fact, instead of meridian observations by a great number of observers, all differing one from the other in the recognition of the various magnitudes of the stars, and in methods of relating their positions; instead of innumerable transcriptions, innumerable calculations and reductions, and gathering and disseminating of the information along a long period of years; instead of this there will be undertaken an exact photograph of the heavens, and this not only of stars up to the ninth magnitude, but those of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and even fourteenth magnitude; and these lesser magnitudes will not add difficulties further than the exposure of the sensitive plate for a longer time.

The Number of the Stars.

Everybody knows that stars beyond the sixth magnitude are invisible to the naked eye, and the term "magnitude" applies simply to the apparent brilliancy of the stars, those of the first magnitude being the most brilliant, those of the second a little less brilliant, and so on: those of the sixth being the last that can be seen with the naked eye. Here is a list showing the probable number of stars of every magnitude up to the fourteenth:

Magnitudes.	No.	Magnitudes.	No.
First	20	Eighth	40,000
Second	59	Ninth	120,000
Third	182	Tenth	360,000
Fourth	530	Eleventh	1,050,000
Fifth	1,600	Twelfth	3,000,000
Sixth	4,800	Thirteenth	9,000,000
Seventh	15,000	Fourteenth	27,000,000

The stars of the fourteenth magnitude are visible through the best astronomical instruments. It will be seen that the total of these first 14 magnitudes exceeds 40,000,000. To try to catalogue this celestial army would be not only a superhuman task, but absolutely beyond realization; for errors would creep inevitably into such a number of observations, as well as into their reductions, their transcriptions and their places upon a map. Years and years would not suffice, and while the work was in progress the stars themselves would change their positions in space, for each of them is animated by its own motion more or less swift.

Can Be Done in Thirteen Minutes.

Now photography can effect this properly and in the amplest manner, thanks to the perfection to which the art and its methods have been brought. And do you knew how long it would take to perform this gigantic task—to erect this imperishable monument of astronomy? In 13 minutes! Following are figures showing with substantial accuracy the duration of exposure necessary to get an impression of the stars of various magnitude upon the new gelatine plates:

Magnitude.	Exposure—Minutes.	Exposure—Seconds.	Magnitude.	Exposure—Minutes.	Exposure—Seconds.
First	0	.03	Eighth	0	3.
Second	0	.06	Ninth	0	8.
Third	0	.12	Tenth	0	20.
Fourth	0	.1	Eleventh	0	50.
Fifth	0	.5	Twelfth	2	00.
Sixth	0	.3	Thirteenth	5	00.
Seventh	0	1.2	Fourteenth	13	00.

Thus five one-thousandths of a second are sufficient exposure to photograph a star of the first magnitude, a half-second's exposure takes a picture of the smallest stars visible to the naked eye, and 13 minutes are needed to photograph those of the fourteenth magnitude. A plate 24 by 30 centimetres covers five astronomical degrees. If at a given moment 8,000 telescopes arranged for photography should be opened all over the earth and turned upon 8,000 points of the sky, all the points being agreed upon in advance, the 8,000 plates would have photographed the entire heavens and registered the 40,000,000 stars of which we spoke above. Placed side by side in their proper positions these 8,000 plates of five degrees each would represent the 41,000 astronomical degrees of which the surface of the heaven is composed.

Can't Be Done All at Once.

This kind of instantaneous photography of the heavens would be ideal, but it would not be possible, because, first, at any given moment night extends over less than half the globe, and, second, because the atmosphere is never perfectly clear, and, last, because these 8,000 instruments would involve an immense expense, a matter which is as simpler and more practicable to reduce to a minimum. The work will probably be divided among the following observatories in proportion to the number of plates set against each:

Paris	1,200	Catania	1,008
Bordeaux	1,200	San Fernando	1,200
Toulouse	1,000	Caubaya	1,200
Algiers	1,200	Santiago	1,200
Greenwich	1,100	La Plata	1,200
Oxford	1,100	Rio Janeiro	1,200
Helsingford (?)	1,008	Cape of Good Hope	1,512
Potsdam	1,200	Sydney	1,400
Rome	1,008	Melbourne	1,149

There will be about 22,000 plates of two degrees each arranged so that their borders shall overlap each other sufficiently to register all the stars without fail and thus in time cover the whole heavens. The work will probably be completed in five or six years.

Thus nineteenth century science will bequeath to posterity an invaluable and imperishable statement as to the sidereal heavens, which, in future centuries, will serve as a center basis for the solution of the great problem of the constitution of the universe.

Better Than the Human Eye.

The human eye certainly is an instrument admirably adapted to its purpose. How transparent is this living crystal, how delightful are its hues, what depth it has, what beauty! It is life, passion, light! Close the eyes, and how much of the world remains? And yet the lens of a photographer's camera is a new eye that gives the finishing touch to ours, that surpasses it, that is more marvelous still. This giant eye is endowed with four important advantages as compared with our eyes—it sees more quickly, further, longer, and, inestimable faculty, it prints, preserves, what it sees.

