BASEBALL SITUATION

Present Status of the War for the Field Not Very Encouraging for Either Party.

DROWNING MEN CATCH AT STRAWS,

And Each Side in the Great National Controversy Sees Evidences of the Other Weakening.

THE WISH IS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

Will Either Pittsburg Team Break Its Record and Win Two Games This Week?

The past week has been a glorious one in the baseball war, and the charges and counter-charges of the conflicting companies have been at times amusing. The old saying that "drowning men catch at straws" was never better illustrated than in this squabble for baseball patronage. The slightest apparent weakness shown by either side draws the other to the belief that the end is nearing, but the "wish is father to the thought."

When anyone thinks the baseball war will close before the end of the season, he is very much mistaken. There have as yet been no real evidences of weakening on either side, except those seen through partisan eyes.

The League people say the Brotherhood players are not drawing their salaries. But they can't prove it, and so long as these men want to play ball for principle it is no one's affair but their own. In fact, it only tends to show that the League has still the harder fight. They can't get men to play without salaries, and as a consequence must go down in their pockets, while the other people are making enough to pay expenses, and are not compelled to pay more for salaries than they have to spare. If the Players do not let their greediness for money get away with them they have the best of the League in this particular.

THE WEEK'S CROWDS.

The teams in this city have not been drawing quite so large crowds the past week. The League has had on an average of 250 and the Players about 1,800. Of course you must deduct a few from these counts as turnstiles are not infallible and sometimes slip a few cogs. But even granting that the figures are true the money brought in would hardly keep a good minor league team. So that as a necessity, the bank accounts must be broken, or the boys will have to play faro for salaries and then probably not get them.

GAINING CREDENCE.

The old story of a transfer of playing dates made by the local National League team will be enacted again this week. This may be a good financial policy, but the story that the National League owns the Pittsburg team thus gains more credence. In fact it is becoming so that at each trip the team makes very few people expect it to return. The schedule says they will, but that is as unreliable as the turnstiles have been of late.

Some time ago Mr. O'Neill said that according to League rules the full quota of games with each club must be played in this city during the season and that no more games would be played in Cincinnati. Now he says that Tom Loftus wants the dates of August 6, 7 and 8 scheduled for this city transferred to Cincinnati and that the change will probably be made. Was Mr. O'Neill mistaken about there being such a rule or has a new one been made for the benefit of the Pittsburg team? He should rise and explain.

THIS WEEK'S GAMES.

The first part of this week Captain Ewing and his giants will be at the Players' League grounds and according to schedule are to receive a good beating. Following them Manager Johnnie Ward and his Brooklyn "Mis-fits" will appear and show what a truly good manager can do with with a patched up team of players.

At Recreation Park Manager Mutrie will show off his little band of youngsters and veterans and the probabilities are that their blood will be spilled at least once. It would be useless to ask either local team to win two games in one series. One will be satisfactory.

STILL WORKING OPPOSITE.

The Players Willing to Compromise, but the League Says No.

The New York *World* yesterday published the answers to the questions asked the National and Players' League presidents. The answer of the local National League officials was published in yesterday's DISPATCH, but the local Players' League officials made no reply. The National League clubs almost unanimously refuse to consider a compromise, but the Players' League men are evidently willing to meet half way.

The latter take the proper stand, as there is plenty of room for both organizations if the names were changed and the schedules made non-conflicting. Let common sense guide the two parties to a compromise and the public will be happy.

Players' League Games Saturday.

At Pittsburg—

Pittsburg	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	–3
Boston	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	–4

Pitchers—Staley and Gumbert.

At Buffalo—

Buffalo	1	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	4	–9
Brooklyn	1	0	0	2	0	5	5	0	*	–13

Pitchers—Krock, Sowders and Hemming.

At Chicago—

Chicago	5	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	1	–12
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	–1

Pitchers—Baldwin and Sanders.

At Cleveland, first game—

Cleveland	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	0	1	–6
New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	–1

Pitchers—Gruber and Keefe.

Second game—

Cleveland	0	2	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	–8
New York	2	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	2	–7

Pitchers—Gruber and Ewing.

Players' League Record.

	W.	L.	Pc.		W.	L.	Pc.
Boston	46	29	.613	Phila	48	37	.565
Brooklyn	48	35	.578	Pittsburg	33	39	.458
New York	43	34	.558	Cleveland	31	42	.424
Chicago	42	36	.538	Buffalo	18	54	.250

Saturday's National League Games.

