The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, SEP. 29, 1889.

BIDDING FOR A GREAT MARKET.

It is not merely hospitable, but timely from a business standpoint, that the principal cities of the United States, Pittsburg included, are preparing to give a hearty welcome to the visiting delegations from South America. But to suppose that when this is done everything in view has been accomplished, is to hug a singular delusion. Our South American friends will of course enjoy the trip; they will marvel much at what they see, reciprocate the compliments of the season, and return with the fact well forced on their minds that the United States is a busy, rushing place.

How to sell our goods to them is, however, a larger problem. The business men of Pittsburg and of every other city which entertains them must move on Congress for a regular steamship line to South America in the first instance. When that is done, they will have to send live, active agents to study the wants of the people and to drum up trade. Then they will find it profitable to produce articles specially fitted to the new markets.

British and German manufacturers and merchants are now working up the foreign fields with an energy never known before. They have got the means of regular transportation and they have their agents on the ground. The United States, on the other hand, has the advantage of proximity, of resources for manufacturing and of superior ingenuity, once other conditions are made equal. The most vital part of the programme rests with Congress. This country is now fairly awake to the advantages of trade with South America; and if occasion is taken by every city to express this perception when the delegates come along, by passing resolutions urging Congress to take steps for steamship communication, the legislators will not disregard the universal appeal. With adequate facilities for transportation, trade on a great scale would soon follow.

CAPTAIN JONES' DEATH.

The unexpected death of Captain W. R. Jones, from the injuries inflicted by the bursting of the blast furnace at the Edgar Thomson Works, last Thursday, will be a subject of regret everywhere, and will be felt with especial keenness at Braddock. Captain Jones had long held the chief executive position at the great works which form that industrial community, and his energy, public spirit and ability in managing the army of workmen under his charge, had earned the confidence and admiration of all who knew him. The anxiety which had been caused by the first news of the accident had been allayed by the reports of his favorable progress; and the fatal result will be felt with additional poignancy by those whose hopes for his recovery had been revived. The loss to the people of Braddock is one that will not be easily replaced.

THE RIDING MASTERS' VERDICT.

It is rather difficult to decide whether the formal citation by a New York newspaper of various riding masters of that city, who all express the opinion that the occupation of a part of Central Park for the World's Fair would be destructive to their interests, as making it unpleasant for ladies to ride in the park, is more amusing or more exasperating. It is possible that the instructors in the menage comprise those who are able to express broad and valuable views upon questions of public policy. But it is evident that if there are such members, they certainly should be able to rise beyond the level of deciding the question on the test of increased business for themselves or the contrary. There is also something at once funny and finical in the proposition that the crowds which would assemble in order to observe an exposition of the industries of all nations, will be of the common and vulgar character which would be abhorrent to the delicate sensibilities of the ladies who patronize the riding masters of New York. The indications are that neither riding masters, nor any other class of business will be troubled with the World's Fair, in New York. A city whose leading newspapers appeal to the professors of equitation for verdict upon public enterprises, is not an inviting field.

FLANN'S SENTENCE.

The sentence of the young man, Harry Flann, yesterday, to five years in prison for embezzling bank funds, while, as the Court stated, the minimum prescribed by law, is, nevertheless, sufficient to teach as salutary a lesson as if the term had been made a longer one. It was impossible to overlook the gravity of the case, or to regard only the pleas for mercy, though for these, too, there was some foundation. Flann's years—he had not yet reached his majority—and all the circumstances of his offending, raised the question whether he had ever given his peculations much thought beyond appropriating the money which came to his hand, spending it foolishly and exercising some ingenuity in staving off discovery. If morally able to perceive the difference between the right and wrong of his proceeding, he seemed to have been singularly endowed with mental incapacity to perceive the sure consequences of his actions, or most strangely indifferent to them.

But while youth and inexperience are humanely taken into account in such cases, as Judge Acheson took them into account in Flann's case yesterday, even the minimum sentence, with the incidental suffering which the young man has undergone and must yet bear, should surely be enough to serve as a warning to those who, holding positions of fiduciary trust, are tempted to forget the ownership of the moneys under their hands. It is creditable to the tens of thousands of very young men all over the country who are thus placed that it is rather seldom than otherwise that those who figure in court come from their number. Defalcations and embezzlements, rather more usually, the records would show, are the offenses of those of maturer years, when the pressure of circumstances, the avaricious hope of success by speculation or the desire to keep up an appearance of fashionable living, working on men of weak will and insufficient principle, tempt them to their ruin. Youth is generally buoyant, hopeful, even confident in the prospect of at least reaching fair success by honest, patient industry.

