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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1891

TIN PLATE PROTECTED.

That falsehood as a political weapon is a sign of weakness, is undergoing demonstration every day. Each statement of the Democrats, based upon their opposition to the McKinley law, has been fraught with disaster. When, on the first day of July, the new tariff, adding $25 per ton to the duty on tin plate, took effect, they stated, among other things, that the manufacture of tin plate in the United States would not be encouraged thereby. They said that if tin plate was made here, the Welsh would not buy American grain or wheat; and now they are doomed to double disappointment. Not only has the new tariff encouraged the manufacture of tin plate in the United States but the food products that might have gone to Wales will be used at home in feeding the workmen in the new factories.

It has transpired that not only do eight or nine American firms contemplate putting in tin plants, but the protection afforded by the McKinley law has attracted British capitalists who have entered into negotiations for the construction of plants. Mr. R. C. Jenkins, who represents a Welsh plant that produces 2,400 boxes of tin per day, will move his entire works to Joliet, Ill., where 20 acres of land has been given him for that purpose. Representatives of a British company, which has glass factories in Tennessee, have been taking advice on the subject, and have gone to England to recommend the investment of $650,000 in adding to their factories a plant for making tin plate and steel. They found that they could make a profit of $1 25 per box on all tin plate produced, and they state that they see no reason why they may not take advantage of the protection afforded by the tariff as well as Americans. They recognize the fact that Welsh tin plate factories cannot compete with those in America.

The benefits to be derived by Pittsburg will be direct. The machinery will be manufactured here. The benefit to other parts of the country will be large also, for the making of tin plate means the employment of many thousands of people and this implies the circulation of a large amount of money. In view of these facts it seems to us that the glee of the Democrats over the tin plate question was a little premature.

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

The dogma that "one of the properties that should always be owned by the village, town or city is the water works" is supported by the New York *World* with the example of the village of Mt. Vernon, New York, in which the water is supplied by a private corporation, and a water famine is prevailing, owing, it is asserted, to an accident to the pumps.

The proof is not exactly conclusive, as in much more important cases than that village there have been times of water famine owing to the break-down of pumping machinery in cities where the water works are owned by the city. It is not so many years since Pittsburg had extended experiences of that sort even after spending millions in the extension of her water supply; though of late years it must be admitted the comparison is against that portion of the city supplied by a private corporation. The *World* recognizes this possibility of city water works breaking down, but thinks the chances are not so great, as "sound politics would prevent it." But a sound business policy would also prevent a preventable break-down in the case of private ownership. It is far from demonstrated that sound politics are more scrupulously observed in municipal governments than sound business policy in corporate management.

That the case cited does not prove the thesis is further demonstrated by the statement that "a rival company is clamoring for a franchise to supply more, better and cheaper water." That puts a different face on the whole matter. It indicates that the trouble is not in the fact that a private corporation supplies the water, but that it has a monopoly of the supply. It is a new illustration of nine-tenths of the trouble arising out of the performance of public services, from which the socialistic idea gets its strongest stimulus. That is the utterly stupid theory that because a municipal or other government grants a franchise to perform such services, therefore it must grant a monopoly. The theory is a complete *non sequitur*, and yet the fact that the vast water, gas, bridge, ferry, telephone and transportation franchises succeed in getting such a monopoly affords the ground on which Socialist theorists base their claim that the service would be better rendered by Government ownership and operation. In nearly all such cases the trouble is not with private enterprises, but with the monopoly which excludes other private enterprise. The true remedy, therefore, is to abolish the monopoly and let the business forces have full play. That public ownership might be better than monopolistic control is quite possible; but the hope is very much marred by the reflection as to the kind of management that would be given by a municipal government that is so dead to the public interest as to grant monopolies.

The rule that municipalities should own water works is a good one; but for a very different reason than that quoted above. The real reason is that there are many purposes for which water supply has such public value that it is well for a municipality to supply it at the public cost before the revenue from it would yield a profit to private enterprise. The need of a water supply for fire purposes and sanitation renders it a public function. In addition it is good public policy to furnish to the masses a water supply at less charges than would yield private dividends. For many years the revenues of the Pittsburg water system did not pay the cost of operation, and to-day they do not pay any appreciable interest on the cost. It is nevertheless good policy to give the people water at that low cost and make the whole city pay for it.

But the claim that the public service is more reliable and economical than it would be if the business were subject to the free forces of private enterprises is very far from substantiated when private business is ready to undertake to supply some of the least remunerative departments of water consumption in this city, and to make money at it, where the city barely does more than pay expenses.

A BUSINESS BUGABOO.

