Mr. Abell's Opinion Concerning the Fixing of Salaries for Ball Players.

GENERAL AND LOCAL BASEBALL.

The New Scale of Weights for Boxing and Pugilistic Contests Discussed.

AMATEUR ATHLETES LOOMING

Bullivan and Maher and Other Leading Pugilistic Topics of the Week.

The somewhat novel way by which it is proposed to run the Western League this year has again brought to the surface the question of fixing a limit to the salaries of ball players. During the last few days several baseball authorities have aired their views on the matter, and it is very singular to find that there are still people who believe that salaries can be limited by rule. I say it is singular, because experience has proven to us that among all results human it is about the last to expect.

A few seasons ago readers of this paper will remember that I assailed the rule adopted at that time by the National League which had for its object the limitation of the player's salary. Many very able writers writers argued that the rule would be all right and that it would accomplish its ob- has often occurred to me that there has that it did not such, and that it was not only a rank failure, but that it stirred up a feeling among the players that ended in open revolt. Limitation of salary rules are based on unsound principles and on an imperiect knowledge ei human nature. As ex-Manager Hanlon some time ago remarked, the turnstile fixes the salaries, and rules that are not founded on this notion will have poor chance of giving satisfaction interesting to me to find that Mr. Abell, one of the principal directors of the Brooklyn club, has come to the front with opinions which fully indorse those that have een expressed in this paper on the subject from time to time.

What Mr. Abell Says. Here is what the Brooklyn magnate said

a few days ago: "How different is the baseball business conducted from that of any ordinary enterprise. Now, if I was to go down to Mr. Spalding and ask him for an option on 1,000 bicycles for a year at a certain price, and he gave it, I wouldn't ask him for a scratch of a pen, because I know his word would stand. But if I went to talk to him about

a player, and he accepted my terms, I would want everything down in black and white; not that I believe he would lie, but because in haseball nothing goes unless it is signed, sealed, and delivered. It seems strange to me, being accustomed to saying what I mean and doing just what I say I will do to find men who, collectively, have invested nearly three millions of hard dollars in the business, indulging in all sorts of queer methods. The sport is an honest one, and the games are always played on their merits. That is the charm about it for those who pay to witness the contests. But having invested their money and taken the chances of losing it, some of these man-

agers deliberately injure their own interesta by queer dealings. "It is this fact that gives the player his advantage. I sign a man for \$3,000, and along comes the manager of another club and offers him \$500 more and encourages him to break his contract with me or tells him to sulk. What's the consequence? The player's sense of honor is blunted and in the proposed end the game is injured. Here is a class of will be men who undoubtedly at their trade, if they who at need for cer's sense of honor is blunted and in the \$1,000 a year, and some of them I know did not earn \$600, expect from \$3,000 to \$5,000 for a single season, to live at the best hotels and to be carried all over the country without expense. How few men of real talent are able to command such salaries. Baseball, to endure, must be carried on at a lower scale of salaries. I do not advocate a a fixed price or limit. I would pay a man according to his merit, but to pay a man at the rate of \$30 a game is a little too much. Therefore I say the scale of salaries must come down to a reasonable limit, or capi

talists will allow some other set of fools to pay the shot." Common Sense Notions.

The foregoing are certainly sensible notions concerning a very important matter. Doubtless, the League magnates are all in-clined to deal with or discuss the salary question whenever they meet, and now that they are in almost absolute power, their desires may prompt them to some very con-servative conclusion. But it cannot be that will ever think again of trying to establish a system of uniform salaries by a forced rule, or that they even contemplate making a limit to salaries by rule. Experience with them must indeed have been very poor schoolmaster if they dream of doing such a thing again.

Of course, no more can be made in the ealary matter this year in the new League, but what I mean, is that there should be no thought of entertaining such a question now or at the end of the year. Baseball, like other business, will regulate itself, and players should know the very significant truth. If outrageous salaries are demanded the game wil! not continue, and those who will suffer most are the players. Almost to a man they are in the business for "bread and butter." The magnates are not. The players should be the most careful.

A Few Words About the Home Club.

Whatever the results of the coming ball season may be it is worthy of note that a few of the stockholders of the local club are extremely sanguine as to the successful end-President Temple, though very young in the business, is apparently very certain of the club's financial success, judging from the money he is investing in its ing. A few other stockholders are just as ident, and all this confidence cannot but have a good effect to start with. Confidence begets enthusiasm and the latter makes the success. Just so soon as our dertakings become less successful. It is well then that there is this hope and this confidence among the stockholders of the local club at present because they have a very rocky road to travel this year.

