LOOK AT
THE LITERARY SPREAD,
THE LITERARY SPREAD,
—ALL—
FRESH AND ORIGINAL,
OFFERED BY
TO-MORROW'S DISPATCH,
TO-MORROW'S DISPATCH.

20 PAGES. | READ THE LIST AND THE CONTRIBUTORS. | 20 PAGES.

A NEW IRON MOUNTAIN, JOHN DENNIS, JR.
HOW TO BEAT WALL STREET, HENRY CLEWS.
RIDING OVER THE WEST, JAMES NEWTON BASKET.
STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON, WILLIAM BLACK.
WIDOWS OF HEROES, Miss GRUNDY, JR.
STOPPING AT THE SAVOY, JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.
CHIMNEY CORNER PUZZLES, E. R. CHADBOURN.
A CABIN IN THE WOODS, R. W. SHOPPELL.
GOSSIP OF GOTHAM, CLARA BELLE.
FRESH DOG STORIES, FRANK G. CARPENTER.
EMBALMED ALIVE; a Story, EDWARD STEVENS.
SEASHORE COSTUMES, MEG.
THE SOUBRETTE'S WOES, CHARLES T. MURRAY.
LESSONS OF THE CENSUS, JAMES C. PURDY.
A TRIP ABROAD FOR $200, THE COUNTRY PARSON.
HOBNOBBING WITH ROYALTY, JOHN D. PRINGLE.
HOME DECORATION, C. R. CLIFFORD.
HOW COCAINE IS OBTAINED, FANNIE B. WARD.
HIS DOGGED LITTLE DAWG, PICTORIAL SKETCH.
OUR DRINKING WATER, SHIRLEY DARE.
THE MUCH-ABUSED PORKER, ELLICE SERENA.
ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL, REV. GEORGE HODGES.
HAPPINESS EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE, BESSIE BRAMBLE.
TWO-STORY CARS IN EUROPE, ELI PERKINS.
ENGLAND'S TALLEST SPIRE, B. G. JOHNS.
ST. SWITHEN'S DAY, LOUIS T. PEALE.
MIND AND MATTER, MARK F. GRISWOLD.
FOOD ADULTERATION, L. T. JERRYMAN.
ROWING IN ENGLAND, PRINGLE.
JOHN BARLEYCORN'S MENAGERIE, DIDIMUS.

CABLE LETTERS,
EXCLUSIVE NEWS,
FULL BALL SCORES,
ALL THE SPORTS,
METROPOLITAN EVENTS,
CONGRESSIONAL DOINGS,
NON-PARTISAN POLITICS,
AND ALL THE NEWS
GIVEN IN ADDITION TO THE ABOVE.

THE DISPATCH GOES EVERYWHRE.
IT IS THE NEWSPAPER

FOR		FOR
NEWS,	20	BUSINESS,
FACTS,	20	HOMES,
ORIGINALITY,	PAGES.	OFFICES,
PUSH,	PAGES.	EVERYBODY.

CARRIERS, NEWS AGENTS
TRAIN AND NEWSBOYS
SELL IT AT ALL POINTS.

The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 45, No. 309.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice, November 14, 1887, as second-class matter.
Business Office—Corner Smithfield and Diamond Streets.
News Rooms and Publishing House—75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street.
EASTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE, ROOM 21, TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK, where complete files of THE DISPATCH can always be found. Foreign advertisers appreciate the convenience. Home advertisers and friends of THE DISPATCH, while in New York, are also made welcome.
THE DISPATCH is regularly on sale at Brentano's, 5 Union Square, New York, and 17 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris, France, where anyone who has been disappointed at a hotel news stand can obtain it.

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, 3m'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, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890.

THE DISPATCH FOR THE SUMMER.

Persons leaving the City for the summer can have THE DISPATCH *forwarded by earliest mail to any address at the rate of 50 cents per month, or $2 50 for three months, Sunday edition included. Daily edition only, 70c per month, $2 for three months. The address may be changed as desired, if care be taken in all cases to mention both old and new address.*

THE SOUTH PENN DISCOVERY.

The facts which have been ascertained by a special investigation on behalf of THE DISPATCH into the present status of the South Penn enterprise, are of the utmost importance, and in some aspects have an almost sensational significance. As will be seen from the correspondence published in this issue, it is beyond doubt that work has been resumed for the construction of the line. All the movements of the engineers in the new surveys that have been made have been surrounded with secresy. Every effort has been made to keep information from reaching the outside public. The lips of the railroad magnates who are connected with the South Penn enterprise are sealed. But the evidence is conclusive that new surveys have been made, and that arrangements are in progress for an early resumption of the actual work of construction.

