The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 43, No. 341.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice, November 14, 1887, as second-class matter.

Business Office—97 and 99 Fifth Avenue. News Rooms and Publishing House—75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street.

This paper having more than Double the circulation of any other in the State outside of Philadelphia, its advantages as an advertising medium will be apparent.

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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JAN. 13, 1889.

FEMININE LOGIC.

Bessie Bramble writes from South Carolina to declare that if the South suppressed the negro vote the North is just as bad, because it suppresses the vote of women. She then proceeds to shew that in the Southern State where she is sojourning women are not given the legal rights that they have in the Northern States; which also makes a rather wonderful display of that mysterious movement known as feminine logic.

The argument that because the law which restricts the right of suffrage to one sex is obeyed in one part of the land, and that which gives it to a certain race is overridden in another, therefore, the two sections are equally wrong, is sufficiently unique. It is surpassed, however, by the surprising logic which attacks the North alone for repressing women, and then goes on to declare that the South represses the women more than the North does, and somewhat more than it does with the negroes.

This almost leads us to the conclusion that, in our correspondent's view, the South atones for its injustice to women, in their legal rights, by putting them in the same category with the colored people.

MR. BRENNEN'S DENUNCIATION.

Mr. William Brennen, Chairman of the Democratic county organization, unpacked his heart at the meeting of that body yesterday, to the extent of a speech, abounding with assertions that there were "never such shameless, damnable and diabolical means resorted to" as in the late election; that Senator Quay was chosen to conduct the campaign for the Republicans as "a man who can out-general, out-trick and out-steal all opposition," and finally, that the Democratic party "cannot be charged with perpetrating or tolerating such a shameless outrage." THE DISPATCH has expressed its wish that every man who has had anything to do with the corruption of politics should be exposed and punished; but the policy of a general cry of "stop thief" at the other party is not likely to amount to much. Such assertions as Mr. Brennen's are likely to provoke the retort that Senator Barnum's "mule transactions" are as damnatory as Dudley's "blocks of five;" while no political corruption has ever been more clearly demonstrated than the cipher dispatch agreement to pay a big sum of money for an electoral vote "if done only once," there is great need for the purification of politics; but it is not to be accomplished by claiming that the rascals are all in one party.

NEW DINNER ETIQUETTE.

One of the bloods of New York recently vindicated his claim to that title by thrashing a hotel waiter. The offense of the Ganymede consisted of bringing in the card of a caller while the high-toned real estate broker—for that we believe is the profession of the aristocratic person—was enjoying his dinner. Such an infraction of the rites of dining could not go unpunished, and the offending waiter accordingly got his head punched.

The mysteries of dinner etiquette in New York have recently grown so complex as to puzzle all but the members of McAllister's Four Hundred and their most devoted neophytes, among whom the pugnacious real estate broker is probably classed. The large collection of forks from which the diner must select the appropriate tool to use on each course, the exact brand of wine which he must drink at each critical juncture, together with the occult rites of the cards before and after such ceremonies, have constituted the arcana of New York culture. To these mysteries a new rule seems to be added. Whether it is that if a card is sent up during dinner, that meal must be varied by thrashing the waiter, or that no cards must be sent up at all, is still an open question; but as soon as the waiters fully comprehend this new frill on etiquette, it will be likely to amount to the same thing.

It is necessary to suggest that there is a certain inequity in the working of the rules. If anybody is to be thrashed let him be the person who sends up the card. That would preserve the usefulness of the waiter and give the diner more enlivenment for the rest of the repast. The maintenance of the rule by walloping the humble manipulator of the napkin ought to simplify dinner etiquette a good deal by subjecting the walloper to the more easily understood but equally unyielding rules of the workhouse dinners.

NOT PRODUCED BY THE LAW.

It is remarked by the Philadelphia *Times* that "the formation of the Inter-State Railway Association bears out the opinion recently expressed by Charles Francis Adams, that the effect of the Inter-State Commerce act was to promote the combination of trunk lines at the expense of the short local lines." It would be interesting for the *Times* and Mr. Adams to explain how this deduction is possible in the face of the confession of Mr. Adams and the practical admission of the New York meeting that the Inter-State Commerce law has not been obeyed. Exactly how an unenforced act can force the combination of trunk lines, is rather obscure, though not more so than a good many other feats of railway logic—such, for instance, as that which induced the esteemed *Times* to declare a year ago, that the law prevented the railways from issuing commutation tickets, or giving lower rates in proportion to distance, on long hauls than short ones.

The fact is that the railway agreement only shows the determination of the railway interests to escape competition. As far as its practical results are concerned, it need not be feared by the people. But its spirit is shown by the agreement that new lines, no matter how legitimate or solvent, are to be placed under the boycott of capital as represented by Messrs. Brown Bros., Kidder, Peabody & Co. and J. S. Morgan & Co.

