

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, WALTER L. SAWYER, Editors.

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Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed.

Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

DESERVED SUCCESS.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found statements that convey some idea of the remarkable and unprecedented success which has fallen to the lot of PROGRESS, thus early in its history.

"Astonishing success," some people call it; but these persons underestimate, we think, the force of the appeal which enterprise and independence make to public favor.

"It will be clean, original, honest, impartial and fearless, and it will try to be entertaining," was promised of this paper before it appeared. That promise has been kept; and the measure of our reward is that in six weeks we have gained more patrons than most periodicals are able to secure in as many years.

We rejoice to believe that even greater success is in store for PROGRESS; and we base this confidence upon the fact that true men and good citizens will always assist an undertaking which has honest convictions for its guide and the public good for its aim.

HELP OUR INDUSTRIES.

It has often been necessary in the history of cities that they should extend a helping hand to industries which support hundreds of their laboring citizens. Time and again city corporations have offered liberal inducements, such as relief from taxation, for foreign capital to seek investment in their limits.

Such, we believe, is the case with a large Carleton industry, which pays ground rent, taxes and water rates to the west side. The company has stated its case to the west side aldermen, and as those gentlemen are fully cognizant of the benefit the industry has been, and is, to Carleton, they should consider the petition carefully and do all in their power to assist a concern which has done so much for the city and its laboring population.

We believe in a considerate reciprocity of this nature. A continued suction upon the juiciest morsel dries it up after a time.

ASYLUM MANAGEMENT.

We present in another column, this morning some things referring to the lunatic asylum management which are suggestive of thought. We believe that the management of the asylum could be investigated with profit to the province, the people and the patients.

Up to this time the press has avoided shaking public confidence in an institution which should possess it in the fullest degree, but we think the time has arrived when the people desire a fuller explanation of asylum affairs.

The superintendents and assistants of lunatic asylums are shielded from public criticism more than the officials of any public institution. They are separated from the people by a wall of unsound minds, by men and women whose every word and act outside are looked upon as strange and unreal.

Who would place implicit faith in, or believe in toto, the charges made against the management by persons who have been months, perhaps years, within asylum walls?

If the people accepted such statements as true we have no hesitation in saying that the management of our asylum would have been in different hands long ago.

It becomes necessary then for the public safety that the supervision of asylum management should be in competent hands, and we respectfully suggest that a suspicious public would be satisfied more easily with this than any other arrangement.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

There is some complaint on the part of the young lady graduates of high schools and matriculants of the university, that notwithstanding the term at the Normal school has been lengthened to one session per year, the great majority of them are debarred as heretofore from working papers in advance of class II. To obtain a class in advance of this it is necessary either to teach two years or attend further at the

Normal school. They claim that they are better qualified to work class II papers after passing grade VIII than after grade XII and that there is small encouragement for graduating.

We think there is some force in this objection and while we believe in strict professional training, that care should be taken not to discourage the highest and most liberal scholastic attainments. Some consideration is due as well to the financial ability of parents and the rewards of the service. We do not believe that at present a teacher's remuneration is sufficient in this province to warrant too long an attendance at the Normal school, especially on the part of those who have expended time and perhaps money in taking a full course at our high schools.

They have not only to compete with the short term teachers, but with those who have not had the advantages of so good a common school education. While undoubtedly professional ability should count first, scholarship should not be despised, especially when obtained from the most skilled instructors.

We presume that this matter rests in the hands of the teachers of the Normal school and it is difficult to understand that while formerly a continuous attendance of two terms—equal to one now—practically insured professional classification for class I, an attendance of the same duration, now only permits standing for class II.

TO THE TUNE OF "THE ROGUES' MARCH."

We note a declaration recently made by Mr. TERENCE V. POWDERLY, General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, to the effect that he will go to the next meeting of the general assembly "at the head of true knights or no knights."

In this connection we observe another statement, made by the un-"true" knights who do not support the administration. They say that Mr. POWDERLY's zealous assistant and fellow-official, General Secretary CHARLES H. LITCHMAN, was, in 1881, reported \$4,600 short in his accounts; that in 1883, \$530 more of the order's money placed in his hands, turned up missing; and that last year he broke all previous records by expending the entire income of his office, nearly \$500,000, and refusing an itemized account.

