THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that the weather will be fair and warmer; southwesterly winds.

The hunted pugilist learns to do his work quickly.

The most ingenious of safe breakers finds his originality rewarded by a year in the penitentiary and a fine of $500.

J. Sloat Fassett has recovered his courage, and is now able to stay in the same room with the Republican machine.

The name of Whitney is still receiving profound demonstrations of respect in the South. They will hear of no other Democratic candidate in that section.

Owing to the effort to float the favorite son securities the market for Southern delegates has advanced a few points. All sales are for June delivery at St. Louis.

Maryland will have a "favorite son" at the convention in St. Louis. But he is too busy being the first Republican Governor of the State for thirty years to stand any chance of getting a Presidential nomination.

Great Britain is making somewhat of an effort to show that she is proceeding leisurely in her desire for Venezuelan arbitration, but her eagerness shows quite plainly through the diplomatic rouge on her cheeks.

Ex-Senator Manderson may not want the Presidency, but he is determined to fill the long-felt want of those persons who have been clamoring for some good Western man, provided, of course, the St. Louis convention is agreeable.

The magnificence of the plan to convert those natural ramparts of the Hudson—the Palisades—into a military park has not yet seized upon the public mind as it should. But it will grow. What is now a measure of protection will one day be the stateliest mural monument in the country.

The story that the Boers intend, on the anniversary of their victory over the British at Majuba Hill, to proclaim their independence of England, publicly denouncing the suzerainty which Great Britain claims, is probably intended as an offset to the announcement of decisive military operations by John Bull in South Africa. We shall now see how much the protection of Germany is worth to the valiant descendants of the Huguenots.

Some of Dr. Senner's testimony, on Friday, before the Congressional Committee on Immigration, now in session in this city, was not complimentary to Italian immigration. Much of it dealt with the "birds of passage," who came over here to work through the Summer, and who carry back millions of dollars every Winter to Italy. He did not deny that they generally give good service for this money, and, as Italy needs money from the outside world more than any other country just now, perhaps we should not grudge a few millions taken out of our circulation. The committee is trying to get at the root of the "padrone" system, and to destroy it, and that will be of benefit both to Italy and America.

WASHINGTON.

The almost universal celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Washington, yesterday, not only proves that a revival of interest in the Father of His Country is near at hand, but also that the events in new generations cannot dim the lustre of his renown. He remains the heroic figure of our history. Although he was often contemned by his contemporaries, and on the day of his burial a newspaper was bold enough to execrate him as a tyrant, nothing of the slander and animosity of his time has remained. We think of him with a kind of awe—as a mortal who seemed to breathe a finer air than that vouchsafed to others. The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited him in camp, said that a mysterious light seemed to play around his symmetrical and dignified features.

He was a God-guided man, and the impress of his destiny was upon him. The young French officers who came into his presence bowed as profoundly as they would have bowed before the King at Versailles. The sweet and grave dignity which hedged him in was more effective than any of that "divinity" which monarchs bestow upon themselves. He was a gentleman of that old school which respected itself, and never condescended to frivolity or horse play.

The man who ventured to slap George Washington upon the shoulder has become historical, like the daring youth that fired the Ephesian dome. He received such a withering rebuke that he never thereafter forgot his manners. It is much to be desired that something of the stateliness of the Washingtonian etiquette should be revived in our generation.

An attachment issued in this city on the Republic of Liberia for $1,000 indicates that the legislators there have set an "endless chain" to work on the Treasury of our little colored African sister.

C. P. HUNTINGTON, TRADUCER.

Mr. Adolph Sutro is the Mayor of San Francisco. Mr. C. P. Huntington—but everybody knows what Mr. C. P. Huntington is. These gentlemen have the misfortune to be blind; they cannot see any good in each other. From his home in San Francisco, overlooking the celebrated Seal Rocks, Mr. Sutro sends to Congress a good deal of written and printed matter that is not pleasant reading to Mr. Huntington, and before the Pacific Railroads committees of both Houses, Mr. Huntington stands up tall and expounds the general unworth of Mr. Sutro. Among other particular allegations of demerit is that of promoting human badness by conducting gambling hells, shady shows and a bawdy house—which is all untrue. The accusations made by Mr. Sutro against Mr. Huntington are, in part, that he and his associates, by criminal practices in connection with the building and operation of Western railroads, put into their pockets many millions of dollars that did not belong to them—which is dubitably true. To the truth of it Mr. Huntington is himself testifying day by day before the Congressional committees named, sometimes frankly, sometimes unconsciously, always reluctantly. On his oath he has alternately denied and confirmed nearly everything that Mr. Sutro, speaking for the people of California, has charged him with.

