The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1891.

TWELVE PAGES

NEW YORK'S LESSON.

Of course the destruction of the building in New York, by which scores of lives were sacrificed in hideous fashion, will be thoroughly investigated. Then the cause of the disaster which is not now clear may be certainly discovered, and it will be time enough then to apportion the blame, if anyone is blameworthy. But it will occur to those who have any acquaintance with the scene of Saturday's disaster, that the city authorities have been remiss in not condemning many of the elderly and infirm buildings which linger in the shadow of the palatial and monstrous structures belonging to the new era in New York. It is notorious that many of the old rookeries which serve for offices and light manufacturing shops within a block or two of City Hall are unsafe, and have been so for years. The building on Park Place which collapsed may have been one of these tottering old-timers. The suddenness and completeness of the ruin supports this view.

New York City has not a monopoly of structures that are death-traps in themselves and a menace to their surroundings. This deplorable catastrophe may serve to remind the building inspectors of this city of the responsibility that rests upon them. Too much care cannot be taken in enforcing safe plans and good work in new buildings; and it is an important part of the building inspectors' duty to see that no structure outlives its security.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

A large portion of the space in to-day's DISPATCH is given up to the remarkable array of evidence which James W. Miller presents to the world as proving his innocence of the crime for which he was convicted and sentenced ten years ago. The central point of the defence is an alibi. An affidavit, corroborated by others, has been secured from a man accidentally shot by Miller on March 23, 1881, the night of the notorious bond robbery. The supporting testimony produced is of a very voluminous and circumstantial character.

One of the most interesting features of the narrative is the sworn statement of that well-known Pittsburg attorney, Colonel W. D. Moore, which he made upon a sick-bed last Saturday night, and which forms one of the strongest links in the chain. One noticeable thing in Miller's career is the vigor and energy which he has displayed since his release from a prison cell, and the tremendous amount of work evidently necessary to collect the mass of evidence upon which he now asks the judgment of the public.

MACARONI, FOR EXAMPLE.

Most of the good results of the McKinley tariff are conspicuous, and the benefits derived from it are felt and recognized directly by the people at large. Here and there, however, an industry is taking on new life, thanks to adequate protection under the new law without attracting much attention. Take for instance the manufacture of macaroni—an industry of far greater proportions than most people imagine, as may be judged when it is stated that some fifty or sixty million pounds of macaroni are consumed yearly in this country. To supply this demand until August, 1890, sixty factories were kept busy. Since then, under the encouraging effect of the McKinley law, the number of factories has increased to seventy-five, several large factories having been recently built.

According to the *Economist* the output in all the factories has increased, and they are working full time. Several have added new presses and other machinery to their new plant, increasing their production. The factories will average 12 barrels of flour daily, making macaroni, vermicelli and fancy or cut paste. Seventy-five factories using 12 barrels of flour per day consume in one year 270,000 barrels, producing 54,000,000 pounds of manufactured goods. The importation last year was over 10,000,000 pounds, the greater part of which was of low grade. Now it is less than half what it was, and all of the best quality.

It is worth remarking, also, that the price of macaroni has not advanced since the imposition of the duty, and competition among American manufacturers is likely to reduce it. This is only an example of the constructive and protective influence of the McKinley tariff upon our native industries.

IS HYDROPHOBIA HUMBUG?

Few can bear the mere thought of hydrophobia calmly. There is something uncanny as well as horrible about the word. The cry "Mad dog!" alarms the bravest, and has been scaring the world for centuries; yes, long before Goldsmith a century ago satirized the panicky nervousness of his fellow man in the famous verses which wind up as many an alleged hydrophobia case has since—

The man recovered from the bite
The dog it was that died!

It will do everyone good, and nervous mortals especially, to read some remarks of the famous Dr. Shrady upon hydrophobia, and other results of an investigation of the subject made in New York, which will be found in another column of this issue. Dr. Shrady does not hesitate to avow his disbelief in hydrophobia. It seems almost like sacrilege to doubt the existence of this disease, one of the few bugbobbins that modern civilization and science has left us. But Dr. Shrady says in very plain words, as blunt as those of Betsy Prig when she confounded Sairey Gamp with the assertion as to Mrs. Harris, that she believed there was "no sich person!" The doctor does not admit that hydrophobia is a tangible terror at all. The cure of it, which Pasteur has effected in Paris and Gibier in New York, according to common report, can be easily explained if Dr. Shrady is right in his premises. Nothing is easier than to cure imaginary complaints. And truth to tell, a very large part of medical practice even in these days of enlightenment, and not the least important, is the treatment of diseases that exist only in the imagination.

