The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, MONDAY, NOV. 10, 1890.

THE SOUTHSIDE'S WATER.

The reappearance, at the fire on the Southside last night, of the familiar trouble of insufficient water pressure emphasizes anew the duty of Councils. Fortunately this particular fire was not of a character to cause serious damage; but the reflection is a cogent one, that if the flames had started where they had an opportunity to spread a heavy loss might have been caused by the inability of the firemen to secure water at a time when it is most important to have it.

THE DISPATCH has often pointed out the right of the Southside to have a constant and adequate supply of water for all purposes, on an equality with other sections of the city. The right is indisputable. The Southside pays taxes for the maintenance of the water service and for fire protection on the same basis as the rest of the city. If taxation without representation is tyranny, taxation without a fair return of the public services which the taxes are intended to pay for must be equally bad. It is clearly the duty of the city government to provide just as good water facilities for the people of the Southside as for the dwellers on this side of the river.

This duty is all the more plain because, if our recollection is not at fault, the agreement between the city and the Monongahela Water Company, by which agitation of this question was settled a few years ago, laid down the course which the city was to take in case the water company failed to furnish a full and pure supply of water. If the reports of low pressure and filthy water which constantly come from that populous section are not complete fabrications, it is the duty of the city to take the action contemplated by the agreement and furnish the Southside with water from its mains on this side of the river.

Beyond question, in view of the constant complaints, it is the duty of the city to give the subject a thorough investigation, with a clear understanding that if the facts are as stated, a prompt and decisive remedy will be furnished from this side of the river.

THE Y. M. C. A.'S WORK.

The work and growth of the Young Men's Christian Association was the subject presented to two large meetings last night, owing to the public interest which attracted too large a gathering to be accommodated at a single meeting. This organization for Christian and unsectarian work has been liberally supported by the wealth of Pittsburg; and the reports presented yesterday show that the investment yields the best returns in the work that it has accomplished. Its membership during the last two decades has been multiplied by three. Its present buildings and accommodations are such as would have seemed almost beyond belief in its early days; and the constant attendance to the full capacity of its reading rooms, gymnasium and other attractions prove that all the expenditure to furnish these things is more than justified. The good work done by the Y. M. C. A. will insure a continuance of the liberal support which has been accorded to it in the past.

A CHANCE FOR IMPARTIALITY.

An indorsement of the position of THE DISPATCH and a suggestion for non-partisan legislation are both contained in the practical agreement of Republican leaders since the election that, after all, they will not insist on passing the Federal elections bill.

The corroboration is of THE DISPATCH'S assertion with regard to that measure that its sole purpose was to secure by legislation the return of enough Republican members to maintain a majority, as well as of its further prediction in the same connection that legislation based on such a motive would be sure to lose more seats than it would gain. Such a motive is an improper one for legislation, and a measure inspired by it is practically certain to be unfair. The fact that before the election the Republican leaders were declaring that the Federal elections bill would be passed, and since then have completely abandoned that idea, fixes that character to the bill. Not only the public verdict against such measures, but the possibility that the power created by the bill would fall into the hands of a Democratic administration, causes them to drop it as if they had premonitions of getting hold of the hot end of the poker.

If the measure were framed solely to secure fair and untrammeled elections North and South, without regard to party advantage, there would be no reason why the bill should not be passed at the second session of the present Congress, with confidence that its wisdom would be demonstrated, even under a future Democratic administration or before a future Democratic Congress. This suggests what the Republicans can do with such a measure so as to confer credit on themselves and benefit on the country. Suppose they were to go to the Democratic leaders with a proposition like this: "Whatever may have been the purposes of this bill, we desire to shape it so as to meet the approval of all men who honestly desire fair elections, whether North or South. We are ready to join with you in making any change that will provide an impartial and unquestionable regulation of elections, so as to insure that either in our own States or in yours, votes can be cast without intimidation and will be counted without manipulation; whatever features in the bill are unfair, we will strike out; whatever suggestions you can make to add to the safeguards of a free and honest ballot, we are ready to accept. In short, we ask your co-operation to frame a bill for impartial and non-partisan regulation which will commend itself by its practical operation, whether the future ascendency rests with your party or ours."

An offer of that sort, frankly and sincerely made, would put the responsibility on the party that refused it. It is an important thought that measures to preserve the freedom and purity of elections, as well to provide for fair and non-partisan appointments, would be highly beneficial if they could be framed without partisan bias, and kept free from the hope of partisan advantage. The coming session is a good opportunity for the Republicans to invite the Democrats, as the rising power of the next Congress, to join in an effort to pass measures of this class which will command the approval of both parties.

SIGNS OF OUTLAWRY.

