The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 44, No. 263.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice, November 14, 1887, as second-class matter.

Business Office--97 and 99 Fifth Avenue.
News Rooms and Publishing House--75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street.
Eastern Advertising Office, Room 46, Tribune Building, New York.

Average net circulation of the daily edition of THE DISPATCH for six months ending September 30, 1889, as sworn to before City Controller,

30,095

Copies per issue.

Average net circulation of the Sunday edition of THE DISPATCH for four months ending September 29, 1889,

54,188

Copies per issue.

TERMS OF THE DISPATCH.

POSTAGE FREE IN THE UNITED STATES.

DAILY DISPATCH, One Year	$8 00
DAILY DISPATCH, Per Quarter	2 00
DAILY DISPATCH, One Month	70
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 1 year	10 00
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 3 m'ths	2 50
DAILY DISPATCH, including Sunday, 1 month	90
SUNDAY DISPATCH, One Year	2 50
WEEKLY DISPATCH, One Year	1 25

THE DAILY DISPATCH is delivered by carriers at 15 cents per week, or including Sunday edition, at 20 cents per week.

PITTSBURG, MONDAY, OCT. 28, 1889.

STREETS AND WIRES.

The Chief of the Department of Public Safety is quoted as saying that a comparison of the conditions in Chicago with those of Pittsburg does not call for the burial of the electric wires, because Chicago streets are so wide that one side of the street can be kept available for business while another is torn up to admit of the construction of conduits, while the narrowness of Pittsburg streets renders it impossible to do so.

No doubt the narrowness of Pittsburg streets will increase the inconvenience of putting the wires underground, just as it is inconvenient in other respects. But that does not afford any good reason for a conclusion that the streets shall not be torn up when considerations of public welfare require it. They have been torn up to permit the construction of cable conduits and natural gas pipes, on the ground of public benefit from these enterprises; and it will hardly do to take the ground that the safety of the streets is less important than the convenience of rapid transit or natural gas. Beyond that the theory that the narrowness of the streets would cause traffic to be suspended while electrical conduits are put in, is wrecked by collision with the fact that at the present time two of the principal business blocks of Wood street are torn up on one side for the construction of a cable conduit, while traffic is going on on the other side. It is necessary to put a cable conduit near the center of the street, while an electrical conduit could be put entirely to one side, leaving three-fourths of the street available for use during the construction.

The consideration suggested by Mr. Brown is a valid one for adopting an adequate and permanent system of conduits before commencing work; but it is also valid as showing the greater necessity of the work. The obstruction, disfigurement and danger of overhead wires are greater in narrow streets than in wide ones, in fully as important a ratio as is the difficulty of putting them under ground.

NOT TO BE NEGLECTED.

The report which comes from the physicians out in the Bloomfield district, that the health of the residents there is seriously affected by the bad condition of the streets, certainly calls for prompt investigation; and, if the statements are well founded, for a thorough remedy. Next to the protection of the citizens from lawlessness, there is no more clear duty of municipal government than protection from an unhealthy condition of the streets, and imperfect drainage. At a time when the city is engaging in large and costly works for the improvement of new streets, it cannot afford to neglect the proper care of the older ones. The complaint should cause action at once in remedying the evil wherever it may be found to exist.

THE EFFECT REVERSED.

It would be hard to reconcile the charges that the monetary stringency in New York is produced by a syndicate that wishes to sell Government bonds to the United States Treasury at a high rate of premium, with anything but a belief that the Treasury would take particular delight in flying in the face of public opinion and the natural results of the money market.

The tendency of stringency in the money market is to lower the premium on Government bonds, and that of ease in the money market is to raise the premium. This is for the simple reason that high rates of interest give banks and lenders more attractive investments than Government bonds at a high premium; while low rates of interest make the Governments most desirable. If the supposed syndicate wished to get up an excuse for the Secretary of the Treasury to buy bonds at a high rate, therefore, it should make money easy and thus permit the demand outside of Government purchases to put up the quotations.

The financial stringency, if continued for any length of time, should enable the Treasury to buy lots of bonds; but they should be bought at lower premiums. The fact is that the money flurry has passed by with only a slight reduction of the premium on Government securities; but if it should return so as to establish a twelve per cent money market for any length of time the United States ought to be able to buy 4½s at very nearly par, and 4s below 125.

A WISE SOLUTION.

It is reported from Washington that the Republican leaders are generally in favor of the entire abolition of the sugar duties, and that this policy will be recommended in the President's message. This is political intelligence of the class that is generally too good to be true. THE DISPATCH has pointed out the advantages of the course in the fact that the sugar duties afford protection only to domestic production that has proved inadequate to supply the demand, while the enhanced cost of the article of universal consumption, which the people pay, is divided between about $30,000,000 paid to the Sugar Trust and $60,000,000 of revenue of which the Government desires to get rid. The repeal of these duties, together with the readjustment of the internal revenue taxes, would do away with the surplus revenue beyond what is needed for the sinking fund, and would remove a decided burden from the mass of the people. The wisdom of that solution of the surplus problem is what makes its adoption appear quite doubtful.

AN IMPOSSIBLE MINIMUM.

The purpose of the wheat growers' convention, held at St. Louis last week, was stated by the President in his opening address to be "to fix the minimum price that wheat should be sold for at Chicago." This, it is urged, would "establish the price—less the cost of transportation—at every other trade center in the Mississippi Valley."

It is indisputable that wheat growers have just as much right to fix an arbitrary price for their product, as any other interest has; and perhaps they have a much better excuse for doing so. But the injustice and inequality of all such attempts appears in the fact that a convention of wheat growers might as well try to fix the maximum amount of water that shall flow down the Mississippi river. The water will come down if it is present in excess of the capacity of the earth for absorption. The price of wheat will come down if the farmers have it on hand in excess of demand; and the idea of a combination which will prevent the competition of millions of producers in this country, to say nothing of the tens of millions in Russia and India, is simply the wildest moonshine.

There is one sort of combination by which the minimum price of wheat might be fixed. If a great railroad combination should become sufficiently centralized to guarantee to a single organization of millers and middlemen a discrimination of 5 cents per bushel in the handling of grain, the beneficiaries of the discrimination might be able to fix the minimum and maximum prices of wheat. When that was done the farmers would make the discovery that the maximum price that they could get for their wheat would be less than their minimum price at present; while the minimum price which consumers would pay for it would exceed the maximum at present.

It is worth while for the members of the St. Louis convention, who are trying to attain an impossible copy of the trust methods, to remember two things. First, to maintain an arbitrary price by a combination of millions of producers is an impossibility; second, combinations for such purposes never benefit the producers or consumers, but only the favored middle-men who control the avenues to market.

POINTS FROM THE CRADLE.

