GREAT GAS GENERATIONS.

Scientific Talk on the Illuminating Wells of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

PALAEZOIC AGE PRODUCTIONS

Dakota's Love for the Fiftieth Congress-A Constituent of the "Tall Sycamore"-Sunday Saloons at the Capital.

WASHINGTON, March 31 .- (Correspondence of the BEE.]-A few days ago I had a most interesting and instructive talk with Dr. A. Phinney, a well known geologist at Muncie, Ind., about the great natural gas fields of that section of country. The doctor has made a study of this subject, and what he said will attract the attention of scientists in all places. Few people outside Ohio and Indiana have any idea of the extent of the natural gas finds there and the excitement they have raised and the developments and improvements they are making. There is only one thing to question in all, and that is whether the supply will be exhausted in years of consumption. I asked Dr. Phinney what he thought about it, and he said:
"It is reasonable to suppose that the supply

will some time be exhausted. To believe otherwise would be to shut one's eyes to all otherwise would be to shut one's eyes to all past experiences. Leaving out of view the origin of the kas, and admitting that the generation of gas is still going on, it would not be likely that the production of gas in nature's great laboratory is taking place with anything like the rapidity with which it is now escaping from the thousands of openings made into the many reservoirs. It is now escaping from the thousands of openings made into the many reservoirs. It is now escaping from the thousands of openings made into the many reservoirs. It is now escaping from the thousands of openings made into the way in the formations shall have become exhausted that the supply will fail. Where only a few wells give exit to the gas from a large reservoir the supply will probably prove practically inexhaustible; but where hundreds and even thousands of wells are affording means of escape we may expect are affording means of escape we may expect the failure in the supply to come the sconer. The Venango and Bradford oil districts are The Venango end Bradford oil districts are now practically exhausted, or soon will be, and it is the common experience that the supply of oil is limited. It cannot be otherwise with the gas. The most noted gas field of Ohio has hung out its danger signal and is weakening. The rock pressure in the first wells bored at Findlay was 450 pounds per square inch. Now none exceed 400 pounds per square inch. The loss of nitty pounds rock pressure indicates that just so much of the supply has been let out of the reservoir. The rock pressure in the gas field at Muncie. Indiana, keeps up full. There are no indications of a lessening of the flow and I do not believe that there is any danger of exhaustion for many years."

I asked the doctor if he thought the generation of gas was still going on.

"To answer that," said he, "I would have to review all the theories regarding its production. However, as it is pretty generally conceded by those who have had most experience in the study of the oil and gas fields that these products of nature are derived from organic matter, either vegetable or animal, we may safely conclude that the process is in a great measure completed, for many millions of years must have clapsed since it was stored away in the strata that were then forming. The sea weeds of fucoids are cellular in structure, possessing no woody fibre, and it is to this class of our ancient vegetation, which was abundant during the Palaezoic age, that we must look for the source of a very large portion of the ancient vegetation, which was abundant during the Palaezoic age, that we must look for the source of a very large portion of the gas and oil that we are burning to-day. Another portion of the limestone gas and oil was undoubtedly formed from the soft parts of the animals that lived in the seas of the early ages. The amount of animal matter in some of our limestones is almost beyond comprehension. In fact, the limestone strata are nothing but charnel-houses, as they are almost entirely built up from the remains of what was once animated with life. The heat and light that we derive to-day from gas and oil and coal is but the sunshine of past ages stored away in an almost invisible fluid—a repulsive liquid, a black and sooty casket, to await the coming and serve the purposes of man."

Scientists in some parts of the country contend that natural gas is an evaporation of oil, and that it is carried underground from the oil fields by means of porous rock, and that therefore it can only be found where this porous transmitter exists. Of this theory lar Physical area.

this porous transmitter exists. Of this theory Dr. Phinney says: "This could hardly be the case where the

reservoirs are in a different geological form-ations or widely-separated localities. No doubt where the rock is very porous over an extensive area, that many wells may derive their supply from a common reservoir, inde-pendent of any joints or cracks in the strata. The gas is probably derived from either the rock in which we find it, or from some of the underlying strata."