The propositions for dress reform cause the Philadelphia *Times* to raise the bugaboo of business revulsion. It thinks that if all the demand for the present articles of feminine wear were cut off it would fulfill Sir Henry Maine's prediction that a sudden and complete change in feminine fashions would work more distress than a general war.

Beyond the fact that a change so complete as to reverse the conditions of textile industries would be a more overwhelming triumph for dress reform than its most sanguine advocates dream of, the apprehension is made baseless by the fact that dress reform does not propose that women shall abandon dress. There has been no such radical proposition as that they shall wear the costume of Mother Eve, or even that they shall discard the use of fabrics more or less costly with which they are wont to adorn their perishable bodies, much to the delight of the masculine half of mankind. The vital part of the proposition is that they should abandon the injurious features of dress, which need not cause any business distress at all worth mentioning. For example, a sensible dress reform, if successful, would abolish the use of French heels; but that need not and would not paralyze the shoe-making industry. About the only industry that would be entirely cut off would be the manufactures of corsets and bustles; and those industries are not so important that our wives and mothers need torture themselves into nervous wrecks for the continuance of business prosperity.

It is also pertinent, as an answer alike to the present bugaboo and Sir Henry Maine's sweeping assertion, that there have been within the memory of every adult several complete and sweeping alterations in women's fashions; and nothing has been heard of the general distress exceeding that of war. The change from crinoline to bustles, and from bustles to clinging skirts; from the dress goods of the sixties to those of the seventies, and thence to those of the eighties; and the differences between the same periods in millinery have been more radical in their effects on textile industries than the changes proposed for dress reform. These are contingencies which the manufacturers of such goods have to look out for, and which they meet without serious trouble. If dress reform should establish a rational standard of dress—which is far from being an assured fact—it is an open question whether the manufacturers of feminine wear would not have fewer such changes to meet than now, when they are subject to the vagaries of fashion.

AN EFFECTIVE METHOD.

The statement that the Grocers' Protective Association has resolved to fight the canned goods combination will be received by the public as evidence that the local organization has not only put itself on a platform of correct principle, but that it has taken the most effective method of suppressing the evil.

The situation affords a good illustration of the difference between combination for legitimate and proper purposes and combination for illegitimate and oppressive purposes. The canned goods combination endeavors to enforce the decree that in this year of abundant crops the same prices shall rule for canned goods as last year when there was a general failure. The organization of retailers opposes this arbitrary decision, and backs up its opposition by a concerted decision not to buy goods of the combination.

This is fighting the devil with fire, in a way that will very quickly bring His Satanic Majesty to terms. The day the members of the combination perceive that they are losing trade by combining, it will be dissolved into very small fragments.

BALFOUR'S DILEMMA.

It is a striking illustration of the virulence with which the anti-Irish feeling rages among the irreconcilables of the Tory and Liberal-Unionist parties that Mr. Balfour's project for Irish local government is rejected by them as Home Rule in disguise. The outline of his plan which the Tory leader made in his speech this week shows he is still far from the idea of stealing Liberal thunder and adopting a real measure of Home Rule. The proposition is a short step in that direction. It contains a modified and partial grant of local self-government; and if nothing better could be had might yield a mitigation of the evils which Home Rule is expected to cure. But with the practical certainty that genuine Home Rule will be a result of the next general election, it may be taken for granted that the Irish party will not be led into making peace with Mr. Balfour for the sake of any such half-way measure as this.

The Balfour proposition is his favorite one of County Councils, which shall have the powers of local taxation and presumably of directing the expenditure of the funds raised by local taxes in public works of local character. Mr. Balfour declares it would be madness to allow Councils to administer the funds of any class not represented in those bodies. As all taxation ultimately comes from the masses, this commits Mr. Balfour to universal suffrage; but that is not what he means. He refuses to permit the local governing bodies the charge of the police, evidently having too keen an appreciation of the power which the control of that force gives to the English Government to consent to its surrender. Anything like a Legislature with power to enact laws for Ireland as a whole, or a judiciary deriving its powers from the Irish people, is utterly foreign to Mr. Balfour's plan.

A moment's consideration shows that this hardly makes a respectable skeleton for local self-government. The County Councils would have less power than any municipal Council in this country, and the entire scheme puts less authority under local control than is wielded by the county governments of our own State. There is nothing in the plan remotely approximating the independence with regard to local legislation and the administration of justice that marks our State Governments. The progress of the Home Rule idea is shown by the fact that Mr. Balfour has been led to throw this tub to the whale, but it is also clear that the young Tory leader is still a long way off from granting Home Rule.

The hardship of Mr. Balfour's case, from latest reports, is that of the man between two stools. Since the Home Rulers must reject his measure, and the more bigoted of his own party rebel against it, he is in peril of experiencing the proverbial tumble.