The story comes from Chicago that a member of the Board of Trade who had been wrestling with the mysteries of speculation by the aid of clairvoyants, with indifferent success, at last went home to the infant of which he is the proud possessor and resolved that if his son and heir raised his right arm he would buy, while if the infantile left went up first, he would sell. The story goes that child put up his right arm and the paternal speculator bulled the market the next day with eminent success.

The amount of credit that is to be given to the story is not material; but it is worth while to remark that the acceptance of the involuntary advice of an infant as a direction how to speculate, is about as good and a good deal cheaper than a good many other guides that are widely adopted in speculative circles. The youthful speculator in "The Henrietta," who determined his deals by the flip of a cent developed a policy about as good but not quite as original as the resort to the baby. But both of them are more sensible and economical than the consultation of fortune tellers. While the degree of intelligence back of the advice is not great, it is less likely to remove the fleece from the speculator than the acceptance of points from the professional venders of such article, or the adoption of the purely friendly advice which the great manipulators give out just when they are ready to make a big deal.

Of course there is a theoretical idea that operations in stocks, grain or petroleum, should be based on the conditions of the market and the relative position of demand and supply. But these factors require the exertion of intelligence and judgment. Those qualities would keep the speculator out of the market altogether. Therefore if men must speculate the practice of doing it by baby divination is perhaps as good as can be adopted.

NEW YORK is frantically endeavoring to save its distance by a subscription of $551,000 to its proposed guarantee fund of $5,000,000.

THE declarations of D. B. Hill, Grover Cleveland and President Eliot, respectively, that each is a Democrat, evokes the comment of the New York *Sun* in the assertion that "one only of these statements is a fact, another is a humbug and the third is a delusion." The classification may be true; yet it is likely to occur that the definition of a Democrat as something which David B. Hill is, and Grover Cleveland and President Eliot are not, is particularly severe on the Democrats.

THE renewed talk about the appointment of either Judge Gresham or Judge Cooley to the vacancy on the Supreme Bench shows that the public mind at least is keenly alive to the importance of putting the best men in that high place.

THE New York journals which first started out to have the World's Fair guarantee fund raised in one day, extended the time to five days, and are now indulging in appeals to get the fund subscribed in ten days. In the meantime, the subscriptions on Saturday amounted to less than $40,000. If that rate were kept up, the money would be raised in about 110 days, or some time next February, by which date Congress will probably have located the fair somewhere else.

NATURALLY the Executive Committee of the Electric Light Association is of the opinion that the overhead wires can be made all right. It is for the interest of the members of the association to think so.

IT IS a rather unpleasant conclusion, but the public will find it hard to regard the removal of Conrad, the special agent who had worked up the cases against the Pacific coast land ring, in any other light than a notification to office-holders that they must not attack land thieves under this administration, if the land thieves have a combination of United States Senators, bonanza and railroad kings behind them.

IT must be conceded that the new Commissioner of Pensions starts on his work with a demonstration of what seems by comparison a remarkable genius in the line of holding his tongue.

THE announcement that "the sickly green postage stamp" is to be replaced by a bright carmine one on January 1 indicates that the efforts of our stamp reformers have changed the coloring of the postal department from æstheticism to loudness. An enemy must have induced Mr. Wanamaker to paint the postage stamps red.

THE report that a "Walt Whitman cigar" has appeared on the market, permits the expression of the hope that it is not made of "Leaves of Grass."

INASMUCH as the English Tories and Unionists have all along declared that no plan of Home Rule is practicable, their anxiety to have Mr. Gladstone explain his new plan must be credited to a fear that unless they have plenty of time they may not be able to pick flaws in it.

THE report with regard to the Boston gang that got up a conspiracy to draw John L. Sullivan into a row and then shoot him warrants a severe punishment for the members of the gang. They did succeed in carrying out the plot.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

PRINCE HYPPOLITE, of Hayti, has ordered an $1,800 carriage from a New York firm.

PROF. LANGSTON, of Virginia, has in the grounds of his home near Washington a tree that he prizes greatly, because it was given to him by Charles Sumner.

THE monument to General Cæsar Rodney, one of Delaware's signers to the Declaration of Independence, will be unveiled at Dover, the capital of Delaware, Wednesday.

THE late Sir Charles William Sikes was the founder of England's great system of postoffice savings banks, and it was in recognition of that important service that he was knighted.

MRS. MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT is resting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, at Scotch Plains, New Jersey. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe intends to continue her Western journey to California.

SENATOR KENNA, of West Virginia, has hitherto been the youngest man in the United States Senate. If the newspaper biography of Senator-elect Pettigrew, of South Dakota, is to be relied upon, he will succeed to that honor in December. He is only 40.

A CANDIDATE for the Iowa State Senate is the Hon. George W. Jones. He is the only man living who represented the Territory of Michigan in Congress, and the Territory of Wisconsin. It was he, chiefly, who secured the organization of the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa.

IN January next Louis Kossuth will become a man without a country. He will on the ninth of that month complete the period of absence from Hungary which will terminate and forfeit his citizenship of that country. His two sons have become Italian citizens, and the venerable patriot has been strongly urged to do likewise, but he probably will not do so.

PROBABLY the largest returns, everything considered, that come to writers are those which are received in royalties for text books for schools. The late Prof. Elias Loomis, of Yale, was supposed to be a comparatively poor man, yet his estate, on probate the other day, revealed wealth that is pretty near a half million dollars. This represents the returns he received in royalties for his text books, which have always been popular.

WHERE A TORY PREACHER HID.

Discovery of a Secret Room in a Historic Yankee Mansion.

WATERBURY, Conn., October 27.—A few days ago there was a fire in the old Botsford house, occupied by Frank Judson, in Woodbury. For years there has been a legend connected with this mansion of Revolutionary fame, and, until recently, the mystery connected with it was never cleared up. In the struggle of the American colonies with the mother country, certain prominent citizens were suspected of Toryism. Among these was the Rev. John R. Marshall, the first Episcopal clergyman of Woodbury. He was summoned before a properly appointed committee and was forbidden to go beyond certain prescribed bounds. He was at that time living in the Botsford house, but could never be seen except on Sunday. As he was free from arrest on that day, he usually went to a neighboring parish to hold service, but during the rest of the week he was never seen, although close watch was kept. It was surmised that he had a secret room in which to hide himself. After his death a careful search of the house was made, but no secret room could be found.

The discovery of the secret closet was made a few years ago by Deacon F. F. Hitchcock, who lived in the house for a short time. In the front parlor was a china closet under the stairway, which was allotted to Mr. Hitchcock's children to store their valuables. While Mr. Hitchcock was putting some shelves in the closet he discovered a trap door in the back of it. With a little exertion he forced this open, when he discovered the secret room, which had so long been the hiding place of the Tory. The room was about six feet square, and high enough to allow a person to stand erect in it, and there was a passage from it to the cellar.

