what this paper has been doing in its columns and what our Kentucky cotemporary has carefully abstained from doing. For its benefit we will repeat the figures. The McKinley bill makes raw sugar free, giving the domestic planters a compensatory bounty of 2 cents per pound, thus giving planters the same protection as heretofore, with a saving to consumers of about $55,000,000 per year. It puts a duty on refined sugars of four-tenths of a cent per pound, which is the margin of protection thus given to the refiners. What did the Mills bill do? Under it the duties on raw sugar ranged from 1.15 to 1.95c per pound, and on the grades which furnish eleven-twelfths of the raw supply, its duty was 1.44 to 1.82c, making an average duty of 1.67c. The duty on refined sugars was, 2.4c on the lowest grade of white sugar and 2.8c on granulated. This makes the margin of protection to the sugar refiners from eight-tenths to one-and-two-tenths cents. In other words, the McKinley bill gives one-third to one-half the protection to the Sugar Trust that the Mills bill did and one-third to one-quarter that of the present tariff.

We believe that margin is unnecessary. But if it is lowered it will be done by Republican votes; if it is raised it will be by Democratic votes. Despite the convolutions of our Kentucky cotemporary, the fact remains that the free trade cry about killing the trusts by cutting down the tariff, becomes dense silence when the policy is applied to the Sugar Trust.

MR. FLOWER'S ALLEGED IDEAS.

At the hearing last week before the Committee of Ways and Means, of the representatives of the Farmers' Alliance, who were urging their novel sub-treasury scheme, Mr. Roswell P. Flower, of New York, gave utterance to a couple of gems of economic wisdom, which he tendered as the solution of the difficulties of the agricultural situation.

Mr. Flower's first proposition was that the farmers ought to restrict the production of agricultural staples in order to get better prices for them. This theory of making food scarce and high for the laboring masses is not more remarkable than its recommendation to the farmers to achieve the impossible. When the 7,000,000 farmers of this country can get the wheat raisers of Russia, Egypt, India, Australia and South America to act in unison with them, and can in addition secure enactments that no new farmers, anywhere in the world, shall start crops to secure the benefit of enhanced prices, then restriction of agricultural products may mean something beside handing over the market of the world to other producers, and not till then.

But this remarkable suggestion is cast in the shade by Mr. Flower's other idea. The currency system of the country is wrong, Mr. Flower asserts, and the control of it should be turned over to the States once more. In other words Mr. Flower proposes to restore the devious and exciting features of wild cat banking, and to secure to the farmers the ineffable benefit of standing shaves of ten, twenty or forty per cent on the bank notes they receive in exchange for their crops, or rather on that portion of their bank notes which they do not find reduced to the value of waste paper on some unexpected date.

The Farmers' Alliance plan is rather impracticable; but in no respect is it so utterly crude and so completely indifferent to the testimony of experience as the suggestions offered by this New York millionaire.

A QUESTION OF COUNTING.

The analysis of the returns on the revision of the creed in the Presbyterian Church is not yet made; but enough is known of the vote to make it probable that the decision will turn upon construction of a rule. The rule requires a two-thirds vote to carry a revision; but it is likely to be a vital question whether it is two-thirds of the Presbyteries voting, or two-thirds of all the Presbyteries in the country. If the former, 274 Presbyteries in favor of revision are necessary; if the latter, there must be 284. The report on the subject, if adopted by the General Assembly, would refer this question back to the Presbyteries to be decided by them, and the result declared a year hence. At the same time the large preponderance in favor of revision makes it more the question, as THE DISPATCH has heretofore said, what sort of revision will be adopted than whether there shall be a revision or not.

THE inter-collegiate baseball season is wofully dull this year; and lively playing is reported to be conspicuous by its absence. This lends considerable support to Mr. Carnegie's theory that college education does not especially fit men for prominent success in the practical pursuits of active life.

THE statement comes from Chicago that the managers of the Gas Trust of that city took occasion of an advance in the shares of their concern to sell short with the intention of making a profit on the decline which they expected to manipulate in the near future. The shares continued to advance, and they continued to sell short until they woke up to the fact that the Standard Oil Trust had gobbled their concern and cornered them in the bargain. This is as pleasant an illustration of the old adage of "dog eat dog" as has been furnished in modern times.

