The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 44, No. 316.—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 48, Tribune Building, New York.

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, FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1889.

A BLOW AT THE LOBBY.

Who has a good word to say publicly and in honesty for the lobbyist? No one. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, had not the hardihood to defend lobbying, though he threw cold water on the effort made in the Senate yesterday to investigate a part of the lobby's work. But the Senate had a virtuous fit yesterday, and it passed Senator Chandler's resolution calling for an inquiry into the lobby which has undertaken to get a bill increasing the pay of naval officers through Congress.

The debate on this motion was decidedly interesting. Senator Chandler as an ex-Secretary of the Navy may be presumed to know what is for the good of the officers in that department. He does not say that an increase of pay would do those officers harm, but he very plainly states that a lobby which demands from those officers a retaining fee of $5 apiece and a contract to hand over 10 per cent of the increase in pay—if procured—deserves to be paralyzed by the light of publicity. We must say that we agree with Senator Chandler. The lobby is badly scotched now; investigation will kill it.

At the same time Senator Butler's suggestion that there are other lobbies, and in the last dozen years there have been any number of them, which have no more right to existence than this one which Paymaster Cowie and Attorney John H. Thomas are conducting. The whole network of lobbying which surrounds the Capitol at Washington, and which leaves its impress each year on the legislation of Congress, and which is responsible for killing many good laws—these iniquitous combinations of men who occupy a mysterious station and live remarkably comfortably, though, as Senator Ingalls said yesterday, "they toil not, neither do they spin," apparently, ought to be swept away. But we fear Congress, in neither branch, has not yet reached the pitch of moral courage which would impel them to such a wholesale reform. For the present it is good to hear that several Senators have openly declared their opposition to lobbyism.

CHRISTMAS WEATHER.

What will become of the traditions of St. Nick if this sort of weather keep up for a few days longer? Yesterday was bright and balmy as though it were early spring, not midwinter. The remarkable season when New Year's Day witnessed a numerously attended pic-nic at one of the groves in the East Liberty suburb is so far rivaled, if not surpassed, in extraordinary mildness.

Whatever fancies people have for the traditional—however much they love to talk of the good old days when at Christmas the snow covered the earth like a mantle, and sleigh-bells rang out upon frosty air, and Kris Kringle was furnished to hand with the properties and scenic accessories for his stormy night ride among the chimney-tops, it still remains that the present weather is the more delightful of the two varieties. There is of course, the frequent objection that it brings sickness; but that has never been clearly proved. The bright, cheerful and moderately warm air, doubtless, does tempt people in some cases to carelessness which results in danger to health—but it is not fair to blame the weather for that.

To the thousands who throng our streets and stores, on shopping bent, the dispensation of blue skies, balmy atmosphere and genial sunshine, is a blessed boon.

AN UNNECESSARY EFFORT.

The characteristic and purpose of the Glass Trust or combination, which is located this time in New York, is declared to be "not to raise prices or to lower wages but to regulate both in the interest of the capitalist, the laborer and the consumer."

This is the very general purpose of trusts nowadays. None of them would raise prices—at least unduly—and all of them are intended to deal out exact justice as between capitalist, laborer and consumer—if we swallow their professions. But the fact remains that the laborer and consumer are never represented in the trust and if the latter does not give the capitalist an increased share of the production its certificates presently take a tumble and the trust goes to pieces. The Cottonseed Oil Trust was not raising prices unduly according to its views; but since it proved unable to choke off competition cottonseed oil has declined to a little over half the former prices and to fall back on an old adage "the trust is bust."

The idea of a trust to regulate prices and wages in the interest of the capitalist, the laborer and the consumer" is especially unique, inasmuch as that is just what is done under the competition which it is the object of a combination to prevent. Under competition if capital gains higher profits than capital elsewhere can, other capital flows in to take its place; if labor gets higher wages, other laborers learn the trade, or if the consumers get lower prices in proportion to the real cost of production, increased demand follows and sustains prices. The opposite result follows the opposite cause; with the result that the truest distribution of the rewards of industry is always secured under free competition. To propose to accomplish this result by combination is like proposing to abolish the force of gravitation in order to be sure that the water will seek its own level.

The glass combination which is probably apocryphal, so far as New York is concerned, would if successful only amount to a premium on putting up new glass factories. But as to combinations in general, it is worth while to remember that they are organized by capital for the sole purpose of increasing the share which that capital gets out of the returns of industry.

WORTHY OF THEIR BEST EFFORTS.

