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PITTSBURG, MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1889.

REFORM FOR ALDERMEN.

The conviction of three city aldermen for flagrant misuse of their official powers naturally creates some serious thoughts as to the necessity of reforming a system under which such things are possible. This need, which has been pointed out from time to time in these columns, is corroborated by what is said in interviews elsewhere from gentlemen thoroughly versed in the matter.

One of the most striking evidences of the utter viciousness of the present system is the well recognized fact that an Alderman who tries civil cases on their merits, instead of giving judgment for those who bring the cases before him, namely, the plaintiffs, will not get much business. This reduces the Aldermen's courts to a degrading competition for fees, and utterly eliminates the idea of justice as a factor. In connection with the disclosures made in the conspiracy cases it places it beyond question that the system is organized on a false basis, and largely debauched by the election of men whose character renders it a foregone conclusion that they will use their offices to make money, leaving the matter of impartial justice as a secondary consideration.

Whether the plan to reduce the number of Aldermen and make them salaried positions will work a full reformation is an open question. But it is at present the only one looking in the direction of a reform, whose need is plain. That something must be done which shall thoroughly guard against the present evils has been placed beyond dispute by the recent disclosures.

To leave injustice established as a ruling principle in the courts of the people, reduces popular government to a hideous travesty.

NOT ESPECIALLY SINGULAR.

The movement toward the adoption of the Henry George theory of land taxation in Australia is commented upon in some quarters as an anomaly. But the fact is that it is the most natural revolt in the world from the system of great landed estates on which Australia was settled. The fact is that the single tax idea has always arisen as a result of a state of society where the land has got into the hands of great holders. Mr. George conceived and developed it in California, where great estates have arisen both from the Spanish grants and the more modern land grabs. It has met with its greatest acceptance in the cities where there is a large non-land holding class. In Australia, where estates of tens of thousands of acres are the rule, it is natural that it should find support. But among the hundred-acre farmers of the West, or the ten-acre peasants of France, the proposition to put all the taxes on the land will never be popular.

AN EXPLANATION WHICH RECOILS.

Mr. Murat Halstead's detailed explanation of the manner in which he came to bring that forged contract into the Ohio campaign may be very interesting; but except on the principle that open confession is good for the soul, Mr. Halstead would have done better for himself to have left the matter where it was. It was not wholly destructive of Mr. Halstead's reputation for fairness to suppose that in the heat of the campaign he might be deceived into thinking a forged signature genuine if it would hurt the opposing candidate; but to show himself in the light of supposing something to be true which would hurt both parties and suppressing that portion of it which hurts his side, must be injurious to Mr. Halstead's character as a fair and reliable journalist.

This is practically what Mr. Halstead's statement discloses. He says that when he and Governor Foraker came to examine the documents which they supposed to be proof of a job, they were thunderstruck to find that the supposed signatures, in addition to Campbell's name, contained those of Sherman, McKinley and Butterworth, besides that of S. S. Cox, who had just died. Governor Foraker declared that the document could not be used because of its disclosure; but Halstead, after thinking over it for a few days, concluded to use it by printing a fac-simile, cutting off all the signatures below Campbell's, and utterly suppressing the fact that the evidence which he had against Campbell was equally strong against the leaders of his own party.

This was not only unfair but it was very shallow. If the signatures had been genuine, Campbell could very easily have brought out the fact that the Republican leaders were in the same boat with himself. As all were bogus, the affair only proved Mr. Halstead's willingness, when he supposed that he had discovered a scandal, to keep part of it dark for the benefit of his friends while raising a sensation about that portion of it which affected his enemies.

THE SAME SORT OF ERROR.

The comments of the British papers on the recent fall of a large brick building at Glasgow, with an immense loss of life, not only confirms the impression received from the cable dispatches of its similarity to the Willey building disaster in this city, but display the same division of opinion that was manifested here, between fixing a personal responsibility and putting the blame. The *North British Mail* editorially comments on the fact that the building which fell was a new mill five stories high and nearly completed. It finds "no other hypothesis open to us but that the fall of Messrs. Templeton's unfinished mill was caused by the force of a sudden and furious gust of wind." This is manifest enough, but as in Pittsburg, it fails to explain why a sudden gust of wind should wreck one building and leave others standing. That point occurs to the London *Standard*: "The advent of a wind or even a gale is not one of those remote contingencies of which rational calculators need not take account. Everyone concerned—architect, builders and proprietor—was bound to see that, pending the completion of the new premises, there should be no jeopardy of life."

The fact is probably that the cause of the disaster was the same in both cases, namely a huge building run up without sufficient care that each story was solidly set and able to resist the usual stress of weather before the next was added to it. The fact that two such disasters occur in the same year, in different portions of the globe, indicates that the error of hasty and unsafe construction has become widespread, and requires a complete and prompt reform.

ALLEGHENY'S FREE LIBRARY.

While there is some discussion as to the operation and control of the Free Library just completed as the gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie to Allegheny City, there is no reason to fear that the matter will not be satisfactorily settled. The very discussion which has arisen concerning the matter shows the deep interest that is taken in its success, and therefore furnishes evidence that the public will see that the library is so operated as to secure its highest usefulness.

While no specified conditions have accompanied the gift, there are certain principles of action so evident as to afford a clear basis of action. In the first place the resolution of Allegheny Councils proposing to Mr. Carnegie the construction of the library was practically a pledge that the city would maintain it. This pledge includes the fact that it shall be a free library—that is, open to all classes desiring to avail themselves of its store of literature. While the library will be of undoubted use in connection with the schools, that is not the only class it is intended to benefit. All who have or wish to cultivate the pleasures of reading are, by the very nature of such an institution, to be invited and encouraged to come there.

We take it for granted as a result of these basic ideas, that the city will constitute a board to manage the library in which the city as the power which appropriates funds for its support, the school organization as a leading interest in educational matters, and citizens at large shall all represent the public interest. That such a board should be non-partisan is beyond dispute, as it is inconceivable that a magnificent and wholly educational institution should be subjected to the limitations and drawbacks of politics. It seems equally clear that the duty of the city to provide the store of books which is the first requisite of the library, can best be performed by using the present Allegheny Library as a nucleus and making liberal accretions to it, year by year, out of the funds provided for that purpose by the city.

These is little doubt that Allegheny will take some such course as this so as to give its beautiful building the fullest utility. No city government could be blind enough to neglect or misuse so valuable a gift.

FOR CLEVELAND'S INTEREST.

