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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1891.

THE WHARF SETTLEMENT.

The settlement of the Allegheny river wharf question, as indicated in yesterday's court proceedings, bids fair to be the most satisfactory possible to all parties under the circumstances. By order of the Court the Chief of the Department of Public Works is given sixty days in which to remove the obstructions placed there in pursuance with a plan of improvement that has been declared obstructive of the public purpose of the wharf.

It is satisfactory to perceive from an interview with Mr. Bigelow that he proposes to accept the decision in good faith and make the best of it. He will at once proceed to remove the obstructions, and will embellish that locality by tree-planting, sodding, and making walks, as the character of the ground will permit. This will keep the wharf open for the future developments of river traffic and at the same time permit the city to improve its looks and keep it clear not only of mounds of dirt, but of scrap iron and stone piles.

On the whole this is a very satisfactory termination of the dispute. The future possibilities of river transportation are too great too permit the destruction of our wharf facilities; but that is no reason why it need be left as an eye-sore.

AN ASTRONOMIC ACHIEVEMENT.

An enterprise which illustrates to a remarkable degree the wonderful advance of science in the latter days is explained in the special letter to THE DISPATCH by M. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer. The work described—that of taking a photographic map of the entire firmament—is such as has never been undertaken before. It not only illustrates the great advance in the methods and resources of scientific investigation, but promises the development of new astronomical facts unattainable in any other way.

The use of photography in the study of particular astronomical bodies has for some time been among the recognized and valuable resources of fully equipped astronomical observation. But the comprehensive and complete photographic map of the entire universe visible, not alone including those visible to the naked eye but including the stars up to the fourteenth magnitude, or eight grades beyond those which the eye can perceive, is reserved to be one of the triumphs of science at the close of the Nineteenth century. The wonderful expansion scientific knowledge secured by these methods is illustrated by the fact that De Quincy's remarkable essay on Lord Rossa's telescope celebrated the addition of known stars to the list by thousands; while this photograph map will disclose the existence of 40,000,000 stars, and, if the sixteenth magnitude could be included, would swell the total of unknown worlds to 400,000,000.

Such achievements are the wonders of the age. While our progress in social and political science may be slow in the realms of material science and in the methods of purely scientific investigation, the progress indicated by a work of this sort approximates the realm of the stupendous.

ONE-SIDED INDEPENDENCE.

The esteemed New York *Evening Post* has heretofore shown a desire to maintain a reputation as an independent journal. It is a fair conclusion from one of its recent efforts in the line of discussing a current political phase that it no longer wishes that reputation, but has concluded to accept the character and work of a one-sided Democratic organ.

The phase it discusses is the tendency of the agricultural element toward soft-money ideas. The source of these is declared to be the soft-money speeches of Republican leaders. The *Post* quotes from the speeches made by these men in years past, and on the strength of the expressions declares that the absurdities of Peffer and Simpson which we are now laughing at were derived "from Republicans like Blaine and Allison and Ingalls and Kelley and Matthews."

The direct assertions which the *Post* makes in this connection are true, but they contain a *suppressio veri* on which a direct *suggestio falsi* is based. The conclusion of our cotemporary's article is that the Republican leaders are responsible for the present soft-money craze, and nothing is said about the attitude of Democratic leaders or the soft-money and silver questions in the decade of the seventies. While the *Post* was rummaging the records for these speeches of Republican leaders did it come across no speeches from leading Democrats? It must have taken an extraordinary discrimination on its part to perceive nothing from such Democrats as Pendleton, Hendricks, Beck, Voorhees, Vest, Bland and others. The fact is that during the period to which it refers the only Democrat of a national reputation who did not try to make political capital out of the soft-money idea was Allan G. Thurman. Yet the *Post* directly asserts that the source of the present ideas in that line is entirely in the Republican speeches of that period which followed at a respectful and tentative distance the Democratic heresies.

It would be hard for the most purblind partisan article to be more one-sided in misrepresenting political history than this exponent of alleged independence.

THE TARIFF IN THE SOUTH.

President Harrison in an interview upon his late tour through the South describes the wonderful growth of material interests in that section since the war. Of all that he says on the subject, nothing touches the politics of the future more vitally than his prediction, doubtless a correct one, that the day will come, possibly for those now living to see, when Birmingham and Chattanooga will be as great cities as Pittsburg now is. Passing over the necessary reflection that by that time Pittsburg, for its part, will have made still more enormous strides and be farther even than now beyond rivalry or competition, it is easy to see that the drift of the assertion is to establish the solid community of interests which must hereafter exist between Northern and Southern States.