The house is also famous as the place where Samuel Seabury, the first Bishop in America, was elected. At the One Hundredth anniversary of this event, which was held at the house some time ago, a view of the room was given to the Right Rev. Bishop Williams and the large number of visiting clergy by placing a candle on a table in the secret apartment.

THE LATEST SLOT DEVICE.

A Penny Dropped in Secures the Use of a City Directory.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, October 27.—People will soon cease pestering the drug clerk by asking for a directory. The person who wishes to look up an address will only have to go to the corner of the store or step in front of any hotel or public place, or go almost anywhere in fact, drop a penny in the slot and then read the interesting column for hours if he wishes. The directory lies on its side on a small, wooden box-like platform. The under side is nailed fast to the box, while a curved, nickel plated iron bar, which runs into the box, presses down on the upper cover. Then the penny is dropped in; a catch which holds the bar is released; the bar can be pushed back and the book opened.

The reader, however, must hold the cover down tightly, for the moment he lets go the bar snaps back and only another penny will release it. A great many of the machines are already in use in Brooklyn drugstores, and soon they will be all over town. It is proposed to put them on all the elevated road stations, too.

BRIGHT LITTLE BENNY M'KEE.

The White House Pet Gets a Letter and Puts on Airs.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

Baby Benjamin Harrison McKee is just three years old, and if course he can't read, but he is an exceptionally bright youngster for his age. The other day he happened to go to the door when the postman rang the bell. He looked courteously up at the mail carrier's big packets of letters as he sorted them over. Finally the carrier handed him one inscribed "Benjamin Harrison McKee," in the President's own handwriting. "That's for you," said the postman. The little fellow's face brightened up and he ran to his mother.

Then he suddenly felt big. He threw his shoulders back and, grasping the envelope in his hand, he ripped off the end as he had seen older folks do. Drawing out the letter and unfolding it, he studied it a moment as if deciphering his grandfather's chirography and then read: "Come to Washington at once; grandpa." He knew what he wanted his grandfather to write.

NOT ONE BIT A FAILURE.

Marriage Such a Success That Two Old Nutmegs Repeat It.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., October 27.—Marriage has not been a failure with venerable Luther S. Smith, of Cromwell, nor with the widow Ruth M. Smith, of the same place. The Rev. F. M. North was called upon by these two aspirants for matrimony's yoke last week, and they were duly married. Mr. Smith is 74 years old, is hale, hearty, and, as he says, "hankerin' arter another wife."

The present Mrs. Smith is the fourth blushing bride he has vowed to love, honor and protect, while he is the third groom Mrs. Smith has promised to obey.

In Memory of Mrs. Hayes.

CHARLESTON, S. C., October 27.—Memorial services were held in the Centennary Methodist Episcopal Church to-night in honor of the late Mrs. R. B. Hayes, who was prominent in the work of establishing women's missions among the colored people in the South. The congregations of all the other colored Methodist Episcopal Churches joined in the services.

Well Qualified to Prophesy.

From the Boston Herald.]

The predictions that we are to have a very cold and severe winter multiply. The latest forecast of this sort comes from a Democratic Federal office holder whose term is about to expire.

Otto Adolph Arnold.

Otto Adolph Arnold, a member of the editorial staff of the Pittsburg *Volksblatt*, died on Saturday and was buried yesterday in St. Mary's Cemetery. The deceased was a member of the National Verbund of German Journalists. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. P. Leo Riceville, O. C. C., of Trinity Church. Pittsburg branch of the German Journalists' Association was well represented.

THE CRITIC.

An Appeal to Pharaoh on a Proposed Exodus of the Negro—The Revenue Tax on Whisky Would Pay His Fare to Africa—Uncle Remus Ought to Stay—The Two Runaways and Other Darkey Stories—Roland Country Comedy.

The negro—some are told—must go. As a slave he was brought over to this country in the first place. As a slave, and only as a slave, has he been suffered to remain here. And now that slavery has been put away there is only one reasonable thing left for the negro to do and that is to go back whence he came. And there is only one adequate solution of this negro problem, which is every day, in State and church, clamoring more importunately for solving, and that is to send the negro back, to "let the people go."

This is the answer to the negro question which is proposed by the author of *An Appeal to Pharaoh* (Fords, Howard and Hulbert: R. S. Davis & Co.) The negro is an alien race, he says. And he quotes with approval this sentence from General Harrison's letter accepting his nomination to the Presidency: "We are clearly under a duty to defend our civilization by excluding alien races whose ultimate assimilation with our people is neither possible nor desirable." General Harrison probably had his face turned toward the West when he wrote that. But the words touch the South also.

The negro must go. And he must go back to Africa. Can we afford to send him? The revenue tax on whisky and tobacco for 18 months will pay all costs. Will he go? The author thinks that he will be glad to go. He quotes from various newspapers evidencing the restlessness of the negroes in the South, and the welcome which they give to schemes for emigration, whether into the West or even into South America. He believes that an offer made of national help to an exodus into the great Congo Valley would be accepted gladly and speedily.

"The nation suffered in the War of the Rebellion because it would not listen to the words of warning, and would not obey the laws which must govern every associated community. Peoples have been swept off the face of the earth for a disregard of natural laws of far less importance than those with which we trifled. Year after year the danger grew. Year after year our trade and commerce clamored angrily against those who told the truth, which we were forced to learn when it was written in blood. It was only procrastination, indecision, that made the problem of African slavery in the United States one of overwhelming danger. It is the same inclination to trifle with the danger which lies before us that makes the problem of the African in the United States a terrible one to-day."

Thus wrote Judge Tourgee several years ago in his "Appeal to Cæsar." But we still have an idea that everything will quietly grow right, somehow. In the meantime, however, everything in this connection seems to be growing quietly wrong.

This writer has proposed a radical solution. He has advanced his arguments in clear, strong and readable paragraphs. The style is forcible, and the spirit of the book temperate, reasonable and Christian. Everybody who is interested in this great matter—and who is not?—should read this book.

We have not yet heard, however, from the one man whose opinion we are most interested to know. What does the negro think about his future? The conference of colored clergymen in New York, the other day, made some comments, not without good reason, upon the make-up of a commission to consider work among the colored people, composed exclusively of white men. The negro himself can help us more than all the politicians or philosophers.

***

"Now, I des tell you w'at, honey," said Uncle Remus to the little boy, "if you want ter year dish year tale right straight thro', widout any balkin' er stallin', you'll des hatter quit makin' any fuss. Now, den, you des set right whar you is en stop you behavishness. Kaze de fus' time you wink loud, you got ter git right up on de bed-pos' dar en ride straddle. So, den! Well, one time Brer Mink en Brer Coon, en Brer Polecat all live terge'er in de same settlement." And then follows another of those inimitable stories which nobody can tell as Joel Chandler Harris can.

