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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1889.

A GREAT WORK POSSIBLE.

The discussion of the subjects to be treated of by the Congress of American republics, which is reported in our local columns, puts the importance of that meeting in a strong light. There is no doubt that the occasion, properly improved, may be made of the greatest and broadest international benefit.

This subject of international arbitration is by itself enough to make the meeting one of the most important ever held. It proposes to substitute reason and justice for the barbaric trials of strength which now settle international disputes. If the American Governments can perfect a plan for putting arbitration in force, it will place them far in advance of European Governments, in true civilization.

Add to this great work the questions of commercial union, a uniform customs agreement, international and uniform coinage, and uniform weights and measures, and the scope of the congress rises to vast importance. The permanent attainment of a single one of these objects would be a full reward for the meeting of the congress. The possibility that most, if not all, of them can be reached, makes the meeting of that body a pivotal event, not only for the countries participating in it, but for civilization.

While there is abundance of room for the criticism of Mr. Blaine's political methods, there can be no question that in his long-cherished project of an American internal congress, he has taken the best way to enroll his name high in the lists of statesmanship.

A NOVELTY IN WATER.

The appearance of a new adaptation of the nickel-in-a-slot machine, in the shape of a large water cooler, which on the insertion of a penny, yields up a glass full of cool water, is *per se* a novel and beneficient development of modern invention. It is complicated by the demonstration of the fact to-day that it can serve the thirsty public with a cheap and refreshing drink without the intervention of anyone to be held responsible for the breaking of the Sunday laws. Whether the law would, if called upon, hold those who prepare the water, and collect the money next day, to be Sabbath-breakers, is an open question; but we venture the prediction that no one will undertake the invidious task of prosecuting such a beneficial and wholly unobtrusive method of giving people a chance to satisfy their thirst.

BARRELS BEHIND HIM.

It is to be observed that certain Democratic organs in the East are sturdily keeping before the public the fact that in looking over the list of Democratic possibilities for 1892, the name of Wm. C. Whitney should not be forgotten. Mr. Whitney was a very able Secretary of the Navy, and made a good record in that position. He also exhibited a remarkable degree of facility in giving banquets at which champagne and diamond-backed terrapin were the distinctive features. As a Presidental candidate he would evidently be unable to make the champagne and turtle reach around among all the ward workers.

But the Democratic organs recognize another quality in Mr. Whitney, which would more than make up for his addiction to forms of luxury which the ordinary voter could not get a chance to appreciate. Mr. Whitney has a moderate barrel of his own, but his stock of Standard Oil barrels behind him is practically limitless. This fact would probably console the Democratic organs, even in case of defeat, it would certainly make a very interesting campaign to have the brother-in-law of the Standard Oil Trust in the field as a Democratic Presidental candidate.

BITING THE BITERS.

A story is now afloat to the effect that the famous wheat deal of 1887, which ruined the Fidelity Bank, of Cincinnati, and landed E. L. Harper in the Ohio Penitentiary, was really engineered by some prominent Standard Oil men, who made Harper their catspaw and then pricked the bubble for the sake of cornering some of Harper's backers and getting control of the Cotton Seed Oil Trust. The story is by no means incredible, as it is entirely consistent with Standard Oil methods, the squeezing of the Penn Bank oil corner in this city, a few years sooner, being a case in point. But it is pertinent to remark that if the men who were thus pinched by the Standard had not been engaged in the business of squeezing the markets and trying to make money without giving an honest consideration for it, they could not have been squeezed by the Standard. The offenses for which the Standard must be arraigned by public opinion, consists of squeezing them who were engaged in legitimate business to deprive them of it for the benefit of the monopoly. When it comes to dog eating dog, the public need care little as to which canine is bitten the worst.

WE SHOULD NOT BE OVER CONFIDENT.

In discussing a somewhat alarming publication as to the ability of a foreign navy to bombard New York City, the New York *World* argues that such representations are unfounded, because we have a defense better than dynamite in the fact that this nation feeds the world and that the world would have to go hungry if it got into war with us.

This is a flattering but by no means reliable representation of the hold which we have upon the respect of foreign Governments. The fact is that the United States has by no means as thorough a control of the world's food supply as it had ten or twenty years ago. India and Russia could furnish Europe with wheat, if necessary, and Australia and South America stand ready to supply it with cattle, if the supply of the United States should be cut off. It would doubtless somewhat enhance the price of food staples in Europe if a war should break out between a European Government and this country, but it would not create any such famine as to make the maintenance of war impossible.

