SENATOR VAN WYCK'S RECORD

Spirited Addresses in Behalf of the Toilers in Shop and Farm.

THE CALLOW SENATE HEEDLESS.

The Necessity of Protecting the Public Domain for Actual Settlers, and Forfeiting Unearned Land Grants.

IV.

BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS.

I have been listening with attention to see if possiby one could find some practical good to result from a bill of this kind. It is true, labor is demanding relief from its burdens, and not the imposition of more. It is demanding that taxes shall be reduced, and not that taxes shall be imposed. But, unfortunately, when there seems to be some proceeding requiring attention, the universal panacea is a commission, or else a distinct bureau. When the manufacturers, by reason of the operation of the law which is made for their protection, are necessarily circumscribed in the sales of their productions, and it becomes necessary for them to save a percentage on their investment, then the first thing is either to shut down their mills or put their laborers on starvation wages; and the senator knows the fact the next morning after that is done, and so does every senator here, and every citizen who reads the papers. The fact is that the workingmen want taxes removed. They want some legislation that will not impose the same amount on the man who labors for his daily bread and the support of his family and children as on the millionaire. The laboring man who pays a half-cent duty on his sugar, pays as much from his poverty into the treasury as Gould or Vanderbilt pays from his riches. Are these the kind of statistics the senator desires by this bill?

Mr. Blair: Precisely the kind, and a vast amount more.

Mr Van Wyck: What I desire is to go as far as the gentleman may go in protecting labor and removing from it the imposition which now rests upon it.

Mr. Blair: Let us begin now with this.

Mr. Van Wyck: Begin now; and let us see to it here that the laboring man pays no more on goods manufactured than he can buy them for from abroad, because by some injurious provision in the tariff, which you make in the interest of protection to American labor, you put more duty on the coarser and cheaper articles, which labor is required to purchase and consume, than on the more costly fabrics which are obtained by your Goulds and Vanderbilts.

On March 19, 1884, Mr. Van Wyck moved, as an amendment, that they recommend for its management a proper person identified with the laboring interests of the country. In the course of his remarks he said: Why stop at the Chinese? Direct it to all foreign labor coming here under contract. The latter is more destructive of American interests. True it may interfere with the privileges heretofore exercised by iron and glass manufacturers to supply contract labor from Europe, and thus take the bread from the mouths of our own people. See to it that when they ask for bread you do not give them a stone. We can and should legislate to-day in the interest of labor, and not wait for the creation of any bureau. Three-fourths of the American people are demanding the establishment of the postal telegraph, the forfeiture of unearned lands by railroads, the rescue of what is left of the public domain from the grasp of companies, native or foreign, and from fraudulent pre-emption, timber culture and desert entries, and reserving the same for actual settlers. The results of reckless and extravagant legislation at the demand of railroads are upon us. This panic is worse than communism. Congress and the courts are responsible. The result of our laws and their adminstration has been to produce riots in Cincinnati and panics in New York. Not only labor, but all interests outside of the gamblers, demand redress, but congress answers them with laws establishing bureaus. Divorce congress from the influence of the money-power and corporations. We have been for twenty years and more subject to their control. I trust I am excusable for alluding to some things that would be in the interest of labor, above and beyond and greater and more far-reaching than a mere bureau of statistics spreading itself from ocean to ocean with the expenditure of $25,000 a year. All the laborers of this country are demanding the land held by combinations in defiance of law for twenty years. For twenty years in the northwest land has been withheld from settlement. For forty years in the state of Florida land has been withheld from the actual settlers. We move not in that direction. When it is asked that we shall stop and gather in what has been improvidently granted, to which we get here the title, and provide that what is left us be occupied only by the homesteaders, that does not seem of importance enough to call for a moment's attention in this body. A few weeks ago I indicated that labor needed less taxes and probably fewer statistics. From the time that Burns wrote his "Cotter's Saturday Night," from the time that Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was written till now, there is no legislative body anywhere in Christendom engaged in its business that has not been fully informed as to the needs of labor, and what might be expected to be some sort of remedy in its behalf. Then let us act for the benefit of labor instead of merely providing officials to gather statistics.

