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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEB. 1, 1891.

VALUES OF LOCAL FARM LANDS.

When William L. Scott sounded the key-note of Cleveland's disastrous anti-tariff campaign by his famous speech against the Carnegie industries, he was almost hysterical over the damage these protected industries wrought upon the farming interests. THE DISPATCH then undertook to show the other side of the situation. It insisted that the greatest boon which could befall a farming district was the establishment of manufacturing concerns in its neighborhood. To offset Mr. Scott's hyperbole, which described a farmer on the high road to the poorhouse, its reporters traveled the county of Allegheny and part of Westmoreland to discover the actual condition of the agricultural classes. It is needless to say none were found in the poorhouse who had been farmers in Western Pennsylvania, but that, on the contrary, for many miles around there were ex-farmers whose lands had become so valuable by the creation of manufacturing plants in their vicinity that they no longer needed to follow the plow or distress themselves over the dry or rainy season.

A curious further illustration is now at hand. The city of Pittsburg was itself in the farming business. It had a Poor Farm up the Monongahela which it bought at a few hundred dollars or less per acre, and by reason of the growth of the same Carnegie industry was able last summer to sell at a few thousands per acre. Needing new quarters, it advertised the other day for another farm, and as the scope of competition was wide, it is interesting to note the bids. They run up from $300 to as high as $600 per acre. This shows how valuable farmers' lands become when they have a good home market for their products. In a limited way it is an evidence that the best thing which can befall any section of the country is to have home consumers for the products of the farm.

But while these figures illuminate most agreeably the obverse of the dark picture which Mr. Scott painted, they should have a different significance for the city authorities. We are scarcely so optimistic as to believe that, even with Chief Elliot's best knowledge of the gentle art of husbandry, wheat or corn can be grown upon even a three hundred dollar per acre tract as cheaply as it can be produced and afterward bought from the cheaper grounds of the Northwest, where climate, peculiar fertility of the soil and other circumstances of special adaptation incontestably exist. To get back good interest from the high-priced lands of Allegheny county the most profitable use of them would be in the line of market gardening, or the production of such other specialties as best meet local demand. In this view we agree with the idea of Mayor Gourley, that in place of spreading out over half or a quarter of a township for a Poor Farm the most economical results will be obtained from a tract not exceeding say 100 acres. This would save a great deal on the city's investment. It would also direct attention to the forms of cultivation which yield most productively in money.

Councils and Charity Department have the matter as yet wholly in their hands. We trust they will act wisely about it.

FACTS IN THE INDIAN QUESTION.

Another chapter is added to the history of a national crime by a well-known correspondent who was at Pine Ridge throughout the late Indian trouble. Some of his conclusions are undeniable. The policy of keeping the Indian idle is most reprehensible. It is the old proverb about the evil one finding work for idle hands to do. Reform is necessary. The Government owes this duty to humanity. Workshops and skilled workmen for teachers would be vastly cheaper than soldiers and fighting. But on another point the correspondent may be reasonably held in fault. No doubt the delay in bringing the Indians in was aggravating and their depredations provocative of righteous indignation on the part of persons present upon the scene. Still, it was the humane way and can hardly lead to any more harm, at worst, than an attack and general slaughter would have been. It is not a lesson of vengeance the Indian needs so much as a lesson in merciful justice.

MR. WANAMAKER'S IDEAL.

The programme which Postmaster General Wanamaker outlines in an interview elsewhere, for the improvement of the postal service, is interesting. It shows that an energetic business man who has been trained to the work of seeking all methods by which he can improve commercial services will, when transferred to public administration, carry the same qualities far beyond what is possible for any political mind. That Mr. Wanamaker during his incumbency can realize one-tenth of the reforms which he outlines, is not to be expected; but the statement of what he regards as possible will be a valuable guide for the future. The most prominent of Mr. Wanamaker's improvements are the postal telegraph and postal savings banks. These projects have been so much discussed that no comment on his presentation of them is called for here. But it is worth while to note that the minor features which the Postmaster General would introduce combine to form an aggregate change greater than either the postal telegraph or the postal savings bank. He recognizes plainly that such a postal service as he would establish cannot be realized, except by taking the postoffices out of politics. He proposes to do that by putting its actual management into the hands of a permanent secretary of the department, by a fixed tenure for employes of the postoffices, and by requiring previous service for appointments in the railway mail service or Postoffice Department. With the changes which that implies, of permanently removing the postal service from the spoils of political campaigns, it might be possible to realize Mr. Wanamaker's plan not only of postal savings banks and telegraphs within walking distance of every home; but a building costing $10,000 or upward for every office where the rental is $500 per year or more, of postoffices connected with their branches by pneumatic tubes, and telephones; of organization into postal districts, and of a free delivery from all except the very smallest offices.

We are a long way off from the realization of this ideal. But it is useful to study it, as something which might be reached by reducing our governmental system to the basis of actual business efficiency.

BISHOP NEWMAN ON WEALTH.

The Rev. John P. Newman contributes to our list of special articles a disquisition on the divinity of riches. Though enumerating some general and important truths, this article fails to recognize the real causes of discontent at the accumulation of vast fortunes. This is not inconsistent with Bishop Newman's character; but it is hardly possible to pass such an exploitation of the nobility of wealth without pointing out what is the foundation of truth in it.

It may be presumptuous to dispute with a divine of Bishop Newman's standing the accuracy of his assertion that wealth is obtained by a God-given faculty, and the acquisition and management of it "the noblest of missions." But the Bishop does not number among the articles of his denominational theology the right to render *ex cathedra* judgments on social topics. It is therefore possible to compare his assertions with the utterances of the Founder of the religion which he professes. When we find there such commands to the disciples of Christianity as "Lay not up treasure for yourselves on earth," and "Sell all thou hast, and give unto the poor," it is possible to conclude that the clerical statement of the divinity of wealth is overdrawn. It is true, that in one sense wealth is the divinity worship by too great a portion of our civilization. But it is in exactly that sense that the Teacher whom the Bishop professes to follow, spoke of it when he declared the impossibility of serving both God and Mammon.