We can now, with some kind of safety, state who our team will be. It seems certain that Keily will not be here, and it may be that it was never intended to release him from Boston. There seems to be some-thing of the Spinlow and Jorkins methods about those Boston magnates. One of them would like to make this or that deal, but "my partners, you see, may be opposed to it," and when spoken to these partners are very affable, but are afraid that this deal or that deal will not suit "our partners." This has been exactly the way the Boston club has succeeded in getting Kelly adver-tised; in fact, resurrected. Now that he is prominently before the public again, it is not very likely that the Boston triumvirate

I still hold that Kelly would make a great card in Pittsburg, but, as other teams want great cards, it is not probable that we will

The players of the home club are also doing their best to get into condition. Some busy, and this is a very gratifying fact to for a year, and it gets well, he will people interested in the club. If the team defeat McCarthy. The truth is that none

season there may be some hope for us and

There has been little or nothing going on during the week among the baseball magnates in general. The proposed national agreement formulated by Colonel Rogers continues to be criticised principally by those who favor the singular departure of the Western League. Judging from the tone of the criticism it is likely that the agreement will be made to suit the Western and other minor Leagues.

What is known as the schedule meeting is fast approaching, and until it takes place there will be little or nothing sensational. There will be several bones to pick then, but it is safe to say that no changes will be made. There is little chance of any players being from clubs with which they are now, so that Lyons will remain with New York and Richardson with Washington. Pitts-burg has been terribly censured for its claim on Lyons by many people, but if Pittsburg has been a little at fault what in the name of common sense should be said about New York? It would be one of the strangest things in baseball if the New York supporters would just sit down and produce one solid reason why Richardson should not remain where the committee assigned him. And yet these New Yorkers have been making ten times more noise about Richardson than Pittsburg has been doing about all the men it has lost. There is some reason for Pittsburg's claiming Lyons, and as far as I know the claim will be pushed though the efforts may be in

The clubs generally are getting into line and are making dates for exhibition games. Many of the teams are going away from me for preliminary practice while others have arranged games to take place on their own grounds. All this reminds us that the umpire's voice will soon be heard again throughout the land.

A Very Worthy Magnate. During the many recent changes that have taken place in the local ball club it ject satisfactorily. History now tells us always been one figure that we could all notice and that while this man was going and when that man was coming we always had the magnate in question before us. I refer to our mutual friend, A. K. Scandrett, Secretary of the local club. Al has remained on deck while many have disappeared, and today he really is the only connecting link which holds together the new baseball blood and the old. Of the five directors who have the destinies of the club in their hands, the able and genial Secretary is the only old-timer. Here are their names: Messrs. Brown, Herr, McCallin, Temple and Scandrett.

Well, now, it is pleasing to note an incident of this kind, because it goes to show that we have a Secretary who has the confi-dence of all parties. He has weathered many a baseball storm, mostly because he has been a man of deeds rather than of words. I have never known a man in all my experience who took so much pains to look after his own business and leave other people's alone as Secretary Scandrett. He is likly to have a busy time of it this year, and his integrity and general ability are sure to land him all right, as usual.

Our Hustling Amsteur Athletes.

Time and time again I have had much to say in praise of the Allegheny Athletic Association and time and time again I have been laughed at for saying it; aye, even by those who are now dealing out extravagant and gushing praise. Until a day or two ago it had been understood outside the Three A's that they would never be anything. I have always held a contrary view, and months and months ago, trary view, and months are words about the A's that they would never be anything or grand club house they were going to have, I felt certain that the club house would come sooner or late:

Well, the Three A's have resolved to have a club house, and one of the best in the United States. They have gotten down to work in a way that shows they mean busi-ness and business of the most energetic kind. They have resolved to spend nearly \$200,000 in erecting and furnishing a club house. This is just what Pittsburg has been in need of for a very long time, and when the proposed building is erected its utility appreciated by hundreds present may feel little to expect that a membership of 1.000 will not be reached when the building is completed because of all things worthy of the patronage of young and old I know of nothing worthier than a first-class athletic club house. Depend upon it, its uses can-not be told off hand and they can never be good future, and it is to be hoped that success will attend their efforts in all respects.

Among the Leading Pugilists. There has not been much going on during

the week among the leading boxers and pugilists. One somewhat startling rumor appeared in Friday's DISPATCH to the effect that Sullivan had signed articles to fight Peter Maher should the latter defeat Fitzsimmons. If Sullivan even thought of such a thing he puts himself in a bad light considering his demands on Slavin. He would not fight Slavin until next fall, and yet is willing to fight Maher in August according to report. And he would not fight Slavin except the Intterdefeated Jackson, yet he will fight Maher, even if the Irish champion only defeats a middleweight. Now, in the name of everything that is fair, I ask this: If Slavin or Mitchell were to act like this, wouldn't they get a "roasting?" Certainly they would. Why, it is just as plain as sunlight that amid all the blowhards who are attracting attention to their respective shows John L. Sullivan is one of the most conspicuous. There is not a man in the boxing or pugilistic world who has had as much to say as John for many years and who has done less. Be-cause others are like him does not make him any better; what is required is to treat him the same as anybody else.

