The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1892.

TWELVE PAGES

DEMOCRATIC SHAMS.

As a party of shams the free traders cap the climax. Under stress of misrepresentations of the results of protection they secured a majority in the Fifty-second Congress, pledged to sweep away high tariffs. Side by side with their pictures of the calamities to follow the McKinley bill the party painted in glorious colors the excessive expenditures of the Fifty-first Congress, and undertook to show the country an example of scrupulous economy.

It kept its pledges by passing some half dozen bills nibbling off corners here and there from the protective tariff, and gave every evidence that it would have lacked courage even to do that unless convinced that a protective Senate would nullify its action. For the rest, the Democrats occupied their time with buncombe speeches on the evils of wastefulness, while even their most rigid economizers readily succumbed to the temptation of log-rolling. Already this Congress has surpassed the appropriations of its predecessor for the same period of its existence. Yet, not satisfied with that record, it adds insult to injury by supplementing its useless extravagance by cheese-paring in a case of necessity where its parsimony endangers national credit. Its members already show a disinclination to regard its latest and most radical expressions of opinion, and the country is confronted by a party with audacity enough to ask for the suffrages of the people on a declaration of opinions that it has shown its ability to disregard.

Nothing could be much worse for the country than the free trade plank of the Chicago Convention. But there is one thing worse, and that is the utter unreliability that comes from an absolute disregard of past pledges in the history of the party.

DEMOCRATIC PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, delivered a judgment yesterday that will live long for the straightforward emphasis of its language. A workman had brought suit against the Duke of Rutland because his gamekeepers blocked a highway while driving grouse. During the evidence it transpired that the plaintiff was knocked down by the gamekeepers on the public road and that on appealing to the Duke's son, Lord Edward Manners, he was told to get off the earth and warned that if he were shot his life would be on his own head. "Manners maketh man" is an ancient English motto that this sprig of nobility would do well to study that he may make his conduct tally better with the laws of the land.

There is such evident injustice on the defendant's side, so far as can be judged from the briefly cabled report, that it is difficult to understand how the action came under the notice of the Chief Justice at all. But the scattering remarks with which Lord Coleridge accompanied his deliverance warrant the assumption that lordly sportsmen will henceforward show a greater regard for public rights than characterized the performance of Lord Edward Manners in this instance. As the Chief Justice remarked: "The days of high-handed interference with the rights of the people have passed, and, if the Duke cannot conduct his shootings without meddling with the right of the public to use the highway, he must elect other places to hold his battues."

There are still too many laws on the English statute books that favor the titled at the expense of the commoner. And until these are repealed it is at least satisfactory to know that nobility, so-called, will not be allowed to transgress such laws as do exist to put a limit on their arrogant assumption.

A FRANK AVOWAL.

A remarkable statement concerning the relations of the wholesale and retail liquor dealers with New York politics has just been made public. The assertion does not come from any impracticable—from the liquor point of view—temperance advocate; nor is it made by the hated mugwumps. It is in the organ of the liquor trade, the *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, that the following striking view of political morals in connection with the liquor trade is presented.

In former times, under the old ballot law which made fraud at the polls easier, the attempt has been repeatedly made to use the condition of bondage in which many saloonkeepers are held by the brewers and wholesalers for political purposes, and the brewers especially have largely traded on the political influence which they were thus supposed to possess. But matters have changed. The new ballot law has made it very difficult to control the votes of others. The saloonkeepers, though they may be the vassals of their mortgageors in the management of their business, have learned to know that their votes are their own under the new ballot law, and have begun to feel their political independence.

This frank statement of the functions of the liquor trade in politics, made by the organ of that business, has a double interest. In the first place, it displays a commercial interest avowedly run on the lines of selling its political influence. The brewers and wholesalers are alleged to have kept the saloonkeepers in bondage for purposes of political trading. The exact consideration of the trade does not matter so long as the portrayal of this interest offering itself in the political market is vouched for by its own organ.

There is some mitigation in the other branch of the assertion that the new ballot law in New York has weakened the solidity of this commercial element in New York politics. This is an unexpected testimony to the efficiency of that by no means perfect enactment. But the force of the testimony is considerably weakened by the further assertion of the organ of the liquor trade that political managers have now got to deal with the retailers. If wholesalers cannot make sure that retailers deliver the goods how can political managers obtain the desired guarantee? We should be glad to believe both classes of trading are shut out; but we fear there is little assurance of the sort. The political influence of the saloons will be valued by the general results, not by individual votes; and the saloonkeepers who do not satisfy their mortgage proprietors of the wholesale trade by carrying their precincts will be liable to disciplinary measures.

The salient feature of the avowal by the organ of the liquor interest of its presence in politics, organized for the purpose of bargain and sale, suggests volumes of reflection for thoughtful people.