On the other hand the right of the person, who, by industry and foresight has obtained property, to enjoy and control it, is, as the Bishop says, one of the fundamental features of society. Without it industry and frugality would have no reward. But it should be noted, first, that the exercise of the right, simply to gain wealth by such qualities, without infringing upon the rights of others, or obtaining any special privileges above the masses, would not create many immense fortunes, such as mark the present social era; and second, that the real complaint against wealth to-day is against that class of it that is created and exalts itself by violating the right of the common people to enjoy the fruits of their own industry. Thus it is easy to see that the association of capital in the incorporated form leads a thousand or ten thousand people to unite their savings to the average amount of a thousand dollars apiece, which may be beneficially used in some incorporated enterprise. If some person, by the well-known processes of stock manipulation, inside rings, railway discriminations, or the alternation of pools and cut-throat wars, succeeds in freezing them out until they sell their stock at one-half or one-tenth its honest value, it is plain that the natural right of property, whether it is divine or not, has been wantonly violated, and that a great fortune has been built up by such a violation.

Bishop Newman is quite right in saying that the complaint is against the aristocracy of wealth, and that a great deal of the complaint is irrational and unreasoning. But he fails to perceive that the real aristocracy of wealth consists in its use of unjust and illegal privileges for its creation and aggrandisement; and, next, that the complaints, irrational as they may be, are founded on the dimly comprehended truth, that wealth created by such means takes away from the masses the right to enjoy the full reward of their own industry. It is true also that the exercise of the faculties which create wealth, if governed by the well-established principles of law, confer as great benefit on the public at large as on the person who makes a fortune by his enterprise or invention. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before on a scale multiplied by millions is a public benefactor. He deserves the wealth he can gain by that process. But suppose that instead of that he finds a means of gaining riches by making only one blade of grass grow where two might grow, what is he? Or to illustrate the same principle, let us take an invention to facilitate the cheap inter-communication of the public like long distance telephony. The wealth gained by putting that invention into operation would be legitimate and a public benefit; but it is not too much to say, that the wealth gained by suppressing it, in the interest of a great monopoly, is a public injury and a wrong.

The great fact that should be fully understood, in this connection, is that when wealth represents no such illegitimate gains at the cost of the masses it will have no reason to fear the attacks of socialism or the discontent of the masses. But as the majority of our notably great fortunes represent exactly such methods, it may occur to others beside Bishop Newman that the complaints of the masses, though blind and irrational, are not altogether without foundation.

THE DRAMA IN POLITICS.

It is difficult for the American public to conceive that a play treating of political events should be deemed so important that one party must undertake the work of hissing it down and the other, of demanding that it be represented, until the conflict of popular opinion develops into a riot. If we add the feature of a Government gravely deliberating whether it will do to permit such a stage representation, and actually showing vacillation over it, the matter goes beyond our comprehension. Yet these are the features of the dispute over Sardou's new drama which agitated Paris last week.

In writing "Thermidor" Sardou intended to use the stage as a political engine against the radical republicanism. In drawing a forbidding picture of the Republicans of 1793, he has doubtless shown ability to use his imagination for his facts which appears to a marked degree in his other works. No doubt his portrayal of that great historical era improves every opportunity to misrepresent facts, or to represent only one side of them, by which the passionate revolt of the Terrorists can be made to seem the wanton cruelty of brutal savages. That is the weak point of every attempt to enforce a moral or political lesson by means of works of fiction. It would be just as easy for a Republican dramatist like Victor Hugo to produce a stage picture in which the Terrorists should appear as heroes and patriots, as for Sardou to make them murderers and savages.

There is certainly reason for us to feel gratified that we are, as a nation, far beyond the point where we can get into a riot over a political drama. We may account for a part of the difference between ourselves and the French by recognizing that there is a less radical demarcation of issues between the parties. If anyone should produce a drama showing the revolutionary characters of this country to be selfish and besotted wretches, perhaps it would be more closely akin to Sardou's effort. But even that wanton attack on our national beliefs would not create a riot. There might be a disposition to hiss such a drama from the stage; but the vast majority of Americans would show their perception of the surest means of suppressing such nonsense by staying away from the performance and letting it die.

We have got happily beyond the point of regarding the stage as a means of public instruction. Only the other day, in one of the Pittsburg theaters, an actor took occasion in a topical song to introduce a verse embodying the stock attack on the McKinley bill. Of the audience, seven, if not eight-tenths were supporters of that measure; but none of them thought it worth while to even show a sign of dissent. And they were right. The American public goes to the theater to be interested and amused. The class that can have its views on history or political measures affected by a stage presentation is too ignorant to be catered for by our theatrical managers.

The fact that the drama can be taken so seriously in France as to regard it as a political engine, furnishes the explanation for another marked difference in the standing which the stage and playwrights have in France as compared with Anglo-Saxon countries. If the stage representations have this political importance, it is natural that its elevation should be the first care of a government, and that the successful maker of dramas should occupy the highest rank in literature. But the press and the drama in France occupy nearly a reversed position as compared with the respective power of the two in this country. For some reason—perhaps because liberty of the press has been really unknown there before the present generation—the newspapers of France are hardly taken more seriously than the drama is here; while the drama there has the political importance as a means of reaching the people that the press has in the United States, with something of the direct contact and personal impression possessed by our political orators of a generation ago.

Perhaps our view of these radical differences between national characteristics is akin to the feeling of *Punch's* housemaid who, when told that the French say "Wee" for "yes," replied: "Law, Miss, how trifling!" Nevertheless we can hardly help regarding it as a matter of congratulation that we are long past that stage of self-government where a political excitement can be produced by the fact that an inventive genius like Sardou sees fit to employ his imagination in remodeling political history.

WE HAVE PLENTY OF GAS.

All have been sorry in a sense to see the clouds of black smoke hovering over Pittsburg again, and many will respond to the sentiment of a gas man quoted in another column. It is the belief of many persons familiar with the gas business that there is still plenty of gas if it was properly prospected for and piped here. The striking of a well of tremendous pressure only 30 miles northeast from the city yesterday, and the existence of two roarers not yet utilized near Coraopolis, tends to fully confirm this view. These fields, if piped to this city, would more than supply the deficiency from which it has suffered this winter. Several movements are on foot to go after gas as soon as spring opens, and the probabilities are several new lines will be in operation next winter.

WASTE PAPER RESOLUTIONS.

We do not know what the Governor will do with that resolution of the Legislature instructing the Pennsylvania Senators to vote for the elections bill. But the discussion as to his course in the matter exaggerates its importance for one reason. That is, that the resolution will have exactly the same effective force without his signature as with it; and that is none at all.