Mr. W. L. Scott's newspaper, the Erie *Herald*, asserts that the Democratic machinery should be organized exclusively in the interest of Grover Cleveland. No man who is not openly pledged to Mr. Cleveland should be given a place "either as a local official, committeeman or State delegate." This way of putting the Democratic party into a Cleveland Trust, as it were, might be effectual in hopelessly dividing the organization. We can leave that consideration to the determination of the Democrats; but it is necessary to remark that if the Democracy is to be organized in Mr. Cleveland's interest, Mr. Scott should be gently but firmly placed on the outside of the organization. A man who as Congressman, writes to a railroad President, that though they differ in politics they are agreed on corporation questions, and asked for passes to be used in furthering the triumph of corporation interests, would be a millstone around the neck of any Presidental boom under his management. Mr. Scott should confine his efforts to his darling corporations.

THE statement is made that the Trenton potteries have succeeded in making an application of the Siemen's gas process to the firing of their kilns, which makes their fuel as economical as the natural gas used by the potteries of this section. This is another indication of the necessity for our manufacturers either to keep the natural gas supply abundant and cheap, or to make up the lack by the manufacture of cheap fuel gas.

THE report that the White Caps at Galesburg, Ill., have resumed their old tricks of burning barns and whipping lonely people, shows the necessity of an administration of the law energetic enough to find such ruffians the legitimate work of breaking stones on the road.

THE proposition for a confederation between the Knights of Labor and the Farmers is a good one, but the plan can only be made feasible on a platform of opposition to monopoly and special privileges. We can hardly imagine, for instance, the farmers' organization going into a movement to permanently establish an eight-hour day.

A DECREASED production of molasses rum, as shown by the internal revenue report, indicates that the consumers of that fiery drink must be turning their attention to smoother beverages, or that the gentle moonshiner is enjoying a boom.

NEW YORK has three million dollars subscribed to her guarantee fund, and with another million declared to be "in sight," hopes to make a decent showing before Congress meets. But the multi-millionaires still stand back and give the common people a chance to demonstrate their public spirit.

IF Pennsylvania and other States which voted "wet" this year had foreseen what effect it would have had on the weather of 1889, it might have made a decided difference. Certainly the waning year can claim the championship for moisture.

AGAIN the public is informed that the Baltimore on her second trial trip surpassed requirements and showed herself to be a racer. This is gratifying intelligence, but as such glowing statements have been somewhat common in the past, the public will prefer to wait for the official returns.

THE type founders are considering the project of forming a trust. They had better go cautiously or the printing interests may start type foundries of their own and knock the whole type arrangement into pi.

THE notice served on the stay-at-home Pennsylvania Democrats who failed to come out and vote for Bigler, that they will be read out of the party, is calculated to carry the impression that the Democratic party is much too large. We were under the impression that the recent vote made just the opposite showing.

IT is intimated that the defense in the Cronin case have concluded that their best chance is to fall back on Mr. Tony Weller's master-stroke and make "an alleybi."

LORD SALISBURY's talk of "imperial federation" as a solution of the Home-Rule question is an indication that the Tory Government is scared enough to steel the Liberal policy, but is desirous of discovering some way in which it can effect the theft without being caught at it.

THE grist of department reports that invariably precedes the meeting of Congress conveys the assurance to the people that the machinery of government is still grinding on.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

THE richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs Alexander Mitchell, widow of the late president of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

"I AM only a farmer, and know nothing of politics," was all that reporters who attempted to interview him in Chicago could get out of Jesse Grant, of California, the other day.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the production of Verdi's first opera was celebrated throughout Italy yesterday. King Humbert and Prime Minister Crispi sent congratulatory dispatches to the famous composer. Messages of congratulation were also sent by all the principal cities and towns in Italy.

PERE PAMPHILE DE VEUSLER, brother of Father Damien, has started upon a tour of the world for the purpose of collecting a fund to establish, in memory of his brother, an institution in which missionaries for the leper field may be taught to administer not only to the spiritual, but to the bodily wants, also, of their pitiable charges.

OLIVER AMES, the Governor of Massachusetts, is a medium-sized, well-built man, who has had great experience in public life. The Governor followed his brother, Oakes, in Congress, and has been twice re-elected to the office he now holds. He is one of the wealthiest men and best livers in New England. He has a fine house on Commonwealth avenue, and entertains handsomely.

THE wife of ex-Speaker Carlisle, who has just returned to her home in Covington, Ky., from a visit to an invalid son in the West, was the recipient after her arrival of a lovely gift from an admirer in Paris, France, a handsome mouchoir-case for embroidered handkerchiefs, especially designed and embroidered for her, and it is an exquisite piece of work, edged with real Valenciennes lace.

THE little cabin in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, once used by General Grant as headquarters, is going to ruin from neglect. Public sentiment, however, is aroused and steps will undoubtedly be taken to preserve it as a relic. It is the duty of the city to take care of the cabin, but if for any reason it fails to do so, George W. Childs has promised to have it put in good condition and cared for at his own expense.

TOO MEAN FOR ANYTHING.

Unlucky Use of Slang Gets a Pan-American Into Trouble.

From the New York Tribune.]

Senor X—I mention no name because the home of the young gentleman is not 100 miles from Valparaiso—Senor X, I say, had been engaged in earnest conversation all evening with the daughter of Judge G——, in the conservatory attached to the host's residence. She was a remarkably handsome young woman, extremely bright and clever in conversation, and with a charm of manner which seemed to hold the young diplomat a willing captive. In an evil moment Miss G—— touched upon the subject of slang. This seemed Senor X's forte. He had picked up half a dozen slang phrases on the steamer coming to this country and had added, since his arrival, perhaps as many more to his little collection. Small as it was, it outnumbered the sum total of his vocabulary of the rest of the language. Word led to word, one phrase to the other. There never seemed a happier pair. Then, suddenly, as if seized by an idea, the young foreigner exclaimed:

"Ah, Mees, you ha-ave a great deal of gall!"

If she had been struck in the face, if the ceiling had opened before her gaze, Miss G—— could not have looked more surprised. A sickly smile played about her lips as she turned her head. In vain did the young man, with a horrid grin on his countenance, try to explain that he meant to say she had a "great deal of go." She would listen to no explanation, but left him standing there and then, in search of her chaperone. The young man doesn't know to the present day what ailed the young woman. There is, however, at least one family in M——s to-day who think that all South Americans are ill-mannered boors and "no gentlemen," and one young woman, perhaps, who is of the opinion that they are all "too mean for anything."

ANOTHER COUNT CAPTURED.

A Detroit Beauty to Wed a Wealthy German Nobleman.

New York Herald Berlin Cable.]

