SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1892.

QUACKS IN CLOVER.

A Rich Harvest for Pretended Doctors the Result of London's Grip.

THE DISEASE DECLINING,

But Its Ravages Have Scared Everybody Nearly to Death.

TORIES ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

They Give Up Lots of Good Money for Their Exeter Meeting.

MANY LONDON TRADESMEN IN TROUBLE

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, Jan. 30.—[Copyright.]—The public alarm caused by the continued spread of influenza has almost grown into a panic, and there is no doubt that if any accessible country free from the disease could be found in Europe, everybody who could afford to travel would flock thither. This is due in large measure to popular misapprehension encouraged by some ignorant newspaper scribblers.

In the figures given in the Registrar General's return, issued last Tuesday, it was stated that during the previous week the "annual rate of mortality per 1,000 living" was 46 in London, which thereupon the *Daily Telegraph*, falling into the common error that this meant that 46 persons in every thousand had died in one week, expressed fear that the influenza would "pass the bounds of an epidemic and attain the dimensions of an unknown and dreadful plague."

One Victim in Every 8,426 Londoners.

As a matter of fact, 506 deaths were recorded last week as primarily due to influenza, and as the estimated population of London proper is now 4,263,294, the mortality was actually 1 in 8,426, or, taking the deaths from all causes, 1 in 1,133. But as this is more than double the average, pessimists naturally refuse to be comforted.

Pending the appointment of the commission on influenza the *British Medical Journal* has been collecting information which has more than local interest. The medical officers of health throughout England, who are Government officers, were asked to state whether, in their opinion, influenza is infectious, and whether it can be brought within the provisions of various acts of Parliament, compelling notification to the public authorities, isolation, etc.

Influenza Generally Called Infectious.

With regard to the first of these points, of 43 medical officers who express an opinion all but three have no doubt that influenza is infectious, and is conveyed directly from person to person. Several believe it can be transmitted by clothes, etc. The majority of these experts also hold that personal communication alone is insufficient to explain the rapidity and wide extent of its diffusion, and believe that the poison may be carried to a considerable distance through the air. The degree of infectiousness varies according to the individual, weakly persons and especially those whose lungs are delicate being particularly liable to it.

The disease is most infectious in the early stage. The incubation period is short, or from two to three days to a week, at most.

Law-Making on the Grip.

With regard to legislative measures, while almost all of the medical officers of health hold influenza to be a dangerous, infectious disorder, within the meaning of the act, the majority do not think the addition of it to the list of notifiable diseases would be of much use, the early cases being almost certain to escape identification, owing to the indefiniteness of the symptoms and the expense of notification during an epidemic being enormous. Notification, they agree, is useless without compulsory isolation, and at present the public mind is not prepared for such a step, and the sanitary authorities could not provide anything like the necessary accommodation.

Of the few who think influenza could be brought within the range of legislative enactment, only one or two think that such a measure would be advisable.

Education on the Subject.

The only measures which the medical officers of health think could be effectively taken by the public authorities are the issue of instructions to the public as to the avoidance of exposure to infection, to cold, fatigue and other depressing agencies; the isolation of patients as far as possible in their own homes; great care during the illness and especially during convalescence, and attention to the sanitation of dwellings and surroundings.

In many districts the sanitary authorities are now doing useful work on the lines suggested by the medical officers of health, and charitable agencies are looking after the poorer sufferers.

There are signs that the epidemic is abating; and if these be confirmed by the Registrar General's next return the panic will subside. For the moment, however, the croaking of the pessimists prevails, and the quacks are getting rich.

Cambridge University Has to Close.

It is probable, in view of the ravages of influenza, that Cambridge University will be closed and undergraduates at the various colleges will be sent down. A don and an undergraduate have died at St. John's College this week, and this has apparently determined the authorities to act.

On the continent the malady still manifests itself, though in Italy its virulence has considerably abated.

It is significant that the present epidemic has in many districts proved more disastrous than the last cholera epidemic.

THE TABLES TURNED ON FRANCE.

The Republic Now the High-Handed Aggressor in Another Chadouine Affair.

PARIS, Jan. 30.—Hardly has France scrambled out of the unpleasant position she placed herself in by protesting against the expulsion from Bulgaria of M. Chadouine, than she expels a Levantine journalist, M. Justin Marengo, of the Latin-Catholic community known as Francs, from her territory in apparently the most outrageous manner, by order of the Minister of the Interior, M. Constans. If the account given of this affair by M. Marengo is correct, the agents of M. Constans have acted in a more high-handed manner than did the agents of M. Stambouleff. M. Marengo has appealed to M. de Freycinet, President of the Council.

M. Marengo recalled the fact that it was through him that the *Moniteur Oriental*, of Constantinople, became a Franco-Russian organ and the sole controversial exponent of French ideas against the hostility of the other powers. M. Marengo, for some reason or other, left the staff of the *Moniteur Oriental* and came to this city, where he edited a paper which attacked Turkey and advocated forcing Abdul Hamid to renew the constitution of Midhad Pasha, and, it is presumed, he was expelled from France on demand of the Sultan. M. Marengo's expulsion took place on January 9, but the facts in the case have only recently become public.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

ENGLAND'S COMING POLITICAL TUSSLE A GREAT ONE.

All Eyes Now on the Exeter Meeting—An Expensive Exhibition for the Tories—Salisbury Forced to Be on Hand—A Bogus Meeting of Farmers.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, Jan. 30.—Much importance is attached to a speech which Lord Salisbury will make at Exeter next Tuesday evening, upon the occasion of a great Conservative demonstration in that city. The local Tories have been organizing this affair for months past, and have built a temporary hall capable of holding 10,000 people.

