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A.—BOKER'S BITTERS since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made, whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

If you suffer from looseness of bowels or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.

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Weekly Tribune	1 00	—	—
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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1889.

TWENTY-TWO PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—Dispatches from Admiral Kimberly, at Apia, and from Berlin, confirmed the reported loss of American and German war-ships at Samoa. The total loss of life among the Americans was fifty; among the Germans, ninety-six. ==== The passenger steamer Countess of Flanders was run into off Dunkirk by a Belgian mail boat, and was sunk. Fourteen lives were lost. ==== The boat-race between Cambridge and Oxford was won by the former. ==== The funeral of John Bright was held at his home at Rochdale, England. ==== Directors of the Comptoir d'Escompte were examined before a magistrate.

Congress.—The Senate, in executive session, rejected the nomination of Murat Halstead, of Ohio, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Germany. ==== Several nominations were confirmed. ==== The President sent to the Senate the names of John T. Abbott, of New-Hampshire, and E. H. Terrill, of Texas, to be Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to Colombia and Belgium respectively, and of ten delegates to the American International Conference.

Domestic.—The Interstate Commerce Commission reported that the effect of the "short-haul clause" on roads in the South which observed it had not been injurious. ==== Eleven Indians were reported to have been killed by a trapper in Dakota. ==== A vessel built in 1803 was damaged in a collision on the Maine coast. ==== Zachariah Chaffee died in Rhode Island.

City and Suburban.—Officers at the local Navy Yard gave their views of the catastrophe at Samoa; sketches of the lost officers' lives and descriptions of the war-ships. ==== Several collisions off the coast were reported by the captains of incoming vessels. ==== Nearly 150 men were arrested in connection with pool-selling in Long Island City. ==== Flames among the oil tanks at Long Island City destroyed property worth $150,000 and burned one workman to a crisp. ==== John A. Duff, the well-known theatrical manager, was stricken with apoplexy. ==== The new Assembly Ceiling Investigation Committee held a session in this city. ==== Stocks active with fluctuations, closing with a rally.

The Weather.—Indications for to-day: Clear or fair weather, with slight changes in temperature. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 44 degrees; lowest, 29; average, 32 5-8.

Persons going out of town for the summer can have the Daily and Sunday TRIBUNE mailed to them for 90 cents per month, or $2.50 for three months. Travellers in Europe can receive THE TRIBUNE during their absence for $1.55 per month, foreign postage paid, or $4.45 for three months. The address of the paper will be changed as often as desired.

There was a decided flavor of winter in the air of yesterday. It served to remind the metropolis of a fact which is commonly lost sight of, that spring hereabouts is more apt to be a tantalizing variableness than an ethereal mildness.

The proposition from the baseball players to pay $10,000 to local charities for the privilege of using the Polo Grounds during the coming season is amusing rather than otherwise. But the city authorities might, it would seem, allow this privilege to continue for one more summer, which is all that is asked, simply on the ground that it will give pleasure to a large part of the public, and do no appreciable harm to anybody.

Cambridge won the University race with apparent ease, taking the lead from the outset, and increasing it somewhat at the finish. The race was well contested, however, and while it does not appear to have been especially exciting, Oxford managed to keep its nose within a fair distance of the Cambridge boat. One more victory for Cambridge, which has now won four races in succession, will tie the record between the two universities.

The Irish case is to be presented this week before the Parnell Commission, and Sir Charles Russell is preparing to open it in an elaborate speech. Mr. Parnell, as will be noticed from our cable letter, is preoccupied with the arrangements for the defence, and is inclined to beg off from the social honors now showered upon him in England. When he has appeared as a witness, and the defence is fairly under way, he may have leisure for accepting the freedom of the city of Edinburgh and similar distinctions. All these courtesies and compliments to the Irish leader have a political significance which will not escape the constituencies. Good feeling between England and Ireland is indicated by these banquets and official receptions. The Home Rule movement has already done much to reconcile the two races and to remove ancient causes of alienation and resentment. While Coercion and Balfourism steadily promote irritation and rawness, the sympathy of English and Scotch Liberals is healing the old scars and wounds. One of these days the constituencies will have to choose between these opposing policies of alienation and reconciliation.

