THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

FEBRUARY 21, 1892.

CHICAGO'S BIG BLOW

Its Vainglorious Citizens Fairly Take Away an Eastern Man's Breath.

THINK THEY ARE GREAT.

But the Visitors to the Big Fair Will Be Disappointed.

STOCK-YARD FLAVOR OF HOTELS.

Bighway Robberies in Daylight and Depravity Everywhere.

BOW THE TOWN STRIKES A VISITOR

PROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.1

CHICAGO, Feb. 19 .- There is a stockyard flavor about a big Chicago hotel that is depressing in the extreme. From what I have seen I jufer that this applies only to those who are accustomed to the select, clean, quiet hostelries of Eastern cities. The large body of natives and the greater proportion, perhaps, of the Western traveling commercial people like it. They revel in it. They crowd the corridors and stand around the rotundas in billy-goat whiskers, box coats and slouched hats and minddy boots, and expectorate tobacco salive and talk hour after hour, day and night, by the scores and hundreds.

Perhaps these corridors and rotundas are scrubbed down at night-I don't know. I never sat up late enough or got up early enough to see. To me they are always filthy and crowded, and the air is always recking with stale tobacco smoke and the fetid breath of a sweaty rabble who have apparently never used a tooth-brush or a bath. It is not the fault of the hotels-it is the situation. The unceasing rush of feet, the eternal scramble after trains and rooms and keys and mail and something to eat is wearisome. I would not live in such an atmosphere the rest of my life, short or long, for a brown stone front on a corner los on Wabash avenue. To be always dirty, to walk around in filth, to breathe dirt, to come in continual and necessary contact with dirty people, until the soul becomes calloused and you cease longer to even wish to be clean-that is the state of the Chi-

A Shock for Continental Visitors. I wonder what the continental traveller will say when he comes to Chicago in '93 to visit the great fair! Then the Chicago hotels will be fuller and dirtier and more repulsive than ever they were. The spotless marbles of beautiful Florence, the noiseless temples of entertainment of lovely Lucerne and the German Spas-a thousand quiet hostelries from ancient Rome to the German Capital, where spittoons and chewing tobacco are unknown-how they will ery out against this herrible polution! I wonder what those accustomed to the clean continental hotels will think when they stand is line in one of these recking human stockyards waiting for an opportunity to register, or to get a room key, or to obtain a bit of note paper, or to coming down the elevator in the Rand &

And I wonder how such a man will feel to have the register jerked out of his hands at the critical moment, or to have his room key slammed at him by an insolent satran in baggy trousers and a red necktie, or be snubbed for his ignorance of stockyard customs. And, further, I wonder what he will say when he comes in to wash the black grime from face and hands and change his collar and cuffs several times a day, and coughs and sneezes black coze in the early morning and dares not wear white linen exposed to the sooty air, and finally realizes fully that every man, woman and child in this great city is quite as dirty as he is and has long since ceased to struggle against it!

They Live in High Temperatures. The most remarkable thing to the observant Eastern man up in the Northwest in winter is the extraordinary heat found enjoyable and necessary by the inhabitants of that cold climate. The hotel rooms are close and stifling on an ordinary day. Every window is made double like the windows of a Pullman car, and every crack is plugged as tight as a drumhead. The atmosphere, dry by nature, is still further rarified by artificial heat. Even the great rotunds of the West, Minneapolis, is always super-heated in ordinary weather, and every time a door opens the cold air rushes into the vacuum in a way to strike terror to the undry it is almost impossible to keep lather one of the best, is now one of the poorest in on the face long enough to shave. The hotel barber slaps a hot towel on your face at the finish and looks pityingly at you utterly demoralized. All sorts of crime when you remonstrate.

about the barrooms in great bearskin, coon-skin, foxskin, sealskin and buffalo skin overcoats without apparent discomfort.
One of these coats will weigh 25 pounds or more. When the fur gets wet it will weigh 50. Hundreds of men are thus dressed on the streets of Minneapolis when a spring everceat would be comfortable to a Pitts-burger. I don't know whether they sleep in them or not, but the man who goes about in a 25-pound overcoat with the mercury at 500 above zero and can sit around a hotel with the mercury at 75 must require a good deal of extra covering at night. "When you put on such a coat in the fall," said a hotel clerk, "you can't take it off till spring. You'd catch cold. They get used to it."

