TAX ON CITY TRADE.

Board of Assessors Getting Returns Upon Which to Base the 1-Mill Assessment on the

GROSS RECEIPTS OF MERCHANTS.

Every Business Man in the Municipality Receives a Blank Form to Fill Up and Swear To.

COAXING THE TRUTH FROM TAXPAYERS

An Increase in Saloons Doesn't Mean an Increase in Liquor Sales.

The Board of Assessors is making its annual test of Pittsburg's prosperity by that surest of barometers—the business tax. Last year the receipts from this source were $57,000, and it is expected to exceed that amount this year. While this sum is a pleasant addition to the receipts of the municipal treasury, yet the results are still more valuable in showing the progress of the city.

All last week the clerical force of the City Assessors' office was busy delivering blanks to every firm in the city, and to every store or house where a sign or any other indication of business existed. Not a place was missed except a little candy store here and there where the stock in trade and the light death rate among the children in the neighborhood indicated that the annual receipts would not amount to $1,000. As the tax is but 1 mill on the dollar, or $1 per $1,000, it does not pay to waste time, stationery and postage on such little concerns. Not so many of these are skipped, however, as appearances are sometimes a trifle deceptive and some taffy emporiums not much larger than a drygoods box handle more money than much more pretentious concerns.

Prompting Full and Free Returns.

The blank left at each place is expected to be filled up, probated and returned to the assessors' office. In cases of neglect to file this return within 10 days the Board of Assessors assesses the amount of business. The board does not hesitate to credit the delinquent with prosperity. The records of the preceding year are looked up, and if the merchant has paid tax on $10,000 without a murmur, he is promptly boosted up to $20,000. If he does not wander into the office and make a vigorous kick, the assessors feel that they have been flim-flammed, and that the merchant has not yet been taxed to the full amount of his receipts.

When a business man takes exception to his assessment he has the privilege of protesting, and many of them exercise that right. The merchant enters the assessors' office with beads of perspiration on his brow and anger in his heart. He wants to know what condemned fool imagined that he was making a million a minute, is willing to prove that he has lost money for the past year, and insists that he was only prevented from shutting up his store by fear of the depressing effect it would have upon business in general.

Hearing the Plaints of Kickers.

The assessors have heard this sort of thing before, in fact, if such a statement was not made to them at least once a day, they would miss it as they would the song of birds in the spring. After the aggrieved man has made his plaint he is asked in the blandest manner possible to name his price, or the amount of business he has done. That is only too easy, and he gives his estimate. Then he is asked, as blandly as ever, to swear to it.

Sometimes this staggers the kicker; he hesitates and demands with some asperity to know if his word isn't good enough. The assessor demeans himself with becoming humility and regret, but points out a section in the city code which says: "Any person, firm, corporation or agency which shall feel aggrieved by the amount of any assessment may appeal upeal from to the Board of Assessors. All such appeals shall be by affidavit, which shall be filed with the board on or before June 1 of each year. That in the consideration of appeals and for the purpose of ascertaining the facts in each case the board is empowered to make requisition on the Mayor for subpœna or compulsory process for the attendance of witnesses and the production of books and papers whenever they shall deem the same necessary, and to examine, under oath or affirmation, any and all witnesses who may be brought before them."

Where They Hesitate and Think.

The merchant hesitates sometimes. Occasionally his first guess was right, and he sticks to it as one sure of his ground, but not infrequently he raises his estimate before he swears to it. Perjury has an ugly sound, and the penitentiary is not a pleasant place for a summer resort for a man who enjoys nature in her ever-varying moods, at Atlantic City, for instance, where it is possible to temper the fervid rays of the sun with the fragrant mint julep, and subdue the taste of brine with deep draughts of cool lager. Looking at it in this light, the kicker names the correct figure, sweats to it and goes away, probably meeting at the door a dozen more who are prepared to go through the same programme.

The clerks who deliver the blank forms have trouble occasionally. They have to enter on a book the name and address of the person to whom the form is presented, and the business in which the person is engaged. On Saturday one lady in the East End, who runs a little grocery but has no sign above the door, refused to give her name. Coaxing and threatening were alike unavailing. The woman insisted that her name was her own, and she did not have to give it away, and what was more, she had no use for tax collectors, anyway. The clerk obtained her name from a neighbor.

Other persons insist they are exempt from the payment of this tax, while still others insist that it is an unwarrantable intrusion into a man's private affairs.

Merchants Who Get the Best of It.

Chief Assessor Frank P. Case, in speaking of the exemption of some persons from this tax, said yesterday: "Judge Slagle's decision last year exempting persons from the payment of this tax when their works are located outside of the city, except for the amount of goods actually delivered within the city, is undoubtedly good law, but is hardly fair in its workings. There are large firms in Charters, Braddock and other places just outside the city lines who are exempted under this decision. Yet the offices of these firms are located right in the city and enjoy all its privileges, such as banking, telegraphic and postal facilities. While they do not make their wares here, yet all their business is transacted here, contracts made and sales consummated. They receive all the privileges offered by a great municipality, but contribute nothing toward its necessary running expenses.