The American Club has done well in taking up the ship canal project, and the political clubs of the State, Republican and Democratic, cannot do better than by following the example. Politics is not wholly the science of office getting. It is well to remember that, and particularly well for the young and active men who join political clubs with a creditable ambition to have a part in shaping public affairs. The development of the resources of the communities to which they belong by enterprising, progressive policy is a proper function for their best mental activities. They will deserve better of the public by giving due importance to objects coming under this head than by devoting themselves wholly to furthering the interests of leaders or being concerned merely in the distribution of office.

What is true of the political clubs is equally true of the leaders of State and national fame and influence. When the remembrance of the ordinary victories or defeats incident to the management and to the conflict of parties shall have passed away it would be with lasting pride that they might point to some great work undertaken and accomplished by their efforts, whose benefits would be felt by the people for generations to come.

The ship canal from Lake Erie to the Ohio is a project which bears just such relation in its importance to Western, Northern, and Middle Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio—in fact, to all the territory which has this city for its industrial center. It is not a partisan question, nor is it the hobby of any one leader at present; but it is an enterprise big and vast enough in its beneficial consequences to win immense and lasting credit for the party and for the leaders who carry it through. There is room for everyone in the work. By a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, the canal will be built. Nothing will give greater satisfaction to the people than to see Senators Quay and Cameron, Congressmen Bayne and Dalzell, and every other Congressman and politician of ability and influence in the State, giving harmoniously their most determined efforts to make the programme a success.

The signs of interest and appreciation so far are deeply gratifying. Whenever the men in politics take hold of the matter with the spirit which they infuse into their other political engagements, the canal will be provided for. They have the power; and when they move, they will have also the backing of all the business interests.

FAMINE IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

In one section of this State a very distressing result of the open winter is apparent. The coal mines in Northumberland county are closed down, owing to the slack demand for coal, and thousands of miners are out of work. The trouble is unhappily very likely to extend and to be brought nearer home to Pittsburg. The open winter which was a blessing to the poor in our great cities last year began to work the impoverishment of the coal miners, and the repetition of the same unusual climatic conditions this year promises to complete their undoing.

The situation in the coal mining district of Northumberland, as represented by THE DISPATCH'S correspondent, is very piteous and not wanting in dangerous features. The starving families of the miners out of work are in desperate straits, and the fact that so many of the most ignorant and lawless class of immigrants are among the sufferers renders a violent outbreak likely. Substantial assistance should be rendered to the starving at once. It ought not to be said that at a time when Pennsylvania is enjoying a wonderful prosperity she will permit anyone within her borders to die of hunger.

We notice that many of the Hungarian and Italian miners have returned to their native lands. For their own sakes, and the sake of laboring men in general, it would have been better if they had never left home.

A POLICEMAN'S WHOLE DUTY.

The other day, an English judge, Mr. Justice Wills, said from the bench: "The police ought to be as keen to protect innocent persons as to attack the possibly guilty." This is no new thing; it is one of the primal truths that is so old that a good many people have forgotten it. Do policemen in general keep it in mind? We fear they do not. It is not the custom, officially to impress the policeman with the necessity of protecting the innocent. He is told to watch a certain district; to keep malefactors from committing crime and to capture those who break the law. A premium is put upon this part of his duty. The policeman who makes the most arrests, and has the most cases, is officially adjudged to be the best officer. But very seldom do his superior officers tell him to protect the innocent. The innocent are not commended to the policeman's care.

The result of this system is that the odd spectacle of a policeman bewailing the escape of an innocent man is sometimes presented. Every time a policeman makes an arrest he is went to consider it his duty to prove his prisoner guilty. If the evidence is open to reasonable doubt and the prisoner is discharged, we are afraid, the arresting officer usually feels that he has suffered a defeat. He has not in reality, unless his arrest of the acquitted man has been malicious or unnecessary.

The practice of computing a policeman's efficiency by the number of arrests he makes or cases he carries to court is not righteous. It is distinctly subversive of the proper comprehension of duty in the policeman. When will it be abolished?

CONSULAR HUMOR SUPPRESSED.

We protest, and we are sure the whole country will protest, against Congressman Turner's curtailing the supply of our national humorous literature. Mr. Turner comes from Kansas, but he must not go too far. Some time ago he procured the appointment of a relative, R. W. Turner, to the Consulate at Cadiz, and the Senate confirmed it yesterday. The act of Congressman Turner of which we complain consisted in procuring the suppression of his namesake's first Consulate report from Cadiz. This act, as he acknowledged, deprived the whole country of several hearty laughs.

