gaged is an important one. The cause is a very old one. It is not new in our country. The principles of this contest had a part in the early history of our country. The Declaration of Independence, the motive for it, was an additional respect for the opinions of mankind. This was the motive that prompted the men who participated in the early history of our country. Men will say, what has the colonial history of the country to do with the present campaign? The same principles that prevailed then do enter into every question of government to-day.

It is necessary for the people of this State to rise and declare that this is a Government by the people. There is but one issue in this contest. It is a contest for home rule, self-government, clean politics. Any attempt to inject any other controversy into this canvass is simply intended to divert the people from the main issue. It is home rule. Clean politics, that means such politics that can always be conducted in the public eye; that a man need not be ashamed to discuss with his family and children. The power of the ballot is the right of the citizen once a year. This power comes from the people, belongs to them. When the ballots are cast on election day, then that power has departed from the citizen, and the officer elected assumes it. Therefore, every citizen on election day should vote on the issues of this campaign. If the people neglect their opportunity, then their power has passed away.

About every decade it seems our people must arise and assert this power. The citizens often become indifferent, and there it is that the bosses creep in. In this fight there are the people and the constitution on the one side; on the other is the boss and spoilsman. Under the government of the boss only such laws are passed that will please the boss.

INTEREST CENTERED ON THE REVENUES.

There is much interest manifested these days in the revenue question. In 1884 I learned from investigation that the real property in the State amounted to $16,000,000,000 and the personal property was about the same. I assumed that the taxes were equally divided between the two kinds of property. In that year I found that $88,000,000 in taxes were paid. Of this amount $30,000,000 were borne by the real property and the other $8,000,000 by the personal. Great injustice was done. A bill was introduced to remedy the evil, but it was quietly dropped at the end of the session. In 1887 the pressure was so great that a revenue bill was passed to remedy these evils, but it turned up minus the signature of the President of the Senate, and it was lost. Great indignation was expressed throughout the State. In 1889 the demand for equal taxation was such that the revenue question was referred to a commission, and thus it passed out of the hands of the Legislature. Unless this act is rebuked by you this fall no revenue bill will be passed this winter or for a generation to come. These politicians will assume that the people are against the revision, and none will ever be made. It was the bosses who blocked these various measures, and this illustrates one difference between a government by the people and the spoilsman.

The free pipe bill was finally passed and signed by me after it had been repeatedly defeated, and when it was too late to save a great industry from departing from Pittsburg and the State.

There is a demand to-day for a secret ballot.

A SYSTEM HE WOULD STRIKE OUT.

The numbering system in the Constitution should be struck out. It can only be corrected by a convention, and I assure you that if I am elected a Constitutional Convention shall be called to strike it out. We want ballot reform. The vote should be secret. Under the present system the workman is at the risk of losing his job and the bread which his family needs to support it.

And again, the present administration has already spent $600,000 more than the Democratic one, extra session and all thrown in. When Mr. Mason, the Illinois citizen now in this State, asked the question to be put to me, "Which party would your candidate favor in an apportionment of the State?" I assert to you that this candidate will support an apportionment in favor of no party. [Great applause]. We want an apportionment that is just and fair to all men. Now for the extra session. No Governor would have refused to call that session for a redistribution of the State, and to fix the power of the people. It was three years after the census of 1880, and the Constitution required it. They say it cost money. I say that money that is spent to preserve the laws and the Constitution and to preserve the will of the people is money that has been economically expended. But how is the $600,000 to be accounted for, and there is none of the Johnstown money in it, either. [Great cheers]. That money has not yet been appropriated. The books at Harrisburg show where it has gone. Much has disappeared under the item of miscellaneous, that mysterious item in government. To run the Democratic administration it cost $30,000 per year; while the Republican average is $45,000. For printing and binding the Democrats spent $148,000, the Republicans $300,000. The supplies during my four years amounted to $39,000; in 1889 the Republicans spent $79,000. It is for you, voters, to decide whether these things shall continue or not.

BLACK IS CONFIDENT.

HE THINKS THE PEOPLE WILL ELECT THE TICKET OF 1882.

His Faith in the Success of Governor Pattison—Delamater Not Nominated, but Appointed—Promises of Ballot Reform—Heavy Blows at Boosbip.

Chauncey F. Black was next introduced and received with the enthusiasm characteristic of the meeting. He opened by saying there was no doubt they were going to be elected, and he would state some reasons why, which he did, as follows:

One evidence why we are going to be elected is because the people want an honest government, and they know where to go for it. They will find that kind dealt out at the old shop. [A voice: "You bet," and hearty cheers.] Another reason why we will be elected is because no ticket headed by Robert E. Pattison was ever defeated. [Deafening cheers.] He was twice elected Controller of Philadelphia because he was a controller who controlled, and he will be twice elected Governor of this State because he was a Governor who governed. [Universal cheering.]