May 22 Senator Bayard asked Senator Van Wyck to advise the senate more precisely what he meant by "a person identified with the laboring classes of his country," which gave rise to a long and amusing colloquy between the two. Afterwards Senator Ingalls made a characteristic speech, to which Senator Van Wyck replied. We present a few sentences: The senator eloquently denounced communistic tendencies, but I would suggest that communism of capital is far more dangerous to the nation and its prosperity than is communism of labor. Those who are horrified at the idea of communism should remember that a communism of capital, represented by as many men as can be counted on the fingers of one hand, can gather in an inner chamber in New York or Chicago and combine against the interests of his state and mine by striking at the productive industries of all the states of this Union. Allusion is made to the homestead law. Not only labor, but all interests, almost unanimously are this day asking congress to save the public domain for homesteads. With lavish and profligate hand congress has given to corporations empires of land, which have been withdrawn from the occupation of the settler for twenty and in some cases nearly forty years. And when this communism of capital can enter, as it has in the years gone by, the land department of this nation; when it could come in and sit down and place its arm around the form of the secretary of the interior; when it could invade the department of justice and induce the attorney-general to sign opinions upon which millions of acres of land were to be abstracted from the settlers and to be placed in the keeping of wealthy corporations, can we point with special pride to the laws and their administration for the last twenty years? This combination of capital is a more deadly communism than is the labor interest, which comes here to-day mildly demanding something, not statistics, from the American congress. All glory to the homestead law! While prodigally we gave millions of acres which should have been the heritage of labor for years to come, we are seeking to restore 10,000,000 acres to the public domain, which has been closed against the occupation of settlers during the last quarter of a century. Let us hope that congress, in the spirit of justice, may rend the spoiler of his prey. The senator says that power is with the people—the power of the ballot-box. True, but the people are forgiving and long-suffering. By adroit manipulation of national conventions, by finely rounded periods in congress, for a time the people may be deceived and sometimes betrayed, yet when courts become the means of protecting vice and crime, and laws to make the rich richer, what wonder if sometimes the people's protest, coming with the voice of a tempest, becomes an avenger? History repeats itself. The Israelites, when they bore the harsh bondage of Pharaoh, bore it even to the making of bricks without straw, before they rose up in their power, not to strike down Pharaoh, but to turn their backs upon his government forever. Yes, the people do sometimes assert their power. Let me say to the senator that if this congress should adjourn without any legislation upon the living question of rescuing and protecting the public domain, the possibility is that the American people will rise up and strike down those who may be in power.

INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

The case given by the senator from Oregon is paralleled by many on the Pacific railways. The Central Pacific has done this thing for years, and now the Union Pacific is doing precisely the same thing. In the case of a carload shipped from New York to San Francisco, $300 is the through rate, and if a car stops 600 miles this side of San Francisco it is charged the through rate. That, in all conscience, ought to be sufficient; but they do not stop there, but they charge the local rate back from San Francisco—$500. When the Union Pacific was finished it was to be a competing road; and yet, after this government had given millions of acres of land to build a competing road, its managers exercise precisely the same acts of tyranny, of despotism and outrage upon the people living along the line of the road, and in their greed they make a combination to keep up the through rates. I say to my friend (Mr. Cullom) that his people in Illinois, and the people of my friend from Iowa, and those of the state which I have the honor to represent, feel the hardship and the extortions of this outrage. The senator's people have felt the discrimination in his state; they have felt it in the state of my friend from Iowa and in my own state. We know day after day of hardships repeated and long-continued by reason of these exactions. We have been grappling with it for ten years, and now my friend says we must not do a little because we cannot do all.

This discussion continued at great length, Mr. Hoar, Mr. Slater, Mr. McPherson and Mr. Allison taking part. Mr. Van Wyck said: A railroad company, a creation of law made by the people, has no right to become an engine of oppression. It has no right to carry grain and flour from Chicago to New York for nothing, and then require all the business between Chicago and New York to pay not only its legitimate cost, but also the cost of the transportation of the grain between Chicago and New York. That is the very point whereon we take issue. If my friend from Iowa would commune with his people at home on this subject, he would learn more from them than he can learn from any commission created by any act of congress.

On June 16 Mr. Van Wyck made an elaborate speech, the question being on an amendment by Mr. Slater forbidding any railroad to charge more for a shorter distance than for a longer. He said: The great elevators of Iowa can reach the ears of the senator and assure us that the present management is complete, but the multitude of business men and small operators, if enjoying his confidence, could illustrate the extortions which injure business and paralyze trade. Since 1872 all political parties, in national and state conventions, with great unanimity have demanded redress from grievances in transportation; that no more grants of public lands be given to corporations, and that lands not earned be restored to the public domain. Since 1872 the great corporations have stifled the cry of the people, have paralyzed legislatures and congress, so that but little of redress and no forfeiture has resulted. So often deceived, their sufferings yearly more intense and bitter, the power of corporations more aggressive and defiant, the people have become more in earnest, even to the surrendering of party lines. After speaking of the warnings uttered by Jefferson and the fathers, and of the "popular clamor" which the senator from Alabama disregarded, Mr. Van Wyck said: That popular clamor was the voice of the nation: and when in the nation's triumph came the second birth of freedom, and the fire-bells in the night, referred to by Jefferson, were sounding the ring of victory, and this country had become in fact as well as in name the land of the free—the voice of the people was the voice of God. So to-day, while the dwellers on the plains of Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska are suffering with granaries full to overflowing, and are compelled to burn corn as fuel; while the toilers in Wisconsin and Minnesota are selling wheat below the cost of production and secure but a fraction above what the pauper labor of India receives—the senators from Pennsylvania, where the dependent and unemployed are denied the privilege of increasing the production of coal and are suffering for the corn produced on the prairies; the senators from New York, where with bended head, sorrowing heart and weary fingers women stitch, stitch their famishing lives into shirts at three cents each, while perishing for wheat which the western farmer produces at an actual loss; the senators from New England, where thousands of men and women with haggard faces and children of tender years, prematurely grown old, stand begging to toil at the closed doors of her factories, where tariff protection has promised immunity from suffering and the privilege to labor at a fair recompense—they can all unite in the grand boast of the senator from Alabama that they have the courage to oppose popular clamor.

