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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, OCT. 6, 1889.

BOULANGER'S BURST BUBBLE.

Poor Boulanger! The hardship of having to come down to a pitiful score and a half of members in the Chamber, as the sum total of the party which was to take possession of the Legislature, was bad enough; the disappointment of running away with the expectation of being called back again, and failing to receive the call, was bitter; but neither of them has half the sting that attaches to the announcement that the people who were putting up the money for his campaign have got tired of the job, and will let the bold Boulanger go on his own resources hereafter.

It also comes out in this connection that the people who were furnishing the funds which made Boulanger's campaign so great an attraction for the political adventurers, were no less than the wealthy leaders of the monarchist party. The stories about a rich American who was backing "le brave general" or the enamored duchesse who was elevating him to greatness prove to have been alike pleasant examples of French political fiction. Boulanger was simply a paid agent of the Orleans princes, hired on his own representation that he could sweep the French elections and turn France over once more to the representative of the Bourbon and Orleans dynasty. Having failed to deliver the goods, he loses the supplies and his political light is blotted out.

This puts both parties to the transaction in an unenviable light. It exposes Boulanger as making merchandise of a bogus political power, and the Comte de Paris as buying his way to the throne, and at the same time exemplifying the old proverb about the promptness with which a fool and his money part company.

THE CHANGE OF MOVING DAY.

Elsewhere in this issue will be seen the copy of a circular and agreement to be circulated among owners of houses and real estate agents for the changing of leases to expire on May 1, instead of April 1 as heretofore. So much has been said of this change that it is hardly necessary to repeat the arguments in its favor here. The old custom of terminating leases on April 1 probably had its origin in the early days, when that date was necessary in order to let farmers plant their crops and smaller tenants their gardens; but it is entirely antiquated and out of date now. The advantages of a change from an inclement season to one which is likely to be pleasant are so obvious that it should secure universal support. We hope that landlords generally will sign the agreement and secure the beneficial and inexpensive reform.

THE NEW GAS LINES.

Amid all the talk of shortage in gas and possible failure of the supply, the record of new lines laid furnishes the most convincing evidence of the opinion of those who are in the best position to judge of that question. The men who lay gas lines and put hard-earned money in them are not likely to do it without satisfying themselves that their money is not thrown away.

We have already alluded to the construction of the big steel main by the Philadelphia Company at a cost of nearly a million dollars. Including this, the Philadelphia Company is stated to have laid a hundred miles of pipe this year. Five competing companies have laid mains costing probably $2,500,000 from different fields to the city. The total mileage of pipe laying is stated to be 150, and the total cost in the vicinity of $4,000,000.

These facts convey not only the assurance of permanence in supply but also the promise of competition. Both are equally gratifying to the public of Pittsburg.

NOT A GOVERNMENT FUNCTION.

One of the arguments by which Mr. St. John, of New York, supports his proposition to make silver coinage take the place of the legal tender issue, is that the increase of silver coinage to the amount of $4,000,000 monthly will "importantly enhance" the price of silver bullion by increasing the total consumption of silver somewhat beyond its present production.

But what right has the United States Government to undertake a policy for the purpose of enhancing the price of silver as a metal? It would be very pleasant for the interests which produce iron to have the Government buy $4,000,000 worth of iron every month; but the people whose money pays for it would interpose the objection that it is not the Government's business to seek to enhance the price of iron any more than of grain, beef, pork or cotton. Whatever effect the Government purchases of iron or steel for its proper needs, such as the building of ships or the manufacture, may have on the market is legitimate enough; but to urge that the Government should go into wholesale purchases of iron merely to bull the market would be a remarkable effort of logic in support of an even more remarkable policy.

The same rule holds good with regard to silver. Whatever public need there is for more silver coinage, the Government should meet by the purchase of silver bullion. But it is not the business of the Government to bull the silver market any more than to bull the prices of East End real estate. The sole question to determine is whether the increase of silver coinage is needed to supply the public with a convenient and suitable currency, or whether it is not.

This question may be answered in different ways, according to the extent and purpose of the coinage. When the proposition is to retire the legal tenders, which for nearly twelve years have been convertible into gold, and which for convenience and popularity have never been surpassed, in order to let silver take its place, there is little in it to show how a public benefit would be secured.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT DECISION.

The electric light decision of Justice Bradley, which was made public yesterday gives the first round of the contest very decidedly against the Westinghouse interest. Of course, the case will go to the Supreme Court, and may possibly be reversed there. But the authority of Justice Bradley in such cases is high enough to furnish a probability that the claim of the Sawyer-Mann patent will not be upheld.