If Mr. LITCHMAN is a "true" knight, Mr. POWDERLY is liable to go to the general assembly at the head of a great army of such—provided the boodle holds out.

WE ARE PROUD OF OUR GIRLS.

We note with no little pride and satisfaction that the St. John girl is again showing herself equal if not superior in intellectual attainments to the girls of other cities.

She represents our beauty and own intellect and spurred on by this conviction attacks and conquers the obstructions to honor and glory—dull dry examination papers.

We congratulate that capable and earnest lady, Mrs. Carr, of the Victoriae school, upon the spirit of enthusiasm she has infused into her pupils. With such a teacher and woman to lead them our girls will never halt at the centre rung of the ladder of knowledge.

Associate in Arts of McGill university and Bishop's college! It sounds well and the fair quartette who worked the first Canadian college papers sent to this city are worthy of the title.

We are glad to see the roll of lady matriculants in our own university increasing. It betoken greater interest in the institution and shows that ambition is not wholly with the sterner sex.

We are proud of our girls and there is reason for our pride.

PRINCIPLES—AND PERSONS.

We have heard both sides of the question, now, and the doctrine of Christian Perfection has been set forth so fully that he who runs may read a page or so, written from either point of view.

As to the theological belief, Rev. Mr. COWPERTHWAIT and Rev. Mr. BREWER are in substantial accord. The controversy resolves itself into the charge that many Methodist ministers have neglected to preach this doctrine. In other words, the question bids fair to become one of persons, as well as of principles.

It is unfortunate that the first step in this direction should have been taken by one of the Christian Perfectionists. It shakes one's faith to know that at the recent convention, one of these gentlemen delivered himself as follows:

"The ministers of St. John preach more against holiness than against rum."

"If the ministers of St. John should preach the truth next Sunday they would revolutionize the city, and in a fortnight would have nobody to preach to."

But it is probable that Rev. Mr. COWPERTHWAIT would agree with Rev. Mr. BREWER, that there is small savor of "Christian Perfection" in that!

SHE WILL BE RE-ELECTED.

It is likely that the next President of the United States was named at St. Louis, Wednesday, when GROVER CLEVELAND was nominated by acclamation, by the Democratic National convention.

There was, at the first, some uncertainty as to the issue upon which the Democracy would go to the people. The RANDALL men were desirous that the platform should be the same as that of 1884—which "straddled" the tariff question. Their opponents

—that is to say, the true Democrats—demanded an endorsement of the President's message, which declared for tariff revision and practically applied the shibboleth of 1880, "a tariff for revenue only."

We are glad that, in this division of opinion, the Democracy followed the lead of the Democrats; yet we believe that, with or without an explicit statement of principles, the party would win. Is not Mrs. CLEVELAND a Democrat? and whom that has a heart could hurt her feelings by voting against Mrs. CLEVELAND's husband? We have no doubt that she will prove more potent than the platform and that she will be re-elected!

We are depressed. Editor CROPLEY, of Fredericton, has found fault with our style, our "pitching in," "fault finding," etc., etc., etc. The weak often envy the strong. It is amusing to see the poorest paper in New Brunswick lecturing the best. Be wise, Mr. CROPLEY, and allow the idiot who controls your idiotical column to take a vacation at Camp Chatham. Promote SCISSORS to his position and you will be surprised at the improvement which copious steals from PROGRESS and other good papers will make. And when you want to say anything yourself, Capt. CROPLEY, talk about your ancestors' bones!

A lady correspondent of PROGRESS addresses a few words to the respectable (?) toughs who seek the corners of Charlotte and Union streets, Saturday evening, and stare at and pass audible remarks upon every lady who passes them. She asks PROGRESS' opinion of them.

PROGRESS never wastes an opinion upon curs, but suggests in the event of future annoyances of a similar nature that the ladies request that the fire hose be used to clean out the gutters.