The example set by Prince Hatzfeldt will find many imitators here. In no capital in Europe are the beauty and wit of American women so keenly appreciated as in Berlin. If to these attractions be added wealth, so much the better; but the fact that in the next marriage, which is to take place between a Prussian nobleman and an American heiress, money was but a secondary consideration will be hailed with delight on the other side of the Atlantic. It is certainly a love match, for, well off in this world's goods as the young lady is, her future husband is even better provided for in this respect.

The contracting parties are Count von Kleist and Miss Elizabeth Thompson, daughter of Mr. Thompson, of the Standard Oil Company and ex-Mayor of Detroit, where he married Miss Brush, of an old, honorable and wealthy American family. The Count, who is 26 years of age and one of the handsomest young men in a city which swarms with good-looking young officers, is, as a matter of course, in the army, and might have been seen riding with the staff during the recent great reviews given in honor of the Kaiser's imperial guest in the uniform of his regiment, the Twelfth Thuringian Hussars, to which he is attached as lieutenant of reserve. He is a Majoratsherr or inheritor, by right of primogeniture, of three large estates situated in three different States of the Empire, and is one of the richest proprietors in all Germany. The bride is only 19, and a beautiful blonde.

ALABAMA'S CARNEGIE.

An Unostentatious Magnate Who Ran Away to Marry His Wife.

From the New York Star.]

Mr. DeBardeleban is the Andrew Carnegie of Alabama, and the wealthiest man in the State. His wealth is variously estimated at from $4,000,000 to $40,000,000. He is at the head of almost half the iron companies of the Birmingham district. Not many years ago he was a farmer. By a clever business stroke he secured the now famous Pratt Coal Mines for a song, developed them, and then sold out to the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, making a cool million of dollars. Mr. DeBardeleban is just rounding 50. He wears a full gray beard, and perhaps no millionaire in the country is plainer in habits or so easy of approach.

Mr. DeBardeleban's favorite story is in regard to the manner in which he eloped with his wife and was robbed in the same way of his oldest daughter. Mr. DeBardeleban was poor when he ran away with and married the 15-year-old daughter of Judge Pratt, who was quite wealthy. The old Judge sent for him and said: "Henry, you've treated me mighty mean in this matter by stealing my daughter. Why, my boy, you could have had her for the asking. I don't know of anyone I'd rather have for a son-in-law." When Mr. DeBardeleban's oldest daughter reached the age of 16 she eloped with T. S. Brittle, a young lawyer with little money and a small practice. Mr. DeBardeleban sent for him and repeated almost the exact language Judge Pratt had used to him 17 years before. Mr. Brittle is now becoming a millionaire himself.

WHEN SISTER JEAN WAS MARRIED.

When sister Jean was married
The church was gay and green
With flowers and ferns we carried
To brighter make the scene.
A wedding bell was hanging
Above the altar rail,
And none might hear its clanging
Save she who wore the veil.
"The loveliest of flowers
Is just yourself," it said,
And petals fell in showers
When sister Jean was wed.

When sister Jean was married
The organ slowly played,
As if the music tarried
To keep her still a maid.
The women wept, and children
Fair summer roses flung,
And praises of her beauty
Came fast from every tongue.
"No maid was ever sweeter,
God bless your pretty head,"
The neighbors said to greet her,
When sister Jean was wed.

When sister Jean was married
The gallery was dark,
And in its darkest corner
Sat one she did not mark,
Who, while his heart was breaking,
Moved his wan lips in prayer
That her heart know no aching—
No taste of his despair;
And no prayer was so earnest
As that he softly said
Up in the gallery corner
When sister Jean was wed.

—*Phil. L. Barker in Inter Ocean.*

THE CRITIC'S REVIEW.

The Inventory of a Language—Difference Between the Old Lexicographers and the New—The Century's Historical Value—Sight of the Man Behind the Eye—A Story of Niagara—New Zealand After 50 Years, and Other Books.

"Get the best" is always an excellent piece of advice. Indeed, the main purpose of these Monday morning book talks is to let people know what the best is. The Critic writes not for the publishers, nor for the booksellers, but for the book buyers. This column is meant for busy men and women who have no time to waste over books which are dull and unprofitable, and not much leisure even for the task of selection; but who are glad to learn what the newest books are, what they are about, which ones are particularly worth reading, and in what Pittsburg bookstores they can be found.

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"Get the best" is an advice which the industry of the advertisers has especially connected with dictionaries. Whoever follows this advice to-day in the purchase of a dictionary will have small difficulty in choosing. The best work of that nature which is to be had in this country is published by the Century Company, of New York, and to be had in this city from H. Watts & Co., their agents.

The Century Dictionary costs money. That however, is one of the disadvantages which, in this imperfect state of civilization in which we live, attaches itself to nearly everything which is good. It is issued in 24 parts, at a cost of $2 50 a part. These parts can be put together afterward, if one wishes, into six volumes, but they are so tastefully and substantially bound that they make handsome books just as they are.

"A dictionary," Archbishop Trench said, "is the inventory of a language." A good dictionary includes all the words which are to be found in all the books of the language. It begins with the beginning of the national literature and comes down to the last word which has won a place in the daily papers. The older lexicographers started out with the intention of being literary reformers. They put in the words which they thought it would be well to have in the language, and left the others out. Later dictionaries have been truer to the inventory ideal. But even such a great work as the dictionary of the Philological Society quotes no scientific books, and so includes no technical words. The Century Dictionary includes everything. It is the first adequate inventory of the English language.

It not only includes all the words which are used in the "physical and mathematical sciences, and in the "mechanical arts and trades," but it is the first dictionary to give the sort of definition which an intelligent reader wants. It is an encyclopedia in brief. We have been for some years in the habit of using the word "berserker" as a dictionary test. Anybody who will look up berserker in Webster or Worcester and then in the Century Dictionary will find out more about the superiority of this latest venture in lexicography than could be stated in a hundred sentences.

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The *Century Magazine* from May to October, and *St. Nicholas* for the past year, from November, 1888, to November, 1889, come in handsome volumes, and are, as always, a feast to the eye and the mind alike. Any child who has been so unfortunate as to have missed reading *St. Nicholas* in the monthly numbers can have this deprivation made up by a Christmas present of these two beautiful volumes into which they have been bound. Here are Mrs. Burnett's "Little Saint Elizabeth," and Mrs. Catherwood's "Bells of Ste. Anne," and Mr. Harris' "Daddy Jake, the Runaway." Here are battles, and guns, and ships, brownies and legislators, history and poetry and fiction, dogs and ducks, sea-lions and shog-back panthers. The best makers of pictures and the best makers of literature are enlisted by *St. Nicholas* in the service of the boys and girls. A year's reading of this ideal young folks' magazine is an education in cultured and Christian manliness and womanliness.

