A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

Brief Recital of the Most Prominent Sporting Features of Last Year.

GREAT PROGRESS OF AMATEURISM

The Victory of Gibbons Over Bowen and What It Proves About Pugilism.

THE SLAVIN AND SULLIVAN MUDDLE.

Good Prospects of the Pittsburg Club Securing Denny Lyons for Next Senson.

We have passed another mile stone on our mundane journey and are just entering into another stage. Doubtless we are all full of the proverbial resolutions and hopes just as we were one year ago to-day, but I deem the most important and are what we whather these bones are realized or not discuss in these columns every week. whether these hopes are realized or not they are always very useful and encouraging. They prompt us on and tend to make our disappointments lighter. The hope of better things is, indeed, one of the important essentials of human life. The stage of our journey just completed has been an eventful one in many respects and those of us who have indulged in these weekly talks | may add that in the way of predictions and chats have much to reflect about. True, there may have been more eventful years in | best of it. Well, Gibbons defeated Bowen sporting annals, but the year that has just left us has on its records many very interesting things regarding sporting events. As has been my custom I propose to begin the new year by reviewing a few leading features of the old and before beginning allow me to say to all my realers: A Happy

The Baseball Festures.

Probably the events in baseball have been as important during the year as the events in any other branch of sport. When we began 1891 the majority of us thought that the very disastrous conflict of 1899 had enrively vanished and left a warning that would deter others from in any way repeating the folly. But 1891 had hardly been usbered in before the two major organizations were trying to clutch each other with a leath grasp, and as time wore on it again became evident that the strained relationships were absolutely raining the entire national game. The American Association enders were absolutely at fault, and, as men petuated by impulse and vindictiveness instead of reason, they boldly did everything they could to not only ruin their own prosets, but those of the National League and

Wise counsel finally prevailed, and, as we all know, the contending parties met and reasoned together, and as a result, be-fore the year closed everybody concerned had agreed to begin this year and continue through it hand in hand. How this year will end none of us, of course, can tell, but certainly the year of 1891 witnessed some extraordinary changes in baseball. It witnessed the establishment of the great experiment of a 12-club league, or, in plain language, a hure monopoly in baseball, and the concentration of forces that previously had been considered too varied in the gredients to ever form one whole. consolidation of such forces was, indeed, one of the great features of the year. How they will keep together, time will tell; probably this year will tell the story.

The year in its dving stages also brought about the most remarkable change in the position of the players. They began the rear as monarchs of all they surveyed and before it had taken its flight to eternity were absolutely at the mercy f the magnitus. This reminds us but 1891 contained one of the most important lessons to ball players that can be found

ball players ought not to forget 1891.

But the game lost none of its popularity last year, although it did not become as popular as it might have done. The pubsteadily made manifest the fact that the national came is the great game of the country. Altogether the year vanished leaving behind it seeds that bid fair to grow and bloom and give us this year a full realiextion of popular and profitable baseball of good quality and free from the quarrels and conflicts that have tarnished it of late

Amateur Branches of Sport.

In no branch of sport has there been so much progress made during the year than in amateur branches. This progress has been general throughout amateurism, and certainly the fact ought to be gratifying to those who desire to see honorable recreation and pastimes, and the bone and muscle of our youth developed. In the world of amateurism, if there has been one thing ore remarkable than another, it has been wonderful increase in the popularity of Reeby football. I don't think that the during its history in this country as it was last year. And let me remark that its increased popularity gave indication of its rough features being toned down. Most assuredly, as for as football is concerned, Leat 7-ft it better in this country than it ever was before. The year saw the healing up of the differences between Harvard and Princeton, and that in itself gives promise of iontball being even more popular this year than it was last. At any rate, we begin this year with more football players and eams of a better quality than we have ever

It is to be regretted that in amateur boatrowing we have not made any progress at all; in fact, it seems that we lost ground last year. A few years ago it did seem as if we were again to come to the front as ama-teur scullers, but all hope of that kind must have vanished last year. In 1890 Mr. Psotta, our best man, made a miserable show against the English amateurs, and our contests of last year did not introduce to us anybody the equal of Psotta. Rowing clubs ought to bestir themselves this year, and more particularly should the patrons of rowing in and about Pittsburg try and bring forward a few promising young scul-

In sprinting, distance running and athletic sports generally the amateurs did very well, and it we did not introduce to the world some new phenomenon we certainly did not lose ground. Our amateurs during the year proved to the Europeans that the hest sprinters in the world are in America. And in bicycling we also have the laurels, Windle's mile in 2:15 stands at the head

of the world's list. The Trotters and Runners.

There is not space to deal fully with the matter of trotting and running events. But the general remark may be safely made that as far as trotting is concerned 1891 has been the most remarkable year on record. The famous record of Maud S was lowered by Sunol; a record that few people thought could be downed for a long time to come. Stallion records, yearling, two-year-old, three-year-old, in short all kinds of records, have been downed during the year. True, the kite-shaped track has figured in the covered in each instance a full mile and if improvements have increased their speed so much the better. During the year we have had more horses than ever and of a better

quality than ever before. Regarding the runners little may be said before, and what is most pleasing is the efforts to have the best thoroughbred blood

expended. There is every reason to believe that this year will see the American turf more popular than ever, and, I may add, purer than it has been heretofore.