The "trouble" between the two men grows out of Mr. Huntington's ambition to be a permanent debtor to the United States. He is not conspicuously patriotic, but he loves his country well enough to wish always to bear that relation to it. Owing it some sixty millions of dollars, which they have no intention to pay, he and his associates demand a hundred years' grace in which an intention of that kind may germinate and be nurtured. To this the people of the Pacific States strenuously object, averring (through Mr. Sutro and others) the fragility of the Huntingtonian intention to pay unavoidable debt—the intention being always out-lasted by the debt.

The points of contrast between Mayor Sutro and Mr. Huntington are many; the men are similar, however, in this—both have executed works of considerable magnitude and public importance. The Central Pacific Railroad, with its heritage of scandals, is a monument to the enterprise (and morality) of Mr. Huntington; the Sutro tunnel, draining the great Comstock lode, attests the energy of his antagonist. It was not so great a project as the other, but it was enough for one man, and Mr. Sutro pushed it through alone; whereas Mr. Huntington had assistance from "the other thirty-nine" and all the host of disreputables and detestables that are always eager to take service where the reward is sufficiently sure and the work sufficiently dirty.

After many years of difficulty as great and opposition as disheartening as those that confronted the railroad man, Mr. Sutro walked out of his completed tunnel into the sunshine of publicity with clean hands. No taint of scandal, we believe, attaches to his name. He is not compelled repeatedly to go before Government commissions and Congressional committees and, squirming like an eel in a frying pan, iterate the old familiar evasions and falsehoods, a spectacle for gods and men. Mr. Sutro's wealth has not come so high as Mr. Huntington's; he has not paid for it the respect and good will of his fellow-men. True, he does not enjoy the esteem of Mr. Huntington; but neither would he if he had it.

Last year it was said that Secretary Carlisle did not dare to go to Kentucky to make speeches against Senator Blackburn; now his friends are complaining that Mr. Carlisle declines to go "to help Jo."

WHAT IF THE COMET SHOULD HIT THE EARTH?

A week or so ago Mr. Perrine, a young member of the astronomical staff of the Lick Observatory, discovered a small comet. Now we are told that this comet is moving in such a direction that it may run into the earth about March 14. Setting aside the probability that the observations on the comet have not yet been sufficiently exact to enable astronomers precisely to calculate its future course, let us consider what the consequences might be if the collision should really take place.

The imagination of mankind has always been strangely affected by comets, and the progress of astronomy, even in the very act of bringing these mysterious bodies within the domain of science, has introduced a new element of terror. The old idea was that comets were simply exhalations in the air, and that, as physical existences they brought pestilences and famines upon the earth, while, in a supernatural capacity, they were the forerunners of war. Now, however, we know that comets move in interplanetary space, passing into and out of the solar system, and crossing the orbits of the planets in every direction. This fact immediately introduces the possibility of collision with the earth, or some other planet, and that possibility has been recognized by astronomers. Estimated by the theory of probabilities, the chance of such a collision is excessively small, yet it exists. Moreover, the wonderful spectroscope—that instrument which analyzes the composition of bodies millions of miles away—has taught us that comets are composed of substances similar to those of which the earth is made up; so that, in a collision with a comet, the earth would meet with material of its own kind, endowed, like itself, with a velocity of motion that is not easily conceived even by mathematicians accustomed to deal with the flight of celestial bodies.

Modern science has also informed us what the consequences must be when bodies moving with such velocities meet. The translatory motion being arrested, its stored up energy is instantly transformed into another kind of motion—the vibration of molecules that we name heat. Let the earth meet another earth in its course, and the dies irae would be upon us, with all its dreadful accompaniments of mountains dissolving in fire and the firmament turned to a brazen furnace.