It appears that Consul Turner carried his Kansas habit of plain speech with him to Cadiz. That ancient and famous seaport of Spain, and the descendants of the Phoenicians and Castilians, the merchants who opened up the first trade with America, and other ancestors renowned in song and story, struck him as being more picturesque than cleanly. He said so in his report to the State Department, and a good many other things more truthful than polite, more humorous than diplomatic. There have been Consuls before who relieved the tedium of trade statistics and humdrum routine with excursions into criticism and anecdote. Their contributions to the great white paper spoiling establishment, the Government Printing Office, have been a source of joy to the plain folk at home who have not the "pull" to go abroad at the nation's expense. From the meager description of Consul Turner's report we should imagine that it would have been a formidable rival for pure, bubbling fun, of Mark Twain's latest book. And yet Congressman Turner quietly and selfishly robs the country of this immense treat. We appeal to Secretary Blaine to protect and foster the unique literature of his department.

THE Pittsburg police authorities have a romance on their hands and don't know what to do about it. The heroine, who has left her husband, defends her course on the ground that he is uneducated, while she is an accomplished linguist. She was probably tired of a man who was unable to appreciate her avowals of affection when uttered in Greek and Latin.

JOHN GRASS, a Sioux Indian, one of fifty who had audience with President Harrison in the White House yesterday, told Mr. Harrison that his was not a scalping visit but a friendly call. That must have relieved the President immensely, for most of his callers are looking for scalps these days.

THE champion inventor, Mr. Keely, of Philadelphia, has obtained the usual extension of time for the production of his motor. His latest discovery is a "provisional engine," which stockholders in the Keely company do not doubt *will* be a success. Mr. Keely's gall is the greatest engine for getting provisions—that is "provisional"—ever found.

A PHILADELPHIA newspaper wants to know if "hell is a place." Philadelphia is a place in summer, which is often compared to the locality about which the inquiry is now made.

OUR esteemed cotemporary, the New York *World*, is in error when it says that the Pan-American delegates have learned nothing about our manufacturing capacity which they might not have learned without coming hither at all. They could not have gained or grasped a proper idea of Pittsburg's manufactures without seeing them.

THE Philadelphia *Record* thinks the coming influenza should be able to gag the "speak-easies" here. No—influenza is likely to make low or easy speaking fashionable.

OCEAN burials are now being advocated in New York on sanitary and economic grounds. Its strongest argument to Gothamites will be in the probability that when great men are buried in the sea there will be no appeals for funds to erect monuments over their ashes. But, perhaps, New Yorkers like to pay for monuments.

CONGRESSMAN DALZELL'S remark, "Let it rest!" is the best way of disposing of the postoffice controversy.

ONE thing is pretty certain about James B. Allen, who committed suicide at Merchantville the other day because a servant girl declined to love him. Mr. Allen was a vain man or he would not have added to his signature in his farewell note to the implacable fair, "formerly assistant mail deliverer, Washington, D.C."

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

SECRETARY and Mrs. Blaine returned to Washington yesterday afternoon from New York.

MISS JANE FULLER, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller, has been elected President of one of the prettiest little charities of the capital city. It is the Children's Christmas Club.

A NUMBER of prominent English writers are gathering literary materials in remote localities. Rider Haggard has gone to Asia Minor, Robert Louis Stevenson is in the South Seas and Sir Edwin Arnold is between here and India.

PATTI has become very much disgusted with Chicago on various accounts. One of her chief grievances is that the critics there pay more attention to her hair than to her voice, and her voice is giving way, owing to the horrible coal smoke.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES will not follow in the footsteps of Tennyson and Browning and publish a volume of poems in his old age. He has not given up his literary pursuits, but it is said that he now destroys whatever he writes. This is modest but not wise. His muse is still young, whatever may be his age.

HADJI HASSEIN KHOOLY KAHN, late Persian Minister to this country, returned to Teheran with the Shah. The latter was anxious to have Hassein return to Washington, but the sensitive victim of American humor boldly refused to obey the behest of the King of Kings. This country is now pegging along without a Persian Minister.

HARRISON AND THE BRAVES.

The President Called on by Fifty Sioux Indians on a Peaceful Mission.

WASHINGTON, December 19.—The President gave a reception this afternoon to the delegation of Sioux Indians now on a visit to the city. There were about 50 of them present, in charge of Messrs. Foster, Warner and Crook, of the Sioux Commission. The reception was held in the East Room, and was witnessed by Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. McKee, Dr. Scott, Postmaster General Wanamaker and others. Senator Warner presented the Indians, saying that it was merely a social call, the Indians wishing to show the Great Father what manner of men they were. He then introduced John Grass, of Standing Rock agency, who made a good-natured speech to the President, in the course of which he remarked, with quiet humor, that this was not a scalping visit, but merely a friendly call. His tribe, he said, had never been visited by such a good commission, so ready and willing to point out matters to the Indians. His people would like, among other things, a boundary line for their reservation, and better schools for their children.