The meeting was to have been held a fortnight ago, but had to be postponed on account of the death of the Duke of Clarence. Lord Salisbury had decided to cancel the engagement altogether, as there was no particular reason why he should go to Exeter, but the thought of the good Tory gold spent in the building of a special hall in his honor touched his heart and he relented at the last moment.

The Coming Struggle a Great One.

As the Prime Minister was so willing to forego his visit it is difficult to understand why so much importance should now be attached to it, or why his speech should be expected to differ from scores that have been delivered by the Tory leaders since Parliament was prorogued last August. An explanation is to be found in the fact that men's minds are now occupied with thoughts of the coming great political struggle, and whenever a Cabinet Minister is announced to speak Liberal hopes and Tory fears are aroused in expectation of hearing some definite announcement of the date of the general election and of the issues to be put before the constituencies. But there is nothing in the immediate political situation to encourage the Government to precipitate a struggle, and the result of the Rossendale election is not calculated to give the Tories appetite for electioneering.

Awaiting Their Opportunity.

An opportunity may and probably will be given the Government in the course of the coming session, and for that chance Lord Salisbury and his colleagues are evidently disposed to wait. Signs accumulate that the crisis will arise out of the Irish local government bill. Desperate efforts are being made to heal, or failing that, to conceal Tory schism, but so far without success. There are scores of Tory members who declare they will oppose the Government scheme, and as most of these mutineers don't propose to seek re-election at the end of the present Parliament, it will not be possible to coerce them into submission in the ordinary way, while they are too numerous to be bribed by peerages or baronetcies in the old-fashioned way.

The Ulster Tory members are dissatisfied with "the guarantees for protection of the loyal minority," and their newspaper organ only yesterday sounded a note of defiance to the Government. But even if the Government should manage to quell the revolt in its own ranks, it will have to reckon with the Liberal phalanx, eager for a fight and led by the doughtiest and most skillful of political warriors.

Gladstone's Simple Plan of Campaign.

Mr. Gladstone's plan of campaign is simple enough to be understood by all men. If the local Government bill should be a fair and statesmanlike measure, worthy of Liberal support—which is wildly improbable—he will help the Government to pass it in the teeth of the opposition of Tory malcontents. If, as will almost certainly be the case, it should prove to be a bill drafted in the interests of the Irish landlords and Orangemen, he will oppose it line by line. Then there will arise a great howl of "obstruction," and upon that battle cry the Government will appeal to the country.

The Liberal-Unionist and Tory leaders have all sent the customary letters to their supporters requesting them to be in their places at the opening of Parliament, and the other preliminary work referred to in THE DISPATCH last week is being pushed along with refreshing vigor.

A Bogus Agricultural Meeting.

The loudly-heralded "rural conference" convened by the Tories as a set-off to the great demonstration held in London last month, and addressed by Gladstone, took place at Ely yesterday. It consisted, in the pithy language of a Liberal critic, of "Chaplin, refreshments and beer." The delegates had been carefully selected and bribed to attend by the promise that all expenses would be paid, and that there would be plenty of drink, and 250 attended and listened with open mouths to the pompous platitudes of the Minister of Agriculture.

After Chaplin had spoken a dapper little man in corduroys, rose and delivered a rattling speech crammed full of theories and arguments of the most pronounced Radical character. The horrified organizers tried to stop the little man's tongue, but in vain, and he held forth just as long as he cared to do so, while "the delegates," thinking his speech was in the programme, and therefore perfectly orthodox, applauded vehemently. Finally the little man sat down, and only then was it discovered that he was a sturdy Radical to whom a ticket and invitation to drink beer had been sent by some blundering clerk direct from headquarters, instead of through the local organizers.

Of the 250 delegates present not 50 were genuine agricultural laborers. The whole thing was a sham, and so badly carried out that its fraudulent character has been clearly demonstrated.

GEORGE MUST MARRY.

His Wedding Fixed for October, But No Bride Yet Selected—The Fife Specter Haunting all Minds—The German Emperor a Remote Possibility as an Heir.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, Jan. 30.—It has been practically settled that Prince George, of Wales, shall marry some time in October, in order to make the succession secure. Nobody knows yet who will be the favored bride, but we are assured to-day that "the universal expression of approbation of the Duke of Clarence's selection of a bride who was English by birth and training has not been lost on the Queen and Prince of Wales, and it is as certain as anything well can be that Prince George will, in this respect, emulate his deceased brother's example."

Prince George is to have the suite of apartments in St. James Palace given to but never occupied by his brother. It will be necessary, also, to make a peer of him, and the odds are about even that he will be dubbed Duke of York, Duke of Sussex or Duke of Kent. It is asserted that he is raising objections to leaving the navy, having an ambition to command a big ironclad and ultimately a squadron, but in this matter he cannot be allowed to have his own way. An ironclad might run on a rock, or boilers might blow up, or she might founder in a storm, and the Prince must not run the risk of any one of these events, so long as the Duchess of Fife stands third, the Duke of Edinburgh seventh, and the German Emperor twenty-first in the direct line of succession to the British throne.

As the sober Tory *St. James Gazette* gloomily remarks: "The crown of England descends like a barony in fee to the nearest heir of the last wearer, be that heir male or female (daughters, of course, being postponed after sons), and were Prince George never to marry the crown would pass to the Duchess of Fife and afterward descend from her to her daughter, Lady Alexander Duff, at present aged 1 year—always supposing that a son was not born to her in the meantime. In that case the son would naturally take precedence. We might then (and the possibility is by no means remote) witness the curious sight of a Marquis of Macduff stepping direct from the guards or benches of the House of Commons to the throne."

