where have you dropped from? Let me see,

"I should say it's all of 15 years, Mrs.

"Well, well, how time does get away with

let joy be unconfined, is my motto, whether there's any dance to dance or any joy to un-

confine; you'll be the healthier for it every time, every time, Washington; it's my ex-

perience, and I've seen a good deal of this world. Come, where have you disappeared

to all these years, and are you from there now, or where are you from?"

guess, Colonel. Cherokee Strip. "My land?"

"Louise out there?"

"Out there now?"

"Yes, and the children."

"I don't quite think you would ever

"Sure as you live."
"You can't mean it. Actually living out

"Well, yes; if a body may call it that;

"Yes, I couldn't afford to bring them with

"Oh, I see-you had to come-claim

against the G overnment. Make yourself perfectly easy-I'll take care of that."

"But it isn't a claim against the Govern-

"No? Want to be postmaster? That's all right. Leave it to me. I'll fix it."

"But it isn't postmaster-you're all astray

Well, good gracious, Washington, why

don't you come out and tell me what it is?

What do you want to be so reserved and distrustful with an old friend like me, for?

Don't you reckon I can keep a se—"
"There's no secret about it—you merely
don't give me a chance to—"

"Now look here, old friend, I know the human race; and I know that when a man comes to Washington, I don't care if it's from heaven, let alone Cherokee Strip, it's

because he wants something. And I know that as a rule he's not going to get it; that

he'll stay and try for another thing, and won't get that; the same luck with the next

and the next and the next; and keeps on

ashamed to go back even to Cherokee Strip

and at last his heart breaks, and they take

up a collection and bury him. There-don't interrupt me. I know what I'm talking

about. Happy and prosperous in the far West, wasn't I? You know that. Principal

citizen of Hawkeye, looked up to by every-body, kind of an autocrat, actually a kind

of an autocrat, Washington. Well, nothing would do but I must go as Minister to St.

James', the Governor and everybody insist-

no getting out of it, had to do it, so here I

came. A day too late, Washington. Think

of that—what little things change the world's history—yes, sir, the place had been filled. Well, there I was, you see. I

offered to compromise and go to Paris. The

President was very sorry and all that, but that place, you see, didn't belong to the West, so there I was again. There was

no help for it, so I had to stoop a little-

we all reach the day some time or other when we've got to do that, Washington, and it's not a bad thing for us either, take

it by and large all around-I had to stoop a

little and offer to take Constantinople

Washington; consider this-for it's perfect-

ly true-within a month I asked for China-

within another month I begged for Japan;

one year later I was away down, down

down, supplicating with tears and anguish

ing, you know, and so at last I consented-

till he strikes bottom and is too poor and

though it's a pretty strong term for dobies and jackass rabbits, boiled beans and slap-

jacks, depression, withered hopes, poverty in all its varieties..."

THE

along the plain and uprooting even the blades of gensa. Shock! Shock! Shock! It is the Fury flinging his fiery bolts into the bosom of the earth.-"The Demon and the Fory, "-M. Quad. Away up the gorge, all diurnal fancies trooped into the wide liberties of endless ons vistas of axore sunlit mountains be-

neath the shining agure heavens. The sky, oking down in deep blue placidities, only here and there smote the water to azure emulations of its tint—"In the Stranger's Country."—Charles Egbert Craddock. There was every indication of a dust-storm, though the sun still shown bril-

The hot wind had become wild It was whipping up the and rampant. sandy coating of the plain in every direc-tion. High in the air were seen whirling pires and cones of sand-a curious effect against the deep blue sky. Below, puffs of sand were breaking out of the plain in every direction, as though the plain were alive with invisible horsemen. These ndy cloudlets were instantly dissipated by the wind: it was the larger clouds that rere lifted whole into the air, and the Inter clouds of sand were becoming more

Alfred's eyes, quickly scanning the horinon, descried the roof of the boundary-rider's but still gleaming in the sunlight. He remembered the hut well. It could met be tarther than four miles, if as much as that, from this point of the track. He also knew these dust-storms of old; Bindarra was notorious for them. Without thinking twice, Alfred put spurs to his horse headed for the but. Before he had ridder half the distance the detached clouds o gand banded together in one dense whirl wind, and it was only owing to his horse's instruct that he did not ride wide, of the hut altogether, for during the last half mile he never may the hut, until its outline lostred suddenly over his horse's ears, and by then the san was invisible-"A Bride from the Bush. It rained 40 days and 40 nights. - Genesia