According to reports Slavin and Mitchell against two heavy-weights who will be selected by the Olympic Club. Joe Choynski is mentioned as the man to meet Slavin, and several names have been mentioned relative to the man who is to face Mitchell. The engagement is a good one for Mitchell and Slavin, and I doubt whether it will amount to anything except a couple of short set-tos and a good sum of dollars for M. and S. To be sure the engagement has stirred up the envy of Mr. Corbett and he is very wrathy. He and his friends, of course, continue their cry of "bluffers," etc., and no matter what Slavin or Mitchell do or propose, a certain class of people charge them with cowardice, scheming, etc. Now this is all very well until such like conduct comes home to us. Jack McAuliffe and one or two other American boxers intend to go to England and tour through the country, Now suppose that when they arrive there British scribblers and hoodlums should follow the example of the American scribblers and hoodlums and abuse and censure them no matter what they do. Suppose this were to happen, wouldn't we make a noise? Certainly we would. But taking into consider-ation the treatment that Mitchell and Slavin have received here we never need expect an American athlete to receive anything like a fair show in England. And let me say that even Sullivan himself, George

doing our favorites will get none the worst The Feather-Weight Championship, There is nothing new regarding a contest for the feather-weight championship, as no match has been made between Cal McCarget him here. If it is true that he has been offered \$7,500, it only-proves what has been contended above, that to secure a winning card, or what promises to be one, a club will not be regulated by any rule in fixing a salury.

The winners of the home club are also as the match has been made between Cal acceptance in the date of the and Dixon. As far as I am able to judge it would be useless making a match between them, as Mccarthy would stand no chance of winning. Dixon defeated him when he, ary. he is as good as he was then. McCarthy had difficulty in besting Callaghan, although have gone to Hot Springs and others are the latter only had one hand, and if the latter training at their respective homes. All are carries out his intention of resting his hand

Dixon and others were never treated

grandly as by the English sporting people.

Beyond all we should try and display a spirit of tairplay on all occasions, and by so

can show up in good condition to start the of the little fellows have any show of defeating Dixon for some time to come. It is a pity that Dixon did not meet Fred Johnson in the ring when the former was in England. Johnson may never get to this country, and there are many people who believe he would have a chance of defeating the Boston hero. I don't, and I have seen them both.

> Dixon here shortly giving exhibitions of the manly art. He is worth seeing, as he doubtless is the best man at his weight there has been seen for many a year.
>
> Plimmer and Kelly have been matched and their battle will likely be a rattling one. It is with hard gloves. It is soon enough yet to discuss its features in detail, but both are good little men and both have proven themselves very game and clever.

About the Speedy Sprinters. few days ago Collins, the American sprinter now in England, wrote a friend in this country relative to the erroneous notions that prevail concerning the speed of American sprinters. He went on to say that in his judgment, with the exception of Steve Farrell, there is probably not another even-time man in the country. This state-ment, coming as it does from an authority like Collins, is a very important one to those who take an interest in foot racing. Personally, I have taken an interest in sprinting for more than 20 years, and depend upon it, experience has taught me to recognize an "even-timer" as a very fast man, and I have also found that more than 90 per cent of the alleged even-time men were from a halt to a whole second slower. While I am not prepared to accept what Collins says as entirely true, I do maintain that there is at least a great amount of truth

in his statement. Of late years we who are on the western side of the Atlantic have been told of scores of young men who "can run 100 yards in ten seconds." The truth is that so common has this standard become that one hardly dare venture the opinion that there is a mistake somewhere. Time and time again I have had good honest citizens come to me and tell me of a "young wonder who has never run for money, and who can run 100 yards in less than ten seconds." I'm not exaggerating in the least. And when I have doubted the statement I have been the object of some very cool remarks.

I draw attention to this question simply as a means of requesting those who believe they have these "flyers" to ponder over what a man like Collins says on the matter. The Big Football Game.

To-morrow week, if all goes well, we will have one of the most important football contests ever played in Pittsburg. The football team of the Chicago Cricket Club are to be here to tackle the local team, of course under Association rules. To all intents and purposes, the contest will decide whether the West or East owns the best football

team under the rules named. That there will be a considerable amount of rivalry there is no doubt, but it is to be hoped that the rivalry will not develop any unpleasantness. The probabilities are that the contest will be a good one, and, if the local team are defeated, we will then have some idea as to the comparative merits of the Eastern and Western teams. The Chicago fellows are a good lot of players, as their record shows, and, if the home players defeat them, then the Pittsburgers need not for a moment hesitate to meet any team in

It is likely that there will be some con roversey between the Thistles and the local club. The Thistles were challenged first, but they were so slow in responding that the cricket club eleven stepped to the front and as "champions of the West" offered to play the Pittsburgers. A match was made at once and the game will take place on Washington's Birthday. If the weather is fine the contest should certainly attract a very large attendance, and the enterprise of the local players is worth all the patronage the charm which has fixed them there.

Another Warning Given. Those gentlemen who have the welfare of trotting races in their keep, met during the week and once more gave the world to understand that fraud is not to be allowed on the trotting track if they know it. The Board of Review resolved to expel Mr. Noble and his horse Alcryon, for all time because of the questionable race that took place some time ago between the famous stallion Nelson and the horse owned by

The gentleman has for a very long time shown a desire to fight the Board of Review in the courts, and his action has doubtless caused a delay of the sentence imposed upon him by the board. But from the beginning Mr. Noble's doom was sealed and blind not be told off hand and they can never be fully realized without practically finding out for oneself. The Three A's have now a against the board. It will be well for all owners to bear in mind the fate of Mr. Noble and others who have had to face similar charges of late. The American public are brave in backing their opinions on the race tracks, and the Board of Review deserve all credit possible for their efforts in trying to give the public a fair race for

The New Boxing Weights.