A CONCLUSIVE COMPARISON.

While free trade advocates are struggling with the showing made by the Senate investigation into wages and the price of living, another and even tougher nut is presented for them to crack. A claim is possible that a comparison for a period of two or three years is not conclusive as to the general average; but comparisons of the course of prices and wages for thirty years leaves no room for dispute.

This comparison has been recently made. The decline in prices in all articles entering into the cost of living, since the last year of a revenue tariff has been 24 per cent. If wages remained stationary this would be equal to giving every workman earning $600 per year an advance of $144 in the purchasing power of his wages. But wages have not remained stationary. On the contrary they are now 30 to 60 per cent higher than they were in 1860. Combining the advance of wages with the decline in cost of living, it means that the purchasing power of the wages of the American workman is now nearly double what they were at the close of the revenue tariff system. It is to be noted that, as the New York *Tribune* says: The workers of this country expend a large proportion of their gains through the cheapening of products in obtaining greater comforts, better homes, better living, more wholesome food, more desirable clothing and better education. They live better in every respect than they lived thirty years ago, in part because protection has enabled them to command larger wages in money, but in part because the cheapening of products has given to every dollar the buying power that about $1 30 formerly possessed.

This is a gigantic fact, whatever explanations may be offered for it. Doubtless the increase in machinery, the bugbear of the shallower Socialists, has had much to do with it. But the fact that in this improvement the United States has led the world, proves that protection has not prevented the cheapening of the cost of life by machinery, but has rather stimulated it at the same time that it has advanced the wages of the working class.

PARLIAMENT'S OPENING.

The formal opening of the British Parliament took place yesterday. But nothing of moment will transpire in its proceedings until the amendment to the Queen's speech is offered on Monday. Then will begin the struggle between the opposing forces. Gladstone's majority is so slim and of such heterogeneous nature that the greatest tact and skill will be necessary to keep it in line. The least slip would make defeat imminent, and cause a fresh appeal to the ballot boxes.

The chief danger of such an appeal lies in Gladstone's advanced age. For, albeit he is a wonderful old man, with an unrivaled intellect and a physical energy calculated to put many a younger man to shame, nature's laws cannot be overridden, and his preservation can hardly be hoped for much longer. The defeat of a home rule measure at this time, therefore, would mean more than a brief postponement, since there is no man fitted to succeed the Grand Old Man and rally the Liberal forces as he does. Latest estimates point to the possibility of passing a home rule bill. But it will be a tight squeeze at best, and an early dissolution would cause surprise nowhere.

THE CHURCH BLAMED AGAIN.

Yesterday the Rev. Lewis A. Banks, of Boston, delivered a lecture on the tenement house evil at Round Lake, New York. He went even further than Dr. Rainesford did at Chautauqua the other day in condemning the Church for its neglect and mistakes in dealing with this matter. Overcrowding is one of the conditions of the times most urgently calling for amelioration, and the increased attention it is attracting is the only offset to its growing importance as a social, moral and political menace.

The key to the lecturer's remarks is found in his statement of the advisability and even necessity of setting about saving wretched bodies in seeking to reclaim miserable souls. This is to all practical purposes the modern doctrine of the Salvation Army, and the slum settlements in London, Boston, New York and all large cities where earnest men are seeking to elevate their fellows by methods outside the cut and dried lines of antiquated orthodoxy. New conditions demand new systems, and city life at the close of the nineteenth century cannot have too many men like Banks, of Boston, and Rainesford, of New York.

STRANGE SUICIDES.

Suicides are admittedly a peculiar section of humanity, and they generally appear in larger force than usual when the thermometer gets over-excited. But all former reasons for suicide are surpassed by those alleged for two cases within the last week. A day or two ago a St. Louis girl of eighteen summers took her own life because she was "the soul of honor," and could not consent to live with a father who refused to pay his grocery bills. It is presumable that if there were any method in this madness it lay in the expectation that the parent would not only be conscience stricken by his daughter's desperate deed, but would also be in a better position to meet his liabilities when relieved from the responsibility of providing food, clothing and lodging for this filial sensitive soul of honor.

This is a somewhat far-fetched system of reasoning, but it is surpassed by the case reported from Dayton, Ohio, of the aged miser who hanged himself on Tuesday. It seems that the defunct gentleman had made about a quarter of a million dollars by neglecting his personal appearance and collecting garbage and slops to feed his stock withal. But he had a daughter who had secured cultured feelings—supposedly by means of an education paid for by the proceeds of the slop-gathering industry—and this culture led her to consider cleanliness and retirement from this mendicant profession of more importance for her father than the further accumulation of wealth. An expression of her wishes, however, so incensed the paternal relative that he straightway put his neck within a noose and passed out of hearing of further complaints. Surely he died rather of a broken heart than of hanging, for there is no mention of any disinheritance of his daughter, and she must now be free to enjoy his hoarded wealth in all the surroundings of cultured respectability.