A PUBLIC MATTER.

The wording of a local item in THE DISPATCH of yesterday was unfortunately such as to permit of a misapprehension, with the intention of referring to the secrecy of architects preparing plans, reference was made to "unaccountable secrecy," and the matter being kept quiet among a few persons, in such terms as might possibly be construed as hinting at occult and underhand management on the part of the building committee of the Board of Trustees. To those who have kept themselves informed of the steps taken it is well known that no such assertion would have any foundation. The fact that the Board at its last meeting authorized the building committee to make the necessary overtures to architects; that the building committee after several meetings decided on the form of the circulars and the conditions of the architectural competition; that the circulars have been sent out, and that the project is now awaiting the result of the work of the architects, have all been fully published when the different actions were taken. When the architectural plans have been finished—which will not be before fall—there is no doubt not only that the public will be fully informed of the results, but that it will be given an opportunity to inspect the various plans and designs.

THE BOOM IN GRAIN.

The excitement and rapid advance in the wheat market is principally illustrative of the effect of speculative methods in adding to the suddenness and violence of fluctuations from natural causes. The rapid rise, of course, creates the usual reports of speculators who were engineering the bull movement; but a study of the market telegrams shows that the inciting cause of the advance is the rise in European markets from the evidently impending scarcity in foreign crops.

When there is such a strongly upward factor the advance in our markets is legitimate and essential. Speculation only has the effect that on such evidence of a higher range for values the mass of speculators rush like a herd of stampeded cattle to buy wheat, and incur the danger of running up domestic prices so as to put them beyond a parity with the foreign markets. If any speculators have been sufficiently foresighted to get ahead of the movement, they owe it to their good luck in backing a rise which all clear-sighted people have foreseen for several weeks. In the same way the people who got up that Farmers' Alliance circular fraud have the same good fortune, and will doubtless proceed to make capital with the farmers for an advance over which they have had about as much influence as the proverbial fly over the revolutions of the wheel.

There is little reason for doubt that the wheat market is established on a higher level. The greatest danger is that speculation may put prices so high as to check the exportation of breadstuffs from which must be gathered the real profits to this country of the hopeful outlook of the grain markets.

A POLITICAL FIGMENT.

In connection with the death of James Russell Lowell the Albany *Argus* produces a story concerning him intended to be complimentary to his high character and at the same time make Democratic capital out of an old partisan complaint. The story of the *Argus* follows:

It was physically within the power of the late James Russell Lowell to have changed the political history of the country in 1876. He had been elected a Presidential elector by the Republicans of Massachusetts. The post-election proceedings convinced him that Samuel J. Tilden was lawfully entitled to the votes of a majority of the members of the electoral college, but was to be defrauded of the election. His vote would have stopped the fraud. Mr. Lowell deliberated and decided that he had been chosen an elector merely as a trustee to cast a ballot for the State of Massachusetts, and that the original conception of the elector's function had long been abandoned. His views were communicated at his own request to Mr. Tilden, who approved of them, and the electoral count stood 184 to 185.

The *Argus* relates this as entirely creditable to Mr. Lowell. It represents him as preferring the political theory that electors are mere puppets to the constitutional idea that the elector shall exercise his personal judgment. But it puts him in the light of reaching that conclusion on the most conscientious grounds, and asserts, moreover, that Mr. Tilden was informed of his views and indorsed them. So far as the facts stated go, therefore, the *Argus* story is undoubtedly intended to be complimentary to Mr. Lowell.

But that Democratic organ overlooks the sequel to these alleged facts, which stamps either the theory or its statement as incorrect. A man of Mr. Lowell's conscientiousness and honor might come to the conclusion represented, even while believing that Mr. Tilden was elected. But if he believed that he could not accept high office from an administration which, as the *Argus* alleges, was established on fraud, Mr. Lowell's integrity is beyond dispute; and the fact that he accepted a high diplomatic post as the representative of the Hayes administration is the best evidence that the story is a figment of partisan gossip.

About one-half the nation in 1876-7 believed that Mr. Hayes was honestly elected President, and about the other half believed Mr. Tilden was. Mr. Lowell's acceptance of the Spanish mission from Mr. Hayes proves him to have belonged to the first mentioned class.

THE case of Hugo Eitel, the New York boy reported to be at the point of death from hydrophobia, adds another case in which that disease has resulted from purely imaginary and nervous causes. The young man was bitten by his own mastiff weeks ago. After a long interval symptoms of hydrophobia appeared and grew upon him until he was close to death. Yet in all this time the dog has not shown the slightest indication of rabies, and continued in perfect health up to the other day, when the stupidity of killing him was committed. It is clear that the desperate condition of the young man is due to an imaginary fear of the disease which finally produced that nervous convulsion, and that the surest way to check the trouble in its earliest stages would have been to show him the evidence of the dog's perfect health as a proof that there was no real danger in the case.

