The Dispatch.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1892.

Parties who have changed their residence will please leave new address at the business office, in order to insure the uninterrupted delivery of The Dispatch to their homes.

A NOTORIOUS ABUSE.

The illustration afforded by a few energetic free trade members of Congress in printing one of Henry George's free trade books as a portion of their remarks in the *Record* ought to be taken as a convincing argument in favor of a reform in the method of running that remarkable publication. Instead of that it appears to be taken up by some of the enthusiastic protectionists as a challenge to show that they can be just as bad as their opponents. Already it is reported that several of the latter are making arrangements for printing standard protectionist works as if delivered on the floor of the House.

Perhaps it is well to have this sort of thing go on in order to produce a full popular understanding of this notorious abuse. It does not need many cases of this sort to create a public feeling that the use of the nation's money to publish works on political economy is as flagrantly dishonest as any other political job. But it may take several examples before the people realize that this abuse is so thoroughly in the grain of the present Congressional character that the only way to abolish it is to elect a new and improved kind of Congressmen.

The printing of economic works entire in the *Congressional Record*, besides its infringement on the rights of the authors, points out the necessity, in the defense of the public, for some reform. The least that can be done is to confine the reports to the speeches actually delivered on the floor. To report in the *Record*, as delivered, speeches, or parts of speeches, that were not delivered, is to use the public money in perpetrating a fraud on the public; and the impropriety is not lessened by the fact that it is a notorious and shallow fraud. But there is really no good reason for stopping the reform there. The real justification for printing is to have a full and accurate record of the acts of Congress in each detail. In the present form of the *Congressional Record* this function is overslaughed by the waste of bogus oratory. If the Hon. Mr. Wayback consumes the time of Congress in oratory to the extent of several hours is that any reason why he should consume the public money in addition to print his oratory?

The *Record* abuse is not a very enormous one, as national abuses go, its unnecessary cost being counted only by hundreds of thousands. But it is an illustration of the tendency of Congressmen to exploit themselves without regard for the public interest. It should be reformed; but the people will have to reform it.

SUPERNUMERARY REINFORCEMENTS.

A special contribution on the arrival of immigrants at New York, which is published in this issue, in addition to the fact that the influx of Italian and Slav immigrants is now greater than ever before, assures that a larger number of them come to Pittsburg for a living than to any other city in the country.

It seems that there is one exception to Pittsburg's conservative failing to advertise herself for the attraction of capital and commerce. The cheap labor of foreign countries has largely inflated ideas of the fortunes to be gained in working at $1 25 per day, and is flocking here at the rate of a thousand a week to enjoy that rich field of labor.

If there was the same tendency of capital in the direction of Pittsburg to create new enterprises or enlarge old ones, this influx would be fully balanced. As it is there is reason to fear that some of our Polish and Italian acquisitions may be disappointed in their golden expectations and even come to want before the direction of the tide is changed.

NATURE'S RESURRECTION.

The whole of Christendom unites to-day in a festival celebrating the Resurrection. Like many Christian celebrations, this one is a survival of Teutonic mythological rites, and the very name Easter is a derivative from the title of the goddess of Spring. The idea of resurrection is peculiarly prominent in the temperate zones at this season, from the aspect of nature as well as from religious associations.

Autumn with its fading foliage and sunset tints reminds man of his movement toward physical decay. Winter in the bleak gauntness of its trees and the dull hues of its landscapes typifies death. Spring with its bird songs and its budding vegetation symbolizes the return to life, which is a part of the indestructibility of matter. Easter is late this year, yet nature has been too tardy to keep her appointment with the promptness man desires. But still the signs of awakening are around us, and the observer can detect in embryo the life which will so soon burst into buoyant exuberance.

Surely, in spite or perhaps because of the fickleness of its weather, this is the happiest time of the year. There is an illogical hopefulness in almost every heart just now. A kindliness of feeling is prevalent which makes this proverbially the lovers' season. The man or woman who cannot entertain dreams of desired prosperity in Spring must be of a peculiarly pessimistic temperament. Spring never palls; there is a charm about it, and an eagerness to make the most of its pleasures, which the other seasons lack. True, Spring is deceptive and illusive, but such coquetry does but fan the flame of humanity's desire for its sweet society.

UNIQUE COINAGE PLANK.

The extreme manifestations of "enthusiasm"—to quote the term most approved by the Democratic organ of this city—in the struggles over the control of committees and delegations in the Democratic convention, were so distinctively the leading features of that gathering, that not much attention was paid to such incidental matters as its platform. But it appears that the platform contains a deliverance on the coinage question, as unique in its line as any of the more physical manifestations of the political enthusiasm of the Pennsylvania wheelhorses.

