The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 45, No. 203.—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, 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, 3 m'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, FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1890.

THE ALTOONA CONFERENCE.

It is not always necessary for a political movement to be heralded by a brass band and red fire in order to make itself felt. For this reason it may not be altogether safe for the friends of Mr. Delamater to pooh-pooh the modest little meeting of Independent Republicans at Altoona. To be sure, THE DISPATCH'S account of that meeting does not precisely indicate the approach of a whirlwind in politics. A number of gentlemen of the Republican faith met in Altoona to discuss the situation. They are dissatisfied with the machine management of the party for various reasons. The object is declared to be the comparison of views and the cultivation of mutual acquaintance. In these objects there is nothing of extraordinary significance. But is this all? We think not. The Altoona conference means more than has yet been told. Its full significance may not be understood for some little time yet. Election day is still a league away, and a great deal can be done in a few hours when the machinery is carefully put together, oiled and tested. Senator Emery, for instance, is not holding his tongue for nothing in the face of great provocation to speak. If the Altoona conference does not mark the beginning of a very important movement we are very much mistaken.

CHICAGO'S PRIZE PUZZLE.

The directors of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago are said to be nearing a decision as to the site. For this information we are indebted to the editorials of the Chicago papers; their news columns do not reveal the source of the welcome news. The Chicago *News* states that "there is now a reasonable certainty of the directors returning to first principles and adopting the Lake Front as the site preeminently adapted to the success of the Exposition. The selection of the Lake Front will not be any change of policy on the part of the directors. It will simply be the adoption of a long-cherished plan, which was temporarily obscured by the prospect of irreconcilable differences with the Illinois Central Railroad Company. This cloud has been removed. There is every prospect that the company and the directorate have at last reached common ground, and that each will work in its particular sphere for the final triumph of the Exposition."

It is true that the adoption of the Lake Front is better than the idiotic plan which was first suggested to divide the Exposition into two sections six or eight miles apart. It will be better to construct a site out of the lake for the whole Exposition than for half of it. But to the impartial spectator having a knowledge of Chicago's parks and suburban prairies, the existing network of her rapid transit lines, the project to make a site for the Exposition in Lake Michigan seems quixotic in the extreme. The waste of time, money and energy in such an undertaking would be enormous. No advantage is visible which would compensate for the outlay; and the incidental entanglement of the Exposition project with a railroad corporation is very undesirable. If this is the settlement of the site question, it is very little better than no settlement at all.

THE CONGER LARD BILL.

The Conger compound lard bill passed the House yesterday. It is a good measure in the main, and there is nothing in it to justify the ferocious violence which characterized some of the opposition to it. That it was introduced to please the honest farmer and to assist the hog lard packer is doubtless true, but the public at large is benefited by the bill.

The bill provides that all manufacturers of compound lard shall take out an internal revenue license to the amount of $96. Wholesale dealers in compound lard are to be taxed $24, and all persons who offer for sale a greater quantity than 50 pounds shall be deemed a wholesale dealer. Retail dealers are taxed $1 92. A penalty of not less than $250 nor more than $500 is provided for the violation of the provisions of the bill. The bill also provides strict and explicit instructions for the branding, marking, and stamping of the packages before being offered for sale, and goes into the utmost detail in laying down the rules for manufacturers and dealers to follow, and in erecting safeguards for the protection of the Treasury and the granger.

In reporting it favorably to the House the majority of the committee said: "The bill in its main features is similar to the oleomargarine law, which has given general satisfaction; and the wrongs to be prevented and the benefits to be secured are in their general character the same in both cases, the only difference being that the latter applies to imitations of butter, and the former to imitations of lard. The promoters of the bill are the growers of swine, and the manufacturers and consumers of pure lard. Its opponents are the manufacturers of the imitation compounds, and to some extent the producers of cottonseed oil. The credit given by a fair name to a false commodity, together with its cheapness, have enabled this imitation compound to outrun 'honest lard' in their race for the tables of consumers, until 320,000,000 pounds of the mixture are annually placed upon the market against 280,000,000 pounds of pure lard. Your committee, after full and careful consideration, are of the opinion that the compound lard trade as carried on is a stupendous commercial fraud, which it is the duty of Congress to suppress; that if no measures are taken to regulate it and to compel it to employ honest methods, so that consumers can distinguish the pure from the compound article, the latter being cheaper will drive the former from the market or compel it to be sold under the cost of production; that the compound being variable in its constituents to suit the will of the compounder, the production will gradually degenerate into a competition between manufacturers in what has been aptly characterized by a gentleman before the committee as 'expert adulteration;' that is to say, it will become a contest between producers as to which can use the most of the cheaper ingredients and the least lard and not be found out."

