The Pittsburg Dispatch.

FORTY SEVENTH YEAR. PITTSBURG, MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1892—TWELVE PAGES. THREE CENTS.

A Spofford Ink Copy
Library of Congress

MR. BLAINE IS VERY NIGH UNTO DEATH.

For Half an Hour Yesterday Morning It Seemed He Could Not Recover.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE CARRYING HIM AWAY.

All Simulation Is at Last Thrown Aside by His Relatives in the Presence of Death.

INTERVALS OF DELIRIUM, NO SPEECH OR MOTION,

And Other Sad Features of the Great Man's Illness Now Admitted by Those Who Know of Them.

A Sorry Sunday for the Weeping Members of the Family of One of America's Greatest Statesmen—Mrs. Blaine the Only One Composed Enough to Look After Her Husband's Comfort—Two Physicians Almost Constantly With Him—He Had a Premonition of Death and Wanted to Breathe His Last in Washington—Singular Coincidence of His Life and That of Secretary Seward—The Old Mansion Marked by Fate Soon to Be the Scene of a Most Dramatic Ending to a Series of Life Pictures—Excitement at the Capital—President Harrison's Solicitude for the Welfare of His Ex-Secretary of State.

At 1:30 o'clock this morning the Blaine mansion in Washington is shrouded in darkness with the exception of the sick chamber, where a dim light is burning. Drs. Johnston and Hyatt called at the Blaine mansion at 11 o'clock and found Mr. Blaine doing so well that they told the family that they had no apprehension of dissolution taking place within the next 24 hours. After they left the mansion the family retired for the night.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—Although the most alarming reports have been sent abroad in regard to the imminent death of ex-Secretary Blaine, although knots of citizens gather constantly on the pavement in front of the antique mansion, and although the *Evening Star* issued an extra edition at 8 o'clock announcing that the great statesman was at the point of death and might die at any moment, the patient still lives, and the doctors say that there is no sign of immediate danger.

It is a peculiarity of the fiendish disease of the kidneys, which is the chief trouble with Mr. Blaine, that after it has laid waste the system and reduced its victim to the last extremity, it toys with him as a cat does with a mouse, now crushing him to the point of killing and then permitting him to rally and grow cheerful, giving him no twinge of pain, only to strike him down a little nearer death after hope has revived in him and his friends.

Bound to Die Where He Now Lies.

Mr. Blaine lies in the historic room where that other immortal Secretary of State made a narrow escape from a fearful death. It is fitting that two men who played so important a part in the history of the nation should die in the same corner of the same fateful chamber. That Mr. Blaine will die there, not the most sanguine of his family or friends now doubt. He has rallied remarkably since his alarming relapse of this morning, when it was thought death was at hand, but, as has been said, that is one of the phenomena of the disease. His wonderful vitality may carry him through several of these periodic sinkings, or the next one may be his last. No one can tell.

It is hardly possible, considering the nature of the disease, that there can be even a temporary condition that will give hope of recovery, or even of sufficient strength to accomplish that removal to a warmer climate that has been mentioned so frequently.

The End Not Very Far Off.

At this late writing the correspondent of THE DISPATCH has just had a word with the physicians, and they say that they do not apprehend a fatal termination to-night. They admit that if not to-night the end cannot possibly be far away.

One of the strange features of the declining health of Mr. Blaine is that he would never take himself thoroughly in hand to effect a cure. As stated in THE DISPATCH several weeks ago, at a time when everybody was mystified in regard to the character of the disease on account of the reticence of the doctors, Mr. Blaine has been suffering for years from kidney trouble, which was one of the phases of that dread affliction called "Bright's disease." This was given out on the authority of a gentleman who is so intimate with the family that the doctors talked freely with him. Bright's disease covers a tremendous amount of ignorance of the doctors. It has a thousand phases, and no two of them are alike.

Too Good a Start Was Gained.

The most expert physicians have pronounced a patient's kidneys to be perfectly sound, when at the same time the waste that should have passed through these indispensable organs has been percolating throughout the entire system. It seems that in the case of the distinguished patient who is upon his last couch in the old Seward mansion, neither the doctors nor he knew for a long time after disease was apparent that the kidneys were the instruments chosen by death with which to destroy this particular victim. When that became apparent Mr. Blaine seemed not to possess the will power which would enable him to put himself under a rigid discipline, which might have prolonged his life for years.

General Schenck was at one time almost as near death as Mr. Blaine was a few weeks ago, but by a diet of skimmed milk and occasionally a little dry toast, he effected almost a cure, and prolonged his life for years.

