More of the Bardsley Affairs.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24.—The committee investigating the Bardsley affairs held an other session today. William H. Kemble and William L. Elkins, twenty-two railway magnates, testified that they loaned money to Bardsley with which to buy Philadelphia and Chicago traction shares, and he closed out at a profit.

Auditor-General McCammant said emphatically that he never received directly or indirectly any penny of the money mentioned in the experts' report. He also denied various suits credited on the state of Bardsley's check book to "Cash" as ever received by him. The advertising business was transacted through Captain Griffin, for a number of years employed in the auditor-general's department, and who died last year. The witness had reason to believe that the rebate was paid, by the papers, for the reason that Griffin intimated to him that certain political debts had to be paid, and that they were settled in this way. He also said he knew that the newspapers that did not get advertising were taken care of by those that did get it.

After McCammant left the room, Committeeman Etting stated that, notwithstanding the Auditor-General's doubt, there is Etting's intention to examine him again, if certain documentary evidence in his possession, but upon advice from the district attorney that it would be unwise to do so, he made the disclosure of the contents of the documents at this time, he refrained.

Ex-State Treasurer Lovely could not appear today because of the serious illness of his daughter.

J. Singer, connected with the Fourth Street National Bank, related a conversation had with Marsh, the fugitive president of the Keystone Bank, after the institution closed. Marsh told of his endeavors to prevent the closing of the bank, saying, "I tried to bluff Wanamaker, but failed." Marsh also told him he tried to get Wanamaker to use his influence to have the bank kept open.

Clayton McMichael of the *North American*, Robert J. Cook of the *Press*, Wm. P. McCully of the *Bulletin*, Edward Meredith of the *German Democrat*, and James Elverson of the *Inquirer*, proprietors and managers of the papers alleged to have paid rebates on the mercantile appraiser's list for advertising, were sworn. The testimony was to the effect that they could not get advertising without paying a commission of 40 per cent, from the person bringing it to them, and as they could print the matter and make a profit after paying the commission, they did so, as a matter of business. None of them had any knowledge what the commission was to either Bardsley or the Auditor-General.

Cook admitted that Captain Griffin was not the man to whom he paid the commission in 1891. Captain Griffin having died in 1890, Cook declined to reveal the name, saying the person was not a public officer. The others also declined.

Another Italian Trouble Expected.

GLEN HAZEL, Pa., July 24.—A race war which threatens diplomatic complications similar to those growing out of the New Orleans affair exists here. Some days ago, in a drunken row between lumbermen and a gang of Italian railroad laborers, Horace Plater, a lumberman, was stabbed and killed by Paolo Passanti, who escaped to the Italian camp, where he has since been protected. The Italians flung the flag of Italy to the breeze and defied the lumbermen to interfere with Passanti. The lumbermen, thoroughly armed, threaten to kill every Italian in the neighborhood. They notified the Italians that unless Passanti was delivered to the jail for trial inside of five days, they would come prepared to take him with Winchesters.

The Italians appealed to the Italian Consul at Philadelphia, who has demanded protection for Italy's subjects. The district attorney replied saying that the consul should advise them to deliver up the murderer. The consul has sent men here to investigate.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24.—The Italian consul here says the story of the threatened race war at Glen Hazel is exaggerated, but admits that correspondence about the matter passed between him and the district attorney.

The Keen's Bank Failure.

CHICAGO, July 24.—R. A. Keen's bank failure was finally taken out of court today for a receiver. The liabilities are $5 cents on the dollar. The claims against the bank aggregate $171,858, and there are 151 creditors. The claim of Bishop Taylor, the noted African missionary, for $8875, is accepted from the settlement temporarily, as is also the claim for $3000 by the Mutual Accident Association. The settlement is offered by the sid of Keen's friends.

A Heavy Gun.

NEW YORK, July 24.—The Forest heavy rifle, a 45-inch rifle gun, designed for coast defense, and made in this state was fired at Sandy Hook for the first time today with satisfactory results. With 250 pounds of powder it expelled a 2000-pound shot five miles. The gun will use 400 pounds of powder and throw a 2000-pound shot twelve miles.

Failure of a Melbourne Bank.

LONDON, July 24.—The Times announces that the imperial bank of Melbourne has suspended payment with liabilities at $19,000,000. Depositors, it is said, will suffer no loss from the failure.

Death of Editor Baeter.