For a long time there has been a revision of the scale of weights for boxing and pugilistic contests needed, and while there have been several attempts made to formu-late a satisfactory scale nothing has been definitely done as far as getting a new scale nationally or internationally adopted. The methods and surroundings of pugilistic contests have so materially changed during the last 15 or 20 years that something must be done, because both in England and in America there are champions at all kinds of

During the week a number of prominent sporting men and sporting writers met in New York and formulated a new scale of weights, but it is sate to say that other persons who were not at the meeting will be opposed to the scale simply because they had no hand in the business. It is wonderful how this spirit of envy operates in all walks of life. But whether the new scale is acceptable to everybody or not, it is a step in the right direction. Starting away have engaged to go to New Orleans and box sgainst two heavy-weights who will be selected by the Olympic Club, Joe Choynski is mentioned as the man from the old P. R. limit and two from the Queensberry mark. I see no fault to find with the increase, as the welter-weight limit is placed at 145 and the lightweight at 135. All this seems satisfactory, and while it will favor some men in one respect it will go against them in another. I have always held that 154 pounds was too narrow a limit for middle-weights considering there are so many very big men in the heavy-weight

But, as just intimated, although the new scale may be less free from criticism than any other that could have been formulated, envy and jealousy may, in fact, are sure, to oppose its adoption. If it is not adopted internationally it will be of no use. If there is an opposition to it let all proposed amendments to it be considered, so that everybody may be as nearly satisfied as possible.

THE FIRST PHONOGRAPH.

Now an English Journal Tells the Story of Edison's Discovery.

Pearson's Weekly.] Mr. Edison carried in his mind for a long time the idea of the phonograph, turning it over and over, and from time to time jotting down sketches and memoranda concerning its construction. At length he said to an old German machinist, who made models for him, that he wanted a machine constructed in a certain manner, but of the

use of it he gave no hint. Now and then, as the work went on, with-out seeing the model, Mr. Edison ordered certain changes, which, of course, were duly made. Finally the German was told to bring the machine for examination. Mr. Edison fitted into it a sheet of tinfoil, and turning the crank spoke into the funnel the somewhat familiar verse about Mary and

her little lamb. The German regarded him as if he thought ne had gone mad, but when Mr. Edison re-versed the motion, and the phonograph pipingly repeated his stanza, the old man threw up his hands and exclaimed, in the As It Appears Just Now On the Lurid

Messengers of Love.

VALENTINES TRUE TO NATURE.

The Disposition to Use the Brain in the Matter of Courtship.

SETTING UP THE ANT AS A MODEL (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

And how would I strike you for a valentine? Or do you think I look like a proper subject to sit for a chromo of a prize tomato, red as the town the night after election, skewered through and through with a Sioux bunting arrrow? I wonder as I stand before the shop windows and admire the valentines set forth to charm the susceptible, why it is that the artists of the realistic and accurate school have not been able to correct the generally accepted idea of the anatomical appearance of the human heart. They have corrected all things else; they have taken from that noble animal, the horse, all beauty and grace and vigor of movement, and present him to us now a caparisoned trestle with a McClellan saddle and a curb bit.

If he is galloping easily, one hind leg is wrenched a little out of place and sticks out an angle that would worry the heart of a carpenter who had to saw anything on that horse. If he rushing madly over the plain after a fleeting herd of cows, or charging with fire in his eyes and fury in his strength into the heart of battle, the two forward legs are rooted firmly to the ground, so that no enemy could "rastle"



the charger off his feet, firm planted like King James' celebrated rock, and both hind legs, lifted some little distonce from the earth, are glued by some occult power in the atmosphere, never again to be brought down, save by the backward repetition of

Sending a True Picture of the Heart. But since the artists-to whose wisdom and correctness I bow-have have given us the proper conception of the horse, which I stand ready to declare always did gallop on two feet, standing perfectly still, and never had but one joint in each leg—why don't they give to the love-lorn world that still sends valentines a correct representation of the human heart? Just fancy a lover sending a valentine to a blue-eyed divinity whom he loves and worships, which should present to her horified vision tha corre drawing of his throbbing heart, the right auricle and ventricle laid open, the anterior walls of both being removed, that she might see how its every throb was athought of her. And an arrow thrust right through both flaps of the tricuspid valve. I trov that would be the last valentine he would ever send anybody after her big brother got through with him.

All of which merely goes to show that that there are some reforms not even the most progressive artist who ever caught our awkward rigidity of posture and clumsiness of movement with instantaneous photography dares not touch. He dare not go to the butcher shop to study designs for his valen-tines. Even the good Philistines would lie in wait for him and smite him when he came down to Gath to sharpen his coulter and mattock.

Decoyed Into Wasting Time.