The bill passed by the house known as the Reagan bill was infinitely better than the senate measure. It declares offenses, affixes penalties, directs the prosecution, and allows the citizen to select attorneys and a state or federal tribunal. The senate bill denies all these privileges, and makes the latter end worse than the first. The people only demand reasonable rates—no discrimination, no pooling, no rebates, no greater charge for a short than a long haul. All these are in the bill passed by the house. The people are in no mood to be trifled with or deceived. It will be an unfortunate day when a republican senate declines to accept a measure adopted by a democratic house in the interest of the people. According to the statement of Poor's Manual, $1,000,000,000 of fictitious watered stock is represented in the stocks and bonds of railroads. On this interest and dividends are collected from the people, made a mortgage on every acre of land in the republic, an inflation paralyzing industry, laying a tax on the producer and consumer; yet we must remand all this to the natural laws of trade. Here is a great and acknowledged wrong. The people of every state understand it if senators do not. The remedy is simple. Make extortion, discrimination and pooling a crime; provide penalties and open the state and federal courts, and you will then have made a beginning. To-day the farmers of the west are working their own farms on shares—the railroad takes the lion's share. They receive not a dollar profit or interest on money invested in land, teams and machinery. Other interests are equally depressed. The two men (Gould and Vanderbilt), who can each purchase the states of Kansas and Nebraska, certainly need no proffer of assistance. No possible danger of injustice can come to them. It is the dweller in the dug-out who with raised hands is appealing to the law for protection. The senator never believed strong and arrogant slavery, in the days of its control of congress and the judiciary, needed sympathy and proffers of assistance, as did the slave manacled and cringing beneath the lash. Corportions behind four billions of stolen property, for years controlling state legislatures, the national congress, as remorselessly as did slavery, need not the sympathy or active support of senators. It is the toiler, seeking labor in the furnace heat, in the underground labyrinth, the settler in the dug-out on the frontier of Kansas and Nebraska, whose wives and children are drawing warmth from corn because great corporations refuse to reduce the rates of freight so that the coal of Pennsylvania may be exchanged for the corn of the west. For twenty years these corporations have grown rich, strong and defiant in violation of law, and now let us see to it that the protection of the law shall be given to those who are the victims to their extortion.

The Baby King of Spain.

Columbus Dispatch.

When first I saw my ma, the queen,
Said I to myself, said I,
She is the funniest sight I've seen,
Said I to myself, said I;
What are those bending forms, and who
These men that kneel and mutter, too?
Well, this whole thing is awful new,
Said I to myself, said I.

Why do they laugh, and run and shout?
Said I to myself, said I:
What is this rumpus all about?
Said I to myself, said I.
Am I a babe of ten pounds' weight,
So red and puny, still so great
As thus to move a mighty state?
Said I to myself, said I.

Now, if I cry they'll let me be,
Said I to myself, said I;
I'll try a little yell and see,
Said I to myself, said I;
But the more I cried, I do declare,
The more they rent wan shouts the air;
Well, this noise contest's hardly fair,
Said I to myself, said I.

What were those words I heard them sing?
Said I to myself, said I:
Oh, yes, 'twas "Hail the new-born king!"
Said I to myself, said I:
And can it be I'm king of Spain?
Can I (Oh, golly, what a pain!
I think I'll try another strain)
Said I to myself, said I.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Some of the new silk mulls have frise or satin stripes.

Vests are sometimes replaced by square trimming over the chest.

Maud Granger first earned her livlihood by running a sewing machine.

Woolen guipure is used for skirts or for panels, plastrons and revers.

Plain-colored bodices are worn with summer plaids and checks by young persons.

Sara Jewett, the favorite Boston actress, was at one time a treasury girl at Washington.

Narrow flounces are still worn. Those of lace are often lined with bright-colored taffetas.

Long, loose, black draperies and short, full aprons are arranged over kilt plaited skirts.

Surah, pongee and foulard silk are combined with woolen lace and with open-work materials.

Black silk or satin broceaded with figures of bright color are employed as the foundation for lace overdresses.