It sees more quickly; in the half thousandth part of a second it photographs the sun, its spots, its whirlwinds, its flames, its mountains of fire, in an imperishable document.

It sees further; turned at darkest night toward any part of the heavens, whatever, it discovers, in the atoms of the infinite, stars, worlds, universes; creations that our eye could never see by any possibility, no matter how powerful a telescope were brought to bear.

It sees for a longer time; what we cannot contrive to see after several seconds of attention, we can never see. This new eye needs but to look sufficiently long; at the end of an hour it will see better still, and the longer it remains directed toward the unknown, the more complete will the eye possess it, without fatigue and always better.

Holds Fast to What It Sees.

And it preserves upon its retinal plate all that it has seen. Our eye retains images but an instant. Suppose, for example, that you kill a man at the moment when, quietly seated in his chair, he has his eyes open and directed toward a bright window. (There is nothing improbable in the supposition upon a planet where all the citizens are soldiers and kill each other in all manner of ways at the rate of 1,100 daily.) Then suppose that you tear out his eyes, (I should have said that the hypothesis involves dealing with an enemy) and you immerse them in a solution of alum; those eyes will then retain the image of the window with its transverse bars and its light spaces. But in a normal state of things our eyes do not retain images—there would be too many of them besides. The giant eye of which we speak holds fast everything it sees. Its only need is a change of the retina.

Yes, the artificial retina sees more quickly and better. And, by virtue of a property wholly lacking in the human eye, it penetrates abysses where we do not and never could see anything. This is, perhaps, its most astonishing faculty. Place the eye, for example, at the eye-piece of a telescope whose object glass measures 30 centimeters in diameter; such an instrument is the best for practical observations. With this glass of 30 centimeters diameter and three and one-half meters in length, we may discover stars to the fourteenth magnitude, that is to say about 40,000 stars of all kinds.

The Time That Is Required.

Now place our eye by the photographic retina. Instantly the most brilliant stars beat upon the plate and mark their likenesses there. Five one-thousandths of a second suffice for a star of the first magnitude, one one-hundredths for those of the second, three one-hundredths for those of the third, and so on, according to the proportions expressed above. In less than one second the photographic eye has seen all that we could perceive with the naked eye.

But this is as nothing. Stars visible only through the telescope also come and beat upon the plate, and thereon inscribe their images. Those of the seventh magnitude take 1½ seconds to make their impressions on the plate, those of the eighth need 3 seconds, those of the ninth 8 seconds, those of the eleventh 50 seconds, those of the twelfth require 2 minutes, those of the thirteenth 5 minutes, and, finally, those of the fourteenth 13 minutes. If we have left our plate exposed for a quarter of an hour, we will find photographed upon it all the region of the sky toward which the telescope was directed, all that this region contains, all that we could have contrived to discover with infinite difficulty by a series of very arduous and long continued observations. But we have merely entered upon the marvelous.

Stars of the Fifteenth Magnitude.

Let the photographic eye continue to observe in place of the human eye; it will penetrate the unknown. Stars invisible to us become visible to it. After an exposure of 33 minutes, stars of the fifteenth magnitude will have finished their task of impressing the chemical retina and placing there their images.

The same instrument which to the human eye reveals stars of the fourteenth magnitude, and which would register about 40,000,000 stars in the entire heavens, discloses to the photographic eye 120,000,000, including only those of the fifteenth magnitude. It could reach forth to the sixteenth and throw before the dazzled admiration of the observer a luminous maze of 400,000,000 stars.

Never before in all the history of mankind have we had in hand the power to penetrate so deeply into the abysses of the infinite. Photography with its recent improvements takes a clear picture of every star, no matter what its distance, and sets it down in a document that can be studied at leisure. Who knows if some day in the photographic views of Venus or Mars some new methods of analysis may not discover to us their inhabitants?

It Opens Up New Worlds.

And its power stretches forth to the infinite. Behold a star of the fifteenth or sixteenth, even seventeenth magnitude, a sun like our own separated from us by so great a distance that its light requires thousands, perhaps millions of years to reach us, notwithstanding its unheard of velocity of 300,000 kilometers a second, and this sun lies at such a depth that its light, so to speak, reaches us no longer. The natural eye of man never would have seen it, and the human mind never would have guessed its existence but for the implements of this modern art. And yet this feeble light, come from so far, is sufficient to make an impression upon the chemical plate which will preserve its picture unalterably.

And this star might be of the eighteenth or the nineteenth magnitude, and beyond, so little that the human eye could never see it even aided by the most powerful telescopic appliances (for there will always be stars beyond our range of vision); and yet it will come and hurl its slight ethereal arrows on the chemical plate set up to await and receive them.

