DOWN A COAL MINE SHAFT.

SINKING INTO A CHASM A QUARTER OF A MILE IN DEPTH.

An Exciting Experience for a Novice—The Quaint Notions of an Old Miner—Fire Damp, Falling Walls, and Other Perils.

CARBONDALE, Dec. 10.—"If thee be goodn' doon the shaft, lad," said the grimy old miner, stepping into the car that was waiting for the signal to lower him and his equally grimy comrades into the yawning thoroughfare to the mine, "doan't thee be stan'in' thurr a thenkin' on it, an' doan't thee shy an eye doon the shaft to see the blackness on it, nyther, ur thee'll nivver stir an inch foords the bottom, at all, an' it's the bit o' Loord's truth I be tellin' thee. Steapit in off-han' loikes. Thurr! Steady! Doon we goo! No need to shut thy eyes so tolight, lad, far it's nauk thee'll see now wi' 'em wolde copen, save yon fadin' patch o' day, we be le-avin', an' a sifer dollac'll be bigger'n the loikes o' that atoor we dump thee in the grome at the bottom."

The old miner was right. The candidate for the experience of visiting for the first time a coal mine by way of the perpendicular shaft that leads to the Cimmerian depths must not pause at the edge of the chasm to consider the matter. The rope that slowly unwinds at the surface as the car and platform are lowered through the darkness may part before the journey is fairly begun, and the bottom of the shaft is a good quarter of a mile below; but if the visitor stops to ponder over that possibility and lingers to calculate its consequences the chances are that he will never see the inside of a coal mine. If he really desires the experience he must step in off-hand like, as the old miner said, and imagine he is going to a picnic.

It is an exciting trip down a coal mine shaft to a novice. One who is nervous in an ordinary elevator, surrounded by upholstery and light, and with the monotony of the trip varied by frequent stops and constant changes among the occupants, would simply die on the journey down a mine shaft. Visitors who have the courage to make the trip are not many. Hundreds go to the colliery firm in the intention to descend the shaft; but nine-tenths of them change their minds when the clash and clangor and whirr of the machinery, the stifling dust, and the hurrying, sooty workmen surround and flit about them. Some visitors who have kept their courage to the sticking place until they have entered the car, lose it when the descent into the depths begins, and cower down to the bottom of the car, motionless with fear, and not infrequently lose consciousness.

"Aye, lad," said the old miner as we dropped into vacancy, "monny's the poor laddy-buck thot O' ye see'ronder'd an' whimpt' an' cryed fur to be let out, an monny's the one Oi've clinched wi' all me moight to save the poempin' on him oot. An' don't Oi mind well the poor lad an' lass, monny an' monny a year agone, as wud be goodn' doon the old Staffordshire mother in England, far a lark, they say'd, on the very day they buried thurr fur'd been wuns! Cud I nivver forgit the oikes o' thurr! She wurr a wee, frail trunk an' thurr seem a big fright to her almost the moment we dropped doon from the top. She went a clean fait as the darkness grow'd, an' even the whones her lad wurr moundin' an' sorrin' on her she gi' that cry which the folkes on it'll never leave me ears an' wi' the leap of a deer she cleared the tub atop, an' hurled herself doon, doon, doon through the blackness. We moners stood thurr struck all dumb, an' our hearts sore to boor-stin'. We could see the whole face of 'em, poor lad. Wi' his eyes a starin' wolde, an' his hands clatchin' at his throat. Oh, the sooght of him, as it gloomed out by the dim glimmer o' our lamps. I can see it noo! But, hapless, we read naught of what he wurr mounded to, poor lad! Sudden, wi a cry to his poor lass, that lay crooned an' moaning doon in thurr, he leapit as she had gone, an' the shaft wurr choked wi' horrors fur we poor moners fur monny a long day!"

The space is narrower in a mine shaft, and the impenetrable darkness makes it appear to be more nearly tangible than even the miners' lamps are but as firefly twinkles. Water filters through the rocky walls and patters upon you as you pass down, like uncomfortable rain drops from dripping eaves. The oscillations of the rope that holds your life are painfully apparent. The cheerful thought cannot be driven away that some one else has found the rope has been hanging for years from one side of the shaft or the other, will more than likely be given the jar this trip which will fetch it thundering down upon the car. Even the fact that the miners make this trip twice a day, laughing and talking, and even humming snatches of folk songs—but never whistling; to whistle in a mine will fetch the worst of luck, they say—fail to remove all thought of danger from the mind of the novice descending a mine shaft. There may be sensations of greater happiness and relief than those he feels when the car reaches the bottom, but I doubt it.