This would be very good news to Pittsburg if it were not that the indications of the resumption of work are accompanied by equally clear indications that the work is being done under the direction and control of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The engineers are nominally in the employment of the Cumberland Valley road, one of the minor ramifications of the great corporation; but they are clearly the employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is thus made a *prima facie* conclusion at least, that the Pennsylvania Railroad has taken possession of the property, and has resumed its effort of five years to control it, even to the degree of building it under the cloak of one of its proprietary corporations.

On this theory there are several very interesting aspects. In the first place, the construction of the line as a secondary track of the Pennsylvania Railroad will rob it of the great public benefits promised by the original project. It was as a competing line in Pennsylvania's vast freighting business that the former enterprise was welcomed by the people; and it was to maintain that beneficial character that the constitutional provisions were appealed to and upheld by the courts. If the construction of the road is not to serve that purpose, but is only to extend and perpetuate the monopoly of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the State's traffic, the public benefit is turned into injury, and the power of the corporation to ignore at once the public welfare and the requirements of the Constitution, is manifested to a remarkable degree.

Another peculiar phase presents itself here. The railroad magnates at the time of the South Penn hearings asserted with the weight of expert testimony that the South Penn road would not be a competing line because its grades were bad; because it ran through a mountainous and thinly populated section, and a number of other reasons of the same exquisite cogency with regard to through competition, but all asserting the worthless nature of the road if it should be finished. President Roberts was the leading railroad magnate to make these assertions on the witness stand. If the Pennsylvania Railroad now completes the road it will demonstrate that the worthlessness of the project only existed as long as it was in the control of some one else; and it will be a somewhat grave question for these eminent railroad officials to explain the manufacture of testimony to suit the supposed exigencies of their case.

But this is not the most serious aspect of an attempt by the Pennsylvania Railroad to build the South Penn road under the cloak of an intermediary corporation. The gravest phase as regards public rights and the subordination of the creatures of legislation to the fundamental law, is presented by the fact that if the Pennsylvania Railroad does this, it will be doing exactly what it is forbidden to do by the general prohibition of the Constitution and by the specific injunction of the courts. It is forbidden to "*in any way control* a parallel or competing line," and especially this one by the injunction affirmed by the Supreme Court. Of course the effort to avoid responsibility is used in the present movement; but that can afford it no more shield than in the *quo warranto* cases. Two or three intermediary corporations were employed to shift the legal responsibility then; but the law saw through the disguise and forbade any such attempt to do through an agent what the great corporation is forbidden to do for itself. The resumption of the attempt to do the same thing with changed names can hardly take any other aspect that a deliberate declaration of the Pennsylvania Railroad's ability to override the mandates of Constitution and courts alike, and lay down its own law, that no competition shall be allowed in the railroad traffic of this State.

Such an avowal carries with it an assertion of corporate supremacy that is likely to afford food for thought to every reflecting citizen of the State.

SHOTGUNS SUPERSEDED.

A correspondent writing from Alabama assures us that the shotgun policy has been superseded by the plan of buying influential negroes who can control a following of men of their own color. The details of this proceeding are very interesting. They show that a more humane method of controlling votes than shooting the voters has been adopted by the white politicians. There is no secrecy about the means by which the supremacy of the white population is assured. It has a strange sound to our ears. We have not in the North yet come to talking openly of buying voters, or deluding the ignorant by trickery. But the conditions of Southern life must be considered; they are not considered enough generally. It seems likely that the nation will be forced to study the Southern problem more attentively.

BANKRUPTCY LEGISLATION.

The passage of the national bankruptcy bill by the House, the other day, is an reassuring indication that in the intervals of partisan legislation, Congress can attend to some of the business required by national interests. It is hardly to be hoped that a measure sent to the Senate at this late day, will be passed this session; but the bill will be left in a position where it can be passed next winter.

Twelve years ago in a fit of anger at the fault of the old bankrupt law, Congress and the country threw it away altogether. It would hardly have been more trouble to amend than to repeal it; but the number of dishonest bankruptcies was so great that a sudden and rather senseless impulse secured its entire abolition. It did not take very long for the business public to learn that in repealing the law instead of amending it, a grave mistake had been made; but our political conditions are such that twelve years have elapsed before a new bill is passed by one branch of Congress; and it will probably be thirteen years before the false step is entirely retraced.

The Tarrey bill which was passed by the House and is summarized in this issue avoids the faults of the old bankruptcy law. It has the indorsement of commercial bodies all over the country. If the Senate would take time from political squabbling to pass the bill at this session, it would do the country a decided service. The provisions of the bill are fully set forth in another column.

HE WANTS BLOOD.

