The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1889.

A GRACIOUS FESTIVAL.

The Christmas Day of 1889 will be long remembered if for no other reason because of the extraordinary warmness of the weather. Among Christmas days, as they have been observed by the Signal Service since 1871, yesterday was the hottest. The thermometer showed a maximum temperature of 65 degrees, which is eight degrees warmer than that of the Christmas of 1877, also memorable on the score of abnormally hot weather.

But it will not be on this account alone that yesterday will be remembered. It was a delightful day for everybody, if the conventional attributes of the festival in this latitude were wanting. Nobody but a selfish misanthrope could see that sky of summer blue and sigh for snow, nobody but a hangman could breathe the warm wind, which had no clouds to drive, and long for a blizzard. The sunshine seemed to tempt the entire population of Pittsburg to walk abroad. The streets were never so crowded, and never with such happy and prosperously-looking men, women and children. The services at the various churches did not suffer in attendance by the lovely weather. In the wealth of flowers which adorned the churches and put the old-fashioned evergreen in the shade, there was a suggestion of Easter time rather than Christmas.

Taking the day all in all we ought to be satisfied to see Christmas come to us in such gentle and gracious guise, over and over again.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

The letter on the ship canal project, published in THE DISPATCH yesterday, devotes its attention to the iron and coal statistics of Sharpsville, and the feeling in that town in favor of the enterprise. There is no doubt that a place whose business depends so largely on the cheapness of transporting heavy freights would be warmly in favor of improved water transportation; and the same feeling could be found to a wider extent in the more important communities of Youngstown, Sharon, New Castle and the Beaver Valley. The immense freights which these towns could furnish, would be more than doubled by the ore and coal freights of Pittsburg. These are in the nature of foregone conclusions. The information that is needed now, is the cost of the work, after which it will be necessary to solve the problem where the money is to come from.

THE OLD HOTEL TO STAY.

A Christmas present to Pittsburg, and a welcome one, is the assurance that we are not to lose the old, the famous hostelry, the Monongahela House, after all. On the strength of the rumors regarding the disposal of the old hotel which were current yesterday, it seemed more than likely that it was to be numbered with the glories of the elder Pittsburg past and gone. The exact facts concerning the sale of Messrs. Anderson & Woog's lease to the lessors, which THE DISPATCH prints to-day, will reassure the public on this point.

As to the comparative profit of the property as a hotel or an office building we do not presume to speak. The owners are satisfied to maintain the hotel, and will put it after it is reopened in competent hands. The public concern is that a historic landmark—and Pittsburg has none too many links with the worthy past—is not to be swept away.

THE DAY AFTER.

A famous poet has made the assertion that the sentence, "It might have been," expresses more sorrow and regret than any other combination of four words in the English language. Perhaps he was right from his point of view. A poet who soars through etherial space mounted on a pegasus warranted not to shy or buck looks at things in a different light from us poor mortals who travel on street cars. But if the poet had given the matter second thought he might have appreciated the morbid horror of "The Day After." Whatever great event we may participate in, whatever of happiness, honor and material gain may result therefrom, a reaction always follows which is very depressing for a few hours.

There is no doubt but that this reaction is widespread in all communities after a general holiday, and after none more than Christmastide. For weeks old and young, rich and poor, have been making arrangements for a fitting celebration of the greatest anniversary on the calendar. Surprises have been arranged in the shape of handsome presents to kindred or friends; feasts have been prepared in honor of the children who will gather under their parents' roof; boys who have wondered far from the old homestead plan to drop in unexpectedly and gladden the hearts of father and mother. All these arrangements have been carried out, and it is safe to announce that ninety per cent have been successful. Tommy has been duly awestruck by the magnificence of the Christmas tree prepared for him; mamma and papa have received their presents with due appreciation, and have returned tenfold with becoming humility; the dinner was well cooked, the turkey tender, and the mince pie a dream of Araby the blest; the prodigal son and the fatted calf have had an interview which resulted disastrously to the dish of veal.

To-day the sky does not seem as brightly blue as it did yesterday; there is a suspicion of alloy in the golden rays of the sun; Tommy, upon mature consideration, feels that a bicycle would be more appropriate in an open winter than a sled; some of the presents look a trifle shopworn; papa realizes that he has some bills to meet; mamma is tired out, and the prodigal son never did like veal anyhow.

What has caused this change of spirit; where has the glamour of Christmas gone? Surely this Christmas has compared favorably with any previous one. Oh, yes; but then, you know, this is the day after. Perhaps Tommy has eaten too freely of candy walking-sticks, perhaps a little touch of dyspepsia is troubling his seniors, perhaps, and more probably, we are all simply meeting a draft we had drawn on Nature's fund of energy to tide us over the holiday. Tommy will go back to school, the guests will leave the matron to get much-needed rest, papa will get into business harness again, the prodigal son will return to his pork packing, in a few days spirits will be as serene as ever, and long before the Yuletide season arrives again the American nation will be looking forward to it with pleasurable anticipation, and talking of the jolly Christmas of 1889.