The platform declares that the Democracy of Pennsylvania are in favor of "the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution." This is characterized by the New York *World* as "sound;" but a more correct characterization of it would be that it is all sound. Anyone can safely declare himself in favor of the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution, except for the fact that there is no such thing. The sole constitutional enactment on the subject of the coinage is to give Congress full authority over and to restrict the States from making "anything but gold and silver coin a legal tender in payment of debts." It is thus seen that the Democracy of this State accomplished the great feat of dodging any positive stand on the pending issue of the manner in which the coinage shall be regulated by indorsing a coinage which has no existence.

It may be just as well that it did so. The features of the convention in other respects were of such a character that a serious platform utterance on the subject of coinage could hardly have carried much force or affected the ultimate disposition of the matter in any way. In indorsing Cleveland the Democracy pratically put themselves right on the silver question; but that makes the platform dodge a still more unique performance.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT.

The fact is cogently pointed out by the New York *World* that Mr. Richard Croker has shown in connection with legislation at Albany, "that he possesses a power which has no rightful place under a popular form of government." Furthermore, the *World* correctly asserts that when political bosses combine to control State and national affairs, "their power becomes a threat not only to the immediate interests of the people, but to the actuality of popular government itself."

This is indisputable; but where does the responsibility lie for the creation of such an anomalous and irresponsible power. Every one knows that bosses are created solely by the control of political machinery and the fetish of party loyalty. The *World* has been free to recognize the necessity of independent political action to correct abuses in the Republican party. But when it comes to a set campaign in which the control of New York State or city, or the representation of New York in the National Government are at stake, its theory of political action causes it to urge the election of the ticket which gives Mr. Croker that singular and dangerous power. It is frank for the *World* to recognize the wrong of the situation, but since it has supported Mr. Croker's party organization before the people, it will have to accept its share of the responsibility for Mr. Croker's dictatorship.

THE PROFESSIONAL JUROR.

The c haracteristics of the professional jurors, who do regular duty in our courts, form the topic of a special article in this issue. The subject has its humorous side which is fully treated in the article referred to; but its serious aspect is more important.

There is no room for doubt that the methods of determining the issues of justice sketched in the article referred to are reflected in some of the extraordinary verdicts which have occupied public attention of late. The verdicts of our courts involve the right of every citizen to obtain even-handed justice; and if those verdicts are swayed by trivial or interested motives, the interest of every man who may at any time have his rights at stake is vitally prejudiced.

It is plain that if we are to have professional jurors, something should be done to establish a standard of professional intelligence. The first step in jury reform therefore is to either abolish the professional juror or improve him.

A CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDING.

The experience of Mr. Bailey, of Texas, which is being told as a play of Congressional humor, contains an illustration of Congressional character that would call for a Mark Tapley to discover the humorous side of it. Mr. Bailey is a new member who has therefore taken the singular notion that a quorum of the House is necessary to do business. In carrying out that conviction, which seems unreasonable to the older members, Mr. Bailey has several times objected to the passage of measures when there was not a quorum present. The members whose private jobs were hampered by this unreasonable conduct waited their opportunity for revenge. One of Mr. Bailey's bills came up the other day, and the revenge was taken by raising the point of "no quorum." On the roll call the members who sought revenge refused to answer to their names. Finally, after wasting the public time to a considerable extent, the bill was allowed to pass.

Now this proceeding contains several features which attract serious attention. One of them is that to the majority of the members it made no difference that Mr. Bailey's position is exactly that of a certain document called the Constitution of the United States. That instrument strictly confines the power of the House to certain proceedings, in case there is less than a quorum. But the statesmen regard it "brashness" for a new member to come in, and seek to have the House observe in good faith the Constitution which every one of its members has sworn to support. Having thus displayed their willingness to violate their oaths, and their habitual disposition to evade and nullify the very foundation of our popular government, they emphasize the matter by deliberately going to work to falsify the record as to a quorum, and waste public time and money, simply to gratify a personal revenge.

It certainly requires a very cheerful frame of mind, to perceive in this incident, as the Philadelphia *Record* does, "a not unpleasant diversion from the dull routine of House business." It ought not to require very deep insight to see in it a proof that many of our lawmakers regard as wholly foreign to them the rules and principles that should govern the action of a sincere and honest legislator.

"FOR ways that are dark" the Heathen Chinee is not to be compared with railroad companies in their schemes to violate and evade the enactments of the Inter-State Commerce law.