Started Before History Began.

Yes, its light will have traveled during millions of years. When it started the earth did not exist, the real earth with its humanity; there was not a single thinking creature on our planet; the genesis of our world was in the process of development; perhaps only in the primordial seas that enveloped the globe before the uprising of the first continents, before the primitive, elementary organisms formed themselves upon the bosom of the waters, preparing slowly with the evolutions of future ages. This photographic plate takes us back to the past history of the universe. During the ethereal flight of this ray which comes to-day to beat upon the plate, all the history of the earth has been accomplished, and in this history that of human kind is but a single wave, an instant. And during this time the history of the distant sun which photographs itself to-day has been accomplished also; perhaps it became extinct long since, perhaps it is actually out of existence.

Thus this new eye which transports us across the infinite enables us at the same time to trace the periods of past eternity. Yes, many of these far-away suns that we are going to such pains to photograph, no longer exist. The end of the world has come to them as it will come to us; and the luminous couriers that they sent us before dying travel forever. Astronomy plunges us into the insoluble mystery of the infinite and of eternity—and therein lies it grandeur.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

SIPPING SPRING WATER.

The Pleasure Seekers of Pittsburg and Allegheny Now at Bedford.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

BEDFORD SPRINGS, June 27.—The weather here during the week has been the kind that has made Bedford famous as a summer resort. The days are comfortably warm, the thermometer never registering above the 80's, while the nights are so cool a blanket is necessary. The editors who had such a delightful visit are gone and the pill-makers, known as the Pennsylvania Pharmaceutical Association, are holding their fourteenth annual convention. They brought with them their wives and sweethearts and are enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

Horseback riding has already set in; a ride over the hills and through the valleys on an easy and sure-footed saddler is a pleasure which is often overlooked by many who visit Bedford. The delightful weather this week has started the young folks to mountain climbing; parties of 15 and 20 are often seen winding their way around the mountain paths and over crags and rocks in search of ferns and wild flowers which are in abundance on the mountain above the hotel.

"The Georgia Minstrels," the talent of the Springs Hotel dining room, gave an entertainment in parlor "A" to the members of the Pharmaceutical Association on Tuesday evening.

H. F. Bott and wife, of Scottdale, are at the Springs for a week's sojourn. Mr. Bott is an expert violinist and he entertained some friends in the parlor Tuesday evening.

William Nebb, Esq., father of Senator Neeb, is here for a week's sojourn and to engage quarters for his family, who will join him in a few days.

George A. Kelly, accompanied by his wife, is one of Pittsburg's representatives at the Pharmaceutical Convention. Mr. Kelly responded to the address of welcome which was delivered by Hon. John Cessna, of Bedford, in an able manner.

F. H. Eggers, Pittsburg, is an autograph that graces the Springs' register. He is here for a week's sojourn.

The tally-ho took a party to the willows Wednesday evening. The party was composed of members of the Pharmaceutical Association.

A. Beck and wife, of Allegheny, registered at the Springs Monday, where they will sip the waters for a week.

W. S. Hixenbaugh is registered at the Springs.

The orchestra which has captivated those who have visited Bedford for the past four years will arrive July 6.

The cannon ball train, composed of new Pullman cars built especially for the summer traffic, starts Monday night. It leaves Huntingdon at 7 o'clock P. M. on arrival of trains from Pittsburg and Philadelphia. It will make the run from Huntingdon to Bedford without stops. President Jaumey, who arrived to-day, will go down to see his handsome train make its first trip.

D. J. Neff, Esq., one of the shining lights of the Blair county bar, registered at the Springs Thursday.

The public carriages and the turnouts of the different livery stables were never finer, or can any resort boast of more gentlemanly attendants.

Timely Advice.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a reliable remedy for bowel complaints. It is almost certain to be needed, and no family can afford to be without it. It costs but a trifle, and may be the means of saving much suffering, if not life. There are many different remedies in use, but Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is undoubtedly the best. wsu

THE drink for warm weather is Iron City Brewing Company's beer. All first-class saloons keep it.

A GREAT COMMONER.

Thaddeus Stevens Was the Only Real Leader of the House Unless Reed Be Reckoned One.

CHIEF CLERK LLOYD'S ESTIMATE

After an Intimate Acquaintance With the Statesman During the Active Part of His Career.

PRONOUNCED VIEWS UPON SLAVERY.

His Repartee, His Sarcasm, His Courage and His Charitable Disposition.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

One of the great moral heroes of his time was Thaddeus Stevens, the acknowledged leader of the House, and the only real leader of it that I ever knew. And yet the appellation of driver would more nearly describe him. At least he always seemed to take it for granted that his political associates in the House would do what he told them without questioning; and it was the exception if any of them proved refractory. There was no real leader after his death. There were too many eminent men of average ability to permit them to follow the lead of any one of their number, at least until the advent of Tom Reed.