Once upon a time, it was not uncommon to hear the protective policy under which Pennsylvania has so magnificently prospered denounced as a peculiarly Pennsylvania institution. There was nothing in the sneer, for the whole country shared in the benefits of protection, if not directly, indirectly. Henceforth, however, with the development of manufactures through the South, protection will grow to be of as vital interest to Alabama, Tennessee, and even Kentucky and parts of Virginia, as it has been to Pennsylvania. The new feeling cannot establish itself in a day. But it is being sharply realized already through the South; and it must grow as the local manufactures of the South increase in number and importance.

The opponents of the protective policy have a blue look-out. Despite great boasting of the impressions they were producing upon the people, there is nothing on the horizon to encourage them. In the Northern States they have won no substantial or lasting success. Congressional elections of last fall gave them temporary hope, as they were either too blind or unwilling to see that other causes contributed to Republican defeat besides the misrepresentations of the effects of the McKinley bill; but in the operations of that bill to date they can look in vain for a basis for a successful national or even State campaign. Should, as is certain to occur, several of the Southern States also be won over by their direct interests to the protection policy the opponents of that policy will not succeed a day after that event in keeping the Democratic organization in line in its attacks upon the tariff system. That party is only in that hostile attitude now in direct antagonism to the wisest counsel of some of its ablest minds, such as the late Samuel J. Randall, the New York *Sun* and others that might be named. Its statesmen will have to consider these facts between now and the Presidental nomination. We hope it will not take them the whole period that Birmingham may require to grow up to the present size of Pittsburg—as that would be rather a long lingering in the annual shadow of the valley of political defeat.

DISGRACING A UNIVERSITY.

Pointed reference is made by the Boston *Traveller* to the fact that class day and commencement week passed at Harvard without any steps being taken to maintain the discipline of that institution with regard to two remarkable exhibitions of undergraduate disorder. One was the riotous conduct of students at a hotel banquet, which has produced from the hotelkeepers the declaration that they will serve no more banquets to undergraduates. The other was the appearance of the members of what was supposed to be a Greek letter society in a police court as convicts on the charge of illicit liquor selling.

It is apparent on the face that to permit such infractions not only of scholarly order, but of actual decency, to go unpunished is tantamount to the abandonment of discipline. If students can run secret doggeries in their society rooms, and play the hoodlum in hotel dining halls, without notice from the faculty, there is no such thing left as collegiate discipline in that institution. It is significant that the *Traveller* assigns a cause for the absence of discipline, which is especially discreditable to an institution of learning. It says:

If nothing has been done, however, or if nothing is to be done, is this to be accounted for by the expectation of gifts and bequests from the families which these drunken and rowdy students dishonor? Is the fame of America's oldest university to be smirched for the sake of adding a few paltry thousands to its funds? It is a sad day for Harvard when the greed or gain becomes an overmastering passion.

This is practically an indictment from an observer on the spot to the effect that one of the principal institutions of the country permits the disorders of the gilded youth for the hope of securing endowments from the wealthy classes represented by the riotous classes. If this is true it puts the governors of that institution in about the most contemptible light possible. The men who would conduct an educational institution on the principle of time-serving and class toadying disgrace the name of education however they may gild the corrupt policy in other respects.

THE CLIMAX OF PRUDERY.

The epidemic of prudery has reached its complete fruition. There may have been a notion that it had got to its height when the rulers of a public bath-house in New York enacted that small boys should not offend by bathing before the eyes of other blushing members of the male sex. But that was a mere flight of sober judgment beside the latest and ultimate effort in that line. A school teacher in Fitchburg has decided that the barefoot boy is an offense against modesty. She sent a pupil home because he shamelessly came to school exposing a pair of small brown legs from his knickerbockers. Worse and more of it, the grave and ponderous seignors of the Board of Education sustained the verdict, and the barefooted boy is to be shut out from the schools as an offense against the modesty of the educational authorities.

It is an awful fact that this nation has been perpetrating immodesty of this sort since it was a nation. This has been a country of barefooted boys since it became famous, and has been shameless enough to glory a fact that the brown, bare and sturdy little legs have, when developed into manhood, carried it to its present state of progress. Not only barefooted boys but barefooted men fought the war which made this nation. Webster, Lincoln, Garfield and the vast majority of our public men were barefooted boys in their time. If there is a man who amounts to anything and who was not a barefooted juvenile, he is to be commiserated for having missed the joys of untrammeled feet and legs, as well as the discipline of stubbed toes and stone-bruises.

But all this must go. We have offended against modesty in praising the career of sturdy and virtuous men who started as barefooted boys. We have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of Young Persons, as Mr. Veneerny puts it, by putting barefooted boys and, most terrible thought, even barefooted little girls, in the pictures of American life. Beyond all that we have subjected society to great demoralization by throwing open our schools to barefooted children equally with those who wear French kid or russet leather. This is the edict of the purists who run the schools of Fitchburg.