"The increase in the number of saloons in the city will make but little difference in the receipts from the business tax. Our experience has been that an increased number of saloons does not necessarily mean an increase in the liquor business, but merely a division of the sales. We expect to have all the blanks delivered in a few days, and we already have several hundred of them returned to us with the blanks filled."

A Tribute Generally Collected.

The business tax covers pretty much every form of business. It is imposed on the amount of sale of all goods, wares, merchandise and articles of commerce sold in any manner, and then particularly specifies the sales of vinous, fermented or distilled liquors at retail, which pay a 10-mill tax. Auctioneers pay the tax on the amount of their sales, whether of stocks, real estate, steamboats, and of all goods, wares, merchandise and articles of trade or commerce. The tax is imposed upon the amount of gross commission or brokerage as merchandise broker or forwarding and commission merchant, upon the amount of average line of discounts done as broker, banker or banking institution, and upon the amount of gross receipts as express, telephone, electric light, conduit, telegraph or gas fuel companies. A 20-mill tax is imposed upon the amount of gross receipts from billiard tables, pool tables, ten-pin alleys, bagatelle tables, shooting galleries or skating rinks kept for public use.

Last year the two largest contributors to this fund were Jones & Laughlins and Joseph Horne & Co., who each paid tax on $4,000,000 worth of business.

CHANGING THEIR SPOTS.

Mashers and Loafers Deserting the Postoffice Corner, but Finding Other Locations—A Drummer and His Chewing Gum—A Difficult Task for the Police.

The glory of the postoffice corner has departed. The loafer lingers there no longer, and the masher moves on. Yesterday was an ideal day for corner loafing, and the ladies, as they tripped down Fifth avenue in the afternoon, clad in summer fabrics and bonnets which were poems of posies, cast a glance of dread at the grim, gray old Government building, expecting to see the usual dress parade. The look of fear changed into one of dismay, and eyes were turned to the staff above the roof, to see if the flag was at half-mast, signifying that some great man was dead, and the nation was in mourning. There was nothing to show that a calamity had overtaken the community, and heaving pretty little sighs of relief, the maids and matrons strolled leisurely past the corner, instead of going at half-run, as had been their wont.

Corner loafing had not become extinct, as might be imagined. The men who have nothing to do but look as pretty as clothing can make human beings, who have no brains to lend expression to their vacant countenances, had merely changed their spots, showing that insomuch they could give points to the scriptural leopard. At the Court House they cling to the iron railings as desperately as if they feared a flood was coming along to wash them away. There were hundreds of them, of all races and conditions of life. They had nothing to say to each other and nothing to think about. They just sat and lounged and looked, and looked and looked.

At the corner of Sixth street and Penn avenue the masher was out in force. Also in silk hats and light trousers. He was a gay young man, loaded to the muzzle with any persiflage. He was on intimate terms with all the trunk lines, and referred familiarly to them by their initials. He was a great admirer of female beauty, and was not prevented by any foolish modesty from allowing the object of his admiration to learn his sentiments. The object did not reciprocate freely, but usually elevated her nose a trifle, looked dead ahead and walked on. The drummer was philosophical. He just blew his own horn a little louder until he was a brass band all in himself.

One of these loungers killed time by chewing gum. He would occasionally pull one end of it out of his mouth and stretch it as far as he could reach. He was amusing himself in this way when a lady passed along, looking intently across the street to avoid the fire of eyes on the corner. As a result she ran her face against the cable of wet, sticky gum. She almost fainted with surprise and disgust, and for once a drummer was abashed.

Carson street was lined with loafers last night. They looked miserable and made everybody else feel that way. The police did their utmost to keep them on the move, but it was like trying to keep back the waves of the sea with a broom.

In Allegheny the mashers were generally in the parks, and consequently they were missed from in front of the Ft. Wayne and West Penn depots and other spots favored by them.

"When the postoffice is moved into the new building at Fourth and Smithfield street," said Inspector McAlerse last evening, "it will help us in preventing corner loafing downtown. It will split up the crowds, and they will be smaller and easier to handle. We are doing the best we can to suppress the evil, but it is not an easy task. We cannot arrest every man who stands on a street corner. We have to order them to move on, which they generally do, but their places are filled by others. If they refuse to move then we can arrest them, but not before."

DANIEL BERLIN DROWNED.

He Wanders Away From Home and Is Found in Turtle Creek—Squire Berlin's Funeral Delayed for an Hour That His Son Might Be Buried With Him.

John N. Berlin and his eldest son, Daniel, were buried side by side yesterday, the funeral of the father having been postponed for an hour in order that his son's body, which had been found in Turtle creek, might be interred in the same grave.