Deep lace flounces are employed for draping the backs of skirts. The fronts of these dresses usually are beaded.

Olive green, beige, fawn color, chestnut brown, heliotrope and "butter" yellow are the leading colors in Paris.

The Washington fund collected for the purpose of buying Mrs. Hancock a house now reaches nearly $10,000.

Conservative Parisians wear lilac, mauve and heliotrope blossoms on their bonnets, and republicans wear yellow.

Kilt plaited summer dresses have plaits wide and scant, thereby reducing the weight and the amount of material used.

Bodices of open-work fabrics are made full, plaited at the shoulder and waist. The sleeves are puffed, the puffs being separated by bands of galloon or ribbon.

Trimmings corresponding to the dress material may be bought ready made. They are hemmed, plaited or pinked. For figured material plain trimming is used, and vice versa.

Black lace dresses may be brightened by colored ribbons. The present latitude in the arrangement for color permits the use of black silk underdresses for lace of any color or texture.

Last year's leaf-shaped basques at the back of bodices of woolen material are still in favor. Where these are used the bodice is trimmed with velvet or moire antique, and two points of this fall below the leaf points of the woolen material.

A long walking cloak is made of chesnut brown striped silk, and reaches to the bottom of the dress. It fits the figure trimly and has sling sleeves trimmed with rosary beads. The revers and collar are trimmed correspondingly.

White dresses with deep embroidered flouncing on the skirt have the flounce looped high over the hip on the left side, showing three narrow flounces corresponding to the wide one, or else of plain material. The bodices of these dresses are belted or made with basques.

A bonnet with a soft crown of black, has a coronet of pink roses, veiled by a fall of Chantilly lace, around the jetted brim. High loops and ends of black velvet and pink faille Francaise ribbon complete the trimming. The strings, which are tied at the side, are of the velvet ribbon.

The Philadelphia Record is the recipient of a letter from a strong minded female, who says: "One axiom is laid down which is so sound that we feel called upon to give it to the world: 'Never scold your husband before supper. Put him to his purgatory on a full stomach.'"

One woman is reported to have said to her husband, while on her knees scrubbing: "When you have got eight hours for yourself, I hope you will try to get something for me. I have worked sixteen hours to-day and have not done yet." "Never done" was long ago said, however, of woman's work.

Fleur-de-lis is a favorite flower with the Parisians for military purposes, affording, as it does, the correct coloring of the two political parties. The "royal purple iris" is affected by those of the "ancient regime," while the radicals were the yellow iris that loves the sedgy banks of streams. Those who are all things to all parties combine the two.

Lady Randolph Churchill's court dress is of marigold color without any relief, train velvet, body velvet and satin petticoat, only relieved by jewels. One of the London papers says that "few women could have afforded to be the center of so much radiance, but in this instance the wearer's beauty was fitly framed—by no means extinguished."

By the death of her husband, Francis W. Tracy, Agnes Ethel Tracy comes into the possession of two millions. Miss Ethel left the stage on her marriage and has since lived in retirement in Buffalo. She has appeared in occasional performances for charity. She is said to have been once a poor sewing girl and to have been employed by the late Matilda Heron.

The prettiest fabrics displayed just at present are the chine and glace silks. They are both picturesque and artistic, many of them in the style of the gay pompadour satteens, only softer and more dainty in coloring. Large flowers of delicate tints are strewed rather far apart on silk of exquisite texture, the edges of the flowers shading off into the silk. The silks themselves are made in all tints imaginable.

Prussian census statistics show that the population of women increases faster than that of men. The excess of women is 526,457 in a population of 28,313,833. Ten per cent of the excess is in Berlin alone. Since 1880 the excess of women has grown at the rate of 12,500 annually, which could probably be fully accounted for by the preponderance of men among emigrants and refugees from the Polish provinces.

A New Yorker says: "I was sitting in Delmonico's when two ladies dropped in to luncheon. When they entered I heard a sweet, tiny tinkling of invisible silver bells. When they were seated the sound ceased. When they moved their feet the music began again. I asked a friend if it was a music box carried in the pocket. She said they were from Philadelphia, where it is now all the rage to carry umbrellas with gorgeous coverings and to wear three garters, two red ones and one yellow one, and the yellow one is worn on the left leg. To the yellow one is attached a little silver bell, like a sleigh bell, for luck."

Didn't Feel Like Talking.

He stood beneath her window there,
While gazed upon him from above
The eyes of her he deemed most fair
In the bright brilliancy of love.

"Oh, speak to me!" the young man cried,
"Oh, speak to me! Why art thou still!"
She only answered with a sigh,
And leaned upon the window sill.

"By all the vows of fondest love,
By all our plighted hopes and fears,
Oh, speak to me, my dear! my dove!"
She only answered with her tears.