The most immodest aspect of such a decision is the indecent exposure of the alleged mental faculties of the prudes who place barefooted boys under the ban.

JEERS AT ROYALTY.

So long as the young Kaiser William has stayed at home he has escaped the jeers of the outside world, but now that he is about to make a visit to his Royal Grandmamma his Socialistic enemies in London are preparing to give him a most unwelcome and unpleasant reception. The English love their Sabbath, and it is not amazing that they should object when no less a personage than the German Emperor disregards their usages and proposes banquets and fetes on that day. It certainly is a sorry example to be set by royalty for the people of those two nations, who have always been taught that the Sabbath should be a day of peace and quiet.

But that is not the only reason the Socialists and Radicals of London propose making a demonstration while the parade is passing. The former have a sore place for royalty in general, and the latter still feel a little cool toward the Prince of Wales on account of the baccarat scandal. The proposed jeering will not show a spirit of common decency toward the German Kaiser and the to-be-King of England. It will merely illustrate how rapidly the people of all nations are nearing the idea that the only good government is self-government.

The baccarat scandal merely grows out of idleness, but the trouble in the case of Emperor William is that he has been entirely too busy to suit his people. He has made many very grave blunders and has attacked principles that are very dear to his people. Yet he seems to be working conscientiously for the good of his subjects and there is really no call for an antagonistic demonstration. But Socialists always grasp at opportunities to sneer at royalty and the liberality of England's laws will not prevent it. If they go beyond sneers they will very properly be landed in a good strong jail with chances of transportation.

JUDGE GORDON, of Philadelphia, recently dismissed a jury which had acquitted a man who was clearly proved guilty of illicit liquor selling with the remark that they had "lowered the standard of the law, and that when they went home and considered the matter they would find that they had rendered a verdict which was inconsistent with the evidence." But Judge Gordon can hardly flatter himself that such words will make any impression on the class of jurors who establish indemnity for speak-easy proprietors. These jurors will continue to have the last say until there is a reform in the selection of jurors.

THE death of young Brokaw, one of the Princeton athletes, while rescuing others from death, silences for the moment all the current sarcasms about the muscular collegians. The colleges have produced one hero who demonstrated the right to the title at the cost of his life.

IN connection with the defects of our Asiatic squadron, the New York *Recorder* remarks of one of the vessels: "The Monocacy is an old Mississippi sidewheel steamer, good only for river travel." We fear the esteemed *Recorder* is not fully acquainted with river craft. A Mississippi river steamer that should attempt the voyage to Asia would not live half way to Cape Horn. The Monocacy is an old and presumably not very valuable craft, but her first acquaintance with the Mississippi river was, we believe, as a part of Farragut's glorious entrance.

PERHAPS Mr. George's unsatisfactory experience with the courts, with the result of getting less than $500 out of a $12,000 bequest, will give him new light to the effect that a single tax on bequests will cure more of the existing evils than a single tax on land.

CHIEF BROWN will earn some thanks if he carries out his proposal to stop the driving of cattle in the streets, excepting on permits, and also racing upon the public thoroughfares. With the network of cable and electric cars going at high speed, the perils of the road are necessarily great enough without longer permitting processions of Texan steers and the trials of fast horses in populous places. The Chief is to be commended for his stand on this matter.

TWENTY per cent of the legislation passed by the late Legislature was vetoed, and when we come to consider the methods by which legislation was governed in that body, the wonder is that more bills were not vetoed.

THE almost universal reports of big crops and prosperity for the Western farmer may not smooth out all the political complications, but it will make business prospects satisfactory and roseate for everyone. This is always subject to a proviso that corporate manipulators and banking financiers do not get up panics or wrecks for their own diversion or enrichment.

WITH regard to Shelby M. Cullom, it is satisfactory to learn that he has no false bashfulness about having it known that "Barkis is willin'." But it is not news. Mr. Collum has been that way for some years.

CONCERNING New York politics, it is interesting to learn that Mr. Smith M. Weed has recently declared in an interview that he is not saying anything. Mr. Weed does not even intimate that he is sawing wood, but that does not prevent a suspicion that he may be occupying his leisure moments in whetting a knife for the fifth rib of one David Bennett Hill.

THE weather sharps of New York who reported "a hot wave" as spreading over the interior of the country on Thursday and Friday are rivals for the laurels of Wiggins, who prophecies by contraries.

