

THE RIBBESDALE CAVES.—The digested report of the explorers of the Ribblesdale caves is full of interest, and will correct many false impressions as to the social condition of England after the withdrawal of the Roman legions. The caves were evidently used as places of refuge by Romano-Celtic inhabitants who had fled from their comparatively luxurious homes before the incursions of the Northern tribes. Numerous brooches and armlets have been found in the upper strata of debris, and from their workmanship, as well as from the coins which have been exhumed, the period of occupation may be fixed with tolerable accuracy. It probably extended from the middle of the fifth till late in the seventh century. Few districts in England could have better served for purpose of concealment than the region between the Mersey and the Ribble, in which, at the Domesday survey, a quarter of a million of acres were covered with a network of separate and dense woods. In the lower strata of these caves indications of an earlier occupation have been found. Two flint flakes, a bone harpoon, and the remains of red deer and bear point to an era long anterior to the Roman invasion.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

THE MCNUTT TRIAL.—The case of Charles McNutt, for the killing of Dick Kirk, a mention of which we made last week, has created a profound sensation and great excitement among the colored population of the Parish. The preliminary trial before Judge Osborn occupied the better part of last Saturday and Monday, in which much talent and fact were displayed on both sides. The State was ably represented by R. P. Hunter, District Attorney pro tem, and the Defendant was certainly well, faithfully and ably defended by Judge Ryan, and Messrs. White and McGimpsey. The entire population of Freedmen, from most every part of the Parish, were present, on both days, at the trial. In fact we never saw more excitement among them than on this occasion. Judge Osborn did not render any decision on the conclusion of the arguments, but remanded the prisoner to jail to await it.

From the lights before us we may as well announce what the Judge's decision will be. Bail will be refused and the prisoner await, in jail, the sitting of the District Court in December.

We hear no more of the caterpillars for the present; they have webbed up and are expected in full crop about the 5th of next month. The cotton has improved very much, and is opening briskly on many places. We hear of light picking having already commenced. We yet cling to our opinion of a good half crop.

Elsewhere we publish the advertisement of an important Rail Road and Commercial Mass meeting, to take place at Shreveport, on the 10th of October. It will speak for itself and should heed the attention and good will of all our people.

The greater difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Jonas Rosenthal has surmounted every difficulty in laying in his stock of goods for Jonas has the best stock to be found in this market. Give him a trial.

The river yet falls, and daily touches nearer low-water mark. The Falls are now plainly visible, and navigation very precarious. Boats are few and far between, and on long trips.

Money is the bottomless sea in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned. Speak little, speak truth, spend little, pay cash and get your value received from E. & S. Weil.

The weather, the past week, has been a little of all sorts. We have had several heavy rains, two cool days and nights and then the hottest of the season.

An important notice from the Committee, entrusted with the legal resistance of the collection of back Taxes, will be found among our new advertisements.

Droves of fine Texas beeves are arriving here, almost daily, and are being shipped to New Orleans.

Business and trade, in Alexandria, are duller than ever. We never saw such stagnation anywhere.

Friendship is a medicine for all misfortune; all kinds of fresh medicine for sale by H. St. John.

The Ariail, the new Ferry Boat, will be running regularly by Saturday next.

Read the notice of Mrs. Canfield.

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION.

The majority of Governor Leslie in Kentucky is estimated at 45,000, and the Radicals have succeeded in electing less than twenty members of the Legislature. The Radicals, who expected great things from the popularity of their candidate, General Harlan, immediately after the election announced that the Democratic majority had been reduced from 90,000 given for Governor Stevenson. The absurdity of such a comparison will appear on a moment's reflection. When Governor Stevenson was elected by 90,000 majority the negroes in Kentucky had not been enfranchised under the 15th amendment. The first time the negroes ever voted was at the Congressional election last fall. The aggregate Democratic majority at that time in all the districts was 32,213. So that, so far from losing, the Democrats have actually gained nearly 13,000 on their majority. And this is shown by the aggregate vote for the Democratic candidate. Governor Leslie has received several thousand more votes than were ever before cast for any governor of the State.

Superhuman efforts were made to distract and defeat the Democracy at the recent election in Kentucky. Senator Morton, the ablest of the Radical orators in the West, went down to Kentucky to demolish all the Democratic orators who should put themselves in his way. General Harlan himself, an able speaker, made one hundred and fifty speeches in the campaign. Every effort was made to array the Democrats against each other on what is called in party slang the "new departure." But the gallant Democrats of Kentucky took counsel only from their own wisdom, and turned a deaf ear to the eloquence of the Radical orators. They found abundant material for oratory in the corruptions of the Grant administration and in the difference between the Treasury of Democratic Kentucky, and that of those Southern States which have enjoyed the benefits of Radical reconstruction. Governor Leslie said that at the commencement of the war the debts of Kentucky and Louisiana were about equal. Now that of Kentucky is one million and that of Louisiana forty millions. The people understand such logic as this and have shown that they will act upon it when occasion offers.