The idea that all the other enterprises and industries of the country must be held subordinate to the grand purpose of forcing dividends on inflated railway capitalization was not produced by the inter-State commerce law. It existed before that measure, and was one of the causes leading to its enactment. It remains to be seen whether the law or the railway combination will prove most powerful.

CHEAP GOLD.

An enterprising Parisian who announces himself to be the "Alchemist of the Nineteenth Century" has made a discovery—or says that he has—which entitles him to take rank as a combination of Mege, the inventor of oleomargarine; Mulberry Sellers, Prof. Keeley and the electric sugar refiner. M. Tiffereau, who is the alleged discoverer, stated in an address the other day, that he could manufacture gold. He is more frank than Keeley in telling how it is done. All that you have to do is to combine silver and copper in the right proportions under the action of the sunlight and nitric acid. In this way he can convert $30 worth of material into $720 worth of pure gold, and he hopes, with practice, to reduce the cost of the metal to $15.

This sounds very attractive; and its natural outcome would be the formation of an International Gold Manufacturing Company (unlimited), par value of shares $100, ten cents paid in, and the rest to be made out of the confiding public. But a moment's reflection will reveal the fact that if gold can be made at that cost, the inevitable result will be to reduce the value of gold to exactly the same figure. Probably the rapidity of the fall in the prices of gold might be stayed somewhat if M. Tiffereau and his supporters should get up a trust and maintain rates for gold. But that might be opposed by a movement to preserve the distinction between real gold and the manufactured just article—just as we are now trying in this country to keep separate the real product of the cow and the other discovery of French chemical ingenuity.

These would be a few of the troubles arising out of such a discovery; besides the troubles of having every commercial staple worth forty-eight times as much in gold as it now is. That explanation would create some very big fortunes apparently; but after we had studied it out a while we might find that $48,000 then, with a purchasing power exactly equal to $1,000 now, would not be any larger sum than the present thousand. On the whole, the world will prefer to believe that the French alchemist has not discovered the grand arcanum.

THE MISSING ICE-CROP.

This is a life of compensations and drawbacks. The mild winter has saved the people of other cities a large sum in their coal bills, although the natural gas bills in Pittsburg run along without regard to weather. It has also contounded the peach crop liar up to date, although there is reason to fear that he will turn up undiscouraged in the early spring. But against the economy in coal and the blessing in abundant peaches we are confronted with the danger that the harvest of ice will be a total failure. The rivers and lakes, where the translucent blocks are generally quarried out at this season, are still open water, and the ice-houses, where the frigidity of winter is stored up for the alleviation of the dog days, are empty and desolate.

It is difficult to estimate the difference between these gains and losses. Heat is necessary to sustain life in the storms of winter; but coolness is required to make it worth living in the dog days. Will it be a compensation to have more than we can eat of the luscious peach if our cream turns sour, if ice-water is unknown, ice-cream an attainable luxury and cobblers only a tantalizing dream?

The prospect of an uniced summer is truly alarming. The talk of ice-palaces has so far been a barren ideality for lack of the raw material; but if ice should appear it would be wasteful extravagance to build them until the stock of ice was safely stored away for next summer. The best ice-palace in a winter like this is the humble and unesthetic but useful icehouse that is full of ice.

ARTISTIC PUGILISM.

The artist on the warpath is a rather novel and interesting subject; and especially when the creator of symphonies in hitherto unknown colors, recounts his pugnacious acts in humorous style the matter becomes doubly sensational. It is not surprising, therefore, that London is excited over the sudden and unexpected appearance of Mr. Whistler, whose eccentricities have heretofore manifested themselves chiefly in his personal remarks and his productions, in the character of a shoulder-hitter and a historian of his own battles.

The occurrence arose out of the fact that a brother artist expressed to Mr. Whistler the opinion that the latter manipulator of pigments was a coward and a liar. Upon this Mr. Whistler sailed in. Having accomplished what Prof. Sullivan calls "getting his opponent's head in chancery," having in Mr. Whistler's own lingo, "decorated his eyes with an arrangement in black and blue," he kicked his too frank critic out of doors. It is further reported that in what is called a humorous strain, the irate artist wrote a letter, stating the facts and asserting that the measures he took would "prevent in the future such results." If Mr. Whistler's estimate of his fighting powers are correct, it would certainly appear that his course seems calculated to discourage insults.