There is a much stronger security in another fact which the *World* points out, that the financial powers, which exert even a greater influence in Europe than they do in this country, are so completely involved in the channels of commerce between Europe and America, and have such vast interests in this country, that they cannot afford to permit a war. Beyond that there is the fact that the mutual dread and distrust of the great powers of Europe is such that none of them could afford to engage in hostilities with the United States, and thus expose itself to attack from foes nearer at home.

These two considerations give almost absolute security from foreign attack at the present. But it is by no means wise to rely upon the consideration that this security will be perpetual. The political conditions of Europe may change, and the military powers may unite upon the idea of satisfying their desires for extension of territory and power upon this continent. In that view, the United States should certainly prepare itself with a navy and ordnance such as will make it a very uncomfortable power to attack.

WORK FOR CONGRESS.

Discussion of the possibilities of an extra session of Congress, beginning in October, indicates favorable opinions to it from the President down. Such a step would only anticipate the meeting of Congress by a couple of months and doing so might permit that body to do some work before the Christmas holidays. As the one thing needful in the way of Congressional reform is to get some work done, the general disposition in favor of starting in early is evidently correct.

It is certainly full time that Congress should make some disposition of the tariff question. Public opinion generally is in favor of the abolition of the Sugar Trust by removal of the duty that protects its aggression, and while opinions may vary widely as to the disposition of the general tariff question, the business interests of the entire country will be glad to have it settled in one form or another. The two sessions of the last Congress were spent in wrestling over that problem, with the result that the problem won every round and is still unconquered.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

If the story which was told in the local courts last week by a business man who was robbed of $10,000 in Allegheny through the bunko process had appeared originally in fiction, not one among ten readers would credit it as probable or possible. The old, familiar device of strangers inviting a credulous person to invest large sums of money in a game promising big profits, has been worked so often, and the details have been published so frequently from one end of the land to the other, that one would suppose a prize might be offered, without takers, for any adult who had not heard of it. But it is noticeable that, excepting in rare cases, it is very old men who are thus victimized. This may argue that the sharpers carefully watch for the declining faculties of old age, or that the habit of newpaper reading has not been so strong with men of the older generation as with those who are but middle-aged or with the young. At all events, whatever faults the hypercritical may choose to find with the newspapers of our times, no one can deny that they tell fully enough what is going on in the world to enable the dullest to be on guard against the schemes of the wily. That any ruse with ear-marks of bunko fully developed can succeed in swindling the greenest of people is truly surprising.

ZOLA'S ACCOMPLICES.

Brown's novels ought to be written by Brown. The name of the author upon the title page ought to correspond with the name of the person who made the book. This is not always the case. Brown's books are sometimes written by Jones to Brown's order, and then palmed off upon the public as Brown's creation. This is a fraud of a very mean and disreputable kind. Several novelists of to-day have been accused of such practices. Miss Braddon, the extremely prolific writer of sensational novels in England, has more than once been charged with lending her name to the works of less popular writers. The latest discovery in this line is that Emil Zola employs half a dozen salaried writers, whose work is retouched by him and published under his name.

These stories reflecting upon the honesty of authors must not be taken without a tolerably large grain of salt. From time immemorial authors who have obtained any decided recognition from the world have been the mark for the sneers and insinuations of their less successful brethren. Ugly tales about the methods of great novelists come from small novelists as a rule. The tales are, it is sad to say, usually pure romances.

But it is possible that Zola has turned his name into cash without much thought of the moral side of the question. The novelist of the sewer and street pavements can hardly be expected to rise above the moral standard of his books. But it is unpleasant to know that there are half a dozen writers of standing in the French literary world who are willing to purvey filth of one sort and another to Zola's converting establishment. It is also unfortunate for the world that, with the assistance of these purveyors, Zola's power for evil is greatly increased. The multiplication of realistic romances of the "Nana" type is a distinct curse to civilized society. And, it is reasonable to ask, what becomes of Zola's claim to a highly moral intent in writing his loathsome descriptions of the lowest forms of life, when a corps of assistants are kept busy grinding out novels to be issued under his name? Does he vouch for the purity of his assistants' aims?

KHAN CAN'T STAND IT.

It is too bad. The feelings of Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan have been hurt. The cruel newspaper reporters and paragraphers are the offenders. And Mr. H. H. G. Khan is going home to tell his master the Shah all about it. He is leaving his position as Minister of Persia to the United States in order that he may speak his mind freely about his unkind critics.

Upon close examination of what Hadji, etc., said the other day upon this subject we are compelled to conclude that the Persian Minister's official rather than his personal feelings have been hurt. He asks how any Minister could stay longer in this country after he sees his King and country ridiculed in the American papers. The allusions to the Shah as a disreputable old profligate, an oriental despot, and so on are what Mr. Khan objects to. If some writer had insinuated that Ghooly Khan had been a burglar and wife murderer in his native land then the Persian Minister's personal feelings would have been hurt. We do not know what he would have done in such a case. Now it is his official feelings that have suffered, and there is no course open to him, he thinks, but to return to Persia with his scrapbook of newspaper clippings.

