The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JANUARY 10.

THE SITUATION CLEARS UP.

Summing up all signs to date, the indications are convincing that Colonel Shepard's prophecy is not to come true—that the backers of President Harrison are not destined to the delight of waking up some fine morning and reading a letter from Secretary Blaine declining the Presidental nomination in favor of his official chief.

More than anything else, the events of the past week have been conclusive upon that point. Mr. Blaine knows that with the opening of the new year the fight for delegates to the National Convention began. Then, if at all, would he have spoken rather than place himself under the odium, if he spoke later on, of having delayed his letter so as to keep other competitors against President Harrison out of the field.

But the President's own course shows that he expects no declination from Blaine in his favor. He does not take the risk of Blaine delegates from Pennsylvania, for instance, but seeks to make his own calling and election sure by getting men who will surely support himself for second and where possible for first choice. To promote this, the Federal officials in Philadelphia and elsewhere have been notified that their active help is demanded for the administration direct. There has been a lively stirring up of the animals.

Without waiting longer it may now be set down for about a settled fact that if Blaine is in right health he will accept the Presidential nomination; and if he is not he will not put himself too much about to secure it for President Harrison. He is not ready at this stage, anyhow, to abdicate for B. H.

A FAT HARVEST OF COSTS.

The nonsensical talk of the few individuals who compose the present membership of what is known as the Law and Order Society about stopping railroad trains, newspapers, iron-mills, telegraph and other public services on Sunday has so far been rather more amusing than serious. But the end to which it has led, of inquiry into the manner and results of the Society's operations during the past few years, may prove highly interesting before the investigation promised by the Commonwealth's representative, Mr. Frazer, is completed. The institution of suits supposed to number thousands in the aggregate; the private hearings and settlements; the careful guarding of the names of the defendants, of the testimony and of the disposition of the cases, from public scrutiny, are now followed by the announcement that though $25 fine was affixed by the Blue Law to each proved offense, only a beggarly return has been made to the State Treasurer. Leaving out the returns of Alderman Cassidy, who did but a small part of the Society's business, it appears that in the past five years the Society's Aldermen have returned to the State but little more than $1,000, or the fines of about forty cases!

As a sort of explanation of this the interesting news is volunteered by one of the Society's agents that in nine cases out of ten the cases were "settled" without fine. They appear to have yielded, however, their full harvest of "costs"—to the people active in the prosecution.

The talk about prosecution of the newspapers, the trains, or the employes of the mills, or others engaged in the services which have become necessary to the public by reason of the changed condition of things since 1794, will, of course, amount to nothing, as the courts must take cognizance of the altered state of affairs, and of the conditions which exist everywhere through the land; and if the courts did not, public opinion would quickly compel legislative remedies. The newspapers, particularly, can take care of themselves; those who start in to hunt the newspapers usually get hunted before the chase proceeds very far. But the class of people upon whom the society has heretofore levied its tribute has been generally without means of defense. If in nine out of ten of these cases, could not be proved warranting the fine imposed by law, the presumption arises that the appetite for "costs" has led to an activity not unworthy of the spirit and genius of Jonathan Wild.

The Law and Order Society rendered a good service in its time, when it acted in response to public sentiment in suppressing open saloons, disorder and gambling on Sunday. It then had the backing and membership of many prominent citizens. When these dropped out, and in the hands of a few fanatics, it began its picayunish crusade against soda water fountains and cigars—following this up its quixotic and silly talk about stopping trains, newspapers and other public requirements—it lost public sympathy. If its agents are now ... to justify their proceedings legally ... will have reason to congratulate themselves. It looks as though they will have an earlier opportunity for such justification than they expected.

RENTAL VALUES THE TRUE BASIS.

The assessment season is upon us, and the radical faults of our tax system will soon be exploited vociferously by those citizens who may find valuations increased. As the taxes are merely the product of two factors,—namely, values and millage—the increase of either of the latter will have the effect of calling for more money from the taxpayer.

For the present all that can be done is to impress Councils with the necessity of avoiding extravagance, and of closely scrutinizing every detail of expense. Even conceding that this were faithfully observed, the fact would still remain that the present tax system is the most stupid and inequitable ever devised. THE DISPATCH years ago published a series of articles showing no matter how conscientious or hardworking the Assessors might be, they cannot establish a perfect equity, under this system. It may justly be conceded that no more intelligent or upright men than the present Assessors can usually be counted upon for the position. Yet even these, do the best they can, will not be able to get through their work without an immense friction; and carefully as they may attempt it, the burden of taxes will in the end be unevenly distributed.

The fault of the system is in the absurd fiction of nominally assessing property upon cash value, and practically being reduced to guess work or purely arbitrary ratings. The impossibility of establishing cash values is best proved by the fact that it is hardly ever attempted. For awhile the theory was held that when one lot in a block happened to be sold, the selling price for that lot would be the valuation for the property around; but the Courts knocked that plan promptly on the head, and very righteously, too, since the accident which might bring a purchaser for one lot by no means necessarily made a market for those adjoining at the same rate. Thus "the last recorded sale" ceased to be the criterion; and the paradox generally results of property being valued for taxable purposes at prices below sales in the market, and with a different standard for each neighborhood.

THE DISPATCH has always urged as a substitute for the present uneven and unsatisfactory system one by which property would be assessed by its rental value. The rental value is something easily ascertained; and as it is the real measure of outcome, no one could object to paying upon that basis. Here would be a method with the assurance of something like accuracy. Sooner or later when the question of tax laws for cities comes to be intelligently and capably considered by the Legislature, the plan of assessing according to the rental value will inevitably be established.

RETRENCHMENT BY NECESSITY.

In his discussion of the National Treasury the other day, Mr. Dockery told what the people have understood generally for some time. That is that the lavish appropriations of the last Congress exceeded the public revenue by a very large amount, and that the cash balance outside of reserves has been reduced to the lowest margin for nearly two decades. This is an important though not wholly satisfactory fact; but in his demonstration of it Mr. Dockery brought out another point, which is rather favorable to the administration than otherwise, by showing that it is doing its best to correct the extravagance of Congress in omitting to expend all the money appropriated.

