THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1888.

WASHINGTON OFFICE—513 Fourteenth St.
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NEW YORK OFFICE—104 Temple Court, Corner Beekman and Nassau streets.

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WHEAT.

The indications point to a large shortage in the foreign wheat crop and the probability of an unusually pressing demand for supplies from the United States. This means high prices for wheat during the next year. There will be a demand and market for every bushel we can spare, and that at good round prices. Unfortunately, the wheat crop in the United States is short this year, and our surplus for foreign sale will be considerably less than usual, but whatever it may be, will command a good price.

Our principal customer for wheat is Great Britain, against] whose manufactured products we maintain a protective tariff. The theory of free-traders is that international trade, being based upon barter or exchange, is largely a matter of reciprocity and good fellowship. Thus they say if we would admit British manufactures free of duty Great Britain would take a great deal more of our wheat, corn, pork and other products. This is all bosh. Great Britain takes every year just so much of our wheat as she requires, or so much as she cannot buy cheaper in some other market, and the extent of her demand is not regulated by protection or free trade. She takes our wheat, not because she wants to, but because she has to, and she would not take more than she needs if we were to adopt a thousand Mills bills. This year she will want all we can spare, and more, too, and she will not hesitate about ordering it on account of our protective-tariff policy. Nations do not ordinarily starve for an abstract principle. England takes all of our wheat that she needs every year, no more and no less, and all the free trade in the world would not make her take more.

While on the wheat question, here is another nut for free-traders to crack. They say every duty is a tax, added to the price of the article and paid for by the consumer. There is a duty of 20 cents a bushel on wheat, and 10 cents a bushel on oats. Many persons will be surprised to learn that we import these articles, even to a small extent. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, we imported 583,115 bushels of wheat, valued at $466,886; also, 67,858 bushels of oats, valued at $23,656. These are not large quantities, and probably they were imported for seed, but according to the free-trade theory it should have resulted in an addition of 20 cents to the price of every bushel of wheat in the United States, and 10 cents to the price of every bushel of oats. Of course it did not, nor does it in any case. The foreign producer or manufacturer pays the larger part of a protective duty. They do it to obtain the privilege of our markets.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS.

Crispus Attucks, who, as every school-boy knows, was a victim of the affray between British soldiers and American citizens known as the "Boston massacre," of March 5, 1770, is to have a monument. Attucks was a negro, or, as some declare, of mixed Indian and negro parentage, who took a prominent part in the riot which resulted in his death, as well as in similar uprisings against the soldiery which had previously occurred. He was buried with public honors, as a martyr to his country, and, for a number of years, the anniversary of his death was commemorated by an oration. Gradually the recollection of the event died out, and for a hundred years was preserved only as a tradition. Finally, local historians, delving among the records of the past, revived the story, and he was once more adopted as a hero whose deeds should be celebrated, and whose memory should be honored. To carry out this idea it was resolved to build him a monument, and the City Council appropriated $2,000 to be applied to the purpose. The announcement is now made that the monument is ready to be placed upon its foundation, but simultaneously with it comes the iconoclast. A writer in the September Atlantic endeavors to show that Attucks was neither a hero nor a martyr, but was simply a rioter for rioting's sake, and if he did not actually deserve the fate he suffered the British soldiers were at least excusable for killing him, since he was of the assaulting party. This writer is not the first who has attempted to belittle Attucks; he is charged by others with having been an ignorant, turbulent fellow, who was moved not by patriotic indignation at the presence of the militia, but by a half savage desire to engage in a fight. Indeed, the effort to deprive him of honors is so persistent as to suggest a feeling on the part of the assailants that no Indian or negro had a right to love the country of pious pilgrim adoption. The monument is built, however, and will stand to do him honor when the iconoclasts shall have been forgotten. When the public has once determined that a man is a hero, it is hard to disabuse its mind of that idea.

THE NATURAL-GAS SUPPLY.

A correspondent of an Eastern newspaper who has been traveling through western Pennsylvania, has given some attention to natural-gas phenomena, and as a result of his observations draws the conclusion that the supply is not permanent, and is gradually giving out. He bases this belief chiefly on the fact that at the time of his visit to certain wells the pressure of the gas as it escaped was from one-third to one-half less than that registered by the same wells a year previously. To this argument persons on the ground make reply that the pressure varies greatly; that wells which have at times shown signs of exhaustion will, at a later period, have a pressure almost as great as at the moment the drill struck the imprisoned gas; and that the supply continues right along from wells that have been open for years. Whatever the truth in regard to this matter, it is certain that the observations of causual visitors are of no value as data from which to draw conclusions. Indeed, the so-called experts are very much in the dark as to the causes which produce the gas, the conditions under which it may exist and its geographical, or—is it more correct to say?—its geological area. This fact is proved by the history of the Pennsylvania oil regions. Profound scientific essays were written after the discovery of oil to show that it was produced by certain chemical forces not now in operation; that it had accumulated in underground reservoirs, and that these must, in time, be drained of their contents, when, of course, the supply would be finally exhausted. Moreover, it was pointed out, with great show of learning, that the geological formations which made the existence of oil possible were limited in extent, and that it was the height of folly to search for it outside of a designated and narrow territory. The erroneousness of the latter conclusion has been shown a thousand times by the discovery of oil in regions once pronounced free from such mineral product. The refusal of skeptical and persistent citizens to accept expert testimony without personal verification led to the sinking of many a well that proved productive, but which, by dependence upon the scientists, would never have been drilled. A curious refutation of the statement that the supply, once exhausted, would not be renewed, is the reopening of once-abandoned wells in the Pithole region, with a result in productiveness almost equal to the first abundant flow. For years Pit-hole, at one time a resort for thousands of people, and the busiest spot in America, was given over to the squirrels and foxes, while the proprietors and the speculators moved on in search of other underground caves to drain. It is not unlikely the history of natural gas development will be similar; that when one series of wells is exhausted, if ever, they will be left to await the formation of a new supply of gas in the rocks to which they penetrate, and, in the meantime, other wells will be put down in other territory, and the public provided for. It is, at least, hardly worth while for any citizen in the gas-belt of Indiana, to hesitate to use the new fuel because of a fear that it will not be permanent. It may not last forever, but it is likely to last as long as he is a terrestrial inhabitant, and what more would he want than that?