Stevens never feared the face of man. Possessed of an apparently sublime consciousness of his power, and the rectitude of his purpose from his standpoint of duty,

Thaddeus Stevens.

he was serenely indifferent to any attack ever made upon him in debate, and generally disposed of it, if he thought it worth noticing at all, with a single terse or epigrammatic sentence, as in the case when a certain member of his own political party made a bitter attack upon him. He simply said, without the slightest trace of excitement: "What no gentleman should utter, no gentleman need answer."

The Courage of His Convictions.

No obstacles ever deterred him in the pursuit of a purpose, and no opposition ever made him quail, or even seemed to disturb him. He had the courage of his convictions, and was wholly indifferent as to where they might lead him and was no compromiser where principle was involved. His refusal to accept a deed for a lot in a cemetery, because it contained a clause limiting the right of sepulture to the white race, was characteristic of him. Such a man compels the tribute of our admiration, however, much we may differ with his views.

The world is in no danger from overstock of earnest and consistent men. As Prof. Lowell tersely expressed it during the war: "Our need is not so much more men as more man."

Stevens was always thoroughly consistent in his political course. His first view of the Rebellion was that it was an insurrection, and to be dealt with as such. After President Lincoln issued his proclamation of blockade he called upon him and said: "Mr. President, have you duly considered this proclamation with reference to the law of nations?"

Lincoln replied: "Why, no, not much; we never had much to do with the law of nations in Illinois. The proclamation was of Seward's getting up, and I supposed it was all right."

No Longer an Insurrection.

"The legitimate effect of it," said Stevens, "is to erect the insurgents into belligerents, and the war must be henceforth conducted, not under the Constitution, but under the laws of war."

And from this position, once deliberately taken, he never departed. His declaration, made on the floor of the House during the period of reconstruction, and which startled many of his political associates, "I thought we were all agreed that this was conducted outside the Constitution," was but the natural expression of his position. And, not only was the war conducted outside the Constitution and under the law of nations, but settlement was to be made under the same law. He scouted the right of the conquered to make any appeal whatever to the Constitution, and maintained in the fullest degree the right of the conqueror to dictate terms to the vanquished, which might be anything recognized by the law of nations. He said; "If they had whipped us we should have been compelled to submit to their terms, which would have been dictated without any regard to the Constitution of the United States, and, as we have whipped them, I deny their right in toto to appeal to that instrument. They shall not make a straight jacket of the Constitution and put it on those who have adhered to the Government to embarrass them in securing the legitimate results of the victory they have won."

Objected to Hanging Davis.

And, in strict accordance with the view so entertained, he denied the right of the Government to hang Jeff. Davis, though if, as Lincoln expressed it on another subject, it could have been done, "unbeknownst-like to him," I doubt if he would have shed any tears over his "taking off."

His hatred of human slavery was so intense that it suggests some special reason for it. I have thought it might have been inspired by his experience in the first reported case in which he was concerned as counsel. It was a case in which a Southern planter was seeking to recover possession of a two-legged chattel who had committed grand larceny by running away with himself to Pennsylvania, and Stevens, in behalf of the master, strange as it may seem, had issued the old common law writ of homine replegiando.

If there was any man for whom he had a special regard it was for a pronounced Abolitionist. I remember an incident illustrative of this told by the late Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania. He said that he and Stevens were at Harrisburg once over Sunday, and that he attended church on that day, and, in coming out, found Stevens at his side and said to him:

His Belief in the Negro.

"Mr. Stevens, you and I have been uniformly opposed to each other on all questions, but I am glad to find there is one bond of union between us. We can both attend the same church, but if you will pardon me I would like to know what induced you to attend this particular church?"

"Oh," said Stevens, "I came to hear this fellow preach because he is an Abolitionist." "Whereupon," said the Judge, as he told the story, "the bond of union suddenly parted."

He firmly believed that a negro was as good as a white man, and a good deal better if he behaved himself, and, in reply to Cox, who said in debate, "I ask the gentleman from Pennsylvania to give up his idea of the equality of the white and black races before the law:" he simply said, "I won't do it." To Brooks, of New York, who made a speech denying the equality of the races by nature, he replied, "I will pit John Langston against the gentleman from New York on any fair field of intellectual combat, and the gentleman will be the first to throw up the sponge."

A Bit of Philosophy.

He fully indorsed the sentiment expressed by Prof. Lowell in one of the Bigelow Papers.

I 'aint of those who fancy there's a loss on Every investment that don't start from Bosson,
But I know this. Our money's safest trusted In suthin, come wut will that can't be busted,
And that's the ole Amerikin idee To make a man a man, and let him be.