Mr. Henry S. Chase, of St. Louis, must be a most excitable person. He is sending circulars of the most blood-curdling character all over the country. A packet of these pronunciamentos has reached THE DISPATCH. According to Mr. Chase civil war is about to break out, and Mr. Chase proposes to help it along if he can. He calls upon the people to build fires on the hill tops—a most dangerous proceeding at this dry season; to hold mass meetings, to write letters to the Senate and finally to read the whole of the Federal election bill. If Mr. Chase's advice is not followed we are told that there may be a cry of "To arms!" and our streets may be wet with blood.

There may be danger to the liberties of the people and there may be serious cause for anxiety, but they spring from the hysterics of such hair-brained shouters as Mr. Chase. The people can deal with the Force bill without resorting to bloodshed, and the bill is a good way yet from being made a law. It is a pity that the South cannot keep its lunatics in the asylums.

NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

The general disposition to ascribe all sorts of subjects to the scope of the Inter-State Commerce law is unconquerable, notwithstanding the fact that it reveals a most remarkable ignorance of the nature of that enactment. THE DISPATCH has referred to this matter before; but the last two instances are so striking as to call for a special notice.

In a recent trial of an original package case in Dakota both the court and the attorneys made frequent references to the Inter-State commerce law, as if it were that enactment which prevented the States from stopping the sale of liquor in original packages. The fact is that it has no more to do with that subject than the tariff laws. The ruling of the Supreme Court in the original package cases does not contain a single reference to the Inter-State Commerce law. The Inter-State Commerce clause of the Constitution on which that decision is based is an entirely separate and much more far-reaching provision.

A similar exhibition of failure to comprehend the scope of the Inter-State Commerce law was furnished by the recent action of the railroad firemen's convention, "asking Congress to so amend the Inter-State Commerce law as to compel all Inter-State railroad companies to use only automatic brakes and couplers." The enactment asked for is a good one, but it is wholly distinct from the purposes of the Inter-State Commerce law and can be made the subject of an enactment by itself, much better than to be tagged on to an enactment of entirely separate purposes.

The Inter-State Commerce law is an exertion of the power of Congress under the Inter-State Commerce clause of the Constitution to regulate a single phase and function of Inter-State Commerce, namely the impartiality and reasonableness of railway charges to the public. It does not go beyond that function in any clause, and there is no reason why is should. Other features of Inter-State Commerce, if enactments are necessary concerning them, should receive entirely separate treatment.

THE WORST WITNESS.

The New York *Press* indulges in severe and minatory language concerning the pernicious Democratic papers who keep on asserting that the United States revenues for the coming fiscal year are likely to show a deficiency as compared with the expenditures. It quotes the Boston *Herald* as Democratic authority to sustain it in its assertion that the whole agitation is a "bugaboo."

If that is so, should not the reproofs of our esteemed cotemporary be directed to those administration organs which have given intimations that such a deficiency is likely to arise. As a place where its corrective efforts may have some effect, we refer it to the editorial columns of the New York *Press*. It is only a little over a week since that journal presented its plan for keeping revenues and expenditures square by omitting the $49,000,000 appropriation for the sinking fund. As the sinking fund is established by law and as its maintenance amounts to a contract obligation between the Government and its creditors, the admission that it is necessary to disregard that vital obligation, is one of the most striking confessions of deficiency that could be made.

The *Press* should take the *Press* in hand. When it admitted the necessity of throwing overboard the sinking fund appropriation, it gave up the whole case as regards a future deficiency between revenues and expenditures.

REFORM THE DESKS.

The children are all at play, and the pretty schoolma'ams and the stern pedagogues are all enjoying freedom and fresh air, but it is none the less a good time to make improvements in the schoolroom. As will be seen elsewhere there is considerable ground for believing that the equipment of our public schools in the matter of desks is far from what it should be. The reasonable claim is made that the scholars are treated in the schools as if they were made for the desks rather than that the desks were made for the scholars. The desks are not adapted in many cases to the growing boys and girls who use them. The big boys get low desks, the little boys high ones, and so on. This is bad for the children's health. Now is a good time to examine the facts and prepare a way for the needed reform. Make the desks suit the scholars.

As an alleged reply to the praises of Postmaster Hendrix, of Broklyn, recently removed by the present administration, the New York *Tribune* says: "Now, it turns out that all the principal places in the Brooklyn postoffice are filled by Republicans, who were found in office by Mr. Hendrix and retained by him because of their exceptional efficiency!" which is one of the best evidences of the good results of keeping experienced men in office—a rule violated by Mr. Hendrix's removal.

COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD declares that 1,000,000 Americans will spring to arms to enforce the Federal election. On the supposition that they will be led by that renowned warrior, Colonel Shepard, the rally to the tented field will be an awe-inspiring sight. Shepard's warlike propensities are becoming unconquerable through long suppression.