We beg to call the attention of the Russian Embassador to the fact that daily most disrespectful remarks are made in the newspapers about the Czar. The humorists poke fun at the Nihilist-hunted Emperor, the editors denounce his barbaric policy, and the magazines are vying one with another in depicting the abuses of the Siberian convict system. According to Mr. Khan's reasoning ample excuse exists for the withdrawal of the Russian Minister. The motion is that the Russian Minister do now withdraw. No doubt the motion will be generally seconded.

Sir Julian Pauncefote should also take notice that Queen Victoria is constantly alluded to as "Vic" or Mrs. Guelph, and her liking for the late Mr. Brown, her habit of giving Indian shawls as wedding presents, and other regal characteristics of the old lady are often ridiculed. Her eldest son is habitually addressed by his first name in the newspapers, and he is more often called "Tummy" just now than anything else. The British lion is also constantly libeled in the comic journals. There really is no reason since Mr. Khan has set the example why Sir Julian Pauncefote should not at once take his departure. In fact, all the embassadors have sufficient grounds for retiring with the Persian Minister. Nobody would shed a tear except the snobs and sassiety lion-hunters of Washington, if the capital were swept clean of all the foreign diplomatic tomnoddies at once. If it resulted in the recall of our Ministers abroad another good bird would be killed, and Uncle Sam would save money.

In short, Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan has done the country a service. We trust no one will allude to him hereafter as Tomato Khan. If he wants a new motto to put on his plate at home, here's one: *Possum ire*, which being translated is: "I Khan go."

IN connection with the reports that Mrs. Leslie Carter is to go upon the stage, the Chicago *Herald* refers to the rumor that ex-Senator Riddleberger will appear next season in a tank drama. The esteemed *Herald* is behind the times. Senator Riddleberger appeared in that class of drama last season, taking the role of the tank.

CONGRESSMAN BEATTY'S arraignment of Foraker for professing that he did not want a nomination while filling the convention with his followers, indicates that Beatty is entirely too particular. If declaring that a nomination is not wanted debars a candidate from the field, our politics would have been robbed of all its great statesmen from Tilden and Blaine down. Congressman Beatty should permit his fellow politicians to have some outlet for their innate modesty.

IT is now stated that P. T. Barnum will take his big show to London this fall. With Barnum in England and Buffalo Bill in France the people of the Old World will be more convinced than ever that this is a remarkable country.

DOWNTOWN business men in New York city complain that when new pavements on their streets are required, they ask for asphalt and they get stone. People who examine the pavements on Fourth avenue and Diamond street, below Wood street, in this city, may conclude that the downtown business men in New York have better luck than those in this city, who asked for asphalt and got something resembling mush.

A REFORM is reported from London in the shape of the substitution of good Anglo-Saxon for the French used on the restaurant bills of fare. This is even a more satisfactory change than it would be if they substituted good French.

THE proposition to secure a pardon for the once famous robbers known as the Younger brothers is backed by Missouri people, and consequently Chicago rises in protest against it. Yet the Missourians can rather pertinently advance the idea that since Chicago got a pardon for Mackin and let McGarigle off with a light fine, the Youngers and all the other robbers might as well be turned loose once more.

PROCTOR KNOTT having beaten Spokane, at Chicago last week, the Southern people are rejoiced over the belief that the star of their great men and great horses is in the ascendant once more.

THE Republican organs of Indiana are complaining of Commissioner Roosevelt's "offensive and arrogant manner." This looks like an official declaration of the view of the Indiana Republicans, that to object to the appointment of convicted gamblers to office is an exceedingly offensive and arrogant thing to the Indiana fine workers. Such a course, they think, makes him an exceedingly uncivil reformer.

AT the sale of M. Secretan's collection of paintings the other day, $17,000 was bid for a painting entitled "Breakfast." This was almost as expensive a meal as a Boston municipal banquet.

AFTER all the trouble taken for fixing up the deal for adopting the system of "future" transactions on the Oil Exchange, it is calculated to make the average oil broker reflect upon the contrariety and cussedness of events, to observe how persistently the fish refuse to bite at that bait, and the lambs decline to come in and have their fleeces removed.

IT seems to be a blank day in the Egyptian war records when the Egyptian troops cannot defeat the dervishes and kill nine hundred of them—by means of the cable dispatches.