GENERAL R. A. ALGER is reported to be about putting some of his surplus money into a newspaper organ which shall advocate his boom. General Alger's experience should teach him that it is much less expensive to buy the Southern delegates after they come to the convention.

IT is now announced that the ex-Senator and Minister to Brazil, Mr. Bertie Adams, has concluded not to enter the race for Congress in the Third Philadelphia district. This seems to leave that relic of Jackson days, Mr. Richard Vaux, a walk-over. As our Philadelphia cotemporaries have finally come to the conclusion that Mr. Vaux is a tariff reformer, the spectacle of the city of Philadelphia sending a tariff reformer to Congress without a contest will be an astonisher to the country.

IF some of the ocean steamers which are reported to have been bumping up against icebergs would bring the icebergs into port with them, they would confer a benefit on a country where, this year, ice is a luxury which only the wealthy can enjoy.

A NOVEL feature in educational circles is to be presented at the High School of this city, on June 14, in the form of a union examination for admission to a number of the leading colleges of the country. The interest in the examination will be stimulated by the prize offered to the student passing the best examination. The examination should produce a creditable exhibit of the results of Pittsburg's academical instruction.

THE school book combination will be an extremely offensive one, if it attempts to increase the cost of education, but it will also be the easiest to overthrow by the starting of new concerns to do the business at competitive rates.

GOVERNOR NICHOLS, of Louisiana, is making a gallant fight to strangle the lottery swindle of that State, and the sympathies of decent people all over the country are with him. It is not creditable to the Republican party that the Republican managers of Louisiana who control the United States patronage are making an equally persistent fight to give the lottery a new lease of life.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has, in his latest speeches, fallen back upon the regular German precedent, of serving notice upon all Europe that he is determined to preserve peace, if he has to make war to maintain it.

THE news that a convention of Farmers' Alliances out in Kansas has offset the former action of that body against Senator Ingalls by getting together and indorsing him, proves that the Senator's fence-repairing has been very efficiently done. It also indicates that the Alliances are getting into politics at a rate which will be likely to prove ruinous to them if it is not checked.

THE return of Dora Stepleim permits a revival of the hope that in the fullness of time the Charlie Ross mystery may be solved.

PHILADELPHIA is tackling the subject of regulating or prohibiting street music. The ruling powers of the Quaker City seem to have concluded that since they cannot get their streets cleaned they must do something. Dirty streets and the organ grinders together are, they fear, more than even the placid Philadelphians will stand.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE Hon. Alphonso Taft is visiting San Diego, Cal., for the good of his health.

THE Hon. Frank Jones, of the Boston and Maine Railroad, has gone to Carlsbad for health.

COLONEL GRIFFIN, an American and an army veteran, has been chosen President of the Baptist Union of England.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS owns a plantation in Mississippi which cost his father $115,000, and from which the present owner realizes only about $100 a year.

TIFFANY, the millionaire jeweler, never wears a diamond. His favorite gem is the opal. Baseball and minstrelsy have made the diamond very common.

JAY GOULD is often seen, muffled in a heavy overcoat, walking up and down Forty-seventh street in the wee sma' hours trying to fatigue himself into becoming sleepy.

Among the wedding gifts to Mr. and Mrs. Damrosch was a superb tea service of solid silver, given equally to the bride and bridegroom, by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS' new 99-room house in the town named after him in Randolph county, W. Va., will be completed about June 1. It will require a Star-route map to locate the rooms.

SENATOR STANFORD is a great favorite with the pages of the Senate Chamber. He gave 16 of them a dinner at his Washington house, and is now in their estimation a bigger man than Benjamin Harrison.

ARABI PASHA a few years ago was a handsome, black-haired man with a fine military bearing; now he is quite gray, is often ill and complains that he suffers much from the hot and humid climate of Ceylon.