PROF. MCCOOK, of Hartford, states that a majority of our tramps are native Americans. The Chicago *Journal* remarks that "it requires more intelligence and hard work to be a successful tramp than it does to earn an honest living." The latter statement is just as true of every kind of criminality as of vagrancy. But there is no such thing as successful criminality, simply for the reason that such misapplied ingenuity is too exacting as compared with honest pursuits. The Professor's statistics must be the exception which proves the rule that one of the most striking American characteristics is the practical ability to discover and adopt the road of least resistance.

MOONSHINER PRITTS, wanted for the murder of Hochstetler, has been located several times. But Garza's career shows that location is a very different matter to arrest.

IT IS said that Civil Service reformers hope to influence the coming national conventions. They must be wonderfully optimistic. But such reformers deserve every possible encouragement. Their cause is bound to be the successful one of that future in which American citizens shall awaken to a proper sense of their duties, and insist upon an administration founded on economic business principles. Efforts should be devoted to the enlightenment and invigoration of the mass of individual voters. Professional politicians of no party will relinquish the spoils system before the people realize the evil and force its abandonment.

THE Fifty-second Congress will have a fitting monument of its economy in the unnecessary buildings for which it grants appropriations.

OF course our police force is efficient. But it appears that the only sure plan to avoid being robbed on the streets is to travel without valuables. If this suggestion be followed, the disappointment of the highwaymen would no doubt be sufficient consolation for the slight inconvenience of being made the victim of an assault.

Now that oil has been struck at Evergreen, the ever green speculator will have some interesting, and possibly painful, experiences.

A PRESIDENTAL aspirant who can pass through the campaign with his good name unblemished and his record unscathed will surpass the miraculous ordeal by fire of which Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were the heroes.

THIS is the season of billing and cooing. Nor are the tailors, milliners and their customers likely to forget it.

SINCE Byrnes has become Superintendent of the New York police he has given some sweeping orders for the suppression of vice. It will be interesting to note just how long the new broom keeps up its cleansing inclination.

EGG-ROLLING in the White House gardens to-morrow and log-rolling at the Capitol as usual.

PROF. VERY believes that man is about to launch himself in flight on the wings of science. Opinions vary on the feasibility of aerial navigation, but most people agree that the subject is very interesting.

SPRING is likely to catch cold if she tarry much longer in such dangerous weather.

IT is a good plan to lock a stable door before thieves have a chance to steal the horse. Prudence dictates the wisdom of undergoing vaccination in preference to risking an attack of smallpox.

HERESY, so-called, is not uncommonly another name for progression.

IT is strange that clean crisp notes should be spoken of in connection with the alleged Rhode Island bribery. It would be naturally expected that the paper would become soiled by such transactions.

NOTICE the spring foliage in the headgear.

GERMANY will not take part in any international action against Anarchists. No doubt Kaiser Wilhelm feels that he has enough to interest and keep his Government busy within his own borders.

PERTINENT PERSONALITIES.

MRS. HARRISON will probably be able to leave her room in a few days.

WILLIAM C. K. WILDE and his wife, Mrs. Frank Leslie, will sail for England shortly.

COLONEL RIVES, of Virginia, Superintendent of the Panama Railway Company, is visiting his daughter, Amelia Rives.

REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE E. BELKNAP has been assigned to duty as President of the Board of Inspection and Survey at Washington.

PRIVATE SECRETARY HALFORD resumed his duties at the White House yesterday morning. He is still very weak, however, from his recent illness.

AMONG the prominent persons sailing for Europe yesterday was Pedro Montt, the Chilean ex-Minister to Washington, by the LaGascogne for Havre.

THE President and several members of his Cabinet will visit New York on the 27th inst., to take part in the ceremonies incident to the laying of the corner-stone of the Grant monument.

EX-MAYOR CARTER HARRISON, of Chicago, who is in Los Angeles, Cal., on a visit, was given a public reception at the Chamber of Commerce, Friday evening, which was largely attended.

ALARMING reports are current respecting the condition of Cardinal Taschereau. His physical strength appears to be unimpaired, but there are indications that his mental balance is gradually becoming unstrung.

SENOR ARTARIO CRESPO, a son of General Crespo, the leader of the present revolution that is being waged in Venezuela against the administration of President Palacio, has arrived in San Antonio, Tex., to stay until the war in which his father engaged is ended.

THE NOBLER LOVER.

The Cosmopolitan.]

If he be a nobler lover, take him!
You in you I seek, and not myself;
Love with men's what women choose to make him,
Seraph strong to soar, or fawn eyes elf:
All I am or can, your beauty gave it,
Lifting me a moment nigh to you.
And my bit of heaven, I fain would saved it—
Mine I thought it was, I never knew.