It cannot be said fairly that the arguments of Dr. Shrady to this end are conclusive, but they will add to the suspicion which many physicians no doubt entertain, that the hydrophobia scare rests upon very uncertain grounds. The other day THE DISPATCH contained an account of how a nervous boy was nearly frightened to death by fool-friends and relations who insisted that he had hydrophobia. This boy's life was saved, but doubtless many have been driven to a frightful death by the same means. Yet with all the beating of tomtoms and wild alarms the cold statistics confront us with the fact that in a nation of sixty millions only fifty persons are alleged to have died from hydrophobia last year.

Taking all these facts into consideration, we may safely conclude that if rabies does exist, not every dog that is called mad is so—and the chances are that the dog is mad in another sense, as a man might be angry if he were chased and stoned and shot at by a crazy mob—and that a dog bite is not necessarily a passport to excruciating torments and sure death. Life has real terrors enough without drawing upon our imaginations for more.

ENGLAND FOR SELF AND PEACE.

The visit of the French fleet to Portsmouth has been a success in whatever light it may be viewed. If Lord Salisbury intended to offset the impression created by the extensive hospitalities offered to the German Emperor—and the consequent deduction that England had an understanding at least with the Dreibund—he seems to have succeeded. The tone of the Russian as well as the Parisian press indicates that it is no longer feared in Russia or France that England has joined the alliance of powers over which Emperor William presides. Even in Germany the propriety of these courtesies to France is admitted. On all hands it is agreed that that very shaky article, the peace of Europe, has been materially strengthened by the mild flirtation of John Bull with La Belle France.

It could hardly be interpreted otherwise. The policy of Great Britain under most ministries—Beaconsfield's is the only notable exception in modern times—has been to avoid entangling alliances with the continental powers of Europe. It is not possible, with her interests in the Mediterranean as a highway to her colonies, for England to isolate herself as the United States can and does. England is bound to have always a deep concern in the balance of power on the continent. But while the tendencies of England at this time legitimately bring her more into sympathy with Germany, Austria and Italy, than with her historic foes, France and Russia, it is rather from expediency than affection. The consecutive entertainment of the representatives of Germany and France indicates that England, in the event of a renewal of the struggle of 1870-1, will keep her hands off as carefully and calmly as she did on the previous occasion. There is not a heap of comfort for Emperor William or the wild-eyed Chauvinists of Paris in this announcement, but for the world at large, and the common people who pay for all wars ultimately, it is good news as a guarantee of peace.

VICTORIOUS PIRATES.

Success is everything in baseball, no matter how it comes, and patrons of our national game have an unsatiable appetite for victory as far as their respective home teams are concerned. Unfortunately, however, Pittsburgers have, so far this season, scarcely had enough of that diet to whet their appetites. Fortune, the Goddess of Victory, or whatever it may be, has been against our local baseball representatives, and there has been a consequent depression of spirits among those whose enthusiasm only finds vent when their favorites are victorious.

But it is to be hoped for the sake of everybody concerned that what is termed the luck of the team has turned, and that there are many victories in store for them in the immediate future. Three straight victories for our home team is such an unusual occurrence that patrons of the team are bound to have their enthusiasm aroused. We trust that victory will continue to be on the side of Pittsburg, not only because of the local capital invested in the baseball business, but also for the sake of recreation. A successful baseball team creates local enthusiasm, and the latter, as a rule, makes life very entertaining for lots of people, if only during the time of a ball game on an afternoon.

QUEEN VICTORIA is learning new courtliness. Her diplomacy in giving her French guests even a warmer welcome than her German nephew is undeniably astute.

THE weather is unfavorable to spiritualism. That or something else. Mrs. Mattison, the Buffalo medium, made a second attempt yesterday to project her spirit through space and diagnose the case of an invalid in Pittsburg, and failed, as may be observed in our news columns, with painful completeness. The difference between a lame boy under opiates, and one with typhoid fever is conspicuous. This time the medium had additional data in advance, but her failure could hardly have been more positive.

WITH bated breath the resuscitated ball cranks begin to moot the possibility of the Pittsburg team's climbing above Brooklyn in the League race.

BUILDINGS that collapse as if composed of playing cards ought not to be found in any American city where life is held to be more valuable than any man's income. Perhaps the boiler did explode beneath that New York store, but that need not have involved four five-story structures in ruin as awful as an earthquake could have caused.

SKIES like yesterday's remind us summer's flying from us fast; soon will holidays behind us, make us hunger for the past.

THE strain was too great. Last Sunday THE DISPATCH noted with pride that a wave of morality had swept over Pittsburg and given to her policemen, jailers and magistrates a holiday. A week passed and lo! yesterday speak-easies and other resorts of the wicked were raided and gave up two-score wretched victims to the law.