The "humor" of the letter seems to be a good deal like that of *Punch*, and is therefore calculated to penetrate the British brain. But we question if the thumped and kicked artist will perceive the humor. Beyond that, Mr. Whistler's method of discouraging insults is almost as uncertain as his compositions in color. Suppose that the other fellow had proved to be the more vigorous thumper and kicker, would not the discouragement have rested with Mr. Whistler? We can hardly approve of the pugilistic method of settling artistic differences of opinion. If Mr. Whistler wished to avenge himself on his antagonist he could have administered a peculiar and unique punishment by sending one of his own paintings to the reviler.

THE phenomenon of rainfall in connection with the condition of the atmosphere caused by explosions, is referred to by the New York *Tribune* as illustrated by the rain which fell in that city after the explosion of the gas tanks on Wednesday evening. Rainfall may have been produced by explosions in some cases; but in this particular instance what will the esteemed *Tribune* do with the fact that the rain storm was brought across the country on the wings of the hurricane, having reached Pittsburg at noon of that day? Did the concussion of the Brooklyn gas meters have such an effect as to produce rain in Western Pennsylvania six or seven hours before the explosion?

THE Electric Trust, with only $12,000,000 of capital, does not seem to amount to much beside some of the other combinations. But the promise that it will be watered up to $24,000,000 at the earliest opportunity testifies that it is true to the regular principles of the trusts.

A RATHER curious moral is drawn from the Reading disaster by the bright New York *Evening Sun*, which remarks: "Awful as was the disaster at Reading in the fall of the silk mill it might have been made more frightful had the building been heated otherwise than by steam. The horrors of fire in the ruins were not seen." This appears to enforce the lesson that if people put up buildings that are liable to fall down in a gale of wind they must furnish them with steam-heating apparatus. With that rule adopted, the steam heaters might furnish a good sign of warning to people to keep out of the buildings.

THE two reports about the Blaine family yesterday were that the elder J. G. Blaine will be the Cabinet and that the younger J. G. Blaine has gone to work. The first is rather threadbare; but the second affords compensation by its startling and novel character.

A SPEAKER in the New York Dairymen's Association the other day advocated the establishment of schools in dairying, for the benefit of young farmers. Young farmers, as a rule, have a pretty thorough school for dairying on the paternal farm; but the proposed institutions would be of great benefit to young artists who are desirous of representing dairy scenes. The artistic world is suffering for lack of technical knowledge as to which side of the cow the milker must be put.

WIGGINS' great storm for the 15th of January was ahead of time, but Wiggins will claim it just the same. It would be a tough January for the weather prophets that did not turn up a storm for them within a week or two of the scheduled dates.

MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY, in replying to his critics, makes the following rather questionable statistical assertion: "Nine-tenths of the graves of the world are filled with unadulterated fools." This may or may not be true; but it is a rather singular source of solace for Mr. Donnelly to resort to for the ill-success of his cipher, in the reflection that so many of the fools died before he could reach them.

THE Eiffel tower, at Paris, has got to the height of seven hundred feet. This will be an exceedingly lofty altitude to fall from, if the reports of its insecure standing have any foundation.

MR. JAMES O'CONNOR, the crushed tragedian of the East, has introduced a new stage device. The shower of missiles when he was playing at Philadelphia the other night was so severe, that he had a wire-gauze curtain drawn across the front part of the stage, behind which he continued the play in shelter from cabbages and cats. Thus Mr. O'Connor solves the problem of protection for the actor.

THE House deadlock being over, business will go on until some other member has a pet measure which he insists on caring for, by stopping everything else until he has his way.

THE discovery that there have been big frauds on the revenues in the New York Custom House is rather hard on the Democratic administration. But the existence of similar things under Republican supremacy makes it unfair to turn it into a matter of pure partisanship. It simply proves that rascality is not a matter of party lines.

THE proposition to extend Allegheny City to take in Sewickley may be to the idea that Pittsburg might also be extended so as to take in Allegheny.

PHILADELPHIA is all torn up by the order of the garbage authorities that all garbage must be set out on the front doorsteps for the convenience of the garbage gatherers. But Philadelphia will console herself when she perceives that this will give a pretext for scrubbing off the steps an extra time each morning.

THE highway robbers who have resumed operations in East Liberty do not appear to have the fear of the law or police before their eyes.

COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD made a rather bad break at the Boston banquet the other day by alluding to the hands of Boston that stretch all over the continent; but he is excusable. There has been a great deal said on that occasion about trusts, and Colonel Shepard naturally had their habits in mind.

PERSONAL FACTS AND FANCIES.

MRS. STOWE is steadily gaining health and strength.

MR. GLADSTONE receives no letters from England during his Italian visit.

THE reported robbery of Raphael's Entombment from S. Pietro, in Perugia, so circumstantially set forth, turns out to be a stupid hoax. No such picture ever existed in Perugia.