DO WOMEN PROPOSE?

If, as is commonly conceded to be the case, novels are a transcript of the life of a period and often serve to indicate social tendencies and the drift of sentiment before the changes and developments are discernible by the ordinary observers, a feature of recent fiction must give rise to serious thought, if not positive alarm. This is nothing less than the disposition of the heroines to propose marriage to their lovers, or, more properly, to the young men with whom they are in love. In at least a half dozen novels and novelettes, produced almost simultaneously by as many leading writers and publishers, the young women are represented as declaring their wishes and intentions to the objects of their affection in the plainest and most unmistakable manner. This, as every one knows, is exactly contrary to all the traditions and customs. The unwritten law, from time out of mind, has been that the woman shall remain meekly passive while the man shall woo, and until he declares himself she shall make no sign to him of her own state of mind and heart. As a matter of fact, this law is probably never observed with entire strictness, the shyest maiden usually managing to convey encouragement to her favored wooer and the bolder one doing a considerable share of what is technically known as "courting." So long as this is done artistically, with an art that conceals art, and that deceives the young man, if not his female relatives, it has not been regarded as reprehensible and has been given ready excuse by an indulgent society. Of late, however, it has been a matter of common observation that the girl of the period makes far less concealment of her matrimonial intentions than was formerly the case. It is no difficult matter for even the casual acquaintance to discover her preferences, and even the wayfarer may discern the innocent snares she sets for the man of her choice; but it has not been generally suspected that she was at all inclined to go to the length of making the final proposal for his hand. It must be that such is the tendency, however, else how had so many students of social life found this particular character so prominent in their horizon? Whether it is merely a transient phase of feminine development, or whether it is part of a great "movement" that will revolutionize society, is a matter yet too early to determine. What will be its exact effect upon social life is a subject too vast for brief and hasty consideration. That it will have a very noticeable effect upon the coming novel is at least certain. The course of true love in the story books has always been hindered by the habit of the heroine to keep silence when to speak would remove all impediments; this supposedly inherent feminine characteristic has, indeed, been a part of the novelists' stock in trade. What they will do without it, how they will devise plots and hinder the final union of lover and loveress, until the conventional amount of agony has been experienced and the required number of chapters written, when their heroines permit no beating around the bush, no "dangling," and have no hesitation about bringing matters to a crisis, are interesting problems, but likely to be soon solved if the tendency noted in the stories mentioned is not misleading. The new novels will, at all events, have the merit of novelty—something very much to be desired in the fiction of the day.

NEW MANUFACTORIES.

It looks as if Indianapolis were about to begin to profit from natural gas in the way of new manufactories. Many persons have been impatient to see the results of the introduction of the cheap fuel, and all the more because natural-gas towns in Indiana were receiving numerous accessions in the way of new factories. The Journal has repeatedly reminded such persons that it would take a little time for our natural-gas advantages to become known, and that we could not expect to acquire factories which were looking for free land and fuel, and perhaps a money bonus thrown in. In fact, few such factories are worth bidding for. A manufactory that wants cheaper fuel than natural gas at present Indianapolis rates is hardly worth talking about, and if the other advantages of this city are not sufficient to attract them, why, let them go somewhere else. Indianapolis is bound to get its share in the long run. Meanwhile, the manufactories already here are getting the benefit of cheap fuel, and new ones are beginning to come. Within a few days two new companies have been incorporated, both of which promise to be important additions to our manufacturing industries. One of these is the Indiana Feed-water Heater and Purifier Company, to manufacture a material for preventing the formation of scales and rust in boilers, and the other is a company for the manufacture of steel railway cars. Both have been attracted by our natural gas and other manufacturing facilities. No doubt these are the beginning of a long list of new manufactories which will locate here in the near future.

EVERY one of General Harrison's speeches seems to contain one key-note sentence more striking than the others, which might be called the golden text. In his Put-in-Bay reception speech, he said: "The assembling of our revenue was even more difficult than the assembling of armies, and yet we were able to maintain those armies in the field, and have been able since not only to bear up the great load of debt, but to pay it off, until that which was once thought to be a burden that would crush our industries, has come to be in our hands but as the ball the boy tosses in play." The financial record of the Republican party was never more tersely and comprehensively expressed. The phrase, "The assembling of revenue," is original and happy.

MINOR MENTION.