What you take of me is yours to serve you,
All I give, you gave to me before;
Let him win you! If I but deserve you,
I keep all you grant to him and more:
You shall make me dare what others dare not,
You shall keep my nature pure as snow,
And a light from you that others share not
Shall transfigure me where'er I go.

Let me be your thrall! However lowly
Be the bondsman's service I can do,
Loyalty shall make it high and holy;
Naught can be unworthy, done for you.
Men shall say, "A lover of this fashion
Such an loy mistress well bescems."
Women say, "Could we deserve such passion,
We might be the marvel that he dreams."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A BASKET OF CHIPS.

Dr. Paxton in His Home—A Glance at Dr. Parkhurst—What a Late Easter Does for the Stores—Sullivan's Hand-Shake—A Few Short Tales From Real Life.

—Pittsburgers still take a good deal of interest in Dr. John R. Paxton, though he is pretty well removed now from his birthplace and its associations as a fashionable pastor in the metropolis. His name has been on people's tongues lately all over the country because Jay Gould saw fit to give $25,000 to the West Presbyterian Church, over which Dr. Paxton presides. This church is one of the most notable in New York, more on account of its enormously rich congregation, perhaps, than any particular beauty it possesses a sasacred edifice. It stands on Forty-second street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and it is crowded every Sunday, and more money is reported to be in its pews than in any other congregation in America. Among the rich members are Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Henry M. Flagler, Heber Bishop and a half a dozen other millionaires. Dr. Paxton is not the only one in the church's service who gets well paid, for Miss Clementine De Vere, who leads the singing at the morning service only, receives an enormous salary. It is not polite to inquire exactly what Dr. Paxton now receives, but it is pretty certain that he receives at least 10 times, possibly 20 times, the salary of $800 a year which he got in his first charge in a small country church at Hopewell Cross Roads, Md. From all accounts Dr. Paxton fills his peculiar and undoubtedly trying position remarkably well. He is intensely alive and of tireless zeal.

A young lady who is well known in this city visited Dr. Paxton the other day in his handsome home on West Forty-sixth street, and found him sitting in front of a blazing grate fire and just finishing a good cigar.

"The way to make the world better," he said to her, apropos of the recent municipal reform agitation, "is to eliminate not exterminate. The grandson of Nero may be the Emperor of Christian Rome. A bad father may have a good son. Roll your own grain of sand, I say. Sweep off your own doorstep. Solomon tells us that since everything down here is merely vanity, there is no use in crying over it every day, nor straining our puny strength to reform every evil, hang every villain, nor making people stand and deliver clean dollars without a speck upon them. People have made a great stir about Mr. Gould giving $25,000 for church extension on Manhattan Island. All sorts of foolish and false things have been said, and probably never will be said about Mr. Sage will ever give a dollar to the church again. I'm sure I would not blame them if they did not. As for accepting the gift, what church would not? Are we to stop and wash every dollar that comes to us?" and Dr. Paxton's tone implied that the church revenues might be materially diminished by stirring up the antecedent history of its collections.

Something of a Savonarola.

—In striking contrast to Dr. Paxton, who is handsome, magnetic and scrupulously careful in his dress, is Dr. Charles Parkhurst, who has succeeded in making himself the best abused clergyman in the country to-day. His temperament and his methods are only modern in the way he adapts them to the attainment of specific objects. In him in a monk's garb and chanze his tongue to the tuneful Italian, and you would have something of the same man as Savonarola. He is only happy when he is leading a crusade or conducting an inquisition. With his high forehead, piercing eyes and clear cut face, Dr. Parkhurst is decidedly one of the most picturesque figures in New York, and one thing ought to be remembered at this time, when the disposition to blame him for indiscreet zealousness is general, that Dr. Parkhurst has always been consistent in his attitude toward vice, even in its most attractive and aristocratic forms.

He has said publicly that he would not allow a daughter of his to enter New York society, and he has made more than one of McAllister's 400 wince under a stinging castigation from his pulpit. His congregation is not so much distinguished for its wealth as for its intelligence, and I believe it is a fact now, as it was some years ago, that the larger proportion of his audience are men.

The President's Fatalism.

—"I wonder whether four years in the White House have shaken the President's intense fatalism," said a Federal officeholder yesterday. "I was with General Harrison in Indianapolis from September till after his election in 1888, and one thing about him that I constantly marveled at was his positive belief in predestination as applied to the things of this world. He showed in his manner more than by any actual declaration that he considered himself to be in the hands of Providence. What was to be, was to be, and running he or anyone else could do could alter it, his whole attitude seemed to say. Those who were about him constantly felt the influence of his belief, even if they sometimes rebelled against his indifference, as it appeared to them to be. I guess we were all more or less fatalists before the end of the campaign. Since then President Harrison has learned lots of things that they don't know in Indianapolis, but I question if he has lost much of his faith in predestination.