The Professional Features. As far as professional sporting affairs are concerned the year has made little change. Professional boat rowing is just where it has been for years, and professional sprinting is little better. We have more sprinters, it is true, and I dare say a better average lot than ever, but they are held in such ing to play in Pittsburg. Probably some light esteem here that, to do any good for themselves and backers, they have to go to England. There are some great sprinters in America, but, judging from the events of the last year, I see little hope for them this year in this country. Nor has there been anything startling in ougilism. Confining ourselves to this pugilism. ountry, the year has introduced nobody to

us whom we can call a first-class pugilist. Taking everything into consideration the events of the year prove that pugilism is still getting further away from what it used to be in the "good old times" and is becoming more and more a mere business of dollars and dimes.

Of course there are many other branches of professional sport, but the above are what

Gibbons and Bowen. Last week I had to take a little dose of a bitter pill, inasmuch as I had predicted that Carroll would defeat Myer, which he didn't do. But this week I have two winners to my credit, viz: Gibbons and McAuliffe, so that matters are more than evened up, and I during the year we have had very much the and their contest was not one of the best. But I suppose that both men fought according to instructions, and if they did I cannot help thinking that Bowen was very badly advised. He evidently was making a waiting game of it, and that is just what he evident that the former and Mr. should not have done, because he is not Phelps had taken it for granted, without built to be a "long range" man, and Gibbons s, therefore waiting gave the latter all the

Probably many people will wonder why expected Gibbons to defeat Bowen after I ad criticized the former so severely after his battle with McAulisse. That is easy to explain. Bowen is not McAuliffe and is a very short man. He is more of a "glutton" than a boxer. Gibbons is much taller and his boxing just as good and may be a little better than that of Bowen. The latter is built tolerably fair to fight under prize ring rules, but he never can be a first-class man under Queensberry rules. This conideration led me to fancy Gibbons the latter hadn't so very much the best of it at that, and the way he won only goes to show that when I said he was not a firstclass fighter I was right. It will, indeed, be a great surprise to me if Gibbons were to defeat Myer, or even an ôld man like Car-

But as matters stand among the light weights now it is difficult to tell who is who. The truth is that Myer has no claim at all to lightweight honors, as he and Carroll fought at over 138 pounds. I always hold that before any man begins to talk about being a champion at a certain weight he ought to get down to that weight and do something. It these so-called lightweights of ours would get thoroughly down to weight and fight then we would known what they were like. But these club ar-rangements tend to stop all that. It may be that arrangement will be made for a con-test between Myer and Gibbons. Th former, in the most miserable way, objects to meeting McAuliffe; not only does he object. but he abuses McAuliffe in the most measured terms. As long as Myer declines to meet McAuliffe at weight he can lay no claim to a championship title, and what is more, if he continues to class McAuliffe as a looking-glass fighter, the public will come to the conclusion that he is a windbag.

But the Bowen and Gibbons contest gave us a definite illustration of the unfairness of using Queensberry rules in a finish fight. Bowen's build prevented his fighting his him, but you must stand off at long range,

and if you cannot reach Gibbons, he can

Rules Are Unfair.

Well, the philosophy of this rule is entirely against the law of self-defense. To learn to defend oneself with one's fists, is not merely to stand off from an opponent and try to hit him. If that opponent meets you on the street he probably will not stand off, and that being so, you ought to be able to take hold of him in a way that you could punish him and throw him down if need be. As a means of self-defense Queensberry rules are of pre-cious little account. And if the Queensherry disciple were to come in contact with a front-rank old timer of the natural school the Queensberry would soon be done for. For instance, let us suppose that a man of the natural school like Jem Ward were to meet a good Queensberry man like Fitz-simmons, what would be the result? Why. Ward or his equal would either stop Fitzsimmons' vicious blows or take them, but he would surely get his arms around Fitz | that 1-100th of a grain of iron wires heated and, after thumping him badly, throw him down and fall upon him. If there is to be anything known as the art of self-defense

"noble art" at ail. Fighters in General.

As predicted in this paper, Joe McAuliffe defeated Cardiff, and we may have heard the last of the vanquished man. If four-round glove contests had never been we would have never heard tell of Cardiff. It was only because McAuliffe is as slow on his feet as an elephant that Cardiff lasted as long as he did. What was said in this paper last week

relative to the proposed boxing contests was surely not wide of the mark. Both the Dempsey-Maher and the Mitchell-Corbett affairs smacked so much of "receipts" that it was well the police took a hand in the matter. For the life of me, I have never been able to see why the police should prevent an up and up fight and allow a known "fake," with the object of swindling the public, to go on. If one cannot be, then certainly stop both. Most assuredly nothing would please Corbett better than to box anybody six rounds with big gloves, and Mitchell has now arrived at that stage where he prefers nothing harder. But there is one singular fact about the Mitchell-Corbett affair, and that is that people who jeer at Slavin and Mitchell boxing for money never notice the proposed swindle of Corbett and Mitchell. This is drawing nationality lines with a vengeance. Slavin and Mitchell are only doing here what Sullivan and that big counterfeit, Jack Ashton, did in England. The fact that Mitchell made Sullivan look a little small in a 24-foot ring and that Slavin made a laughing stock of Joe McAuliffe and Kil rain, seems to have much to do with the American hatred toward Charley and Frank.

Let us be generous. Whether or not Slavin and Sullivan will ever fight or whether or not they will even be matched, is somewhat problematical. Sometimes I am satisfied that they will never meet in a ring, and if they don't I fail to see how anybody can blame Slavin. If ever man wanted to fight he does, and the Sullivan party know it. He is so anxious to meet Sullivan that he will battle under Queensberry rules. There may be something definite done about the matter

this week. It now seems certain that Slavin and Jackson will come together if all goes well as far as the law is concerned. But we must not jump to conclusions too hastily, While nothing remarkable has transpired as I will not be surprised if the law some-among them, the sport was better at the end what interferes with the National Club. of the year than at the beginning. More If they fight I will, of course, be inclined ries. On the estrich farms in Africa, the money has been invested in turf affairs than to think that Slavin will be the winner, feathers sell for \$200 a pound, and the price providing nothing extraordinary happens is at least double between now and then. It seems to me other treatment.

in the world in America. To accomplish that Slavin is a little better than he ever this an immuse amount of money has been was, and that Jackson is not and will not again be as good as he was. To make a long story short, I look upon Slavin as the best pugilist in the world to-day.