THE sky yesterday was gray and glum enough for a fast-day in Lent, but not what we expect for a festival in August.

IT is not altogether fair that Major McKinley should have to do all the talking in the Ohio campaign, but it looks as if the Democrats mean to insist upon his supplying the larger share of the oratory. This is generous, but hardly good politics, when such a remarkable speaker as McKinley is involved.

THE discovery that the New Hampshire murderer Almy is also an escaped convict is not particularly interesting, except as showing how unfortunate it is that his first crime did not call for hanging as a penalty.

IT was not very warm yesterday, except for the unrighteous who were brought for cooling to Central station.

THE astronomers have discovered snow on the moon, and hence argue the existence of an atmosphere, just as surely as the finding of an ice-cream parlor would indicate the proximity of a lunar girl.

AIR ships are multiplying. So are fools. And the two are more often associated than not.

NAMES FREQUENTLY SEEN.

BRET HARTE'S English publishers last year paid him $15,000.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH will sail on the City of New York next week for his embassy at St. Petersburg.

THE wife of a Nebraska minister has been arrested for purchasing lottery tickets through the mails.

YOUNG James R. Garfield is likely to be the Republican nominee for State Senator from Lake county, O.

JUSTICE FIELD'S health is so much improved that he is confident he can return to the bench at the conclusion of the long vacation.

THE old Duke of Nassau, who at 75 is hale and active, has a fortune of $25,000,000, and is consequently set down as the richest Prince in Europe.

MRS. O'SHEA-PARNELL is not unknown to the Queen, who at any rate up to a few years ago was wont to treat her with much consideration and affection.

MRS. ALICE SHAW, the famous whistler, has demonstrated the fact that whistling even is hereditary. She has four daughters, each one of whom inherits her peculiar talent.

THE Countess of Radnor has established a ladies' string band in London, and as all the performers are pretty, aristocratic and talented, it is no end of a success in the refined regions of Mayfair.

THE summer home of Mrs. Cruger (Julien Gordon) on Long Island is sumptuously furnished, and there she leads a life of idleness broken by periods of hard work. Mrs. Cruger is a handsome woman, well-bred, aristocratic and elegant.

THE ashes of Mme. Blavatsky are to be placed in a magnificent urn of gold and guarded by the British section of the Theosophical Society. An effort will be made by the Washington theosophists to have the urn stored in the National capital.

RENE RAOUL DUVAL, to whom Mrs. James Brown Potter's sister is engaged to be married, is a nephew of Leon Say, the French statesman. The young man's father is at the head of the gas works of Naples and Paris. M. Duval is said to have an annual income of 1,000,000 francs.

WALTER WINANS, the American millionaire, whose deer forest in Scotland has so often formed the theme of parliamentary debates, and whose revolver shooting is remarkable, has made a wonderful record with his favorite weapon. At a distance of 20 yards, with a disappearing target, he scored 40 points out of a possible 42.

THE SPEED OF INSECTS.

The Fly Makes 600 Strokes a Second When in a Hurry.

[Newcastle Times.]

There are many insects which one would little suspect to be furnished with apparatus suited to swift and more or less continuous flight. House flys frequent the inside of our windows, buzzing sluggishly in and out of the room. But what different creatures are they when they accompany you on a hot summer's day. A swarm of these little pests keep pertinaciously on wing about your ears; quicken your pace, and still they are with you; let a gust of wind arise and carry them backward and behind, the breeze having dropped, their speed is redoubled, and they return to their post of annoyance. But this example gives only a partial proof of the fly's power of flight, as the following will show: The writer was traveling one day in autumn by rail, at about 25 miles an hour, when a company of flies put in an appearance at the carriage window.

They never settled, but easily kept pace with the train; such so, indeed, that their flight seemed to be almost mechanical, and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a sort of vortex, whereby they were carried onward with but little exertion on the part of themselves. But this was soon disproved. They sallied forth at right angles from the train, flew to a distance of 30 or 40 feet, still keeping pace, and then returned with increased speed and buoyancy to the window. To account for this look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrane, between which the bloodvessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended wings. These are used with great quickness, and probably 600 strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about 25 feet, but a sevenfold velocity can easily be attained, making 225 feet per second, so that under certain circumstances it can outstrip a race horse.

Sacrificed to Vanity.

A malicious maid, who had to leave the service of the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia against her will, has been telling in the most plausible way in the *Irish Times* the means which her Royal Highness adopts to maintain a slim waist despite her advancing years. According to this authority the process is as follows: When her Royal Highness has almost finished her toilet the services of two sturdy maids with remarkably long hands are requisitioned. These servitors press the sides and front of the corset while the mistress of the robes pulls the lace with all her might, and is not allowed to relax her efforts until the Princess, by a little gasp, indicates that the pressure has become almost unbearable.