The case of horse-stealing which is reported to have taken place near Bradford, with the probability that the crime has been increased by either murder or kidnaping, is calculated to arouse serious thoughts as to the adequacy of the protection afforded the citizens in the less thickly populated regions of the State.

Of late years the public recognition of the necessity of respect for law and individual rights has been relied upon to protect the public in regions where an effective guardianship by police would be difficult, if not impossible. But such crimes as those of the Nicely gang in Somerset, the McClellandtown robbers in Fayette, the Bald Mountain outlaws in the Eastern part of the State, and this last indication of highway robbery, justify the belief that organized bands of robbers have taken advantage of the general security to enter upon systematic depredations which will not stick at murder.

When such evidences of lawlessness appear, it is certain that urgent measures are required to hunt down and punish the criminals. If civilization in the nineteenth century cannot guarantee security to life and property, it must turn back to the methods of a less advanced stage and make each locality responsible for crimes committed in its midst. Before this is resorted to, however, the officers of the law in every section where such crimes are committed should make an earnest effort to prove that they can fulfill the purpose for which their offices exist, in the arrest and punishment of the criminals.

While this is being done, there seems to be a necessity in both city and country for law-abiding men to learn to shoot straight and promptly in defense of their lives and property.

COMING DOWN TO FACT.

It is somewhat satisfactory to observe that the esteemed Philadelphia *Press* is somewhat tardily, but still correctly, trying to put the recent State election in its proper light. In its issue of Saturday it declares that Pattison's election is not a Democratic victory, but "must be attributed to the desire of many thousands of Republicans to correct the bad methods in their party management which had become too offensive. That was the issue made by Mr. Pattison's supporters, and they are sticking to it about as well since election as they did before." It then goes on to show conclusively that Pattison's election had no bearing on the tariff. That is well established, although it would have had somewhat more pertinence if the *Press* had made that avowal before the election. Beyond that it does not quite cover the ground. If the esteemed *Press* had confessed, in addition, that the Republican organs and orators who unsuccessfully tried to make the public believe that the tariff issue was to be decided by the election of a Governor for Pennsylvania, were indulging in very shallow misrepresentations, it would have said about all that the occasion seems to call for.

THE SUGAR TRUST'S PROFITS.

Commenting on the figures given in the statement of the Sugar Trust to the effect that its profits have been $10,000,000 per annum, or at the rate of 20 per cent on a capital of $50,000,000, a Wall street financial journal says: "Thus, it is understood, all this profit except an inconsiderable fraction was due to a manufacturing monopoly. * * * The intrinsic value of the plant before the trust was formed was estimated at about fifteen millions. On this basis the profit was at the rate of 65 per cent per annum, after paying interest on the ten millions of working capital that they borrowed."

Besides this showing of the remarkable success of this combination, in forcing the public to pay for dividends on wholly fictitious capital, another very salient point sticks out of these figures. That is the extreme degree to which these irresponsible forms of organization carry the abuse to which great corporations are widely subject, namely, that the profits do not all reach the stockholders. If the profits of the trust thus far in its existence have not averaged more than $10,000,000 per annum, it must have made no profit at all during late years. This appears very plainly from the fact that an extra charge of one cent on the sugar consumption of the country amounts to $30,000,000 annually. During its early existence, the Sugar Trust was so successful in its monopolistic purposes as to enhance the price of sugar to consumers fully 2 cents. As outside competition has been stimulated by these immense profits, the margin has doubtless been cut down; but it is not difficult to perceive that the average increase of the charge for refining and distribution, with the actual cost of the operations virtually unchanged, has been more than the third of a cent represented by the Trust's statement. The disclosures made as to the management of other Trusts, and the total absence of accountability in that form of organization, points to the conclusion that the $10,000,000 of acknowledged annual profit means that nearly as much more has been distributed among the insiders, in the shape of brokerages and agencies, not to speak of the profits drawn from manipulation of the market for Trust certificates.

The building of competing refineries has already cut down these heavy profits to a great degree, and the reduction of the protection on refined sugar to half a cent per pound will complete the work. The Sugar Trust will probably earn moderate profits, but its ability to make the public pay dividends on wholly fiat values in its stock will be very much restricted for the future, even if the New York courts do not succeed in making it obey the law and abandon its illegal attempt to create a monopoly.

A POINT FOR STANLEY.

In contrasting some of Stanley's accusers with himself, in weighing the merits and defects of the principals, it will further justice for us to remember and apply Carlyle's suggestive remark that "if two ships come into port equally damaged we should inquire, before visiting judgment upon them, whether one may not have circumnavigated the globe and the other only the Isle of Dogs."

UNCLE JERRY RUSK is said by an exchange to claim credit for the improved weather in October. As the improved weather in October was mainly a minus quantity, it still leaves us free to take the view that what improvement there was in the weather last week was due to the clearing of the atmosphere by the elections.