In these days it is often argued that the temptations to young men are more numerous than ever before; but if this be at all true, it is not less true that the business rewards for fidelity are also greater.

THE SUPREME BENCH APPOINTMENT

The announcement that Hon. W. H. H. Miller is to go on the Supreme Bench comes from the other partner of the late Indianapolis law firm besides those engaged in giving and receiving that important appointment. It may therefore be considered as authentic.

This permanent provision for the President's partner, who, before the election, was scarcely known to the general public, will, of course, stimulate the jeers of the opposition press at the good fortune which waits on the President's personal connections. Yet it is admitted that Mr. Miller has made one of the most creditable members of the present Cabinet, and certainly upon his elevation to the Supreme Bench his abilities are more widely known and his national reputation more clearly established than was the case with the present Chief Justice at the time of his appointment by the previous administration.

The appointment would be a very commendable one, if it were not for its repetition of the old illustration as to the force which places successful corporation lawyers, nearest in the line of succession to the highest judicial honors.

RACING TO RUIN.

It is said that Belford, Clarke & Co., the publishers, attribute their failure to reprinting English novels at a steady loss. They say that they were forced in self-defense to reprint English trash because other firms did it. If this really is the reason of their failure, Belford, Clarke & Co. are well out of business of any kind. A little boy might be pardoned for saying that he threw mud on his clothes because he saw other boys do it, but among men of business such an excuse is simply ridiculous. Incidentally it is a strong argument for an international copyright. For if American publishers could not steal the works of English authors, a favorite road to ruin would be closed to them.

Absurd as the publishers' argument is, and untenable as it must always be, we have heard it advanced by presumably intelligent men before. Railroad officers are still fond of declaring that they are forced to cut rates to a ruinous degree because other railroads have done so. We have heard of a glass manufacturer who cut his prices till they did not cover cost even because a competitor persisted in selling his product at a profitless price. So the Chicago book publishers have set their presses to turning out thousands of books they could not sell because equally foolish men in the same trade were enamored with the same will-o'-the wisp. Such a game of "follow my leader" to ruin is seldom seen.

TWO TRUSTS OPPOSED.

Two features of the past week deserve public notice, both for their peculiar characteristics and for the bearing which they have upon a possible solution of the trust question.

The first is the fact that the people of St. Louis, aroused by rumors of the beer trust, which is to control the output of beer in this country, and put up the price of schooners, have organized competition of their own. They will brew their own beer to supply their own demands, and thus at once keep down the price of beer and maintain the size of the schooners. The one thing that arouses the independence of the St. Louis people is an attack upon their beer. Coal trusts, Standard Oil trusts, Cotton Seed Oil trusts, and other means of controlling the staples of food and light, are passed by with general denunciation in St. Louis; but when St. Louis beer is touched, specific measures are taken to preserve competition.

The example is also of value as showing how easily competition may be brought into the field against the trusts, unless they have some special lever, such as railroad discrimination, the possession of patents, or the control of a limited production, in order to choke off new competition. This is again illustrated in the case of the watch combination and its endeavor to crowd out of existence a watch manufacturing company, which refused to belong to the trust. The entire trade was at first concentrated in the work of freezing out the refractory concern. But there were no means of preventing the competing establishment from organizing its own agencies and establishing its own jobbing houses, and it has prospered under the attacks upon it, until the watch combination is now definitely announced as having gone to pieces.

It is worth while to set it down as a prime factor in the solution of the trust problem, that unless the combinations have some special hold, by which they are able to prevent their competitors from entering the field with them on equal terms, every attempt that they make to exact undue prices from the public will simply offer a premium for the establishment of new and effective competition.

WHEN THE WORLD'S AN EAR.

Count Thomas A. Edison says that the time is coming when the world will be one gigantic ear. The universal use of the phonograph will bring this about. The wonderful machine that records sound and reproduces it will be taxed with a tremendous task. Nothing like it has ever been known in the world before. Were the phonograph possessed of life and the sensibilities of man it would be entitled to pity.

There will be many remarkable revelations of human character when the day of the universal phonograph shall arrive. The scandalmongers everywhere will be brought into full publicity. It will no longer be safe for the cowardly backbiter to vent his malace in conversation. The woman who is given to sowing the seed of dissension among her neighbors will no longer scatter gossip in secrecy. And some who are supposed to be silent will be given a name for noise. Who shall escape in that day? Surely Senator Quay, say some, for he seems always to be preparing for the phonograph's coming. Perhaps it will be found that even he knows how to talk when circumstances are appropriate. A great many new voices will be found, and sincerity will prove to be a rarer quality than anyone dreamed of.