The Navy Department has received official dispatches from Admiral Kimberley confirming the melancholy Samoan news. The loss of life on the American war-ships was very severe—four officers and forty-six men. The Vandalia suffered most heavily, her commander, Captain Schoonmaker, a most gallant and capable officer, whose death will be universally regretted in the service, heading the list. There seems to be a bare chance of saving the Nipsic, which was beached, but the other two vessels, including the Trenton, perhaps the best of the old-time ships, are lost. Two of the German vessels in like manner were completely wrecked, but possibly the third may be kept afloat. The loss of life on that side is much heavier than in the American fleet—ninety-six officers and men. Every ship in the harbor tried to put out to sea, but the English Calliope was the only one that succeeded in escaping from the tempest-rent and treacherous harbor. The American crews will be sent to San Francisco as soon as a steamer can be chartered at Auckland. The naval demonstrations on both sides have suddenly collapsed, and the native population will speedily be left to its own devices unless additional ships are dispatched from Zanzibar and the Asiatic Station. Hurricanes at Samoa come without warning, very much as the German fleet swooped down upon poor Malietoa, and are equally irresistible.

THE NAVAL CATASTROPHE.

The catastrophe at Apia, of which meagre details are furnished from Auckland, has several morals of very distinct application. The first and most important is the expediency of conciliatory action at the Berlin Conference. This masterful and singularly terrible intervention of nature in the rivalries of nations will tend to facilitate a pacific settlement of the Samoan question. Happily, the fleets which have been wrecked on the reefs had not exchanged broadsides, but were lying quietly at their anchorages when overtaken by the tempest. The Armada had been harassed for weeks in a running fight by Howard, Hawkins, Frobisher and Drake, and finally attacked by fire-ships and dispersed in Calais Roads before a mightier foe than the English completed its destruction off the Orkneys. In the South Seas the fury of the storm has not discriminated between German and American war-ships, but has made common sport of them all, while the two Admirals were awaiting the action of the diplomatists at Berlin. With the rival fleets dashed against the reefs, and with officers, sailors and marines castaways among the natives of the islands, which have been either overawed or protected by the display of naval force, the necessity for a diplomatic settlement of the vexatious Samoan controversy becomes almost imperative.

Another lesson, which Americans may well take to heart, is the duty of increasing their navy with all possible dispatch. The Germans can replace their shattered ships without great exertion and with comparatively little delay. It was reported not long ago that four of their ironclads had been ordered from Genoa to Sydney, and it was hinted in the cable dispatches that the Zanzibar squadron was heading in the same direction. Either of these fleets can be called into requisition without aid from the Asiatic squadron. The United States will have greater difficulty in recruiting its naval forces in Apia and taking off the shipwrecked crews. The Monongahela fortunately is on its way to the islands, and the Alert is at Honolulu within easy reach. At Panama a vessel cannot be spared; and at San Francisco there is not a ship available for service. There are three antiquated vessels in the Asiatic squadron, the Omaha, Swatara and Marion; one new dispatch-boat, the Dolphin, and the Palos, which is hardly better than a towboat. In this emergency the only resource is to send some of these venerable relics from China and Hawaii, and to leave those important stations bare. Such a situation is humiliating to American pride. The movement for providing the country with a well-equipped modern navy ought to receive a powerful impulse from the Samoan catastrophe.

An additional moral may be pointed from the insecurity afforded by Apia Harbor in one of those terrific hurricanes to which the islands are frequently exposed. It is hardly better than an open roadstead where the storms of the southern seas are free to break on ships at anchor and to drive them helplessly against the reefs. In the adjacent island there is a harbor entirely landlocked save at the narrow entrance, and protected against hurricanes by lofty mountains on every side. This is Pago-Pago, which the United States acquired years ago by treaty as a permanent coaling-station, but has utterly neglected to utilize. It is the best and safest harbor in the South Seas—the only one in which vessels can anchor in security when the islands are devastated by a hurricane. Congress at the last session took belated action for securing the permanent occupation of Pago-Pago for the purposes contemplated by the treaty. The wisdom and prudence of its course have been speedily demonstrated by the terrific storm at Apia. The Americans have acquired in that harbor most valuable privileges which are destined to be of increased importance with the future development of their trade with Australia and the revival of the commercial marine. Pago-Pago should neither be neglected nor surrendered, but intelligently and sagaciously utilized.

MR. GLADSTONE'S EULOGY.

Mr. Gladstone's eulogy is described by our London correspondent as the homage of a colleague and chief rather than the affectionate tribute of a friend. This tone was natural in the circumstances. Mr. Gladstone at the close of his career enjoys a perspective of more than half a century of active service for the State and uninterrupted attendance on debate in the Commons. During a large portion of that period he has been Minister and leader, and he has been intimately associated with all the great men of the Victorian era. What a retrospect opened before him as he awaited in the Commons his hour for speaking of John Bright! He had mingled within those walls with all the English orators and statesmen of the century. Wellington, Canning, O'Connell, Melbourne, Grey, Peel, Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Mill, Cobden and Disraeli must have arisen before his eyes as he was collecting his thoughts for pronouncing a fitting eulogy on almost the only great figure who had remained with him from the old scenes of high debate and constitutional development of English liberties. Those who were to listen to him belonged to the newer generation. From the departure of Mr. Bright he was left a solitary veteran addressing colleagues and rivals who aspired to play their parts in the present and the future, while he himself belonged to an earlier generation that had accomplished its work and disappeared from the scene. It was Mr. Gladstone, the veteran, rising to offer his homage to an associate who had rivalled him both in oratory, in the purely ethical character of his statesmanship, and in the moral elevation of his public services. He spoke of Mr. Bright as he would prefer to have some future eulogist speak of him—as one of the historic figures in the great drama of English civilization—as one who had elevated political life "to a loftier standard than it had ever reached."