CARL SCHURZ is said to be growing old fast. He has almost completely dropped out of life in New York. Occasionally he is seen in Wall street, and once in a while at the theater or public dinner, but he no longer mingles in the great whirl of the town.

CONSTANTINE CONSTANTINOWITZ, the Grand Duke, recently arrested and imprisoned by the Czar's command, for publishing a revolutionary poem, is a nephew of Russia's autocrat. He is 32 years of age, and published his first volume of poems in 1886.

A SPECIAL embassy has been sent from Stockholm to Teheran, for the purpose of presenting to His Imperial Majesty, the Shah, the insignia of the Order of the Seraphine. The decoration is inclosed in a beautiful case of very artistic leather mosaic, lined with red plush.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON will perform the act of unveiling at the Lee monument ceremonies. General Fitz Hugh Lee will be chief marshal. General Wade Hampton has been asked to command the cavalry, and General Harry Heth the infantry. General John R. Cooke is chief of staff.

CURRENT TIMELY TOPICS.

OF what use is a Zoo in Washington after Saturday's circus in the House?

THE net profits of the Louisiana lottery have been about $5,100,000 per year. And yet men supposed to be endowed with common sense send money to the gigantic swindle monthly, with the expectation of capturing a fortune!

It is a remarkable coincidence that a number of those who have passed as good men in New York are now candidates for the penitentiary, but the chances are they will cheat the "pens."

THE rider of the winning horse in the Brooklyn handicap walked off with $40,000. It is more profitable in riding winning horses than it is to preach the gospel, teach school or run a newspaper.

OUIDA bathes her hair and eyebrows with a scent that costs $90 an ounce. It will take a great many ounces to remove the bad odor from her books.

MCCALLA, it is said, takes his punishment like a little man. That's right. If he was not such a small man he would not now be suffering the humiliation that has been served out to him.

MR. SCOTT is of the opinion that a Democrat will succeed Senator Cameron. The ex-Congressman, it is feared, has taken an overdose of buttermilk.

A JACKSON, MICH., murderer sighs for a glass of beer and a cheese sandwich. The loss of these, he says, makes life miserable. He stands an excellent chance of spending the remainder of his days sighing for the luxuries that will never come.

STANLEY has trodden the wilds of Africa, fought the natives and faced danger in a thousand ways, but he has never been compelled to get up on a cold morning and build a fire nor walk the floor in the wee sma' hours with a colicky child. Ah, Stanley, your troubles are just commencing.

EDWIN PRICE will manage Clara Morris next year, and if he succeeds he will accomplish that which no other man ever did.

REAL estate agents have started a boom for Lebanon, Wash., and start the ball rolling in this fashion: "Two cows died in Lebanon one night recently. They laid down upon the green sward in apparent good health, but the grass under them grew so fast that it tickled them to death before sunrise.

WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH.

BOSTON *Journal* (Rep.): Major Butterworth is an able man; there is no mistake about that, but he is somewhat cranky withal.

KANSAS CITY *Times* (Dem.): Ben Butterworth can never be President, but he has the proud satisfaction of knowing that he is right.

NEW YORK *Times* (Ind.): Meanwhile it has occurred to none of the organs that Mr. Butterworth is an honest man and told the truth as he saw it.

HARTFORD *Courant* (Rep.): Whether his criticisms are just or unjust, wise or foolish, is a question by itself. In giving frank utterance to them he is in his undoubted right as a legislator and a Republican.

INDIANAPOLIS *Journal* (Rep.): Mr. Butterworth might as well recognize the fact that the object of protection is to protect, and that in framing a protective tariff bill it was not Mr. McKinley's purpose to favor free trade.

Pioneer-Press (Rep.): The more Butterworths the Republicans in Congress may chance to have among them in the present crisis the better will it be not only for the party—but what is vastly more important—for the country also.

SAVANNAH *News* (Dem.): Representative Ben Butterworth is quite a lion in Washington now. No other Republican had the courage to point out how great a fraud the McKinley tariff bill is. Butterworth is the most popular man in the House, and one of the ablest. It is to be regretted that the country is to be deprived of his services.

THE CRITIC'S REVIEW.