Beside the uncertainty of appealed litigation, there is also the question what the effect will be if the ruling is affirmed. The representatives of the Westinghouse interests say that it leaves open the manufacture of incandescent lamps with fibrous carbon filaments to everyone. This would be very satisfactory to the public as indicating a decided cheapening in the cost of lamps and a probable reduction in the cost of electric lighting. But the decision does not make it quite certain that this is the case. It decides that the Sawyer-Mann patent is not valid; but it does not say that some other patent either is or is not. The Court refers to it as "supposed to be the discovery of Edison," but adds that it may be the discovery of some other person.

The practical effect of the decision will, of course, be that the carbon filaments will be manufactured under competition, until the claim is set up in the courts under Edison's or some other patent. If there is no such valid claim we may look for a near approach to an era of cheap electric lighting.

IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR PITTSBURG.

The reply of President Roberts to a communication from the officers of the Belt Line Railroad in Philadelphia, says that "it has always been the policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to open its tracks to all railroad companies which will in return afford it equal facilities."

Possibly the exact amount of faith to be placed in this profession may be somewhat minimized by the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad has rushed through Philadelphia Councils an ordinance permitting it to build tracks where the Belt Line is planned to go. But the assertion of such a policy is so important to Pittsburg that it would be well worth the trouble to make the attempt to see if it cannot be put in force here.

A large share of the difficulty and cost of shipment in Pittsburg is the time and labor expended in bringing freight to and from the terminal points of different railroads. With free transfer between all the railroads, or the joint use of terminal facilities, such as President Roberts professes that the Pennsylvania Railroad is ready to make, the trouble and expense of shipment would not only be minimized, but a great expenditure in parallel lines could have been saved.

Since President Roberts declares the willingness of the Pennsylvania Railroad to make such an arrangement, the Chamber of Commerce, the Grain Exchange and the City Councils should take prompt steps to secure its realization here. And if Pennsylvania Railroad ethics do not apply the same rules to Pittsburg as to Philadelphia, the sooner that fact is made evident the better.

MR. BLAINE AND THE CONGRESS.

It is a little difficult to estimate correctly the reports that there was objection among some of the South American delegates, to the election of Mr. Blaine to the Presidency of the Pan-American Congress. The dispatches leave no question that there was some dissent, but whether it was of such serious character as to be any obstacle to a successful attainment of the objects of the Congress cannot be judged at this distance.

It should be evident, however, that if there is any serious dissent as to his Presidency on the part of a minority even, it would be wiser for Mr. Blaine, both personally and for the public interests, to decline to let his individual position in the Congress become a stumbling block. The clear purpose of the Congress is to conciliate and cultivate the friendship of the South American nations. Especially in view of the attempts made by European nations to put the Congress in the light of an attempt to establish Anglo-Saxon leadership over the Latin nations of this hemisphere, it is indiscreet to let any personal issues hamper the success of the commercial purposes of the assemblage. As the objections are reported to come from Chili and the Argentine Republic, the two most progressive and important of the South American republics, and are conjectured to grow out of Mr. Blaine's position toward South American politics in 1881, the importance of even extreme steps in the direction of conciliation, is evident.

This is the more plain, because Mr. Blaine's personal credit is most involved in the complete success of the Congress. Whether he serves as its President or not, nothing can rob him of the prestige of originating and constantly urging the policy that has brought the Congress together. That prestage, simply for him personally, will be much greater, if the commercial and diplomatic aims of the meeting are fully realized, than if they should be only partially attained, on account of personal feeling and international susceptibilities.

It is probable that the importance of this feeling has been exaggerated. But if it exists to the extent intimated, Mr. Blaine's personal credit in the matter will be greatly increased by a graceful retirement.

"THE Congress of American States convened in Washington on Wednesday, had its photograph taken, and then started for Pittsburg to be interviewed," remarks the Chicago *News*. It is true that Pittsburg will try to interview the delegates and will do it to some purpose. But the esteemed *News* is hereby informed that the important thing in that line will be to let the delegates interview our steel and glassworks, gas fuel and coal mines. Thus we will efface the unpleasant impression left in the minds of the visitors by the memory of Chicago's art in slaughtering hogs.

THE decision of the Ohio court that the Standard Oil Company does not own the earth, is satisfactory to other people. But of course the Standard will appeal from such an infringement of its vested rights.

THE statement is made by R. H. Dana that the postmasters of this country hold the balance of power in national politics and the party in power controls the postmasters. This looks plausible enough on the surface; but when we come to reflect that in the last two elections each party, in power and controlling the postoffices at the time, has been beaten, there would seem to be exceptions which disprove the rule.