The day after is with us, but not for long.

HOUSES OF IRON.

The use of iron for structural purposes is no new thing, but there is more than a probability that that use will be greatly extended before long. As will be seen by a perusal of the interesting article which appears in another part of this issue, the new movement's birthplace is England. There iron is being used for the construction of seaside villas, summer cottages and other structures of a residental character. On this side of the water, while we have frequently erected business buildings of iron, or of a composite construction in which iron predominates, and have recently built commodious structures, of which Pittsburg's Machinery Hall is a good example, the employment of iron for residences has not been often heard of.

Mr. Marvin has not taken unwarrantable risk in prophesying that the day will come within the next century when iron houses will be the rule rather than the exception. It is reasonable to believe that iron is not yet thought of for various purposes for which it is well fitted. Naturally the increase in the demand for iron, which would follow such a revolution as Mr. Marvin suggests, makes the subject of tangible interest to Pittsburgers.

The arguments used in iron's favor as a material for house building are clear and convincing so far as the experience of English builders is concerned. They show that an iron house can be erected for far less money and immeasurably less time than one of brick or stone. Other advantages of a less notable sort are promised, but these would have to be submitted to the test of this climate before they could be certainly assured. The movement ought to be felt here in earnest before long.

THE BOYCOTT'S DECLINE.

The end of what was once a craze is shown to have been reached, by the report of the New York Bureau of Labor Statistics on the decline of the boycott. Within a comparatively short time the boycott was considered a great power; but the statistical report on its use in New York shows that the spell has lost its sway. In 1888 the total number of boycotts started in that State was 266. Of this number 53, or one-quarter, were successful, 79 met with failure during the year and 134 were carried over into the present year. This was a decrease as compared with 1887 of one-third in the number of boycotts attempted and of nearly one-half in the number of successful ones. No statistics are given for the present year; but it is a matter which everyone can observe for himself, that the once common threat of the boycott is rarely heard now.

This decline is attributed by some to the decisions of the courts against it. That had its effect, doubtless; but as the popular adhesion to the boycott was outside the reach of the courts, the decline must mainly be charged to the inherent weakness of the method. It was unrepublican, opposed to all ideas of individual liberty, and was notoriously at the command of the unscrupulous and irresponsible. Hardly any more complete illustration of its weakness is needed than the fact that the last heard of the boycott in Pittsburg was the attempt of rival labor organs and inharmonious labor bodies to boycott each other. In other words, the engineery which was started to protect labor has by its irresponsible character been perverted to the prosecution of quarrels among labor organizations, and has proved to be utterly ineffectual in the presence of such divisions.

Organized labor need not mourn the decay of the boycott. It has plenty of means for strengthening itself without resorting to methods so little consistent with dignity and so utterly at variance with law and individual rights.

IN spite of all rumors to the contrary, the Americus Club has more than a fair chance of securing the Hotel Hamilton for the site of its new clubhouse. If twenty-five members of the Americus can produce $63,000 out of the $105,000 requires, there ought not to be much doubt of the result of the subscription invited.

THE hour is ripe for a prophet of evil to arise. The torrid term we are now passing through is enough foundation for the foretelling of a still warmer time in store for this poor earth.

IT is not safe to expect peace and good-will to hold sway over even a Christmas gathering in a church out West. A dispute about a toy sled very nearly ended in the decease of a Wisconsin farmer yesterday. The assassins' knives cut just as deep on hallowed ground.

IT is a pity that the Government cannot go into the business of smuggling opium. There is far more money made by the smugglers than Uncle Sam gets out of the duty on opium.

THE theatrical managers would have preferred a nipping frost, a sharp wind and a flurry or two of snow yesterday. The matinee audiences were not as a rule as large as usual. But the bumpers at night put the managers in good humor again.

IF in the coming "Iron Age," prophesied by Mr. Marvin, hotels are built entirety of iron, what noisy places they will be, unless the drummers are careful to muffle their checks.

THE shadow of McGinty "in his Sunday clothes" has fallen so heavily upon Pittsburg of late, that the full identification and history of the unfortunate man which THE DISPATCH furnishes to-day will be appreciated by the public, no doubt.

IF there is one character above all others in which Miss Juch shines it is *Marguerite* in "Faust." The illumination will be admired by hundreds of Pittsburgers to-night.

THE usual number of Christmas Day crimes are reported. Four or five murders, plenty of violent assaults, a suicide or two, occurred in widely-parted places. But Pittsburg enjoyed the day in an orderly fashion.