It is a matchiess morning in rural England. On a fair hill we see a majestic pile, the ivied walls and towers of Cholmondeley Castle, huge relic and witness of the baron taly grandeurs of the Middle Ages. This is of a of the seats of the Earl of Rossmore, K. 6., G. C. B., K. C. M. G., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., who possesses 22,000 acres of En-

glish lands, owns a parish in London with 2,000 houses on its lease-roll, and struggles comfortably along on an income of £200,000 a year. The father and founder of this proud old line was William the Conqueror, s very self; the mother of it was not inventoried in history by name, she being rely a random episode and inconsequen tial, like the tanner's daughter of Falaise. in a breakfast room of the castle on this ery, fine morning there are two persons

and the cooling remains of a deserted meal. One of these persons is the old lord, tall, ert, sound-shouldered, white-haired sternwed, a man who shows character in every ature, attitude and movement, and carries he ather person is his only son and heir, a camp-eyed young fellow, who looks about 6 but is nearer 30. Candor, kindliness, nesty, sincerity, simplicity, modesty-is easy to see that these al traits of his character; and so hen you have clothed him in the formidments of his name, you somehow em to be contemplating a lamb in armor; name and style being the Honorable scount Berkeley of Chelmondeley Warwickshire. (Pronounced K'koo ver Marshbanks Sellers Vycount of Chumly Castle, Warrikshr.) He ing by a great window, in an atti-

The tather walks the is away up toward summer heat. rited as von are, Berkeley, I am nware that when you have once made reason are for the time being much men you-yes, and ridicule, persua-

inther is saying and, equally re-dissent from the positions and

er, if you will look at it without doing a rash thing, a es, willful thing, with nothing create the American claimant to the earlssmore: I did not hunt for him, and you find him; did not obtrude him unon He found himself, injected it into our lives-

"And has made mine a purgatory for ten years with his tiresome letters, his reasonings, his acres of tedious evi-

Which you would never read, would ocver connect to read. Yet in common fairess he was entitled to a hearing. That he plain-or it would prove that he which case our course would be symply plain. I have read his evidences, ay lord. I have conned them well, studied

Consider what you are saying, Father, if he is the rightful Earl, would you, could you—that fact being estab-



He Wies Constructing a Mechanical Toy. coperties from him a day, an hour, a min-

open 150 years. The truth is, the heir did go to America with the the cat!" My Lond-It is my painful duty to announce to you that the head of our illustrious house is no more—the Right Honorable, the Most Nobe, the Mo t to this day, although they live in Mary-

land; their friend lost his by his own neg-lect. You perceive now that the facts in this case bring us to precisely this result: Morally the American tramp is rightful Earl of Rossmore; legally he has no more right than his dog. There now, are you

There was a pause, then the son glanced at the crest carved in the great oaken mantel and said, with a regretful note in his "Since the introduction of heraldic symbols, the motto of this house has been 'Suum cuique'—to every man his own. By your

own intrepidly trank confession, my lord,

it is become a sarcasm. If Simon La-

"Keep that exasperating name to your self! For ten years it has pestered my eye and tortured my ear; till at last my very footfalls time themselves to the brain racking rhythm of Simon Lathers! Simon Lathers! Simon Lathers! And now, to make its presence in my soul eternal, imperishable, you have resolved to-to-what is it you have resolved to do?"

"To go to Simon Lathers, in America, and change places with him." What? Deliver the reversion of the

earldom into his hands?" "That is my purpose." "Make this tremendous surrender with-out even trying the fantastic case in the

"Ye-s," with hesitation and some embar-By all that is amazing, I believe you are | time after his son was gone.

remains shipped to you ("Great heavens?") for interment, with due ceremonies and solemnities, in the family vault or mausoleum of our house. Meantime I shall put up a pair of hatchments on my house front, and you will of course do the same at your several sents.

and you will of course do the same at your several seats.

I have also to remind you that by this sad disaster I, as sole heir, inherit and become seized of all the titles, honors, lands and goods of our lamented relative, and must of necessity, painful as the duty is, shortly require at the bar of the Lords restitution of these dignities and properties, now illegally enloyed by your titular lordship.

With assurance of my distinguished consideration and warm cousinly regard, I remain, your titular lordship's most obedient servant.

Servant,
MULBERRY SELLERS, Earl Rossmore. "Im-mense! Come, this one's interesting. Why, Berkeley, his breezy impudence is—is—why, it's colossal, it's sublime."
"No, this one doesn't seem to cringe much."

"Cringe! Why, he doesn't know the meaning of the word. Hatchments! To commemorate that sniveling tramp and his traternal duplicate. And he is going to send me the remains. The late claimant was a fool, but plainly this new one's a manisc. What a name! Mulberry Sellers —there's music for you. Simon Lathers— Mulberry Sellers—Mulberry Sellers, Simon Lathers. Sounds like machiners working and churning. Simom Lathers, Mulberry Are you going? "If I have your leave, father."