CHICAGO, July 24.—Herman Baeter, whose name is editor-in-chief of the Chicago *Staats Zeitung*, died this evening in Cutowa, southern Silesia, Germany. Mr. Baeter has been in poor health for some time, and went to Europe last spring, hoping to recuperate.

A Colony of Negro Farmers.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—The Bureau of American Republics is informed that the association called the American Colored Men of the Black Belt Association Company is planning to establish a colony of negro farmers, coming chiefly from Mississippi and Tennessee, in the state of Sonora, Mexico, and that it has arranged for the purchase of a tract of 100,000 acres about twenty miles south of Yuma, Arizona, on the Southern Pacific railroad, at a place where the remains of the Landrieu colony founded by M. Andrade of San Francisco still exist.

Local Distress.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 24.—Large credits have been assigned the district of Lissmatrova with the object of seeking the local distress arising from the failure of the harvest. The time of the payment of the taxes has been extended and public subscriptions for relief have been opened.

GEFFURCES OF SWIMMING.

A Professor That Taught the Art and Yet Could Not Swim Himself.

In my boyhood days water never had any love for me. Wherever I used to go with my playmates to take a bath in the creek near the town where I was born, it would do all in its power to my twisp, me and drag me down to the bottom. I should sit.

But a disrobing incident changed my determination never to go near water again. I was crossing the old wooden bridge that spanned the creek near our home, when a woman and her child fell into the creek. Both were being rapidly swept away by the strong current and I jumped into the creek. I reached the side of the woman. How I do not know today, and tried to pull them toward the shore, but the untiring efforts of the water was again around me. I felt myself sinking. Passers by rescued me and I was the joy of the whole town. Even today some of my friends remind me of that occasion.

Then I swore that I would learn to swim. Not far from where I lived was a school for swimming conducted by a competent, good natured gentleman, known as the "Professor." It was to him I went.

He made some sarcastic remarks about the inability of a young man of my age to swim. The first lesson came. A rope was tied around my waist and the professor held the end of it. The first thing I knew I was floundering at the bottom of the tank, gasping for breath. That good natured professor had thrown me into the water. I tried to try out to him to pull me out, but my mouth filled with water. Presently I felt myself drawn to the surface, and the professor politely asked me how I enjoyed it. I calmed my wrath and told him it was the happiest day of my life. "Now," said he, "you do the strokes as I count."

"One, two, three. One, two, three."

A little more of that and the first lesson was over. So it went on for the lesson, the professor never missing the chance to pitch me into the tank when I wasn't looking. I made rapid progress and was soon able to swim without anybody's assistance, although the professor still persisted in having the rope around my waist.

It was near my last lesson. The professor and I were alone in the hall. He was busily engaged in testing time with his hand—"One, two, three"—and I was doing the strokes. Suddenly there was a heavy splash beside me that sent the water high in the air. The professor had fallen into the water. I had never yet caught him in the water, and I felt that it was my chance now to get even with him for always dunking me so unceremoniously. His big, fat head presently appeared on the surface, and I was rather surprised at the peculiar strokes he was making—strokes so different from those he taught the pupils.

"For heaven's sake, save me," he cried. "I'll drown."

"Are you crazy?" said I. "Why should I save you?" I was afraid that he had some trick ready to play upon me.

"Don't stay there and look at me," he whispered. "I cannot swim."

"You can't swim! Why, you are a professor of swimming."

"Yes," he cried, "but I only teach by theory. I never could swim myself." I crawled out of the water and laughed aloud. Was there ever anything to equal this? A teacher of a swimming school not able to swim himself.

My turn had come now. I called in all the pupils and explained the situation to them, and we helped at him helpless in the water and only greeted his cries for help with derision. However, when there was really danger of his drowning we pulled him out, and it took us to say that there was no swimming school in that town after that. But although I was taught to swim by a professor who was only a master of the theoretical knowledge of that art, I became an expert at it, and I am happy to say that I was never gaped again after we had saved the swimming teacher from drowning in his own tank.—New York Herald.

A Druggist's Customers.