Why stood she silent? Why the cause
To leave her lover in his doubt?
She did not dare to move her jaws,
Her new false teeth had fallen out!

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

The kangaroo, it is said, enjoys a "beautiful spring."

If seven days make one week, how many days will make one strong?

Extract from the matrimonial market report: "Pulled wools are quiet."

A young poet out west, in describing heaven, says: "It is a world of bliss fenced in with girls."

Why are young ladies nowadays like bells? Because you can never find out their metal until you have given them a ring.

He (after surveying the company)—Mixed lot; hardly a gentleman in the room. She (innocently)—Not one—that I can see.

First stranger—Slow, isn't it? Second stranger—Yes, very. First stranger—Let's go home. Second stranger—I can't, I'm the host.

"If the decollette fashion does not draw the lines somewhere," says Brother Talmage "the primative fig leaf will again be an indispensable toilet article."

An old lady, reading the biography of Charles O'Connor, the alleged father of the New York bar, exclaimed: "Poor man! he had a dreadful lot of children."

Lightning struck the residence of W. H. Tears, of Eau Clare, Wis., last week and demolished it entirely. Those who have tears to shed will please send the shed to Mr. Tears until he can build a new house.

Mount Etna is in a state of active eruption, according to a cablegram. Here's a chance for a trial of patent spring remedies. A testimonial from Mount Etna would be widely read and very effective as an advertisement.

One of the most inordinate cigarette smokers in this country has recently become an enthusiastic theosophist. Whether a theosophist is a most pitiful object than an inordinate cigarette smoker is not explained, but almost any change must be for the better.

Talented senior—Pardon me, Miss Budd, is it true that you are engaged to my classmate, Charley Howard? Miss B—That's a rather pointed question. T. S—Excuse my asking, but I am historian for our class, and am getting all the grinds on the fellows I can.—[Life.

"I would not marry an eastern man, if I had to live an old maid all my life!" exclaimed a buxom Missouri lass. "Why not?" demanded her astonished companion. "Because every paper you pick up contains an account of the failure of the eastern mails."

A very modest lady sent her very modest daughter—a pretty young damsel—out one morning for some articles. Among the many, she informed a clerk in one of the stores "that her mother wanted to get three yards of cloth for primitive triangular appendages for her infant."

"Poppy, can I go to the zoological rooms to see the canomile light with the rhinocercow?" "Sartin, my son, but don't get your trousers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has got for natural history, isn't it? No longer ago than yesterday he had eight Thomas cats hanging by their tails from the clothes-line."

At the Circus—De Baggs: Hello! I didn't expect to see you here. De Baggs: I really care nothing for this sort of thing, but my children enjoy it so much. De Baggs: Where are the children? I don't see them. De Baggs: They are at home, the little dears. Wouldn't be safe to bring them in such a crowd. When I go home I will tell them about the performance.

The basso-profundo got in his little work with that touching song, "The Storm Fiend," and one note must have strayed up into the ilues, and been monkeying around the stage snow box, for just as he was digging his way into the second verse, down came the snow; and before the stage hands could stop it, there were several drifts from one to ten feet high, and the Minnesingers got their hands and feet frozen. The audience thought this was the end—the cold, stage-snow, bitter end—and they were about making for the door, when our old friend Warsaw emerged from one of the drifts, and said not a guilty man should escape. He told this story which completely paralyzed the audience and they stayed there until a relief expedition was sent after them. "A friend of mine," said Bones, "went up to the photographer's the other day and asked the operator if he charged as much to photograph inanimate objects as he did to photograph animates. The operator said he didn't—that he came down fully one-half. 'Now,' said the photographer, 'can I do anything for you?' 'Well, yes,' said my friend," continued Bones, "'I want my picture taken, but you'll have to give me about 25 per cent off, for I've got a wooden leg.'" It is scarcely possible to believe, but the audience went so crazy over this chestnut that they demanded it for five and a quarter distinct times, until Warsaw didn't know whether he was in Poland or Wyoming county, N. Y.

WHAT THEY TAKE.

John Bull in the morning takes soda and brandy,
And rich "arf an' arf" for a nooner;
But the festive Canadian
And blue-nosed Arcadian—
They take the American schooner.

Not Ripe Till Fall.

He was a ragged, dirty tramp;
His clothes were bad, his shoes were damp;
But still he had a little plan,
And took an old tomato can,
And to a restaurant he went,
His mind upon the free lunch bent.
He pulled his hat down o'er his eyes,
And looked mysterious and wise,
And said: "I'm spoilin' for a fight—
Jest hold this can of dynamite."
No sooner said than all had flown—
Their going left him quite alone.
He chuckled soft: "I have no pelf,
But now I'll dynamite myself."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., exacts a daily license fee of $300 from visiting circuses.

Mr. David Belasco has been engaged as stage manager for the Lyceum theatre next season.