At Pittsburg—

Pittsburg	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	–4
Boston	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	–3

Pitchers—Gumbert and Clarkson.

At Cincinnati—

Cincinnati	0	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	–5
New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	–1

Pitchers—Mullane, Rusie and Burkett.

At Chicago—

Chicago	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	–4
Brooklyn	0	1	0	0	0	9	0	0	*	–10

Pitchers—Luby, Lemarrys and Terry.

At Cleveland—

Cleveland	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	–2
Philadelphia	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	0	*	–5

Pitchers—Smith and Vickery.

National League Record.

	W.	L.	Pc.		W.	L.	Pc.
Phila	54	29	.651	Chicago	41	35	.539
Brooklyn	51	27	.653	New York	35	47	.426
Boston	51	30	.629	Cleveland	21	56	.272
Cincinnati	47	31	.602	Pittsburg	18	59	.233

TRI-STATE LEAGUE.

At Canton, first game—

Canton	3
Akron	0

SUMMARY—Base hits—7 each. Errors—Canton, 5. Batteries—Handiboe and York; Connor and Sweeney.

Second game—

Canton	2
Akron	3

SUMMARY—Base hits—8 each. Errors—Canton, 2; Akron, 1. Batteries—Smith and Yalk; O'Brien and Sweeney.

ASSOCIATION GAMES.

Toledo	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	0	–5
Athletics	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	–4

SUMMARY—Base hits—Toledo, 8; Athletics, 12. Errors—1 each. Batteries—Healy and Rogers; Esper, Seward and Robinson.

No More Sunday Games.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 27.—The Rochester-Louisville (A. A.) game was not played to-day. There will be no more Sunday games in this city.

LASTED ONE ROUND.

Youngstown Local Sports Indulge in a Sunday Mill.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

YOUNGSTOWN, O., July 27.—At daylight this morning Jack Bates and Reuben Hargate, both ironworkers employed in a rolling mill here, had a prize fight for a purse of $200, just across the State line at New Bedford, Pa., on a farm. Bates was seconded by Mike O'Mallery and Hargate by Ben O'Neil. Thomas Gartland, a well-known sporting man, was selected as referee and when time was called a crowd of between 300 and 400 was in attendance. Bates led out and Hargate replied with a stinging blow. Bates came up smiling, and struck Hargate a Sullivan right-hander on his neck that knocked him out. When time was called Hargate was unable to respond and the fight was awarded to Bates.

The crowd in attendance returned home thoroughly disgusted, as they expected to see the mill prolonged to at least a dozen rounds.

This is the second time that Bates and Hargate have met in the ring, the result in each being the same.

A large amount of money changed hands, as the friends of Hargate backed him heavily, believing he would win.

Games Scheduled for To-Day.

NATIONAL LEAGUE—New York at Pittsburg, Brooklyn at Cleveland, Boston at Cincinnati, Philadelphia at Chicago.

PLAYERS' LEAGUE—New York at Pittsburg, Philadelphia at Buffalo, Boston at Cleveland, Brooklyn at Chicago.

ASSOCIATION—Toledo against Athletics, Columbus at Brooklyn, Louisville at Rochester, St. Louis at Syracuse.

Sporting Notes.

ED SWARTWOOD will be made Captain of the Toledo club.

ROGER CONNOR has made six home runs in seven games.

BRODIE has played in 38 consecutive games without an error.

PITCHER WHITTROCK, of the St. Louis Browns, has been released.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is at Hempstead, L. I., with Duncan Harrison and Jack Barnitt, on a fishing trip.

THE Cleveland National League team is negotiating with McCarthy, the pitcher of the defunct Detroit club.

THE Erie County Athletic Club offers a purse of $2,500 for a fight between Young Mitchell and George La Blanche.

GEORGE GODFREY will sail for England in a few weeks to try his hand on some of the heavy weight boxers of the provinces.

EVAN LEWIS and Joe Acton will wrestle Graeco-Roman style for a $1,000 purse at the California Athletic Club next month.

THE international masters' chess tournament has been fixed to take place in Manchester, England, on September 22, and not in August as has been previously stated.

IN the game at Cincinnati on Thursday, Henry knocked a foul fly over the fence. A man sitting on the cross-arm of a telegraph pole put out his hand and caught the ball.

A SHOOT for the championship of the United States with the 22-caliber rifle, no restriction as to sight, weight and trigger pull, distance 110 yards, will be held this fall at Queen's, L. I.