CANADA'S BOODLERS.

THE Canadian boodlers are coming to the United States. Is this reciprocity?—*Dayton Times.*

UNCLE THOMAS MCGREEVY regards the Ottawa atmosphere as decidedly too warm for him.—*London Advertiser.*

CANADA turns up with the exposure of another first class boodler. She can't come into the Union.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

THE discovery of widespread boodling among Canadian public men tardily explains the unwillingness of Canada to negotiate an extradition treaty with the United States that will cover offenses of that class.—*Chicago Times.*

MR. MERCIER may have been an apt pupil, but he was not the chief offender, nor is he the father of the system. The methods by which Sir John Macdonald ruled for the last period of his long official career were utterly base and corrupt.—*Toronto Globe.*

THE Mercier Government was a perfect nest of corruption, and the money of the people was being stolen right and left to provide private means for grit ministers of the crown, and to help pay the election expenses of the Dominion opposition.—*Toronto Empire.*

THE revelations at Ottawa will have one good effect. They will take the Government contracting out of the hands of contractors who have shown that they do not scruple to corrupt men when they have found that it would be to their advantage to do so.—*Toronto News.*

PREMIER MERCIER is in danger of dismissal, it is said, by Lieutenant Governor Angers, of Quebec. That is mild punishment. He should be in imminent danger of going to the penitentiary. The acceptance of "testimonials" is nothing else but the acceptance of a bribe.—*Milwaukee News.*

THE infamy of our public men is now the talk of two continents. The infamy of the politicians will become that of the people unless they rise up and assert their virtue. Until they punish the guilty the revelations at Ottawa and Quebec will be the country's shame.—*Woodstock Sentinel.*

MORALITY and politics have been so sundered in public life that it has been taken for granted that the one has nothing to do with the other. But the outgush of venality that is overflowing the country with all the force of a volcanic eruption has at last aroused the public, and a loud cry is going up on all sides for the most thorough purging of our political life.—*Toronto Telegram.*

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Another Prophetic Guesser Tells of the Millennium That Is Coming—There Will Be No Critics Then—A New Rival to Bellamy Heard From.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

—These are the days when our young men are dreaming dreams and our old men are seeing visions. Whether it is a keener sense than we used to have of the inequalities of life, or whether it is only the approach of a new century that has roused up the prophetic instinct in us, we are uncommonly interested just now in looking forward.

They say that when the year 1000 came upon the pages of history and into the dates of letters, it found a universal consternation and despair prevalent in Christendom. Everybody thought that at the year 1000 the world was coming to an end. Consequently, they had left off building new churches and castles, and were not careful to keep the old ones in repair. And all projects terminated at that expected day of judgment.

But the sun got up very serenely on New Year's Day of the year 1000, and nothing unusual happened, and everybody drew a long breath and took up life again with a new heart. For even the saints are not enthusiastically desirous of the Day of Judgment. They would prefer its postponement for a space.

An Interesting Look Backward.

—It is interesting to see how the ten centuries which make up the epoch of the Middle Ages, from 500 to 1500, from the capture of Rome by the Goths to the discovery of America by the Spaniards—how these ten centuries fall into two divisions, the first five marked by a descending, and the last five by an ascending line. The course of civilization went down, down and down, every year worse than the year before, till the deepest depth was touched at the year 1000. The whole Western world was in the attitude of swinging children who, with slower and slower swings, are "letting the old cat die."

Then, once they got past that bad place in the road, all things began to prosper, the path began to ascend, and hasn't got to the top yet. We get into the clouds sometimes, and it seems as if we had touched the place where the mountain strikes the sky, but there is always a higher height beyond. Between 900 and 1900, what a difference! We look ahead into the twentieth century with wonder, with hope, with unbounded anticipation.

It seems as if nobody could make too big a guess at the beatitude of the twentieth century millennium.

The Latest Prophetic Guesser.

—The latest guesser, the last prophet, is Mr. William Morris. Mr. Morris is a Socialist and a dealer in wall paper. He is also, as all good readers know, a poet.

"'Tis a poet who was sent
For a bad world's punishment
By compelling us to see
Golden glimpses of To Be."

"News from Nowhere" is the "Earthly Paradise" in prose.

The sub-title of "News from Nowhere" is "An Epoch of Rest."

That marks out one of the points of emphasis of the book. The twentieth century has arrived, and all the bustle and hustle of this busy century in which our misfortunate lot is cast are long put to silence. Nobody is in a hurry. Competition that sharp spur which prods us out of bed at 6 o'clock in the morning, and keeps us on a swift run until 12 o'clock at night, has altogether gone out. People in the twentieth century have to look at the dictionary to find out what competition means.