Retail druggists have two classes of patrons whose patronage does not help swell the profits of the business, and yet these patrons are very numerous. They are the people who ask, "May I look at your city directory?" and "Will you please sell me a postage stamp?" All drug store proprietors are slaves to the custom of keeping a city directory for public use, and but few of them can give any good reason why they should do so, any more than retail grocers or the keepers of cigar stops. But the relentless slot machine has interposed between the apothecary's profitless good nature and the postage stamp and city directory patrons. An automatic clasp is now attached to the city directory, with this memorable inscription across its face, "Drop one cent in the slot and it will open," and in many drug stores will be found a neat little case filled, "Drop in a nickel for two cent postage stamps."—New York Times.

A Way to Clean Gold Rings.

To remove quicksilver from gold rings, hold the rings over the flame of a candle until they are covered with smoke, then take half a teaspoful of boiling water, pour in two teaspoonful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and three grains of tin. Stir them together and put in the rings, let them stay in the liquid for three days. Then take out and rub off with a piece of chamois skin.—Detroit Free Press.

Looking for New Books.

The other day a visitor entered the public library and passed some time in looking at the list of new books. Then he send to the counter and in a few moments the Librarian stepped along to attend to his wants. Some time was passed in inquiring about the latest publications, when he suddenly asked: "Have you any late books by Charles Dickens?"—Burger Commercial.

PADDLE WHEELS OR SCREWS.

Reasons Why the Screw Is Superior for the Long Voyages of Steamships.

The paddle wheel was obviously the first instrument accepted by the early engineers as a means of propulsion. Long after the experiment of H. B. M. Rattler had demonstrated the superiority of the public faith in the shaking wheel was greater in reality and more sincere than that in the invisible screw, and it is probable that it was since the question of end thus anything the that gained the victory for the screw for ocean and general service.

The paddle engine is in itself heavier and occupies more space than the screw engine. It is as a rule more expensive per I. H. P., and in wear and tear—especially of the propeller itself—it exceeds the screw. It occupies the best part of the ship and its position is not a matter of choice, as with the screw, but depends on the fact that it or near the middle of the ship. It is evident that a paddle steamer must occupy more room, and that in moving among ships or other obstructions the liability to damage the properties is greater than with the screw steamer, and in the case of a long voyage the paddle generally worked at a disadvantage, as at the commencement it was too deeply immersed and at the end not immersed enough for efficient working.

If the sails were not so as to steady the vessel, or if not in sufficient quantity to be of any value in operation of the speed, she was inclined until the lee wheel was "buried" and the "weather" wheel doing very little work, besides being a general tendency on the part of the ship to turn around, which had to be counteracted by the rudder. The weight of water from the wheels part the ship being at a high velocity, and raised above the normal level, causes a resistance to the ship to pass that due to her passage through the water, as in the case of a screw ship.

On the other hand, the paddle boat is more readily get into motion and her speed more rapidly around than is the case with the screw steamer, and it is claimed for the paddle wheel—although the foundation for such a claim is rather nebulous—that when at full speed the ship is prevented from excessive rolling.—A. E. Seaton in Scribner's.

Paraguayan Idea of Work.

A French gentleman who has organized a colony called Villa Sana, about twenty leagues northeast of Villa Concepcion, on land belonging to the Paraguay Argentine Land company, told me that in the beginning, when he went to survey the ground and to ascertain its exact whereabouts—always a troublesome business in these countries, where there is as yet no topographical survey—he had the greatest difficulty in inducing half a dozen Paraguayants accompany him. They told him that he would never find the land, that he would be unable to cross the river Aquidaban, and, in short, that his was a wild goose chase. However, when they arrived at the river and the Paraguayans duly jumped in and swam across, their uncouth people was touched and they swam after him.

These half dozen Paraguayans have remained attached to the colony, but they have had the esteem of their countrymen. When, after the exploring expedition, your President started from Villa Concepcion with his sixty soldiers and his train of bullock carts and impedimenta, the leaders of the town said to the few Paraguayans who accompanied him and were helping in the loading, "What! Are you so big fools as those Europeans, to work like that?"—Theodore Child in Harper's.

Wanamaker's New Office Desk.

A unique feature has been added to his office desk, the addition being the idea of Mr. J. Wesley Wanamaker and the outgrowth of his daily experience in the administration of his exacting office. Instead of the usual cloth top a large plate glass covers the surface of the desk, and beneath it is a map of the United States, showing parts of Canada and Mexico.

A writing pad rests upon the glass, and there are the customary fittings, as well as the papers, which are usually found in the workshop of a busy man like Mr. Wanamaker. The map shows the counties in each state, the principal cities and towns, the lines of railways, etc., and when visitors talk to Mr. Wanamaker about the post routes and postoffices he can follow them on the map which is spread out before his eyes as he sits at his desk.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Colleges and Degrees.