IT IS satisfactory to observe that the Independent and Democratic organizations in Philadelphia are not showing any signs of diminishing their activity in punishing election frauds in that city. As Judge Gresham has said: "Those who spend money in corrupting voters and bribing election officers are more dangerous enemies to the Republic than were the men who engaged in unsuccessful rebellion against it." The duty of hunting down such public enemies is so plain that the Republican papers of Philadelphia, if they have any respect for public decency, will lend prompt and efficient support to the work of detecting all corruption and securing its punishment, without regard to party.

THE Republican organs of other States which are calling for Senator Quay's resignation of the position of Chairman of the National Republican Committee are evidently of the opinion that the sins of their party can be atoned by a scapegoat.

SPEAKING of the notice which Mr. Greevy, of Altoona, has given for a contest in the Twentieth Congressional district, the Harrisburg *Call* says: "To be sure, Mr. Scull has only 481 majority, but there will be but little trouble getting rid of that number of votes if the majority in Congress are anxious to add to their numbers." Surely enough, the record of the last session shows that a little majority of 481 is a slight thing for a committee on contested seats to overcome. But if the Democrats are wise they will pay a little more attention to decent fairness than their predecessors.

THE prompt decision that an extra session was not necessary indicates that the President has been impressed by Senator Allison's intermittent way of looking at things and has come to the conclusion that the conditions have changed.

"THIRTY-THREE millions of people either walked or were driven over the Brooklyn bridge in the year ending October 1, and yet that wicked Mr. Porter would not count them in the Brooklyn census." It is astonishing to find in the Philadelphia *Press*, which has heretofore been a Porter organ, this assertion that thirty-three million of people were left out of Porter's census. We had not supposed that the total of omissions would amount to more than eight or ten millions.

THAT campaign picture circulated by the Republicans showing the empty benches on the Democratic side of the House seems to have done its work. The country evidently came to the conclusion that the empty seats must be filled up.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Robert T. Lincoln has no desire to discuss further the questions raised by his letter to a person by the name of Andrews, who recently occupied a position of temporary prominence in the State of Pennsylvania. If Mr. Lincoln had developed that absence of desire soon enough to prevent Mr. Andrews from misleading him into writing that letter the result would have been much more satisfactory for Mr. Lincoln.

AMID the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds the country has been in danger of letting the important fact escape it that Texas and Arkansas went Democratic.

AFTER the September election there was a delusion to the effect that the big man from Maine was Thomas B. Reed. But the November elections have reduced that colossal figure to ruin, and establish as beyond dispute that the only man from Maine towers up in the familiar, if somewhat kaleidoscopic, figure of James G. Blaine.

INTERESTING PERSONALS.

CASTELAR says the rumor of his approaching marriage with Mme. de Rute is untrue.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is sitting for her portrait to a Boston artist, and strange to say it is her first portrait.

LORD TENNYSON is going to the Mediterranean this winter. Possibly he will yet give us another book of poems.

ROCHEFORT has fought 28 duels during his career as a pamphleteer and editor, having been wounded in seven of them and escaped unhurt in the remaining 16.

RIDER HAGGARD has gone to Palenque to get up another of his extraordinary romances. At Palenque there is a temple prominently decorated with the symbol of the cross. How the cross got there before it was uplifted at Calvary is a problem that has puzzled generations of explorers and commentators.

THE snake chosen by Sarah Bernhardt to serve as her executioner is the "blind-worm" species, and is known in France as an orvet. It is a pretty creature, which may be often found on the tops of old walls sunning itself. The back is dark green, with metallic hues that are in certain lights irridescent. Sarah's snake is called by her Iris.

MLLE. BONHEUR'S love and loving study of animals have given her strange control over them. It is now some years since she gave to the Jardin des Plantes a beautiful lion and lioness, which to this day recognize her if she approaches their cage, and thrust their heads against the bars for the touch of her sympathetic little fingers.

NOT even in the wildest flights of his imagination can Mark Twain have ever dreamed that the portion of his "Tramp in Europe" devoted to the discussion of the insect which he so amusingly describes as a chamois would one day be read aloud in a legislative assembly and become the subject of a parliamentary debate. And yet this is precisely what has just occurred in New Zealand.

MR. GLADSTONE boldly admits that the overwhelming majority of the "educated classes" are against home rule for Ireland. This admission he makes in his "Appeal to the Tory Householder" in the new quarterly, *Subjects of the Day*, and, having made it, he proceeds to urge that the general hostility of educated opinion against his proposal is not a strong argument against it.

Two of the seven ladies in waiting of Queen Margaret of Italy are New York girls—the Princess Vicovaro, who was Miss Eleanor Lorillard Spencer, and the Princess Brancaccio, who was Miss Hickson Field. The Prince Vicovaro is a Cenci, and still owns the stately palace which belonged to Lucrezia Petroni, the stepmother of Beatrice Cenci, together with many memorials of the ill-fated beauty.