Another reason why we will be elected is because we are the only regularly nominated candidates in the field. [Cheers.] This man from Crawford county, Delamater, is going around the State under false pretenses. [Laughter and cheering.] He was never nominated anywhere. He was appointed a candidate. [Cries of "That's so," "Quay's man," "Get a collar on," and vociferous cheers.]

Mr. Black then indulged some pleasantries, to the great delight of the crowd. Striking a serious vein he continued, promising that the outcome of the election of the Democratic ticket should be the calling of another Constitutional Convention and a new constitution in which they would write above the free pass legislation, the bosses and rings: "Ballot Reform," giving a new tax law. This would not merely defeat the bosses, but would tear bosship up by the roots. Eight years ago, he said, the victory ended with four years of the inestimable blessing of a decent and honest administration, and with corrupt elections the shadow of bossism crept back. This time, he said, it would cut deeper. The conclusion of the speech was loudly cheered.

A BLAST FROM MARSHALL.

GLORIOUS OLD TOM YIELDS TO THE CRIES OF THE CROWD.

He Refuses to Wear Any Man's Collar—An Answer to Those Who Called Him a Turncoat—Matthew Stanley Quay and Cameron Denounced.

Among the prominent Independent Republicans seen on the platform Thomas M. Marshall, "Glorious Old Tom" sat in the front row, where his long, gray locks were in full view of everybody in the house. After Mr. Pattison finished his speech there were loud cries for "Marshall." The audience refused to let up, when the old man rose up and said: "Wait till the foreign speakers have had a chance, and then I may say something that will interest you."

When ex-Lieutenant Governor Chauncey F. Black finished his effort there was another and prolonged demand for Mr. Marshall. He was in excellent form and delivered one of his characteristic, fiery and biting speeches. He said:

MR. MARSHALL NOT MEALY-MOUTHED.

This is a historical hall. The platform of the Republican party, when organized here, contained only three planks; free men, free land and free labor. Surely we are not willing yet to surrender our freedom? Never! If the silent Senator nominates your Governor, will you elect him? [Loud cries of "No!"] or will you elect a modest and honest man, Robert E. Pattison? Three cheers for Pattison, first, last and all the time. [Great applause.]

Now for some fun. The "regulars," as they call themselves, are now holding a meeting in a play house. The players go on the platform and perform like machines, with the great Man, fishing for white fish or any other kind of fish at Atlantic City, pulling the string behind the scenes.

Now, I can tell you that the Quay fellows have more cash than we have. They are fat and prosperous, not from labor, but from improving their opportunity. They have their hands on the public treasury. I have much respect for the vote of an honest man who won't obey the gang or the dictates of the machine. I feel it in the air that Pattison will be elected this fall, and rascality will be rebuked in high places. What has Quay ever done that he has become so potent as to dispense all the patronage of Baby McKee's nurse, Ben Harrison? [A voice: "Robbed the Treasury!"] We wanted to nominate Montooth, a soldier boy; the center of the State asked for General Hastings, but a man fishing in Florida said, "No, I want my own Governor."

HE WILL NOT SUPPORT A PUPPET.

When I vote for a man I want him to be his own man. I will not support a puppet. Every crossroad Republican paper at Quay's call cried: "Great is Mr. Delamater." When did you voters from the heart deliver up your manhood to Quay and Disston? What has Cameron and Quay ever done? When important measures came up in the Senate one was fishing in Florida and the other was absent. The only thing Cameron ever could do was to adjourn every Friday afternoon. Neither Quay nor Cameron ever made a ten-minute speech.

"When I was driving along the street, to-night, someone called out, 'There goes Tom Marshall, the turncoat.' I want to say to you that when my coat is worn out and filthy I will throw it off. You can pick it up if you want to and wear it. I will not place Matthew Stanley Quay's collar around my neck. I am a free man. You voters who vote from beneath the breast, will you wear it? [Cries of "No!"] This man Quay is perverting the Government and turning the people from training up honest men. Under his policy the laboring man is being sacrificed for the benefit of the corporations. I will have none of it.

When Mr. Marshall sat down there was another thunder of applause that threatened to bring down the building.

ROASTED BY HENSEL.

DELAMATER CUT UNMERCIFULLY BY THE LANCASTER MAN.

The Charge of Violation of the Constitution Reiterated and the Emery Charges Indorsed—Encouraging Things Seen by the Way—Robert E. Wright's Speech.

Hon. Robert E. Wright, of Lehigh, the next speaker, referred to the part Pennsylvania had taken in the creation of the Republican party and said he was informed in this city, where the Republican party was born, that this was the largest meeting that ever turned out in honor of the Democratic nominees.

The speaker dealt with the rise of bossism in the State, and following this line touched up the record of Senator Quay and the charges under which he was so silent. He referred to the charges against Delamater, but he said it mattered not whether they denied these charges or not. The people looked for something higher; they were not electing men simply because they could not prove they were embezzlers or forgers. The speech was full of sharp hits, and the mention of Montooth met with a quick and hearty response.