JOHN MONTGOMERY MARR must have been reminded of "Home Sweet Home" by the crowd at Cleveland. As many as 300 people were seated in the handsomest stand in the country.—*Times-Star.*

J. PALMER O'NEIL is no longer managing director of the Pittsburg (N. L.) club. He has resigned. Now Guy Hecker will have a chance to prove himself a manager.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE Our Boys would like to arrange games with the Red Cross of Wheeling, Kittanninas, Butlers, Crockery Clys, Torontos, New Castles and Johnstowns. Address William Long, manager 121 Nineteenth street, Pittsburg, Southside.

THERE are to be a number of changes in the Cincinnati team. Hugh Nicol is to be released outright and Marr has been threatened with dismissal unless he improves in his fielding. Some of the players, it is charged, have been drinking, and Manager Loftus is blamed for being too lenient with them.

IT is stated that unless Pete Conway's arm is in pitching form his usefulness is gone, as far as financial considerations are concerned. Conway has not been heard of for some time by the Brooklyn (P. L.) club. He is in his home in Philadelphia. Thus far he has not received any salary, and unless his arm is all right Conway will not be considered as being attached to the Brooklyn club.—*New York Sun.*

WENDELL GOODWIN, President of the Brooklyn (P. L.) club, is quite weary of reporters. To a *Sun* interviewer yesterday he said he did not wish to be quoted publicly. "One thing you can say," he remarked, "the Brooklyn club is in the field to stay. There has not been an assessment of $2,500 on each club in the League, nor is any club in the Players' League obliged to pay any assessment." The reporter thought that was queer, but President Goodwin said it was true all the same.—*New York Sun.*

Lawn Tennis Notes.

THE ex-champion of Ireland, W. J. Hamilton, has a young brother 14 years of age, who is said to be one of the most promising players on the other side of the Atlantic.

AMONG the coming tournaments is that of the Narragansett Casino, at Narragansett, August 18 to 23. There is some talk of E. W. B. Morehead, holder of the Grogan cup, attending this tournament.

THE midsummer number of the *Outing Weekly Tennis Record* contains many items of interest to the players all over the country. There are also several splendid illustrations of tournaments held during the past week.

GREAT hopes are entertained that we shall see some of the best Irish players on American courts before the end of the season. At the Newport tournament a few of the well-known English "cracks" will put in an appearance. They will meet foemen worthy of their steel.

AT a meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association this question was asked: If the striker-out volleys the service after the umpire has called "fault," does he lose the stroke? The decision of the council was that the moment the umpire calls fault the ball is dead and therefore the fault stands, and the striker-out does not lose the stroke.

MESSRS. STOKER and Pim, the Irish champions, will compete in the double championship of England tournament at Wimbledon this week. They will undoubtedly make a bold bid for honors, and this would be the "last straw" if the Hibernians succeed in carrying off the "doubles" along with the singles for men and for ladies lately secured by W. J. Hamilton and Miss Rice.

CLARENCE HOBART, the winner of the Eastern double championship with V. G. Hall, showed such good form also in singles at the invitation tournament of the Country Club, that he has become one of the prominent candidates for the National single championship at Newport. He does not expect to play in any more tournaments until he goes to Newport in August, yet he will keep in good practice from now on, and intends to play on grass courts whenever possible.

MATCHES between ladies and gentlemen are of rare occurrence, but two or three memorable instances are recorded. Miss Maud Watson defeated W. Renshaw at Manchester in 1885, Mr. Renshaw giving her half—40. In 1888 Mr. E. Renshaw met Miss L. Dod at a difference of 30, and, after a good fight succeeded in winning by two sets to one. In the same year E. Renshaw again did battle with the fair sex, this time with Mrs. Hillyard, at Penarth. He gave his antagonist half 40, and only won after a sharp contest—6-6, 6-2, 9-7.

AID FOR MRS. LIPPINCOTT.

Friends of That Lady Raising Money for Her Benefit.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 27.—The announcement made to-day that friends of Mrs. Lippincott, now confined in Camden jail, were using their utmost endeavors to secure the unfortunate woman more acceptable treatment was not a surprise. She has hosts of friends here, some of whom were her victims, but it is possible that even the sufferers will not aid in her prosecution.

The subscription list that has been started by her nephew, David Haines, is meeting with ready names and goodly amounts of money. Mayor Hoffman, in the goodness of his heart, is at the head, and has by his side in signature Louis Groff, one of the most popular men of City Councils, a well-known business man.