Mr. Dockery stated that $65,000,000 of the appropriations for the first half of the present fiscal year have gone unpaid, and the New York *Post* claims that this is too small, as the difference between expenditures and appropriations for that period is $86,000,000. Which of the two statements is true makes no difference with regard to the fact that the administration in declining to expend appropriations when the revenue does not furnish the money for them is acting wisely and discreetly. There may be room for criticism as to the selection of appropriations from which money is expended and of those on which it is withheld; but with regard to the general policy, there can be no wiser and surer way of correcting the extravagance of Congress, than this. There is no constitutional compulsion on the Executive to expend all the money that Congress may appropriate; and the compulsion of good policy in the other is especially strong when the appropriations as indicated by these figures exceed the revenues of the Government by from $130,000,000 to $150,000,000.

The course of the administration in cutting down expenditures below appropriations, together with the now undisputed fact that the once vaunted surplus is a thing of the past, places that achievement of the last Congress in anything but an enviable light. It also places the administration and the majority in the House, in a practical agreement as to the necessity of retrenching expenditures.

THE DEMOCRATIC FATALITY.

It has often been remarked by impartial and dispassionate observers of this era of American politics that the Democratic party cannot stand prosperity. A similar opinion might perhaps be pertinently predicated concerning the Republican party based on the appropriations of the Billion Dollar Congress. There is an element of truth in the assertion with regard to both political organizations. But the theory with regard to the Democracy is of older standing; and the reported trend of affairs in that party at present is especially designed to prove that it has as much foundation as ever.

The disposition of the Democracy to bring its least commendable motives and its most objectionable characters to the top when it thinks it has the supremacy, while not very conclusively demonstrated at present so far as it is exhibited, has less provocation than ever before. After the reverse of 1888, the landslide of 1890 put it in control of the House by an overwhelming majority. But the Democratic joy over that acquisition ignores the fact that the Senate and the executive branch of the Government remain in Republican hands, and that the campaign, which they must win in order to carry those points may, if unsuccessful, lose them the House again.

Under such circumstances it is natural to suppose that Democratic policy would bear in mind the lesson taught by the fact that since the slavery era the Democracy have never won a national victory except by putting forward men and principles that attracted the independent element of the country. But the Democratic exuberance is so overpowering in the House that instead of putting its best elements forward it is at present busily engaged in shoving its worst characteristics to the front.

The most signal example of the Democratic disposition to ruin itself when it gets power enough to do so, is afforded by the indications discussed in our Washington dispatches yesterday, that the Democratic control is now fully vested in the hands of Hill and Gorman.

If the effort were to select the two men of all the country who most indisputably represent the worst elements of Democracy, and whose leadership will most powerfully repel the support of the men who believe in honest and pure administration of public affairs, it would be impossible to choose any others than David Bennett Hill and Arthur Prue Gorman. If the same principle of selection were to prevail in the Republican party it would be difficult to find two leaders who can match them in unscrupulousness and wanton disregard of public principle. They represent exactly the same evils as those which have alienated independents from the Republican ranks, with the difference that in the case of Hill and Gorman the abuses of political machinery are magnified to a high power.

If the result of Democratic victory is to put public affairs in the hands of these two men, it will concentrate the decent and sensible elements of the country in the support of almost any candidates whom the Republicans are likely to name.

PARTIES IN CITY POLITICS.

The action of the Williamsport Board of Trade, as a representative of the independent citizens of that city in appointing a Committee of Thirty (three from each ward of the city) to make non-partisan nominations for city positions, calls attention to the idiocy of importing national politics into city affairs. The Williamsport case is a reaction from misgovernment resulting from partisanship in its municipal government. The Board of Trade is making efforts to correct this, having gone so far as to request the party organizations to refrain from making city nominations. In view of the importance of bread and butter in the party estimation, it is not probable that this request will be granted by both parties; but if not, the independent element has taken a step which will enable it to draw the lines on the municipal issue of good or bad government.

There is no respect in which the superstition of partisanship more clearly reduces itself to an absurdity than in this practice of drawing party lines in municipal elections. The use of parties is to carry out the lines of policy supported by the party which wins the vote. But a party formed to advocate a national policy can by no logic of public usefulness claim a control of municipal government where there is no possible application of that policy. There may be and should be divisions of municipal parties on questions of municipal policy; but those party divisions are naturally as distinct from national parties as the municipal policy is from the national policy. There is nothing so utterly devoid of reason as the idea that certain views of tariff or coinage, should control the selection of a municipal body to act on questions of paving, water-works or lighting; nor would any such idea ever be entertained, if it were not for the supreme consideration of party spoils.

Fortunately there is a certain check placed on this anomaly by the readiness of the people to disregard party lines, in voting for city candidates. But a more decided demonstration of its emptiness is furnished by the fact that rings to control municipal business do not confine themselves to party lines. They preach the party principle to aid them in the control of the vote; but wherever valuable services can be obtained in maintaining supremacy, it is secured without regard to party allegiance.

There is not the slightest reason why the interests of the people should not enjoy the same liberty. We hope that the independent element of Williamsport will be successful in showing how to divide municipal parties on the issue of faithful service to the interests of the people. Its success may stimulate similar independent movements in Pittsburg, Allegheny and other places near home.

EGYPT'S SENSATION.

The reports as to the cause of the Khedive's death are the natural result of the condition of Egyptian affairs. The mildest version of the rumors set afloat is that Tewfik Pasha died from an overdose of morphine ignorantly administered by a native physician, whereas other versions do not scruple to hint at an assassination inspired by the interests which hope to profit by the accession of Abbas Pasha.

To any one who has watched the political changes at Cairo or indeed at Constantinople, it will be very easy to understand how such reports find ready acceptance among the people. For it is a fact that such means of effecting a change of rulers are among the common incidents of politics at those capitals. The Sultan or Khedive who does not obtain power as a result either of open force or secret assassination, is an exceptional individual; and it would be entirely within the precedents of those countries if these reports were well-founded.