IT appears that "little Vermont" is ashamed of her small appropriation of $5,000 for a State exhibit at the World's Fair, and will increase it at a special session of the Legislature. The only State which seems to be absolutely without shame in the matter is the great and wealthy State of New York, which has appropriated just $5,000 less than the sum Vermont concludes to be too small.

GENERAL BUTLER refuses to place any credence in the report that he is dead. The news fakir who sent out the report may be better informed than the General; but doughty old Ben's characteristics are such that the person who attempts to argue out the question will get the worst of it.

THE question of Senator Brice's residence in Ohio is somewhat dogmatically declared by the Philadelphia *Record* to have been raised at the time of his election, but the "whole thing was exploded," evidently implying that the assertion of his non-residence was proved groundless. But when was the evidence produced and of what did it consist? We were under the impression that the evidence so far consisted of a suit to make the Senator pay taxes as a resident of Ohio, and of the Senator's description of himself in sundry financial directories as "Calvin S. Brice, of New York."

THE anthracite coal barons have decreed a rise of 15 cents per ton, to take place September 1. Having proved during the summer that the market will take a great deal more coal than their restrictive agreements call for, it may be hoped that they will now be honest enough to admit that if this advance is sustained it will be done by producing less coal than the market will take.

THE fact that George Jones refused an offer of $5,000,000 for the *Times* with the knowledge that it was intended to stop its attacks on Tammany, proves his title as that "noblest work of God" an honest man.

THE complaint is heard from Chicago that the local justices are imposing such small fines on offenders against the smoke ordinance that the element which persists in producing smoke is able to pay the fines rather than meet the cost of putting in smoke consumers. It is certainly worth while to enforce a law rigorously and effectively, if it is enforced at all. Nevertheless, the fact that Chicago fines people, who persistently waste fuel and blacken their neighborhood, anything at all indicates the point at which Chicago is a long way ahead of Pittsburg.

THE debt now hampering Italy is two billions of dollars. A great share of this has been piled up by extravagant expenditures during twenty years of peace. This conveys to this country the salutary warning that there is as imminent a peril of bankrupting a nation by extravagance in times of peace as by the waste and ruin of war.

A KANSAS paper calls on Mrs. Lease to stop and think. Stopping is evidently not one of her characteristics, and as to thinking that is entirely opposed to her style of oratory.

"IF Lowell had hated Irish landlords as he did American slaveholders, the Irish people would not have regarded his memory with such coldness," remarks the Boston *Globe*; and in a news column adjacent to the one in which this appears quotes a statement of Gladstone's that he was converted to the cause of Home Rule by the arguments of James Russell Lowell in his private capacity. The *Globe* might be a little wiser if it did not let its Anglophobia blind it to the facts it gives in its news.

THE fact that North Dakota divorce suits do not generally come high, but that a member of the Astor family has invested $12,500 in one, noted by a New York cotemporary, makes it seem especially hard that after that unusually long price has been paid there should be a failure to deliver the goods.

WHAT do we care for Russia's keeping her rye at home as long as the Bourbon State has 40,000,000 gallons of surplus whisky stored away?

NAMES FREQUENTLY SEEN.

LABOUCHERE promises to visit this country next autumn.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER is patronizing the baths at Marienbad.

THE Duke of Cambridge, Commander in Chief of Her Majesty's army, is known as "Umbrella George."

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE LAMAR, of the United States Supreme Court, is taking a vacation at Bethlehem, N. H.

PROF. HARRINGTON, Chief of the Weather Bureau, has gone to Europe to the Meteorological Conference, which meets in Munich.

GRANT ALLEN asserts that out of 20 girls whom he sits next to at dinner in London, 19 are Hedda Gablers. All in all, Mr. Allen's dinners must be pretty lively affairs.

MRS. LANGTRY'S 5,000-acre property on the Pacific slope has increased ten-fold in value. Such is the report, at least, and it doesn't come from an advance agent, either.

MISS RACHEL GURNEY, the protege of the Duchess of Bedford, who is to marry the young Earl of Dudley, is, besides being very handsome, extremely accomplished, and one of the best amateur singers in England.

SECRETARY BAYARD'S daughter, the Countess Lewenhaupt, intends to pass the fall and possibly the winter in Sweden. It is not improbable that she will make her permanent home in King Oscar's kingdom.