"In fact, recent events have done so much to clear his way for a renomination, so much has happened without effort or intervention on his part to make him again a candidate, that to a man with his disposition and set of mind I can quite believe that he is more of a fatalist than ever. We are all of us most impressed by theories that fall in with our ambitions and desires."

A Close Shave.

—It is useless to launch sarcasm at a country barber; it may be dangerous, for even if you are in the chair the barber is a committee to be respected. Generally speaking it is a waste of breath, as I found when fate and the Pennsylvania Railroad decoyed me into a village on the western slope of the Allegheries, and I, with a daring that surprised myself, allowed the local barber to remove a tender young beard of but two days' growth from my face. I had a premonition of pain when I observed from divers printed notices and implements about the shop that watches and teeth as well as the superfluous hair of man occupied the barber's attention. He was a jeweler by trade, a dentist by profession, and a barber by occupation. His mind, I have reasons to believe, was centered on his higher callings, while he allowed his hands to daily with the razor and the brush. He also dabbled in photography, the result of which I am served for all his patients. You could have a tooth jerked out, a picture taken, or your face shaved, in that chair. If his dentistry and photography were on a par with his tonsorial ability, I would hate to have the toothache or good looks near him. He could do justice to neither.

While he was dragging his razor slowly up and down my face, I heard a sympathetic cry in the yard outside. It proceeded from a distressed pig. The barber heard it and stayed his hand. He had not spoken before this—the exclamations of his victims were music enough for him. But now he said: "Wonder what's amiss with that pig?"

"I guess somebody's shaving him," I ventured.

The razor pursued its relentless course unchecked. "We don't shave pigs hereabouts," he said.

Was it a compliment to me?

Sullivan's Hand-Shake.

—"Sullivan's hand-shake is enough to scare most men who meet him in the ring out of their wits," said a Pittsburger who has seen considerable of the leading pugilists, including the champion of the world. "There must be something terrifying about that grip of his, for I've seen its effect upon more than one of the men who have tried to stand up before the big fellow. The time he fought, or rather played with, Heard here I had a good chance to see the latter's face when he and Sullivan met and shook hands before the fight. Heard was naturally as red as a lobster, but when he looked into Sullivan's eyes and took his hand, he changed color suddenly, and I turned to my neighbor and said: 'That man's whipped before he puts his hands up,' and so he was. Pat Sheedy, who was with Sullivan for years, told me that he'd noticed the same thing with most of the local champions who tackled Sullivan. When Sheedy and Sullivan were on the Pacific coast together, a perfect giant of a fisherman was sprung upon the champion. Sheedy was rather afraid of a surprise, and told Sullivan that he must be careful when he met this gigantic opponent. Sullivan did not condescend to notice the caution. 'Get me a small bottle, will you, Pat?' said the champion.

"'Not now John,' replied Pat. 'You've got a thundering big chap to look after to-night. When you've finished him I'll see that you get the small bottle.'

"It was just time for the evening performance to begin and Sullivan went off to the theater somewhat sulkily. But when he got on the stage and saw the fisherman, taller than Sullivan himself and perhaps 200 pounds weight, a mass of huge bones and rugged muscle, Sullivan laughed, actually laughed. He very seldom gets beyond a grin, just shows his teeth and snarls, but this time he laughed. Then he walked slowly to the middle of the stage, put out his hand, and before the audience clearly understood that the had begun she big fisherman was curled up like a heap of his own nets in the wings.

"'Where's that small bottle?' shouted Sullivan to Sheedy."

One Result of a Late Easter.

—"When Easter falls as late as it does this year," said a Fifth avenue storekeeper, "jewelers and those who deal in seasonable bric-a-brac and notions invariably get the worst of it. A late Easter benefits the dressmaker, the milliner and the drygoods merchant. There's a woman in the case, of course, several women. Woman, bless her heart, when she sees the heavens grow blue and the grass green, hears the song birds, is drawn toward the windows full of gay bonnets and spring's rich crop of dresses. She goes to the stores where she may deck herself with plumage outvieing the peacock. You'll see the results to-morrow morning in church.

"I'll wager there will be more and gayer apparel specially bought for Easter on the backs of fair devotees than there was last year, for instance, when Easter fell early. The money has not gone into jewelry and the smaller knick-knacks that are an excuse for feminine expenditures at the March Eastertide. Of course, we who do not sell bonnets and dresses and coats have felt something of the Easter boom in trade, but if I had my way the festival should be a fixed one, due before nature begins to compete with women in the race for bright-tinted pre-eminence." HERBURN JOHNS.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF MUD.