FROM the energetic way in which the Democratic organs are disputing whether Cleveland is popular with the rank and file of the party or not, there would seem to be a general recognition of the fact that the election of delegates to the National Convention cannot be trusted to represent the sentiments of the party masses.

THE juror in New York who woke up and found himself famous for not knowing the fame of Chauncy M. Depew and DeLancy Nicoll is a living illustration of the caprices of fame.

To recognize the Congressional Chileans as belligerents would be to recognize that a state of war exists, and that those who defend representative government have as good a standing with the United States as those who maintain dictatorship. Is there anything inconsistent with the position of a great republic on that stand?

A FEW more weeks of this weather will atone for all the rest and make the political fortune of the Department of Agriculture as the manager of the weather.

THE contradiction of John Wanamaker's assertion that he never held any stock in the Keystone Bank is calculated to shake confidence in the strict accuracy of that statement of his. Mr. Wanamaker will have to testify some more, or run for the Senate in order to vindicate himself.

THE QUAINT SIDE.

Economy Growing Modern—Patriarch Henrici's Activity—Scenes in the Quiet Town—Summer Dinners—A Pugilist Who Doesn't Look It.

ECONOMY, that monument to the thrift and energy of its founders, and the productiveness of Western Pennsylvania, is fast losing the old-world air and quaintness which used to characterize it. The exterior of the town, its substantial houses, wide streets, so shady and so full of chickens, the pleasant gardens rich in flowers and fruits, and the beautiful rolling meadows, the orchards and the great river flowing below the precipitous bluff upon which the town stands—all these things are unaltered, save in trifling detail, but the spirit of the scene has changed. Even as compared with the Economy of four or five pears ago, the town to-day has taken on modernness, and there are few reminders of the patriarchal life which once flourished there. The change is easily accounted for. It is simply that the old Economy is dying. Such an end was inevitable in a community where marriage was forbidden. The Society of Economites is but a shadow, kept from utter dissipation by the wonderful moral and mental strength of a single member, Jacob Henrici. He is not the only member of the society alive, but he is practically the only survivor in evidence of the sturdy fathers of the settlement. The remnant of the society which once contained in its palmiest days at least a thousand souls numbers less than a score, how much less few beside Mr. Henrici himself know. Most of these are full of years, and death has been a frequent visitor among them of late. Last week another sister was called away, and on Thursday evening about sunset her body was laid to rest under the turf of the orchard where nearly all of the society are now assembled.

Mr. Henrici's Activity.

MR. HENRICI'S activity is still wonderful. He is wont to spend every day attending to some branch of the society's affairs; in Pittsburg, or at the brickyards at Leetsdale—a comparatively new industry which already flourishes—in Beaver Falls, or at the oil wells owned by the society, Mr. Henrici continues to supervise and direct. Not many men in the shadow of ninety years, nor at seventy for that matter, retain the strength and spirit of the patriarch of Economy. I saw him on Thursday afternoon hurrying up the steep hill from the station at Economy, carrying the inevitable black bag and umbrella, and asking no help from the swarthy, sleek-looking young man—one of the new members who are, presumably, being brought into the society to postpone its disintegration—who strode along by his side. Entering the old Rapp mansion by the side door, for a few minutes Mr. Henrici disappeared. Then he came out again by the front door, still accompanied by the young man. They both bore bouquets, made of white lilies and corn flowers, and at a rapid pace they made for the house nearby where a gathering of men in long coats and high hats, and the plain hearse drawn by one horse, betokened the presence of death. And though the curious eye of a stranger did not follow these kind, simple folk to the grave beneath the apple trees, it may be taken for certain that Mr. Henrici said the few words of farewell over their departed sister, and spared no needful time, tired though they must have been after toil and travel under a blazing sun, to follow the corpse to the grave outside the town.

The Quaintness Gone.

THE hired help are all that one sees, with an occasional exception, in the streets of Economy these days—and they are simply German immigrants for the most part recently arrived, whose dress, speech and manners are familiar enough in Pittsburg. There is nothing distinctive or peculiar about them, as there was about the original population of Economy, and they do not harmonize with the old-fashioned picturesqueness of their surroundings. Even in the old Rapp house opposite the church, where one was wont to receive a gracious greeting from Miss Rapp until two years ago and where Mr. Henrici still lives, the modern spirit has penetrated. A firm, though very polite little woman in black, with a brisk, business-like air and a ready tongue, meets you when you ring the doorbell—a garish innovation that would not have been tolerated in Economy a few years ago—and runs over the curiosities, pictures and quaint furniture of the parlor with the glibness of a Washington guide. You feel none of the awe this parlor inspired in you when the stately Henrici and quiet little Miss Rapp received you there.