Every one who has never been down a coal mine is. One is like another—the galleries crossing each other in all directions, like the streets of a town with many turnings—a black and deep city, a city of coal. Some of the galleries are long and wide and well ventilated; others are low, narrow, and fortunate is the air inspiriously foul and charged with danger. The laden cars, trundling along the dingy tramways toward the foot of the shaft, pass the empty ones going back into the hidden depths for other burdens. The noise of blasts, the smell of gunpowder, the rumble here and there of falling coal, these glimmer lamps whose feeble rays barely outline the ghoulish forms of the miners at their toil; the noise of water pouring from the many subterranean veins sundered by the pick and drill—these are the sights and sounds that surround the life a miner leads, by night and day, hundreds of feet beneath the ground. Work never ceases in a mine when it is being run to its full capacity. One set of men go down the shaft at daylight and some out at dark, meeting at the surface the men who are going down, and whom they will meet coming out again next morning.

"No, lad, doan't thee nivver wyndle in the moine," warned the old miner, "fur thee'll drive the gud-loock sperrit oot an' let the bad-luck thyvel in. Thurr's monny a fail o' coal that's crushed doon on scores o' poor lads a wurrikin' in the deep that coom'd all along o' some cranky rattle-brin oop an wesselin' afoor they knew'd the loock. I tell ye, lad, the wesselin' some tune that the divvel folkes to dance to. The bosses may scoore the fails to shaky props an' that, but it's the wesselin' as does it oftentimes. Lad, Sooln-ant the wessel here what time thee be's lang wi us."

Fire-damp explosions are still of frequent occurrence, and in too many instances the responsibility may be traced to recklessness on the part of the miner himself.

"Aye, lad," said the old miner, "it be's a wonder, surely, the rattle-brins some o' we moiners be. What wurr it that poor Davy Richards did, Loord save us? Why, Davy wudn't a crushed a fly that stung him, but coo'n he go an' fling the swillage a-top Thurr's nineteen graves as Davy put thurr, an' enough on 'em, Loord knows, we had the loikes of afoor. They be'd a warrenin' Davy, his fellows be'd, as they wurr wurrikin wi' th' damp above 'em in the moine, an' some wurr fearful to go on wi' the task. An' whoiles they wurr shakin' thur heads an' hangin' back, and thinkin' it'd be well fur the wives an' bairns atop if wurrik stopped betimes, what does poor, thoughtless Davy do but fill his pipe an' whisk a fire wi' a lucifer to light it! The flash an' roor went roomin' an' echoin' through the galleries as far as the deep's run back, an' when the folme coom that we cud git to whurr it started, we drug oot to the mooth nineteen shapeless lads, as we had all know'd an' gone doon wi' monny's the time, an' poor Davy wurr one on 'em. Only one o' the gang coom out to tell how Davy done it all. An' the pity o' it wurr that dark Jones, a new one in the moine had putt'n money to bring his wife an' youngers from the old country, an' had sent it, an' wurr lookin' for 'em day by day. An' so happens they coo'm'd the day that Davy fored the damp an' Jack Jones wurr lyin' dead at the mooth. Loord save us, what time they coom arrayin us!"

It is remarkable that in the confined and sunless atmosphere in which the coal miner lives at least half of his life he contracts but few maladies. He never suffers from fever. Still, in the course of time the bad air works destruction to his blood, impoverishing it, and makes him an easy victim to consumption. The dust arising from the coal does its fatal work to chest and lungs. If the miner is seen with the grime of his labor washed from his face, its pallor will be startling to the stranger. His eyes are protruding, his form stooped, his gait uncertain and shambling. He frequently works in water up to his knees, and he thinks nothing of it, but he is in constant fear of taking cold when in the open air. While the outdoor laborer in the coal regions congratulates himself that he is not subject to the hardship and exposed to the perils that the miner is, the miner rejoices that he is sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, from cold and wind and rain, unlike his less-favored brother the outdoor laborer. The miner, as everybody knows, is superstitious and credulous. He believes in ghosts in haunted mines, in myths of all kinds.

"Ah, lad," said my old miner guide, "these moines be's well enough surely, an' we wurr unlokely bein's if we cudn't live an' wurrik boon an be happy in 'em, one an' all. But think o' the moines I be readin' of across the sea, beauties, lad, beauties! Moines way down forther in the deep's than these, whurr the toilers have dug thur houses out o' the solid rock, and carved a chind wurship fur wee fur prayers, an' a theayter, lad, an' shops, an' inns, an' all o' that! Think o' the lokes on it! An the moiners doosn't need to go atop at all. They live thurr yerr in an' yerr out, the lads an' lasses marry thurr, thurr the moiners that's born'd, and thurr the one that's done thur wurrik for aye is laid away. These be the salt moines, lad, way ayont the sea. Ah! they be the spots whurr the laddy-buck's must find peace. No climbin' oop an' doon o' shafts, an' speak'in' moond in the mouk an' dust an' blackness. Why, they must be near to the lokes o' hivven, lad, surely!"