CHARLES H. J. TAYLOR, ex-Minister to Liberia, has established himself at Atlanta, Ga., as a lawyer. He appeared in court yesterday for the first time, and won his case through his brilliant cross-examination. He is the first negro lawyer to appear at the bar of Georgia. The jury was white.

JAMES BROWN POTTER witnessed his wife's debut as *Cleopatra* on Tuesday night in New York, and heard the comments passed upon the performance in the lobby. Few of the first-nighters knew that the stout, handsome young man who strolled around and listened attentively to all that was said pro and con was the husband of the "star."

THE tablet unveiled in the Connecticut State House this week in memory of John Fitch bears this inscription: "This tablet, erected by the State of Connecticut, commemorates the genius, patience and perseverance of John Fitch, a native of the town of Windsor, the first to apply steam successfully to the propulsion of vessels through water." It also bears the dates 1787-1888.

CANON HAWEIS still retains his stall in Chichester Cathedral and occasionally preaches with great vigor, though he is 84 years old. He is a son of the Dr. Haweis who was chaplain to the famous Countess of Huntingdon, and is the father of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the funny little man who visited this country recently and is preacher, lecturer, musical and art critic, author and newspaper man all in one.

Chicago's Rival.

From the New York World.]

According to a recently published consular report, Port Said outstrips even Chicago in the matter of divorces. That the great Suez Canal is not altogether conducive to conjugal felicity is shown by the fact that there are no less than 27 divorces to every marriage.

Stocking Its Chamber of Horrors.

From the Washington Star.]

The new year has made extraordinary headway in stocking its chamber of horrors.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Why Mr. Laffenbach Will Not Put Much in the Collection Plate This Year.

"Hand me the Bible, Susan," said the proprietor of the Railway Hotel in our town Saturday night a week ago to his wife. They were sitting in their small parlor between the bar and the kitchen; and when Mr. Laffenbach called for the sacred book his wife quietly arose and going to the sideboard on which a silver teapot lorded it over some plated tankards, a pitcher and a waiting salver, drew out from a drawer a large volume which notwithstanding that its black leather covers were worn with use, was undoubtedly a Bible. If anyone had doubted the title of the book, he might have read on its first page in florid and not very easily deciphered capitals the absolute proofs.

It would be very pleasant to picture the stout and jolly hotelkeeper coming up from the cellar, where he had been tapping a new barrel of beer for the evening trade, to set down in his parlor to read a chapter of the Good Book. But the picture would lack the essential element of truth.

Mr. Laffenbach took the big volume from his wife's hands and, resting it on his knee, proceeded to extract from between its gold-edged pages sheets of memoranda, bills and receipts. When he had taken out perhaps a score of these documents, he closed the Bible with an irreverent slam and then put it away in the drawer of the sideboard. With a small piece of lead pencil and a sheet of white paper Mr. Laffenbach proceeded to compose the weekly balance sheet.

Nobody but Mr. Laffenbach understood the use or convenience of this balance sheet, but every Saturday night it was made. Mrs. Laffenbach would have been seriously alarmed had her husband allowed a Saturday evening to pass without taking out the big Bible and figuring up the results of the week's trade. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Laffenbach is not a good arithmetician. He confesses that to this very day that the multiplication table is not on good terms with him, which is not hard to understand, when the bill he rendered to Chief the other day contained this queerly calculated item:

To 3 dozen Beer @ $1 00.....$3 50.

When Chief asked Mr. Laffenbach how three times one could make three and a half, the latter replied that he supposed he had been under the impression, in making out the bill, that it was for Abel Swartzman.

It is a curious fact that this Abel Swartzman is suffering from partial paralysis, which has caused his mental faculties to fail.

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In the customary course of events it was usual for Mr. Laffenbach to spend half an hour arranging the balance sheet and then about two or three hours, usually till the hotel closed at 10 o'clock in fact, finding out what its general meaning might be. As a rule the sheet showed that Mr. Laffenbach was on the verge of bankruptcy—this was sure to be the story the figures told when the week's business had been unusually profitable.

Last Saturday night, however, after Mr. Laffenbach had covered no less than three half sheets of note paper and the blank margin of all the first page of the *Public Defender* with marvelous and mazy columns of figures, he came to the extraordinary conclusion that he was actually what sporting men would term "a winner on the week."

For a wonder the statement Mr. Laffenbach had arranged was fairly clear and comprehensible even to himself. So he did not, as generally he did, call in half a dozen neighbors to extricate him from the web of his applied mathematics.

Instead, he put the balance sheet into the big Bible and asked his wife, who had retired for the night, to throw down his bank book over the banisters. This she did, and Mr. Laffenbach, with two of his oldest friends, namely, Chief and Mr. Goodblood, drew up their chairs about the parlor fire. The bar was closed and the hotel only open to such passengers as might break the record and leave the express from the East to stay over in our town on a Saturday night.

