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PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1889.

A WEEK'S WORK.

Yesterday ended the first week's work for the relief of Johnstown. As that has been the main occupation of Pittsburg, it is satisfactory that the retrospect shows that a great deal has been accomplished.

A week ago to-day the first news from the ruined town was published. The thirty-six hours after the date of the calamity had been occupied in reaching there over a country in which railroad tracks and bridges were swept away, and even the country roads flooded and made almost impassable. But, even with the uncertainty thus prevailing, Pittsburg had $100,000 worth of money and supplies ready, and the task of getting it there and rescuing the sufferers from want was commenced.

The amount that has been accomplished in a week's time is certainly encouraging. All the living have been rescued, fed and clothed. The injured have received medical treatment and the danger of famine thoroughly guarded against. Much has been done in the way of clearing up the town and preventing pestilence; and although there is a great deal remaining to be done in this line, it is creditable that voluntary labor has put the matter in progress.

This is a good week's record. If the succeeding week's work is equally good the more pressing requirements will be nearly met.

THE GOVERNOR MOVES.

The Pittsburg Relief Committee has at last been driven both by the exhaustion of its funds and the Governor's inaction to notify that official that it can furnish no more funds except for the relief of the sufferers. This appears like rather extreme action, but it is proved by the result to have been the action needed to move the chief Executive to something approaching action.

The Governor, having first traveled to Philadelphia to consult with Mayor Fitler, announces that he will go to Johnstown to-day. It is to be hoped that he will see enough there to warrant him in doing something. So far, his achievements have consisted in preventing contributions from reaching the stricken city, without taking the trouble to go there and see if they are needed. After reaching the spot, as he might have done a week ago, it is to be hoped that he will be able to perceive the necessity of permitting the money of the Eastern cities to reach the object to which it was contributed, and calling the Legislature together to make the necessary appropriations for sanitary work.

For the reputation both of the Governor and of the State, it is desirable that he shall not longer stand in the way of necessary work.

THE BEST DEFENSE.

With regard to the policy of fortification against invasion by sea, Mr. Labouchere makes some remarks in the London *Truth* which have the virtue of pertinence, applied to the United States. He points out that a power which retains command of the sea thus makes invasion of its ports impossible. On the other hand, if that command is lost, fortification will not save it from attack. "An enemy bent on invading England," says Mr. Labouchere, "would not steer to Portsmouth or Sandwich as landing places, but one of those scores of unfortified harbors which exist on our coast." This is equally true of the United States. To fortify the whole coast is impossible. There is much more to be done in the way of protecting the country by the construction of first-class fighting vessels, dynamite cruisers and torpedo boats than there is by building fortifications, which could be easily avoided by the invaders. Our work is decidedly more in the direction of constructing a first-class navy than in building useless and expensive fortifications.

SECTIONAL PETTINESS.

There is a touch of decidedly small-sized sectionalism in the comments of the Atlanta *Constitution* upon the fact that lynch law was resorted to at Johnstown to check the depredations of corpse robbers. The *Constitution* utilizes this fact to assert that Judge Lynch is not a Southern product, but that "his home is in the North, in the God-fearing Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

The fact is that within the last half dozen years, while there has been almost monthly lynching in the West and South, there have been exactly two cases of lynching in this vicinity. One of them was the lynching at Cumberland, Maryland, which is geographically a Southern city, and the lynching was fully shown to have been a most cowardly and despicable murder. The other was at Johnstown under circumstances of unprecedented character, when law in the usual form was necessarily suspended, and when there were no other means of guarding either the bodies of the dead or the destitute living from the most despicable of robbers.

Even under those circumstances it has already become apparent that this method of checking crime is one that is almost certain to produce abuses, and it has been completely abandoned at Johnstown. Without endeavoring to charge the evil of lynching upon any especial section, it is evident that when a people under ordinary circumstances cannot give efficient enforcement to their regular laws, and prefer instead to resort to mob law, they are little above the lawless and uncivilized stage.

The journal that will take advantage of a calamity, like that at Johnstown to import sectional criticisms of the acts to which a totally ruined community may resort in desperation, presents a remarkable example of the pettiness of sectional feeling.

THE STATE MUST ACT.

THE DISPATCH this morning publishes a sharp letter on the subject of the application of the funds for the relief of Conemaugh Valley. We do not agree with several of the points made by our correspondent; but the letter has the equal merit of strikingly setting forth the inability of the State government so far to comprehend its obligations, and the imperative duty which rests upon it of at once awakening to the proper official action.