From these two cases it is evident that reasons for self-destruction are not far to seek if sought at all, and that this is the age when parents wishing to prolong their lives and those of their offspring will do well to obey their children—and particularly their daughters.

THE Chinese exclusion bill was no doubt passed to exclude the Chinese, but it does the race of photographers a good turn by the way, as all Celestial residents are obliged to supply three photographs of themselves when signing the certificates allowing them to remain on the American earth.

WORLD'S FAIR officials appear to have made up their minds that starvation on half a loaf will be less painful than starvation on no bread at all.

HALLIGAN, of the Baltimore team, seems better fitted to play the rowdy bully than to play ball. He broke his Captain's jaw on Tuesday night, and it remains to be seen whether public opinion and the powers that be will consent to his appearance in the field again as a League player.

THERE is some talk of an absorption of Newfoundland by Canada, but the Dominion already has more territory than it can make a business success of.

OF course the World's Fair has become a matter of national importance and demands national aid, but incidentally the Democratic party in Illinois will have a good deal of trouble in explaining why the Democratic House refused proper assistance.

IT is a wise son that knows his own father, and the most scientific of astronomers has much to learn about Mars.

SO few States are now destitute of a Chautauqua of their own for at least a week or two of the summer that a constitutional amendment making such a possession a sine qua non for the enjoyment of rights of Statehood is almost to be expected in the future.

THE usefulness of a woman's pocket handkerchief diminishes as it approaches the fashionable style.

THAT Cooley gang knows its business well enough to stop short of laying claim to any of the public offices of Fayette ounty. And no doubt that discretion is a part of the reason for the respect and freedom from molestation which the marauders enjoy.

A SEASHORE baby parade is as prolific of jealousy and contention as any political convention.

FROM the number of letters Mayor Kennedy has received favoring the issue of bonds to improve Allegheny, it is evident that the city paving would already be in excellent condition if good resolutions were the only material necessary.

WHETHER the deadlock in the House is more unseemly than ridiculous is an open question.

IT is entirely in keeping with the wonted perversity of inanimate nature that there should be somewhat of a boom in natural gas wells at a season when the public is making itself warm in efforts to keep cool.

TRAIN robberies will soon have to be listed among the staple products of California.

CLEVELAND has mistaken his vocation in becoming once again a candidate for the Presidency, when he is so much better fitted for the office of public letter writer—even if it should have to be created for his benefit.

THIS is the season at which the pedestrian realizes the beneficence of the private hose pipe.

THE new British Parliament has been opened amid much Liberal enthusiasm, but it will have to make lots of hay while the sun shines, as its life is likely to be very short.

TENNIS players cannot consistently complain that it is too hot to work.

GAS wells are like legal witnesses in that a good deal can frequently be got out of them, after they have shown signs of exhaustion, by a process of judicious pumping.

WHEN the householder is away the burglar is at play.

IT is hardly surprising to hear that Senator Colquitt's right side is paralyzed, when it is generally understood that that is what is the matter with Congress as a whole.

FILIBUSTERERS ought to be marooned.

INTERNATIONAL INNINGS.

THE Duke of Manchester had a relapse yesterday morning and is now in a critical condition.

WALTER BESANT, the English novelist, was intended by his parents for the Church, but he turned naturally to literary work.

PROF. JOHN FISKE has returned from his Alaska trip to settle down, at his Cambridge home, to the compilation of a new textbook of American history.

THE condition of Senator Colquitt does not improve. Mrs. Colquitt is now with her husband, and she intends to move him to some health resort as soon as possible.

PREMIER ABBOTT, of Canada, was attacked with faintness and became insensible at his desk yesterday afternoon. The doctors say he will soon rally, but he must refrain from work.

GENERAL OLIVER L. SPAULDING, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who has been making a tour of Europe, sailed from Southampton for New York on the steamer Spree yesterday.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic) has written altogether more than 100 books for boys, and is now busy at work with another. Mr. Adams is 70, but well enough preserved to last for 30 years to come.

ANDREW D. WHITE, Minister to Russia, was in Syracuse yesterday afternoon, and said: "I have just accepted the position, and my present intention is to leave for St. Petersburg on August 17."

GENERAL HASTINGS will leave Liverpool next Saturday on his way home. He will shortly after his arrival take the stump for Harrison and Reid, speaking in New York, New Jersey, Maine and Pennsylvania.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD, one of the Fellows of the Royal University of Ireland, enjoys the double distinction of being the son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and the father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. He is an earnest Roman Catholic.