THE cable dispatch which indicates that Americans will be rejoiced to learn that Mrs. Alice Shaw, the famous whistler, has refused an offer of marriage from an English baronet, misjudges the sentiments of the American people. The public of this country have no especial interest in the domestic prosperity of English baronets.

The Lawn Order Agent.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The busiest lawn order agent at this time is the mower.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Odds and Ends of Life—Lillian Russell in Grand Opera—Lawyers and the Elixir of Life.

Lillian Russell has not been in Pittsburg for many years, if ever, but she is well enough known here to lend interest to the report that she is to leave the comic opera stage soon and to enter upon a course of study and training for grand opera. At present her plumpness, her prettiness and her vocal powers are all lent to the comic opera of "The Brigands," at the Casino, New York.

Nobody has seriously thought of Lillian Russell as a *diva* of grand opera before. I don't know whether anyone is thinking of her chances in this new department now. But her beauty—it is beauty that runs from her face to her form and leaves not a minute speck of her unlovely—will carry her far. She has a flexible voice that abounds in sweetness, but it is not a great voice. Yet her good looks may persuade an audience that she can sing. It will not be the first time the public has been so persuaded.

But what a gap Lillian's departure would make in the Casino Company. How wide the gap will be I can't say at this moment, but it will be sufficient.

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THERE is a city ordinance which prescribes that it shall be unlawful for anyone to brush dust or rubbish from a store or across the city pavements after an early hour in the morning—8 o'clock, I think.

There are also a number of men, women and children who trample this ordinance in the dust every day of their lives: who sweep the dust into the faces of passing pedestrians and into their neighbors' stores and offices. These offenders are to be found in plenty in the heart of the city. In one hour I noticed three within the Fifth avenue block between Smithfield and Wood streets. An attempt to enforce the ordinance will be made.

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WHEN the Ohio Valley Gas Company, which has swallowed the illuminating Gas Company of Sewickley, undertakes to furnish a new house with the two kinds of gas they will only have to use one pipe from the main. Hitherto the natural gas has had to travel in two pipes to perform its double duty. The removal of the incognito will not improve the quality of the illuminating gas, however.

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A DISTINGUISHED lawyer informs me that immense interest is taken in Dr. Brown-Sequard's discovery of the elixir of life by many of the elder members of the bar.

It is not at all singular that the evasion of death and a hereafter should interest lawyers, but the elixir of life will mean starvation to lots of them if it comes into general use. Perhaps starvation will be a pleasure if it cannot kill.

PROMINENT PEOPLE PARAGRAPHED.

BUFFALO BILL has been engaged by the French Government to teach 100 cavalry officers to ride in the American style.

THE late Mme. de Grouchy, widow of Bonaparte's Marshal, retained to the end of her life her brilliant powers as a conversationalist. She was 86 years old.

Miss Mary C. Fuller, daughter of Justice Fuller, arrived at New York yesterday on the Alier. The Chief Justice, his wife and a number of friends met the Government tug at Quarantine.

HARTFORD people recall that General Harrison has visited their city before. The first visit was in 1872, when he was a guest of the old Piscatorious Fishing Club, and went with them on a cruise up the coast of Maine.

THE oldest United States ex-Senators are James Bradbury, of Maine, and Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi. Each served in the Senate of 1847. In point of years Mr. Bradbury is the elder, having been born in 1805, three years before the birth of Davis.

THE late Colonel A. U. Saxton, of St. Joseph, Mo., was one of the best-known men in Missouri. In his youth he was a "mud clerk" on an Illinois river steamboat, but he conquered fortune and died a millionaire. He was famous as a humorist and a practical joker.

ONLY five of the British officers who fought at Waterloo were alive when the seventy-fourth anniversary of the battle came around, on the 18th of last June. They are General George Whichoote (as Lieutenant of Fifty-second Light Infantry); General the Earle of Albemarle (as ensign of Fourteenth Regiment); Lieutenant-Colonel M. P. Browne (as senior Cornet of Eleventh Light Dragoons); Lieutenant-Colonel W. Hewett (as Captain of the Third Battalion Fourteenth Regiment), and Major Basil Jackson (as Lieutenant of Royal Staff Corps).

DAVID ANDREAS SAXLEHNER, owner of the Hunyadi Janos, died recently while on his way to Carlsbad. He was a man of limited education, but practical in business. After failing in several undertakings he established a "national clothing house" in Buda Pesth, in which home goods alone were sold. Louis Kossuth consented to act as Saxlehner's clerk for several days, in consequence of which the business increased enormously. While Saxlehner was sitting one day in his office, a peasant entered and complained that he could get no fresh water on his farm. He had bored wells in a number of places, but succeeded in getting only a peculiarly scented fluid, which he feared to use. Saxlehner was interested. He asked the peasant to bring him a sample bottle of the water, had it analyzed, and decided to purchase the estate. He paid 1,000 gulden per acre for the farm, and established a factory as soon as possible. The water became popular at once, and the red label upon the bottles a famous trade mark. Of late years the sales reached 4,000,000 annually and made Saxlehner many times a millionaire.