Nearly all the Congressmen who do not represent agricultural districts opposed the bill, and Southern Democrats representing the cottonseed interest naturally were its most bitter opponents. Probably had not the farmers shown such unmistakable signs of impatience with legislative snubbing the bill would not have commanded a majority. Without arguing the righteousness of the tax upon imitations of "honest" lard, there can be no gainsaying the right of the people to know exactly what they are buying. This right the Conger bill conserves, and therefore we hope it will be entered upon the statute book.

ONLY A FEW SKIRMISHES.

There were no discharges of Cannon in the House of Representatives yesterday, but the session was sufficiently noisy all the same. Very little was done beyond the passage of the compound lard bill, the time being principally taken up with personal recriminations of the order to which the public is now accustomed. That is to say, pretty little epithets, "liar," "loafer," etc., were bandied about. As far as this Congress is concerned, the nation will decline to be astonished at anything less than a bayonet charge or a rifle volley on the floor of the House. The days when the language of the bar-room and the tactics of the prize-fighter were deemed out of place before the Speaker's desk are gone.

THE RESULT OF CAUCUS RULE.

Legislation by caucus is the subject of a powerful editorial in our esteemed cotemporary, the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The protest against the dictatorial policy of Speaker Reed, and the domineering of the ruling clique in the House, is being echoed widely throughout the Republican party. As our esteemed cotemporary says, the legislator, whether Senator or Representative, is no longer the free agent which the Constitution and our system of government intends him to be, from the moment when he surrenders his own individual judgment and subordinates and degrades it into being the mere instrument of a caucus or of a Committee on Rules or any other form of "Steering Committee." The caucus-obeying Senator no longer represents his State by his vote according to his own judgment, but represents and is controlled by a cabal of Senators from other States. So with the Representative. He is no longer free to vote his own good judgment. The arbitrary methods of Speaker Reed in the House have led to a state of things which the caucus behind him never contemplated. Violence has bred violence; injustice has led to disorder, and for days the proceedings of Congress have been a free fight, with no semblance of respect for the Chair, the House itself, or the interests and honor of the nation.

MR. DEPEW'S OBLIGATION.

It would probably be wisest for Mr. Powderly to declare the New York Central strike off at once. Since the Federation of Railway Employes has declined to offer the Knights of Labor any more practical assistance than sympathy it is clear that the strike cannot be fought to a successful issue. This is the deduction to be made from the patent facts of the situation, and possibly Mr. Powderly has at his command resources of which we know nothing. Prolongation of the strike will enable Mr. Webb to fill the places of the Knights of Labor with non-union men, and it will serve no good purpose as far as we can see. We still think that arbitration should have been resorted to by the managers of the New York Central, and President Chauncey Depew will have to explain why this principle for which he has always professed affection was rejected by his corporation without even an apology.

It behooves the New York Central management to remember that organized labor has not been defeated in this strike if one particular organization has. The road will be regarded with suspicion and distrust by all the railroad labor unions until it shall purge itself of the accusation that it is waging war upon the organization of labor. In this direction Mr. Chauncey Depew when he returns from abroad will have to labor long and arduously if he intends to continue in the popular role of the workingman's friend.

THE organ of the Hon. Lewis Emery in Bradford repels the insinuation that the ex-Senator contemplates a compromise with the machine. It is also semi-officially announced that Mr. Emery intends to indict Mr. Delamater shortly in a speech at Bradford. In the interest of truth and justice, if for no other reason, we are glad to know this—though it is hardly news of a startling kind.

"YOU are a —— liar, you —— ——!! —— ***! ** † ** ***! ....." ——. From the House proceedings, of Wednesday. Out of respect to the Nation the blanks are not filled in.

A LONDON writer asks: "What is the cause of beauty?" If he could get a peep into the boudoir of the girl of the period perhaps he would find out.

THEY have a corn palace in Sioux City. Corn juice palaces are scattered all over the land.

SENATOR ALDRICH presented his reciprocity amendment in the Senate yesterday. It is hardly likely that the proposition to put such immense power in the President's hands will be passed as it stands. Reciprocity we believe can be obtained without recourse to penal duties—which the consumer in this country will have to pay.

SENATOR DELAMATER made the most of his opportunity at Williams' Grove yesterday, and if the farmers decline to vote for him it will not be because they do not know a good deal about him.

IT is called the House of Representatives. If some of the constituencies are to be gauged by those who represent them they must be a bad lot.

REPUBLICAN voters in Warren county will take a little independence in theirs, thank you.

SENATOR PLUMB kicked in another direction yesterday. When Kansas' products are concerned there is not a stouter or more extreme protectionist than Mr. Plumb. He asked for an increased tariff on castor oil beans and the Senate took the medicine kindly.