An Estimate of the Immense Loss Caused by Roads That Are Bad.

The Century.]

We have in the United States something like 16,000,000 of horses and mules above the age of 3 years upon our farms, and at the moderate estimate of $100 as the cost of feed and care of each of these animals, we see at a glance that the aggregate expense of maintaining them is about $4,000,000 per day. If, by a similarly moderate estimate, we say that they are kept in the stable in a condition of enforced idleness by the deep mud of spring and fall for a period averaging 20 days in each year, we may easily compute that the loss, in this respect alone, will amount to $80,000,000 per year, a sum sufficient to build 16,000 miles of excellent highway.

Of course, considering the great variety of conditions, and the consequent number of factors to be regarded, it is impossible by mathematical formula to compute the loss entailed on any community by the continued toleration of these dirt roads in their present condition; but the error in the result of any computation is more likely to show a loss smaller than actually exists, and in whatever way the matter be regarded it is certain that with the imposed burden of extra help and extra draft animals, loss of time, wear and tear of wagons and harness, the drawings of light loads, and the depreciated value of farm lands, we are pursuing a short-sighted policy in permitting the present system to continue. Besides the actual loss, which a moment's reflection will serve to show, we are gaining nothing and saving nothing in that great department of agricultural industry to which the condition of the dirt road is of such marked importance.

NEW METHODS IN ASTRONOMY.

Dr. Wolf Makes Valuable Discoveries in Stellar Photography.

BOSTON, April 16.—A paper on stellar photography read by Dr. S. C. Chandler to the Boston Scientific Society this week is destined to attract great attention. The paper embodied the remarkable results achieved by Dr. Max Wolf, a wealthy amateur astronomer, of Heidelberg, Germany, who, while his inventions are exceedingly meritorious, has not as yet described them in print. Dr. Chandler's paper is drawn mostly from personal correspondence, and is the first public statement in the matter. When it is asserted that Dr. Wolf continues the exposure of his plate to the same portion of the sky for an entire night, but is able to remove it and replace it the next night, and thus continue photographing the same stars for several successive nights, the delicacy of his adjustments and the value of his inventions may be realized.

In this way objects which are too faint to be seen in any telescope may be fixed upon the photographic plate and there retained for future consideration. Dr. Wolf has in this way already discovered seven or eight new asteroids and an otherwise unobserved comet. One discovery which is indeed remarkable, and which could not have been possible with ordinary means alone, is with reference to meteors. He finds that each flash of light which represents the passage of the meteor from one place to another is a series of flashes burning up brightly, and suddenly fading away, only to flash up again. In a single meteor impression he has found as many as five or six of these oscillations, and the study of this phenomenon will doubtless throw much light upon the investigation of meteors.

The Blizzard That Blizzes.

Chicago Times.]

The blizzards that blizz in the spring tra-la,
Are certainly much out of place;
Old Boreas should surely take wing, tra-la,
Six months he's been having his fling, tra-la,
We're sick of his icy embrace—
He's the foe of the whole populace,
And that is the reason we say and we sing
Oh, bother the blizzards that blizz in the spring.

Its Spirit Is Active as Ever.

Toledo Blade.]

The Standard Oil Trust is dead, but its spirit is as active as ever.

DEATHS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

Erastus Eells, Abolitionist.

Erastus Eells, one of the oldest citizens of New Lisbon, O., and well known throughout this section of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, dropped dead of heart disease Friday evening, aged 84. He was probably the oldest funeral director in the State, having been engaged in the business for 64 years, during which he buried 5,000 persons, and traveled with the hearse fully 60,000 miles. He was one of the original Abolitionists of Eastern Ohio, and in the days of slavery was prominently identified with the work of the famous underground railroad for the assistance of fugitive slaves in their journey toward freedom.

Samuel Jackson, Pyrotechnist.

Prof. Samuel Jackson, the most famous pyrotechnist of the country, and about whom fatality and misfortune have closely clung for many years, died of heart failure Friday night at Philadelphia. Prof. Jackson's face showed the marks of many narrow escapes from death through unlooked-for explosions, and during his career no less than 12 of his establishments were wrecked. He was born in Haddonfield, N. J., April 12, 1814.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Novelist.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the well-known lecturer and novelist, is dead. She was the daughter of a Peninsular officer, maternally descended from the Walpole family, and was born in 1831. At an early age she showed taste for both art and literature, and in 1853 began to be known to the public as a contributor to periodical literature. In late years Miss Edwards has been best known as an Egyptologist and as a lecturer on topics in that field.