Mitchell's new opera, "Jephtha's Daughter," was lately produced at Naples with great success.

Daly's company had a splendid reception in "A Night Off" at the pretty little Strand theater, London.

Business Manager W. J. Hunter, Jr., of "A Tin Soldier" company, is shortly to wed Miss Rillie Deaves.

William Spencer, composer of "The Little Tycoon," was married in Philadelphia last Thursday to Miss Clara T. Stackhouse.

Sims Reeves, the English tenor, is getting old, and is now suffering from chronic indisposition, which has disappointed many audiences.

Mary Anderson is said to have purchased a stock ranch out west somewhere. Perhaps Miss Anderson intends to raise an American stock company.

"The Khedive" will be the name of Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera. It will probably be produced at the Firth avenue theatre about November.

Jeffreys Lewis recently had to request an audience in Los Angeles to cease munching and crushing of peanuts so that the voices of the actors might be heard.

The Theodore Thomas summer night concerts will be given this season in the exposition building, Chicago, beginning Monday, July 5, and continuing five weeks.

A new tenor has been discovered in Carlsruhe. His name is Felix Minner, and he is a porter by trade. He is being educated for an artistic career at the public expense.

Manager Palmer, of the Madison Square, has secured the American rights to "The Great Pink Pearl," a farce-comedy which has been one of the successes of the London season.

According to John Stetson's books, the D'Oyley Carte "Mikado" played at the Fifth avenue to a total of $293,000 for 269 performances, averaging $1,052 for each representation.

A late Madrid paper states that 300 signatures had been affixed to a petition protesting against the employment by local Italian opera managers of a Don Giovanni, who is in his sixty-sixth year.

John A. Mackay, the comedian, has been reported as missing for some days past. His friends say that he has gone to England, while his enemies allege that he is playing 'possum for an advertisement.

Signor Salvini was allowed four wax candles each day with which to light up his dressing rooms at the theaters during the past season. He was very economical with them, and has sailed away with a sufficient stock to illuminate his Italian castle for months.

Charles O. White's new grand opera house, that is now in course of construction in Detroit, promises to be one of the finest structures in the west. It is to be on the ground floor, and will have a seating capacity of some 2,500, with the regular prices of admission that are adopted in the second class western cities, viz.: $1, 75, 50 and 25 cents. Mr. White has already booked the principal attractions that are on the road next season.

Disaster.

Grimnet Howard in Boston Budget.

A hole in the pocket's a very bad thing,
And brings a boy trouble faster
Than anything under the sun, I think;
My mother, she calls it disaster,
For all in one day,
I lost, I may say,
Through a hole not as big as a dollar,
A number of things,
Including some rings,
From a chain Fido wore as a collar.

My knife, a steel pen, a nice little note
That my dear cousin Annie had sent me;
The boy who found that pinned it on to his hat,
And tries all the time to torment me.
I'd lost a new dime,
That very same time,
But it lodged in the heel of my stocking,
And one thing beside,
Which to you I confide,
Though I fear you may think it quite shocking.

The doctor had made some nice little pills
For me to take home to the baby;
But, when I reached there, I was quite in despair,
They had slipped through my pocket, it may be.
Aunt Sallie, she,
As cool as can be,
Said a hole in aboy's reputation
Is harder to cure,
And worse to endure,
Than all pockets unsound in the nation.

Still, a hole in the pocket's a very bad thing,
And I'm sure a real cause of disaster;
But baby is well, so you never must tell;
Perhaps he got well all the faster.

RELIGIOUS.

The Fox River association of Universalists meets at Blue Island June 8.

Twenty-two Baptist churches have been organized in Nebraska during the past year.

The announcement that the Rev. E. G. Weed had declined the bishopric of Florida was incorrect.

Nearly one-fourth of the entire population of Kansas are members of some Christian church. Included in this are 40,430 Methodists.

The tomb at Assouan, Egypt, of the sixth dynasty, discovered by General Grenfell, is found to be inviolate and the mummies are perfect. Its date is from 3900 to 3700 B. C.

Rev. Phillips Brooks has ended the uncertainty about his disposal of the assistant bishopric of the diocese of Pennsylvania by sending a formal declination of the proffered honor.

The New York Methodist conference, recently held at Fulton, adopted a resolution asking the bishop not to appoint any person as presiding elder who uses tobacco in any form.

The Methodist church south has elected the following additional bishops: Rev. Drs. W. W. Duncan, of South Carolina; C. B. Galloway, of Mississippi; Eugene R. Hendrix, of St. Louis, and Joseph Stanton Key, of Georgia.

Paul Cook, president of the French Methodist conference, and who has taken a leading part in the spread of Methodism in that country, is dead. He was the originator of French Sunday schools, and was at first the victim of much persecution.