COUNT ALEXANDER KUTOUSOW, nephew of Count Leo Tolstoi, but by no means a believer in his famous uncle's socialistic theories, is staying at Washington in the course of a journey through this country. Count Kutousow is a man of 30 years, with swarthy skin and dark eyes. He was partly educated in England and speaks English, French and German fluently.

No Need for Extra Help.

Chicago Mail.]

It is not expected that additional timekeepers will be necessary to keep the time Senator Hill works for Cleveland.

It Looks That Way.

New York Commercial Advertiser.]

A Republican Congress will support the next President, and that President will be Benjamin Harrison.

A LOOK AROUND.

A GAME of billiards was in progress yesterday, and the man who lead was left-handed. It struck me, as it has often before, that left-handed men are usually more expert at such games, or at things which require accuracy and deftness, than their right-handed brethren. I wonder if it is because they require their weakness early in life and take a greater degree of trouble to do things well?

CHICAGO seems to have aroused an ugly spirit by the manner in which she treated people who attended the Democratic Convention, and it is sure to hurt her concerning the World's Fair. There was too much robbery to suit the public. When it comes to hotels charging $100 a day for a room containing five beds, it is time to call a halt.

IT is understood that there is a strong probability that Mrs. Schenley will agree to donate a considerable addition to the park, provided the city will buy about the same acreage at a fair charge. This will add a great deal of attractive scenery to the park and permit some delightful additions to be made to the drives.

I'm sick of all the noises of the people on the street,
The days are full of weariness, the air is full of heat;
The street car bells are jangling and the wagons rumble by,
And the fever of the city seems burning my brain dry.
I wish I was afishing below old Struther's dam,
And waiting for the lunch to come with Struther's boy, young Sam;
I don't suppose there is a fish within a half a mile,
And fishing in that long, dark pool is nothing if not guile.
But oh! to feel the wind float by from further up the pines,
And see it stir the water and rumple up the vines!
And oh! to catch the perfume of the new leaves of those trees!
I wonder if that sweetness is beyond the reach of bees?
And to feel the soft, deep cushion of the dead leaves and the moss,
And to listen to the sighing of the forest for some loss;
To hear that saddening sighing that has fallen in soft waves
Upon the ears in long-gone years of dusky maids and braves.
To see pure, deep laurel cups and smelly honeysuckle;
To puff the smoke from a brier pipe and take a quiet chuckle,
To think of those who stew and swear and call for iced champagne,
And try to find a breath of air and try it all in vain;
To hear the swashing ripples against the mossy stones,
And wonder if you'll see to-night that dark-eyed girl of Jones',
Who came along at twilight and said she looked for cows
In a scanty skirt of homespun and dark blue flannel blouse.
To feel you might write verses if you only had a pen,
And are glad you have not got one for the sake of fellow men;
To lie beneath that greenery and catch a glimpse of blue,
To thank God you are living and have not a thing to do.
Phew! afishing and awishing are sometimes close akin,
But there's work to-night and copy's short and I must now begin.

I FOUND some figures in the City Engineer's office yesterday in regard to streets and sewers which give some faint idea of what has been accomplished within a comparatively few years. It seems that we have in Pittsburg at this time about 165 miles of paved streets, of which nearly 50 miles are new, that is, were finished within a short time compared with the age of the city. There are about 50 miles of proposed streets. The city contains 27.65 square miles and the parks 703 acres. There are 225 miles of streets opened, 100 miles of sewers laid, of which 21 miles are brick and 79 pipe sewers. There are 38 miles of steam railway tracks, 18 miles of electric railway tracks and 15 miles of cable tracks within the city. The frontage on the Allegheny river is 42,500 feet, on the Monongahela, north side, 43,500, and on the south side 26,000. These figures, so far as they go, are official. It is proposed next year to prepare a table for the Engineer's report showing exactly how much street making has been done and what it has cost.

THE Coroner's jury has decided that the Homestead act is illegal. Still this will not prevent settlement.

WHERE are the inhabitants—at least many of them? Go ask the railway and steamship passenger agents, the excursion managers, the smiling proprietors of the seaside and hill resorts, and you'll get a quick answer. Truly the town is stripped of a goodly number of familiar faces. The summer hegira is at its top notch, and the movement will not cease until the nights grow long and chilly. But the bronzed faces are more numerous than usual at this season, too. The outing at Homestead put the tan on many manly cheeks, and the recall of a portion of the soldier boys has left with us a goodly number who wear the badge of seaside service. Still judging from the deserted appearance of the public places it is safe to conclude that Pittsburg has added more than its usual quota to the rest and pleasure seeking throngs this season. WALTER.