Another Indian, American Horse, also made an address, after which the President spoke to the delegation, through an interpreter, as follows:

I am glad to meet so many representatives of the Sioux nation. A few years ago, while a member of a Senate committee, I visited your reservation and saw your homes and farms. I want to assure you I have a sincere interest in the welfare of your people. Your true interest is in the direction of legislation to settle you on farms of your own. It is the policy of the Government to give to your children the advantages of schools, which you have not had. I will read with pleasure the report of the commission, and it will give me still greater pleasure to aid them in securing from Congress those laws that are necessary to meet the suggestions made by the commissioners. You must remember that I do not make laws. Congress does that. I have no doubt, however, that our friends in Congress will be disposed to do what is liberal and just to those people who have surrendered so much of their land to the Government.

A VICTIM TO HER BELIEF.

Death of a Young Girl Who Worked Hard for the Salvation Army.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

OTTAWA, December 19.—The confined remains of Minnie Shea lie in her father's house in Hamilton awaiting burial. She was not long ago a bright and healthy young girl. She died a martyr to what she considered to be her duty. A year ago Miss Shea entered the Salvation Army, and was sent as an officer to a small, rough settlement near Ottawa. The army officers do not receive assistance from headquarters; they are obliged to subsist on contributions. She suffered cruel privations.

The army headquarters sent her nothing but begging letters. She contrived to get together enough money to buy a railway ticket to Hamilton. She was already so far gone in consumption that she could not recover.

Should't be Backward.

From the Chicago News.]

Senator Stanford has asked the Government for a little matter of $28,000,000 to be used in building Pacific coast fortifications. If the very excellent gentleman from California should think of anything else which he may happen to want we trust that he will not neglect to mention it.

Once is Enough.

From the Philadelphia Press.]

The German Emperor has invited Emin Pasha to visit the Spree. The Emperor seems to forget that the venturesome explorer fractured his head during the last affair of the kind that he attended.

Fashionable to Sneeze.

From the Zanesville Times Recorder.]

Prob the looks oh the doses of boddy esteebed fellow-citizens it looks as though the Russiad influedza bad struck Zadesville. It is fashdable to sdeeze. They're do-ig it id Ladded.

Congress' Christmas Holiday.

WASHINGTON, December 19.—The House concurrent resolution for a holiday recess from Saturday next, till Monday, January 6, was presented in the Senate, to-day, and concurred in.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

McGinty's Skeleton—Two Heroes in the Lions' Den—Let Us Draw the Line at Hogs—An Interview With Santa Claus.

EVER since that skeleton was unearthed by the workmen removing the cliff for the Fort Wayne Railroad enlargement at Jack's Run, Mr. A. M. Watson has been constantly teased by his brethren at the bar. The skeleton was found on Mr. Watson's estate, and the query of his friends has been lately: "Say, Mr. Watson, have you discovered the identity of your skeleton yet?"

Mr. Watson enjoys a joke better than any man I know, even if it be on himself, and, after laughing at the question daily fired at him for a good while, he bethought him of a reply which turned the joke on his tormentors.

A party of lawyers were gathered about Mr. Watson day before yesterday, on Diamond street. The conversation had, as usual, drifted around to the subject of the skeleton.

"Have you found out who he was?" said some one.

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Watson, looking very serious.

There was a chorus of "Who was he?"

"McGinty!" said Mr. Watson, with tears in his voice. It was a pathetic sight, they say, to see the gradual dissolution of the group.

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THE poolroom on Federal street which bears above its door the immortal names of Morris and Kuehne has been a great gathering place for the friends of the Brotherhood since the baseball excitement began. When you get tired of looking at the weedy youths who eternally play pool in Morris', your eyes may fall upon two long sheets of paper which hang upon the walls. On one sheet are the names of the friends of the Brotherhood, and the other sheet is set aside for the names of those who favor the old League. As one would expect, the former is crowded with names—hundreds upon hundreds. But it surprised me that two friends of the old League should have had the temerity to sign their names, and leave them in solitary grandeur to confront and defy the Brotherhood's adherents.

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AT this ideal time of charity and forbearance, cheeriness and turkeys, presents and pleasant presentiments, it seems almost barbarous to make a complaint about anything. The season is one of rejoicing and making glad the hearts of others as well as your own. But—

When drygoods merchants quietly pile their packing cases mountains high upon the pavement, when the modest music dealer adds the sidewalk to his showrooms, when the retiring grocer keeps pedestrians hustling to avoid avalanches of barrels and cascades of boxes, the public says to itself that it is born to be "d—d" anyhow in this world, and a little more or less obstruction in the path of life does not count. As a very small and insignificant atom, I confess to echoing the rest of the public's resignation. But the line must be drawn somewhere. I draw it at hogs dressed or undressed, and when a man piles dead pigs over two-thirds of a narrow sidewalk at holiday time, when crowds perambulate, he passes beyond the pale of toleration. This nuisance exists or has existed on several days during the past week outside a general store on Federal street, near the Fort Wayne Railroad station. The hogs must go!