But is a comet another earth? Fortunately, no. A comet is composed of elementary substances like that constituting this globe, but the condition of aggregation is very different. A comet may be as large as the earth and larger; the comet of 1811 was as large as the sun. But no comet ever seen weighed a thousandth part, or more probably a millionth part, as much as the earth weighs, and in such cases it is weight, or amount of matter, that counts. More than that, the substance of a comet is scattered so widely, and is probably in so minute a state of subdivision, that it rather resembles a thin cloud of dust than a solid body.

Suppose, then, that a comet should meet the earth, full tilt, at a velocity of 2,000,000 miles a day, what would happen. The inhabitants of the comet, if there could be any, would better concern themselves about that, for it would be their world that would suffer. The scattered particles of the cometary mass, rushing into the earth's atmosphere, would, in a single second, generate by friction a degree of heat sufficient to dissipate them in smoke. The larger masses would last longer, but it is not likely that there would be many massive enough to survive the fiery passage and reach the ground. Even they, as the phenomena of bolides (which may be pieces of disintegrated comets) show, would have their velocity so far reduced that they would strike the earth rather like spent shots than like the space-devouring projectiles they were before the soft, yet most effective, shield of the atmosphere caught them.

To sum all in a word, the comet would be destroyed, and the fiery spectacle of its destruction would be one of the grandest exhibitions that nature has ever furnished for man.

But this would not be quite the end of the comet, after all. Having been burned in the atmosphere, the smoke and gases produced by its combustion would remain, and unless they were lighter than air they would inevitably, in the course of time, sink to the lower atmospheric layers, and ultimately to the ground. Just what the consequences of the introduction of this gaseous and dust-like matter into the air might be we cannot say. That would depend upon its nature and its quantity. Perrine's comet appears to be a small body, so that it is likely the consumption of its entire mass in the atmosphere would not result in the formation of a greater quantity of smoke and other deleterious substances than are daily poured forth from the chimneys of the great cities of the world. In fact, instead of doing harm, the absorption of the comet might benefit the globe, for men of science have already guessed that it is to celestial space that we must look for a continuance of the supply of carbon in the air—and one of the principal constituents of comets is carbon.

So let the comet come hurrying on its way; if it hits us we shall have a fine pyrotechnic display, and get a little carbon for future use; if it misses us we shall expect the astronomers to calculate a little more closely the next time.

Hot lunches in the schools will train the young foragers to be expert fiends in establishing beer routes for the next generation.

Don Victor Concas, a post captain in the Spanish army, who visited us as the commander of a Columbus caravel in the Exposition year, seems to be singularly prejudiced for a sailor. It is not strange that some of his wandering observations on the American people should have aroused the indignation of our Minister at Madrid when they were put in the form of an address before the Geographical Society of that city. Don Victor is reported to have said, among other foolish things, that "in America there is no family;" that "society has no other ideal than dollars in the United States;" that "the politics and the Administration are there the most immoral in the world;" and that the American nation is without religion." We recommend the Spanish Admiralty to send Don Victor immediately to sea. He will do damage if left on dry land.

Bill Nye and His Place in Literature.

It is impossible at the present moment to determine precisely what place Edgar W. Nye, known to the world as Bill Nye, made for himself in the field of letters, but certainly at the time of his death he was the most widely known, as well as the very best representative of that school of American humor to which he belonged. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he was the last of his race, and that the school which began nearly half a century ago with John Phoenix perishes with Bill Nye.

Bill Nye was a humorist of a class that has always been more popular with the American people than the finer and more scholarly school of which James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes and John G. Saxe were such brilliant examples. He was one of those fun-makers who have given to America its world-wide reputation for humor, and the jokes that originated with him and his kind were supposed to be as distinctively American as the game of poker, although both date from the Elizabethan period of English history. To be sure, in Shakespeare's time the poker player called the game "primero," and said "I'll vy and re-vy," instead of using the familiar household phrase, "I'll see your ante and go you one better," but that was because he lived in a more ponderous and ceremonious age. And it is equally true that at the same time rare Ben Jonson was writing comic articles whose fun depended largely upon the same exaggeration of fact and expression which has played such an important part in the newspaper humor of the present generation. Indeed, if we read carefully what Sir Epicure Mammon has to say in certain of Jonson's pages, we are forcibly reminded of the extravagant fun of Bill Nye, Mark Twain and other of our American fun-producers.