Nevertheless, the story is not worthy of much credence, because the principal advantage from the accession of Abbas Pasha seems likely to accrue to the English; and it was wholly unnecessary for that Government to employ such desperate instrumentalities. When the English had a much less firm hold on Egypt than they now have, they found little difficulty in displacing Ismail Pasha and putting Tewfik in his place, permitting the former Khedive to lead a life of pleasant retirement for several years in Europe. It would have been just as easy for the English to have pulled down Tewfik as it was to set him up, if they had desired.

If Tewfik Pasha was a mere figurehead for the English control of Egypt he answered that purpose as well as his son will. Possibly the death may have been the result of ignorant treatment; but the motive for poisoning a ruler who is absolutely without power is conspicuously absent.

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

An outbreak of important truth in an unexpected place comes from an esteemed Philadelphia cotemporary. Speaking of the decision of the Connecticut governorship suit the *Inquirer* points out its lesson to be: "That the constitution must be obeyed by the Legislature as well as by the people." And a home application of this indisputable fact is made by our cotemporary as follows: "There are several important points in the Constitution of this State to which the Legislature is persistently disobedient."

The fact is very well known to all people who have urged the enforcement of the Constitution. From the time when the Legislature began its neglect to enforce the sixteenth and seventeenth articles of that instrument, including the declaration of John B. Robinson that "there were many things in the Constitution which he could not indorse" down to the sage conclusion at the extra session of the Senate that it would be unconstitutional to do what the Constitution specifically authorized, the opinion of Legislative circles has been decidedly of the Old Bill Allen stripe that it was "a blank barren ideality." No dispute can arise as to the fact, but the statement of it in the editorial columns of the *Inquirer* is a pleasant surprise, inasmuch as that journal has heretofore had little blame for errors of that sort and was a warm advocate of the Senatorial theory at the late session that the Constitution is unconstitutional.

Now that our cotemporary has recognized the fact in general terms, we shall hope to see its efforts given to urging the details of constitutional observance and maintenance by the Legislature. THE DISPATCH has for some years earnestly urged the doctrine that when the people have adopted constitutional guides for the action of the Legislature, it is the duty of that body to respect and uphold them. It will welcome the vigorous aid of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* in preaching the same principle, and holding up to public disapproval the men who disregard it.

Now that the anti-Sims people in Alabama have taken to lynching women, they rank themselves a good deal lower than the original outlaws, who did not, so far as reported, murder women either collectively or individually.

Two photographs from the Congo region are referred to by the New York *Sun* as showing the progress of civilization in that region. One of them represents a precipitous hillside where two men can scarcely get a foothold; the other is of the same spot where a broad and level grade has been made for the roadbed of the Congo Railroad. The promise of the completion of that work which will open up the great Congo region from its mouth to Stanley Falls, is all the more welcome, because it is the one African project that is free from the schemes of territorial aggrandisement on the part of European power. If the development of the Congo avoids the dangers of commercial monopoly as well, it will be one of the unalloyed triumphs of civilization.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S declaration that the most moral people of England are its aristocracy, reads in the light of recent events like a crushing negation of the much-vaunted virtues of the English middle classes.

CHICAGO manufacturers are reported to have found on full experiment that crude petroleum is a cheaper fuel than soft coal, and that it is burned without smoke. It yet remains to be decided whether its substitution would not be to barter the smoke and fog of Pittsburg and London for a double distillation of the smells of cologne; and that is a questionable bargain.

THE Presidential theory seems to be that it does not matter whether the china for the executive table is made at home or abroad, so long as the kitchen ware is exclusively of American tin.

MR. AMERMAN of this State proposes to secure uniformity of legislation on the subject of divorce by a constitutional amendment for the United States. This, as THE DISPATCH has heretofore pointed out, is the only sure way to obtain uniformity; but it has the drawback to impatient reformers of being a good deal more slow than sure.

IN THE UPPFR CRUST.

SECRETARY AND MRS. FOSTER will leave here this afternoon for a week's visit to Fortress Monroe.

SECRETARY AND MRS. FOSTER left Washington yesterday for a week's visit to Fortress Monroe.

DR. VALENTO is making a collection of 1,000 photographic views of Central America for exhibition at the World's Fair.

JOHN I. BLAIR, the railroad magnate, is quite ill with erysipelas. Much anxiety is felt for his recovery among his friends.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE will sail for New York, from London, on the 29th inst., accompanied by Herbert Standing and Marius.

THE Prince of Wales has begun to sign himself "Edward," instead of "Albert Edward," indicating that when King he will be Edward VII.

IT is rumored that all the theaters in London are to be thrown open free to the public on the evening of the Duke of Clarence's wedding day.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has awarded a life-saving medal of honor to Moritz Rosenthal, of Riverside, Cal., a lad of 14 years, for rescuing a man from drowning on the 29th of August, 1891, at the peril of his own life.

ACTOR SCANLAN is believed to be rapidly nearing his end. Those who know say the indications are that he cannot live many weeks more, as his physical condition is growing worse, as well as his mental. His physicians says he may die any time.

THE London City Council has decided that the wedding gift to be presented by that body to the Duke of Clarence and his bride shall be a diamond necklace valued at 1,600 guineas for the Princess, and a magnificent silver dinner service valued at 900 guineas for the Duke.

A $30,000,000 EXHIBITION.

Where the Money Comes From to Be Swallowed Up in Jackson Park.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—The Department of Publicity and Promotion of the World's Fair has issued a statement showing the scope of the work in hand. Thirty-nine nations and 24 colonies have made or officially proposed appropriations for their exhibits, amounting in the aggregate to $4,004,565, and the indications are that at a low estimate this will be increased to $5,000,000. The States and Territories of the Union have appropriated $2,695,000, which will be largely increased. In nine States where, for constitutional reasons, no appropriations have been made, organizations of citizens are raising $1,030,000. The aggregate contribution of the States is expected to reach $5,000,000. The United States Government has appropriated $1,500,000. The Exposition Company has raised $5,721,230. Chicago has given a $5,000,000 loan, and the Government will be asked to loan or appropriate an equal amount.