The attempt of a Legislature to instruct the representatives of a State in Congress is at all times nothing more than a mere expression of opinion. In this case it is doubly a spoiling of valuable blank paper.

It is, in the first place, an attempt to pacify the disgruntled partisan mind by instructing the Senators on what is already a dead dog in the pit. In the next place if the instruction were upon measures to be settled in the future, it would be utterly without authority. There is no constitutional warrant for Legislatures to tell Senators how to vote. There is no constitutional requirement that Senators shall obey such instructions. If they do so it is simply from political policy. So far as any official weight is concerned, the electors whose votes elected President Harrison might just as well come together and instruct the President to sign the free coinage bill, or appoint Mr. Jay Gould Secretary of the Treasury. The resolution passed by the Legislature is simply the expression of combined individual opinions. Whether that opinion will be weighty with Cameron and Quay or not depends on whether Cameron and Quay are the creatures of the individual members of the Legislature or *vice versa*. But it is certain to have just as much effect without the Governor's signature as with it.

A DAYLIGHT ROBBERY.

Robbery in broad daylight in a suburb of this city is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. It has too much of that wild Southwestern flavor we are fond of ridiculing. There is so little difference between robbing a jewelry store, on a much-frequented street, in the glare of day, and holding up a Texas stage coach, that it is not worth noting. The robbers got away. Possibly the explanation of so much bold lawlessness is to be found in the fact that the criminals do get away so often.

SENATOR THOMAS proposes to hurry up matters a little with a bill requiring all telegraph and telephone wires to be placed under ground in cities of the first and second class, within eighteen months of the passage of the act. If the Senator gets his bill passed and can then get it enforced, he will clear the overhead atmosphere for the exclusive use of the high tension electric light and electric railway wires.

THE independence of the esteemed Philadelphia *Press* is mainly exercised now in denouncing independence. When the *Press* gets to kicking over jobbery and corrupt party machinery we shall wish it more power to its kicking apparatus.

GENERAL THOMAS L. JAMES is responsible for the statement that we have no more than 83,000 Welshmen in the United States. It was supposed there were as many as that in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio alone. Possibly the misapprehension arises from the habit which a full-blooded Welshman has, when he gets to hustling, of creating an idea that there are half a dozen of him.

BOTH parties in Congress are now reported to have agreed that exclusive attention shall henceforth be given to the appropriation bills. As a consequence the surplus begins to assume a pale and panic-stricken hue.

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* is making good its name with the inquiry, as to the municipal politics of that city: "Shall the Traction syndicate or the people rule this town?" We supposed that question was settled long ago in favor of the vested interests. If the esteemed *Inquirer* goes on in this way it may establish the new Philadelphia, but it will get itself disliked as an enemy of capital.

THE Roman Congregation of Rites has decided not to canonize Columbus. Chicago will therefore have to see what it can do in the line of making it up to his memory by a world-wide celebration.

THE Eastern press is beginning to openly intimate that the boom in sugar refineries stock is a clear speculative manipulation to fleece the public before the new sugar duties go into effect. What! Is it possible the eminent philanthropists who operate that combination would skin the speculative public when they can no longer squeeze the consumers of sugar?

IN all the comments over the defeat of Ingalls, Republican organs should remember that he went down as much under the burden of party errors, as of personal faults.

WHILE it is the fashion to turn up the Eastern nose at Ingalls' success, it is worth while to notice that there is as much promise of future greatness in Pfeffer's past career, as there was in Ingalls' when he was first elected. Pfeffer was a Judge Advocate during the war; and Ingalls fought bravely in the same position.

THIRTY thousand shares of new stock subscribed, form a gratifying assurance to the public that the Westinghouse Electric Company is very nearly out of the woods.

IT is interesting to observe that Ingalls' successor is getting the most unfavorable notices from both Democratic and Republican organs. If there is anything which your party organ hates worse than a member of the opposing party it is the man who makes a hit by belonging to neither party.

ANYHOW, if Robert Ray Hamilton, or his double, should turn up and claim the property, he would have to produce very conclusive evidence that he is not dead.

NINE hundred and sixty-eight new buildings in Allegheny City this year, with an appraised valuation of $1,852,850 or nearly $2,000 to each building, is a very fair showing for the Northside municipality. Put Pittsburg and Allegheny's growth for last year together and the total will make a good sized town by itself.

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.

MRS. LUCY POLK SNELL, a young artist of some talent, is one of the few surviving relatives of President Polk, being his grandniece.

THERE is a female revolutionist in Japan who is described as young, pretty and wealthy, but who is burdened with the name Kageamer Hiddo.

AT the end of the ballroom in Mrs. W. C. Whitney's New York home, there is a gem of a stage, very small, but beautifully proportioned, supported by columns of Italian marble.

SENATOR EDMUNDS is one of the few Congressional orators who preserve the "town-meeting attitudes." He is simple in his language, old-fashioned in his manners, and there are but few flights of fancy or figures of speech in his solid speeches.

MISS CHARLOTTE GREGG, recently appointed instructor on the piano in the Chicago Conservatory of Music, is said to be the youngest teacher ever assigned to so responsible a position. Western people think her the peer of Mme. Rive-King and Fraulein Aus der Ohe.

PROF. BERNHARD BLOCKHORST'S portrait of the Empress Augusta has just been hung in the National Gallery of Berlin. It represents Her Majesty in widow's weeds, with a diamond head-dress and a sorrowful expression about the mouth. Her pale and intellectual face is beautifully represented.

MINUS C. KEITH, a Brooklyn man, is the moving spirit in Costa Rican affairs at present. He owns the railroad and about half the banana plantations of the little Republic, and the majority of the inhabitants obey him as if he were a dictator. He is about 40 years of age and is married to a native woman.

THE Countess Wanda Henkel von Donnersmark is said in Germany to own the finest hunting grounds in the empire. These are the spoils of a three days' chase: First day, 21 hunters, 700 hares, 101 pheasants, 3 eagles; second day, 25 sportsmen, 1,215 hares, 20 pheasants, 1 falcon; third day, 8 hunters, 138 hares, 747 pheasants.

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia and his imperial brother are the best of friends, and no visitor is more welcome to William II. The Prince is a fine violinist and a good orchestral leader. At private concerts in the imperial family circle he usually takes the baton and arranges the programme. When at Kiel he plays first violin in the Officers' Orchestra, but, of course, so public an appearance would not do in Berlin.