There was perhaps a touch of melancholy and personal disappointment in Mr. Gladstone's reference to Mr. Bright's good fortune in dying at a stage of his career when all classes, parties and factions could unite in rendering to him sincere homage. All the great causes with which as a Liberal he had been identified had triumphed, and his old associates could remember gratefully their obligations to him for his untiring and magnificent service. By his alliance with the Unionists against Home Rule he had in his closing years established a claim upon his former political foes for admiration and appreciation. Mr. Gladstone himself, were death now to overtake him, could not be referred to in the same way. The Home Rule cause is not yet won. All sections of Parliament could not unite with sincerity and fervor in such a scene as was enacted when the eulogies on Mr. Bright were pronounced. Seldom has it been possible for an English statesman of the first rank to leave the scene with a consciousness that his work had been completed and that friends and foes united in exalting his services to the country and the moral dignity of his character. Chatham's last cries in Parliament were broken words of protest and reproach against the proposal to surrender America, and falling back in a swoon he was carried home to die. The younger Pitt passed away harassed with a sense of failure and murmuring, "My country! How I leave my country!"

TIME ON THE ELEVATED ROADS.

It has an important bearing upon the rapid-transit question to know just what speed is made upon the existing roads. Express trains are now run on the Sixth and Ninth ave. lines, between One-hundred-and-fifty-fifth-st. and Rector-st., to make connections with the New-York and Northern Railway Company. This distance, which is nine and one-half miles in a straight line, is said to be made in 33 minutes. Calling it ten miles to make ample allowance for curves, this would be at the rate of a little over 18 miles an hour. This fact is sometimes cited as showing that we have now a fair degree of rapid transit. But, unfortunately, we all know that there are few such trains, and that the average time made by the trains which carry the bulk of the passengers is very much slower. To prove this, we have only to turn to the official time-table of the company which hangs in every station. Here is the time-table on the Sixth-ave. road. Let passengers who are curious to test the time actually consumed in their daily journeys preserve it for comparisons:

	Minutes		Minutes
South Ferry	—	42d-st.	24
Battery Place	1½	50th-st.	26
Rector-st.	4	53d-st.	29
Cortlandt-st.	5	59th-st.	33
Park Place	6	72d-st.	35
Chambers-st.	7½	81st-st.	36½
Franklin-st.	9	93d-st.	38½
Grand-st.	10½	104th-st.	40
Bleecker-st.	13	116th-st.	43½
8th-st.	16	125th-st.	45½
14th-st.	17½	135th-st.	48
23d-st.	20	145th-st.	50
33d-st.	22	155th-st.	52

The average rate of speed as denoted by this table does not exceed 12 miles an hour, which could not be regarded as a high rate of speed even if it were maintained. But, as probably every traveller on these roads knows, they rarely live up to their time-tables. During the busy hours trains are so much delayed by the great number of passengers getting on and off that it is impossible to carry out the time-table without forcing trains to a higher rate of speed than at present between the stations, and a high rate could not be attained even then, owing to frequent stops. For example, for convenience of measurement, we will take the ride between the Park Place station and the station at Ninety-third-st. and Ninth-ave., which is a little less than six miles. The circle making six miles from the City Hall crosses Ninth-ave. at Ninety-seventh-st. But we will give the company a slight advantage and call the distance six miles. The schedule time for this trip is 32 1-2 minutes, which is at the rate of a trifle more than 11 miles an hour. But during the busy hours of the day this ride, as repeatedly tested, takes about 39 minutes—sometimes a little less and sometimes a little more, or at the rate of a little less than 9 1-4 miles per hour. During the less crowded hours of the day there may be a slight improvement upon this, but it will be seen that the rate is decidedly slow. Probably it rarely exceeds 10 miles an hour. This is not rapid transit, and the public cannot be persuaded that it is such; and faster service cannot be had from the elevated roads unless we roof the streets over.

A BROOKLYN PARK SCHEME.