MR. ARKELL, of *Judge*, is now engaged in writing letters declaring that Mr. Russell B. Harrison has no connection with that pictorial publication, and knew nothing of the cartoon entitled "Jealous Jim." Perhaps the best evidence in support of Mr. Arkell's assertion is to be found in the fact that the cartoon failed to rise to that height of bold imagination required to represent Mr. Blaine as jealous of President Harrison's success in courting the Republican party.

"THE census padder ought to be given ten years," remarks the Philadelphia *Times*; but it fails to say anything about the fate that should await the census enumerator who does not get all the names. Is it the Philadelphia idea that the man who leaves the census work undone is less pernicious than the one who overdoes?

THE godfather business seems to be expanding. Mr. Bradley, of Asbury Park, went into it on the wholesale plan the other day, by standing godfather to 200 babies at once. It is evident, however, that he cannot endow the infants as liberally as Godfather Grant did in the same line. Ten thousand times two hundred is two millions; and two million dollars would make godfathering entirely too expensive.

THE statement that the Sugar Trust has sued itself might be taken as an intimation that it has begun to realize what it deserves. But an examination of the proceedings shows that it has set up a dummy plaintiff in the hope of forestalling more genuine proceedings against its monopoly.

SPEAKER REED is to reply to "X. M. C." in the next number of the *North American Review*. He might improve the occasion by also replying to another public man who has most completely exposed the insincerity of his present position. That man's name is Thomas B. Reed, and his speeches and writings of a short time ago furnished the most complete commentary on the Speaker Reed of to-day.

THE New York papers are raising a great fuss over the proposed Columbus statue; which indicates that the enthusiasm will continue unabated until the New Yorkers are asked to put up the money to pay for it.

THE spectacle of Hon. William E. Chandler assailing the gallant Field Marshal Murat Halstead for opposing the Federal election law, is one that promised to afford more fun for the outsiders than for Chandler. Mr. Halstead may have been crowded into the background lately, but when he has got some to pitch into him and be made mincemeat of in return, then Murat is himself again.

Met With Their Usual Success.

The lawn fete given by the congregation of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Sewickley, last evening, was crowned with the success that always attends the efforts of that congregation in anything of the sort. Ice cream was sold in great abundance and eaten in like abundance by the many who thronged the pretty grounds surrounding the church.

Blaine's Audience.

From the Providence Journal.]

Secretary Blaine is not talking to the present session of Congress so much as he is to the American people.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Brother Vincent.

SOUTH BEND, IND., July 25.—Brother Vincent, one of the builders of the University of Notre Dame, died Wednesday night at the age of almost 100 years. Although other senses were intact, he had been blind for some time. He came to Notre Dame with the Very Rev. Father Sorin in 1842, being one of the latter's four companions on that eventful journey. Brother Lawrence and Brother Austin are dead, while the third, Brother Xavier is the undertaker at Notre Dame, and is very old.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

A Prophecy About Mr. Blaine That Time Has Proven True—What a Colored Man Thinks of the South—A Shrewd Circus Trick.

A COUPLE of months ago in Washington a member of Congress and a newspaper man discussed in my presence the political prospects of Mr. Blaine. The Congressman was not a Blaine man, but knew him well personally, and his family still better—especially Mr. Blaine's brother, who is employed in one of the departments. My notebook reminds me that the Congressman said: "The mismanagement of Mr. Blaine's ante-nomination campaign in 1888 will not be repeated in 1892. If things run on as they have been doing for a year past Mr. Blaine will be forced almost, whether he likes it or not, to be a candidate at the next Presidental election. There is no likelihood of Mr. Blaine's letting any opportunity slip to present himself upon some public question of great importance before Congress rises this summer. When he does begin the fight there will be no such blunders as European trips allowed in his campaign. I know that he still has the ambition to be President, and his friends are as eager as ever to help him."

The opportunity to which the Congressman referred has arrived, and every day is showing that Mr. Blaine means to take all the advantage he can of it.

AN intelligent colored man who has had a considerable experience of life in the South, although he now prosecutes his trade in Pittsburg, said to me a day or two ago: "There is no great desire among most of the men of my race in the South—I am speaking of my friends and relations—for new legislation in their behalf. They would prefer to be let alone. The generation that has grown up since the war has taken part in a good deal of what people call the building of the new South. There are exceptions of course, but the majority of the men I know in Southern towns and in the country have a strong attachment to the soil and to the whites who live with them. The two races are more closely related than most Northerners suppose.

PROBABLY it was not with the knowledge of the Barnum and Bailey management that Forepaugh's people, when their circus was here early in the spring, declared that an arrangement had been made by which Barnum's circus would not visit Pittsburg this season. In former years some such division of territory has been made, Barnum taking the Eastern States and Forepaugh the West or vice versa. A good many Pittsburgers believed Forepaugh's assurance that the only Barnum would not get here after his return from the conquest of Britain, and they spent their half dollars and dollars in Forepaugh's big tent.