That's the only way they bathe," explained a New York drummer. "A man enjoys a Turkish bath all day, and is rubbed down by his wife with a mop every

A Chicago Hotel Picture. A barkeeper is making a wonderful con-

coction with a maraschinoed cherry in the giass which he calls a Manhattan cocktail. and as he shakes it up as if it were a tem-

Two young men in dirty lavender ties and soiled cuffs, with the appearance of having been up all night, are playing a game of billiards at \$100 a game, assisted by sour much and soda on the outside, and a crowd of gawky country looking loungers, Pive stalwart bootblacks are polishing off

some of the biggest feet I ever saw, just putside the door, and-The sonorous but irregular notes of the

onlier in the great ginger-bread-work bar-ber shop beyond crying "Sev-en-ty-one! Bev-en-ty-twol Sev-en-ty-three!" rise on the stuffy air and indicate the number of human cattle coming in turn under the morning razor, pending all of which— At least four score of gentlemen (here called "gents"), with commercial and un-commercial noses, can be seen under the electric lights of the big and dirty rotunda discussing a variety of cigars and business, countributing to the confusion and cuspidors, sitting grimly in the dark corners, reading the morning papers in the light ones, and-Rising over all and permeating the floods

of electric glare and angles of darkness, and cutting the diseased atmosphere into harshly jarring sections, are the clatter of room keys pattering on the marble counter in the dis-tance and the bawling of the baggage man and the train anunciator and "front" and squeak of moving chairs and the nervous coming and going of many feet and slamming and banging of doors—

A Chicago hotel 10 o'clock picture.

Points About the Hotels.

If I owned the West Hotel at Minneapo lis ten minutes I would throw out a sickly-looking tree that is suspended between the heavens and the earth in the center of the heavens and the earth in the center of the magnificent rotunds, and discharge colored waiters who chew tobacco while serving meals. Perhaps I would be considered too particular for that climate. And if I ran the Clifton House in Chicago ten minutes I would raise the salary of the barkeeper who wags his ears. A barkeeper who can wag his ears backward and forward as he shakes the festive punch is a jewel without price. He draws customers and makes those customers thirsty. No man can tell a long story with a barkeeper quietly snapping his

the typical Chicago man can be met on every corner. You could not avoid him if you tried. I really do not believe you will and his counterpart on the face of the globe. His overmastering instinct is to pump in-formation into you at every point of con-tact. It doesn't matter that you are a total stranger to him and have a mind possibly bent on something else. I stopped a msn in a thronged street in a raw wind from the lake embellished with fine cutting snow, and inquired where I took the cars for the World's Fair Grounds. Instead of answer-ing me directly he tilted up his soft hat and said: "Have you got a pass?" I told him said: "Have you got a pass?" I told him I had, though I was somewhat taken aback by the abrupt inquiry. I thought he was going to ask me to let him see it, when his companion, smoothing out a snuff-colored goatee, observed: "Greatest thing the world ever saw—30 acres of floor in one

The Ruling Passion in Chicago.

I stopped in a beer place for a glass, and the barkeeper eyed me for a moment and asked me if I had been in the "Rookery." I told him I had—that it was a great "Chicago has the finest buildings in the

world," said he, turning to another cus-tomer. The latter casually remarked for my hearing: "Chicago is the finest city in I got away. When I got back I went up

to the Commerce building to get a paper executed before a notary. He handed me a pamphlet on real estate and pulled on me a prospectus of a new building association.
"Population increased here 108 per cent
in ten years—greatest growth in the world,"
said he. To which I replied that the only interest I had in Chicago real estate was to get it off my hands and feet. "More buildings put up in Chicago in ten years than any other city in the world. In-

reased in ten years 656 per cent-real

But I fled precipitately. I spoke com-plimentary of a big drygoods house to a lady on State street I happened to have known a long time ago. Immediately the "Chicago has the finest retail drygoods

houses in the world. New York isn't in Another newspaper man asked me where I was stopping, and I told him. "Fair hotel—Chicago has the greatest hotels in the world," said he.

Beats New York for Boasting. I was on a cable car, going out to see a

friend, and a total stranger next to me addressed me proudly:
"Great things, these cable roads—Chicago has the finest street car system in the world." "You bet she has," put in the man on the

McNally building a couple of men were talking French. When they got out, one

of the passengers turned to me and said, confidentially: "Great, isn't it?"
"What's great?" said I, "the building?"
"Yes—but the people. Chlcage is the only cosmopolitan city in the world."