The Brooklyn Park Commissioners are acting most judiciously in adopting practical measures for the improvement of what are known as the East Side lands adjacent to the reservoir. The city owns a tract of sixty acres extending from Flatbush to Washington aves., and from the Eastern Parkway to the line of the town of Flatbush. Originally it was intended that these lands should be sold, but for many years the title to the property was clouded through litigation, and it was impracticable to put them in the market. Meanwhile, the city has been steadily growing, and Prospect Park, which was once an ample pleasure-ground separated from the densely populated wards, is now disproportioned to the requirements of the third city of the Union. To the west of the Park building operations have proceeded during the last ten years at an unprecedented rate; to the east of the unimproved lands the residence area has been extended to East New-York, which is now a ward of the city; and to the south the town of Flatbush is rapidly being converted into an attractive and populous suburb, which before many years will inevitably be annexed. It is a most fortunate circumstance that the sixty acres are owned by the city and available for improvement. It would be an act of supreme folly for the Park Commissioners to sell these lands. By improving them they can open a closer approach to the Park from the Eastern District and provide for the future growth of the city in the direction of Flatbush and Flatlands. If anything be needed to promote annexation sentiment in the outlying towns, it is the removal of the hideous eyesore which has been for many years a foil to the tranquil beauty of the adjacent Park.

The plan favored by Commissioners Woodward, Storrs and Somers is an ambitious one, and may be open to criticism in some details. It contemplates the reservation of as many as fifteen building sites for a public library, two museums, a high school for boys, a gymnasium and structures for the Brooklyn Institute and other associations of educational character. About one-third of the ground will be converted into a central campus. There will be a semi-circular terrace twenty-five feet wide fronting on the Plaza and a Mall seventy feet wide and 800 feet long stretching across Flatbush-ave., with sites for monuments at each end, one in the new and the other in the old Park. These are the general features of the project, which is understood to meet with the approval of all the commissioners. As the Brooklyn Institute is anxious to acquire a site at once on these unimproved lands and other educational buildings are already projected, it may be practicable to carry out the so-called university idea, and to complete before many years the group of fifteen structures contemplated by the committee. Certainly the conversion of the unsightly tract into a park with broad landscape effects would impart a great impetus to every enlightened scheme for providing the city with museums, libraries and similar institutions. The fact that free sites for such buildings were available in improved park lands would exert a most invigorating effect upon several philanthropic projects which are now languishing in Brooklyn.

The plans to be reported to the Board by the committee may involve in the first instance an expenditure of $250,000; but the benefits to be derived from the conversion of a most unsightly stretch of barren and neglected goose pasture into an attractive park commanding broad prospects of the city, and even of the ocean from the most elevated portion, will be worth all that the improvements will cost. The Brooklyn of the future will need every acre of park land which it now owns. The East Side lands ought never to be sold. Immediate steps should be taken for their permanent occupation and development as a public pleasure-ground.

LICENSES ON THE TURF.

Of the making of new race-tracks there seems to be no end. In all parts of the country they are taking form in night like Jonah's gourd. But some of them are sure to wither and die away as swiftly as did the plant which afforded the ancient prophet temporary solace. The growth of these mushroom affairs in many cases is too swift and sudden to be healthy. Behind the New-York Jockey Club and the new track in New-Jersey to be controlled by the Dwyer Brothers is ample capital, and both are in the hands of capable and experienced racing men who have the advantages and facilities necessary to bring the great stables and the famous horses to their grounds. There is some talk, too, about the responsibility and high character of the capitalists who are supplying the money for still another track in New-Jersey, but they appear to be too shrinking and sensitive at present to emerge into the light of day. In this excessive modesty they are making a mistake. The only way to enlist public confidence and support is to keep nothing back, and to lay before the people the names of those who have undertaken the enterprise, and all the information that can tend to settle the position of the new course in the estimation of racing men.

Before the season of 1889 closes New-York lovers of the thoroughbreds will have no fewer than six, and perhaps seven, high-class courses to support within fifty miles from the City Hall, and five of these will be within fifteen miles from Wall-st. The five will be Jerome Park and the new Morris-Jerome course, both above the Harlem, the tracks of the Coney Island and Brooklyn Jockey Clubs, both on Long Island, and the new Dwyer track, near Elizabethport, in New-Jersey. The sixth, of course, is Monmouth Park. The possible seventh is the additional course in New-Jersey, still seemingly somewhat in the air rather than upon the solid earth. No account need be taken of such fleeting phantoms, with slime bedraggled skirts, as Brighton Beach, Clifton and Guttenberg, nor is it likely that the elusive and transitory Astoria affair need be reckoned with as a factor in genuine sport. But what a wide range of choice and opportunity is offered by the six that are surely upon a sound financial basis and are managed by men well known and popular on the turf!