That Fife specter is positively haunting royal and aristocratic minds, and it will not be laid until Prince George shall have married and provided for the succession.

TRADESMEN IN TROUBLE.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD DUKE IS RUINOUS TO BUSINESS.

An Appeal to the Queen to Dry Her Tears and Help Them Stave Off Bankruptcy—Only Dealers in Crape Making More Than a Living Just Now.

[BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, Jan. 30.—The royal tradesmen who put up black shutters, placed crape on the royal coats of arms over their shops and in other ways ostentatiously proclaimed that they were in mourning for the Duke of Clarence, are now calling upon the Queen to cut short her period of mourning in order that they may be saved from ruin. They declare that, despite Kaiser Wilhelm's visit, last year was a bad one for business, and that many of them will be forced into bankruptcy if they don't have a good season this year.

The favorite scheme is for the Queen to come to London after her continental holiday, live for three weeks at Buckingham Palace and hold three drawing rooms and the same number of state concerts. That, it seems, will save the season and make everybody happy. Curiously enough the *Daily Chronicle*, which, apart from the home rule question, is the most radical newspaper in London, has constituted itself the organ of the London tradesmen in this matter. It warns the Government that "London discontented means London anti-ministerial," and suggests that the Metropolitan members of Parliament, irrespective of politics, should hold a meeting, pass resolutions setting forth the facts of the case, and send them to the Prime Minister for presentation to the Sovereign.

An Act of Lofty Charity.

The *Chronicle* maintains that an effort to redeem the season would be an act of lofty charity to tens of thousands of people who can have very little at the best of times between them and want, and who are "as helpless in aught except ministering to the shifting fashions of the time as the slaves who were bound to the chariot wheels of patricians in olden days."

It is not in the least possible or probable that the *Chronicle's* ingenious advocacy will prevail with the Queen. The most that she will do will be to hold one drawing room late in the summer, and perhaps delegate another to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Queen dislikes London and detests Buckingham Palace, in which, for many years past, she has spent an average of two days and one night per year. The demand that she should sentence herself to three weeks' hard labor in London is absolutely preposterous, and unworthy of a moment's consideration; and the Queen would say so in so many words, if she were not the most tactful old lady in this country.

West End Dealers in Trouble.

It is undeniable that the West End tradesmen, except sellers of mourning materials and undertakers, are having, and are likely to have for some months, a very bad time. One man, for instance, is said to have paid £50,000 for an immense quantity of dress material and fancy things of the Hawthorn or May Blossom pattern, in honor, of course, of the Princess May, the bride-elect. Death has spoiled that particular deal, no doubt. But a dozen other men who expended thousands in the purchase of crape and black cloth, upon the strength of the first serious bulletin from the sick chamber at Sandringham, have no reason to regret their speculation.

The talk of general ruin is absurd. Fashionable traders know how to take one year with another, and after all, there is the perennial golden flow from America, the course and volume of which is almost as certain as the Gulf Stream. There is a prospect, also, of a late autumn season.

BATTENBURG A GOOD BOY.

Behaving So Well That His Mother-In-Law Is Delighted With Him.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—Prince Henry of Battenburg has presumably received leave of absence from Mother-in-Law Victoria, and has gone on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean all by himself. The Queen is said to have been much pleased with Battenburg's sympathetic demeanor during the Duke of Clarence's illness, and the ready manner in which he made himself useful during the funeral, hence this holiday and also the announcement that the good young man's brother, Prince Louis of Battenburg, is to be given the post coveted by all naval officers, of commander of the royal yacht Victoria and Albert.

One of these days, if Beatrice's husband continues to be good, he will blossom forth into an English Duke and take a seat in the House of Lords. Already his English is nearly as good as that of the Queen's son, the Duke of Edinburg.

Armed Women Aid the Strikers.

MADRID, Jan. 30.—The continuance of the strike at Bilbao is chiefly due to women inciting the strikers not to yield. A band of women, headed by working girls, waving knives and shouting "Hurrah for the strike," marched through the streets of the village of Ardoneda yesterday, threatening the property of the mine owners as they went along. The gendarmes guarding the mines and iron works were openly threatened with death.

Chinese Growing Hostile Again.

SHANGHAI, Jan. 30.—Telegrams of a disquieting nature have been received from Ichang, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, 950 miles from its mouth, and from Chung King, on the same river, 1,350 miles from its mouth. Ichang was the scene of a riot and massacre of Christians during the late troubles. Great hostility is being shown toward foreigners, and it is feared that further trouble will follow.

The Khedive Makes No Changes.

CAIRO, Jan. 30.—The Khedive in person to-day opened the General Assembly. He congratulated the members on the good results hitherto obtained by their action, and said that he would continue the work his father had commenced.

Humbert Interested in the Fair.

ROME, Jan. 30.—King Humbert yesterday received the World's Fair Commissioners, Messrs. Bryan Higginbotham and Ives. The King informed the Commissioners that he took a lively interest in the Chicago Exposition.

Six Thousand Engineers Quit.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—Six thousand engineers employed in works on the rivers Weare, Tyne and Tees have struck in consequence of a dispute regarding payment for overtime.

RESULTS OF THE WAR.

New York Had a Big Time While It Lasted, but It Is Quiet Now.

HOW HILL IS PULLING THE WIRES.

Great Rejoicing Among His Camp That Cleveland Is Out of Town.

