The Pittsburgh Gazette.

CITY AND SUBURBAN

The family of Mr. Richard Dunn, one of our most diligent and faithful carriers, has been assailed by a frightful malady. Four children were attacked with scarlatina; one has died, the death of another is hourly expected, and the case of the other two is very precarious. If there should be a failure to deliver the GAZETTE on Mr. Dunn's route for a day or two, our readers, we feel sure, will ascribe the delinquency to these sore afflictions, and excuse it accordingly.

Thirty-Eight.—Mayor Brush disposed of thirty-eight cases yesterday morning.

A rich divorce case is promised next May. The parties move in the upper crust of society.

Seat Up.—Robert Nelson was yesterday committed to the Work House for ninety days on a charge of vagrancy.

The Market Committee of Council met last night to consider a plan for the new Fifth avenue market place. No decision was reached.

Fire.—A two thousand dollar fire took place at Smiths Ferry yesterday. William Boyd and an Insurance Company, were the losers.

$300 were paid for a bouquet sold by auction at a charitable fair in this neighborhood a few nights ago. The buyer owns an oil well.

A well known sportsman is reported to have won thirty thousand dollars, at one "sitting," at a gambling hell in this city on Tuesday night.

A Market street merchant received a package of one hundred and five dollars from an unknown person, who signed herself "a female shop lifter."

Allegheny Councils.—A regular semi-monthly meeting of the Allegheny Select and Common Council of the city of Allegheny, will be held this (Thursday) evening, at half-past seven o'clock.

Assault and Battery.—Jno. Braddock, a resident of the Fifth ward, made information before the Mayor, yesterday, charging George Hall with assault and battery. Hall was arrested and held for a hearing.

The Mercy Hospital Fair still attracts a large attendance. It is the best arranged and most beautiful Fair Room ever opened to the public. One thousand or more fair ladies were in attendance last night.

Omission.—Unintentionally we omitted in our report of the Jubilee proceedings yesterday to note that Rev. Mr. Noble, of the First Presbyterian church, opened the exercises with an eloquent appeal to the Throne of Grace.

Home.—Lieutenant Campbell Fortune, of the Regular U. S. Army, is at present in the city on a furlough and visit to his home. He is a brave soldier and worthy the cordial welcome with which he is every where received.

Personal.—W. Pearson Collins, one of the pioneers of numismatic, and a star on European boards, is at present at home in this, his native city. Inducements have been offered to have him stay here, but he is determined to again make his home in "merry England."

Thirty-Two Hundred extra copies of the GAZETTE were sold yesterday, as we had the best and fullest report of the Fifteenth Amendment Jubilee celebration. Our reporters did their business well and faithfully, and our counting room reaped the profits of their labors.

Fatal Accident.—Joseph Ecoff, employed as watchman at the Excelsior Refinery, in Freedom, was instantly killed by an explosion Tuesday night. He was stepping over the trap door of a storage tank when the gas from the crude oil ignited from his lantern and an explosion ensued. He was instantly killed.

Chief Hague, yesterday, made information before the Mayor, charging George Hall and others, with interfering with the election officers in the Fifth ward. It is alleged that the accused took possession of the room in which the Fifth ward election was held, and refused to admit the legally elected officers of election. There are two sides, we presume, to this case, and we consequently postpone comment until after the hearing which will take place this morning.

Slight Fire.

About half-past three o'clock yesterday afternoon there was an alarm of fire from box 52, in the Tenth ward. The cause of the alarm was ascertained to be a slight fire at Fulton & Co.'s foundry, at the corner of Twenty-fourth and Railroad streets, which was occasioned by the explosion of a flask that had just been filled with molten metal. The hot metal was thrown on a pile of empty flasks, igniting them and causing a little "conflagration." The alarm was given and the engines in that district responded promptly, but before they arrived on the ground the flames were extinguished.

Aquatic.

The New York *Clipper*, of this week, in speaking of the proposed match between Coulter and McKeel, says:

We were confident that the week just closed would have brought something from John McKeel in reference to the proposed match with Henry Coulter for the championship, the latter having replied favorably to the New Yorker's proposition, but we regret to state that he has maintained a strict silence, and we are left entirely in the dark as to whether he intends to make good the offer he made through these columns or not. Judging from his actions, and considering the length of time which has elapsed since Coulter's reply was published, however, we are led to infer that he does not, and if so, he has certainly greatly injured himself in the estimation of the public in thus "backing water"—for that's just what it is, briefly stated. If he does not cover Coulter's money during the current week, the latter will be fully entitled to the position of champion.

Important to Soldiers.