No Chance for Filibustering.

Cleveland Leader.]

Had Reed's rules, about which the Democrats made such a howl two years ago, been in force during the last ten days in this chaotic Democratic House they would have saved the country $150,000. Voters will do well to make a note of this fact.

DEATHS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

Robert H. Patterson.

Robert H. Patterson, one of the oldest and best known citizens in Allegheny county, is dead. Mr. Patterson was a brother of the late Rody Patterson, and an uncle of the Hon. Thomas M. Marshall. His first place of business was on First avenue, below Smithfield, where he remained until 1860, when he erected a large livery stable at corner of Cherry and Diamond streets. At the outbreak of the war he organized a cavalry company of Pittsburgers which served during the war as Company G of the Maryland Union Cavalry. In the early seventies Mr. Patterson represented the Second ward in Common Council, and in 1872 and 1875 was a candidate on the Democratic ticket for Sheriff of Allegheny county, but was defeated by Messrs. Hare and Fife, respectively. His next political contest was in 1882, when he ran for Coroner and was defeated by Dressler, but when the latter died Governor Pattison appointed Mr. Patterson to serve out the unexpired coronial term.

William Reese, Centenarian.

William Reese, aged 104, died at his home at Bolivar Wednesday night. He was born in Wales and came to this country in 1832. He was the founder of the fire brick works at Bolivar.

Obituary Notes.

LEOPOLD MUELLER, the celebrated painter, died in Vienna to-day. Many of his pictures had been purchased by Americans of culture.

JOHN HAMMOND, the theatrical manager who was wounded in a Detroit saloon affray a short time ago, died in Cincinnati yesterday.

EX-SENATOR MARCUS A. FULTON died yesterday at Hudson, Wis., of apoplexy, aged 56. He was widely known as an advocate of free silver coinage.

EX-JUDGE JOHN H. PRICE died at his home, near Darlington, Md., Wednesday. He was elected Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of Maryland in 1855, serving ten years.

THEODORE STURGIS, treasurer of the New Jersey Zinc and Iron Company, and a prominent figure for a quarter of a century in the iron trade of the country, died in Brooklyn, Tuesday night. He was 63 years old.

JOHN P. BIGELOW fell dead of heart disease in London, Monday night, as he was entering his residence. He was formerly the American Government's fiscal agent in London. The body will be cremated Saturday.

JOHN KRUTTSCHNITT, German Consul at New Orleans, died Wednesday, aged 80 years. Mr. Kruttschnitt was a native of Wurtemberg, Germany, but moved to New Orleans in 1837 and engaged in commercial business.

FEMININE FIELDS.

Pastures Green That Await Pittsburg's Fair Creatures—Drugs Made Delicious When Doled Out by Their Dainty Hands—Choice Nuggets of Current News.

"I intend to put women in as many departments as I can," said a druggist yesterday. "Many women would buy more if there was a lady attendant to wait upon them. I don't know," and his eye twinkled, "if a woman would select powder from a woman; for, you see, every woman seems to regard herself as a general detective of the whole sex, and too often the tongue begins where the eye leaves off, and a pretty kettle of gossip starts aboiling. On general principles, female clerks, however, are a desideratum, and to prove to you that I am not merely talking, let me tell you, I shall fill every position of care with a woman, who either is experienced or shows herself willing to learn. If she comes in here with kid gloves on though, off they'll go in a hustle, and if she's timorous at the sight of work, I'm afraid we'll part company."

This is the composition of a drug clerk for the year 1892: Painstaking, good natured, quick and retentive memory, tactful, able to rise to an emergency, understand bad as well as good English, know how to distinguish in the dark between the dialect of a Dominican negro of the Northwest corner and that of his brother of the Southwest, capable of talking or taking babies through their second summer or octogenarians through their ninety-second winter, if need be know the styles in opera bonnets, and likewise be authority on the latest approved method for saving the soul, also the complexion. Over all this is to be worn a coating of humility.

Great Riches in a Good Memory.

If you have ever thought before that a good memory is great riches to a drug clerk, recall how many colloquialisms there are and how dearly the people dote upon them. There is the familiar boneset herb of our grandmothers, and the drug clerk may be asked for it by 13 different names, including the Latin, French and German terms. If boneset is not the familiar word, it may be thoroughwort, ague weed, sweating plant, feverwort, vegetable antimony, crosswort, durchwachseuer wasserhaut, eupatoire percefuille and eupatorium perfoliatum.