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, the Unitarian divine of Boston, who has accepted a call to the Church of the Messiah in Chicago, is one of the best known preachers of New England. He is just 60 years old, and is a man of medium height, with a straight, well-made figure. His head is well formed and his eyes are small. His sermons are always delivered without notes, and he is a convincing speaker. His voice is low and well modulated, and he speaks with great self-possession.

Higher Prices at Maine Hotels.

Lewiston Journal.]

Since the hotels in Portland have decided to do business at the old stand on water power, the Christian Endeavor Convention to be held there next week, is notified that its members will be received as guests at the hotels, but that they must pay an extra sum because the revenue of the hotel bars is shut off. Christians, it may safely be assumed, will not endeavor to encourage bars by kicking at paying hotel rates that will remove all apology for the illogical alliance of hotels and rumshops. The Christians who are to rally in Portland next week, will doubtless reflect with satisfaction that in paying extra for board, they are eating for the Lord instead of drinking for the devil—as is the wont of the ungodly.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Rev. Albert Hale.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 31.—Rev. Albert Hale, well known as "Father" Hale, one of the pioneer Presbyterian preachers of Illinois, died yesterday, aged 91 years. He was for 27 years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield, and had been a resident of this city since 1839.

Speaker A. C. Whittier.

HELENA, MONT., Jan. 31.—The Legislature adjourned until Tuesday in respect to the memory of the late Speaker, A. C. Whittier, who died at Dillon this morning.

FAMOUS STORY TELLERS.

Knights Who Have Won Their Spurs in the Charmed Circle Which Baron Munchausen Founded—Samples of the Style Peculiar to Some of the Leaders.

SINCE the death of the famous Baron Munchausen in Germany many years ago, original imitators have sprung up and managed to gain more or less fame. The growing institutions of America and the many booms that always require a prolific imagination to back them, have somehow evoluted a crop of raconteurs (that is the polite euphemism for men with vivid imaginations) which bids fair to become richer as time passes. New York City, as a rule, is the Mecca to which these talented men gravitate. There is Eli Perkins whose halo is somewhat dimmer than it was in his young and palmy days; Tom Ochiltree, whose laurels are still fresh; Colonel Patrick Donan, whose sporadic flights of imagination have lost none of their brilliancy; Colonel Dick Wintersmith, whose letter to "Parthenon Heights" Rogers accepting Pan-Electric stock exhibited his exuberant style; Edgar William Nye, who is a professional and does not count; Chauncey M. Depew, whose after-dinner jokes are often coined from the mint of his own originality; Moses P. Handy, President of the Clover Club of Philadelphia and now Chief of the Promoting and Publicity Department of the World's Fair; Colonel Chaille Long, whose famous exploits on the Upper Nile, if published, might make Stanley green with envy; Joseph Mulhatton, who is perennial and careful about dates; J. Armoy Knox, who fought several duels down on the beach at Far Rockaway, and many other shining lights too numerous to particularize.

Some of the most aspiring raconteurs in New York are comparatively unknown. They are W. H. Ballou, William Cooper and Colonel Julian H. Larke, a veteran of the Crimean War, and a member of a number of societies in this city, who are making records that will not cause their posterity to blush. When the charge of the Six Hundred took place at Balaklava Colonel Larke, then an Ensign in the British army, witnessed it from a hospital window where he was lying wounded. He served in the Union army during the late Civil War. Just one sample, as he relates it, of his experience at the Battle of Lookout Mountain, will serve to illustrate his broad gauge and rococo style:

* * *

A Sample From Colonel Larke.

"TALK about close places in battle, I had an experience that might have turned my hair gray if I had been conscious of my awful position. It was at the battle of Lookout Mountain when it looked rather blue for our side. The Confederates were advancing, and there seemed to be no way to check them. I was an aide on the commanding general's staff, and he had great confidence in my ability to lead a charge. He ordered me to head the cavalry and charge the Confederates. Mounted on a spirited charger, I placed myself at the head of the cavalry and ordered them to follow me. The earth shook almost under the heavy tramping of so many horses. It was a charge into the very jaws of death. As we rode forward the Confederate cavalry met us, and a fine battle of sabers occurred.

"Every time I cut I emptied a saddle. Indeed, I made a swath for my men to follow me. While parrying a saber thrust from a Confederate officer, which made this scar on my forehead, a shell exploded in front of me and a piece of it went through my left shoulder. I fell from my horse, and the entire Federal artillery and infantry charged over my prostrate body. This occurred in the afternoon. That night I was buried in a ditch with 100 dead comrades. As luck would have it I was put on top, and the dirt was thinly spread over us. My nose and toes were not covered, but pointed to the stars. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for the early morning dew falling upon me revived me. I called aloud and help came. I do not suppose many men have been buried and live to tell it."

* * *

Col. Tom Ochiltree's Weakness.

TOM OCHILTREE has had more of his lucubrations published than a majority of the reconteurs mentioned. He returned from Europe recently and related this episode, which has not yet found its way into print. This is his free and easy style in narrating the episode:

"As it is well known that ever since I went to Europe some years ago with a general letter of introduction from General Grant and all the crowned heads of Europe made my acquaintance, it would be superfluous to say that I did not feel perfectly at home over there. The Prince of Wales sent his equerry to ask after my health soon after I arrived in London. In Paris I took dinner, en famille, with President Carnot, and in Berlin I was the guest of the Emperor for several days. By the by, the Emperor is a hard worker and rises early. Often he rode to Potsdam and got back in time for breakfast.

"On my return from the Continent I concluded to visit all of my friends in London, and not devote any time to the Prince of Wales and his set. You see, the Prince is a splendid fellow, real royal in his nature, but the truth is he lives at a pace that I would not care to keep up any length of time. I had taken the pains not to register at my hotel, and fancied I was doing the incog. act in great shape. One morning at breakfast I received a card that proved the futility of trying to remain incog. It was from Colonel Ponsonby, the Queen's private secretary. I stepped into the hall, and, shaking hands cordially with him—for I really think Pon is a capital fellow—I asked him to smoke and spend the day with me. I thought if I could get him to stay all day I might persuade him not to mention my presence in London to either the Queen or the Prince of Wales. He accepted a 50-cent cigar, but not my invitation to spend the day with me. Then assuming a grave look, he said I was expected to dine at Windsor Castle that very evening. I said I had heard nothing about it. He replied that he came to invite me. To be brief, I had to accept. Whether I was to dine with the Queen, or the Prince of Wales, or the Marchioness of Ely and the Princesses of Teck, ladies in waiting to the Queen, was what I could not tell."