THE Norwegian National Assembly has granted Dr. Fridtjof Nansen $35,000 toward his Polar expedition, and 13 Norwegians in their private capacity, one of them being the King himself, have given the intrepid ice-wanderer $30,000 more.

SIR WINSHAW M. PETIT, one of the most famous men in the English Queen's Indian country, is a millionaire and philanthropist, owns 13 of the largest spinning mills in India, and with one exception is the only native ever knighted by Victoria.

WARNER MILLER is the peripatetic traveler. Within the last eight months he has crossed the continent twice, gone to the West Indies and to Nicaragua, besides making countless trips to the South and West. Meanwhile his political foes have done nothing to get him inside the breastworks.

IT is queer how they write. Andrew Lang is declared to write best in a rose garden; Tolstoi sits on his bed and puts the inkstand on his ruffled pillow; Dumas fils uses an ebony desk, while Mary Anderson-Navarro's is mother of pearl; James Whitcomb Riley is at his best when the room is bleak and uncomfortable.

THE Marquis of Ailesbury, who has just been refused permission to impoverish the family estates by selling a £750,000 slice of them, is a sporting man who, having once won a big race with his horse Savernake, has managed to gamble away more than a hundred times as much upon worthless horses and polished blacklegs.

MR. CREMER, the Radical member of Parliament who has given notice that he will introduce a resolution favoring a treaty with the United States by which disputes shall be arbitrated, is an interesting sort of person, according to London newspaper gossip. Cremer reads German philosophy as a diversion, although he had no schooling to speak of.

MR. SPURGEON, the famous English speaker, has found enough of spare time in his busy life to become a botanist, a floriculturist and a practical landscape gardener, and his Norwood residence has glass houses, gardens and grounds surrounding it which are the envy of the neighborhood. He knows every gardener and every choice plant in Kew gardens.

MURRAY'S MUSINGS.

Rights of the Public in New York—Selling Whisky at So Much a Swallow—Points on Finance—Newsboy Life—The Kite Season.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 15—A short time ago the city authorities on complaint of the elevated roads, issued a decree against the maintenance of fruit and boot-black stands in the vicinity of the elevated stations. No attention was paid to the order of removal in many cases and the Bureau of Street Incumbrances made a descent upon the unhappy Italians and whisked their stalls away, leaving the fruit and blacking paraphernalia on the curb at the mercy and to the infinite amusement of the crowds. The wagons and police had scarcely disappeared before the irrepressible sons of Italy had, for the most part, reconstructed their sidewalk shops around the corner, and were doing business at the old stands. Some of them actually took up more space than they did before the raid.

There is something remarkable in all this. Not in the contempt of a certain class of New York population for the law, but in the extreme tolerance of the New York public generally of all degrees and species of infringement by individuals and corporations upon the public rights. And such encroachments are not only tolerated but positively encouraged. Your New Yorkers will climb skids and dodge drygoods and groceries by the mile, and if he can do this every day without breaking his neck or limbs, he will not complain. I really think sometimes that he would be actually unhappy if he didn't have to do it. From 20,000 to 30,000 people daily will shy out around an apple stand that takes up half the walk, and, unless some particular one falls upon a banana peel, no serious thought is wasted upon the matter. The single unfortunate is usually laid up with a fractured skull and can't think any more about anything. If he isn't he probably thinks "Damn," and that is all there is to it. This is but one stand and one elevated station, mind you. Five hundred thousand people use the elevated daily and the whole number must dodge some stand or bootblack chair where they individually get on and. And this, too, is but a trifle and but a small proportion of the inconvenience.

If an alien of five days' sojourn would fence in the entire walk on any street in New York I believe hundreds of thousands of people would simply glance at it and walk around by way of the gutter without the courage to kick it down. So helpless and lethargic have the public become as to their public rights. This state of mind is flattered and encouraged by law. That is, the law recognizes so many far more objectionable encroachments of persons and corporations that the general public become calloused and indifferent and hopelessly acquiescent. This is conspicuously so of this metropolis, which sanctions directly or indirectly abuses of this nature that would not be tolerated in any even tenth-rate city of the Union.

Getting Held Up for Lunch.

AT the Cafe Savarin, that gorgeous midday resort of the downtown business man, is an extensive "stand-up lunch" counter. The "stand-up lunch" is the popular thing in the busy hours of the day. It doesn't mean that you stand anybody up for lunch, but you stand up while you throw in a few lobster salads and mince pies between a drink of whisky and a cigar, all within five minutes, and go off about your business allowing your stomach to do the rest—if it can. The Savarin sets an elaborate free lunch at a certain hour in the afternoon when regular lunching has practically ceased for the day. This cleans up the remnants while it encourages the bar trade. The free lunch is just the same as the regular lunch is served by the same waiters from the same oynx counters. No sign announces it and therefore it is known only to the habitues of the place.