Late as the hour was, the great crowd did not propose to miss hearing Hensel, and the Lancaster statesman was brought forward. Chairman Watson said often the best soldiers were kept in the rear until the hard fighting begun, and presented Mr. Hensel as the last speaker.

NO REAR IN ONE ARMY.

Addressing the audience, Hensel said: "We have no rear in this army. It's all front and all full of fight." This sentiment was cheered to the echo. Mr. Hensel said:

It is remarkable the enemy should have placed in nomination a candidate for State office who is afraid of State issues. (A voice was heard saying something about $600, and Hensel replied he was dear at that price.) I want to appeal to decent, intelligent Republicans. More particularly because of a circumstance which happened as I was on my way to this meeting. I met a Republican friend who showed me a paper sent out by the Republican State Committee. [Cries of "Read it!"] "I will not read all of it, but it contains a blank on which the names of disaffected Republicans are to be reported. They found 123 disaffected Republicans in that man's district. Accompanying the blank is a letter which says: 'Please write on this blank the names of all the disaffected Republicans in your district. If there is not place enough paste on some more paper.' My informant feared a little paper might be added in his district." [A voice proposed three cheers for Hensel, and they were given with a will.]

SALT FOR AN OLD SOLDIER.

When I was in Crawford county I heard of a powerful politician there, years ago, who nominated candidates for county offices, and the sure majority elected them. An old soldier, John Morris, shot to pieces in the "seven days' fight," had been nominated for County Treasurer. This politician went for Morris and asked him to pledge himself to deposit the county funds in the politician's bank. Morris refused to make a pledge that would compel him to perjure himself in taking the oath of office. The powerful politician had then proved recreant to his party and defeated the crippled soldier. That politician was the Republican candidate for Governor, George W. Delamater. (Someone here asked if the speaker made any charge against the Republican candidate.) Yes, I did. I want to make a specific charge that he was guilty of a misdemeanor under the Contitution. I make the charge as a lawyer, and want to refer it to the able lawyers present. (D. T. Watson and Thomas M. Marshall.) The charges made by Emery are true, X. Y and Z are not myths; they are flesh and blood and stand ready to go into any court in Pennsylvania in which he dares to bring a suit for libel. The man who said he had carried the money for Delamater, was a neighbor of the candidate, and he didn't dare take him into court in Meadville.

The enemy may say the Republican paper of Philadelphia calling on Delamater to prosecute Emery for libel or retire was not a Republican paper. I have heard them say there were no Republican papers in Pittsburg any longer. [Voice from the crowd: "Except one."] Except one, and that one is so weak and damaging in its support that they don't count it.

PAID A TRIBUTE TO PATTISON.

He paid a tribute to Pattison as the representative of honest politics and summed up his record, being frequently interrupted by applause and confirmatory ejaculations, and when he referred to the investigation of the soldiers' orphans' schools, a soldier's orphan, not yet of voting age, started the applause by hearty hand-clapping. In conclusion he referred to the triumphal tour through the oil regions, the Western counties, Westmoreland, Greene and Fayette, and finally this wonderful demonstration in Allegheny. Everywhere he had found every Democratic line a fighting front, and every Republican column shattered and broken.

The vast assemblage cheered itself hoarse, but quieted to hear "Glorious Old Tom" Marshall relate another anecdote, after which it dispersed to comment on the meeting on the streets. The comments were all of one tenor, that it was one of the biggest political meetings ever held in this city, and that it was only an index to the avalanche in November. A good Delamater man was heard to say: "If it's like this all over the State, Delamater is irretrievably lost."

AT THE EXCELSIOR CLUB.

THE EX-GOVERNOR WELL RECEIVED OUT PENN AVENUE.

He Declares in Favor of a Government for and by the People—The Clubhouse Neatly Decorated With Flags and Flowers.

The reception accorded to ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison upon his arrival in the city last evening by the Excelsior Club of the Ninth and Tenth wards was as cordial and enthusiastic as ever any candidate received in this city. The Committee on Reception, consisting of John Cooney, President of the club; J. G. Reinhardt, ex-Alderman C. O'Donnell, Aldermen John Burns and John Donovan, John Lappan, Captain J. J. McGuire and James Weixel, met Mr. Pattison on his arrival at the Baltimore and Ohio depot at 6:30 o'clock last evening and escorted him to the Excelsior Club on Penn avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, where the members of the club and the citizens of the Ninth and Tenth wards gave a royal welcome to the ex-Governor. The yard in front of the club rooms was gorgeously decorated with Chinese and Japanese lanterns, and a number of little boys dressed in fancy costumes held red-light torches while Mr. Pattison and the Reception Committee entered the yard. The club rooms looked gay; flags and flowers were placed in every corner, and the walls and doors, draped in

[Continued on Seventh Page.]

A ROAST FOR EMERY

Major Brown's Scathing Speech at the Republican Mass Meeting in the Opera House.