Daniel Berlin had been employed as a deputy warden at the county jail since 1886. About two years ago he was attacked by a nervous disease which developed about a year ago into a mild form of dementia. Gradually his condition grew worse until last August he became afflicted with attacks of nervous paralysis which would last only a day or two but affected his mind to such an extent that in November he became unfit to go about. He remained at home with his father and the attending physician had hopes of his recovery.

Last Monday afternoon the doctor advised Daniel to go out for a walk. He went out about 5 o'clock that evening, but did not return that night, and the next day the police of the two cities and surrounding towns were notified. Jail Warden John Berlin, his brother, spent the next day and night looking for the missing man, and the worry aggravated his father's illness so that the physicians declared there was no hope and the Warden was called to his father's bedside, where he stayed until death came on Thursday morning.

Arrangements had been made to bury the father at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. On Saturday night several children playing along the banks of Turtle creek near the Baltimore and Ohio trestle discovered the body of a man floating in the water. The body was pulled ashore and Squire Holtzman, of Braddock, held the inquest. The unknown man had no papers of any kind in his pocket whereby he could be identified. A verdict of death by accidentally falling from the trestle was rendered and the body removed to McMasters' undertaking rooms at Braddock.

Yesterday morning Warden John Berlin read in THE DISPATCH of the finding of the body. The Warden, accompanied by a friend, went to Braddock, and on reaching the undertaking rooms they were startled to find that the unknown man was none other than the missing brother. Word was immediately telephoned to Undertaker Moreland, who had charge of the father's funeral, and arrangements were made to have both bodies buried at the same time.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. W. Chalfant, of the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, and the double funeral was attended by nearly all the old residents of the East End, and the interment took place in Homewood Cemetery.

CAPTURED THE OUTER GUARD.

Police Arrest the Sentinel for a Gang of Bad Little Boys.

For a number of Sundays past the police have received numerous complaints about several gangs of hoodlums who congregate in Virgin and Strawberry alleys, and by their noise and loud swearing disturb the congregations of several churches in that vicinity. The police have been trying to put a stop to the racket, but whenever they approached the boys were always warned by their friends, and running into convenient courts and alleys escaped.

Yesterday afternoon they were at their old practices when Officers Thompson and Welsh went after them. Daniel Nirelly, a young man of 18, saw the officers and whistled to the others, who ran and escaped. Nirelly then ridiculed the officers, for which he was arrested and taken to Central station on a charge of disorderly conduct.

A MOTHER IN THE CHURCH.

Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Coulson, Mother of the Veteran Detective.

Mrs. Elizabeth Coulson, aged 77 years, died at 12:55 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at her home on the corner of Kirkpatrick street and Wylie avenue. Mrs. Coulson was the mother of Detective Sol Coulson, and was well known by the residents of the Hill district, in which she has lived for 50 years.

Mrs. Coulson was born in Liverpool, and came to this country and to Pittsburg 55 years ago. Her husband was a well-known stone contractor, and died a number of years ago. She was a prominent member of the Centenary M. E. Church, on Wylie avenue, from which she will be buried at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. She leaves a family of four sons and two daughters, who are living in different parts of the country. Death came to her painlessly and quietly after 15 weeks of illness, caused by a general collapse, due to her advanced years.

NEW TIME SYSTEM ADOPTED.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Now Served By the Western Union Company.

Three new self-winding clocks are now doing time at the Union Depot, in lieu of those which had so long counted off the hours. They were furnished by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the time is supplied from the Washington Observatory.

That the Pennsy intended adopting the time system supplied by the Western Union for use over its system was stated exclusively in THE DISPATCH some ten days ago. The Allegheny Observatory thus loses this valuable contract.

Charged With Being an Accessory.

George Tackyah was arrested in Allegheny last night, just as he was about to leave the city. He is implicated in the Katharine Verence infanticide case which was turned up Sunday week, and will be turned over to the Coroner to-day.

Repairing.

Watch and jewelry repairing, lowest prices, at Gallinger's, 1200 Penn ave.

QUAY ISN'T QUITTING.

The Latest Reports About His Coming Resignation News to Him.

BAD WEATHER DELAYS PLANTERS

An Attempt to Abolish a Low Rail and Water Rate to St. Louis.

COUNTY OIL PRODUCTION GROWING

Senator Quay and his son Dick arrived in the city on the limited last evening. Arrangements were made for the fast express to stop for them at Rochester, and the pair proceeded to their home in Beaver. They came from Philadelphia, and it was expected that Mayor Stuart, of the Quaker City, would be on the train, going to the Cincinnati convention, but he was not a passenger. Stuart wants to be President of the Republican League Clubs, and so does Clarkson. The Pennsylvania delegates will vote for the Philadelphia Mayor, but as Quay is a great friend of Clarkson, it is not known where he stands. The Senator feels that the young fellows should be given an opportunity once in a while to hurrah all alone, and he will not attend the convention. He intimates that whatever the boys do it will be satisfactory to him.

Glad to Get Home Again.