If the negro problem does ever get solved according to the ideas of the author of "An Appeal to Pharaoh," it is to be hoped that Uncle Remus will not leave us and tell his stories thereafter along the banks of the Upper Congo, where we shall never hear them. One of the interesting things about these stories, however, is the probability that they came in the first place from the upper Congo. These are genuine myths. They are as attractive to the scholar as they were to "the little boy." Brer Rabbit and Reynard the Fox belong together. The fables of Æsop and the fables of Pilpay find counterparts the world over, from Kamschatka to Australia, and from the valley of the Congo to the valley of the Yukon. Curiously enough, the rabbit, who is the hero of these negro myths, is hero also in many stories which have come down in the memories of many tribes of American Indians. An Omaha myth tells how the rabbit caught the sun in a trap.

The "Brer Rabbit" of Uncle Remus is quite capable of entrapping the sun and all the fixed stars. He has lost none of his cunning in Mr. Harris' last book, *Daddy Jake, the Runaway, and Other Stories, by Uncle Remus.* (The Century Company; H. Watts & Co.) Wide, clear pages, pictured cover, colored edges and excellent illustrations add to the charm of these quaint stories.

***

The little colored baby has a place among the *Babes of the Nations.* (Frederick A. Stokes & Bro.; H. Watts & Co.) Indeed, the little dark-complexioned baby is the prettiest of the lot, except, perhaps, the quaint little maiden from the land of the Dutch. There are 12 babies in the book, each representing a nation and a month. Each baby has a full page for its picture, with no lack of bright colors, and another page of rhymes and jingles. The illustrator is Maud Humphrey, and the versifier is Edith M. Thomas. The result is a book which will make the eyes of some small children fully as big as the eyes of these plump babies—which is saying a great deal.

***

Nor are we done with the negro yet. For here he is in the story which gives its name to Harry Stillwell Edwards' book, *Two Runaways and Other Stories* (the Century Co.: H. Watts & Co.) These studies in Southern life are old favorites for the most part, having appeared in several of the magazines. The pictures, most of which are equally familiar, are by E. W. Kemble.

There were several pictures by Mr. Kemble in the Exposition Art Gallery. Among the drawings in the *Century* exhibit one especially will be remembered by many who have seen it during the last few weeks. The title of it was "In the Quarters." Two little black-faced and bright-eyed pickaninnies are having a great ride in a soap box, which is mounted on two dangerous wheels and made to serve for a chariot. The 10-year-old sister acts as horse. The father and mother lean over the fence. The little heads peep over the edge of the soap box. The little black fingers hold on with a tight grip. They are having a fine time. It is as real as life.

Mr. Edward's stories take a wide range, from the comedy of "Elder Brown's Backslide" to the pathos of "De Valley an' de Shadder." Beside these two, and the story which gives the book its title, there are six others: "An Idyl of Sinkin' Mountin'," "Ole Miss and Sweetheart," "Sister Todhunter's Heart," "Mine—A Plot," "A Born Inventor," and "Tom's Strategy."

These stories are interesting simply as stories, but they have a value beyond that. They are careful studies of phases of character in the negro and the people whose lives have been lived beside him. In a few years "Sinkin' Mountin'" and "Black Ankle" and "Dead River" and "Sweetwater" will be as commonplace as the rest of the civilized world. Already "Sister Todhunter" and "Isam" and "Zeke" and "Dorindy" and "Ben" and "Mandy" are beginning to study the grammars and the fashion plates. The railroad and the telegraph are of immense convenience, but they do take a good deal of the individuality out of life. Provincialism cannot long resist them. Dress and dialect are divested of their charming peculiarities. "A log hut with a stack chimney, at the foot of a long, low hill, where the path that winds around it disappears under a spreading black-gum; another log hut with a stack chimney, over by a belt of pine woods, and another of like build beyond, where a group of water-oaks marks a bend in the swamp; and others still, right and left in the distance, until the number runs up into the dozens—this is Black Ankle." But in ten years there will be nothing left of this except the "long, low hill." They will have changed the name of the place and called it Smithville; it will be laid out in corner lots; it will be almost exactly like a hundred other Smithvilles, North and South. So much the more need of the work of such an accurate observer as Mr. Edwards.

***

Between Black Ankle and old Rome even the most indifferent beholder can discern differences, and between Elder Brown and Nero, of the two we prefer Black Ankle and Elder Brown. Nor is our preference disturbed after reading what can be said in defense of that imperial reprobate by Ernst Eckstein in his *Nero, a Romance.* (W. S. Gottsberger & Co.; J. R. Weldin & Co.).

That transformation which Dr. Jekyll, with a few brief contortions and convulsions, effected into Mr. Hyde, here occupies two volumes. Nero appears at the beginning of the book a gentle, somewhat effeminate, thoughtful and devout young man, strongly influenced by Seneca, his tutor. He is even thinking about casting in his lot with the sect of the Christians. Step by step he goes on and down. He becomes a "wholesale robber, a pitiless despot, an intriguer, a poisoner, a murderer, a matricide, a liar, a coward, a drunkard, a glutton, incestuous, unutterably depraved." His nature is degraded into a mixture of "blood and mud." At last, in Phaon's villa, this monster, whom a world cannot suffer any longer to exist, takes his own miserable life. The change begins with the companionship of Sophonius Tigellinus. It was bad company that ruined Nero.

Nero is not an agreeable hero for a book, nor are the people of his court, with the rare exception of the Queen Octavia, pleasant people to associate with. But the whole evil life of the time is pictured out here. Whoever wishes to learn how the world went in the middle of the first century will find more here than in any of the histories.

These two volumes are uniform with Ebers' books, and are rendered into English by the same excellent translators.

***

Justin McCarthy's *Roland Oliver* (Frank F. Lovell & Co.: J. R. Weldin & Co.) is a young man gifted with the chivalrous spirit which one ought to have who bears about with him two such knightly names. He finds an old friend who has become poor as persistently as Roland has become rich. He takes up this friend, whose name is Lawrence Caledon, and who is married to a wife a hundred times better than he deserves, and helps him. Lawrence is an invalid. He is partly sick and partly lazy. He is wholly small, and mean-spirited and selfish. He takes everything that Roland gives him, is glad to have somebody who will pay his bills, and has no compunctions of shame nor instincts of gratitude. By-and-by Mrs. Church, who wants to marry Roland, makes trouble. Lawrence accuses his wife of being in love with Roland. He arranges a little plot by which he shall sit behind a curtain and hear these two and watch them. The plot makes such a revelation of their thoughtfulness and care for him and his own despicable conduct that he goes quietly away and drowns himself. Roland happens along as he makes the plunge and pulls him out, and Lawrence has the opportunity of saying a repentant word to his wife before he dies.

