The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JAN. 27, 1889.

THE HIGH HAND.

The German Consul at Samoa has a long story to tell of the late unpleasantness in those parts, the burden of which is that an American journalist named Klein, at the head of a party of "rebels," made all the mischief. This may do to hold the attention with until the facts are officially certified. But it is not forgotten that German methods in Samoa had been a subject of complaint long before the recent episode; and that those who are now termed "rebels" are only so because of the foreign intrigue and meddling in the local government, which upset the rightful ruler.

That German methods of extending colonial interests are fruitful of broils and agitation is shown by the difficulties at Zanzibar, which are as grave as those at Samoa. The constant irritation between the British and German governments on colonial matters proceeds from the same source.

The servants of arbitrary masters are themselves likely to show their masters' temper when away from the restraining eye. That is, no doubt, about the sum of the trouble both at Zanzibar and Samoa.

A JURY PUZZLE.

Previous experiences of the difficulty of getting a jury to try celebrated cases, seem to be surpassed by the trouble which they are having over the jury for the new Cleary trial in New York. This naturally results, not only from the fact that the case has already attracted public attention by its previous trial, but from the utterly irreconcilable positions taken with regard to the qualifications of jurors. One side claims that a juror who knows nothing about a case of such notoriety is not fit to try the case. The other side claims that a juror who does know anything about it, whether his opinion could be changed by evidence or not, shall not sit, and the Court seems to indorse that position.

There is certainly much ground for the claim that a juror who has formed no opinion about a case of such public notoriety, is in this age of progress fit for few functions outside of an idiot asylum. But the old theories of law seem to have at least some strength left when we learn that a juror was rejected by the Court because he said that he had an opinion that could be changed by evidence.

If jurors who know about the case are ineligible, and those who do not know about it are likewise ineligible, it is likely that the final composition of the Cleary jury will be of the fearful and wonderful kind, that can surpass even a Pittsburg jury.

FATAL ERRORS.

The renewal of the labor troubles in Brooklyn and Buffalo is accompanied by one or two features that call forth the old warning to labor organizations that they must not place themselves in antagonism to the law. In Brooklyn it is reported that the strikers have barricaded the streets and assaulted non-union men who talked of going to work. In Buffalo it is asserted on behalf of the striking switchmen that they will not send out trains themselves or allow anyone else to send them out. Such a position, no matter how just the object of the strike may be, is not permissible, because it defies the law and makes the men committing such acts enemies of the whole people. No class really needs to have the laws respected and upheld more than the working class, and when hotheads take illegal steps the sober and conservative men should be on the outlook to prevent or correct such fatal errors.

A REPUBLIC IN DANGER.

To-day Monsieur Boulanger, the "brave General," whose part in French politics has not been without opera-bouffe suggestions, makes the final throw of the dice. He stakes his future on the suffrages of Parisian voters. Paris is still France as much as ever it was. Though Boulanger won surprising victories among the Northern French constituencies last summer, it is the voice of the capital which will make him a virtual dictator, or relegate him to an obscurity from which he can hardly again emerge.

General Boulanger is a candidate without any specific policy, unless the conspicuous purpose of "turning the rascals out" be accepted in such light. He is a military figure; was picturesque when active in the army and at the war department; and has been loquacious ever since in abusing the French statesmen who are running the Government. This has reinforced his personal following by the discontented of all shades of politics, including largely the royalists, the Bonapartists, the clericals, and others who do not like President Carnot or his Ministers.

A good many, probably the most numerous part, of those who support Boulanger make light of his abilities, and follow his standard, solely in the hope that if the republic fall their own faction will come uppermost. After his duel with Minister Floquet in July, when the old civilian wounded and disarmed him, he was mercilessly ridiculed, and it was thought his public career was ended. But the causes of his success are other than in himself. The possibilities of his future were never more threatening than to-day, as his election by Parisian votes would almost surely mean a change of government.

The Parisian shop-keepers and tradesmen are, however, a conservative class. They will be slow to vote for Boulanger in the dark as to the changes in store for them. Also, the artisan and working classes, whose support is counted upon by Boulanger, will be apt to think twice before kicking over the republic to make room for this or that ambitious scion of royalty whose only claim of fitness for ruling is that some of his ancestors were in the King business, and failed at it.

But whatever the outcome, the voting in Paris to-day will be watched with keen interest the world over, as it is felt that with Boulanger's success a crisis would come of grave import to the peace of Europe.

A HUMOROUS CONTENTION.