By a recent decision of the Supreme Court, there are a great many soldiers who can now obtain $100 bounty. This bounty will be paid only to soldiers enlisting between May 4th and July 22nd, 1861, for three years, and who were honorably discharged for sickness and other causes serving two years. It is not payable to the heirs of deceased soldiers. The Pennsylvania Reserves, the 25th and 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, 70th and 74th New York, the 1st and 2nd Virginia and a great many other regiment enlisted during the above dates, and the members of the same who have heretofore received no bounty, can obtain the same by proper application. Any of our readers who find themselves entitled to this bounty, by referring to their date of enlistment, can find no more prompt and reliable agent than B. F. Brown who has been attending for years, exclusively to the claim business, and who has successfully prosecuted an immense number of claims of every descriptions. His office is now in the GAZETTE building, corner Sixth avenue and Smithfield street.

Fire in Allegheny.

At an early hour yesterday morning a fire broke out in the dwelling house of Mr. Stockfish on the Butchers' Run road. About four o'clock the alarm was given from box 57, and the fire department responded promptly, but the flames had made such rapid progress that they could not be checked. The fire communicated to a dwelling house and stable adjoining, belonging to Mr. Sheets, both of which were destroyed. An other dwelling belonging to John Meinerharis was also destroyed. The building were all of frame, and burned rapidly. Mr. Stockfish estimates his loss at $800, and Mr. Sheets' will probably reach $1,200. The loss will be fully covered by insurance. The loss on the other building we did not ascertain.

The fire could have been more easily extinguished but for an accident which befell the Friendship steamer while proceeding to the fire. It appears that the driver proceeded along North avenue, not being aware that the new water main was being laid on that thoroughfare. At the corner of the avenue and Middle street the horses plunged into the ditch made for the pipe, and dragged the front wheels of the steamer after them. Considerable time was occupied in extricating the horses, both of which were seriously hurt. Robert Wardel, the engineer, was also injured while assisting to raise the engine. The driver states that there was no barricade around the excavation, but the Superintendent of the Water Works, under whose supervision the main is being laid, says that when the workmen ceased labor a strong barricade was placed across the street. How or by whom it was removed he does not know.

REVOLUTIONARY NOTES.

The Ladies in Council—Rising of the Storm—They Organize for Attack—The Battle to be Fought Vigorously—Some Business, a Little Chat, Several Speeches and a Pleasant Entertainment.

The day was calm and serene, and the reporter who sat in his sanctum alone was in the same favored condition. A low backed chair, uncushioned, and in the last stages of dissolution, served him as a seat; the sacred desk—sacred to the memory of many a sensation—upheld his podals from contact with the floor; exchanges—silent voices from around the world—lay in front of him, and beneath, and upon all sides of him in picturesque confusion: a pair of shears, with their points detached by an untoward accident, were within reach, in close proximity to an antique peat-pot, which metaphorically had seen service; the gentle breezes entered through the open door way and the half open window fanning his brow and sporting with the papers. That's a peculiarity of the gentle breezes; they are great sports. The leaves of his note book in front of him were rustled, and everything in his surroundings, in vain attempted to call him from his reverie. He sat musing, and would doubtless have continued so to do, for an indefinite period, if not longer, had not his attention been suddenly attracted by an unusual fluttering of the aforesaid exchanges. A breeze, stronger than its predecessors, had entered and lightly lifted his own journal, which fluttering, fell directly in his line of sight. The paper would have passed unnoticed, but that his gaze rested on this singular announcement:

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.—A meeting for organizing a Woman's Suffrage Association will meet this (Wednesday) evening at four o'clock at the residence of Mrs. J. Heron Foster, No. 22 Ninth avenue. Females interested are invited to attend. The Rebecca street cars pass near Mrs. Foster's residence.

As he read the words instinctively his lethargy vanished, his reportorial faculties were aroused, and involuntarily he he inquired, "What doth it mean? Have we ambitious Dickensons, and Stantons, and Anthonys amongst us, who intend invading our home and our fireside? Why is this thusly?" Under the circumstances, an answer just then could not reasonably be expected, and it was not long before that which suggested the inquiry in the same manner intimated that the best method of getting an explanation was to go and see. He realized the situation. True, the invitation did not extend to the stronger sex, but he felt the noble sentiment, "When duty calls, 'tis ours to obey." And then the paper did not tell him not to come. They couldn't censure him if he went under a misunderstanding as to who would be welcome. He saw it all, and, gathering up his note book, seizing a penknife—not his own—arming with an additional half ream, more or less, of paper, and a sufficient number of pen-cils to even record the proceedings of the Pittsburgh Councils, and clutching the announcement clipped from the paper, he started.

ON HIS WAY.