***

The Comedy of a Country House, by Julian Sturgis (Frank F. Lovell & Co.: J. R. Weldin & Co.), has a bright young fellow for hero, who has just come into a fortune and a title, and finds both somewhat embarrassing. The heroine is a handsome young lady whose altogether impossible mother is determined to marry her to this rich and titled hero. Other characters in the play are a young reprobate who wishes to marry the heroine himself; an excellent but rather imprudent lady who is ignorant of the reprobate's character, and who abets him in his endeavors to foil the match-making mother; an interesting young gentleman who is very solicitous about his health, and who has a curious fashion of getting away quietly by himself and going through various gymnastic exercises, uttering the syllables "Ninety-nine!" "Ninety-nine!" by way of developing his lungs; several politicians, an impossible reporter, and various "happy peasants" in the background. The conversations are somewhat stagey; some of the people, as we have suggested, are quite impossible. The plot, however, is ingenious, and everything comes out all right in the end.

AN OHIO WIDOW IN LUCK.

About to Wed John Jacob Astor and a Fortune of $150,000,000.

From the New York World.]

According to what appear to be trustworthy reports John Jacob Astor, the elder, is engaged to be married to Mrs. Bowler, of Cincinnati. This story comes from the other side of the Atlantic, where both Mr. Astor and Mrs. Bowler now are, and from the fact that Mr. Astor is a very domestic old gentleman and has paid Mrs. Bowler devoted attentions for a year or more, society is inclined to credit the semi-official announcement which has been made. Mrs. Bowler has been in Europe for some months with her two children, and John Jacob Astor during the past summer has taken two trips abroad, presumably in order to have the pleasure of being in her company.

Mrs. Bowler has been a widow five or six years. Her late husband was a nephew of George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, who at one time was the Vice Presidential nominee of the Democratic party, and was Minister to Germany during the Cleveland administration. Mr. Bowler inherited a handsome fortune and invested it judiciously in railroad properties. At his death he was a large owner of the securities of the Kentucky Central Railroad, of which that excellent railroad man, M. E. Ingalls, was one of the early Presidents. Some 15 years ago he married Miss Williamson, one of the belles of Cincinnati society. She is a very handsome woman now, very bright and intellectual and a charming conversationist. She is well known in New York society and it was here that Mr. Astor first met her. She has been a guest at the house of Henry F. Vail many times during the winter season just past and has also visited other homes in New York.

John Jacob Astor, who, according to announcements already made, will be set down by Thomas G. Shearman in the November issue of the *Forum* as the richest man in this country, having control of about $150,000,000, is now about 68 years of age. He is tall, handsome and vigorous and bears his years well. In society he is regarded as the finest specimen of manhood the Astor family has ever put forward.

Really Beautiful Girls.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star.]

The women writers for the press are bothering themselves over furnishing receipts for girls to be beautiful. What folly! The girls who make home beautiful, whose lives are sweet and whose speech is gentle, the girls who shed around them a tangible atmosphere of purity, love and refinement—they are the beautiful girls.

A Friendly Suggestion.

From the Chicago Times.]

A man who was caught writing his name in the Eiffel tower has been fined 20 francs. Here is an "idea" for the New York committee. Put up a tower on "tick." Let the people go up, write their names on it, and be fined $4 therefor, and put the money into the guarantee fund.

ELECTRICAL FACTS.

ABOUT 300,000 telephones are in use in the United States.

THE fastest recorded time made by an electric railway is about 20 miles an hour on a street-car system.

FOUR telegraphic messages can now be transmitted over one wire at one time by using the quadruplex system.

IT is estimated that 250,000 persons in the United States are engaged in business depending solely on electricity.

OVER 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wire are in operation in the United States—enough to encircle the globe 40 times.

ABOUT 400 miles of electric railway are already in operation in the United States, and many more under construction.

MORE than 170,000 miles of telephone wire are in operation in the United States; over these 1,055,000 messages are sent daily.

FIVE HUNDRED volts of an electrical current is considered dangerous to human life, but death depends largely upon physical conditions.

TELEGRAPHING from a moving train is accomplished through a circuit from the car roof, inducting a current in the wire or poles along the track.

THE most widely separated points between which it is possible to send a telegram are British Columbia and New Zealand, via America and Europe.

IN transmitting a message from San Francisco, Cal., to Hong Kong, China, via New York, Canso, Penzance, Aden, Bombay, Madras, Penang and Singapore, about 15 minutes are consumed.

THE longest distance over which telephoning can be maintained is uncertain; 750 miles is a common daily occurrence, but two gentlemen quite recently carried on a protracted conversation between Charleston, S. C., and Omaha, Neb., a distance of about 1,500 miles.

THE SUBSIDY QUESTION.

Arguments of Those Who Favor Bounties to Aid American Shippers—How Our Foreign Trade Has Fallen Off—The Course Pursued by Great Britain—Lessons From History.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, October 26.—In view of the fact that the question of bounties to American shipping will be one of the most important before the coming Congress, a review of the demands of the advocates of a bounty and the arguments on which they base their demands is in order. To begin with, there is a better prospect of the success of the bounty scheme than ever before. The plans of its advocates are better arranged, the work of conversion more systematic, and not in the smallest movement is there a scent of corruption. The history of the scandal of the Pacific Mail, which gave a black eye to every proposition for anything in the semblance of a subsidy for years after that affair, forever put a quietus on projects to further schemes for subventions by the corrupt use of money.

The proposition is a very simple one. It is the same as that involved in a bill which was before the last Congress, to give to every American vessel engaged in the foreign trade 30 cents per 1,000 miles for every ton of freight transported. This would about equalize the bounties paid by other countries, in one form or another, and, it is thought, would enable owners of American vessels to successfully compete with foreigners on their own ground.

Subsidies in Foreign Countries.

No other maritime nation now attempts to avoid a bounty to its merchant marine save America. With the gift of a bounty every such nation has seen a prompt and important increase of its foreign trade. Even Spain, jealous of every attempt of the United States to successfully establish a carrying trade in its own vessels between its ports and those of South America and the intervening islands, has subsidized a line of vessels to parallel every line attempted by citizens of the United States, with the inevitable result of driving the latter from the field. England gives subsidies amounting to about $5,000,000 a year. France gives construction bounties and a bounty about the same as that proposed for vessels of the United States for each ton of freight carried in the trade.

Italy gives bounties, beside a navigation bounty of 13 cents per net ton per 1,000 miles to non-European ports lying beyond the Suez Canal and Straits of Gibraltar. Germany has, to a great extent, imitated the policy of France, and with the result of an immense increase in its foreign trade.

Great Britain's Carrying Trade.