As for dollars and shillings, which are to this great grim game of competition what counters are to baccarat, they have altogether gone out of disuse. They are to be found only in antiquarian museums.

The Promised Millennium.

—Everybody works, but nobody works, because he must. Everybody wants to work. One man prefers one sort of work, another likes ease of idleness—well, here are the words of the book: "It is said that in the early days of our epoch there were a good many people who were hereditarily afflicted with a disease called idleness, because they were the direct descendants of those who in the bad times used to force other people to work for them—the people, you know, who are called slaveholders or employers of labor in the history books. However, I'm happy to say that all is gone by now: the disease is either extinct or exists in such a mild form that a short course of aperient medicine carries it off."

There is no buying and selling. Weights and measures are unknown. There are no more factories, no more mills, no more smoke nor noise, no more concentration of industry into hideous buildings. Labor is a pleasant occupation which people carry on, by distribution of power, in their own homes. "Manufacturing centres" are vanished off the face of the earth. Manchester, for example, (of course, the scene is England), has quite ceased to exist. It is as obsolete as old Babylon.

Sunday Clothes All the Week.

—All life has become leisurely, beautiful, delightful and decorative. All the people in the streets have happy faces. There are no prisons and schoolhouses. Everybody wears Sunday clothes all the week through.

The first twentieth-century man whom the nineteenth-century visitor chances to meet is a waterman on the Thames, not, at the present day, a particularly picturesque and companionable individual. "His dress was not like any modern work-a-day clothes I had seen, but would have served very well as a costume for a picture of fourteenth century life; it was of dark blue cloth, simple enough, but of fine web, and without a stain on it. He had a brown leather belt around his waist, and I noticed that its clasp was of damascened steel beautifully wrought." Presently they meet a weaver from Yorkshire, who has "rather overdone himself between his weaving and his mathematics," and has come down to London for a change and some out-door work. "His dress also was of the same cut as the first man's, though somewhat gayer, the surcoat being bright green with a golden spray embroidered on the breast, and his belt being filigree silver work."

By and by "comes a splendid figure slowly sauntering over the pavement: a man whose surcoat was embroidered most copiously as well as elegantly, so that the sun flashed back from as if he had been clad in golden armor. The man himself was tall, dark-haired, and exceedingly handsome, and though his face was no less kindly in expression than that of the others, he moved with that somewhat haughty mien which great beauty is apt to give to both men and women." This man is the dustman—the Golden Dustman—the cultured and aristocratic remover of the garbage.

No Longer Any Cities.

—London, as we knew it, has quite disappeared. There are no more crowded streets, no blocks of buildings, no tenement houses. London is a charming cluster of the most delightful villages. Piccadilly, which Mr. Andrew Lang has done his best for in the August *Scribner*, is quite another Piccadilly. The Strand has become a very Forest of Arden. The Thames runs under graceful bridges, clear water, thick with salmon, as it did the day Westminster Abbey was consecrated by the Apostle Peter. Indeed, in the civilized world, there are no longer any cities. The world has gone back into the sweet country.

Of course all this fair paradise had to be fought for, had to be entered along the road of revolution, had to be won by sacrifice. A massacre of the unemployed in Trafalgar Square began it. After that there was a great reaction. The party of brotherhood took the head and made saints out of all the nineteenth century survivors.

No crowded cities, no bustle and hustle, no smoke, nor dirt, nor shops, nor money, smiles on all faces, all people busy at pleasant and voluntary work, no poverty, no tenement houses, no police news, helpfulness and courtesy and the golden rule become practical and universal qualities! "You couldn't fix a date, Mister" Mr. Stead's "anxious and hard-pressed citizen" wants to know, as the street musician finishes the first verse of "There's a Good Time Coming!"

Can't Answer His Arguments.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Major McKinley proposes to make one speech per day up to the time of the election and all his arguments will go unanswered, because the Democrats have no man who is capable of answering them.

THE LOST CABIN CLAIM DISCOVERED.

The Gold for Which the Miners Lost Their Lives Was Not There, However.

[Portland Oregonian.]

Everybody on this coast who has had anything to do with mines or miners has heard of the Lost Cabin mine. Five men worked there for over a year, so the story goes, and had accumulated a large amount of gold. As they were preparing to leave the cabin with their treasure which had been exhumed from its hiding place they were attacked by Indians. Three of the party who were taking the tools out of the cut they had made were shot, but the other two who were out hunting the mules to pack out the treasure escaped. One named Hurlburt was never heard of and is supposed to have perished in the mountains. The other, Tracy by name, escaped to Jacksonville, where he told the story of the massacre and the abandoned treasure, and where he finally died without having been able to guide a party to the claim, although he tried several times, but on account of weakness was forced to turn back. During his sickness he was nursed by a Mrs. Croxton, to whom he imparted a detailed description of the appearance of the claim and its surroundings. Hundreds of people have searched for the Lost Cabin claim since the massacre of the original owners on November 5, 1856, but it has never been found till a few days ago.