There is much amusement when some fellow who thinks he has been eating at the expense of the house gets the cash register bell rung on him for $1 50. Something like this occurs daily and the embarrassment of the victim is greatly heightened when he is compelled to scrape around among his laughing friends to raise money for his lunch check.

Fatalities of the Kite Season.

I WONDER what the boy who reels off a thousand feet of kitestring across the meadows and stubble fields would think of the New York boy, who must depend upon the tenement house roof and risk the network of wires immediately overhead or go without a kite. With the first symptoms of the kite season, that sets in and closes by some subtle understanding only within the range of Mother Johnson's observation, the New York boy slyly ascends to the gravel, amid the chimney pots and clotheslines, and telegraph, telephone and the deadly electric-lighting wires, and unfurls his paper banner to the breeze. He may have but a few yards of string and a few square yards of surface from which to operate, but if he doesn't fall off the roof, tumble down the air shaft, or get struck by lightning, or lose his kite among the wires, or get spanked for going on the roof, he generally goes to bed satisfied that he has had lots of fun.

Unfortunately some one of these misfortunes is often attendant upon city kite flying. The kite season is strewn with sad fatalities, and the wires of the metropolis are besprinkled with the tattered wrecks of many a boyish hope and pride. The fresh wind from the sea sighs through the dismantled sticks, and settled grief plows many a parental heart. Yet the kite season comes and goes in New York the same as elsewhere, and appeals quite as strongly to the youthful imagination.

Who Suffer From Tight Money.

"It is the rich men who are apparently suffering most from the stringency of the money market," said a Wall street broker. "There are millionaires who can't raise $1,000 cash without borrowing. Yes, that's a fact. They may have plenty of gilt-edged securities. There are lots of gilt-edged securities, but they don't represent ready money. The ready money is not to be had when everybody wants it most. Then is when it slyly slinks out of sight. Then is when every man and corporation with outstanding contracts gets stuck more or less."

The Premium on Gold.

"THERE is practically a premium on gold here now," remarked another financier. "I do not assume to define the causes, for no man can more than guess at these things. When I say there is a premium on gold I mean this—that a capitalist represented on the street will offer money at a lower rate of interest, that interest specifically payable in gold, than he will without such specification. This is now observable every day. But it is only a recent thing. It is an innovation. Gold is at a premium now. You can't go anywhere and get gold in any quantity or gold bearing securities without a consideration."

How to Catch Mice.

"TRAPS? I can catch more mice with my hands than you can catch in traps." The assertion brought out a singular experience. "Yes, I can catch them with my hands. I whistle and sing to them and they will come in from the nooks and corners and halls into the middle of my room. I sing anything. Then I place a few crumbs in the middle of the floor, just enough for an appetizer. I walk around now and then, or rattle a paper, or move a foot, and they scatter away like mad. Instead of thrashing around after them I let them alone. They soon find out that nobody hurts them and they come back next day and bring their brothers, their sisters, cousins and their aunts. Whenever I whistle or sing they scamper into my room and begin to nose around. In a day or two they will get so impudent and reckless that they'll try and run up your trouser legs. Then you simply catch them and throw them out of the front window. That's the way I do. Kicking a newspaper on the floor at your feet will facilitate matters. They'll run under that paper. Then you can drop on them at once. Of course, I don't suppose a woman would approve of this method, but it is nevertheless a very successful one."

Drinks by the Swallow.

A CURIOUS case was before a police justice the other day—curious because it illustrates a peculiar phase of metropolitan life. It was only a question of simple assault, but the cause was unique. Down in the purlieus of Columbia street is a dive where a villainous compound called whisky and other villainous compounds by other names are sold by the swallow instead of by the usual method. A rubber pipe is inserted in the cask and the customer, having first put up 2 cents, 5 cents or 10 cents, as the exigency of his or her case seems to require, proceeds by suction to supply the inner self. When the bottle-holder or cask-tender thinks the customer has received the worth of his or her money he rings a bell on the individual and if the said individual does not at once relinquish hold upon the hose he hits him or her on the head with a bung starter. This not only facilitates the letting go, but sometimes materially assists the liquor in doubling up the aforesaid customer into a corner and sweet unconsciousness.

This time the bung-starter got the case into court. The chief advantage of the suction method is the absence of any necessity of a license to retail liquor by the glass. Another, and by no means small, advantage is that the fiery quality of this liquor thus sold usually chokes the too confident customer off on the first swallow, so that the effort to get a good deal for his money often results in a dead loss. The bung-starter is reserved for those copper-lined fire-proof customers to whom alcohol, blue vitriol, kerosene and whisky are practically the same.