Mr. Blaine Always a Bon Vivant.

Mr. Blaine was fond of good living, and he had it. Stimulants of an alcoholic character are well known to be poison to diseased kidneys, but at the social assemblies, where he was always a welcome and most brilliant guest, he could not resist the rich delicacies of the kitchen nor the fine wines from the vaults. Not that he ever took what is called "too much," but a very little, a mere glassful, was too much for the wasted and worn machinery of his system, which demanded a return to primitive nourishment instead of the toothsome but death-dealing food of the modern fashionable table.

With this overwhelming desire to live as he had been accustomed to live, Mr. Blaine coupled a determination to remain in public life as long as he could. He dreaded that retirement which meant that he would be more surely forgotten than if he were dead. He wanted to die in the harness, and, as everyone knows, he expected to die in the harness of the President of the United States.

A Certain Evidence of Decay.

When he resigned his portfolio as Secretary of State, with an austerity which is yet a subject for wonder and gossip, he would not have traded his chances for the Presidency for all the wealth of the Rockies. His very ambition for the Presidency, after having refused a nomination that was in his hands, and when he could have been elected, was evidence of decay. He burned again with this ambition when his health was such that his life almost depended on his being relieved of all labor and all anxiety, which meant an abandonment of all ambition.

Everybody here whose occupation led him to watch closely the personality of persons in public life, recognized that the great man of Maine and Pennsylvania was not himself, and that he has not had the keen, quick, sagacious judgment of his young manhood and middle age at any time since his defeat in 1884. Had he possessed that judgment he would not have permitted himself to be drawn again into the position of Secretary of State, to say nothing of his taking his wild flight of resignation in his dying ambition to accomplish the Presidency.

Where Mr. Blaine Was to Blame.

These are facts that may be as well touched upon now as at any time. His nation of admirers has almost a right to blame him for launching himself into a maelstrom of work and worry which shortened his days by many a year—for nature is stingy in her gifts of such men, and they cannot live long enough.

A friend of Mr. Blaine, one who has been associated with him in business and one of his most intimate friends socially, tells me that the great ex-Secretary returned to Washington to die. He has always been timid in regard to his health. He had a premonition that he could not live through the winter. He wanted to be at the national capital, where he had suffered his keenest disappointments and won his most brilliant victories and greenest laurels. If that be true, his approaching death is surrounded by an added pathos.

TREMBLING IN THE BALANCE.

LITTLE HOPE FOR THE STRICKEN STATESMAN YESTERDAY.

A Day of Torture for Family and Friends—They Throw Aside All Simulation and Admit They Have Feared Death for Some Time—Real Condition of the Dying Man—Bright's Disease Surely Carrying Him Off.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—All day long the life of James G. Blaine has hung trembling in the balance. For more than an hour in the forenoon hope was abandoned, and the end was momentarily expected by physicians, family and friends. All simulation was thrown aside in the apparent imminent presence of death, and the suppressed facts of his illness—the long-denied but now admitted Bright's disease, the occasional intervals of delirium, the long hours when he has lain incapable of speech or motion (as it is now said was the case when Cardinal Gibbons paid him his recent friendly call)—these and other distressing features of his illness all incidental to the one overpowering organic trouble, Bright's disease, aggravated as this has been of late by a cold contracted while imprudently venturing out driving two weeks ago, and by malarial fever, and confronted by a constitution impaired by nearly two years of continual sickness—all these things are now tacitly admitted.

The physicians assert that there have not been any hemorrhages, as has been asserted, but this is almost the only alarming symptom which is now denied. The first crisis was reached between 10 and 11 o'clock this morning, when a sinking spell set in in which the worst was feared. His family were called round the bedside, and his physicians sent messenger after messenger to the nearest drug store with prescriptions requiring hasty attention.

A Slight Rally in the Afternoon.

The distinguished patient lay unconscious and to all appearances dying until shortly before 1 o'clock, when a slight rally set in. His pulse, which had almost ceased to beat, became again perceptible, and partial consciousness was restored. At 2 o'clock his physicians, Drs. Johnston and Hyatt, considered him so much improved as to render their constant presence at the bedside unnecessary. While there had been no change in his condition upon which hopes of ultimate recovery could be based, the immediate crisis had passed.

At 2:30 o'clock this afternoon a reporter saw James G. Blaine, Jr., at the family residence. He said that his father's attack this morning was very bad and created the gravest apprehension. His condition became so weak that it was feared that in view of his enfeebled condition a recurrence must involve the gravest consequences.

Mrs. Hale, wife of Senator Hale, of Maine, one of Mr. Blaine's closest friends, was at the house for several hours during the day and made a second call late in the afternoon.