At this point Colonel Ochiltree came to a halt, as if he had finished, and his anxious listeners asked: "Well, with whom did you dine?"

"Oh, the Queen, of course."

* * *

Pat Donan's Gold Mine.

COLONEL PAT DONAN, who lives a greater part of his time in this city, is a poetical raconteur, and often soars so high he forgets the thread of his story.

"Gold mines? Why, in Honduras I saw the richest gold mine in existence. Pizarro in his wildest dreams never saw as much gold as I did in a certain Honduras mine. Tantalus in all his wonderful illusions never imagined the wealth that lay revealed to the naked eye in huge boulders in this particular mine. Rider Haggard with his King Solomon's mines could not come up to what I saw. The glittering metal fairly intoxicated the senses. When my guide brought me to the outer world again and I gazed at the sky its blue was gone and in its place was a golden hue, the reflection of the color my eyes had feasted on for hours.

"Now that mine with its wonderful wealth is lost to the world. The descendant of Montezuma, who was my guide, and who alone knew the way to the cave of gold, died soon afterward and the secret died with him. What is gold, or wealth, to one exalted emotion, one beautiful thought, one gorgeous, dreamy flight of the imagination?"

* * *

One of Col. Long's Adventures.

ONE night on the Upper Nile Colonel Chaille Long was attacked in a curious way. An African chief presented the Colonel with a harem, which he refused. He had a hand-to-hand encounter with the burly chief and vanquished him. The Colonel is very clear in his narrative.

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Handy's Effervescent Style.

MAJOR MOSES P. HANDY has a clean-cut way of reaching a climax through a labyrinth of hyperbole. "Chicago? It is a city so cool in summer the citizens bring out the refrigerators to cool them off. It is just the place to hold the World's Fair or any kind of a fair. Fresh water breezes constantly play through the streets, and entire blocks can be passed without seeing an ice cream sign. I am glad Chicago was selected as the city to hold the fair in."

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Chauncey Depew's Great Gift.

AS AN after-dinner orator Chauncey M. Depew has trained his imagination and revamped many a story to illustrate a telling point. Who has not heard of the many Peekskill incidents which occurred in Chauncey's boyhood days? The Only Chauncey never makes aimless excursions of the imagination, but always points a moral or adorns a humorous speech. One time a man noted as a high-toned, educated beat called upon Mr. Depew to strike him for an honorarium. The railroad President did not give the man time to come to the point, but started out this way:

"Did I ever tell you about a distant relative of mine? Well, he was noted as a most wonderful liar, and at matches in California and other States he easily took the prize. He was painstaking and added the element of humor to the uncertainty of facts which made his productions entertaining if not instructive. One day he was sunstruck, and we were frightened for fear that when he recovered his ingenuity as a liar would be lost. But strange to say, his powers were greater than ever. He told a story which, before his illness, was down in his repertoire as a 15 minutes' recitation, and embellished it so it took him an hour's time. Well, I liked the embellishment exceedingly, and if you don't mind I will relate it to you."

The high-toned beat arose and said haughtily: "I came up to see you on business, not to hear an after dinner speech on the affliction of a relative. Good-day."

It amused Depew immensely, and he says he has tried several stories since then with good effect.

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Snake Story by Ballou.

A PAINSTAKING and careful worker in the well cultivated field of the imagination is a comparatively unknown novelist, W. H. Ballou. He has made no fame yet, but is very ambitious. This is a specimen of his best work:

"Several years ago I was crossing the Rocky Mountains in company with a party of surveyors. One day I got detached from the party and descended the side of a mountain. I came to a big cave, the mouth of which was filled with rattlesnakes in a torpid condition. They were shedding their skins. I picked up a pebble and threw it into the cave. Hundreds of rattlesnakes came rushing out. I was transfixed with terror, and could not move. I was over 50 yards from the cave, and my death seemed to be only a question of a few seconds. The rattlesnakes came toward me, and suddenly faced in another direction as if preparing for battle.

"I looked in that direction and saw over 1,000 tall blacksnakes rushing forward on the end of their tails, their heads craned and their forked tongues out of their mouths. The rattlesnakes, nearly equal in number, did not shrink from the encounter, but double quicked, sending forth the most musical rattle noise I ever heard. The big rattles and the little rattles blended in a way that is indescribable. Before the contending forces met they had attained great speed and the shock of contact echoed down the mountain sides for miles. Some of the blacksnakes were hurled hundreds of yards in the air. But they came down game as could be. They twisted around the rattlers and in 20 minutes every rattlesnake was choked to death." CHARLES T. MURRAY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.

WOMEN AT THE PLAY.

Approval of the Desire to Use Vigorous Expletives at Times.

New York Evening Sun.]

An audience of women is wholly sui generis. An audience of men alone or a mixed audience is so different from the individuals composing it. It has a different temper toward the world, and is capable of insights and of actions which in no way represent the capacity or taste of any single person in it. But an audience of women, for its adherence to standards purely personal and feminine, might wear a single bonnet on its head and pat out its approval with a single pair of smoothly gloved hands. These reflections are suggested by the behavior of the audience of women at Miss Cameron's performance of "The Doll's House" yesterday afternoon. The entire house behaved itself in exactly the same way in reference to the play that any one woman would have done. It cried as a single woman, it laughed as a single woman, it applauded as a single woman. And its judgment on the play was pre-eminently that of women. It was evident that the ethical question in the play appealed to them and not its dramatic movement. No audience of men cares a rap about the ethical drama; with them the play's the thing. But women have a keen scent after the ethics of life; and so it was that they filed out of the theater and melted away into twos and threes, discussing, not the artistic quality in the composition of the play or in the production of it, but the moral quality in *Nora's* behavior and the sacred rights of the individual soul and a great many other split points that were more Bostonese than interesting.

There were four places in the play where the audience was aroused to an expression of approval in the line that was purely feminine. The first was when *Nora* said: "Sometimes I just want to say 'Oh, damn!'" A distinct sound of sympathy rustled among the bonnets at this.