The big garden still salutes you with its gay flower beds, its shady arbors, its fishponds surrounding the grotesque bandstand, the odors are just as sweetly heavy and strange, and the best of care seems to be taken of it all. The tight-board fence which separates the garden from the street is new—handsome enough but desperately new. And what sight is that! Great heavens! a man crossing the garden with a pipe in his mouth, and the rank odor of tobacco is wafted to us with the scent of roses and honeysuckle. A few years ago a man would as soon have thought of smoking in a powder magazine as in Rapp's garden, the holy of holies of a place where tobacco has long been anathema.

Other Changes in Economy.

THE church has undergone more change in the modernizing spirit than anything in Economy. The bare oak planks of the floor which used to serve the worshipers hidden now under an ingrain carpet of warm tan tints, with cocoa matting in the aisles. The benches of solid oak have recently been painted and grained in imitation of antique oak—hardly an improvement. Many a city church is not so comfortably furnished, and this was the place in Economy that strangers were wont to consider the one dispiriting, cold and purely primitive feature of the settlement.

There may be a more essential revolution in progress in the society than anyone may note in the town—there are not wanting signs of the former—but it is hard to see how the society can survive Mr. Henrici in any event, and it is mournful on many accounts that Economy as Pennsylvania has known it for almost three-quarters of a century will soon be a thing of the past.

Two Midsummer Dinners.

ONE of the questions of the day is: What shall we eat in hot weather? I put it to M. Albert Menjou, who makes it his business to answer the question every day of his life, and he said: "It is not easy to concoct a meal to tickle the palate of your very warm American these days—what shall it be a breakfast, a luncheon, a dinner, a supper or what?"

"Suppose we say a supper or dinner, as you please to call it, for the names are interchangeable," I replied.

So M. Menjou took a pencil, tapped his forehead, and wrote out this bill of fare, with the prefatory remark that every dish in it should be served cold:

Clams.
Cold consommé in cups.
Liebfraumilch.
Stuffed olives, salted almonds.
Boned turkey with jelly.
Moselle.
Fillet of beef, larded, with water cress.
Pontet canet.
Lobster salad.
Cold strawberry pudding.
Fancy cakes.
Perrier jouet.
Cafe glace.

"In this menu I have avoided the use of French terms," said M. Menjou, "denying myself all the poetry that the language throws about the meanest dish—except the last item, which is simply iced coffee. The wines I have named suit the season and the dinner. As an alternative I offer this:

Clams.
Anchovy a la Russe.
Haut sauterne.
Salmon trout, mayonnaise.
Sliced tomatoes.
Roast spring chicken.
Asparagus vinaigrette.
Claret cup.
Pate de foie gras.
Chablis (white).
Charlotte Parisienne.
Cafe glace.

"In this menu the only dish that needs description is the desert, Charlotte Parisienne, which is pretty and appropriate. It consists simply of Charlottee Russe arranged about mixed fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, cherries, and the like, and ornamented with lady fingers' cakes. Both dinners are as light as they can be made, and in the absence of game at this time of the year I think it best. At all events, they are my ideal of a midsummer dinner."

A Pugilist in Disguise.

THE popular idea of a prize-fighter is a man of terrific physical proportions draped in clothing of loud and large pattern, with a fist like a pile-driver, a square jaw, a broken nose, short neck and a ferocious expression. This description fits a good many pugilists, but there are exceptions, and I met one of them yesterday. He was a young man, certainly little if any over five feet five or six in he ight, lightly but stiffly built and unusually broad as to his shoulders in comparison with the rest of his figure—so far not an unusual young man. A quiet suit of gray, a ruffled silk shirt, and a white lawn tie went very well with the mild, smiling face that surmounted them. To be sure the nose in the middle of this face was broken—the center span of the bridge had collapsed—but the eyes above it were bright and the usual number of teeth showed up in the mouth beneath. Altogether one would have set this young man down to be an iron-worker, or something of that sort, and a peaceable fellow at that. Yet he was Tommy Hogan, whom the sport at my elbow declared to be "as game and handy a lightweight as ever put up his dukes."

Three or four years ago Tom Sterck, ex-champion of England, who saw this mild-mannered boy from the Fourteenth ward—the fighting ward of the city—spar, prophesied his rise as a pugilist, and all and more than he said has come true. Hogan has just come back from the West, where he has fought a score or so of battles with varying fortune. Now he returns to the home of his ancestors crowned with laurels, so to speak, and yearning for new fields to conquer. With his pugilistic record I have nothing to do, but it strikes me it is a dangerous and unwarranted imposition for a young man who can pulverize anybody weighing say less than 130 pounds, and a great many heavier mortals, to masquerade in the mildest of manners and the quietest of clothes. Such a man ought to show more of a danger signal than a mere broken nose.