The credulous old miner had evidently heard the marvelous tales of the rock-salt mines of Wieliczka and Bochinia, in Austrian Galicia, told by extravagant romancists of a century ago. He believed them, and it was not my mission to tell him they were fiction, pure and simple.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Second Philharmonic Concert.

On Friday afternoon and last evening took place the second rehearsal and the second concert of the forty-third season of the Philharmonic Society. Its programme consisted of four pieces only. The authors of two of the numbers (Beethoven and Schumann) were of the first rank in classical music, while the others were modern, and possess considerably less title to fame. The selections were as follows:

Symphony, F minor (manuscript)	Richard Strauss
Overture, "Leonore"	Beethoven
Concerto for violoncello	Volkmann
Symphony, E flat	Schumann

It is a rare thing to have a manuscript symphony performed. Conductors are, as a rule, not willing to present works of native or resident composers, be they ever so good; and though it is possible that now in this numbers manuscript symphonies are wasting their lives in the silence and dust of private libraries, there is not the slightest probability that one of them will ever be performed, for the glory of its writer or the edification of the public.

It is not generally understood, nor indeed, easy to imagine, how much labor is involved merely in the mechanical writing of a symphony. Only to set its myriads of notes properly upon paper is a task that demands patience and painstaking. There is therefore good reason why we should regard a work of this sort with respect, as being one of the highest forms of human thought, as well as the result of great manual labor.

The new symphony by Richard Strauss, which was given last evening impresses upon a second hearing, and this fact is in itself high praise. Another proof of its worth is that it was set side by side with music each portion of which, though various in style, is perfect of its kind, and that it bore this comparison well. The chief fault of the symphony is its unmeasurable repetition of phrases, beautiful without doubt, but becoming almost wearisome from iteration, and weakening thus the effect of the composition. The *scherzo* is by far the most graceful and charming movement, and one which Mendelssohn himself need not have been ashamed to own. Next in order of excellence comes the first *allegro*, which opens with a lovely and attractive phrase. The whole sounds like the production of a man who is thoroughly able to handle musical forms, who is versed in orchestration, and who has talent with at genius. But it is a genial work, that may be enjoyed often without fear.

Though difficult to determine, in a concert so perfect as last evening's, which of all its numbers gave most enjoyment to the large audience, it may perhaps safely be judged that the violoncello solo by Mr. Giese was of the greatest interest to the majority of listeners. Perfection is rarely even approximated to in this world of ours that, when it is as nearly attained as is the case with Mr. Giese's playing, the realization of it is fraught with fullest satisfaction. Volkman's concerto is delightful music, and its rendering last evening left nothing to be wished for.

The concert closed with Schumann's E flat symphony, so full of sustained nobility, power, and massiveness, and it was faultlessly played by Mr. Thomas's orchestra.

Thalia Theatre.

Last evening's performance was a no longer novel yet quite opportune burlesque of Wagner's "Tannhäuser."

It was a capital performance throughout, and the audience caught the spirit of fun which pervades this work. The Thalia company are very well adapted for the different parts, and the management mounted the piece creditably.

Mr. Rank's caricature of *Wolfram* was one of the most artistic performances of that kind; without in the slightest degree overdoing the part, he succeeded in making it prominently interesting, infusing into it an amount of subtle humor, which was as picturesque as it was unexpected.

Messrs. Lube, Schuetz, and Junker were scarcely less admirable in their work, and Miss Schatz's *Elizabeth* was a thoroughly satisfactory performance.

So excellent a rendering of this capital burlesque ought to prove a potent attraction for the few nights for which it is announced.

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

Marie Vanoni sings in Koster & Bial's concert to-night.

"Adonis" has not ceased to amuse at the Bijou Opera House.

"Love on Crutches" continues to win golden opinions at Daly's Theatre.

Miss Annie Schutte gives a concert at Steinway Hall on Friday evening.

"The Private Secretary" may still be seen at the Madison Square Theatre.

Charotte Thompson appears in "East Lynne" at the Star theatre this week.

Hyde and Behman's minstrels appear at the Mount Morris Theatre this week.

The Dalys reappear in "Vacation" at Tony Pastor's Theatre to-morrow evening.

The Boston and Ideal Opera Company sings at the People's Theatre this week.

"The Corsican" will be presented at the Fourteenth Street Theatre to-morrow evening.

The Arion Society gives a vocal and instrumental concert at Steinway Hall this evening.

Aimee will talk English in "Mamzelle" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre to-morrow evening.

A band from Buda-Pesth will interpret Hungarian music at Gilmore's Garden Thursday evening.

A crack man who takes three figures to count his years, is on exhibition at the Globe Dime Museum.

Lecocq's "Giroflé-Giroflá" will succeed "An Adonis" at the Comedy Theatre on Wednesday evening.

Morley's Fata Morgana continues the chief attraction at the Film Mines. Admission to-day will be 25 cents.