Another argument is that of the history of Pacific Mail. For ten years the total amount paid in subsidies to that concern amounted to a little more than $1,500,000, and in that time the actual net gain to the Government, over and above subsidy, in the increase of duties, postage and tonnage dues, was close to $2,000,000. After the cessation of the subsidy this income fell away, and a great Chinese trade that had been diverted to the United States reverted to the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. The next step contemplated by the British Government is the extension of the line now plying between Vancouver and Japanese and Chinese ports to San Francisco, and with such a subsidy as to wipe out the Pacific Mail line altogether, unless help is extended.

One of the strongest arguments used in support of the bounty project is the creation of a merchant marine which will be available in time of war. They argue that it was the merchant vessels that saved this country from falling into the hands of the British in the War of 1812, and that had it not been for the hundreds of merchant vessels, and the more than 60,000 able seamen who blockaded the Southern ports during the late war, the South would have secured ample arms and support and would have gained her independence.

Decadence of American Shipping.

All other maritime countries on giving subsidies or bounties stipulate that in case of war the merchant vessels so aided shall be available for the use of the Government. The chief argument, however, is the humiliating decadence of American shipping, and this is to be used with powerful effect to awaken the national pride and patriotism of Congress and of the people. The advocates of the bounty scheme will show that the tonnage of American vessels engaged in the foreign trade is actually less by about 100,000 tons than it was 70 years ago.

The American freight carried at this time, in American vessels, does not amount to more than a petty 700,000 tons, while Great Britain alone carries more than 10,000,000 tons. In 1858 the foreign carrying trade of the United States amounted to 4,842,000 tons, of which American vessels carried 3,500,000 tons. In 1881 the tonnage carried in sailing vessels was 15,611,700 tons, and of this foreign vessels carried 12,711,711 tons. In 1858 the number of American ships, barks and brigs engaged in the foreign carrying trade of the United States was 8,731, and of foreign vessels 1,789. In 1881 the American sailing vessels numbered 1,403, and the foreign vessels 12,082, and of this number Great Britain had upward of 5,000.

A Fight for Commercial Rights.

Within the last 50 years Great Britain has paid out in subsidies more than $160,000,000, while the United States has paid next to nothing.

These are the main features of the presentation made by the advocates of the bounty of 30 cents per ton per 1,000 miles, and they argue that if this policy be adopted, within a few years the United States will have a merchant marine equal to that of any other country of the world; that shipbuilding will become one of the vast industries of the country; that the benefits arising from larger markets, stimulated production and better prices will repay to the people of the whole country a thousandfold every dollar expended for what is termed a bounty, but which is really a weapon of warfare against a foreign commercial foe who is driving this country to the wall.

It is claimed that the fight is actually a war for our commercial rights and natural rank on the high seas, and that to gain and hold that place the enemy must be fought with his own weapons.

E. W. L.

THE BOSS PICKEREL OF THE YEAR.

A Genesee County Fisherman Lands a Beauty Four Feet in Length.

CONESUS, N. Y., October 27.—Ex-Sheriff Young, of Genesee county, came to Conesus Lake the other day to troll for pickerel. There have been some very large ones caught here this summer, and the Sheriff thought he could beat the record. He went out alone in his boat, and it wasn't long after he got his line out that he was seen to be laboring with something very large that had got on his hook. Sometimes the Sheriff would have the most of the line in the boat, and then the fish would turn to and pull it out into the lake again. This sort of thing was kept up for upward of an hour, until at last people began to think that the famous Silver Lake sea serpent had resurrected itself and got over into Conesus.

Just as a couple of men were jumping into a boat to go out and give the Sheriff a hand, he raised a shout of victory, stuck his gaff into the monster he had been struggling with, and with one supreme effort lugged it into the boat. It was a pickerel that weighed between 17 and 18 pounds. It measured four feet in length. It was the boss pickerel of the year.

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

In a melancholy measure, would I sing the fading year—
Sing the falling leaves in melancholy tone;
Sing the hazy days of autumn, with its colors brown and sere,
And the breezes that through leafless branches moan.

I would sing the coming winter and its shroud of cold, white snow,
Because it seems the proper thing to do;
I'd anticipate the terrors of the Frost King's reign of woe,
For all the other poets do that, too.

But they can do it better—much better than can I;
And so I'll leave it to their practiced art.
Let them for summer's glories like hard-worked bellows sigh;
Like Mary, I will choose the wiser part.

For the glowing days of autumn, I enjoy them one and all;
Their garnered stores are just the thing for me.
And winter has its pleasures that make other joys seem small.
In fact, I like all seasons as they be.

* * * * * * * * * * *

When Winter comes with drifts of snow,
And makes the frozen hills his throne,
The merry sleighers come and go—
When winter comes with drifts of snow
And fields and rivers makes his own.

The merry sleighbells ring wild tunes,
The firelight shines with cheerful glow.
Who sighs for pleasures that are June's
When merry sleighbells ring wild tunes
And merry sleighers come and go?

And Christmas cheer and Christmas mirth
The season light with joyous glow,
And kindlier feelings have new birth
Mid Christmas cheer and Christmas mirth,
(For then a Savior came to earth),
Oh, who would bid King Winter go!

In a melancholy measure I'm resolved I will not sing.
Though autumn fade the green leaves from the wood;
And I'll vow the snows of winter are just the proper thing.
Each season, as it comes to man is good.

—*Robert Simpson, in Oil City Derrick.*

A MARVEL IN PRINT.

The Great Twenty-Page Newspaper and Some of Its Best Points.

The newspaper develops day by day. Every day some new and novel feature is added to its columns. How our worthy ancestors—who produced the first paltry "news-letter"—would have stared had they beheld yesterday's superb edition of THE DISPATCH. Those 20 pages, replete with matter, interesting to every class and condition of mankind, would have utterly dumbfounded many a class of citizens who lived more recently than the worthy Boston Puritans. Yesterday's DISPATCH was a marvel, even to modern Americans, many of whom are popularly supposed to feel surprise at nothing. The world's wisdom, wit and gossip filled its pages, and writers in every land furnished racy articles which could not fail to be attractive.

I.

The Cronin case, and the evidence connecting Coughlin with the murder, occupied first place in the telegraphic news. The war of parties still rages in Ohio, where the Republicans claim 10,000 majority for Foraker. John L. Sullivan almost fell a victim to a gang of assassins. The New Orleans grand jury found a score of indictments against ex-State Treasurer Burke for the Louisiana bond frauds. Two Alabama desperadoes defeated a Sheriff's posse, killing two and wounding six. The coming Washington season promises to be unusually brilliant. The explosion at Franklin schoolhouse proves more serious than at first anticipated. Senator Quay's interference in Virginia politics is said to have aroused the Democrats. Secretary Halford is said to be desirous of returning to newspaper work in Indianapolis. George Francis Train was refused a habeas corpus. A second attempt was made to rob the postoffice at Fargo, N. D., and Night Clerk Milton was shot.