Now Barnum's circus looms up tremendous upon the horizon, and whole carloads of parents will be compelled to lay out more dollars—against their wills!—on circus tickets. The small boy is the only one who will not kick, if we except the small girl who has just as warm a love for the tanbark and the clowns and the animals and the peanuts and the lemonade as her brother. Perhaps it is all for the best. But economical parents and guardians will be a little shy about swallowing announcements of the "only circus this year" in future.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

MR. GLADSTONE makes it a rule never to travel on Sunday.

ANDREW CARNEGIE has offered to give $50,000 to build a free library at Ayr.

R. B. HAYES, Grover Cleveland and James G. Blaine are the only living Presidental candidates nominated prior to 1868.

IT is stated that Patti will visit this country in 1892 on the same conditions as on her last four visits—namely, that it will be a farewell tour.

J. WARREN KEIFER emerged the other day and was found to still cling to the preceding J. to his name and the subsequent spiketails to his coat.

IF Mr. Depew is a candidate for President of the United States it may be stated that his campaign is moving along very satisfactorily in England.

COLONEL MORROW has withdrawn from the Gubernatorial contest in California, and H. H. Markham probably will be the Republican candidate.

IT appears that the powerful name of Russell Harrison is attached to the *Judge* staff for advertising purposes only. And yet Russell is an able journalist.

THE reigning belle of Madrid is the Countess of Villa Gonzalo. She is a woman of tall and graceful figure, with large, lustrous black eyes and a beautiful complexion. She is married and has one child.

THE Duke of Fife has a dozen suits of clothes in constant use, and a gossipy chronicler says that he keeps his various pairs of trousers on shelves labeled "Monday," "Tuesday," and so on to the end of the week.

JOHN SARGENT, the American portrait painter, who lives most of the time in London, has picked up as high as $80,000 in four months at his profession. He is the only American artist who can command $5,000 for a portrait.

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS-WARD is described as a shy woman of delicate features. Her eyes have a look of sadness in them. The strength of her face appears in her forehead. She is a quiet but engaging talker.

ABRAHAM BONNAFIELD, Clerk of the County Court of Tucker county, West Virginia, who died a few days ago, was born without legs over 50 years ago. Yet he was an excellent cavalry soldier in the rebel army all through the late war.

The Folly of Fortune-Telling.

From the Punxsutawny Spirit.]

The pernicious folly of fortune-telling was forcibly illustrated in Pittsburg the other day when a young lady committed suicide because she had been told by a fortune-teller that she would not live a month. It is a most ridiculous superstition to suppose that an old, ignorant crone who mumbles off a lot of stuff learned by rote knows any more about your future than you do yourself, and persons who encourage such idiocy by patronizing these itinerant frauds become partners in the wrong.

CURRENT TIMELY TOPICS.

SPEAKER REED and Johnny Davenport would make a great running team in 1892. The former could do the voting and the latter the counting.

A BOYCOTT oftentimes proves a boomerang. It's the same way with correspondence—a great deal of ink has been wasted and paper spoiled over a trifling matter.

ALBERT HAWKINS, colored, for 22 years coachman at the White House, has been dismissed. He will be given a position in the departments if the proper place is vacant, but a Government employe is hardly ever known to resign, and a vacancy may not be forthcoming for many moons.

MISS SPECIE SOUTH, a Missouri woman, has just died at the age of 112 years. She attended the inauguration of George Washington, but, strange to relate, her father did not hold a Government position.

THE leading colored man of St. Louis has been arrested for allowing crap playing in his house. Has the colored man no rights that the law is bound to respect?

IT hardly seems possible, but nevertheless it is a fact, that a Western member of the present House of Representatives has refused a renomination. When the fact is noticed that when he was elected three candidates were in the field, his refusal to take any chances are easily accounted for.

THE weather is reported as deliciously cool in St. Louis. If that is the case overcoats must be in good demand in Chicago.

IT is said that the love existing between Speaker Reed and Mr. Rogers, of Arkansas, is so intense that the smiles exchanged would freeze a two horse power ice-freezer.

NEVADA has a population of about 45,000, including the two United States Senators, member of the House and one millionaire who is away at a summer resort.

THE theaters are receiving their annual summer coat of paint and general overhauling preparatory to reopening. When they are all in full togs again it is a pretty good indication that fall is approaching at a rapid gait.

GENERAL A. T. GOSHORN refuses to act as general manager of the Chicago Exposition. He has been there once, and he's too old a bird to be caught a second time.

A BIT OF BURNED PAPER.

A Strange Incident of the Late Western Union Fire in New York City.

From the Punxsutawney Spirit.]