The cost to the Exposition Company of constructing and holding the Exposition is estimated at $18,500,000, of which $8,000,000 is to be put into the General Department buildings alone, exclusive of the National and State buildings of all sorts. To meet this, it is figured that the company has $23,750,000 of prospective resources, including in addition to the sums already given and exclusive of the proposed sum from the Government, $10,000,000 from gate receipts and $3,030,000 from the sale of privileges and from salvage. The company has paid out to date $2,779,707; and the current expenditures are about $1,000,000 a month. The aggregate amount to be spent on the Fair by the Exposition Company, the various States and foreign nations and the Federal Government is approximately $30,000,000.

IT TOOK SEVEN YEARS.

A Postal Card on Its Travels From Louisville to Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—Louisville is a city in Kentucky, about a pleasant daylight journey from Chicago. At 5 o'clock on the afternoon of September 16, 1884, an innocent, unassuming 1-cent postal card was stamped in the Louisville postoffice. Across its placid front was written, "Western Leather Co., 76 and 78 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.," and the script on the reverse side was subscribed "Chilton Guthrie & Co." There was nothing else about the appearance of the card that was radically distinctive. It was a plain, ordinary card of regulation Government standard and make, but it was lazy.

There was an indecision about its movements, a lack of energy; a species of abject slowness attached to it that distinguished it from its fellows, for it reached Chicago at 6 o'clock P. M., December 31, 1891, just seven years, two months and fifteen days from the time it was dropped in the Louisville postoffice slot. During that time the firm to which it was sent has changed its location four times and its makeup three times. From the dirty, muddy and woebegone appearance of the laggard it is presumed that it walked to Chicago. The question is: "Where has that postal card been for seven years and over?"

TRUE TALES OF TO-DAY.

—The talk turned upon personal courage in a conversation I had the other day with an aide-de-camp of General Alexander Hays. The veteran, who had the name of being the most daring aide on Hays' staff, said: "You ask me how I felt when I first smelt powder, so to speak—well, after the lapse of all these years I'm almost ashamed to tell you. I was panic-stricken, scared out of my senses, my courage oozed out of me in an instant, and a small boy could have captured me without trouble. This awful experience came after I had been about a year in the army. The regiment of infantry in which I was, was preparing to go into camp. We were a few miles outside of Yorktown, which was in the possession of the Confederates, but none of us, not even our officers, realized the proximity of the enemy. There were some cattle with the army, and somehow or other some of my comrades and I were part of the crowd that drove the beeves to the place where they were to be slaughtered. We formed a circle, a sort of bull ring, and fell to skylarking and firing our pistols at the cattle as they ran hither and thither. It was all laughter and shouting. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a sound that we had never heard before rose above the clamor. It was a sort of whirring howl, lasting a few seconds only, but long enough to strike terror into our hearts. The men who had been as gay and noisy as schoolboys a minute before were dumb. I don't remember how they behaved. My own affairs kept me busy. I felt as if my boots were nailed to the ground. They wouldn't move, neither would my legs—in fact I had lost control of my body. I was perfectly limp, and my knees sagged out. That was at the first strange sound, as of some hideous, deadly bird flying overhead. I hardly realized, mind you, that the enemy was shelling us. All I knew for sure was that somehow my life, which I had enjoyed so much a minute before, was in danger. I wanted to run, but my legs wouldn't obey me. Two shells passed over me, before I could shake off the paralysis. Then I ran as I never ran before or since, with a professional sprinter's speed, to the shelter of the woods from which our regiment had only just emerged. A second terror seized me as I reached the first scattering trees. I had selected one, a big fellow, as my refuge, and when I reached it, three other men who were crouched behind it pushed me violently away, saying there wasn't room for more. Shells were still in the air, and with terror I pursued my flight. When at last I fell exhausted upon the ground beyond the range of the enemy's artillery, I almost lost consciousness for a while.

"Nobody was killed by those shells, but the 'Rebs' must have laughed to see us run, and laughed louder yet when our cattle ran into their lines as they did. I felt more or less uncomfortable always in going into battle afterward, but never again lost my nerve as I did at my fire-baptism before Yorktown."

A Fatal Resemblance.

—Somebody called Robert Layton, the Immigration Inspector, Alexander the Great the other day, whether because of his dissatisfaction with the limited number of worlds to be conquered, or because all nationalities stand in awe of him, is not known. Mr. Layton resented the insinuation and declined to wear the name. He also told this story: "At one time something or other that I did, what it was is neither here nor there, endeared me to the German socialistic element in New York, and the editor of a leading Socialistic paper published there wrote to me, making a very flattering proposal. He said he would like to present me to his readers, and to that end begged me to send him my photograph, that he might have a picture made of me. There were so many pretty things in the letter about my services to the cause of liberty, etc., that I hadn't the heart to disappoint the editor. I sent him a photograph. When I had forgotten all about my German friends in the East and the project to immortalize my features, the photograph came back, with a brief letter to this effect:

RESPECTED SIR—I am overcome with sorrow. Your picture cannot appear in my paper. After the engraving was made from the photograph my attention was called to the striking resemblance of your face to Bismarck's. It would ruin us with our readers here if we published such a picture. Accept my apologies and regrets, also your photograph. Yours, etc.,

The Press Club's Delegates.

—The train bearing the Eastern delegates to the Press Club Convention must be nearing its destination, and any unusual glow that may be noticed in the Western sky these nights may safely be credited to the hospitable efforts of San Francisco's newspaper men, who are sure to play the host in grand style. Everyone who has visited San Francisco talks of the generous warmth of the welcome its people give to the stranger. Fortunately Pittsburg has sent a delegation this time that will appreciate kindly treatment, and at the same time reflect it. The delegation represents the Press Club of this city uncommonly well. Tom Keenan, George H. Welshons, Will H. Davis and L. D. Bancroft are the four lucky dogs. Mr. Keenan has had so much to do with the creation of the International League or Press Clubs that he could ill be spared from this the second convention. The brilliant "St. Geo." is sure to make Welshons a synonym for good company on the Coast, and if he doesn't add a new piquancy to the great institution of poker the Californians will have cause for complaint. For the further illustration of the capability of Pittsburg's journalists in this and other directions the impetuous Billy Davis and the indefatigable Ban may be relied upon.