Lyons and the Local Club. Surely everybody who takes an interest in the affairs of the local baseball club have had enough of the Lyons case. If ever there was an overdose of noise about anything or anybody there cerminly has been an over supply of noise and blurts about Denny Lyons and his coming and not compeople have frothed away at the matter because they had nothing else to talk or write about; be that as it may, some very foolish things have been said regarding it. No sooner was the fact made known that Lyons had been "assigned" to New York than a few individuals guided by a very erratic impulse and no reason, becan to erratic impulse and no reason, began to abuse President Young and everybody else connected with the new League. Mr. Young was held, up as a robber and an ignorant and partial man. It never once occurred to the persons who thus slandered an honorable gentleman, that the best thing to do was to wait and hear both sides of the question. Had they done this they would not have made such marks of stupidity of themselves.

But the officials of the club did the very best thing they could have done under the circumstances. They sent Secretary Scan-drett to Washington to confer with Mr. Young on the matter, and, as a result, the case is now understood in a clearer and more satisfactory light. Mr. Scandrett soon discovered that there was no reason for all the rabid talk about Mr. Young indulged in by a few persons. The Secretary found that the best friend the Pittsburg club had was Mr. Young himself, and also that the New York club had put in a claim for Lyons. The matter that could not be satisfactorily settled was that relating to the right of the committee to deal with Lyons at all. This was really the only question at issue from the start. From what President Young said to Mr. Scandrett it was inquiry, that Lyons had a right to be put into the pool of players for distribution. When the matter was put clearly before President Young the latter very honorably and frankly said that the case had better be submitted to the League directors. This was an indirect admission that even Mr. Young was not clear as to the right of the committee to dispose of Lyons. Of course, it must be plain to everybody that the committee could not reverse its decision. The case, therefore will go before the League directors, which is the legal and proper way to have it righted. Had this very sensible mode of procedure been apparent to a few rampant individuals some very honorable and fair-minded gentlemen might have escaped considerable abuse and slander. Let it be known that President Young is not a dishonest man; he is not ignorant of baseball law and he is not an unjust man. His record as a baseball authority is a re-markable one for intelligence and fairness.

A Ray of Hope. Well, the Lyons case is to be submitted to the League directors, and I am inclined to think that those directors will relegate him to Pittsburg. I have read very carefully the resolutions passed at the Indianapolis meeting, and I fail to see how in any shape or form Lyons was within the jurisdiction of Messra Phelps and Young. He was just as free to go where he liked as ex-

Pitcher McCormick or Pete Conway.

But what perhaps misled the committee was the fact that the New York club put in a claim for him. That club, doubtless withont investigation, assumed that Lyons was on the list, and consequently everybody else except the Pittsburg club took it for granted that Lyons was under the control of the committee. And this prompts me to ask: Should Pittsburg suffer because of the blunders And this of New York or snybody else? Not at all. True, if the New York club had not thought that Lyons was within the jurisdiction of the committee, it would have proceeded at once to sign him. But the ignorance on the part of the New York Club should not he used as a weapon against Pittsburg getting the benefit of her intelligence on

the matter.

The question is not a complicated one and calling everybody rogues and ignoramuses who do not happen to do things satisfactory to their little minds. President Temple and Secretary Scandrett, if let alone, will, I am sure, be quite able to put Pitts-burg's side of the case clearly and forcibly PRINGLE.

THE NATURE OF A FOG.

Minute Particles of Matter Seem to Be Necessary for Its Formation.

At the present time every one is supposed to know that the phenomenon of fog is possible only when the air contains floating solid particles. Fog cannot be produced, for example, in air deprived of these particles by being strained through raw cotton. A series of experiments has shown in an appropriate receiver evolved at each heating sufficient dust to serve as the basis for visible fog. In a more delicate apparatus 1-1,000th of a grain showed the same result. So much for the size of the dust on which fog depends for its existence. Terrestrial

atmosphere contains it everywhere. The particles which serve to produce town fogs have been investigated. The fogs desit them on glass. They compo ike brown paint; sometimes so tenacious that it could not be wiped off, but had to be scraped off. The principal components were carbon, nearly 50 per cent; mineral matter, chiefly quartz and oxide of iron, 40 per cent; sulphuric acid, 4 per cent. In other words, the greatest part is due to the imperfect combustion of coal. Part is due to the grinding and powdering of paving material. The deposit of this stuff equals six tons to the square mile of surface.

A DOG THAT TELLS THE TIME He Taps the Hour With His Foot and Never

Makes a Mistake. Bellefonte News. 1 Colonel F. N. Barksdale, of the passen ger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad has a dog that can tell the time of the day. Colonel Barksdale has a very fine clock that strikes only on the hour and then very slowly. The Colonel got into the way of making the dog tap with his foot at each stroke of the clock. Finally he got so he would do so without being fold. Just before the clock strikes it gives a little cluck, and whenever the dog heard this he would prick up his ears, raise his paw and gently

tap his paw at each stroke without being After awhile he got so that when anyone clucked like the clock he would get into position and wait for the strokes. He was for a long time confused at not hearing the clock, but after awhile began tapping his paw anyway. The remarkable point is that after awhile he remembered how many strokes were due at each succeeding hour, so that now whenever the Colonel clucks he gets into position and taps the number of strokes the clock should make next time.