Stories of the Uncanny and the Mysterious—A Great Addition to the Tales About Ghostland—Sullivan in the Footsteps of Hawthorne and Stevenson—Other Novels.

YEAR by year grows the library of ghost stories. Not those stories stated with scientific accuracy and founded upon fact, shaped by cross-examiners, which the Society for Psychical Research is gathering together and trying to work up into some reasonable solution—telepathy, or some other. No; the stories of the uncanny which owe two-thirds of their charm to the weird imagination of the teller, and to the musical and fascinating words in which they are told.

Bulwer's "The House and the Brain;" Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein;" that collection of queer stories published a year or two ago and entitled "The Broken Shaft;" Stevenson's "Thrawn Janet," in his book of romances, "The Merry Men;" Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher"—these and a dozen others will occur at once to readers whose liking is for ghosts and haunted houses, for rosecrucians and witches.

***

NOT one of the witch-books or ghost-books is better than the collection of stories, remarkable alike for theme and treatment, to which Mr. T. R. Sullivan has given the name, *Day and Night Stories.* (Charles Scribner's Sons: H. Watts & Co. $1, paper 50.)

Poe and Stevenson and Hawthorne are suggested to the reader as he turns the pages. The style has Mr. Stevenson's peculiar charm. One is glad to read these musical sentences, and to read them over again, if only for the melody. "The Tincture of Success" and "Maestro Ambogio" Hawthorne might have written. And even Hawthorne has not in this vein written anything more subtle in its spirit, more delicate in its handling, more charming, more effective. Nothing since Hawthorne's day has been done so well.

***

MR. SULLIVAN is far from being a realist. His work is not at all in line with Mr. Howells or Mr. James. He is an idealist. His stories are romances. As befits romance, the scene is laid in romantic places, in quaint old towns of Holland, and Belgium, and Germany and Italy. The background of "The Lost Rembrandt" is The Hague. Here is the way in which the writer makes the scene help the impression of the weird story:

"If you are of a certain age, and temperate; if time has touched you gently, inclining you to be sad and civil, like Malvolio; if you are fond of the light that falls aslant into old pictures; and if, above all, the commercial spirit of your own enterprising nation often oppresses and disheartens you—why then (instead of taking the tortoise path along which the guide book hastens you) you will walk leisurely back from Scheveningen over the ancient dike, that is really a long, straight, lofty arbor of interlacing elm branches; and you will wonder at the contentment in the faces of the peasant women, and at the barbaric gilded crowns and earrings which they wear. On either hand you will catch glimpses of sunny gardens, and choose more than one villa you would be glad to call your own; you will pass windmills before you, in among the broad canals and splendid city squares, where all the houses seem palaces, built for comfort, with no state apartments in them, until a few steps more have brought you to the border of the shadowy wood, upon which the old hunting seat now overreaches. Here are acres of superb beeches with mossy trunks and gnarled roots, recalling some enchanted forest of the brothers Grimm, and that picture of it left over in your memory from the pantomime of childhood; only now you find the dreadful abode of fabulous monsters and misshapen goblins haunted only by an invisible chorus of blackbirds, too far above your head to fear or even to heed you."

***

NOT a word is out of place, or redundant. Every phrase is polished into perfect symmetry. And yet with no lack of force, either. As a vehicle for these queer, out-of-the-way, shuddery, uncanny, dreamy stories the style is simply perfect.

And the stories! "Cordon" is the ghostliest. The cold chills attack the reader. Here is a splendid apartment, hung with tapestries and leather, in which the hero finds lodging. The master is from home, gone on a long, mysterious journey—to Lapland, says the old servant, who, in his master's absence, is permitted, or says he is, to let the rooms. Back comes the hero from the Paris streets to spend the first night in his new room, and here is an arm chair drawn before the smoldering fire, and beside the arm of it, upon the table lies open a strange book, its vellum covers worn and moth-eaten, its musty leaves yellow with age. It is entitled "The Trial of Francois Ravaillac for the Murder of King Henry IV., 1610." And then, enter the ghost.