Briefly, the correspondent insists, and with entire truth, that the prompt and generous contributions of the past week are meant wholly for the use and relief of the sufferers of the Conemaugh Valley. The writer protests with force against the idea that they are intended as a fund for sanitary operations in which the whole of Western Pennsylvania is concerned. It is the duty of the State itself, the communication holds, to remove obstructions from the course of its water-ways, to preserve its waters from carrying contagion; to care for the health of the people at large.

This is true, and expresses forcibly points which have already been urged in these columns. It is also clear that the Governor of Pennsylvania should, long before this, have seen and acted upon it by calling an immediate session of the Legislature to appropriate the necessary moneys. But, as it is apparently the misfortune of the State that its executive head has not been able to apprehend the scope of his functions and the pressing needs of the situation, THE DISPATCH holds that the active men in the field, the citizens who organized to meet the emergency, are not to be censured, but to be praised for their promptness and vigor in discharging an obvious duty, which, if left undone, would be productive of horrors scarcely less than those of the original disaster. The debris has to be cleared away, and the rivers protected, or there will be pestilence. This was a first duty to the survivors of the Conemaugh as well as a duty to the people of the three States through which the waters flow. It would not wait on the dilatory Governor of Pennsylvania, but manifestly had to be performed at once. There was no other course open than the one so vigorously taken.

But, while dissenting distinctly from the too narrow views of the correspondent as to what has been done, we are sure every one will see the timeliness of an understanding that this money which was given for relief of the survivors shall be surely applied to that purpose; and that the State shall meet the cost of the duties which properly belong to it. We hope that Governor Beaver has at last awakened to the situation; that the Legislature will soon be in session; and that sufficient money will without delay be appropriated to reimburse the Relief Committee for what moneys it has paid out for work which the State should have undertaken, as well as to complete the task of setting things completely to rights.

Meanwhile it is well to be reasonable with the relief committees. Their first duty is to provide ample sustenance for the sufferers. They cannot be supposed to be in shape for an equitable distribution of funds in seven days from the disaster. They must see, first of all, that no one is left hungry, unclothed, or unhoused. They must not leave the debris and the dead choking the streets of Johnstown or spreading pestilence by air and water. These prime necessities they are meeting with vigor. The inaction of the State officials leaves only public contributions to work with. These contributions must continue—there is and there will be urgent need for them until public spirit drives the Governor to call the Legislature together and make appropriations. When these are made, and State funds become available, the very first use of them should be to refund to the Relief Committee for the further use of the suffering survivors every penny expended until then by the committee in doing the sanitary work which the State itself should have promptly undertaken. For a long while yet, even after the wreck in the Conemaugh Valley is cleared away, destitution will reign there, unless the helping hand liberally applied is constantly and intelligently outstretched to the survivors.

REFORM FOR REVENUE ONLY.

When it was announced the other day that the New York Stock Exchange had resolved to abolish the ticker service THE DISPATCH predicted that the change would not last long. It was hardly to be expected that it would last only two days, but that is the actual result. The Exchange found that it was killing the speculation which yielded its profits as much as it was hampering the bucket shops; and, therefore, it was quickly restored.

The fact that the whole effort is simply for the purpose of obtaining the exclusive profits of stock gambling, is shown by the announcement with reference to the restoration of ticker service. The Gold and Stock Telegraph Company, or Jay Gould's concern, will have a monopoly of the ticker service, and the quotations to the brokers of the Exchange will be sent out a few moments before those to other concerns. This means that the Exchange, while pursuing its regular policy of building up monopolies for Gould, is principally anxious to secure all the profits that it can from the speculations of the public upon the fluctuations of stocks.

This leaves the great moral purpose of the Stock Exchange to abolish bucket shop gambling in its true light of an attempt to abolish the gambling which does not yield revenue to the Stock Exchange.

EXCITING TO THE ANIMALS.

The cartoon in last week's *Judge*, which represents President Harrison in the character of "Ben, the Conqueror," may be based upon a moderate degree of fact, but it would not be strange if it should make some rather lively feeling among the Republican leaders, who are not presented in a very favorable light by that cartoon.

The picture is an adaptation of Gerome's well-known painting "Victorious Love," and it represents the President standing in the midst of a group of lions and tigers which he has subdued. Possibly the President has reduced the menagerie to order, but when Platt, Allison, Alger, Sherman, Wanamaker, Edmunds, Evarts, Blaine and Morton are represented as the animals crouching at his feet, and cowering at his command, we can hardly blame those statesmen for regarding this effort of the pictorial organ in anything but a favorable light.