Not much has been heard from the party since the solid train of Wagner palace cars swallowed it and rolled away westward. Two telegrams that have been received indicate that there is nothing funereal about the procession. One dispatched before the train reached Chicago adverts to "a splendid time;" and curiously enough the other telegram after Chicago had been left behind alluded also to "a splendid time."

A January Thaw.

Last month my Julia frozen seemed,
And quite beyond my reach I deemed,
She was so coldly kind.
Her jeweled words were all of ice;
Now ice in summer's very nice,
But now—not to my mind.

Still when the snow came down apace,
I mortgaged all I had with grace,
And asked her out to sleigh.
We rode together many a mile;
'Twas cold, but she was not—Don't smile,
Wait just another day!

Next day the sleigh's again in line;
I whisper wildly: "Wilt be mine?"
Says she: "Please see my Paw!"
No ice clung 'round that muffled "yes;"
And ne'er so welcome was, I guess,
A January thaw.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

The Demand of Stern Justice.

Chicago Tribune.]

When a robber holds up a train in the outskirts of Pittsburg stern justice decrees that he shall be sent to the workhouse for 30 days.

DEATHS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

ARCHBISHOP THEBAUDIER, of Cambria, France, died yesterday of the grip.

JAMES GOODWIN, the only millionaire farmer in Indiana, died at his home in Lebanon yesterday.

HOWARD RUSSELL JOHNSON, author, playwright and son of ex-Lieutenant Governor Johnson, died yesterday at Sansalito of heart failure.

GEORGE FOWLER, the head of the great Kansas City packing firm of George Fowler & Sons, died at Liverpool, England, Friday. He was a multi-millionaire.

HON. S. W. WHEELOCK died Friday afternoon at Moline, Ill., aged 76 years. He founded the Moline paper mills, was President of the Moline National Bank, and had been Mayor several times.

FREDERICK STAHL, ex-Mayor of Galena, Ill., is dead at the age of 83 years. In the Black Hawk war he served as a Sergeant in Colonel Stephenson's company, receiving distinction at the decisive battle of Bad Axe. He was a Democrat and was prominent in State politics 30 years ago.

JOHN W. NELSON, grandson of Thomas Nelson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died in Nyack, Thursday, at the age of 80. He participated in the Seminole War in Florida, and was one of the scouts who went in search of the famous Indian chief, Black Hawk.

JULIA AND MARY HOWARD, twin sisters, died at their home in Wilkesbarre, Thursday, almost at the same time. Their deaths occurred on the same day of the year and at the same hour that they were born. They were 60 years of age. One was a victim of pneumonia and the other of dropsy. They had lived with each other always.

BLOUET'S BELATED WIT.

He Arrives Late, Finds Everybody in Good Humor and Puts Them in Better.

Monsieur Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) evidently prefers taxing his memory to taxing his mind; for, borrowing an O'Rellism, his *causerie literaire et humoristique* in Carnegie Hall last night was exactly the same as was his discourse in Sewickley several weeks since, and, at the same time is said to be either an epitome of or extracts from his "Frenchman in America." An audience splendid in size and evincing the best characteristics of Pittsburg's best people awaited the distinguished Frenchman for three-quarters of an hour after the advertised hour, Mr. Blouet in the meantime having the misfortune of learning that cable cars are as uncertain and coy as Sir Walter Scott's Ladies, and that boarding one in East Liberty at 7 o'clock is no criterion that you will arrive in the city by 8. To obtain good seats, since none were reserved, or rather since all were reserved, many people arrived at 7 o'clock. Everyone was seated by 8:30.

Until then there was no impatience but some turbulent boy shuffled his feet in protest against this strain on his endurance. Everybody followed suit and gave free vent to his feelings by an earnest stamping and clapping. This brought Mr. Blouet's Chairman, the Chancellor of the Western University, on the platform looking a bit flurried by reason as he said, "of having an audience but no lecturer on his hands." Dr. Holland commiserated with himself and with his hearers, and said that since he was sure Mr. Blouet was as anxious to speak as they were to hear him, he, Dr. Holland, did not doubt that in a case of cable cars versus Blouet, Mr. Blouet would triumph. Dr. Holland disappeared amid a storm of applause, which died away and then revived again, as the delinquent Mr. Blouet walked up the aisle, headed by Prof. Henri Rollin Parkes. Mr. Blouet's face was hidden in an immense coat collar, but since Mr. Parke's countenance wore a smile of triumph, it is natural to suppose that the lecturer's was engaged in a similar manner.

Dr. Holland's brief introduction was a gracefully worded speech, and then Mr. Blouet, in evening dress, in which, by the way, he looks extremely well, diverted his audience for the following two hours. Preceding the subject proper, the lecturer gave a brief dissertation on the philosophy of traveling. The cognomen "Jonathan" was explained as not referring to the cosmopolitan and might be a Frenchman only for his language or an Englishman excepting that he was not born there; Jonathan represented the type of the American: the man of the masses; the man who saved his verbs, etc. Then followed philosophical observations, illumined by anecdotes, and anecdotes pointed by observations; a thoroughly O'Rell causerie, always witty, though, for the reason stated heretofore, not as novel as could be wished.

The reception given to Mr. Blouet by the audience was all that could be desired. Mr. Blouet came to Pittsburg last night for the benefit of the French Mission, established here a year ago by his countryman, Prof. Henri Rollin Parker. It is patronized by the society and intellectual world of Pittsburg, as well as by the French residents of the city.

REWARDED BY A BEGGER.