A WRITER in the *Spectator* says that Lord Beaconsfield's fondness for the primrose originated when he was living in Highbury, London. Here he was much attached to a young lady resididing in the same locality, who was the daughter of a gentleman of good property. At a ball given at this gentleman's house, the young lady in question wore a wreath of primroses. A discussion arose between Mr. Disraeli and another gentleman as to whether the primroses were real or not. A bet of a pair of gloves was made, and on the young lady being consulted, and the primroses being examined, the bet was won by Mr. Disraeli. The primroses were real primroses, and the young lady gave two or three of them to the future Prime Minister, which he put in his button-hole and kept, and used to show long afterward. Some have thought that because the Queen sent a wreath of primroses to Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the flower became his badge in that way. This is a mere invention. The Queen did not know at the time that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower, and she did not, consequently, send a wreath of primroses to his funeral at all. Others have entertained the opinion that the noble lord appreciated the flower because he says in one of his novels that the primrose makes an excellent salad. This is incorrect again, and the true history of the way the primrose became the noble lord's favorite flower is recorded above.

CZAR AND DETECTIVE.

Being an Adventure of His Russian Upness and a Tolltaker.

From the London Standard.

The Emperor of Russia, when upon a tour of inspection in the provinces, passed the night in the simple hut of a tolltaker. Before retiring he was pleased, as head of the Church, to see the old man take up his Bible and read a chapter. "Do you read often, my son?" he asked. "Yes, Your Majesty, every day." "How much of the Bible have you read, my son?" "During the past year the Old Testament and part of Matthew, Your Majesty."

Thinking to reward him the Czar placed 500 roubles between the leaves of the book of Mark on the following morning, unknown to the toll-keeper, whom he bade farewell. Several months passed away and the Emperor returned upon a second tour to the tolltaker's hut. Taking the Bible in his hands he was surprised to find the 500 roubles intact. After interrogating the tolltaker as to his diligence in reading, he received an affirmative answer and the statement that he had finished the chapters of Luke.

"Lying, my son, is a great sin," replied His Majesty; "give me the Bible till I see." Opening the book he pointed to the money which the man had not seen. "Thou hast not sought the Kingdom of God, my son. As punishment thou shalt also lose thy earthly reward." And he placed the roubles in his pocket to distribute afterward among the neighboring poor.

They Have Grown With the City.

From the New York Tribune.

Ever since annexation when a Chicago man has put up at an out-of-town hotel he has insisted upon having a white page to himself on which to register.

ALL CAN GO TO EUROPE.

A Shrewd Business Man Makes the Trip for $157 11 He Thinks He Spent $25 Too Much, Then—Economy a Good Thing to Carry Abroad.

CLEVELAND, July 6.—Mr. Philip C. McIlrath, of this city, has just returned from Europe, and enjoys the distinction of having lowered all previous records as an economical traveler. The European trip is, by his narrative, robbed of half its formidable features, and Paris, the heaven of all good Americans at this time, is rendered accessible this side the grave. It becomes possible for people of narrow means to go abroad, and for the lowly in estate to view the world from the top of the Eiffel Tower.

The rumor that Mr. McIlrath had made the footings of his account book cut a modest figure in the hundreds caused a reporter to call at the tourist's rooms, No. 144 Ontario street, to see if the initial figure of the total was a "3" or a "4." This most remarkable of American travelers seemed to have thrived well on his "plain living and high thinking." He is about 50 years old, is 6 feet tall and will weigh at least 200 pounds. He is a prosperous and busy man, and has the direct and independent carriage which inspires respect everywhere, and which is believed to be characteristic of the wide-awake American business man. After expressing his pleasure at seeing Mr. McIlrath returned from over the sea in safety and good health, the reporter said:

"I hear that you succeeded in making the trip on a very economical basis. If you can tell just how you managed to do it, it will benefit a good many people just at this time."

"I shall be very glad to do so," was the reply, "because I made the trip as I did, principally to see if it could not be done for less than is popularly believed possible. My total expenses for the trip amounted to just $157 11.

Almost Beyond Belief.

"Two hundred and what?" exclaimed the reporter, scarce crediting his ears.

"Not 200 at all, but 100—$157 11, and that was $25 more than was really necessary for the journey."

"Well, let's see how you managed to do it? Did you keep an account or guess it?" asked the visitor, charitably preparing a way of escape if the cold figures should happen to spoil a good story in their customary heartless fashion.