This sheet is supposed to be tolerably near the President, both by political and family connection; therefore, the intimation that the President had reduced the animals to discipline, assumes the aspect of an official declaration. As to the question of fact, there is room for a good deal of discussion. If we are not mistaken, there has been a good deal of snarling, if not vociferous yelping, with regard to the distribution of the meat and bones of patronage. Even if the facts were as represented, there is still the question of good policy as to whether the wild beast tamer who has reduced the ferocious animals to good order, will preserve his mastery by stirring them up again.

It would hardly be more natural if the pictorial effort of *Judge* should have the effect of making the beasts get up on their hind legs and of reducing the menagerie to a new state of anarchy.

IT is asserted by the Atlanta *Constitution* that while there may be differences in the Democratic parties on the tariff, the silver question, the civil service and the internal revenue, "back of all of it is the fundamental principle of Democracy." What the fundamental principal of Democracy is, which ignores all these questions, might be rather hard to guess; if it was not the essential platform of the *Constitution* that "this is a white man's Government."

THE Anglomaniacs in New York are reported to bewail the fact that that city has not any Rotten row. This suggests the thought that an effort was made to supply the lack at the Centennial ball. If that was not a rotten row, New York will never have one.

IT is stated by the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* that John C. New can easily save $100,000 from the fees of the Consul General's office in four years. This is a good deal more than John C. New could get out of the profits of an Indianapolis newspaper in the same time; but it would be interesting to have a statement of the fees, which, under the law, are able to yield a fortune in that time.

THE undertakers who have succeeded in getting into a quarrel at Johnstown prefer to be known as funeral directors. They bid fair to be most successful in directing the funeral of their reputation for knowing when to abjure personal quarrels.

WHILE New York is very free in requesting other parts of the country to contribute to its monument fund, it must be credited with being equally free in devoting its funds to the needy elsewhere. The $250,000 which it has contributed for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers will do a great deal of good—when Governor Beaver makes up his mind to let Johnstown have the money.

THE report that Mrs. Cleveland is learning to play the violin indicates the desire of that lady to preserve an interest in her husband's occupation. Mr. Cleveland exhibited his ability to play a very good second fiddle during the last campaign.

THE Amalgamated Association enjoyed its annual play day with its usual hearty spirit. As the association appears to control the industrial situation this year, it can afford to take its pleasure with no anxiety for the future. In fact the fixing of the scale for this season appears to be one prolongated picnic for the Amalgamated Association.

CONCERNING the hissing of Kyrle Bellew, at Chicago, an awful doubt is suggested whether the reason why Chicago hisses Kyrle Bellew is because he is immoral or because he tells of it.

GOVERNOR FORAKER'S determination that it is necessary for him to run for a third term is represented to the President as carrying with it the necessity of his having the distribution of a number of fat offices. Possibly the President may reply, with Tallyrand's bon mot: "I do not see the necessity."

THE reduction of the estimates of loss at Johnstown to a total of 5,000 is a grateful one. It is not as much as the estimate of 8,000 to 10,000; but 5,000 lives lost in a single calamity is awful enough.

THE Chicago *Tribune* says that "Mr. Blaine comes out of the Samoan complication with flying colors and absolutely unimpaired health." Are we to understand our cotemporary that when Mr. Blaine does not come out of a complication with flying colors his health is generally impaired?

LAND speculators who try to make a profit out of the Johnstown disaster must have souls that would make a mustard seed look enormous by comparison.

THE Czar of Russia has declared that Russia has but one friend, and this friend is Montenegro; which bases its friendship on a lively expectation of favors to come. The Czar is doubtless impressed with the idea that in future European complications, he will have to play it alone.

PROMINENT PEOPLE PARAGRAPHED.

"BUFFALO BILL" has become "Guillaume le Buffle" in the French newspapers.

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE, as usual at this time of year, is killing the young salmon in the Restigouche river, Canada.

COUNT HEINRICH HARDENGG, of Austria, who died a few days ago, has left his whole fortune, about £55,000, to the Vienna University.

MRS. HARRISON said to a friend the other day that she had decided to pass a few days at the seashore before her departure for Deer Park. She has several invitations from friends owning cottages on the shore, but she has not yet announced where she will go. She has a great dislike for publicity.

BISMARCK, in the course of a speech in the Reichstag the other day, said: "There have been times when I thought it possible to hold foreign stock. But afterward I found that the possession of such stock was calculated to some extent to mislead me in my judgment of the policy of the Government whose securities I held, and so I think it is now about 14 years since I got rid on principle of all such bonds. I now only wish to interest myself in my own country and not in foreign securities."

A Representative Boston Heart.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

A post mortem on a Boston woman who died of a broken heart showed nothing wrong with that organ whatever. Her feelings had been broken, not her heart.

A Revised Version.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.]

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as soup.

THE SILVER LINING

Of the Black Cloud Over Johnstown is the Revelation of Human Nature at Its Best.