The druggist believes in a feminine version of "All men are liars." He thinks a woman would falsify a pound's worth to gain a penny, and unfortunately his assertion has a stouter pair of legs to stand upon than such statements have in general. The most modest trick of the fair sex, when she enters as a tyro upon this course of wholesale lying, is to ask for 5 cents worth and then demand the price. She is quite sure her eyes will transfix the drugman, and sear his common sense into permitting him to make a declaration that he never charges more than 3 cents for a nickel's worth. Then here is a field for a woman with her nineteenth century appetite for reform! She knows the belladonna falsity of those andalusian eyes, and stoutly takes a dime, giving back a nickel in change, and a light one it she can; for a woman believes in retaliation as fervently as she does not believe in her own sex.

When a woman comes into a drug shop, it is noticeable that she invariably brings all her dear little affectations with her. Probably she thinks they will be accepted as part payment of the bill, which will be reduced accordingly.

Woman's Ways While Shopping.

"Ah! good morning Mr. Smith. Your medicine is so good, you see I have finished it and I want the bottle filled again with exactly the same dear sour stuff. This is a delicious julube of flattery! While the order is being executed, every perfume bottle within reach is uncorked, to the accompaniment of the following conversation:

"Is this a new perfume?"

"Don't you give samples?"

"The lilac isn't as pretty as what Mr. Jones has; he gave me a whole bottle the other evening."

"Do you present your good customers with new perfume if they promise to advertise it?"

By this time the prescription is filled and the druggist says, "50 cents ma'am, if you please."

"Why Mr. Smith, you only charged me 40 cents for the last bottle you filled."

"Then, my dear madam, you owe me 10 cents; for this always costs half a dollar."

Hastily, Madam, since she sees that her fib is apt to hurt more than help her pocket, remembers that it did originally cost 50 cents. She never blushes. Rather she assumes a hurt-the-feelings-of-your-best-customers and I-don't-think-I'll-deal-here-again expression, while she reluctantly gives over that half-dollar bit, especially the part where she thinks her ten cents is situated, and then pro'ably goes home and tries to teach her little children the Decalogue.

Pit if woman clerk against this woman herd, and my word for it they'll both come out on top, as the two most injured pieces of creation in existence.

A Genius in Paper and String.

To poets alone does not belong the proud distinction of being born instead of made: To put up a neat package is an inherited instinct. Paper and string are deceiving and look manageable at a distance, but it takes a tyro months of practice before any real rapidity combined with neatness is attained. Not satisfied with the assurance of an unsightly result I insisted on a prentice attempt.

It deserves its own paragraph. No sooner was the lycopodium—a tricky sort of a powder that insists upon playing eye-spy—laid on the paper than there came a fit of trembling. First symptom of the disease of inability. Then as the paper was being folded, more correctly crumpled, the powder began to ooze out at either end. These ends were seized, while the middle flew open, and the saucy contents liberated, rose in a yellow dust and settled everywhere, notably on my nose. This was the end of package making. As he threw the ruins away the veracious druggist laid upon me a firm eye and I could hear my vanity simmering into vapor and disappearing.

To understand people when they are unintelligible; to translate the untranslatable; to solve the unsolvable problem; to rise up in wisdom to your customers stupidity, are all commonplace merits of a drug clerk.

"A friend recommends the use of cocossippity for ringworm."

Trials of the Shopkeeper.

"Fill this bottle with corrosive sublimate, John, I have just sold the last ounce."

"What did mother tell me to bring her?" and a small boy stands ruefully rubbing the side of his head.

"Kid, did you forget what you came for?" says the unelegant but practical salesman.

"That's it! that's it!" delightedly shouts the boy. "Camphor, I came for." And here is what was sent to a drugstore last week.

HERB.

Ten cents worth of an herb name tanzey for making tea off.

These are a few of the trials and the people to which a woman would be subjected in a drugstore. And yet, of the people it could be said, "of such are the kingdom of heaven."

A new business that has sprung up in the East End since the arrival of a particularly heated variety of weather is the vending of lemonade by the young scions of some of Pittsburg's most aristocratic houses. In several instances the plebeian occupation was carried on under the very patrician eaves, that is to say, at the entrances to several of the swell private avenues, where a flourishing trade is carried on all day with the refreshing beverage going at 1 cent per glass. The passersby could no more pass by than they could fly, and oftener left a nickel than a penny. A trade was also struck up with ice men: the barter being ten pounds of ice for an overflowing glass of lemonade. There is but little difference between this class of business and lying on a bed of roses.

MARION CRAWFORD GALLAHER.

Society's Gossip.

MRS. JOHN K. MURRAY, known in the theatrical world as Clara Lane, is spending a short vacation in Pittsburg with her people. Miss Grace Golden is enacting Miss Lane's role during her absence in the opera company in which Mr. and Mrs. Murray are making a very successful summer tour. Miss Lane will return to her professional duties in a few days and be actively engaged until September, when the company disbands before the regular winter season. Her friends say that Miss Lane's health is most satisfactory, and that she looks forward in the greatest possible spirits to the winter's work.