"Immediately a strange terror seized me—vague, unreasoning it was, like a child's in the dark. I dropped the book, caught up a candle and peered into the chamber, then searched the other rooms throughout. I saw no one, heard no sound. I was alone, yet this knowledge failed to reassure me. I spoke and was startled at my own voice. I tried to sing, but the walls gave back a mocking echo that was unendurable, and I returned to the library with the same childish dread of nothing still oppressing me like the remembrance of a nightmare."

***

AND then the light begins to go out, leaving a long, smoky trail, and the fire burns feeble, casting fantastic shadows, and making a strange glow in the mirror. Ah, the mirror! "I looked at it and grew numb with horror. For I saw there the reflection of a man's face so hideous in its expression that, even in a crowd, one would have turned from it with loathing. I have never been able to describe it; in that uncertain light it had no color, I could barely trace its outline. But I should know that face if I saw it at the top of the Great Pyramid, or in the plains of Arizona,—anywhere, indeed,—upon the instant; and I should shudder at the sight, as I do now at the thought, like a frightened animal."

And so the story goes on, and

"Out of New England Granite" is the finest character study in the book. Indeed, it is the only story which makes an endeavor in that direction. The hero and the heroine are drawn to perfection. Miss Belknap, especially, is pictured masterfully.

Altogether, here is a notable assembly of stories, told charmingly, of permanent value, by an author who is touched with real genius.

***

GOOD, bad and indifferent are the following: *A Mystery of the Fast Mail* (F. F. Lovell), marked "ninth edition," belonging to Lovell's "detective" series. The plot turns on the robbery of a mail pouch on board a train somewhere near Pittsburg. Byron D. Adsit is the author.

A Strange Infatuation (Rand, McNally & Co.), by Lewis Harrison, begins at Carlsbad, but speedily gets back to the United States of America; a good deal of shooting and other disagreeableness in it; also counterfeiting; hypnotism is the "strange infatuation."

Hauntings (F. F. Lovell & Co.) by Vernon Lee, Lovell's international series, "Fantastic Stories." The title page tells us, and certainly the names are fantastic: "Amour Dure," "Dionea," "Oke of Okehurst," "A Wicked Voice." There are ghost stories and ghost stories. The author tells us in an ingenious and inviting little preface. There are prosaic ghosts and romantic ghosts. There are ghosts such as the Psychical Research people are after, and ghosts such as Mr. T. R. Sullivan has described in his charming book. There are no prosaic ghosts in this book. Miss Jemima Jackson is recorded to have actually seen the phantom of her long deceased aunt, but who cares for Miss Jemima Jackson's aunt, whether in a ghost story or out of it? "The supernatural," as the author wisely says, "can open the caves of Janschid, and scale the ladder of Jacob. What use has it got if it land us in Islington or Shepherd's Book? It is well known that Dr. Faustus, having been offered any ghost he chose, boldly selected for Mephistopheles to convey to him no less a person than Helena of Troy. Imagine if the familiar fiend had summoned up some Miss Jemima Jackson's aunt of antiquity!" After such a preface a good book must follow. Such a delightful vestibule must lead the way into an interesting dwelling. We are not disappointed.

***

"TWENTY NOVELETTES" is a book by 20 prominent novelists. Nine of the 20 are honored by the setting of their pictures in medallions on the cover. These are Mrs. Alexander, Mora Caird (who looks singularly sentimental for one who has such views of marriage), Adeline Sergeant (in eye-glasses), George Sims (who has not mounted very high as yet upon the hill of fame), John Strange Winter (who is a woman), G. M. Fenn, F. W. Robinson, G. A. Henty and Florence Marryat. B. L. Farjeon leads off with "The Murderer's Confession," a sketch whose contents do not belie its name. The book has no table of contents. (F. F. Lovell & Co.)

The Feet of Love (Worthington Co.) is by Anne Reese Aldrich. The pictures, which the publishers consider notable enough to put the maker's name on the cover, are notably absurd. The author's face serves for frontispiece. A prefatory note informs the reader that the character of the clergyman therein drawn is not to be considered as a representative person. They are really not all of them quite like the Rev. Paul Wolfe! The author's purpose is stated to be "a loving and reverent study of 'poor human nature!'" The "human nature" which is chosen for study is "poor" enough.