Mr. W. L. Long, who resides on Jefferson street, near Eighteenth, and who left here last April to prospect for mines in Southern Oregon, returned home last Saturday. He says that in company with Agent Matthews, of the Klamath Indian Reservation, W. Nickerson, his secretary, and W. S. Parrott, artist, he found the Lost Cabin one day last week. They had obtained a description of the place from Mrs. Croxton, and a man named Barneberg showed them the cut excavated so long ago and now grown up with chapparel. He says that they left the agency on the 5th instant, and attempted to cross Klamath Lake to Ball's Bay in two canoes lashed together, but encountered a heavy storm of wind, rain and snow, and were driven back, and then started out with a team and went round the lake to Ball's Bay, and about a half mile from there, in a kind of "draw" in the mountains, they found the long-lost Lost Cabin. They found the excavation made 35 years ago, and a lost cabin on each side of it. They also found the holes from which the treasure was exhumed ready for removal, and the juniper tree under which the sacks were placed, which may be considered remarkable after so many years. They did not find the gold, which is not so remarkable. When the party returned to the agency an old Indian, finding out where they had been, said he was a witness to the massacre, which was committed by Rogue river or Modalla Indians, and he knew just where these Indians had buried the white men and seven bags of yellow stuff, weighing about 100 pounds each, with them. Agent Matthews was to take the Indian, who is a policeman and a very truthful and trustworthy man, and go out and dig up the gold, while Mr. Long returned home, and is now living in momentary expectation of receiving a dispatch announcing the arrival of the treasure at the Klamath agency.

A MOUNTAIN OF NEARLY PURE IRON.

It Is of the Best Quality and Practically Inexhaustible.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—By building 13 miles of track in Nevada the railroad men, who have controlled that State only to squeeze every dollar out of it and choke its resources to the last gasp, could furnish to all the iron furnaces in the United States all the iron they could use at the mere cost of transportation and 25 cents a ton for mining. Thirteen miles from the Central Pacific line there is a mountain of ore that is 98 per cent pure iron, and it can be run into pig iron in any ordinary furnace.

Some of the ore has been smelted in the railroad shops at Sacramento and found to be of the best quality of iron. According to the Winnemucca *Silver State*, the quantity is so great that the assessment work necessary to hold the number of claims that might be located on the mountain would produce enough iron to build half a dozen railways from San Francisco to New York. But nothing is being done to develop mines on the mountain, and there are no indications that the railroad people will do anything to increase the business or value of that part of their line which runs through Nevada, and upon which the Government holds claims that are payable out of the net earnings.

A Dog That Was Not Phased.

[Chicago Herald.]

A funny incident occurred while some blasting operations were in progress lately at Hull, Quebec. An unusually heavy charge was about to be fired, and everybody had been warned away. A little dog immediately jogged over to the edge of the pit where the explosion was about to take place. The canine stood wagging its tail, the onlookers at a distance, of course, thinking it was indulging in a final bark. With a loud report the rock below was rent asunder, the men ran over, and to their astonishment found the little dog unhjured and barking with all its might at the noise in the middle of a cloud of smoke.

Lion Tamers and Their Work.

[London Times.]

Lion tamers are said to have great fascination for their work. A Frenchman named Bidel, who was nearly killed by a lion four years ago, declared that he would perform no more, but the recent arrival at Neuilly of a lion of extraordinary size and ferocity proved too much for his resolution. A large and fashionable audience assembled to see him inward this brute in his den. He not only entered the cage, but threw away his whip and fork, threatening the lion with his bare hands. He succeeded in effecting his retreat in safety, amid the applause of the multitude, and is now described as a hero instead of a colossal fool.

DEATHS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

The Duke of Cleveland.

Harry George Powlett, K. G., D. C. L., the fourth Duke of Cleveland, who has just died in England, was born April 19, 1803, and was educated at Oxford. He was attached to the Embassy at Paris in 1829, and was Secretary of Legation at Stockholm in 1831. He was a Liberal member of the House of Commons from 1831 to 1864. In the latter year he succeeded to the dukedom, and he then assumed the name and arms of Powlett in lieu of his patronymic, Vane. He was directly descended from the famous Sir Harry Vane, who was beheaded for treason in 1662. He was married in 1834 to the widow of Lord Dalmeny and mother of the present Lord Rosebery. The Duke of Cleveland was patron or 22 livings of the Church of England. His seats were Raby Castle, Durham and Battle Abbey, Sussex. He left no heir, and the ducal line is now extinct. The Barony of Barnard survives, however, going to Sir Henry Morgan, a member of a collateral branch of the Vane family. The Duke's death leaves vacant a place in the famous Order of the Garter.