Obituary Notes.

TRUMAN A. MERRIMAN, ex-member of Congress from New York City and a well-known newspaper man, died suddenly Friday night.

LAFAYETTE F. HARRISON, the best known theatrical manager of New York City, is dead. The Parepa-Rosa concerts in 1865 were managed by him.

J. R. HOFFER, one of the oldest journalists in Lawrence county, for 30 years publisher of the Mount Joy, (Pa.,) *Herald*, died Friday night, aged 69 years.

MRS. JAMES LEPPER, thought to be the oldest woman in Iowa, died at Maquoketa, Ia., Monday, at the age of 106 years. One of her sons died a year ago aged 80 years.

CHIEF ENGINEER CHARLES E. VALIN, U. S. N., who was placed on the retired list five days ago, died suddenly at his residence in Washington yesterday morning from an attack of apoplexy.

JACOB KOHL, a hermit, who has lived on Haycock Mountain, near Doylestown, for the past 30 years, was found dead on the floor of his hut Friday. His dog was watching his master's remains.

REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D., the well-known London Congregational minister, died yesterday. For 22 years he was editor of the British *Quarterly Review*. He had twice been elected chairman of the Congregational Union.

NICHOLAS VEDDER, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel and Paymaster, U. S. A., died at Washington Friday night. He was in his 78th year and on the retired list of the army. He was Sherman's chief paymaster on the "March to the Sea."

CAPTAIN AIRD, the retired Commodore of the Allen Line of steamships, is dead at Cowansville, Quebec. After having crossed the Atlantic in safety more than 500 times, the old Commodore was drowned while crossing a swollen stream.

JOHN LYLE KING, one of the oldest and best-known members of the Chicago bar, died yesterday. He was a native of Indiana, and was elected to its Legislature in 1852. Four years later he came to Chicago. He was elected City Attorney in 1860.

THE RULE OF THE BLONDE.

She Is Getting Scarcer and Prized Accordingly—Bald-Headed Lies About New York Styles—Nine-Tenths of the Race Are Superstitious—Odd Stories.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

—Do blonde women run in spots? What is the moving cause of blonde women, anyhow, and where do they move to? Is the blonde woman becoming a freak, or is she peculiar to certain social atmospheres? That is what the observant stroller of New York streets may ask himself, looking over various phases of metropolitan womanhood. You can stand half an hour or so at the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, or at any of the cross streets below, where women and girls flock home by thousands in the early evening, and the number of dark-haired women and the paucity of blondes will astonish you. Take the Brooklyn crowd at the ferries, if you wish. Count the number of pure blondes and compare them with the whole number of brunes and brunettes and these queries will chase each other through your otherwise vacant mind. You will find scarcely one decided blonde to the hundred.

These are working women, shop-girls, clerks, typewriters, factory girls, cash girls and girls of every conceivable occupation except the fashionable occupation of idleness. They present every shade of darkness. Nineteen out of 20 plain black from head to foot, and the twentieth may sport a gay hat or light jacket. Nine out of ten will have more or less dark complexions, and hair running from medium brown to raven black with eyes to match. The tenth is usually an undecided blonde, and only now and then—say once in ten cases of these exceptions—what may be properly called a pure blonde. You instinctively recall the dark women of Venice, and wonder whether these thousands are altogether the children of the Southern and Hebrew races.

More Blonde Shoppers Than Clerks.

—The Venetian women present many lovely blondes, especially among the upper classes. So do the women of New York. Change your sauntering ground to Fifth avenue or upper Broadway on matinee days and you will see plenty of blondes of the best type—or to Sixth avenue of an evening, and there of the worst type. Behind the footlights the blonde reigns supreme. Yes, many of them are manufactured blondes. But are our society blondes of to-day manufactured? I think not. But why should there be so much greater proportion of blondes among the shoppers than among the women behind the counters? The more swell the place, in Venice the more blondes you see—the more swell the place in New York the more blondes you see. You who have nothing else to do please tell me why that is.

The decadence of the blond among us is unmistakable. Forty years ago blonde women were almost as common as pronounced brunettes are to-day. Now, the blond attracts attention on the street. She is so rare that men turn and stare after her. In society they swarm around her. She is chased down by admirers. There is enthralment in her soft blue eyes. And when those eyes are dark brown it is madness. The silken frizzes on her fair neck draw you like hoops of gold. When the novelist describes rare female beauty he makes his heroine a blonde. When a man runs away with another man's wife she is a blonde. The wicked woman of the cable dispatches is distinguished as a beautiful blonde. She is the cynosure of male eyes everywhere. Men kill each other on her account without compunction. They marry her, too. She is lovable and indiscriminately beloved. Therefore she is married early and divorced early. The rarer she becomes the more we rave over her. As the rapidly expiring remnant of the pure Anglo-Saxon race the blonde has become as dear to us as the red ear at a corn-husking—and quite as scarce and pleasantly suggestive.