Some will hail the era with gladness. The gentlemen, in politics generally, who have already earned the fame of being all mouth will be delighted to have the world all ear. The world will fill their ideal then. The persecuted poet will no longer stand in awe of the editor's boot. He will murmur his soul's imaginings by the wayside wherever he goes, and the world will know him whether it wants to or not. The unhappy beings eternally haunted with grievances will have plenty of opportunity to air them. It will be a happy day for cranks of all sorts when all the world is an open ear.

THE proposition of an eminent banker to have the Government coin the maximum of $4,000,000 of silver monthly, and retire the legal tender circulation with it expresses the passionate desire of some people to take away the currency that the people want and to force them to use that which they do not want. That is the only way to explain the appearance of a New Yorker with a proposition to lower the standard of values over 25 per cent.

THE cornerer is at work in the English cotton market, and speculation is be-mudling the operation of legitimate business. Let us hope that the manipulators will get their fingers burned as severely as they deserve—in which case they will never handle any more corners.

THE people who are negotiating $150,000,000 to $170,000,000 mortgages on railroads in this country should take notice, that two balloonists in Europe have had falls recently, and the shock killed them.

IT is pleasant to learn that the Collector of New York is going to deal out scant considerations to a glass blower, who, when he first came to this country, swore that he did not come under contract, and afterward, upon quarreling with his employer, turned around and swore differently. The industry of running perjury on double turn is not so much needed in this land that we need imported labor for it.

THE intention of Mr. Labouchere to come over to the United States and write up our foibles and infirmities, will justify the interviewers in carrying out their usual policy of doing exactly the same thing by Labby before he has been in the country for 24 hours.

THE statement that "Private Dalzell's chances of office are disappearing" is calculated to raise anxious inquiries as to how that can disappear which never put in an appearance.

IT IS thought that the baseball championship will be settled by the Pittsburg games this week, which, the baseball cranks aver, "places Pittsburg in a proud and significant position." It cannot place her hired champions in any prouder position than that of second place from the bottom; and the significance of that position must be rather destructive of their reputation for playing ball.

FIVE years' imprisonment in the case of young Flann for stealing $36,000 and losing it, is not unduly severe; but it involves the wonder as to what would be an adequate sentence for the more successful operators who have stolen millions and kept them.

THE transmission of water power by electricity promises an important and novel development of industry—for those localities that have plenty of water power.

A COMPLAINT is heard from the Hon. J. S. Clarkson that he has to work twenty-six hours a day. The wholesale progress of the work of decapitating Democrats has created an impression that the Hon. J. S. Clarkson was putting in about fifty hours of work daily. But he does not do it upon compulsion. The belief is that Mr. Clarkson is in the business just for the fun of the thing.

ALLEGHENY'S determination to locate its electric light plant in the old armory building on Marion avenue instead of in the parks, is decidedly wiser than to use park property for other purposes than that to which it was dedicated.

REALLY, however, after the things that Tanner had said, it is hard to perceive anything in that letter to Dalzell that required suppression on his account.

THE Chicago clergymen are announced to have a discussion pending as to whether there really is a personal devil or not. The question was supposed to be settled, in this country at least. The highest Governmental authority is prepared to ask how on any other hypothesis than that that of a real lively personal Prince of Evil, the pension business ever got into its present muddle.

A KENTUCKY paper thinks it a singular thing that a river's head is not nearly as big as its mouth. Not at all. That is merely a quality which establishes the claim of the rivers to a leading place in politics.

IT is asserted that the main spring of the Watch Trust is broken. At all events there does not seem to be any doubt that it has run down.

THE stoppage of the State work at Johnstown while dead bodies are still being taken from the debris permits us to indulge in some salutary reflections on the results of refusing to take the obvious course of calling together the appropriating power and securing money enough to do the work properly.

WE are pained to observe that the eminent Mr. Depew has misled the good Colonel Shepard into publishing a quite too realistic description of the performances of the Turkish dancing girls at Paris.

THE Republican leaders who are falling outside the breastworks of State conventions, this year, indicate an alarming list of casualties.

THE Hoosier incumbents of foreign consulates are having a hard struggle with the effete powers. Between Parisian policemen and London tailors their experience is likely to make them wish themselves back at the congenial labor of organizing the voters of the hoop-pole regions.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

A Case of Mistaken Identity—When the Wind Whistles—Odds and Ends and a Voice From Ohio.

"You observed, didn't you, that that rather haughty-looking lawyer who passed us a second ago did not bow to me?" a friend asked me yesterday as we walked down Diamond street. I said I had noticed that the lawyer in question seemed unconscious of being in the vicinity of greatness.