The old gentleman stood musing some



training with that ass again—that radical, if you prefer the term, though the words mor and justice require you to do, argu- are synonymous-Lord Tanzy, of Toll-

> The son did not reply, and the old lord "Yes, you confess. That puppy, that shame to his birth and caste, who holds all

> aristocratic institutions a fraud, all ininfamy, and no bread honest bread that a man doesn't earn by his own work-work, pah!"-and the old patrician brushed imaginary labor-dirt from his white hands. "You have come to hold just those opinions yourself, I suppose," he added with a sneer. A faint flush in the vounger man's cheek told that the shot had hit and hurt, but he answered with dignity:
> "I have, I say it without shame-I feel

none. And now my reason for resolving to renounce my heirship without resistance is would either prove he was the Earl-in which case our course me is a false existence, a false position, and me is a false existence, a false position, and begin my life over again-begin it righton the level of mere manhood, unassisted by factitious aids, and succeed or fail by pure merit or the want of it. I will them patiently and theroughly. The chain seems to be complete; no important have an equal chance; I will live or diction back of it."

go to America, where all men are equal and have an equal chance; I will live or diction back of it."

"Hear, hear!" The two men looked at each other steadily in the eye a moment or two, then the elder one added, musingly, "Ab-so-lutely crazy—ab-so-lutely!" After enter into his own, and I will drown him in the horse pond. That poor devil-always so humble in his letters, so pitiful, so deferential; so steeped in reference for our great line and lofty station; so anxious to placate us; so prayerful for recognition as a relative, a bearer in his veins of sacred blood, and withal so poor, so needy, so threadbare and paupershod as to raiment, so despised, so laughed at for his silly claimantship by the lewd American scum around him-ach, the vulgar, crawling, insufferable tramp; to read one of his cringing, nauscating letters-well?"

This to a splendid flunkey, all in inflamed plush and buttons and knee-breeches as to his trunk, and a glinting white frost-work of ground glass paste as to his head, who stood with his heels together and the upper half of him bent forward, a salver in his hands.

"The letters, my lord." My lord took them and the servant disap-

"Among the rest an American letter From the tramp, of course, Jove, but here's a change. No brown paper envelope this time, filched from a shop and carrying the shop's advertisement in the corner. Oh, ichael-consent to keep his titles and his no, a proper enough envelope, with a most ostentatiously broad mourning border his cat, perhaps, since he was a bachelor-You are talking nonsense—nonsense—said festened with red wax—a batch of it as big as a half crown—and—and—our crest for a seal—moito and all. And the ignorat name. I did not read those evidences rant, permaps, saide he was a occurrent. cause I had no occasion to; I was made secretary evidently—a secretary with a har with them in the time of this most confident swing and flourish to his Sether, and of my own father, 40 pen. Oh, indeed, our fortunes are improve This fellow's predecessors have ing over there—our meek tramp has under-ne more or less familiar with them gone a metamorphosis."

"Read it, my lord, please."
"Yes, this time I will. For the sake of

This was his thought: take his own course-as it would profit nothing to oppose him-make things worse, in fact. My arguments and his aunt's per suasions have failed; let us see what America can do for us. Let us see what equality and hard times can effect for the mental health of a brain-sick young British lord. thout passion, you must con-an not doing a rash thing, a usurpation, all nobility a tinsel sham, all man! Yas!" Yas!"

> Colonel Mulberry Sellers-this was some days before he wrote his letter to Lord Rossmore-was seated in his "library," which was his "drawing room" and was also his "picture gallery" and likewise his "workshop." Sometimes he called it by one of these names, sometimes by another. according to occasion and circumstance. He was constructing what seemed to be some kind of a frail mechanical toy, and was apparently very much interested in his work. He was a white-headed man now, but otherwise he was as young, alert, buoyant, visionary and enterprising as ever. His loving old wife sat near by, contentedly knitting and thinking, with a cat asleep in her lap. The room was large, light, and had a comfortable look; in fact a home-like look, though the furniture was of a humble sort and not overabundant, and the knick-knacks and things that go to adorn a living room not plenty and not costly. But there were natural flowers. another silence, he said, as one who, long troubled by clouds, detects a ray of sunshine. "Well, there will be one satisfaction—Simon Lathers will come here to enter into his own, and I will decome him. Rven the deadly chromos on the walls were somehow without offense; in fact, they seemed to belong there and to add an attraction to the room- a fascination, anyway; for whoever got his eye on one of them was like to gaze and suffer till he died-you have seen that kind of pictures. Some of these terrors were landscapes, some libelled the sea, some were ostensible portraits, all were crimes. All the portraits were recognizable as dead Americans of distinction, and yet, through labelling added by a daring hand, they were all doing duty here as "Earls of Rossmore." The newest one had left the works as Andrew Jackson, but was doing its best now as "Simon Lathers, Lord Rossmore, present Earl." On one wall was a cheap cid railroad map of Warwickshire. This had been newly labelled "The Rossmore Estates." On the opposite wall was another map, and this was the most imposing decoration of the establishment and the first to catch a stranger's attention because of its great size. It had once borne simply the title "Siberia," but now the word "Future" had been written in front of that word. There were other additions, in red ink-many cities, with great populations set down scattered over the vast country at points where neither cities nor populations exist to-day. One of these cities, with population placed at 1,590,090, bore the name "Libertyorloffskoizalinski," and there was a still more populous one, centrally located and marked "Capitol," which bore the name "Freedomslovnaivanovich."
> The mansion—the Colonel's usual name