The Senator is hale and hearty. His face was brown and full, and he looked the picture of health. He remarked that he had not been home since the holidays, and he was glad to get back. He will probably remain at Beaver until after the American Club banquet on Grant's birthday. He said he was feeling very well and was in a good humor, but he eschewed the subject of politics. He pleaded ignorance, and was willing to swap fish stories for gossip on the situation in the State. He was reminded of the statement made recently by Chairman Kerr, of the Democratic Committee, that the Democrats were ready to redeem their pledges, but that Quay was clogging the wheels of legislation. The Senator only smiled in answer.

When told of the revival of the report that he intended to resign as National Chairman, he said: "Well, if that were true, I suppose I ought to know something about it. Don't you think I would be consulted before such a step was taken? It is the old, old story, and is not new to me, but this is the first time I have heard it lately."

Would Only Quit Voluntarily.

The Senator's reply was rather evasive, but if he does quit, Colonel Conger, of Akron, a member of the committee, says it will be of his own accord. The Colonel does not want the Senator to resign, but he added that he would not blame him if he did. According to the report Clarkson would succeed him. Veteran politicians admit the latter's cleverness, but they think he is too sentimental to be successful.

Colonel Conger does not believe that the charges made against Senator Quay in the newspapers will injure the chances of the Republican Presidential candidate, whoever he may be, whether Blaine or Harrison. Senator Quay declined last evening to talk on the outlook for 1892. He remarked that the reporters knew more about it than he did. He still believes that Blaine is the strongest man, and the Pennsylvania delegation will undoubtedly support him.

Dick Quay is busy making his preparations to go abroad with his sisters and Mrs. Wanamaker. They will spend the greater part of the summer in Europe.

PLENTY OF OIL HERE.

Mr. Logan Says Allegheny County's Production Is Increasing.

"The oil production of Allegheny county is constantly increasing," said A. H. Logan yesterday. "Plenty of money has been made in this territory. One good feature which is often overlooked is the location of the field close to the base of supplies. The roads are bad enough, but the oil men here don't have to drag their machinery for miles over hills and a rocky country to the wells. If anything around a well is wanted it can be obtained in an hour at least from the stores. This is not true of the fields in the upper counties, as most oil men know. In Wildwood individual wells are not holding out, but new ones that pay are being put down all the time.

"I think there is plenty of oil in the county, but the pools haven't been struck yet. Little drilling has been done in the Southern end, but my opinion is that not much oil is to be found there. All the pools have paid, possibly with the exception of Chartiers. There is one large township, I think it is Scott, in which a drill, I am told, has not been placed. The oil excitement has not been great over the McCurdy and Wildwood pools. This was because they are in farming districts, and the lands were absorbed before it was known oil was there. It is when petroleum is reached near towns that a wild scramble follows, especially if the territory is cut up into lots and small farms. Everybody wants a slice and the ground is soon leased. In McCurdy and Wildwood also it wasn't necessary to sink wells to protect party lines. This is always bad business, and somebody is liable to drop money. I have great faith in the oil future of this county. It is not worked out by a good deal."

CURIOUS TO SEE HARRISON.

Colonel Echols Says the President Was Well Received in Atlanta.

Colonel J. W. Echols returned last evening from Atlanta, where he has been for several weeks looking after the planting of his cotton farm. The Colonel was in the city when President Harrison was there, and he said the people gave him a very cordial reception. At least, he claimed, his presence stirred up more enthusiasm in Atlanta than in Pittsburg, but he admitted that it was more the result of curiosity to see a President than from genuine good feeling for Mr. Harrison.

"This spring in Atlanta," he said, "has been the most backward for 20 years. The weather was cold and wet, and it was useless to try to plant cotton. For the last week the days have been bright, and the trees have commenced to bud. It is difficult to predict anything now about the fruit crop. I can't tell whether it has been killed, injured, or not touched at all. I think the supply of peaches will be as large as ever, and I never saw the apple trees in better condition than they are between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Agriculture in the South has not been for some time the best of paying institutions, but the country is experiencing a big commercial boom, and with the growth of industries the farming interests will improve."

BELIEVES IN BLAINE.

Hiram Young Does, but He Thinks the President Will Be Renominated.

Hiram Young, of the York *Dispatch*, was at the Anderson yesterday, and left for Cincinnati at night, to be present at the Convention of Republican League clubs to-morrow. Mr. Young is a Blaine man, but he thinks that President Harrison will be renominated. He says the President is very unpopular in his section, because he retained Democrats in office for a much longer period than was necessary to find successors to them.

Mr. Young believes that Blaine will not accept a nomination. He bases this belief on Blaine's action when he stood aside to let General Harrison obtain the nomination. He says that Blaine has been a consistent supporter of Harrison, and will continue so. The President may have become unpopular with the people, and given offense to some of the leaders, but he yet had time to make himself solid with both.

MAJOR PATTERSON GOES EAST.