WITH CROWNS AND WITHOUT.

PROF. ARNOLD GUYOT, of the Miami (Ohio) University, has been appointed Professor of French in the Yale Scientific School.

THE Marquis of Salisbury recently sent a magnificent lot of strawberries, with flowers, and other fruits to the Royal Horticultural Society's show in London.

THE Czarewitz has been a most industrious student, and is now one of the best informed men of his age in Eastern Europe. He is especially well versed in the higher sciences.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany has commissioned the celebrated artist, Anton von Werner, to paint a picture representing the Emperor, the German princes and the army officers in the act of congratulating the late Count von Moltke upon the completion of his 90th birthday.

MADAM COLE had made arrangements to start June 27 on a trip to the United States, when she received the command of Her Majesty the Queen to sing in the "Golden Legend" at Albert Hall in July, on the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor. Her visit to her native land has been, therefore, indefinitely postponed.

MISS LOUISE NICOLSON, of Washington, better known as Nikita, has lately finished her third tour in Russia, which has lasted over a year and a half. She has visited the principal cities of Western, Southern and Eastern Russia. Nikita is now in Germany, and will take a well-earned rest at Ems previous to resuming her vocation.

THE reported arrangement for the marriage of Pension Attorney Lemon and Mrs. General Logan was denied in a card issued by a prominent G. A. R. man of Omaha, a close friend of the Logan family. Before sailing for Europe, Mrs. Logan wrote him a letter denying that she contemplated marrying Lemon, and saying she would never marry.

BARON ALFRED ROTHSCHILD during the past week entertained a number of distinguished people at a most unique private concert, at which Adelina Patti, Van Dyck, the fashionable tenor, Maurel and Lassalle, Edouard de Reszke, Wolff, the violinist, and Hollman, the cellist, contributed to the fund of enjoyment. It is estimated that the artists' services alone cost the Baron over $5,000 for the evening's entertainment.

DANGER IN ICE CREAM.

Forty-Eight Partakers of the Vanilla Flavored Article Sick Almost Unto Death.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

MALONE, N. Y., June 27.—The Episcopal society of Brushton, N. Y., Saturday evening served ice cream at their lawn festival in that village. A short time after partaking of the ice cream some complained of feeling ill, and soon after they were taken with vomiting, nausea and severe pains, in fact, with every appearance of poisoning. Dr. Hawkins was called, but on his arrival found so many suffering that the summoned other physicians.

By early next morning all were pronounced out of danger, though some were very weak and low, but all are now able to be out. Forty-eight persons in all were poisoned. There were two kinds of ice cream served—lemon and vanilla. All who partook of vanilla were sick, while those who took lemon experienced no bad effect. Some people think the poison was in the flavoring extract, but physicians say it was caused by some product of decomposition in the milk coming in contact with zinc of the ice cream freezer.

A FABLE.

The Firefly Who Works His Own Ruin by Making a Challenge.

New York Sun.]

To a specter, whose palely bluish form was discernible crouched on a tomb, enters a flashing firefly. "Well, you old exploded superstition," exclaimed the insect, flitting through and through the Shape's impalpable person; "if I couldn't glow any better than that, I would try to shine by reflected light." "I hear the footfall of a mortal," returned the specter, in hollow accents; "on him we will test our respective powers of illumination." The firefly, scintillating with all his might, darted at the approaching boy, who seized him with a cry of delight, which was converted into piercing lamentations when he caught sight of the specter. In the vivacity of the youth's emotions and flight the insect was destroyed.

In his scheme of popular entomology, the judicious naturalist will leave an exalted place for the bugaboo.

DEALERS IN LIGHTING FIXTURES.

They Organize at Cincinnati and Elect a Pittsburg Man Treasurer.

CINCINNATI, June 27.—The dealers in gas and electric light fixtures from leading cities in the country, who have been in session in this city the past three days, completed their organization to-day. This new association just formed is called the "National Association of Gas and Electric Light Fixture Dealers."

The following officers were elected: President, L. B. Cross, of Kansas City; Vice President, E. F. Brooks, of Washington; Secretary, P. V. Dwyer, of St. Paul; Treasurer, John Kelly, of Pittsburg. The association adjourned this afternoon, the time and place of the next meeting to be fixed by the Executive Committee.

The Columbus Monument Unveiling.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CHICAGO, June 27.—The Directors of the World's Fair will ask that the unveiling of the Columbus monument be postponed from 1892 to 1893, so as not to interfere with the celebration in 1892.

IN THE CLOVER.