The next general assembly of the Presbyterian church will contain about 480 commissioners, a reduction of about 100, mainly distributed as follows: New York, 22; Pennsylvania, 12; Ohio, 12; Illinois, 18; Indiana, 8; Iowa, 12; total, 84.

Eight native teachers and their wives have recently left Sidney to engage in missionary work in New Guinea. They have been trained in the institution at Ranatonga, and are sent out under the auspices of the London Missionary society.

Bishop W. H. Miles, of the colored Methodist Episcopal church in America, weighs 300 pounds, wears a suit which cost him from four to seven dollars, carries a pair of old-time red leather saddle pockets, and is worth $20,000 in money and city property.

The board of publication of the Presbyterian church reports that its receipts from the sale of its periodicals last year were $106,062.70 and it makes the very remarkable statement that the unpaid bills given up as hopeless for the entire year amounted to $740.

Philadelphia has sixty-seven Baptist churches and seventeen missions. The total church membership is 19,958. There eighty-three bible schools, with officers and teachers, 2,003, and scholars, 23,973. There are in the city 650 Sunday schools, with an attendance of 186,835 scholars and over 16,000 teachers.

According to recent reports from Bohemia it appears that the old Catholic movement is making rapid progress in the southern part of that country. It is believed that a very large accession is likely soon to be made to its ranks. The church clergy, it is said, have taken alarm, and they have signed an address to the bishop, urging him to approach the government, and, if necessary, the emperor, in order that the movement may be opposed by legal and administrative measures.

Oh, for a Man!

Oh, for a man! the clear voice sang,
And through the church the echo rang.
Oh, for a man! she sang again—
How could such sweetness plead in vain?

The bad boy grinned across the aisles,
The deacon's frowns were changed to smiles,
The singer's cheek turned deepest pink
At base and tenor's wicked wink.

The girls that bore the alto part
Then took the strain with all their heart;
Oh, for a man, a man, a man—
And then the full voiced choir began

To sing with all their might and main
The finis to the girl's refrain;
Oh, for a mansion in the skies,
A man—a mansion in the skies.

SINGULARITIES.

Uncle Sam welcomes into his domain 3,200 babies a day, not counting those who come by sea.

While a man in Clinton, Pa., was preparing to go to bed, he was struck by a thunderbolt and had all his clothing stripped from his body, leaving him unharmed.

A resident of Elmwood, N. C., has a newly foaled colt that has no mane and its tail resembles a rat's; its body is covered with wool like a sheep. The owner sheared it a few days since, and obtained a number of pounds of wool.

A man has tried the experience of setting a hen on a double yoked egg with entire success. On Sunday a little head came through each end of the egg, and when the shell was removed two chick were found. They were slightly united, but were easily separated.

A sportsman in Clyde, N. Y., a few days ago shot a muskrat and waded into the water to get it. Unknowning he intruded upon the spawning ground of a shoal of pickerel and was attacked by a large number of monster males so fiercely that he was glad to escape without the rat.

A Most Liberal Offer.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars mailed free. Write them at once.

A Question.

If you and I had never met,
And never known each other's face;
Would you have trod your calm homeways,
Yet sometimes longed on rainy days
For sweeter resting place?

If you for me had lived and died,
A silence and a mystery;
Should I have sometimes faintly felt
That somewhere in the world, there dwelt
The only one for me?

If I to you thro' endless time
Had passed unknown and far apart;
Would you in dreams have seen my face?
Would there have been a vacant place
Left lonely in your heart?

IMPIETIES.

There are lots of people who mix their religion with business, but forget to stir it up well. The business invariably rises to the top as a result.

Rev. John S. Kene of Hecksherville parish, near Pottsville, Pa., mysteriously disappeared a few days ago, and so did a black-eyed maiden, who had been keeping house for him.

In the Peeshawur Cemetery, in India, is the following amusing epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Rev.——, missionary, aged——, murdered by his chowdidar. 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

Rev. Robert Bush, of the colored Baptist church, Jeffersonville, Ind., was to have immersed thirteen converts in the Ohio, but only one of the thirteen, a small child, made its appearance. After Mr. Bush had baptized the child, he observed that "In dragging your net you always catch some tadpoles."

A Philadelphia minister believes in the efficacy of prayer, but he does not appear to believe in praying to heaven for things which will be furnished in the natural course of events without being prayed for. Speaking to a number of his parishioners, he indicated his feelings by stating: 'I have often prayed that I might be humble; I never prayed that I might be poor. I could trust Buttonwood street church for that.'"

At an outdoor negro meeting in Oconee Ga., a few Sundays ago, the preacher and some of his flock got to arguing on the prohibition question, and the parson got so mad that he had three of his deacons turned out on account of their being in favor of whisky. This enraged the deacons so much that they got up a following and went in the church and turned the preacher out and locked the door.