MISS MATTIE THOMPSON, daughter of ex-Congressman Phil Thompson, is accounted one of the exceptionally pretty girls of the Bluegrass region. Miss Thompson was selected as the Queen of Beauty at the celebration of the Satellites of Mercury, held at Louisville, but chose rather to be one of the maids of honor, who are selected from among the prettiest girls of the different towns throughout the State.

WHAT THE SOCIALISTS SAY.

Their Opinions on the Results of the Recent Elections.

CHICAGO, November 9.—This afternoon there was a large attendance at the meeting of the Socialists. The proceedings began with a debate upon the question of economical distribution of wealth and labor. Thomas Morgan, ex-Alderman Conners and others took part in the discussion, and upon its conclusion a resolution was offered by Mr. Morgan stating that the meeting was satisfied with the results of the recent election in so far as it will manifest the discontent of the great mass of the people with existing conditions.

Ex-Alderman Connors spoke vehemently against those whom he characterized as bogus labor reformers.

Mr. Phelps in the Adirondacks.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., November 9.—Ex-Minister to England E. J. Phelps and Mrs. Phelps, accompanied by Dr. Loomis, of Burlington, arrived at Saranac Lake, and are quartered at the Hotel Apersand. Mrs. Phelps is in very poor health, and will probably remain in the Adirondacks the coming winter. Mr. Phelps will return Monday or Tuesday.

A Body Petrified in Three Years.

SUNBURY, November 9.—In removing the body of Miss Ella Sewell, who was buried in October, 1887, from one cemetery to another, the body and the flowers placed in the coffin at the time of the funeral were found in a complete state of petrifaction. The hair had become snow-white.

SNAP SHOTS IN SEASON.

GOD gave us shape and machinery, but the devil seems to have a hand in the running arrangement.

DO YOU always look out of your window upon returning to earth from the Land of Nod? Aren't you anxious to get a glimpse of Day after the journey through the Night—light after the darkness, sun after the cloud? And, morn after morn, do you look out upon precisely the same set scene? Of course you don't, even if you do peep through the same window pane year in and year out. Here is one of life's monotonies which is not monotonous. No matter what the prospect—tree and flower studded lawn or bare wall, quiet lane or noisy street, green grass or bleak back yard, pounding surf or rolling hills, mountain or meadow, forest or stream, earth or sky—ever the same, ever shifting, never eye-tiring nor memory-clouding. To be sure, the same trees, hills, waters, fields, houses, streets, alleys are there every morning, rain or shine. But these grow familiar through long friendship, and over, above, beyond the eye and the brain-winged mind wander. Something new between the earth below and the sky above is surely found. Perhaps a rain drop or a sunbeam; perhaps a flying bird or a fleecy cloud; perhaps a snowflake or a hailstone—a something ever old yet always new. Then, to the street, the lawn, the sea, the field, the bleak walls or the grimy back yard. New noises falling on the ear draw the eye to a new sight. He was not there yester morn, neither was she. The flowers are fresher this morning than the morn before—the grass seems taller, fresher or dryer, the trees greener, browner or barer. There's a strange sail on the sea and the surf beats differ from those of the morn that's gone. Wind, wave, weather, sound, life, earth, sky, all have shifted while you dwelt in Dreamland, and your eye and your thoughts dwell on what Is, not what Was. Refreshing sleep, comforting awaking! Only the slumberless, conscience-disturbed, melancholy, ill, peevish mortals see the changeless birth of day. Life from the dawn to the dark is to them a shiftless monotone. Blind and deaf are they to the ever changeful sights and sounds which accompany the rolling away of the night and the unfolding of the day. They do not look up, down, across, but straight ahead, right into the eye of day, with its monotonous grind. Don't do that. Let us add to slumber's sweet cup a dash of the dew every morning. It is restful, uplifting—a splendid eye and mind opener. The mixture, unlike medicine long administered, does not taste the same at all times nor cloy. There is monotony in the day of life. In the morn the change that breaks it; in the night the rest that gives us strength to bear it.

YOU are more apt to hear the abuse of your enemies than the praise of your friends.

THE man who can read Nature is never at a loss for literary entertainment.

THOSE who were unfortunate enough to be thrown in contact with Herbert Ward and his valet during his visit to Pittsburg believe that Stanley has "sized him up" correctly. Herby seemed to them to have brought his manners from Africa.

ALL BUT LOVE.

The ladies, Heaven bless them! how we fondle
and caress them,
Give them freely of the stores we have laid
by;
Call them fascinating creatures, praise their
hands, their eyes and features,
Then if they do not smile on us we sigh.