Butterfly,
Flutter by,
Over the clover,
Under the sky.
Sail and falter and fall,
And cling to the fragrant spray;
Shift and shirk,
No weather for work
Falls on a summer day.

Bumblebee,
Tumble free
Into the bloom of the tulip-tree;
Cease your bustle and boom,
Swing on a stamen and sing,
Or clutch a flake of frail and fine,
And drowsily drink the wine,
And rest your rumbling wing.

Meadowlark,
Glow like a spark
That will set the fields afire;
Tenderly whistle
On top of a thistle
A "turlee" to your mate up higher
In a dusky locust-tree.
There! There!
Away goes care,
And a dream comes over me.

A boy tired out with play,
On a summer holiday,
In the grass so cool and deep
Let me lie and sleep,
While the butterfly goes fluttering over,
Between the blue sky and purple clover,
And the bumblebee tumbles
And whirls and tumbles,
Where the meadowlarks nest
And her golden breast
Have clover
All over
For cover.

—*Maurice Thompson in July St. Nicholas.*

MURRAY'S MUSINGS.

A Group of New Yorkers Hasn't Its Equal Anywhere—Facts About Newspaper Circulation—Anticipating War in Europe—Stay-at-Home Girls in Clover.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, June 27.—"A representative New York crowd comprises the best dressed and finest looking men and women that can be seen anywhere in the world." So said a gentleman who has the wisdom and experience that comes of extensive travel and close observation. We were sitting at one of the little tables on the Casino roof at the close of a hot day. The place was thronged. The waiters were hard worked serving cooling drinks. The music of the Hungarian Band in the cupola floated deliciously over us, and the plants and flowers perfumed the grateful breeze that brought through the Moorish arches its own rest and refreshment. The ceaseless hum and chatter of male and female voices, the handsome gentlemen in summer negligé, the clink of glasses, the colored lights, the sparkle of bright eyes and champagne, the snap of flirting fans and the pop of corks—all made up a Continental picture.

"You may travel the world over," continued my friend, flashing a comprehensive glance around, "and visit the finest places in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna—haunt the famous watering places of Germany and mingle with the cosmopolitan crowds in Dresden, Florence, Rome or the Riviera—but you will never see the large proportion of manly young men and womanly young women with their uniform taste and elegance of dress that you see in such a crowd as this. I have remarked this in every public place where a representative party of New Yorkers is to be found. There is another thing: Take those couples laughing and chattering at yonder table and place them in a foreign crowd and they would be the observed of all observers. They would be considered 'loud' and perhaps be set down by the more sedate and formal East as 'positively vulgar,' you know. That is what we are reading of our Americans abroad. These people here act naturally. They are born and bred to a degree of social freedom and live in an atmosphere of independence and personal self-reliance wholly unknown abroad.

"Foreigners cannot comprehend the underlying causes that produce the American. They only know that we carry a stamp of our own. Because we are different we are, from their point of view, censurable. The American stamp is the stamp of liberality of thought and freedom of action—of a recognized personal responsibility. When I look around and see the men and women our system produces I mentally compare them with the best foreign article and thank God for our own republican civilization. The Prince of Wales does not represent our standard of the gentleman, nor does the dusky Queen of the Hawaiian Islands constitute the standard of the American lady—however much their Royal Highnesses may be looked up to in their own respective dominions."

The Stay-at-Home Girls.

WHAT a lot of young men can be seen about town now—singly, in pairs and gangs. At the open air entertainments they outnumber the fair sex five to one. At the theaters they swarm, hot, uncomfortable and disconsolate. Every passably pretty woman enchains their attention. We have all the women, anyhow? Outnumbering the young men ten to one at some hot and swarming watering place, and doubtless sighing for "dear Jack" and "poor little Neddy," etc. In the meantime Jack and Neddy are having not a half bad time. Business by day, and unhampered, light and varied frivolity by night. The girl who remains in town is in great luck so far as male company is concerned. This is her time of the year. Everywhere she goes the excited sharp male competition. She is surrounded by beaux who seem just to have discovered her charms.

She never before had so many invitations. The theaters, gardens, races, ball matches, trips down the bay and trips up the river follow each other so rapidly and pleasurably she takes no note of heat or time. Talk about fun! Then, she can work her little matrimonial garden practically undisturbed. Nor does she neglect this golden opportunity. Look here, you old timers down by the sea and up in the mountains, it isn't quite safe to leave this girl here with "dear Jack" and "poor little Neddy."

Mustaches and Engagements.

THE actors on the "Strand" pull industriously at the out-of-an-engagement adornment of the upper lip. They keep feeling for the mustache as if it were a matter of continual solicitude, yet everybody knows that by the side of $50 a week the most charming mustache is "not in it."