IT is hard to believe that it is now ten days since the dam at South Fork gave way, so vivid and absorbing are the scenes of that terrible Friday still. Everybody, I imagine, finds it impossible to keep away from the subject. A good deal of the savor has been extracted from life for the time being. How can one take pleasure in material things while so many hearts are bleeding and so many eyes are streaming close at hand. Blood is thicker than water; the kinship of nationality and neighborhood is potential in such a crisis as this. We are deeply distressed at the blotting out of thousands of useful and lovely lives, the more so because they are so near to us, at our doors almost; but if five hundred times as many lives had been sacrificed to flood or sword or famine in the far Indies or in China we would have dismissed the news with a word or two: "How horrible," maybe, or "Lives are valued cheaply there," and never thought upon the massacre again.

Here the death-dealing monster struck so near to us; the horrid remnants of destruction floating under our very eyes and the sympathetic quivering of many about us told how far and how deep the anguish reached—that the man who could not catch the pathos of the hour must have been stone or steel to his heart's core.

* * *

Now that the bitterness of the affliction, the primal horror of the catastrophe have passed there is some interest in examining events that have succeeded the great one which made the name of Johnstown pitifully musical all the world over.

It is interesting to notice who the men are that jumped into the lead in the relief of the devastated city. In such an emergency as that which confronted Pittsburg the day after Johnstown had been washed out, it is only one class of men that can come to the front. The men who were equal to the occasion were without exception virile, intense and aggressive. Leaders from their birth. Those of lesser force were plentiful to follow, but the leaders, the actual movers of men, of necessity were few. They were enough, too. No need exists to explain why Captain W. R. Jones, Mr. William Flinn and Mr. J. B. Scott, General Hastings and others maybe are the leaders. They are all men of force, the two former more generally known for administrative power, perhaps.

But although these leaders have long been recognized in Pittsburg, yet at first thought one might very reasonably have thought of other men whose private business might have been supposed to have fewer claims upon them. If the need for really large caliber directors of the work of rescue and relief had been less, I have no doubt that men of smaller size would have been now in charge.

* * *

IT is as if you were to insert an advertisement in THE DISPATCH for a man of a certain description. There would be lots of respondents who would not suit, of course, but by and by the right man would appear. When a catastrophe like that at Johnstown occurs it carries with it a specification of the man needed for the occasion. In such a case as that of Johnstown the qualities desired in the man for the hour are on the surface. The very force of natural circumstances will drive the unsuitable material away and open an avenue for the right man. Sometimes it happens that the interference of man will delay the consummation of the process of selection. It is impossible to always escape the interference of imbeciles: and a wooden-headed official or two must always be included in the calculation of problems of this kind. Pennsylvania hardly recognized this fact early enough, but she is fairly aware of its importance now.

* * *

ANOTHER thing for which we ought to be thankful to great crises for doing, is the certain demonstration they make of inefficiency, cowardice and pettiness in all sorts of men. No citizen is so high but the test of a great emergency may lay him low. Nor can a man be of such low degree that his response to the bugle call of a mighty opportunity may not elevate him to the highest station.

Doubtless when the records are all in there will be found there many a name glistening in golden merit that never shone before, and many a name we had thought to see will be totally erased.

* * *

TALKING of the records, could not a glorious roll be made of the heroes who appeared like meteors, to shine and then perchance die, amid the music of the monstrous flood, the crash of falling houses, the piercing shrieks and the awful sights in the doomed town? The girl who patiently waited, pinned in the gigantic pyre that the flood formed and kindled at the railroad bridge, while the rescuers and the flames raced for her life, who, when the heat of an awful death was scorching her pale cheek, and the last of her would-be rescuers was beaten off, reached out her hand and said to him gently, "Thank you," as she gave him her handkerchief. There was a heroine! Not a wail of despair, not a weak peal of fearful cries, not a word of all the supplication she might have made—but she met death with more bravery than it takes a soldier to face a battery.

Even the babes were heroic. They lisped words of comfort to distracted parents, and met the perils of the passage through the tumultuous flood with calmly clasped hands and minds serene. Surely this was in the mercy of God.

How many heroes there were, who can say? Countless stories of superb self-sacrifice have been told. In part the excess of women victims among the dead may be accounted for on the ground that they are always more unselfish than men. To save her loved ones, many a woman lost the last chance to preserve her life when the flood came.