Prof. Bryce has written too kindly and appreciatively of this country in his book, "The American Commonwealth," to please his countrymen in England. Of course he told the truth when he remarked that Americans are essentially a humorous people and that they are the chief purveyors of humor in this century; but one can easily understand that such statements of fact are unpalatable to a people who pin their faith to the decayed and effete clowning of *Punch*. Still it is a strange thing to find such an intelligent and entertaining paper as the London *Globe* hammering Prof. Bryce for perceiving that humor is most at home today in America.

The *Globe* evidently is not disposed to underestimate the importance of humor as a national possession. In two columns it undertakes to prove that Americans are not humorous and that Englishmen undoubtedly are. The *Globe* constructs a list of representative English humorists, naming the authors of "Vanity Fair," "Pickwick," "Essays of Elia," "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "Alice in Wonderland," "Vice Versa," "Happy Thoughts," the "Bab Ballads," "The Jumblies," and asks who the Americans have got to put against them. Like a wise philosopher the *Globe* answers its own question.

"Jokes are undoubtedly made in the States as they are in other countries," the *Globe* condescendingly admits. "Humor there certainly is among that great and free people—mostly bad humor," and then our cotemporary appends a list of American humorists, which does not contain the names of Lewis, Robert Burdette, Bill Nye, and several other noted writers in this category, but does include Max Adeler and George W. Peck. Taking such premises as these the *Globe* naturally does not encounter as great difficulty in demonstrating the superiority of English humorists as it would if all the facts were stated.

But it does not need many words to destroy the effect of the *Globe's* comparisons. Of the writers mentioned as England's knights of humor, Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold are dead and their works belong to a period from thirty to sixty years ago. In the list of American humorists only one is not still contributing to the literature of the nation. And this reminds us that what Professor Bryce undoubtedly referred to when he asserted the pre-eminence of American humor, was the literature of the world in this day.

Still we are willing to admit that the contention of the *Globe* is in itself a pretty specimen of British humor. In fact, we consider it superior to the deadly "Happy Thoughts" of F. C. Burnand, which the *Globe* assures us is a representative product of the English humorist.

THE TALK ABOUT STANLEY.

There is a good deal of unnecessary talk about the mystery of Stanley's appearance and disappearance on the upper Congo, which, accompanied as they are by hints that there is some crookedness in his connection with the English Government, appears to be mainly the product of envious imaginations. What crookedness the explorer could perpetrate to the advantage of any government in the isolation of the Equatorial Province, is not stated. If he did intend to secure some profit by bringing Emin's stores of ivory to the Congo, it would be no more than a legitimate reward for the enterprise which fitted out his expedition and opened a hitherto unknown route from the Congo to Wadelai. If he should accomplish the more improbable feat of capturing Khartoum and opening up the Nile, it would be an achievement which all civilization should praise. Either of these purposes is unlikely; but the condition of things renders it foolish to talk of any advantages which an explorer can secure by his work, as "crookedness."

The fact is that Stanley's purpose is clear and his record furnishes a full answer to all such talk. He went to to Wadelai to relieve Emin Bey, to supply him with stores if his position there is tenable, and to bring him away if it is not. His return to the Congo for the stores with which Bartelotte was to have followed, and without Emin Bey, shows that in their opinion, the foothold of civilization at Wadelai could be maintained. They may be mistaken; but their judgment is better than that of those who criticise them in the ease of European and American offices.

The record of what Stanley has done is also a clear answer to the hints of mysterious and illicit purposes. He found Livingstone, explored the Nyanzas, discovered the Congo, and founded the Free State for the benefit of the whole world. Envious people have circulated discreditable talk during his absence on other expeditions, as they do now, but the world will remember what he has done, as a firm ground for confidence in what he is doing.

TERRITORY NOT WANTED.

It is suggested by the Buffalo *Courier* that the Samoan Islands are not worth getting into a dispute over, being only nine volcanic islets, the biggest of which is but twenty by forty miles in extent, with less than 60,000 savage population and no trade worth mentioning. This is quite true; and it might be further remarked that if Samoa was a continent as big as Australia, it would not be worth a war to the United States. We do not want any foreign territory at any price. But it may be worth while for us to do some fighting to enforce the rights of our citizens in foreign parts and the respect due our flag. Our main interest at Samoa is a coaling station; but if it were only a watering trough the principle would be the same. We do not need territory; but we do want fair treatment from other powers; and it is getting about time to let them know it.

INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION.

In a very interesting article, from a special contributor, in this issue on some new forms of building associations, the assertion will be found that "in a certain sense," "the day laborer who buys a $500 building lot in the suburbs, or the average toiler who invests in a building association," are, like the stock speculators or buyers of staples for a rise, "speculators, playing their cards in a more or less intelligent fashion for an enhancement of values."