With an hour ahead of him, the reportorial representative felt that haste was unnecessary and walked with measured steps and slow. Little children, laughing and sportive in childhood's careless innocence, men of business intent on gain or greatness, maiden dames and patriarchal sires, school girls, embodiments of erudition and sentimentality, fascinating youths radiant in lights and spangled necktie, and hair parted centrally, all passed him in the route, careless and unconcerned, apparently as if no slumbering Vesuvius was about to break (erupt's not a good word,) and overwhelm society in their midst. He longed to stop and tell them of the impending doom, but "business before pleasure" was an inflexible rule in his mind which exerted its influence and caused him to plod on. He continued, leaving behind business houses, and large manufactories, and machine shops, and boarding houses, and the Mayor's office, and the police even, until at last, Columbus like, he brought up against a lamp post in a locality which seemed to answer to the description of that for which he was seeking. Far away as the eye could reach extended directly in front of him a broad avenue. On one side were trees, and shrubs, and grasses and flowers, as the foreground to stately mansions, half hidden behind the spring foliage on the outer flank with a picturesque sand bar, intervening, calmly, placidly flowed the Allegheny, sparkling in the distance, in clear waters with the turgid Monongahela. The reportorial pedestrian was struck with the scene. He had not time to be struck long, however, as his chronometer, to which reference was now made, indicated that an hour for the gathering of the clans was fast approaching, and with a new inspiration from the refreshing air which came sweeping up from the waters and the lands, he continued meditating upon his journey. A half square onward had he gone when the chirping sounds of a feathered songster, suddenly fell upon his auditors and, looking up, his gaze rested upon a bird, in the window and at the same time upon the mysterious number 202 over the transom of the dwelling in front of him. At that instant a full face appeared in company with the winged creature and gazed upon the stranger. The reporter, not the female, noted the bird, but 202 attracted his attention, and, consulting his memorandum, he found they tallied.

A SMALL BOY APPEARS.

At this juncture a small boy hove in sight. Here was an opportunity to make the matter certain. The small boy seemed intelligent, and the reportorial representative interviewed him thusly:

REPORTER—Fair youth of noble countenance and some ten summers, canst thou aid a stranger in the pursuit of knowledge? Who dwellest in yonder stately mansion?

SMALL BOY—Eh? (wanted to run away.)

The gentleman of the press, now perceiving his mistake, sought to circumvent the youth, but assumed a different role, and thus spoke:

REPORTER—Johnny, who lives in that house?

SMALL BOY—My name ain't Johnny. It's Frank.

REPORTER—(Mentally, sharp boy)—Oh, well, Frank, I see you're Frank by name and nature too. (He didn't smile.) But tell me does Mrs. Foster live in that house.

SMALL BOY—Now you talk—That's the place, boss.

REP.—Thank you, John—Frank. *Au revoir.*

The last words were not meant for Frank. They were uttered with a different view? pronounced in a loud voice and with a graceful wave of the hand accompanying. The effect was instantly visible upon the countenance of the other hearer, not the aforesaid bird, but his mistress, who had become an interested spectator of the interview.

AT THE DOOR.

Having thus satisfied himself of the locality, the reporter proceeded to "beard the lion in his den." Gently entering through the gate, which closed after his retreating form, the broad avenue leading to the mansion was quickly traversed, and he stood upon the threshold of the dwelling. It was not to say remarkably impposing at first sight—simply a two story brick edifice, somewhat old fashioned in style, with a comprehension that its steps that would accommodate a great many at one time, leading up to the door. Standing there reportorial courage had almost failed, but its possessor took a brief respite, wiped the dampness from his brow, and planted one foot firmly and a few inches in advance of the other. Thus "self poised," as Mrs Stanton would say, he grasped the New York *Tribune* which he carried as a reserve force, placed his left digits over his heart, and with the right gently pulled the bell. At the same time an upward glance revealed to him that the fair occupant of the window had suddenly disappeared. Ting-aling-ling-ling-ling, in loud capitals resounded through the interior, and as the echoes died away, a fluttering was heard in its stead, faint footfalls were distinctly manifest, and in a moment bolts slipped back, a key sprung in a lock, a massive door partially opened, and a pair of kindly eyes, set in a matronly face, peered upon the intruder.

The time for action had arrived. There was no retreat. A dog at the gate prevented that, and the door was open. Removing quickly the tile which adorned his cranium, and compressing into one, all the sweetness of a thousand smiles, the reporter, true to his instincts began

THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

REP.—Good day, madam, hope I'm not troubling you too much. Is this Mrs. F's. residence.

LADY—Yes sir.

REP.—Well madam then I am right. This is the place at which the ladies are to hold a meeting in regard to suffrage.

LADY—Well, yes—ah—that is there are a *few* ladies here—and we thought—oh—well it was announced that—

REP.—Exactly, madam—I so understood the case. Well will you allow representatives of the press to be in attendance.

By this time the door flew wide open and the "representative of the press" caught glimpses of ladies arrayed in chignons and "bend" and silks and paraphernalia, impossible to describe chatting and merry, and not very fierce in appearance. He took courage, and seeing the hesitation of the lady, at once prepared to bring in his last reserve—the reading of one of Greeley's Editorials from the *Tribune*.

The lady appreciated the situation. The question was repeated.

LADY—[With a smile of mingled seraphic joy and perplexity] Oh, yes—well, that is—I suppose so—I don't see why—the press should certainly know—but wait a moment—I'll ask Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown and—wait a moment if you please.

REP.—(Aside) Greeley's editorial must come, I'm afraid.