Senator Hale Talks of the Crisis.

About 5 o'clock she left, and soon after Senator Hale called. Mr. Hale's statement as he left the house, as to Mr. Blaine's condition, was that Mr. Blaine seemed a little more comfortable than he had been earlier in the day, but that his condition appeared to be critical.

"It may be," he said, "that he will recover, but those who have an interest in him have reason to be alarmed. In fact, his condition is alarming. It is difficult to name the trouble. It is general physical breaking up. When he takes a cold it brings on a consuming fever, and he is not in a condition to withstand it. Besides, there are the ordinary complications. His mind is perfectly clear."

The house was lighted up early, and all the lower shutters closed. Drs. Hyatt and Johnston, who were to meet at the house for a consultation between 7 and 8 o'clock, were sent for just before 5 o'clock. Dr. Hyatt was the first to arrive. He reached the house about 5:05 o'clock and was followed soon by Dr. Johnston. The fact that both doctors were summoned gave rise to a rumor that the patient was suffering from another attack of exhaustion. This, however, proved to be an error, and the statement was authoritatively made at 7 P. M. that nothing in the nature of a relapse had occurred.

The Reaction Modifies Apprehension.

While the improvement in Mr. Blaine's condition is but slight, and not sufficient to afford any great amount of encouragement to his family and friends, the reaction has seemed to modify the feeling of apprehension for the immediate future. James G. Blaine, Jr., and Walter E. Damrosch, the ex-Secretary's son-in-law, walked down the avenue this evening.

All day representatives of the press have patrolled Madison Place and carefully watched the old red mansion which has become celebrated for its historical associations and the fatality with which misfortune has followed its occupants. From the Sickles-Keys tragedy which occurred more than a third of a century ago, followed by the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward during the last year of the Civil War, down to the present time, the pall of ill fate has hung over the mansion. During the less than four years' occupancy of this house by the Blaine family, the wife of Colonel Coppinger, Walker Blaine and Emmons Blaine, the Secretary's promising sons, have died.

A little after 6:30 o'clock J. G. Blaine, Jr., came out and said to the reporters: "We think that father is considerably better than he was this morning. He was dangerously ill during the forenoon. During the afternoon, however, he seems to have rallied somewhat. The physicians have been here this evening, and we now think that he will live during the night, and we hope for the best. Still, it must be said that he is very dangerously ill."

From an intimate friend of the family it was learned that it was only when Mr. Blaine was suddenly seized with the sinking spell this morning, which threatened for some minutes to terminate in heart failure, that his family fully realized how near he was to death.

The Last Moment Was Looked For.

For a few seconds he seemed to be in extremis, and the watchers bent anxiously over him. The emaciated face of the dying man was white as marble, and his features sadly drawn. At times he scarcely seemed to breathe, and at others gasped for breath. The physicians who had been hastily summoned were in the meantime not idle. They plied him with stimulative cordials, the trained nurses chafed his extremities, and it was only after working over the patient for upward of 30 minutes, and the application of every art known to the medical profession, that Mr. Blaine slowly revived. But the battle with death found him extremely weak, weaker than at any time when suffering a relapse. He was too weak even to whisper and made no sign of recognition.

The family gathered around the bedside were all in tears except Mrs. Blaine. She still maintained outward composure throughout the trying scene, and calmly gave such directions to the attendants as were necessary. Her will power, when in fact her heart was breaking, is described as something pathetic and marvelous. Whatever may have been Mrs. Blaine's suspicions or knowledge of her husband's condition through all the intervening months of his illness, she has given no outward sign that would indicate that she did not believe in his future recovery. It has been her cheerfulness in distressing circumstances that has soothed her husband's despondency.

A Prey of Late to Despondency.

Of late Mr. Blaine's physical condition has been such that he has given way to despondency. While manifesting no fear of death, Mr. Blaine has often said he did not want to die. "In fact," says an intimate friend of the family, "Mr. Blaine has fought death with sublime heroism. The world knows how ambitious he was, and also knows how much he accomplished in the pursuit of his ambition. And yet he dies a disappointed, and, I was about to say, a heart-broken man. But that would perhaps be putting it too strong. I once heard him say that after all ambition was an ignus fatuus, and that all the world was hollow outside of one's family. Then he would quote these lines by N. P. Willis: 'What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat. The angels of light walk not so dazzlingly the sapphire walls of heaven.'