And thus, on every hand, with whomso-ever you talk-or don't talk. It is all the same-Chicago is the greatest, finest, most superlatively magnificent, in whole and in detail, and every inhabitant thereof is a special committee of one, chairman, secre-

tary and executive board to impress these things on the stranger's mind.

Robberies in Broad Daylight. There are now more robberies committed in the open streets of Chicago in a single day than are committed in New York in a week. Twenty-two cases of highway rob-bery were reported one day last week at a single police station. The unreported may have been larger. This is largely due to the extraordinary influx of population owing to the World's Fair. The city is full of men who probably came here for work and have turned thieves and robbers through desperation. The streets are full of loafers and vagabonds of every description and every degree of rascality. No man's purse is safe and no woman can go abroad at night unprotected. Men whose business takes them out at night go armed.

But many of the most astonishing cases that ever occurred in a civilized community have been in broad daylight upon open and unfrequented thoroughiares. The worst of ustomed. The newcomer suffers with it is, the robbers are rarely caught. The trinual headache indoors. The air is so police force of Chicago, from being once hen you remonstrate.

Men sit about the rotunds and stand inviting the attention just now of the civilized world Chicago is a conspicuous and shining disgrace to all Americans. Another Kind of Robberr

The pretty typewriter at the Palmer has a sweet temper that is liable to spoil. "A man from Omaha had me do a 50-cent job for him," she said. "He was a very pleasant man and had two daughters about halfgrown, whom he introduced. Having some havings around town he asked me or business around town, he asked me one morning if I would be kind enough to look after them. He said they were young and innocenf, and he was afraid they couldn't take care of themselves. As they were pleasant, nice girls, I didn't object. It finally came my dinner hour, and I said to them that I lived at the cafe, and they said they would dine with me, and 'papa' would square it. We went—we dined. Those girls had toast on quail, porter house steak and ice cream and cake and soup and pie and everything right and left. I never saw such appetites. The bill nearly paralyzed me—it was \$4 65. I'm dreaming of that bill now every night. Settle? No; I never saw them again. Well-to-do people, too. Next time any slick old man leaves his girls with me I'll turn 'em over to the police. Four big, shining silver dollars—just think of it! The 65 cents was my

Courtesies of the Wild West. "There goes the richest man in Dakota," said a man in a Palmer House billiard room group. "How do you do, Sam," he added, turning to the richest man in Dakota with

extended hand. The richest man in Dakota took the extended hand and shook it softly, twice up and twice down, and then "shook" the man himself and stepped up to the parble bar and drank alone The richest man in Dakota was small and

wiry and round shouldered and wore a big beaver overcoat from the summit of which his long, thin neck protruded like the neck of a turtle. His face was sallow and gaunt;

every step he took, and the low cut vest displayed exactly in the middle of a flat and narrow chest a diamond as big as a hazelnut. Altogether the richest man in

Dakota was a picturesque and ugly man to "Drinks alone of course," sighed the man who had called him "Sam"—"goes right by and drinks alone, although I own a farm right next to him!"

A Stray Bit of Politics

Every adult of intelligence in Indiana knows Sol Hatbaway, editor of the Inde-

Every adult of intelligence in Indiana knows Sol Hathaway, editor of the Independent, at Indianapolis. A strong face and huge frame—a man full of stories and western reminiscences. The man by his side, gray-bearded, lame and suave of manner, is Hughes East, long private secretary to the late Thomas A. Hendricks.

"John C. New is responsible for President Harrison," said Mr. Hathaway—"New and 'Lige Halford. They made Harrison and Harrison is paying them pretty well for it. Halford used to write press notices and send them to the country papers throughout the State asking the editors to insert them in their editorial columns, so that the Journal could copy them. It is a weakness of the country press to be desirous of being copied in the central State organ and about every one of them responded. In this way a remarkable unanimity of public sentiment in Indiana appeared to favor Harrison's nomination. New-owes every dollar he has in the world to Harrison for services rendered in that national bank case at Indianapolis. He settled the score and had a balance in his favor when Harrison was nominated. New circulated 10 000 copies of his naver every settled the score and had a balance in his favor when Harrison was nominated. New circulated 10,000 copies of his paper every day at the convention. He wanted to be Secretary of the Treasury, and Harrison would liked to have appointed him, only he dared not do it. But he gave him a place worth in hard cash as much as the Presidency, and 'Lige is still Harrison's advance agent."