There is a general mistake about both the color and the price of ostrich Teathers. When natural, they are white, black, or a dirty gray, and are colored to suit. They take the dye readily, and retain it much better than most dyed goods. But even at first hands they are fearfully costly luxuis at least doubled by dyeing, curling and

BANKS SMASH. orain, ready to wreck in mental and mor

At the Bottom of It All Is the Sin of the Age, Lust for Gold.

MEN DON'T WANT IT FOR ITSELF,

But the Brilliant Display and Social Standing It Will Buy. FALSE STANDARDS FOR THE BOYS

PRITTER FOR THE DISPLACE

The popular amusement in Boston for some weeks has been attending bank matinees. The attractions have been at times sufficient to crowd School street opposite the Five Cent Savings Bank through the entire hours of daylight. The failure of the Maverick Bank was the tocsin of Waterloo to bank directors in and about the city, where there was hurrying in hot haste and cheeks all pale with the necessity of straightening out accounts, and covering deficiencies from carrying private speculations with the funds.

There probably is no city on the continent where business inside bank circles is conducted on such peculiarly individual methods as Boston. I can speak from an inside views of the facts, which cost my family about \$40,000 face value, and three times as much in reality, indirectly from the fondness of a very respectable bank officer for doing business on other people's money. From a personal and literary point of view, I do not know but it was worth the money. Inside views of highly respectable human nature come expensive, and everybody isn't favored with them. As far as one centle, blameless soul who went insane with the shock, and died shortly, her case has been adjourned to a Superior Court, with the justice of whose rulings no one was ever yet known to be

Running Business on Faith, Business, like healing, in certain parts of the country is largely carried on on faith principles. Traditional and inherited repute for honesty, the confidence of friends and community, added to well-scoured reputations, are a floating capital practically unlimited. You believe in a man, therefore you lend him your securities without troubling to take a receipt, you object to the trouble of scrutinizing his accounts or his business methods, you leave your money uncounted in his vaults, you sign the papers he puts before you without reading them, you support whatever scheme he concocts, and turn the cold shoulder where he frowns. Not only do you trust him unguardedly with your own, but with your neighbors' property, the public school funds, the church money, the little legacies for poor ladies which are too small for you to bother your head about, the few thousands of the widow for whom you are administrator. You believe the ice will bear, so you load it without caring to remember that every-thing has its breaking strain. Ominous creaks reach the ears not too busy to heed. for these disasters give plenty of warning.

Some Got Out in Time.

Plenty of shrewd men withdrew their cusiness from the Maverick Bank a year before its failure, seeing the trend of its affairs. and plenty more might have known it, if they had not been busy eating weekly club dinners and going to club suppers, dipping into politics, getting up church festivals, having a little company at home evenings and taking little pleasure trips South, while so engrossed between times trying to make a little more money, they couldn't look after the safety of what they had. As for you and your kind, if one rose from the dead to warn you, you would only take it for nightmare. The grounds of your confidence are so conclusive no easy-going mind can resist them. Isn't So and So one of the ant lessons to ball players that can be found in the entire history of the game. They were in a position to use their nower and they used it in a way that to say the least was outrageous, and used it in opposition to was outrageous of this there is a very strong hope that Lyons will come to Pittsburg.

But the case must be handled with civility to all and those people who profess to be bank officers, and didn't you know his folks when you were a boy, and wasn't his father the suburb where he lives a drinking fountain and started a young men's club, an electric railway, and a lecture course which other citizens pay for while he takes the credit? Hasn't So and So, another director, just built a fine house on Expensive avenue, costing \$600,000, and paid \$20,000 for a turn-

Thankful to Be on the Same World. A man must be solid to do things like that. You really feel a pride in doing bus-iness in the same bank with men who spend so freely. It is difficult to doubt the safety of a bank which has such sheets of plate glass, such heavy carved mahogany and ornate and artistic bronze screens. Bright gold might suggest too much outlay of the recious metal which should be in the bank vaults, but bronze and dead gilt are assuring. It is not in modern man to ques-tion the security of a bank which grants accommodations with so little embarrassing inquiry, and furnishes depositors such handsome check books with their names in gold on the covers, and such exquisite tooling that they are quite souvenirs. What mortal in sympathy with his time can resist persuasion that such business is immutable nd safe as the gates of Thebes? You believe, therefore it is so.

There may be also that other unanswerabi reason for confidence that the man-age is the son of his father, who stands high in the regard of the community. It has been hitherto considered unfortunate that the greatest men have left no son to their inheritance of trust and gratitude But a man is also the son of his mother, and the grandson of parents perhaps less capable than the shrewd sire whom hard circumstances wrought and developed.