"Mr. Blaine has lived about 62 years, but when you appreciate what he has passed through he has lived far beyond three score and ten. He has been compared in his public life with Henry Clay. There is a close resemblance between Mr. Blaine and that great tribune of the people. Clay was magnetic, so is Blaine; each was powerful before the people and possessed a genial fellowship that bound men to them with hooks of steel. Both had an ambition to be President and failed. I am inclined to believe, however, that Mr. Blaine's public career will stand higher in the esteem of future generations than that of Mr. Clay. Both were remarkable men and have left their lasting impress upon the times in which they lived."

The Physicians Hope for the Best.

At 9:30 o'clock to-night a reporter had an interview with Mr. Blaine's attending physicians, Drs. W. W. Johnston and Frank Hyatt. Speaking for them both, Dr. Johnston said: "Blaine is distinctly better to-night than he was last night, and much better than he was this morning."

"What was the nature of the attack to-day, doctor?"

"It was a failure of his heart to perform its functions satisfactorily."

"His trouble is not in his heart?" was asked.

"No, it is not. But in the general weakness from which Mr. Blaine is suffering all the organs are affected and the heart makes manifest the weakness of the whole system. Mr. Blaine's condition has been such that when he takes cold, as he did ten days or two weeks ago, fever followed, causing a deterioration of the system. For some days prior to and including yesterday, however, he was recovering from the effects of the cold and fever and last night he was entirely free from fever, his pulse beating strongly and his condition quite gratifying. This morning, however, he had an ill turn. His heart-beats became more indistinct and irregular, and he was more languid and less observant. However, he rallied from this condition, those symptoms disappeared, he has taken nourishment during the afternoon and to-night, as I said, he is better and brighter. His pulse is stronger and the reaction quite marked."

Immediate Death Not Anticipated.

"You apprehend no danger of immediate dissolution, then?"

"No. On the other hand, if he maintains his present ability to take nourishment and regains sufficient strength to overcome or obviate future attacks like that of to-day, there is nothing in his disease that should carry him off."

Shortly after 11 o'clock P. M. a closed carriage was driven rapidly to the front of the Blaine mansion, from which alighted Miss Hattie Blaine, Mrs. Damrosch, Miss Abigail Dodge ("Gail Hamilton") and Mr. Damrosch. The ladies were closely veiled, and ran through the crowd of correspondents and others gathered in front of the house into the mansion, followed by James G. Blaine, Jr., who had just returned from a few minutes' walk. Mr. Blaine, in response to an inquiry, said his father was about the same.

Illinois Coal Miners Will Strike.

PEORIA, Dec. 18.—The coal miners of this district will strike Monday for increased wages. Several hundred men are involved.

A NEW EPOCH BEGUN

In the History of the Catholic Church, According to Rev. Dr. McGlynn.

AN INTERESTING LECTURE

Delivered Last Evening by the Apostle of Anti-Poverty.

HE IS GLAD MGR. SATOLLI IS HERE,

For His Coming Casts Light on Several Disputed Subjects.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS MUST BE SUPPORTED

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—"Archbishop Satolli and the School Question" was the subject of Dr. McGlynn's address to the Anti-Poverty people in Cooper Union Hall, to-night. In view of the new phase which Dr. McGlynn's relation to the Church has assumed, it had been expected that there would be a larger attendance than usual at this lecture, but the hall was hardly more than half filled, and there were but few new faces in the audience.

Dr. McGlynn arrived 15 minutes late. He began reading what he called a synopsis of his lecture for the evening. This synopsis contained in a brief form the substance of his lecture, and when he had finished it he went over the statements and enlarged upon them.

"I am glad to-night," he said, "to speak words of praise and congratulation for the address made by Archbishop Satolli, in the name of the Pope to the Archbishops of the United States, which has been published and of the original Latin, of which I now hold in my hand a copy. This address and the presence of Archbishop Satolli here as a delegate of the Pope mark the beginning of a new and important epoch for the Catholic Church in the United States. I sincerely rejoice over what has happened and still more over what is portending.

The Doctor's Reasons for Rejoicing.

"I rejoice because of my love for the Catholic religion, my sympathy for the best interests, spiritual and temporal, of my fellow Catholics, and, by no means least of all, because of my love for the best interests of my country. The utterances and the action of the Pope through Archbishop Satolli have already given great comfort to the hearts of not a few Catholics. How refreshing it is to hear from Archbishop Satolli, in the name of the Pope, the forcible reminder that it is 'strictly forbidden to any bishop or priest either actually to repel or to threaten to repel from the sacraments, as if they were unworthy, parents who may choose to send their children to the public schools.'