A Pointer on Wheat Handling. "I have been weighing wheat in South Dakota," remarked a living image of Sena-tor Joe Blackburn, showing his hands across tor Jog Blackburn, showing his hands across a Palmer House spittoon as big as a half bushel, "and look at my hands. The grain dust is worse than Chicago grime. I have been at it now for eight years and this is my first time off. All those who ever worked with me are now dead. Two years is the usual limit of such a life, but I have taken better care of myself. I always wear a nose and mouthwises of moist approprie on a nose and mouthpiece of moist sponge on duty, and the neglect of that precaution will kill any man in two or three years.
The grain dust is not wholly disagreeable and it thus deceives healthy men—it is deadly. It goes into the flesh like flint. Under a microscope it resembles splinters of glass. I never go to bed without a good bath and a hearty rub and by this con-tinual fight I have survived all the weighers I ever knew. Only my eyes have suffered and I am now consulting an oculist to see if I can't get them fixed up. I have 100,000 bushels of wheat waiting my return."

Facts About Chicago Feet. "Talk about Chicago feet," said a travel-ing man from Philadelphia, "I've just sold the biggest lot of shoes—I mean a lot of the the biggest shoes—at Minneapolis and St. Paul.
Never noticed the big feet there? Well if
you will go along the street and look into
the retail stores you'll see an average that
will strike you dumb about Chicago feet.
They are not in it. There are a good many
Sandiavains up there and steev all have They are not in it. There are a good many Scandinavisus up there and othey all have big feet, men and women. Northern nationalities always have big feet—Southern small ones and better shaped. I don't know why it is but it is so. The feet of our own Southern people are famous. My house couldn't sell that bill of goods in Louisville, except for the use of the negro farm hands."

CHARLES T. MURRAY,

WHAT PEARY HAS FOUND.

HE MAY NOW BE AMONG GREEN LAND'S LOST COLONISTS

If They Exist They Have Been Prisoner for Six Hundred Years-A Race of Rip Van Winkles-Plans of the Lieutenant for the Summer WASHINGTON, Feb. 20 .- [Special.]-There is good reason to believe, judging Vernet it has suggested. from the contents of papers transmitted

privately to my hands some months agoalthough I have never spoken of the matter hitherto-that Lieutenant Peary, in whose behalf a rescuing expedition is about to start for the Arctic, has actually met with the famous lost colonists of Greenland." So said one of the most distinguished ethnologists in the Government employ at Washington. He added: "You may remember that the Norremen established settlements during early times in Greenland.

One of these colonies was entirely out off these colonies was entirely out off

One of these colonies was entirely cut off from civilization and lost, as is recorded in the sagas and other traditional histories of those people. Winters grew colder, and one unprecedentedly severe season follow-ing another, the little gathering of squatters in that icy region was shut away from the rest of mankind by frozen fields along the shore and the heaping up of mighty ice cliffs, through which there was no passage and over which it was impossible to climb. "That was 600 years ago. Since then ex-pedition after expedition has sought these

ost settlers in vain. Owing to geographical indefiniteness in the original accounts written on the subject, not even the locality occupied by the colony could be very nearly ascertained. I am not at liberty just now to say more than that Lieutenant Peary has apparently discovered the descendants of these vanished Norsemen, somewhat less than 200 in number, dwelling in a sort of ice-bound oasis, without either entrance or exit, as they themselves have for so many generations believed. To all intents and generations believed. To all intents and purposes they are so many Rip Van Winkles. Peary is now at Whale Sound. Next summer he will strike northward, with the intention to determine the coast line as far as it extends. If the land extends as far as the Pole, he may attain that languages are so that long county small? that long-sought goal."

A Canadian Kick Against Bland's Bill. OTTAWA, Feb. 20.-George Johnson, Do minion Statistician, referring to the movements in the United States Congress calculated to affect Canadian interests, said there is one movement of considerable importance to Canada, and that is the free coinage question. If the bill becomes a law then the present guaranty of the United States Government, that its silver coin will be redeemed in gold, will cease. That guaranty, Mr. Johnson says, is all that maintains the silver coinage of the United States at its face value. All holders in Canada of

once depreciate in value.