I was once led astray, in a moment of was once led astray, in a moment of weakness, and induced, by a man of powerful will, who had a strong influence over me, to go into a church where a minister had been advertised to preach on "Love, Courtship and Marriage." Two things always bored me—there may be others—lectures or sermons on just such topics as the above, and juvenile acting. Love making is something which 500 or 2,000 people can't enjoy in a crowd, and while I love beyond ost any other pleasure to watch children playing, I have a great dislike to their act-

But this man whom I could not resist dragged me to church, and if a preacher 57 years old didn't get up, and after selecting his text from something he had read in a



newspaper—which is just where a preacher is likely to look for his text for that kind of a sermon-begin by saying that "people didn't fall in love any more." He said: "There is nothing in what they now call love, but silly, sickly sentimentality."
You see what ailed him; they didn't fall in love with him any more. And the poor old duffer, with no more meat on him than there is on the sleleton of an umbrella, his blood as thin as vinegar, his old jaws creaking as he scolded—he thought because he didn't fall in love any more that nobody

"The palaver of lovers to-day," he said, "is like the purring of so many cats." Why the Preacher Didn't Purr.

Well, he was correct. It is the happy, tranquil, contended cat that purrs; the cat whose fur is stroked the right way; whose heart is at peace; whose life is happy as the sunshine. It was the preacher who probably had to buy shoes for eight boys and bonnets for three girls, and had to move every four or five years, who wasn't name in the way on the ridge of the wood. probably had to buy shoes for eight boys and bonnets for three girls, and had to move every four or five years, who wasn't purring. He was on the ridge of the woodshed, yowling at the purring world basking

by the glow of the parlor fire, in the dim religious light of a lamp that turned down. "What you call courting," he declared, "is senseless twaddle, disgusting and nauseating to a man or woman of sense." And fully one-half of his congregation, who had sense enough to call him to be their pastor
—and he was a good man, and a sensible
man, save when on this one idea, whereon
he was a hopeless lunatic—fully one half of
his congregation liked it. Not his sermon,
but the "twaddle" he was denouncing. And
the other half used to like it. If there had been a baptistry in the church I would have assisted the sexton to hold the man's head under water about the length of his sermon. But it was a paedo-Baptist church and there wasn't enough water in it to perform the cure, so we had to let him go on, which he did. He wanted people "to use their brains and have their wits about them; their judgment cool and their eyes wide open, "he said, "when they went courting."

In the Market Place. Ah, well beloved that's what we do when we go to buy a horse; that's the time to keep your head cool and your eyes wide open. That's the time for shrewdness and cunning and sharpness. And if a man is going to buy a wife—if he is going to pay spot cash for her and get a receipt in full, why, then, the parson was right. But does a man fall in love with his head? What has a fellow's brains to do with the selection of a sweetheart? Out on such foolishness! Why, to look

at the wives some men—heavy accent on the "some"—some men whom we know have won, the fellow with the fewest brains always gets the best wife. You ask your wife if that isn't so. She'll say yes. And the fellow who got the girl whom you wanted the worst way was wall wanted to worst way was wall wanted to worst way was wall wanted to worst way was wall was not worst way was wall was not worst way was wall was not worst way was not worst way was not wanted to worst way was not wanted to worst way was not worst way was not wanted to worst was not worst was not worst was not worst was not worst way was not worst worst was not worst was not worst worst was not worst was not worst was not wor the worst way, won't you make an affidavit that he hasn't sense enough to go in when it rains? Indeed you will. And we can prove by your letters to her that she was the gem of womanhood; in beauty, in intellect, in all the qualities of mind and heart that go to the endowment of a perfect woman, she stood alone among her envying sisters. You said that your self, and swore to it with lovers' oaths. And just look at the loon she married. So what's the use of talking about falling in love with your brains? Your brains aren't good for much, anyhow, until they are fried.

A Matter of Finance.

I see by the reliable palladium of the people's liberties, the free and untraumeled press, that a man died in New York a few weeks ago, at the age of 72, worth \$7,000,-000. That is, he was worth that much just before he died. I don't suppose he would fetch more than \$25 now. What is remarkable about this case is that all the papers speak in the highest terms of his rare abili-ties as a financier and a man of business. Now, I don't know about that. Nobody ever praised my commercial genius; not where I could hear the flattery, at any rate. I have even been pitied—which is a mild form of contempt, kindly expressed by people whom you consider far beneath you-because it was charged against me that I neither knew how to earn nor keep a dollar. And yet I am willing to put up dollars to doughnuts that in one-half the time this merchant lived I could have spent his merchant lived I could have spent his seven millions without a struggle. That's what I call financiering. This man died with a lot of property on hand that he could neither take with him nor dispose of as he wished. You say, "But just see what he left to his children." Yes, that's just what they will get—left. According to the letest accounts there we liable to get shout latest accounts, they are liable to get about \$500 spiece. I am no financier, nor commercial Napoleon, but I can do as well as that, at a thousand times less expense. I can't see anything particularly brilliant in my deceased neighbor's methods. When I die-and, simply for your sakes, I hope the day may be far, far away; I'm sure I don't see how you are going to get along without me-I may not, in all probability I will not, have three, possibly not more than two, millions to leave you; but what I have at

won't leave any.) Teaching Children to Hoard, But I don't believe a great deal in the principle of hoarding. I think it is a bad thing to give children little money banks

that time the lawyers won't get. (Notabene: They've got it now; that's the reason I