"Again, how many false notions are swept away by the authoritative statement that the Catholic Church, and the Holy See in particular, do not condemn or neglect, but positively desire to have public schools in every country suitable to the civil condition of the people for the cultivation of letters, arts and natural sciences, and desire to contribute there to his benevolent co-operation while safe-guarding the one and essential point that there shall be nothing in the system contrary to the truth of the Christain religion and morality.

Another Reason to Be Glad.

"Last of all, while not strictly and immediately pertinent to the school question, we Catholics may surely be permitted to congratulate ourselves upon the desire manifested by the Pope to have in this country an apostolic delegate to settle promptly and effectually cases that are not infrequently arising and in which an appeal or a journey to Rome is so slow, so difficult, so costly, and frequently, from the necessity of the case, unsatisfactory, that if the case could be settled by the Pope's authority, but near to the place where it has arisen, it would be desirable beyond all measure.

"I never could forget that I was a priest," Dr. McGlynn said. "I never had any desire to divest myself of that sacred character. It is as much a part of my nature as my love for my country. It never was any part of my religion or of the theology I learned in Rome that I need sacrifice the truest and purest patriotism to religion, for the reason that true religion can never require any such sacrifice. Patriotism is a Christian virtue. So you can imagine with what feelings I became aware that men, even in the name of sweet religion, antagonized institutions so dear to their fellow men. We Americans thought we knew it all, and now Archbishop Satolli, that good man, comes from Rome to teach us something.

Learned in the Confessional.

"Time and time again priests have driven men and women out of the confessional because they insisted on sending their children to the public schools. No one will dare to tell me that that is not true. I know whereof I speak. I heard it in the confessional myself, from people who had been driven away from other confessionals. They knew where to come for sympathy. I have tried to be a peacemaker rather than an exciter of strife; I have tried to find good in secular institutions rather than evil. The people of this country believe in liberty. They have no desire to oppress Catholics, either through their schools or any other public function. By attempting to embrace too much, a man or an organization may accomplish too little.

"I was confronted by the school question at the outset of my ministry. I was told that I must build a parochial school. The clergy at that time seemed to feel that America had no religion except such as was brought over by foreigners. They looked upon it as a misfortune that a man should be born an American.

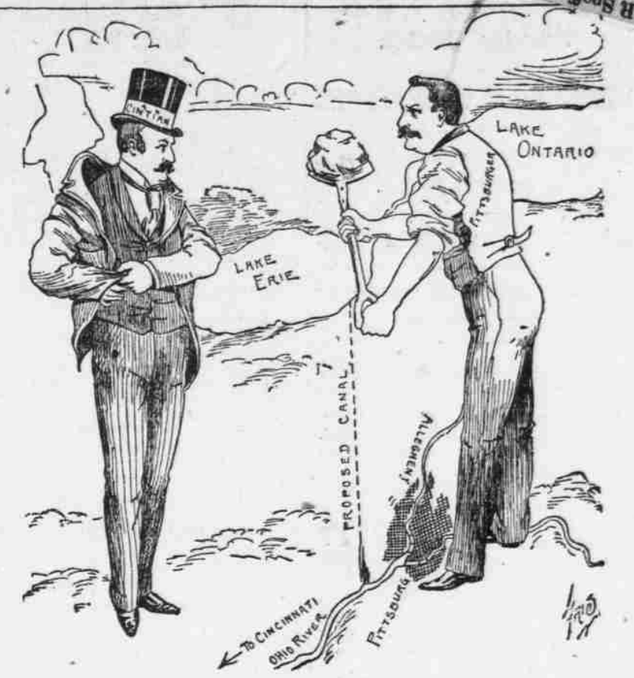
One of the State's Functions.

"Education is properly a function of the State. It must be so for the State's own preservation. The State must fit its citizens for civic, municipal, business and political life. The Church must teach spiritual dogma and look after the erring. Did Christ command us to observe arithmetic, geography and botany?

"Archbishop Satolli says it is no part of true religion to deny the right of the State to establish its system of education. The church really desires State public schools. The former denunciation of public schools by Catholic prelates was indecent. Some of them went so far as to say that children would be better off as savages than pupils in the schools. What, then, was the efficiency of their church? How much religion would the children get in the streets? If Archbishop Satolli's views were to be put into effect to-day they would sweep away all the parochial schools in the country."

Father and Son Killed.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Dec. 18.—Yesterday afternoon O. R. Jones was shot and instantly killed, and his son, Jesse Jones, was shot, perhaps fatally, in the abdomen, near Leicester, 12 miles west of this place, while resisting a constable and posse. Jesse Jones had refused to work the roads, as ordered by the authorities.