"Well," continued my friend, "that lawyer bowed to me most obsequiously for over a year. I did not know him, from the side of a red barn, but as he dressed well and carried with him enough dignity to equip two dozen peacocks, I accepted his homage and returned the salute until one day we met in the Duquesne Hotel. As became a person of his calling, he was attending to his duty at the bar, when a friend of mine took me over to introduce me to him. He saw us coming, and put out his hand in a deferential sort of way to me. I took it wonderingly, and my friend asked the lawyer: 'You know this man, do you?'

"'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I have had the honor of Mr. ——'s acquaintance for some time.'

"I was crestfallen at once, for the lawyer had named a very prominent statesman of this city. I explained of course, and then it was the lawyer's turn to look and feel uncomfortable. He has revenged himself and wiped out all his former bows by looking clean through me whenever we have met since."

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WHEN THE WIND WHISTLES!

I ought not to doubt you, but time is a thief--
All summer you wooed, and now I am won
You will not deceive me--to die I'd as lief--
We've loved many days, but the summer is done.
Say, when the wind whistles, as whistle it will,
Will you think of me, sweetheart? Be true to me still?

Last night as I gazed at the star-sprinkled sky,
The day of our parting I pictured again:
I heard the wheels rolling, I heard your goodby,
And the thought came a-flying on pinions of pain:
O when the wind whistles, as whistle it will,
O will he be true to me? Be true to me still?

When the winter winds whistle and snow's over all,
Will the roses of summer, the spot where they grew,
The garden, the woods, and the old-fashioned hall
Come back to your heart with the girl that you knew?
O when the winds whistle, as whistle they will,
Will you think of me, sweetheart? Be true to me still?

O may ev'ry snowflake that falls be a ghost
From the white rose I gave you, to bring back the day
You held me and told me you loved me the most,
And with me forever you promised to stay.
O when the wind whistles, as whistle it will,
Will you think of me, sweetheart? Be true to me still?

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WHAT a remarkable lot of people must be the friends of George Meredith, who are so indignant because, in a recently published book it is declared that the novelist is of English peasant parentage. One of these friends states in an American magazine that as a matter of fact George Meredith is descended from a line of Welsh princes. Welsh princes are preferable to a good many other kinds of royalty as forefathers, but if there existed any way of arranging such matters I should think every intelligent man would rather have the blood of a peasant in his veins than a prince's.

As a matter of fact, the peasant blood of England is the purest obtainable there, and after all, clean blood is better than blue blood any day. From the works of his brain it would seem that George Meredith has untainted blood.

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WOMEN were fond of writing postscripts to their letters even in Shakespeare's time. Those of you who were fortunate enough to see "Twelfth Night" played at the Opera House this week, doubtless noticed that in the letter written by *Maria* to delude poor *Malvolio* into believing that *Viola* loved him, she set the worst trap of all in the postscript. It was the postscript that bade him smile continually.

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VERY seldom does such a chance to enjoy so many great entertainments on one day occur as last Monday and Tuesday offered. I know of a young man of Greensburg who came to the city on Monday morning early. He went to the Exposition direct from the cars, and stayed there till 1 o'clock, when he went uptown to dinner. After transacting a little business he went to the ball game and saw the Alleghenies trim up the Indianapolis team. Returning to town, he supped at a hotel, and, after enjoying a cigar, went to Barnum's circus. He did not stay all through the performance, but returned in time to see about half of "The U. S. Mail" at the Bijou. Then, not being a hog, he went to bed.

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A VOICE FROM OHIO.

I don't care a cent for the President,
Or the chiefs of his Cabinet;
I want it to be quite evident
That I am running yet.
For Foraker, Foraker, Foraker I'm,
And I mean to get there every time.

O Tanner's told a tale to me,
It will not do to quote,
But a hint is good enough you see
To catch the soldier vote.
For Foraker, Foraker, Foraker I'm,
And I mean to get there every time.

I'll teach the party, high and low,
It's slight to me to rue,
For President I'll run, you know,
In eighteen ninety-two.
For Foraker, Foraker, Foraker I'm,
And nobody else until that time.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain recently won 40,000 francs on a horse race.

MR. CARTER, the Hawaiian Minister to this country, will leave Honolulu for Washington on Tuesday.

PRESIDENT SEELYE, of Amherst College, will sail for Europe in a few days, accompanied by his daughter.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR will return from India, whither he goes this fall, by the way of China, Japan and Canada.

LITTLE King Alexander of Servia is much impressed with a sense of his own dignity. He can scarcely write three lines on any topic without using the expression "I, the King."