The lady withdrew for a few moments, leaving the door open as she retired through the hall, and entered the parlor. The beauty of the scenery in the foreground again attracted reportorial attention, but reportorial auricles were in another line. They caught a few words of interest—"Yes, let him come—we certainly—reported—sir—interest—first meeting, anyhow—can exclude—next time—go—hush-sh-sh"—As this juncture the voices were lowered to a whisper, and in a few moments the pensive musings of the stranger at the door were interrupted by three silvery voices, in a chorus—"Oh, yes sir, we'll be pleased to have you come. We will not organize for about twenty minutes, but you can come in and visit."

Reportorial courage now vanished even under this favorable circumstance, and quick as thought it was decided to allot the twenty minutes to a restoration of the same, and the interview was closed thus:

Mrs. Smith—How soon will we organize, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown—At four o'clock.

Mrs. Jenkins—Oh no, I called it at four, but the ladies I don't think will be here till half past. The reporter can come in.

The reporter, however, excused himself, and promising to be present at the designated hour, withdrew.

THE PERSONNEL.

Faithful to his promise, a few minutes after four o'clock the reporter presented himself and was ushered into the presence of the to-be formed association. A first glance revealed five other knights of the note-book in attendance, around a marble topped table which occupied central space in the parlors—there were two rooms communicating by folding doors which were thrown open. Arrayed in picturesque attitudes upon sofas and ottomans, and rustabouts and piano stools, were about two dozen ladies. They did'nt seem especially fearful in their opposition to the *genus homo*. Some were young girls just blooming into womanhood Others, more staid and elderly, looked with beaming countenances upon the rest—including the reporters—and seemed in their way to say, "Well, what of it? We ought to have an association and our right to vote." Time would fail to tell of the toilets. Who could describe silks and satins in flounces, the laces and linens, and jewelry, the flowers and bonnets—all of them were "loves of bonnets." That was certain; they were not removed during the meeting. Some were arrayed in colors of sombre hue, while others rejoiced in the most brilliant dyes. Chignons were not disregarded, neither were rings. Some wore curls, others were decided in the belief that fashion seemed to have no extreme votaries in this small company. Richness and elegance and taste marked the display, rather than pomp or flash.

The room in which the ladies assembled also was suggestive of the character of the people assembled. From the walls portraits of men and women, famous in history, looked down as the scene below met upon the group. The landscapes revealed to them the wonders of art, and statuettes and what not added to the attractiveness of the room. Music was also there, and with piano and organ the "Association" might have beguiled away a pleasant hour had not other delightful employments offered. Soft, velvety carpeting and bright chandelier, and all the paraphernalia speaking of people who have fed and taste of the refinement and culture, completed the interior attractions of the room. The reportorial eye had but time to note the beauty of their survey, when a movement among the ladies indicated that the hour had arrived for the

COMMENCEMENT OF THE EXERCISES.

Instantly five reportorial forms were composed for work. Ten reportorial auricles were constituted for the reportorial pencils touched virgin pages, as a lady moved that the meeting be organized by calling Mrs. Helen Jenkins to the chair. The motion was carried without a dissenting voice, and the one alluded to, a tall, imposing, dignified lady, dressed in a black silk twenty years ago, and not in the least "Woman's Rightish" in appearance, stepped forward.

In taking the chair she said: "Well, ladies, I had no thought of presiding today, and I only accepted the temporary chairmanship that we may get the meeting started. In anticipation of being present I jotted down a few thoughts, which, if you have permission, I'll read. It will perhaps give an idea of what we want to accomplish in this new enterprise."

There were no objections, and the lady proceeded to read, as follows:

THE "PROMISED LAND."

Yesterday there was joy in Jubilee in our midst, because the colored men throughout our land have been made American citizens. As the poet sings of the rose, as well as every other species of *mankind* within our borders, has now triumph antly entered the ranks of citizens of the African dignity and power, it cannot be inappropriate that American women should turn their hopeful eyes toward the promised land which all men enter so full of rejoicing. It cannot be inconsistent that intelligent American women should ask that which a citizenship as has been conferred on the millions of men, who have just emerged from the degradation of slavery.

But whether inconsistent or not, all through the length and breadth of the land women are asking citizenship—reporting equality before the law. They are asking that Congress shall submit to the people a Sixteenth Amendment, which shall honor womanhood, and give the women of this republic as truly occasion to rejoice as the freedmen have the colored race.

It is useless for any to try to persuade us we are seeking a thing of no importance to women.

Our Revolutionary fathers considered this very principle one worth staking their all for. They waged a terrible eight years' war for this idea, and I never heard that a man among them, or on the face of the earth, thought the principle too dearly paid for.

And now, all Israel is rejoicing," with flags and banners and music and marching and speeches, because the colored man has the ballot, and yet men dare to tell us the ballot is a trifle, and can in no way benefit us.

Gentlemen, we cannot believe it; and we can never be quieted by platitudes or fine sentiments.

We reason, that what has been found to be so excellent for our brothers must be good for us.