A Baker Left a Fortune by One Whom He Had Once Befriended.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 9.—Christian Beyerlein is an old German baker who lives in East St. Louis. He has received news from New York of his falling heir to $50,000. The strangest part of the story is that his benefactor is his nephew, a professional beggar, who for a score of years has been a familiar figure on the streets of New York. Christian Beyerlein says his nephew, August Beyerlein, committed a misdemeanor in Germany and his parents drove him from home and caused him to come to America. After landing on this side the boy began begging on the streets of New York and profited so well that he became a professional beggar.

Several years ago Christian Beyerlein left East St. Louis on a journey to the old country, and met his nephew by chance in New York. Beyerlein surmised that his nephew was in poverty, and resolved to help him, and gave him a bill of large denomination, promising to give him further financial assistance upon his return from Germany. True to his word, the hard-working old baker did so. The action of his parents in turning him away from home was made to seem, if possible, more uncharitable than ever before, and he resolved to reward the man who had befriended him with all his belongings in case of death. He made a will in favor of Christian Beyerlein before he died. Mr. Beyerlein is informed that his nephew's estate is mostly in New York property, and that it is worth not less than $50,000.

MOUNDS OF ALUMINUM.

A Comedian Who Says He Has the Mineral in Plenty.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 9.—J. C. Stewart, the comedian at the head of the "Fat Men's Club," who is immensely wealthy, says that among his possessions is an island of 150 acres near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, upon which is an enormous pile of white clay.

This clay was recently analyzed by a Philadelphia chemist, and shows from 40 to 65 per cent of alumina. By a new process discovered by a German chemist of Philadelphia he claims he can produce pure aluminum in commercial quantities at a cost of not more than 16 cents per pound. He is not ready to divulge the chemist's name. He says that in three weeks he finishes the theatrical season; then he and his associates will begin the manufacture of aluminum at once.

MRS. HARRISON RECEIVES.

The First Entertainment of the Kind for the Season Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9.—Mrs. Harrison held her first public reception for the season this afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock, and there was a constant stream of callers during those hours. She was assisted by the wives of Justice Gray and Justice Brewer.

The ladies invited to the Blueroom were Misses Brice, Chandler, Morgan, Voorhees, Washburn, Teller, Friess, Lodge, Herbert, Boutelle, Lowery, Matingly, Williams, Scidmore, Lieber, Amy Lieber, Breckinridge, Edie and Edith Patten, Helen Patten, Pauncefote, Sybil Pauncefote, Parker and Carroll. The Marine Band supplied the music.

Perhaps Dr. Keeley Would Suit.

Chicago Times.]

John P. St. John has regretfully declined to run for President on the Prohibition ticket. How would Dr. Keeley suit the drys for second choice?

Free Speech a Terrible Evil.

Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, will make no charge for her speeches hereafter. Thus, you perceive, free speech may become a terrible evil.

BELVA IN THE FIELD.

IF reports can be relied upon, we have one Presidental candidate in the field—Belva Lockwood. But this statement may need confirmation.—*Boston Traveller.*

CONSIDERING that this is leap year the declaration of Belva Lockwood that she will not accept the Presidental nomination unless it is freely offered her is certainly very handsome.—*Chicago Times.*

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD is once again on the Presidental race track, and proposes to stay there until the votes are counted on election night. It is believed that not even a two-ounce mouse could scare her away.—*St. Paul Globe.*

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD has announced openly that she will again be a candidate for the Presidency. She does not propose to take any advantage of Messrs. Cleveland, Boies, Blaine and Harrison.—*Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.*

BELVA LOCKWOOD has announced her intention to again oppose both the old parties for the Presidency. Strange that Belva cannot reconcile herself to one or the other of the old parties since she is such an elderly party herself.—*New York Advertiser.*

BELVA LOCKWOOD modestly says: "Mr. Blaine and I stand in the same position, for both of us, if nominated for the Presidency next year, will be forced to accept." So a repetition of the terrible struggle between Mrs. Lockwood and other fellows who wear—ahem!—is inevitable.—*Boston Record.*

BELVA LOCKWOOD says she is not a candidate for Presidental honors, but will accept a nomination if it is forced upon her. Belva seems to have taken a leaf from Mr. Blaine's book, and indeed it may be admitted that she stands about as close to the Presidency as the tattooed statesman.—*Chicago Times.*

MURRAY'S MUSINGS.

A Philadelphian Thinks His Town Is Awfully Ring-Ridden—What Fin de Siecle Women Demand—The Brute in the Aristocratic Poodle—Odds and Ends.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

—"You New Yorkers are eternally growling about the encroachments of your corporations upon the rights of the public," remarked a Philadelphia man, "but in our city the evil is much greater. The street franchises of Philadelphia have fallen into the hands of a set of cormorants who recognize no public rights whatever. They practically own the local newspapers and shut the avenues of remonstrance and complaint. The heelers of both parties stand in with the street grabbers to rob the city and trample upon the people. Corruption in city affairs is rampant and has made our municipality the synonym for all that is disgraceful in city government. Where this will eventually lead is a problem.

There is one corporation alone—the traction railway—that in New York would cause a revolution. It kills and maims citizens right and left and is the most forcible exponent of the 'public-be-hanged' principle in the United States to-day. By the side of it your most reckless and lawless crowds are not in it. If this thing goes much farther, I tell you there will be an uprising of the indignant citizens of the Quaker City some of these days that will throw the vigilance committees and scenes of violence that characterized the earlier times of California completely in the shade."

Women Forging to the Front.

—Woman's rights, as they prevail in the metropolis—the right to stand up and hang on a car strap, to earn her own living, to compete with men in nearly every avenue of life—have produced a generation of self-assertive women sometimes beautiful to see. Sometimes not. Nowhere is this more conspicuous than on the elevated trains and stations. During the hours of heaviest travel there is usually a line of ticket buyers in front of the ticket windows. The rule of take-your-turn, generally recognized among men, rarely influence women on such occasions. She calmly walks along the line until directly at the mouth of the iron chute, and then plants her elbow in the short ribs of the nearest male creature, squeezing into the gap made by the opening wedge, passes in her nickel, and sails serenely out upon the platform. It is true all women do not do this, but a good many do it, and it is done every day and every hour in the day.