* * *

BUT among those who went to succor the saved and recover the dead were many in whom one would hardly expect to see the broad, bright light of charity and unselfish courage shine. Men who have not been known to spend a thought upon anyone's existence but their own before, felt the appeal of the Johnstown victims, and went over to help them. Young men whose hands had known the contact of nothing harder than a tennis racquet, or who had spent a thought upon no more serious subjects than a game of pool; men of an elder age, whose souls had seemed glued to moneybags or the material pleasures of a lazy life; men of fashion, men of learning, all sorts and conditions of men responded to the call of help. And when they reached Johnstown there was no mistaking them for idle visitors; they helped to carry and bury the dead; to bind up the wounded, and cheerfully lent their backs and their brains to the pack-horse service of the commissariat.

So even this hideous calamity has something of a silver lining in the revelation of human nature at its best in places not always to be looked for.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

THOUGHT HE SOLD PEOPLE.

An Honest Grower Mistakes Lawrence Barrett for a Fruit Grower.

From the Chicago Times.]

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett are on route from San Francisco to New York. They stopped at the Grand Pacific a few hours yesterday. After dinner Barrett spent some time about the corridors. At the hotel a hundred or so nurserymen are holding a convention and it is in the office that the electioneering is done. Barrett was about to light a cigar when a nice-looking old man accosted him with a hearty greeting and asked if he was enjoying himself nowadays.

The great actor supposed the stranger was one of his admiring constituents and a cheerful conversation took place. Suddenly the stranger remarked that it would be a pretty good year for fruit.

"Y-e-s," Mr. Barrett replied, somewhat mystified.

"By the way, did you ever sell the Huntsville (Ala.) folks?"

"Sell them! No, sir, nor the inhabitants of any city."

"Well, you still got your settings?"

"They will be retouched during the summer."

"That's business. So many folks don't understand it. Trees should always be dipped in a puddle made by stirring up water, earth and a little fertilizer to the consistency of thick cream. The item of adding the water when the hole is nearly filled is of special importance—that is, if——"

"Well, I bid you good-day."

"What! you ain't going to miss the last session?"

"What session?"

"Good heavens! ain't you one of us?"

"I don't think I am," and the tragedian walked away. The abashed man said he'd climb a tree if he didn't think Barrett represented Ohio at the last nurseryman's convention.

WORSE THAN POMPEII.

Parallels Between the Destruction Wrought by the Water From South Fork Dam and the Rain of Ashes From Vesuvius—Pompeii's Population Less Than 12,000, the Valley's 30,000.

New York World.]

The destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii has stood up to date as the most terrible calamity which ever swept down on a city. For the last 2,000 years the world has looked upon the fiery extinction of the old town of Pompeii, which nestled at the base of Vesuvius on the sunny Bay of Naples, as the crowning blow of disaster in the story of human mortality.

But the late horror in the Pennsylvania valley is really a greater misfortune than that which befell the old Campanian town 79 years after the birth of Christ if the number of victims or the extent of territory devastated by the destroying element be considered. To make a comparison between Pompeii and Johnstown may serve to bring home more vividly to the minds of many the extent of the terrible calamity which occurred last Friday in the Keystone State. The entire area of Pompeii was not more than two miles in circumference, and its shape was that of an irregular oval. Its site was somewhat different from that of the town as it is known to-day by the excavations. This difference in location is due to the alteration in the ground by volcanic action and earthquakes. Something of that terrible irony of fate which brought two elements, one of which is usually employed for combating the other, into connection with regard to the desolation wrought at Johnstown is also suggested by this location of Pompeii * * *

Interesting Comparisons.

Seated on the Bay of Naples, with water almost at their doors, the unfortunate Pompeians were smothered and roasted under the scorching rain of ashes which fell upon them. Johnstown, on the other hand, high up among the mountains and remote from the sea, was whelmed beneath the flood of water which tore down upon the small town and carried it away in a wild, tumultuous whirlpool. Then, from this watery grave burst forth deadly tongues of fire to continue the ravages of a fearful destruction upon the miserable inhabitants.

The most interesting comparison, however, is the fates of the gay and festive Pompeians—who at the very time when death rained down upon them from the sky of fire stretched above their doomed city were engaged in luxurious idlings in the baths and excited delight at the amphitheatrical spectacles—and the frugal hard-working country-folk of Johnstown is not in the territory devastated but in the numbers which went to swell the death list of the victims.

The data from which the population of Pompeii may be gathered are somewhat insufficient, and as a result the census is put at widely differing figures. It was once generally supposed to be between 20,000 and 30,000. But the careful estimate of Fiorelli, who has superintended the excavation of the buried town, puts the population of the city at the time of the terrible outpour of Vesuvius at no more than 12,000 souls.