for the house was a rickety, old two-story frame of considerable size, which had been painted some time or other, but had nearly forgotten it. It was away out in the ragged forgotten it. It was away out in the ragged edge of Washington, and had once been somebody's country place. It had a neglected yard around it, with a paling fence that needed straightening up in places and a gate that would not stay shut. By the door-post were several modest tin signs. "Colonel Mulberry Sellers, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent," was the principal one. One learned from the others that the Colonel was a materializer, a hypnotizer, a mind-cure dabbler and so on. For he was a mind-cure dabbler and so on. For he was a man who could always find things to do. A white-headed negro man, with specta-cles and damaged white cotton gloves, ap-

peared in the presence, made a stately obeisance and announced: "Marse Washington Hawkins, suh."

"Great Scott! Show him in, Dan'l, show The Colonel and his wife were on their feet in a moment, and the next moment were joyfully wringing the hands of a stoutish, discouraged looking man whose general aspect suggested that he was 50

"He is a good boy, and lovable. Let him

for the bottom office in the gift of the Gov. ernment of the United States-flint-picker in the cellars of the War Department. And, by George, I did't get it." "Flint-picker?" CHAPTER IL "Yes. Office established in the time of the Revolution, last century. The musket flints for the military posts were supplied from the Capitol. They do it yet; for al-though the flint-arm has gone out and the forts have tumbled down, the decree hasn't been repealed-been overlooked and torgotten, you see-and so the vacancies where old Ticonderoga and others used to stand

still get their six quarts of gun flint a year just the same. Washington said musingly after a pause: "How strange it seems-to start for Minister to England at \$20,000 a year and fail for "Three dollars a week. It's human life,

Washington—just an epitome of human ambition, and struggle, and the outcome; you aim for the palace and get drowned in the sewer." There was another meditative silence.

Then Washington said, with earnest compassion in his voice: "And so, after coming here, against your inclination, to satisfy your sense of patriotic duty and appease a selfish public clamor, you get absolutely nothing for it."

"Nothing." The Colonel had to get up and stand, to get room for his amazement to "Nothing, Washington? I ask you this: To be a perpetual member, and the only perpetual member, of a diplomatic body accredited to the greatest country on earth-do you call that nothing?" It was Washington's turn to be amazed. He was stricken dumb; but the wide-eyed wonder, the reverent admiration expressed in his face were more eloquent than any words could have been. The Colonel's wounded spirit was healed, and he resumed his seat pleased and content. He leaned

forward and said impressively:
"Vhat was due to a man who had be come forever conspicuous by an experience without predence in the history of the world?—a man made permanently and diplomatically sacred, so to speak, by having been connected temporarily, through solicitation, with every single diplomatic post in the roster of this Government, from Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of St. James all the way down to consul to a guano rock in the Straits of Sunda-salary payable in guano which disappeared by volcanic convulsion the day before we got down to my name in the list of applicants. Certainly something august enough to be answerable to the siz of this unique and memorable experience was my due, and I got it. By the common voice of this community, by acclamation of the people, that mighty utterance which brushes aside laws and legislation, and from whose decrees there is no appeal, I was named perpetual member of the diplomatic body, representing the multifarious sovereigntie and civilizations of the globe near the Re-publican court of the United States of America. And they brought me home with

"It is wonderful, Colonel, simply wonder-"It's the loftiest official position in the "I should think so-and the most com anding."
"You have named the word. Think of it,

a torchlight procession.

I frown, and there is war; I smile, and contending nations lav down their arms." "It is awful. The responsibility, I mean."
"It is nothing. Responsibility is no burden to me; I am used to it; have always been used to it."

"And the work—the work! Do you have to attend all the sittings?"
"Who, I? Does the Emperor of Russia attend the conclaves of the Governors of the provinces? He sits at home, and indicates ais pleasure.

Washington was silent a moment, then a deep sigh escaped him.
"How proud I was an hour ago; how paltry seems my little promotion now! Colonel, the reason I came to Washington is—I am Congressional delegate from Cherokee strip!"

The Colonel sprang to his feet and broke out with prodigious enthusiasm: years old, but whose hair swore to a hun-"Give me your hand, my boy—this is im-mense news. I congratulate you with all "Well, well, well, Washington, my boy, it is good to look at you again. Sit down, sit down and make yourself at home. There, now—why, you look perfectly natural; aging a little, just a little, but you'd have my heart. My prophecies stand confirmed. I always said it was in you. I always said you were born for high distinction and known him anywhere, wouldn't you, Polly?
"Oh, yes. Berry, he's just like his pa
would have looked if he lived. Dear, dear, ould achieve it. You ask Polly if didn't.'