"Brought to Justice," a new English play, will be presented at the Third Avenue Theatre to-morrow evening.

Standing room only has become the nightly motto of "Three Wives to One Husband" at the Union Square Theatre.

"Prince Methusaleum" will be revived at the Casino to-morrow evening. There will be the usual concert this evening.

Tuesday evening is announced as the opening night of the new Standard Theatre. "A Trip to Africa" will be presented.

Although "Travestiavation" shows few signs of diminished popularity at the Theatre Comique, it is to have a successor early in the new year.

John T. Raymond appears in "For Congress" at the Grand Opera House this week. Prof. Cromwell will soon exhibit his illustrations of London to-night.

Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony will be the piece of resistance at the Philharmonic concert of the symphony society on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at the Academy of Music.

The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn will perform Bach's Christmas Oratorio and Mozart's Requiem at its rehearsal and concert on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Lohengrin will be repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House to-morrow evening and "William Tell" on Friday evening. "The Prophet" will be presented on Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon.

"London Assurance" will be repeated at Wallack's Theatre to-morrow evening, and "She Stoops to Conquer" on Tuesday. "Victor Durand," a new play by Clarion, will be presented on Wednesday evening.

The burlesque "Tannhauser" will be repeated at the Thalia Theatre to-morrow and Tuesday evenings. Mlle. Precious triglalaire will make her first appearance on Wednesday. A concert will be given to night as usual.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will open in the Nile scene of Act 3 of "Aida" at Murphy's benefit at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening. Nine scalchi and other singers of reputation will take part in the preliminary concert.

Col. Mapleson's Company will present "Faust" "Martha," and "The Cobbler and the Fairy" as his farewell operas at the Academy of Music. Mme. Patti will make her last appearance as *Amneris* on Friday evening. Mme. Blanche Barton is among the singers who take part in tonight's concert.

The Egyptian maps represented the towns by figures of the chief characteristic. Following this idea, Mr. Chas Whitehouse intends to entertain his friends at A Midnight Reverie, at the Madison Square Theatre by a dramatic representation of the canal and lake which he expects to construct, or rather restore, in the desert a little seventy miles southwest of Cairo. It will, of course, be strictly private, but cannot fail to exhibit in a far more graphic and effective manner than a mere lecture the features of there researches.

Frozen to Death in Texas.

ABILENE, Tex., Dec. 13.—Two boys, about 12 years of age, the sons of wealthy cattle men named Wortham and Davis were found dead on the prairie, a few miles from this city to-day. They are supposed to have been frozen to death in the bitter cold prevailing yesterday and the day before.

FARMS NO EYE HAS SEEN.

Eastern Oyster Beds and the Method of Planting and Harvesting the Crops.

Oysters are raised by cultivation, just as fruits and vegetables are. They are found in all seas in from four feet to six fathoms of water, and never at a great distance from the shore. They are most abundant in the quiet waters of gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of larger rivers. The principal sources of supply for the United States are the Chesapeake Bay, New Jersey coast, and Long Island Sound. Formerly the Northern beds were almost wholly kept up by restocking with seed oysters from Chesapeake Bay and the Hudson River, but of late the oyster reapers have secured the seed, or spat, as the fishermen call it, during the spawning season, and new grounds have been utilized until the area of the oyster beds can be measured by townships, and is constantly extending.

Although there is no such thing as buying the beds of any of the public waters, yet oyster grounds are, in a manner, bought and sold in this way. A man or a company will clear up a new place and begin raising oysters. If these men wish to go out of the business they sell their squatter's right to their bed. The right is recognized in the business, and such a sale holds good by common consent. The spat gathered in the spawning season is scattered over the beds from which oysters have been gathered or on newly prepared ground, as the case may be. Here it lies from one year to five or six years. Rockaways lie about one year and Seconds from three years to five years. The increase is from three to six baskets for every one of spat. The chances, as a rule, are in favor of a good crop, but the oystermen have many things to contend with, so that it sometimes happens that when they go to gather the oysters they find either dead ones or none at all. The oyster has its natural enemies, such as the drumfish and starfish, which destroy a great many, and in the second place the ground sometimes proves unsatisfactory. Sometimes a heavy weight of grass grows fast to them, and, pressing them down into the mud, smothers them, or, when they are on sandy soil, a storm will occasionally cover them entirely with sand. However, with the constantly improved methods of cultivation, means are being continually devised for the better protection of the oyster.

Two-thirds of the oysters now brought into the New York market during the summer and autumn come from the lower bay and are called Sounds. The remainder may be said to come from Rockaway, Blue Point, and the East River. The winter trade depends more or less on the supply from Chesapeake Bay, although large quantities taken in the New York waters are stored for the winter use.