A GOOD many persons hereabouts are devoting considerable time now-a-days or nights to straining at gnats. We have not heard of any swallowing camels, but the other part is being done quite generally. By straining at gnats we mean fighting mosquitoes, for the latter are nothing but gnats. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and a mosquito, by any other name, would be as diabolical; nevertheless, there is some comfort in knowing that it is only a gnat. The French call it "cousin," and one could wish the relationship were no nearer. What bloodthirsty little wretches they are, to be sure, how implacable, how persistent, how pitiless. A hungry mosquito has no more bowels of compassion than—well, he has none at all. He is the incarnation of selfishness. He will have your blood at whatever cost. What does he care for your discomfort, your loss of sleep, loss of temper or anything else? Nothing—absolutely nothing. By rights, however, we should speak in the feminine gender, for the female mosquito is a more persistent biter and annoying musician than the male. The latter devote their short lives principally to pleasure and loafing. The females address themselves to the task of making human life a burden, and it takes very few of them to do it. By the way, it is a mistake to speak of the mosquito as biting. She has no teeth. She operates with a little set of sharp bristles or lancets, which work in a sort of sucking proboscis. The lancets serve to puncture the skin and the proboscis extracts the blood. It is a neat and skillful operation and evinces careful workmanship on the part of the mosquito. If you catch a mosquito and extract these little lances it cannot trouble you any more. That is a good way to disable them, provided you can catch them. They are, however, very shy and not easily approached. Why are mosquitoes wore than usual this year? They are not worse, only more numerous. Whether few or many they are always as bad as they can be—that is, the females—but this year are more numerous than usual. This is probably on account of the copious rains, the luxuriant vegetation and, perhaps, the open gas trenches. It is a fruitful year anyhow, and crops of all kinds are very abundant.

A GOOD many people still cling to the superstition that oysters are not edible until after the midnight bell has rung upon Aug. 31, but at the very dawn of the first day in an "r" month they may be eaten with safety and enjoyment. This notion is easily accounted for in inland regions, where in the warm season a doubt as the freshness of the bivalve must naturally suggest itself, but it exists also in the vicinity of the oyster-beds. According to a Fulton market oyster-man, however, the number of people who eat these shell-fish during the summer is growing larger. It is true, he says, that the oysters are not so plentiful, and may not be so fat, but nevertheless there are regular customers who call for them at all times of the year, and many visitors to the city, especially those coming from the West, are glad of a chance to enjoy a plate of fresh oysters in warm weather. Most of the oysters used in New York during the summer months are brought from Virginia during the spring, and planted in the water near Keyport, N. J., whence they are taken as needed. September having now opened the demand from all quarters will increase, and the supply will be drawn from the regular oyster fields.

EASTERN people going West and South are often puzzled and annoyed by the use of the word evening, common in those regions. To New Englanders evening is the part of the day which follows that distinctive Yankee meal known as "tea," or, in other words, it is the early part of the night, beginning with sundown. In the other parts of the country mentioned the term is applied to the afternoon, and the different usage is often the cause of blunders to new comers. Some one who has probably had an experience of this kind writes to American "Notes and Queries" for instructions as to the proper usage and the following reply is made, though, after all, it does not seem to settle the question:

"Evening is used in the South and as far north as Maryland for the part of the day after dinner. Being the universal usage, it seems right to use it colloquially there. But we do not think it would be correct to use it in literature. In Britain it is the custom to call all the part of the day before dinner, morning, and all after, evening. With the upper classes the dinner hour is sometimes as late as 8, never before 6. The South—as Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Maryland—was largely settled by the younger members of English aristocracy and their imitators. It is not improbable the usage there originated with them, and was continued when dinner came to be eaten even so early as noon."

MISS JULIET CORSON, the well-known teacher of cookery and writer of cook-books, is reported to be a hopeless invalid. It is barely possible that Miss Corson is brought to this condition through having attempted to subsist upon the food described in her "Fifteen-cent Dinner" book. Deluded persons of economical mind who endeavored to follow her directions and feed their families at a cost of 15 cents a day for six only saved themselves from hopeless invalidism, growing out of slow starvation, by a timely resort to less shadowy dishes. Inexperienced housewives regarded that as a very interesting book, and its theories, like those of the free-traders, as beautiful and convincing. A little experience led them, also like the free-traders, to reject the theories and to call for protection and something substantial to eat.

UNDER the new dispensation the Citizens' Street-railway Company shows such a disposition to accommodate the public that a reasonable-minded person makes complaint with reluctance. It must be said, however, that the eyesight of the patrons was not considered when the cars were painted. There is no means of distinguishing the open cars of one line from those of another until the lettering on their sides is within the line of vision, and this lettering is of such pale tints as to be undistinguishable save at close quarters and in certain lights. It is a matter that occasions considerable annoyance on streets where the cars of several lines pass, and it is to be hoped that it will be remedied if possible and that at least all cars yet to be built for the company will be plainly marked.

MANY of the natural-gas trenches have been filled within the last few days, but in such a way as to leave streets, alleys and crossings in a very bad condition. When frost comes many of these will be almost impassable. Instances have been reported to the Journal in which "bosses" who have been kindly requested to do the work near houses a little more thoroughly and neatly, have been impudent and almost insulting. It is the old story—the public has no rights that contractors are bound to respect. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and it seems to be nobody's business to see that the streets are put in proper condition.

CHARLES E. SPRAGUE, the Volapuk expert, denies that the word for drunk in the universal language is "dlinkadik," though he does not say what it is. Perhaps people do not get drunk in Volapuk. If so it will make a good third-party language.

BREAKFAST-TABLE CHAT.

MADAME MOREAU, who died a week or two ago in Paris, made over $100,000 by fortune telling.

THOUGH the Empress of Russia has a houseful of seamstresses, she makes nearly all the clothes for her youngest children herself.

THE Duke of Argyll says that cremation is a subject from which he prefers to turn away, but he does not think it unscriptural, and admits that the progress of population may make it almost a physical necessity.