The Fifth Regiment Will Be Sent Next if Troops Are Needed.

Major Frank Patterson, Inspector of the Second Brigade, went to Philadelphia on private business last evening. He said he had not been in the coke country for some time, but expected to visit the region when he returns. The Governor is undecided as to whether more men will be sent to Mt. Pleasant or Uniontown, but if any of the boys are ordered out it will be the Fifth Regiment from the counties of Indiana, Armstrong, Center and others.

He remarked that the Eighteenth Regiment had done its share, and would probably not be called on again to serve. The Major thinks the cokers are waging a losing fight.

WALKED FOR HIS HEALTH.

An Old Man Who Attributes His Long Life to Daily Exercise.

Physiologists teach that exercise equal to a walk of nine miles per day is necessary to perfect health. An old gentleman rather paralyzed some young fellows yesterday afternoon at the Anderson when he said he was about to start for a "little canter on foot to East Liberty." His hair was white, but he still had an active, springy step, and his healthy appearance showed he was good for many years to come.

"Why don't you take a car?" gasped one of the boys.

"Not when I can walk," the old man replied. "I attribute my good health to long tramps, and rain or shine I have made it a rule of my life to cover nine miles daily. Why, it is only five miles to the East End, and I will go over that distance in no time and enjoy it. I may ride back, but it is doubtful," and the old gentleman with a stout stick started on his regular exercise.

A PLEA FOR PROTECTION

For the Handsome Forest Trees That Line Chartiers Creek Valley.

The big elms and sycamore trees along the Chartiers creek valley, a little back from the Ohio, are of such exceptional size, and even grandeur, that they excite the attention and compel the admiration of every thoughtful person who is so fortunate as to see them. A gentleman who had seen them for the first time yesterday remarked to a DISPATCH reporter that something should be done by the community which is distinguished by the presence within its gates of such noble specimens of tree growth to preserve them from future injury or destruction. Said he:

"That strip of land along the creek, with those trees on, should be bought and held as a park for this if for no other purpose. It is not large, and at present it is vacant ground. Otherwise it will not be long, in the natural course of events, before they will be cut down and the work of nature's centuries irredeemably destroyed. Such landmarks are highly valued by those best able to judge of property of this character. Such trees are greatly prized in the East and throughout England; in fact, that is apt to be the case in most countries of a civilization mellowed by age and ripened with culture. These are the best reasons why the same course should be taken here in respect to the preservation of these grand trees."

SORE ON THE RIVER.

All-Rail Lines to St. Louis Want to Knock Out a Low Iron Rate.

S. P. Kennedy, commercial agent for the Cotton Belt route, went to Cincinnati last evening to attend a railroad meeting. An effort will be made to abolish the 16½ cent rail and water rate on iron and steel from this territory to St. Louis. The all-rail rate was 21 cents, but recently it was reduced to 18 cents. The lines that have no water connection and no road beyond St. Louis are anxious to have the low rate knocked out, while the railroads that have Western lines like the Iron Mountain, Chicago and Alton and "Q" are opposed to it. Mr. Kennedy says the rate will not be abolished, as the opponents have not a majority.

With the Cotton Belt route freight is taken down the river and delivered to the road at Cairo. The river makes big holes in the all-rail lines, and it is quite natural for them to raise a howl.

MR. DEEGAN NO PESSIMIST.

He Says the Stagnation in Business Can't Last Much Longer.

Thomas Deegan, formerly of J. B. Witherow & Co., passed through the city last evening bound for New York. Mr. Deegan is now with the Sterling Boiler Company, of Chicago. He stated to-day the force of men at work on the World's Fair would be increased to 3,000 men.

Mr. Deegan says business is dull, but he is not a pessimist, and he doesn't believe the country is going to the dogs. Great quantities of material are being used everywhere in the States, and the present stagnation can't continue much longer.

A HEN ON THE NEST.

The Perplexing Question That Is Agitating the Agriculturists of Beaver County—A Fair Ground Site the Cause of a Great Deal of Excitement.

The agricultural element of Beaver county has a "hen on the nest" just now that is occasioning animated discussion in every household in that Land of Statesmen. The farmers are not the only ones wrought up by the momentous question, "What will we do with our fair grounds?"

A gentleman who takes a very lively interest in the matter was in the city yesterday afternoon and when interrogated about the trouble at "Saints' Rest," as Beaver is called in that locality, said, as he glanced uneasily from the corner of Fifth avenue and Smithfield street up in the direction of United States Marshal Harragh's office:

"Well, there is considerable of a breeze in our county over the fair grounds, and if I am not mistaken it will get into politics down there, too, if the heat grows in intensity."

"What appears to be the trouble, anyway?"