IF YOU GO TO WORK I'LL HELP YOU.

BLOODTHIRSTY BANDITS.

Cruelties Inflicted Along the Mexican Border—United States Troops Preparing to Fight—Two Mexicans Killed by Texas Rangers.

LAREDO, TEX., Dec. 18.—Two troops of United States cavalry, under Captains Chase and Hunter, have arrived here to take part in the campaign against the revolutionists.

A dispatch received here last night states that General Zestenz Rocha, military instructor at Chapultepec, Mexico, is missing and has not been heard of in five days. His absence may be significant during the present uprising. He is a very prominent gentleman in the Mexican army and could, if saw proper, lead a larger faction against the present administration than any other man in the Republic.

A dispatch received here to-day states that a detachment of Captain Brooks' Company of State Rangers, while scouting Star county, captured two Mexicans well armed and equipped. They were arrested on suspicion of being bandits, but were released, as they told an apparently straight story. Immediately on the release they opened fire on the Rangers. The latter returned the fire with a volley from their Winchesters, which completely riddled both Mexicans with bullets, killing them instantly. It has since been ascertained that the Mexicans were members of the band of revolutionists which recently invaded Mexico.

During the fight opposite San Ignacio Captain Segur, of the Mexican troops, seeing he was being particularly hard pushed to better protect himself, as it was a hand to hand fight, went into a "jackal" and fought from there with guns and pistols. There was in the "jackal" a woman and three children. The Captain called to the revolutionists asking that woman and children might go out unharmed, but the reply was "No." The woman thought she would step out with the children, but as she appeared at the door she was shot down and the children ran back. The revolutionists were unable to dislodge the Captain from his quickly chosen fortress, and they set fire to the "jackal," which drove the Captain out. As he made his appearance he was shot dead, his body thrown back into the burning building. The three children were penned in the house by the fire and burned to death. The bodies of dead soldiers were thrown into the flames and when the troops from Guerrero went to bury the dead they found some of the bodies burned to a crisp.

Another woman, the wife of a non-commissioned officer, undertook to escape by crossing the Rio Grande to Texas, but she was seen about the middle of the stream and shot. She sank beneath the waters and her body had not been found at last accounts. There are a number of wounded men at San Ignacio—all Mexican troops. Only two of the revolutionists were killed and one wounded so far as can be learned.

COLORED CATHOLICS.

Ireland Dedicates a Church and Condemns Negroes' Social Ostracism.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 18.—Archbishop Ireland dedicated this morning with great pomp and ceremony the new church of St. Peter Claver, for the special use of colored Catholics. The church is a very pretty edifice, quite large in proportions and costing $8,000. The congregation of colored Catholics was organized five years ago with a membership of seven. It now counts several hundred, all converts to the Catholic faith and bids fair to increase very rapidly in the future. Rev. E. Casey is the pastor.

The Archbishop, in his discourse, denounced in strong words the social ostracism from which the colored people suffer, declaring it contrary to humanity, to the Christian religion and to the spirit of the American Republic. The Catholic Church, he said, is opposed by her principles and her history to all discrimination because of race or color. An immense crowd, lots of colored people and whites, witnessed the ceremonies of dedication.

NEW OPPOSITION TO QUAY.

Philadelphia Politicians Want District Attorney Graham for U. S. Senator.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18.—In an open letter addressed to the Republican members of the State Legislature, State Senator Frank M. Riter earnestly advocates the election to the United States Senate of George S. Graham, District Attorney for Philadelphia, and asks his fellow members of the Legislature to give Mr. Graham their support. In his letter Senator Riter says that Mr. Graham has all the qualifications to give him a commanding position in the United States Senate, and that he would do honor to Pennsylvania in that body.

The Philadelphia *Press* will support Mr. Riter in his advocacy of Mr. Graham's candidacy, and to-morrow open the fight with a vigorous editorial in support of the District Attorney.

CHOLERA COMING SURE.

Doctors Will Urge the Suspension of Immigration.

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.—Dr. J. H. Rauch, a leading member of the American Public Health Association and ex-Secretary of the Illinois State Board of Health, arrived in Chicago to-day from Mexico, where he attended a convention of the association.

He said there was a consensus of opinion that, without the utmost vigilance, cholera would secure an entrance to this country next summer, and that a deputation had been appointed to urge Congress to suspend immigration.

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS IN BED.

The Peculiar Physical Deformities of a Rhode Island Woman.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Dec. 18.—Rose Donohue died here Friday aged 47. She was stricken with paralysis at the age of 9, and for 38 years had not left the little crib in which her three feet of body reposed, nor during that time had there been an apparent growth in the limbs, shoulders or trunk.