THE fatality on the Citizens' cable line yesterday should warn everyone against the danger of jumping off cars and crossing the track without making sure that no car is coming from the opposite direction.

THE New York Grant Monument Association has been roused by the comments on the subject to the extraordinary activity of expressing the hope that the corner stone can be laid by 1892. This creates the hope that by the next centennial of the discovery of America, New York will have the monument finished—if it has not forgotten its promises in the meantime.

YESTERDAY'S grist of railroad and steamer collisions did not kill anyone, so far as reported. Consequently they present no hindrances to letting the smashing business go right ahead as usual.

WITH prohibition adopted in South Dakota and defeated in North Dakota, a fine opportunity will be given for studying its practical results. Four States, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota have alternately accepted and rejected that measure. The respective effect in each ought to furnish a decisive test of its value or inutility.

THE awful news that the Eiffel bonnet has come out in Paris, will make it necessary to elevate the stage to the level of the galleries, in order to let unfortunate theatergoers have a glimpse of it.

THE description of the fine organ which is to form a leading feature of the music hall in the Carnegie Library building, shows how splendidly the Northside people are to be supplied in that respect. It also emphasizes the abiding poverty of Pittsburg's music hall and library facilities.

THE dangers which lurk in the small but business-like pickle, as set forth in a special article elsewhere, warn the pickle-eater to pause in his mad career of arsenic, copper, lead and sulphuric acid.

THE information that the German miners who made a successful strike recently, got their wages raised to the magnificent sum of 75 cents a day, is calculated to make the American workmen feel satisfied with rates of wages in which double that sum is considered a small day's pay.

ONE constable, at least, who is reported as having taken money to omit returning a "speak-easy," is likely to learn that the law has very distinct and disagreeable penalties for that sort of thing.

THE career of Burke, the Louisiana defaulting treasurer, is recounted elsewhere as "a meteoric career." As meteors are the greatest possible examples of irregularity, the term is decidedly descriptive of Burke's wholesale financial irregularities.

THE price of $15,000 offered for a baseball player by the Philadelphia club, indicates that baseball players are rising in value like pig iron and other leading staples of commerce.

THE discrepancies between the form in which the Michigan high license law was passed, and that in which it appears, looks as if the same hand that monkeys with revenue bills in this State must have got in its work in the Michigan Legislature.

THE new postage stamps are out in Germany, which permits the hope that Mr. Wanamaker will soon bring out the new fall styles in stamps for this country.

THE surprising report comes from Boston that Mr. Michael Kelly, the $10,000 beauty of the Boston baseball team, is losing his popularity in that city. This almost prepares us for the dreadful news that Boston will go back on John L. Sullivan.

THE electric light decision sheds a good deal of light on the value of some patents that are capitalized at a big valuation.

ONE hundred and fifty miles of gas pipe laid from the wells to Pittsburg during the present year, furnish the most cogent evidence that experts in the gas business do not believe that the supply is going to fail.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

THE Hon. James Russell Lowell will soon reoccupy his old home at Cambridge.

GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, of New York, who was in Congress in 1857, is talked of as a Tammany candidate for State Senator.

COLONEL WILLIAM L. BROWN, who, like Sunset Cox, was born in Ohio, is now spoken of as a candidate for the latter's seat in Congress.

EX-SECRETARY BAYARD'S wedding with Miss Mary Willing Clymer is to occur early next month; the exact date has not yet been announced.

MR. WILLIAM W. THURSTON, President of the Bethelehem, Pa., Iron Company, finds his health failing and on that account will presently go to Cuba for the winter.

A FEW days ago at the meeting of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association, Susan B. Anthony said that every State in the Union within the next 40 years will accord women the liberties asked for by the association.

ASSISTANT PRIVATE SECRETARY PRUDEN has been at the White House for 25 years. He asserts, and he is high authority, that Rutherford B. Hayes was the most liberal entertainer who ever occupied the Executive Mansion. This is contrary to popular belief. Mr. Pruden's word is not to be doubted, however.

COMMODORE JOHN G. WALKER, who has for several years been the real head of the Navy Department, has been ordered to sea as commander of the European squadron. The Commodore is every inch a sailor and looks it. He is about 5 feet 10, solidly built, and his gait shows that he has trod the deck for years. He pays little attention to dress, but devotes some care to his "Dunnreary" whiskers and wavy black hair. He is considered a martinet by the drones in the service, but he is nothing more than conscientiously faithful to his duty.

AN AUTUMN STORM.