"An old room has been discovered in the Guildhall, at Stratford-on-Avon," says *The Book Buyer*, "in which several thousands of old documents have lain for years, some of them dating from the time of Queen ELIZABETH. Here is a ray of hope for the anti-DONNELLY SHAKESPEARE lovers. Something may be found among these papers to down DONNELLY's cipher theory as deeply as 'Atlantis.'" It isn't necessary. The theory has sunk of its own weight.

A correspondent asks who controls the actions and movements of Capt. RAWLINGS, and if he has any stated duty hours.

We should imagine that, once appointed, a chief of police should be guided by the law in his official moves and acts. As to Capt. RAWLINGS' hours, we fancy that inclination regulates them, and that his idea of them is about as vague as of the legal hours of liquor saloons.

We believe the board of trade could do a deal of good for St. John if it went about it unanimously and in the right way, and we hope the members will soon realize this fact. We are inclined at present to think, from the discussion on the harbor commission, that the commissioners are more the objects of regard than the commission. Examine yourselves, gentlemen, on this point.

The Telegraph is the only Canadian journal which publishes, year in and out, monthly summaries of the weather. It is a hard subject to make interesting, but the author, Mr. GILBERT MURDOCH invests each article with a charm which is only the outcome of real literary ability. *The Telegraph* can fairly be congratulated upon the exclusive publication of a valuable record.

It is a shame and disgrace to our city that no move has been made to discover what became of Capt. SAMUEL BONNELL. About two months ago he disappeared from a public street and has not been seen since. No person doubts that there has been foul play, and it is the imperative duty of the authorities to make some move in the matter.

Our thanks are due to the Chief Superintendent of Education in New Brunswick for a copy of his full and well arranged annual report for the last school year. Some statistical items will be found in our news columns. The wonder is how the schools can be so well kept up, and furnish so good results, while the salaries of teachers are so small.—*Toronto Educational Journal*.

New Brunswick teachers work for love.

Mayor CHESLEY is in luck. He holds the commissionership and occupies the chair of the chief magistrate. His counsel, Messrs. CURRY and WALLACE, brought him to his feet again, and Portland has an untrammelled mayor. But still, we think, Mr. CHESLEY, that one position is sufficient for you.

The interesting statement by Mr. HENRY VIZETELLY, elsewhere published, goes far to indicate that the world, the flesh and the devil—that is, Messrs. DAUDET, BELOT and ZOLA—have a pretty strong hold on the people of the mother country.

The Haven deserves all the good words which, elsewhere in this issue, a correspondent says of it. In an unpretentious way it is doing a noble work, and its support should be commensurate with its needs and opportunities.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Help the Haven.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: At a meeting of the board of managers of the Haven, held a few days ago, the finances were discussed, and it was stated by the secretary-treasurer that the funds were \$200 behind.

After various propositions, it was resolved that the members present pledge themselves to raise not less than \$4 each, as soon as possible. If the members who were not present do the same, the debt will soon be paid.

The management of the Haven has been most economical. The whole cost of keeping up the institution for the past year has not exceeded \$700.

Will not the Christian public assist in this work of trying to rescue the fallen? Much has been generously contributed in money and many other ways, but the managers would not likely object to receive a number of subscriptions of \$10, \$5 or \$1 a year, to be given annually. This would place the Haven on a substantial basis.

The question has been asked, "Is the Haven doing any good?" Undoubtedly it is. A few prejudiced ones say they don't think so, but the trouble is in the expectation of results. We cannot expect that people who have fallen, who have been brought up in utter ignorance of the principles of virtue, or who have become more degraded by living, as in some cases, for ten and fifteen years in these dens of drunkenness and infamy, can, by a few weeks' residence in the Haven, be transformed to everything that is pure and lovely, and be as earnest in their lives as those who have never known anything but Christian love and influence from their earliest remembrance. We do not doubt instantaneous conversion, but even when the heart is changed, it sometimes takes years to uproot all the evils of character of the past. When our Lord healed the lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Our Saviour said: "Were there not ten cleansed, where are the nine?" "It is enough for the servant that he be as his master." We must not be discouraged, but work on, leaving results with God.