We received a letter from our brother, L. D. Smith, of Jersey City, dated July 18, which on account of the weird nature of its contents, is herewith given:

DEAR BROTHER—Among the incidents of daily occurence a few of them might be deemed wonderful, if anything in this age of marvels could be so called. In this case it may be only "strange," but it was strange enough to make an impression on me, and perhaps it may on you when you learn the circumstances. The Western Union Telegraph building was burned in New York to-day, and while standing on Pier E, in Jersey City, almost directly opposite the scene of the conflagration, but probably a mile away, a little piece of burnt paper floated down through the air and lit at my feet. What induced me to pick it up I do not know, but I did, and turning it over found—what will explain itself to you. Was it a message? There was a time when such importance would be attached to anything of that sort, but the days of signs and omens have passed, and reason only listens to cause and effect. Yet what is this? The only piece of paper I knew of to fall there. It had a long flight—half way across the city of New York and across the Hudson—and it came direct to me.

This bit of burnt paper, which was enclosed in the letter, was about the size of the bottom of a mucilage bottle, and directly across its face, in the center, was printed in bold-face type the name of "W. O. Smith." Of course it was a mere coincidence, but a very uncanny one. Perhaps, as old Granny Grumpkins used to say, it may be the sign of a token. Who knows? At all events were we soon to quit this mortal frame in any violent or unexpected way, superstitious people would believe that this little bit of paper, which floated away from the burning telegraph building, was obliging enough to augur the event to our brother.

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.

The Parents Awakened by the Cries of Their Infant Child.

From the Morgantown New Dominion.]

John Carroll lives on Trace creek with his wife and infant child, two miles from Hamlin. Sunday night the little family retired to bed as usual, the bed sitting in a corner of the room next the wall, the latter being built of logs and the cracks closed with boards. At 2 o'clock in the morning the parents were awakened by the cries of the child which complained of its hand. Lighting a lamp the parents discovered a small incision on the child's hand bleeding, and surmising at once that a snake had inflicted the wound, applied the mouth of a bottle filled with turpentine to the wound and were soon rewarded by seeing a greenish substance issue from the wound.

Mrs. Carroll instituted a hurried search about the bed and discovered what she at first supposed to be a mouse's nest behind a board on the wall. Putting her hand on the crevice she quickly withdrew it, when the horrid copper colored head of a snake reared up a hideous sight in the pale light. Seizing an axe the terrified mother struck the reptile a blow, severing the head from the body. Meanwhile the child's arm began to swell and turned black. The agonized father ran for a horse and taking the child in his arms, galloped to Hamlin through the darkness and roused up Dr. Thacker. The doctor immediately administered such powerful antidotes for poison as the child could receive and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the death-dealing poison injected from the fang of the snake being counteracted.

A HORROR TO MEN.

The Bishop of Manchester Speaks on Effeminate Men and Masculine Women.

Speaking at Preston, the Bishop of Manchester said: You all know that women cannot bear an effeminate man. [Laughter.] Very well, then, you ought easily to know that men cannot bear a masculine woman. [Renewed laughter.] When a woman puts on the collars and cuffs, the caps and the waistcoats of men—when a woman imitates the manly stride, and the bold, manly stare, she becomes a horror to most of us. But some of the strong-minded sisters would say, "I don't care what men think of me; it is quite enough if I am satisfied with myself." Just so, and I venture to add that the human race will lose very little if that kind of lady continues to be an aversion to men until she dies. ["Hear, hear," and applause.] But, ah! ladies, what will happen if you all one of these fine days take up that role? I believe it would be one of the most awful calamities that could befall the human race. For what does antagonism between the sexes mean? It means the abandonment of a large extent of marriage; it means to a large extent the abandonment of the foundation of home—the true source of all the virtue, all the grace, all the strength and all the happiness of human life.

Ladies, be sure God has committed to you a very sacred trust. First of all, to be the tender companions and wise counselors of the inferior sex. Secondly, to be the embodiment of all those graces of purity, tenderness and wisdom which in memory keep your sons noble and pure, and your daughters wise and good. You must not fail us there, whatever becomes of the small minority of your very strong-minded sisters. Now, I am in favor of the higher education of women just for this reason, because I believe that by developing to the greatest possible extent the mental and moral and spiritual faculties of women you will make them better wives and better mothers.

A BENEFICENT INVENTION.

An Electric Cane Which is Destined to Fill a Long-Felt Want.

The electric cane is a really beneficent invention. It consists of a cane, in the interior of which is stored a large quantity of electricity. Till a spring in the handle is pressed the cane is as harmless as any other cane, but if this spring is pressed and at the same moment a person is touched with the ferule of the cane he receives a shock that will stun him for the next 20 minutes without doing him any permanent harm The same apparatus is also placed in the handles of umbrellas and of ladies' parasols.