***

"IN POTIPHAR'S HOUSE" is also a study of "poor human nature," like some chapters of the Book of Proverbs. "Surely, the time is coming," wrote Carlyle, in words which the author has taken for his motto: "Surely, the time is coming when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life; how divine is the blush of young human cheeks; high, beneficent, sternly inexorable is the duty laid, not on woman only, but on any creature, in regard to these particulars." Rev. J. F. Flint is the author. John B. Alden is the publisher.

***

"THE SOLID SOUTH" is discussed by 14 "noted men" in an indifferently printed book published by R. H. Woodward & Co., of Baltimore. Some of the "noted men" are quite original additions to the roll of fame. B. J. Sage, of Louisiana; Ira P. Jones, of Tennessee; Ethelbert Barksdale, of Mississippi; Robert Stiles, of Virginia, are gentlemen hitherto unknown to us, though such a confession probably argues our own ignorance rather than their obscurity. However, these 14 immortals join in these pages to discuss "Reconstruction and Its Results." The result is a series of judiciously written, temperate, thoughtful and informing papers. The conclusion is that legislation upon local questions can be rightly effected only by local legislators, and that when men from Maine or Massachusetts set out to shape matters in Texas or Louisiana they are pretty sure to make a tangle of it. The book is dedicated to the business men of the North.

***

"EVERYBODY'S HANDBOOK OF ELECTRICITY" and *How to Make Electric Batteries at Home* are both by Edward Trevet, and both published at Lynn, Mass., by the Bubier Publishing Company.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD.

A Yankee Composer Charms the Music-Loving Folk of Old Dresden.

A New York press correspondent writes as follows from Dresden, under April 24: "Probably the most popular and certainly the most fashionable event of the week in Dresden was the concert given by the young American composer, C. Whitney Coombs. Mr. Coombs' sacred music is well known in America, and his songs which possess the rare charm of originality, have found a place in the repertoire of many noted singers. At the concert here Mr. Coombs was assisted by Mr. Fairbanks, a grandson of ex-Governor Fairbanks of Vermont, who has won great success by his interpretations of Chopin and Liszt. The vocal music, with the exception of a few arias, consisted of some of Mr. Coombs' songs. Of these "Alone" and "Midsummer's Night" received special commendation. The Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Barclay de Tolly Weymar, the Count and Countess Snolisky and many other representatives of the German nobility were present. The greater part of the audience, however, was composed of Americans, who were glad of an opportunity to show their appreciation of their countryman. Among these were the nieces and daughter of Admiral Kempel, U. S. N., Mr. Charles Tracy, Mrs. and Miss Fisher, of New York, and many others. Mr. Coombs is an intimate friend of Mr. Harry B. Brockett, of this city, who has introduced several of the former's songs to our concert audiences, some of them in MS., and unheard elsewhere.

STATE POLITICAL NOTES.

MERCER Republicans will hold their county convention to-morrow.

CONGRESSMAN BAYNE will be home on Thursday. Mr. Bynum will not accompany him.

RUMOR has it that William L. Scott will be a candidate for a seat in the lower House of the Legislature.

SOME of the candidates in the Erie-Crawford district look as chipper as if they belonged to a suicide club.

SENATOR QUAY is anxious that his son "Dick" should be elected to the State Legislature. If the voters are of the same way of thinking his wish will probably be realized.

MAJOR GREENFIELD, ex-postmaster of Oil City, is talked of as a possible candidate against Congressman Watson. The Major is one of the substantial men in Oil City, and is popular with all classes.

CHARLES W. STONE was in Philadelphia last week, feeling highly elated over his victory in McKean county, but declined to say anything for publication. Mr. Stone is endowed with a great amount of modesty.

DELAWARE county Republicans are showing a disposition to unite on the choice of Senator John B. Robinson to succeed Smedley Darlington as Congressman in the Sixth district. Ex-Mayor Forwood, of Chester, is also after the nomination.