We take them to the seaside, we treat them to
a sleigh ride,
When the sun shines or the snow is on the
ground.
We like fools are always acting to supply their
wants exacting,
And when they apply for pennies give a
pound.

We follow them like poodles; we always will
be noodles
While trying to persuade a pretty Miss;
And when she has relented, her papa has consented,
We revel in the depths of sweetest bliss!

Then comes the merry wedding; it's really
smooth sledding
Adown the path where love our feet hath led,
Until she fussily expresses a wish for tailor-fashioned dresses
And finely-feathered bonnets for her head.

O, ladies, heaven bless you! tho' it costs a heap
to dress you,
To us you are like angels from above;
Tho' you make us put out paper to pay milliner
and draper,
You never can force us to bankrupt Love!

THE pupil of the eye is incessantly lashed.

THIS is a bad year for figuring. New York clamors for a recount of its population and Philadelphia wants a recount of the votes cast on election day.

IT pays to be honest and upright, even in politics.

DON'T let the honeymoon end with the trip, ye newly mated. It should never end.

TIN as well as gold seems to have played an important part in McKinley's election district.

THE speculators who have uncovered the gold beds of the Feather River have feathered their nests.

THE people have revised the list of contributors to the *Congressional Record*.

LOVE laughs at marriage laws as well as divorce courts.

THE bottom facts will in the long run come to the surface concerning every man. The public can be deceived for a time, but as sure as the sun shines the truth will triumph, and every man will, like Judas, "go to his own place."

BETWEEN board bills and bill boards the theatrical managers have a hard row to hoe.

GRASS widows are not as green as the name would indicate.

A CIRCUS parade draws a bigger crowd than the performance. Some of the candidates who swung around the circle after the farmers had finished their fall plowing should bear this fact in mind.

LOVERS, like deaf and dumb folk, can talk with their hands.

WHEN the victors cry fraud the people are inclined to think there is something in it.

THE Bay of Fundy should make a nice summer resort for the humorists.

THE hornet's nests are hanging high in the
trees, the farmers claim;
And by this sign they prophesy that winter
will be tame.

If they aright can read the signs, when Indian
summer goes,
A mild squaw winter will set in, and add to
ice men's woes.

IF President Harrison had written his Thanksgiving proclamation before the elections it might have been a little more cheerful.

DISCUSS the faults of others with yourself and then you will not get anybody else into trouble.

PEOPLE who trust to luck get very little credit in this world.

THE McKinley bill made eggs dearer, but roosters seem to be on the free list.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was never licked until he was placed on a postage stamp.

IT is much easier to lose friends than to find them.

THE rich need Christian charity, but the poor need the other sort.

THE human eye can look into the grave, but only the mind's eye can look beyond it.

IF blind people could open their eyes the world would disappoint them.

WE all have faults, but that's our own business.

A SOUTHSIDE girl actually found a man under her couch. But the strangest part of the sensation is the fact that she didn't scream. Of course she isn't an old maid.

PLAYWRIGHTS these days have to be good millwrights, too.

EARTH is truly a mother to the young mud-turtles. She hatches out the eggs deposited by the parent and nurtures them until they can skirmish for themselves. The sun acts as wet nurse. Some human beings envy the mud-turtle.

WHILE the scientists are working at the problem the old reliable bill-making gas meter keeps right along measuring heat and light.

JOHN WANAMAKER has a big store, but he failed to deliver the goods last week.

RUSSELL HARRISON and Dick Quay are specimens of the fruits of a paternal government.

WOMEN who train for the stage nowadays do most of their rehearsing in the dressing-room.

A GREAT many old maids were coquettes in their early days, girls. WILLIE WINKLE.

MARK TWAIN APPEALS.

He Objects to Horse Car Conductors Swearing Injudiciously and Indiscriminately.

From the New York Sun.]

Doubtless you city people do not mind having your feelings hurt and your self-love blistered, for your horse car and elevated road service train you to patience and humble-mindedness, but with us hayseed folk from the back settlements the case is different. We are so delicate, so sensitive—well, you would never be able to imagine what it is like. An unkind speech shrivels us all up and often makes us cry. Now, the thing which happened to-day a New Yorker would not mind in the least; but I give you my word it almost made me want to go away and be at rest in the cold grave.

I stepped aboard a red Sixth avenue horse car—No. 108—at Sixth avenue and Forty-second street at 11h5 this morning, bound down town. Of course there was no seat—there never is; New Yorkers do not require a seat, but only permission to stand up, and look meek, and be thankful for such little rags of privilege as the good horse car company may choose to allow them. I stood in the door, behind three ladies. After a moment, the conductor, desiring to pass through and see the passengers, took me by the lappel and said to me, with that winning courtesy and politeness which New Yorkers are accustomed to: "——! what you want to load up the door for? Git back here out of the way!" Those ladies shrank together under the shock, just the same as I did; so I judged they were country people. This conductor was a person about 30 years old, I should say, 5 feet 9, with blue eyes, a small, dim, unsuccessful mustache, and the general expression of a chicken thief—you may probably have seen him.