Nothing cheapens the college more than the curious scattering of degrees. To degrade a degree into a mere personal compliment, without any reference to its essential propriety, is to wound education to the house of its friends. This sensitiveness of the leaders of education to the subject of degrees is a sign of the deeper interest in the higher education, and it must not be forgotten that the phrase is good word. There is no point at which primary education ends and higher education begins. Secondary education is only more education.—Boston's Weekly.

Split the Difference.

An old farmer entered the grocery and asked, "What's strawberries, Zeb?"

"Ha' y' got some?"

"That depends."

"Right for good cuss."

"I met old Brown yest'day; said he 'lowed they's be 'bout nine."

"No, sight."

"Couldn't make it nine, Zeb, could y' e'

"Not now, Joe. Berries is sonby' in right fast now'days."

"Will y' split the difference? Maybe'll feel out up 'bout it anyway. Allie 'lowed they'd be nine."

"How many y' got?"

"Thirty quarts, and they're 'Wilson's seedlin's, and's good as y' ever clapped eyes on."

"Well, I'll do it, sure! It's yon, Joe! Bring 'em in."—Chicago Mail.

Swimmers Not in Boston.

"No it, Kelly! go down to it! Let's see you make a home run! What yer done with yer style, Bulldog? Get on to the creek in Brookline's back?" Such remarks as these were being addressed by a crowd of loafing street urchins to a party of four men, three of whom seemed pretty near being old men, for their faces, sunburnt for a day or two had a stubble of white beard, their backs were bent a little, and their gait was stiff. Yet those venerable men were dressed up in jaunty baseball suits, with natty caps and jackets, and narrow trousers coming just below the knee; and below these red stockings and baseball shoes. Every man of them carried a bat, as if he were on the way to play a game of ball, but, crossed on the shoulders of each was a big pickerel, which said that these were not baseball players at all, but only aquatic tournaments.

They continued to parade idly up and down the streets, exactly in the gutter, and they still continue to do so, as the Listener retired this very morning. The boys gave them wherever they go, and they grin sheepishly, unless one of their tormentors. No doubt they are poor men who need work badly from day to day, for they could hardly be persuaded to subject themselves to this ridicule if they were not in need, and honest, too, since a dishonest man would find something less irksome to do. They ought to be pensioned, for the benefit of coming generations, as a faithful illustration of the spirit of enterprise in the Nineteenth century.—Boston Transcript.

Silkworm for Stockings.

There are about 2,500,000 pairs of cotton, woolen and fine thread stockings and socks bought in the city of New York every year and averaging these at twenty cents a pair, the lowest price being four cents and the highest $1.75 to $2, the sum paid for them would be just $500,000. This, I am assured by large dealers in hosiery, is quite below the mark. But consider the other 400,000 or 500,000 pairs of mixed silk and pure silk stockings and socks worn by rich girls and women, actresses and others who like to make a display of costly hosiery, and the figures are almost incredible. Their chief material is pure silk, and the stockings range from $2.50 in plain color up to $20.

Add to this list the fancy, all silk articles, those hand embroidered with all kinds of artistically wrought figures produced in open work, and done to match the costume, and the prices range from $10 to $100. But put the average down to three dollars a pair and you may safely purchase an all silk pair for less, and the bill of the 400,000 pairs is $1,200,000, which added to the half million dollars for the stockings worn by the poorer classes amounts to $1,700,000.

It would be no exaggeration to say that it costs New York city every year for sock and stockings for her female population a sound $2,000,000, or enough to maintain nearly 20,000 persons, a whole city, for a year in food.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Sandy" Beaver and His Gold Mine.

Lemuel S. familiarly known as "Sandy" Beaver, one of the first hoisters on the Gold Hill croppings of the Comstock, had twenty feet of wonderfully rich ground, from which he realized over $1,000,000 in a much shorter time than it took him to spend it. He bought the best ranch in Washoe valley, and on it built a large mansion of fine brown granite, conspicuously furnished throughout, costing nearly $200,000. He took his wife to Europe where he bought stacks of fine oil paintings, and piles of statuary about which he knew nothing, but the sight of which didn't cure anything for that—what he wanted was "ornament" for his house.