It was John Phoenix who laid the foundations of this latter-day Elizabethan school of humor, and we may find in his "Phoenixiana" absolute evidence of the influence which he had on the entire succession, which ended with the passing of Nye. Artemus Ward was the legitimate successor of Phoenix, and he was followed in his turn by Mark Twain. Bill Nye was the next, for he appeared on the field about the time that Twain began to turn his attention to a more ambitious form of literature. Other writers of this distinctively comic school were Philander Doesticks, Orpheus C. Kerr, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby, and, in the earlier stages of his career, Eugene Field. These men found recognition not only in this country, but in England as well, and they made a field there also for many cheap imitators, one of whom—whose self-esteem is such that he sees his own name double—has established himself in the hearts of his countrymen by means of his careful imitations of the mannerisms of Bill Nye and the other writers of his class.

Even in his newspaper days Mark Twain was a delineator of character, while Josh Billings was a homely philosopher of the very highest type. Bill Nye was a commentator on every-day life, a humorist of the people, one whose fun, ever kindly and genial, took the form of quaint expression and grotesque exaggeration, but was always founded on the truth, and was the result of keen observation. Truth, by the way, is an essential ingredient in all true wit and humor, and it is chiefly because of a lack of it that the epigrammatic school, to which Oscar Wilde and the rest of the brood of club-footed British chumps belong, has disappeared forever, although only two years ago all the shallow pates in town were dazzled by its brilliancy.

It was that element of truth that was, in my estimation, the secret of Bill Nye's success as a humorist. I never read one of his articles that dealt with a subject that I was at all familiar with that I did not instantly recognize the conscientious manner in which he had studied his theme and gone to the very roots of it in search of the cold truth. Sometimes, in a single line, he would lay bare a whole system of deceit, or fraud, or pretension. For example, in a grotesquely comical bill of expenses which he sent to the newspaper in whose interest he visited Washington, he included the item, "Money advanced to a gentleman who promised to make me the social pet of the Capital, $2," and no one who has ever visited Washington could fail to recognize in his mind's eye the large and thriving army of dead beats who were held up to public view in those few words. So well is the name of Bill Nye known today that it is hard to realize that almost his entire reputation was made during the past decade. He was not a voluminous writer, but he wrote with so much care and kept himself so thoroughly in touch with his public that his weekly letter to the Journal was always one of the most carefully read and thoroughly popular features of the Sunday paper.

During the past dozen years Mr. Nye worked incessantly, not only as a writer, but as a lecturer, and although he was during a great part of that time under the doctor's care, no one who read his weekly screed, or heard him speak from the platform, would have dreamed that he was in reality a sick and suffering man. In one year his earnings from the two sources named amounted to $40,000, and there are very few writers living whose work commands as high a price as his did. It was to that long period of severe work and continual travel that his death is directly due, and it is consoling to his friends and encouraging to the less fortunate members of his profession to know that he succeeded in amassing a comfortable fortune.

JAMES L. FORD.

Epileptical Possibilities.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

Jersey is a peculiar State. Its government is peculiar. So are its officials. Naturally, then, some funny ideas get into their heads and, subsequently, into the papers. It seems that a "commission" of some sort or other has figured out that there are about two thousand epileptics in the State. These should be colonized, says the commission. Give them farms to operate and lands to till.

Nice scheme, isn't it? Imagine an epileptic Mayor and an epileptic Council trying to do business. Some heated discussion would arise and every one would go into a fit. The chief of police would attempt to reprimand an officer and Mr. Officer would be incapacitated for work for a week. Farmer Roostersegg would start out to do a little haying and cut up by doing a spasm or two. And when circus time came around the entire burg would go into convulsions. Epilepticville would contain some literary talent undoubtedly, and the output of books would find its way into current freak literature.

But one thing is not quite clear. Just what advantage, either to the epileptics or any one else, would come from this colonization it is hard to understand. The people do not know. The epileptics do not know. Undoubtedly the "commission" does. Perhaps it will divulge its secret.

The Oldest Yale Man.

[Springfield Union.]

Charles L. Powell, of Alexandria, Va., who died a few days ago, was the oldest Yale graduate, being the sole representative of the class of 1823. His death makes Benjamin D. Silliman, of Brooklyn, of the class of 1824, the oldest living graduate.