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WHILE the Kris Kringle myth has many devout juvenile believers in this neighborhood,—may the harmless happy fable never die out!—there is reason to believe that the youngster of to-day has not much reverence for the patron saint of the nursery at Christmas time.

A very small belle, going the rounds of the stores downtown with her father, was taken into one popular establishment where a living embodiment of Kris Kringle or Santa Claus presided over the children's department. The nineteenth century latter-day child was not the least surprised to see the gray-bearded genius of her dreams. Not she! She walked up to him, held out her tiny gloved hand for a shake, and said: "How d'ye do, Mr. Santa Claus? I've sent you two letters, an' I want two dolls, a tea set, a ring for dis finger, an' some candy, in boxes, with pictures on them, a Kis'mas tree, an' two dolls, an—" she was out of breath—"an I told you the rest in the letter."

STILL ANOTHER CANDIDATE.

John W. Bookwalter is in the Field for Ohio Senatorial Honors.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBUS, O., December 19.—Captain D. C. Ballentine, of Springfield, who was the active lieutenant of Chairman Neal in the conduct of the late State campaign for the Democrats, arrived in the city this evening, and with a number of other influential Democrats, is presenting the name of John W. Bookwalter for the Senate. Their candidate is a large manufacturer and is probably worth $2,000,000. They claim he was always opposed to the protection idea and was prominent in the campaign of 1876, when Tilden ran. Bookwalter was defeated for Governor in 1881 by Governor Foster. His backers are urging many qualities which they think are not represented in the other candidates before the Legislature. Mr. Bookwalter is now in New York, where he spends a great deal of his time.

The friends of Candidate Thomas claim Bookwalter has been brought out to injure his chances, and that there is no sincerity in his candidacy. Calvin S. Brice went to his home in Lima this morning, but several of his managers remain here and are confident.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A New York Boy Dies Because He Was Afraid of Hydrophobia.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, December 19.—Henry Daub, 15 years old, died at Bellevue Hospital this morning of fear of hydrophobia. Two weeks ago he was bitten in the hand by a little dog. The next morning he read how a Brooklyn lad had just died of hydrophobia. He told his mother at once that he would die in the same way. He worried day and night over the bite in his hand. This morning he suddenly began to stare wildly about him, to shout and gesticulate, and eventually tried to throw himself from a window.

His family and neighbors in the house caught hold of him. Two policemen were summoned, and it required all their strength to bind and handcuff him. He was removed to the hospital, where he went into convulsions. He died without regaining his reason. The doctors say he had no symptom of hydrophobia, but was simply frightened to death.

They Get It for Nothing.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

The reason why New York got the foreign influenza first is that it didn't have to raise any fund and Chicago was not in the field against it.

Awaiting Orders.

From the Atlanta Constitution.]

The 400 in New York are anxiously waiting for Ward McAllister to tell them when to appear in public with the European influenza.

THE PLEASURE OF WINTER.

In meadows where lambkins used to sport
No sportive lambs we see;
The nights are long, the days are short
And so, alas! are we.

At morn the rooster later crows,
Paid off's the yachting crew,
Again the nor', nor'-easter blows,
The politician, too.

Against the pane the raindrops beat,
The hunter beats the wood,
In cozy parlors lovers meet,
And it is meet they should.

And close together there they sit,
A situation grand,
And while her gentle heart goes pit-
A-pat he pats her hand.

He smooths her silken locks and locks
Her to his bosom there,
And as she has the rocks he rocks
Her in the rocking chair.

He is a youth of good address,
For he is dressed to woo,
And as he's there his suit to press
Her suit he presses, too.

To press his suit he is not slow,
As fast the moments fly,
But when he turns the lamp down low
Her color rises high.

To kiss her lips, those rosebuds rare,
Rare bliss, he thinks, would be,
And he would freely kiss her were
She with her kisses free.

But in the gloom, from eight to ten,
From eight to ten takes he;
They see as well to court as when
They courted by the sea.

Oh, witching hours! oh, honeyed love!
Who cares that summer's flown
When one beside that parlor stove
Can sit and hold his own?

—*London Figaro.*

THE SEVENTEEN CONTESTS.

And the Order in Which They Will be Called Up for Hearing.