The poplar shows the silver of its leaves;
The giants that have slept are all awake;
The lightnings split the oak; the thunders shake
The hills and mountains; and the great wind heaves
His breast almost to bursting, and achieves
By one great effort, o'er the sea and lake,
A victory. Lo! the white-capped warriors break,
And, in their flight, make havoc that it grieves
The mind to think of—such is Nature's storm,
And, in the storm of human passions, 'tis the same.
The great arise then from obscuring sleep—
The kings of men whom only gods can form,
And nations, staring, wondering whence they came,
See them reach glory's summits by a leap.

—*William Brunson Le Duc, in Washington Post.*

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

A Blue-Stockinged Phenomenon—Wisdom in Babes' Mouths—A Fat Purse for Actors.

As a quartet of reporters were making their customary survey of the Chicago limited at the Union station the other evening, they espied through the windows of one of the sleepers a strange looking object protruding from an upper berth. They might have never known until this day what the phenomenon was had not there luckily happened to be among them a married man. After they had gazed in mingled wonder and curiosity at the sight for a minute it was Benedict who spoke. Said he: "Candor compels me to tell you that that peculiar manifestation is nothing less than a feminine foot and ankle obscured somewhat by a blue silk stocking."

It is sad to relate that the reporters continued to rivet their eyes upon the errant foot even after this explanation. Several passengers, including an old gentleman, became spectators also. The old gentleman could not see what was the object of all this attention. He was short-sighted, and putting on his eyeglasses got as close to the car as he could. Just as he was comprehending the full beauty of the scene a young woman, evidently the maid in attendance upon the owner of the foot and ankle, came down the aisle of the car, and taking in the situation, jerked down the blind in an instant. The sigh that the old man gave startled the engineer and set him to examining his locomotive.

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THE father of twins recently started on a journey, leaving his hostages to fortune behind with their mother. Four or five days after he had started the twins began to miss him, and one night after supper their mother overheard one say to the other: "I wish dad would come home."

"Lord," said the other hero in kilts, "don't speak of it. I'm about dead to see him."

And yet five years has barely flown above these forward youngsters' heads.

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THE son of a well-known musician in this city chose an odd occasion to show his piety the other day.

The young man is about 2½ years old, and of late he has been demonstrating his nimbleness by climbing up the trellis of a grape arbor in the paternal garden. Afraid of some ugly accident, his father warned his son and heir that the next time he caught him clambering about that arbor he should spank him. Hardly had he uttered the warning and turned his back than the acrobatic youth was half way up the arbor. As soon as his father caught sight of him the child, realizing his fate, cried: "Come and spank Eddie," and the executioner seized his victim and took him to the scaffold, or in plainer words, the parlor. There, as the unromantic preliminaries of the execution were in progress, the little hero exclaimed: "Let me say my prayers first!"

Who could carry out a sentence of any sort upon a young martyr with such spirit as this?

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IT is extremely improbable that any theatrical organization has ever taken out of Pittsburg a larger sum of money than the Booth-Modjeska company. All sorts of extravagant figures have been named as the amount actually taken at the doors during the engagement, but as near as I can figure out the sum is not less than $15,000 nor more than $20,000, and if a mean between these two extremes is struck—about $17,000 say—you have the correct sum. Surely $2,500 a performance, repeated seven times, is a comfortable result to actors and managers alike. The bulk of this goes to the Booth-Modjeska company.

LIFTED UP BY HIS HAIR.

A Scranton Man's Locks Made the Subject of a Novel Bet.

SCRANTON, October 5.—A Scranton man, whose hair is uncommonly thick, lately won a bet for one of his acquaintances and lost it for another. They were talking one day in September about the man's remarkably thick hair, when one of them said he would bet the oyster suppers for six and three quart bottles of champagne that the thick-haired man could stand to be lifted a foot from the floor by the hair of his head. The other took him up, and off they went to find out whether the owner of the hair would consent to be handled in that way. He said he was willing to let them make one trial on him, but he was very much in doubt, he declared, whether his scalp would stand his weight of 153 pounds. Anyhow, the man who bet on him might try.

Then the bettor took upon a carpenter's bench, and the man with the thick hair backed up to the bench, stuck his hands in his trousers' pockets, set his jaws, and was ready. The man on the bench then grabbed the bushy hair with both hands and lifted slowly. The owner of the hair made all sorts of faces, but he had lots of grit, and he didn't squeal. He was lifted 14 inches from the floor, and the third man owned up that he had lost the bet fairly and squarely. They had the suppers and the champagne that night, three others joining them. For a week after that, the thick-haired man said, a circle of his scalp just above his ears, felt as sore as a boil.

$300 FOR A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

Mulatto Confidence Men Cleverly Victimize a Georgia Farmer.