Not Squared Yet.

[Kansas City Journal.]

Mr. Harrison has returned Mr. Cleveland's call, but that doesn't fully square his account with the portly occupant of the White House.

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

McClure's Magazine lacks its Anthony Hope story in the March number, and the Osra woman last month was so delightful that one looks instinctively for its author's name. The Kipling contribution is not successful. Polo ponies have been made to talk by Mr. Kipling, and as for the beasts of the jungle, has not their speech become a part of our common knowledge since Mowgli learned it? But when a garboard strake and a web frame exchange ideas, the reader hesitates. He takes Mr. Kipling's word for it that the strake is a steel plate and the other thing some other part of a ship's insides. But he does not see them, let alone hearing them talk. Anybody can look in the back of the dictionary and find the technical names of the bones of a ship. It is a sort of "vamping" to which Mr. Kipling is notoriously addicted. And when he makes these divisions of a shipwright's plan gossip one with another, he strains and fatigues the reader's eager attention. And one has seen this ship story before, an accident which sometimes happen in these days of syndicates and sublettings. It filled a page of a newspaper somewhere, weeks ago, possibly published out of turn by inadvertence, but published, nevertheless.

It is an irritating McClure this month, all through. The Stevenson name is blazoned on the cover with no better justification than the reprinting of Mr. Stevenson's well known:

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone.
Say, could that lad be I?

Good faith is the first and best thing an editor can give his public, and it is hardly good faith to advertise a Stevenson contribution as a feature of a magazine and then print a copy of verses that have been quoted and discussed in the literary columns of the country newspapers long ago. The kite-flying article is not more satisfactory. A picture of the Hargrave box-kite, on the first page of the matter, attracts attention, for the Hargrave box-kite is a strange animal, and looks more like a bureau-drawer than a kite. But the article, instead of telling us all about Australian Hargrave and how he travelled in the air on a kite string and why he did not travel further, deals with the kite-shaped kites of a Bergen Point gentleman. The picture of the Australian box-kite (and something very like it appeared in a New York Sunday newspaper not many weeks ago) is all we get, and that is a disappointment. The "toppers" look well when the head comes off the apple barrel, but the inexpensive chestnut of the wildwood lurks beneath. Wake up, Mr. McClure limited—be not too limited. Circulation is a shy bird to catch—but when you consider the difficulty of keeping it, birds are not evasive enough for comparison; it's a volatile gas. This is a generation accustomed to literary "barkers." If you have no bargains, it is useless to cry them at the door of the emporium.

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When one stops to think how intricate is the process of manufacturing a book, how complex the successive activities required for its production; when one remembers that the author must think and the typewriter tap and the publisher prune and the printer and binder exercise their crafts; when one recognizes the fact that money must be risked by some one when a book is published—then one is amazed to find that Charles Allen should have written and Edwin Arnold published the book entitled "Papier Mache." The mere title shows that some one in the game knew that paper pulp is an article of commerce, that pails and car wheels may be made of it. Why, then, make it into a book of which no man, free, would turn the pages and which no bondman can be compelled to read? Here is a shapeless lump rolled from the first page:

Even on company days, for the noble guests brought with them no force of contrast, no sharp-set appetite for wonder, no exuberance of holiday-making even, these everyday objects could awaken nothing in them but cool comparison set in a rayless halo of duty balanced to date.

This sort of thing is an affront to the public and an injustice to any sane work which Mr. Arnold may publish. It is no more like a book than are the dummies on the doors of Charles Dickens's library at Gads Hill; it is a practical joke. But selling useless goods is never a nice joke. Tastes differ—but no one likes the flavor of the wooden nutmeg.

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The March "Harper's" is not an extraordinary number, but it jogs at a pleasant galt. Caspar Whitney's account of his journey to the Barren Grounds maintains its interest, and the article on bee farming in California shows the lumps of information and jumps of sprightliness dear to Chambers's Journal. Mr. Ralph's Chinese story is excellently dramatic. There is an article about Washington (some day Washington and Lincoln and Grant will be let alone for a minute), and there is William Black at his blackest in "Briseis." Twenty years ago Mr. Black could make his readers laugh and cry, to-day he makes them yawn. One would think that some of the minor publishers would reprint his first novel by the way. No one ever sees it, and it was long before the international copyright act—only a year or two after the Austrian war of '66.