Birds of a Feather Flock Together.

—"It is curious how the same gangs get in here together every day," said the bald-headed bartender at the Cafe Savarin. "They don't seem to look for each other particularly, but get together as if it were a coincidence. It is nearly always the same set, too. You'd think it was a put-up job. Three or four big lawyers will get over there and talk an hour after lunch and then look at their watches and run away like a lot of schoolboys who may get tardy marks. The knots of broker's never get very far from the ticker. They can't keep their fingers off the tape even when telling stories. They talk shop. Everybody talks shop. Your gang of newspaper fellows may tell stories, but they are usually about their own 'fakes' and 'beats' and salary, and what is going on in the other offices. There are a couple of promoters who get their heads together behind that pillar about 4 o'clock every day and whisper schemes.

"I can tell most of those who usually get together on sight, although I may not know their names. We hear all kinds of things here—and odds and ends of business, stocks, law, politics, journalism, real estate, rents and domestic affairs. These last kind make me tired. Why sensible men will talk about their domestic matters at a public bar beats all. With most men a couple of drinks means either a good deal of free talk about business or about their homes. What most men live for they have uppermost and what is uppermost comes out first. This is a great place to meet people."

To meet anybody except the man who owes you $4.50.

Hunting for a Stylish Hat.

—People out of town hear a good deal about "New York fashions," and "New York styles." They come to the metropolis half expecting to see the greater portion of well-to-do New Yorkers in uniform—that is, arrayed in some prevailing and well accepted style of hat or coat and presenting a distinctive New York tout en semble. They may want to buy something and wish to go home with the latest fashion. Imagine the surprise of such an individual, therefore, when he takes a turn down Broadway by day, or watches a fashionable audience from a theater lobby by night, and sees New York as it is. A gentleman from Western Pennsylvania happened in town the other day on business, pleasantly diversified by the usual routine of recreation to visitors, and had money enough left when he got through to purchase a suit of clothes.

"The day was warm," said he, "and I thought I would get me a new hat. So I began looking around to see what you New Yorkers were wearing. You see, our hatstore people out there tell everybody who buys a hat that he's getting the latest New York style, and, as most of us don't know any better, we're likely to be from two to ten years behind on the vintage. I don't go much on a hatstore clerk's reputation for veracity, anyhow, and I thought I'd just look 'round a little before I invested. I began looking 'round. Whenever I saw a swell-looking duck on Broadway I looked 'round at him and took in the hat he wore. I wanted one to suit my own notions as nearly as possible, you see. I'm not very very particular, but some of those I saw I wouldn't be found dead with. The next well-dressed man wore an entirely different hat and looked stylish, too. From looking 'round for a hat for myself I got to wondering how in the world all of these varieties ever got into existence. No particular hat I could find seemed to have attained a popularity that embraced two persons.

"Finally, I stopped in front of a hatstore window thinking about it. A policeman told me I couldn't stand there all day.

"'I don't want to stand here all day,' said I, 'but I suppose these hats are here to look at.'

"'Well, why don't you go inside if you want a hat?' said he. The fact that a man who is looking for a hat is liable to arrest for studying the styles in a Broadway window struck me as rather funny. I laughed.

"'You'd better move on,' said the policeman, sternly. 'I've been onto you for the last hour or two.'

"'Oh, you have!' says I. 'Then maybe you can help me out.' Then I explained.

Hats of the Business Men.

—"'Well, that's all right,' says he, very friendly. 'Why don't you go downtown where the business men are. You can't get no good idea from these here chumps up here. They wear anything and everything!'

"This rather astonished me, for I was right on swell Broadway along by the big uptown hotels and theaters. I went in and took a Manhattan and spoke to the barkeeper about it. He was talking to a friend, a jolly looking man—kind of a sport, I guess—and they laughed and said the policeman was right.

"'Go down to the Astor House,' said the friend—'by the way, I've got an engagement down there—I can show you the correct style there—have one with me.'

"We had one. Then we had a cigar and walked over to the Elevated. The sport was a right good fellow and I was glad of his company. He told me good stories all the way downtown and when we got to the Astor House set 'em up again. He had a big roll of money. Then I set 'em up, and we got a fresh cigar and went out to look at the styles. The confusion was ten times worse down here and I couldn't make head or tail of them. At last a man came in and I said, 'that's the kind of a hat