Washington was dazed by this most unexpected demonstration.
"Why, Colonel, there's nothing to it.
That little, narrow, desolate, unpeopled, oblong streak of grass and gravel, lost in the remote wastes of the vast continent why, it's like representing a billiard table

us. Yes, and oh, the changes that—"
There was a sudden catch of her voice and -a discarded one. a trembling of the lip, the men waiting rev-erently for her to get command of herself and go on, but after a little struggle she "Tut-tut, it's a great; it's a staving preferment, and just ophlent with influence here."

and go on, but after a little struggle sae turned away, with her apron to her eyes, and softly disappeared.

"Seeing you made her think of the chil-dren, poor thing; dear, dear, they're all dead but the youngest. But banish care, it's no time for it now; on with the dance, let love the most fined in what the shades. "Shucks, Colonel, I haven't even a vote. "That's nothing; you can make speeches."
"No, I can't. The population's only "That's all right, that's all right-" "And they hadn't any right to elect me; we're not even a Territory, there's no or-

ganic act, the Government hasn't any official knowledge of its whatever."
"Never mind about that; I'll fix that.

"Never mind about that; I'll fix that.
I'll rush the thing through, I'll get you organized in no time."
"Will you, Colonel? It's too good of
you; but it's just your old sterling self, the
same old, ever-faithful friend," and the grateful tears welled up in Washington's

"It's just as good as done, my boy, just as good as done. Shake hands. We'll hitch teams together, you and I, and we'll make things hum!" [ To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

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CURE BY HYPNOTISM.

DR. CHARLES LLOYD TUCKEY SAYS HE CAN HEAL INEBRIATES.

The Results Are Permanent-An Analysis of Canned Fruits Shows That All Contain Poison-Mysterious Rapid-Firing Gun Out-Odds and Ends of Science, (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The chloride of gold cure for inebriates has recalled various suggestions which have been made from time to time with the same end in view. Dr. Charles Lloyd Tuckey maintains that hypnotism is one of the best-known means of effecting a radical cure of alcoholism. By way of showing the immense power wield-ed by hypnotism he quotes the case of the manager of an important company, who was about to be discharged from his post in consequence of his dissolute habits, when he took medical advice. Dr. Tuckey hypnotized him and found him an excellent subject. The patient was told

while in the hypnotic state that alcohol was

poison to him, and that the taste of it would in future make him violently ill. To test the efficacy of this suggestion a small glass of beer was given to him during the hypnotic sleep, and another about half an hour after his awakening; on both occasions the dose instantly brought on an attack of sickness, though the patient had no consciousness of the suggestions he had received. He returned to his home and business after about two months, and has had no relapse. Not long ago he turned quite sick at a cricket match, and, as he complained of violent pain and faintness, a well-meaning friend made him take the usual rough-and-ready remedy-a glass of whisky. He had hardly swallowed the spirit when he again rejected it, thus affording a proof of the continued action of suggestion after the lapse of three months. Alcoholism is by no means the only dis-ease in which hypnotism can be advantageously resorted to; morphinism, for example, and the "tobacco habit" have also their victims, and the suggestive treatment has proved efficacious against this class of evils.

Quick Work in Locomotive Erection A notable feat has been performed at the Stratford works of the Great Eastern Rail-

over 30 tons, the total weight of the engine and tender in running order being a little over 67 tons. The per-formance is one which reflects formance is one which reflects great credit on the staff of the railway. From a strictle staff of the railway. From a strictly economical point of view such feasts may by some be regarded as a mistake, but such prompt and garded as a histake, but such prompt and efficient work means, at all events, good working to gauge and standard dimensions, excellent organization, and, last but by no means least, a thoroughly good feeling be-tween the employes and their managers and

foremen. Imitation of American Leather. It will interest American manufacturers of leather to know how their finest product. which is so highly esteemed (oak tanned leather), is imitated in Germany. The hides, after being well prepared, are put for two day into strong tan liquor, and then for another two days into a solution of ironblack (pyrolignite of iron with pulverized gall nuts). The hides thus become impregnated thoroughly and black through and through. The skins are then treated with a mixture of one part degras and two parts fish oil. Leather thus worked can carry much more grease than with the usual treatment, and acquires, together with great pliability and tenacity, force of

resistance and a minimum of brittleness.

The use of the sand blast is now found to be a very convenient and effective method of cleaning buildings. A pump which forces a blast of air at a pressure of four ounces to the square inch through a system of flexible pipes removes the unclean surface of stone readily. One square foot of stone can thus be cleaned in ten minutes, and the rapidity of the process can be in-creased by the use of a higher pressure. Another, though an older application of the sand blast, is for the whitening of the out-side of incandescent lamp bulbs, and decorative effects are often introduced by fastening letters or ornaments upon the outside.

tasted contained poison. The milk was pure, which is a consolation, but all the solids, and they included pumpkin, tomatoes, "Hubbard squash," peas, mushrooms, blackberries, salmon, pears, peaches, cherries, sweet potatoes, beans and pinear ples, contained poison, the tin taken as chloride, varying from ½ to 5½ grains per pound. pound.

New Machine Gan.