Ebb and Flow of the Newspaper Tide.

"A DECLINE or rise of sales of a newspaper," said the agent of a popular news stand at Broadway and Thirty-third street, "is a curious study. This news business is the public pulse, and through us it beats stronger or weaker day by day. We have to watch it mighty sharply, for errors of judgment in ordering too many papers or too few cost us money. Some people think the demand runs evenly along, it doesn't. It changes on every paper on my stand every day. For some unaccountable reason a paper—say one of the big morning dailies—will rise and rise and rise, and then fall off so rapidly that we cut off every day and can't keep up with the decline. Then it will take a turn the other way and then go down again—perhaps in the average showing a steady run or substantial increase. Sometimes the decline is steady and permanent.

"I make a study of this thing. I have found on the general average the sales of the leader come very near to mine. When I have to cut two or four papers, or add one, two, three or four papers of any publication, I know that is being done in the same proportion all over town. Do you know what the dropping or adding of a few sheets means? The loss or gain of 7,000 to 10,000 circulation. I can tell right here just how every paper of importance in the city is doing. I could tell you some curious stories connected with this business. An ill-advised editorial or a bit of badly-handled news will often be followed immediately by a falling off; and a sharp and vigorous course on a live topic that touches a popular chord, or a big 'scoop' or something will be followed by steadily increasing sales. Customers often tell me in a sentence these causes before I know anything about it. They are mad or glad, or sail along serene. Human nature averages, and these customers are fair samples of readers all over this big city."

Hot Weather as a Leveler.

WHEN the mercury has a prolonged run on the upper figures aristocratic New York melts down to the common democratic level of American mankind. On one such afternoon on a car of the Sixth avenue elevated a fine looking gentleman of middle life, who probably goes to dinner habitually at his own home in a dress suit, looked around uneasily and fanned himself vigorously with his newspaper. He had entered at Rector street in a wilted condition from the Stock Exchange. At Franklin street he seemed to have made up his mind to do something desperate.

Just there a big drygoods man came in with his coat on his arm, nodded to him, sat down and mopped his dripping brows. The stock broker's face lightened up and he arose and calmly took off his coat and folded it on the seat beside him. The drygoods man smiled his approval from across the way. A dozen ladies in various parts of the car smiled their approval. An athletic young man in a far corner got up and took off his coat and laid it across his knee. At Fourteenth street another elderly man of sleek appearance came in with his coat on his arm. Before the train reached Twenty-third street a dozen sat in their shirt sleeves and looked as if they would like to further reduce costume. In the next cars, front and rear, the usual custom of male attire was observed. Such is the conspicuous force of example.

A Cabby and His Stubborn Horse.

ABOUT the most disgusted man ever seen was a hansom cab driver, who, after waiting four hours, picked up a man and a woman at a theater the other evening and then couldn't start his horse. He commanded, he coaxed, he threatened by turns, but the animal wouldn't budge an inch. Finally the fares got out and took another cab. The unlucky driver almost shed tears as he whispered in his nag's ear: "You oughtened to get any supper." Then he remounted and drove away without any difficulty.

Isn't Always Safe to Talk.

THREE gentlemen were sitting at table on the Casino roof. One of them was the husband of a noted actress with whom he was having considerable trouble at the time, a trouble which has since resulted in divorce. One of those present didn't know the relationship. He stuttered terribly when excited and evidently saw something to greatly interest him.

"D-d-d-do you know M-m-m-m-alone?" he inquired of Mr. Mudd. "T-there she is—l-l-lovely creature!"

Mr. Mudd looked down at something in the bottom of his glass. The other gentleman tried to change the conversation.

"S-s-say!" persisted the speaker, "s-s-s-he's co-co-coming this way! J-j-j-ust l-l-look at her! They s-s-s-say her h-h-h-husband is n-n—"

The mutual friend managed to knock off his beer and knocked out the conversation in the same round. A little later Mr. Mudd found he had an engagement, whereupon the mutual friend turned upon the stutterer and said that gossiper was the biggest fool he had struck in a long time. "You've done it," said he; "Mr. Mudd is Miss Malone's husband!"

"G-g-g-good g-g-gracious! W-w-w-why d-d-d-d-d-d-didn't you s-s-s-say so! M-m-my d-d-dear b-b-boy; I'm a d-d-d-donkey! I'll n-n-nevah g-g-gab about an a-a-a-actress again 'along's I l-l-live!"

And it's a good resolution to keep, in a New York crowd or anywhere else.

Fascination of the Actress.

"THIS tendency of men to gossip about actresses is something difficult to fathom," said a philosophical friend to whom I related the above