MELVILLE DENNON, of Dakota, with red hair and scarred features, is declared by his friends to be the homeliest man in the land. But Mr. Dennon manages to have a pretty fair time; he has $5,000,000 in cash, and ranches with 100,000 cattle of his own.

MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, in her latest novel, says her heroine's "large, soft eyes" were "like big brown moths lying within a white seashell." A young lady whose eyes suggested clothes-destroying insects on a clamshell must be a very interesting young lady indeed.

GENERAL SALOMON, the exiled President of Hayti, is reported to have a vast fortune securely invested France, but it is not likely that this is true. His salary was only $25,000 a year, and as he had no control of the national funds he had no opportunity for enriching himself irregularly.

MISS EMILY SARTAIN has been elected to succeed the late Dr. Rachael Bodley, as a member of the school board, in the Twenty-ninth ward of Philadelphia. The voters of the ward had but recently re-elected Dr. Bodley, and the board followed their will in choosing a woman for her successor.

C. E. BENNETT, a business man of Kansas City, has brought suit for divorce against his wife, a society woman, alleging that she has become an habitual drunkard. Mrs. Bennett acknowledges the truth of the charges, and says that she contracted the love for liquor by taking it first as medicine.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's recent message has attracted attention in France. French newspapers are busy explaining to their readers that Canada is a large body of water filled with valuable fish, and that the quarrel turns upon the ownership of Three-mile Limit, an island, which lies near the mouth of the river Montreal.

SAYS a Saratoga correspondent: "Colonel and Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll and daughters are among the recent arrivals at the Grand Union. Last season they were here much earlier. Crowds of celebrated men and noted women pass unheeded in the swarming hotels and streets of Saratago, but more turn and look at Robert G. Ingersoll than at any other celebrity."

THE twenty-eight-story structure which a Minneapolis man is going to put up has already been named the Babel building by the citizens. Pictures of it represent it as intended to have the appearance of an ornamental shot-tower. Elevators will enable bill collectors and book agents to follow the occupants of the top story up to their roosting-place, 350 feet above the level of the earth.

IT is thought that a strong copyright law, with a consequent change in the methods of publishing fiction, will have a notable effect on the serial features of magazines. Authors may prefer to publish their stories in complete form when the unfair competition of unpaid-for English books is suppressed; and editors may find it more profitable to have all their fiction complete in one number

M. CHEVREUL, the aged French scientist, reached his one hundred and second birthday last Tuesday. It is probable that he will not live through the winter, as his strength is rapidly failing. He spends the greater part of his time in bed, though he goes out driving on pleasant days. Parisian students who called on him a few days ago were not allowed to see him, but were received by his son, a charming youth of seventy-nine.

AN Albany boy having been bitten by a dog, the neighbors wanted to put court-plaster over the wound and saturate it with vinegar. An aged colored woman recommended as a sure preventive of hydrophobia that Frank should back three times around an electric-light pole with his eyes closed and then bite a piece out of the left ear of the first dog that he spied on opening his eyes. The injured boy went home with a light heart and no fear of hydrophobia.

COL. ROGER Q. MILLS, author of the "Mills bill," was colonel of the Tenth Texas Regiment in the confederate army during the civil war, and was captured, with his entire command, at Arkansas Post, Jan. 11, 1863, when 5,000 rebels, under General Churchill, were compelled to surrender to 30,000 troops, under the federal general, McClernand. Mills does not seem to be proud of his military record, for he omits it in the sketch furnished by him to the Congressional Directory.

VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN, when a young man, was in the crown service of the Czar. When he announced his determination to leave the army that he might give all his time to painting, his father was greatly shocked. He begged him to remain in the service until he had made himself a name, and then, if he still insisted on making a fool of himself, to do his daubing. The young man, however, was determined, and left the army. His father declared that he would never forgive him, and refused to aid him further. A few years later, when Verestchagin had become famous, and his works were being praised by all London and Paris, his father half forgave him for his mad step, as he called it, but he never became reconciled to the fact that his son could prize any other than military fame.

THE result of the first drawing of the Panama company's lottery appears in full in the official bulletin of Aug. 18. There were eleven prizes, amounting to $128,000. The company drew six prizes, amounting to $122,800, and the bondholders drew five prizes amounting to $5,200. Fifty bonds were also drawn for reimbursement at $200 each—the face value being $80. Of these the company drew twenty-eight and the bondholders twenty-two.

PRINCE BISMARCK's dyspepsia is ascribed to his drinking twelve tumblers of beer a day, and smoking incessantly. If the Chancellor would only allow the names of his favorite brands of beer and cigars to leak out he would make his brewer and tobacconist happy enough to compensate in some degree for his own misery. There can, after all, be only so much happiness in the world, and the great Prussian has not given enough to others, so far, to be entitled to overmuch himself.

FROM Bar Harbor, by way of a firm of iron and steel men in Boston, comes this brief but instructive tale. A good-looking and well-dressed young man wished to be conveyed somewhere and asked the price from a livery stable keeper. "Four dollars," was the calm reply. "Four dollars!" echoed the young man. "Oh, pshaw! You evidently think I'm a summer boarder. I'm a drummer down here to sell iron to the quarries round these parts." "Oh, um," replied the stable keeper, with a new respect in his manner, "Well, I guess we can send you over for $1.50."