His convictions were maturely formed and firmly held. Among these was the conviction that so the end be right it fully justifies the means. He said to a fellow member, who made some reference to his conscience: "Conscience, what has a politician to do with a conscience? The sooner you throw it to the devil the better," which led a friend of mine, much given to philosophizing, to remark that Stevens was the most conscientious man he ever knew, that he was even conscientious in the belief that a politician ought not to have any conscience. It is certain that he never hesitated about adopting any means he thought necessary to carry his purpose, and to accomplish it would enter into almost any sort of combination with his political opponents.

A Coalition With Democrats.

On one occasion Boutwell was fiercely antagonizing a measure that Stevens had much at heart. Seeing that he was in danger of being defeated, the old man went to the other side of the chamber and succeeded in making a coalition with the Democrats, and then, after carrying his point, hobbled back to Boutwell and said to him, "Why did you force me to making a combination with those infernal scoundrels on the other side of the House." Before voting on any case of contested election he simply inquired of some friend, "Which is our scoundrel," and invariably voted for him, justifying himself probably by the belief that, except politically, there was no particular difference between them.

I had been absent on one occasion for about a week during the sitting of the House. On my return he said: "Where have you been? I have not seen you for some days."

I replied that I had been off trout fishing at Youngwomanstown, Pennsylvania.

"Youngwomanstown," said he, "that's the place where we get 700 majority for Ritner, when he ran for Governor, and there was only one old red house in the township, and we would have elected him, too, if they had done as well in the western part of the State as we did in the eastern."

Solicitude for Negro Rights.

Of course the one fundamental condition he insisted upon in the reconstruction of the States that had been in rebellion, was absolute security for the negro in all the civil and political rights, and he was quite indifferent about the manner in which it was done, so that, "when it were done, it were well done." To accomplish this end he would not have hesitated a moment about reducing the whole South to a territorial condition, or even blotting out State lines, and making new political divisions of all the Southern States.

He, of course, committed many mistakes in his legislative policy, among which was notably his attempt to keep down the price of gold, by forbidding dealing in it on the stock board, under heavy penalties, which led Long John Wentworth to say that he knew more about nigger than he did about finance.

His speeches never rose to the height of true eloquence. They were plain, terse, practical, and right to the point. His speech on the impeachment of President Johnson was notably brief in comparison with the others. He was delighted with a comment made on it by one of a company of Dunkards from his own district, who called upon him shortly after its delivery, and said: "Mr. Stevens, that was a great speech you made on the trial of Johnson—a great speech."

"Ah, what did you think was so great about it?" said Stevens.

"Oh," was the reply, "because it was so leetle."

I doubt if he ever received a compliment that pleased him more highly.

A Master of Sarcasm.

He disdained the use of rhetoric and all the common arts and tricks of the orator. He was always calm, cool and unimpassioned, even in the most exciting debates, and was so confident in the truth of what he said that he seemed surprised that anybody should doubt it. His most effective weapon in debate was sarcasm, which was so natural to him that he would have probably found a great deal of trouble in suppressing it, and the dread with which it was regarded by his fellow members contributed greatly to the power he wielded over them, though it was intensely amusing to those who knew him more intimately. To the members of the House he seemed something like the fourth form in the prophet's vision, "dark, mysterious, iron teethed, terrible," while by nature he was the gentlest and most genial of men, with an overflow of sympathy for all who were in "any distress of mind, body or estate."

There was no man in public station more easily approachable. Men, women, and children went to him freely for advice or help, and were always sure at least of a sympathetic hearing. He called at my office one day during the Christmas holidays, and said he was in great trouble. On inquiring what the trouble was he said he had just received a letter from an old widow in Lancaster, telling him she was out of fuel and provisions and asking him for help. He said the Sergeant-at-Arms, who is the banker of the members, had gone to New Hampshire to spend the holidays, and he did not know where to get any money to send her. I told him to draw his check on the Sergeant-at-Arms for what he wanted and I would cash it for him. He drew his check for $50, which I cashed, and after expressing his thanks for the favor, he hobbled off, delighted to have got out of that trouble.

A Rather Odd Charity.

It is related of him that walking to the Capitol one morning in company with a fellow member, from whom he had won a hundred dollars at poker the previous evening, he was accosted by an old lady who made a pitiful appeal to him for help. He pulled out the hundred dollars and handed it to her, and then, turning to the gentleman from whom he had won it, with a quizzical smile, said:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

On another occasion he met a woman crying bitterly and asked what was the trouble. She said she had lost a $5 bill, the only money she had in the world. Putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a $5 bill and handed it to her with the remark: "That's very queer, I just found a $5 bill."

But I must reserve further remark for a subsequent letter. CLINTON LLOYD.

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DON'T fail to read the fire sale ad. on page 8 of Kingsbacher Bros., 516 Wood street.

At Five Dollars a Suit.