SUMMERVILLE, GA., October 5.—Edward Bollings, living on a farm near here, has been swindled out of $300 by two clever mulatto confidence men. The latter came here two weeks ago and claimed to be looking for buried treasure. They said they were Creeks from the Indian Territory. One of them had a chart with the spot where the alleged treasure was buried plainly marked, and this spot proved to be on Bollings' farm.

The swindlers produced musty documents to prove that $3,000 worth of silver in bars was buried there six feet under ground. They professed to believe the State would not let them keep the treasure, and offered to sell the claim for $300. Bollings gave them that sum, and as they disappeared he began digging. The deluded farmer, after sinking a hole 20 feet deep, has just come to the conclusion that he has been victimized.

THE WHOLE SHELL OR NOTHING.

Representative White Again Rises to a Question of Privilege.

From the St. Louis Republic.]

Representative White, of Illinois, who arose to a question of privilege last spring to deny the printed report that he had drank water from a finger-bowl at a fashionable dinner, is again reported in a protesting mood. While attending the Chicago Exposition a few days ago he strolled into a fashionable restaurant and called for oysters. He did not designate the style of service further than to indicate that he wanted them raw. They were brought to him on the half-shell. Looking at them with a puzzled air, he wanted to know how they were fixed.

"On the half-shell, sir," said the waiter.

"Take them back, then," said the legislator. "I pay full prices and want full measure. Bring me the whole shell or nothing."

A Club Reception.

The Carlton Club, on Fifth avenue, gave an elegant reception Thursday night. The rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion, and a very enjoyable time was spent. The members of the club and their friends did ample justice to the good things provided.

Not an Uncommon Case.

From the Kansas City Star.]

A Topeka man has sued for a divorce on the ground that he fears his wife. Would it not be establishing rather a dangerous precedent to allow a legal separation in Kansas on such grounds?

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Richard V. Barker.

Richard V. Barker, the well-known painter, died at his home, No. 57 Vickroy street, about 7:30 yesterday morning. The cause of death is said to be heart failure. When Mr. Barker was going up stairs on Friday evening he fell and was hurt internally. He went to bed shortly afterward, his family little suspecting that the shock was fatal.

Yesterday morning Barker was called at his usual hour, but he complained of feeling unwell, and desired to remain in bed awhile, saying he would rise later. About 7 o'clock he got out of bed and attempted to walk across the room. While he was in the act he dropped lifeless. His wife found him on the floor a few minutes afterward.

Sister Mary Clare.

Sister Mary Clare, of the Convent of St. Michael, Southside, died on Friday, at 8 P. M., to the great grief of her pupils and friends. The Sister's name, when in the world, was Mary Rose. She was a native of Buffalo, and was sister to the Rev. Mother of St. Michael's Convent.

Sister Mary Clare had been a member of the Franciscan Order for 15 years, most of which time she spent in St. Michael's. Requiem mass will be sung at 8 A. M. to-day, and the Sister's remains will be buried at 2 in the afternoon.

THEIR FAREWELL.

Booth and Modjeska Take Their Leave of Pittsburg in Three Dramas.

The versatility of Mr. Booth was magnificently illustrated yesterday. In the afternoon he was a gallant lover, courtly and comely in the garb of *Benedict*, stepping to the merry measure of Shakespeare in "Much Ado About Nothing;" in the evening hump-backed and deformed, with grisly dwarf's face and a court jester's coarse wit, he shone in the grim tragedy of "The Fool's Revenge." In both roles he was the great actor, the supreme genius, but we have no hesitation in saying that the atmosphere of tragedy suited him far better than that of comedy. There was a physical reason for some of the defects of Booth's *Benedict*. Mr. Booth was suffering from dizziness and biliousness yesterday. It made it hard indeed for the actor to simulate the merry air of raillery that is *Benedict's* chief characteristic. And yet there was rare art in his delineation of the character. Everything Mr. Booth does is born of art.

To his *Benedict* Madam Modjeska was a wondrously charming *Beatrice*. A sunny, laughing, capricious woman, in whose mouth the sparkling lines were quite at home. The charms of face, figure and admirable taste in dress which Madam Modjeska invariably brings to any part she may assume were doubly potent engrafted upon the personality of *Beatrice*. The part is beloved by the actress, and in it she has won thousands of hearts. Yesterday she scored another conquest in it. Miss Marda Craigen as *Hero*, Mr. Otis Skinner and Mr. Charles Hanford were as usual very satisfactory, and the *Dogberry* and *Verges* of Mr. Ben Rogers and Mr. Owen Fawcett were classically excellent in their presentment of the humorous scenes allotted them.