THE baseball fever broke out in Springdale yesterday. The symptoms were acute; a game was played under the midwinter sun in spite of the intense heat.

WHENEVER a rumor of improvements for this city is squelched another report of the same nature with truth to back it compensates the public. Witness recent developments and rumors in the hotel business.

OF course the people like the idea of summer concerts in the Exposition at low prices. THE DISPATCH knows what the people want.

THE chariots of the Police Department were kept moving yesterday, picking up fallen heroes. The complaint in most cases was not sunstroke, though the sun was as strong as new whisky yesterday.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

MR. GEORGE W. CHADWICK, the musical composer, is a descendant of Edmund Chadwick, who fought at Bunker Hill.

MME. ANTOINETTE STERLING, the well-known contralto singer of this country, long resident in England, has applied for admission to the Society of Friends.

MISS LETITIA ALDRICH, niece of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, it is announced, is to go on the stage, making her debut on the 9th of next month in Washington.

SIGNOR SALVINI at home in Florence is one of the most hospitable of men, and his house is continually thronged with guests. He has a country place, out on the Bologna road, whither he goes now and then for retirement.

SENATOR INGALLS is as fond of literature as he is of politics, and is said to double his Congressional salary by his magazine and newspaper articles. His pen is very prolific, and everything he writes is easily marketable.

MARK TWAIN is reported to be growing indolent with his advancing years. He no longer has the incentive of poverty to force him to work, and the products of his pen grow smaller every year. He retires early to bed and never breakfasts before 10 o'clock.

IT is not often that a French Cabinet officer becomes a dramatist in spite of himself. This, however, is the case with M. Yves-Guyot, Minister of Public Works, who wrote a book in 1884 called "The Drole." The story has been dramatized by M. Bertal for the Chateau d'Eau Theater, Paris.

MRS. REBECCA COLLINS, a Quaker preacher, now 85 years old, has been speaking ever since she was 20, and is still active, traveling and preaching all over the country. She started in Philadelphia the Home for Discharged Women Prisoners, is a Vice President of the W. C. T. U., and is active in every kind of philanthropic work in her home in New York.

SPEAKING of the new House of Representatives a correspondent says: "There are no Blacks, and, strange to say, there are no Whites or Grays, and, what is more remarkable, there is not a single Jones. There is a Mr. Abbott and also a Mr. Cowles. There is a Mr. Flood and a Mr. Raines. There is a Crain, a Parrett, a Hare and a Bullock. There is a Flower, a Spooner, a Post and a Stump. There is a Knapp and a Goodnight. Bland, Wiley and Frank are good friends."

QUAY AIDING THE DEMOCRACY.

A Warren County Man's View of the Political Situation in the State.

From the New York Star.]

John Lawrence, a prominent Democrat from Warren county, Pa., is in the city with his family, spending the holidays. I met him at an uptown hotel last night, and in a conversation we had about political matters in the Keystone State he told me some interesting facts concerning the situation.

"Senator Quay," he said, "is materially aiding the Democrats over there, and if he is spared and retains his present characteristics and methods for another year I think he will make our fight. He is determined to force the candidacy of Delamater for Governor upon the Republicans, and if he does it will be what the Folger campaign was in this State in '82. Delamater is a shrewd, crafty young politician, whom the Standard Oil people would like to see elected, but he is highly distasteful to the people in the oil country of Western and Northwestern Pennsylvania, because of his underhanded opposition to the Billingsby bill, a perfectly fair measure of relief which the independent oil producers of the State tried to put through against the Standard, but which was lost. He will be opposed by Chris Magee and his big following from Allegheny county and several other sections of the State, because they will not wear Quay's collar. Congressman Dalzell, though a loyal Republican, will not support Delamater. Congressman Culbertson, of Erie, has thrown off the collar. James McDavitt, of Lancaster, is with Magee always, and McManes and a big gang of Philadelphia Republicans refuse to recognize the Beaver county statesman as dictator.

"Every one of them will be against Delamater in the convention and in the field, for Quay is pledged to nominate him, and it would be a worse defeat to not nominate him now than to have him beaten. The opposition will stand for Adjutant General Hastings, a big, good-natured fellow, with considerable personal popularity, but not a very strong man politically. The fight between those people is so bitter owing to Quay's high-handed dictatorship shown in a hundred instances, that they will knife the Senator's candidate, no matter whom he may be. I don't know who the Democratic candidate will be, but with a strong man we can do next year what we did in '82 unless Quay bends, and he is not one of the bending kind. The next election in Pennsylvania is going to surprise people as much as Ohio and Iowa did in the last."

A DEER KILLED BY EAGLES.