Where Heredity Doesn't Count. And how about those passages in every life, which men owe only to themselves. when the base in their nature held sway in-stead of the better part? The best men know too well how nearly at times have come to being the despised of all men instead of honored, and how if the son is the child of these periods, and wears the ears of the faun instead of the crest of Jupiter? Also, the best of fathers find that bitter truth, that their sons are more children of their century and of their world than of their sires, and the training of good mothers is set at naught beside the influence of the little society, be it of Gramercy Park or of Farrowdale which makes the children's world, and molds them to its likings. How many of the best families have to realize this terrible truth with a bitterness which

Men ask themselves sadly, how am I to teach my son prudence, self-restaint, and the honor which is the pith of honesty in a society which compels them to extravagance as the price of its toleration, and which deeasy reckoning which takes everything for granted if names and appearances are aceptable? A parent may be willing to give his life to secure his son that integrity which has been as the breath of his own nostrils, and yet find every dem social influence ranged against his object. The mother, the friends, the school, the college, teach the child one repeated lesson, the virtue of appearances and getting money,

Born With Shattered Nerves. How if the son is only the legitimate development of those qualities which men have considered honorable in the father? How if the desire of amassing millions i the sire becomes unbridled extravagance in the son, if the sharp dealing which men agreed to call executive ability in the father so long as it was successful, proves unmitigated rascality in the next generation? How if the father spends in business tension and activities with such intervals of physical license as the stern business men allow in its orbit.

themselves, the nervous force left him by sturdy ancestors and transmits his son a shattered nervous system, and over wrough imbecility at any strain? These are ques-tions which men must ask in tracing the cause of disaster, and the answers all must

take home to themselves.

The lessons rend by fate from month to month, have personal interest for each one of us. They do not concern merely the big rich people who live on a scale of mil-lions, but those who read of them in the newspapers, the well-to-do, the comfortably off, the people in moderate circumstances, and those in a very small way. The ruin of the great banking firm in Berlin, the failure of the Maverick in Boston, the disaster in siness honor you read this morning, have their message for you, for all of us. Think you that they upon whom the tower in Siloam fell were sinners more than these! When the indictment for these crimes is framed we may be surprised at the list of defendants. If as all men hold, he who might have prevented a crime, legally shares in its guilt, it is time for us to begin to purge ourselves of offense before the day reckoning that unlooked for happening which is the surest of all things to arrive.

Men Who Do Not Warn Others. Taking the least counts first, what ought lecent men to think of business houses who, knowing the riskiness of a bank be fore it breaks, gave no warning to the com munity. The least that can be said is that it looks as if it were willing a few hundred or thousand people should suffer to make room for themselves. That is the business reading of the case, and undoubtedly the nearest truth. They knew the vessel would founder, and lett, not caring that the majority of the passengers would go down for want of warning. An ocean disaster is the agony of a few hours, a financial fail-ure involves the suffering of lives, dragged

out between the strokes of misery.

What can be said of the criminality of those who palliate the Field disaster in New York by repeating that all his friends knew the influential member in the banking firm which collapsed was virtually imbecile or insane? If it excuses young Field, it lays a heavy responsibility on those who knowing his mental weakness suffered him to have the handling of large business in-terests. The idiocy and moral insensibility of this exhibition are hardly paralleled. Are these good people in the habit of leaving imbecile of epileptic children to play with a box of matches and their gold bonds and securities? There is little difference to be seen in the cases, except that the bank and securities belonged to people. But these are min r criminalities which do not enter into the grave charge lying against all classes and divisions of so-

Why are men so infatuated for money as to wreck every power of enjoying it for the greed of getting it? That is your fault and mine. Whom does the keen-witted, rough-shod boy of the people hear quoted, ad-mired and envied from the first recollec-tions? The man who has money. Who gets the civilities, the we'comes, the consideration, any drop of which would be cordial as Chartreuse to his famished nature? The rich man of the neighborhood, of course. He hears plenty of whispers how the money was made, not always cleanly, but he also perceives that it makes no difference in the way you or I greet the man, in our willingness to talk with him at the railway station or the church door, nor does he ever hear of our refusing an invitation to the rich house, or see the reluctance in allowing our children to associate with his family, which is plainly perceptible toward those of blameless repute who happen to be dis-

tinetly poor.

The first lesson is rubbed into his intelligence till it is Bible and faith to him. He vows to be rich, and not being burdened by secuples he catches up with his ambitions before he is thirty. Our own children mark his career, and about the time he builds his fine house with the electric lights and tower, and sports his fast team they begin to feel that money has its attractions too. It takes very little to light the fuse of discontent and money fever in a neighborhood. I have seen the advent of a piano lamp and picturesque portico set all the boys wild to make money so their homes could have electric lights and piano lamps with big pagoda shades and paper flowers

The Covetousness Which is Idolatry.

The boys leave high school in the first erm to enter business. They can't wait for an education, they are in such haste to getting ahead and gathering in the good things of life—to have pretty houses with hig awaings, like French maisonettes, to have electric lights all over the house and hot and cold water in every chamber, to have drawing rooms in white and gold, with carpets specially designed, carved mantels and hall screens, steam heat and conservatories. You smile, but plenty of boys are working like madness to make money which only represents to them such material comforts and creditabilities. The worship of the golden calf is out of date, but its shrine is overlaid with objects de luxe, and art designery, toward which men and poor women pour out their souls Curious are the objects of desire which draw them to the old ungainly altar, here a suite of flawless large diamonds, there a pair of sixteen button gloves, a bonnet from Virots, the key of an opera box, the pennant which some poor boy thinks will give the final touch of elegance to his plain home, bouquets of roses at \$2 apiece, here a piece of jeweled mosaic from a cardinal's treas-uries, which ravishes the soul of a collector, there a pair of long silk stockings which are the dream of a little sewing girl. But

Alas, to grant the wish increases the hanger, and this is the covetousness which The Frenzy Never Quenched,

the golden calf is under the lustheap, and

its worship pays for the things we crave.