It will only cost you a $5 bill to buy a man's good suit at our store on Monday. We mark our goods at these low prices to sell them off quickly. This is our clearing time, and it is the biggest cut-price sale of the season. It is attracting thousands of people from far and near. Monday we propose to sell 1,200 men's good cassimere suits, neat patterns, in checks, plaids and mixtures, made up in sack or cutaway style, for only $5 a suit. Come and take your pick.

P. C. C. C., Pittsburg Combination Clothing Company, corner Grant and Diamond streets.

SICILIAN awnings, absolutely sun-fast, at Maumax & Son's, 539 Penn avenue.

Excursion to Atlantic City

Next Thursday, July 2, via the B. & O. R. R. Rate $10 the round trip.

THE WEB OF A SPIDER

For the Poor Little Fly Is Not Worse Than an English Inn

FOR THE CONFIDING TOURIST.

Wakeman Delivers Himself of Some of His Unlucky Experiences.

TEMPERANCE INNS ALONE ARE DECENT

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, June 16.—There are two classes of inns in England and Scotland in which the guests find comfort. One class comprises the great hotels of such cities as London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, which have become comfortable, during the past quarter of a century, in proportion to their adoption of American hotel manners and improvements. The other class is the humble and simple hotels of remote villages, of almost unknown dales and glens, of bonnie old Scotch clachans and of rose-embowered English hamlets, where one thanks God, if he have come by design or accident, for the tender repose and blest rest to be found among them.

There is another class. Its inns are the hotels the average traveler, commercial or uncommercial, is compelled to patronize, and which lie in wait for the doomed tourist from Land's End to John O'Groat's. They are simply places where one for a necessary period resigns himself to captivity, surveillance and extortion. The unfeigned and tremendous surprise and indignation evinced at protest against either, are elements of humor in the situation, if those may exist where there seems only opportunity for downright despair.

The Welcome a Spider Gives a Fly.

The effusiveness of your welcome at one of these inns is alarming. The next instant you have cause for alarm, for with a queen's warrant you could not find a shred of that gaunty, greasy, gaseous welcome. From a dozen to a score of grinning, jumping, wriggling, vociferous beings grab and gasp and gurgle at you until you are inside the door and outside the law, and your belongings have been wrenched from you, and yourself left as lone as is silence between the stars. Then if you find them, or anybody that, without ransom, will acknowledge to having ever before seen them or you in that blessed inn, you possess genius and a great brave and patient soul.

If you have come to the inn by carriage and been mulcted by the station porters for bringing your baggage to the door, by other porters who grab it and carry it to some other place, by other porters who now seize it and deposit it near your carriage, and by still other porters who assist the scorful coachman in getting things to rights and under way; or if you have walked and carried a portmanteau or two, and been haunted and taunted by street porters and urchins for your niggardness and efforts to destroy the customs of the country; you will find them all there, these slimy, slippery human tentacles of the concrete British inn devil-fish, separate and distinct notifications of the life blood sappings you will be called upon in spirit and pocket to endure.

Every Soul a Ready Vampire.

There is the landlord, riotous in obsequiousness; the landlady, beaming with smiles, but measuring your capacity for imposition with unerring accuracy; the head waiter, a superior foreign being, usually a German-French adventurer in full dress, who performs all offices with scorn, but now standing there with bland permissibility in his face for your coming trial; the porter and the second porter, who grin at you this once to ever after grin; "boots," that sodden, grimy slave who never sleeps and who is ever at war with all other souls within the place; "buttons," in uniform as to clothing, but in permanent gloom as to face, save when you arrive and he lights up with joy at the misery he alone can cause you; a half dozen odorous stablemen, who each watch their chance to leer and pull their forelocks at you in effort to establish secret recognition of what you may expect if you do not placate them; the barmaid, who knows, you know, that it is she alone who supplies the awful voluminousness and minuteness of that inevitable bill, and who giggles and gyrates as she sees your own writhing recognition of what is to come; and a number of muscular cattle called chambermaids, who in a trice have settled the manner in which you shall be racked and wrecked within the precincts of the dank, clammy den to which you are certain to be consigned.

In a moment the cold realism of your situation has come. You are inside a low, dank, narrow hall and alone. At one side is the bar, an affair constructed like an American railway station news-stand, which is shut out from sight whenever the barmaid wishes to yawn, the landlady desires to abuse her Boniface, or your own objurgations become too numerous and decisive.

Lucky to Get Anything to Eat.