If the many estimable Christian ladies of St. John realized the truth of what was published a few months ago in our daily papers, that in this city there are girls of fifteen years of age and under leading lives of prostitution, surely we would rouse ourselves to be up and doing something to rescue them before their downward course makes them harder to deal with. We know Christ died for them as surely as for us and can we who have our happy homes resist taking part in the work of at least trying to rescue them, or if as individuals we are hindered by circumstances from personally working, can we not help by our money and prayers to assist those who are doing what they can to bring the light of salvation to these fallen ones?

From the beginning the public have shown their interest and confidence in the Haven and we are sure they will continue to do so.

The present matron's term of office has expired, and it is hoped a suitable person may soon be found to fill her place.

ONE INTERESTED IN THE WORK.

Rough on the Doctors.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: Will you allow me, as a stranger to your city, to express my admiration for your very excellent paper, and at the same time, as I notice from your prospectus, that "news and opinions on any subject are always welcome to you," let me take exception to your short item in "Provincial Chat," concerning the case of Mrs. Lottie R. James and Christian science. I am not a Christian scientist, and know nothing about their peculiar views; but if the death of the patient under their mode of treatment is the only argument against their practices, and in favor of the ordinary treatment of sickness by regular physicians, I don't think your argument is any too strong, as there have been cases, in the part of the country from which I come, where "implicit faith" in our orthodox M. D. has failed to restore health or ward off the inevitable last enemy. After all, there is so much that we don't know that we should be slow to sweepingly condemn any new system because in some instances it fails of accomplishing all that is expected of it.

Yours truly,

W. R. LANGRIDGE.

Royal Hotel, June 2.

"Progress" Did It.

"This is the first Sabbath I have seen in Portland for a long time," was the remark made by a citizen of that place to a *Telegraph* reporter last evening. Rum stores, cigar stores, candy stores and restaurants were, for the first time in a good many years, closed. The police were on the look out all day for offenders, but failed to capture any.—*Daily Telegraph, Monday*.

In striking contrast to the scenes presented on previous Sundays was the position of affairs in Portland yesterday. There was some liquor selling, of course, but it was comparatively small and was done by stealth, owing to the recent action of the police.—*Globe, Monday*.

In consequence of the notice served upon Dr. Kergan's staff of physicians and surgeons, informing them that it would be contrary to the provisions of the New Brunswick medical act for them to practice in this province without being registered, they have informed the president of the council of their intention to obey the law, and it is understood that they will not come here.—*Telegraph, Wednesday*.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

The Sale of French and Russian Novels.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, London, recently printed an interesting letter from Mr. Henry Vizetelly, the senior member of the great publishing firm of Vizetelly & Co., whose translated reprints of French and Russian works have won appreciation the world over. The information sought was as to the public demand for these. Mr. Vizetelly wrote:

We publish far more translations from the French and Russian than all the other London publishers put together. The reason why our business came to take this particular direction was this: Mr. Vizetelly, who had formerly been engaged in publishing, gave it up many years ago to connect himself with journalism, and for fifteen years (embracing the period of the siege of Paris and the Commune) he had been the Paris representative of the *Illustrated London News*. Soon after returning to England he resumed publishing, and among his earliest ventures were "Popular French Novels," comprising only the very best examples of modern French fiction of a perfectly unobjectionable character, by such writers as Daudet, About, Cherbuliez, Henry Greville, Merimee, &c., issued in well-printed shilling volumes. The series, however, was a comparative failure. After £1,000 had been spent in advertising, it was brought to an end.

Finding that works of a high literary character did not take, we bethought ourselves of the favorite novelist of the Paris *concierges*, namely, Gaboriau. With his books we were more fortunate, and in the course of a few years sold some hundreds of thousands of volumes. Before, however, we exhausted this Gaboriau series, we produced several of Du Boisgobey's works, in the same bright scarlet covers to which the public had got accustomed. We commenced with *The Old Age of Lecocq, the Detective*, to keep up the connection with Gaboriau, whose *Monsieur Lecocq* was one of the best-selling of his books. We advertised both series very largely, with the result that we frequently received single orders, from large buyers for from 2,000 to 5,000 volumes at a time. We soon sold half a million volumes, and have now sold considerably more than a million; and in spite of the competition of other publishers who had never even heard of Gaboriau's or Du Boisgobey's names till we had made them popular in England, we still sell about 200,000 volumes annually.