The clever lad who has made a thousand his month's commissions, looks en-ously at the manager who had \$25,000 for working up a trust, and he in turn feels small beside the millionaire whose bidding he does, the three-millionaire has his eve upon the railway men who associate in flocks of 20,000,000 owners, who in turn will begin to be satisfied when their income touches a million a year-possibly. But death takes them off before they reach the ennui of that dream. They must have money, from the boy restless in his plain home till he fix things up round home, and his mother, who "wants to have things like other folks," up to the son of the millionaire who wants money to lend impecunious sons of dukes as a ticket to their society. The worst of it is that it is not m does harm, but the lust of money, which may exist in cancerous fierceness where there is little for it to feed upon. Its life is fever, its end is death in life, death first to honor, to fitness, then to delight. The poison works early. The boy and girl dissatisfied with home cannot see the beauty of nature which has fed and solaced the gentle and generous lives of hard working kindred before them, they only see that car-pets are not of mossy pile, and the furnish-ings are not tagged out with ribbons and silk gauze, or the walls lined with pictures in art frames, often the only art apparent. We, mistaken friends, lend ourselves to their ambitions, applaud their successes when they have made money. We who look on, who get none of the spoil, are the readiest to bend the knee when Mammon goes by. How shall we teach our children to appraise life at more than money, and value money rightly without lusting for it? SHIRLEY DARK

Two Suns Racing Around Each Other. Miss Maury's examination of the Harvard photographic spectra of the star Beta Aurega shows it to consist of an interesting system of two suns revolving about each other in four days at a distance of only between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 miles, or about one-twelfth of our distance from the sun. If the members of the pair are of equal weight, they each weigh rather over double the weight of our sun. Each is moving with a velocity of about 70 miles a second

Bob Burdette Recommends a Tomb to Cure the Swelled Head.

WILL TEACH DISCRETION. Still the Occupation of Predicting Has

Some Good Points. A HOLD UPON THE EAR OF THE WORLD

Some years ago I discovered that, like Saul, I was becoming mixed up somewhat with the prophets. Now, I have the profoundest respect for prophets who are to the manner born; and had I received my call to the inspired life at my birth or earlier. I would be exalted above measure by the honor thus laid upon me and I would prophesy, and cry aloud, and spare not, chenever there was anything to predict. But young as I was even at that time, when I was not old enough to be very young, I observed that the home-made, and worse still, the hand-made article of prophet was a snare at many times, a delusion the rest of the time, and in other instances a fraud.

I cured myself of the habit of predicting things by a very simple method. I took several doses of my own medicine. It produced, in the time of fulfillment, severe headache, accompanied by a sense of mal de mer, low fever, great mental depression and a tired feeling, supplemented by an intermittent desire to go away somewhere in the dark until people forgot all about it. After my recovery, which was somewhat retarted during the period of convalescence by my stumbling over records of my prophecy now and then, I procured a good strong box, not too large, and labelled it "The Tomb of the Prophets."

What Parallel Columns Showed. Thereafter, whenever I felt a strong dedre to predict something, instead of rushing into print with it, I wrote it down in plain, fair script, dated it and put it into this box. Then, some long rainy day, I would overhaul the "Tomb of the Prophets," and read my predictions in the light of events. Sometimes the parallel columns would be too funny-with hopelessly unconscious humor—for anything. Sometimes they would make my heart swell with a feeling of devout, humble thankfulness that a kind Providence had kept me back from rushing

into print with some particular prediction, and sometimes they would afford what Horace Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading." By degrees I got to interring other unre-generate prophets, who had not learned the secret of keeping their prophetic utterances to themselves, into the consecrated crypt of my private cemetery. This increased the scope of my prophetic reading; and while it is not always instructive, it never fails to be entertaining. Here is a hint for you for 1892, my boy. Whether you clip out of the newspapers the predictions of other ama-

teur and professional prophets, the weather properts, the weather experts, the poli-tician who always make fearful and wonderful forecasts, the hard and easy winter prophets of the spider web and goose-bone chools, at any rate keep a close and accurate record of your own forecasts about everything. A Very Good Year's Schooling.

Then about once a month you can overhanl your log book and correct your longi-ude. And if you haven't learned to speak a lee-tle mor slowly, and think a lee-tle more thoughtfully by the time you begin writing "December" at the top of your let-ters, it will be either because you know everything, and consequently cannot im-prove, or because you don't know anything, and also consequently are equally incapable of improvement.

Among other things I examined from this

"Tomb of the Prophets" the other day, was the statement made in the most positive form of declaration that the English language can be compelled to assume, and it can be pretty it off, more trouble you will have catching citive when it gets its back up-that before the 1st of January, 1891, a line of electric cars would be running between-hold on; that isn't the one; that's one of my own. It is of no public interest, being a mere surprise, simply expressing in very guarded terms the bare possibility of some fore the time set down in the "possibility if there had been any snap or go in the peo-ple who-but, however, it is of no consequence at present; so I will not take your time by sneaking of what-but I'll bet any man dollars to doughnuts in tens thatoh! here is what I was looking for.

A Bulletin of the Grand Smash-Up, It is dated in July, 1889, and is the positive prediction of that excellent, sincere, and most experienced of all the "endof-the-world" prophets, the Rev. Mr. Bax-ter, of England, issuing his final and revised bulletin of the everlasting smash-up. He turns the book of Daniel inside out, upside down, either end to, adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides, extracts the square root. one; works in a few acrostics after the manner of the prophet who finds the name of the Deity in the book of Esther, and finlly exact date for the dissolution the Standard Oil Company and April, 1891.

Now there is a good prophecy for you. And I suppose it was all brought to naught by the greedy, selfish carelessness of people. I suppose we forgot all about it, and went right along buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage—which are all the same things—on the 11th of April until the day was past, and we were on our way home from an hour's improvement under the elevating teaching of the stage in "Brass Monkey," "Hole in the Ground" or "The Clemenceau Case" before we remembered that we should have wound things up that very afternoon. It must be discour aging to a prophet to prophesy until his lower jaw cleaves to the roof of his mouth, and his back fairly aches, and then have people go away and forget what it was all about.