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MR. LAFFENBACH would have been very much offended if Chief had not asked as soon as the first glass of steaming whisky punch had disappeared: "Well, landlord, how's business been this week?"

The question was a time-honored part of the Saturday evening ceremonies. It was something like the "Fine weather, your honor!" that District Attorney Porter throws to the Judge on a second morning of a murder trial.

Mr. Laffenbach chuckled softly and slapped his bank book. Then he opened the book and wrote in pencil the total of cash that had been taken during the week, as stated in the balance sheet. There was silence for a moment as Mr. Laffenbach's pencil slowly traveled up the page of the bank book, then down again, then up and down thrice more. Mr. Laffenbach chuckled again when he had completed the operation.

"Mine friends," said he, "fill up your glasses and drink mit me—der pissness is grader dan efer!"

They did drink with Mr. Laffenbach, in fact they kept on drinking with him till Mrs. Laffenbach asked in a rather chilly way from the top of the stairs if she was to be allowed to sleep at all on the Sabbath morning.

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THE next morning Mr. Laffenbach went to church as is his wont. Before he went he took out his balance sheet, all the memoranda in the Bible's custody, and the bank book, and spent half an hour figuring out his financial condition.

He was pleased at what he found; but even more astonished than pleased. It was no wonder that he marveled, for repeated footings up of his bank account had resulted in the discovery that he was nearly $2,000 richer than he had thought himself to be.

In the collection plate which Deacon Goodblood deposited in the hands of his pastor and Mr. Laffenbach that morning was found a $100 bill. Such a contribution had never been seen in our church before. The pastor made inquiries, and finding that Mr. Laffenbach was the generous donor, thanked him by name at the evening service.

Consequently Mr. Laffenbach was a proud man last Sunday night.

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BUT he wasn't so proud when he returned from the bank on Monday morning.

The cashier, you see, called Mr. Laffenbach's attention to the fact that he had overdrawn his account $10. Then Mr. Laffenbach produced his bank book and laughingly asked the cashier to correct his books from that. The cashier took the bank book, checked off the amounts and returned it to Mr. Laffenbach with the remark that there was no mistake about the overdraft.

Mr. Laffenbach footed up the column and gave the cashier the total as he found it. The cashier scribbled for a minute on a pad, and said: "You are just $1,889 out of the way; let me look at the book!"

The cashier laughed as he observed that Mr. Laffenbach had for his own convenience written the figures 1889 at the head of his account for January, and then included them in the total of the credit side of his book.

Mr. Laffenbach didn't laugh. His contributions to the support of the church are likely to be very, very small for the rest of 1889.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

A SHOWER OF DIAMONDS.

Jewels of Value Thrown by a Chambermaid Into the Gutter.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

NEW YORK, January 12.—The diamond earrings which were found in the pocket of an Italian beggar yesterday have been claimed by Mrs. George Frank, a resident of Murray Hill. She says she left them on her piano yesterday morning.

The chambermaid shook the piano cover and earrings out of the window. The Italian says that he found the diamonds in the gutter before Mrs. Frank's house.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Colonel John M. Johnston.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

CARLISLE, PA., January 12.—Colonel John M. Johnston died after a long illness at 9 o'clock this morning at the Indian Training School, this city. The deceased was aged 64 years. He was prominent in G. A. R. circles, and from 1868 until three months ago was city editor of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*. His remains will be taken to Lancaster on Tuesday morning for interment.

Andrew Paxton.

CHICAGO, January 12.—Andrew Paxton, the widely known general Agent of the Chicago Citizens' League, died of peritonitis to-day at his residence in this city. He was 63 years old. Mr. Paxton's chief distinction lay in his successful efforts in Chicago and other cities to secure the enforcement of the laws against the sale of intoxicating liquor to minors.

A CURIOUS CHALLENGE

Addressed to the Colored Men North of the Beautiful Ohio River.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 11.—The Hon. Theophile T. Allain, for 20 years a member of the Louisiana Legislature, where his eloquence won him the sobriquet "the colored Demosthenes," one of the most prominent and influential colored Republicans in the South, has recently published in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* the following curious challenge, addressed "to any colored man north of the Ohio river:"

"I would say that in the parish of Iberville, La., within the last five years I have competed against about 50 white levee contractors before the State Board of Engineers, under Governors McEnery and Nicholls (being under bond with the State of Louisiana for the amount and will have constructed when my present levees in Iberville will have been completed) for about $35,000 worth of levee work with white superintendents and colored superintendents, white laborers and colored laborers working side by side for the same wages. Now, to the point: If any colored man north of the Ohio river will send me to Soulouque, La., a certified certificate from the Secretary of State of any of the States north of the Ohio, showing that said colored man did in person compete before a board of State public work; and that he is himself in charge of a State work for over $2,000, and is under bond—and that he has under him white superintendents and colored superintendents, white laborers and colored laborers, all working for the same amount of wages according to their positions on his work—I will ship to his address, freight paid, a Jersey heifer, which is registered in the American Jersey Cattle Club book, of New York, worth $250. This wager will be kept open for 90 days. White and colored newspapers in the United States will please copy. I speak not as a Democrat, but as a Grant, Blaine and Harrison Republican of the South."