When *Nora* set forth the principle that "a woman who has once sacrificed herself for others never does it a second time," the handclapping was more vigorously approbative than at any other place in the play except where *Nora* answers her husband's grandiloquence, "A man never sacrifices his honor for those he loves," with the equally grandiloquent remark, "Hundreds of women do that every day." There was no mistaking the heartiness of their approval at this. The applause was nearly as spontaneous and as ringing as if it struck out from the palms of a lot of men. The other sentiment that won quick recognition on its merits alone was the profound observation that *Helmer* makes about *Christina's* knitting work: "You should crochet; it looks better." Here the assent was almost as unanimous as in the former case.

WINDOM'S LAST SPEECH.

His Sound Views on Coinage and the Currency Question.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

In his last declaration Secretary Windom uttered a protest against the free coinage of silver at this time. He regarded it as now unsafe. A believer, as a bimetalist, in plenty of coin to meet the wants of business operations, he would welcome free silver coinage, as well as free gold coinage, were the conditions favorable; but they are not so and will not be until made so by international agreement. A system of free silver and fiat paper money would prove disastrous.

The argument of the Secretary that free silver coinage would utterly fail to expand the currency is somewhat novel. Its foundation is the theory that the dollar would have only the value of the bullion contained in it, and the inducement to coin our silver would be small, while there would be no imports from other countries for coinage purposes. At the same time the market value of our silver would decline. "How then?" asked this earnest student of our finances, "will unlimited coinage either expand the circulation or enhance the value of silver?" The words uttered by this able financier at the very threshold of death will doubtless have great weight with our Representatives in Congress in their consideration of the silver bill.

VERY FACETIOUS.

A Press Club Delegate Writes While Smoking a Toby and Longing for Sausage.

Frank Raymond in Reading Herald.]

But the air is very wholesome for all that and the people are brisk, lively and happy. They breathe the air and thrive and so do the laundries, and Pittsburg babies when taken elsewhere cry for soot, while Pittsburg boomers are never happier than when they see more chimneys going up to make more soot. If for any cause the air isn't thick enough they smoke stogies, which are sold everywhere five for a nickel, and one stogy will yield enough smoke to smoke a wheelbarrow load of sausages.

The sun shines very brightly on Pittsburg, sometimes, but in their large-minded, liberal way they let the electric lights burn all day, for fear that strangers might think them mean. In Allegheny City, which is a part of Pittsburg, they are so liberal and considerate that they have put the electric lights up on high towers, almost out of sight, so that the wild birds can see and fly over the town at night. The people down below get along the best they can.

Over-Critical but Not Broad.

Lewiston, Me., Journal.]

Sitting upon the Hubbard House piazza at Paris Judge Virgin was asked by a member of the Oxford bar regarding the legal qualifications of a practitioner in another part of Maine. Said he: "Mr. —— might sit in this chair while an elephant and a mouse pass up the street before his eyes; of the mouse he could tell you the length of the tail, the texture of the coat and the color of the eye, but it would never occur to Mr. —— that he had seen an elephant!"

BACK FROM TOWN.

Old friends allus is the best,
Halest-like and heartiest:
Knowed us first, and don't allow
We're so blame much better now!
They was standin' at he bars
When we grabbed "the kivvered kyars"
And lit out fer town, to make
Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the world we went
Into beat "The Settlement,"
And the friends 'at we'd make there
Would beat any anywhere!
And they do—fer that's their biz:
They beat all the friends they is—
'Cept the real old friends like you
'At staid home, like I'd ort to!

W'y, of all the good things yit
I ain't shet of, is to quit
Business, and git back to sheer
These old comforts waitin' here—
These old friends; and these old hands
'At a feller understands;
These old winter nights, and old
Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times 'll Come Ag'n
No More!" and neighbors all jine in!
Here's a feller come from town
Wants that-air old fiddle down
From the chimbly! Git the floor
Clear fer one cowtillion more!—
It's poke the kitchen 'fire, says he,
And shake a friendly leg with me!

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in February Century.*

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

Sights and Scenes of a Two Weeks' Tramping Tour Through Green County—Plenty of Room for Road Reform—Networks of Oil Pipes—Fox Chasing.

NINETY miles of walking over Green county hills might seem, at first glance, a more bitter pill than a doctor's prescription, but the bill is easier paid and the results surer. The last sheet of manuscript was revised and the publisher's address penned on the express package with a nervous hand. The reaction from prolonged strain drives me to the family physician.

"It isn't pills you need," he advises. "You have overdrawn your vitality and need to go to some quiet place for a couple of weeks where you will have entertaining company and live in the open air most of the time. Don't take a note book and pencil along; exercise until you are tired and go to bed early."

Hard conditions to fill, these, with January weather to do it in, but the solution of the problem comes in the shape of a generous invitation to rusticate and evangelize. "Come stay with me during my protracted meeting," writes a country ministerial friend. "You needn't preach and you will get enough interested in the meeting to drive away ennui, while my horse is lame and I want to see all the people within five miles of the church and will give you all the walking you can relish."

Arctic overshoes, leather leggins, a waterproof coat and away we go to test the value of shoe-leather friction. It is the "getting there" which hurts worse than the going after one is there. The city man accustomed to railway travel never feels that he has gone very far provided he can get back to the starting point the same day by rail; but put him on a horse and jog him ten miles up hill and down over rough, frozen roads, and he experiences a "cut loose" feeling from all the rest of creation that is very gruesome until he gets used to it.

* * *

Everybody Owns the Road.

IF EVER you want a striking illustration of a thing that nobody owns, take a section of a Green county road. When a farmer wants to build a new fence, he lets the old one stand and sets the new posts a foot or two out into the road. I saw a log stable that had been built directly in the middle of the road, and the wagon track had to turn so close to the corner of it that it took a pretty good driver to avoid bumping the hub of his wheel against a bottle of spavin cure that was stuck in the crack. If a man owns a thousand acres of land, he will turn his wood-pile out to commons, and if he wants to build a cow shed he will hew all his timbers and leave the chips in the county road. The more sleds and wagons and mowing machines and stable manure he can litter the highway with in front of his place, the bigger farmer he is. When he trims his orchard, he piles the brush there.