What we ask of the intelligent white men of this Republic is—consistency.

"ENTHUSIASTIC EDITORIALS."

When I take up a newspaper and read such an enthusiastic editorial as I read in one of our city papers yesterday, on this event of the colored man coming into possession of the "birthright—the franchise," leaving that "as soon as the slaves were declared free, the intelligent minds of this country regarded the franchise as inevitable," "that it must follow as a logical necessity," and saying "*Well may the sons of the noble citizens rejoice* and fix the date of their citizenship as an anniversary of rejoicing forever;" when, after reading this, I turn to another page and read the direful frown in the faces of intelligent women, simply because they are women—for another reason, it is evident, because these women are struggling for the same thing the black man, on the other page was congratulated for obtaining: when I hear these women characterized as "crowing hens," and insulted with that shameful and timeworn sneer of wishing "to wear the inexpressibles," I'm driven to cry out—Gentlemen, consistency—we demand consistency. Alas! consistency is a jewel, which is seldom worn by intriguing politicians or unmanly editors.

"JUSTICE."

And further, when I see the ballot, this symbol of honor—this instrument of power—given to the ignorant foreigner, just landed upon our shore, who knows nothing of our institutions; who cannot even write his name; when I see in the hands of the drunken man who can but just lift himself from the ditch, or perchance is lifted by some kind and disinterested politician who assists him to the polls to deposit his vote; when I see the debauchee, the sneerer at woman's virtue, villians of every hue using this ballot to make laws for us women, while the intelligent mothers and daughters of our country are helplessly thrust back among idiots and lunatics, I am constrained to cry out "Justice." We demand justice. Retract this insult, and if you honor us in your hearts as you profess, do us justice.

This nation can now justify itself in the eyes of the enlightened world only by giving the ballot to woman. Even England is more constant than America, for she has never created an aristocracy of sex, as now exists here; the franchise there has never been given to all men and withheld from all women. Besides, they are growing there faster than we. Within the past year the franchise has been extended to women householders, and they have voted as well as the male householders, and I may add, without disastrous consequences to the women or the nation. And now there is before Parliament a bill, presented by John Bright, to remove the remaining electorial disabilities of woman.

No, this question of the enfranchisement of women is not as some characterize it, a disturbance created by a few restless, unhappy or ambitious women of this nation; but it is a question which is agitating the whole enlightened world, and has its advocates among the ablest minds of Europe and America.

It is an important and serious question, which every man and woman should feel it a duty to consider candidly.

How any American woman can be indifferent to the subject is a marvel.

Either she cannot be intelligent enough to understand the principles of a republican government, and feels herself deservedly a non-entity in the nation, or else she must be in thralldom so complete she dare not even think independently.

"WHO ARE AFRAID."

Not only as an act of justice do we demand the suffrage for women, but because we see the greater power to do good we shall have by means of it. On all public questions which, in the remotest degree, concern temperance, morality and mercy, we feel our suffrages are needed. I need not explain wherein legislation will receive greater moral power through the suffrages of women. Everybody is conscious of the fact. Everybody knows that all tyrants and all immoral men are afraid of this movement. You never saw a keeper of a gambling house or of a drinking saloon; a keeper of theaters for men, nor a frequenter of disreputable houses, but was death on Woman Suffrage. These men know what it means if all women do not, though they sneeringly persist they are not afraid; yet, wherever women vote we shall find them making themselves scarce like the liquor sellers on Wyoming, who fled from the town while the juries of women sat there, lest they should be arrested for their evil conduct. But I see great benefits to woman herself in her coming into possession of this inalienable right—benefits not only of self-protection—self-support, but of development.

The ballot will do for women what it has done and is doing for man; give her a greater interest in principles which concern the welfare of the race; give broader ideas and greater public spirit. It will decrease her interest in wearing expensive dry goods, but increase her interest in the good of her country; decrease her vanity and frivolity, and increase her philanthropy and her intelligence. My friends, let us not be discouraged or intimidated. Many a glorious cause has commenced with few supporters, has been terribly persecuted and traduced, and yet has finally triumphed and shown itself a blessing.

Let us bear in mind that though we are gathered here to-day, few in number, we belong to an immense army, and are marching forward to conquer for America and Europe, with leaders like John Bright and John Stuart Mill, of England, and scores of the noblest and ablest men and women in America.

With faith in the grandeur and justice of our principles, let us unfeelingly press on till we are victorious.

After the conclusion of the reading of this paper, the President stated that to bring the matter before the meeting in a regular manner it would be necessary to elect a Secretary.

Mrs. Hattie Smith, one of the youngest ladies present, was chosen for this position. Another marble topped table was secured for her, she was supplied with paper and the exercises were then continued.

THE NAME.

THE PRESIDENT—Well, now ladies, the first matter before us will be the choice of a name. We will adopt that. Has any person a name to suggest.

Miss FOSTER—I move we adopt, "Woman's National Suffrage Society of Allegheny County."

PRESIDENT—Are there any others. This is a pretty important matter.