WHY DELAMATER HAS NO REDRESS

Congressman Mason, of Illinois, Arouses Enthusiasm by a Characteristic Address.

COL. STONE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY.

John Jarrett Denies That he Was Afraid to Enter the Union Army.

Republicanism held full sway at the Grand Opera House last night. About 1,200 people were present to hear the issues of the day discussed, and they were well entertained by the speakers. The solid argument and scathing sarcasm of Major A. M. Brown, combined with the ready wit and happy humor of Congressman Mason, kept the audience on the anxious seat, either watching for some new theory to be advanced, a fresh burst of eloquence, or an interesting story that kept them drifting from enthusiastic applause to convulsions of laughter, denoting that all were of one mind, and ready to cheer for the success of their party and its present candidate, Senator Delamater.

Other speakers on the programme did their full duty and added to the brilliance of the occasion, and from opening to close it was one grand ovation for the Republican ticket.

The auditorium looked exceptionally neat last night. The parquet and dress circles were crowded with the rank and file of Republicans, while on the stage were seated scores of those who had gained more prominence in the councils of their party. The local members and candidates for Congress were among the number, and there were others whose gray hairs and halting step betokened long service in the country at peace, and many who gave the best efforts of their lives in the interest of their country in war.

MAJOR BROWN'S HARD LICKS.

Major Brown was the speaker who was announced to take up the Emery charges, and his address was looked forward to with great interest. The Major opened with eulogies of the party, and further along said:

The Democratic party has always been, before and since the war, a protest against progress. Its principle has been to catch the spoils of office. Its sole dependence is the solid South and could not exist without it. Its success has always impaired the progress of the country. I am not here to condemn any Republican because he decides conscientiously to vote the Democratic ticket. If there is a Republican present, or in Allegheny county, who will vote against his ticket it is a question with himself, his conscience and his country.

It is conceded by all fair-minded men that Senator Delamater has a reputation which was never assailed except by sneaks and assassins in the dark. One week ago to-night that carefully prepared speech of Emery was read. It had been in the course of preparation for six months. It was commenced six months ago on Sunday evening in his parlor, and in the presence of the $2 a head bums bought by Delamater. He says it is proven. Who are the witnesses? X, Y and Z, drunken Democrats, sold at $2 a head.

The story is this: That on Sabbath evening, March 9, three Democrats of Crawford county, known as X, Y and Z, who refused to have their names disclosed—evidently ashamed of the whole business—went to Emery and declared that they had been furnished money, not by Delamater, but by some unknown man, and that scores and hundreds of men had been bought at $2 a head. In the name of common sense and decency would men do this? It was a crime, and they were accomplices. Every jurist in Pennsylvania would declare that a witness who would go upon a stand and swear to such a story would be a guilty, self-committed, infamous witness. The Supreme Court would call him an infamous witness, an accomplice, and no man can be convicted on such evidence.

WITNESSES WHO MADE THEIR MARK.

Are these bums the witnesses by which Mr. Delamater is to be dragged into the dirt and be tried. The witnesses probably couldn't read or write, and made their marks, X, Y and Z. Mr. Emery said: "Gentlemen, are these things true?" and the bums answered solemnly that they were, and Emery said: "Then I'll make it public." If you had been in that crowd, my friends, I would have advised you to keep your hand on your pocketbook.

Some one has said if Delamater is not guilty of fraud and bribery and corruption, why don't he sue Emery? Emery is a smart man, and knew what he was doing. Mr. Delamater would be turned out of courts and have to pay the costs. As an illustration: Judge Briggs, of Philadelphia, was a candidate for re-election. Just before the election a man and a voter wrote a statement and sent it to the committee of 100. It was read at a public meeting and published all over the State. The statement was that Judge Briggs had as a Judge sitting in a case aided a steal for a ring against the city of $200,000. People were stunned, paralyzed! It defeated the Judge. He protested, as did Mr. Delamater, that it was a lie concocted by his political enemies to do him harm, but it did no good.

NO RELIEF UNDER THE LAW.

So, in 1882, Judge Briggs sued Garrett, the Chairman of that committee of 100, in the Supreme Court. It was decided against him and he had to pay the costs. There was no remedy for him. A voter can say that Senator Delamater has committed forgery, perjury and bribery, and, strange to say, there is no relief. No man knows this better than Emery. Even Emery had no faith in these bums, and he would not take their affidavits, but took the affidavits of four men who had heard the statements. He knows the story to be an infirm and infamous statement of infamous witnesses, who would not tell the story in the courts.

What could Delamater do? Only what any other honest man could do: State publicly that it is a lie: a falsehood promulgated by his political enemies to destroy him. It was prompted by jealousy and hatred. It shows infirmity, malice and the devilishness of a bad heart. I have no interest except as a man who loves Republicanism. The work of my life has been in the Republican party. I consider it my duty to come here and tell what the lie is. Go to the one hundred and eleventh volume of Pennsylvania Reports and you can see the result of the Briggs case. Delamater has been injured and slandered by a mean, skulking coward, who connives with men no better than burglars to concoct libels.