It is the general impression that if the public roads belong to anyone in particular in Green county, it must be to the oil men. He tears it up or throws down rail fences and changes it to the meadows at his own sweet will. Just outside Mount Morris one section of the road looks like a gridiron of a giant. Steam pipes, water pipes, gas pipes and oil pipes make a perfect criss-cross of tubing. In some places the heat from the steam has dried the ground out and left streaks of summer dust, where the chickens go and roll, sandwiched between frost beds. The jets of gas that are left burning at intervals to prevent the pipe freezing keep up a summer temperature, and the grass grows around these spots as green and luxuriant as in June. The pump station at Mount Morris has an oasis of this sort of an eighth of an acre or so which would be worth a fortune could it be transported in all its verdant beauty to the palace of the Czar.

* * *

They Live in the Past.

BUT it is not only in roads there is lack of progress; one does not need to read books of folk-lore to learn how people lived 100 years ago. The last century is located but 50 miles from Pittsburg. In tramping from Mount Morris to Maidsville, W. Va., I ran across a shoemaker pegging away in a little dog-kennel of a shop, making men's boots by hand from hand-twisted waxed ends to yellow stitches in the tops, as though no labor-saving machinery had ever been invented. But the boots will last until 1900, whereas the machine shoes I wore were badly racked by the 12-mile tramp. At the house which we made our regular lodging place, "boarding around" for meals, the old people sat by the firelight and smoked the long evenings away. There was not a sign of a lamp about the house except the lantern with which they lighted the way to the barn to feed the stock before daylight. We were shown our bedroom without the formality of a candle.

"Stir up the fire," suggested the old gentleman when he saw us looking for light enough to find a chair by. At 5 o'clock in the morning they rapped us out and we had to dress by sense of feeling and go out to the well and complete our morning's toilet by the aid of a tin washbasin and water from the well bucket that had been thoughtfully drawn long enough before to acquire the temperature of the frosty atmosphere. The drippings froze in icicles on our beards before the kitchen towel could be reached. And yet one of these old farmers would have pooh-hood at the suggestion of any more comfortable way of doing. I learned that this was about the only home in the community that boasted a "spare bed" with a fire in the room. There was another good old lady who had a fireplace in her spare bedroom, but the chimney smoked so that there hadn't been a fire in it since the war."

* * *

Women Still Do the Milking.

FROM this rendezvous we sallied forth each day to do from 6 to 15 miles walking per diem. James Whitcomb Riley would have found these people, like 'Ras Wilson—worthy his respect because they are "so common." In the course of our tramping we ran across a man who is the owner of upward of 2,000 acres of the best land in Green county, a former member of one branch of the State Legislature, whose wife takes a tin bucket and goes out to milk the cows in the barnyard. It is not parsimony, but just the way of the country.

A letter which came for me after my return home was forwarded by the Postmaster. Instead of simply marking it "return," as any postmaster ought to have known enough to do, he put it in a stamped envelope and addressed it to me. A few days after I received a bill for "Envelope, 1 cent; postage, 2 cents; services, 1 cent; total, 4 cents." I didn't want the Coroner to have to report a sudden death from broken heart, so I sent a check.

* * *

How the Farmers Strike Oil.

OCCASIONALLY the pipe line between Mount Morris and Washington bursts away up among the hills, and before they can get the leak stopped the runs are covered with yellow scum. The farmers take boards, old blankets or carpets, anything that will skim and save all thee rude oil they can. What can they do with it? Why, for internal and external medication it has a reputation that threatens to knock allopathy and homeopathy into a cocked hat. It is said to be good for man and beast, for kindling fires, for killing off chicken lice and for everything but shoe leather.

A man who tried the experiment of greasing a pair of boots with it was surprised and grieved to find that it had gone through the leather like aqua fortis and left it spongy and worthless, and the boots a size or two too large. At one of the stores I saw a man with a rain barrel full of the stuff he had gathered off the run, trying to trade it at oil exchange prices for snuff and calico.

* * *

They Love Fox Chasing.

THE second day's tramp of ten miles lamed the country parson so that he was compelled to invoke the aid of a stout hickory stick on the third. But there isn't a man in all that country whom the rheumatism or any other disability will affect when there is a fox loose on the hills with the hounds in hot pursuit. After limping about five miles to our dining place, groaning at every stone and hammock in the road, the parson suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the dinner table, and the hostess with him. For some cause the men had not made an appearance.

In a moment the secret was out; a fox was running full tilt across the bottoms, and everyone had gone out to see the fun who was not already out. The parson was streaking it across the fields at a 2:20 gait, trying to catch the dogs, and there was not a vestige of lameness in his motions. A man is not considered much of a fox-hunter in those parts who can calmly eat a dinner while the hounds are baying, and, in fact, he is of no account until he has run down a horse or two and all but broke his own neck. I have heard a story about a funeral that was postponed because there was a good fox snow and the chief mourner had a new dog he wanted to try.

But the communities which we visited in our two weeks of tramping, in which we covered 90 miles, is literally a land flowing with milk and honey. And the people are Abrams in their hospitality, turning no one away from their doors, lest they turn away an angel unawares. They will not soon forget the "man who walked everywhere," and the scales show him indebted several pounds avoirdupois to their chickens and biscuit. RAMBLER.

The Profession Points With Pride.

Washington Post.]

The PITTSBURG DISPATCH will shortly move into its handsome new building, and now has one of the best equipped newspaper homes in the country. THE DISPATCH is an American newspaper to which every member of the profession points with pride. **It richly deserves its commodious new quarters, and its continued prosperity is assured.**

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—They had canary birds flying about during a recent New York dinner party.

—Philip Griffiths, of Easton, Pa., broke his leg a few days ago by suddenly turning in bed.

—Muskegon, Mich., ladies are to have the privilege of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium twice a week.

—It is computed that there are now about 12,000 nickel-in-the-slot machines in use in this country.

—An Atchison man is soon to marry the woman who stood sponsor for him when he was baptized as a baby.

—The water to operate the mill at Monroe City, Mo., is hauled from Palmyra in an oil tank at a cost of $8 a car.

—The underground system of telegraphs of the German Empire, it is reported, has a total length of 3,600 miles.

—Boston's system of parks includes 1,042 acres, and the city has expended upon them for the purchase of land and construction about $6,000,000.

—T. A. Mann, of Minden, Neb., becoming enraged at a cow, tied her in a stall and sawed her legs off. He was compelled to flee to escape lynching.