Down on West street, a few blocks north of Canal street, a little fleet of oyster boats, packed together like sardines in a box, may be seen any day delivering their cargoes. How one ever gets out is a profound mystery. The boatmen themselves say it often takes half a day to get one clear of the rest. They are small single masted, and each carries a jib. They vary in length between thirty feet and forty feet keeling, and are rated between $200 and $2,000 apiece, according to their size and the manner in which they are fitted up. There are also a great many steam tugs engaged in the business. Each boat usually carries five men. The wholesale dealers, who have their names upon the outside of the block, own or have an interest in most of these boats. The dealer will often own a number of sailboats, or an interest in several, and perhaps a number of tugs as well. There are, however, many boats that are run by the men who sail them. The boats usually stay out a week or six days, taking up a portion of the oyster beds and a dredge. At first, while the oysters are fresh, the men use the tongs. Afterward they finish up by raking over the ground with the dredge. The dredge is an iron rake in two sections. It has a bag hanging from the back of it, made of iron links. This is always held open by an iron hoop. The oysters, as they are dredged up by the teeth of the dredge, are shoved back into the bag until it is filled, and then it is raised and its contents are emptied on board. It is either dragged by the sailboat with spread canvas or worked by steam.

When a boat has a load of oysters, which is from 1,000 to 6,000 according to the size of the craft, it carries the oysters to a waterlogged crib. This is done in order that the oysters may drink, and thus gain a fine, plump appearance for market, and also supply themselves with a circulating fluid to stand long transportation. They are usually put in the crib at ebb tide, so as to give the bivalves open. After this other boats deliver them to the wholesale dealers. Oysters are classified according to their size, as extras, box, culling, and cullentines. Some of the dealers open the oysters that they handle, while others simply deal in them in the shell. The openers get $1 a thousand for opening the oysters, and one man can open from 3,000 to 6,000 a day.

REUBEN R. SPRINGER'S FUNERAL.

A Touching Popular Tribute to the Memory of Cincinnati's Philanthropist.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 13.—Never before in the history of Cincinnati was there such a funeral of a private citizen as that of Reuben R. Springer at the cathedral to-day. In his life he was quiet, unobtrusive, and broadly benevolent. Half a million dollars of his giving, crystallized in permanent institutions for the public good of which Cincinnati is proud, have, with his beautiful private life, earned for him a warm place in the popular heart. The Chamber of Commerce, Music Hall, the College of Music and the Art School, and a large number of benevolent institutions were draped in mourning and closed for his funeral. The educational and benevolent institutions of Cincinnati were his preferred heirs, to which he gave while living the largest share of his fortune, and which, dying, he remembered most liberally in his will.

As early as 9 A. M. more than 2,000 citizens stood out in the raw air in front of his residence at Eighth and Plum streets, waiting to take a last view of his remains. There were all ages and conditions in that throng, high and low, rich and poor, old men and young children, and when the doors of the house of death were opened that solid, eager throng for one hour filed past the open casket, taking leave, often with tears, of their beloved benefactor.

For the services in the cathedral tickets of admission had been issued. Thirty-six Catholic knights in uniform served as guards and ushers in and about the cathedral, and fifteen policemen guarded the gates.

After the public had viewed the body the casket was closed and bore to the cathedral. The active pall bearers were Julius Dexter, A. J. Wickensleeper, William McAlpin, A. T. Goshorn, William Henry Davis, Peter Rudolph Neff, M. E. Ingalls and Henry C. Tyner. Over fifty honorary pall bearers followed, before these came the relatives and near friends of the dead man.

The body was placed on a catafalque near the altar be had built. A crucifix and lighted candles stood at the head of the casket, and on the casket were a few sprays of palm, clasped with a wreath of immortelles. The cathedral was packed to its utmost, and a great throng remained outside on the streets. Archbishop Elder, with assistants, celebrated the requiem mass. The cathedral choir, assisted by a large choir from the May Festival Chorus, furnished music.

The service over, the procession started to the new St. Joseph's Cemetery, the cathedral bell sounding the funeral knell all the while. Only the relatives and near friends of the deceased man, in twenty-five carriages, accompanied the body to the grave; but the streets were crowded on the route, and people everywhere uncovered as the carriage passed.

JAY GOULD'S NEW STEAM LAUNCH.

A Marvel of Beauty and Speed Constructed by the Blind Boat Builder.

BRISTOL, R. I., Dec. 13.—Herreshoff, the wonderful blind boat builder, whose factories and shops are at this place, has just finished his last marvel of beauty, speed, and elegance, as applied to steam yachts, in a steam launch for Jay Gould's use. She is a beautifully modelled craft, gleaming in black walnut, mahogany, brass, silver, and steel, and is intended for New York harbor cruising and to accompany the rich man's steam yacht, the Atalanta. She is nearly 36 feet in length and 7½ feet beam. Mr. Herreshoff has made several trials in her and is thoroughly satisfied that she is the best of any of his successful efforts in the yacht building line.