NORRISTOWN *Herald:* The contest for the nomination for Governor in the Republican Convention will be between Delamater and Hastings, and in the Democratic Convention between Pattison and Wallace, and the voters of both may as well realize the fact.

THERE is a split in the Democracy of Blair county. The committee met at Hollidaysburg on Friday and Lawyer Greevy and Diven tried to capture it for Wallace. Failing, the Wallace men held a separate meeting and elected their own delegates to the County Convention. The Pattison men, headed by Chairman Dumphy, will hold another meeting and go through the form of electing Pattison delegates. The result will be a contest in the State Convention.

LAID TO REST.

Funeral Services Over the Remains of Mrs. Louisa Gripp.

The remains of Mrs. Louisa Gripp, mother of Police Magistrate John Gripp, were interred yesterday at the German Lutheran Cemetery, Homewood. The services were held in the United Evangelical Protestant Church, Sixth avenue and Smithfield street, were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Fred Ruoff, and were attended by a number of city and county officials, and many friends of the deceased.

Fifty carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery to witness the last sad rites. The pallbearers were Messrs. John Oaks, — Rosnigk, Elias Becker, G. Diehl, Fred Gimmer and Fred Geist.

OLD DOBBIN.

I see old Dobbin through the fence; how weak he looks, and old;
His hair is falling off in spots, he feels the damp and cold;
He hangs his head, his step is slow; 'tis plain enough to see
His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.

He shall not work another jot, not that he would complain;
But from this hour he ne'er shall know the touch of whip or rein.
Of all the horses on the farm he's been the very best;
I should have thought of it before; but now he shall have rest.

I call to mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in;
Whew! how he kicked, and pranced, and plunged; 'twas doubtful which would win:
But I was young, as well as he, and would not be denied;
And since, he's been as safe a nag as man would wish to ride.

He never lacked in spirit, nor in steadiness, nor speed;
Many's the time his willing feet have answered urgent need,
When every moment was a gain to fleeting human breath,
He knew what precious minutes meant, and so defeated death.

Then, in my happy courting days, he knew the very night
That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight.
He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair;
He seemed to say: "'Twill not be long before I take you there!"

Then on my wedding day he stood with others at the church;
No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch;
One face, one form, that day of days, was all that I could see,
I did not think of Dobbin then, whate'er he thought of me.

And when the years had brought their grief, and I learned joy's reverse,
He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearse.
I cannot say that he divined how lonely was my lot;
But since he has not been the same; I know that I have not.

And so, through gladness and through grief old Dobbin has been near;
No wonder that he looks so old when I have grown so sere.
I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men;
'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached three score and ten!

So, while I live, his failing life shall naught but comfort know;
Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er feel rein or blow.
The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free,
Shall all be his; a poor return for all he's been to me!

—*Wm. L. Keese in Ladies' Home Journal.*

USEFUL TO LAWYERS.

The Constitution Not Adapted to the Needs of the Present Situation — Reflections Caused by the Deliverance of the Original Package Decision.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, May 17.—I suppose that a government simple in its machinery, which would give to every man, woman and child an equal opportunity in life, which would mete out even and exact justice to all, would be a very pretty institution; but a government complex in its machinery, founded on injustice, productive of classes and favoring the fortunate at the expense of the weak, and whose judicial performances are a travesty on justice, must be very repulsive and grotesque to the mind that stops long enough in the mad race for existence to contemplate it.

Two years ago a lot of grave and reverend Senators sat for a long time over the question whether Congress could give the States the right to see that their own laws were not vitiated by the operation of a United States law, and came to the conclusion that Congress could do nothing in the matter. Within a few days the same Senators have examined the same question, and find that Congress can give the States all the law they require to enable them to enforce their own laws.

Now, why this change of base?

Simply because of a ruling of the Supreme Court which in a vague way seems to confer on Congress a power it did not appear to possess before. The Constitution has not changed in the least. It is just the same in that respect as it was a century ago—solid in its place as the rock-ribbed hills, as the politicians would say.

Their Opinion Two Years Ago.