Buffalo Bill in Miniature.

A CHUBBY, gentle looking little fellow, about 6 years of age, stood at a Broadway corner selling evening papers. Half a dozen other little chaps in the same line of business were nagging him. And not a little professional jealousy was at the bottom of it; for the boy was gotten up a la Buffalo Bill, with long hair, cut straight across the forehead in front and falling over his shoulders behind, a broad-brimmed straw hat, blue trousers with gold lace down the legs and attached to a rather full waist that was once white but now showed signs of several rough and tumble encounters. In this toggery the little fellow not only attracted more attention but sold more papers than all his rivals. He had warily kept his back to the iron railing and his face toward his tormentors.

"Wot ye doin' here, Billy? Ye aint no business here. Stick to de av."

"Git onto dem stripes! Hully jee!"

"Wy don't yer ma cut yer hair, sonny?"

"Got der 'war cry?'"

The bedevilled boy stood this sort of chaff like another Broderick Dhu, resolved to stick to his ground as long as the iron fence held out. He never said a word until one of the lads jostled him. Then he let out in a string of profane language that almost curdled the blood of a benevolent old gentleman who just invested a nickel in the outfit.

"Blank, blank ye! Don't yer put yer hands on me! See? I'll lick der everlastin' stuffin' out yer! I've done yer by yer boots, Miky, an' I'll do it agin ef yer don't leve me alone, now, see?"

They let the wild Indian scout from Harlem flats alone, too, I noticed after that. But he has never attempted to work that particular corner since.

A Pretty Girl's Temper.

A YOUNG and pretty girl fainted in the street recently and when she recovered consciousness she was in an ambulance being whirled away to a hospital. Being of a highly nervous temperament she excitedly demanded to be taken to her boarding house, but the young surgeon in charge did his best to quiet her. Having been rattled out without a call he felt in duty bound to bring in somebody and he had her right here. When they arrived at the hospital she was not only excited, but as mad as the traditional wet hen. She had to be taken in by force. In a short time she fairly raved. The more they tried to quiet her the worse she got. She knew just where she was and just what she was about. She refused to go to bed, and made several attempts to escape, but the sight of a straight jacket compelled her to submit to detention. She was afraid to tell them her name for fear it would get into the papers, and wouldn't give her address for the same reason and because it might have compromised her with a strange landlady. So there she was.

NEXT morning the more she thought about where she was and the general situation, the madder she got, and by the time the doctor got around she was a subject for the insane ward. This lasted for two or three days, when she finally got her temper down to a notch considered safe by the authorities and she was allowed to go. When she gets mad now she says she goes up on the roof and has it out where the ambulance man can't catch her and run her into the hospital. The ambulance is a great thing, when it works.

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

A WOMAN'S ODD WILL.

The Heirs of Mrs. Boyce Will Have to Share a House Between Them.

[Springfield Republican.]

The most peculiar document that has been filed at the probate office in many a week came from the will of Lavina Boyce, of Westfield, Mass. Lewis F. Boyce, her husband, receives the use and income of the real estate on the south side of Orange street in that town, but after his death the property is to be divided into three parts by imaginary lines drawn from the front to the back of the lot. Helen E. Ansdon, a daughter, is to have the westerly third of the place, one-third of the attic and cellar and three rooms on that side of the house.

Alice R. Hoey, another daughter, gets the middle third of the lot, the central third of the cellar and attic and the rooms on the first floor not already disposed of, while William L. Boyce, a son, is to receive the easterly third of the land, the remaining fraction of the cellar and attic, and the remaining rooms on the second story. He is granted the right to build a flight of steps on the outside of the house, if he wishes, to reach his tenement. The instrument specifies that all the expenses to the house for outside repair are to be borne proportionately by the three, while each is to have use of the inside stairs and hallways as may be necessary in reaching the cellar and garret. In order to secure this prize they must pay off a mortgage of $700, his sums equally divided among them, and specified to exact cents. Minute particulars are laid down for the transmission of the third of the property first mentioned.

DEATHS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

Dr. Thomas L. Smith.