This is probably a liberal estimate, and there is every reason to suppose that it was less. Many of Pompeii's 12,000 escaped—indeed, they had tenfold the facilities for escape than had the people of Johnstown. The latest returns from the flooded town of Johnstown rate the deaths at 13,000 or 15,000. Probably when the entire number of the unfortunates who perished in that hell of water is ascertained it will be found in excess of these figures, rather than below them. For instead of starting with a big number and gradually whittling it down as the truth was known, every day has brought a larger figure as that which truly indicated the death-roll. Only 300 human skeletons have been found in the Pompeiian excavations. The quota of dead bodies found at Johnstown already number as many thousands. * * *

An Unenviable Position.

There is little doubt, then, that the obscure town in Conemaugh valley, which a week ago was unknown, has the unenviable position of heading the list in the roll-call of the world's disasters, and Pompeii, which has held this mournful prestige of disaster's biggest mark, must henceforth be mentioned as inferior to the Pennsylvania town in misfortune and calamity. One mournful advantage Johnstown has over the small Campanian town which flourished 2,000 years ago. It will not be two millenniums before the victims are discovered. The sad survivors are gradually recovering and identifying their dead, and mournful lines of tearful relatives follow the steady procession to the huge pit which yawns for Johnstown's thousands of corpses.

It is an unparalleled tale of horror and one that is enough for the world's history without ever being supplemented by another. Out of the dark mist of horror which envelopes the whole blood curdling incident, are acts of the finest heroism, and the same humanity which weeps and sympathizes with the helpless Johnstown people, can also feel a pride in the heroic fiber which was shown in men and women in the lowliest walks of life.

Mrs. Ogle, staying at her desk and clicking a note of warning over the friendly wire, while the wave of destruction was bearing swiftly down upon her, is a figure that should be monumental in the annals of history. So, too, that Paul Revere who sped along upon his panting horse shouting a thrilling warning to all whom he met. Pompeii was not without its heroes, and the Roman sentinels found dead upon their post showed a sublime sense of duty, but here, too, it would seem as if the modern town had surpassed its predecessor of old and was in the foremost place for nobility of human deeds as it is in the bar of history as the awful butt of destiny and overwhelming disaster.

A Primitive People.

From the Detroit Free Press.]

Circuit Judge George Hosmer—I was traveling through the northern portion of Maine this spring and was obliged to seek shelter from a storm in a house of a native. Inside I found the strange combination of a sewing machine and a spinning wheel running at the same time. The people were French and their house was 100 miles from any railroad. They rais their own sheep, shear the wool and make cloth of it rather than buy the manufactured article.

A Bright Insane Person.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.]

A crazy Detroiter is creating a sensation by hugging defenseless women on the streets at night. He is very bright for an insane person, however. He hugs them at night when it is too dark to see their faces.

RIPE CHERRIES.

THE lawn fete season is here at last,
And the girls at the boys sly glances cast,
To catch them.
And they'll lure from their pockets their hard earned cash,
With ice cream, candy, and all such trash,
And the boys will find out, but alas! too late,
That their pockets have met with a busted fate.

To be in style at Cape May this year, your bathing suit should be made from (new) Jersey cloth.

DUMBLEY—I can't see how a bank cashier from the South can skip to Canada and live in such a different atmosphere.

Smartley—Oh, no matter where a cashier comes from, he's used to drafts and the cold (cash).

PRESIDENT—Lige, I have now been in office a little over three months, and would like to know what you think of my work so far?

Lige—Well, taking it all in all, I must say you have done very well indeed, but, Benny, your appointments recall to my mind the title of a novel I once read.

President—What is it?

Lige—"A Family Affair."

YOU ask me, for you know I'm wise,
To tell you if I can,
How in this heated weather,
A heavy gentleman
Can keep his collar standing up,
A big wash bill to avoid;
Well, the best way I can think of now
Is to wear a celluloid.

ENGLISHMAN—These drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot weighing machines are the most generous things I ever saw.

Cousin—What do you mean?

Englishman—Why they give you pounds for a nickel.

WHEN is it proper to wear a derby hat, and when should a stovepipe be worn?

CONSTANT READER.

A derby is proper at any time, but a stovepipe should be only worn when smoking.

WHAT a blessing it would be if new-born babes could be made to understand that "little ones should be seen and not heard."

A PROBLEM.

If a man should catch a little fish
That weighed about three pounds,
How much would the fish's weight increase,
When the story had gone the rounds?

NIGHT had spread her mantle over all,
The birds had ceased their songs to sing,
The flowers slept peacefully in their beds,
And bells had hushed their ting-a-ling.

And as I slept, I dreamed that I
Was tormented by many foes,
But I awoke and found 'twas nothing more
Than mosquitoes biting at my toes.

SEE S. SEA.