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The *Century* comes bound in cloth of gold and is good gold all the way through. This latest volume is especially notable for the permanent value of its leading papers, and for the excellence of its pictures. The Lincoln history and the Siberia articles are undertakings which have no parallel in the history of periodical literature. The "Italian Art Masters," by Mr. Stillman and Mr. Cole, and the "English Cathedrals," by Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Pennell are most felicitous partnerships of pen and pencil. (H. Watts & Co.)

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A charming book, outside and in, is *A Rambler's Lease* ($1 25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; H. Watts & Co.). Mr. Bradford Torrey is an adept in the mysteries of "esoteric peripateticism." He is one of the people who know how to walk. The little book is a record of ramblings through woods and cornfields, along old roads and up and down New England hills. "It is not the eye that sees," says Mr. Torrey, citing an old truth whose applications are as wide as the sky. Not the eye, "but the man behind the eye." When the man is a botanist, or an ornithologist, he sees a good deal, but when he is a student and a poet as well as a naturalist, then he sees a hundred times as much, and is able to make us see it also.

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If rambler's leases were investments paying dividends in the kind of money which can be locked up in bank vaults, the novelist would be rich, indeed. Miss Yonge, for example, who already holds on rambler's leases, some of the most delightful places in England, has recently taken possession of the entire town of Cheddar. Cheddar is the town in which the good Miss Hannah More, after diligent search, was able to discover only one Bible, and that was used to hold a window open! The grandmother of *The Cunning Woman's Grandson* ($1.50. Thomas Whittaker) was an old witch, who lived in a cave and made a living by selling amulets and telling fortunes. Miss Hannah More and her sister start a school in Cheddar and persuade the dirty, ragged and heathen children into it, and make good men and women out of some of them. One whom the reformation touches is the cunning woman's grandson. Old Goody Lake, however, continues to be anything but "goody" to the end. Miss Yonge's latest book, like all its predecessors in the long series, is both interesting and profitable reading.

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Goody Lake professed to be quite intimate with the mysterious personage about whom the Rev. Dr. Edward H. Jewett has recently delivered a course of lectures. *Diabolology* ($1 50, Thomas Whittaker) is a study of the kingdom and person of Satan. The subject is approached from the orthodox point of view. The author believes in the devil. The theories which would dismiss the devil by explaining Bible texts as personifications of evil, or as accommodations to popular ignorance, he vigorously combats. He devotes a chapter to the petition in the Lord's prayer which the revisors read, "deliver us from the evil one." He denies that the Jews brought the idea of the devil back with them from the Babylonian captivity. The Persian religion, in which the devil has so large a place, was not brought into Babylonia until the captivity was nearly at an end, and then only as a court religion; indeed, the chief result of the captivity was to convert the Hebrews to their own creed. Henceforth they were vigorous monotheists. Dr. Jewett's book is a strong presentation of the traditional idea of the devil.

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The devil is the leading character of Mrs. Julia Ditts Young's novel, *Adrift; a Story of Niagara;* ($1 25; J. B. Lippincott Co.; H. Watts & Co.) His name is Marcy Forrister. He is a veritable incarnation of the adversary. Some minor measures of the evil spirit get into the hearts of several of the other characters. There are two quite unconnected stories running side by side throughout the plot. One is the story of Jerome and Diana, which is capitally done; the other is the story of Stephen and Bella, which is probably a fairly accurate diagnosis of a very unpleasant disease. The book is really not so trashy as its very suspicious title would lead one to suppose. But one is inclined to wonder a little what Mr. William Dean Howells, to whom it is inscribed, will think about it.

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The trouble between Bella and her husband was "incompatibility of temper;" they were like the man and wife whose versions of their marital unhappiness Daudet puts in parallel pages. He loved poetry; she loved accounts. Only in "Adrift" the cases were reversed. Marriage is pretty much a failure, according to Daudet, at least when one of the two is unfortunate enough to be a genius. "Geniuses," said Mrs. Carlyle, "are all very well; but they are terrible to live with!" This is the moral of *Wives of Men of Genius* (75 cents. Worthington Company; J. R. Weldin & Co.) The men of genius who figure in these sprightly sketches seem to have had more genius than judgment. They married in haste, and fulfilled the prophecy of the old proverb, by a repentance at leisure. The attractive pages are adorned with the usual little bits of pretty pictures, none of which are quite so commonplace as the one selected—for some occult reason—as frontispiece and decoration for the cover.

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Fifty years make more changes than any of the prophets can keep up with. Fifty years ago in New Zealand they had an ingenious system of land transfer which was both direct and effective. The register of deeds and the examiner of titles had no place in it. The prospective owner simply killed the previous occupant and ate him. To-day that cannibal island has all the advantages and disadvantages of "modern civilization." Out of the ground they dig a kind of gum which is brought into the United States and used in making varnish. Every year they freeze shipload after shipload of mutton which they send to England; and, after a two months' cruise "the most fastidious connoisseur" cannot tell but that this mutton was walking about only the day before as sheep. Mr. Edward Wakefield, in *New Zealand After Fifty Years* (Cassell & Co.: H. Watts & Co.), tells us just what we want to know about this growing colony, its history, its volcanoes, its plants and animals, its 600,000 Europeans and its 40,000 Maoris, its trade, its politics, and its prospects. There is an excellent map, and a good many unusually good pictures and an index.

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The transfer of property in this country does not, as a rule, involve the eating of either party by the other. It is, however, attended sometimes by a fleecing operation which is almost as bad. Mr. Warren discovered this historical fact, and, indeed, experienced the bitter side of it, in Frederick R. Sanford's *The Bursting of a Boom;* ($1 25; J. B. Lippincott Co., H. Watts & Co.) Mr. Warren, whose initials are M. H. W., and Miss Wade, whose initials are also M. H. W., exchange trunks in the confusion of the checking room. They meet afterward at a friend's house in the town where Warren is working up a real estate "boom." The boom fulfills the prophecy of the title, but the love affair, with a life-saving adventure for a crisis, comes out all right.

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The prettiest version of the old Cinderella myth is that which the Germans love, in which the heroine's name is Ashaputtel. The rat and pumpkin foolishness does not appear in this version. A little tree takes the place of the fairy godmother. The step sisters cut off, one her great toe, and the other her heel, to get their feet into the Prince's slipper. The little "Cinderella," which White & Allen publish, and J. R. Weldin & Co. have for sale, begins with a translation from the German, but speedily halts and picks up the mouse traps and the magic wand.