THE Baltimore Sun says: Four children of a family from Chicago, at one of the Saratoga hotels, are known by the names of "One," "Two," "Three," and "Four." The eldest is ten years of age, and they are all fine, handsome children who would commend themselves to notice even if it were not for their names. The cause is a freak of the father. He explains that having frequently noticed the dissatisfaction of children with the names bestowed upon them, he resolved to give his children an opportunity of selecting their own names, so he calls them "One," "Two," etc., until they reach the age of twelve years, when they are given the privilege of selecting their own names. This plan, he says, has given much satisfaction in his family.

MRS. MOSES FRALEY, who is dazzling the fashionable world of Long Branch by her extravagance, is the wife of a former Baltimore newsboy. She is put down as the possessor of forty-eight trunks, five maids, 200 pairs of shoes, six dogs and $1,000,000 worth of jewels. She changes her toilet five times a day, and never appears twice in the same dress. While a correspondent was talking with her a newsboy ran by, and Mrs. Fraley said: "Do you know I have a lot of sympathy for these little fellows? My husband used to be a newsboy in Baltimore. He used to be a regular little wharf rat, and half the time he had no place to sleep. He was a hustler, though, and kept working up. He made every bit of his money himself, and I am proud of him because he did. My people were very poor, and at fifteen I was sent out as a nurse girl. I liked it, too, and I think I was as happy then as I ever was in my life."

SPEAKING of the late Charles Crocker, the San Francisco Call relates that on one occasion there was a disastrous wreck out somewhere on the road in which a fireman met his death. When the representatives of the operating department came to report the matter to Mr. Crocker, he was much disturbed, and questioned very closely to find out how the accident had happened. It was explained that everything possible had been done, and that full particulars would be obtained during the day. This appeased him somewhat, and, in explanation of his anxiety, he said: "But I was thinking of this all last night and could not sleep." One of the officials told him that it was no use worrying over such things, which were happening with more or less frequency all the time. Mr. Crocker looked up and replied vehemently, "But, my God, man, one of our boys was killed, and I could not get that out of my head."

A PAPAL LETTER.

The Last Sunday in September to Be Specially Observed.

Pope Leo has issued the following encyclical appointing Sept. 30 as a day for special prayers and expiation:

"Leo XIII, by divine providence Pope, to his venerable brethren, the patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops of the whole world in communion with the Holy See.

"For the fact that the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which we were raised to the priesthood recently gave joy to the church we have recently given thanks, as is right, to the sovereign goodness of God, by whose will and providential desire the whole of the life of men is governed. In like manner, such a general union in testimonies of respect in the pouring forth of liberal contributions and in public manifestations of pleasure he only could call forth who possess undivided sway over the minds and the hearts of men and who directs and accomplishes the issues of things to the glory of the Christian religion. It is indeed a remarkable and memorable event by means of which the enemies of the church, whether they will or not, see with their own eyes that the church maintains its divine life and the strength divinely conferred upon it, and are thus obliged to come to the conclusion that it is altogether in an insane attempt that impious persons rage against and contemplate wild attacks upon the Lord and his Christ.

"In order that the memory of this divine blessing should be preserved and its advantages spread as widely as possible we have opened the treasures of celestial graces to all the flock intrusted to us. Nor have we failed to implore the aid of divine mercy on behalf of those who still find themselves outside the one ark of salvation; and this we have done animated by the desire 'that all nations and peoples, united in faith by the bond of charity, should soon form only one fold under one Shepherd.' Thus, in truth, have we prayed to Jesus Christ our Lord with heartfelt supplications on the occasion of the solemn ceremony of canonization recently held.

"For, having raised our eyes toward the church triumphant, we solemnly decreed and granted in the case of those Christian heroes, the examination of whose sublime virtues and miracles had been happily terminated according to the prescriptions of canon law, to some of the supreme honors due to saints, to others the cultus of the blessed, so that the heavenly Jerusalem should be united in a common bond of joy with that which pursues on earth its pilgrimage toward the Lord. But in order that the affair might, as it were, receive its completion, availing ourselves of the infinite fullness of spiritual treasures, we also desire to extend the offers of our apostolic charity as fully as possible to those beloved children of the church who having died the death of the just have abandoned their earthly warfare with the sign of faith, and have become shoots of the mystic vine, although they are not permitted to enter into eternal rest until they have paid to the last farthing the debts they have contracted toward the avenging justice of God. We are moved by the pious desires of the Catholics to whom our present design is we know most agreeable, as well as by the lamentable grievousness of the punishment by which the souls of the dead are afflicted, but besides, and above all, we are moved by the custom of the church which, amid the joyful solemnities of the year makes a holy and salutary commemoration of the dead in order that they may be loosed from their sins.

"Therefore, with all the necessary dispensations and derogations, we fix the last Sunday of the month of September as a day of most ample expiation, on which there shall be celebrated by us and also by each of our brethren, the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, and other prelates exercising jurisdiction over a diocese—by each in his own patriarchal, metropolitan, or cathedral church—a special mass for the dead, with the greatest solemnity possible, and according to the rite indicated by the missal for commemoration of all the faithful departed. We also approve of the same being done in the paroachial and collegiate churches of the secular as well as of the regular clergy and by all priests, provided that the office proper of the mass of the day is not omitted wherever there is an obligation. The rest of the faithful we strongly exhort, after they have made the sacramental confession, to nourish themselves devoutly with the bread of angels for the intention of the souls in purgatory. To these we grant by our apostolic authority a plenary indulgence for the dead, and to each of these celebrating mass as above the favored of the privileged altar.

"Thus the pious souls who expiate by such great sufferings the remainder of their faults will receive special and most opportune relief from the saving host which the universal church, united with its visible head, and animated with the same spirit of charity will offer to God, in order that he may admit them to a place of consolation, light, and eternal peace.