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The March instalment of the "History of the Last Quarter Century," in Scribner's Magazine, is largely occupied by the story of the World's Fair, and the bargain counters of memory are so stocked with unmerchantable remnants of the exposition that the picture of the inevitable peristyle might have been spared. There is a little joke about the Midway, and the three conflicting interpretations of the Pottawattamie name, Chicago: "Thunder," "onion" and "skunk's home" are duly cited. The magazine contains a delightful article on contemporary French bindings. "Sentimental Tommy," Mr. Barrie's serial, picks up a bit. Why the blue printing of the pictures of carnations? It only serves to remind one that they ought to be pink. Mr. Richard Whiteing, one of the clearest-minded English writers of the day, contributes an admirable paper on British opinion of America.

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The Arena publishes a vigorous March number. The Rev. Mr. Goodchild's account of the morals of Philadelphia is not a flattering tale, but it is to be questioned whether so familiar a tone as his befits the discussion of so painful a subject. There are some things which may be spoken of without offense, provided the manner of speech be grave and even a little stiff, but which jar a little when slangily discussed.

Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, one of the most remarkable men of the day, is doing admirable work in procuring allotments of garden plots for the poor, and the Arena describes the original project.

Letters from the People.

Views of a Liquor Dealer on License.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—There are laws made in Congress and laws made in Albany which, in my opinion, are very poor indeed. Those gentlemen are making laws in both houses for business that they seemingly know nothing about; or, if they do, then they are not doing it for a good motive.

Congress has made a law, placing a heavy duty on our own manufacture of all distilled liquor, at the rate of $1.10 per gallon, opening a great market for the illicit distiller and causing the law-breaker to risk his life, and, in many instances, taking the lives of others, in his unlawful practice, all through the means of this poor law.

And our home government at Albany has now a bill before the Legislature still more obnoxious, advancing the license on retail liquor dealers, which they are not able to pay. Now, if they are not making those laws through malice, they must certainly be making them through ignorance; they surely cannot understand the business they are making the laws for, I think. I am speaking from experience, as I have been in the retail liquor business since 1859. At that time I paid no license to either city, State or the United States. I have seen its progress from that time to date, and still maintain that the laws made and imposed upon the retail liquor dealers from 1859 to date are a gross imposition. Those law-makers don't know where to stop. They have now increased the license to such an extent that the law-abiding citizen cannot pay it. He is obliged to violate the law in order to meet the demands that are imposed upon him. He is obliged to keep his store open night and day, Sundays and holidays, to pay expenses. Those other good citizens will then go out as spies, and try to have those men arrested who are trying, night and day, to do enough business to pay their lawful debts and these unlawful demands.

Our forefathers fought against unlawful taxes and gained the victory, and I was one of those who enlisted to fight against slavery, and thought it was abolished, but I find it is not. It still exists. The rich merchant who is in all kinds of business pays no taxes or license, while the poor merchant pays all. This ought not to be! Let no special legislation exist! Let no class of business men be picked out to pay more than any other, no matter what the business may be, so long as it is legitimate! If it is not legitimate don't let it exist! Cast it out! Our country is the best country in the world, and I would like to see it teaching the whole world how to govern its subjects, treating them all on the same basis, making them all pay a license, no matter what the business may be. Let it be dry goods, hard, soft or any other goods that will constitute a business; let him pay his share in the support of his country, and he who refuses to pay is not a good citizen, and ought to be banished if he will not support the country wherein he has made his fortune and his home!

Now, let any business merchant in city and State pay to the city and State 1 per cent of the assessed value on the property where he is doing business for the city and State, and the half of 1 per cent to the Government on the same basis, and I think we would reap a great deal more revenue both for city and State than at the present rate; and let every man feel that he has a country to support, and that he is doing his duty in supporting it, then there would be no need of revenue officers or Government inspectors. Every business man would pay his mite with pleasure, knowing that he was only paying his equal part with his brother, making us a band of brothers and reviving the old adage: "In union there is strength." H. O'N.

Brooklyn, February 20.