After a time her feet became locked, one on top of the other, and knit together so that the right foot, which was beneath the left, could hardly be seen. Nevertheless her head grew as rapidly to its proper proportions as that of a person who enjoyed perfect physical health. He hands were palmless, and the four fingers on her right hand and the three on her left were boneless bits of flesh, six inches long. Her memory was remarkably clear and her eyes beamed with brightness and intelligence.

She was a constant reader of religious works, and remembered everthing which she read and would repeat it from memory. She devoted all of her time to reading works of eminent Catholics and in prayer. Although she never expressed it when people called on her, it could be plainly seen from her manner that she was ill at ease when gazed at too long. In regard to her condition she would never say a word, and was always as happy and contented as possible.

THE PISTOL WAS LOADED.

A Girl Accidentally Shoots and Kills Her Aunt in Kittanning.

KITTANNING, PA., Dec. 18.—[*Special.*]—At 9 o'clock this morning a Miss Celia Boyd, 19 years old, who was visiting at the house of her aunt, Mrs. Philip Boyd, repeated the "didn't know it was loaded" tragedy. The story of the shooting as told by the girl is as yet uncontradicted, as the only other witness of the occurrence made no statement.

Miss Boyd said they were talking about carrying pistols and she had said she intended to buy one. A son of Mrs. Boyd, who was present, had a revolver and allowed the girl to take it. She says she held it toward the floor and snapped it, and finding the chamber was empty she snapped it twice in succession, not taking care to keep it turned away from the others, as she supposed the pistol was empty after finding there was no load in the first three chambers. When she pulled the trigger the fourth time the weapon happened to be pointed at Mrs. Phillips. There was a report and her aunt fell with a bullet in her brain. The shot struck her fairly between the eyes. The girl ran for a doctor, but he could do nothing, and the woman died in 20 minutes.

Although there is no evidence that the shooting was other than purely unintentional, the frightened girl was arrested and taken before 'Squire Simpson, who committed her to jail for a hearing to-morrow afternoon.

AND SO THEY ELOPED.

A Pretty Beaver County Girl Outwits Her Angry Father.

EAST LIVERPOOL, Dec. 18.—[*Special.*]—A pretty Beaver county girl has outwitted her lynx-eyed father and married the man of her choice.

Friday night, about 10 o'clock, Elsie Dunn, daughter of a farmer named Dunn, living about 18 miles from this place, eloped with Francis M. Reed, a young farmer, and drove to the West Virginia side of the river opposite here. E. D. Marshall, an attorney, living near here, had secured a license for the couple nearly a month ago. The trio were rowed across the river in a skiff, about 4 o'clock in the morning, and were married in Marshall's office by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, a Presbyterian minister. After a wedding breakfast, the couple returned to Reed's home.

Monday night Miss Dunn went to visit a friend in Phillipsburg, expecting to elope from there. But her father was suspicious and compelled her to return home. The old gentleman had threatened to shoot Reed if he persisted in his attentions to his daughter.

MR. MAXWELL CATCHES ON.

He Is to Be Made an Assistant Postmaster General.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 18.—[*Special.*]—Robert A. Maxwell, of Batavia, is to be made Assistant Postmaster General under the new national administration. This information was given out from authentic sources this evening. Mr. Maxwell served as State Treasurer for two terms, having been elected in 1881 and 1883. He wanted a third term, but on the promise of being taken care of in 1885, gave way to Lawrence J. Fitzgerald, who was nominated and elected State Treasurer. In January, 1886, when John A. McCall retired as Superintendent of Instruction, Mr. Maxwell was nominated by Governor Hill and confirmed by the Senate. He served his full term and a year over it.

In January, 1891, Governor Hill sent the name of James Pierce into the Senate to succeed Mr. Maxwell, and Mr. Pierce was immediately confirmed. Since then Mr. Maxwell has been floating about trying to catch on.

Stevenson Starts South.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Dec. 18.—Vice President-elect Stevenson and party left to-night on his Southern trip. He is accompanied by Mrs. Stevenson, his three daughters and brother John C. Stevenson, Hon. Jas. S. Ewing, John T. Lilliard and wife, of this city; Judge W. G. Ewing, of Chicago.

HARRITY'S HOLD ON THIS STATE

Worrying the Newly-Elected Congressmen Who Are Not of His Clique.

A POOR SHOW FOR SPOILS

And Those Who Can't Get Them Are Inclined to Protest.