An Odd Happening on Twin Lake Stream in the Adirondacks.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., December 25.—James D. Sloan killed an eagle over on Twin Lake stream one day last week under circumstances that have excited a good deal of interest among the woodsmen. Sloan was looking for a suitable spruce for shingles. He was carrying his rifle, he says, on account of the possibility of seeing a rabbit or a bear, two sorts of game now in season. About two miles below the North Lake road two large birds flew up from the brush before him very unexpectedly and alighted in a tree not more than six rods away. Sloan thought they were hawks, but of such enormous size that he at once raised his rifle and shot the largest one, when the other flew off in a lumbering fashion and disappeared.

Then Sloan looked at the bird, and found that it was a real bald-headed eagle, with wings that spread a bit wider than he could span with his arms, or perhaps 6½ feet. On examining the brush where the birds were first seen the body of a freshly killed fawn, born last spring, was found. It had been killed by the eagles, and they had then eaten so much of it that apparently they were too tired to fly far when alarmed. Eagles, and especially bald eagles, are rarely seen in this country, while the oldest inhabitant does not remember such a circumstance as a deer being killed by them.

MR. BARNUM A PARADOX.

How a French Editor Regards the Great American Showman.

Barnum has been to Paris for a little visit, and Paris is astonished to find that he did nothing astonishing. One of the soberest of the weeklies puts it in this way:

"But what does Barnum in Paris? For Barnum is in Paris, the king of the puff, the emperor of brag, and he has not yet given sign of life! We have not heard yet the beating of a great drum or the sound of cymbals. Barnum will have to taste the earth.

"In the country of M. Snob it is easy for him to draw a crowd. In the country of M. Gogo this ought not to seem much more difficult for him. I await something resounding and enormous; but what the —— can Barnum invent? The most astounding thing that he has done in his life has been to pass through Paris without making any noise about it. Barnum incognito; that has the air of a paradox!"

Upon reading which Mr. Barnum probably rubs his chin and remarks that he seems to be getting the advertisement just the same, noise or no noise.

TRI-STATE TRIFLES.

JOHN F. CARL, an oil expert of Venango county, has been at Stony Run, Berks county, some days examining the oil field with a view of making explorations. He took samples of the oil from the well of Joshua Bailey and examined the geological features of the region. It is his opinion that the oil lies at a depth of about 200 feet from the surface. He thinks that the prospects of finding gas are also very fair. If arrangements can be completed with the owners of the surrounding land he will shortly set up a drill.

BABIES born with teeth are becoming numerous in Ohio. A New Lisbon mother has a babe that had two front teeth before it was a day old.

THERE is a curiosity along the Fairmont, Morgantown and Pittsburg Railroad, about six miles above town, worth noticing. Two sycamore trees, standing about ten feet apart, are joined together by a limb 15 inches in diameter, and it's dollars to doughnuts which tree it started to grow from. They are the only Siamese twins in this vicinity.—*Morgantown Post.*

AT a G. A. R. fair in Steubenville recently, $2,000 of Confederate money, which was taken from the trunk of Jefferson Davis after his capture, was on exhibition.

THE report of a pistol interrupted a wedding ceremony at Scranton the other day. Nobody was hurt. The small boy, who was fooling with the weapon in another room, had a lucky escape.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

A Scene Drawn From Life in a Smoking Car Which Illustrates Some of the Results of Celebrating Christmas Not Wisely but Too Well.

THERE has not been more drunkenness than usual probably during the holiday season, but it has been my misfortune to meet a great number of offensively intoxicated persons in the last 48 hours. Sketches of drunkenness are not edifying, but I am tempted to describe a scene which made things very interesting for the passengers on the Cleveland express two nights ago. The train was late, that is to say Eastern connections were about an hour behind time, and a great crowd gathered at the Union and Federal street depots. Of those who finally boarded the train it would be a modest estimate to say that 10 per cent were drunk and another 10 per cent somewhat under the influence of liquor. There was not, however, as far as I know, any disturbance in any of the cars but the smoker. In the latter, as usual, the inebriated passengers congregated, and yet as the smoker was the only car in which there was room, a dozen sober men took seats there. Twelve lambs among wolves.

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THE train had hardly started before a lanky countryman, whose face had been painted a leathery yellow by the sun, began to deliver an address on nothing in particular. He looked like a man who hangs about oil wells and takes care to work as little as possible. He spoke with a racy Yankee twang, and swore picturesquely and with much profane imagery.

When the conductor had taken up the tickets a florid Irishman, thick and strong as a bull, who was pretty nearly sober, took exception to some of the lanky countryman's remarks. The Irishman evidently went into the contest for the fun of the thing, not objecting to a fight, of course, if it had to come. But the countryman did not take the interference kindly. He called the Irishman all the names he could think of. Not one of these names can be given here. All the Irishman would say in reply was: "There is no need for you to apologize," which hardly acted as a sedative.