While the East is so busy the West is not idle. St. Paul and Minneapolis have entered the list of rivals with the Twin City track, and New-Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Lexington, Louisville, Latonia, St. Louis and Chicago tread so closely, each on the other's heels, that some of them already begin to limp and to show sprains and bruises from the jostling of too many feet in too small a space.

But with all these competitors getting out burning appeals for the favor of the people, where is there any intelligent, earnest effort to lessen the scandals, abuses and evils of the turf? America is very far behind England in precautions against dishonesty and fraud. If the English system of licensing trainers and jockeys were adopted here, a most important gain in the direction of clean and honest sport could be noted. But if our jockey clubs continue to permit any rascal, no matter how foul his life and filthy his reputation, to train and run horses on their grounds—any jockey, no matter how vile his practices, to ride for their stakes and purses—they must not protest if suspicions steadily increase and attacks on the turf become more frequent and persistent. All the organizations that really desire fair play and legitimate sport on their grounds must act together to cut off the tainted or corrupt elements, or one by one the jockey clubs will go down. United they can stand, and they can give racing that has never been equalled in America. But without concerted action against the parasites and the robbers of the race-track they will soon lose ground, their treasuries will become empty, and their gates desolate.

KEELY'S "MISSING LINK."

It is announced from Philadelphia that John W. Keely has found his "missing link"—the mechanical arrangement which was required to "make the vibratory resonator and the Keely motor etheric generative evaporator work successfully." A description of the "link" represents it as a hollow copper hoop, the functions of which are as intelligible as the Keely machinery generally. Now that the last obstacle has been removed we suppose the great results regularly promised on similar occasions will be once more trotted to the front—and will be kept there until in due course the alleged inventor discovers that after all the "missing link" fails to fill the gap, and some other inspirational invention has to be awaited. In order to tone the public palate for Keely miracles, however, we will recall one of the marvellous deeds ascribed to him by a disciple, and which, or its like, he will no doubt be prepared to repeat now that all the difficulties have been removed. The story goes that Keely invited several capitalists to witness an exhibition of the disintegration of quartz by a new process. A quartz reef in the Catskill Mountains was selected for experiment. "Mr. Keely took out his little machine and said: 'Gentlemen, please take the time.' In eighteen minutes there was a tunnel in that quartz mountain eighteen feet long and four and a half feet in diameter."

All the mining magnates who saw this of course went immediately and bought up every quartz mine in the country—or the world. How long they held on to these properties, or at what advances they disposed of them, the historian saith not. But the general belief is that Keely's new process for the disintegration of quartz has never been seen in operation since the day when the capitalists stood in the Catskills and saw—or did not see—the marvel recounted above. But now Mr. Keely will of course make up for lost time. His etheric force—or, as Laurence Oliphant preferred to name it, dynaspheric force—has hitherto baffled him by its capricious and elusive character. He could move a 500 horse-power engine single-handed by its aid, on special occasions, or he could through the medium of a slight wire lift a cylinder weighing several hundreds of pounds with his little finger. But he could not somehow do these things when anybody was looking, or when he wanted to do them to convince other people. Now that he has evolved "a cylindrical piece of copper, bent in the form of a circle or hoop, with the ends welded together so perfectly that it cannot be seen where the joint is made," of course all these difficulties will disappear, and a waiting world will see the Keely motor mote, the atomizer atomize, the generator generate, and the resonator resonate. The missing link being found in the shape of a hoop, we may expect that Mr. Keely will proceed to hoop things up, so to speak.

A note of alarm is sounded by "The Lancet," of London, at the increasing emigration from the British Isles. Nearly 300,000 persons are annually leaving the mother country for the Colonies or for alien lands. But the quantity of this flood is not less portentous than its quality. The emigrants are really the elite of the population, the strong-bodied, clear-brained and enterprising. The weakly ones perforce remain at home. This constant drainage of the best blood of the nation must in time make itself felt on the physique of the nation. "Indeed," says "The Lancet," "we must be already suffering the consequences; and these will go on increasing on the principle of compound interest. . . . Undoubtedly an emigration society that could find employment and send abroad a number of comparatively weak persons would render by far the greatest service, both from a patriotic and humanitarian point of view." Undoubtedly. But let it be sure to send them to Britain's own colonies. With all our regard for humanitarian principles, this country must no longer be made a dumping-ground for the asylums and almshouses of the Old World.

The Legislative Committee of the Real Estate Exchange has approved the bill for the regulation of explosives. The explosives that are giving New-Yorkers the greatest anxiety just at present are those which accumulate in the subways. It is doubtful whether they can be reached by the bill in question; but if the Real Estate Exchange has anything practical to offer on this pressing question, the people who make habitual use of our streets will be glad to hear it.