The play was marred by the poverty of the scenery, the bad acting of one or two in the cast, and by the fact that only Mr. Booth was letter perfect. None of the others knew their lines. Hence, the performance resembled a dress rehearsal.

The evening performance was more satisfactory. The somber character of Tom Taylor's drama "The Fool's Revenge" was never more brilliantly enlightened by great acting than it was last night. Mr. Booth was *Bertuccio*, the jester. With a hump-back, twisted, mishapen limbs, and features drawn awry, the lithe, graceful figure and calm intellectual face of Mr. Booth was hardly recognizable. The makeup was very hideous, and so a tribute again to art. Not less repulsive were the gestures and grimaces with which the actor emphasized his lines. It is something to remember how Mr. Booth compelled one's sympathy to go out to the ill-used, vengeful monstrosity he personated. Grotesque and uncanny as is the story, the main motive of the plot is intensely natural and human, and it was this motive upon which the auditor's attention was forcibly riveted. The climax in the story and in Mr. Booth's impersonation comes at the point where *Bertuccio* discovers that instead of betraying his enemy's wife into the hands of licentious lords, it is his own daughter whose voice he hears within the banquet chamber. The piteousness of the jester's attempts, by pretending a merry contentment with his daughter's ruin at such lordly hands—to enter the chamber and rescue her, was the note which Mr. Booth struck with the grandest effect. The sublime pathos of the jester's death showed the actor at his strongest. It was a fitting finale to the many triumphs of the week.

A young and graceful actress, Miss Maida Craigen, had the arduous task of supporting Mr. Booth. She played the pathetic role of the jester's daughter with a modest force and finish seldom found in young actors. The tenderness of the scenes between the girl and her father took on a rarely natural sweetness because of Miss Craigen's aptitude to suit the key of her impersonation to Mr. Booth's. Once more it is pleasant to say that Mr. Otis Skinner made every line allotted to him tell. Though but a minor part, the poet *Dell'Aquila* in his hands became a very gracious and romantic character. There is no one else to praise, and again must the fault be found that several of the actors had to depend upon Mr. Booth to prompt them in their lines.

The performance of the comedy "Donna Diana," concluded at such a late hour—close to midnight—that nothing more than the fact that Madame Modjeska revealed herself in a rather novel and decidedly pleasant character can be now recorded.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

A PHENOMENAL WELL.

Its Strange Antics Astonish the People of a Hoosier Town.

WABASH, IND., October 5.—Mr. John H. Peffley, a resident of Dora, this county, has a well on his premises which is cutting up some of the most peculiar capers ever heard of. The well was bored last spring, is 60 feet deep, and tiled for the entire distance. It furnishes an abundant supply of water for the family, and in many respects is a superior well. But it has periodical spells, when it appears to be bewitched. They can best be designated as "blow-offs" and "suck-ins." During the period when the latter phenomenon is noticed the air appears to be sucked into the well around the pump and through the crevices with great force, making a noise that can be heard for rods.

This continues for a few days, and then comes the blow-off, when the confined air rushes out of the top of the well with a noise like that produced by a miniature gas gusher. Mr. Peffley has closed all of the apertures around the pump and bored an auger hole in the platform over the well, into which he has placed the neck of a large bottle. The air is forced into the bottle, making a shrill noise like a factory whistle, which can be heard for over a mile when the mysterious well is blowing off. There is no gas about the place.

A PREACHER NEARLY 70 YEARS.

New England's Oldest Clergyman Celebrates His Ninetieth Birthday.

BOSTON, October 5.—The Nestor of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Upham, of Fair Haven, celebrated to-day his ninetieth birthday, after a service of nearly 70 years in the ministry, 63 years having been in effective relations with this Conference. Dr. Upham received his first appointment in 1821, to the pastorate of Scituate. Subsequently he served in nearly all the stations in that Conference.

He is the father of Prof. Samuel F. Upham, of the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J. The venerable clergyman has not wholly relinquished ministerial duties. To-day he received the congratulations of numerous friends at Fair Haven. His two grandsons are preachers, one a member of the New England Conference, and the other, Frank B. Upham, is pastor of St. Francis Church, Brooklyn.

An Evidence of Progress.

From the Washington Post.]

The New Yorkers are progressing with the Grant monument much faster than we had expected they would. Already they have printed pictures of it in their newspapers.

Still Hope for Him.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.]

Herr Most is branded by his fellow anarchists as a capitalist and a coward. Now, if he will only take a bath he may yet be respected and honored.

Built for Business.

From the Chicago Tribune.]

Jay Gould has not a mobile face, but his fingers are wonderfully prehensile. Nature made no mistake in fitting him out for business.

Two Herculean Tasks.