NEWS ABOUT CROKER AND GRANT

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—There is a certain difference between a horse and a great city. A horse can think of but one thing at a time. If he wants to balk and his intelligent owner sets fire to his tail he at once forgets the balking idea and concentrates his attention and his thoughts on his burning tail. A town, on the other hand, is more like an individual man and can sometimes carry as many as two separate ideas in its head at the same time.

For instance, during this past week the great and powerful city of New York has constantly talked about war, and while it was talking on that entrancing theme, which was destined to amount to nothing, it was deep down in its mind turning over the political situation, which has been developing interesting features at such a remarkable rate.

How the War Changed People.

Of course for the present the war business is as dead as if it had not been heard of for ten years, but while it lasted it was a very big thing to this town, which rarely finds anything really worth taking an interest in. For the first time in years the men who bought the extra editions of the evening papers stopped to read them in the streets as they got them and the man delayed in his onward rush by the performance, instead of losing temper, sympathized with the provincial behavior of the newspaper readers and looked over his shoulder to see what the big headlines would say.

In addition to this, men who pride themselves on their usual indifference to the rest of mankind were discovered carrying on heated conversations with total strangers in the elevated railroad cars, and waving the American eagle by his tail with unconventional enthusiasm. An interesting feature of the war scare, and one of which the general public knows nothing, was the doings in the newspaper offices. Every man on every big newspaper had some special interest in the thing.

War News at a Dollar a Word.

The men in charge of the expenses wept at the thought that all the important news that the paper printed for the next few months would cost $1 a word for telegraphing alone, to say nothing of the cost of sending men to the seat of the trouble. The city editors, who are responsible for the local news, and who in ordinary times despise everything that happens more than a few blocks away from the City Hall, have spent days plunged in grief because some foreign editor whom they had learned to despise would have the right to look down on them. Every small reporter has been beseeching his editor to let him have a whack at the war, and the sporting reporters, ordinarily the representatives of Mars in the newspaper business, have fallen in the face of the great fighting that has been impending to a place as low as that of the new men who are sent to do sermons. Poor down-trodden reporters who had knowledge of languages, but a poor idea of news have found themselves all of a sudden big men, because they could translate Spanish newspapers for the night editor, and in fact the whole newspaper business has been totally torn up while the scare was on.

It is not likely that anyone in this country is more disappointed to-day than the newspaper man whose boss has a fine steam yacht, and who was to go in charge of that fast steamboat, with a lot of assistants, photographers, etc., follow the fighting boats as closely as possible, and, with all the exciting possibilities of having races with hostile boats, do war correspondence as it has never been done.

Hill Knows He Is Very Big.

Senator Hill's visit to New York has added to the great interest that is felt here in national politics just now. There is no longer a Cleveland Democrat or Mugwump who will say with the old-time indifference to Hill's scheming that he is not a serious element in the Presidental question. He is at this moment the biggest man in the Democratic field, and he knows it. His success is perhaps due to all the wickedness that is ascribed to him, but it is nevertheless full of a very fine moral. If ever in this world a man has succeeded by hard work and attention to business exclusively, Hill is the man.

He had not been in town two hours before he was hard at work looking over his fences and seeing whether any of them needed patching up. At the Hoffman House he had his usual diplamotic arrangements of rooms, a big room and a little one. And as hot work was expected, he had even added a second little apartment, which is unusual. Each of these had its lot of visitors. In the big room were the not very important men who like to be around the big man, whoever he may be, and who must not be discouraged, although it is not possible to let them know really what is going on. In the two little rooms were lodged the men whom Hill wanted to talk to privately, and for many hours he trotted patiently from one of these two little rooms to the other, stopping at intervals to get rid of some of the waiting ones in the big room.

How He Made His Visitors Feel.

Every man he knew and took the wildest interest in. Each call filled him with a pride and gratification which he did not attempt to conceal, and not even the smallest man went away without the impression that his visit had given Hill a new feeling of confidence that he would be President. Next to his ability to make every man who sees him feel very important, Hill's most precious faculty is his ability to say no matter what, and keep a perfect straight face. He is not a man without sense or humor, and yet when he was asked—before the question was publicly decided—when the delegates to the Democratic Convention were to be selected, he took on an innocent air and replied: "I have not the least idea, because the only men whom I have had a chance to talk to as yet are Croker and Murphy."

At this time it is safe to say that when Hill, Croker and Murphy have been in consultation everything in the way of local politics is settled but the weather at the election. Therefore, Hill's quiet, earnest assumption of ignorance ranked him at once as one of the ablest actors of his time. Hill's course in having the delegates chosen as early as the 22d of February has been very strongly criticised, and may do him a great deal of harm in the eyes of conservative people.

Chose the Lesser Danger.

No one knows that better than Hill, however. He has calculated the work before him, and has decided that the thing for him to do is to make sure of the New York delegation now while he knows that he can, even if some feelings are hurt.

The possibility of Cleveland's announcing himself out of the race, which was alluded to in this letter some time ago, has been discussed a great deal of late. It is an interesting possibility, but no one has yet been heard from who can speak on the subject with authority. Hill and his friends do not believe in the report, or at all events they are going ahead with their work as though they would have all the Cleveland enthusiasm of long ago to fight. It may interest Mr. Cleveland and his friends to know that the thing which most amazed and delighted Hill was Cleveland's course in leaving New York and going to Lakewood at such a critical time. If there is one thing in which a practical politician believes, it is in being on the spot when work is to be done, and nothing has delighted Hill more in a long time than the announcement that Mr. Cleveland was not only going to Lakewood, but that he meant to shut up his house in this town, or rent it if possible.

A Contrast Between the Two Men.