GENUINE apple cider will be almost as costly as champagne this season. But the cider makers will have cider to sell, all the same. They have a way of making it without apples nowadays.

MRS. HARRISON will have a chance to air her seal skin sacque at Cresson.

JUDGING from the disgraceful scenes in the House, the Capitol speak-easy must have been doing a land-office business on Wednesday.

WITH the first shriek of the engine in darkest Africa the chains will fall off the natives in the slave stockades. It will be interesting to watch the result of the race between the locomotive and the missionary in this land of promise.

IT is rumored that Pittsburg will be dropped by one of the baseball leagues next year. It is to be hoped the rumor will prove true. It's all work and very little play in Pittsburg now.

WHEN dynamite shells are fired from cannon the breech should be turned toward the enemy in order to ensure deadly results.

THERE seems to be small prospect of burying the Behring Sea troubles.

MINISTER SMITH at St. Petersburg is writing panegyrics on the Czar for the Philadelphia *Press*. In this Mr. Smith shows his diplomatic aptitude, but would Editor Smith have printed such gauzy fiction a year ago?

THE good work of Police Inspector McKelvy on the Southside in making Poles, Hungarians and other aliens understand that they must obey the law, should be copied elsewhere.

PEOPLE who take passage on ocean racers should secure letters of introduction to Neptune. They may be needed some day.

MONEY makes the mare go to win or lose on the race tracks.

PERHAPS a few of the girls who have been swapping vows with the sash-bound fellows at the resorts this summer may manage to get a husband at home this winter. The seaside is merely a practicing ground.

IT will not be cheaper to die than to pay board next winter after all. The pessimists exaggerated as usual, and the early estimates of high prices to come have been scaled down.

IT is useless for political schemers to try to dodge newspaper men. The boys who do the work will get there every time.

WORDS, idle words, will not tie up a railroad.

IF the *Congressional Record* carries a verbatim report of Wednesday's House proceedings the postal authorities should not permit it to circulate outside the Capitol. It is not fit reading for the home circle.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is not much of a parliamentarian, but he is up in prize ring rules, and would make a splendid Speaker of the House. Reed cannot handle the rowdies.

AN August rise is such an unusual thing that the coal men are embarrassed with their good fortune.

THIS is splendid weather for hustling.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

PROF. F. W. NEWMAN, brother of the late cardinal, is a hale old man of 85, and has been a vegetarian since he was 62.

CAPTAIN COLLUM, of League Island, has finished his history of the United States Marine Corps, which will be issued very soon.

JOHN S. LEARY, colored candidate for Congress in the Third North Carolina district, is a native of Fayetteville, and a man of excellent education.

CHARLES FROHMAN manages 11 theatrical companies besides a stock company in New York, and has 123 actors under engagement for the season.

MR. PITKIN, American Minister to the Argentine Republic, recently delivered a lecture at Buenos Ayres, on "The Fools of Shakespeare," which was very favorably received.

MOUSSA BEY has been banished to Mecca, a punishment he professes to like. He says banishment is much better than the bowstring, besides which, banishment to the Holy City is really a prize package, so to speak, as such things go.

DURING the two hot weeks in this month Mrs. Livermore traveled 3,500 miles and gave 11 lectures at Chautauqua, and during the same period she also attended several conferences on temperance, woman suffrage, nationalism and physical culture.

"JOE" JEFFERSON, the actor, is by all odds the most popular resident of Buzzard's Bay, the little village on Buzzard's Bay where he has his summer home. His never-failing cheeriness and his generosity have endeared him to all the people in that locality.

A SON has been born to Mr. and Mrs. L. Rodman Wanamaker, who are for the present living in Paris, where Mr. Wanamaker represents the great store of which his father is the head. The little boy's name is John, and he has the honor of being the second in the family to bear that name.

SIR EDGAR VINCENT, who spent last summer at Newport, is to be married in the early part of next month to Lady Helen Duncombe, the beautiful sister of the Duchess of Leinster. Sir Edgar Vincent recently resigned the post of Financial Adviser of the Khedive of Egypt in order to assume the office of Governor of the Ottoman Bank at Constantinople.

IN AWE OF A WIRE.

A New York Central Train Delayed in a Curious Way.

NEW YORK, August 28.—An electric light wire delayed the local train on the New York Central road, due at the Grand Central station at 6:30 P. M. yesterday, for several minutes. The locomotive which pulled the train into the yards uncoupled before the cars had passed the rise in the track north of the station, and the train came to a standstill at Forty-sixth street. As another locomotive coupled on the train, a big electric light wire fell from the bridge above and rested on the tender and the tracks west of the train. The engineer was afraid to pull ahead, as the platform next the tender was crowded with passengers who had come out to learn the cause of delay.