More Candidates to the Square Foot Than for Many States Where Democratic Majorities Were Rolled Up—Sipe, Kribbs and Sibley Want to Divide Up the Patronage of the Western End of the State—The Democratic Congressmen Well Scattered—Harrity's Chance for Revenge on McAleer—Failure of the Chairman in His Interference in District of Columbia Affairs.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—Though Pennsylvania refused to join in the universal gravitation of things in the direction of free silver and free trade, it is probable that no State of the Union will give President Cleveland more trouble in regard to its appointments. Why there should be a Democratic party in Pennsylvania at all, when its interest in protection is considered, may not appear at a glance, but now that the administration has fallen into the hands of that party the old Keystone State comes up with as broad and hopeful a grin as Texas or Missouri, and with more candidates to the square foot for the little and big offices within the gift of Cleveland than any other State, so far as heard from.

Democrats so rarely get anything in Pennsylvania that when the chance comes they tumble over each other through haste and numbers. The pressure is so great upon the Democratic members from that State that these gentlemen are already taking counsel as to what part they shall insist upon playing in the distribution of patronage.

Harrity Will Hold All the Reins.

It is already patent that Mr. Harrity, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, will use his position and the prestige of party success under his direction, to add to the strength of his State machine by controlling the appointment of his own men to the offices which must be filled by Presidental bestowal. This is agreeable to some of the members, provided the Chairman does not interfere in their particular districts, but to others who have not been, and are not, of the Harrity machine, the prospect is decidedly irritating.

There is Mr. Sipe, for instance, who has not been of the Harrity faction, but who, with Mr. Kribbs, of Clarion, and Mr. Sibley, of Crawford—if the latter be admitted to the charmed circle of the Democrats after running on four tickets—should logically control the Government appointments for all Western Pennsylvania. There is a District Attorney, a Marshal, a Surveyor of Customs, a Pension Agent and a Collector of Internal Revenue, as well as a lot of minor appointments of a special character, to say nothing of the countless postmasters.

Some of the Chairman's Theories.

Mr. Harrity holds, it is said, that members of the popular branch of Congress can assert the right to control the patronage of nothing else than their own districts. They cannot fairly claim it to be their right to dictate the appointment of officials whose jurisdiction extends over a large section of the State, its limits being far outside of their districts. No one of the members will claim such a privilege, but if the consultations that are now going on among the Democratic members in regard to this question do not utterly fail of the purpose, it will be asserted that the several Democratic members residing in a judicial, a revenue, a customs or a pension district, shall have the power to say who shall be appointed to the offices of those districts.

Were there a Democratic Senator he would assert his right to distribute this important patronage, but in default of such representative the members of the House will not admit that the Chairman of any committee, or any mere State official, shall act the part of a Senator, and build up a machine by dictating all of the important government appointments in the State.

Democrats Distributed Over the State.

Although two-thirds of the districts of the State are Republican, the Democrats who were elected to the next House are well distributed over the State, and those living in each of what may be termed the governmental districts of the State may in combination not only fairly claim the patronage of those districts, but also a hearing in regard to the postoffices in counties which will be represented by Republican Congressmen. For example, nothing would be more natural than that Mr. Sipe should assert that his is the dower of patronage in the matter of the postoffices of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, since he is of Allegheny county, though neither of the offices is within the limits of his Congressional district.

If there were no factions in the Democratic party in the State, or if the factional quarrels had been less bitter in the recent past, the solemn duty of turning out the Republican rascals and putting in the Democratic saints might be performed with such love between all parties as would be affecting to witness. But it is a fact that less than one-half of the Democrats elected to the next House are in touch with Harrity, who has in view the Napoleonic ambition of conquering the whole of Pennsylvania by means of the whole of the patronage.

Harrity's Revenge on McAleer.

In Harrity's own city of Philadelphia "Bold Billy McAleer" was elected in spite of the fact that Harrity defeated his renomination. Mr. McAleer is therefore in harmonious touch with Harrity, and will doubtless claim to represent the whole of Philadelphia and something more. McAleer might fairly claim to hold the office of Senator for the eastern part of the State, so many millions does he represent in his solitary glory as the one Democratic member from the great Quaker City.

The game of Mr. Harrity, however, is not to appear to personally dictate the appointments, but to call to his aid the leading Democrats of the Republican Congressional districts who are his reliable friends and assert their right, in the absence of Democratic members, to control the patronage. Of course his hand will be recognized in any move that he makes, and Democratic leaders of the opposite faction in the Republican districts will claim equal rights with the friends of Mr. Harrity.

Thus the contests over the offices in the Congressional districts which will be repre-