No other name was suggested, and this name was finally adopted.

AT THE JUNCTURE

At this juncture the ladies engaged in a little social chat for a few moments, which was interrupted by the entrance of two officials. The gentlemen were introduced and made acquainted with what had been done.

Mrs. Hindman, one of them, objected to the name as adopted.

THE PRESIDENT—Well, what is your idea?

MRS. HINDMAN—I don't like society; I think we should distinctly state in our name, as near as possible, our object and in the name there is no praise.

PRESIDENT—Well, we're adopted that name.

MRS HINDMAN—Can't you adopt another one? I think woman's suffrage "association" would be better.

THE PRESIDENT—We want to conduct business properly. I don't know how to adopt another name now. Perhaps, (with a sweet smile) the Reporters will help us.

The individual upon whose face the lady fixed her eyes as she made this remark, looked up and to the best of his ability enlightened the "Association" in regard to Parliamentary Rules, thusly:

REP.—Well, the ladies can reconsider their first vote, if they so desire, and then they can adopt any other name that is satisfactory.

MRS SPRAGUE—Well, then, I move a reconsideration of the vote which has just been taken.

This motion being seconded and put from the chair, was decided in the affirmative.

MRS. HINDMAN—Now, I move that we adopt as association the Woman's Suffrage Association.

MRS. SPENCER—Well, I like the other name the best, though it's not material.

THE PRESIDENT—Now ladies whatever you want should be decided quickly.

The discussion now took some form upon the words whether the organization should be called "society" or "association."

The matter was finally decided in favor of the latter name, and a motion was made that the "association" was recorded on the books of the Secretary as the title of the organization.

THE NEXT MEETING.

THE PRESIDENT—Well now ladies, what next?

Several voices at once—"We ought to appoint a Committee on Resolutions."

THE PRESIDENT—Well ladies, you'll have to make a motion to that effect.

In accordance with the President's suggestion, a motion was made and carried, and the Chair appointed Mrs. Foster, Miss Mechanten and Miss McCullough as the Committee.

When the association had commenced upon the appointment of committees, it seemed to be the order of the business and wished to appoint committees upon almost any conceivable subject, this was however decided not proper.

THE PRESIDENT—Well, ladies, I think we ought to have managers of the association.

Miss SPENCER—Yes I think we should appoint them, and I move we appoint an Executive Committee. Carried.

The Chair was requested to make the appointments, and selected for the position, Mrs. Hindmann, Mrs. Smith, Miss. Julia Foster, Miss Kate Crain. By vote of the Association the President was also added to the committee.

GOING AHEAD.

The "association" now subsided into a temporary lull. Parliamentary rules were dispensed with, and a pleasant social chat was in progress when Mrs. Hindman interrupted by saying, "Ladies: I think this subject of woman suffrage is not well enough known hereabouts. I think we ought to stir up some feeling in this matter. Mrs. Cady Stanton strongly recommended when she was here that the ladies, if they organized an association, to procure the services of Miss Phoebe Cozzens, of St. Louis, to lecture for us. I think we ought to do that."

THE PRESIDENT—Well, we are not organised yet, fully. I don't think we should go ahead so fast.

MRS. SPENCER—Why, we have no money in the treasury. In fact, we have no treasurer. Won't it be time enough when we get established?

MRS. SMITH—Well, I rather favor the idea. I believe in going ahead. I think we ought to stir up an interest in this question.

MRS. HINDMAN—We all know that the object of the Association is to aid in bringing the ballot into the hands of women. Now, the quicker we go about our work the better. I think we ought to have Miss Cozzens here. We can tell the Executive Committee to invite her and we'll be responsible.

A LITTLE CHAT.

The question of responsibility struck a new vein, and for a moment, brought the association as it were "up to standing." The grand paneels for all difficulties, however here was chatting commenced again. It went on briskly for a time, the company being divided into groups and each seeming to hold a different view. Suddenly the chat was interrupted by the President; who said—"Ladies, I think we have found a way out of this difficulty. A lady at my right here suggests that she and I be responsible ourselves for the financial success of Miss Cozzens. I am willing to do that, and so the Executive Committee can tell her to come.

This highly satisfactory arrangement at once restored the tone of the association and parliamentary rules were taken up again.

THE PRESIDENT—[inquiringly], Well, ladies, any other business.

A LADY RESENTS.

Miss HINDMAN—Well, I have a note here which I would like to read.

The lady, no objection being made, slowly unfolded a daintily sealed and mysterious looking missive, which proved to be a few words from Mrs. Pauline Dase, regretting her inability to be present at the meeting, but asserting her sympathy with the cause, and requesting that she be considered one of the working members of the association.

THE PRESIDENT—Well, ladies, what shall we do with this note?

The ladies didn't know. Mutual glances were interchanged between President and members, in the midst of which the reader resumed her seat. Ultimately, by tacit consent, the note was accepted and handed to the Secretary.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

Another pause in the proceedings ensued. Conversation was about to begin again, when the President invited any lady who had anything to say to speak out. Saying "don't be afraid, ladies, we are all here as learners. Speak out what you think."