The Aldermen are taking an unconscionably long time to decide the Polo Grounds question. What the public interested in this matter most wants is to see its favorite game played for another season at this time-honored place. No interests will suffer by permitting this. And the decision ought to be made at once.

Bill Gabig is the euphonious name of the latest candidate for the honors of the prize-ring. Mr. Gabig writes to "The Albany Argus" to express his contempt for "those looking-glass prize-fighters who admire themselves while standing before some barroom mirror." It is evident from this that Bill is sarcastic as well as pugilistic, and that, unlike Shakespeare, he seriously objects to having the mirror held up to nature. It is to be regretted that Mr. Gabig's note to "The Argus" contains the statement that he is prepared to fight "for money, and not for fun." It looks from this as if he took a sordid view of his profession. Heroes, William, real heroes, are made of different stuff. It is the tumultuous joy of conflict that animates them, and not the contemplation of contingent lucre.

A citizen of Pennsylvania shot himself the other day because his wife baked heavy bread. Several morals are to be drawn from this affecting incident, the chief of which, of course, is that young women ought to take care not to marry men who object to heavy bread.

A curious and interesting chapter in sanitary science is furnished in the recent history of Munich, Bavaria. For many years that city suffered from typhus fever, frequent epidemics occurring and the death-rate from that cause being always high. At first the water-supply was suspected of contamination, but careful tests disproved that theory. Then some one called attention to the porous character of the soil on which the city stood, and suggested that it might be the medium of infection. As an experimental measure it was ordered that all cesspools and drains should be made water-tight, so that no leakage into the soil could occur. The effect of this was quickly noticed in an abatement of the disease. An improved system of water-tight sewers was then ordered, and further gains for health were noted. Finally, the eight hundred or more private slaughter-houses were abolished, and their work transferred to a single central building under official control, thus preventing further pollution of the soil from that source. The grand result of these reforms is that the fever has become almost a thing of the past, and Munich is now—in that respect, at least—as healthful as any European city. The incident may conjoin a valuable suggestion for other fever-stricken places. There is sometimes death in the soil.

Georgia's Capitol was to cost $1,000,000; it did cost $999,981 57, the commissioners appointed to superintend its building having returned $18 43 to the State Treasury. New-York's Capitol was to cost $4,000,000. It has cost—well, of the amount originally appropriated, $18 43 has not yet been refunded to State Treasurer Fitzgerald.

It costs something to get a jury in this town, judging by the bill for $5,069 40, which District Attorney Fellows approved, for the services of one J. B. Wilkinson in looking up the record of men summoned as jurors in the Kerr trial. Mayor Grant perceived something odd—not to say suspicious—in this transaction, and he wishes an itemized statement from J. B. Wilkinson. Evidently J. B. Wilkinson will not get any money until the Mayor is satisfied that he ought to have it. There is ground for the belief that the bill of particulars will be an interesting document.

The men who are now endeavoring to commend oleomargarine to the Massachusetts Legislature seem to think it will smell sweeter if they call it "the poor man's butter." The trouble is that the poor man who asks for good butter and pays the good price that good butter commands too often is deceived into taking oleomargarine. If every firkin of oleomargarine was stamped "this is the poor man's butter," or "this is the man's poor butter," there would be less call for complaint.

The Democratic leaders are more confident than ever in the strength of their cause and the work of organization and development of tariff reform is being actively carried on throughout the Northern and Western States.—(The Albany Argus.

It looks from this as though the Republicans were going to have a walk-over in 1892. But then the Democratic party never did learn anything in the school of experience.

Mr. Longfellow, in one of his prose works, makes mention of a young gentleman and lady who, having plighted their troth, proceeded to take a "bridal tour" to see a man hanged. According to "The St. Paul Pioneer-Press," nearly 5,000 people have just been visiting a Minneapolis jail in order to delight themselves with the sight of the scaffold upon which a malefactor lately squared his account with justice. There are some amazingly queer people upon this planet of ours.

PERSONAL.

The "Speech from the Throne" in Sweden is the genuine article; far different from those at other capitals. It is delivered by stalwart King Oscar himself, clad in white ermine trimmed with red and gold, wearing a crown of gold upon his head and bearing a jewelled sceptre in his hand. He has a fine voice and is a graceful and eloquent orator.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins Searle is visiting San Francisco.

"Stepniak" is a good deal of an orator. At Newcastle-on-Tyne he once spoke to two thousand people for two hours and ten minutes without notes.

The late Sydney Bartlett, of Boston, during his active career at the bar saw the Supreme Court of the United States twice entirely renewed.

A portrait of "John Strange Winter" is to be exhibited at the Royal Academy. It represents her clad in an evening gown of old gold plush, with no jewels but a bracelet on one wrist.

Colonel Homer B. Sprague is talked of as a probable United States Senator from North Dakota.