One of the best known of the hotel proprietors of this resort has gone on the paper for a large sum, and it looks as if the poor prisoner will be made comfortable until all the legal complications are adjusted.

CAME TOO LATE.

Inquiries Regarding the Body of a Man Who Is in an Anatomical Institute.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON, PA., July 27.—A letter was received here by the Chief of Police from J. Lewis Good, an undertaker of 921 Spruce street, Philadelphia, in regard to the identity of Con O'Brien, who was killed by a Pennsylvania Railroad train Thursday night on Trenton avenue.

O'Brien was a tailor, and worked for Thomas Morgan, of this place. He had no family, and but few friends. Eccentric in his character, he imagined that he was entitled to a pension, and had gone to New York to see an attorney. His body by this time is in an the Anatomical Institute.

AN IDAHO TOWN BURNING.

Meagre Particulars of a Fire That Threatens an Entire City.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

PORTLAND, ORE., July 27.—A dispatch from Spokane Falls states that the town of Wallace, Idaho, is burning down. No particulars.

WHEN THE ENERGIES FLAG

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. C. Smith, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is an invaluable nerve tonic, a delightful beverage, and one of the best restorers when the energies flag and the spirits droop."

Our Low Price Linen Sale Goes On

This week—it will pay you to come.

JOS. HORNE & CO.'S

Penn Avenue Stores.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR

Forms the Theme of Bishop Rulison's Sermon to Chautauquans.

PRACTICAL RELIGION PREACHED.

The English Bible Class a Failure and Will be Abandoned.

NOTES OF THE DAY AT THE LAKESIDE

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

LAKE CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 27.—A perfect day. The air just warm enough, the breezes just cool enough. Chautauqua's great temporary population strolled all day long, or if tired of strolling, enjoyed the welcome shade of the trees, relished the comfortable depths of a hammock or sat upon the verdance and idly, listly, dreamed the hours away. Sunday is the gay day at Chautauqua. Through the week it is the most unconventionable place on earth. Every one dressed carelessly and in neglige, and it has been remarked because of this that it was a shabby resort.

But anyone who shall see the great audience that gathers in the amphitheater for morning sermon will soon change his mind, for on Sunday the Chautauquan doth put on his best attire, and the dresses of the ladies are as stylish and elegant as those of an Eastern resort. If it is considered an alarming break of custom to dress stylishly and stiffly through the week, it is almost an unpardonable sin to be neglige on the Lord's Day.

THE CHRISTIAN NEIGHBORHOOD.

Rev. J. H. Crawford, with a clear and resonant voice that reached every part of the crowded amphitheatre, led the responsive service and gave the scriptural readings at the morning meeting.

We doubt if Bishop N. S. Rulison ever faced a grander audience than he did this morning when he advanced upon the platform, taking for his text, "And who is my neighbor?" To the multitude of modern Christians the answer would seem somewhat obscure. That is the question, "Who is my neighbor?" Christ's thought is very different from the Jewish conception. Christ not only took upon himself that of the greatest man, but the nature of all men. With all he shows us the great truth of our brotherhood. Why does the Christian man of to-day place so many limitations on his neighborhood. Some say because of his sin, but in the majority instances it is from selfishness. It is perfectly natural, and in some senses right. We think our land the best and the brightest, our men the bravest, women the fairest of any nation on earth. We would fight or die for it, if it were necessary. But how many of us would be willing to suffer martyrism for an Irishman or a Pole?

EXCLUSIVENESS OF CASE.

In our large and small cities we can see how all our brotherhoods and neighborhoods are limited. We find the wealthy, the educated, associated and living in one part of the town, while the ignorant, the poor and depraved reside in another part. We can tell these classes by the magnificent houses and the humble tenement dwellings. A man would, if poor, be obliged, in the instance of his being wounded, to take up with the mercies of a policeman. The more numerous and wider classes the more limited the neighborhood.

There are of course different classifications according to mental endowment. Man's neighborhood should be the world. Jesus was not of the kind of many of our modern preachers, whose sentiment is that of a common level where there are no common differences, no inspiring ambitions and successes, no useful defeats. Christ recognized human inequality, but no man should think of himself alone, but of the common good, a common brotherhood of man. God desires that men be brought face to face in a common neighborhood. Men should be bound by a common law and exercise their brotherhood here on earth.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.