From this Kentucky election we may learn the power of a united Democracy and a thorough Democratic organization. When peace reigns within the ranks of a party it is absurd to disturb it by introducing irrelevant issues. Let the example of the Democracy of Kentucky be followed, and we may be sure of the permanent ascendancy of the party and its principles.

One of the oddest questions ever submitted to lawyers is now puzzling those of Hartford, Connecticut. It seems that a man who recently died there left a widow, childless, but expecting shortly to become a mother. By his will he provided that if the expected child should prove to be a boy, two-thirds of the property should go to him, and one-third to the widowed mother. If, however, the child proved to be a girl, only one-third of the estate was to go to her, and two-thirds to the mother. The result was of course awaited with an interest even greater than that usually bestowed upon such events. The result is—the widow has become the mother of twins—a boy and a girl, to whom of course, the property belongs, the boy taking his two-thirds, the girl one-third, and the widow—trusting to Providence.

The national debts of the different countries of the world amount to twenty-two thousand millions of dollars. Of this sum forty-four hundred millions are due by France; four thousand millions by Great Britain; three thousand millions by the United States, including individual States, counties and towns; sixteen hundred millions by Austria; fifteen hundred millions by Russia; one thousand millions by Prussia and the German States; four hundred millions by Holland, twenty-one hundred millions by the other European States; and four thousand millions by Asia, South America and the other countries of the world.—[Exchange.]

The St. Louis packets are having some trouble, on the bar below town. The Lockwood last week lost twenty-four hours endeavoring to cross, and had, finally to lighten off sixteen hundred barrels of her cargo. It was, however, shipped on the Belle Rowland, a light packet of the same line. The Silver Bow grounded on the same bar on Sunday morning last, and remained there until Monday, when she succeeded in getting off, and resumed her journey to Shreveport.

The fine steamer, D. L. Tally, Captain W. C. Harrison, has been placed in the Alexandria Cattle trade, as a semi-weekly Packet. She has the finest cabin accommodations, and will put you through in double quick time. See card.

Thanks for late New Orleans papers to the officers of the Era No. 9, Right Way, Era No. 10, Hesper, D. L. Tally, Rapides and Carria Converse.

The Police Jury of the Parish are now in session. We will publish full proceedings next week.

We thank the clerk of the St. Louis Packet, Silver Bow, for a late St. Louis paper.

A Noble Benefaction.

The Trustees of the Louisville Medical College (Louisville Ky.), have created one of the most liberal and noble benefactions ever conferred by a public Institution upon any people. The Trustees of this college have instituted one Beneficiary Scholarship for each Congressional District in the Southern and surrounding States. By this means very many poor but deserving young men will be enabled to obtain a thorough medical education. Any one wishing to take advantage of this Benefaction which is worth to each student at least \$200, has only to write to Dr. E. S. Gaillard, Dean of the Faculty of the Louisville Medical College, Louisville Ky., when he will receive a college catalogue with full information in regard to all that is necessary for him to do to secure one of these Scholarships. With proper and welcome delicacy the names of those who have secured the Beneficiary Scholarships will be known only to the Dean of the Faculty. It is unnecessary to commend those who have established these noble Beneficiary Scholarships. Their act will bring them commendation wherever it is known.

In accordance with the old Hippocratic oath, forbidding physicians to charge the families of each other for services rendered, the Faculty of this College will make no charge for teaching sons of physicians, and, as no physician charges a clergyman's family, the sons of clergymen will receive the same privilege. The next College session begins October 2, 1871. As the lecture fees charged for each student who has obtained a Beneficiary Scholarship, amount to \$120 annually, the public can appreciate the munificence of this benefaction.

Enforced Music and Dancing.

It was in London, and in 1811.—Weber was in a boat on the river with some ladies, and began to perform on the flute, which he played to great perfection. But seeing that his boat was closely followed by another, in which were several young officers, he put his flute in his pocket.

"Why do you stop playing?" said one of the officers to Weber.

"For the same reason that I began," replied the composer.

"And that is?"

"Because it pleases me."

"Well then," said the officer, "take up your flute again or it will please me to throw you into the water."