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It is not quite apparent why Mrs. Schereschewsky should have named her pretty story *Miss Ruby's Novel.* Miss Ruby could do everything which is good, except write a novel. This delightful little maiden lady goes to live in a tenement house, and brings with her such a flood of sunshine that the whole neighborhood is lighted up. The Flynns and O'Rourkes become quite other people than they were. It was a queer little idea which came into Miss Ruby's mind that she would write a novel, and one which should suggest "nothing but what is charming, elegant and refined." The wise Miss Ruby gives it up after awhile. Her life is the best kind of novel. A pretty little helpful, uplifting story. (Thomas Whittaker. 50 cents.)

OUR MAIL POUCH.

An Englishman's Impressions.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Having been attracted by an article headed "So English, You Know," in Sunday's DISPATCH, I cannot allow the misstatements in it to pass uncontradicted. I read that if a workingman in England was to become the owner of horses and good clothes his wages would be cut down. This is not so, and I speak with authority, as having associated with workingmen and been an employer of labor for many years. In England, as elsewhere, there are men of the improvident and ne'er do well class who prefer to lounge round the corners and drinking beer, instead of practicing habits of thrift and respectability, but these are counterbalanced by the steady and industrious artisans who respect themselves, their families and their country, and who in their hours of relaxation from labor dress well, and in very many instances employ a good share of their leisure moments by mentally and otherwise improving themselves.

To my mind it is not extraordinary or out of place for a workman in this country earning $18 per week to dress well, or, if his inclination leads that way, to possess a horse for his own use and amusement. As a matter of fact I knew a young workman in the old country, whose earnings at the time would not exceed $12 per week, owning a thoroughbred horse, purchased out of his savings and which he delighted in using.

During my six months traveling through this country, I have, with admiration, noticed the sturdy and manly independence of the laboring classes, and instead of finding fault with the wage earners for dressing well, I consider it very commendable and as Robert Burns says: "A man's a man for a' that," but he feels much more so if he is decently clad.

I will always have pleasant reminiscences of my travels through the States and my observations of the working classes, not among the least. I trust my insular prejudices remained behind me, when I left my native shores of England, so that when I meet anything worthy of praise, I may unstintingly give it.

JOHN CASSIDY, of Cheshire, England.
ALLEGHENY, November 16.

Farmers' Sons Who Become Famous.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

How many of the Presidents were born on the farm? Please name other prominent men who were farmers' sons. L.

VERONA, November 16.

[Washington, Adams, Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Buchanan, Lincoln and Garfield were all born on farms. Jay Gould was a country boy who came to town with a patent mousetrap. Henry Ward Beecher was a country boy who loved farm life all his days; William M. Evarts came from a farm in Vermont; Chauncey M. Depew used to run barefoot around Peekskill till Vanderbilt took a fancy to him. Russell Sage will never be anything but a countryman, if he lives in cities all his life; Whitelaw Reid is from Ohio, and was 30 years ridding his hair of hayseed; De Witt Talmage first expanded his lungs calling to an oxen team—he still looks country all over; Sunset Cox hoed potatoes as a lad on his father's farm near Zanesville, O. Abram S. Hewitt was a rosy country lad whose garments were made by the village seamstress when he first went to New York. Thomas C. Platt was born on a farm; so was L. M. Bates, who got his first commercial training in tending a cross-roads store. Addison Cammack was raised on a plantation; so was Tom Ochiltree. The list might be continued indefinitely.]

A Pittsburger's Railroad Scheme.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Having just read in your paper of November 11 an interview of Colonel James Andrews in regard to a "Railroad vs Canal Scheme," allow me to say that my father, G. W. Scott, who is an old Pittsburger, but now of Chicago, has been loud in his advocacy for ten years, of a distinctively freight railroad, from Chicago to New York, with cars carrying 100 tons or more each, thus obviating the necessity of elevators here holding grain for the opening of lake transportation. My father never tired in setting forth his views on this subject, in your city, Wheeling and Chicago. If there be any credit in advancing such improvements to the general public, I want him to get his share. Will you kindly give this a notice, as he is well known in your city. DAVID SCOTT.

CUMMINGS, ILL., November 15.

Two Kinds of Ballots.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

What is the tissue ballot and how is it manipulated as a fraud at elections? Also, what is the Australian system of voting? W.

FRANKLIN, November 15.

[Some years ago it was claimed that frauds were perpetrated in some of the Southern States by having ballots printed on thin paper and several of them thrust into the box at a time, the voter folding them in with the regular ballot. In the Australian system the names of all the candidates are printed on one ballot, and the voter marks a cross opposite the names of those he wishes to vote for. Booths are provided, so that the voter can do his marking in secret.]

A Problem in Poker.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Please ancer the Folleing A and. B ar plaing a game of poker A. bets and B calls. A says 2 pars B. says 3 Kings. A says thats good and then he. A. says no I have a full hand. Witch Wins A. or B

Ancer and Oblige a reader SDC

UNIONTOWN, November 16.

[A should have stated exactly what he had. His failure to do so, causing B to expose his hand, makes the latter the winner.]

Yes, Twice.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Has the present Governor of Ohio been defeated for that office twice? M.

MONROE, PA., November 15.

HOW IT WAS STOLEN.

The Way the President's Message Was Once Made an Article of Commerce—It Doesn't Go Out Now Until Read in Congress.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, November 17.—Notwithstanding the statements to the contrary which have been telegraphed over the country, no arrangements have been made by the President or Private Secretary Halford for the distribution of the President's annual message on the day when it is sent to Congress. The stories that the President has determined that it shall not be given out a minute in advance of the time when it is read to Congress are fabrications, or so Mr. Halford assures me. The President has a natural and commendable anxiety about the simultaneous publication of his message throughout the United States. Its widest circulation is obtained through simultaneous publication. Even so important a document as this would be in danger of neglect by publishers if discrimination, accidental or intentional, should be shown in its distribution. Every year, as newspapers have grown more enterprising and more eager in competition with each other, greater safeguards have been thrown about the President's message and the reports of the heads of departments.

Mailed Under a Pledge.

At one time copies of the President's message were mailed to the newspapers direct under pledge given by the Press Associations that they would not be published until released by telegraphic message from this city. Many of the department reports are sent now in that way. With these reports there is an advantage to be gained by adopting this system, for the editor who is given an opportunity to make a full and early synopsis and to prepare editorial comment on it for the same edition of the paper will give more attention and more space to a report than he would give if he had to handle a synopsis received at a late hour by telegraph through one of the Press Associations.