"Meanwhile, venerable brethren, as a pledge of heavenly gifts we grant the apostolic benediction affectionately in the Lord to you and to all the clergy and people confided in your care.

"LEO XIII, Pope."

Private Coyle's Bravery.

Helena (M. T.) Special.

A few days ago a party of tourists visiting Yellowstone Park stopped to view the famous "Old Faithful" geyser. A lady in the party had inadvertently stepped too close to the mouth of the crater, just as it was about to make its periodical discharge, and, becoming alarmed at the hissing steam which suddenly burst forth, stepped backward, lost her balance and fell into a large pool of almost boiling hot water. She then frantically leaped forward toward the mouth of the geyser, into which she certainly would have fallen and lost her life had not private John Coyle, Twenty-second Infantry, a member of the troops stationed at the park, spurng forward through the pool of boiling water and rescued her at the risk of his own life.

The lady and her brave deliverer were both terribly scalded. Colonel Swain has issued an order in which he thanks private Coyle for his bravery.

HOARD'S "LITTLE GIRL."

She Was a Thoroughbred Mare, and She Footed the Greatest Race of the War.

Madison (Wis.) Letter in Chicago Herald.

W. D. Hoard, of Fort Atkinson, who has just been nominated for Governor by the Republicans of this State, is one of the brightest story-tellers in the West. Before a recent farmers' institute, held in this city, he gave a vivid description of a ride for life during the battle of Cedar Creek, in the Shenandoah valley.

"It was 5 o'clock in the morning," he began, "that Early's forces suddenly swept down upon the Eighth Corps, demoralizing it. The right of the Union army and the center maintained their integrity, but the left was badly broken.

"Some months before, I, who was a member of the Eighth Corps, had the good fortune to capture a thoroughbred Virginia mare—a mare which bore within her veins right royally the bluest blood of both continents. She was a thoroughbred racing mare, high tempered, vicious, full of energy, power and speed. The captain found her so ugly he could do nothing with her, and he said: 'Hoard, you can have her if you can take care of her.' And I went at it under the Rarey system, and finally established an understanding between the 'Little Girl' and myself. I used to call her 'Little Girl.' The day of the battle came. I was ordered to remove the second section of the battery. I thought I knew my ground; I thought it was easy for me to jump a fence and take a short cut and do my duty. But I got lost; the confusion was of such a character that I did not know where I was, and finally I jumped a fence into a dirt road about 100 rods from the pike, when I was saluted with the remark: 'Surrender, you Yankee son ——,' of immortal descent. I bethought me as did young Lochinvar, 'They will have fleet steeds who follow.' And I thought to myself, 'Astride of 2,000 years straight specific breeding and surrender? Never!' I lay down upon the neck of that little mare and I says: 'Susan, get out of here immediately.' Susan responded. The lieutenant who commanded the squad was nearly as well mounted as myself. Down that pike we went thundering, the thirteen men shooting at me with carbines, and every moment I expected a bullet to go plowing up my back, or my mare to be killed, but the strange Providence that attends the soldier, whereby it takes 250 rounds to kill one of them, attended me. After me they rushed, yelling, Surrender, —— you, surrender.' And I says: 'Susan, get out of here.' Oh, thought I to myself then: 'Thank God that somebody had sense enough not to make hash of breeding: somebody has been wise for Hoard's sake.' Down that pike we went, they shooting and I running. Finally I became so excited in seeing that wonderful stride, that tremendous fire, that wonderful reaching for the ground in front, that tremendous hurling away of it in the rear, that condensation of the heredity of 2,000 years laid into that little body. I became so inspired with it that I reached back and motioned the lieutenant to come on. He responded with a shot from his revolver. Zip went the bullets past my ear, but I paid no attention to them, so intense was I in watching the little mare do her duty. By and by I began to see the gap widen between us, and then came this wonderful quality called endurance. Suppose her line of heredity had failed in one particular? She would have laid down by the road and Hoard would have gone to Libby Prison, if his life had been spared.

"One o'clock came, and with it Sheridan from Winchester, twenty miles away. Who knows to-day how much the Union cause is indebted to the men who bred the thoroughbred horse upon which he made the distance in time to save his defeated troops. He reorganized his forces, turned this great current of men who were flowing down the pike like a stream, turned them back, and yelled to them: 'About face boys, we'll sock it to 'em!' Sheridan stopped that mad tide of fear and changed it into a consummate, grand strength and resolve, and in two short hours had this tremendous army again with its face to the foe.

"Then came the matchless power of the man and the grand result. In a few hours we had Early flying into the swamp and ten thousand rebel prisoners. This result was obtainable by reason of that man's getting there on time because he had a horse that could bring him.

"A few days afterward I was placed in charge, along with others, of the prisoners. Among them was a rebel lieutenant belonging to the Twenty-fourth Cavalry. I found him a very congenial, pleasant man. I liked him, and I did what I could to relieve his captivity, and we got to talking over the events of the battle, and finally he said: 'By the way, I had the confoundedest race I ever had in my life after a battery sergeant.' When he said that my heart was in my throat. He continued: 'I would like to know where he got his horse, for he was mounted for God's sake.' And I could have added, 'And for Hoard's sake, too.' Then I said to him, 'Did he motion to you to come on?' and he said, suddenly, 'Yes, he did; did you ever hear anything about it?' 'Oh, no,' but I exclaimed, 'Shake!' and he shook. 'Why,' I remarked, 'I am the huckleberry you were after that day.' And his eyes filled up, and as he gave me a grip of the hand, he said, 'Well, I am glad I didn't hit you!'