The Artist's Horses

until the bank is full, and then get a bigge bank and fill that. You teach a child tha he must be always "adding to his store," like the blooming little ant; teach him that always he must strive to get more, and as he grows older, it will be more of other peo-ple's that he strives to get. In all my own money and business matters, as I look back over the past, I have but one regret; that is that ever I saved anything, or tried to, I wish I had made it fly as fast as I got t. Then I'd have it. Now the other fel-

And the ant. Solomon didn't know our kind of ant. The ant is industrious and frugal, and all that. And last summer I spent \$5 in labor, and as much more in various destructive agents, killing about \$3 worth of anis that had destroyed nearly \$15 worth of flowering plants in my garden. Go to the ant, indeed; I went for him. The ant may be all right as an illustration, but as an irritant of pansy and carnation beds, a pack of dogs is less destructive, and a herd of the things that went down the steep place with the swine is to be preferred Saving at Others' Expense.

Be as industrious and as frugal and painstaking as the ant, if you will, my son, but do not, like him, lay up your store of savings out of the things which the rest of us want to enjoy now. I am beginning to think that the fellow who lays up corner lots in the village, year after year, who won't sell, and won't build, and won't improve, but just simply saves and lays up, is a little bit like the ant. He is laying up at the expense of our pansy bed. Where fields of corn half ripened waved.
Their tasseled banners in the air,
And summer brooks, half sleeping, laved.
The bank-side pebbles, bright and fair,
In vagrant mood he loitered long.
To entch the incense of the corn,
To list the wood-dove's plaintive song On wings of passing zephyrs borne.

He smiled to see the busy ants-As to rebuke his idle mood—
As to rebuke his idle mood—
Drag helpless insects from the plants
And cure them for their winter's food.
He smiled to see them snake a worm,
And tug and wrestle, bire and strain;
To see the victim writhe and squirm,
With never pity for its pain.

"A thousand thanks, sweet ant," he cries,
"Grand is the truth thou dost declare,
That man—" he shrieks, and wildly tries
To lift both feet at once, in air.
With staps and jumps he loud upbraids
The swarming ants; for mercy begs;
Then swiftly seeks the forest shades
To scourge them from his trousers' legs.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. C. F. Davis, editor of the Bloomfield Ia., Farmer, says: "I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all suffer-

Murat Halstead Has a Surprise in a Fair City of Sunny Italy.

IT WAS A REGULAR LONDONER. TOO.

The Cool Stone Houses an Improvement Over Our Overheated Ones.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

I have had hesitancy in telling on Fair Florence in one particular. The fact in the case seems so out of character as to be wholly unreasonable. During the afternoon of my appearance in the city I noticed that there was a mistiness in the air. We took a drive into the country to find a hill from which the city could be seen in its whole extent, and when we got there the city did not show up exactly as expected. To be sure, there was the Duomo, and the Campanile, and the huge old tower of the town hall, and half a dozen domes and spires that one may torget to name without a demand for the infliction of capital punishment. I would have remarked, if at home and show-ing a stranger the beauties of a city, that one of our fogs was coming up; but I did from the wheels of a car would terrify an would have remarked, if at home and shownot think of accusing Florence of a fog. That I should have regarded as profane recklessness.

The next morning the appearance of daylight was delayed in a manner that was for a time a puzzle. I struck a match and lit a candle, and there was something wrong if the clock was not ahead of time. I pulled of the drawings of Michael Angelo's ceiling aside the voluminous curtains, and there was such a fog it was impossible to see provement on the original—far more intelliacross a small square in front of our house. A statue in the center of the square could be seen like a ghost, but the further houses were undiscoverable. I was so astonished that came near ordering three eggs for breakast, and as two are the regular allowance, I might have had to reproach myself for the needless invitation of serious consequences Where Were Italy's Sunny Skies?

But who would have thought of finding a London fog in Florence? It is proper to say that the man who took it hardest was rom London, and he was so discouraged as o begin the day with brandy and soda. My view of duty when the two eggs were consumed—and I had the courage to order a chop in addition and partake of that also was that it was a good morning to see a few churches and study the frescoes that one must see, and that are so indistinct when the sun is shining that it is a vanity and vexation to throw oneself into the attitude of doing them. We entered the Baptistry a second time, and the guide repented an offensive sentence—this: "Here is where you say Dante was baptized," and thus sought to shake my faith in my local knowledge. I shouldn't be surprised if the man did not believe that Dante ever was baptized or ever was in Florence. The next thing he will be denying that there was any Dante. What would you think of a guide at Stratford-on-tne-Avon with doubts about Shakespeare and springing his skepticism on strangers?