With this invention a man can protect himself not only from assault, but from casual bores. A robber demands your purse as you are walking home at night. You simply touch him, accidentally, as it were, with the end of your cane, and then proceed slowly and peacefully on your way, leaving him stretched on the pavement. Or a bore buttonholes you, ignorant that you carry an electric umbrella. Presently the bore drops insensible on the pavement, and you leave him to the curious inspection of the public, knowing that presently a policeman will appear to arrest him on a charge of drunkenness or apoplexy. The name of the inventor of this inestimable weapon is not yet known, but he is sure to reap the gratitude of every intelligent man and woman in civilized lands.

An Enjoyable Lawn Fete.

The lawn fete given last evening by the Y. P. S. C. E., of the Mt. Washington Baptist Church, at the home of Mr. W. T. Bowris, was a very enjoyable affair. The spacious lawns were brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns that gave their usual picturesque and quaint effect. The supper was delightful, and the guests were in their merriest moods.

IN THE PARK.

You think me a tramp, young feller, I know,
And you reckon I hain't no right to this seat;
You're a-wonderin' why I don't get up and go,
And leave the hull park to yerself for a treat.

Well, a tramp's what I am; I don't deny that;
And that's jest the reason I'm takin' a rest;
With a coat that's too big, and a number nine hat,
And shoes I could swim in, I'm doin' my best.

I know it's no joke to touch shoulders with me,
Perticklerly when you've got clothes that fit;
And how you kin stand it, I'm blest if I see!
In that streaked "blazer" yer quite a "hit."

Good clothes is becomin', of course, that's true;
But they sometimes make ye stuck on yerself,
Don't let 'em get in their "fine work" on you,
Some day, ye know, they're laid on the shelf.

You'd hardly believe I had 'em once, too;
A-seein' me sit here like Misery's twin;
It seems jest a dream I was ever like you,
With friends and a home to be happy in.

And I didn't lose 'em through gamblin' or gin,
They went in a night, like a tale that's told—
The spoil of a friend I trusted in,
Who tricked me of wife, and house, and gold.

'The way of the world," perhaps you say;
But somehow I never took heart again,
I lost my grip, and you see me to-day,
The sport and jest of my fellow-men.

Have you ever thought, when the shadows fall
O'er the busy street and the quiet park,
Of the feeling of those with no home at all,
In the silent, cheerless, pitiless dark?

Do you wonder, then, on a glad, bright day,
'Mid trees that beckon and breezes that kiss,
I should want to pass a few hours away,
When the night is so different from all this?

That's why I'm here, 'neath the beautiful blue,
I hain't nowhere else to go to, you see,
Remember what's only a notion with you
Is pretty near Heaven to fellows like me.

—*Howard Seely in Texas Siftings.*

AMERICA ABROAD.

Odds and Ends of the Last Foreign Mail—A New English Resort—Max O'Rell's Joke on a Publisher—A Cute Young Actress—Brown-Sequard's Elixir Surprises Parisians.

THE Americans evidently appreciate the beauties of Derbyshire. During a recent visit I found Matlock Bath thronged with citizens of the United States, who, instead of proceeding direct to London when they arrive at Liverpool, "switch off," as they put it, on to the Midland Railway, and spend a few days amid the lovely wooded hills and verdant dales of what is frequently termed the "English Switzerland." The drive from Matlock Bath to Buxton, through the old town of Bakewell, passing the High Tor, the Heights of Abraham, Haddon Hall (the old residence of the "Kings of the Peak"), is one of the most enchanting in England. Matlock Bath is a convenient and picturesque center for tourists. A glance at the register of the New Bath and Royal Hotels revealed the fact that the greater part of the arrivals were from America. A hill in front of the New Bath has been converted into a delightful garden of terraces, and amid yews and larches, elms, mountain ash, and stately oaks are artistically planned parterres glowing with flowers. Standing on a pretty knoll of this garden, on a hillside beneath the shade of a luxuriant copper-beech, and surveying the scene—the bright little Derwent river dancing along the valley below—I thought I never beheld a more entrancing landscape. I remember nothing in Switzerland, the Tyrol, or about the Italian lakes to surpass it in its combination of rock and wood, in sylvan and romantic beauty. It is not to be wondered at that the American tourist is in no hurry to get away from Matlock.

* * *

Mrs. Mackay Caters to Royalty.

LAST week Mrs. Mackay gave a concert in honor of Princess Louise. Her guests arrived early to secure places, but her Royal Highness did not put in an appearance until nearly midnight, and Mrs. Mackay had commenced proceedings. Princess Louise has a far more genuine love of music than the average society lady, so begged the performers to begin the programme "all over again." The artists obeyed the royal desire, but the music was consequently prolonged into early morning. Mrs. Mackay has made her house one of the most popular in London. In the audience were Earl and Countess Kilmorey, the Countess of Romney, Lady Florence Marsham and many other people of note in society.