THE Rev. George Washington, who styles himself "Eldest Representative of the Durham Branch in England," writes to a London journal, urging English collectors of documents illustrating the career of General Washington to organize themselves into associations to preserve the papers collected, and meet from time to time to compare experiences and exchange views.

SPEAKING of Tsin Kwo Ying, the new Chinese Minister to this country, a Washington correspondent says:" Mr. Tsin, the new arrival, is a small, wiry, alert man, arbitrary to the point of tyranny—so much so that his subordinates in the party quake at the sound of his voice and have had a nervous time on their long journey. In this he is a marked contrast to large-framed, calm-browed, affable and really charming Minister Chang, whose impending departure everyone regrets."

THE German Emperor is fond of variety even in such small matters as his daily bread. Thus he takes for breakfast a small white loaf, the top of which is powdered over with salt, and which, accordingly, goes by the name of salt-bun. Its cost is 1 penny. After it he consumes a half-penny bun, known as the "Luccaeye." For his sandwiches he requires yet another kind of bread, made of the finest Vienna flour, and baked till the outside, which is afterward cut off, is quite black. Price, 1 penny. At dinner, with the soup, so-called "brothsticks" are served. They are made after an Italian recipe, which is the secret of the court bakers, and their value is a half-penny apiece.

EIGHTY THOUSAND FREE CIGARS

And Ale and Porter by the Barrel for the Use of the Knights.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, September 28.—Eighty thousand cigars for public distribution are among the purchases of the excursion committee of the Grand Conclave of Knights Templar. It is estimated that nearly 3,000 people will occupy sleeping cars at the railroad stations. One of the Chicago commanderies has had the interior of its hotel car changed so as to admit of putting in a barrel of ale and a barrel of porter. It is further improved by the addition of shelves for the accomodation of champagne baskets.

Private Secretary Halford said to-day that the President would take pleasure in reviewing the triennial parade from a stand from the White House.

WORK OF GOOD WOMEN.

What the Women's Christian Society is Doing—Homes Established for Poor Girls—An Organization Known Far and Wide.

Twenty-two years ago in this then Smoky City a little company of 200 ladies filled with the desire to do something for the elevation of the human race, met and discussed the most feasible plan upon which to operate. While they were still in doubt about what line to pursue the Mayor of Allegheny, in a conversation with one of them, told of a sad case of two destitute girls who had come in from the country to find employment, and after spending days in a vain search had asked to be placed in a cell with the city prisoners. This was an inspiration, and one of the ladies said a home for women is what we need—a temporary home where any woman in distress may be sheltered, and fed until employment can be found.

Then was organized the Woman's Christian Society of the twin cities—a society that is noted all over the United States for its great work. Sister societies from all large cities write to Mrs. F. R. Brunot, the President, inquiring the particulars of their mode of work that gives such satisfactory results.

The mother branch, as it is called, was the Temporary Home, established 22 years ago, and every year since the family has been increased with the addition of one child, or a new branch.

Helping Poor Women.

The temporary Home is located at 929 Penn avenue, and in it any woman who is in need of assistance, by going before a committee, can find as the name indicates, a temporary home. Intoxicated women are even take care of, but women who are thoroughly and systematically wicked are not admitted, on account of the influence they have on the other inmates.

This branch was not complete, however, until four years later, when a permanent Home was established. It filled a long-felt want. The idea in this Home was to receive and care for girls who made false steps. It is now located at No. 133 Locust street, and any poor, unfortunate girl can go there. During the time they remain at the home they learn everything pertaining to housekeeping, so that when they commence again the battle of life they are prepared to earn good wages as household help. The Home secures them places in the country, if possible, and by correspondence retains a supervision over them. They are always welcome to return, and are made to feel that is really their home.

The youngest child of this very worthy mother branch was established the 1st of last May, and is a Young Woman's Boarding Home at No. 49 Stockton avenue.

Hon. Felix R. Brunot presented to the society a $30,000 three-story brick house, and it is furnished nicely throughout by charitable people.

A Breadwinner's Home.

The object of this branch is to afford a comfortable, cheerful, easy home to breadwinners, not to girls who have parents to provide for them and wish to enjoy a lovely home at little or no expense while attending school. This class is not taken at all, but those who are dependent upon their own resources here, by paying the small sum of $3 50 a week, enjoy all the advantages of a nice home. It is intended also as a protective home for the younger girls, and they do not receive any over 25 years of age, as they are supposed to have reached the age of discretion by that time.

In this Home are now 17 bright, attractive young ladies, and in a short time they will accommodate 22. It is under the supervision of a matron as are all the rest of the branches.