We of course knew of the immense popularity of Zola in France and most European countries, and were aware that there was a tolerably large sale for the wretchedly translated and mutilated American edition of his works imported into this country. After much hesitation we determined to issue an unabridged translation of *Nana*, suppressing nothing and merely throwing a slight veil over those passages to which particular exception was likely to be taken. The success of the work, although not rapid, was very complete, and induced us to reproduce the whole of Zola's published novels, and to purchase the English copyrights of all his new ones. For *La Terre*, about which such an outcry has been made, M. Zola's price was £120. Du Boisgobey now gets for his English rights from £60 to £80 per novel, and we paid M. Georges Ohnet, the other day, £60 for *Volonte*, which we shall publish in a week or two under the title of *Will*. To return, however, to the Zola novels. Of these *Nana* sells by far the best. We have given over counting the number of editions printed of it, but the sale up to the present time can have been little short of 100,000. We reckon it a bad week when the sale of our Zola translations falls below 1,000 volumes.

After Zola, Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey, the French author who sells the best is Ohnet. We must have sold quite sixty thousand of his *Trompeter*, at prices ranging from 6s. to 2s. Indeed, of whose *Fromont the younger and Rister the elder* we could only manage to sell about 6,000 copies at 1s. each in the course of ten years (spite of about £100 spent in advertising it), made a sudden leap into popularity with a particular class of readers over here with his *Sappho*. We publish the only un-mutilated edition of it, and have sold about 170,000 in the shilling form. Isolated translations from French authors, spite of all the favorable press notices which they may obtain, very rarely pay their expenses. In the majority of instances they are not produced at the cost of the publisher, but at that of the translator. It is our experience that until you make a French author's name thoroughly well known in this country it is impossible to publish translations of his books at a profit. We have tried one excellent French work after another, but all have proved failures. To make a writer like Cherbuliez popular in England it would be necessary to pay about £500 in advertising his books. This would have to be spread over at least a dozen volumes to give the publisher any chance of recouping himself. Latterly we have taken up such representative French authors as Flaubert, the Brothers Goncourt, Paul Bourget, Guy de Maupassant, &c. Although translations of their works sell slowly the sale is none the less certain, there being a good market for them in the United States, where the majority of the translations from French authors are beneath contempt. The Yankee translations of Russian novels are very nearly as bad. Talking of Russian novels, we have published translations of about twenty of these, including works by Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Gogol and Lermontoff. Dostoevsky's marvelous *Crime and Punishment*, which we started with, was a very great success, and the whole of Tolstoi's works sell well and steadily, especially his *Anna Karenina*.

Although translators offer themselves in hundreds, no more than five per cent. of them are at all competent. The competition for this class of employment, especially among women—ladies of title and means even joining in it—is so great that the price for translating a French novel has fallen from about £40 to £20, and even less.

The Magazines.

The June number of *The Writer* (Boston) is bright and full of interest. Among the contributors are Herbert S. Underwood, James W. Clarke, Richard E. Burton, James Newton Matthews, Marion M. Horsfield, Eugene L. Didier, and E. F. Burns. The answers to "Queries," the "Helpful Hints," and the reference list of "Literary Articles in Periodicals" are as

valuable as usual. *The Writer* has reached a regular circulation of 7,000 copies monthly, and merits all the success that it has gained. It costs but \$1 a year, or 10 cents a sample copy. P. O. Box 1,905, Boston, Mass.

Wide Awake for June is a delightful magazine. It is fresher and brighter than ever. This number begins the 27th volume. The illustrations are numerous, varied and good; the contributions as usual above the standard. Edward Everett Hale writes very interestingly of *The Story of Boston Common*, two hundred and fifty years ago. The frontispiece is an admirable piece of work, showing the original polo players, Pluckey Small and Double Roses, two bright serials are begun, and the short stories are very entertaining, one of them, *Eruaina's Boys*, being a charming production by Margaret Sidney. Published by D. Lothrop company, Boston. Price 20 cents.