An enthusiastic Hill man, in discussing this course on Cleveland's part, remarked with joy that the latter had shut himself out of any possibility of organized work in New York—that he had no place in town to which he could come quietly, there to have his friends drop in casually, as it were, and do the scheming and plotting that all working politicians look upon as indispensable to success. The importance that Hill attaches to that question may be gathered from the fact that when he had to give up his executive home in Albany and go to Washington he took a house for himself in Albany, and took care to let everyone know that he was still an Albany man even if he was a Senator, and that he was paying Albany rent. The Lakewood episode delights him.

Next to Hill's visit Croker's appearance as an author in the *North American Review* has interested the New York political world as much as anything. It is safe to say that many a man who had never heard of the *North American Review* before now has in his possession a copy of that publication. The Tammany chief writing is pretty widely known by this time. What he said was practically that to succeed in politics it is necessary to have system, and that if a certain body of men devote their time to the work of the city, the city should be willing to pay them for it. Many men who like to be wise have volunteered information since the Tammany leader's article came out as to who really wrote it.

Croker Wrote His Own Article.

I am able to give information on that point which cannot be contradicted. I know that, because long before the article was written I heard him give the substance of it to some friends in practically the words in which it appeared in the *Review*. Croker is far from being a literary man. He is no Howells, for instance, but when it comes to saying in simple words the things that he has on his mind, many might well envy his ability. The number of speeches that he has written or prepared for inexperienced, timid or incapable politicians would fill a good many numbers of the biggest review, although he never makes speeches himself if he can help it.

It was announced in this letter last week that Hugh J. Grant might jump from the Mayor's office, in the City Hall, to the United States Senate. Mr. Grant has told me this week that he has never had the slightest idea of such a thing, but he does not say that he would not go to the Senate if asked to do so by those who will have the Senatorship to give away. He proposes to get out of New York City politics when his present term as Mayor expires.

Grant Ready to Be Struck.

That will be in next January, just before the election for Senator comes on. It is, of course, certain, since he says so, that Grant has no idea of working for the Senatorship, but it is a fact that friends of his have different views on the matter, and if the lightning should dart in his direction he will be in a fine position to receive it, with no office on his hands to embarrass him. Grant himself admits that there is no other place that he could get that would be good enough for a Mayor of New York, that is to say no place that would combine dignity with the rest that he wants after 11 years of constant service as an official.

His friends are working with a view to sending him to Washington in Hill's footsteps. They announce with pleasure that Murphy, the big boss of Troy, does not want the Senatorship any longer, because of some idea on the subject that his wife holds, and that Grant will be the natural selection of the organization. Whoever thinks that he would like to have Hiscock's place when fate throws the latter overboard will do well to keep an eye on the workings of Mayor Grant's friends, working for his glory in spite of him.

Outside of War and Politics.

Outside of politics and war this has been a dull week. The Water Color Exhibition is open and not very amusing. Chase shows a picture of a bear standing in front of a lady which is worth going to see. The bear is supposed to be a Viking enchanted. In the picture he appears to be having a very nice time.

The everlasting Paderewski has gone on adding to his laurels. The newest thing concerning him is the invention of a popular substitute for his real and difficult name. The new name is "Paddywhiskers." It is alleged concerning this distinguished foreigner that his intelligent managers made it a condition of his contract that he should not cut his hair while in America.

It is certain that it gets longer all the time. He plays pool in the Windsor Hotel nearly every day, while admiring crowds gather round, and when he bends over to make a difficult shot his hair tends to shut out everything from his eyes. This proves that genius has its troubles.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Idaho Claims More Territory.

BOISE CITY, IDAHO, Jan. 30.—The boundary line between Idaho and Washington is in dispute. Hon. W. J. McConnell, ex-United States Senator, believes the present line is about 30 miles too far east. If Senator McConnell should succeed in his scheme for a resurvey and the idea prove correct, Spokane would be in Idaho instead of Washington. Cheney, Marshall and all the towns along the line of the Spokane and Palouse would belong to the Panhandle.

Melbourne, the Wizard, Now in Mexico.

EL PASO, TEX., Jan. 30.—Frank Melbourne, the rain wizard, accompanied by his brother, M. E. Melbourne, passed through this city yesterday on their way to Guayamez, Mexico, where they will carry on experiments on the property of E. B. Hatheway and his associates, who have lost an immense amount of stock on account of the scarcity of water for the last two months. Melbourne stated that upon his return he would produce rain in this vicinity.

Canada's Debt Piling Up.

OTTAWA, ONT., Jan. 30.—The public accounts of Canada for the last fiscal year have been issued. They show that the revenue on account of the consolidated fund was $38,579,310, and the expenditures $37,343,567, showing a surplus of $2,235,743. The total debt of Canada is placed at $289,899,229, the assets at $52,090,199, and the net debt at $237,809,030, an increase during the year of $275,818.

Getting Rid of Whisky Stock.

CHICAGO, Jan. 30.—A distiller, who claims to be in the confidence of the officers of the Cattle Feeding Company (Whisky Trust), while at the Internal Revenue office yesterday said that the big holders of Whisky Trust stock had unloaded their holdings; that they had got rid of several millions worth of trust stock in the last few weeks, and that most of the stock was now held in the East.

Pizarro's Remains Still Perfect.

PANAMA, Jan. 30.—The remains of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, were removed with great pomp from the crypt in the cathedral to the chapel of the viceroys. The remains were found in a perfect state of preservation. The wounds inflicted by the assassins being still discernible.