The great battle of the nineteenth century is the battle for money. Where we forget to exercise the love law, there are armies of poor, of discontented, who in some lands raise the red flag. Our land is more happy in this respect than other nations because of the good influences, but there is plenty of work right here where the ballots of the ignorant equal the ballots of the intelligent. I don't believe in the idea that ministers should not say anything of public affairs. I thoroughly believe in practical and personal religion. I do not believe in talking vaguely of the crucifixion and the broad and narrow way.

We should watch for the right of the weakest, for it is they who go to the wall. When the rich will not help the poor, the intelligent help the ignorant, then the Christian church has a duty. In many lands there is a growing discontent among the multitude with our religion, a tendency toward skepticism. It is our duty to cure this. I am entirely in sympathy in all things with men who study real, material things. The truth will not hurt anybody, and whenever it can be found we should use our influence as an aid. Many men are skeptics without hardly knowing what it means.

TEACHING TRUE RELIGION.

There are many who believe God is the most selfish person on earth, that divine love is scornful, that He is letting millions go down to death to whom He never gave a new life. We, as Christians, ought to teach them God that loves all mankind alike. I do not mean a rosewater religion without any instruments. The church is a hospital for all people, a school where all are learners.

There are powerful things working against brotherhood and unity, not only outside of the church but inside of the church. God has not made men equal in mental power and we can not make them so. We must rule the world with the love spirit. No one else but Christian people are to bring order out of chaos and preach the truth and beauty of our religion. You cannot legislate communism out of human hearts or cure poor people by gifts of old clothes and Thanksgiving dinners, but we must go out and act the part of Christians.

Prof. Ballantine conducted the assembly at 2:30 in the Amphitheater, and gave an analytical and brilliant discussion of the biblical points in the lesson.

SUNDAY NOTES AT THE LAKE.

Dr. Duncan is never more at home than when facing 300 or 400 bright little faces at his Sunday school. He leads the meeting in the same hearty enthusiastic way that he does everything. It is a mooted question always who is the more popular with the little ones, the secretary or Chancellor Vincent. Mr. Duncan is taking good advantage of the Bishop's absence, and perhaps at present it is a little in his favor.

This evening a meeting was held in the Amphitheater in the interest of Y. M. C. A. The assembly chorus sang several hymns, and some addresses were made by prominent Chautauquans on the value of Christian association work.

The school of English Bible which was started last week has not proven the success that the managers expected. Barely 50 students are in the six classes under the six eminent professors. It was designed to bring great numbers of students here from seminaries and colleges by a splendid aggregation of talent but the idea will likely fail. No doubt the school will be discontinued next year.

The arrivals at the Grand Hotel, Point Chaftauqua, from Pittsburg are: James M. Kirby, James W. Blaney, W. R. Palmer, L. C. Phipps, W. C. Lilley and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Halsey Williams and son, Luther, W. S. Standish, A. N. Moore, B. F. Biber.

Professor Richard T. Ely, the well-known economic writer and political theorist, is there. Mr. Ely has been in very poor health of late.

A TEN-FOOT GHOST

NOW MAKING ITS HOME IN A BUCKEYE CEMETERY.

A Bold Young Man Attempts to Brave the Spirit, but Retreats in Confusion—He Will Not Go Outdoors After Sunset Since.

HAMILTON, O., July 27.—What is claimed to be a genuine ghost has made its appearance here. The apparition has been seen in the Boudinot burying ground, in the First ward, by a number of parties. About a year ago the grounds were put into the hands of the City Council and an effort made to convert them into a park. The grand old trees that had stood for a century and shaded the tombs were cut down, and the grave-mounds were leveled to the earth, the stones being carried away. The grave was robbed of its once solemn beauty, and the hallowed associations of years disregarded. Day after day the graves were torn open by the plow and the rotting bones thrown promiscuously upon the ground. A few days ago the plow-share turned up a tombstone bearing the inscription: "Charley, aged 12, son of Herman and Anna Carter."

Soon after this rumors that were calculated to keep the immediate residents in the house after night were circulated, and some superstitious ones declared that in the old cemetery there were ghosts. A few evenings since Joseph Myers, who resides on Boudinot street, had a strange experience. While he was sitting in his doorway shortly before retiring he looked in the direction of the park, and saw a queer looking object appear. From the deserted Carter tomb arose a shrouded figure. It was about ten feet in height, and carried a torch in its outstretched hand, making at times quite a brilliant light.