When it was distributed direct to the newspapers they waited only for the message to come from the Press Associations, "Release the President's Message." In two seconds the wrapping has been torn from the copy of the message; in two more it was in the hands of the foreman of the composing room being cut into short "takes." Every printer's case was filled; every printer was on his mettle. It was a race against time; an application of the principles of modern mechanics in their most ingenious form to the dissemination among the people of a nation of the thoughts and ideas of their Chief Executive.

A Secret Printing Office.

In 1877 the first message of President Hayes was distributed throughout the country on this system. The report of John Sherman, the Secretary of the Treasury, had been prepared at about the same time and circulated in the same way. Down in the basement of the Treasury Department is a printing press and a small composing room. There are set up and printed the circulars sent out by the Secretary of the Treasury and his assistants. There, in Mr. Sherman's time, were printed the bond calls issued from time to time. The printing office was a secret institution.

The printers and the pressmen were pledged to secrecy, for the premature publication of the Secretary's designs meant a great deal in financial circles. It was thought that it would be much safer to entrust the printing of the advance copies of the Secretary's report to his own printing office and, after some discussion, it was determined that the President's message should also be printed there. Every ordinary precaution was taken to prevent "leakage," and it was thought the message was quite safe. Copies were struck off for the Press Associations and mailed under the usual injunction and pledge to all of the daily papers taking the press reports. Copies of the Secretary's report, which was of as much news value as the message, were sent out in the same way. But the precautions taken by the Secretary in regard to these two documents were not sufficient.

How It was Stolen.

There was in the employ of the Treasury Department a printer who saw in the possession of these documents a possible profit for himself—dishonest but desirable. He entered into negotiations, therefore, through several intermediaries, for the sale of the message and the report to a well-known newspaper correspondent, now doorkeeper of the press gallery of the United States Senate. The message was to be given out in a day or two. There was little time to be lost. Communication was opened with the principal newspapers in the largest cities in the United States.

The agreement called for the transmission of the entire report by telegraph on the night prior to the day on which it was to be read to Congress. The report contained about 14,000 words. Arrangements were made in advance with the manager of the Western Union Company for the handling of this enormous "special" and a number of day operators were quietly told that they would be wanted for extra work that night. The copy of the President's message was delivered into the hands of the correspondent at the appointed time. He went with it to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Before midnight the whole of the message had been transmitted, the sheets had been stitched together again and the book was ready to be returned to the Treasury vault, from which it had been taken.

Went to the President.

In the meantime the manager of the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press, Walter P. Phillips, now general manager of the United Press, had heard, through some mysterious channel, that the message was in the hands of the special correspondents and was being sent out. He went immediately to the Executive Mansion. President Hayes was called out of bed and informed of what was going on. It was impossible, he said, for the message to have leaked out. Mr. Phillips assured him that it had and that it would be published all over the country the next morning. He asked the President's permission to release the message 12 hours earlier than the time agreed upon. The President would not consent to this. He said he did not think it would be right to release the message until it had been read to Congress. Mr. Phillips returned to his office and sent out a message to all editors telling them that the message was being sent to certain newspapers, but that the President refused to release it, and therefore the hands of the Associated Press were tied. Then he went to bed.

The next morning the message was published in various parts of the country seven or eight hours before it was sent to Congress. The schemes of the Washington correspondent who planned the whole affair, failed in only one particular.

A Report Also Stolen.

The report of the Secretary was stolen also and sold to a syndicate. Secretary Sherman was told that the report was out but he refused to believe it, and again the Press Association were helpless. The following day when the report appeared in the newspapers the Secretary set on foot a thorough investigation which resulted in placing the responsibility for the theft, and the thief was promptly discharged. After his experience with his first message President Hayes inaugurated a new system. The copies of the message were sent to Collectors of Internal Revenue, and postmasters in different towns with instructions to deliver them, on receipt of a release message, to the newspapers. This scheme worked fairly well.

Of recent years, though, the Chief Executive has recognized the danger of putting the message in type so long before the meeting of Congress, and this scheme has also been abandoned. It was President Cleveland's custom to send copies of his message, in charge of a special messenger, to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, to be delivered to the newspapers by the postmasters of those cities on receipt of a release message from the President's private secretary. A copy of the message was delivered to the representatives of each Press Association in this city at the moment of the release. O'BRIEN-BAIN.

One of Sherman's Traits.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Senator Sherman declines to discuss the result of the Ohio election. One of the things for which this eminent statesman is most admired is his habit of never talking when there is nothing to say.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Dr. Wilson, of Ottawa.

OTTAWA, ONT., November 17.—The intelligence of the sudden death in New York of Dr. Wilson, Law Clerk of the Dominion House of Commons, has created general regret here. Dr. Wilson was universally respected. He left Ottawa on Friday afternoon for New York, accompanied by his daughter, whom he proposed to place in a training school for nurses. Dr. Wilson suffered from heart trouble for several years past. He became suddenly ill on the street in New York last night and was taken to a station house, where he died. Although a physician, the deceased never practiced medicine. Heart disease caused his death.

Mrs. Alice J. Bruner.

Mrs. Alice J. Bruner, of Millerstown, Butler county, died suddenly in Philadelphia, Saturday morning, November 16. Mrs. Bruner, formerly Miss Alice J. Jackson, was a successful teacher for many years in the Forbes School, Pittsburg.

GOOD AS WELL AS GREAT.

Yesterday's 20-Page Dispatch Filled With Choice Reading Matter.

The great triple number of THE DISPATCH, published yesterday, contained all the news, in its most interesting form, and scores of literary articles of great excellence. It cost but 5 cents, yet many a $5 volume contains far less that is worthy of careful perusal. The unsurpassed facilities of THE DISPATCH for obtaining all the news and its specially engaged corps of talented writers, who are regular contributors, serve to make these mammoth editions veritable cyclopedias of wholesome, entertaining and useful information.

I.

The latest news from Brazil confirms the report of a revolution. A Republican Government has been organized and officers chosen. Emperor William and the Empress returned home Saturday and were warmly greeted. There has been great excitement in Glasgow over the pig iron market. A scarcity of Cleveland iron has sent the price up to a high figure. There are more labor troubles in London. Bismarck's diplomacy will probably result in the reinstatement of Russian control in Bulgaria. The mother of Charles Stewart Parnell is distressingly poor.