The election at Brighton resulted in a sweeping victory for the Tories, much to the disappointment of the Home Rule party. Rumors of approaching troubles in Samoa come thick and fast. Bismarck will call Turkey as well as England to join the triple alliance against France and Russia, which is presently to stir up a terrible war in Europe. Highly interesting gossip was cabled as usual from London correspondents.

II.

C. L. Magee, Esq., received a hearty welcome home from his friends in Pittsburg. Senator Rutan declares his candidacy for re-election. The Phœnix Roll works have beaten the record with two rolls of 92,000 pounds each. The South American delegates will receive a gorgeous reception in Pittsburg. Judge White sentenced Bobbs and Harrington, the betrayers of May Sullivan, to 5 and 3 years imprisonment respectively. H. C. Horne was wanted for robbery and wife desertion, but it was alleged that he had skipped. Pittsburg's center of depravity is said to lie in the first four wards. The report that the B. & O. contemplate a branch line to Jeannette is untrue. Homewood property holders object to being assessed for the continuation of Grazier street. The sporting news was very fully and extensively given.

III.

To the second part Jenks contributed an interesting article on the doings in the Pittsburg marriage license office. Frank Fern told how they keep All Halloween in the City of Mexico. Prof. Georg Ebers' magnificent story of "Joshua" grows more interesting every week. W. Cotten Downing described cotton cultivation in the South, and Henry Norman supplied an excellent article on life in distant Tonking. Ouida wrote of her favorite pet, the dog, with her usual vivacity. Virginia M. Crawford, Rev. George Hodges, J. L. Ford, "Red Bird," S. Latimer, Bessie Bramble and Emma Eames are among the other contributors to this part of the paper. The theatrical, society, military and musical notes are up to their usual mark in interesting matter.

Part third contained an article, by Carpenter, on Oriental lovers of the fragrant weed; "Modern Chaperons," by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren; "A Breach of Faith: a Norse-American Romance," by H. H. Boyesen; "Capital and Labor," by Ronald Dunbar; "A Royal Romance," by Henry Haynie; "The Miserable Queen," by Ernest H. Heinrichs; an article on American critics and criticism, by the great novelist, William Black; "Scenes in New York," by Clara Belle, and "A Woodchuck Hunt," by Gaither.

A SOCIAL SKIRMISH.

An Incident That Shows How Mrs. Blaine Stands Up for Her Rights.

Letter in Chicago Herald.]

Another good story is told of Mrs. Blaine, and people who are pretty familiar with that lady's somewhat imperious manner give full credence to it. A stranger in Washington, a lady, happened to be stopping at the same hotel, but was unacquainted, even by sight, with the Secretary's wife. Intending to go from the parlor to the dining room, the lady stepped inside the elevator, saying to the boy: "Down!"

"Up!" and the first lady was confronted by a second one, who had immediately followed her.

The stranger flushed, but stood her ground, saying, rather tartly: "Down!"

"Up!" interposed the severe looking elderly lady, staring blandly over the other's head.

"Down!"

"Up!"

The bewildered elevator boy just here caught sight of the clerk and called him.

"What is it?" demanded that gentleman, glancing from the pale face of one lady to the burning cheek of the other.

"I stepped into the elevator and ordered the boy to go down. This woman followed and ordered him to go up."

The clerk turned to the boy and said, with severity: "Take Mrs. Blaine up at once, and hereafter never hesitate in obeying her order."

A very angry and very much chagrined lady is said to have made an unwilling trip to the upper floor, while another, coldly triumphant, went "up," as she had desired.

St. Louis Waking Up.

From the Washington Post.]

A St. Louis man complains that a letter mailed to him 12 years ago has only just reached him. This complaint and some other things that we have noticed lately force us to believe that St. Louis people are waking up and demanding that things be done with a rush.

TRI-STATE TRIFLES.

A DAY or two ago a fine young pheasant came whirling through a window in the kitchen of ex-Sheriff Handian's residence, in Wheeling. The bird was promptly captured and put where it would do the most good.

MRS. SARAH HILL, of Mercer county, is the mother of 18 children, 11 of whom are living. She is now 80 years old.

AN infant in Barnardtown, near Beaver Falls, eats a half dozen raw oysters every night.

TIME and wedlock wait for no man. A Mauch Chunk juryman was excused that he might go and get married, the lawyers agreeing to continue their case before 11 good men and true.

WHILE hunting partridges in the woods near Oakland, the pointer of Orrin D. Slocum, of Scranton, flushed a bird that looked queer to Mr. Slocum's practiced eye. He blazed away and killed the bird. Ready retrieved it, and then Mr. Slocum saw that it was a large hen partridge, the dark feathers of which, instead of being brown, were as black as the plumage of a crow. Mr. Slocum has hunted birds for 18 years, and says he has never before seen a partridge with pure black feathers on it.

ON his way across Red Ridge the other day Leopold Baermann, of Clifton, Pa., saw two cock partridges fighting one another for all they were worth. They pecked each other on the head, pulled at each other's throats, and tired themselves out. Then they rested for a few minutes, and went at it again. Mr. Baermann said he watched the spunky birds for 20 minutes. Both were game through and through, and they fought until one of them was killed.

THE other day a Cheat river (West Virginia) hunter named Smith fired at a fox that was running away from him. His bullet didn't touch the fox, but the crack of the rifle seemed to confuse sly Reynard as to its direction, for he turned right about and ran toward Mr. Smith as straight as a bee line. Seeing that the fox was puzzled, Mr. Smith struck at Reynard with his rifle when he came bounding along, hitting him in the left foreleg. Then the fox wheeled on three legs, limped under a rock and got away.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—A 90-year-old drummer boy of the war of 1812 was married in Iowa to a 65-year-old widow.

—The town of Orlando, Fla., has an ordinance forbidding saloons to be less than 200 feet apart.

—A gourd 3½ feet long is one of the products Annie Lowe (colored), of Marietta, Ga., raised in her garden this year. She has 15 of these gourds, some of them four feet long.

—Elder Punkum, an Etna, Me., Adventist, heard a boy blowing one of the new fangled whistles on Friday and thought it was the signal for the consummation of earthly things.

—A conscience wave is sweeping over the land. The Secretary of the Treasury has just received a letter containing four 2-cent stamps, which the writer says is the amount, with interest, of two stamps which he used twice.

—An Indian boy was wading in the Feather river, in California, near the Golden Gate mine, Thursday, when a large fish carried off the great toe on his left foot. The little boy wants to die, just because his companions will call him "Nine-toed Jimmy."

—A swindler sold a Clinton county, Mich., farmer a recipe for making his wheat weigh twice as much as it ought to, and signed a contract to divide the money gained by the extra weight with the scientific swindle. The "contract" eventually turned up as a promissory note and the farmer paid $300 for it—and didn't advertise the matter with a brass band either.