Dr. Thomas L. Smith, a prominent Brooklyn physician, died at his home Friday afternoon. For 50 years Dr. Smith did active service in the medical corps of the United States navy, and when he was retired by years ago it was with the commission of Medical Director. March 28, 1828, he received the commission of surgeon's mate (now called assistant surgeon) from President John Quincy Adams, and began his naval career in the frigate Hudson in 1830, going to Brazil. In 1837 President Andrew Jackson gave Dr. Smith the commission of surgeon. From 1847 to 1849 he was the surgeon of the New York Navy Yard. In 1850 he went to China on the Saratoga, and was made the fleet surgeon of Commodore Perry's Japan expedition. In 1854 he was back in the New York Navy Yard, and remained there for four years. In 1858 he was fleet surgeon under Commodore Inman, of the African squadron. He spent two years in the Mediterranean and returned home to take charge of the New York Naval Hospital, a position which he held until 1865. During the years 1869 and 1870 he was back in the navy yard again, and in 1871 he was retired with the commission of Medical Director with the relative rank of Commodore. Since then he has lived quietly at his Brooklyn home.

Rev. Dr. Naryan Sheshadri.

Rev. Dr. Naryan Sheshadri, a high caste Brahmin, who was converted to the Christian faith and who left New York on the steamer Circassia, of the Anchor line, bound for Glasgow, died at sea from heart failure on July 31. His visit to this country was for the purpose of arranging for the exhibition of an Indian village and exhibits generally of Indian manufacture. Dr. Sheshadri was a native of India, and embraced Christianity in 1843. He received a thorough English education and in 1854 was ordained a missionary of the Free Church of Scotland. He had labored with his people in India with great success, and had been successful in his attempt to found a colony of converted Brahmins in Western India. This was his second visit to America, he first having come here as a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance in 1873. He was a friend of Killaen Van Rensselaer, who a short time before his departure from New York gave him a reception at his home, No. 134 West Seventy-ninth street. Dr. Sheshadri's son, Veswantrao Sheshadri, a graduate of Oxford, was with him at the time of his death. He was 68 years old, and was buried at sea with appropriate ceremony.

Thomas Allison.

Thomas Allison, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Beaver, died at his residence yesterday morning at 2 o'clock. His death was the result of paralysis, with which he was stricken yesterday. He was 75 years of age, and for many years was a general merchant in this place and West Bridgewater. He was one of a family of ten, all of whom attained prominence. His father was Hon. James Allison, one of the leading lawyers of his day at the Beaver bar. He was also a brother of the late Hon. John Allison, once Register of the Treasury.

Obituary Notes.

JOSEPH HOWE, Superior Judge of the city and county of San Francisco, died Friday from illness due to gastritis.

REV. JOHN JACKSON BROWN, LL. D., professor emeritus of chemistry and physics in the Syracuse University, died yesterday morning.

JOHN H. BOWER, the oldest man in Milton, Pa., died Thursday in his 94th year. He was born in Germany, and came to this country 50 years ago.

JOSEPH N. A. TUCKER, aged 61 years, the oldest druggist in Petersburg, Va., a prominent Mason and gallant ex-Confederate soldier, died Friday of slow fever.

MRS. CLARISSA MONCRIEF, who died at Bridgeton, Thursday, was the widow of Hugh Moncrief, for years the most famous deer hunter in Pennsylvania. She was in her 92d year.

MRS. G. D. RAMSEY, widow of the late Brigadier General George D. Ramsey, formerly Chief of Ordnance, War Department, and stepmother of Commodore Ramsey, U. S. N., died in Washington Friday night.

DR. W. C. MCCOY, Presiding Elder of the Decatur district (Alabama), died in that city Friday. He was one of the most distinguished ministers of the Methodist Church in Alabama, and was for many years editor of the Alabama *Christian Advocate*.

REV. EDWIN C. GRIGGS, of Chaplin, fell dead in the cars while coming from Hartford to his home in Plainfield, Conn., on Wednesday. He was a Congregational clergyman, had served as Senator and Assemblyman from his district, and was 70 years old.

HON. HENRY BILL died Friday afternoon at Eastern Point, Conn. In 1867 he began business in Norwich as book publisher, founding what is now known as the Henry Bill Publishing Company. About 15 years ago he retired from active business. He some years ago founded the Bill Library in his native town of Ledyard, and gave a park to Norwich in the Laurel Hill district.

FORESTS IN ALASKA.

Almost Impenetrable Jungles of Trees and Underbrush.

Unfortunately, from the point of timber, the Alaska forests, as far as I saw them, are of little value, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The trees grow so thickly together that, so far as the soil is concerned, they starve one another, and good logs would be very rare indeed. One can scarcely imagine from usual forest experience how closely these trees are packed together. I and my wife undertook to walk four miles by an Indian trial through one of these woods to a point where we might head off our vessel. So thick was the mass of vegetation on each side of us, the path being wide enough for us to travel single file only, that we could not have seen a bear ten feet away from us, and only for the rifle carried by the good Presbyterian missionary who piloted us we would not have trusted ourselves amid the jungle of foliage which made up these Alaska forests.

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