* * *

Max O'Rell's Little Joke.

NOT long ago Max O'Rell—who is just now summing up in England the results of his observations during the past season in America—told me of an amusing experience he had had with book pirates of the States. He wrote a series of sketchy papers on the Gallic people in his racy vein for a London periodical. Gilbert's reference to the French race in one of his librettos about that time furnished the vivacious *flaneur* with a title. He christened the papers "That Darned Mounseer." An American book pirate promptly collected and produced the papers in cheap form, and they enjoyed a good sale. Now comes the joke! At the request of his English publisher, O'Rell some time after consented to make a book of the sketches, and he rechristened them "Jacques Bonhomme." Thereupon the enterprising pirate promptly reprinted the volume. When he learned that he had gone to the expense of duplicating the book he had stolen once before and had the electrotype plates of, his feelings may be imagined. Even the pirates may get "left" when they dispense with the little formality of reading the foreign works they intend to steal.

* * *

Please Remember This.

THE American journals, in speaking of the marriage of the author of "Aunt Jack," print his name as Lawson. Those who have roared at the comical situations of the amusing play in question, that the name of the autnor is Mr. Ralph Lumley, and that he has several new plays in preparation, which in due course will be seen in New York. Mr. Lumley is the son of Mr. H. R. Lumley, the editor of the *Court Journal*, who was one of the first journalists in England to write and print the pungent society paragraphs which are nowadays popularly associated with the *World* and *Truth*. Years before these journals were founded, Mr. Lumley had a "Metropolitan On Dits" department, in which he wrote, and continues to write, many "snappy" lively comments on current events.

* * *

Another Shrewd Actress.

A YOUNG lady of fair ability named Olga Brandon played a number of parts a few years ago on the American stage. She had a pretty face, and to that interesting fact she owed such tolerance as her histrionic efforts were accorded. Even this recommendation to managerial and public favor, however, palled for a time, and then she found engagements few and far between. In this extremity the young lady did a sensible and business-like thing. She bought a steamer ticket to Europe, and settled down in London. For several months little was heard of her. Then her name began to appear among the dramatic paragraphs; before long it had become tolerably familiar to the British playgoing public. It was not that she did anything to attract notice—the paragraphers obligingly busied themselves in proclaiming what she might, could, should or would do to attract it, and in her case that was more to the purpose Having become something of a local notority, the shrewd young lady next proceeded to procure appearances at matinees, and the scribes—quick to perceive the fruition of a talent that had concealed itself from the scrutiny of the critics on the other side of the water—discovered that she was gifted with rare powers, and extolled her merits to the skies. She has now secured a prominent position on the London stage, and is regarded as an actress of extraordinary promise. Offers and engagements have been made her within the past few weeks by several American managers, who are bidding against one another with a recklessness approaching that sometimes observed when a particularly desirable "lot" is put under the hammer by an auctioneer. For times the amount her English manager is paying her at the present moment is freely offered by the competitors, while she, profiting by a full sense of her opportunity, waits patiently until the most attractive figure is reached.

* * *

Brown-Sequard and the Parisians.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD'S therapeutic process of rejuvenating man has again been discussed in Paris society and the press, in consequence of Dr. Goizet's successful treatment of a man for paralysis by the new method. The man, aged 60, was almost helpless, and Dr. Goizet had given up all hopes of curing him. The patient himself also despaired; but having read of the discovery of Dr. Brown-Sequard, he asked Dr. Goizet to see what effect that method would have on him. He was, accordingly, inoculated 12 times in as many days, and now he is able to walk about. If there be no exaggeration in this statement, it is certainly a wonderful method, and one which will excite far more curiosity not only among medical scientists but to the whole ailing world. If Dr. Brown-Sequard can really go as far as he says, and give old age the energy of youth, his name will go down to posterity as the greatest therapeutic discoverer the present century has known. But, even without going so far as that, if his method can cure paralysis, as Dr. Goizet asserts it does, even then he will deserve well of the profession of which he has so long been a distinguished member.

* * *

He Lives to Enjoy His Riches.

BALDWIN, of parachute notoriety, has settled down in America, where he is living quietly on the fortune he made in England. During the two years and a half which he spent in this country he gained £30,000, it is said. At the Alexandria Palace he received £100 for every ascent he made. This was always paid to him in solid cash, and he never went up until the two stout bags containing it had been brought into his tent on the ground, where Mrs. Baldwin divided her thoughts between them and her nervous anxiety for the fate of her husband. Baldwin himself never experienced a tremor in making his perilous aerial journeys. On the evening after his last ascent he tore his balloon and parachute to tatters, gave a champagne supper to his friends, and resolved to risk his life no more.

* * *

Sc