The statement has, in the form in which it is put, sufficient foundation to establish its truth; and yet it presents two widely separate business methods as if they stood on the same basis. If the laborer buys his lot solely for the purpose of selling it again, when real estate is on the boom, or the toiler invests in a building association exclusively with the object of unloading his shares when they are at a premium, they are engaging in speculation of a more conservative kind, perhaps, but still of the same essential character as the plunger in stocks or grain. But in the vast majority of such cases the expectation of enhancement is not the only other chief motive. The laborer buys the lot that he may improve it by building on it, and enjoy the income from the increased value he has given it by his labor. The investor in a building association puts his money in for the legitimate purpose of borrowing or lending money to be used in like creations of actual value. Throughout the whole field of legitimate operations, the effort is to increase the value of the staple handled. In speculation the effort is to obtain the benefit of an increase in value which comes with no effort on the speculator's part.

The distinction is an important one; although it is not a vital point in the valuable contribution to which we refer. But in these days it is well worth while to make as prominent as possible the essential difference between the forms of business gambling and the legitimate efforts of industry, frugality and enterprise to create new values instead of waiting for others to create them.

THE report that the New York authorities have resolved to restrain the high-kicking features of the French ball may be expected to evoke a protest against trenching on the vested interests of terpsichorean intoxication.

THE surprise with which a verdict of murder in the first degree in the Demmy case is received may be principally based on the slight ground for expectation that an Allegheny county jury would ever find a murderer guilty in a degree that would hang him. It must be said that a good many men have escaped hanging in this county whose crime was more wanton than that of yesterday's convict.

COLONEL DUDLEY'S backwardness about coming forward in those New York libel suits is a floater that indicates that the tide of affairs is not carrying that able politician's fortunes into the sunlight of open court.

IF the Grangers would urge a legislative inquiry into the methods by which the railroads prevent the consumer from receiving the full advantage from the increased meat supply, they would accomplish more good than they can by efforts to overcome the National Constitution and prevent the people of this State from buying the products of other States.

RUMORS that Blaine will be in the Cabinet are heard again. They may be as valuable as all their predecessors; but it is safe to predict that if they are true it means that something will be heard to drop in the vicinity of Samoa.

IT is related from Washington, that by means of betting the cigars with Representative O'Neill and others, the motion to set apart a day for the Oklahoma bill, was carried. The cigars paid in consideration of the votes are alleged to cost two-for-a-quarter, which is considerably more than the value of the votes.

THE Northwest is sending out another blizzard for the benefit of the rest of the country, and may have hopes of a little real winter and something of an ice crop.

IN view of the fact that an American newspaper man is said to have given Germany its check in the process of gobbling Samoa, it may yet become an object of newspaper ambition to organize a naval force and take possession, just as a journalistic beat on Bismarck.

THE ambitious views of landlords with regard to rentals for the next year will probably stimulate the building boom more than the owners' bank accounts.

SECRETARY WHITNEY'S deliverance on the Samoan question conveys a very decided intimation to the effect that when the State Department finds out what the policy of the Government is the Navy Department may be able to estimate what it has got to do.

BALFOUR appears to be on the point of success in his great policy of consolidating the Tory vote in England by driving Ireland into open rebellion.

THE railroad Presidents met again last week and swore off from rate-cutting. They are beating the ordinary January 1 swearers-off this year, by starting in with promises to reform, and keeping right along making new promises every week in the year.

THE decided policy of Bismarck with regard to Samoa is balanced by the decided lack of policy on the part of the United States Government.

THE promise of a leading anthracite coal company that it will graciously take into consideration the novel idea of charging the miners something less than two prices for the powder used in the mines is a fresh evidence that the world does occasionally move.

PERSONAL POINTS.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN says that the home rule question is losing its importance. Perhaps he will not think so after he has been married longer.

AT a dinner given in Washington last week by Senator Stanford to 16 of his intimate friends, the guests were served with hothouse strawberries which cost $3 a dozen.

LORD SACKVILLE, who is now at Cannes, will soon issue a manifesto on French politics. There are those who say he is just the man to succeed Prince Ferdinand as ruler of Bulgaria.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, when a choir boy of the Chapel Royal, composed an anthem, and it so pleased the Bishop of London that he gave the little author a half sovereign. This coin, it is said, Mr. Sullivan wears around his neck as a talisman while composing, till this day.

THE Secretary of the Economic Association of America, Prof. B. T. Ely, of Baltimore, Md., is in receipt of $100 from Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler, a sum which she obtained for two sonnets. The money is to be offered as a prize for the best essay, not exceeding 25,000 words, on child labor.

ISAAC HOLDEN, member of Parliament for one of the Yorkshire divisions, who was a poor schoolmaster in his youth, is now ranked as the wealthiest man in the Commons. His income from patent rights for inventions by which he revolutionized wool carding, together with his mill interests, is placed at $1,000,000 a year.