From the Chicago Herald.]

It seems to be about as hard work to get a Commissioner for the Pension Bureau as to get a jury in the Cronin case.

PARAGRAPHIC PLEASANTRY.

STRACUSE *Herald:* Nothing will so soon make a person hot as cold treatment.

BOSTON *Herald:* The next Commissioner of Pensions is preserving a discreet silence.

BALTIMORE *American:* The popular actor mounts the ladder of fame on rounds of applause.

CHICAGO *Times:* "General court news"—account of the engagement of one young man to several young women.

LOUISVILLE *Courier-Journal:* All the Kofts of Russia sympathize with the Czarina in her recently acquired cold.

ATCHISON *Globe:* When a girl falls in love she stops saying her prayers, but after she is married she begins them again.

YONKERS *Statesman:* When a husband comes home with powder on the sleeve of his coat his wife is very apt to show fire. Then he is blown up.

ST. PAUL *Pioneer Press:* "Nowadays most dinner eaters start from a given point—a Blue Point." And most good diners wind up with—embonpoint.

YONKERS *Statesman:* The nights are getting longer, but the young man who occupies half of a parlor chair with his girl every evening doesn't realize it.

BOSTON *Transcript:* Frances Hodgson Burnett's husband is an oculist of reputation, and Mrs. Burnett herself has produced things which are good for sore eyes.

HARTFORD *Courant:* Some of the compound Kalamazoo Greek names suggested for the killing of murderers by electricity are more terrifying than the thing itself.

A PERPETUAL CONGRESS.

Arguments in Favor of It—Lengthening the Terms and Increasing the Salaries of Congressmen — Changing Inauguration Day—The Merry Legislator.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 4.—A strong sentiment in favor of continuous sessions of Congress is springing up among Congressmen, and in fact among all who are interested directly in legislation. Of course, we who live here want them. We like to have Congress with us as long as possible, because it brings life and money to the city. It is much merrier when the festive Congressman parades the avenue and makes Rome howl in the restaurants, as he often does. He does so with complete immunity, you know. The police may caution him, but they never arrest him. Once in a while one is taken in before he can prove his identity, but after that he is suddenly released. Sometimes it is difficult to establish their identity, however, as all men in a state of sin look very much alike to the average policeman, and in that case there is nearly always in the neighborhood a good Samaritan in the person of a newspaper man who knows everybody, and he assists the statesman out of his difficulty. But these are secondary considerations. The country at large cares little about the merriment or the business men of the capital, but it cares a great deal about the conduct of the supreme legislative body of the land and the orderly progress of legislation.

Time for a Change.

It is certainly time for the abolition of many of the old laws and customs which have been in vogue since the beginning of the Republic, and which were good enough in their day, but are obsolete and in the way as machinery now. The country has grown too great for a session lasting a few months after the organization of a new Congress, a long adjournment, and then a short session from the 1st of December to the 4th of March. Legislation piles mountain high and is never touched. Of course much of it never should be touched, but the trouble is the beneficial legislation cannot be reached, except by unanimous consent, without wading through the entire mass as it is numbered on the calendar. Thus vicious legislation is often enacted simply because the supporters of such bills can block the progress of Congress unless they are granted their wish, and this is the easier to accomplish toward the close of a session, when everything goes with a rush. With continuous sessions this would not be the case. Then no recess would be taken until commendable legislation was out of the way, even though the sittings were to last from the beginning to the end of the Congressional term of two years. But with this reform others would necessarily come. The date of the regular assembling would have to be changed to a date immediately following the expiration of a Congress, that the new Congress might come together at once. The time of the inauguration of Presidents would probably be changed from the 4th of March to the 30th of April. A great effort would be made to extend the length of the terms of members of the House to three years, or perhaps to equal those of the members of the Senate, against which there is no good reason in the minds of many Representatives. The pay would probably be increased. That $5,000 a year is not enough for a man of ability who leaves his home and business for perhaps a single term in Congress, goes in this day without saying. At the increased pace at which all well-to-do people now live that sum is no more than $3,000 was a few years ago, and a Congressman who wants to be anybody and do anything in Washington must spend money freely. It is evident that many of the old landmarks and traditions will soon be wiped out with the vast increase of population, the consequent increase of necessary legislation, and the changed social conditions of the country and its capital.

The Merry Congressman.