—When the carpet has been soiled by ink instantly apply blotting paper, then milk, then blotting paper, and so on until the spot is out, as it will be. Don't rub.

—There has been a heavy fall of snow in the lumber regions of Northern Wisconsin, which is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the lumber trade.

—As Howard Hall was starting an electric motor in Bridgeport, Conn., a few days ago, "a bright blaze shot out from the dynamo and burned his mustache off."

—The German navy will have 37 more vessels in active service this year than last year. The total number to be assigned to duties lasting from three to ten months is 96.

—Dr. Sullivan Whitney, the first American physician to manufacture homeopathic remedies, died at Newtonville, Mass., on Wednesday at the age of 83 years.

—Mrs. John Knox, of Portland, Mich., is dying of paralysis. She was first afflicted three months ago, and has persistently refused medical aid, being a firm believer in faith cure.

—There is said to be a railway in Mexico on one section of which the ties are mahogany, simply because in that part of the country mahogany is the cheapest and most available wood.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wohlford, of Roanoke, Ind., celebrated their golden wedding the other day, and among the guests were five who attended the original ceremony half a century ago.

—John McQuay, of Talbot county, Md., brought to Baltimore this week a terrapin found in Wye river. It weighed six pounds. At the market rate it would sell for $10 50. "It is the largest terrapin seen in Baltimore in recent years."

—It is proposed in Paris to do away, as far as possible, with lunatic asylums, and to place insane persons who are not prone to violence in the homes of country people, who will be suitably remunerated by the State.

—Charlotte Scott, the colored woman who contributed the first $5 paid toward a monument for Abraham Lincoln in Washington, and whose name is on that account inscribed in bronze on the base of it, died last Saturday.

—The discovery of a freak in the shape of a wonderful boy contortionist at Bucksport, Me., who "can tie himself into knots that would astound a professional," is the latest Maine contribution to the multiplied wonders of the world.

—There died in Wixom, Oakland county, Mich., Tuesday morning, Mrs. Lucy Wixom, widow of the late Abijah Wixom. She was 91 years of age in October last. Her twin sister, Mrs. Wood, died about a week before in Portland, Ionia county.

—A Chinese laundryman at Jackson, Mich., has in his window a Chinese water lily received a few days ago from the Celestial Kingdom. The plant looks like the blue flag and on the end of each leaf bears a cluster of fragrant blossoms.

—Chesaning, Mich., has a religious fanatic who goes into trances and converses with the angels. While in this state he can be lanced to the bone without bleeding, the wound healing in a few hours. His name is Kaiser Hoffman and he is a Roman Catholic.

—Turkish soldiers are said to be very poor marksmen. Recent target contests in the Turkish army "demonstrated" that not one soldier in 20 could hit a man at 20 paces. A target about four feet in diameter, placed 30 rods away, was hit on an average only once out of 30 shots.

—Miss Louise Litteil, of Saginaw, has heroically sacrificed portions of her skin for the benefit of her sister Sarah, who was horribly burned several weeks ago. Eleven pieces of skin one inch wide and seven inches long have been transplanted from one sister to the other with every indication of success.

—Edward Lennon, who carried a pike in the Irish rebellion of 1798, died a few days ago in Brooklyn at the reputed age of 105 years. According to papers and records, which he had preserved for many years, he was born in County Derry, Ireland, some time in 1785. He was a mere lad when the rebellion was in progress, but he went to the front and was placed in a garrison.

—Near Tanga, in German East Africa, an important series of stalactite caverns has been lately discovered. They are in a system of Jurassic limestone, and, it is said, the caverns surpass any similar ones in Europe, both in extent and size. Millions of bats seem to be the only present occupants of the interior. Africa already possesses one of the cavernous wonders of the world—the stalactite caves of Wonderfontein, in the Transvaal.

—A strange accompaniment of a recent snow storm at Deerfield, Me., was the appearance of multitudes of little black bugs that spotted the surface of the snow as if shaken from a pepper box. They were from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch long, with two feelers and six legs. "They skipped about like fleas, and seemed to enjoy burrowing in the soft snow." They were first observed an hour after the storm ended, and disappeared during the night.

—The schooner D. K. Baker sailed for New York from Charleston, S. C., on Tuesday with her crew in irons. The men deserted the previous day. The captain secured police assistance, arrested them and took them aboard. He hired an extra crew to go across the bar and set the sails for him. When the sails were set and drawing, the captain put the extra crew aboard a tug and sent them back to the city, remarking that "hunger and mutiny wouldn't sail in the same ship, and they would get nothing to eat till they went to work."

A CORNER IN SMILES.

C. U. Rious—I'd like to see that new device of yours for preventing the theft of a watch.

I. N. Ventor—Can't show it. It was stolen from me yesterday by a pickpocket.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Timothy—Father, hain't it 'bout time we was plowin' fer wheat?

Farmer Hayfield—Jing derned the pesky wheat. I can't tend this yere farm and stand by the 'Liance in the Legislatur' at the same time.—*Greensburg Sparks.*

Benevolent Lady—Well, sir, I have given you a good meal. Are you going away without saying anything?

Tramp (putting his hat on)—What do you expect me to say, mum? I'm no Chauncey Depew.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Weakley—Statistics show that men of brain and thought attain a good old age, and that nincompoops die very young.

Miss Sharpley—I presume you have your obituary prepared, Mr. Weakley?—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Simpkins—Is there no straight, broad road to the United States Senate?

Timpkins—I guess not. All I ever heard of were crooked.—*Chicago Times.*

They are actually burning gunpowder in Chile. As the news spread abroad, and conviction is evolved from rumor, a deep flush suffuses the nut-brown face of Buffalo Bill, and he can be heard to grit his teeth nine blocks away when the wind is right.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Lowdown—Who is that homely girl over there with Van Broke, De Hardup and Du Lendme around her?

Wayup—She's the daughter of McAstral, the $30,000,000 oil king.

Lowdown—What a pretty girl, by jove!—*Schools of the Week.*

She—Now, how old would you take me to be? No flattery, now.

He—About 40. That is, by striking an average. You talk as wisely as a woman of 60, and look like a girl of 20.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I thought I'd come to Washington and see Congress make some of our laws," said the visitor, as he set his gripsack down on the hotel counter.

"How many years do you expect to remain with us?" inquired the clerk politely.—*Washington Post.*