In a short space of time the figure seemed to rise and glide toward the street. Myers was somewhat nervous for a short time. He arose, however, and walked across the street, and pursued it for the purpose of investigation, but before he could approach the mysterious figure it suddenly disappeared. It is claimed that the spirits of the bodies that belong to these graves which have been disturbed nightly promenade the grounds. A young man residing on Park street boldly asserted that he had no fear of any such thing as a ghost, and that he would fathom the mystery of the apparition. Last Friday night he took a seat in the extreme eastern portion of the cemetery to carry out his design. About midnight the ghost arose before him, and he became so badly frightened that he started at a break-neck speed in an easterly direction, and on the following day was discovered hidden in a blackberry patch near Rily, some 12 miles distant from the corporate limits of Hamilton. Since this adventure he cannot be persuaded to go out doors after sunset.

AN ENUMERATOR ARRESTED.

He Left the State to Avoid the Performing of His Duties.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

PROVIDENCE, July 27. — Samuel H. Allen was arrested in Rocky Brook village to-day on complaint of Prof. Alonzo Williams, of Brown University, who is Superintendent of the United States Census for Rhode Island. Allen was commissioned as one of the enumerators for the west side of this city and was at work in a desultory manner for about two weeks. Then he quit and went to Massachusetts, remaining there until a few days ago, when he returned and went to Rocky Brook.

Prof. Williams charges Allen with neglecting and refusing to do the work which he was sworn to carry out. Allen pleaded not guilty and was held for examination. He was formerly assistant trial justice under the justice court system at Wakefield, in the town of South Kingston, and later was an assistant to Judge Bliss in the East Providence District Court.

SUFFERING FROM SMALLPOX.

A Cabin Steward Waits on Passengers on the Steamer La Bourgogne.

NEW YORK, July 27.—The French steamer La Bourgogne, which arrived here from Havre yesterday, had the latter portion of her voyage made interesting by the grounding of the vessel for two hours and the discovery of a case of smallpox on board. One of the cabin stewards was taken sick on Saturday afternoon. The ship's doctor soon discovered that the man was suffering from smallpox, and had him isolated from the passengers and crew. That morning the man had been waiting on the table.

When the La Bourgogne arrived at quarantine yesterday afternoon he was removed to the Pest Hospital, on North Brother Island. Dr. Smith and one of his assistants then vaccinated all the passengers who had sat at the table at which the sick man waited, and all the steward's force.

CAME OUT WITH THE LADIES.

Desperate Attempt of a Burglar to Escape From Jail.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., July 27.—Several members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union went to the jail this afternoon to do a little gardening among the weeds confined there. When the service was over the ladies stepped into the wheel to be turned out and in this were accompanied by Charles Johnson, a desperate burglar and jail-breaker, who stood in their midst; when the wheel, which is in the shape of a cage stood with the opening facing the front door of the jail, Johnson made a desperate dash for liberty and succeeded in escaping.

He was recaptured after an hour's search in which over 100 citizens joined.

A MIDNIGHT BRAWL.

Angry Disputants Struggle Fiercely on Diamond Square.

Sounds of a fierce disturbance in the Windsor Hotel, No. 8 Diamond square, at 1 o'clock last night brought Officer Leeters on the spot. A young man named Daniel Hagan, and the proprietor of the hotel, Edward Wallace, were disputing over some matter, when suddenly the two began a bloody fight. Wallace was cut on the face and hands, and seizing a portion of a filter, he struck Hagan a terrible blow on the head.

Wallace was arrested and Hagan was sent to the Homeopathic Hospital. His wound is not dangerous.

MINE CAVES IN.

Heavy Loss to the Pennsylvania Coal Company at Wilkesbarre.

WILKESBARRE, July 27.—Colliery No. 14 of the Pennsylvania Coal Company was the scene of an extensive cave-in to-day, some 50 acres being affected. As the mine is flooded to drown out a recent fire, nobody was underground.

The disturbance to the surface was slight, but the damage to the mine will be heavy.

The Catalogue of Harcourt Place Seminary.

This elegant, illustrated document tells a most interesting story of the inauguration and growth at Gambier, O., of a delightful and superior school for girls. It is sent to all applicants.

DIED.

JONES—On Sunday, July 27, 1890, at 11 P. M., THOMAS JONES, aged 76 years.

Funeral from his late residence, 114 Frankstown avenue, East End, on TUESDAY, at 3 P. M. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. 2

LEHMAN—On Sunday, July 27, 1890, at 7:10, JOHN G. LEHMAN, late Sergeant of Company K, Ninth Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, aged 52 years 4 months.