THE LYCOMING CONTEST.

The Judgeship Muddle to be Straightened Out by Court, But at Great Expense.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., January 12.—The contest over the office of President Judge is daily becoming more exciting, and the interest of the people is on the ascendency. The court, consisting of Judges Mayer, Rockefeller and Bucher was in session yesterday and James A. Meredith and Frank P. Cummings were appointed examiners to proceed with the taking of testimony. The examiners were directed by order of the court to proceed with all possible dispatch and collect all the ballot boxes from every voting district in the county, the boxes to be placed for safekeeping in bank vaults or other fire and burglar proof depositories. As there are 50 districts in the county, and the boxes from two to three feet in length, by a foot wide, with six or eight inches high, it will require a very large vault to hold them.

The supplemental answer of Judge Metzgar to the amended petition was filed. It is a denial of all the allegations contained therein and in addition presents 23 additional specifications of fraudulant votes cast in various districts, ranging in number from 20 down. It contains amendments to sections of the original answer in which the number of fraudulent votes specified are increased. Counsel for Metzgar moved the court to order the petitioners to file a bill of particulars containing the names and residents of all alleged illegal voters claiming that they could not properly prepare their defense without this information. This motion was not allowed by the court. The examiners were allowed 60 days to take testimony, 30 days being allowed to each side.

HER LUCKY HORSESHOE.

One Ohio Woman Who Has Implicit Faith in the Iron Mascot.

From the Albany Times.]

A certain popular Congressman is now, for the second term, representing a Republican district in Ohio, though he is a Democrat. He was first elected through personal popularity and divisions among the Republicans. The idea of a re-election was considered preposterous, and his wife tried to dissuade him from running again, and he used every endeavor to avoid a renomination.

His wife was at a summer resort when she received a telegram announcing his renomination and acceptance. While she and some friends were walking in the hotel grounds they discovered a horseshoe. A Washington gentleman picked it up and handed it to the lady, saying: "You are feeling badly about your husband's being obliged to spend time and money in a hopeless contest. Now, this horseshoe may change your luck. Here's the shoe—that is for his election; and here are three nails—these are for three majority." There was a laugh over the absurdity of the idea; the shoe was hung up and the incident forgotten by the lady until it was recalled by a telegram from her husband the next day after the election, announcing his election by three.

The official count gave the Congressman only two majority, which was doubtless owing to the fact that while the wonderful horseshoe was being handed around for inspection one of the nails fell out.

HAS NO SUPERIORS.

How The Dispatch is Appreciated in the Prosperous Beaver Valley.

From the New Brighton News.]

Among all the newspapers that we are privileged to see and read, there is not one that we appreciate more highly than THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. In every sense of the term it is a great newspaper, and has no superiors in its own city, and few, if any, in the country. All the news of the day appear in its richly laden columns, and always so bright and crisp, as to attract the attention and hold the interest of the people. Nothing in the way of news is permitted to escape, and its readers can always depend on the very best in all departments of human interest. The paper has made most wonderful strides, and is advancing at a rate so rapid as almost to make one dizzy. In the realm of literature, choice correspondence and the product of the best minds of the country, the reader naturally turns to THE SUNDAY DISPATCH, and is never disappointed.

MAY HAVE ICE YET.

Idaho's Weather Prophet Says the Severest Winter Weather is to Come.

OGDEN, January 12.—Old Man Wiggs, a well-known weather prophet of Northern Idaho, announces that the winter yet to come will be the severest ever known. He bases his prediction on the assertion that the moon is away out of its place in the heavens, being several degrees further north than usual, which, in his opinion, is an unfailing sign of cold weather.

"I never knew it to fail," he said the other day, in discussing the matter. "If the moon had only gone a little out of its way I wouldn't say a word, but here it is at least 5,000 miles further north than it has any business to be. Three times now since I have lived here this thing has happened, and there has always been killing weather. One time it was so cold that the earth cracked and men were frozen stiff standing up. I never saw the moon so far north before though, and I tell you to look out for what's a-coming."

OUTSWORE THE OLD MAN.