Covered With Bosin and Set on Fire. RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 20.—The mystery which surrounded the horrible death of Miles Toomer, a young negro, at Hillsboro, last Monday night, has been solved. On Monday night last Toomer was found in the street with his clothing all ablaze. He soon died. It was found that some grass nearby was all on fire, and that some one had been was all on are, and that some one had been lying in the center of the burned spot. From this clue detectives have worked, and yesterday they announced that Lewis Ruffins and Alice Cotton, both colored, had poured rosin over him while asleep, and then set him on fire. The guilty persons are in jail.

LANSING, MICH., Feb. 20 .- At the Town send street school one of the teachers had his long, thin neck protruded like the neck of a turtle. His face was sallow and gaunt; mouth coarse and large, and between the dark towaled mustache and Billygoat whiskers you might observe a set of uneven, yellow tobacco teeth. The nose was decidedly aquiline, and the two little black eyes set far apart looked out at you like the eyes of a ferret. The richest man in Dakota wore a broad brimmed felt hat that fispped at

MANY SHINING MARKS

Among the Deaths Reported by Cable in the Last Few Days.

MOMMSEN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

The Man Who Captured the U. S. S. Ches apeake in 1812 Just Dead.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

True merit is often not appreciated in this world. It's all very well to feel sorry now that the mas ter painter Corregio's wife died of starvation or that the poor boy poet Chatterton put an when the same fate tared him in the face. It seems almost a cruel neglect on mankind's part that accounts

of some men are not balanced and the dividends declared when they are due, while in the cases of others payments are made before earning. Take Dr. Theodore Mommsen, the German historian, for example. I will not say that he was not well enough endowed with this vorld's goods, but he was a man whose rame will be fresh and green long after the memories of such as Kipling, Stevenson and Rider Haggard will have taded away. And yet when Dr. Mommsen came to die one day last week the very best of American journals, with all their boasted appreciation of genius, had but a line or two in which to United States ves-

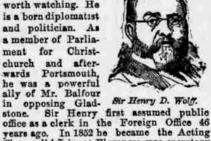
chronicle his demise. Dr. Theodore Mommsen was born at Garding, in Schleswig-Holstein, and early in life his talents attracted attention in the leading German colleges. Ancient Rome he made an especial study, and at the time of his death he was considered by those competent to judge, the greatest authority on that country. He contributed many valuable works to the world of letters ou his favorite subject. Most of them have been translated into English and other languages. His greatest work, "A History of Rome," which has been ably translated by W. P. Dickson, has gone through quite a number of editions and is still in demand. As would naturally be expected in a man making so careful a study of one subject, Dr. Mommsen accumulated a large number of reasons works but unfortunately. of very precious works, but, unfortunately for his posterity, who might have profited thereby, almost the entire collection was destroyed by fire in 1880.

Facts About a Popular Idel. The body of the famous Mazeppa, hero of Tartary, as he is called, has just been discovered in the Cathedral at Galatz, whither it had been conveyed from Bender in 1709. Sometimes I think too much has been made of Mazeppa, especially on the stage. So tremendous a hero has he been made among certain classes that I am afraid the true story will likely be discredited. The facts of the matter are as follows: The hero was discovered in an intrigue with the wife of a Polish nobleman, who caused him to be stripped naked and bound on his own horse's back and the animal sent adrift. The horse carried Mazeppa to his own home and not to the Ukraine, as the story goes, but Mazeppa, out of shame, fled to the Ukraine. joined the Cossacks and afterwards arose to great distinction, although guilty of many other acts during his later life that are not

Practically, the only satisfactory results of his career have been the great poem, novel history and masterly paintings of

A Man With a Future. England has just appointed a new Minister to Spain, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff,

will, I think, be well ment for Christchurch and afterwards Portsmouth, he was a powerful ally of Mr. Balfour



years ago. In 1852 he became the Acting Charge d'Affairs at Florence; was secretary to the Earl of Malmesbury when he was Foreign Secretary in 1858, and then dis-tinguished himself in 1878 as representative of Great Britain on the Europeon Commis-sion for organizing Eastern Roumelia. In 1885 the Government sent him on a special mission to the Sultan. Subsequently he was for two years Minister to the Court of Persia, and since the middle of 1891 has been stationed at Bucharest.
On his father's side Sir Henry is an Israelite and on his mother's but third in descent

from the great Prime Minister Walpole The father was the eccentric and remarkable individual, Joseph Wolff, who, after visiting all parts of the world, reached the United States and created something of a sensation by being ordained to the Episcopal ministry. Dr. Wolff made 'three remarkable journeys through Central Asia and was the first missionary at Teheran. He married Lady Georgiana Walpole, daughter of the second Egrl of Oxford and Sir Henry. of the second Earl of Oxford, and Sir Henry, whose portrait is presented herewith, is the