Manager Israel Fleischman.

Israel Fleischman, lessee and manager of the Walnut Street Theater and owner of the Park Theater, died at his residence in Philadelphia Saturday morning from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Mr. Fleischman had been sick for the past year, but it was only within the last month that his illness took a serious turn. He was the lessee of the Walnut Street Theater for the past nine years. Two years ago he erected the Park Theater. He was born in Baltimore in 1842, and had been identified with the stage for many years.

Hon. Elias H. Williams.

Judge Elias H. Williams, one of the most prominent men in Clayton county, Ia., died Saturday at his home at Grand Meadow township, near Postville, at the age of 72 years. Mr. Williams settled in Clayton county in 1858, and was for several years District Judge and for a short time Supreme Judge. He spent many years in the construction of railroads, but of late years had been managing its 2,000-acre farm. He was born in Connecticut and was a graduate of Yale College. His wife is a sister of ex-Governor William Larrabee.

Dr. George Hinckley Lyman.

Dr. George Hinckley Lyman, for many years a prominent physician of Boston, died in London on the 19th inst. Dr. Lyman was born in Northampton 72 years ago. At the outbreak of the war he was appointed one of the medical commission appointed by the Governor to pass upon the qualifications of those seeking places as surgeons, and later became Medical Inspector of the United States Army, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Obituary Notes.

HON. P. M. ADAMS, President pro tem. of the Ohio Senate, died at Tiffin Saturday night, aged 41 years.

REV. DENIS O'KANE, of St. Thomas' Catholic Church, Charles county, Md., and connected with the Society of Jesus, died there Friday night, aged 63 years.

H. F. BINGHAM, a well-known lawyer of Portland, Ore., while fishing on a cliff of rocks at the beach Friday, fell into the water, was carried out to sea by a high wave, and drowned.

JOHN K. BOIES, one of the most prominent Republican politicians in Michigan, died last night at Hudson, that state, of nervous prostration. He was a brother of Governor Boies, of Iowa.

EDWARD F. JENKINS, at one time a well-known business man of Baltimore, Md., and a member of the firm of Edward Jenkins & Son, died at his home in Long Green Saturday morning from a complication of diseases. He was 74 years of age. Mr. Jenkins retired from business about 30 years ago. He leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. Harry Lilly, of Adams county, Pa.

OUR MAIL POUCH.

How Steamers Are Timed.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Can you give me the manner in which the ocean steamers are timed. MAJESTIC.

PITTSBURG, August 23.

[The British Government has a man stationed at Roche's Point, who is paid to record in a book the exact time these steamers pass his signal station, both inward and outward bound. Since the acute rivalry between the fleet ships of the White Star and Inman lines has sprung up this man has been even more than ordinarily careful in carrying out his instructions. In passing Roche's Point the vessels go through a channel hardly three miles wide, and as a general thing they pass within an easy mile of the Government signal station. Since the fast ships began to reckon their speed so carefully this signal officer has timed them from the moment they were exactly abeam of his station. The outward-bound vessels usually go past him at full speed. What becomes of them after that is of no concern to the signal man. He immediately telegraphs his record to the steamship agents in Queenstown, whence it is forwarded to the main office in Liverpool. Both the Inman and the White Star lines have a man of their own on Roche's Point to make observations and figures. Sometimes they differ. But if by any possible chance the question of a vessel's actual time came up in a British court of law, the Government signal man's figures would stand. In a similar way the official time on the other side is taken the moment the vessel is abeam of Sandy Hook. The line is set by the compass, and the telescope does the rest. The moment of crossing is almost as clearly defined as in the case of the running horse on the track. Passengers on the transatlantic steamers date the time of their passage either from Land's End or from the time the vessel starts until she comes to anchor. The steamship companies do not take this into account at all in their official records. They know the time, of course that a vessel leaves Liverpool, and of her arrival at Queenstown. But this is not considered in the record of her passage. The subsidized mail boats—the White Star and Cunard—usually anchor at Queenstown, a mile or two further inside Roche's Point than do the Inman boats and other Atlantic liners which are not obliged to await the arrival of the Irish mail at Queenstown, except for a stray passenger or two. The mail boats are usually the last to get away from the harbor. The actual voyage begins, so far as the official record is concerned, when the outgoing vessel circumstances to be adopted in practice.]