Opposite is the "coffee room," a long, low, cheerless place, with a long, low, cheerless table, spread with a cloth ever decorated with misplaced matter. If you have the good fortune to finally get anything to eat in the place, you will have to partake of it with a blowsy tourist possessing one sofa, a drunken guest snoring upon another, a crowd of drovers, of politicians or of the constabulary or military, swigging ale or stout beside you, and the whole room as blue as a channel fog with the smoke of tobacco. Directly you are in the prison-like hall. The head waiter is gone; the porter has grabbed your luggage and disappeared; "boots" and "buttons" have vanished; landlord, landlady and barmaid have been swallowed up in the inconceivable somewhere behind the bar; stablemen and chambermaids are whisked into undiscoverable retreats. Great, gloomy doors, black, mouldy walls, hard, forbidding ceilings, alone confront you. You bang your knuckles against the bar window. Landlord, landlady or barmaid by and by appears, giving you a look of pained surprise, and then disappears. You call, "Porter!"—"Boots!"—"Buttons!"—"Chambermaid!" There is not even a reproving glace now in answer. You call and bang some more. This time echo alone reproves you. Groping about the place, you snatch at a bellcord big as your wrist, with a tassel as big as your head. This you tug at very violently. The clang and clamor of the bell, which you cannot locate, fill the whole place. The bar-window comes up with a slam, goes down with a slam, and an expression of disgust and dismay is caught escaping between the slams. Then, peering up from dark stairways, and peering out of quickly-opened doors, are seen faces full of grave surprise: you hear all about you exclamations of disgust and dismay, and in another instant all these faces are gone, and you are again alone. Then you talk out loud to yourself for awhile in rude American words.

Noise Gives No Relief at All.

Strengthened, you return to the big bellcord. You jerk and jerk at that. You find other bellcords and jerk at them. Nearly all of them ring bells, bells of such awful size and sound, and, in instances, such startling nearness, that you are scared at your own dire work and are rather relieved that nobody appears to avenge your calamitous proceedings. For a time you exist in the dazed, dark, silent spell that has come upon you, but finally you cannot bear your isolation longer. You determine on investigation at the risk of your actions being misconstrued, and yourself arrested and flung into a British bastile. Even there, you reflect, would at least exist a motive for your being looked after by somebody. You try all the doors and windows of the bar, softly at first, but gradually to an earnest and burglarious degree. Then you try all the dark hall doors from which peered faces full of surprise at your obstreperousness. These are locked, or open only upon repelling gloom.

Determined to secure relief, you timidly seek the "coffee room" "human warious." Everybody is there snoring. Then you attempt to descend stairs which you think must lead to where the servants ought to be. After you crash against sharp angles and fall in unexpected turns, this attempt is abandoned. In desperate hope and courage you begin scaling the ascents to upper mysteries. You are more successful here, for, by following the stair railing, you can at least for some little time proceed. You go pretty high this way. Doubtful of where you are, you return a flight or two. Then you move stealthily through a dark, stuffy hall. Like a sneak thief you try every door you find, listening with beating heart for movements of vengeance from supposititious occupants.

A Season of Tips and Disappointments.

Your strained hearing catches the sound of footsteps. You suddenly pounce upon him and hold him as remorselessly as ever "Goody Blake" was clutched by "Harry Gill." The man says, "Lord bless us!" but does not seem very frightened. He probably knows what it is to be frequently surprised in the dark by desperate people. You demand with surpressed emotion to be led to your room. Lord bless us, yes, certainly; but you do not loosen your grip upon the individual. By and by you have penetrated the somewhere, and you find yourself in a room that must be your room because you recognize some features of your luggage when falling over it.

But there you are at last, and what a room? Shades of past ages, how thy kindly wraiths are insulted by what is here in pretension, patching, mold and decay! One fears to use a drawer lest the furniture will crumble in pieces and dolorous spirits be unloosed. The washstand is propped; the bowl is cracked; the towel is as shredded as a politician's record. You can only sit in safety on the floor. You "tip" the man you have caught out of all reason, and shiveringly ask for a light and a fire. Lord bless us, yes, certainly—as to a light; but there must be a consultation about the fire. He departs and you stand there supported by hope and a compact, black atmosphere for a good half hour. He never returns. Another man does. This one brings one tiny candle faintly hinting of light, and disclosing the extraordinary necessity for light. You suggest that you will need more. He is apalled. But you pledge your ability to pay for two, or even three candles, if all are burned together. That may be admitted, but the innovation is too much. You fee this new man. Lord bless us, yes, certainly; he will see. He goes away and never returns. You take your candle and make a little trip around the echoing halls, but you find no one.

You Must Rave Like a Maniac.