A Drouth During the Johnstown Flood Then I find another good prophecy by a local prophet, predicting a six weeks' drouth. It is dated about two weeks before the Johnstown flood. The great European war is a lavorite subject for old prophets. The time for the fulfillment of all, or almost all war prophecies, whether they be written in January or December, is "before the close of the present month of the present year." The war prophet has got that phrase encysted in his system somewhere, and it can't be taken out without great danger, greater danger, indeed, than there is—and this is not a prophecy, but mere-ly a comparison—of the great European

researches in the "Tomb of the Prophets" is the great and increasing multitude of post facto prophets. The original Cleve land, Garfield, Harrison and Blaine manwhy, if the man who "originally" nominated all the candidates for President during the past 16 years had only seconded his omination by going to the polls and voting for his man, every candidate would have been elected every time by an overwhelm-

ing majority. But somehow or other, the post facto political prophet always counts up more numerously in the newspapers than he does on the tally sheet.

And the prophetic visions and dreams that are dreamed after the thing the prophet dreamed about, have appeared in all the "boiler plate" papers, it is astonishing how closely a dream, in the midnight visions of a good allaranged dreamer. night visions of a good all-around dreamer, can be made to parallel the accomplished fact. At least, it is astonishing until the reader has gone into the dream business

A TALK ON PROPHECY. himself once or twice, and manipulated a few syndicate presentiments for popular use. After you once get the combination you can out-dream "Peter Ibbetson" with

one eye shut.

It's a Good Thing to Prophesy. At the same time, my son, I do not decry prophetic utterance. It is a good practice for you to read history, and learning what men and nations have done, try your hand at forecasting what other men and nations will do under similar circumstances. It isn't too often you will make a buil's eye; you may feel proud if you make a few good line shots in your lifetime, and can prove that they weren't scratches. And, of of course, to give your prophecies any value at all, you must make them public long in advance of the event.

Nobody, not the most credulous person in all the world, places the slightest credence in the inspired outbursts of a post facto prophet. He is always a fraud, and usually a liar, having never made, or dreamed of making the predictions he save he did. But I like to see you try your hand at it. I've made my shots; I didn't always miss the target; oh, no; I made a few outers. And even when I missed the target entirely, I usually hit something else; the barn over the way, or a wandering cow in the next field who happened to be straying within the range of my prophecy. 'Tis better to have prophesied at a great European war

or the end of the world, and hit a cow, than
never to have prophesied at all.
But, you say, "If I prophesy publicly
and don't come within a thousand years of anything, people will make fun of me, and if I keep my prophecy dark until after the event, they won't believe I ever proph-

Getting the Ear of the World.

Well, no and yes. If you fail it doesn't ecessarily follow that they will make fun of you; the chances are they won't pay the slightest attention to you and won't know that you ever yet prophesied, unless you get up on the city wall and bawl yourself arse reminding them of it. You may feel highly honored if the great hurrying, noisy, busy world pays enough attention to you to listen to you at all. And if it remembers what you said long enough to poke fun at you about it, why, bless you, my boy, you have at least secured a hearing. And that is a triumph.

Go down to Washington; see the new member, the Hon. John Raw, of Crudeville, Dough county, whom the chance of the drawing has given the best seat in the House; see him standing on his feet until his legs ache, bawling "Mr. Speaker" until the ventilators rattle; the Speaker slowly raises his eyes: the Hon. Mr. Raw's nationed and persistence is about to triumph; hope thrills his fainting heart and nerves his failing voice. With one last despairing effort he bellows "Mr. Speaker!" as though all the loud sounding bulls on Bashan's hills were roaring the "Drinking Chorus From The Guzzlers," and in gentle tones the Speaker, glancing calmly far over the head of the howling dervish from Dough county, recognizes a quiet man away back in the shadowy obscurity of the last seat in the chamber, who hasn't said anything. Consider Johnnie Raw's ways and be son. The first thing for you to do is to catch the Speaker's eye.

Prophecy on a Private Track.

Your second surmise is correct. You ean't make a record for a prophecy on a private track with invited witnesses of your own choosing. These private tracks are frequently a little fast, and the private watch a little slow. Many a horse has trotted in 2:0914 on a private track, that got shut clear out by a three-minute colt when they trotted at the "County Fair."

But you don't prophesy necessarily for the approbation of the public, my son.

Never mind what people say. If you have something to prophesy, lift up your voice and cry aloud. They'll listen to you by and by. That is, if you prophesy concerning things that concern them. People don't care to hear about the end of the world. That don't concern them very much; they

all know when that is coming.

The end of the world will come to you and to every man who hears your voice, sometime within the next hundred years. That much we all know. No man now liv-ing will see the year 1993, except a few old liars who are not yet born, but who intend, by the assistance of the local editors of their town papers, to live to the ripe old age of 118 years. So if you have anything to say, it is time for you to begin. Longer you put the speaker's eye.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

GAS AT SALT LAKE CITY.

Not Much Discovered Yet, but Evidently Good Prospe Relative to natural gas in Utah, Mr. E. W. Hammond writes THE DISPATCH from

Salt Lake City as follows: For several years gas has been found in certain parts of this valley, coming up with the flow of the water in the artesian wells. These wells are seldom over 200 feet deep. and usually have a two-inch pipe, and of course but little attention was paid to the gas. I think in but one instance was it used for heating a cooking stove; this stove has been burning gas for about five years. During the past year a party of citizens of Salt Lake City formed a company, and arranged with the owner of a portable water well machine to put in a big well. This well is located some 12 or 15 miles from the city on the east shore of Sait Lake, and has the Deity in the book of Esther, and fally sets everything up straight and clean, all driller washed the pipe in, and to all appearances reached a black shale rock, as several pieces have been blown out. The of the Standard Oil Company and and the Gould system, which is about all there is left of the world, for the 11th of April, 1891.