At last the tall, raw-boned countryman arose unsteadily from his seat, and said to his laughing opponent: "I'll lick you or any ——— ——— duplicate of you, you blank blank blank."

Although a clenched fist was unpleasantly near his face, the Irishman still laughed and murmured: "Don't apologize!" But a third party took a hand in the debate at this point.

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THE combatant was a medium-sized gentleman who had been slumbering in the seat behind the Irishman all this time. As the countryman yelled the challenge to his tormentor, or his duplicate, the sleeper shook himself and scrambled, and almost fell out into the aisle.

"Who called me a duplicate?" he thundered. The suddenness of this irruption produced a momentary calm. The last invader of the ring, who spoke the Lancashire (England) dialect as only a native can, went on: "The man who says I'm a duplicate is a ——— ——— liar."

By this time the leather-colored pugilist from rural parts had recovered from his surprise, and not deigning to answer the newcomer's question, or not understanding it, he struck a prize-ring attitude, as nearly as the swaying of the train would allow, and begged some one to step out and get licked. The gentleman who disliked the term of a duplicate advanced at once—he had a face, by the way, which shone like a full moon in foggy weather, a dull, angry red. But a fourth man took a hand.

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THE fourth man was a brakeman—no chicken, but a stocky, determined looking fellow. His height was less than that of the smallest of the men whom he started out to subdue. He had been watching the progress of the squabble. Now as the countryman and the Briton rushed at each other, the brakeman neatly upset the latter with a shove, administered with his left hand, and with his right forcibly deposited the countryman in his seat.

The downfall of the Briton was grievous to behold. He fell under the seat, on all fours, and for two or three minutes lay there struggling like a turtle turned upside down. The audience laughed long and loud. The countryman continued to breathe blood and fury and whiskyfied sentiment. The Irishman benevolently offered to back both men and hold the stakes, which the Briton, upon his resuscitation, announced he would put up in amounts to suit any pugilist's desire.

But the brakeman ruled the ring with a strong hand after this, and with a patience and forbearance that I've never seen beaten. There was no nearer approach to fighting than gales of profane language till the train reached the quiet station at which I retired. What occurred afterwards some one else must tell.

Little incidents like the above are not uncommon in the experience of railroad brakemen. The brakeman has to be ready to turn policeman at a moment's notice—and not only to "brake" his train, but to keep his own head from being broken.

CASTING THEIR SHADOWS.

Coming Events in Local Operatic and Theatrical Attractions.

"FAUST," to-night, by the Emma Juch Company, at the Grand Opera House, promises to be the gala operatic event of the season. The grandest lyric composition of modern times will be interpreted by a body of artists and accompanying musical forces fully competent to meet all the requirements of the score. Miss Juch will be the *Marguerite*, and her impersonation of this role is incomparable and is one of the most brilliant portrayals of Goethe's heroine known to the lyric stage. Redmond's "Faust" is credited as being one of his best efforts. Vetta as *Mephistopheles* has set a standard of vocal and dramatic excellence in this role, and the *Valentine* of Tagliapetra is the work of a genius. Miss Lizzie Macnichol as *Siebel* is seen in one of her best roles. The remaining parts are intrusted to artists of sterling talent sufficient to insure a performance of the work that will be well worth seeing.

The attendance this evening will be enormous and the Grand Opera House will be taxed to its utmost to accommodate the demand for admission.

The appointments for the remainder of the week are as follows: Friday evening, "Mignon," with Miss Juch in the title role. Saturday afternoon "Maritana," and Saturday evening "The Freischutz," with Miss Juch as *Agnes*.

MANAGER GULICK has secured Dion Boucicault's sensational play "After Dark" for his New Year's attraction. The production, which is elaborate and costly in the way of scenic effects, comes to Pittsburg direct from New York City, and after its representations in this city returns to the metropolis to finish the New York run. "After Dark" has been played upward of 3,000 times in every part of the United States, England and Canada. Unusual preparations are being made by Mr. William A. Brady, who is to present the drama here with all of the accessories needed to give it a notably successful Pittsburg representation. The sale of seats opens this morning.

"A HOLE in the Ground" will be at the Grand Opera House next week. It is a very funny skit upon railroad affairs, as Pittsburgers must all know by this time, for this farce of Hoyt's has been here several times. The sale of seats opens to-day.

LAST OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

The Largest Steam Vessel Ever Built Being Broken Up.

From the New York Tribune.]

For nearly a score of years the English newspapers have periodically announced the last and the very last and positively the last, of that magnificent but generally useless ship called the Great Eastern. She has been a huge sinking fund from the day that the first plate of her keel was laid in 1858, and she proved a commercial failure, having performed only one practically serviceable and honorable task—that of laying the Atlantic telegraphic cable in 1866.