Influenced by this urgent appeal, a young lady arose in one corner of the room and after adjusting the folds of her dress and giving a preparatory hem, announced that she had a "piece here from the Chicago *Post*, an editorial, which I wish to read."

No objection was made to her reading and she proceeded in a clear, distinct voice and cultivated style to read the article, which dwelt upon the "woman question," and in which the writer held that it was cruel and vicious in the highest degree to educate women as it was now done.

The name of the fair reader was ascertained, after she had finished, to be Miss Kate Crain. Her performance created something of a sensation among the ladies, who nodded approvingly as it was read, and endorsed the sentiment of one who said that such an entertainment was highly instructive, and she hoped more of them would be introduced hereafter.

Again quietness reigned, and again the President awakened a zeal by calling upon them to speak out.

At this point a lady asked if it would not be advisable to appoint a committee to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the association.

The idea was an excellent one. After some more chat, it was decided to entrust this work to the Committee on Resolutions, previously appointed, adding thereto, however, Misses Smith, Spencer, Mechanten and Hindman.

Again the President announced that no business was on hand, and asked the ladies who might so desire it to "speak out."

A SPEECH BY APPEAL

MRS. HINDMAN SPEAKS OUT,

and rising said: "Ladies, I have been very agreeably disappointed in the meeting to-day. I have been accustomed to hear this question so much ridiculed that I only expected to see a few met to see two or three persons. But we have the promise that where two or three are gathered together in a just cause, the right will prevail. There are a few, I know, in this vicinity, who are interested in this question, and I am glad to see that they are coming out. I have been through life a great deal, and in many places and I must say I have never met with a more intelligent audience. I have been in a city of 12,000 inhabitants where I could count on my fingers those who were interested in woman's suffrage, and yet has finally triumphed and shown itself a blessing.

"Let us bear in mind that though we are gathered here to-day, few in number, we belong to an immense army, and are marching forward to conquer for America and Europe, with leaders like John Bright and John Stuart Mill, of England, and scores of the noblest and ablest men and women in America.

With faith in the grandeur and justice of our principles, let us untiringly press on till we are victorious.

After the conclusion of the reading of this paper, the President stated that to bring the matter before the meeting in a regular manner it would be necessary to elect a Secretary.

Mrs. Hattie Smith, one of the youngest ladies present, was chosen for this position. Another marble topped table was secured for her, she was supplied with paper and the exercises were then continued.

THE NAME.

THE PRESIDENT—Well, now ladies, the first matter before us will be the choice of a name. We will adopt that. Has any person a name to suggest.

Miss FOSTER—I move we adopt, "Woman's National Suffrage Society of Allegheny County."

PRESIDENT—Are there any others. This is a pretty important matter.

No other name was suggested, and this name was finally adopted.

AT this juncture the ladies engaged in a little social chat for a few moments, which was interrupted by the entrance of two officials. The gentlemen were introduced and made acquainted with what had been done.

Mrs. Hindman, one of them, objected to the name as adopted.

THE PRESIDENT—Well, what is your idea?

MRS. HINDMAN—I don't like society; I think we should distinctly state in our name, as near as possible, our object and in the name there is no praise.

PRESIDENT—Well, we're adopted that name.

MRS HINDMAN—Can't you adopt another one? I think woman's suffrage "association" would be better.

THE PRESIDENT—We want to conduct business properly. I don't know how to adopt another name now. Perhaps, (with a sweet smile) the Reporters will help us.

The individual upon whose face the lady fixed her eyes as she made this remark, looked up and to the best of his ability enlightened the "Association" in regard to Parliamentary Rules, thusly:

REP.—Well, the ladies can reconsider their first vote, if they so desire, and then they can adopt any other name that is satisfactory.

MRS SPRAGUE—Well, then, I move a reconsideration of the vote which has just been taken.

This motion being seconded and put from the chair, was decided in the affirmative.

MRS. HINDMAN—Now, I move that we adopt as association the Woman's Suffrage Association.

MRS. SPENCER—Well, I like the other name the best, though it's not material.

THE PRESIDENT—Now ladies whatever you want should be decided quickly.

The discussion now took some form upon the words whether the organization should be called "society" or "association."

The matter was finally decided in favor of the latter name, and a motion was made that the "association" was recorded on the books of the Secretary as the title of the organization.

THE NEXT MEETING.

THE PRESIDENT—Well now ladies, what next?

Several voices at once—"We ought to appoint a Committee on Resolutions."

THE PRESIDENT—Well ladies, you'll have to make a motion to that effect.

In accordance with the President's suggestion, a motion was made and carried, and the Chair appointed Mrs. Foster, Miss Mechanten and Miss McCullough as the Committee.

When the association had commenced upon the appointment of committees, it seemed to be the order of the business and wished to appoint committees upon almost any conceivable subject, this was however decided not proper.