The minister was struggling to put on a new four-ply collar and the perspiration was starting from every pore. "Bless the collar!" he ejaculated. "Oh, yes, bless it. Bless the blessed collar!" "My dear," said his wife, "what is your text for this morning's sermon?" "T-twenty-first verse f-fifty-fifth Psalm," he replied in short gasps. "'The w-words of his m-mouth were s-smoother than b-butter, but w-war was in his h-heart.'"

A certain southern darkey had obtained a license of the Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his brethren at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said he: "When God made Adam He stoop down, scrape up a little dirt, wet it a little, warm it in de hands, and squeeze it in de right shape, and den lean it up against de fence to dry—" "Stop dere!" said a Universalist darkey. "You say dat are de Eustus man eber made?" "Sartin!" said the preacher. "Den," said the other, 'jes' tell a feller whar dat ar fence come from!" "Hush!" said the preacher: "two more questions like dat would spile all de feology in de world!"

Lieutenant Greely, U. S. N., of Arctic fame, is extremely pious and prayerful. Lieutenant Ray, another noted explorer, is quite the reverse. They recently met at Washington and fell to discussing their experiences in the North sea. "I suppose," said Ray to Greely, "that you kept up a steady stream of prayer through all those terrible days. You believe in the efficacy of prayer?" "Indeed I do. Every moment of the day I found strength and consolation in sending up prayers to heaven." "Well," replied Ray, "I swore like a trooper the whole time I was in the north. I damend the cold, the ice, the food, the government, my men, myself, and brought the whole of my party home alive, while you lost nine-tenths of yours. Can you explain this?"

Rats and Cats.

Strange footsteps haunt my chamber in the night;
When shadows lengthen in the pale moonlight
A sound of weird and phantom forms in flight.

(Rats!)

And from without my window comes a sound
Like harps Æolian playing underground,
And wailing voices from the dark, profound.

(Cats!)

EDUCATIONAL.

Miss Jennie Fiske's will has been sustained and under it Cornell university will get at least $1,500,000.

Hong Yen Chang has graduated, with 108 Americans, from Columbia college law school. He is the first Chinese lawyer that America has educated.

The wife of Senator Leland Stanford, of California, gave the kindergartens of San Francisco $5,000 on her recent birthday, the second gift of that size from her.

The president of Wellesley college, Miss Alice E. Freeman, is still young. Her executive capacity is marked. Her faculty of extempore speaking, it is said, has excited admiring surprise in England. She is a graduate of Michigan university.

France is working hard to build new schools for her children. One of them, the Lycee Janson de Sailly, has been finished a little more than a year, and the technical journals are still occupied with descriptions of it, yet it already contains 950 pupils, leaving only fifty vacant desks. Three others in Paris, even more recently completed, are full almost to overflowing, and the government has lately undertaken the establishment of a number of great suburban schools, both to accommodate the population of the outlying villages, and to relieve the city schools, by taking from them the children whose parents prefer to pay the expense of sending them every morning a little way into the country for the sake of fresh air about the suburban schools. The last of these, the Lycee Lakarel, has just been opened at Sceaux, a pretty village twenty minutes' ride to the northward from Paris. Like the others, it is designed on a great scale, the total cost of the building, without the land, having been more than $1,500,000.

Scrofula diseases manifest themselves in the spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood and removes every taintula.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Congressman Davenport, the New York millionaire, is to marry Miss Clinton, of Elmira.

Justice Stanley Matthews will be married June 7. The honeymoon will be spent in Europe.

The Princess Beatrice, of Battenburg, bats Burg over the head with a slipper every time he praises Langtry.

Agnes Carroll, a stepdaughter of General Lee, has been betrothed to Count Antony Haussen-Staunn, of Vienna.

It is now stated that Miss Mary Anderson has become the latest object of the amorous Senator Jones' infatuation.

The lovely Miss Moulton's wedding gown was a Tennysonian poem with Swinburnean lace and Bryant ornaments.

M. H. C. Hanchett, is the name of the Tennessee farmer whom Miss Murfree, the novelist, is to marry some time during the summer.

It is reported that the betrothal of Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the prince of Wales, to Prince Oscar, son of the king of Sweden, will soon be officially declared.

Congressman Davenport, of New York, one of the richest bachelors in the house, and the late republican candidate for governor against Governor Hill, is to be married in a short time.

The eldest daughter of the president of Venezuela is about to cut American heiresses out by marrying a duke. But they don't care. There's as good dukes in the pond as ever came out of it.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has the catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

ASSASSINS OF WAR TIMES.

The Dangers of Detectives Ferreting the Fiends in Washington.

STORY OF A POISONED BOUQUET

Tracking a Vindictive Woman in Baltimore—The Detective Shot by a Pal—Escape of the Principals.

Detective in Detroit Free Press: During the war Washington was filled with some of the worst people in the land, and in addition to thieves, thugs bur