If the wire was drawn tight and broken, nobody could tell where the ends would fly or whom they would strike. Nobody had any appliances for cutting the wire, and thoughts of the recent electric execution and of the victims of live wires in the city kept everybody at a respectful distance. Nearly all the passengers had by this time left the cars and stood looking at the little black wire that so effectually barred their progress. An express train came out of the station, and when the passengers saw it must pass over and cut the wire they retired to the opposite side of the train with wonderful unanimity and celerity. There was no evidence that the wire was alive when the express locomotive cut it, and the fireman quickly removed it from the tender with a broom and the train proceeded into the station.

A VERY ODD BATTLE.

Fierce Contest Between a Mink and Blacksnake at Ligonier.

From the Ligonier Echo.]

As T. W. Singer and David Scully, of Laughlinstown, were on their way home from Ligonier a few days ago, a most interesting scene presented itself at a point on the turnpike near the brick house. It was a mink and a blacksnake fighting. The mink would pounce upon the snake and sink its sharp teeth into its body every time.

The snake would coil itself up and strike at the mink, but its strokes were like those of a drunken man. When its blow was spent the mink was not there, but in return dealt the snake a pounce that brought blood from its length. The mink became frightened at the spectators and fled, when the snake was dispatched.

DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY ADJOURN.

The Convention Completes Its Work and Delegates Leave for Home.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

SALEM, MASS., August 28.—The National Council of the Daughters of Liberty adjourned here this evening. Quite a number of amendments to the national and subordinate constitutions, of interest only to the members of the organization, were passed. Waterbury, Conn., was selected as the next place of meeting.

The Pittsburg delegates will arrive home Saturday or Sunday.

OUR SHORT STORIES.

CATARRHUS AUTUMUNALIS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A FAMOUS White Mountain hostelry during the first advent of catarrhus autumunalis, or hay fever, as it is vulgarly called, is a place of unusual interest. Lawyers, doctors, ministers, statesmen, and the rag-tag-and-bob-tail of society in general assemble every year. With watery eyes and nasal impedementa they greet one another just as regularly as the seasons roll. This year it was decided to hold a convention. Following is a report as far as it was possible to obtain it:

Senator Hawkins—"I mobe that the Hon. Augustus (a-kish-em) Jabeson be (a-kish-em) elected tebporary chairban."

Rev. Theodore Tallman—"I seckud the botion" (a-kish-huff-kishum).

Elected and subsequently made permanent chairman, as were all other necessary officers.

Hon. Augustus Jameson—"Gentlebed and fellow sufferers: The occasion which (a-k-k-kk-kish-em) calls us together is a bobentous one. The world is laughing at us (a-shem), and saying that our disease is odly a fad. By a bitter exper—(akish)—lence we all know different. I deed not take your tibe further than to say (a-a-a-a) that I dank you for the honor conferred upod be, and will now call on Dr. Habilton, the ebinent specialist, to address you on this occasion." [Loud applause and a-kish-em, a-kish-ems from all parts of the room. Hundreds of handkerchiefs wave in the air, and hundreds of throats are hoarse with their shouts of approval.]

Dr. Hamilton—I dank you, gentlemed, for the honor you have done be in asking be to give you (a kish-kish-em) a short lecture on the subject of "Hay Feber: What is It, What Causes It and What Cures It?" Hay feber, hay asthma, or hay cold (a-kish), seebs to habe first been noticed at the beginning of the present century, and was denobinated catarrhus æstivus. It is a sub-accute inflabbation of the nostrils, called in bedical practice, coryza. It also afflicts the (a ki-ki kish-em) bronchial bucus bebrane (a kish a-a-a-a O, the deuce take it!) [Loud applause long continued.]

As I was saying it produces irritation of the bucus (a-) bebrane of the bronchi, together with, in some cases, spasbs or a-a-a-asthba. There is sobe constitutional disturbance (a kish-em). As to the cause there is sobe difference of opinion. It is called hay feber, and is by sobe people subposed to be caused by ebanations from hay. Anybody who has worked in a haybow knows (a-kish, a-kish-a-kish-em). O hades! what a nuisance!) knows that he is liable to be set sneezing (a a-a-a-aoh), but at the sabe tibe there are other flora that bay be considered as causative of the disease (a-a-ki). The ebanations from the vegetable kingdob are nuberous, and different people are affected by different kinds of vegetation (a-shem-a-kish-em). Oh, dear! My opinion is that nothing can alleviate it. I (akish-em-a) consider it a libel on the intelligence of sobe of the best and best celebrated ben in this country that they ibagine that they habe the hay feber (a-kish).