Several astonished people recently witnessed an episode on Sixth avenue line that carries with it an alarming suggestion. One of the self-assertive kind stepped into the crowded car, and glancing about with a business air settled her eyes upon a nice-looking young man who was just unfolding his evening paper.

"Beg pardon, sir," she said, confidently, "but will you please give me that seat?"

The nice young man started up as if he had unexpectedly sat upon a car heater, and with a pained look murmured confusedly that he was delighted, while everybody else looked at him and grinned. The lady said, "Thank you," in a perfunctory way—but she said it—and sank back with a smile that was chilk-like and bland. If this should become a custom in New York there would be a panic on 'Change.

A Kicker at Liberty.

—One day last week the wind came booming in from the sea and sweeping around the ancient corners into upper Broadway, depositing the surplus sand in the eyes of the soubrettes and walking gentlemen who frequent that region and raising Merry Christmas with everything that was loose. Two Tammany politicians were gallantly breasting the breeze, which violently changed direction three or four times to the block, each time leaving a dread uncertainty as to what particular point of the compass it might come from next. These two are known as "gents" on the East side and exhibited the outward visible signs of a belated Christmas making a combination with a happy New Year. The wind did not even respect their "pull" with the city government, but blinded them with the cast off material of departed street commissioners, and tangled their legs with the coat-tails and flying skirts and umbrellas and canes of the common people around them in a disgraceful way, finally whisking off a brown derby and sending it scudding along the western walk.

A man never appears quite so ridiculous to his fellow man as when he is chasing his hat. It was natural, therefore, that a middle-aged "gent," with seven long hairs swishing over a moth-eaten head, on a turkey trot on Broadway after his rolling tile should provoke the shouts and laughter of the thoughtless mob. A kicking and singing soubrette "at liberty" stood on the corner talking to a "ladifriend." The derby rolled gently against her dress and quietly reposed there, as if satisfied with having blown up against the remains of what is known in the theatrical world as "a snap." Its owner blew along after it and made a dive for it.

Here is where he made a mistake. He should have sent a polite note to the lady notifying her of his temporary misfortune and honorable intentions. As it was he was discovered just as he was about to recover his property. The "ladifriend" screamed. Not so the soubrette. She just turned around, shook her curly head, saw, comprehended and—kicked! Not the "gent"—the hat. Her dainty toe swung unerring with a quick upward lift that sent that hat soaring skyward for a moment, to fall—oh, horror—into the stagnant pool of water that usually decorates that particular side street. The crowd almost went wild with delight. The Tammany "gent" was dazed for a moment and looked at the kicker with amazement. Perhaps he thought it a shame that such an artiste should be "at liberty." Then he silently waded out for his hat and whacked it against his knee.

The Veneering of Civilization.

—Civilization with all its refining influences of education, culture and minutely formulated and universally accepted social obligations, is but a thin veneering that peels off under various conditions and leaves exposed the real raw material of barbarism. While in the park I saw a well-bred dog being led by a boy. The dog had never been outside the city limits, nor had his ancestors for several generations. He was a prize dog of the dog-show, the petted of the ladies, the trick dog of the parlor and the genial favorite of the nursery—a fin de siecle dog of fin de siecle dogdom. As he bounded along the serpentine paths at the end of a string his young attendant was the envied of promenaders. When he got opposite the deer enclosure of the Zoo his gentle dogship caught sight of the fallow deer. He had never seen a deer before and it would not have been strange if he had fallen into a not uncommon error of amateur sporting mankind and been unable to distinguish it from a calf.

But there was no doubt about his judgment. His eyes blazed. He tugged at his keeper with frantic efforts for freedom. He never barked—he was too earnest for that. He jumped and snarled and lashed his cultivated tail. His hair stood on ends. So did the boy's. It was something he hadn't bargained for. The dog was worth a cool thousand and the possibility of his getting away caused melting icicles to drip down that boy's back, but he finally, with volunteer assistance, got the animal away.

I have seen the greatest men our modern civilization has produced who on occasion shed the veneering quite as quickly and thoroughly as this aristocratic dog in the park. They would suddenly become as ignorant and uncivilized brutes, wallowing lovingly in their own besotted bestiality. Then quite as suddenly resume their customary shell of culture and exalted statesmanship. It is altogether wonderful. It is unfathomable.

This Happens Every Time.

—When a man slips on a banana peel or anything else his face lights up with astonishment rarely shown on any other occasion. He invariably stops, turns and mentally marks the location of the article, as if he might come that way again some day and it would be just as well to be posted—then looks at his foot quite as curiously, probably dropping a casual observation or two concerning a possible future state of existence. None of these things tend to modify the fact that he slipped, and that he is no more likely to slip again on the same thing than he is to be struck by lightning.

Holiday Rush With the Jewelers.

—"I'm glad the holidays are over," remarked a jobbing jeweler. "Of course, we make money, but there is a limit in human endurance even in money making. We have had such a rush of work that 18 hours a day has been too short to do it in. It began on the first of December and reached its greatest flood two days before Christmas. Why people want their jewelry repaired any more earnestly just about the holidays is incomprehensible. It is a fact, however. We don't make articles of jewelry very often. It is about all in the way of cleaning, altering and repairing. I think this embraces everything from a $3 watch to a $5,000 diamond necklace. Our regular customers are the retail jewelers. They sell a ring. It must be cut or made larger or smaller, perhaps—or it is a setting to be changed, or an old piece that is to be reset, or something. The job is sent to us. Everybody wants his work at once. Hence this terrible rush of business this time of the year.

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

NEW YORK, January 9.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—Two thousand women became artists in 1891.

—Returns for India will show a decrease in leprosy.

—The Chinese are beginning to be noticeable in Africa.

—A New Mexico man has three well defined tongues.

—At a Missouri wolf hunt 13 dogs were killed in mistake.

—A New York boiler maker has been working with his heart exposed to view.

—Orange county, N. Y., is overrun with foxes. The farmers are hunting them with fox hounds.

—The posterity of one female sparrow in ten years is something like two hundred and seventy-six billion birds.