CAPITAL GOSSIP.

The Flood at Washington—Fishing in the Streets—Some Precautionary Measures Suggested—The Pathetic Story of an Old Soldier.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON, June 7.—Four States and the District of Columbia swept with terrific floods, millions of property destroyed, between 15,000 and 20,000 lives sacrificed. This is the story that is on every lip. The rush for office, the movements of the President and his family, the Samoan question, the complications in Hayti, the Canadian and Behring sea fisheries questions become trivial to the last degree, and no one can discuss them for a moment, in the face of this awful succession of catastrophes. For, if it were not for the great and overshadowing tragedy of the Conemaugh valley, the destruction and suffering in a dozen other places would call for the sympathy and assistance of the people of the world. Here in Washington and vicinity a number are drowned, thousands are rendered homeless, or, what is almost as bad, thrown out of work, yet so absorbed have we all been in contemplation of the unparalleled occurrence in the valley of the Conemaugh that we hardly give our own people a passing thought. An old-fashioned, but yet a very busy and valuable water highway is destroyed in the breaking for thousands of feet of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. One span of the picturesque Chain bridge is knocked out of place. A span of the ugly but historical Long bridge was swept out to old ocean. Wharves, coal dumps, boat houses, tugs, scows, steamers, schooners and smaller craft were hurled down the river and crushed to pieces. Embankments on the flats, which have cost millions of dollars, are badly damaged. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in values were destroyed in the cellars and first floors of dwellings and business houses. Yet you in Pittsburg, and the people of the outside world generally, have taken and will take no note of this; it is so insignificant when compared with the awful scene at your own doors.

The Capital Afloat.

Think of it! All of the southern portion of the National Capital is transformed into a veritable Venice, barring the marble palaces, the graceful gondolas, and the olive-skinned, black eyed houris in their picturesque and ravishing costumes. The streets were converted into canals, they were traversed in boats, the inhabitants were driven to the second stories of their dwellings. Big fish were caught within a stone's throw of the Grand Opera House. A tremendous carp was captured in the ladies' waiting room of the Pennsylvania Railroad station, right on the spot where the crazy assassin Guiteau fired the fatal ball through the body of President Garfield. Washington monument was surrounded, and the flood extended half way from that memorial shaft to the doors of the White House. If the Potomac had been the single river flooded I would have been sending columns about the occurrence, instead of keeping silence in the face of pages of heart breaking matter descriptive of the great disaster of the Conemaugh valley. The fact that the sacrifice of hundreds of lives and the loss of millions in property in other places go almost unnoticed, emphasizes tremendously the breadth and depth of the devastation and holocaust of the Conemaugh.

A Philosophical View.

Who is to blame? I am advised that the most orthodox teachers have ceased to attribute earthquakes and volcanic eruptions and floods to a "visitation of God." If men will build dwellings in the shadow of a volcano they must expect to run for it, and perhaps be caught if their legs are not long enough. If we build towns or houses below the mark of the highest possible water, in time of flood we must expect just what must naturally happen. If our defenses against the antagonistic laws of nature are so weak as to be admittedly liable to be swept away, we must every day of our lives face a possible or a probable death as stolcally as we can. We felt strikes me at this distance that if I were a member of the South Fork Fishing Club I would put up the last dollar of my fortune to repair the ruin wrought, to that small degree possible, yet I do not see that the club is morally more responsible than any intelligent citizen of the valley of the Conemaugh. Anyone who had a suspicion of the weakness of the fatal dam was guilty of neglect so censurable that I hesitate to use the proper descriptive word, for not raising so tremendous a row about it as to lead either to its speedy strengthening or its destruction. But it is easy to criticise after the deed is done. Had I lived in the valley I would have been as criminally careless as anyone. And so would you.

A Little Prevention Needed.

Ignorance, carelessness and cupidity are the cause of nearly all our woes. We build our homes regardless of a future. Each person who acquires a lot wants to begin to make money out of it as soon and as fast as possible. Here in Washington a little forethought would have caused the city fathers to prescribe that the whole southern portion of the city should be graded to the height of F street, instead of that of Pennsylvania avenue, or less, and until that is done the city will be in danger from floods and from malaria. In time of high water the contents of the sewers are swept back and up through the sewer drops into the city. When a proposition was made some years ago to regrade this section a great howl went up from the property owners. It would cost too much. Everything, even to the risk of life itself, must be subservient to making of as much profit out of as small an outlay as possible. The loss by floods to Washington would have built up the city high and dry that it could be thoroughly sewered, and would have built all around it a sea wall such as would rival the grand masonry of the ancients. And so it is everywhere. I am certain that the towns of the Conemaugh Valley will be rebuilt on the same sites as before, and that portions of them will be flooded at every high water. Individual rapacity is an absolute bar to the production of the ideal city, just as it makes the dead man nothing more than a dream of social conjurors. When all things are done for the common good instead of for individual profit we shall have cities and towns handsomer than the New Jerusalem, and defy flood and storm and disease, in so far as disease is a result of a lack of sanitary precautions.