Mr. Augustus Jameson—Beg pardon; just a bobent (a-kish-em). I observe that a reporter has gained adbittance and is taking notes. I bust request hib to leave the roob (akish-em, kish-em, a-a-a-a-a-ki).

And so the scribe, amid a wave of white and moist handkerchiefs, was hustled out of the meeting.

WASTED PITY.

A TRAVELER in a backwoods community, attracted by a noise in a cabin not far from the roadside, stopped and, addressing a boy that sat on a fence, said:

"You live about here, I suppose?"

"Yep, jest about."

"Well, can you tell me what makes that peculiar noise up yonder in that cabin?"

"Yep, it's pap an' mam."

"What are they doing—beating a carpet?"

"Nop, beatin' one 'nuther."

"You don't say so!"

"Who said I didn't?"

"I mean is it possible?"

"That's whut it is."

"What are they beating each other for?"

"Cause they're fightin'."

"Is it possible that you sit here so complacently and see your father beat your mother?"

"I don't see him a-beatin' her."

"Yes, but you know that he is."

"I know he's tryin' to. If you're here to pity mam, mister, you'd better ride on. Mam's the boss up thar, I'll tel' you that. Hol' on, did you hear that thump! Wall, that wus dad a-comin' down on the punchin' ho'. Mam hists him, but she lets him drap himse'f. Reakon you'd better go on, or stay an' pity pap awhile."

A TAIL HOLT FETCHED.

"TELL us about yer tussle with the steer," said one of the loungers around an Arkansas grocery store, addressing an old man whose claim to being the pioneer settler was undisputed. The old man cleared his throat and said:

"Hit was nigh onter 30 year I turned in and started ter move ter this country. I had been er livin' about 70 mile east er here an' had got er little truck tergether, sides mer fo' hosses, er wagin an' some cattle. We moved an' then I tuck mer ol'est boy, er good big chunk uv er lively 'bout 16 year ol' an' went back atter the cattle. All uv 'em started off well 'cept er brindle yealin'. He kept er runnin' back. Afo' long I got powerful tired uv hit an' s'I ter mer son, s'l, 'Jim, yer go over ter Parker's sto' an' get er rope an' we'll tie the dad blame yealin' so he can't git er way.'

"We drove ther cattle ter er open place on the side of er creek. Jim he rid off an' I got down an' hitched. All ther cattle grazed roun' 'cept that yealin'. He wanted ter git away, I tuck atter him an' ketched him by ther tail. I wrapped his tail roun' mer han's, tuck er good holt an' set back er bracin' of mer feet agin ther groun'. Mister yealin' looks back over his shoulder an' says moo-o-o-o, low an' trembly. 'En he sot agin me an' I come. He was er making fur ther creek an' I knowed ef he got acrost I'd lose him so I sot back. He'd moo-o-o an' I'd pull. Sometimes I'd fetch 'im up an' ergin 'e'd fetch me. Bimeby I seed er stump afo' us an' I aimed fur hit. When I got to hit I sot down straddle of hit powerful quick. I knowed I had 'im then. He'd look back an' bellar an' then he'd pull. Thar I sot. The sun was hot an' that yealin' did have a powerful pull. He'd tramp roun' an' roun' an' pull. He'd stan' still an' start sudden. 'En he'd start slow but I hel' on ter 'is tail till mer ahms like ter come off. I had ther cramp in mer han's an' hit peared like Jim never would come but at las' he did. He rid up an' started ter laugh but he seed mer face an' knowed I was mad an' 'e stopped.

"S'se, 'Dad, air ye hu't?' 'S'I. No, but you'll be ef yer don't git 'at rope on 'is yealin' in 'bout er minit.'

"He hit quick 'an said nuthin' tell he tied ther yealin' an' then he kinder grinned an' says, 's'e, Dad, er tail holt fetches 'em, don't hit?' I jest wished I never heered 'im but I hed ter give 'im ther yealin' ter keep 'im f'om telitin' his mammy 'bout hit."

AT THE WRONG HOUSE.

THE pale moonbeams shone dimly upon the trees beneath whose shadow Jenkinson Fitz-Maurice Johones bared his throbbing brow to the night wind and twanged tremulously on his new $16 guitar.

Jenkinson Fitz-Maurice Johones was in the act of giving his first serenade.

In weird, wild tones he wailed out his soul as follows:

"Come rest in this bo-o-som, my own stricken dee-e-er."

He paused a moment to take a fresh hold. The deep stillness of the scene was unbroken save by the sad yearning refrain of a distant cat, serenading also. Just as he was on the point of lifting his voice again, he heard a window open. A cross-eyed woman with frowzy hair stuck her head out.

"Look here, young feller!" she exclaimed, "do you know what you're a-doing?"

"Why—yes," replied Jenkinson. "This is a—a serenade."