This is but a brief sketch of three branches of the work. Imagine the good that must result from 22 branches. The Twin Cities are, and should be, justly proud of this network of good that has been constructed within the limits.

THORN BRANCH.

A Pleasant Soiree.

A very pleasant soiree was given by Miss Mary McGraw at her residence, 187 South avenue, Allegheny, in honor of Mr. W. H. Dewey, now visiting Pittsburg from Silver City, Idaho. Among the guests were:

Mr. W. H. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Huckenstein, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Huckenstein, Felix Ward, Robert McGraw, John H. McGraw, Miss Letitia Dixon, Miss Stella Munhall, Miss Sadie McSweeny, Miss Mamie Ihmsen and Miss K. Callaghan. The entertainment passed off brilliantly, and was quite an event in the social year.

THE FAITHFUL MADE HAPPY.

A Large Number of Postoffice Appointments Announced by the President.

WASHINGTON, September 28.—The President has appointed the following named postmasters:

R. J. Rodgers, at Zarcy, Ark., vice John C. McCauley, removed; Jacob M. Copes, at Phœnix, Ariz., vice William A. Hall, resigned; Arvid Hinman, at Moscow, Idaho T., vice T. M. Griffin, resigned; Charles M. Lyon, at McLeansborough, Ill., vice J. M. Marshall, removed; John G. Brodschneider, at Vermont, Ill., vice Matthew Warner, removed; Willis O. Pinnell, at Paris, Ill., vice Thomas E. Garner, removed; Fenwick Y. Hedley, at Bunker Hill, Ill., vice Thomas J. Carroll, removed; R. Nazeworthy, at Sullivan, Ill., vice William Kirkwood, removed; Frank P. Gillespie, at Olney, Ill., vice James C. Allen, removed; Solomon Conn, at Winnimac, Ind., vice M. H. Ingrin, removed; Avery C. Newton, at Storm Lake, Ia, vice S. H. Hobbs, resigned; Milton Stair, at Algona, Ia., vice L. H. Lantry, resigned; Silas C. Mofarlad, at Marshaltown, Ia., vice William F. Bailey, removed; David R. Gordon, Abaline, Kan., vice A. G. Buchanan, removed; William H. Nelson, at Arkansas City, Kan., vice Martin Sinnott, removed; Abraham D. Opps, at Bird City, Kan., vice J. C. Kernd, resigned; Daniel Bradbury, at Colby, Kan., vice J. H. Fike, removed; Warren H. Fletcher, at Clay Center, Kan., vice K. C. Wilson, removed; William F. Greenbeck, at Concordia, Kan., vice William H. L. Pepperell, resigned; Benjamin J. Smith, at Erie, Kan., vice Ira Steinberger, removed; William L. Seaton, at Jackson, Mich., vice William M. Bennett, removed; Lyman Tondro, at Rochester, Minn., vice Samuel D. Wolf, removed; Christian Peterson, at Preston, Minn., vice Thomas Hall, removed; Wheaton M. Fuller, at Little Falls, Minn., vice John Wetzel, removed; E. R. Crofton, at Liberty, Mo., vice Thomas H. Framer, resigned; R. M. Prentiss, at Bethany, Mo., vice George L. Phillips, resigned; Homer A. Nelson, at Lebanon, Mo., vice R. J. Wickersham, removed; Charles L. Porter, at Platsburg, Mo., vice John T. Wilson, resigned; Rice H. Eaton, at Kearney, Neb., vice H. F. Wiley, resigned; Henry B. Rupp, at Hummelstown, Pa., vice H. W. Bruser, removed; William Galloway, at Parkersburg, Ga., office having become Presidential; Harry E. Lutz, at Circleville, O., vice G. A. Wilder, removed; Albert S. Hearn, at Dodgeville, Wis., vice M. J. Briggs, resigned; Henry F. Dinsmore, at Hudson, Wis., vice S. C. Simons, resigned; Frank P. Kisbert, at Jefferson, vice Nelson Bruett, resigned.

A TOWN 250 YEARS OLD.

The Ancient Village of Stratford Preparing for a Great Birthday Celebration.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

STRATFORD, CONN., September 28.—All the arrangements have been perfected for the celebration on Thursday next of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Stratford and the dedication of a soldiers' and sailors' monument, which has just been erected on Academy Hill. If the day should be fine it is believed that there will be more than 1,500 people in line, and preparations have been made to feed 3,000 guests. A fine pyrotechnic display has been arranged for, and the streets for half a mile will be strung with Japanese lanterns. Decorators are already at work putting up flags and bunting. There will be tableaux representing industries of the olden times. An exhibition will be held reproducing actual events of the early history of the settlement, in which Indians, backwoodsmen, hunters, etc., will be prominent. One scene will represent the Benjamin tavern, with General Washington as a guest.