The funeral will take place from his late residence, 235 Arch street, Allegheny, TUESDAY AFTERNOON at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family, Lieutenant James M. Lyale Post 128, G. A. R.; surviving members of Co. K, Ninth Pa. Res. Corps, U. V. L. No. 6; Pride of the North Council No. 96, Jr. O. U. A. M., and Knights of Honor are respectfully invited to attend. 2

LIVING IN LONDON.

The Pen Not Appreciated in the Great English Metropolis.

SMALL WAGES FOR BRAIN WORK.

Clerks and Reporters are Underpaid and Badly Snubbed.

DIFFICULTIES OF GATHERING NEWS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

LONDON, July 19.—There is no place in all the world where brains receive less money by way of wages than in London. Everybody is overworked and underpaid. A London city clerk is probably one of the most miserable objects on earth. He toils, but he never by any chance spins. A Government clerk is rather worse. He is a gentleman from the fact of his position. He wears a coat of excellent cut which is rather necessary to him than otherwise, and he is expected to pass his life in an atmosphere of political severity for a yearly income beginning at $400 a year and rising by slow gradations to $1,200. Suicide is his peculiarity and, I may as well add, bankruptcy is his specialty.

Then there is the newspaper man. The sight of him is a revelation to the American journalist. Such a gentility of shabbiness was never equalled. A short time ago I was at the funeral of an illustrious Englishman at Westminster Abbey. I produced the necessary credentials to many policemen, several vergers, and so on by slow degrees to the minor canon, the deputy dean, the upper organist, and, lastly, to some particular gentleman who had been appointed master of the ceremonies by the official mourners. From all of these "personages" I received a modicum of snubbing until I was officially shown to a seat on the stone steps in front of the high altar. I looked at my companions.

THANKFUL FOR SMALL FAVORS.

I recognized Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. ——, I forget his name—the representative of the *London Illustrated News*, and a number of other gentlemen whose faces were impressed upon my memory as having been present upon other occasions, all representative reporters of the London newspapers. Mr. Sala seemed to be contented with the accommodation accorded to him, and as I can in justice to that gentleman say that he ranks with the greatest of living journalists, it is unnecessary for me to add that I decided that I personally had received all the consideration due to me. I, accordingly, lifted my coat tails and took my seat on the stone steps with a due expression of thankfulness at the accommodation afforded me.

I soon became completely interested in my brother reporters. They all had an air of "up all night" about them. Their dirty finger nails encircled pencils and notebooks were placed a few yards from their noses in an aggressive attitude, which only the London reporter can assume. I remember one of the first lessons I received as an American reporter was: "Do not appear to be taking notes; try and rely on your memory; if you cannot, do not attempt to be a newspaper man." A London reporter never relies on his memory, consequently he never obtains any particular news which requires a strain of remembrance. He is never by any chance treated with other consideration than that which is accorded to a census enumerator in America, or a book canvasser, nor does he seek it. If insults are heaped upon him he accepts them meekly; were he to resent them he would be promptly discharged by his editor on his return to his office.

RATHER EASILY SATISFIED.

On other occasions I have seen the English reporters perfectly willing to share the leavings with the waiters at a banquet, and I have also seen them patiently waiting in the mud and rain outside the house of a public official so as to eventually obtain crumbs of news from the butler regarding the dinner at which the great man is playing host. The newspaper men who rank as sub-editors and editors are a much better class of men than the reporters. They are not expected to climb from the ladder of the city editor's staff like American journalists, but usually obtain a position on a public journal, thanks to the position they held in the graduatiog class of a university, or to some interest or consinship with an editor-in-chief or a newspaper proprietor.

Of course, I am not alluding to the stars of journalism, like Mr. Paul, of the London *Daily News*, a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone's, or Mr. Slack, of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose leaders occupy a large percentage of the editorial space, and a dozen more gentlemen of that description, among whom, of course, Mr. Andrew Lang and Sir Edwin Arnold must be classed. These are literary men first, and journalists afterward.

The men that I specially allude to are the working members of the different departments of a newspaper, such as would rank in America with news and exchange editors, paragraph writers and copy condensers. A multitude of such gentlemen are employed in London at salaries ranging from £2 to £6 a week and their hours are generally from midday to 2 A. M. They work in rooms which look for all the world like

CELLS IN A PRISON,

and the deference paid by a junior to a senior is simply crawling in its servility. How they live is a mystery. All of them seem to have wives and most of them large families, and yet it is to be doubted if a sub-editor ever sees his family circle except on a Sunday. One advantage, however, he possesses over his American confreres. He cannot be instantaneously discharged at the caprice of his employer. The law entitles him to at least a month's notice and his service has been extended to three months' notice, or salary for that length of time if the immediate resignation of his situation is required.