—A gold nugget weighing six and a half pounds was found in the Brandy Flat cement mine, near Washington, Nev., last week.

—The first theatrical company to play in this country, it is said, came from England in 1752, and made their first public appearance at York, Va.

—The latest location for a watch is in a door handle. There is one in a shop in Bond street and another in the handle of a doctor's brougham.

—Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants there were of a fairer complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

—An old record of the Civil War has come to light in New York. It contains some important official documents and was brought at auction many years ago.

—Vacaville, Cal., has a haunted house. It is situated on the road to Vanden, and it is said even the hunters in that vicinity will make a wide detour to avoid passing the place at night.

—A company making aluminum in Neuhausen have again lowered the price of that metal from 8 to 5 marks a kilogramme. This price is one-third that of nickel and only 20 per cent higher than copper.

—In ancient Egypt the cat was an object of religious worship, and was even an inmate of the temples. There was actually a cat goddess named Bubastis, who was always depicted as having a cat's head.

—The American Bell Telephone Company has so forwarded its experiments in the telephone field that it has perfected a telephone by which whispers can be transmitted 500 miles with perfect distinctness.

—Dr. Bide reports before the Royal Geographical Society in Madrid the discovery of a strange people in Caceres, living in caves and inaccessible retreats, speaking a curious language and possessed of a hairy skin.

—Paterson, N. J., has adopted a new seal. It has in place of the American eagle, which was in the old seal, the representation of a man planting a mulberry tree. This was selected as being the most appropriate for a city so famed for its silk industry.

—A four-pronged buck was killed a few days ago near Orlando, Ga., in the left hind foot of which, just above the hoof, a circular bone of some portion of a cow's skeleton was found firmly clasped. It had worn through the flesh and into the bone of the limb, and disabled the animal.

—An orange tree in a yard in Yuba City, Cal., has a full yield of large ripe oranges of this season's crop, and hanging among them are a number of oranges of the previous year in a good state of preservation. On the same tree is a lemon branch in full bearing, with ripe fruit and also beautiful blossoms. The tree presents a very striking appearance.

—The instinctive fear which cats have of dogs is illustrated very amusingly by stroking a dog and then caressing a blind and new-born kitten with the same hand that has touched the dog. At once the kitten will spit and fluff itself up in the most absurd way, distinguishing the smell of the beast which experience for thousands of generations has taught it most to dread.

—Two cannon balls have been found at the Glen Mills stone quarries, near Philadelphia, embedded in rock about 20 feet below the surface of the earth. About eight feet of this covering was solid rock, on which earth and underbrush had grown. It is supposed the balls have been there since the Revolutionary War, and probably from the time the battle of Brandywine was fought.

—Fraulein Susanne Morgenroth, 83 years old, died recently in abject squalor at Moisling, near Lubeck. For many years she had gathered all her firewood on the highway and had drawn monthly upon the poormaster. Eventually she starved to death. In her mattress were found bank books and securities showing that she had more than $10,000 invested, and stockings full of gold and silver coin were discovered in dirt heaps and under the floor.

—During the Mozart centenary at the Imperial Opera House at Vienna an old gentleman applied to the Court Counsellor for a stall at the "Magic Flute," the booking office having told him that the house was sold. Upon being asked why he was so anxious to see the "Magic Flute," he said that he had seen it first performed at the Vienna Opera House, and he wanted to see it again. It was first played in Vienna just 80 years ago, when the old man was 11. He got a seat.

—Many of the giant reptiles of long ago had enormous horns. The great lizard known as the triceratops had a big horn over each eye and a little one on its nose. The dinoceras and the tinoceras, gigantic mammals of the tertiary epoch, had three pairs of prominence on their heads which are believed to have supported horns. However, the material of which horn is composed quickly decays, being largely composed of gelatine and other animal matter, so that these appendages are apt to be found absent when the fossil bones of beasts which had them are found.

—The adult Fangs, of the Congo, decline to learn any other language. If they engage in trade they speak Fang. If they have any controversy with another tribe they will discuss the merits of the case only in the Fang tongue. It is absolutely necessary for missionaries and merchants, and even other negro tribes, if they are to make headway and get on with the Fangs, to learn their language. The commerce of Gaboon is in their hands. They alone supply ivory to white traders. If a merchant understands their language business is speedily transacted. If he talks through an interpreter it sometimes takes days to complete a sale.

RHYNKLES AND RHYMELETS.

"Is Mike a good worker?"
"Oh, yes; fair."
"Regular?"
"Regular as clock work. Strikes every hour."—*Judge.*

They're now made one, who once were two,
No more till death to part;
He matched a shade for her and that
Was how he won her heart.—*New York Press.*

At different times Willie had been told of the man in the moon, and that the moon is a green cheese. Putting the two statements together, he exclaimed one evening, "The man in the moon must be very hungry these nights."
"Why, dear?"
"He has eaten almost all the cheese."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Have you heard of Howell Gibbon's latest infatuation?"
"No; what is it?"
"He has become addicted to the chrysanthemum habit."—*Puck.*

He knelt in front of the furnace,
In the morning cold and gray,
And wondered with growing fervor
If the fire would burn that day.

He knelt and he blew upon it
Till his back grew limp and lame,
And he tells his friends of the sorrow
That comes from an old, old flame.
—*Washington Star.*

Stage Manager—Here! Here! Who rang up that curtain? The act can't go on without me.
First Heavy—I'm blest if it seems to get on with you.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Sunday School Teacher—Why did David use a sling to kill Goliah?
Little Boy—'Cause he hadn't any giant powder for gun!—*Texas Siftings.*

Mix the fruit and mince the meat;
Add rum for strength and sugar for sweet,
And let the crust be rich and thin;
And then to have all complete,
Just cram a lively nightmare in.
—*Judge.*

Mrs. Spotcash (entering her husband's counting room in great agitation)—Oh, William! Who is that rough-looking man just outside your door with a queer valise in his hand? Is he—is he one of those terrible dynamite cranks?"
Mr. Spotcash (pale as a sheet)—Worse, Caroline! He's a plumber!"—*Chicago Tribune.*