Then you return to your room, find the bellcord and enliven the hostelry for a long time with doleful tollings, janglings and impetuous staccatos of a remote but strong-toned bell. By and by another man comes, as if in doubtful attentiveness, and seems anxious to know if you have really rung. You endeavor to make it clear that you have, and why you have; and you fee him and say, "My good fellow!" and "There's a man!" and other friendly things. This one goes and stays, like the rest. You begin on the bell again, or, thoroughly reckless and desperate, rush to your door and yell; yell as one will yell when the limit of human patience is reached. In a moment they are all there; all the pack of persecutors who first gave you welcome. You address them in unmistakable language. They are surprised, pained, humiliated, at your extraordinary conduct. But by a frank statement that unless a fire of coals is put in your grate you will utilize the unjointed sections of furniture for the purpose, and unless you are furnished enough candles you will make a pyre of the inn itself for light with which to get out of it, you are eventually provided with what you want—by two or three other people who have been lying in wait for this very denouement; these only submitting to accommodate you after their palms have been crossed with silver, like the bad old witches of the story books.

In every other act or fact about the British inn, there is the same hopeless stubbornness. Once within it you must resign yourself soul and body to indescribable delay, inattention and every conceivable affront and incivility. The guest is a creature to be plucked, bullied and pillaged. To these beings with wooden heads and straw hearts, who do not "keep" them but are kept by them, civility is unknown; comfort is unheeded; innovation is treason, and dynamite lurks in all suggestion of improvement.

Choose the Temperance Hostelries.

It would be captious and dishonest to assert that there are no pleasant exceptions; but anyone who has traveled much in England and Scotland knows that the above picture is a true one of nine-tenths of those inns the average wanderer finds in the average English and Scottish town or village. Acquaintance in every place visited would no doubt reduce one's percentage of misery. But as you are compelled to know it, in passing rapidly from place to place, the entire system is one of grab-and-pluck. The bar is the British innkeeper's god. He has no pride in his house and the entertainment he might give. If your bill for liquors is likely to four or five times exceed that for bed and board, you are tolerated and even coddled. If you have something to do besides guzzle, you may as well understand first as last that you are not wanted, and will not be decently treated. In nine-tenths of all British inns there is not a public room—and they are all notoriously tiny and close—where the fumes and smoke of liquor and tobacco do not form a dense and awful pillar of cloud and fire by night and day. The inn is absolutely the bar annex here.

But there is hope for the traveler in England and Scotland in two directions. If one will make a rule of patronizing only the temperance hotels, or of hunting out the humblest and most insignificant inn that can be found in the place of arrival, my word for it, a clean bed, a fairly comfortable room and the best attention and service to be had in this country, will in nearly all cases be secured. The temperance hotels of our own country are as a rule only fit places for self-mortification or suicide. Here they are the only places where one can secure any manner of adequate entertainment. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

LOCAL SOCIAL NOTES.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Thomas, of East Diamond street, Allegheny, was the scene of a brilliant assemblage last Wednesday evening in response to an invitation for a musicale issued by Mrs. Thomas before her departure to Chautauqua for the summer season. The programme consisted of a vocal solo, by Miss Kate Ball, accompanying herself on the violin; mandolin selections, by Albert Stimmel and Professor Liefeld's Female Mandolin Club; a piano and violin duet, by the Misses Lulu and Edna Vogler; guitar selections, by Mr. Morgan Heuring; and recitations, by Mrs. William Bentley and Mr. Wesley Calthenbaugh. An elegant luncheon was served at 11 P. M. Those who participated in the evening's enjoyment were the Misses Grace Cahill, Lulu and Edna Vogler, Mary and Betty Black, B. Calthenbaugh, Josie Downing, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kneeland, Dr. Pitcairn, Willie Thomas and Albert D. Liefeld.

Probably the most successful social event of the week was the musicale given by Miss Olive Price, of River avenue, Allegheny, last Thursday evening, in honor of Miss Lillian McFeely, of Steubenville, O. Piano, mandolin and guitar selections, and fancy dances, by Professor Thuma and Miss Price, interladed by a sumptuous repast, constituted the evening's enjoyment. Included in the number present may be mentioned the Misses Nellie Hunter, May Lacock, Mamie Hendricks, Mrs. Ackison and Messrs. Milton Hendricks, Professor Albert D. Liefeld, Walter Floyd, Ben Burns, Al Sende, Professors R. F. and Frank Thuma and Carl Braun.

Aline Walker, a little miss of 10 years, delighted the large and fashionable audience gathered in St. Mary's Hall, Allegheny, Tuesday afternoon, by her wonderful rendition of "The Little Highland Shepherdess," which she recited and danced in costume. The poem was written for her by her teacher, Miss Mary Cody.

Mr. B. N. Jacobs will sail for Europe Saturday on the Servia and will be absent some eight weeks. He intends to visit the principal capitals of the Old World, taking in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna and Amsterdam, and will also spend some time with his relatives in England.

Weis Brothers' Orchestra will furnish music for the Casino Club, at Allequippa, on August 3, and for about ten lawn fetes in July.

The Great Western Band furnished the music for the schools of Lawrenceville, at Arsenal Park, Friday.

CHOICE PROPERTIES.

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TWENTY-SECOND WARD,

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