The city clerk is one of the amazing mysteries of modern Babylon. While he is young all his energies appear to be confined to keeping his hat shiny and his cuffs well over his knuckles; but as he progresses in years so does the nap decline from his hat and the ink spots increase on his linen. His salary is anything his hunger will induce him to accept, and the amount of insult, derision, contempt and abuse which he is expected to put up with at the hands of his employer is the desert which promotes his digestion. Whatever his entrance salary may be he is supposed to have a rise every year, and directly he obtains £5 more annually he begins a war of scorn on the clerk junior to him. To the one above him he grovels, and so if there happen to be 20 clerks in an office, they all sneer downward and toady upward until the senior clerk is reached, and he persistently licks the boots of the principal.

A POWERFUL TYRANT.

But of all the tyrants that ever drew the breath of life give me the head clerk of a large mercantile establishment. His salary has probably reached the altitude, after 15 or 20 years' servitude, of $25 a week. This "fortune" he has acquired by persistent punctuality of arrival, indifference to the number of hours he works during the day, absolute submission to the behests of his chief and the gradual suppression of every iota of manhood in him. All the joy left in his life is to bring those who are under him into a similar condition. He does it. For every bow that he gives to his master, three bows are required from his inferiors. Let him come out of the inner office after a patient half hour's cringing to the person who pays his salary and his vituperation and venomous insult to the assistant bookkeeper and the typewriter would do credit to a human rattlesnake. It is his only reward for his years of crawling perseverance.

The clerk in London literally trembles before his employer. Anything in the shape of manly assertion is unknown, and yet thousands of Englishmen whose song is 'Britons Never Shall be Slaves,' pass all their lives in this condition of semi-genteel slavery and poverty.

A FATAL DUEL.

Unsuccessful Adoption of Parisian Customs by Two Monkeys.

Saturday Review.

In a gloomy week two monkeys have considerately sacrificed themselves on the altar of gayety. "There is somewhat wildly laughable," according to a French critic, "in whatever concerns death." When we "have heard what mirth the monkeys made" it must be deemed appropriate—if, indeed, the story is not an unworthy aspersion on the intelligence of the animals. According to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, two acrobats in the circus in Paris had a dispute, followed by an affair of honor. The distance was the nice gentlemanly one of 25 paces, at which even a good pistol shot may miss an opponent with a weapon in his hands. At all events, whether good shots or not, the combatants did miss. Perhaps they were nervous as the timid duelist whom M. Guy de Maupassant has described twice—once in a volume of sketches and once in a novel, "Bel Ami." Now among the temoins of this affair were two apes. The creature is imitative and ingenious, but never has monkey carried imitation and ingenuity farther than the Paris monkeys. The famed ape of the cannon story had no compurgators. They only made one difference in the arrangements which they had observed to be so picturesque, so safe, and to honor so consoling. They found pistols and cartridges; they loaded; they stood up to each other at five—not 25—yards' distance, and they blew each other to pieces. Of all monkeys concerning whom history speaks, these alone are dead on the field of honor. How the details have been discovered, as the monkeys chose no seconds, does not appear. Nor is it known whether they had been long on ill terms. We "seek for the lady" of this quarrel in vain. Perhaps that is the wiser theory which denies that the apes had any hostile motives at all. They thought, from what they had observed of the duello, that it was an exercise no less friendly and harmless than gentlemanly.

WORKMEN FROM ARABIA.

To Employ Them One Must Have an Abundance of Patience.

An excavator would have lost patience with the men of Bahrein with whom he had to deal, says the Cornhill *Magazine*. Tickets had to be issued to prevent more workmen than were wanted and claiming pay at the end of the day; ubiquity was essential, for they loved to get out of sight and do nothing; with unceasing regularity the pipe went round and they paused for a "drink" at the hubble-bubble, as the Arabs express it; morning and evening prayers were, I am sure, unnecessarily long; accidents would happen which alarmed us at first, until we learned how ready they were to cry wolf.

One man was knocked over by a stone. We thought by his contortions some limb must be broken, and we applied vaseline, our only available remedy, to the bruise. His fellow workmen then seized him by the shoulders, shook him well, "to put the bones right again," as they expressed it, and he continued his work as before. The bazaarmaster and the policemen