A Homeless Old Warrior.

It is not alone in great disasters that pathetic scenes present themselves. One occurred today just in front of the building in which is the bureau of THE DISPATCH, exactly opposite the Treasury, where millions of money lie unused. An old man of three score years and ten came hobbling painfully up the street. Tears were streaming from his eyes. A gentleman who stood by went to him and inquired the cause of his distress.

"Ah, sir, I cannot tell you," he sobbed. "Pardon my weakness. It will over in a moment."

Seeing he was so frail as to be hardly able to walk, the gentleman insisted on his entering the store and taking a seat. Soon he was calm enough to tell the cause of his tears. Making his way along the street he became so weak he feared he was about to faint, and stepped into the office of a hotel to rest a moment. He had hardly taken his seat when he was brutally driven into the street by the "bouncer" of the hotel. At this a sense of his complete helplessness and desolation overcame him and he could not repress his sobs. Proceeding with tremulous voice, the old man said:

"Why, sir, as you see, I am a man of liberal education. I have lived all my life in ——— (giving the name of a city of New England), and have always lived comfortably. I became a cripple from wounds got in the army and am unable to work. I have few relatives. My only child, a daughter, lost her husband, was left without means of support and could do nothing for me. I determined to come here and seek entrance to one of the soldiers' homes. I had a little money left and took lodging at a cheap boarding house. One day while in the back yard of this little hotel I was kicked on the knee by a mule. I was sent to the hospital, and was discharged as nearly cured as I ever will be two days ago. I had 1 cent in my pocket. With that I bought a half rotten banana yesterday, and that is all I have had to eat since I left the hospital."

A little collection was made which netted the old man several dollars, and he was assisted to the street once more. As he lifted his eyes he saw the dome of the Capitol looming up grandly at the other end of the avenue. Raising his hand toward it, he exclaimed:

"Would you believe it sir, the man before you was four years a Representative from his State and sat in an honored seat in that House."

He gave his name and that of several of his cotemporaries, and investigation proves that he told the truth. There is not a doubt of his honesty. He was an ex-Representative of the United States before the war, and was starving in the streets of Washington. His kind-hearted benefactor assisted him to the cars. He was on his way to the War Department to secure admission to the Home at Hampton.

"Were you a soldier, sir?" he asked of the gentleman as they waited for a car.

"Yes, but I was a Confederate," was the reply.

"Great God!" exclaimed the old man "isn't it strange that I should receive charity, and the first charity ever received in my life, from a Confederate soldier? God bless you, sir."

E. W. L.

Mucilaginous Wit.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

Should General Grant be put on the new two-cent stamp it will give his enemies a chance to do what they have never done yet—lick him.—*New York World.*

And then only by giving him tongue lashings behind his back.

A DAY IN GOTHAM.

Killed by a Runaway Horse.

(NEW YORK BUREAU SPECIALS.)

NEW YORK, June 8.—A frightened horse tore itself loose from a grocer's wagon at City Hall Park this morning, and ran down the most crowded parts of Park Row. At the Brooklyn bridge a policeman tried to stop it. The horse turned into the passenger entrance to the bridge and fell on the smooth pavement. Mrs. Mary Ellison failed to get out of the struggling animal's way and was struck on the head and instantly killed by the horse's hoofs. Her little girl was uninjured and rescued by a gateman. Mr. Ellison is a well-to-do Brooklyn resident.

Among the Flitters.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, Kyrle Bellew and E. Bermudez, Chief Justice of Louisiana, sailed for Havre to-day, on the steamship La Gascogne. Dr. George B. Loring, United States Minister to Portugal, sailed for Southampton on the Elbe.

Why the Superintendent is Absent To-Day.

Postmaster General Wanamaker had a talk with Postmaster Van Cott this morning concerning the needs of the New York Postoffice. Later he asked every member of the investigating commission which was set to work in the Postoffice a few days since, just how much the commission had accomplished. The members said the commission had not accomplished much of anything yet. After making a tour of the departments, the Postmaster General went to luncheon with Colonel Shepard, whose guest he will be at next Monday noon. Mr. Wanamaker has instructed his private secretary, who is with him here, to take copious notes of all the commissioners tell him concerning the New York Postoffice. Mr. Wanamaker expects that his family will arrive here from Europ