Speaking of the merriment of Congressmen, I am told of a funny scene that happened on the avenue the other day. Two new Congressmen had made a descent on the capital to look around and familiarize themselves with things so they would know all about them when they came to swear to support the Constitution and laws and maintain the dignity of the House. They took a look at hotels and swell boarding houses, and engaged rooms for the session. They went to the capital and talked about the place they would like to sit, so they would be certain to catch the Speaker's eye, you know. Every new Congressman wants to get where he can catch the Speaker's eye, but he never does it. That wandering orb is more capricious than a comet. No one can tell where it is going to alight. But anyone can tell where it isn't going to alight, and that is on the new member when he wants to make a speech. At all other times it will beam on him with infinite tenderness, but never when the new member begins to fidget in his seat, get up, sit down, look wise and foolish in the same moment, raise his finger toward the man in the chair and indulge in other gymnastics that are sure indications of a speech that is ready to explode. Well, in the course of their walks and drives the two new ones stopped frequently at doors with screens inside of them. At noon they were warmed up for a good dinner. When told at the hotel that they could not get dinner till after 5 o'clock P. M., they swore at the barbarous fashion of Washington, and went to a swell restaurant where they ordered the whole bill of fare. At home dinner time came at high noon, and they were not going to change for anybody. They had a bottle or two of champagne before soup, and a bottle or two between each course, as they had been told that was the proper thing. At the end of about ten courses they had to be helped from the room by the waiters, Their hotel was only a short distance away, and they concluded to try to get there. They braced well against each other, but one being much the heavier they could not balance that way, and they both went bang up against the wall. That suggested an idea. It would be a good thing to feel their way along the wall. That was about the only thing that seemed stationary. This would have worked admirably, no doubt, had not a shop with sundry empty tubs and baskets been in the way. The larger man stumbled against a tub, toppled for a moment, and then sat plump down in it as gracefully as could be expected, his arms and legs sticking up and waving and swinging in the air like the fans of a windmill. The smaller man, in attempting to assist his companion, sat down in an immense basket and was literally buried in it. His struggles started the basket rolling and it careered over the pavement and out into the street at a great rate, while the other fellow sat helpless in the tub, his arms and legs gyrating tremendously. The crowd that collected could not help shouting at the ludicrous sight, which might not happen with a merry Congressman once in a lifetime, and it was quite a little while before the most serious of them could get over their paroxysm and assist the two poor fellows to their hotel. Only one or two persons knew them, and it is not likely the little episode will ever become known in connection with them.

A Smart Texan.

I have just heard another little story about a new Congressman, who like the stalwart Texan who blew out the gas when he came on to begin the first session of the last Congress, hails from the Southwest. He knew all about gas and, when joked about the experience of his colleague, swore that he was no greenhorn, and could not be caught with any of the new fangled contrivances of the hotels. On the eve of his arrival he did as much of the town as could well be done in one evening and came into his hotel very late. He had carried his key in his pocket, and thought he would slip up to bed as he had been in the habit of doing at home when out after the usual hour. He got into his room all right after trying his key in several wrong doors, reached up to the chandelier after many experiments and turned on the gas. Then he struck a match and stuck it up to the burner, but there was no response. He got a chair and put his nose to the burner, but could not detect the faintest odor of gas. Feeling around for another branch of the chandelier he turned another stop cock, when presto! a brilliant light flashed in his eyes before he could scratch a match. He dropped off the chair and stared aghast at the illumination. "Great Heavens," he exclaimed, "have I got 'em at last. Never shaw gash afore 'shwould light 'shelf. Bet hundred zeres no light zere. I'll toush a match to it'n see."

After several attempts he got on a chair and put the head of a match to the light. Apparently he touched the flame, but the match would not burn. He tried another and another with similar results. He tried to blow the flame but there was no flicker. It was a steady, strange glow, the like of which he had never seen before. Cursing the quality of Washington whisky, he felt around the room until he found his cane. Balancing himself he aimed as straight as possible at the impish light and struck a tremendous blow. There was a sound of crashing glass, and the light was gone. He slept late the next morning and had something brought to his room before he was out of bed. As the waiter served him that ebony worthy exclaimed: "Hello, mister, how d'ye smash that electric light?" As the new Congressman tells this on himself it must be true.

E. W. L.

Quay's Annual Relaxation.

From the Chicago News.]

The Hon. M. S. Quay has been celebrating his 59th birthday by talking about the weather This is his annual relaxation. On the other days he does not talk at all.

So Say We All.

From the Detroit Journal.]

A-h-h-h! Thank gracious this baseball season is over.

NEWS NOTES OF GOTHAM.

A Rather Exciting Time.

[NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.]

NEW YORK, October 5.—Early this morning word was received at the Hoboken police headquarters that a mob, led by the firemen of the steamship Elba, of the North German Lloyd line, was killing Policeman Ryan. Sergeant Rathjen hurried off alone to the scene of the riot, while a squad