"Have you any fear that the supply will "The citizens of Muncie believe that they have in their five wells found sufficient natural gas to heat the homes and supply fuel for a city of fifty or sixty thousand people, and there is abundance for manufactories. I believe three million cubic feet per day is a large and the actual flow from our five fair estimate of the actual flow from our five wells. One well was tested and the open pressure in a two-incn pipe was one pound.
This showed that the current of escaping gas had a velocity of 445 feet per second, and a flow of 845,720 cubic feet in twenty-four hours. The largest well at Muncle would probably give about 1,250,000 cubic feet per day."

Last week I visited the center of attrac Last week I visited the center of attraction in the great natural gas beit of Indiana, I arrived at Muncie on a night train, and was impressed with the excitement prevailing before I had fairly gotten within the city limits. Miles away from the city the passengers began to look ahead at the immense illumination—a great halo of light which looked like a metropolis ablaze. As the train came nearer the flames from the burning gas could be distinctly seen, although miles in the distance. Immense stand pines, from which flames of gas were shooting lifty feet in the air, could be seen in almost every direction. The tops were removed from the posts The tops were removed from the posts throughout the city where artificial gas has been burned, the tips taken out and natural gas burning in roaring flames were everywhere seen. The sight was panoramic and thrilling.

An excitement kindred to that which exists in mining camps on the frontier was found at Muncie. Last summer the city's population was scarcely 6,000. Now 7,200 is claimed, and scores of families are daily turned away unable to find tenement houses. The consequence is a building boom, an impetus to manufacturing interests, and wonderful real estate speculations. This city was blessed with cheap artificial gas—\$1.50 per 1,000 cuble feet—but the city buildings and residences, churches, manufactories, etc., are actually supplied free gratis at this time, owing to the rivalry of gas companies. The moninal price fixed, but not collected, is about \$20 a year for all a family can use for heating and illuminating purposes. The matural gas has also made the production of electric light so cheap that they are furnished for \$1 a month for each incandescent light, in operation continuously if desired. The ordinary stoves, furnaces, grates, etc., are used for heating with the natural gas. Factories which employed two firemen and burned tons of coal or many cords of wood daily have discharged the firemen and burned tons of coal or many cords of wood daily have discharged the firemen and burned tons of coal or many cords of wood daily have discharged the firemen and burned tons of the proper grade have been be natural gas at five per cent former cost, sand and lime of the proper grade have been bound for glass manufacturing, and hundreds if thousands of acres of land are being leased for oil wells. A board of trade, building associations, new banks and such enterprises are following the excitement, and the hotels are full of prospectors.

Governor-elect A. C. Mellette, of the "State" of Dakota, has been in the city a few days, looking after legal business for people of his country. He was assed if he thought South Dakota would become a state by act of the present congress, and said:

"No, I have no hopes for anything for our country at the hands of the Fiftieth congress. Nor do I believe we will get state-hood during the prevalence of a democratic administration, and I will tell you why. The territorial legislature appropriated

The territorial legislature appropriated \$1,500,000 the last winter for the support of the institutions. Much money will also go to the courts. All of these are under the conto the courts. All of these are under the courter of the governor and president. It is not to be presumed that the administration will cut off this supply of patronage. The court officers are appointed from the states, and are personal friends of the president. Those for the territorial institutions are the friends of the governor, and some come from the states. Don't you see what a superstructure this builds up for the administration? It is a superstructure that builds up for the administration? It is a superstructure to be union. In fact I do not recall many

states having so much federal patronage, directly or indirectly, as Dakota. With this staring us in the face we cannot hope for relief, although it is our dally prayer."

"How about that 'revolution' in your territory, that threat to fight your way into statehood if congress does not invite you in?"

"That is all fol-de-rol" replied the governor, with emphasis. "That report was started by an editor up in the northern part of the territory, where nearly all of the few enemies to statehood are located. It was sent out by the regular state reports, and then the editor took it all back, said it was faise, but did not make the correction in the press dispatches. It was a great wrong to the peaceable citizens, such as nine-tenths of our inhabitants are. No one thinks of fighting that I know of. We are simply resigned to our fate; but there will be a day of rectitude, for we are sure to come into statehood sconer or later."