"The captain wore shoulder-straps and Hoard didn't, and the captain got the mare. I saw her about six years afterward at Burlington, N. J. I never struck her a blow in my life, and I speak here in behalf of that kindly sympathetic usage that ought to lie between a man and his horse. At the time I saw her I stepped into the paddock, and she was grazing with a colt by her side, and I gently called, 'Little Girl.' She raised her head, stopped a minute, and I said once more, 'Little Girl.' She came across the paddock on the run, left her colt, and came up to me, and stopped a minute about twenty paces from me. After looking me over an instant as I stood there, with a whinnie that was as glad as the 'coo' of a baby, she came up to me and caressed me with her face as she used to do years before. Then, with a touch of maternal pride that was almost human, she trotted across the paddock to her colt, and brought it back to show me.

"It was six years afterward, but she knew me instantly, and yet she was the most vicious animal that I ever saw in my life. I threw her thirty times by the Rarey process before I could reach that one point that Rarey calls for, the bending forward of the ear; and when I did convince her that I was not going to hurt her; that I never should strike her a blow, but that, in the nature of things, she must acknowledge me as her master when she became convinced of that, her attachment and her fidelity were as marked as that of a dog. She had high intelligence and a high temper, and I wouldn't give a snap for a horse that had neither."

TRACING A DECOY LETTER.

The Veteran Inspector Found It in a Pretty Maryland Girl's Stocking.

Philadelphia News.

Mr. C. B. Barrett, formerly chief inspector of the United States Secret Service, had a queer experience some time ago in a beautiful little town way down in Maryland. Mr. Barrett's long experience with this sort of work had taught him just how to dig a pit for his game, and as the train neared the village he walked through the smoker into the mail car, asked for the mail clerk, showed his commission and said he had something which he wanted done.

"What is it?" asked the clerk nervously, eyeing the chief inspector.

"Where is the mail pouch you throw off at the next stop?"

It was produced.

"Open it."

It was opened, for an inspector has absolute authority not only over mail clerks, but over the postmasters of the largest cities.

"Here is a letter," said Mr. Barrett, "addressed to James Lancaster, a fictitious name. The letter contains a ten-dollar bill. I want you to examine it, take the address, put it in that pouch, and lock it with your own hands."

All this was done, and Mr. Barrett went back to his seat in one of the day coaches, confident that the next move in the game would answer his expectations.

The secret-service agent stood upon the platform of the mail car when the train stopped, and the pouch was thrown off, when he at once stepped to the platform. A boy, whose business it was to carry the mail, took the pouch over his shoulder, and started up the village street, never dreaming that a chief inspector of the postal service was following him on the other side of the street, and was watching him like a hawk, while seeming to watch nothing. It was a beautiful June day, the birds were singing, and although it was high noon the leafy, lofty trees lining the quiet street cast such deep, cool shadows that Mr. Barrett did not find walking unpleasant. For about a quarter of a mile the boy kept on, followed by the inspector, and then turned into a small, frame building, with a white and black sign over the door, labeled "Postoffice."

"Now," said Mr. Barrett, inwardly, "my letter has reached its destination."

There was a crowd of visitors inside of the little postoffice and outside, who swarmed [in]to the desk "to get their mail," and Mr. B[arre]tt waited some fifteen minutes, until they h[a]d gone, before he entered the place, and s[aw a] handsome girl about seventeen years old, [clad] in an old-fashioned bodice and light-colo[red] skirt, sitting behind the wire grating in a [rocki]ng-chair, sewing.

"[I]s there a letter here for James Lancaster?" [asked] the inspector, and every one who knows his [face] and figure will not wonder that the girl [took] him for a well-to-do countryman.

"No," she said, after sorting some letters in a [box] marked "L."

"Won't you look again?" and she did look, but [wit]h no better result.

"I am sure the letter must have come," said [Mr]. Barrett, and I, who know him well, can [im]agine how gently he said it.

"It's not here."

"Are you the postmaster?"

"No; I am the assistant. My father is the [p]ostmaster."

"Who opened the pouch that came by the last [t]rain?"

"I did."

"No one to help you?"

"No, sir."

The girl's bright eyes looked as innocently at Mr. Barrett as any girl's bright eyes ever looked at any man.

"May be it stuck in the pouch. I've heard of such things," he said. "Won't you look?"

She took the pouch, turned it upside down, shook it, and looked inside. No letter.

"Won't you let me come in and help you look for it?" said Mr. Barrett.

"No. No one is allowed in here."

The chief inspector drew from his pocket his commission from the United States government, with its official signatures and seals, and showed it to the girl, asking, as she read it, "Can I come in now?"

"Yes," blushing; "I beg your pardon."

"You did perfectly right, my child," said the venerable agent of the secret service.

There was a board partition six feet high beyond the wired window, and a gate in the end of this partition, toward which the postmaster's daughter went, but Mr. Barrett thought she moved very slowly. At last she turned the key in the lock, opened the solid gate, and admitted the inspector. He walked forward a few feet and looked around.

There was nothing in sight but bare deal shelves and the letter boxes, and he knew his mission was not there.

"I mailed a letter myself to James Lancaster," he said at last. "That is a fictitious name, 'Lancaster' being my mothers maiden name. That letter was put into that pouch by the mail clerk on the train, who took a memorandum of it, and locked the pouch in my presence. When that pouch was put off at the station I followed it, and kept it in sight until it was taken into the postoffice. Now you say you opened it alone, that no one else touched it. Where is my letter?'