"Keep me out of it, that is all I ask, for no one can tell just what will be the hatching. The hen is on the nest." The assurance being given, the Beaver statesman slipped into the Pennsylvania ticket office and proceeded confidentially:

"The county has been offered $50,000 for the present fair grounds at Beaver. That is the root of the evil. From that offer arose the questions, 'Will we take it?' or 'Will we let the grounds remain where they are?' From that sprang two factions—those working in the interest of the persons making the offer, they wanting the grounds moved from Beaver; and those who want the town to keep the fair, for it is a great thing for Beaver. The 'move' crowd is divided now into factions themselves, and yet to those weary eyes these tiny messengers brought visions of the sweet beyond and wistful memories of the woods and byways of bygone days.

The devotees of the aquatic exercises were not slow in accepting the mild weather and smooth water to stretch their muscles after a long idleness. Skiffs and boats of all degrees shot to and fro on the Allegheny and Monongahela, and brilliant parties of many hues denoted where some fond young man was proving his devotion to his best girl. Neither was the small boy left out of it, and dozens of them paddled about near shore on extemporized rafts.

The dudes and mashers were out in force. The first warm Sunday for weeks was too much for the "dear boys'" nerves, and they swarmed the streets arrayed in trousers a yard wide and of a light and gray hue.

Great Fun in a Hotel Corridor.

One dapper little chap took up his position, a very awkward and painful one, it must be confessed, in the lobby of the Anderson, and was for some time a quiet guy for everybody who saw him. He wore a tall hat, glasses on his nose, white vest and a high collar that rubbed his chin and scraped his neck out of shape. He couldn't sit in a comfortable position and his back was as straight as a board, as if held in position with props. He was harmless, however, though he occasionally glanced at the pretty girls passing the doors.

"I like to see a man well dressed," remarked a sensible drummer, "but the individual who is conscious of his clothes is a tiresome mortal and should get off the earth."

The greater portion of Chief Bigelow's menagerie will be kept in the winter quarters at the old Fifth avenue market house for a month yet at least, and will not be sent out to Schenley Park until cool weather becomes an absolute impossibility. The goats were sent out last week, and a few of the hardier animals will follow soon, but the elephant, monkeys, tropical birds and other denizens of the Southern climates would suffer in outdoor apartments even in the weather of the past few days.

Where Artificial Heat Was Necessary.

All day, while promenaders were taking the shady sides of the streets and cool spots were at a premium, "Gusky," the elephant, had to be kept within five feet of a roaring stove, and the doors of the old building were kept closed to avoid chilling the monkeys. These tender animals out of their natural clime are more trouble than so many babies, and it has taken no end of watchful care to bring them safely through the winter. Superintendent McKnight does not propose to have all this trouble thrown away by exposing his pets too early.

SMALL SCRAPS OF LOCAL NEWS.

WILLIAM BROWNLEE, while intoxicated, fell asleep at Washington and Chartiers street. At 2 o'clock he was picked up by Officer Cullen, and when he awoke at the station he found his watch and all his money had been stolen.

JOHN L. WINSLOW, of Aiken avenue, Shadyside, took the degree of M. D. at the recent Commencement of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, passing No. 14, in a class of 242 members.

SAMUEL ABERNETHY fell off a Rebecca street car at Carny street, last night, and had his leg broken. He is an applicant for a place on the police force.

PICKED UP BY THE POLICE.

JOSEPH HECKER was arrested yesterday by Special Officer Cook for robbing cars on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad. He will be given a hearing to-morrow.

EDWARD O'DONNELL, William Bannan and Mike Calky, three boys, were drunk on Fifth avenue. They were locked up to sleep off the effects.

MARTIN MANNING and Pat McDought, of Boston, were sent to jail on a charge of larceny.

GEORGE STEINER, of Boston, was landed in jail on a charge of immoral conduct.

BRIGHT AND BALMY.

The Brilliant Weather Taken Advantage of by Crowds Who

ECHOED NATURE'S JOYOUS MOOD.

Woodland and Park Given Over to Thousands of Pleasure Seekers.

DUDES MAKE THE MOST OF THE CHANCE

Yesterday was one of those days which make a person feel glad he is alive. It was also a day calculated to give the dudes, and dudines, too, a full opportunity of vieing with each other in how far one could excel the other in a remarkable get-up. But the warm and spring-like weather came as a boon to hundreds of people whom sickness had confined to the house, and who yesterday obtained one thorough day's outing. The temperature was not as high as on Friday, but it was agreed to be high enough for comfort. The maximum was 78°; the minimum, 57°, a range of 21°. The temperature at 8 o'clock A. M. was 66°; at noon, 74°, and at 8 P. M., 68°.

The resorts a short distance from the city popularly called "parks" were well patronized, especially Herron Hill, but beyond a few score teams and half a dozen saddle horses carrying ambitious riders Schenley Park was bare of visitors. Numbers of people ran out of town to snatch a few hours in the country, and the river bore on its placid bosom pleasure seekers along the different points.

The Allegheny Parks Filled All Day.