I saw a common steam gauge on a well which was driven near this one-say 50 feet from it-which showed a pressure of 100 pounds. It was only 180 feet deep. This well has a two-inch casing, and furnished the gas for fuel to make steam for the "big

well. drilled in this valley, and as far as I can learn no well has ever been put down over 700 feet. Of course, in the six-inch well which I have just described, there is a pos-sibility that rock has been reached, but no certainty.

COFFEE OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

A Berry Whose Flavor Is figual to That of the Finest Arabian.

Perhaps it is long since any bit of information has been given to the world of wider interest than this by Major Jephson, of the Stanley-Emin relief expedition; "For many weeks we drank coffee which we made from the berries of the wild coffee trees which abound in the highlands around the great lakes of Central Atrica The Arabian coffee was supposed originally to have come from Keffa, in Abyssinia. That which we found in Karagwe, Ankori and Uganda is equal in flavor to the fines Arabian coffee, and will, when Central Africa is opened up, be another of the chief articles of commerce." This statement first appeared in the October number of the Mauflower, a monthly horticultural periodi-cal published in New York.

Snowballs of Ice Cream,

At a Christmas dinner in the suburbs the ices were served in the form of snowballs on plates upon which were painted holly and mistletoe. These were the clever idea of the daughter of the household, who took the wooden plates used by dairymen for butter and cheese as the foundation of he service. These were first painted white with enamel paint and then decorated with sprays of holly and mistletoe. The ice rested in a cup of fluted paper.

Positive Even in Negatives oft Free Press.

"Your wife left a very ambiguous will, marked the attorney to the widower." "That's strange," replied the husband reflectively. "It was never so when she A NICE TOWN TO GET OUT OF.

hiladelphia Has Two Things to Show and They Never Change.

New York Times.] Philadelphia is architecturally uninteresting. There are some creditable business buildings down Chestnut street, and there is the big municipal structure with its unfinished tower, occupying the intersection of the only two wide streets in the city, where there ought to be a square. It is impressive as one walks through it, without going into it, and looks up from the open interior court at its lofty walls, but there is a confused sense of overloading with sculpture and carving of which the meaning and

appropriateness are not evident.

The Quaker City has two familiar show places—Independence Hall and the Mint. It is curious to note how a visit to-day is exactly like a visit ten years ago. In the old brick edifice where the Continental Congress met are the same old relies in the same old places. The same old custodian in the same old position, apparently reading the same old newspaper, is indifferent to the presence of the casnal visitor as of old. There are always two other visitors when one enters Independence Hall shyly prowling about trying to feel patriotic sentiments, and silently slinking away, chagrined with a sense of failure, even after gazing upon the cracked old bell above the stairway that proclaimed liberty to the land 115 years and some the land 115 years and some months ago. From the sepulchral solitude and the miscellaneous relics of the Revolution one escapes into the modern street with a profane sense of relief and "takes in" the Mint, where he finds a gray-haired attendant ready for the thousandth time to pilot a party through, to which he makes the remarks about the weight and value of silver bars and gold ingots which he has re-peated so many times without change. A mere glance is allowed into the machineshop-looking place where the metal is rolled and the disks that are to become coins are cut from the long strips; there is a pause where nickels and pennies are stamped—always nickels and pennies, never the more inviting coins of gold and silver—and then the visitor is ushered, as of yore, into the little room where there is a small museum of coins and medals, and left to get out when he gets ready. Three more superannuated attendants seem to find it a relief of their tedium to answer questions and give once more the information they have been giving several times a day for many a year. Glancing at the new silver coins, yet unissued, one wonders whether the head presumed to be of Liberty was not once worn by one of the thick-necked and disreputable old Roman Emperors. Philadelphia may be a pleasant town to dwell in and comfortable for business; a friendly call gives a pleasing im pression of the interior of a substantial nome; but for the mere casual visitor a second night is hardly endurable.

The Baskets That Wear.

A general mistake is made about baskets most people supposing that the white willow basket is the best. It looks best, but is by no means the strongest. The white willow slips are cut in the fall and kept green all winter by packing their stubs in wet sand or water and when spring comes the bark peels off with a twist of the hand. The buff baskets, on the contrary, are made from dried willow slips, which While not so steamed and then peeled. handsome, they are much stronger, and will wear far longer than the white.



This man is trying to joke his wife about her cooking ability.

He says the household will suffer from dyspepsia. It's a poor joke. Americans eat too much rich food,

without taking advantage of natural antidotes to overcome the bad effects. Nobody wants to diet. It is a natural desire to want to enjoy the good

things in this world. Read what a prominent New Yorker writes; he had been troubled with

gouty rheumatism and its attendant painful symptoms for eighteen months: "I have subjected myself for months to the severest rules of diet recommended for such conditions, and used almost all the remedies recommended for gout and rheumatism, without any benefit, until I heard of your imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salts, which I used faithfully for six weeks, dieting for the first three weeks and afterward eating almost anything I desired. All the gouty and rheumatic symptoms left me after the fourth week, and my general health and spirits have become excellent once again. Your Carlsbad Sprudel Salts deserve the

pleasure in bringing this fact to your notice." You try them to-day. The genuine have the signature of Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on the bottle.

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