I urged him to modify his language, I being from the country and sensitive. He looked upon me with cold and heartless scorn, thus hurting me still more. I said I would report him, and asked him for his number. He said, in a tone which wounded me more than I can tell, "I'll give you a chew of tobacco."

Why, dear sir, if conductors were to talk to us like that out in the country we could never, never bear to ride with them, we are so sensitive. I went up to Sixth avenue and Forty-third street to report him, but there was nobody in the superintendent's office who seemed to want to converse with me. A man with "conductor" on his cap said it wouldn't be any use to try to see the President at that time of day, and intimated, by his manner, not his words, that people with complaints were not popular there, any way.

So I have been obliged to come to you, you see. What I wanted to say to the President of the road was this—and through him say it to the President of the elevated roads—that the conductors ought to be instructed never to swear at country people except when there are no city ones to swear at, and not even then except for practice. Because the country people are sensitive. Conductors need not make any mistake; they can easily tell us from the city people. Could you use your influence to get this small and harmless distinction made in our favor? MARK TWAIN.

SATURDAY, November 8.

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

Though Many Centuries Old, It is Nevertheless Still Effective.

From the Boston Herald.]

M. Lecerf recently read before the Societe de Medicine Pratique of Paris a paper in which he relates the study he has made of a treatment used by the Chinese physicians for diphtheria, a treatment which has enabled the chief physician of the colonial service in the Dutch East Indies to have a mortality of 2 per cent in this complaint.

This treatment is very popular in the East, where diphtheria is very common. It was made known over 300 years ago, but has since remained the property of the Chinese physicians, who try to keep it a secret.

It consists in: (1) A powder containing borax, borneol, mercury, acetate of copper, prunes, pulverized pearls and coptis tecta root; (2) two decoctions of portions of different plants, to be used as gargles and tisanes; (3) of a hygienic regime.

After having given this general information Mr. Lecerf reported the analysis made by Dr. Bettinck of the powder. He then examined the different elements used in this treatment, and ended by relating the cases reported by the Dutch physicians after treatment by the Chinese method.

The plants used are quite active; the captis, in particular, is a species of hellebore and contains berberine. This method of treatment seems to me to owe its success to the incessant washing of the throat and to the direct applications to the false membranes, which prevent the development of microbes, and, consequently, the secondary infections which are the true danger of diphtheria.

A WOLF FIGHT.

The Trusty Dog Appeared Just in Time to Save His Master's Life.

From the Klamath, Wash., Star.]

Bob Dodson, Stanf. Wilson and his father have returned from the headwaters of the Umpqua, and Bob's deliverance from a frightful death is the sensational item of the news they brought in.

Bob had laid his trusty rifle against a large pine and walked a little distance away from it when a tremendous gray wolf appeared between him and the weapon of defense. Upon the neck of this mighty wolf the hair bristled ominously, in his mouth a row of sharp, white teeth glimmered and in his eyes the entire spirit of Satan seemed to be nursing murder in the first degree.

Oh, how Bob wished for that gun, but the wolf was coming, and there was no time to waste on wishing. Hastily picking up a club, just as the lupine liver-eater sprang toward him, he delivered a glancing blow along the animal's body. The enraged wolf sprang again at Bob's throat, and was about to open the picnic when Bob's ferocious and terrible bear dog luckily dropped into the festivity. With dog and club the wolf was forced back into the brush. The dog was badly chewed and torn, but he saved the life of his master that time.

Religious Persecution.

From the Boston Traveller.]

It seems almost incredible that the Czar of Russia is disposed to act upon the advice given him by a high church dignitary, and banish all missionaries from the country and forbid all forms of worship save those of the Greek church, but stranger things have happened in Russian history. Should the Czar undertake to carry out the policy, however, it would be necessary for him to proceed with caution if serious complications with powers whose subjects are now missionaries on Russian soil are to be avoided.

CONGRESSIONAL OUTLOOK.

NEW YORK *World* (Dem.): The fight for reform will be in the Senate.

NEW YORK *Sun* (Dem.): The Senate is a safer bar against the passage of the force bill, and it is in the Senate that the fight will come.

BOSTON *Herald* (Dem.): Wise leadership consists in the ability to take advantage of seemingly adverse conditions, and the Republican party has four months of grace in which to demonstrate whether it has among its leaders men equal to the occasion.

NEW YORK *Star* (Dem.): The grand result of the elections is the obliteration of the sectional pies in American politics. In the Fifty-second Congress the Democrats are to have a majority of the Representatives of Northern States. Not a single vote from the South would be needed to carry a Democratic measure over Republican opposition.