I desire to say, and may as well say here as anywhere, a good word for an Italian institution-or shall I call it a custom, habit, fashion or necessity?—much abused and misunderstood — the low temperature of their houses in winter. It has been impressed upon me many times that Italy was a dreadful country in the winter time, bethere were no fires, and the Italian people have been most disrespectfully spoken of in that connection.

Where Italy Is Ahead of Us. I want to say, with full understanding of the breadth of the impudence and the height of the audacity of the assertion, that the Italians are far wiser about the temperature their houses than are the people of the United States of America. I do not know the public building, from any one of the departments in Washington to the hotels, great and small, West and East, that is not horribly over-heated, and the remark may be safely extended to the majority of the private houses. We use fuel with frightful and wasteful profusion that is one of the most scandalous profligacies in the universe. We steam-heat ourselves at home, in the churches (when they are not red-hot in the churches in the most scandalous profligacies in the universe. air furnaces), in the cars, day and night, in our offices, until we are fast in the fierce

our offices, until we are last in the heree clutches of the pneumonia.

Overheating everything is one of our national abominations. We should live in a temperature not to exceed by artificial means 65°, and we are not content with less than from 70° to 75°. The comfortable, have been content with less than from rockets of the Italian betals. luxurious coolness of the Italian hotels struck me at once. When you wanted a fire you did not summon a fierce furnace. When you entered a hall you did not have to face a withering blast. Neither at Genoa, Pisa, Rome nor Florence did I require a But I did not stop, and I am just glad I did

Fire That 60 Cents Will Buy.

Those who did paid 60 cents for a box of fuel-a rare assortment of the crookedest sticks and the most complicated knots that ever grew where trees are taught to yield crops of branches, and resent the harvest by twisting themselves into marvelous shapes. Sixty cents worth of knots and twigs will make a fine fire for several hours; indeed, it will cover two days with due attention and decent economy. People who talk of shivering in the old palaces are those who have lived in overheated apartments until they are demoralized, and their very hides are unwholesome. They do not have many and first in the Vatican—for instance for coal fires in the Vatican-for instance, for the artists who are copying pictures to work by-but the braziers of coals are comforting. I would recommend His Holiness to put in electric lights, but not steam-heating apparatus or superheated furnaces.

The continenal Europeans have strange notions about the breadth of beds. It is funny to see two thrones erected in a domestic apartment, but the grand old En-glishman understands a thing or two. There is room for him in the world night and day, and his bed is as broad as it is long. If he goes to bed along he can lie crosswise, and kick without exposing his toes. He knows how to eat, too, and as for drinking, he does as the pupils of the singing masters are instructed to do—he opens his mouth and there is freedom in the flow of the beverage, whether it is brandy and sods or bitter beer or dry champagne. Overdoing the Celling Decoration.

I have not as yet heard any of my Amer-I have not as yet heard any of my American fellow citizens and travelers complaining of the absence of patent rope ladders at the windows of their rooms in the Italian hotels. They all had to say they felt a reasonable assurance of safety in houses whose inner as well as outer walls and stairwhose inner as well as outer walls and stair-ways were stone—"rocks that resist the bil-lows and the sky." I did, though, hear a reasonable complaint in a Florence hotel by an American citizen. While at table d'hote an American citizen. While at table u libre he glanced upward, and growing pensive said he had seen enough ceilings decorated by old masters during the day without being called upon to dine under one that combined the zodiac with zoology, mythology and somewhat flagrant physiology. The ceiling was excessive for a hotel.

ceiling was excessive for a hotel.

The Italian troops make an impression, stronger than I had anticipated, that they are fighting men, who may some day give an account of themselves that will revive the military prestige of the people. The men in the ranks are, as a rule, very young, and the officers look thoroughly up to their work. The clothing of the men is simple, strong and neat. The officialism of Italy is all-pervading, and especially prominent i cans are deterred from going to Italy by the fear that the lack of the language will be found a disability, distressing at every step, and subject them to extortion. English is spoken in nearly all the hotels, and the prices are not extravagant. They coun money in Italy as in France, and the france

goes a little further in Italy than in France. The general use of the telephone struck me as among the things I should not have expected to find. If anyone wants to know something at a hotel that is going on at a theater or railroad station, what so easy as telephoning?—and the telphone comes in accordingly. The newspapers have tele-phone news, and the newsboys are nearly as oud in Italy as in England. The European boys are not up to the American standard in proclaiming their extras.

The Lifts and the Street Cars. The Italian "lift" in the hotels is a jaunty affair. It is regarded as a matter of the VISIT TO THE OPERA HOUSE greatest respect. The car is light, almost fantastic. There are two seats facing each other. You enter, and expect the small other. You enter, and expect the small boy who is anxious to know at what story to discharge you to get on with you, but he does not ascend. It is his part to turn an iron crank that applies the power, and you find yourself "going it alone," at a rate that is not alarming, but you wonder what has become of that boy with the red band around his cap and the buttons. He turns the crank and you do the rest. When your the crank and you do the rest. When your story is reached, the boy touches a spring or a string, there is a sharp click, as if some

body had cocked a gun, the car stops, you step off, opening the gate, and, as it closes, the car most deliberately begins the In some American cities there are prejudices that reach alarms against the use of the trolley system of electrical cars; but they are not afraid in Florence, and I think American settlement; but the Italians did not seem to mind it.