Pellegrini died almost penniless.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney will spend the coming summer in Europe.

The King of Italy has conferred a Senatorship upon Professor Ascoli, the great comparative philologist. There are four other Jews in the Italian Senate, all very distinguished men.

Mr. D. L. Moody will begin work at Chicago on April 4.

General Felix Agnus has been elected an honorary member of the Historical Society of Dallas, Texas, in recognition of his services to the Nation in the war and his services to the Southern States since.

Announcement is made of the marriage engagement of Mr. Charles Russell, second son of Sir Charles Russell, to Miss Adah Williams, of Dolgelly, Wales. "Charlie" Russell, as he is generally known, is a bright-looking young man of some twenty-six summers, with his father's quick eyes and clear, melodious voice, and a solicitor, having served his apprenticeship with Messrs. Hollams, Son & Coward, eminent city attorneys. He is one of the cleverest of a clever set of brothers, including Arthur, the eldest, who holds a brief in the Parnell Commission; Cyril, who is the newest "Wagg's lad," having succeeded Lord Walter Campbell in that celebrated firm of stockbrokers, and Frank, who is still pursuing his studies at Oxford, and of whom great things are expected at the bar.

A pretty little glimpse of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain at a London ball: "Mrs. Chamberlain is certainly very attractive—not absolutely beautiful, but with a face and expression perfectly charming. She wears her hair very plainly brushed away from her forehead, she dresses simply, and her pale blue gown on Saturday both became and fitted her well, her only ornament being a diamond crescent in her hair. She was for some time the centre of a large and admiring crowd, who stared at her in a more interested than well-bred manner; but she is evidently accustomed to being inspected, for she bore it with the most perfect good humor and patience, and she must have been pleased at the evident admiration she aroused—at any rate, if she was indifferent, Mr. Chamberlain was not, for he looked radiant."

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

A little science is a dangerous thing. The people of New-Mexico have got it into their heads that they are living over a vast subterranean lake, and they fear that they will fall in some day and get wet.

Caller (to fond mother)—Isn't it somewhat remarkable and wonderful, Mrs. Hobson, that your little boy Frank, though eight years old, can neither read nor write?

Fond Mother—Oh, yes, I think so. The dear little fellow always was a remarkable and wonderful child.—(Harper's Magazine.

Says a hardware dealer in "The Kingston Freeman": "Many people imagine that by blowing their breath on the blade of a knife they can tell whether the blade is steel or pot-metal. Now, a person's breath will adhere to a pot-metal blade and fade away the same as on steel, but nine out of ten men don't know this, and that is the reason why so many people carry inferior pocket-knives. I hate to see a man enter my store and blow his breath on a steel knife. Unless the knife is rubbed off right after, it will rust and spoil the appearance of it."

Graham, the man who went through the Niagara whirlpool, is constructing a boat in which several persons can accompany him through the rapids. We are willing to give him a good notice after he goes through the whirlpool, but he need not send a press ticket to this office. None of our staff could spare a day off to accompany him in his journey. He can send our pass to General Rosser, the bombastic ex-Confederate Brigadier. We don't like Rosser.—(Norristown Herald.

A revivalist at Tama, Iowa, recently asked all of the congregation who paid their debts to rise. All rose but an editor, who explained that he didn't pay his debts because the rest of the congregation owed him on subscriptions.

About the Same Thing.—Editor—I am sorry to say that I find your witticisms are not acceptable, Mr. Jinx.

Jinx (sarcastically)—Too refined, perhaps?

Editor—No—no, refined is not exactly the word. Say too diluted, and you will come nearer the idea.—(Terre Haute Express.

Herrmann plays a neat trick on dead beats who ask for a pass. He writes out a pass for them with great readiness, but when they examine it after a few minutes, they discover that it is nothing but a blank card.

In Chi Yu, China, placards are displayed giving notice that all Christians are to be murdered. Fogg, who is inclined to cynicism—perhaps because sin is in him—thinks that if all Christians in Boston were threatened with murder it wouldn't cause much of a panic.—(Boston Transcript.

Bostonians are sure that spring, gentle spring, is near, because the skunk cabbage is blooming in the suburbs.

AN OFT-REPEATED ERROR.

"Sweet love, good night.
Beneath the stars which radiantly are glowing,
Reluctantly I quit thy sight.
For joy must end; time flies and I am going—
Sweet love, good night."

"Sweet love, good night."
The maid replied; "and yet that note of warning
Which sharply cuts the air: oh, prythee, hark!
Was it the mellow lay of matin lark,
Or barn-yard rooster crowing in the dark?
Nay—see the East; 'tis Phoebus' glaring spark.
Alas, methinks thou should'st have said 'good morning'
And not 'good night.'"