WASHINGTON, December 19.—The sub-committee of the House Election Committee, charged with the arrangement of the contested election cases, completed its work this morning, without much difficulty. After some discussion it was agreed that the Republicans should select one case and the Democrats another, in alternation, until all were arranged. This course was adopted, with the following resulting order for the hearing of the cases:

1. Smith versus Jackson, West Virginia. 2. McGinnis versus Alderson, West Virginia. 3. Atkinson versus Pendleton, West Virginia. 4. Featherston versus Cate, Arkansas. 5. Mudd versus Compton, Maryland. 6. Breckinridge versus Clarke, Alabama. 7. Posey versus Parrett, Indiana. 8. Bowen versus Buchanan, Virginia. 9. Weddell versus Wise, Virginia. 10. Eaton versus Phelan, Tennessee. 11. McDuffie versus Turpin, Alabama. 12. Chalmers versus Morgan, Alabama. 13. Langston versus Venable, Virginia. 14. Miller versus Elliott, South Carolina. 15. Hill versus Cachings, Mississippi. 16. Kernaghan versus Hooker, Mississippi. 17. Goodrich versus Bullock, Florida.

No order was made in the case of Baker versus Forman, Illinois, as this is not a contest, but simply a motion on Baker's part to be allowed the expenses of the contest which he inaugurated, and afterward abandoned upon the recount of the vote. According to the arrangement the first case, Smith versus Jackson, West Virginia, is to be heard January 7, and after that two cases will be heard weekly for two consecutive weeks. An intermission of a week will follow, and then the regular order will be resumed. The cases are to be reported to the House in the order in which they are heard before the committee. This entire arrangement is subject to the approval of the full committee, which meets to-morrow.

OBJECTS TO QUAY'S INTERFERENCE.

Mr. Culbertson Thinks He Can Look Out for His Own District.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, December 19.—Congressman Culbertson says he is going to have Dr. James Hays, of Fairview, appointed to the Deputy Collectorship of Internal Revenue in Erie county. It will be remembered that Mr. Culbertson some time ago recommended Mr. E. E. Chambers for the appointment. Mr. Chambers was one of the many Republicans who voted for Mr. Scott, but at the last election came back to the Republican party, and by their votes elected Mr. Culbertson. In return for this they demanded one appointment and Mr. Chambers was selected. His recommendation created such a howl that he withdrew his name. Another applicant for the place is Mr. Jud Hewitt, who is charged with being a Democrat.

Mr. Culbertson, speaking of the matter today, said: "There is no chance in the world of Mr. Hewitt's appointment. Dr. Hays will get the place. He is a straight out Republican. Mr. Quay is not showing his hand in this matter, but in other cases in my district he is. I object to this. Both Mr. Quay and State Chairman Andrews are friends of mine, but I don't want to have them interfering in matters which are purely connected with my district, and which are therefore in my hands alone. I say this in no angry spirit, but I want them to understand that they must keep their hands off."

For the Titusville postoffice Mr. Culbertson has recommended Mr. George Gilmore. Senator Quay and Mr. Andrews have two candidates, Editor Bloss and Mr. Shaddock, but Mr. Culbertson is feeling very confident that his candidate will be appointed.

A SENSATION IN THE SENATE.

A Man Discovered Sitting in the Gallery Sound Asleep.

WASHINGTON, December 19.—There was great excitement in the Senate this afternoon when the Senators were in executive session. Looking to the gallery in the northwest corner of the chamber they saw there a man sitting upright and apparently taking a good deal of interest in the proceedings. The utmost confusion prevailed for a while, and then Captain Bassett was dispatched up stairs to eject the intruder. The doorkeeper in charge of that gallery unlocked the door and escorted the man out. He proved to be a young fellow about 18 or 20 years of age, and without a realizing sense of his condition or situation. He had evidently been asleep on a seat when the Senate went into executive session, and was probably discovered before he had secured any valuable information. He will always, however, carry with him the distinction of having been in the gallery while the Senate was supposedly enjoying the seclusion of a secret session.

A gentleman who heard the doorkeeper's description of the man stated that he had seen him, he thought, loafing about the Capitol for several days, but would not say that he believed him to have concealed himself for any ulterior purpose. The incident created quite a sensation, as none of those around the Capitol could remember that a similar one had ever before occurred.

A HIGHLY ORIGINAL REPORT

Which Never Saw the Light Because Congressman Turner Objected.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, December 19.—Among the nominations confirmed by the Senate yesterday was that of R. W. Turner for Consul at Cadiz. His appointment was procured by Representative Turner, of Kansas. Consul Turner's first report was one of the most original and candid ever sent to the department. He discoursed at length upon the habits of the people of Cadiz, alleging they would be more attractive if more cleanly. He went into minute details, and described some of their habits in language more plain than diplomatic or elegant. Soon after this report was received Representative Turner called at the State Department and asked: "How is my namesake getting along? Is he doing anything for his country?"

Congressman Turner was shown the original of the report and, after glancing over it, he anxiously inquired: "What have you done with this?"