WILL call on you with samples and furnish estimates on furniture reupholstery.
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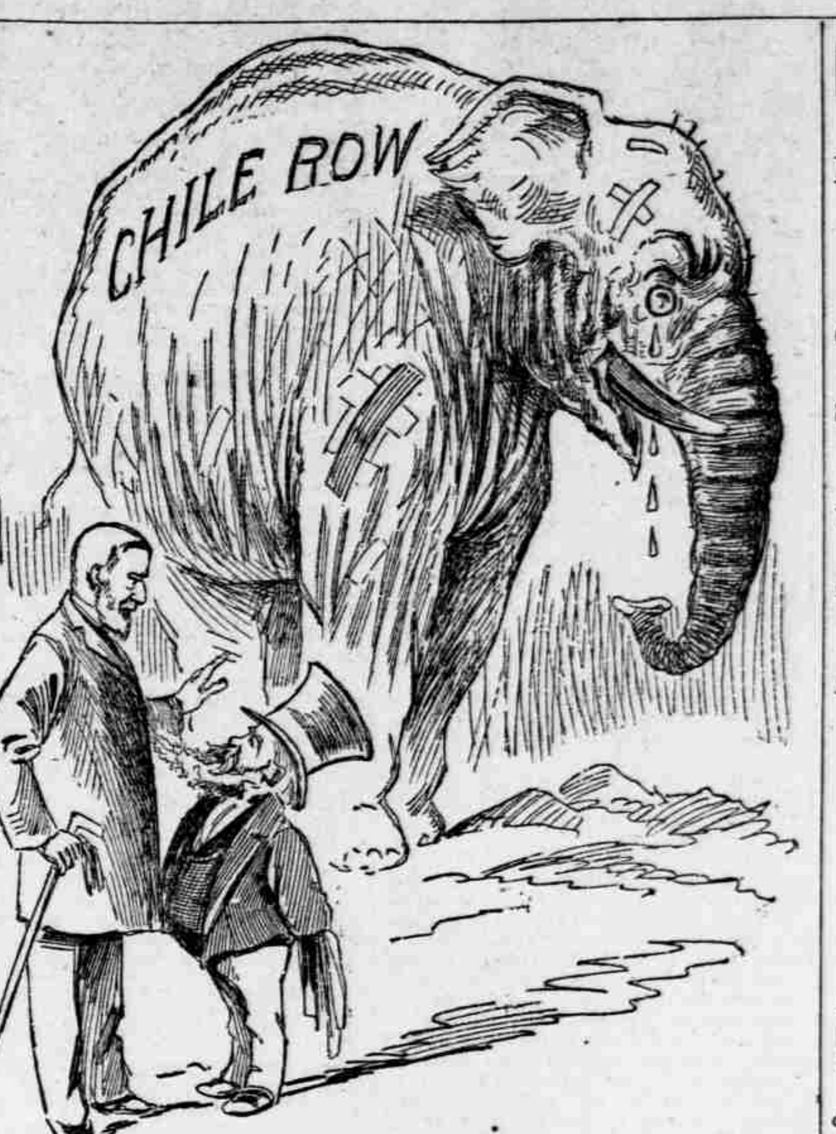

JIM—It's your elephant, Ben.
BEN—No, no, Jim; you take it.

REAL WORK OF LIFE.

The Tendency in Allegheny Schools Is Toward the Practical.

TYPEWRITING IS NOW A BRANCH.

Washington's Birthday to Be Celebrated in a New and Novel Way.

NEWS OF EDUCATIONAL CIRCLES

The thirty-seventh annual report of the Board of Controllers and the eighteenth annual report of the Superintendent of Schools of the city of Allegheny, for the last school year, have just been issued. They contain many matters of interest and show gratifying progress in school work on the Northside. The report of the President, J. S. Young, shows that the average monthly enrollment of the day schools for the year 1891 was 12,710, an increase of 304 pupils over that of the preceding year, and the number of teachers employed 291, an increase of 13; the amount paid to the teachers of day schools $169,961.50, or an increase of $8,209.75 over that of 1890.

President Young says that the Allegheny schools have no superior in the State. He calls the attention of the board to the revision of the school law, and says the basis of the school law is the act of 1854 which was passed when conditions were entirely different from what they are now. He recommends that suitable legislation correcting the evil be prepared for presentation to the next Legislature.

Superintendent Morrow's report includes statistics on attendance, etc., and points out the advantage of form study and drawing and states that the industrial importance of this matter is as great as the purely educational and the work gives a training in this great industrial center which is a preparation for the practical business of life.

Typewriting in the High School.

In the commercial course of the High School typewriting has been added to the studies, and the principal of the school, in his report, states that the science department would more nearly meet the demands of the city if opportunity could be afforded the pupils for doing practical laboratory work, which could be done with little expense, and also suggests the introduction of some kind of industrial work in all the different departments of the school.

Librarian Benny has the following to say about circulation: "During the four and one-half months the school library occupied the room in City Hall the circulation was 14,033 books. The circulation for six and one-half months in our present quarters was 27,157, which shows that the present room is much better patronized than the old one."

A suggestion is made that the pupils of the commercial department of the High School be moved to another building, fitted up with especial reference to commercial work. This would be advantageous to the department, and also give room in the present High School, which last year had an enrollment of 322 pupils.

These are the principal points in the report. However, it contains a vast fund of information on general school work, including school laws, rules, the names and addresses of teachers, and is the most complete report ever issued.

Superintendent Morrow is very anxious that the school laws be codified. To a DISPATCH reporter yesterday he said that the laws are in a very crude shape, the provisions in many of them being so contradictory as to make them useless.

To Celebrate Washington's Birthday.