In her best speeding in this harbor the little craft ran up to fifteen miles per hour, hardly rippling the water to do it, and parting it as easily as a knife. This speed has never before been attained by a steam yacht of her size. She is 6 feet on her way to New York, and attracts much attention. It is said the princes of speculators will upholster her in red silk velvet. She cost over $30,000.

Firing the Haskell Multicharge Gun.

The trials of the six-inch-bore Haskell multicharge gun were resumed at the Government proving ground at Sandy Hook on Wednesday, and were continued during the week. The last shot fired was the fortieth round, with the following results: The shot was 3 calibres long, weight, 111 pounds. Nineteen pounds of slow burning powder was used in the breech and 97 pounds of quicker burning powder was distributed in the four supplemental charge chambers, making the total weight of powder used 116 pounds. The velocity of the shot was 1,912 feet per second, the maximum pressure being 26,000 pounds per square inch. The elevation was 4½ degrees. The range was 4,480 yards.

Mr. Haskell says that in the trial of the Krupp 11-inch gun the weight of the shot was 738 pounds, weight of powder 258 pounds, pressure, 46,820 pounds, elevation, 4½ degrees, range, 4,480 yards. He also says the full capacity of the multicharge gun has not been reached.

DAMAGES FROM LAKE SHORE

$5,000 TO PAY FOR FAVORING THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

A Railroad Must Not Discriminate in Freights in Favor of Large Customers and Against Small Ones—$1,000 Damages.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 13.—After a desperate legal battle of three weeks between Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle and the Lake Shore Railroad Company, the freight discrimination case was decided to-day against the company. The plaintiffs asked for $100,000, the greater part of which were punitive damages, and about $50,000 for the difference between the tariff charged the plaintiff and the much lower rate given the Standard Oil Company. The jury returned a verdict of $5,000 for the plaintiffs—$4,000 for the difference in the rate charged Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle and that charged the Standard Oil Company on the number of barrels named in the plaintiffs' petition, and $1,000 punitive damages to punish the Lake Shore road for discriminating in rates. For carting oil from the refinery to the road, for which the plaintiffs asked for a judgment of about $400, nothing was allowed. Ashley Pond of Detroit and L. J. Rose of this city were counsel for the road and Judge Ingersoll and Virgil P. Kline for Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle. The jury was composed of men selected especially for this case.

Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle claimed that they were entitled to compete with the Standard Oil Company, because the latter was enabled by the low rate charged for shipments west by the Lake Shore road to place its oils on the market at a lower figure than the plaintiffs were able to do and pay the regular tariff rates for shipments. They claimed also that the road refused to furnish them a sufficient number of cars in which to ship their oil, while the Standard was furnished with all it needed, and also that the road built a track to the Standard's refinery, which it refused to do for them. This compelled the plaintiffs to cart their oil from their refinery to the railroad, which cost them within the dates named in their petition $97,810, while the Standard was not compelled to incur such an expense on account of its private track.

The Lake Shore's line of defence is thus summarized by General Freight Agent Vallant for the company: "This matter of discrimination, as they call it, is a mere business proposition. The Standard Oil Company agrees to furnish us a given quantity of oil, and promises that the amount for any year shall not be less than the previous year's shipments. They have been giving us annually about 600,000 barrels of oil, and they ship it at our convenience. Supposing that a number of stock cars are idle, the general freight agent informs the Standard and they use the cars to ship barrelled oil to Milwaukee, Omaha, and other distributing points, although no oil may be needed there at the time. Then, too, the Standard furnishes its own tank cars, and the company's reports show that the loss and wear and tear on them amounts to $10,000 a year. The Standard pays for the cars on grounds at the terminal points, and we are not held liable. Hence we can well afford to give the company a bonus of 10 cents per barrel on oil, which brings us fifty or sixty cents per barrel freight. We make no reduction from our tariff rates, but give that sum as a bonus, and the Standard Oil Company would agree to furnish us a given amount of oil, to furnish their own tank cars, &c., we could give them a similar bonus.

The ground upon which the suit was decided against the company was the oft-quoted one that the road was a common carrier, being granted rights and exemptions by the State, and that as such it could not, like a mercantile firm, discriminate in favor of a large customer and against a smaller one.

WITH PATTI AT DINNER.

Signor Nicolini Bows Her Thanks when the Company Drink Her Health.

Some fifty gentlemen, well known in musical and dramatic circles, sat down last evening at a dinner at the Hotel Brunswick, given in honor of Adelina Patti. Mme. Patti was placed at the head of the table to the left of Judge J. F. Daly, who presided. Mr. F. A. Schwab was on her left, and next to him was the tenor Nicolini. Patti wore a blue satin dress trimmed richly with seed pearls. Her hair was tied in a simple Grecian knot, and she wore all her diamonds and a ruff covered with pearls.