DR. TINDLE's family left yesterday for Lakewood, N. Y. Mr. J. R. Tindle accompanied them, and Miss Haworth, of Stockton avenue, who will be the guest of Miss Alice Tindle during the sojourn of the Tindles at the Lake.

CLARENCE SCHMERTZ, Albert Schmertz and Will Phelan arrived home yesterday from the Cheat Mountain Reserve where they have been fishing for several weeks.

MISS NANNIE L. HOLMES, of Linden avenue, Allegheny, is summering at Mackinac Island.

Santa Claus to Visit Chicago.

Boston Herald.]

There are indications that Chicago may find that $5,000,000 appropriation in her stocking somewhere about Christmas.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

"YOU'LL see the snow in the morning," said the lawyer-miner as we retired on the edge of Montana. The day had been dry and dusty, the coach temperature was moistening the cuticle, and the suggestion of winter's chief product at the beginning of July was comforting. So the thought of the snow was the alarm clock that aroused me with the dawn. I shot up the blind from the broad pane and gazed over space to where some white blotches lay between the defiles and upon the slopes of black-brown pinnacles that, wedge-shaped, penetrated the horizon. Soon the sun crept over the crests and their silvery heads grew more and more distinct—closer, but miles upon miles away. And down at the deep-green, grassy feet of the bleak giants red, deep-dyed red, and yellow and blue wild flowers, fed by untainted waters, held up their dewy heads. And over the valley the snow-washed breeze—dry, invigorating, life-sustaining—swept on to another range and pushed aside the mists that hung over its white-capped peaks. And the morning picture was prettier than the work of any painter. And in the absent-mindedness of the scene spring, summer and winter were rolled into one. And in the majesty of the hills came the thought of the littleness of human existence.

THE snow was a constant companion thereafter to the Pacific. The sight of it was grandest when, after spending a night and nearly the whole of a day over a cheerless sandy waste, a huge mountain—white, so white as to be like unto a part and parcel of the fleecy clouds that swathed its summit—loomed up far ahead. The late afternoon was clear, and the eye could take in long stretches that brought the buttes and the foot-hills close to the range of vision. There, 260 miles away—so knowing ones averred—snow-draped, rugged, grand old Mt. Ranier, the pride of two Washington cities and the peak of peaks of the new Coast State, poked its pure head into the very blue. Only the eye alone can see and the mind alone can contemplate the sublime grandeur of such a long distance view of this magnificent mountain of undefiled snow.

When you go to Washington, the home of several snowy peaks and living glaciers, and should you be in Tacoma, call this white monster Mt. Tacoma. When you reach Seattle call it Mt. Ranier. Both cities claim it as their own.

"How far is it to the foot-hills yonder?" I asked the irrigation engineer, whose practiced eye assured me that his guess would be about right. "How far? Why, about 20 miles, sir. Deceiving distances here, aren't they? Your query reminds me of an anecdote they like to tell to tenderfeet in Colorado. It runs like this: A couple of tourists struck Denver in time to retire early one fine August evening. One was an Englishman, an early riser, and, like most of his touring countrymen, liked a spin on Shanks' mare before breakfast—a constitutional, you know. Well, he looked out of his hotel window and his vision easily took in the mountains surrounding the city. He decided to walk over to the hills for an appetizer. His companion, who arose later, and who, like myself, was a 'ditcher' and well acquainted with Colorado's deceptive distances, made inquiries, and the clerk told him that his friend had set out in the direction of Long's Peak for a morning stroll. Well, the minutes grew into hours and the anxious one decided that something must have befallen his walking friend. So he hired a bronco and set out in the direction indicated by the hotel clerk. After riding a couple of hours he overtook his English chum sitting hatless, coatless and vestless beside a ditch, and in the act of taking off his shoes. 'What on earth are you doing here?' he exclaimed. 'Doing! Why, blarst my hyes, I'm going to undress and swim this river.' 'River! Why this isn't a river, old boy; it's a ditch—an irrigating ditch. Why you can almost jump over it. It's only 13 feet wide, sir.' 'Well, I've been walking here for the past four hours, and the blarsted hills yonder seem no nearer than when I started out. You can jump the stream if you like, but I propose to swim it, and not take any chances.'"

Out in Colorado and other dry-aired districts westward it is not hard to make a tenderfoot believe that there's more truth than fiction in this story.