Lend a Hand, "a monthly magazine of organized philanthropy," edited by Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, opens its June number with a clever article on Internal Commerce. "Wealth in Common," is interesting and instructive as only Dr. Hale can make it. Septimus Fraser writes of the Education of the Blind and John Williams, of Sunday at the People's Palace. State Socialism is a carefully considered and worded article by C. W. Ernst, from the *Beacon*, dealing with the system of employees, insurance in Germany. *Lend a Hand Company*, Boston. Subscription price \$2 a year. Single copies 20 cents.

In the June *Folio*, a portrait of Saint-Saens is one of the attractions. Carlyle Petersile's articles on Piano Playing and James W. Tracy's series, Boston as a Musical City, are continued. B. W. Davison contributes interesting Hints on church Organ Playing and there is much other readable and instructive matter—not to mention the fine musical selections which are fully up to *The Folio's* usual high standard. Boston: White, Smith & Co. \$1.60 a year; 15 cents a number.

Notes and Announcements.

Laurence Oliphant has arrived in New York and proposes to make quite a long stay in America.

The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax, Francis Hodgson Burnett's latest publication, has been received from Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Published by Warner & Co. Price 25 cents.

The Earth Trembled. Rev. E. P. Roe's latest book is very readable. The scene is laid in Charleston, in 1886, the time of the great earthquake. The book has had a great American sale. For sale at McMillan's. Price 50 cents.

The betrothal of Mr. Archer Chandler—one of the heirs of the Astor estate—and Miss Amelie Rives, is announced. The prospective bride met Mr. Chandler at a dinner given by Mrs. King at Newport last summer. Though he owns the ancestral home on the Hudson, he lives in Paris. His present visit to this country was prolonged, as he said, to visit Virginia and learn something of her people. Mr. Chandler visited Castle Hill, the Rives homestead, last September, and again at Christmas. His next visit was last month, and he is still lingering at the hospitable home of the gifted authoress. The marriage is to take place in the fall. Soon after the ceremony, Mr. Chandler and his bride will go to Paris, and there our brilliant story writer and poet will continue her literary work. She reads French, and after a short experience with the idioms will, doubtless, write French with a facile pen. In addition to her literary work, she will occupy herself at the case, Mr. Chandler being particularly anxious to have her study art under a French master.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead and gone—
And her sisters married off, and none but her and John
A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sorta' way,
And him a blame old bachelor, confinder ev'ry day!
I'd knowed 'em all from children, and their daddy
He settled in the neighborhood, and had'n't ary a dime
Er dollar, when he married, fer ter start housekeep-
in' on—
So I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead and gone!

I got to thinkin' of her, and a-wunder what she done,
That all her sisters kep' a-gittin' married, one by one,
And her without no chances—and the best girl of 'em
The pack—
An old maid, with her hands, you might say, tied behind her back!
And Mother, too, afore she died, she ust to jes' take on,
When none of 'em was left, you know, but Evaline and John,
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young man must be bline
To not see what a wife they'd git if they got Evaline!

I got to thinkin' of her; in my great affliction she
Was sich a comfort to us, and so kind and neighborly—
She'd come, and leave her housework, fer to help out little Jane,
And talk of her own mother 'at she'd never see again—
Maybe sometimes cry together—though, fer the most part, she
Would have the child so reconciled and happy-like,
Felt lonesome'er ever when she'd put her bonnet on
And say she'd rally haf to be a-gittin' back to John!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say—and more and more
I'd think of her dependance, and the burdens 'at she bore
Her parents both a-bein' dead, and all her sisters
Gone—
And married off, and her a-livin' there alone with John—
You might say jes' a-toilin' and a-savin' out her life
Fer a man 'at had'n't pride enough to git hisse'f a wife—
'Less some one married Evaline and packed her off some day—
So I got to thinkin' of her—and it happened that way.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in *Pittsburg Bulletin*.