It is said when Dr. Wolff captured the heart of the noble Earl's daughter, who is now his wife, his Lordship sent for him and wished to know how an adventurer, a

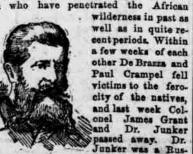
and wished to know how an adventurer, a missionary and a Hebrew could dare to aspire to the hand of a Walpole.

"Stay! Stay! My Lord!" exclaimed Wolff, as he took from his breast a small roll of parchment. "Let me read to your Lordship the long lineage of your humble servant," and he began with "Joseph, the son of ______, etc.," as far back as the son of David, King of Israel. "There, my Lord, if you have a pedigree equal to that, we will discuss ancestry." that, we will discuss ancestry."

The Earl of Oxford was silent, and his daughter became the wife of the missionary and traveler, the adventurer and Hebrew, whose son seems destined to play an im-

Fate of the African Explorers. Death is playing havor with the brave men who have penetrated the African

portant part in European politics.



passed away. Dr. Junker was a Rus-Dr. Junker. sian scientist who accompanied Captain Casati, of the Italian army. Dr. Junker was a much discussed individual when he returned to Europe a couple of years since with the information that Emin intended to retain his dangerous

position in the heart of Africa. It was this news which caused the King of the Belgians to recall Stanley to Europe from this country, when the famous traveller was filling a profitable lecture engagement, to lead an expedition to the reliet of Emin. The results of this famous trip have been so widely published and are so well-known as to require no recounting at the present

The Fate of La Perouse.

Speaking of explorers reminds me of La Perouse, the French explorer, whose two ships were lost over a hundred years since on the New Hebrides. Some few weeks ago STORIES ABOUT RECENT EVENTS I referred to this story, but very briefly. I referred to this story, but very briefly. The two vessels were wrecked on a reef near the little island of Vanicors. The entire crew of one vessel was drowned in the surf or killed by the natives as they struggled to the shore. The crew of the other landed in safety. According to the natives, the party succeeded in constructing a rude two-masted craft from the timbers of the wrecked vessels and then sailed away to the westward. Nothing has ever been heard of the fate of this party until recently the story comes Nothing has ever been heard of the fate of this party until recently the story comes from Queensland that the battered hulk of a rudely made vessel found years ago on Temple Island, off the coast of Queensland, must be the remains of the boat in which the doubly unfortunate La Perouse party endeavored to reach civilization. The wreck was very old when discovered, and was so rude in its construction as to suggest the belief that it had been made by men who did not understand the craft or had not the proper tools. The natives of the New the proper tools. The natives of the New Hebrides said the boat had left in the di-Hebrides said the boat had left in the direction of "the setting sun." Temple
Island is about 1,100 miles nearly due west
from Vanicora. It is likely they made an
effort to reach Botany Bay, but were unable
to withstand the strong southeast winds
they encountered, and were driven on the
reefs of Queensland, where they drowned
or were butchered by the cannibals who
still inhabit that region.

The Captor of the Chesapeake. It seems almost incredible that the commander of the vessel that captured the

sel Chesapeake in Boston harbor in the War of 1812, should die only yesterday a week ago. I remember the interest I took in this incident when I read of it a score of years ago in my school history.

Even then the time Admiral Wallta. seemed to stretch away back into antiquity. And to think that one who took such an active and important part in that event should live until this time! The assertion that Sir Provo William Parry Wallis was the captor of the Chesapeake may not be accepted as correct by those who have understood Captain Broke to be the commander of the British frigate Shannon, but it must be remembered that Broke was lying seriously wounded and helpless in his cabin and the first lieutenant had been killed some time before, so the command had actually devolved upon Second Lieutenant Wallis when the brave Chesapeake lowered her colors. Sir Provo was nearly 101 years of age at the time of Even then the time was nearly 101 years of age at the time of his death. He thus held the position of senior Admiral of the British navy since the death of Sir George Sartorious in 1885.