We have with us to-night two eminent speakers, Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Mason, the latter an eminent member of Congress, who will charm you with his eloquence and convulse you with his wit. I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. Mr. Mason, of Chicago.

AN ADDRESS FULL OF HUMOR.

Congressman Mason's address bristled with humor and witty points and he kept the audience laughing and cheering during the major part of his speech. In the course of his address he said:

I am not surprised that your candidate for Governor has been assailed and lied about by the Democratic party and press. Grant, Lincoln and Logan could not escape. Remember, when you are nominated on the Republican ticket, your home will be invaded and your name assailed. Some one has said that I would discuss only national issues to-night. There are national issues in this campaign, to be sure. The Governor and Legislature elected will have the gerrymandering of the State. Look at Ohio where the Democrats did this work. Two out of three Congressmen will be Democrats, when it should be the other way.

The Republicans promised a revision of the tariff, and it has been done. I have here a tin dinner pail. The iron was made in this country and the tin put on since the McKinley bill passed. Suppose it does add 3 cents to the cost of the pail. Isn't it any comfort for a man to know that it goes to men who live under the same flag and are willing to help fight your battles? In 12 months tin plate will be one of the products of Pittsburg.

The speaker closed with a reference to Republicans kicking about bosses, and said it was evidence that the kickers want to be bosses.

John Jarrett, United States Consul at Birmingham, England, spoke of the feeling in England over the tariff bill in America. In regard to the story that he had returned to England in 1862 to escape the war, he said:

SOME OF MR. JARRETT'S HISTORY.

I did not come to America until 1863, and after that time was five months in the militia to protect the borders of Pennsylvania. In that time I was engaged in two skirmishes, and twice wounded. Also when the man I was boarding with was drafted I offered to go in his place on account of his large family and duties at home, but the recruiting officer refused my application because of my wounds.

Continuing, Mr. Jarrett talked on the issues of the present campaign and called upon the laboring men to stand solid in the ranks of the Republican party.

When Mr. Jarrett closed there were loud calls for Colonel Stone, who was on the platform, and he responded in an excellent address, during the course of which he said:

I am glad Mr. Quay is in favor of Delamater. I want to see Delamater elected, and I wish all the bosses were for him. I will be at the polls on election day and work in all the votes I can for him. The intent and purpose to defeat Delamater is to weaken Quay so that in 1892 he will not be a Republican leader. I received an address from the Independent Republicans of Philadelphia, in which it was set forth that if Delamater was elected it would again put Quay at the head in 1892. That is a good reason why Mr. Delamater should be elected.

THE SKIRMISH LINE OF '92.

This fight is more than a mere local fight. It is the skirmish line of 1892. It is the advance guard for the greater struggle of 1892. As Republicans, it is your duty to stand by the guns and do your whole duty as Republicans. All this nonsense about corruption and X, Y and Z is ridiculous, childish and old-womanish. Emery denounced Senator Cameron. He is loaded—a naural, constitutional kicker.

Delamater was not nominated at the dictation of any man. It was the result of a close, earnest, personal canvass. He was the choice of the majority, and I will stand by him. I wanted our own Major Montooth and failed. But that is no reason why Delamater should not get my vote and support.

This declaration on the part of Colonel Stone was received with applause and cheers. The programme was ended amid a scene of wild enthusiasm. String music was furnished by the Erie Glee Club and the Select Knights Band.

MUCH MONEY AT STAKE.

EXPERT TESTIMONY TAKEN IN A SUIT FOR DAMAGES.

An Unlucky 13th for Several Railroad Men—One Case to be Tried at Youngstown—What the Gauges Showed Before Explosion.

Testimony taking was continued yesterday before J. D. Watson, Esq., Commissioner to take evidence in the suit of John McKinney against the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railway Company for $50,000 damages for injuries received from the explosion of engine No. 29 on the Pittsburg, McKeesport and Youghiogheny Railway, on the 13th of February last. The case is to be tried in Youngstown. Two of the famous legal firm of railway fighters, G. P. Wilson and W. J. Terrell, of Jones, Anderson & Terrell, were present.

Arlington Fields, ferryman on the Yough between Suterville and Douglass stations, testified regarding the quantity of water he saw about the scene of the explosion, the prosecution combatting the theory of the Coroner's jury that the explosion was due to low water in the boiler. Fields said he saw 75 or 100 gallons of water that had run into a hole; the ground had been covered with water for 50 feet around, as it had washed the frost off to that distance, and it was still running in a stream as thick as his wrist from the tank through a pipe which had communicated with the boiler. Some of this testimony was objected to by the defense.

Fields said he had examined the firebox and the boiler, and the iron appeared rusty inside and scaly. The iron appeared to be about one-fourth of an inch thick. This testimony was also objected to. The witness said the water of the Youghiogheny was so impregnated in that locality that fish could not live in it. He said it tasted like coal-pit water, only not so strong. Objection was quite frequent on the part of counsel for the defense, but the witness' story was taken down all the same.