Where Michael Angelo Worked.

One of the authenticities of Florence is the workshop of Michael Angelo. He had commodious quarters, and his rooms have been converted into a museum relating to him. On the table near the door is a copy in the Sistine Chapel, and it is a great im light—and you have the advantage of looking down upon it. Pam glad, coming to see this, that Michael did not waste his time entirely in that old chapel. There are some letters the great artist wrote with his own hand, and some of his original drawingsrude sketches-and these I much until referring to the red-backed book which all travelers are not ashamed carry in their hands, and make themselves known as in a hurry. The book said the drawings are doubtful. You see, however, unquestioned models of some of the famous works and there is no lack of likenesses.

A partition shuts off the desk at which Angelo labored. His Bible is there, but under lock and key; and I presume nothing short of a franc would find the key. Over the desk are two long walking sticks that have seen service and belonged to the great It was necessary to attend the opera in

the evening. The piece was "The Rustic Chevalier," and the Florentines are raving over the music. The orchestra and the music were splendid, and the tenor, who was in love, as is usual in such cases, with another man's wife, and in much trouble, had a delicious voice. The audience interested me more than the opera. The general public were in the pit. . In an Italian Opera House,

The populace, in the sense of those not carefully dressed or particular about anything but the music, were in the upper gal-leries. Select persons occupied the lower row of boxes. The aristocracy—uniforms, gold braid, buttons, dress coats, big shirt fronts, dazzling ties, carnations or roses in buttonholes—were in the second row of boxes. You can judge of the proportions of the orchestra from the fact that there were 32 violins. The conductor flung himself into his work, and his body followed his baton every time. The chorus was a multi-tude, and appeared to have been marched in from the streets with the certainty that all were singers. The voices of the men

were memorable, and I wondered whether some of them might be of the persons I had noticed practicing at very late or early hours. There must be some inducement to sing after midnight, in chilly and foggy streets, not brilliantly lighted; and I suspect the Italian "boys"—boys, as we apply the word at home—get drunk too late or too early. Surely it is a wearing, tearing and every way a bad habit to be opening one's throat for drinking and singing between the

throat for drinking and singing between the hours of midnight and dawn.

The great deficiency in Italian houses seems to me to be not in warmth, but in light. This was remedied in the Opera House by a chandelier, that I have no doubt is the pride of Florence—and it did shed a considerable illumination; but these people should see the Madison Square Garden auditorium, the Tabernacle of Talmage, or Carnegie Hall.

From Florence to Venice, we have first the prevalent Apennines, and the tunnels in full supply, bits of savage scenery, mount-ain sides terraced, olive orchards, clusters of houses clinging to steep places, many towns, each with little domes and bell towers, all made on the same pattern; littl streams, all with histories; then two celebrated cities Bologna and Padus, at which people with a MURAT HALSTEAD.

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A Thoughtful Person

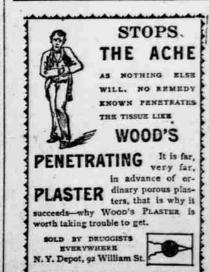
Consults his best interests by having a box of Krause's Headache Capsules at hand; taken as directed will prevent or stop any kind of a headache, no matter what the cause, in fact, if your skull was cracked it would prevent pain. The frequency of the attacks will diminish, and by taking the capsules at the approach of a headache you will never have another. For sale by all druggists. WFSSU

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some; too little is dangerous. Health requires enough fat for daily use and a little more for reserve and comfort. That keeps us plump. The result is beauty-the

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ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Mr. A. L. Thornton is a successful farmer, residing at Vancouver, Clark county, Wash, 3,000 miles from Pittsburg. The exposures of frontier life, supplemented by frequent colds, produced chronic catarrh. A chronic catarrh. A few of his many his eyes, noises in his ears like water pouring, impaired memory, hawking and spitting, hoarseness, short breath, and in the night he would night he would often awaken so hardly get his breath. He had a

hardly get bis breath. He had a tired, nervous, irritable feeling, pain in the small of his back, poor appetite, bloated feeling after eating. He became low spirited and easily discouraged. It was in that condition that he wrote to Dr. Lowe and his associates of the Catarrh and Drspepsia Institute, 323 Fean avenue, for home treatment. After using their medicines, compounded from roots and herbs, for one month. He writes:

"I am quite willing you should publish my case in the papers. I am much improved in every particular. The only way I am bothered now is the pain in the small of my back and that only once in a while. My voice is quite natural and my appetite is fine. I am gaining in strength and weighs. One thing I ought to mention. Last winter I paid a doctor of Portland, Ore, \$220 in eash, and have at other times paid different amounts and have received no particular benefit until now. Yours respectfully,

When all other physicians fall call-upon Dr. Lowe and associates. If they can cure you they will tell you. If they cannot cure you they will tell you. If they cannot cure you they will frankly tell you that.

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