TRULY the enchantments of distance are brought out fully, forcefully and fantastically while spinning through the Western lands where the level, bushy, sandy plain stretches away to the foot-hills. So near and yet so far their oddly formed crests meet the horizon, and in the setting sun the effects produced on their wind-spun and water-woven slopes are past picturing or penciling. When the sun goes down on a summer day behind those buttes of white and red and brown and yellow stone and sand the mind's eye can fashion what it will from the curious contours outlined beneath the golden halo. Up into the blue, beyond the white, fleecy, odd-shaped clouds, shoot fiery rays. Beyond, a purple background like unto a sea of fire, with ship-shaped mists sailing in and out of enchanted vision's range. In foreground, level plain that leads to high-walled cities. There, with distance and weird effect feeding the imagination, domes, spires, pillars, turrets, terraces, all the grandeur of some pictured place of palaces is within the eye-sweep. The more you gaze the greater and grander the fancy, the clearer the conception, the more real the unreal.

GEO. A. MADDEN.

NOT A NEW DISCOVERY.

The Moons of Mars Referred to by Voltaire in 1752.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

The remarkable paragraph concerning the moons of Mars in Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" has been often quoted, but the following words, written by Voltaire in 1752, in his tale, "Micromegas," are equally curious, although not so nearly approaching scientific exactitude as the great English satirist. Translated the passage is as follows: "But to return to our travelers. After leaving Jupiter they traversed a space of about 100,000,000 of leagues, passing near to the planet Mars, which, as is well known, is five times smaller than our own small globe; they remarked two moons which accompany this planet, and which have escaped the scrutiny of our astronomers. I know that Father Castel will write against the existence of these two moons, but I refer to those who reason by analogy. These good philosophers understand how difficult it would be for Mars, so far from the sun, to do with less than two moons." J. R. WILLIAMS.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 4.

M'KINLEY IN NEBRASKA.

MCKINLEY's splendid speech at Beatrice will rouse the Nebraska Republicans like a trumpet-blast.—*Toledo Blade.*

MCKINLEY's speeches in the Northwest are adding thousands to the Republican vote in that region every day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY has a hearty welcome wherever he speaks. He talks to the point and tells the truth.—*New York Recorder.*

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY's speech in Nebraska, analyzing the action of the Chicago Convention on the tariff, was like cold steel sinking into flabby flesh.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

FIFTEEN THOUSAND people greeted Governor McKinley at Beatrice, Neb., and still the Democrats would have us believe that protection and protection's champion are not popular in that part of the country.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A SHOPPING tour in any American city is an excellent protection argument. Governor McKinley might invite Colonel McClure to that kind of debate if he cares to explode a few hundred free trade fibs.—*Rochester Democrat.*

THAT Governor McKinley's speech was the most effective yet delivered on the tariff in the present canvass is beyond question. His claims of vast benefits to the country from the effect of the McKinley law were bold and sweeping.—*Chicago News.*

As the battle is to be fought on the line of tariff this fall it is well that Governor McKinley, who stands as the embodiment of the Republican protective policy, should have been selected to throw down the gauge of battle to the Democracy.—*Ohio State Journal.*

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—The diameter of Mars is 4,400 miles.

—Coldwater, Mich., has an "old bachelor girl club."

—The clarionet was invented by a German in 1690.

—The alphabet was brought into Greece from Phœnicia 1493 years B. C.

—Oregon has adopted the blossom of the wild grape for its State flower.

—Belgium is declared to be the most intemperate country in Europe.

—A man in Kentucky has been struck by lightning four times and is still alive.

—A pet rattlesnake in Florida committed suicide by biting itself in the neck.

—There are still over 8,000 widows of veterans of the war of 1812 on the pension rolls.

—A Russian physician uses soothing musical tones as a remedy in nervous diseases.

—A sign on a street in Philadelphia reads: "Coal oil, wood, milk and other notions."

—Four salmon, weighing from 8 to 12 pounds, were caught in the Hudson river last week.

—The combined weight of three peaches seen in a New York market recently was seven pounds.

—A straw hat and a linen duster have been worn for 40 winters by a citizen of Columbia, Mo.

—The Government of Mexico will exhibit at the World's Fair a rare collection of Aztec relics.

—It costs $2 for a three-minute attempt to carry on a conversation over the London-Paris telephone line.

—The old rifle was invented by Whitworth in 1800, while the new repeating rifle is the work of Sharp in 1848.

—Captain Davidson, of Detroit, is probably the king of the fresh waters. His fleet numbers 40 ships and schooners.

—On the icy peaks of the Himalayas, in India, there is a "snow maggot," weighing nearly a pound, and excellent to eat.

—Truckee, Nev., had a shaving contest recently. The successful artist scraped his man in 45 seconds, and no blood was shed.

—A Detroit lady over 70 years of age had a head of hair which turned from white to a jet black—the color it was in her girlhood.

—Underground London has 3,000 miles of sewers, 34