About Two Truck Drivers.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—The New York truck driver is a peculiar mixture of blustering animosity toward all his fellows, with an appreciation of the humorous side of life. He is always a bully, often a wit, and sometimes keenly appreciative of the ludicrous. The other day two of these big fellows met at a downtown corner with their heavy vehicles, one going south and the other east. They reached the corner at about the same moment and each attempted to cross first. As a natural and inevitable consequence the two heavily-laden trucks came together with a crash. For a moment the neighboring air was a sulphurous blue. The language of the drivers can neither be forgotten nor described. As they drove on, after disentangling themselves, their eyes followed each other with ferocious glances, just before they passed the range of each other's visions, however, they simultaneously burst into a hearty laugh. Each had realized the ludicrous side of the situation at the same moment. The sulphur cleared out of the air and good nature permeate it instead. FRANK J. KEARNS.

New York, Feb. 20.

Four Great Cities.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Would you kindly inform me through your valuable paper the census of the cities of London, Paris, New York and Chicago? By so doing you will oblige a constant reader. LEWIS I. FEIGA.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 20.

According to the latest official census the population of London is 4,231,431, and of Paris 2,447,957. According to the census of 1892 New York's population was 1,801,739, but the police estimate last year brought the figures up to 1,900,438. The population of Chicago, according to the census of 1890, was 1,099,850, and a school census taken in 1892 revealed an estimated population of upward of 1,400,000.

How to Become a Citizen.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Kindly inform me through your valuable paper if I am eligible to become a citizen of the United States, having been over five years in this country. I took out my first papers on September 7, 1893, and some people tell me I have to wait three years from that date. Others say at two years after I have declared my intentions of becoming a citizen, providing I have been in the country five years.

New York, Feb. 20. CONSTANT READER.

If you have been a resident of the United States continuously for five years and took out your first papers September 7, 1893, your time to apply for your final papers admitting you to citizenship expired September 7, 1895, or two years after such first application.

Misfortune of a Borrower.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Kindly answer this question in your morning paper: I accepted a loan of $100 on a chattel mortgage on household furniture. I had to sign two notes, one for $100, the other for $35. Have they a right to foreclose their mortgage if I don't pay up the amount? A READER OF YOUR PAPER.

New York, Feb. 20.

The mortgage can be foreclosed unless you can prove usury. If, however, your notes have gone into the hands of a purchaser in good faith, you must pay both amounts.

Landlords and Receipts for Rent.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Will you please decide an argument? "Is a landlord compelled to give a receipt for rent received from tenant, or not? CHARLES VON MUNSTER.

Bedford Park, N. Y., Feb. 20.

A landlord is not obliged by law to give his tenant a receipt for rent paid. A receipt is merely an evidence of money paid by any debtor to any creditor, and is only a customary courtesy shown by the latter to the former.

You Pays Your Money and Takes Your Choice.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Please inform me who is the better comic opera singer, Lillian Russell or Camille d'Arville, and oblige. M. J. G.

New York, Feb. 20.

An Appliance for War Ships.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I have an idea for a practical appliance for our naval vessels. Now, what I wish to know is, will it be necessary for me to have it patented, as I wish to sell it to the United States Government? E. N. DOUBLEDAY.

New York, Feb. 21.

It will not be necessary to get a patent on your device, but it is advisable.

For a Boat Club in Brooklyn.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I am one of a club of fifteen. We have bought a house and lot on the water front for a boat club. We wish to get a charter. Some say that the members are liable beyond their share. Others say they are not. Which is right? BROOKLYN READER.

Brooklyn, February 21.

As your club stands now, each member is liable for club debts beyond his share, but you can incorporate your club so that no member will be liable beyond his share.

Initiation Fee, $10; Annual Dues, $12.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Kindly let me know what the initiation fee and the yearly dues would be for a boy of sixteen in the New York Athletic Club?

New York, February 21. W. A. D.

Odd Occurrences Out of Town.

Trial by Convicts.

Probably the most extraordinary trial in the history of Kentucky took place the other afternoon. It occurred in the Covington Jail, and judge, jury, counsel and prisoner were all inmates of the jail under sentence for infractions of the law. The defendant was John Morgan, who stole the trotting filly Silvereen from Mr. J. B. Respuss. George Myers, the well-known shell-worker, was prosecuting attorney. Jim Harrison, who burglarized a schoolhouse in Ludlow, was the attorney for the defence. George Russell, serving a term for housebreaking and larceny, was the judge, and Jim Adams, Joe Callahan, the two Collins boys, Fred Myers and John Leopold, all convicted of misdemeanors, were the jurymen.