Two years ago one lot of the ablest lawyers among the Senators in Congress decided that Congress had no power to say that liquor imported from a foreign country, or from one State into another, should be subject in its sale to the laws of the State where it was received. They based their opinion on decisions of eminent Justices of the Supreme Court of the land. Another lot of equally able lawyers in the Senate, taking other decisions of other Supreme Judges, and other decisions of the same Supreme Judges cited by the other Senators, arrive at the conclusion that Congress has the power in question.

Now comes along another Supreme Justice who renders a decision which sets doubt at rest in the minds of all the Senators but one, Mr. Vest, of Missouri, and unites them in the opinion that they can do what they considered was of doubtful constitutionality before. Mr. Vest says the Supreme Bench did not mean their words to be interpreted as the Senators interpret them, and doubt as to the meaning of the Constitution is now transposed to doubt as to the meaning of the court, which is supposed to be able to interpret the Constitution. The upshot of the whole business must plainly be that nobody will ever know for certain as to the meaning of the Constitution or of the Supreme Court, and whether the action of Congress is legal and constitutional or not.

It is plain from this that anything may be constitutional, and anything may be not, as one wants is to get an interpretation, and the interpretation may be had to accord with the exigencies of the case. If we had a government of children, by children and for children, we could hardly be more in the dark in regard to the meaning of fundamental laws, or in greater danger of going outside of the meaning of those who constructed those laws.

Not Up to the Times.

NOW, every one of these wiseacres knows in his heart that there is no greater humbug in the world than the Constitution. It was made for a time and a condition, and is now as obsolete as the law of Moses, not only as a proper guide under present conditions, but largely in its operation. It has been tortured into every imaginable shape and is only of use, like most other of the laws which comprise our mountainous code, for the purpose of making lawyers of use to analyze and interpret. The more they explain the more confused they and everybody else become, and the longer it takes to explain the bigger the fees that may be charged.

When we remember the chance they had it seems to me we must conclude that the fathers made about the worst possible fist of building up a new government in America. They originated a system by which State has been piled upon State, government upon Government, building wheel within wheel, each wheel costing more than the other, the whole resting on the shoulders of the mass of poor people who produce all the wealth of the country. Take us in purely civil affairs, leaving out royal loafers and standing armies in our comparison with other nations, ours is the most complex and expensive Government in the world, when it should have been the simplest and least costly.

If anybody can tell why separate States were devised by the fathers, unless it was intended they should be independent and separate governments as well, I would like to hear the explanation. If anybody can tell what is the use of the State governments since it is decided that no State can withdraw from the Union and set up for itself, I would like to hear that explanation. This complex system is in the interest of the politicians and a volume of conflicting laws are in the interests of the lawyers and those who pay the lawyers best to assist them to filch wealth from the general public, and that is all anybody can make of this thing which we call our government.

A Possible Case.

WHERE the farce of twisting the Constitution to suit varying conditions and unexpected questions trending on the rights of the States will end, no one can tell. Suppose Congress enact a law providing as those do which are now introduced in both branches of Congress, that liquor sold from one State into another or imported from abroad shall be subject in its sale to the laws of the States: What may be the result?

An importer or dealer arrested under that law will deny the right of Congress to legislate on the subject. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court. That body, caring less for the Constitution than for the popular sentiment of the day, as is right and sensible, decides that Congress legislated within its power, and that the law is good. The citizens subject to the sale of another article of liquor imported from another State or country, and the State enacts a law prohibiting the introduction or regulating the sale of that article. What is the Government going to do about it, and what remedy has the State whose manufactures are tabooed? Under the decision in the liquor case anything may be prohibited by any of the States. A State may set up around itself a Chinese wall, more impregnable than the Constitution, for the Constitution would protect it while it could not protect itself. In fine men who a few years ago led the fight in Congress against the right of a State to secede are about to formally enact a law which virtually sanctions secession, for it makes the laws of the State superior to the law and practice of the general Government.

And Still Another Question.

FINALLY, to jump from this glance at the grotesque features of our Government to the still more delicate question of the regulation of the sale of liquor, What is to be the solution of the liquor problem?

Will people be made more sober because the thing