The composer, seeing that the dialogue was unpleasant to the ladies he was with, gave way, and began playing again. When leaving his boat, however, he accented the bold son of Mars, and said:

"Sir, the fear of annoying the people who were with me made me brook your insolence; but to-morrow I will have entire satisfaction. We can meet in Hyde Park at 10 o'clock. If you have no objection, we will fight with swords; we need no seconds; the quarrel is only between you and me, and it is quite useless to bring in strangers."

The officer accepted the challenge. He was at the rendezvous at the appointed hour, and met Weber as agreed on. He drew his sword, and put himself on guard, when Weber presented a pistol at his throat.

"Do you mean to murder me?" said the officer.

"No, said Weber, "but he kind enough to put up that sword and to dance a minute or you are a dead man."

The officer made some objection, but the authoritative and determined tone of Weber seemed to influence him, and notwithstanding the arrival of some people on the scene of action, he went through what he was asked, or rather told to do.

"Sir," said the musician, "you compelled me yesterday to play against my wish—I have compelled you now to dance against yours. Our bond is over. However, if you should be dissatisfied still, I am quite ready to give you any satisfaction you may wish for."

The officer held out his hand, and begged his adversary to honor him with his friendship. From that moment an attachment sprang up between them which lasted to the day the illustrious composer died.

A new side drum has been introduced in England, one of them having been offered as a prize at a recent volunteer encampment. It is of entirely new construction, having only one head, which, instead of being of parchment or vellum, is made of thin steel, and is beaten by sticks with india-rubber tops. The advantages claimed are that the head is practically unaffected by damp or changes of temperature, is practically indestructible, and can be tuned more simply than the ordinary drum.

A lady requests the Washington Chronicle to advertise for one hundred and fifty young men of all shapes and sizes, from the tall dandy with hair enough on his upper lip to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the bow-legged, freckle faced, carrot headed upstart, to form a gaudy crowd to stand at the doorways when evening assemblages are dismissed, to stare at the ladies and make remarks about their person and dress.

How Grant is Reducing the Taxes.

The cry of Grant's party is, "We are reducing the taxes." And every month tables of cunningly arranged but false figures are put forth to deceive the people into such a belief. But there stand the round numbers to refute their pretensions. To support the first year of Grant's Administration the people were taxed \$408,331,372, which was \$38,887,623 more than they were taxed under the last year of Johnson's Administration, and \$55,976,833 more than in the last year of Buchanan's Administration. That is the way Grant's party is "reducing the taxes." If they could keep on "reducing the taxes" at this rate for five years longer there would be nothing left of our country but the taxes.—Boutwell's last showing is that all the coin now in the Treasury is but \$34,576,322; and this is every cent of the "prudent and economical" Administration of Grant has with which to pay \$307,000,000 of liabilities now overdue. That is, under Grant the Government is bankrupt to-day for overdue liabilities to the amount of \$252,123,678! When a merchant is in that condition he is published to the world as bankrupt. And after all this noise, this blatant false pretension about the financial success of Grant's Administration, his own Secretary of the Treasury is compelled to confess bankruptcy. And the startling fact is just made public that Boutwell is himself a defaulter to the amount of \$2,250,000. So the charge boldly stands at this moment. That is a fresh instance of Grant's "financial success." His yearly household expense to the people of the United States has just been made public, and discloses the sum of \$132,000 exclusive of his legal salary; and including that Grant costs the people annually \$157,000. He has nine clerks, six civil and three military, to run his individual machine. He taxed the people last year for manure to enrich his garden \$3,000. If some of this richness could have been applied to his head the people would have less cause of complaint. He taxed the people \$5,000 for stationery; and for painting the exterior of his house \$15,000! And he taxed them for fitting up and refurnishing the White House \$55,000, which is we presume more than the original cost of the house. It is an illustration of the old saying that "Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." If Mr. Grant were going alone in that direction the people would not have cause of complaint; but the misfortune is that our country is his horse. His Administration has robbed the people of not less than \$500,000,000 since his election.

MISAPPLICATION OF SHAKESPEARE.—Hon. Benjamin F. Wade and the late Hon. Joshua Giddings used to be constant competitors at the bar in "old, benighted Ashtabula, their place of residence. In the early part of his practice, Wade was defending a man against an action of slander, and, after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning backward, his feet on the counsel table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his slandered client. "Old Gid," as he was familiarly called, knew a little smattering of "Shakespeare," and now determined to bring that great author to his aid.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, with much ardor,

"He that steals my purse steals trash; But he that robs me of my good name—"

(Ahem!)

At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakespeare deserted him. He repeated:

"But he that robs me of my good name—"

(Another pause.)