—(Texas Siftings.

A man in Huntington, Ind., has a skunk ranch. "I expect," he said the other day, "to make big money out of the business. Already I have sold a number of skunks to various zoological gardens at $10 a pair. But my chief profit will be from the oil and pelt. A full grown skunk will weigh from twenty to thirty pounds, and it can be made to produce at least a quart of oil. This oil retails at drug stores at 10 cents an ounce, or at the rate of $12 80 a gallon. It may be surmised that the wholesale price affords a fair margin. Besides, there is a pelt, which brings from $1 to $2, according to size and color. Skunk fur ranks next to that of the beaver in point of quality, and is highly prized by the ladies, who rarely know where it comes from. Black pelts fetch the best prices, but a careful breeder can manage so that the greater part of his pelts will be of the desired color. In a short time I shall be making $5,000 a year."

A Realistic Retrospect.—Blobson (who has been "reminiscing")—Oh, dear! How I should like something to remind me of my boyhood's home.

Popinjay—Why don't you sleep on a lot of old corn husks and hire a man to snake you out of bed every morning at 5 o'clock?—(Burlington Free Press.

A missionary of the American Sunday-school Union in Texas had the following questions put to him by people in a district where he was organizing and working up interest for Sunday-schools. "What publishing house do you represent? Do you sell many books? Of course you make plenty of money? Where did you come from? Who sends you out? Who pays you for this work? Does anybody ever charge you for staying with them? Are you a Democrat? Do you believe in baptism? And what do you think about baptism anyway? Who was Cain's wife? Who was Melchisedec? What church do you belong to? Do you belong to any detective agency? If I were in your place I would work for the money." These and many others of like character are propounded almost every day, and show the ignorance and opposition which is best met and overcome by a true, unsectarian, missionary spirit.

Major Stofah—I say, Hawkins, what do you think of that cigar I gave you?

Hawkins (weakly)—I don't think of it all. I'm trying to forget it.—(Washington Critic.

"The Methodist Recorder" tells this story: "A report was circulated that a certain old pastor in Connecticut was in the habit of bringing politics into his pulpit. A friend visited the place where the minister was reported to have done so, and asked a brother in the church, "Did Dr. Ely preach politics when here?"

"Yes," was the response, "he did."

"What did he say?"

"Well, sir," said the interrogated witness, more dubiously, "if he didn't preach politics, he anyhow prayed politics."

"But what did he say?" still urged the friend.

"Say!" echoed the respondent, "he said, 'Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.'"

An Ohio man found in his family Bible a check on the old Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Steubenville, dated December 19, 1821. There are many valuable things in the Bible, if its possessor would only search the book.—(Norristown Herald.

IMPERILLED INSTITUTIONS.

From The Trenton Gazette.

New-Jersey needs a Ruskin to protect her artistic deserts from the restless, materialising energies of those railroad companies (like the Pennsylvania, which is about to build great wharves out on the Kill von Kull flats). At this rate the time will soon come when we won't have a crabbing place, a frog pond, and scarcely even a mosquito marsh left.

NOT SO BADLY, AFTER ALL.

From The Chicago Tribune.

With the Chief Justiceship and the Ministry to England, an honor as conspicuous as a Cabinet position, Illinois has no reason to complain. In short, Illinois is doing quite well.

OH, NO; COALS TO NEWCASTLE!

From The Washington Critic.

Mr. Harrison should have sent Rice to China.

NOT CONTENT WITH KNOTHOLES.

From The Washington Post.

Some of the recent acts of the New-York legislators suggest that perhaps the Inauguration Centennial Committee did wrong in merely failing to invite the Solons. It looks as if the committee should have built a tight board fence around the celebration and put spikes in the top to keep the legislators from climbing over.

WHERE THE PROHIBITIONISTS TURNED THE SCALE.

From The Boston Herald.

The only State that has taken a positive step backward in liquor legislation this winter is New-Jersey.

EVER HAVE ANY SUBWAY EXPLOSIONS?

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The city of Chicago is far in advance of any city in underground telephone wires, and at the close of this present administration of Mayor Roche there will be more miles of underground telephone wire in Chicago than in the whole of Europe, excepting the subways of Paris. It is true there are many useless cables, because public sentiment forced wires underground before suitable ones were devised, and while this may be a loss to companies using wires, it in no wise reflects upon the enterprise of the city.

RIGHT YOU ARE, BRER GRADY.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

The South is prospering, and should not pose in the attitude of a beggar. She is able to support her own helpless sons, and she ought to do it. A retreat in each Southern State for homeless veterans would cost but little, because it would have but few inmates, and it would not have to be supported many years. It is unnecessary to ask for a single dollar from the Federal Government.