Perhaps it should be said, however, that she has been of service in deterring investors from making similar foolish ventures in shipbuilding. She lived 30 years of an obscure and a profitless existence before the "positively last" of her as a floating obstruction was reached. From the time of the ill-success of the first attempt to launch her she was a sort of Jonah. Men were killed by the breaking of the gear of the hydraulic engines that slowly pushed her, almost broadside on, into the comparatively narrow river. Mr. Brunel, her constructing engineer, died a few days later from anxiety and disappointments.

Then came the explosion of one of the steam pipes on her first trip, at the cost of ten lives. Her single voyage to this port, to New Orleans and to Melbourne resulted in a loss of several thousands of dollars. Finally the leviathan that cost about £1,000,000 to build was sold only recently for a little more than $200,000, and she is being broken up. The sale realized £2,600 for the copper, £4,450 for the gun metals, £8,150 for the brass, £4,185 for the lead, £18,600 for the outer iron plates, £12,800 for the inner iron plates, rivets and beams and $200 for the anchors.

WEDDINGS IN SEQUENCE.

The Negley-Sloan and Parker-Hipple Nuptials Follow in Quick Succession—The East End Presbyterian Church the Scene.

The handsome new Presbyterian Church in the East End was honored last evening with two very pretty weddings.

At 4 o'clock the awning from the street to the church doors was in position, the pulpit was handsomely decorated with the most luxuriant tropical plants, that J. R. & A. Murdoch had in their possession, and everything was in readiness for the first wedding that occurred at 5 o'clock.

And none too soon, either, for shortly after that time the guests began to arrive, and before the specified time for the ceremony, the church was comfortably filled with a fashionable audience.

Miss Annie D. Negley and J. W. Sloan, Esq., were the first couple to take the solemn vows and four ushers and two little flower girls traversed the aisle ahead of the bride and her uncle, W. B. Negley, to the altar. There in waiting was the groom and his best man, L. B. S. Reese and Rev. J. P. E. Kumler, who, assisted by Rev. W. P. Shrom, performed the sacred rites of matrimony.

The ushers were Messrs. C. C. Montooth, J. A. Sloan, a brother of the bridegroom, D. C. Negley and W. R. Negley, a brother and cousin of the bride. The little flower girls were Mary Mellon, a cousin of the bride, and Mary Seuff, a niece of the bride. They were dressed in charming little white mulle gowns, fashioned low-necked and sleeveless, and carried dainty baskets of fragrant roses.

The bride, a petite brunette, was lovely, in a white faille robe, the front of which was composed of a plain, round skirt, over which fell an open work drapery, constructed of fine silk braid and terminating in a deep fringe of the braid.

The bodice was V shaped with elbow sleeves, and a roll of swansdown with an edge of duchess lace finished both neck and sleeves. Deep plaits laid at the waist line formed the fullness for an extremely long train and a pretty ruching edged it. The bouquet carried was composed of lilies of the valley and bride roses tied with white satin ribbon. At the conclusion of the ceremony the more intimate friends of the bride and groom were conveyed to the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Caroline Negley, where the congratulations were received by the happy couple. The presents were extremely pretty and were exhibited in a room on the second floor. Refreshments were served by Kuhn.

An Eastern train late in the evening took Mr. and Mrs. Sloan on their wedding journey, which will consume some two weeks' time. On their return they will reside with Mrs. Negley, and "at home" cards have been issued for the latter three Thursdays in January.

The Second Wedding.

Scarcely had the echoes of Miss Negley's wedding march died away and the guests departed when the organ pealed forth again, and a second aggregation of beauty and fashion took possession of the church, this time to witness the nuptials of Miss Susie Parker and Mr. Marion F. Hipple, which was solemnized at 7:30 o'clock.

The ushers who seated the guests, and announced the arrival of the bride and groom by preceding them to the altar, were Messrs. Paul Wolfe, Lee Mason, Jr., Frank Liggett, Walter Herr, George West and Thomas McEwin.

The bride, a tiny mortal with black eyes and hair, was exceedingly pretty in a stiff white corded silk princess gown, trimmed with ostrich tips. The neck was cut high in the back, and finished with a pretty double collar and a line of the soft wavy feathers extended around in front, forming a slight V, and thus diagonally across the front of the robe to the bottom of the skirt.

A handsome veil of cobweb texture was confined with orange blossoms and draped the girlish figure of the bride to the edge of the court train. Diamond earrings, the present of the groom, were worn, and a bouquet of roses was carried. Rev. Kumler was again in demand as officiating clergyman.

On account of the illness of Mrs. Parker, no reception was tendered at the residence of the bride's parents on Shady avenue, but after exchanging wedding garments for traveling costumes, the young people departed on a western trip.