Some Loan Societies Are Safe.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Allow me a few lines in answer to your editorial on national building and loan associations in your paper of last Thursday. While it treats in a very able manner their general usefulness, and also recognizes "some good points," it conveys to the reader the impression that no national association is under any leigislative or other safeguard. This is an error. While the system is only five years old, and comparatively little understood, legislative enactments, except in a prohibitionary way, have not been introduced or adopted in many States yet. I only wish to point out that the State of Minnesota is an exception, and under its law such a swindle as was unearthed in Chicago would be an utter impossibility. The main features are (1) the public bank examiner examines them whenever he chooses, and must do so once a year. (2) All moneys are loaned out only on first mortgage and not to exceed 50 per cent of the total value of the property, and this mortgage is deposited with the State Treasurer. These mortgages cannot be withdrawn except on the order of the Register of Deeds, that the same has been satisfied, or for the purpose of foreclosure. (3) All officers of the association are under bonds approved by the State officers. The law has also done away with lapses and forfeitures, leaving the capital intact in case of withdrawal. Under this law 14 of the largest associations in the country are doing a large and, I might say, stupendous business, making about 10 per cent for their investors annually. In the absence of legislative protection it would perhaps be wise for prospective investors to have nothing to do with associations located in States which do not exercise needed supervision or offer any protection to investors. In justice to the Minnesota association, I offer this: They are doing millions of dollars' worth of business in this State, but some unreflecting people might be unnecessarily frightened by comments like the one in subject unless some discrimination is made. S.

PITTSBURG, August 22.

The Time for Seabaths.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

What is the best time of the day for sea bathing? SEASIDE.

WHEELING, August 23.

[Two or three hours after eating, and preferably, if the tide suits, in the forenoon, is the best time of the day for bathing. The first bath of the season should be a very brief one, and even afterwards it is never expedient to remain very long in the water, or any benefit may be lost. On a fine day 20 minutes is ample time, while if the day be cool, half that time is quite as much as should be indulged in if the bathing is to be beneficial. The Royal Humane Society of England made several recommendations of great value, and which should not be transgressed by bathers, namely: "Avoid bathing when exhausted from any cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Avoid bathing if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the shore or in boats after having been in the water. Leave the water immediately there is the slightest sign of chilliness." Bathing in the open sea should, if possible, take place when it is high tide, or within a short time before or after, as at other times there are apt to be dangers difficult to anyone unacquainted with the coast to avoid or surmount. Many lives have been lost by unknown currents carrying a bather out of his depths, even in cases where the bather has been a good swimmer.]

An Unnecessary Quest.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

In an editorial in Friday's DISPATCH, you refer to polar expeditions as "an unnecessary quest." You then assume to speak for the public, and declare that they had just reached the conclusion "that foolhardy men, anxious to risk their lives in an undertaking, the benefit of which is questionable, were all creatures of the past." This is very far from stating the fact. In the ranks of the great public are many persons who desire a wider knowledge of terrestrial physics, and who are more interested in such knowledge than in the disreputable game known as modern machine politics. While it is true that Arctic exploration has hitherto been attended with rather barren results, and while it may be a fact that the plan of Prof. Fridtjof Nansen, is not well conceived; it still remains that perplexing scientific problems can be solved if we can succeed in surveying that mysterious region known as the North Pole. This exploration has always been prosecuted in too diminutive a way, and here lies abundant ground for criticism; but surely no one can successfully maintain that any contribution of knowledge that tends to a better understanding of the physics of our globe is questionable.

This seems pretty much the same kind of missiels hurled at Columbus, and while we may not contend that the revelations of the Polar explorer may equal those of the daring Genoese, there is, in the solution of popular problems, a worthy field for the loftiest ambition. N.

WAMPUM, PA., August 22.

The Delivery of Letters.

To the Editor of the Dispatch.

Suppose a letter arrived at a postoffice addressed to a man or his wife, with a request to deliver it to no one else, and the postmaster delivered said letter thoughtlessly to a member of the family who has been in the habit of getting her, father and mother's mail, would the postmaster be liable for damage? It seems to me that the parties would have to prove that they have been damaged before they can recover from the postmaster. R. H.

PITTSBURG, August 23.

[Postmasters may be liable to persons who suffer injury or loss through the thoughtlessness or negligence on the part of the postmaster in the discharge of his official duties and damages may be collected in a cival suit, but the aggrieved must prove that he was damaged by the neglect. Judicial notice was given in a case where a clerk received a letter containing money with orders from the mailer to register it. It was addressed to an office at which the registry system was not in operation, but both the sender and the clerk supposed