Among those present were Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Col. J. H. Mapleson, Rudolph Aronson, Augustin Daly, William Steinway, R. S. Mills, John A. McCaull, Albert Weber, G. Schirmer, Judge Arnoux, Jesse Seligman, H. N. Smith, R. F. Roxby, Max Maretzek, and Max Maretzek. The dinner ended at 9 o'clock, and Judge Daly then arose and proposed the health of Patti. It was drunk standing, and Nicolini arose and bowed in answer.

In responding to the toast, "Music," Dr. Damrosch defined the distinction between the German and Italian schools. He said the German aimed at the broader and more dramatic effects produced by the performance as a whole. The Italian aimed at more immediate effects, and Patti was at present its greatest interpreter. She was the one representative vocalist of that school, and all nations so recognized her.

In responding to the toast, "Mr. Winter," Winter told some pleasant stories, and concluded with a poem written at the time of Patti's first departure from America.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel responded to "The Press." He said that Patti had been an instructor and educator in musical criticism. She had shown that there was a possibility of reviving the old Italian art. Critics had complained for over a hundred years that Italian art was dead, and now, in our own times, we had a woman gifted by nature with all its magnificent qualities.

The toast "Impresarios" brought Col. Mapleson to his feet, and he said that in all her career under his management Patti had disappointed the public only twice, and then because it was unavoidable. She was the one singer who could always be relied on to appear when advertised.

Max Maretzek also spoke to this toast. He told how Patti had made her first appearance when she was 8 years old in Tripler Hall, Broadway. She wanted to know what she was to sing for, and he was obliged to send out for some candy to coax her to sing. Afterward he gave her fifty cents and she gave him a kiss. Short speeches were made by William Steinway and F. A. Schwab, and Patti rose to leave at 10:45. She was introduced to many of the guests, and in shaking hands with Max Maretzek she said: "If I gave you a kiss for 50 cents then, I will now give you one for nothing," and she kissed him with a resounding smack.

The List of Referees.

The following referees were appointed in cases in the State courts in this city last week:

SUPREME COURT.

By Judge Lawrence.

Cases.	Referees.
Boyle agt. Boyle	John A. Osborn
Watson agt. Allan	Winthrop Parker.
Young agt. Hodge, No. 1	John Hayes
Young agt. Hodge, Nos. 2 and 3	Edward Freedman
Sheridan agt. Sheridan	Gouverneur M. Ogden
Matter of Travis	Denis Quinn
Weber agt. Steinkampf	Peter Mitchell
Sanford agt. Sanford	Daniel S. Bennett
Gleason agt. Murray	Governor S. Hubbard.
Robinson agt. Farnell	Charles E. Strong.
Matter of Thompson	Charles E. Strong.
McCoun agt. Henry Seniorf	Cornelius M. Bergen.
Campbell agt. Lowden	Philip Malone.
Bates agt. Rayfoud	Wm. S. Kelley.
Horn agt. Horn	John E. Hayes.
Wallace agt. Wallace	Herman Winfield.
Matter agt. Alexander	Charles W. Wait.
Matter of Garrard	Herbert A. Kingsbury.

Referees.

Matter of Success Milling and M. Company	John Bryan.
Cloyd agt. Baumgarten	James T. Nealis.
Gillett agt. Tacknogie Publishing Company	Harlan A. Price.
Fancouis agt. Lucop & Cooke	Franklin E. Quirk.

By Judge Donohue.

Henderson agt. Henderson	Wm. V. Leary.
Griffin agt. Griffin	Wm. H. Nash.
Mutual Life Insurance Company agt. Carpenter	Hoffman Miller.

By Judge Van Brunt.

Butler agt. Smith	Abram King.
Harrington agt. Ratz	John B. Talmadge.

SUPERIOR COURT.

By Judge Truax.

Gerr agt. Gerr	John F. McIntyre.
MacFarlane agt. McFarlane	Charles J. Brock.
Lunt agt. Abbey	Sol Hanford.

By Judge Ingraham.

Mounet agt. Heller (two cases)	Henry E. Howland.
Ellison agt. Wood & R. Refrigera. Com Company	Theron G. Strong.
Nolan agt. Reed	Charles A. Jackson.

COMMON PLEAS.

By Judge Van Hoesen.

Girand agt. Sweeny	Wm. J. Marrin.
Everson agt. Fanning	Frank A. Ransom.
Hanyson agt. Fanning	Frank A. Ransom.
Thomson agt. Thomson	Chauncey S. Truax.
Matter of Hass	Nathaniel Cox.
Matter of Fanning	Nathaniel Cox.

By Judge Allen.

Bishop agt. Harris	Herman Frank.
Constant agt. Hearne	Charles A. Runk.

By Judge Larremore.

Haden agt. Biglin	James M. Lyddy

By Consent.

Clapp, Jr. agt. Embree	Erastus Cooke.