Morgan was formally acquitted of the charge of horse stealing and a written order for his release was transmitted to Jailer McKnight. The prosecuting attorney entered a writ of supersedeas, however, and Morgan was sentenced to five years for getting caught. In lieu of his time sentence, he was tied up by the hands and five strokes with a broomstick were administered by the prosecuting attorney. The Jail Court has already fixed a date for the trial of Jackson and Walling, whose arrival is looked forward to with considerable anxiety by the prisoners.

Married His Divorced Wife.

Arthur Strong, of Naples, N. Y., was remarried to his divorced wife last Tuesday. About two years ago he married Miss Jennie Porter, of Naples. Last year she brought suit for divorce, which was awarded her, and she was given the custody of their child. She returned to her parents' home. Mr. Strong had often since then urged her to again entrust herself to his keeping for the child's sake, but her parents withheld her. This Winter Mr. Strong has made a public profession of religion, and his determination to live a changed life doubtless influenced Mrs. Porter, and they were formally remarried. They are now on their second wedding tour.

King of the Chicago Italians.

Charles B. Paledino, "king of the Italians" in Chicago, lies sick, with a bullet in his knee, from the ready gun of his erstwhile partner, Angelo Liberatore, usurper of the throne. This usurper is now in a dungeon by the unsalted sea, awaiting the course of the law. Ex-King Paledino would brook no dictation, hence he met his Brutus. The feud has lasted for months. The sentiment of King Paledino's subjects was divided. Liberatore had followers. He also had a gun. Hence: Hospital for Paledino; jail for Liberatore; an ex-king or two for Chicago's "Little Italy," and a vacant throne.

Paledino was monarch of Chicago's Italians, in fact. He marketed their vote, bailed their prisoners, cared for their sick, buried their dead. Now he's merely a name.

Freaks of a Starving Ghost.

The house at No. 845 Seventh street, Buffalo, has nothing remarkable about its exterior. A view of its interior discloses no startling state of affairs. It does not look at all like the habitation of weird, strange, unearthly beings. But it seems to be.

As the story goes, a rude, invisible, unnatural something is alleged to be haunting the house and striking terror into the hearts of the inmates. People will not live in it. Strong men, after a night spent under its roof, go to work looking pale and haggard. The next day they move. Noises—queer, hollow groans, echo through the rooms. Mysterious rappings are heard. Tables in the kitchen do things well educated family tables should never do.

Mrs. E. McKinnie at present occupies the place. She runs a boarding-house. Boarders there are none, however. The ghost has frightened them away. But Mrs. McKinnie is not to be frightened.

For the past several nights she has stayed in the haunted house alone. She is a slightly-built little woman, with iron gray hair. Her rather thin locks have a way of escaping from the knot in the back and standing straight out—a sure sign of stubbornness. And Mrs. McKinnie is stubborn.

"If I can only find one or two boarders who are brave enough to stay here at night," she said, "I'll stick it out. I'll fight that ghost. I'll drive it from the premises. Without boarders, however, I cannot live, and will have to move."

Mrs. McKinnie moved into the house two weeks ago Monday. She brought three boarders with her. All became frightened and left. Rival landladies say that the ghost is that of a boarder who starved to death.

Chicago on Greater New York.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

The Greater New York is probably destined never to exist. Brooklyn Republicans oppose the scheme, and demand that any consolidation act passed by the present Legislature shall shall be submitted to a popular vote in all the be submitted to a popular vote in all the the terms of the act, any municipality opposing consolidation to be left out. The Brooklynites are confident of a majority against consolidation. The majority for the Greater New York was only a few hundred in 1894. The opponents of consolidation think that the adverse vote now would be nearly unanimous.

Fixing the Responsibility.

[Washington Star.]

If Secretary Morton's meteorological moods run to low temperature and tempestuous conditions generally, it will undoubtedly be suspected that Senator Vest is to some extent responsible.

A Possibility.

[Washington Star.]

If events continue to warm up it may be desirable to have a sergeant-at-arms for each member of Congress.

Another Possibility.

[Washington Post.]

Sooner or later the cathode rays will be introduced in the poker game.