John M. Ludwig, the engineer, testified minutely regarding his duties and service on the morning in question, from 5 o'clock to the time of the explosion, orders received, places, distance gone over, places visited, tests of water gauges etc., remarkably succinctly. He said he supposed the engine was put into commission by the Master Mechanic of the road, and the commission, according to the certificate in the cab, allowed the boiler to carry 125 pounds steam, and the pop, or safety valve, was regulated to blow off at 120 pounds. He said when the valves blew off the engine is supposed to be carrying all the steam she is able to carry with safety. He said the water gauge, pop valve, etc., worked well on the morning in question. He said he had tried his gauges within ten seconds of the time of the explosion, and found three solid gauges, showing at least 10 inches above the crown-sheet, and consequently, water all around the firebox. When he last tried the gauge, the throttle valve was shut and the engine running on momentum, the water was not foaming. He also tried the gauge when the engine was standing still, and the tests all showed the same thing. He further stated that had the water been down, the fire was so low that the crown-sheet would not have burned in ten seconds.

As McKinley sues for $50,000, Ludwig for $25,000, and as it is said the conductor and the fireman's wife will each sue for $25,000, the case is one of pecuniary interest, and it looks as though it would be fought to the bitter end.

A TUMOR ON THE BRAIN

Caused the Death of a Prominent Southside Manufacturer.

The case of David Ratter, the well-known brick manufacturer who died in Beltzhoover borough Thursday after an illness of ten months, puzzled the medical profession of the Southside. Nearly a year ago when Mr. Ratter took sick, it was thought his ailment was kidney or liver trouble, as he had all the symptoms of those diseases. As time passed, the patient grew worse, and of all the physicians, including Dr. Wood, Dr. O'Connor, Dr. Martin and Dr. Riggs, who attended him at various times, none could tell what the difficulty was.

Mr. Ratter's sickness took a turn and seemed to go to his head. His nervous system gave way and his brain seemed to be affected, and, although he was prostrated constantly and unconscious part of the time, his physical condition continued to be good. After his death a post mortem was held, superintended by Dr. O'Connor and assisted by several other physicians who had attended the deceased, which resulted in a most remarkable finding. The head was examined and a large tumor was found at the base of the brain, and the physicians say that more water was taken from his head than should be in four men. The tumor caused the death, and even though the physicians had been able to save his life it is thought he would have lost his mind.

The Father Matthew Centenary Celebration

The centenary of the anniversary of the birth of Father Theobald Matthew will occur next Friday. The event will be celebrated by the Father Matthew and St. Mary of Mercy Ladies' Temperance Societies, who will give a complimentary musical and literary entertainment in Duquesne Hall, to which the public generally is invited. Rev. J. J. Regis Canevin and J. A. McNamee will deliver appropriate eulogiums on the life of the great apostle of temperance.

DR. B. M. HANNA. Eye, ear, nose and throat diseases exclusively. Office, 720 Penn street, Pittsburg, Pa. s&su

ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

How the Brightest Spot of the Work-a-Day Week is Observed in

A CITY OF WEALTH AND WORKERS.

Thoroughfares Thronged With Happy, Prosperous Thousands.

THE PROPER APPRECIATION OF A PLAY

A jam, a jostle, a smile, a hearty guffaw, very seldom a tear, and sometimes, be it said sorrowfully, an oath—that is Saturday night in the lower part of Pittsburg. Nearly everybody is on the street, and they stretch themselves, mentally and physically, after the toil of the past six days, for everybody works in Pittsburg. Saturday night is essentially a holiday of the people, by the people and for the people, and nowhere is it better shown than in the twin cities at the headwaters of the Ohio.

Saturday night is not confined by the cold limits of standard time. In families where the head of the household gets through work at midday it commences a few minutes after noon. With others it comes later, but after 6 o'clock it is Saturday night all over the city except for that small percentage whose duties keep them down to business, and even they, rubbing against the celebrators of the People's Fete Day, become imbued with some of the spirit and wear a becoming holiday smile.

It is nip and tuck between the barber shop and saloon as to which first feels the effect of the Saturday rush. The grocers and butchers get in line first, for their business commences to boom as soon as daylight appears. As soon as noontide comes, retail dealers in other lines prepare to receive the onslaught of customers calmly and even smilingly. Time is money on Saturday.

WHEN THE NIGHT BEGINS.