"Didn't the house last winter offer to take the whole territory in as a state?"

"It only talked of it. But we had rather remain as we come in as a whole state. Our country is too large, even for two states, or a state when there is little in the two sections homogenous one with the other would simply be compounding our misery. No, I presume we will be kept out, on purely political grounds, till the other party gets in power." o "Is that same spirit of immigration into and enterprise throughout the territory prevailing which existed a few years ago?"

"Yes, and in an increased form. More miles of railroad will be built there this summer than have been built in any year in the past. Towns are springing into existence, cities are growing up from villages and towns, like magic. We expect an enormous crop of wheat this year, and it is being put into the ground at this time like mad. Our spring is open. Ground has been under the plow for weeks, and the grass is growing in some sections. We are going to prosper despite the refusal of congress to make a state for us. It seems that the prejudice against D

April 3 will be a very quiet day in Washington. The authorities have determined to enforce the Sunday law, and two weeks ago began with a very good evidence of their intention to execute their work. Last Sunday was a Sunday indeed. There was an absence of the crowds around the restaurants, cafes and hotels, not to say saloons, and people who went to church were not attracted by congregations of dudes and street hawkers.

hawkers.
Washington is not a city of drunkenness. Washington is not a city of drunkenness, but of genteel tippling and dram-drinking. At no place in the whole country do people act so nearly as they wish. It is "respectable," as the term goes, to do almost anything one wishes in full view. Men and women go into and out of public drinking places on Sunday—that is, they have been doing so—and no one has stopped to call their attention to the impropriety of it, whether on a Sunday or other day.

day.

Last Sunday a number of the most popular

Last Sunday a number of the most popular restaurants took the blinds and screens away from their front doors and windows, so as to give a clear view into their establishments, and demonstrate that no business was being transacted. Special trouble was made to make everything look all straight, while at the same time their cafes, on the upper floors were open for the serving of meals. There, however, liquid refreshments were sometimes to be had.

The Womans Christian Temperance union began this last work of having the Sunday laws enforced, and it looks as though they will come as near succeeding as it is possible. The same organization has also began a warfare on the rank pictures displayed by cigarette, tobacco and cigar dealers, and are having them taken down by police order wherever found. All pictures showing figures are being ordered out of the stores.

Occasionally senators and representative are very much bored by the verdancy of the men who come here to seek office, and who command their attention by virtue of being constituents. The statesmen are compelled

constituents. The statesmen are compelled to go about through the departments and to the white house, introducing their verdant constituents who want office, and their remarks and acts frequently bring the blush of shame to their faces.

Senator Voorhees was recently a victim. A very old fashioned and verdant man from one of the southern counties of Indiana came to Washington for an office. He preferred a consulate, and soon had his heart fixed upon a snug little position in England. The senator one morning went with the verdant constituent to the department of state to see Assistant Secretary Porter, who has charge

constituent to the department of state to see
Assistant Secretary Porter, who has charge
of the consulates. When the pair got into
the elevator the old gentleman drew out his
purse and asked the elevator boy how much
the fare was.

"Not a cent," replied the youth.

"Oh, don't say that," remarked the office
seeker, in a moment of generosity, "simply
because you have a senator aboard. Now, I
don't propose to let Mr. Voorhees have to
shoulder this fare," and he insisted upon the
payment till the Indiana senator impressed
him with the fact that no fare was charged
upon elevators for the public convenience. him with the fact that no fare was charged upon elevators for the public convenience.

After the Hoosier had been formally presented to Assistant Secretary Porter he persistently blew his own horn and cried his own virtues to the exclusion of the senator, who was there to do that same thing modestly. Finally Governor Porter sized up his applicant and frankly said that no more consulates could go to the state or Indiana.

"The last two which were given to that state," said he, "were simply crowded in."