It is stated that a new machine gun of wonderful capabilities has just been put through a successful test. Its principal feature is rapidity of fire, which is claimed to be equal to 900 shots in one minute fired through one barrel. This would be an advance on the Maxim gun, which has a record of 750 shots a minute. The new gun has water-jacket around the firing barrel and the cartridges are fed from a continuous a new faith by the old. Cecilia hears a di-belt, but no specific details concerning its vine call summoning her away from her construction have yet been made public.

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MUSIC

Critical Review of the Mozart Club's Third Annual Performance

OF HANDEL'S GREAT MASTERWORK.

Johann Strauss Doesn't Seem to Re a Great Success in Grand Opera.

WALTER DAMROSCH AND HIS PLAYERS

Old City Hall has rarely held an audience superior in numbers or culture to that gathered last Monday evening to hear the Mozart Club's third annual performance of House in Vienna last night with the "Messiah."

It is always in place to refresh the read--the following note, compiled by an East-

Handel composed his masterwork, "The Messiah," in 24 days. It was commenced on August 22, 1741, and concluded on September 14. He was at that time 56 years of age. It had its first performance on April 13, 1742, in Dublin, for the benefit of a charitable society. The hadias seven account of the second of the Dublin, for the benefit of a charitable society. The ladies were requested, on this occasion, to come without hoops and the gentlemen without their swords. By this means the ushers were able to seat 700 persons instead of 600. On the occasion of its first performance in London, some years later, it is related that the audience was so much affected by the music that when the Hallelujah chorus was sung the King and the rest of the audience with one impulse started to their feet and remained standing to the end of the chorus. This custom has been followed ever since. Strange to say, the poet who selected the words for Handel, was not satisfied with his music. He said that "He has made a fine entertainment of it, though not near so good as he wight and ought." In tertainment of it, though not near so good as he might and ought to have done." In this opinion the poet, however, stands alone, for the universal opinion now is that the "Messiah" is the greatest work of its kind ever written. "Other oratorios may be com-pared with one another," says Mr. Upton: "the 'Messiah' stands alone a majestic monument to the memory of the composer, an imperishable record of the noblest sentiments of human nature and the highest as pirations of men."

The Havoc of La Grippe Two unavoidable causes worked together to cast a shade over Monday evening's performance. The first was the fact that the "grip" seemed bent on depriving the audience of hearing any bass solos. The prevalent ailment kept Mr. Ivan Morawski at home in Boston and then also at the last moment attacked William L. Whitney, his substitute, and compelled him to give up before finishing his first aria. This produced a general effect of uneasiness and discomfort as well on the stage as in the audience, enormously increasing the ten-sion upon Conductor McCollum and pro-

The other unexpected difficulty lays in the orchestra, from which a number of wonted faces were absent while those resent were tired out by the holiday rush of social engagements. Under the conditions, Mr. Whitney and the orchestral players are entitled to credit for doing all they could, and are not to be blamed for being the unwilling obstructions to an other-

ducing a proportionate lack of spirit and

vigor through the earlier part of the even-

wise assured success.

The chorus sang their best at their first opportunity, "And the Glory of the Lord," which was delivered with superb vigor and impressiveness. "Unto Us a Child is Born" was not announced with the oldtime thrilling power, and there was a lack of finish and spirit about several of the other choruses, noticeably in 'Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefe." the singers retrieved themselves in "Glory to God," and they made of the sublime "Halletujah" a noble paean of praise. It was good work throughout, though not quite up to what the club has accomplished in the same work under bester conditions. Among the soloists, Mr. F. W. Jamison deserves the palm as an oratorio singer; especially in the recitatives and in the air, "Behold, and See," did he show an ap-

sentiment and made a decided impression with it which "He Was Despised" hardly confirmed. Miss Hortense Pierse, the so prano, displayed a pure, sweet voice and many good musical traits, but evidently was not in her own proper sphere in singing oratorio. She had been heard here before in concert to greater advantage. Much credit was earned by Mr. John A. Strouss by his daring the grip and coming down from the chorus to hold the post, from which two men had already been driven. He maintained his excellent local reputation most amply.

The Coming of Damrosch The important event of the week will be the advent of Mr. Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra, for the concerts of the Allegheny Musical Association, at Cyclorama Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Readers of this column have been fully informed of the past and present standing of this orchestra and its gifted young leader. Their first hearing here is most pleasing occasion, which cannot but redound largely to the credit of Conducto W. A. Lafferty and his co-workers,

Some alterations have been made in the programmes since they were first announced. The changes are simply substitu-tions of equivalents; they do not, unfortunately, meet the desire of most music-lovers for selections less trite and threadbare. However, there are no trashy works sheduled; all are worth hearing again, no natter how often they have been heard. On Tuesday evening the orchestra will play Wagner's "Tannbaeuser" overture; the Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; a Theme and Variations by Tschaikowski; Svendsen's "Norwegian Artista" Carnival," and Berlioz's "Rakoczy" march, besides two morceaux for strings by Grieg and Burgmein. Among these pieces will be inserted the Prize Song from "Meistersinger," sung by Mr. William J. Lavin and Elizabeth's aria in the hall of song ("Tannhaeuser"), sung by Mrs. Ida Klein.