Their travels ended they will sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and occupy a charmingly artistic apartment that has been furnished throughout with wedding presents. And from the selections made it would seem that friends and relatives had combined to furnish every thing in old gold, the silk coverlid, toilet set, fringe lamp shade and various other articles, all being of that lovely shade. Besides the furnishing of the private apartment silver, onyx and rare China, were received in abundance, making in all one of the prettiest collections of wedding presents imaginable.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

The Participants Will Wear Very Handsome Costumes at That Event.

The pretty costumes to be worn by the petite actors and actresses in the Christmas Pantomime to be given this afternoon, combined with the popular nursery melodies that will be sung and acted, will doubtless make a decidedly picturesque and interesting entertainment. The little folks will be "supported" by some of the best known and most popular musical talent that reside in the city, and careful rehearsal has made them quite proficient in their various roles.

The very worthy object for which the entertainment is given, the benefit of the Newsboys' Home, and the prominence of the little ones that will perform will insure a cultivated and appreciative audience. It is rumored that many handsome floral offerings will be passed up over the footlights.

Social Chatter.

CARDS have been issued for a private view of the recent paintings of Artist John W. Beatty "Mohican Bluffs." "Outside the Village" and "A Block Island Road" for to-day, to-morrow and Saturday at the Pittsburg Art School on Wood street.

MISS EMMA, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Davis, will be wedded this evening to Mr. J. Warren Lytle, President of the Pittsburg Academy.

NUMBERLESS family reunions and dinners were in progress throughout the city yesterday.

MISS JOSIE WOODWELL will receive her friends this evening.

THE Whitehead-Sivter wedding this evening.

LUCKY AMERICAN WOMEN.

An Austrian Regards the United States as the Eldorado of Womankind.

In North America, says a writer in the *Freie Presse*, of Vienna, woman stands in many ways above man. North America, especially the United States, is the Eldorado of womankind. No occupation is closed to the American woman. To be sure, I have never seen female choppers of wood, nor female blacksmiths, nor female Congressmen, nor female Aldermen. The last two diversions are forbidden women by law. But if women never fell trees in the primeval forest, nor tame horses, nor perform other heavy work, it is simply because they don't wish to do it, not because they can't.

Owing to the fact that American girls pass more years at school and college, on the average, than American boys, the American women are generally much better educated than American men. The American woman is the standard bearer of American culture and the patroness of the arts and sciences and higher education. The high culture and education of the American woman explains completely the consideration and respect with which she is treated by American men. * * * The American husband treats his wife with the greatest consideration, which unfortunately cannot be said of the German husband.

The American woman is generally beautiful, or at least understands how to make herself look so. I have not seen such beautiful women anywhere else—old women, too, with magnificent white hair. The American girl knows how to dress herself tastefully and stylishly. She knows how to make the simplest garment "fetching" by means of a little bow or fold or flower. All the homage which is paid the American woman in private and public life has, however, its very shady side. To give up your seat to a woman in a horse car is now and then a trifle uncomfortable. To wait to have your baggage checked till a woman who arrived after you had been attended to is in the highest degree burdensome. To be delayed at a hotel table while women who come in late to dinner are served, is almost unbearable. There are also many other occasions on which the man must step aside for the woman in America. Custom demands it, and custom in America is mightier than law.

He Owns the Town.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

George Van Dyke, of Lancaster, N. H., who owns 125,000 acres of land in the northern part of New England, has acquired the deeds for the town of Beattie, Me., which is said to contain a custom house and postoffice, beside the houses, etc., of the inhabitants. Mr. Van Dyke may scoop in Rhode Island yet.

Their Wishes Don't Count.

From the Chicago News.]

It is announced that on New Year's Day the President and his family will receive. The office seekers, however, would prefer to do the receiving themselves.

THE STROLLER'S STORIES.

Odd Opinions and Quaint Observations From Curb and Corridor.

DICK HENDERSON came to town to spend the Christmas season with his former chums. They were everyone glad to see him, and he shook hands all day yesterday until he could scarcely bend his elbow. Mr. Henderson has been up in the oil region, wearing big boots, a flannel shirt and an air of industry. He has been edifying his friends with yarns about his experiences. He says that for two years he has been feeding on ham, pork chops and sausage until he is ashamed to look a hog in the face.

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THE sable gentlemen who occupy the positions of dock hands along the river, celebrated Christmas with unusual gusto. The weather was so much like that "down de ribber." The dock hand is happy this winter. That last word is used with reluctance, but is warranted by the standard almanack. The dock hand has had all the work he wished. He did not wish much. The packets have come and gone regularly, freight has been heavy, and the weather mild. When a cargo was loaded and the dock hand given his pay, he could get drunk and sleep all night on a pile of planks without danger of catching cold. He has even, in his dreams, been able to imagine himself on the levee in New Orleans.