"Who's it for?"

"For—for Miss Milly."

"Miss Milly who?"

"Shunk."

"The Shunks moved away from here a week ago. Ther' ain't any girl in this block exceptin' my baby, and I can give her all the serenadin' she needs. If you want to howl any more go off into some other neighborhood."

The cross-eyed woman with the frowzy hair took her head in, shut down the window, and the pale moonbeams presently shone on the form of a discouraged young man sneaking homeward through a back alley.

A Pleasant Silver Wedding.

Fred Maich, the well-known Allegheny butcher, celebrated his silver wedding last night. Fred and his good wife were pleasantly remembered by a host of friends who gathered at his home last evening bearing many silver tokens of their good will.

EUWER-ELLIOTT REUNION.

Two Hundred of the Descendants of Pioneer Immigrants Meet at Springdale—A Prolific Family—Officers of the Family Association Elected—A Happy Day.

The fourteenth annual reunion of the Euwer-Elliott families was celebrated in right royal style yesterday on the lovely grounds of Mr. Jacob H. Walters, at Springdale, on the West Penn road. There were present over 200 of the two families, but over 2,000 descendants were entitled to a part in the enjoyments of the occasion. The day was characterized by the most glorious sunshine and a remarkable fact is that in the 13 preceding reunions, Old Sol has treated the event with the same warm beams, and has never allowed a cloud to shroud for one instant his smiling face. The Springdale Brass Band was in attendance, and discoursed popular airs during the entire day, much to the enjoyment of the little folks, of whom there was a right smart sprinkling, as well as the enjoyment of the older members of the extensive family. An elaborate luncheon of the basket picnic order was served on long tables that fairly groaned under their weight of good things.

Among those present were the six surviving sisters and one brother of the Euwer family. Mrs. Jacob H. Walters, Mrs. R. S. P. McCall, of Tarentum; Mrs. Margaret Gibson, of Allegheny county; Mrs. Jane Moore, of Butler county; Mrs. Nancy Kennedy, Springdale; Mrs. Eliza McLain, Logan's Ferry, and Mr. Samuel Eward, Springdale. In the company who reached the ground by all manner and methods of traveling, five counties were represented, and possibly every township south of Springdale.

A Delightful Day.

The day was spent very delightfully in games of various kinds, under the direction of Mr. R. A. Kennedy, Esq., and in social intercourse. The only formal programme was the election of the officers of the association, which resulted in 'Squire R. S. P. McCall, of Tarentum, being chosen President; Miss Nancy McLain, Secretary; Mr. E. L. Stofiel, Treasurer, and Mr. R. A. Kennedy Chairman of the Executive Committee.

The reading of the history of the two families by Mr. J. M. Kennedy, Principal of the Springdale schools, was a very interesting portion of the day's programme. And condensed is as follows: In the year 1745 Andrew Elliott and his wife emigrated from Scotland and settled in Maryland, where they had a large family, and where one son was scalped by the Indians. Another son, John, settled in Murrysville, Westmoreland county, Pa., in which county he has many grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great great-grandchildren living at the present time, as he had a very large family of children who lived and married in that vicinity. The name has been spelled in three different ways, Eliot, Elliot and Elliott

The Other Side.

The Euwer family have also varied the spelling of their name the same number of times, and from Eurr and Yourd have evolved Euwer. Samuel Eurr came from Ireland about 1790, and settled on Plum creek, Allegheny county, Pa., having been married before leaving the old country. He had four children, and it was one of his descendants who figures in the following bit of writing taken from an old Bible: "John Yourd and Jane Elliott were lawfully joined together in marriage by the Rev. John Black, pastor, of Pittsburg, on December, the 18th, 1817." This marriage united the two families, and it was during the life of Jane Yourd that the first reunion was held Nine children were the result of that union eight of whom are living, and seven of whom were present yesterday. The living descendants of the marriage of December 10, 1817, with their living husbands and wives, number 161, and the Elliott-Euwer connections exceed 2,000.

Those who reuned yesterday were delighted at the hospitality extended by their kinsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob H. Walters.

TROUBLING THE RESIDENT.

How Credulous People and Rogues Bother the Chief Executive.