The Federal Steel Company has been organized in Cleveland. Pittsburgers are interested in it. State politics were interestingly discussed by a Philadelphia correspondent. A romantic story of a poor entomologist, who once received a hundred lashes, and his rise to wealth and influence, comes from San Francisco. In the Cronin trial the defense has begun introducing testimony. The Treasury Department has information of hundreds of laborers imported from Canada to work in the United States. The Cuban strike has developed a sensation and the islanders have protested to Secretary Blaine against the actions of the Spanish Consul there. A woman is on trial in Waterville, Me., for treating her brother like a dog, keeping him in a pen and compelling him to work in harness.

II.

Southsiders complain that the Beck's run schindery pollutes their water supply. Al Carlisle, of Ohio, talked of the political situation in his State. A Belgian glass manufacturer gave some information that will interest those connected with that industry. The latest phases of the Mayoralty contest were discussed. W. G. Johnston has presented the city a portrait of William Pitt. Aldermen Callen, Maneese and Doughty have been found guilty of the charges against them.

Rumors are current that there is a break in the Baseball Brotherhood. Peter Priddy defeated E. C. McClelland in the local mile race. The contest was an exciting one. The sporting news and the review were as complete and interesting as usual.

III.

Parts second and third (pages 9 to 20) included the usual number of literary contributions, the regular departments, the continuation of Prof. Ebers' "Joshua," and other excellent features. Julia Ward Howe contributed a paper on woman's advancement. George W. Williams wrote of the "Opening of Africa." James A. Wakefield sketched the life of Sam Houston, the Texas hero. Wales described the police patrol system of the city, and Bresan the night schools. Henry La Luberne gave an interesting account of Dr. Brown-Sequard's experiments with the so-called elixir of life. Frank G. Carpenter explained some of the mysteries of Chinese cookery. M. Hungerford pictures peasant life in Ireland. Henry Haynie gave some graphic Parisian views. A detective story entitled "The Silver Locket," and Heinrichs' fairy tale were among the choice fiction. Other contributors of bright papers were W. A. Hoy, M. M. Dilke, Rev. George Hodges, Searight, William S. Walsh, Clara Belle, Benjamin Northrop, Edgar L. Wakeman, A. M. H., Falkirk, A Clergyman, F. A. Bassett, Morton and R. W. Shoppell.

GLASSWARE BY MACHINERY.

A Novelty in Blowing Introduced at the Ellenville, N. Y., Works.

From the New York Times.]

The manufacture of glassware by machinery on a permanent scale is now for the first time undertaken in this country at the long-idle Ellenville Glass Works, in the neighboring village of that name. It is known that the operative glass blowers of the country are organized in compact and powerful labor unions that are practically enabled to dictate terms in matters of wages and shop regulations to the manufacturers, and it is also known the manufacturers are restive under what they allege to be the unreasonable and unjust exactions of the labor unions, and have been casting about for some measure of relief.

When it was reported that a machine for blowing glass bottles had been invented and successfully worked in England, a syndicate of American glass manufacturers was formed with the view of introducing the machines in this country, and one of the members was sent over there to examine and report upon the merits of the invention. His report was so favorable that an experimental machine was brought over and set at work at the Ellenville Glass Works, where it is now running.

The machine as now fitted up will blow quart bottles only. It is operated by a man and boy, and is very simple of construction. It consists of an iron upright, around which revolves arms fitted with molds for shaping the glass. A pipe supplied with a current of air and readily manipulated by the operator does the work of blowing. The machine is operated with astonishing celerity, and is said to be capable of turning off 100 dozen of perfect bottles a day.

OXEN EDUCATED IN GERMAN.

A Pair of Animals That are Pining for a Teutonic Driver.

From the New York Sun.]

A team of German oxen are pining for a Teutonic driver up at Greenfield Hill, Greenwich, Conn., on the farm of Miss Agnes Murray, popularly known as "Lady Agnes." The owner of the oxen called at the labor bureau at Castle Garden yesterday, and asked Agent Godde for a German farm hand. Mr. Godde said they were pretty scarce, but that she could have a laborer of some other nationality.

"But I must have a German," the woman said, "as my oxen do not understand English. They have always had a German driver, and I'm sure they wouldn't know which way to move if requested to 'gee' or 'haw' in the usual American way." Agent Godde said he feared that the oxen would have to be taught the United States dialect, including its persuasive idioms, by which our oxen are guided.

TRI-STATE TRIFLES.

J. F. LEWIS killed a large bear near Addison hammock, southwest of Landisburg, Pa., Monday of last week. He was out deer stalking at the time, and suddenly he found three bears eyeing him in a peculiar manner. One he killed the first shot and the other two disappeared quickly in the tall scrub.

A FARMER near Nevada, O., heard a rap at his door, and opening it saw the apparition of Martin Weidemire, who committed suicide by hanging November 4. He asked what was wanted, but the ghost would not answer, and beckoned him to come out. He went in the house, and closing the door seated himself, thinking of what had just occurred, and of the meaning of such a strange visit. A loud rap again called him to the door. Forgetting for a moment his late visitor he obeyed the summons, when a sight met his eye that froze him to the spot. The atmosphere was lighted with a strange light for a distance up and down the road, and a funeral procession exactly like the one attending the funeral of his late neighbor was passing his house, only it was going away from the graveyard instead of toward it. For a few moments his eyes were riveted on the strange scene, and in another moment all had vanished. There had been much wrangling over the location of the suicide's grave, and friends had been talking of having the body disinterred and buried in another place.

SOME Wheeling boys put up a job on a user of the weed, concealing a piece of soap in the plug. The tobacco chewer masticated some of the compound and was sick for two days.

BY a mistake a Norristown liveryman sent a hearse and carriage to a house of mourning a day ahead of the funeral.

THE Lancaster police, unable to fix any crime on a suspicious character arrested there, bought a railroad ticket with the money found on him and shipped him out of town.

WITH a view of testing a new tooth pulling machine which he was about to purchase a Williamsport dentist allowed himself to be operated upon, and the lower part of his face was nearly torn away.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—At a wedding in Birmingham, Ala., one of the lady guests stole a watch, diamonds and money.

—Lorenzo D. Teter and Gertrude S. Harp, students of the Des Moines College, have been expelled because they eloped and got married.

—At Cincinnati a horse backed over the bank and fell down a declivity of 100 feet, dragging his cart and driver with him. The driver did not get into the water, but the horse plunged into the river and swam across to Covington, detaching the vehicle from him in midstream.

—A sign that is attracting hundreds of people to where it hangs, on a carpenter shop, in Paterson, N. J., reads: "Coffins made and repaired. Extra strong ones for country people." The old man who owns the establishment has his own coffin on hand. It is made of pine wood, and is covered with a neat pattern of wallpaper.