"[I] never saw it, sir. If you doubt me you can search me."

[M]r. Barrett said he would not do that, and that he had never done such a thing to a woman, and he began to pace the floor in deep thought. The girl, more beautiful than ever in her excitement, sat down in the rocking chair, crossed her limbs and began to rock. The inspector paced the floor in deep thought.

"Call your mother and she can search you in my presence," said he at length.

"My mother is dead."

Again the secret-service agent paced the floor. He looked into an adjoining room, brightly and neatly furnished, and wondered whether the girl could have secreted the letter there while she pretended to be going toward the gate to let him in. As he paced back and forth he noticed the swinging feet of of the postmaster's daughter, that one of her stockings had sagged down and that under that stocking was the shape of an envelope.

"Your stocking has dropped," he said.

The girl turned scarlet and white, and stopped rocking. She caught her breath, as if to faint.

"Now, give me my letter" said the inspector.

She took it from its hiding place, handed it to him, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

The decoy letter, as is usual in cases of this sort, had been fixed so that it would be apparent to any one that money was inclosed. It had done its work.

"Where is your father?" asked Mr. Barrett.

"In the garden," sobbed the girl.

Mr. Barrett went out into the garden, found the old man hoeing, and brought him in, and, when he was told all, he bowed his white head and sobbed with his child. The inspector learned that the girl had admirers, as was natural; that her father was very miserly, not giving her even the money needed for a bright bit of ribbon, a new hat, or a new dress; that she had been tempted to take money from the mails for bits of finery, and had done so. Mr. Barrett bitterly accused the old man of being the one to blame, and he acknowledged it.

"I suppose you will arrest her?" said the girl's father.

"Will you make restitution of the sum (it was about $10) she has taken on account of your miserliness?"

"Yes. Here it is," and it was handed over.

"Will you arrest her?"

"If I did what would be her future? No. Unless you or she tell this it will never be known in the village."

Inspector Barrett left after forcing the old man to promise his daughter should never be compelled or allowed to handle the mails again; and, when he submitted his full report to the head of the department at Washington, his course was fully approved.

A Democratic Review of the Case.

Springfield, Mass., Republican (Dem.).

The Indiana Democrats are making a very unworthy attempt to prejudice workingmen against Mr. Harrison because of his stand in relation to the railroad strike of 1877, which was entirely creditable. The circumstances have not yet been forgotten in this country, which for a time saw mob law invoked in a dozen cities. It is certain that Harrison acted in a thoroughly humane and proper spirit all through. He repelled any suggestion of attacking the strikers unless it should become necessary, and when the strike ended he exerted himself to have the arrested strikers treated leniently. About 200 had been sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment for contempt of court. General Harrison went to Judge Drummond suggesting that the law had been sufficiently vindicated by the pronouncing of this sentence, and asking that the men be released. Those who had already begun their terms were released, the others were discharged, and nothing more was heard of the prosecutions. The Indianapolis Sentinel acts not only very unworthily in attacking General Harrison, but in a party sense very foolishly, since the most prominent Democrats in the State were as much engaged in the preservation of order as Harrison. It was simply a citizen's duty. There is a charge that Harrison used some contemptuous expressions about workingmen, but this is not worth heeding.

The Decline of the Knights of Labor.

Gen. Francis A. Walker, in Princeton Review.

I believe that the real impulse which led to the adhesion of most of the members of the new order [the Knights of Labor] was not selfish, but a desire, loyal and benevolent, though vague, to aid in a movement which they were assurred would be for the general good; assurances which they, for a time, accepted without much serious consideration of the natural workings of the proposed system. An impulse having been once given to the spread of the organization, it became, as in the case of so many popular movements in America, first a fashion and then a passion to join in; while professional agitators, politicians, and the press fanned the flame to fury. The sudden decline in the strength and numbers of the order has been due, not so much to the resistance encountered, to defeats and losses sustained in contests with employers, not so much, even, to the national inaptitude for long-sustained exertion in any one direction, as to the fact that the practical common sense of the people has asserted itself; and that, on looking more closely into the matter, and thinking it over, the majority of those who have been members fail to find any sufficient reason why they should continue to be at the trouble and expense of supporting it.

Georgia Hospitality.

Philadelphia Press.

We find nothing more extraordinary in the present campaign than the wild and exultant boasting with which the Democratic organs at the South parade the fact that Major McKinley was treated in a hospitable and gentlemanly way during his recent visit and speech-making in Georgia. Great Mars! Gentlemen of the South! Aren't you accustomed to treating visitors in that manner, or do you do it so seldom that you must get upon your heels and applaud yourselves every time you do it? The North expected that you would treat Major McKinley like a gentleman, and the expectation was fully realized. But the appreciation of his welcome is blunted and belittled by the suspicion which your cheering excites, that it was an unusual thing for you to receive a stranger as you received Major McKinley. There's nothing the matter with McKinley—he's all right; there's nothing the matter with Georgia—she's all right. But the hospitality which goes around blowing about its own cordiality is not all right—it is open to the suspicion of being either shoddy or insincere.

The Party of Free Whisky.

New York Press.

The Democratic cry of "free whisky" is shown to be particularly hollow by the following section (No. 40) of the Mills bill:

That all clauses of Section 3244 of the Revised Statutes, and all laws amendatory thereof, and all other laws which impose any special taxes upon manufacturers of stills, retail dealers in liquors and retail dealers in malt liquors are hereby repealed.