"Takes that I never had," whispered Wade, as if prompting him, and so distinctly as to be heard by all in the room.

Amid the laughter and his own confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a "lame and impotent conclusion," that his client recovered but six and a quarter cents for his lost character.—[Bench and Bar, by L. J. Bigelow.]

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.—When the Prussians and Austrians marched against France in 1792, to restore Louis XIV, to his throne, the National Assembly declared that the country was in danger, and called upon all Frenchmen to enlist under the banners of Liberty, to repel the invaders. Marseilles furnished a legion of twelve hundred turbulent spirits, and Lamartine gives a graphic account of their triumphant entry into Paris, on their way to the frontier. Their bronzed faces, with eyes of fire, their uniforms covered with the dust of their journey, their red woolen caps shaded with green boughs, their lack of discipline, and their harsh provincial accent—all struck the imagination of the Parisians with great force. The revolutionary idea seemed impersonated and to be marching to the last assault of royalty, changing an air whose notes seem to come from the breast with sullen muttering of national anger, and then with the joy of victory. Since then when France has been in danger, the Marseillaise has never failed to arouse and animate her sons for "Liberty or Death."

A couple of sailors were wandering around in the Toledo docks a few days since, says an Exchange, when one of them was attracted by the appearance of a tombstone that lay on the dock, awaiting transportation. Upon a close examination, he exclaimed "Hello, Bill come here!" and pointing to the stone, remarked: "There, that is the first time I have heard from my Father in fifteen years."

A genius has made the important discovery that woman are not immortal—their souls die with their bodies, and for them there is no resurrection.

The Danger of Convicting on Circumstantial Evidence.

A remarkable case, showing the danger of trusting implicitly to circumstantial evidence, has recently been completed in Toledo. Nearly three years ago Robert Sharp was found dead, with shots and slugs in his brain. A man named Harrington, who had been on intimate terms with the deceased, was arrested for the murder. The testimony was wholly circumstantial, but so skillfully "worked up" by the detectives that Harrington was convicted and sent to the penitentiary. His lawyers had become interested in the case, and, although Harrington was a poor man, they determined to fight his cause to the end. After a long and arduous struggle through the District and Supreme Courts, an order for a new trial was obtained, and that trial has just closed.

The main points in the evidence on which he was convicted were the apparent correspondence of the shot in the body of the dead man with that in the shot-bag belonging to Harrington; the correspondence of pieces of newspaper found near the scene of the supposed murder, and assumed to be part of the gun wadding, with a torn paper in Harrington's residence and a piece in his vest pocket, and that the motive for the murder was to be found in the alleged fact of Sharp having come to Toledo with several hundred dollars of money, which Harrington knew, and that no one else was so intimate with Sharp.

On the second trial it was rendered doubtful whether there was a similarity in the shot. It was clearly proven that the pieces of paper alleged to have been picked up at the scene of the murder were not there at the time of the finding of the body, not for a day or two afterward, and the inference was unavoidable that they were put there by the detectives to aid them in "working up" the case against Harrington. It was further proven that Sharp was destitute when he arrived in Toledo, and that Harrington was doing his best to aid him in procuring employment. To crown all, an alibi was satisfactorily proven. Harrington was declared innocent, and the jury voluntarily gave him a letter, signed by every member, repeating in emphatic terms their belief of his entire innocence of any knowledge of the supposed murder, and bearing testimony to his uniform good character. The public sentiment unanimously coincided with this verdict. The former employer of Harrington immediately took him back into his service. It causes an unpleasant shudder to reflect that a perfectly innocent man, of good character, suffered two years of degrading punishment, and narrowly escaped an ignominious death, for a crime of which he knew nothing. It is another warning against implicit trust in wholly circumstantial evidence, and a protest against the detectives in "working up a case" against one who choose to suspect.—[Cleveland Herald.]

A Generous Suggestion.

It has been ascertained to a certainty that three hundred and eighty-six Southern flags were captured by the Union troops during the war, though this is known to be below the actual number, of which uncertain date can be procured. These are now in possession of the Federal government as trophies of its conquest of secession. It is a wonder that they have survived destruction so long—that they were not sooner torn to pieces by the infuriated passions that achieved so much more than that was inglorious right upon the close of the war, or that they have not long since gone to the rag-mill to be converted into loyal Radical newspaper.