THE United States Senate is to have a new Apollo. His name is James McMillan, and he will succeed Thomas W. Palmer, of Michigan. Mr. McMillan is tall and slender, has curly gray hair and impressive mustache and goatee. His eyes are bright, but their effect is somewhat modified by spectacles. He is very particular about his dress, and is something of an Anglomaniac as regards his attire. Senator Hiscock, who considers himself the most presentable man in the Senate, will find in McMillan a foeman worthy of his imposing beauty.

The Two Sides of the Samoan Question.

From the Philadelphia Times.]

There are two sides to every question. When Bismarck is interested both sides are Bismarck's.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Our Legislators Are Improving—Mutton as a Poison—A Waiter's Trick and a Dog's Sagacity.

"THE best-posted authorities assure me, and my own eyes confirm the conclusion, that the members of the Legislature now sitting at Harrisburg are more of a temperance crowd than usual," said a legislator to me yesterday.

"Russ' business falling off?" I asked.

"No, hardly. There are enough drinkers in the Legislature and among the lobbyists and hangers on, to say nothing of the Harrisburg contingent of native talent to keep up a very fair sized demand for the liquids that do in toxicate. A few of the younger members, new-to Harrisburg, ought to have a care how they proceed in putting down the whisky of High Spire, but they will learn wisdom as they grow older in the service of the State."

Taking this and other facts which I learned from the same authority, the Legislature, as far as the personal behavior of its members is concerned, is an improvement on most of its predecessors.

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"ONE of my patients," said a Pittsburg physician to me yesterday, "puzzles me considerably. Every now and then he comes to me, or sends for me, and exhibits a very sorry condition of health. Upon inquiry I always find that he has been seized with acute nausea and with violent symptoms of poisoning, immediately after eating mutton in some shape. At first I was loth to believe that the mutton was the real cause, but after a thorough investigation of all the circumstances I have been forced to conclude that the flesh of the sheep acts upon this man's system as poison. My patient himself has come to a similar conclusion, and although he likes mutton, he has promised me not to touch it again. The last time he ate some mutton chops he was in a really critical condition for several hours after the meal."

"Veal is poisonous to some people, isn't it doctor?"

"Yes—to many, and I might almost say to most people," the doctor replied, "and I constantly find men and oftener women who persist in eating veal although they know they will surely suffer for it."

I know a man who, if he desired to commit suicide in a discreet and retiring way, could achieve his object by eating say half a dozen buckwheat cakes. He is aware of his peril, however, in this direction, as even the odor of buckwheat cakes is sufficient to compel him to leave the breakfast table.

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IN a restaurant which enjoys the patronage of many notable Pittsburgers I noticed a neat trick played by a waiter yesterday. A certain wealthy financier who takes his frugal lunch at this establishment has kept up his reputation for looking sharply after the pennies by never, on any occasion, tipping a waiter. The waiters have observed this, and do not thrust their services upon the great man.

Yesterday when this individual came into the dining room he approached a table near me, and the waiter who was hovering near, quietly stepped forward and tipped up all the chairs—which signified that the table was engaged. The great man elevated his brows, but he had to move to another part of the room. Then the waiter, as quietly as before, set down all the chairs again.

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MANY years ago a distinguished woman in this community, who happily still lives to grace it, playfully agreed with a friend of hers of the opposite sex to rest upon the confession of the lapse of 40 years of her life if he would do the same. This was 50 years ago. Since then regularly as her birthday has come around the gentleman, whose birthday was on the same day, has called upon her and they have exchanged congratulations.

When this natal day was celebrated recently she said: "David, are we not getting rather old to acknowledge but 40 years?"

"Yes," he confessed, mournfully shaking a head touched with the silver rime of 60 years, "I think we are."

"Let us increase the record, then."

"Certainly. How old shall we admit ourselves to be?"

"Well—let us make it 41!"

And all of you would join me, I know, if you knew her, in hoping that the record may stand at 41 till another score of years has gone by.

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HERE is another tribute to the sagacity or reasoning powers of our canine friends.

A newspaper man, of this city, has just had a system of electric bells put in his house, more particularly for the purpose of making communication between his bedroom and the lower regions—of his abode, of course—easy. Being a night worker, he finds it convenient to be able to announce to his wife his awakening at midday.

He owns an obese, but intelligent and loving poodle, who will be taxed $2 for being, as our Harrisburg correspondent put it the other day, "a lady." She was present when the wires for the electric bells were put up, and appeared to take considerable interest in the operation.