W. G. KAUFMANN.

SOUTHERN SHARPBES CORNERED.

They Conspired and Defrauded Uncle Sam but Must Now Settle Up. MOBILE, ALA., Feb. 20.-In the United States District Court to-day, R. F. Bradley, J. S. McKinney, N. H. Sherman and T. H. Verstred were fined \$100 and sentenced to three months imprison-\$10 to \$25 and sentenced to days' imprisonment, on a charge conspiring to defraud the Government. All conspiring to defraud the Government. All are from Clarke county, Ala. The two principals in the case were Bradley and McKinney. They each went before United States Commissioners several times and under oath testified that they had seen the parties named above cutting timber off Government land, and witnesses were also furnished when the cases were brought before the court. No convictions followed because the parties swore each other out and cause the parties swore each other out and it was impossible to make a case.

An investigation was set on foot, and it was ascertained that no timber had been cut and that there was no violation of law, it being simply a device to obtain witness

fees and mileage for the parties entering in-to the conspiracy. The Government's of-ficials are highly pleased at the conviction of the men, as it is thought it will break up one of the worst practices known in this section by which the United States is defrauded out of large sums annually. Pulling From the Reserve Fund.

BREMEN, Feb. 20 .- The North German Lloyd Steamship Company has decided to pay no dividend this year, but to write off \$1,200,000. In order to do this it will be necessary to take \$400,000 from the reserve

A LIVELY FOUR HOURS To-Morrow Morning From 8 to 12-A Big

S7 25 Men's Suit Sale-P. C. C. C. Here's a sale of men's suits that's full of ginger. It will last only four hours, from 8 to 12 to-morrow morning. (We close in the afternoon.) Your own selection of our \$14, \$15 and \$18 men's suits made in sack and cutaway style, including the pinchecks, the hairlines, the plain black cords, elegant broad wale and narrow wale suits. Eight styles of fancy cassimere suits, fourteen (14) patterns of fancy worsteds and six elegant designs in broken plaids besides crossbars, plain patterns, and herring bones. Four hours sale, remember, and no more. Be early and you can choose the best. P. C. C. C., Clothiers, corner Grant and Diamond

"I have just recovered from a second at Tack of the grip this year," says Mr. Jas.
O. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexis,
Tex. "In the latter case I used Chamber-lain's Cough Remedy, and I think with conlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days, against ten days for the first attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy, as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'"

TTSSU

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheun Messrs. Cage and Sherman, of Alexander, Tex., write us regarding a remarkable cure of rheumatism there as follows: "The wife of Mr. William Pruitt, the postmaster here, had been bedridden with rheumatiam for several years. She could get nothing to do her any good. We sold her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and she was completely cured by its use. We refer any one to her to verify this statement." 50-cent bottles for sale by druggists.

Pitteburg and Lake Erie R. R. Co. On February 24 this company will sell tickets to Pittsburg and return at one fare for the round trip from all stations where the one way rate is 25 cents or more, on account of meetings of the G. A. R. Tickets will be good to return until February 25,

B. L. H. DABBS has finished two fine oil cortraits recently of well-known people;



FRESH PAPER MONEY

Will Be in the Hands of the People Before Next Dog Days.

BILLS HARD TO COUNTERFEIT. Intricate Scroll Work Based on Mathematical Formulae.

BLUE CAME NEAR BEING ADOPTED

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.1 WASHINGTON, Feb. 20 .- "Greenbacks" as a synonym for paper money has come near being rendered a misnomer. The proposition has been seriously considered by the Treasury during the last few days to make the reverse of every note and silver certificate issued by the Government sky-

blue. In fact, copies of the designs were printed in that color and submitted to show what they would look like. Unfortunately for the plan, the tint suggested Confederate shinplasters to somebody and that settled it. Accordingly, the color will not be altered; but the design on the back of every one of Uncle Sam's bills is to be promptly changed, excepting only the new \$2 silver certificates. Treasury notes as well as silver certificates are all to assume a novel aspect on the reverse side. The patterns are completed and have been officially approved. By April

the engraved plates will be ready to print

from, and three months later the fresh

money will be in the pockets of the people. Showing the Tiny Silk Threads. These changes are made chiefly in order that the designs may show plainly the bands of red and blue fibers which run through the new distinctive paper. This paper is made so that the fibers only show on the back of each bill, being contained in the outer layer of its substance on one side as the sheets come from the mill. Unluckily, all the old-

Secret Service declares that they will make counterfeiting more difficult. No two of them are at all alike. Furthermore no por-tion of a design is repeated on the same bill, as used to be the case when the skillful imitator could copy one small bit and by simply multiplying it with a transfer press or small battery reproduce a large part of a note.