In Allegheny, a thousand budding trees kissed by the sun, as many babies kissed by as many mothers and several thousand girls pretty enough to be kissed by anybody, made the parks the most beautiful as well as the most attractive spots across the river.

The crowds were simply enormous. Every seat in the entire park was occupied. Hundreds of children stood about the lake watching the swans. The number of babies in the crowd was nothing unusual. Even the street cars were crowded with them, each coach containing at least half a dozen of the bright little creatures in charge. Large crowds also visited the conservatories, but beyond a view of the fish they were not well repaid. The plants have a withered look, and there are scarcely any flowers. The whole city seemed to have turned out to play. The Perrysville road was crowded with vehicles. Uniondale Cemetery had many visitors, and a great many people climed Monument Hill to catch a glimpse of the river and also to examine the work of cleaning up the Soldiers' Monument. The third-third of the monument has been chiseled clean.

A Beautiful Day on the Boats.

The Sunday excursion river boats were liberally patronized for so early in the season. The ride to Chartiers during the early afternoon was particularly pleasant. The atmosphere was exceptionally clear and bracing. The sun's rays were of sufficient strength to temper the breeze made by the motion of the boat through the water. There is a novelty in these early trips which wears off a little as the season progresses. The crowds increase, and the dust settling upon the vegetation along the route, yesterday everything was fresh and new. People didn't move around much on the boat, but just sat and thoroughly and gratefully enjoyed the air and sunshine, the water and the blue skies, and the rest and refreshment which the occasion afforded. There were some family parties and many more of the young and old of both sexes, who went out by couples and in small parties.

From the top of McKee's Rocks the view was superb. Almost the entire surface of Brunot's Island seemed to be laid out and prepared for market gardening on a scale which was as indicative of industry as prophetic of results, if appearances and choice location is a guide in such matters. In looking over the country it was easy and a pleasant occupation to pick out the favored and sunny slopes by the deeper green of the grass and by the fuller pink blossoming of the peach orchards. More rugged slopes and wooded hillsides were brilliant in spots by the white of the shadbush, which stood out in picturesque relief from a somber background of bare and intermingled branches as yet unclothed by the springtime wild flower.

Many Varieties of Wild Flowers.

Leafy and sun-lit slopes through the woods were freely sprinkled with four or five varieties of exquisite wild flowers. The starry petals of the hepatica are already beginning to drop. The pendant "Dutchmans' Breeches" are in their early prime. As every lover of nature knows, their native beauty and grace is sadly maligned by their prosaic and practical name. In the short, green grass of April grows the exquisite "bluets" blown in dainty blue clusters ready for the picking.

People on their homeward trip carried, in many instances, bouquets of the wild flowers. It was a pleasant sight when boarding, to note the eager attention with which they were regarded by women and children in city streets, doorways and windows—people who had not been able to get beyond brick walls and pavements, and yet to those weary eyes these tiny messengers brought visions of the sweet beyond and wistful memories of the woods and byways of bygone days.

The devotees of the aquatic exercises were not slow in accepting the mild weather and smooth water to stretch their muscles after a long idleness. Skiffs and boats of all degrees shot to and fro on the Allegheny and Monongahela, and brilliant parties of many hues denoted where some fond young man was proving his devotion to his best girl. Neither was the small boy left out of it, and dozens of them paddled about near shore on extemporized rafts.

The dudes and mashers were out in force. The first warm Sunday for weeks was too much for the "dear boys'" nerves, and they swarmed the streets arrayed in trousers a yard wide and of a light and gray hue.

Great Fun in a Hotel Corridor.

One dapper little chap took up his position, a very awkward and painful one, it must be confessed, in the lobby of the Anderson, and was for some time a quiet guy for everybody who saw him. He wore a tall hat, glasses on his nose, white vest and a high collar that rubbed his chin and scraped his neck out of shape. He couldn't sit in a comfortable position and his back was as straight as a board, as if held in position with props. He was harmless, however, though he occasionally glanced at the pretty girls passing the doors.

"I like to see a man well dressed," remarked a sensible drummer, "but the individual who is conscious of his clothes is a tiresome mortal and should get off the earth."

The greater portion of Chief Bigelow's menagerie will be kept in the winter quarters at the old Fifth avenue market house for a month yet at least, and will not be sent out to Schenley Park until cool weather becomes an absolute impossibility. The goats were sent out last week, and a few of the hardier animals will follow soon, but the elephant, monkeys, tropical birds and other denizens of the Southern climates would suffer in outdoor apartments even in the weather of the past few days.

Where Artificial Heat Was Necessary.

All day, while promenaders were taking the shady sides of the streets and cool spots were at a premium, "Gusky," the elephant, had to be kept within five feet of a roaring stove, and the doors of the old building were kept closed to avoid chilling the monkeys. These tender animals out of their natural clime are more trouble than so many babies, and it has taken no end of watchful care to bring them safely through the winter. Superintendent McKnight does not propose to have all this trouble thrown away by exposing his pets too early.