NEW YORK *World* (Dem.): In selecting a Speaker the Democrats should not consider sectional lines. There is no occasion for it. There is no patriotism in it. On the contrary, it would be eminently unpatriotic if the honor should be refused to the best man on the ground that he comes from the South. If the South has the best man for Speaker, the Democrats should elect him.

HERE AND THERE IN LONDON.

REV. GEORGE HODGES AGAIN WRITES OF THE BIG CITY.

Boasted Palaces Which Prove to be Only Plain, Ugly Buildings—The Last Argument of Kings—How the European Soldier is Trained.

THERE are several big buildings in London which are called palaces. There is Buckingham Palace, and St. James' Palace, and Lambeth Palace. These buildings are very large and old, but not handsome. After you have seen them, you conclude that the title "palace," like "cathedrals," is taken rather from the importance of the inhabitant of the house than from the grandeur of the house itself. These "palaces" are plain, ugly buildings,—some are built of mere commonplace brick, and are dingy as dingy can be.

London houses are generally plain. There may be "Queen Anne" houses discoverable there somewhere, but I did not see any—not in London, nor anywhere else in England. There are 20 houses in the East End, along the line of the Fifth Avenue Traction road, finer than any that I saw in the West End of London.

Buckingham Palace is in the midst of 50 acres of fair gardens. So that the Queen is not troubled by the roar of the London streets. Lambeth Palace, too, has a fine surrounding of lawns and trees. I wandered about in the Lambeth Palace gardens one morning; it was like being in the heart of the country. And yet beside the palace runs the Thames, and across the river is the busiest neighborhood in London.

Presently the Archbishop of Canterbury came to the door, and got into his carriage, and rode away—an erect, dignified man, with the strong, kindly face which you see in the pictures. He gets but little leisure to enjoy his beautiful gardens.

A Good Place for Ghosts.

THERE ought to be ghosts in Lambeth Palace. The Archbishops of Canterbury have lived in that old brick house for now these 600 years. That goes back a long way into English history. More than one of these good prelates, whose faces look down upon you out of ancient canvasses in the dining room, have had their venerable heads taken off in the troubles which these six centuries have seen. Beside the chancel of the chapel are the rooms where Cranmer worked at the revision and translation of the Prayer Book. Along the chapel aisle are tiles which were laid there in the days of Land. Here he walked as we do, and knelt to pray yonder. But there are no ghosts—not even in the prison rooms of the Lollard's prison.

I was interested to learn from His Grace's chaplain, who showed me the beauties and curiosities of the place, that the clergy who officiate in the Lambeth Palace Chapel wear black stoles. The English clergy in general do not manifest the fondness, which I had been led to expect, for decking themselves out with colored ribbons. Archbishop Laud one day removed his residence from the palace to the tower. A good many have gone to the tower from palaces—and never returned again. Laud never looked again upon the walls of Lambeth. It is likely that the Archbishop made the journey by water. You can go either way, by water or by land. You can board one of the crowd of boats which ply unceasingly up and down the Thames, and get to the great castle of London, passing under the great bridges. London Bridge, famous in children's rhymes, does not show any signs of "falling down." It will be many a year yet before the ruins of St. Paul's will be sketched from its broken arches.

A Magnificent Walk.

OR you can go by land, part of the way on the earth and part of the way under the earth! You walk along the fine Victoria embankment, which reaches along the river from the Houses of Parliament to Blackfriars' bridge, a broad walk, with shady trees and benches for the weary. Here and there are statues of men eminent in history. The most interesting monument along the way is the great obelisk, companion to the one which stands in Central Park. The three foremost cities of the modern world—London, Paris and New York—have each of them one of these memorials of old Egypt. What a story this old stone could tell if it had a tongue! Erected by a Pharaoh at Heliopolis, where Moses and Plato studied beneath its shadow brought by the Greeks to Alexandria in the days of Cleopatra; given by an Arab Governor to an English Queen; lost in a storm in the Spanish Bay of Biscay, and standing now beside the Thames—from the Nile to the Thames—what a significant transfer!

At Blackfriars Bridge you can take the underground railway—the "Metropolitan," they call it—and get out at the Mark Lane station, close beside the Tower. You buy your ticket upstairs. If you simply ask for a ticket the man at the booking-office will give you a third-class ticket. That, I believe, is also the way at the ordinary railway stations. Then you go down into the cellar. You come out into a smoky place where four or five lines of track run between two stations, one on each side. The arrangement is like that on the "elevated" roads in New York. If you are going downtown you go to the station on the downtown side. The stations are covered with advertisements, and the sides of the road, wherever there is any light to read by, are plastered over with great signs. Indeed, there are so many posters, in so many colors, that the name of the station is lost among them. You have to look pretty carefully to find it. The train comes, and in you get—not quite so expeditiously as in New York; nobody is in much of a hurry over here—and off you go. It is a journey in a tunnel. There is a dim light over your head; there are places now and then where the road runs through deep cuttings, with the dull sky above. Most of the time you are in the stuffiest, sootiest and smokiest darkness. It is not likely that anybody rides underground for pleasure.