For full half a minute the dazed Hoosier office-seeker stood as if transfixed and looked hard into the face of the assistant secretary. Then, as if awakening from a rev-

retary. Then, as if awakening from a reverle, he turned to Senator Voorhees, and

"Well, what next?"
So frightful was the utterance that both
the senator and assistant secretary burst into

laughter, which the former brushed aside by telling a story.
"That reminds me," said Senator Voor-"That reminds me," said Senator Voorhees, "of an incident which came under my personal notice in connection with the law practice of Abraham Lincoln. I was present when the judge instructed the jury in a case in which Mr. Lincoln appeared, and it so happened that the court was compelled to instruct for a finding, based unon the law, against Mr. Lincoln's side. The instruction of the jury was so explicit that it had nothing to do but return a verdict against Mr. Lincoln's client without leaving the jury-box. When the verdict was delivered it dazed the client, and as soon as he could get his breath he turned to Mr. Lincoln and inquired:

nis breath in quired:

"Well, what next?"

Promptly Mr. Lincoln replied:

"We will go down to the tavern and curse to the promptly of the prom

for us to do but go down to the hotel and kick ourselves and try our luck at denounc-ing the judge."

PERRY S. HEATH A New York Scandal. NEW YORK, April 2 .- | Special Telegram to the BEE. |-After three years sensational litigation, the supreme court has granted Edith Desikier Allen an absolute divorce from Col, Vanderbilt Allen on the ground that he has been guilty of marital infidelity. The custody of their little daughter, Edith Bladys Allen is given to her and sufficient Bladys Allen is given to her and sufficient allimony added to her income of \$1,400 a year to support herself and daughter in a manner of life to which she has been accustomed. Colonel Allen is the grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, a banker at 5 New street and a member of the Union and some other claim. He is about forty-five years old, a granting of West Point in 1863. He served until the served with the served for conspicuous galiantr, pany with Gen. Stone enti-

A Champion Yach NEW YORK, April Telegram to the link |- | tatively stated at the New York syndicate of its members has build a yacht to compete with the Boston boats for the honor of stilling against the Scotch cutter Thistle in October next in de-fense of the America's cap. She is to be de-signed by a New York man and is to be built in this city or its immediate neighbor-

Utica's Canney ! hicken. NEW YORK, April 2 .- Special Pelegram press that the business of slaughtering calves from one hour to three days old is exten-sively carried on in Herkimer county. They are then shipped to this city and put up as canned chickens. to the BEF. | - It is charged by the Utica

VANDERBILTS. VOCALISTIC

High-toned Trills in Public-The Astors. Progressive Euchre Style.

SARAH'S SKELETON STOCKINGS.

The Bernhardt's Make-up - Female Fencing-New Gough Wanted-Worshipping Actors-Clara Belle's Spicy Letter.

NEW YORK, March 31 .- [Correspondence of the BEE- |-There was a progressive euchre party at the luxurious residence of the Waldorff Astors this week and it differed from ordinary occasions of the sort only as one stone differs from another in effulgence. That is to say, everything was in a very high degree of good taste and unstrained luxury. The thing worth mentioning especially was the introduction of a new method of registering the won games. It is an awful fact to be set down against the moral sense of fashionable women, that they have small conception of honest gambling, even though the stakes be trophies of victory more beautiful than valuable, and the place be the politest immaginable parlor. They will usually cheat whenever and however they get a chance. The pleasures of progressive euchre, as you doubtless have experienced, are too often marred by brazen dishonesty. The women will beg ribbons or tags or whatever serves to mark the number of games won, and the susceptible men will accede; and so it often happens that the ablest wheedler comes out a first-prize winner against better and luckier players. Well, at the Astor party a simple preventive of cheating was provided in a set of punches. One of these cut a round hole in a card for ordinary games won; another recorded a victory at the head table with a crescent, while a third made square clips for the booby table. The punching was done by the hostess and so each contestant's card was an unalterable regis-A VANDERBILT VOCALIS T.