A Poor Fellow Whose Wife Keeps Him Buying Nightkeys.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

NEW YORK, January 12.—Mrs. John Quinn showed a Police Justice to-day the strap and broom handle with which Mr. Quinn beat her. Mr. Quinn retaliated by telling how Mrs. Quinn made him sleep on the doorstep. He has bought three nightkeys since election day. Mrs. Quinn took them from his pockets while he slept, so that he could not get into the house when she wished him to stay out.

By dint of hard swearing Mrs. Quinn and her daughters induced the Police Justice to send Mr. Quinn to the Island for three months.

NO MONEY FOR LOBBYISTS.

The Actors' Fund Must Not Be Used to Secure Legislation.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

NEW YORK, January 12.—The Superior Court told the officers of the Actors' Order of Friendship, to-day, that they must not spend the order's funds to secure federal legislation against foreign actors. The officers wished to use the order's money in sending a committee of lobbyists to Washington.

The order of the court requires the officers to show cause on January 17 why the injunction should not be made permanent.

Restless in Gowns.

From the New York Telegram.]

The members of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania have been put in silk gowns, and the average bucolic legislator is dissatisfied with this "Mother Hubbard" aid to the majesty of the court. He sees in it the beginning of innovations that will not cease until the State Senators are clothed in togas and the Governor assumes the purple. Only eternal vigilance will preserve the trousers and coat of the American citizen in high places.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

An English Editor Comments Upon American Election Methods.

From the London Spectator.]

Men will often abuse their own side when very eager to convict their opponents of wrongdoing. Again, too, our readers must not, even if the charges of corruption are not disproved, jump at once to the conclusion that therefore American politics are hopelessly corrupt, or draw flattering comparisons between England and the United States. In the first place, Americans are always proving that they are true-born Englishmen by their eagerness to wash their political dirty linen in public. Just as in England so in America; if there is a public scandal it is sure to be written up and talked up entirely out of its true proportions. Neither branch of the English race tries to hide its blunders from the view of the world as do Frenchmen and Germans; but both insist not only upon the fullest publicity and the fullest criticism, but on a certain element of sensationalism being introduced into the discussion, which must always be allowed for by outside observers. * * *

It would seem that beyond the question of actual corruption, the recent voting has caused great dissatisfaction in regard to the working of the ballot. Considerable attention is now being paid to the matter in several of the States, especially in New York and Indiana—the two States in which the recent contest centered—and in Connecticut, where it is said that immediate steps are to be taken in the direction of reform. In many of the Western States, also, the public mind is being turned to the consideration of this subject. The English system of voting appears on the whole to find most favor with those who desire pure elections. We trust, however, that the use of English experience will not stop at the ballot, but that the American State Legislatures will consider whether those provisions of the corrupt and illegal practices act which limit the money to be expended at each election, might not be usefully adopted. In England, though corruption may still exist to a certain limited extent, the Act has worked remarkably well, and might be easily made use of in America. By limiting the amount to be spent in the case of each voter in the Electoral College, even a Presidential election could be brought within its scope. The details of such a matter, however, can only be decided wisely by local experience. On one point only do we feel certain. If the American people once realize that their system of election has become corrupt, that system will be changed. The Americans bear a great deal in the way of abuses, and allow plenty of talk about corruption eating out the heart of the nation. Let them, however, once realize that things have gone too far, and we need not have the slightest fear that they will rescue popular representative institutions from the slough into which they have momentarily sunk.

TIT FOR TAT.

How Judge Sharswood Gave Judge Agnew Some of His Own Medicine.

From the Philadelphia Press.]

The dinner to Judge Mitchell on Thursday night, which was made as private as possible, brought out a great many reminiscences and stories of the Supreme Court in other days. One was told by an attorney who has had many years practice before the court. When Judge Agnew was Chief Justice the rule limiting time for argument was very strictly enforced. The sturdy old Judge had little patience with the long-winded lawyers. He watched the clock vigilantly, and cut them off on the second. He was sometimes a little severe with younger members of the bar, and it is told that on one occasion when a young attorney was talking along in the midst of a lot of eloquence the Chief Justice said: "Young man, the Court will be able to wrestle with the question without further discussion."

After Judge Agnew had retired from the bench, which he did just ten years ago, he came before the court in a case in which he had been retained. Sharswood was then Chief Justice. Judge Agnew took the floor to make his argument, and had just got fairly started with what he had to say when the hammer of the Chief Justice came down on the desk with a sharp rap.

"Your time is up, Mr. Agnew," said Judge Sharswood, and the next case on the calendar was called without more ado. It took Judge Agnew's breath away, but he was compelled to yield just as he had often compelled others to do.

LIKE COOING LOVERS.

Where Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Take Their Afternoon Walks.

From the Atlanta Constitution.]