Approaching the Tower.

AND then the guard cries "Mark Lane," and you open your door and escape. You give up your ticket as you go out, and stand once more upon the face of the earth. And here is the Tower. The approach is by the Tower Hill, where they used to have the gallows in the "good old times." Here they beheaded Thomas More and William Laud, and a hundred other wise and brave gentlemen, who were too good for their generation. There is a park there now, and a paved place in the grass to mark the spot.

Visitors enter the Tower by the Lions' Gate. The kings of England kept a menagerie here long ago, before the age of Barnum and Bailey. And people who visited London were taken "to see the lions," a phrase which still survives. In you go by the Lion's Gate, and over the bridge which crosses the old moat, and so into the Tower. You find that this old castle and prison is a small town, with a population of red-coated soldiers, all set about in the thickest kind of walls. There are outer walls, with great towers at the angles as big as forts; and there are inner walls again, with still more numerous and formidable towers for stout defense; and finally, in the midst of all, with these two huge barriers about it, is the Tower itself, the "White Tower" which William the Conqueror built and lived in.

You see the archway in the outer wall, with stone steps leading down to the water of the river, and you remember how those green iron gates have opened and closed again—opening and closing chapters in English history sometimes—and have given entrance to great people. Here came those unfortunate ladies, Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, wives of the sovereign with the tender conscience! Here came Jane Gray. You can see a mark in the grass of the courtyard where she knelt to be beheaded. Here they brought, perhaps, the two young princes whose bones they found at a turn in the stone stairway leading to the chapel in the white tower.

A Peep at the Crown Jewels.

EVERYBODY who visits the town goes to see the crown jewels. They are in astone chamber in the Wakefield tower, under a heavy cage of iron and attended by "beefeaters." Here is the crown of Queen Victoria, set with several thousand diamonds, having in it the ruby which Henry V. wore in his helmet at the battle of Azincourt—a very pretty crown, but not comfortable enough, it would seem, to make one desire to wear it every day.

Here is the royal sceptre, of gold set with precious stones. And the great gold saltcellar used at coronation banquets, and marking rank according to the position of the guests above or below the salt. And the collar of the Order of the Garter, and a whole jewelry store of other sparkling and shining things which, I suppose, have their due share in the government of the English Empire.

The Norman chapel and the armory are in the White Tower. The White Tower is black. Six hundred years ago they whitewashed the old walls, and the name they gave it then has staid by it. But it is black enough, with walls of flint. A great, square, solid building, with turrets at the four corners.

You can see the chapel which the Conqueror had set among the sleeping rooms and the 50 rooms of his strong house. There is an upper gallery, where he sat with his family in stately seclusion when he came to church.

Ancient Artillery.

THERE is an old brass cannon on the parade ground, which Louis XIV. once owned and upon which he had inscribed a significant motto. *Ultima ratio regum*, you read—"The last argument of Kings." Often the first argument, too, and the only one, in the days when there was more war than there is now! There are plenty of these "arguments," of all shapes and sizes and degrees of convincingness in the great rooms of the armory. There are guns taken to pieces and made into wall ornaments, and swords arranged into sheaves of wheat—wonderfully done. And there are suits of armor in long lines, displayed on wooden men and wooden horses, which were worn once at fine tournaments—some of them, possibly, in fierce battles. Here you can see it all. This is the dress which men were proud to wear—and afraid not to wear—in the days of bows and arrows, and before it was found out that bullets are sharper than lances. Up and down the long room are set these martial figures of squires on foot and knights on horseback.

There are some queer things in the Armory. There is a figure of Queen Elizabeth, dressed in the costume of the time, with as big a ruff as you see in the pictures; she is on horseback, with a page at the bridle, on her way to church to give thanks for the great storm which defeated the Armada. And the uniform which the Duke of Wellington wore when he was constable of the Tower. And the cloak on which Wolfe died on the taking of Quebec. And a fine suit of clothes (made of steel) which the Emperor Maximilian gave to Henry VIII. as a wedding gift when he married Catherine of Arragon, with true-lover's knots engraved on it and inlaid with gold! And an interesting implement of murder called a "holy-water sprinkler," consisting of a short and stout shaft of steel, with a chain at the end, and at the other end of the chain a big solid steel ball with sharp spikes set all over it. You take a good hold of the staff, swing that steel ball two or three times around your head, and