While much ado is being made about the nothings of Mrs. James Brown Potter's stage debut, the appearance of Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt as a public vocalist has been overlooked. But it was not ostentatiously done, and it was not meant as the beginning of a foot-light career. The ladies of the family are thoroughly interested in charities. Bishop Potter tells me that, collectively, they do not disburse less than half a million a year, not taking into account the several heavy endowments of institutions that the the nothings of Mrs. James Brown Potendowments of institutions that the Vanderbilts have made. It will be ofno use for any reader of this fact to forward begging letters to them, because they give only to such causes as they person ally know all about, and pay no attention to solicitations from strangers. Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt's pet benevolence is a sewing school for poor girls. Over in Stanton street, which runs through the thickest tenement district of town, she maintains a house wherein girls are wel-come to the services of competent needlewomen, and where they can lit themselves for domestic sewing or work shop. It was here that she sang. She gave a musical entertainment for the pupils, their mothers and a score of invited friends. The assemblage was exclusively feminine, even to the performers. Songs were sung, different instruments were played, and refreshments were afterwards served. Mrs. Vander-bit same "Coming Through the Bard" bilt sang "Coming Through the Rye" and "Annie Laurie" very sweetly indeed, and to tumultuous applause.

Exquisite audiences are apt to be more critical of its own members, sometimes, than of the persons at the other side of the footlights. This was at an amateur concert: "This is insufferable," whispered a

woman to another.
"O, I thought the singing was rather

clever," was the reply.
"I didn't refer to the performance," the first explained, "but to the obnoxious people around us. There's a girl with dreadfully inharmonious green and purple in her hat. Over this way is a horror of a misfit in bodices. And yonder, see that delicate pink satin just killed by the red of the hair that hangs

Who shall say that taste is not exacting

at amateur entertainments. Our very modest girls, of the set which gives itself up considerably to physical sports, has really gone into fencing spiritedly. Although no longer of value for its original purpose, fencing will ever remain unequalled among manly sports as an exercise developing quick movement, erect carriage, graceful posture and complete accord of eye hand and foot. It can never again be popular with the select few and espe-cially by those who thinking themselves better than their fellows, wish to be peculiar in their sports as in everything else. Failure to appreciate the fact has led several swordsmen to waste time, labor and money in futile attempts to enlist popular sympathy and obtain support from the general public but these misguided professors have one after another been starved out and relegated to other methods of gaining a livelihood and our existing fencing masters adopt more sensible -do not try to thrust their game down the throats of people who do not understand or appreciate it, but rather cater only to the chosen few, avoid pub-licity and make their school exclusive and expensive; managed in this way they can live and do live. In addition to its public or semi-public academies New York city has a fencing club whose mem-bership will include the name of many fashionable women, which has its own building, its own professor, and occasionally give private entertainments open only to invited guests. The ladies who accepted these invitations and enjoyed the sport were quick to see that this was above all and the game it exercised most suited to women—a tonic for both body and mind—a representation. for both body and mind-a panacea for all sorts of complaints-a sport whose practice was not only enjoyable, but extremely fascinating, and whose result gave roses to the cheek, fire to the eye, suppleness to the joints, strength and litheness to the limbs, dignity to the carriage, gracefulness to every movement— in fact, almost everything which is lack-ing in the physical development of the average American woman. And these ladies one by one found some fencing school, procured clothing which, while both neat and modest, allowed full play to all the muscles, and are to day the most attentive and most enthusiastic

TUXEDO BLACK BALLS.

Tuxedo is a question with our richest and most fashionable folks. Shall they affect it during the coming season? It is a contradiction. While it is "exclusive," in that sense of the abused word which implies a rigid consideration of the social consideration of the social consideration. quality of applicants for admission, it is also a place for blazing publicity, where the visitors pose for exhibition to all the world. The Astors have sanctioned it to the extent of building a house there—a curious structure, grotesquely picturesque, in which they will lodge awhile when the season opens. On the other hand, several families of less familiarity to fame, but who are far more carefully adverse to the gaze of the multitudes, have changed their minds about resortOWING TO AN UNEXPECTED INCREASE IN THE SALES OF

WALL PAPER

Especially of the 10c, 12 1:2c and 15c Pattern, we have deemed it necessary to send du plicate orders to the factories in order to keep up a well assorted stock. We advise everybody to select at once, and appoint a day for papering, as we will have an immense rush. You can buy your

=Room Mouldins=

Right here. Over 75 patterns to select from: from 3c per foot upwards. Next week we invite the ladies to see our display of LINCRUSTA WALTONS, of which more will be said hereafter.