Danger in Canned Fruits.

In consequence of the illness of two people who had eaten canned pumpkin, Dr. H.
W. Weber recently undertook to analyze a large variety of canned fruits, bought at random. It was found that all the samples that description of the programme will be occupied by Benedict's cantats, "St. Cecilia," sung by the Allegheny chorus, with Mrs. Ida Klein, Miss Mary Baukerd, Mr. William J. Lavin and Mr. Homer Moore, the Symphony Orchestra accompanying. The rest of the evening will be filled by the orchestra in Weber's "Freischuetz". the orchestra in Weber's "Freischuetz" overture and Liszt's "Les Preludes," with Haydn's "Kaiser" quartet, played by string orchestra. Regarding the cantata, Mr. G. R. Broadberry, acting as press agent for the association, has compiled the following note: following note: "St. Cecilia" was composed by Sir Julius

Benedict for the Notwich (England) Festi-val of 1866. The book of words was prepared by Chorley, the English critic and writer on musical topics, who deviates somewhat from the accepted history of the patron saint of music. The legend of St. Cecilia has occupied more or less the attention of poets and com-posers for the last three centuries, and in almost ever European country cele-brations of the day set apart in St. Cecilia's honor are of annual occurrence. The story is the time-worn one of the persecutions of husband, whom she has just married, until he shall have been converted. She appeals to heaven in his behalf. A vision of angels appears to him, and the angels' songs win his soul. The infuriated Profect, who has just performed the rites of their marriage, orders their death, the husband to be beheaded and the wife to die by the slow martyrdom of fire. The tragedy of the former is left to the imagination while Cecilia dies surrounded by angels. The musical setting

which Benedict has given to this story is very attractive, and in itself would be enough on which to base his reputation as a omposer. The most striking numbers are the bright introductory wedding chorns, an ecstatic love for for Valerianus (the husband of Cecilia), a very passionate and dramatic aris for the Prefect (what mean these zealots vile), a quartet with choral accom-paniment, "God is Our Hope and Strength," and the music of the trial

Johann Strauss' Grand Opera,

Last night's London cables bring to THE DISPATCH the following note of the first hearing of the grand opera that marks Johann Strauss' first departure from the dance music and operettas upon which rests his world-wide fame.

Strauss' new grand opera, "Ritter Pasman," was produced at the Imperial Opera

moderate success. There was not a single encore and, although the composer was sever's memory as to such masterpieces as this eral times called before the curtain and given laurel wreaths, the com--the following note, compiled by an East-ern programme-maker, fits nicely at the head of this brief review:

Handel composed his masterwork, "The

Handel composed his masterwork, "The

Handel composed his masterwork, "The distrusted his especial muse. The only really successful numbers, judged by the opinion of last night's andience, were the waltz arias and ballet music act. The greatest success of the evening was achieved by Fraulein Marie Renard in was achieved by Fraulein Marie Renard in the second act, with an ariette in waltz rhythm in E flat major, entitled The Golden Fruit on the Tree of Life.' Strauss himself considered this the gem of the opera, and at the dress rehearsal Wednesday its beautiful rendering by Fraulein Renard moved him to copious tears. The libretto, if one may trust the Standard critic, is as disappointing as the score. "It is too refined, too anecdotic and contains too little action to produce an effect when

Crotchets and Quavers.

rendered on the stage.'

upon.

THE New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, has already secured pledges of \$70,000 of the endowment of \$150,000 sought to be raised by Director Faelten and his able

MAX BRUCH has been nominated by the Royal Academy of Arts, at Berlin, as President of the proposed "master school" for musical composition, and has been made a member of the senate of the Academy.

PROP. JOHN KNOWLES PAINE and E. A. MacDowell are mentioned as home com posers commissioned to write original works for the Chicago World's Fair. If so, the selection could scarely be improved

MR. WILLIAM J. LAVIN, the tenor to be heard in the Allegheny concerts this week, was married about a month ago to Miss Mary Howe, the brilliant young soprano, said to be one of the most beautiful women of our country.

VERDI is dabbling in agriculture these days, and has lately written "fewer musi-cians, fewer lawyers, fewer doctors and more farmers—that is what I wish for my country." Intercourse with Falataf seems to have made the old man humorous.

Padenewski is probably the only artist before the public who is able to draw a \$2,000 use to hear him and yet is willing to give a free recital to the pupils of a conserva-tory. He did both these things in Boston. With most artists, the more they get, the less they give. MASCAGNI and Sonzogno are called on to defend suits for infringement of copyright

brought by Verga, from whose novel "Cavalleria" was drawn, and also by Erckmann and Chartrain's heirs, the joint authors of the romance on which "L'Amico Fritz" is built. Success has its drawbacks. Now they say it is not Eugen d' Albert, the pidnist, whom Teresa Carrena is to marry, but an Italian tenor of the same name. The impetuous Venezuelan is quite a marrying woman, having two divorced busbands still above ground—Emil Sawret, the violinist, and Tagliapietra, the barytone. In London's parks last summer 446 free concerts were given by the military band at a cost of \$7,500. For next summer \$20,000

has been set aside for this most popular and

commendable object. This might be a use ful hint to Pitt-burg's city fathers while they are engaged in making appropriations for the coming year.