WASHINGTON, August 28.—Every mail delivery at the White House reveals astonishing credulity on the part of some of the people of this country. Recently some rogue has been making trouble for the President and people by means of an advertisement. For weeks letters have been coming to the Executive Mansion enclosing three 2-cent stamps, and requesting by return a promised watch charm or bangle. This was all Greek to the President and those who have charge of the work of assorting his mail matter, but in the big leather pouch to-day there was an explanation of the mystery. A Chicago girl not only wrote to the President and sent the usual number of postage stamps asking for a bangle, but she also enclosed a copy of the advertisement which induced her to write the letter. A small vignette of the President with a big beaver hat is displayed in a small frame, the inscription at the head being "A National Miniature." Under the lower line of the frame are the words "Tiny Ben," followed by a "reading notice," which, it is directed, is to be placed in a column of the newspaper printing it one time next to news matter. The advertisement is as follows:

Neatest thing out! Just the thing for a watch charm or bangle bracelet. Given away in order to introduce it to the public. Inclose three red-headed stamps to pay for packing and postage. Address White House, Washington, D. C.

A correspondent in Wisconsin writes:

Inclosed find three red-headed stamps for the national miniature, which I want to wear on my watch chain.

These are only two samples of a drawer full of letters on the same subject, and they are postmarked from different points all over the United States.

An appeal received from a little girl to-day will probably have the President's serious consideration. She writes:

MY DEAR PRESIDENT—I have heard that you are buying old postage stamps and paying $6 a hundred for them. Inclosed find 100 stamps which I have collected among my friends and send to you. Won't you please send me $6, too. I am a little girl, 11 years old, and live away down in Arkansas.

This missive was dated from a country town in Arkansas, and postmarked from the same State.

Idleness the Breeder of Discontent.

From the Punxsutawney Spirit.]

Idleness is the great breeder of discontent. People who have nothing else to do spend most of their time in grumbling and finding fault. It is the dry goods box statesmen who do the most kicking about the manner in which the affairs of the nation are conducted, and they are generally able to prescribe a remedy for every evil, real or imaginary, with which the body politic is affected.

THE KEYSTONE CAMPAIGN.

IT is amusing to note how bad the Delamater organs feel because ex-Governor Pattison failed to "put his foot in it" in his concise and business-like letter of acceptance.—*Germantown Independent.*

IT is significant that while Pennsylvania Republicans are buying newspapers in order to bring about the defeat of Delamater no Democrats are going into the newspaper business to oppose Pattison.—*New York Times.*

WILL Candidate Delamater find time during the campaign to tell the farmers why their bill to equalize taxation failed of passage at the last session of the Legislature? We respectfully inform him that a great many of them would like to know all about the defeat of that measure. Moreover, the workingmen are anxious to find out why their bills were put in the waste basket. Speak out, Mr. Delamater!—*Columbia Independent.*

THE letter of ex-Governor Pattison accepting the nomination tendered him by the Democracy of the State assembled in convention at Scranton on the 24 of July will commend itself to all right-thinking citizens of the State. Mr. Pattison does not waste words in replying to the committee that formally apprised him of his nomination. His communication is brief and to the point; is just such a common-sense document as was expected from Mr. Pattison. —*Easton Argus.*

REFERRING to the Pennsylvania campaign, the Springfield *Republican* says: "The question is: Will the honest voter help the corruptionists or vote for Pattison? There are some singular demonstrations against Mr. Pattison. One was of alleged Democratic veterans of the late war in Philadelphia, who passed vehement resolutions of disapproval of his veto, in 1885, of a bill to appropriate money from the State Treasury to bury penniless veterans. This shows how beautifully the Grand Army works in politics when circumstances favor."

Just here it may be remarked that the Republicans who will vote for Mr. Pattison will do it without persuasion on the part of Democrats and without fear of disapproval from any of their partisan associates. This puts a phase on the pending canvass which no past election in Pennsylvania ever before presented. It is enveloped in doubt. It promises a canvass in which the clear judgment and independent action of the masses will decide the result, without reference to what the political leaders may do or say. It is very certain that there is not much bossing being done anywhere in the State at present.—*Harrisburg Independent.*

PRIZES AND BALLOTS.

HOW THE DISPATCH WILL ADD A FEATURE TO THE EXPOSITION.

A Chance for Amateur Writers to Win a Prize Every Week—Voting on Popular Topics a Pleasant Amusement—Watch for the Weekly Bulletins to be Announced Beforehand in the Saturday and Sunday Editions—The Prize Offer and Voting List for the Opening Week.

THE DISPATCH has perfected arrangements whereby it will be enabled to add a pleasant feature to the varied attractions of the Exposition from the opening to the closing day.

Here are the preliminaries:

Room for headquarters at the Exposition has been secured in the commodious and attractive space occupied by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company's billiard table display. THE DISPATCH booth will be located on a corner, giving it a frontage on two aisles, the whole space being surrounded by wide passageways, making it conspicuous and easy of access. Here all the Ballots and Prize Essays of the voters and contestants will be received and accurately recorded.

Opening Week's Balloting.