Douglas, Between 15th & 16th, North Side. HENRY LEHMAN.

SPRING BULLETIN

For this week we offer the following:

A splendidly gotten up Spring overcoat, silk faced, for \$10, which cannot be purchased elsewhere at less than \$14

A fine worsted Spring Overcoat, satin faced, for \$12. Equal to any tailor made garment to cost \$25.

A fine worsted Spring Overcoat, satin faced, for \$15.

Equal to any tailor made garment to cost \$35.

Light and medium weight Suits at \$5, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$10, \$12,50, \$14, \$15, \$17.50, \$18, \$20, \$22.50 and \$25, any of which we will guarantee cannot be duplicated elsewhere for 20 to 30 per cent more money than we ask.

Before purchasing, a call and an examination would save you money, and we guarantee fit and complete satisfaction

The New York and Omaha Clothing Company

1308 FARNAM STREET

Men's and Boys' Clothiers, Furnishers and Hatters.

ing to Tuxedo, with its rapid life, audacious sports and general showiness. At all events there is to be a club-like system this year of voting on new member-ships, and a single black ball cast in a committee of ten will mean that the candidate isn't good enough for Tuxedo.

SARAH'S MAKE-UP. Sarah Bernhardt and her costumes are answerable for much female ugliness in New York at present. There is a material difference, as well as a differ-ence of material, in the make-up of Sarah and the American women—the same dif-ference that there is in an umbrella shut and an umbrella open. Sarah, who could chalk her head and play as a billiard cue, or braid her limbs and pass for a whip, is much given to fluffy trimmings, ruchings, puffings and masses of lace and layers of ruffles. The ordinary, every-day "Yank" has something more than a vertebral column on which to hang her frocks, and directly she goes to copying Bernhardt's cos-tumes she is wrecked. The advice tumes she is wrecked. The advice that Worth, the man milliner. gave to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is good now as the day he gave it. Mrs. Lincoln had a figure like Mrs. Gamp, but she concluded that Worth should make her some dresses; so she sent her photograph, a diagram of her prominent places, a map of her boundaries and princical annexations, with a few minor details to the famous woman-maker. That worthy studied his instructions and rendered this verdict: "I can do no more for madame than the American modiste. It is with bone-

bones I produce the great effect. Abjure all trimmings that are not flat, and avoid all garments that are not dark." Sarah wore, the first week of her engagement here, a mauve surah, opening over loose loops of lace. Straps of vio-let velvet banded this mass down, and there a glimpse of the great actress' clavicles gleamed and glinted through. An ample lady in the same hotel saw this gown, and determined to reproduce it. She had a dress made like the great tragedienne's, but it lacked the soft, clinging appearance of Sarah's robe, and a friend suggested that the fault lay in the corsets. Bernhardt wears no corsets. "Of corsets that," said the plump one, and off hers came. She had been wearing that gown up and down the corridors of the hotel and making what the Eng-lish chamber-maid calls, "An 'oly 'orror hof 'erself;" for between the confining straps there are a series of bulges that speak well for the cuisine of the estab-lishment.

But perhaps Madame Addie Pose better off than Miss Emma Ciated, who lately went to a constructor of hosiery for the theatrical profession. "You see," explained Miss Emma, to the attendant, "I

am very slender and the present fashion

weaving a pair of stockings to be worn under all her others—a sort of skeleton

of tying back the skirts so tightly, is not at all becoming to me."

The clerk failed to understand, and suggested that she was in search of a pair of symetries, by which name the stockings of valsity are known. "No," she said when shown these articles, "they would not alter my affecting case at all." So the forewoman was called, and in the recesses of an inner apartment Emma confessed it was her knees that gave her so much trouble. When she sat down with tightly wrapped, clinging drapery pulled over them they stuck out like knobs on doors. So the costumer is

graduated lumps of silken floss gets gracefully bulgy. While the sharp knee cap of poor Emma will be securely packed away in a bed of padding, on which the most fashionable skirt can be stretched without the angularity that has darkened her fashionable season.