—The growth of the organization known as the Christian Endeavor Society is phenomenal. Three years ago last July there were 1,400 members in New York State, and about 50,000 in the world; a year ago there were in all 310,000 members, of whom 58,000 lived in New York; to-day there are 500,000 Christian Endeavorers, and New York heads the list with 80,000 names, three-fourths of whom are church members.

—A few evenings since Rev. Dr. Sharp married Mr. Perceville D. Heath, of California, to Miss Annie E. Young, a handsome young lady of Alexandria, Va. Mr. Heath advertised for a wife, and the advertisement led to a correspondence with Miss Young, and he came from California to see her. He met her last Sunday. They became mutually interested, were married Thursday evening, and have gone on a marriage trip to New Hampshire, where Mr. Heath's parents reside.

—The most profitable book ever printed, at least in this country, was Webster's Spelling Book. More than 50,000,000 copies of this production have been issued, and could Dr. Webster and his heirs have enjoyed the royalties from it they would have found it more valuable than the cave of Monte Cristo. Yet Dr. Webster wrote it that he might procure the means to support himself while engaged in other work, notably his dictionary, which was really an elaboration of the spelling book.

—A small boy at Marshall, Ill., has voiced a sentiment which would be a good thing for general adoption. He was a very tough urchin, and together with his little brother got so bad that the townspeople decided to send him to a reform school, so he was arrested on an old charge of theft and advised to plead guilty. The little fellow stoutly maintained his innocence of this particular crime, and while acknowledging that he ought to go to the reform school declined to plead guilty to something he had not done. He won the sympathy of both the spectators and the court, and was finally discharged.

—A musical troupe crossed the frontier of Saxony the other day. The officers of the Douane hoped to get a great prize and were very much disappointed with the way matters turned out. But they did their duty manfully to the end. One of the properties was a crown of laurels which the musicians carried off from the latest of their triumphs. The officials taxed the laurels as spice. Massenet, the composer, had somewhat a similar experience—in Germany also. He was crossing the frontier with a crown of laurels, and he also was attacked by the Chef of the Douane. His laurels had to pay duty. They scheduled them as "medicinal plants."

—Uncle Samuel Gardner is the veteran farmer of Ransom township, Lackawanna county. He was born on October 12, 1798, and he is rugged, hearty, active and jovial. Uncle Samuel celebrated his 91st birthday by husking corn out in the field from early in the morning until nightfall, and he said he never felt better or tougher since he left the old home in the fall of 1819, when he was 21 years old. He has always been temperate in his habits, kept regular hours, and taken good care of himself. One of the products of his well-tilled farm this year is a squash 8 feet 7 inches in circumference, and Uncle Samuel is willing to bet a barrel of cider against a peck of apples that no one in the township can beat it.

—Macon, Ga., has a queer freak in an English sparrow. Every morning this sparrow flies into the office of the City Clerk through the window, tarries a while on top of the inner blind, chirps a merry good morning, and then makes itself at home. It does not seem at all frightened at the people coming in and going out, but flits about the room from window to window, from the top of the bookcase to the maps on the walls, as unconcerned as if sporting amid the branches of a tree. The chill of the morning causes the flies to remain dormant for some time, and it has been noticed that the bird makes a meal on these limp flies. After gathering them in and making a hearty meal the sparrow perches on the window through which it came, chirps its profuse thanks, and then skips out to join its less fortunate companions. It happened several days ago, when the morning was chillier than usual, that the porter at the City Hall did not lower the window at the top as usual. That day the bird was seen to fly against the window pane and kick up considerable fuss at not being allowed to come in. And it was not until the window was lowered that it seemed to be satisfied.

—The oldest specimens of combs preserved in the British Museum belong to the period of second Egyptian dynasty; they are made of wood, with coarse teeth rather wide apart; where there is only a single row, there is a rough attempt to carve the back into a semblance of a sacred animal, such as the Cow of Athor or the Goddess of Beauty. The formation of one specimen, in bone, six-pronged and rudely cut at the edges, suggests that it was worn as an ornament for the hair. From that time to the middle ages there is no evidence to show that decorative combs were in use. The Greeks were specially fastidious in the arrangement of their hair, and the Spartans, whose general habits were more severe, were no whit behind them in the care lavished upon it, calling it, very shrewdly, the cheapest of ornaments, and before proceeding to battle, the combing and dressing of their locks partook of all the solemnity of a religious rite. Before the battle of Thermopylæ, Leonidas and his followers were discovered by the Persian spy in the performance of this act. That it was in some way associated with preparation for the worship of the gods among the Romans also is evidenced by the presence of combs in the cista, or cylindrical vase with a covered lid, which contained the articles used during the rites of Ceres and Bacchus.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

Algy (showing a photograph)—How do you like my bride that is to be?

Kaustic—She must be very rich!—*Wasp.*

"I am surprised at Charley's squandering so much money on a phonograph."

"Well, I'm not. He always did like to hear himself talk."—*Puck.*

First Shoemaker—I'm so discouraged. I feel like pegging out.

Second Shoemaker—I hardly dare say my sole is my own.—*New York Sun.*

When a man once starts out to explode the mystery of a haunted house he does not proceed by chicken-hearted methods. He hatches his plan first and then lays the ghost.—*Baltimore American.*

Mrs. Poortable—It is raining fearfully outside. Hadn't you better stay and take supper with us, Mr. Smith?

Smith—O, no, Mrs. Poortable; the weather can't be as bad as that.—*Texas Siftings.*

Tried and Proven.—Her Old Man—And could you support my daughter, sir?

Her Lover—I have two strong arms.

Her Old Man—But can they support her?

Her Lover—They often have, sir.—*Toledo Blade.*

She Has Every Opportunity.—Miss Boston (to Miss Laker, of Chicago)—Is Miss Livewayt a refined lady?

Miss Laker—Well, she ought to be. Old man Livewayt runs one of the biggest lard refineries in the city.—*New York Sun.*

They Were Business Men.—First Stranger (burglar)—What is your business, sir?

Second Ditto (counterfeiter)—Making stamps. And yours?

First Stranger—Mine? Oh, I've just opened a savings bank.—*New York Sun.*

A Becoming Dress.—"Did you see Charley in Sing Sing?"

"Yes."

"How did the poor fellow look?"

"Lovely. He always did look well in stripes, you know."—*New York Sun.*

This is the season of the year when there are suspicious cases of fever suggestive of yellow fever. It is very difficult to distinguish malarial from yellow fever. A Galveston, Texas, man who is an authority on the subject, says:

"As a general thing, you can't tell until after you have had it. If you are not alive, then it was most likely yellow fever."—*Texas Siftings.*