But Saturday night does not reach the height of its glory until after supper, when Pittsburg, with his wife and family or his best girl, his brothers and sisters from across the Allegheny and his cousins from the country, turn out and take the heart of the city by storm. They all head for the intersection of Fifth avenue, and they come from the East End, Oakland, Soho, Lawrenceville and Minersville by cable car; from Pleasant Valley, the upper part of Allegheny and Hazelwood by electric car; from the Southside and some parts of Allegheny by horse car; from the surrounding towns by railroad, while thousands and thousands charge down on foot. That part of the city bounded by Grant and Eleventh streets, and the two rivers is soon a solidly-packed mass of humanity, the policemen on the corners prepare to risk their lives a dozen times an hour to save pedestrians from being ground up under the cable cars, and Officer Garrett Crossan, who takes care of Fifth avenue between Smithfield and Market streets, heaves a deep sigh, gives his mustache another twist, takes a fresh grip on his club, and resumes his apparently hopeless task of keeping the crowds moving. He does it, too; and seldom makes an arrest at that.

The first rush is to the theaters. Last night Byron was playing "Across the Continent" at the Bijou. It is a good, old-fashioned Saturday night melodrama. The pathetic scenes are calculated to draw tears from the stoniest hearts; the villain is superlatively villainous, and the opportunities for laughter are liberally scattered through the acts. And how the audience did enjoy it. In the parquet the auditors smiled at the jokes, were decorously sad during the affecting scenes and scorned the villain in a perfectly proper manner. The occupants of the balcony seats gave more leeway to their feelings; but in the gallery, Oh, my; Oh my! Everybody was hot, but they took off their coats and vests and enjoyed it.

OPPOSITION TO THE VILLAIN.

They went into convulsions over the funny man, shed real tears at the heroine's distress, and the villain's life would not have been worth a moment's purchase if he had ventured up among the gallery gods. Through it all they reveled in peanuts, bananas and pop.

At the Fifth Avenue Museum the audience changes oftener. The performances are short, and while the audiences were mainly composed of men, there were many women with their children. They would stack up baby buggies, market baskets and bundles of every description on the first floor, until it looked like a section of a storage warehouse, and would take the keenest interest in everything in the show. At Harris' Theater the scenes were the same as at the Bijou.

The Exposition was jammed and packed last night with people from city and country. They ate popcorn and candy, drank lemonade, admired the electric fountain, built up romances around the pictures in the art gallery, watched the manufacture of glass with wonder, and were generally pleased with and interested in everything they saw and heard.

The crowds in the theaters make no gaps in the crowds on the street and it would defy a lightning calculator to count them. On the corners and on the edges of the sidewalks stand knots of men. As a rule they are "talking shop," and what is more they know what they are talking about. Here and there are groups discussing politics.

The stores are crowded. Everybody has money, and seems willing and even anxious to spend it. Few and far between are the representatives of extreme poverty, and they are usually attached to a fiery breath, which furnishes an ample explanation. A beggar is as rare as a Prince on the streets of Pittsburg. Occasionally a slouchily-dressed but generally wealthy-looking man will slip up and remark in an undertone, "Say, young feller; could yer give me a dime to get a lodgin'?"

FROM BUSTLE TO SILENCE.

The market men are doing a rushing business, trying to wait on a dozen customers at once, and succeeding to a surprising extent. Ladies of comfortable size are inspecting meat and green stuff with great earnestness, and at the same time working a problem in mental arithmetic to determine how many pounds of roast will go into a family of eight. Finally, with the aid of a chunky, rosy-cheeked boy, she bears away a huge basket which bids defiance to famine for several days in one family at least.

About 10:30 the theaters pour out their thousands, to which is added the multitude from the Exposition; the people who have been marketing, are on their way home, the promenaders are still out in force, and the man with corns and a hot temper wishes he was dead. It is impossible to force a way through the throng. All that can be done is to fall into line at a pace, which to an impatient traveler hurrying to catch a train, resembles the dead march to the funeral of hope.

Slowly, very slowly, the crowd thins, until suddenly the lights in stores and saloons go out, the throng becomes a little more dense, a little more unsteady, and then, the big bell in the City Hall tower booms out with a long, deep, rolling sound. It is the Sabbath. There is a rush for the last cars, the patrol wagons make a few rapid trips, silence settles down and the Feast of Saturday Night is over.

TAKING CARE OF THE CROWDS.

A Large Force of Police on Duty in the First District.

Inspector McAleese, of the First district, had plenty of work in taking care of the crowds last night. Captain Silvus, with 8 men, watched the Opera House; Lieutenant Denniston, with 12 men, took care of Old City Hall; Captain Unterbaum, with 8 men, attended the Exposition; 8 extra officers were placed on Fifth avenue, 4 on Smithfield street and 2 on Market street.

Assistant Superintendent O'Mara and the Inspector circulated through the district all the evening and saw that nothing went wrong.

IT WILL BE THE FINEST.

WORK ON THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT ARMORY COMMENCED.

Magnificent Structure to Supplant the Fifth Avenue Market—Store Rooms on the First Floor, if Practicable, Would Help the Regiment and the Neighborhood.

The work on the new armory, which is to occupy the site of the Fifth Avenue Market House, is already in progress. The iron roof trusses to support the roof, which will have a span of 164 feet, are now in course of construction. An officer of the Eighteenth Regiment said yesterday that it is not the intention to remodel the Market House, but to tear it down and put up an entirely new building, which is expected to have the finest appearance of any in the city, including the new Government building, and to be finished in fewer months than the latter has been years in construction. The armory will be built of solid stone, in the latest style, and will be so arranged as to form a mammoth and comfortable hall for public meetings, with a seating capacity of 5,000.