SMALL SCRAPS OF LOCAL NEWS.

WILLIAM BROWNLEE, while intoxicated, fell asleep at Washington and Chartiers street. At 2 o'clock he was picked up by Officer Cullen, and when he awoke at the station he found his watch and all his money had been stolen.

JOHN L. WINSLOW, of Aiken avenue, Shadyside, took the degree of M. D. at the recent Commencement of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, passing No. 14, in a class of 242 members.

SAMUEL ABERNETHY fell off a Rebecca street car at Carny street, last night, and had his leg broken. He is an applicant for a place on the police force.

PICKED UP BY THE POLICE.

JOSEPH HECKER was arrested yesterday by Special Officer Cook for robbing cars on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad. He will be given a hearing to-morrow.

EDWARD O'DONNELL, William Bannan and Mike Calky, three boys, were drunk on Fifth avenue. They were locked up to sleep off the effects.

MARTIN MANNING and Pat McDought, of Boston, were sent to jail on a charge of larceny.

GEORGE STEINER, of Boston, was landed in jail on a charge of immoral conduct.

A DARK SUNDAY MORNING

For 158 Offenders Who Misbehaved Themselves in the Second-Class Cities of the State on Saturday Night—Whisky Causes Most of the Trouble.

The Sunday morning hearings in the two cities were well-attended yesterday. The Police Magistrates wasted but little time, and imposed sentences with a swiftness that made the day seem very gloomy to some of the prisoners.

* * *

Two Score of Offenders.

There were 40 cases at Central station. William Johnston got 30 days for choking and abusing a woman. John Morrell got 30 days for fighting on a Fifth avenue Traction car. William Green got 30 days for disorderly conduct, and John Wilson got the same sentence for begging money on Market street. George Scott was accused of stealing $5 from Frank May, whose coat he was holding, and his guilt was so well established that he was given a 30-days' sentence. William Ryan and John Loftus had been arrested for fighting on Second avenue and were each given their option of paying $5 fine and costs or 30 days to the workhouse. Loftus paid his fine. Mary Shaner and Mary Gretis were arrested Saturday night in Laird's shoe store, one of the women having concealed under her shawl a pair of shoes she had stolen. They were given $10 and $25 respectively. Joseph Kelling was given $5 and costs for insulting a couple of ladies on Seventh avenue, and William Lawson got five days to jail for the same offense in a Wylie avenue auction shop.

* * *

Came Near Beating the Record.

Mayor Wyman's hearing consisted of 42 cases, the largest number but one ever held in Allegheny. Of the cases 28 were arrested for disorderly conduct and 12 for drunkenness. Seven of the prisoners were women. Superintendent of Police Muth conducted a raid on the house of Emma Miller, No. 84 Cedar avenue, about 11 o'clock and caught three men and three women in the place drinking beer and having a festive time. The men were discharged, two of the women fined $25 and costs and Miss Miller held to await a charge of illegal liquor selling. Four people were arrested in a shanty boat about 2 o'clock, at the foot of Cass avenue, for making too much noise over a keg of beer. All of the prisoners paid light fines for their several offenses of drunkenness and street fighting.

* * *

Southsiders Brought Up Short.

Magistrate Succop disposed of 20 cases at the Twenty-eighth ward and 6 at the Thirty-sixth ward station. William Donger, a suspicious person, was sent to jail for five days. Fred Hememan, for insulting little girls on the street, was fined $5 and costs. Casper Boteski, for insulting women in the Lake Erie depot, was held over for trial at court. John Mellet, for keeping a disorderly house, was held over for a further hearing, and the four visitors to the house were fined $25 and costs each. John Heil was sent 30 days to the workhouse for beating his wife. John O'Brien, who assaulted James Burns Saturday night with a cobblestone at the Lake Erie depot, was fined $10 and costs. John Malroy was held over for a further hearing for fighting.

* * *

Held For Stealing a Shirt.

Thirty-six cases were heard at the Twelfth and Seventeenth ward stations. M. M. Kane was held for court for beating his wife. Andy Klavan, 15 years old, was held for court for the larceny of a shirt and four handkerchiefs from Louis Glass' store, Penn avenue. John Kross, the boy who was caught prowling around in the house of William Ahlbecker, Twenty-eighth and Penn avenue, Saturday night, was discharged.

* * *

Hyndman Imposes Heavy Fines.

Magistrate Hyndman disposed of eight cases at the Nineteenth ward and six cases at the Fourteenth ward station. Thomas Tunney and Edward Milton were fined $30 and costs each for keeping disorderly houses. John Lewis was fined $25 and costs for assaulting Officer Reed with a cobblestone Saturday night. Patsick Cunningham was released on payment of $10 and costs for fighting with his brother-in-law early yesterday morning.

CREAM MADE TO ORDER.

How a Queer Factory Was Established and Conducted Near the City—Tell-Tale Egg-Shells That Gave Away a Rather Soft snap.

When city people cann