The Engraving Is More Open.

Instead of covering the backs of the new notes and certificates with a maze of en-graving toe elaborate for the eye to follow, Chief Engraver Casilear has made the designs as open as possible, the white back-ground of the paper showing the patterns in such conspicuous relief as to render any error of the counterfeiter readily detected. error of the counterfeiter readily detected.

No such exquisite and complicated geometrical lathe work as appears on these bills was ever seen before. It is the one thing which the forger cannot successfully imitate. To produce a single "buttoa" of it—meaning a bit of tracery, circular, oval, or otherwise shaped, complete in itself—sometimes requires two or three days of preliminary fearing meals to compose the preliminary figuring merely to compose the mathematical formula. Even with this formula at hand, the criminal engraver could not set the machine so as to copy the

could not set the machine so as to copy the picture.

An admirable example of this sort of work will be found in the new \$10 silver certificate when it is issued. In the middle of the back is a beautiful piece of lathe engraving, which looks like one of the dissolving kaleidoscope patterns thrown by the magic lantern upon a white sheet. But the most exquisite of all the designs is the Treasury note for \$1,000, which has a wheel that is a marvel of decorative intricacy.

Special Effort on the Lettering. In collaboration with the lathe worker, the engraver of letters and the ornamental engraver have expended their best skill upon these new bills. Each is a separate branch of the profession, which has been so highly specialized that a man who can do more than one of them well is very rare. The making of small, square and perfectly plain letters is one of the most difficult accomplishments.

complishments.

In the designs for the Treasury notes flowers are made to play an important part, bunches of tiger lilies and other blossoms. being so combined with the scroll work in the corners as to afford a well-nigh hopeless come from the mill. Unluckily, all the oldstyle notes and certificates are so covered
with engraving behind that there is no
chance for exhibiting the peculiarity which
Congress has declared shall be made a conspicuous feature. Accordingly, it was found
necessary to make an entirely fresh set of
plates, which has occupied the arduous attention of the Bureau of Engraving and
Printing for some months past.

Incidentally it was sought to make the new
patterns more highly ornamental, and the

THE SUN MAY GO OUT.

Other Suns Have Dimmed and Then Flashed Up Within Man's Memory.

OUR OWN ORB DID SO ONCE

If We Are to Account Rationally for the Glacial Period.

EARTH'S LIFE ALMOST DESTROYED

The Day May Come When Every Drop of Water Will Become Ica.

EVIDENCE OF THE VARIABLE STARS



but that each star is a veritable sun like our own, must we eccept it as possible that a sun should increase or diminish in brightness? May our own sun at some time grow great in light and in heat, dazzle us, blind us, consume us, burn vegetation from the face

of the earth, cause animal life to perish in a stifling desert, and lay humanity on the scorehing sands of a perpetual Sahara? Or, on the other hand, may the beneficent source of our natural heat become wrapped in a veil, suspend his shining, shut in his golden rays, the arrows of flame he has darted since the days of Apollo, refuse us springtime and flowers, summer and harvest, autumn and vine, spread over the



globe the frosts of an eternal winter, freeze the blood in our veins, make every creature shiver in a final anaemia under a moist. penetrating, icy atmosphere, and lay out the whole human race under a thick and in-

creasing winding-sheet of snow? Possibly and Probably Has Been.

HOUSEHOLD CREDIT COMPANY

723 and 725 Liberty Street, :-: Cor. Eighth, Head of Wood Street.

LAST WEEK!

OF THE GREAT

CARPET! SALE CARPET!

EVERY CARPET MADE, LAID AND LINED FREE OF CHARGE.



3-piece Chamber Suits, \$15. 7-piece Chamber Suits, \$20. 7-piece Chamber Suits, \$35. 6-piece Parlor Suits, \$30. 6-piece Parlor Suits, \$45. 6-piece Rug Suits, \$60. Elegant Bed Lounges \$10. Neat Sideboards, \$12.

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We give the best satisfaction.

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