Two days after the bells had been set up the editor awoke at noon and rang what he calls the "breakfast alarm." His wife happened to be out of the house at the time, but the bell had hardly ceased ringing when Flossie, the poodle, was heard upon the stairs. She ran up without a moment's hesitation and bounded into the master's room—where she never goes when he is asleep—and saluted him with a round of cheery barks. HEPBURN JOHNS.

TWO ELECTORAL TRIPS.

The Formal Certificate Was Not Duly Signed the First Time.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., January 26.—F. C. Meredith, the messenger selected to take Alabama's electoral vote to Washington, returned this morning. Mr. Ingalls, President pro tem of the Senate, received the certificate from him, but declined to receipt for it because he did not have a certificate of his appointment as messenger, though in the certificate received by him, it was stated that Mr. Meredith was the messenger.

Mr. Meredith telegraphed Governor Seay, and the electors were summoned to Montgomery this morning. They met and signed an additional certificate that Mr. Meredith had been chosen messenger, and he left for Washington again at noon to-day.

PANIC IN A THEATER.

The Cry of Fire Causes Some Wild and Exciting Scenes.

ST. LOUIS, January 26.—A scene of wild excitement occurred at the Olympic Theater this afternoon. Near the end of the first act of the opera "Erminie" a small fire was noticed, and all at once the great audience became panic-stricken. Then some one cried "fire," and for a time it looked as though there must be loss of life, as the audience was composed principally of ladies and children.

Women fainted, others went into hysterics and it was with great difficulty that the few men present restored order. No casualties are reported.

A MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

Difference of Opinion as to the Term of Harrisburg's Executive.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

HARRISBURG, January 26—The Harrisburg Republican City Executive Committee to-night decided to hold their convention to nominate a candidate for Mayor on the 11th of next month. Mayor Fritchey, Democrat, who was chosen nearly two years ago by a large majority, claims that he was elected for four years, but the Republicans hold that he cannot legally serve more than two years. The Democrats have not yet determined their line of action.

There Stands a City.

From the New Haven News.]

Like to a city of the dead,
As noiseless and as still,
Upon the banks of Delaware
Stands Wanamakerville.

As Keely's motor never motes,
So never runs the thrill
Of busy life along the streets
Of Wanamakerville.

The Machinery Out of Date.

From the New York World.]

The Presidental election does not seem to be over, after all. The messengers bearing the electoral-vote certificates of several States have not yet arrived in Washington, and if they do not put in an appearance by Monday some curious complications may arise. All of which shows up the ridiculousness of the cumbersome old machinery of the Electoral College.

Dissipation in Iowa.

From the Chicago News.]

A 70-year-old Iowa man broke both his legs while tobogganing. People in prohibition States frequently become addicted to very odd kinds of dissipation.

MUST FORK OVER.

The Man Who Deposited Gold Washings Long Ago Satisfactorily Identified.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

WHEELING, January 26.—Mr. Alexander Squires, who has been so much talked about in the Eastern papers, will get his $2,201 in gold. He came from Philadelphia to Wheeling, readily found the one man, Henry Jackson Wade, who could identify him after the lapse of 23 years, and will go back to the United States mint in triumph and reclaim the deposit of gold washings he left there in 1865.

Mr. Wade has lived in Wheeling since 1838, and worked with Squires in the city at the Cooper trade until the discovery of gold in California, when Squires went there to seek his fortune. Mr. Wade identified Squires at once, although he had not seen him since 1855, when he stopped here on his way from Philadelphia to California and told him he had left some gold at the mint, and showed him the certificate which is now ineligible from age. The books of the mint, it will be remembered, show that such a deposit was made by Alexander Squires; but as the certificate could not be read the authorities at the mint required that the claimant should be identified. The claimant of the gold and his old friend went before United States Commissioner Forbes, and Mr. Wade made affidavits to the statements quoted above, and others, that leave no possible doubt of Squires' identity.

The Government demands, in addition to this testimony, that Squires shall give an indemnifying bond to cover the amount if another claimant should establish his right to the amount hereafter. He can readily do this, as he is well fixed financially. When Mr. Squires learned that he would have to be identified before he could recover the money, he came right to Wheeling to hunt up his old friend Wade. He learned where he lived, and, knocking at the door of 62 Zane street, was answered by Mr. Wade himself. Turning his face aside to avoid the light, Squires asked: "Does a man named Wade live here?" "Ah, you old coon," was Wade's response, "you can't fool me; you're Alex Squires."

A END TO SCALPING.

Western Railroads Think They Have the Matter All Arranged.

CHICAGO, January 26.—The general managers and general passenger agents of the Western, Northwestern and Southwestern railroads have agreed on a plan which, if they live up to, will make it impossible for the ticket brokers to do any business to speak of. It was perfected at a meeting held here to-day, at which 20 of the 21 roads in interest were represented. The one unrepresented, the Chicago, Burlington and Northern, is known to be in accord with the agreement.