The officer quoted, in referring to the suggestion of building handsome stores on the first floor and thus obtaining a princely revenue for the support of the regiment, said such a plan could not be carried out, as it would be difficult to put up a building strong enough to stand the strain of 600 or 700 men keeping step in drilling. It would jar any ordinary building and bring it down. When the upper floors of the Diamond market were used as drill rooms, notwithstanding the solid character of the buildings, it was found necessary to strengthen it with hog chains, although but 240 men were drilled at a time.

Some builders, however, hold that a structure could be erected which would permit of the second floor being used as a drill room without any undue strain on the building.

Residents in the vicinity of the market house strongly favor the plan of devoting the first floor to handsome storerooms. They see that the city is growing rapidly in that direction, and believe that in five, or ten years at the utmost, it will be the center of the best class of retail trade, and feel that the erection of a number of first-class storerooms would furnish the needed impetus to bring far-sighted retailers out there with a rush. They further say these stores could each rent for $2,500 a year now, and in a comparatively short time would bring $5,000 a year.

ALLEGHENY'S NEW WATER WORKS.

The Sub-Committee Holds a Secret Session to Consider the Matter.

The Allegheny sub-Water Committee held a star chamber session last evening. A number of gentlemen who bid on the work were present and asked to be admitted to the meeting, but were refused. The committee met to tabulate each bid, but the action will have no bearing on the awarding of the contract. It was stated on good authority that the opinion of nearly all the members of the sub-committe was that the entire plant could be built about as cheaply by one firm as the city could build it by letting out the work to a number of bidders. This view is held by a large number of the members of the general committee, and in all probability if the sub-committee recommends it, it will be approved by them.

Bids for the entire plant have been made by but two firms, the Municipal Water Company, of New York, and F. Gwinner & Co. The report of the sub-committee will be handed in at the meeting of the committee on Tuesday night. As the Municipal Company has made the lowest bid on the plant outright, it is considered by those who are in a position to know that the company will be awarded the contract.

A Shortage of Navy Beans.

Captain Breck has advices from Western New York which state that the weather has been so wet that the farmers have been unable to harvest the navy bean crop and the beans are rotting on the vines. The loss will be very great.

Diamonds.

What for? Why, for holiday presents. Well, where can I buy them? Why at Gallinger's, 1106 and 1200 Penn ave.

P. S.—A full line of musical instruments.

EXPOSITION PEOPLE LEAVE,

And Call at Kleber Bro's.

After viewing the splendid sights at the Exposition most of the visitors (who mean business) call at H. Kleber & Bro.'s, 506 Wood street, and select one of their superior pianos and organs. They know in their hearts that to make a fine show is one thing and to give people the very finest instruments at the price of the common, second-class goods is quite another thing. The Messrs. Kleber & Bro. enjoy the fullest confidence of the public, and whether they exhibit or not, whether they hold forth on the principal business street of Pittsburg, Wood street, or in Diamond or Virgin alley, the public will seek them out and congratulate themselves that they have found out the place which is utterly safe and reliable, and above the sharp tricks of new houses which have come in at the eleventh hour, and which have to rely upon the credulity of the public to get rid of their goods—using clubs and other knock-down arguments to bulldoze their callers into buying their inferior wares—articles which the Kleber Bros. had long since rejected as unworthy of being associated with their honorable record and name. Such pianos as Steinway's, Conover's, Opera, Gabler, Emerson, and organs such as the great Vocalions, Earhuff dust-proof and Burdett, cannot be duplicated in this country. Kiebers give an eight-year warrantee and sell on easy time payments.

At Thornton Bros. Only

Can you buy Belding's 100-yard spool silk 7c, twist 2c, knitting silk 29c. Price it elsewhere.

50-inch ladies' cloth, in gray, at 29c, not 33c; 36-inch all-wool homemade flannels, 25c; 6-4 chenille covers, $1 29; 32-inch drapery silks, 75c; Fifth avenue price is $1 25, same designs. Ladies' all-wool scarlet vests, 69c up; silk velvets, 48c; velveteens, 25c up; corduroy velvets, 39c up; ladies' scarlet ribbed vests, 29c; natural wool, at 48c; 56-inch broadcloth, 89c; the $1 50 quality now $1. The Cash Store, 128 Federal st., Allegheny.

THE Exposition is a fine sight, but it's not the only thing in Pittsburg worth seeing by a long way. One of the important sights of the city is the grand display now being made by Pittsburg's leading and largest clothing house. GUSKY'S, 300 to 400 Market st.

Monday Morning

We will offer 20 styles of men's light and dark colored fall overcoats at $8 and $10. Some are silk-faced; others plain lapel. We are overcoat head