"I kept an itemized account," said Mr. McIlrath. "Why, that was one object of my trip, to see how cheaply it could be done without a sacrifice of substantial comforts. You can see it if you would like to."

"Let us begin at the beginning. What kind of an outfit did you have?"

"I did not take any baggage, wore an ordinary business suit, and carried a small grip containing several shirts, collars and neckties, a shoe brush, tooth brush, and a hair brush. I dressed just as I would if I were going out on the road drumming for six weeks. No salesman wants to be bothered with a big wardrobe when he is out for business, and I was running this trip on business principles. I carried a good pocket-knife, and a light haversack to be used as I shall describe hereafter."

"Coming to expenses, what did your ticket cost?"

"A round trip from Cleveland to London and Paris and return costs just $101. I purchased it here and on May 15 set sail on the City of Paris, of the Inman Line. My ticket read for the second cabin, where we had the same sleeping accommodations as the first cabin and the rear deck for our use. Our table was a little plainer than the first cabin table, but as both had poor meats and all had good, brown and palatable, there really wasn't so much difference after all. From Liverpool I went direct to London, where I was to spend two weeks. I didn't go to the biggest hotel, but found excellent accommodations in a private family, where I was lodged for 25 cents a night. This was no exceptional chance; there are any number of such places in the heart of London. The rents are high, and people contrive to cut them down by taking good, respectable lodgers. I arranged with the ladies in the house to serve me a breakfast in the dining room. The bill of fare was frugal, but

Sufficient for All Purposes.

It included six slices of bread and butter two eggs and a large pot of coffee, with sugar and milk and other trimmings. The cost was 12 cents. At noon, if it was convenient, I would go to one of the vegetarian restaurants, where a dinner consisting of oat meal and milk, salads and English pudding is served for 12 cents. If it was not convenient I lunched from my haversack, which I had replenished with bread, fruit and cheese before starting. At night, if I was near a milk depot, and there are thousands of them all over the city, I would get a supper for 10 cents. I did a great deal of walking, so I could see the byways as well as the highways, and my 'bus and boat fares did not average more than 10 cents a day. That made my London expenses 70 cents a day. I stayed two weeks and spent a day at the Museum, another at Crystal Palace, another at the Zoological Gardens, another at the Derby, and so on. Some of these excursions cost a little extra, and there is where part of my $25 in excess of actual expenses went."

"Did you do as well in Paris?"

"Not quite so well, and still I was not extravagant. My lodgings in Paris cost 40 cents a night, or $5 60 for the two weeks I remained there. My coffee for breakfast, the best in the world, cost 6 cents, and the bread and fruit for my haversack cost 14 cents more. In fact, all my meals cost about 20 cents each, so that my meals and lodgings were $1 a day. It cost 10 cents every time I went to the Exposition, and that, with the railroad fares, made about 25 cents more per day. My Paris expenses were $1 25 a day. I was talked into taking some of 'Cook's rides' after I was all through with the city, and wasted some money and two days' time going around to see what I had already seen by myself. So there was where some more of the unnecessary $25 went. Then I spent a week at Liverpool and Chester, and my expenses were $1 a day there. Then again there is $1 each way for living expenses between New York and Cleveland, which I have come near forgetting. How much does that foot up?"

The Figures for It.

The reporter took his pencil and soon reduced the items into this remarkable table:

Round trip ticket from Cleveland to London and Paris	$101 00
Expenses in London, two weeks	9 80
Expenses in Paris, two weeks	17 50
Expenses in Liverpool, one week	7 00
Expenses between Cleveland and New York	2 00
Total	$127 30

"My meals alone," said the tourist, "cost only $17. Of course this takes discipline, but so does anything when a man is trying for a record. It won't do to spend money for everything you see. There are men waiting to take your purse at every corner, if you will let them, and the only way to do is simply to refuse to be imposed upon. Many things, however, are very much cheaper there. It costs only 2 cents to get your shoes blacked and 4 cents for a shave, but as I wear a full beard that last item did not interest me."

"How does it happen that it usually costs an American so very much more than $200 or $300 even to take a brief trip like yours?"

"The trouble with most Americans is that they drop all the rules of economy they practice at home when they go abroad. They seem animated with the patriotic desire to impress all Europeans with the idea that every American is a millionaire. Business men who have accumulated a little extra money by a modest style of living here, just throw money broadcast while it lasts when they are in Europe. Men who take a bread and milk lunch down town when at home, can never patronize any but the highest-priced hotels in London and Paris. If many Americans would be willing to occupy as modest a place abroad, for a few weeks, as they do at home all their lives, more of them could see the Old World and the wonders thereof."