A new form of mileage tickets was adopted and unused portions of round trip or through tickets will be redeemable at railroad ticket offices. The mileage tickets adopted lacks but little of a photograph of the buyer. Height, weight, age, color of hair and eyes, beard and any peculiarities are plainly marked in the book. The buyer must sign his name in the presence of the agent, and every time he uses the mileage book he must duplicate his signature for the benefit of the conductor. Should he not be able to do so, or should he have changed the cut of his beard or perchance dyed it, he must pay his fare and lose his book.

The provision relative to the cashing of unused portions of the ticket does away finally with any chance for what is called legitimate scalping. Should a passenger buy a ticket from New York to Kansas city and conclude not to go further than Chicago, he can, without going out of the depot, cash the unused part of his ticket at its full value. Hitherto the passenger has been compelled to sell the unused portion of his ticket for what a scalper was willing to give.

SHIPWRECKED MARINERS

Tell a Story of a Thrilling Experience on the Ocean.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, January 26.—Two young men, A. E. Brown and George Dillon, arrived in the city this morning, after a thrilling experience on the ocean. They left Baltimore several days ago on the steamer Erin for Jamaica, were wrecked off Cape Hatteras, and came on to Washington to take the cars for Tampa, Fla., to continue their journey from that point by steamer. They tell the following story of their adventure:

We arrived off Cape Hatteras about dark on Saturday, when something was found out of order with the machinery. We anchored, but on Sunday got under way again. During the day the second mate fell overboard while trying to hoist the ensign. The flag staff went with him. It was over an hour before we picked him up nearly dead from exposure. Sunday night during a heavy storm the propeller shaft broke, and in a little time the water came pouring in through the shaft hole. The pumps were manned, but the steamer filled rapidly. Several vessels passed us, but were unable to render assistance. About noon Monday the steamer Liscard, Captain Thomas H. Byrne, Charleston to Bremen, sighted our distress signal, bore down and we took to the boats and with great difficulty got on board her. There was eight feet of water in her hold then, and probably the Erin did not last much longer. It was a narrow escape for us. The Liscard took us into Newport News, and we came here. Our baggage was rescued, considerably worse for water.

Extremes Meet.

Lies.]

Evan Gwynne, a Welshman and a plumber, who had become discouraged by bad business, committed suicide by hanging himself by a hook in the ceiling of his shop at Hudson and Canal streets last night.—*Evening World.*

Henry Hibbertson, an ice man, whe runs four wagons on the product of his ponds near Flushing, Long Island, celebrated the wedding of his daughter with Mr. George Martin, the manager of his business, yesterday by presenting the happy pair with a handsome residence in Brooklyn and $20,000 in New York City bonds. Mrs. Martin, who is an only child, will be heiress to over $500,000.—*The Star.*

Discordant Knights of Labor.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

HARRISBURG, January 26.—The Harrisburg Knights of Labor disapprove of the project to have a committee before the Legislature to look after the interests of the laboring men, and consequently they will have no representatives at the convention of Knights to be held this week.

COLONEL CRŒSUS.

Have you heard of Colonel Cræsus? What! you haven't? Gaze on high.
Do you see that comet blazing in the vast financial sky?
Note its size and note its splendor, and the glory of its tail—
By its side all stars and planets stop their twinkle and turn pale.

There are people still in Asia who bow down before the sun,
And the moon of many races has ere now their homage won;
But the idol of the moment is the comet of the day—
It's to blazing Colonel Cræsus that no end of people pray.

When his housemaid in the morning goes to shake the mat outside,
There are crowds of people waiting, and the mob spreads far and wide;
They are waiting for the Colonel, and they jostle, push and try
To get near enough to touch him or to catch his kindly eye.

Statesman, poet, author, actor, artist, merchant and divine,
All in humble adoration come to worship at his shrine;
And their cheeks are flushed with gladness, and there's triumph in their eyes,
If he gives them an allotment in his latest enterprise.

He's a heart beneath the waistcoat that enfolds his spacious chest,
And a hand that scatters bounty north and south and east and west;
No one asks in vain a favor—in his easy-going way
He will scatter golden chances 'mong the suppliants every day.

Here's health to Colonel Cræsus—bluff, big-hearted millionaire—
Who's content his princely fortune with his followers to share.
But he must be getting tired of the crowds that daily come,
Greedy Lazaruses waiting at his table for a crumb.

He has given them High Kickeys and Alpacas, and the rest,
And has told them when in Dayrates they with profit can invest.
He has flung the crowd his favors, and has loaded all his friends,
And they now might leave him quiet just to make some slight amends.