Of late few promenaders on Sixteenth street have observed on many afternoons the President and Mrs. Cleveland taking an afternoon stroll. They generally walk out to the boundary. The President, while possessed of very many rare qualities, is evidently not possessed of the rarest of them all—that of casting aside the cares of official business while in the company of his wife, for he seldom chats with her. He seems to have his mind on other things than the enjoyment of a stroll, and as he walks appears to have his eye on something in the far distance.

Mrs. Cleveland, on the other hand, seems to enjoy the walks as much as a school girl on Saturday evening, after having been confined in a seminary the entire week. She observes everything, and often speaks to someone she chances to recognize. They, however, meet few persons, for Sixteenth street is not a popular thoroughfare. In fact, its unpopularity accounts for the selection. They have been walking in this street of late simply because they could take a quiet stroll in that section of the city without being subject to the gaze of the critical. The President is invariably attired in the regulation black Prince Albert, with a silk hat, while Mrs. Cleveland generally wears a red Directoire elaborately braided in black silk passementerie, with hat and gloves to match.

HE OUGHT TO BE INSULATED.

So Susceptible to Electricity That He Cannot Ride on a Motor Car.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

BOSTON, January 12.—A new feature of the electric car system was brought into startling prominence this morning. Police Lieutenant Briggs boarded a car, and the moment he stepped upon the platform he received an electric shock which made him helpless. He was completely paralyzed, and the other occupants of the car lifted him to the ground with the intention of carrying him into a neighboring house. Then another singular phenomenon was noticed. The moment Lieutenant Briggs touched the ground, the electric current passed from his body, and he recovered the use of all his faculties. He was weak, but otherwise he was uninjured.

The Lieutenant is said to be susceptible to electric shocks, having once been in a house when it was struck by lightning, from the effects of which he suffered a severe shock.

A YOKE THAT IS GALLING.

Mr. and Mrs. Magee Tire of Their Old Love and Want New Ones.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

NEW YORK, January 12.—Mr. and Mrs. William Magee are very anxious to get away from each other. They were married six years ago. They were happy together till last fall. Then, according to Mrs. Magee, Mr. Magee began to love Miss Bradley. Mr. Magee says, however, that Mrs. Magee fell in love with Charles Christian, months before that.

Mrs. Magee wishes a limited divorce with alimony. Mr. Magee asks the courts for an absolute divorce without alimony.

The Professional Beauties of Congress.

From the Chicago News.]

The friends of Senator-elect Wolcott, of Colorado, declare that he will be the handsomest man in the next Congress. This is interesting news for Senator Hiscock, who is now the $5,000 beauty of that aggregation of intellect. It is not reasonable to suppose that the New York Senator is prepared to surrender his reputation for superior pulchritude at the first onset of the Adonis from the neighborhood of Pike's Peak. It may be that these two gentlemen will consent to appear on equal terms, neither claiming superiority over the other. It is to be hoped, at least, that some such friendly settlement can be arranged and that no apple of discord will vex the Senate with jealous strife. Even if that branch of Congress is turned into a beauty show it may yet retain its wonted dignity and serenity.

Man Lives and Learns.

From the Fort Valley Enterprise.]

Many a husband is lost in wonder as he reflects that the glowing hand which spanks his children and serves up his cabbage is the very same one to which he used to write sonnets, and which he never kissed without a sense of reverence amounting to rapture.

He's Done One, Now for the Other.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Having divested the play of all traditional coloring, and literally taken Shakespeare out of "Macbeth," Henry Irving should come over to this country and take boodle out of politics.

THEIR SMOKES AND DRINKS.

Statesmen's Preferences in the Matter of Cigars and Beverages.

From the Washington Post.]

Said an Indiana Republican yesterday: "You may be sure that there will be no temperance foolishness in the White House under Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, and no revolutions attempted. They are both practical temperance people, and by their example and teaching have done much good in that way, but they will not attempt to regulate the social customs of the people through pure force of their official and social positions."

General Harrison is probably much such a temperance man as Senator Sherman is. The latter can drink a glass of beer and enjoy it; well, in fact, he is fond of a cool glass of lager. Yet he rarely drinks it, or anything else of an intoxicating nature. He always has upon his table at dinner, both in Mansfield and here, a bottle of native American wine, generally of light Kelly Island claret, which he and his family drink mixed in equal parts with apollinaris water, which makes a very palatable and refreshing beverage.

Mr. Sherman is as conservative in his smoking as in his drinking. He smokes a good many cigars, but they are small, free smoking, and the mildest that can be obtained.

General Mahone tells with great glee of the struggle Mr. Sherman had with one of his big, strong Perfectos when the Ohio statesman was a guest at the house of the Virginian in Petersburg. Sherman surrendered after half a dozen puffs, and went to the door for air. General Mahone went on smoking one after another of the big cigars, ending by chewing the st