A NEW GOUGH WANTED.
"I don't imagine women are greatly interested in high license," said a prejudiced observer. "She must be a noodle who believes a stop can be put to a man's drink, and the wise ones know that the heaviest and most disastrous drinking is done in the drug stores. If every cabinet-decorated, stained-glass whisky mill in New York was shut up the injury done by alcoholic liquors would be ten times as great. Men would patronize the apothecary, and under cover of the medical cloak fill drunkards' graves." Some of the intense temperance people are holding meetings and trying to discover a new Gough. They thought they had found him in a pale, intellectual young man, who arose in an up-town church. He was a sad-eyed, meek chap, with a clear, full voice, and he began by saying that he feit impelled to relate his experience. For years he had been the slave of the bottle—for years he had been under its thrall. He spoke almost with tears of his complete prostration. His mother's prayers had risen countless times from beside a bed where he lay utterly incapable of speech or locomotion. His auditors wept. He described his gradual escape from the bottle—now his manhood asserted itself. He burst the bonds that bound him to the terrible bottle. The audience gave vent to great rejoicing. After a glowing peroration, the speaker sat down, and the sisters pressed up and shook him by the hand, while the elders glowed with enthusiasm. But even while the excitement of this thrilling speech was upon them, pallid man rose and said he might as well mention that the reign of the bottle was during his first year of life, and it was always filled with milk. Temper-ance meetings don't like sells, and the meek speaker was hustled out in a hurry. while the congregation were requested to

Sparkling and bright in it liquid light, Is the water in our glasses. WORSHIPPING ACTORS.
Stories of actor-worship by senseless Stories of actor-worship by senseless. New York girls are not so numerous now-a-days as they were a few years ago. Perhaps that is because the proper material is less abundant. But there is a great deal of idiotic female adoration running to waste over Kyrle Bellew, of Wallack's, and its extent would hardly be believed by people who have become incredulous of this sort of gossip. Bellew is for from handsome and yet this is lew is far from handsome, and yet this is the actual form of a silly young girl's order for seats at Wallack's box office recently: "Are you quite sure Ker-ley Bell-you will act next Saturday afternoon? Well, you may give me two seats, and I positively won't take them unless they are down near the boxes, because I always have a bunch of flowers to throw at his feet, and I think he is just lovely?" The words were overheard by me and they are not in the least distorted. The Boston museum is, so I am told, the Wal-lack's of the Hub in this strange respect. Its matinees have always been attended largely by girls. Years ago that hand-some blonde, Charles A. Stevenson, was their ideal, and there was some excuse for them, because his insouciant bearing was an artistic study. After he went away, married Kate Claxton, and became portly, he was succeeded in the Boston girls' hearts by Jack Mason, a stocking, that has a stirrup instead of a foot, is filmy about the ankles, but by

good-looking young man, whose drawling elocution and generally tire movements were accepted as artistic by the Boston fair sex, and he was thoroughly adored. If he seemed sleepy on the stage occa-sionally, romance was added to his personality, and when he and Sadie Martinot began to play sentimental roles with a great deal of genuine fervor, the matiee gossipers were wild with excitement. It must have been a shock to female Box. ton to know that Mason had never succeeded in attracting similar attention, though he has had good opportunities. Joseph Haworth was at the museum with Mason, and for a time, he too, was in high feminine favor. But he got to doing hard and vigorous work, and he soon ceased to be a ladies' actor.

Jackson's Duel with Dickinson. In a paper in the Scuthern Bivouao for April, the following conversation between General Harding and General Andrew Sackson, relative to Jackson's duel with

CLARA BELLE.

Dickinson is given:
"In conversation with General Jackson one day I said: 'General, is a brave man ever frightened?'