An event of great patriotic interest is being pushed by the Principals' Club, of Allegheny. Yesterday its session was entirely devoted to the best methods for conducting patriotic exercises on Washington's Birthday, and a committee of principals was appointed to prepare a programme. The Principals' Club, of Allegheny, meets semi-monthly and discusses important questions relating in a wide sphere to both the schools and nation's interest. Not long ago the subject discussed was "How to Teach Patriotism in the Public Schools," and the ultimatum agreed upon was that the way to reach the large adult foreign population would be to engender love for the American flag in them through the pupils of the public schools. So to stimulate this patriotism the club has decided to hold exercises in every school building in Allegheny, and so reach every child in the city in connection with the celebration of Washington's Birthday.

Besides these special school exercises there will be a large public gathering likely in Carnegie Hall on the evening of February 22. The programme will be largely made up of the exercises conducted previously, supplemented by speeches in the schools, and the whole affair will be in educational hands. Prof. W. H. Dodds, of the Allegheny High School, is President of the Principals' Club, and Prof. T. S. Woods, of the Third ward schools, Secretary.

Honors of the Pittsburg Schools.

The following are the names of the pupils who stand first in the highest grammar rooms of the various ward schools for the month of January.

Colfax, Susie Lougeay; Mt. Washington, Mary Miller; Bedford, Guy Watson; Peebles, Katie Alfree: Lincoln, Annie Oursler; Thad Stevens, Lizzie Foley; Ralston, Maggie Sullivan; Luckey, No. 1, Ida Wolstoncroft; Luckey, No. 2, Grace Holliday; Liberty, Frank Schulz; Allen, Charles Mustin; Morse, John Rowland; Mt. Albion, Elmina Sander; Forbes, Alice Tyler; St. Clair, Laura Koch; O'Hara, Lillie McNeely; Wickersham, Lizzie Mathews and Jessie Marker; Duquesne, John Heineman; Homewood, Lois Whitmarsh; Howard, No. 1, Edward Epping; Howard, No. 2, Chris Cunningham; Hiland, Elsie T. Coleman; Hancock, Belle Smith; Lawrence, Lulu Hoerr; Birmingham, Jennie Hammett; Humboldt, Gertie Reineman; Moorhead, Laura Rutledge; North, Alice Booth; Franklin, Amelia Hoovles; Riverside, Jennie Hobbs; Knox, Ada Richardson; Minersville, Harry Saling; Springfield, Charles Staniek; South, Phillip Leiber; Soho, Clara Kierschbaum.

Bits of School Gossip.

THE Homewood public schoolhouse, which was commenced last July, will be opened with a reception next June.

TEACHERS from McKeesport, Braddock and other near towns will attend the Teachers' Local Institute, to be held in Wilkinsburg this week.

NEXT Saturday at the Miller street building, the Permanent Certificate Committee will hold examinations in geography and spelling. The examination will run for five Saturdays.

MARCH 5 has been fixed as the definite date for the next city Division Institute. The steps 1, 2, 8 and 9 will be illustrated by class drills, under the supervision of the Misses Fundenberg, McComb and Mrs. Strickler, of the Osceola school, Twentieth ward.

SUPERINTENDENT HAMILTON will hold a Division Institute at Braddock next Saturday. He is having such gatherings throughout the county which gives him a opportunity to meet all the teachers, which would in many cases, with his large circuit, make it impracticable.

THE Board of Directors of the St. Clair, Twenty-seventh ward, school will add a four-room addition to the No. 2 building as soon as the weather will permit operations to put it under way, making the old structure a ten-roomed domicile. For the last two years this building has been in a very crowded condition. The Luckey School contingent will shortly dedicate their new four-roomed building.

THE new Third ward schoolhouse at Wilkinsburg will open to-morrow morning with the following teachers in charge: Misses Frances R. Marter, Ina M. Stewart, Mary J. Smith and Mary H. Price. The building is a handsome brick and stone structure of nine rooms, with all the modern improvements. The cost is $25,000. It will accommodate the children who have attended the branches of the Wilkinsburg public school in the Methodist and Covenanter Churches for the past six months.

A DESPERATE PRODIGAL.

He Shoots His Cousin, a Prominent New York Merchant, When the Latter Refused Him Money—Then He Uses His Gun More Effectively on Himself.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Jacob Somborn shot and injured his cousin, Julius Somborn, the well-known merchant, to-day, at the latter's office, 67 Broad street, and then shot himself dead.

The suicide turned up a few days ago in this city, and Mr. Somborn had not seen him for a long time, knowing nothing of his wanderings. About 1:15 this afternoon the prodigal asked to see his relative, Julius Somborn. The latter was in the outside office when Jacob approached him, and demanded a sum of money. Mr. Somborn refused, and his relative shouted:

"I will kill you if you don't."

With these words he whipped out a revolver and fired at Mr. Somborn. The bullet struck Mr. Somborn in the right side, causing only a slight flesh wound, grazed the skin, dropped through Mr. Somborn's trousers leg and fell out on the floor. At the sound of the shot Mr. Somborn ran into his private office. Jacob followed him and fired three shots at him through the glass door, none of which took effect.

The would-be murderer then made a dash for the street door. As he reached the stone step leading to the sidewalk he put the muzzle of the revolver to his head and fired twice. The bullets entered his brain and he fell back dead. Julius Somborn had frequently given his relative pecuniary assistance.

Uncle Sam Wants No Bicyclers.

CHICAGO, Jan. 30.—General Miles recently organized a bicycle corps at Sheridan. The War Department officials hearing of it, notified General Schofield, who is said to have written General Miles, ordering him to disband the corps. General Miles wants the corps continued, as he thinks the bicycle can be made of use in the army.

Graves Not Yet a Free Man.