MAKING A NEW NAVY.

The Ordnance Shop at Washington is Fast Nearing Completion.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The new ordnance shop at the navy yard is now fast nearing completion. Large gangs of workmen are busy getting tools in place, putting up boilers and machinery, and making great headway toward getting this large establishment in readiness for an early opening. From appearances the great workshop will be in readiness to receive workmen within the next few months. Steel for guns, shells and gun carriages are beginning to arrive now, and things look brighter for an abundance of work than has been heretofore. It is thought that the employes will number fully 1,000 by the end of the fiscal year. Active preparations are going on for getting in readiness the necessary tools and machinery for the making of 16-inch guns for the heavy armored monitors and defense vessels.

There are now several six and eight-inch guns nearing completion, and within a few weeks several of them will be ready to be sent to the testing ground at Annapolis. It is positively asserted that the old frigate Constitution will be brought to the navy yard to take the place of the receiving ship Dale. It was thought that the cost of towing her round from the Portsmouth, N. H., navy yard would be more than was justifiable, but this does not seem to be true, and this historic war ship will, sooner or later, find a resting place at this yard.

Her 112th Fourth of July.

WASHINGTON C. H., O., July 6.—An event of great interest to this community on the Fourth was the 112th birthday reception of Mrs. Margaret Arnold. There were some fears that Mrs. Arnold would not survive until her 112th birthday, but she is still alive, and her health is good.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Prof. Brown-Sequard Discovers a Rejuvenating Potion—He Describes Its Composition and Its Effect Upon Himself—His Scientific Audience Convinced.

Paris Correspondence d'Etats Unis.

The art of not growing old has been found, or at least the art of not growing old so quickly. The proof is in a communication of the most curious sort, which has been read during the last session of the Society of Biology by one of the masters of the Academy of Medicine, one of the most venerable members of the institute, the physiologist, who has contemplated all his life the study of the nervous system and the spinal marrow, the professor of the College of France, follower and successor of Claude Bernard. We have named M. Brown-Sequard. It is then Brown-Sequard, in effect, who finds the secret of rejuvenation of man.

During the last session of the Biological Society the President mounted the tribune. In the large hall silence reigned immediately. They knew that the learned professor had been ill for a long time; that he was weighted by 72 years of study, and that he was ordered to take very small part in the debates of the assembly.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a voice strong but slow, "I believe in the possibility of the rejuvenation of existence, if we study to prolong it, by the aid of actual facts of science."

The audience applauded; still sceptically.

Seeking the Elixir of Life.

The savant continued, reciting in lengthy detail the experiments which he had had and the observations which he had registered upon them. He had noticed a long time ago that the transfusion of blood was incapable of restoring to a feeble organization the forces which it had lost. The necessary operation for so introducing the new blood into the veins of a sick person, the difficulty of finding a convenient transfusor, the rapid decomposition which were produced of the different elements of the liquid and other reasons of a technical order, deterred physicians from trusting that experiment. Beside the blood is no more than a marvelous conveyance for the new elements as they enter and for the ancient cells as they go out. It is that which distributes the oxygen to the organs, but the organs themselves are depositories and transformers of the forces. What was needed was to introduce the living cells themselves more directly, so that the introduction of the new heat and of the electricity might be made without loss. For the last 21 years Brown-Sequard has been experimenting on this subject, but only since May 15, this year, has he judged his system sufficiently advanced to bring it forward for criticism and further experiment.

The Magic Philter.

He told the audience how he had taken part of certain organs of living animals, for instance the fowl, guinea pig or of dogs—very young, as youth is a quality indispensable in the matter. He has brayed in a mortar these living particles until they become a palpitating mixture. He has then immersed them in water, distilled and filtered, and purified and clarified the liquid thus obtained. This he then uses, as one would morphine, by way of injection. The two days following he resorted to the same experiment, and the result was the loss of the sense of fatigue; he became capable of studying for three hours without the least weariness, and without taking any repose. Steadily his appetite became greater, his sleep more restorative and calm; his stomach had resumed all its functions; his intellectual work became remarkably direct and clear; in all respects he feels himself subject to rejuvenation.

So, by degrees, Brown-Sequard went on telling of the minutiæ of the method, until his language became stronger, his visage expressed all his old-time energy, so long disappeared, and he exhibited all the vigor of former years. In fact, the address itself was of such a character, delivered by Brown-Sequard, that it was convincing to the audience. Thunders of applause followed his closing words.

HIS IDEA OF POLITICS.

Private Dalzell Tells How Much It Cost Him to Run for Lieutenant Governor.