Sandy's nine sons grew out, and he was beautifully embarrassed when he died. His widow lives among friends in California. Sandy is buried beneath lofty pines on the steep base of the Sierra Nevadas, a hundred yards above his last home, and the Beaver mansion stands as a monument to the chinaeyed, foolishly reckless expenditures of a Comstock millionaire.—Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Anecdote of Talleyrand.

Two friends of Talleyrand, ladies of rank, had chosen his study as a place of meeting. They wished to select some ring, some bracelet, for a gift, and the great jeweler of Paris was to send some of his scissors with sufficient to choose from. At the appointed hour, soon limited to two, and then passed, said Talleyrand, sitting at the further end of the long library, called out: "Let me undertake to help you to make your decision. Young man, of these two trinkets tell me which you prefer." "The one, certainly, your excellency." "Then," ended the experienced cynic, "please accept it for your sweetheart, and I think, ladies, that you had better take the other."—John La Farge in Century.

Rather Dear.

The National Observer (London) tells of a French wine manufacturer who has discovered that the vinous bouquet is a matter not of original constituents, but of fermenting agents, and who has succeeded in making delicious vintages, both red and white, to say nothing of irresistible brandies, out of barley, without as much as a suspicion of grape juice in them. The consumers of these beverages keep up bygone traditions by still speaking knowingly of vintages and bouquets and aromas and cryies and so on.

Fast Enough.

"He is going very rapidly, is he not?" "Well—at the usual rate. Sixty seconds to the minute."—New York Epoch.

So Rude.

Brown—Goodby; be good to yourself.

Blossom (heartily)—I will; I'm a kind hearted man.—New York Epoch.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Remaining in the Post Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, July 24th, 1891, which if not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams Jenny	Harrawood Mrs S.
Alcock Emma	Hess Mrs Daniel
Alexander Ellen	Johnson Mrs
Barrett Annie	Jones Mary
Bell Mrs Maggie	Kelsey Mrs Ella
Bennett Mrs Maggie	Lewis Mrs Mose S
Barker Mrs J F	Lewis Mrs Mose
Bartlett Mrs	Lewis Mrs A S
Bartlett Annie	Lewis Mrs A
Bowen Mrs	Langston Mrs D
Brown Mrs	Langston Mrs S
Bullock Bessie	Law Mrs S
Burgess Mrs	Lewis Bessie
Burgess Mrs	Lizzie A
Burton Mrs	Lizzie Mary
Carter Mrs	Lewis Mrs
Chase Mrs	Livingston M A
Clark Mrs	Lyman Mrs
Clark Mrs	Miller Rose
Cole Mrs	Miller Mrs
Cole Mrs	Mitchell Mrs J
Cox Mrs	Mitchell Mrs
Cox Mrs	Montgomery Belle
Cox Mrs	Morgan Mrs
Cox Mrs	Morrison Mrs N
Cox Mrs	Morrison Mrs
Cox Mrs	Morrison Mrs
Cox Mrs	Morrison Mrs A M
Cox Mrs	Morrison Mrs
Cox Mrs	Morrison Mrs F W
Cox Mrs	Smith Mrs J
Cox Mrs	Tibbetts Ina
Cox Mrs	Thomas Mrs
Cox Mrs	Thomas Mrs M J
Cox Mrs	Taylor Mrs E
Cox Mrs	Thomas Annie
Cox Mrs	Wall Annie
Cox Mrs	Walters Mrs J
Cox Mrs	Walters Mrs J
Cox Mrs	Wood Lizzie
Cox Mrs	Wadsworth Lizzie
Cox Mrs	Wilcox Mrs L
Cox Mrs	Williams Mrs A E
Cox Mrs	Wilford Mrs D
Cox Mrs	Young Lizzie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams W M	Fairbrook J
Adams J J	Fairbrook Jas
Adams J H	Fairbrook F M
Adams A H	Fairbrook F
Adams Harry	Fairbrook I
Andersen Jno	Fairbrook J
Andersen M	Fairbrook J
Andersen Jno	Fairbrook J
Andersen Jno	Gilpin Jno
Andersen Jno	Gilpin Jno
Andersen Jno	Gilpin Jno
Andersen Jno	Gilpin Jno
Andersen Jno	Gilpin Jno
Morgan	Gray Henry
Brown A C	Gray Henry
Brown J	Gray Henry
Brown Wm	Gray Henry
Brown Wm	Gray Henry
Brown Wm