"It has been sent to the Government Printing Office, along with the others to be printed," was the reply.

"For heaven's sake recall it," exclaimed the Congressman. "Why, I should be the laughing stock of the whole country." The report was recalled and re-pigeonholed.

CAST AWAY LIKE CRUSOE.

Three Sailors Live for Four Years Sole Inhabitants of an Island.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

SAN FRANCISCO, December 19.—A passenger on the steamer Belgic, from the Orient, tells of the sufferings of Japanese castaways on the island of San Alessandro, who were recently rescued. In October, 1885, a small vessel was caught by a gale of wind crossing the Tsugaru Straits and blown out of sight of land. For 80 days it was tossed about, and finally thrown ashore on the island of Alessandro. A part of the castaways patched up the junk and sailed away, but three remained to find themselves on an unhabited island out of the path of all vessels.

Looking about they found a small supply of water, which trickled from a rock drop by drop. Here they pitched their camp, and lived for four years on sea birds killed with stones, a little fruit from the trees, and fish caught with tackle improvised out of a hairpin and the works of a watch. The fate of those who started from San Alessandro has never been learned.

IN THE WAY OF LIGHTNING.

An Ex-Candidate for Montana Senatorial Honors Talks of the Probabilities.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, December 19.—The Hon. E. L. Bonner, a Montana Republican, who until recently expected to be chosen United States Senator, had much to say at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to-day, about the Montana election tangle. He thinks Judge Knowles, Mr. Powers or Mr. Herschfield have the best chances of being sent to the Senate by the Republicans. Ex-Governor Hauser, he believes, is the strongest Democratic candidate.

"The next election," said Mr. Bonner, "will not be as close as this last one, but will give the Republicans a majority of some 3,000 or 4,000. A combination of circumstances made the election close. In three or four years from now the State will give at least 3,000 or 6,000 majority for the Republican ticket."

Confirmed by the Senate.

WASHINGTON, December 19.—The following nominations were confirmed to-day by the Senate:

Cyrus J. Fry, Marshal of South Dakota; Arthur L. Thomas, Governor of Utah; Benjamin M. Thomas, Secretary of New Mexico; Elijah Sells, Secretary of Utah; Louis H. Tarpley, of Oregon, United States Commissioner for Alaska; Robert S. Robertson, Indiana, and Alvin Saunders, Nebraska, Utah Commissioners; Royal A. Johnson, Surveyor General of Arizona; Thomas J. Cavanagh, Surveyor General of Washington.

Chicago Hustling in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, December 19.—In the Senate to-day Senator Cullom introduced the Chicago World's Fair bill. Its provisions were sent out from Chicago at the time the bill was prepared by the committee having the matter in charge.

THE STROLLER'S STORIES.

Odd Opinions and Quaint Observations From Curb and Corridor.

RATHER a pretty story is told of two lady members of one of the prominent theatrical companies that played in this city last week. Both are beautiful and charming women and talented in their profession. Although they traveled and played together day in and day out, for some reason they did not speak to one another off the stage. They put up at different hotels. At the matinee one of the ladies fainted upon the stage. The moment the curtain was rung down, the other rushed to her prostrate sister and covered her face with kisses. There was a quick revival and a complete reconciliation at the same time. Many persons in the audience wondered why the lady who had fainted was so soon able to continue the performance. Perhaps the kisses had a great deal to do with it. That afternoon when the play was ended one of the ladies called upon the other at her hotel, and there was a public kissing scene in the dining room.

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THERE hang in the sitting room of the American Club a number of large portraits of prominent Republicans of this country. All who see them remark upon the excellence of the likenesses. They are either costly engravings or well-executed crayons, and they reveal the good judgment and taste of the gentlemen who purchased or presented them to the club. There is a full length engraving of the grave Lincoln, but the others are busts—Grant, Blaine, Conkling, Quay, Harrison, Forraker, Garfield and Beaver. The portraits of Conkling and Blaine, which hang directly opposite on the walls, are particularly notable for their faithfulness to the faces of the great originals.

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OSMUN LATROBE and R. Brent Keyser are two gentlemen of Baltimore, who are stopping for a few days at the Hotel Duquesne. They are apparently gentlemen of leisure. Mr. Latrobe is brother to the Mayor of Baltimore. He is a tall, finely-built man, with a good face and a full brown beard. He says that the visit to Pittsburg is only for sight-seeing, that he is not actively engaged in any business, and has no business interests in view here. The two Baltimoreans made a similar visit to Philadelphia, where they remained for nearly a week. They will to-day or to-morrow depart for home. As a matter of fact, the object of their visit is a mystery.