Among the distinguished persons who have promised to be present are Governor Bulkley, Lieutenant Governor Merwin, Senators Hawley and Platt, the Department Commander of the G. A. R. and staff, Colonel T. L. Watson and staff, the Fourth Regiment, C N G, Mayor DeForest, of Bridgeport, and the Selectmen of Bridgeport, Huntington, Milford, Fairfield, Trumbull, Easton and other places. The addresses will be made by the Rev. L. C. Foster, of New York; General Joseph R. Hawley, Curtis Thompson, of Bridgeport; the Rev. George W. Judson, of Orange, Mass., and Benjamin T. Fairchild, of New York.

What Might Have Been.

From the New York Evening World.]

Tanner, in his "confidential" letter to Dalzell, said: "I couldn't kick." No: if he could Private Dalzell would by this time look like the remains of a 50-cent table d'hote.

Not in His Line.

From the Globe Democrat.]

Ex-Senator Riddleberger says: "I draw the line between white and black." It would be more to the purpose if he would draw the line between water and whisky.

He Would if He Could.

From the Philadelphia Press.]

There is no need for alarm in the announcement that Jay Gould is about to go to Europe again. Mr. Gould will not take the country along with him.

The Richest Man Overlooked.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

In the midst of these recurring train robberies the sad thought arises that no one has yet tapped the pile of a sleeping-car porter.

A FRENCH VIEW OF BOULANGER.

Dead to the Political World—A Man of Ability, but Not of Deeds—Where He Obtained His Strength—The French Republic Strengthened by the Last Election.

At last Boulanger has met with his deserts. His defeat could not be more complete, and we may well say that his play is played. Boulanger is now dead to the political world.

How could it be otherwise? No sensible man ever believed seriously in Boulanger, no sensible man could trust to him, though the "brave general" succeeded—not one could tell how—in making his name famous all over the world. How strange his success! Indeed, as far back as we look in the history of nations, we find no instance of another man having made so much noise in the world, yet having done nothing to justify his reputation. We readily believe that Boulanger is a man of abilities and very possibly a good soldier, that is if we judge the man by his clever speeches full of original ideas, and the little good he did in the way of reforms at the time he held the post of Minister of War; but we must say it, he never was given a chance of showing his military talent on the battlefield and certainly no sensible French people could be contented with his fine words and fair promises. No, in France as in every other country, there are two very different classes of men; reasonable people and foolish people, in other words, those who take the trouble of thinking and those who will not be reasoned with.

Where Boulanger's Strength Laid.

Boulanger's friends and supporters belonged—if we except a few of his intimate and initiated friends—to the class of the non-reasoning, all-impulsive people. The General's persuasive ways and splendid promises had won for him the hearts of the simple-minded ones. For a long time they were his own—all his own. The day of his flight from Brussels his former devoted followers began to think that after all the bravery of the "beau sabreur" had its limits. Why should he not return to France? Why should he not brave the Government? Why should he not attempt "to strike a blow?" Is he not the General "sans peur et sans reproche?" Such questions as these the faithful asked of themselves. They have not so far been answered.

His friends thought the matter over and over again and finally came to the conclusion that Boulanger was a good talker, not deficient in eloquence, but for all that only a talker.

His entreaties to the Paris electors were hardly heeded, and on the day of the elections many of Boulanger's old friends gave their vote to his opponent. How did Boulanger get so many votes on his side? The answer is easy. About a half of the voters belonged not to his party, but to the conservative parties. Why, shall we be asked, did the Royalists, Orleanists and Bonapartists vote for Boulanger? For this simple reason; helping Boulanger into the new House was preparing the overthrow of the Republic. More. Helping Boulanger into the House meant war at short delay, troubles in every way and everywhere, in a word a general upsetting of existing things. And, of course, Royalists, Orleanists, Bonapartists were quite ready to take advantage of it, to "retirer les marrons du feu" as we say in France.

Carnot Was Prepared.

But the enemies of the republic were all mistaken. Carnot and his friends are not easily beaten. They have, we know, on more than one occasion given proofs of their uncommon abilities as also of their never failing energy, and they were especially prepared for the elections, armed to the teeth, if I may use the term.

Carnot knew what the ex-General was about, and he took precautions in consequence. Assisted by his able ministers, beside many influential members of both Houses, the campaign must be well directed, and so it proved to be indeed. And, at this moment, we may, I repeat, well say that Boulanger is now dead to the political world. He may stay where he pleases, and the rumor will have it that the defeated schemer, the "ex-General," the "brave Boulanger," the "beau sabreur," call him whatever you please, has grown fond of old Albion and means to settle for good in that most aristocratic country.