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THE dock hand is a study in contentment. Even at hard labor he does not work hard. Watch that gang carrying boxes of glass from a wagon to the packet. One is on the wagon. His old brown slouch hat is hung upon the back of his head. He rolls the boxes to the rear of the wagon with sedate deliberation. Two ebon-hued companions stand there. Carefully they lift the boxes and place them softly upon the shoulders of the carriers. How slowly those carriers move. They walk up the gang plank with measured, stealthy thread, placing one long flat foot before the other only after mature thought. The dock hand is an artist as an expectorator. He does not move his head. He looks calmly ahead of him into dim distance, with the solemn countenance of a Nile statue. He expectorates and winks and that is all there is of it.

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ON Mt. Washington the children of three neighboring families are used to enjoying themselves in the summer time with a lawn tent, which one of three papas, in the fall, carefully folds away in his attic. Yesterday morning the warm sunshine was too much for the bright eyed little ones, and they called upon pere in a body. They would not listen to anything short of the production of the summer tent. It was spread upon the lawn, and the children had a jolly time all the forenoon. Soon after dinner one of the little girls went to her father, and, with a look of irresistible appeal in her blue eyes, asked: "Papa, can't you get us a croquet set?"

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A STORY like the above, however true it may be, does not move a veteran like Controller Morrow. He listened calmly to the narrative, and said dryly, "There is nothing extraordinary about that. On the 1st of January, 1876, the Centennial day, I played a game of croquet in my shirt sleeves." On that day three men were frozen to death in Allegheny county. There is a slight discrepancy, but the Controller has the advantage. He is connected with a Sunday school and the records are not.

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THERE appears to be a wide divergence in the manner of spelling the name of the Christmas saint. Within a week the newspapers of this city have spelled it three different ways: Kris Kringle, Kriss Kringle and Kriss Kingle. The latter spelling, which seems to be the furthest out of the way, appeared yesterday morning in the editorial columns of a city contemporary. The name is sometimes spelled Kriss Kinkle or Kriss Krinkle. The cyclopedias spell the name Kriss Kringle. The devotees of the old gentleman, the children, should insist on a correct orthographical rendition.

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THE warm days of this season again bring out the hotel mashers who air themselves about the entrance of the Hotel Anderson. The proprietors of the house have been as much annoyed by those gaudy and giddy men as anybody on the street, but they have been unable to hit on any plan to abate the nuisance. A large number of those most notorious pests in town are not guests of the Anderson at all. They come either from other hotels or from this city. They stand upon the steps, and near the entrance, and smile their muskmelon smiles upon every comely lady who passes. The young men who display their pretty mustaches and their fine raiment in this fashion are probably not aware that for some time they have been the subjects of discussion among the higher officials of the police bureau. Yet such is the fact. Inspector McAleese is aching to get at them, but until this time has been unable to concoct a plan. They do not vanish when a policeman is near. It may be interesting news to the boys on that corner that a plot for their demoralization is now in the course of formation, and may be sprung upon them at any moment. So may a hose.

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THERE was a large lot of holly used in this city yesterday, placed as decorations in the houses or worn in buttonholes. Few persons who bought the beautiful branches at the florist's were aware that they had come across the ocean. Nearly all of the holly sold in this country is brought from England. Some is cultivated here in nothouses. It is called an evergreen, but, like all evergreens, it will not keep its color forever.

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SOME amusement was caused yesterday by the account sent to the city by a suburban correspondent of the chase which Chief of Police Donovan, of Braddock, gave to three men who were suspected of being the murderers of Mrs. Rudert. In connection with the lively interchange of revolver shots it was said: "There was some queer dodging of bullets, or some person would have been shot." The report was not intended to be a humorous one.

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CHRISTMAS in 1889 was distinguished by the appearance upon the public streets of the paymaster of the Eighteenth Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, wearing a silk hat, the first in his career. The Executive Committee of the union will meet at 3 o'clock this afternoon to consider the case.

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MRS. S. B. RAYMOND, of Chicago, spent Christmas Day in Pittsburg, the guest of Mrs. McCullough and her daughter, Miss Viola. They enjoyed their Christmas dinner at the Hotel Anderson. Mrs. Raymond is the wife of a prominent wholesale merchant of Chicago and one of the leading Republican politicians of that city. THE STROLLER.

The Oldest Man in Illinois.

CHICAGO, December 25.—Dennis O'Hara, who was probably the oldest man in Illinois, died at his home, at No. 76 West Thirteenth street, yesterday morning, aged 110 years. He was a laborer until incapacitated for work by age.

ODD ITEMS FROM ABROAD.

A PROPOSAL is powerfully supported before the British Postoffice for changing the place for embarking and landing the American passengers from Queenstown to Holyhead.

BARON HAUSSMAN, in his 70th year, is to write his memoirs. He was one of the most active members of Nap