Death of William A. Burtis.

Mr. William A. Burtis, President of the Empire City Fire Insurance Company, 166 Broadway, died of erysipelas yesterday morning at his residence, 104 East Fifty-eighth street. He had been ill since Sunday. He was well known among insurance men. He was born in this city in 1826, and was first employed by the old Contributionship Insurance Company. On the organization of the Empire City Company in 1850 he was made policy clerk. He subsequently became secretary, and thirteen years ago was made President. The trustees of the company met yesterday and passed resolutions of regret. He leaves a widow and five children. He was a member of the Veterans' Association of the Seventh Regiment.

MRS. STOLPE SUES MR. MOROSINI.

She Wants $500 for Producing Victoria at Yonkers After the Elopement.

Mrs. Dora Stolpe, wife of the partner of the stepfather of Victoria Morosini's husband, has begun suit in the City Court against Giovanni P. Morosini, Victoria's father, to recover $500 for services, under an alleged agreement, by which Mrs. Stolpe hunted up Victoria and her husband after the elopement. Adolph Rosenthal, Mrs. Stolpe's attorney, asked Judge McAdam yesterday to put the case on the short cause calendar for an early trial. Decision was reserved.

Mr. Rosenthal said yesterday the suit was brought to recover money Mrs. Stolpe had expended in going to seek Mr. Morosini's fugitive daughter and bringing about the interview at Yonkers which was followed by the daughter's arrest. Mrs. Stolpe, he said, was urged by Mr. Morosini to convey a letter to his daughter. Mr. Morosini making extravagant promises as to the reward he would give, among other things saying that Mrs. Stolpe should be a rich woman. Mrs. Stolpe, in company with Mrs. Norden, the woman detective said to have been employed by the Morosinis, went to Troy. Mrs. Stolpe paying Mrs. Norden's expenses. Mrs. Stolpe also, Mr. Rosenthal said, paid the expenses of the eloping couple and the detective back to Yonkers, where the interview took place.

"Mr. Morosini," Mr. Rosenthal said, "sent an agent with an offer to settle for $25, but this was refused. A bill was sent to him, but he did not respond. We have his letter of appeal to Mrs. Stolpe, and shall push the claim with vigor. It is my understanding that it is the purpose of the other side to resist it vigorously."

Vanderpoel, Green & Cuming appear for Mr. Morosini. Mr. Vanderpoel last evening declined to make any statement in reference to the case, except that he had had several interviews with Mr. Morosini on the subject.

Mr. Hilskamp, senior, stepfather of the bridegroom, said at his beer saloon:

"That detect woman came in front of my place in a carriage, and she kissed my hand, and cried over it, and said Mrs. Morosini would die unless she saw her daughter. I was the only one who knew where Ernest and his wife were. Mr. Stolpe did not know; neither did Mrs. Stolpe. Mr. Morosini's son came, too, and he made a great fuss. Then I told Mrs. Stolpe to go to Yonkers. That would not do. Mrs. Stolpe sent him a bill several times, but he would not answer her letters. I suppose he will bring that bill into court, and claim it is all she ought to have. It was for about $30, I believe."

WINTER QUARTERS FOR YACHTS.

A Scheme to Erect a $500,000 Club House on the Southern Coast of Georgia.

SAVANNAH, Dec. 13.—A scheme for making a winter rendezvous in Southern waters for all the yacht clubs in this country and even in Europe, and for building the grandest yacht club house in the world, has been agreed upon. The location chosen is the southern end of Chamberland Island. This island is just off the extreme southern coast of Georgia. It is about twenty miles long and has an average breadth of two miles. The fine estate known as Dungeness, once the property of Gen. Nathanie Greene of Revolutionary fame, is on the southern part of the island. The splendid mansion was destroyed accidentally some years after the war, but the live oaks and the lemon, orange and olive orchards yet remain. The grove contains Italian and Syrian olives.

Two years ago Thomas M. Carnegie, of the firm of Carnegie Brothers of Pittsburgh, purchased Dungeness. Mr. Carnegie has restored Dungeness, and has reared a palace on the site of the old mansion. It is built of New Hampshire granite, and the cost was $200,000. As a matter of interest it may be noted that Gen. Lee of revolutionary fame, the father of Gen. Robert E. Lee, died at Dungeness while a guest. He was buried from the Dungeness house.

Six years ago the advantages of the site for the present purpose began to be discussed. Eight months ago Mr. Carnegie purchased a site, and the making of designs for a club house were intrusted to Mr. Peoples, an architect of New York. The plans will be ready for approval before Jan. 1. The buildings will be unique in design and of palatial magnificence, in conformity with the surroundings and in accordance with the wishes of the promoters. The cost will be nearly $500,000.

The site is on the extreme southern end of the island. The southern façade of the club house will face Fernandina and the entrance to its harbor. The western front will have a