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"THERE'S a nice little pile of money," one of the clerks in Collector Warmcastle's office said to the Stroller yesterday afternoon. It was 3 o'clock, and two gentlemen were just about to depart with the day's collections for the Second National Bank. Captain Chamberlain, the cashier, took up a package which looked as if it might be a brick wrapped around with heavy yellow paper. It was a package of large bills. His companion, a tall, handsome young man, who is a son of Alderman Leslie, of the Seventeenth ward, took under his arm a small but heavy bag of coin. The two men left the office together and stepped off briskly for the bank. "They have $15,000 there to-day," the clerk said. "That is a nice bunch of money, but it is not a large collection for one day. Along in May we sometimes take in $100,000 in cash. That would be a nice lick for some bold highwayman, but they had better not tackle those lads. They carry double-action revolvers ready at hand in their coat pockets." The men certainly looked like courageous fellows, able to take care of themselves. Some days they go to the Second National and some days to the Tradesmen's National Bank. Those two institutions are designated by the Government as Federal depositories. The money does not lie there long. It is drawn out through drafts from the sub-treasury in New York City.

The other day a wagon drove up to the door of Collector Warmcastle's office containing $790,000 worth of revenue stamps. These figures convey some notion of the amount of business done in this extensive district.

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THOMAS R. MORGAN, Sr., and Thomas R. Morgan, Jr., are at the Hotel Duquesne. The elder gentleman is the head of the Morgan Engineering Company, of Alliance, O. He is the maker of the gigantic steam hammers, steam shears and traveling cranes which are employed in nearly every iron and steel mill in or near Pittsburg. Mr. Morgan is a little gray-headed, pleasant-faced Welshman. His tact and practical inventive genius have raised him in a few years from comparative poverty to the rank of a millionaire. Mr. Morgan is a close personal and political friend to Major McKinley, and was a delegate to the last National Republican Convention at Chicago. He reports business in his line to be in excellent condition. He is continually overcrowded with orders. Mr. Morgan is interested also in the Solid Steel Company, owned by the Otis syndicate of Cleveland.

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PATROLMAN GARRETT CROSSAN, the handsome and neat officer who walks Fifth avenue every day, had a $10,000 treasury note in his hands yesterday afternoon. It was not his own. Policemen are not given to the possession of bills of that size. It was handed to him by a gentleman in the Clearing House to carry to a bank for change. Mr. Crossan looked at the bill with a sigh, but the change was not procurable. Even Newell was not prepared to break it.

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SAM FREEMAN strolled into Quincy Robison's cigar store yesterday afternoon. "Speaking of jokes," said Sam, "I have something that will beat McGinty." "What's that?" Quincy inquired with interest. "A club," Sam said solemnly.

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YESTERDAY afternoon there was a peculiar scene out Penn avenue. A long funeral procession was on the way to Allegheny Cemetery. In a double carriage near the rear end of the line there were four women and a man. As they rode along they indulged in the most unseemly conduct. The man was pinching his companions on the arms, and the whole party were laughing heartily, in utter disregard for the feelings of the quiet gentleman riding in the hearse.

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ARCHITECT STILLBERG said yesterday that he had put two men to work in the Monongahela House, who are making complete specifications of every detail of repairing that will be required to restore the building to first-class condition. The work of fixing the roof on the burned corner was begun yesterday morning.

Keeping Within an Appropriation.

WASHINGTON, December 19.—The Vice President to-day, laid before the Senate the report of the Utah Commission on the management of the Industrial Christian Home, of Utah Territory. The report says that up to November 10, $35,709 had been expended on the building, leaving $14,291 of the appropriation of $50,000 unexpended. Three women and six children are now the occupants of the home.

TRI-STATE TRIFLES.

ADOLPH HENRIG, of Davenport, Ia., writes to Mayor Edgerly, of Lancaster, Pa., to say that he is not dead, but still as completely in the flesh as ever, but he wants Mayor Edgerly to help him to establish that fact. The letter says that in 1885 he pawned two trunks full of clothing and then sold the tickets to an Italian named Rossi. The latter was found dead with Henrig's papers in his possession, and the Coroner had the body buried as that of Henrig. The latter being in ignorance of the fact that he had been declared dead, still continued to live. Recently some property has been left to Henrig, and when he laid claim to it he was informed that he was long since deceased. Protests were of no avail, and even his very presence was not satisfactory, and he has set about to regularly prove his present existance according to the forms of law.

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THE insane pranks indulged in by the mule owned by Jonathan Hafer, of Robesonia Berks county, is said to be due to the fact that the animal was bitten by a dog and is suffering from hydrophobia.

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PANSIES that blossomed in the open air were plucked by a Zanesville young lady on Tuesday.

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DR. A. K. EVANS, of Pottstown Landing, Chester county,