DENVER, Jan. 30.—The granting of a supersedeas in the Graves case does not mean that Dr. Graves will be admitted to bail, as has been claimed. He will be allowed all the time his attorneys consider necessary to further prepare his case.

Dress Suits.

For a good fitting suit or overcoat go to Pitcairn's, 434 Wood street.

OLD AND NEW ROME.

Modern Buildings and Improvements Give It Unexpected Smartness.

GOOD WATER AND STREETS.

St. Peter's Is All and More Than Stay-at-Homes Have Imagined.

WORKS OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

Either the Light Is Bad or Murat Halstead Doesn't Know Art.

AUTHENTICITY OF THE MANY RELICS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Letter No. 4.

EVIDENTLY the railroads of Italy are not managed with the purpose of enabling the travelers to see the country. There were two trains leaving Pisa for Rome that one had to make choice between—a train leaving at 11:40, reaching Rome at 9 o'clock, and one at 4:40, arriving at Rome at 11:15. In either case, the country nigh the Eternal City had to be observed by moonlight. The tax on one light trunk was nearly $3. This has a tendency to prohibit the transportation of dress suits, extra overcoats, overshoes and iron bootjacks in the future.

These December days are the shortest of the year, and we were hardly out of Pisa before darkness fell, as modified by moonlight. It was a December night, and yet the air was not chilly. One door of our compartment was open for hours, and there was no complaint. We found the car getting hot, and, lo! it was heated by steam, and there was a lever found with directions as to turning the steam on and off. We turned it off. On the right was the Mediterranean, often visible; on the left, not far off, mountains—occasionally, whole villages. We had stores of roast chickens that had been good livers, bread and butter, grapes, oranges, and red wine of the country, and yet the ride seemed long-drawn out.

Fast at Thirty Miles an Hour.

We were on what is known in Italy as a fast train, and yet it would be an exaggeration to say that we exceeded 30 miles an hour. At last we found ourselves on a bridge, and the remark passed around: "The Yellow Tiber." The cars had, however, to run about half-way around Rome, and we hung on the outskirts of the city, as is the fashion in solving the mysteries of Detroit. We "got there," though, as the boys say, and the porters appeared in force, and we had to face the longest row of hotel omnibuses, each with a vociferating agent, that I ever saw. My trunk had been examined at Genoa and paid for three times, but I had to give up the key, which I found next morning tied to one of the handles.

The Hotel Quirinal is a small edition of the Grand Hotel, Paris, and there is the same fine style of driving in at the front door, as it were. It was midnight when I entered my room and extravagantly lighted two candles. One young man called for a room upon which the sun shone in the morning, and he was complimented on his experience and sagacity. The sun performs a great part here. His rays are warm in December. The trouble is that, though he shines longer than in London, he has not quite time enough to make winter days warm. It is difficult for Americans to appreciate the service performed for Italy, France, Spain and England by the Gulf Stream, that carries the warm waters of the far South to Europe, and by the hot wind from Africa, that is tempered and made delicious by its passage over the Mediterranean. It is to the tropical stream and the south wind that Southwestern Europe owes its delicious climate.

Dreaming of St. Peter's Dome.

Once upon a time I was asleep in a sleeping car, and had a dream. A bookseller passed through the car, in which I fancied myself reading, and handed me a book of poems. I declined to buy and refused to look at the volume, when the youth who was dispensing literature said: "You should buy this, for there is a poem in it by yourself." I could not remember any poems of mine, but the work was handed me, and on the right-hand page, about half-way down, was to be seen a fine headline, in prominent type: "Lines to a Roman Eagle, by Murat Halstead." I read as follows:

Why do you fly
So far from home?
When did you see
Fair Italy
From the rounded towers of Rome?

I turned the page and awoke. The mental association, no doubt, was with the familiar lines on the "sad sincerity" of those who "builded wiser than they knew" when "the unconscious stones to beauty grew," and they "rounded Peter's Dome." My dream poem comes back to me as I look upon the dome that was so wonderfully rounded, and see the Roman Eagle in his royal cage, alongside the wolf's den in Capitol Hill, and behold the luminous crystal blue of the skies of fair Italy.

I shall have to give with a preface an anecdote of my first lunch in Rome. A wild and wooly Western story was forced upon my recollection to-day by the anxiety of an attendant in the Winter Garden at the Hotel Quirinal.

It's Always Wine at Rome.

The story is that a tenderfoot was asked by one of the acclimated settlers among the foothills of the Rockies to take a drink, and replied: "No, thank you; I do not drink." Somewhat disappointed, the old citizen said: "Take a cigar?" "No," was the reply, "I do not smoke." "Oh!" exclaimed the veteran, "you will have a piece of pie." The waiter asked: "What wine will you have?" The Prohibitionists will perceive the total depravity of putting the case in that way, and recognize the degeneracy of the Italians in supposing that one must have wine for luncheon and dinner. I answered: "I do not wish wine to-day." Then a bright idea struck my friend. He knew I was an American, and said: "Oh, you will take some whisky!" If I had thought of the fun of it in time, I would have taken the whisky to help out the joke; but my man turned away with a dreary look, as if he did not approve of the phenomenon.

By the way, there is not in Rome the usual American excuse for drinking rebellious liquors, viz., that the water is bad, for the Roman water seems very good, clear and distilled, and abundant. It comes through the ancient aqueduct from the Appenines, and appears to be free as air. A fountain plays in sight of my window, a stream illuminated at night with electricity, and rising with dazzling beauty 30 feet. Evidently it does not represent steam power. And referring to this beneficence reminds me that the streets of all the Italian towns thus far are perfectly paved and clean. I have been through several of the narrowest and crookedest of the streets of