Private Dalzell writes to the New York *Sun* as follows: Our State Convention is over. We have a splendid ticket, even if my name is not there. I got 169 votes, 33 from this Congressional district and the solid vote of Noble county. The soldiers voted for me from the "A" counties down to Washington, but there were not quite enough to make me Lieutenant Governor. Other candidates had headquarters, groceries, and things.

It cost some of them, poor devils, big money. What with badges, cigars, and circulars and cards and tickets, it cost them a good deal.

I had no headquarters, no cigars, no circulars, no cards, nor any other thing except myself. Yet I got more votes than any of the dozen or so of other defeated candidates.

Here's what it cost me:

Postage	$0 50
Railroad fare	2 75
Three days at cheap hotel	3 00
Total	$6 25

That's what it costs to run for Lieutenant Governor in Ohio—at least, that's what it cost me—and I sold $6 worth of my autobiographies; and so am on this campaign precisely 25 cents, and came mighty near getting there at that. That's my idea of politics!

You Can't Boycott Him.

From the New York Press.

Every dead person needs a coffin.

That's the reason undertakers make so much money.

Sooner or later every person must be a customer to an undertaker.

THE SIX SENSES.

I see the wave break on the beach,
I see the mist melt into air,
I see the air fade into space,
I see that Death is everywhere.

I hear the feet of hurrying griefs,
I near men's laughter turn to tears,
I hear the break of beating hearts,
I hear Death mocking life with sneers.

I eat the bread of torture's sweat,
I drink the bitterness of gall;
I eat and starve and drink and thirst,
I taste the mold of Death in all.

I feel the day chill into night,
I feel the sunshine turn to shade,
I feel the ice-wind in the air,
I feel for me the grave is made.

I smell the dust of withered joys,
I scent the musk of sure decay,
I catch the taint of coming Death—
Death now, to be, and Death alway.

But far above earth's sickening strife,
And out beyond the realms of space,
And hidden from the senses' reach,
Deep in the conscience of the race,
There lives a sense, there speaks a voice,
That faints and fades, but never dies,
That brings alike to serf and lord,
And high, and poor, and low, and wise,
The only everlasting hope.

There is no grave, I hear it sing:
There is no death, its tones declare;
Lo! Life's in life and Life's in death,
Life now, to be, Life everywhere.

—*Edwin Royle in Cosmopolitan.*

ODD ITEMS FROM FOREIGN SHORES.

THE world's coinage for 1888 was £58,500,329, against £56,729,000 in 1887.

LORD SHREWSBURY's new hansoms are to carry electric bells, and the old speaking trap in the roof will be replaced by a speaking tube.

NOW the story is that a French woman of rank and wealth has eloped with one of Buffalo Bill's half-breeds and is on her way to America.

PEOPLE with theories about hands, eyes or noses can deduce their own conclusions from the fact that General Boulanger's ears stand out at an angle of 45 degrees.

A BEE belonging to a swarm that a Dorsetshire farmer was attempting to hive got down the man's throat and stung him, and, the throat swelling very rapidly, the man died of suffocation.

GREAT preparations have been made at Oberammergau for the Passion Play next year. New costumes have been procured. The orchestra and auditorium have been increased, at an expense of £7,000.

SINCE the phylloxera has so ravaged France, Turkey is looming up as a wine-producing country. Some of the southern provinces are said to be excellent as wine-growing districts, both for climate and soil.

IN Warasdin, Croatia, a mother of 117 years gave away her maiden daughter of 83 to a tramway conductor of 46. The elder lady of the two was in an ecstacy of delight at having lived to see her child married.

NEW YORK NOTES.

A Determined Suicide.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, July 6.—Bernard Werner, a confirmed drunkard, took a big dose of paris green in a pint of beer this afternoon. The poison made him sick, but had no deadly effect. In the evening he had his 5-year-old child buy him two ounces more of paris green, which he dissolved in a glass of beer. As he was raising the glass to his lips his wife knocked it from his hand. He regained it and crowded down his throat the thick green paste at the bottom of it. Then he stretched himself on the floor to die. It took him from 4 in the afternoon till 2 in the morning. His wife and children witnessed his struggle with death, but he forbade them with vile threats to fetch a doctor. When it was all over they told a policeman. Werner left six young children and his sick wife penniless.

A Threadbare Story.

Emmanco Bollini, Marchisio Della Pradosa, Count and Marquis, of Italy, has just deserted his bride of six months. He first met and loved her at a private ball in New York one year ago. She tried in vain to induce her father, Count Casa Decampo, a wealthy South American Spaniard, to consent to her marriage to the Italian nobleman. She married against the wishes of both parents six months ago. Count Bollini made short work of some $20,000 worth of her property and asked for more. She told him she had no