" 'I don't know that I am competent to answer that question,' said he. I replied: 'The world accords you as much bravery as is possessed by any man.'
"'If that be so, sir.' said the general, 'I would say I have been as badly fright-

ened as a gentleman ought ever to be."
"I said, I presume that was in some of your Indian fights?'
"'No,' said he, 'it was when I went on
the field with Dickinson. I knew him to be a cool, brave, determined man, and the best shot I ever saw, and I never expected to leave the field alive. I owe my life to the fashion of the day—the full-This and the peculiar conformation of my much-sunken chest were all that saved me. Dickinson's builet struck what appeared to be the center of my body under the right arm, and the ball grazed my breastbone. I had gone upon the field determined not to fire at Dickinson, but to discharge my pistol in the air, having no ground of quarrel with him, and not wishing to hurt a hair of his head. My quarrel was with his father in-law, Ervin; but when I felt myself shot, under the impression that I had received a mortal wound and

ical pain. I fired the fatal shot, and no act of my life have I ever regretted so much. "'Under the conditions of the meeting we had a right to reserve the fire, because I knew that Dickinson could shoot so much more quickly than I could. It has been asserted in the public prints,' said Old Hickory, 'that I advanced on Dickinson to delver my shot and that he gave back, both of which statements are false. sir. I stood in my place when I fired and Dickinsen remained in his, receiving my shot like a cool, brave man as he

smarting under this belief and the phys-

General Harding said at this same terview, which was the last he had with General Jackson, the latter said to him: "The world is greatly mistaken about my having an ungovernable temper. I never gave an exhibition of my temper without my judgment approved it. I sometimes found it necessary even to prevent the shedding of blood.

The Woif Arson case is still dragging its weary length along in Justice Berka's court. Yesterday was chiefly occupied in attempts to impeach the testimony of witnesses for the prosecution.

Piracy on the high seas is now, fortunately, a crime long since dead among European cities. We must go back to the early period of Marryat and Cooper if we desire to know of the atrocities and miquities committed by the hordes of lawless ruffians who used to infest the

sea at the beginning of the present century and carry on their merciless busi-ness of butchery and plunder. Our brethren in the Celestial empire, however, are slow to remove evils, and piracy with them seems to die hard. Reports occasionally reach this country of some European vessel being attacked in Chinese waters by the natives; but fortunately, owing to the extreme cowardice usually displayed by the attacking party, these attempted depredations do not often lead to any serious result.

The China sea is, principally, the happy hunting ground of these dastartly pirates; and nature seems to have adapted it epecially for that particular purpose. The hina sea is, in many places, exceedingly shallow; strong currents sweep along its wooded creeks, dotted here and there, afford capital shelter and points of observation for piratical junks to be in ambush until some unsuspecting merchantman shall heave in sight. Vessels in traversing these seas, except during the season of the monsoons, have often to contend against dead headwinds or calms that last for days and days. During these periods sailing ships have frequently, if in proximity to land, to east anchor to prevent being carried ashore by the vari-our swift and conflicting currents, and at such times present capital opportunities for the marauders of the seas to carry out their nefarious designs.

Although as the Chinese pirate is, as a

rule, a most abject coward where Euro-peans are concerned, he is, at least, capable of striking terror into the hearts of his countrymen; and a couple of pirate junks, mounting but a single twopointe junks, mounting but a single two-pounder gun between them, have been known to blockade a port of four thou-sand inhabitants, and to plunder every ship that passed. In another case a pirate gang of five hundred, who yielded to a rush of twenty or thirty blue jackets, had previously defied a native force of one thousand five hundred troops and forty war junks. Directly however a forty war junks Directly, however, a small gunboat, manned by Europeans, appeared upon the scene, their career

was at an end.
Chinese piracy is, at times, almost a business. A pirate merchant, in the wholesale way, will infest certain virlages on the seaboard or islands. He will keep fifteen or twenty junks, with a corresponding retinue of ruffians, and when he has secured his plunder he stores it in safety. A pirate in a small way of busi-ness, having once made a good haul, will divide the spoil, and then his followers immediately disperse, for fear of an attack from another gang. The old saying of "dog eat dog" applies with striking force to the transactions of these plun derers of the China sea.

Nature usually makes a gailant fight against disease, and when helped by Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will eradicate it from the system

Robert Browning, who for twenty years has lived with his sister in Warwick Crescent, Bayswater, has bought a house in De Vere Gardens, Kensington, and will occupy it two months hence.