THE PRESIDENT—Well, ladies, I think we ought to have managers of the association.

Miss SPENCER—Yes I think we should appoint them, and I move we appoint an Executive Committee. Carried.

The Chair was requested to make the appointments, and selected for the position, Mrs. Hindmann, Mrs. Smith, Miss. Julia Foster, Miss Kate Crain. By vote of the Association the President was also added to the committee.

GOING AHEAD.

The "association" now subsided into a temporary lull. Parliamentary rules were dispensed with, and a pleasant social chat was in progress when Mrs. Hindman interrupted by saying, "Ladies: I think this subject of woman suffrage is not well enough known hereabouts. I think we ought to stir up some feeling in this matter. Mrs. Cady Stanton strongly recommended when she was here that the ladies, if they organized an association, to procure the services of Miss Phoebe Cozzens, of St. Louis, to lecture for us. I think we ought to do that."

THE PRESIDENT—Well, we are not organised yet, fully. I don't think we should go ahead so fast.

MRS. SPENCER—Why, we have no money in the treasury. In fact, we have no treasurer. Won't it be time enough when we get established?

MRS. SMITH—Well, I rather favor the idea. I believe in going ahead. I think we ought to stir up an interest in this question.

MRS. HINDMAN—We all know that the object of the Association is to aid in bringing the ballot into the hands of women. Now, the quicker we go about our work the better. I think we ought to have Miss Cozzens here. We can tell the Executive Committee to invite her and we'll be responsible.

A LITTLE CHAT.

The question of responsibility struck a new vein, and for a moment, brought the association as it were "up to standing." The grand paneels for all difficulties, however here was chatting commenced again. It went on briskly for a time, the company being divided into groups and each seeming to hold a different view. Suddenly the chat was interrupted by the President; who said—"Ladies, I think we have found a way out of this difficulty. A lady at my right here suggests that she and I be responsible ourselves for the financial success of Miss Cozzens. I am willing to do that, and so the Executive Committee can tell her to come.

This highly satisfactory arrangement at once restored the tone of the association and parliamentary rules were taken up again.

THE PRESIDENT—[inquiringly], Well, ladies, any other business.

A LADY RESENTS.

Miss HINDMAN—Well, I have a note here which I would like to read.

The lady, no objection being made, slowly unfolded a daintily sealed and

A YOUNG HOPEFUL.

A Boy Steals a Horse, Wagon, and Set of Harness—Sent to the House of Refuge.

On Sunday night a horse was stolen from Patrick Free's stable in the Twelfth ward, a wagon from George Starr, and a set of harness from the stable of John Moores, who also live in the Twelfth ward, and yesterday they were found in the possession of a man by the name of Keam or Keamey, in East Liberty, by Officer Fred. Rivers, who had been employed to "work up" the case. Keamey stated that he had purchased the horse, wagon and harness from a boy on Monday, and had agreed to pay him $30 for them. He further stated that he gave him five dollars in cash, and was to pay the balance next week. He gave the officer a description of the boy. The horse and wagon were brought back and returned to the owner, and Officer Rivers went to work to apprehend the thief. From the description he received of the boy who lived in the vicinity of where the articles were stolen from and visited the boy's father and made known his suspections. The father, who is a very respectable man, took the boy to task and he finally admitted the theft. He then brought his hopeful son to the Mayor's office and had him committed to the House of Refuge.

There is some talk of a prosecution against the man who purchased the articles, for receiving stolen goods, and if the facts are as stated it would not be difficult to make out a case against him.

Another Good Deed.

We have from time to time had occasion to record instances of the generosity and public spirit of our venerable friend James Kelly, Esq., of Wilkinsburgh. In keeping with the liberal spirit that inspires him in managing his immense estate is the donation of a site for an Episcopal church at Wilkinsburgh. Although not a member of that church, Mr. Kelly has thus freely co-operated with Messrs. Joseph H. Hill Professor Jelson, W. H. Barnes, Mr. Bennett, James B. McFaddon and others, who have interested themselves in the project of an Episcopal church, designing to secure occasional missionary services, and to take steps to provide means for appropriately improving the lot as soon as sufficient aid should be contributed. A Sunday School will at once be organized with Professor Jelson for Superintendent.

We understand the site to be given by Mr. Kelly is very central and eligible, and we doubt not that, as he never does good by halves, he will see that the work will be of all the necessities of a complete and prosperous parish, including room for a school house, and a church edifice, and the lumber yard. I don't want any woman to join us without she is sure she is right, then let her go ahead. Let us be sure we are right and let us then be able to give a reason for what we believe.

The lady concluded her remarks amid a general smile of approval. In a few moments she arose again and suggested that the chair appoint persons to prepare an essay or select something to read at the next meeting so that instruction might be blended with pleasure.

THE PRESIDENT.—The idea is a good one, will some one make a motion to that effect.

THE NEXT MEETING.

The motion was made and carried, and the chair, without consultation, appointed Misses Hindman, Smith, Crain and Mih