—A certain young lady in Cincinnati is sorry she bet on Foraker. She agreed to wheel her sweetheart about town in a wheelbarrow at noontime in case she lost, and now in the horrible reality of the thing the gentleman has consented to allow the performance to take place at 4 o'clock in the morning when the streets are not so crowded.

—Living within 2½ miles of Mattapoisett, Mass., where all were born, are 9 brothers and sisters named Bolles, who range in age from 69 to 88 years. Altogether there were 12 children, but 3 died, 1 at the age of 62, another at the age of 60, and the third when he was 35. The mother lived to be a nonagenarian. The father died in his 58th year.

—John Benson, a Rice county (Minn.) farmer, performed a most remarkable feat on a lake two miles north of Faribault recently. On looking out of his window he saw a bevy of wild ducks trying to extricate themselves from the ice which had frozen about their legs during the night. Seizing a corn-cutter, he rushed to the lake and clipped off the heads of 154 of them.

—A supernatural visitant, described as a white figure in human shape of unusual height, which stalks through the woods at night, bearing in its right hand a flaming torch and in its left a black banner emblazoned with skull and crossbones, is reported to have been seen in Crenshaw county, Ala. His ghostship is said to make his appearance every night at 10 o'clock, emerging from a cavern in a side hill at the eastern extremity of the woods, and traversing westerly until he disappears in the dense pine forest.

—Mr. Henry Caby, whose real name is Kish-ka-ko, lives up in Arenac county, Mich., is a great grandson of an Indian chief of the same name, and he sets up a claim that in 1819 his royal ancestor was, by treaty with the Government, given sections 28 and 29, on which much of the most valuable part of Bay City stands, and now his lawyers propose to get the land for him or get the money value thereof. It is alleged that the treaty records show no further disposition of the land has ever been authorized since the treaty of 1819.

—A new gambling arrangement has come into vogue in Cincinnati. It is in the shape of a miniature race track with automatic horses and jockey attachments—the outfit being the same as you see at any race track with the exception that it is made of tin instead of flesh and blood. There are four horses. By turning a crank the horses are made to go round and round, the race becomes exciting and the outcome is, of course, in doubt. One of the machines is in a Vine street eating house. One young man raked in a $40 pot on the brown horse the other evening.

—A stream near Benton, Tenn., is said to be full of phantom fish. Standing on the rocks and looking down into the water the eye can see hundreds of trout, some of them remarkably large, darting about the pools or resting with the gentle motion peculiar to their tribe. The angler casts his line in one of these pools literally swarming with fish, to all appearances, and no matter how attractive the fly or how skillful the fisherman he never gets a bite. As plentiful as they seem to be no one has ever yet been able to catch a trout in that stream. The fish pay no attention to the hook or line, and when the bait is thrown at them, or an attempt is made to spear them, the instrument has the appearance of passing through the fish, but he is not caught; when the barb or spear is removed he is still there.

—The exquisite American Beauty, which, so says a florist, is the most popular and best selling rose in all the market, has a pleasing little history of its own. In the first place, it is the only new variety of rose that America has given to the world. France and England have produced nearly all the cultivated varieties. America but this incomparable one. Curiously enough, too, the flower was not the result of cultivation. Without waiting to have its advent into the world encouraged by the coaxing processes of hybridization, this sturdy floral exponent of American enterprise was found one morning, perfect in form and color, exquisite in fragrance, on a scrubby little bush in the garden of a Washington gentleman. Its unusual beauty attracted the immediate attention of flower lovers, but when classification was attempted no variety was found to include the new specimen. How it was produced has never been ascertained. Some happy cross between two especially adapted varieties, and that cross the result of chance, probably originated this marvelous and perfect variety of the rose. Loyal to our American genius, it is emphatically self-made.

—John Thomas Heslop, of Birmingham, England, is a lad whose powers of vision are to be accounted among the marvelous. He is known as "the living microscope" on account of being able to see the most minute objects clearly defined. In 1878 or 1879 he was attacked with some baffling eye trouble, and came very near losing his sight forever. After the disease had reached its worst there was an instant and startling change for the better. When his sight returned it was with extraordinary increased powers of vision. To John Thomas the most minute plant louse was as large as a rabbit, and the mosquito's bill as large as an ax handle. He could see and describe distant minute objects with startling clearness and precision. He was amazingly shocked upon repairing to the well to get a cooling draught to see the immense number of hideous creatures that were floating, fighting, and wriggling about in the water. From that day to this water has never passed the lips of John Thomas Heslop; his drinks consist wholly of coffee, tea and milk, thoroughly boiled. The doctors say that the entire organization of the eye has undergone a structural change; that the cornea has become abnormally enlarged, and that the crystalline lens have divided into three different disks or circles, each circle surrounded by another of light blue.

CLIPPED BITS OF WIT.

Captain (anxiously)—Confound it; I wish I could get a second mate.

Fair Widow—How would I do?—*Ocean.*

He—Well, you know, I judge others by myself.

She—Yes, but isn't that a rather low standard of judgment?—*Boston Transcript.*

A man, desiring to have a pet dog licensed, facetiously asked the clerk if the dog had to make a personal application.

"No," was the reply. "You, as next of kin, can take out the papers."—*New York Ledger.*

Braggs—This is a little late for you to be out, isn't it, Peck? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?

Mr. N. Peck—I hope she will. She can fling things pretty straight, though.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Yabsley—These novelists make me tired. The idea of a "withering glance!" As if anyone could be withered by a mere look.

Wickwire—You are young yet, Yabsley. You never stepped on your wife's train at a ball.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The days will come,
The days will go,
Till the end of life's endeavor,
Yet woman's tongue
Will know no whoa,
It is bound to run forever.
—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Benks—Are you going to see Molcini, the famous actor, to-night?

Dobson—No, sir.

Benks—Why not?

Dobson—It costs too much. I paid $60 for seeing an actor last week.

Benks—How was that?

Dobson—He held four aces.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Rural Minister—None of the brothers whose duty it is to pass the plate are here to-day. Would you object to taking up the collection?

Modest Worshiper—I never passed the plate in church in my life, and I'm afraid I'd be rather awkward.

"Oh, never mind about that. It won't be noticed. Most of my congregation become absorbed in their hymn book about the time the plate goes round."—*New York Weekly.*

Blinks—What? Can't keep your engagement with me?

Jinks (sadly)—No, I can't. I was drawn on a jury this week, and couldn't get out of it.

"Did you try?"

"Indeed I did. I did my best to make myself out to be a hopeless ignoramus, but they wouldn't let me go."

"Great Scott, man! The way to escape jury duty is to act as if you know something."—*New York Weekly.*