To be pestered and surrounded, morning, afternoon and night,
May not seem to Colonel Cræsus a perpetual delight;
And I shouldn't be astonished if one morning he should say,
"O, here—hang it, you're a nuisance! Do, confound you, go away!"

—*G. R. Sims in London Referee.*

CORRIDOR CRUMBS.

The American Flag in the Halls of the Legislature—A Law to Make Veterans Happy—Ventilation Needed and Committee Rooms Wanted—Trying to Find Matthew Stanley Quay.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

HARRISBURG, January 26.—When the Junior Order of United American Mechanics permitted themselves to become angered by language ascribed to Captain Dravo, they laid the foundation for a great deal of political rancor and other things too numerous to mention. The House has permitted itself to become all stirred up and to take sides with the members from Beaver. The Junior Order is in politics for the time at least, and promises to make itself a closer acquaintance, if not a friend, of the majority of the members. The differences between the Beaver county members on the subject have been touched on in their various lights and shades by the active gentlemen of the press, until the subject is a familiar one, if not perfectly clear to all. Captain Brown's bill was framed by the American Mechanics after they had read the interview with Captain Dravo and was introduced at their request. It has passed second reading and from the fact that Captain Dravo's bill was killed on second reading it has been supposed Captain Brown's bill would meet the same fate on third reading. But it may be given another life after all, if latest reports are credited, and sent to the dignified Senators, to be dealt with by them in their usual cool and unimpassioned way.

* * * *

THE veterans' bill is yet to come up for third reading and final passage, and many who would like to vote against it do not dare to do so. This bill fixes a fine not to exceed $500 and imprisonment not to exceed six months as the extreme penalty to be suffered by any State official who does not give a veteran preference for employment above all other applicants. The gentlemen who have visited Harrisburg in the interest of the veterans say they want this or nothing, unless it is something more. They would accept, for instance, an amendment to the bill extending its application to the officials of all cities as well as State officials. Between Uncle Sam's pensions and the State's kindness in this line, if the bill should become a law, the old soldier's lot will not be so deplorable as it might be. The professional soldier, who fights the war over with his vocal organs, will certainly not suffer if the measure passes.

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ANOTHER measure of interest to the survivors of the late unpleasantness is the one affixing penalties for the use of the various buttons and badges of the G. A. R., Loyal Legion and Union Veterans' Association by those who are not entitled by the rules of these organizations to assume them. As originally presented the bill did not include the last named organization, but its friends were quick to note the omission, and had it fixed before the bill left the committee room. This is one of the measures that meets with no opposition on any hand.

* * * *

WHAT the House of Representatives at Harrisburg needs as much as anything else is ventilation. The House side of the capitol is not as much for style as the gorgeous Senatorial chamber, and there are more people in it breathing the atmosphere, which filters in all too slowly and escapes in the same way. This is why the Representatives suffer from colds and kindred ills, and probably lets in light on the question of why it is necessary to make things livelier in the lower branch of the Legislature if business is to be done with a quorum.

* * * *

IF the house is deficient in ventilation it is not less so in committee rooms and many other things that would add to the comfort and convenience of the members. The Judiciary General Committee meets in a corner of the Public Library, where its privacy is very much imposed upon and its deliberations necessarily interrupted in a variety of ways, all annoying and not all of an interesting character. The City Passenger Railway Committee is forced to wait in patience, while the Committee on Banking considers weighty matters in the private office of the Chief Clerk. Other committees have similar experiences and the public business is thereby not facilitated to an alarming extent. These things argue strongly in favor of calling a halt on the rapidly growing sinking fund and putting some money into new capitol buildings. They are needed, not so much for style as for use.

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SENATOR QUAY'S counterpart, save that he boasts a little more physical weight, is Mr. Lytle, the member from Huntingdon. It is said that he has frequently been accosted for Quay by people who are not on sufficiently intimate terms with the junior Senator from Pennsylvania to be thoroughly acquainted with his personal appearance and characteristics.

* * * *

FAME, it seems, is not to have your address known by cabmen. A member of the Legislature was missing from his seat in the House for a couple of days before Senator Quay left Washington for Florida. The Keystone legislator had gone to the national capital to confer with Mr. Quay before his departure, and on arriving at the depot called a cabman and asked to be driven to the Senator's residence, naturally supposing that the rush of visitors to the influential National Chairman had made his street and number one of the things the hackmen of Washington drove to by day and dreamed of by night. But such proved not to be the case, and diligent inquiry was necessary to locate the home of one of the biggest men of the nation.

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THE American flag excitement of the week called to the mind of ex-Speaker Graham the joy he experienced while once sojourning in Italy on unexpectedly beholding after several months absence from home, the colors of his native land displayed on a vessel in an Adriatic port.