Last night's cable tells us: M. Lassalle sailed for New York to-day by the Bourgoyne to join Mr. Abbey's troup at the Metropolitan Opera House. This will be the famous baritone's first visit to America, and he would not have been tempted to cross the occan now but for the presence of his bosom friends, the De Reszkes, in New York.

Ma, F. W. V. Munpay, of this city, purpasses togo to Europe this month to com-plete his vocal training. He intends to study dramatic singing in Milan, Florence and Paris, and to wind up with a course of oratorio study in London. This will constitute an extraordinarily complete singer's education, if Mr. Murphy lives to get through it all.

MR. GIUSEPPE GILLI, the well-known vocal teacher, announces a concert to be given at the Anditorium, January 18, by Mr. A. Liberari, the famous cornetist, with the aid of Mr. Gilli and his pupils, Miss Jennie E. Wooster, Miss M. Schriver, Miss S. Gavin and Mr. D. Moore, beside Mr. Charles Corcoran, Mr. C. W. Fleming and Mr. M. S. Rocereto, with his Post 3, G. A. R., brass band. A liberal list surely. band. A liberal list, surely.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL, Says the Musical Courier hos been earning fresh laurels of late in Vienna as well as in some of the larger Ger-man cities, and has been setting the critics at their wits ends to find expressions that may be sufficiently landatory and enthusi-astic. Even the hypercritical Hanslick de-votes the greater part of a recent feuilleton to the giant strides he has during the past year made in his career. He specially refers to the "recently acquired singing quality of his touch."

The new year brought Adelina Patti to our hores ready for another farewell concershores ready for another farewell concerts tour, this time in commany with Mrs. Fabbri, Guile, Del Puente, Novara and Ardiri, Being asked wiat she was going to sing, La Diva replied: "Why, nothing new." The interviewer would have known that without asking had he been familiar with the career of the inimitable cantatrice who increases only her prices, never her repertoire. This is but one of her many qualities that no one else can rival.

VAN DYCK, the Wagnerian tenor, is only of vears old, says an exchange. When he went to Paris in 1883, it was to study journalism, although he was fond of music, and he soon became attached to the saff of La Putric. It happened one evening that Vidal's cantata was to be performed publicly at the French capital, and the tenor, Ward, was ill. With fear and trembling Van Drek gereed to sing the role, and his suc-Dyck agreed to sing the role, and his suc-cess therein determined his future carear. But during most of the time since then he has devoted himself mainly to Wagner's

THE death of Alfred Cellier in London last Monday is a real loss to the lovers of clean, sparkling English opera. His best opera, "Dorothy," which was a tremendous success in London, has met a like reception in this country wherever it has been given by the Bostonians. The esteemed Musical Courier should not pronounce "Dorothy" a failure for this whole land simply because it did for this whole land simply because it did not happen to be properly given in New York. Mr. Cellier had barely completed a new operetts, "The Mountebanks," on a book by W. S. Gilbert, which was to be pro-duced in London last week.

Miss May Bresley, of Pittsburg, was the solo soprano in the "Messiah" as given by the Minneapolis Choral Association on the 21st ult.; Emil Fisher was the bass and Wil-liam J. Lavin the tenor. Of the Pittsburg singer the evidently capable and discriminating critic of the Journal wrote: "Miss ating critic of the Journal wrote: "Miss Beesley sang excellently. She has much merit. Her voice is a true soprano and her singing was pleasingly artistic. She is not the greatest soprano in the world, but she is a fine and talented one." Miss Beesley came in for a yet greater portion of the rather indiscriminate praise lavished on the performance by the Times, of Minneapolis.

THE cabled report that Rubinstein was coming over for another American tourwhich report was strongly questioned by THE DISPATCH last Sunday and of which the THE DISPATCH last Sunday and of which the musical papers now say they doubted it all along, though they did not say so—is contradicted by the following cable from Rome, under date of December 28: "Anton Rubinstein, the Russian planist and composer, has declined the offer recently made him for a concert tour "A merica, and gives out that he has ceased playing in public. He recently accepted an invitation to a dinner party given in Milan by the composer Verdi, and after the dinner played for two hours to the assembled guests, among whom were the composer Boito and the violoncellist Platti."

## way, England. A complete locomotive, of the six-coupled type with tender, was completed in less than ten hours. When loaded with three tons of coal the engine weighed over 30 tons, the total weight of the engine with the standard over 30 tons the total weight of the engine with the standard over 30 tons the total weight of the engine with the standard over 30 tons the total weight of the engine with the t BOOKS

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