The Exposition will open WEDNESDAY EVENING, September 3, at 8 o'clock. The Bulletin of Ballots and the Topic for the Prize Essay Contest for Wednesday evening and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of the opening week follow. Vote Aye or Nay on the topics here suggested:

WEDNESDAY EVENING'S VOTING TOPIC.

Should all the Suburban Street-Car Lines run All-Night Cars? Open to Lady and Gentlemen voters.

THURSDAY'S VOTING TOPIC.

Should the Old Block House at the Point be removed to Schenley Park, or should it remain where it is and the Point be turned into a Park? Open to Lady and Gentlemen voters.

FRIDAY'S VOTING TOPIC.

Should the Allegheny Wharf be transformed into a Promenade and Park? Open to Lady and Gentlemen voters.

SATURDAY'S VOTING TOPIC.

What is your choice of Sites for the Main Building of the Carnegie Free Library? Open to Lady and Gentlemen voters.

How to Vote.

In order to accurately test public opinion on all the topics to be balloted for during the Exposition, THE DISPATCH has decided to open a Poll Book for recording the Ayes and Nays, thus avoiding "tissue ballots" and "repeating." Voters will be expected to give their names and addresses for entry in the Poll Book, and their vote will be set opposite, thereby ensuring accuracy at all times. The Poll Book will open with the Exposition each morning and be closed when the lights are turned off at night. Ladies will be permitted to vote on all popular topics in which they, as well as their fathers and brothers, are interested.

The Prize Essay Contest.

THE DISPATCH each week will offer Prizes for the best Essays and Contributions on a topic to be chosen and announced, so as to give ample time for their preparation. The Prize Essay Contest for the opening week will be open only to Amateur Writers, professional newspaper and magazine contributors being barred. All Amateurs in Western Pennsylvania can contest for the Prizes.

OPENING WEEK'S PRIZE TOPICS.

For the opening week THE DISPATCH will offer the prizes announced herewith for the best DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE ON THE EXPOSITION as a whole. Articles must be general in character and deal with the instructive and unique features of the displays and attractions. No puffing in the line of designating by name the exhibitors will be permitted. The features and attractions can only be referred to in a general and interesting way.

The Prizes.

For the best contribution on the above topic THE DISPATCH will award a prize of a TWENTY DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

For the Second Prize THE DISPATCH will award a FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

For the Third Prize THE DISPATCH will forward by mail to the winner a copy of the Sunday issue of THE DISPATCH for One Year.

THE CONDITIONS.

Each article must make at least 800 and not more than 1,000 words.

Competitions must be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and must be labeled, "THE DISPATCH Prize Essay Contest, Exposition Descriptive Article; closing Saturday, September 6, 1890."

Contributions must be left at THE DISPATCH Headquarters, Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.'s space, Exposition Buildings.

Correct name, address and age of contestant must accompany MSS., name only for publication if successful.

THE DISPATCH reserves the right to publish any contribution, whether it be awarded a prize or not.

The Prize Essay Contest for the first week will close with the Exposition on Saturday night, September 6.

Watch for Second Week's Prize Topic and Ballot Bulletin.

HE WON, BUT MISSED THE VESSEL.

The Danger and Trouble From Engaging in a Guessing Match.

From the New York Tribune.]

The danger and trouble that may arise from proposing and engaging in guessing matches have had a striking illustration in the case of V. Maus, of No. 401 South Fifth street, and John S. McKeon, of Broadway and Bedford avenue. From the meager details of the unfortunate affair which are at present obtainable, it appears that one day last spring Mr. McKeon placed in his store window a large glass jar of pins of the ordinary domestic sort and declared, in black letters on a red ground, that the person who guessed nearest the number of pins in the jar should have a free first-class trip to Europe.

In an evil moment Mr. Maus, an industrious painter, passed by the store and fell a victim to the inducement held out by Mr. McKeon, and he won! The ticket, costing $185, was given to him. Then he tried to sell the ticket, but failing to do so, engaged passage on a ship, but missed it when it sailed. Maus is now suing McKeon and the agent of the line for the value of the ticket.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERN SYNOD.

Forty-Eighth Session of the Pittsburg Synod at Pleasant Unity.

GREENSBURG, August 28.—The forty-eighth session of the Pittsburg Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, convened at Pleasant Unity to-day. There are embraced in the synod 116 ministers and 188 congregations. There are in attendance at the session 74 ministers and 42 lay delegates.

About the first business transacted was the election of officers for the year, which resulted as follows: President, Rev. Dr. Kunkleman; Missionary President, Rev. D. M. Kemmerer; English Secretary, Rev. A. R. Grapp; Treasurer, J. A. Kearcher. Thirteen congregations applied for admission. Rev. Dr. Passavant, of Pittsburg, urged that some action be taken regarding the care of destitute and orphan children.

MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.

A Boy Accid