"My eyes filled with tears," he said, "and I involuntarily exclaimed: God bless the American flag!"

"I have had a similar experience," remarked Chairman Dearden, of the Appropriations Committee. "It does one good to see the old banner when far from home." SIMPSON.

DRIVEN OUT BY GHOSTS.

Uneasy Spirits Greatly Annoy the Family of an Ohio Farmer.

MILLERSBURG, O., January 26.—The neighborhood about Sharp's mill, in Killbuck township, are somewhat disturbed over spiritual manifestations that are reported to be going on almost nightly in a dwelling occupied by Ransom Shilts and family. The site of the present dwelling was occupied about 12 years ago by a small log house, in which a man named Heilman, an honest, hard-working German, his wife and six or seven children resided. In all such cases of supposed spirit visitations there is connected a supposed origin, and this one is no exception, and this supposed origin is the fact that in the fall of 1877, after Mr. Heilman threshed his grain, in the absence of a granary he stored his wheat and oats upstairs in his log-house, directly over the room where he and his wife and three of his children slept.

One night, shortly after storing the grain and they were sleeping, the logs in the house spread apart by the weight and pressure of the heavy load, letting the joists, floor and all the grain down on the sleepers, almost instantly killing the wife and the three children, Mr. Heilman escaping with some bruises. Mrs. Shilts, the wife of the man now owning the farm, says she hears nearly every night soft foot-steps, as that of a woman without shoes on, going to and fro through the house as if hunting for something, or some one, and then will follow a slamming and banging of doors. Mr. Shilts also says he hears the noise, and all efforts to learn the cause have been unavailing. The matter is the talk of the neighborhood, and further investigation will be made in order to solve the mystery which so annoys the family. Mrs. Shilts will not stay alone in the house, especially at night, and is living in abject fear.

What Are Our Relations With England?

From the New York World.]

Our relations with England seem to be somewhat mixed at present. The Samoan affair has placed the United States and Great Britain close together in opposition to Germany, while Lord Salisbury and Minister Phelps are maintaining a status belli having its origin in the Lord Sackville incident. Are we enemies of England or allies? Did Ben Slade's barn burn up or burn down? Won't somebody please answer these timely questions?

What a Meeting That Will Be.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

Now that our mild-tempered and peace-loving Secretary of State is in danger of coming into diplomatic collision with the bluff and burly Chancellor of Germany, the effect will not be unlike that of a grizzly bear in contact with a chipmunk.

A BIG CITY'S GOSSIP.

The Crusade Against Bustles.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, January 26.—Many well-known women in the city are now issuing their manifestoes against the bustle. Several of them take great pains to prove that they objected to bustles long before Mrs. Cleveland said anything on the subject. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says she discarded the bustle long before Mrs. Cleveland. Celia Logan thinks she gave Mrs. Cleveland her first idea of abolishing bustles, when she went bustleless to a reception at the White House, two years ago. Belva Lockwood has always considered bustles "dress distorters," and Lillie Deveraux Blake has disliked them ever since she put on long dresses, years and years ago. Kate Field says: "The bustle is an invention of the devil." While showing her dresses to a friend a few days ago, Mrs. Brown Potter said: "If you can find a dresspad or a spring or a steel tucked away in any one of them I will give you the whole wardrobe. Flat? Of course they are flat. Aren't we born so? No, not quite flat. The back, if one has a good back, has a lovely contour, and it's that one wants to display, not an artificial back of cotton, wool and sawdust. The bustle is a barbarism." Though opposed to big bustles, Mrs. Frank Leslie likes a "very little one." She says: "A well-formed woman can hardly dispense with a little fullness at the back of her gown. I can't agree with Mrs. Potter. She says her form is so perfect that she doesn't need a bustle. Now, if she don't need one, that is proof on the face—or the back—of it that her form is not good at all." Mrs. Langtry regards bustles as "hideously ungraceful," and Mary Anderson speaks of them as "essentially unartistic." Fanny Davenport also declares that the bustle must go.

Wouldn't Die to Please Them.

Colonel David B. Churchill, a jeweler of means, has suffered from heart disease for several years. Three times in the last year he has been quite near to death. A week ago he fell ill again, and his doctors told him he was done for. He was persuaded to make his will and call a minister. Then he began to sink rapidly. Mrs. Churchill hastily summoned his relatives from the South and West, and began arranging for the funeral. When Colonel Churchill heard of this and saw all his relatives about the house, he became furious. He swore horribly, dismissed his minister, and declared they all wanted to get him out of the way. He told the doctors he had grit enough to get well, just to spite them all. He is doing it. He is almost as well as ever.

A Narrow Escape.

A crowded tenement house downtown caught fire at 1 o'