Owing to the energy of Carnot, perhaps more than to anything else, Republican France is still and despite all her enemies, what it was before the appearance of Boulanger. What it was, do I say? The truth is that our republic has been strengthened by the last elections, very much strengthened. And there is now no doubt whatever that France will remain a republic as long as she lives. The French people have learned to appreciate the republican Government, and they will have nothing more to do with Royalists, Orleanists or Bonapartists. I repeat, they like the new Government and are thankful to them for all the good they have done ever since the disastrous war of '70.

Ready but Not Eager for War.

In fact the Republic has done more during these past 18 years than all previous governments in the course of a century. France had heavy debts, and those debts are now paid, or pretty nearly. France had no army after the war, and now she has a right to be proud of her powerful legions. Should France be provoked and have to go to war 3,000,000 of men are ready to take the field. There will be no more treachery, no more surprise. The lesson we were given in 1870 was a hard one, but we have profited by it. Bismarck knows it—all the world have heard of our strength. We are ready to act in case of emergency, but we will not move unless provoked. Carnot is a peace-loving man, and he is also a clever man. His sole ambition is to keep friendly with all nations. He wants to see France respected, and his long cherished wish will certainly be soon realized. Neither Boulangists, nor Bonapartists, nor Orleanists, nor Royalists will be allowed to stand in his way. When they become too troublesome, why, he will calm them down again.

And, let us say it, Carnot represents the feelings of the nation at large. Frenchmen approve of his doings, as they know well that he wants to do what is right.

France of To-Day.

I alluded just now to the good work of the Republic. There is one thing more I would like to add. Not only the Republic has made the army what it now is, but she has built 27,000 more free schools, which are attended by 5,000,000 children! I cannot, for want of space, enter into details and enumerate the many reforms that have been made these past 18 years. Suffice it to say that at this present time Republican France is stronger than ever in every sense of the word. Ten years hence—maybe sooner—she will have taken up again her old rank among nations, and there will be no more Boulangists, no more Orleansts, no more Royalists, no more Bonapartists. The growing generation is bound to be essentially Republican; everybody will be a republican and a patriot. Then by that time, let us hope, all Europe will be quieted, each nation working hard for her improvement. The huge armies will at last be dismembered, and the then useless soldiers will go back to their fields, like the Romans of old, having locked up their gun never to touch it again.

FRENCHMAN.

How to Stop Train Robberies.

From the Chicago Herald.]

If the railroad managers of the United States would expend a few thousand dollars for the purpose of arming their engineers, conductors and brakemen, it is probable that the train robbery industry would soon go into a decline. These robberies occur weekly in all parts of the country—not always in remote localities by any means—and it is high time for the railroad authorities to adopt measures calculated to render them unfashionable.

He Knows Better Now.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

Farmer Allen, of Pennsylvania, did not believe that his hired man kept a good watch on the stables, and so he disguised himself, went out and began banging around, and the first thing he knew he had a charge of shot in his leg. The hired man was right on deck.

WHEN THE FIRE BURNS LOW.

I sit by the hearth while the fire burns low,
And a throng of memories glide,
Like ghosts of the days of long ago,
Ere the promise of youth had died.

They glide with a stealthy and noiseless tread,
Unwelcome, unbidden, to-night,
I thought indeed—long ago, they were dead
And buried forever from sight.

'Tis useless to bury them, shallow or deep,
No grave can a memory hold;
Never till I in my own grave sleep
Will the knell of these ghosts be tolled.

—*Boston Commonwealth.*

NEW YORK NEWS NOTES.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, September 28.—Mrs. Bernard J. Mulholland, wife of a well-known Brooklyn politician, learned last night that her husband was calling upon Miss May Low, with whom he had long been too intimate to suit her. Mrs. Mulholland put on a gossamer waterproof and stole around the corner to Miss Low's house. She tried to enter the door, but it was locked. The more she tried the madder she got, and presently she picked up a garden rake and smashed a front parlor window. Then she went around the house and began to bombard the back parlor windows with flower-pots, gravel, bricks and kindling wood. When she had driven the last splinter of glass from the sashes she walked through the frames and began to hunt for Mr. Mulholland. She found him in an upstairs back room, with Miss Low. He jumped for a door. She was too quick for him. Before he could open it she had brought down the garden rake on his head, back and shoulders. Bleeding and disheveled, Mr. Mulholland broke away from her and up another flight of stairs