It seems, however, that they have been miraculously preserved in the War department, and as the disposition to destroy them has greatly abated, that they will be kept among the archives of the government in one shape or another for all time to come. Various propositions, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, have been made as to what should be done with these tattered mementoes of a terrible civil strife, but none as yet have been accepted. One was to place the rebel flags in the old hall of the House, in a conspicuous position, but this was abandoned as being injudicious and unnecessarily offensive to those who took the wrong side in the war. Colonel Hinton's proposition is to place all the flags, records and other movable relics of that nature in the old Arlington house, the late residence of General Lee. He thinks it would be appropriate in every point of view, got only on account of the past history of Arlington, but on account of the estate being the resting place of so many of our brave boys who fell in the war. It is undoubted that the five hundred rebel flags captured, together with the varied epochs which they mark properly set forth, would be a fitting monument to the valor of the country's dead defenders.

The country is indeed to be congratulated that, after an era of sectional hatred in which all the better feelings of humanity and the ordinary instincts of fraternity seem to have been subverted, a proposition is seriously entertained to preserve these emblems of a defeated cause as virtually monumental of the highest qualities of American manhood.—[St. Louis Times.]

A genius has made the important discovery that woman are not immortal—their souls die with their bodies, and for them there is no resurrection.

Debility and Emaciation.

Both of these result from the lack of ability to convert the food into nutriment. How necessary, then, for those suffering from these alarming symptoms to immediately resort to a remedy that will strengthen the stomach and digestive organs. For, as soon as this desirable object has been accomplished the health improves, and the patient resumes his usual personal appearance. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have attained a world-wide popularity in such cases, and have been proven the best and safest means of removing constipation, toning the stomach, giving energy to the liver, and relieving every symptom of nervousness and depression of spirits. Its cheering and beneficial effects are highly spoken of by thousands who owe it to their restoration to health. No restorative in the annals of medicine has attained the same popularity in the short space of time it has been before the public, or has won the high endorsements accorded to this excellent tonic. Many other preparations, purporting to be correctives and restoratives, have been introduced, and have perished one by one, while the popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters continues to increase, and is now recognized as a standard household medicine. The success which attends the use of the Bitters evinces at once its virtues in all cases of debility and disease of the stomach. Certificates, almost without number, have been published, attesting its truly miraculous power in removing those painful and fearful diseases. And at this time it seems idle to do more than call attention to the great remedy of the age, in order to awaken public attention to its excellence. It is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it is therefore worthy of the consideration of the afflicted.

Who is Mrs. Fair?

A writer in the Bryan (Texas) Eagle, gives a bit of history of this notorious woman. Her execution has been postponed until October:

"This inquiry has been made by the New Orleans press, and I can answer it from my own knowledge, I will do so. Her maiden name was Laura Hunt, and she lived with her parents for many years in Nacogdoches, Texas, where the present writer and one of Bryan's most esteemed merchants went to school with her. They came to Texas in the year 1836, from Alabama. She was beautiful as a girl—magnificent looking as a woman. When she was near eighteen years of age, the family removed to New Orleans, where, in a short time she married a prosperous grocer named Stone—the pictorial papers have it Strong. Her husband committed suicide in a short time on account of her conduct. She then married one of his clerks, named Grayson, who, in a short time was divorced from her. The family then removed to California. Of her history in that State, I know nothing.

Knowing the family as well as I do I do not attach so much blame to the erratic and criminal conduct of Mrs. Fair as most people do, for I know that it is the natural and inevitable result of the teachings of a foolish mother. S. H. T."

PRIDE.—To quell the pride, even of the greatest, we should reflect how much we owe to others, and how little to ourselves. Philip having made himself master of Potidea, received three messengers in one day: the first brought him an account of a great victory, gained over the Illyrians, by his general Parmenio; the second told him that he was proclaimed victor at the Olympic games; and the third informed him of the birth of Alexander. But there was nothing in all these events that ought to have fed the vanity, or that would have justified the pride, of Philip, since, as an elegant writer remarks: "For the first he was indebted to his general; for the second, to his horse, and his wife is shrewdly suspected of having helped him to the third."

RESPECTABILITY IN OLDEN TIMES.—Some 40 years ago, when a man's respectability depended upon his taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd individual was one morning enjoying the luxury of perusing his paper—although he labored under the disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet, when a more knowing neighbor of his happening in, perhaps to borrow his paper, observed to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman, drawing himself up in the pomposity of affronted dignity, exclaimed: "I would have you to know, sir, that if I take a paper and pay for it, I have a right to read it which end up I please."

WHY DO YOU COUGH—when it is in your power to relieve yourself! A few doses of Dr. TUTT'S EXPECTORANT will cure you and allay the apprehensions of your friends; more over, it is pleasant to take, it produces no nausea, and strengthens the Lungs and throat to resist attacks in the future. Mothers need not dread the Croup when they have a bottle of this valuable compound on their Mantel-pieces.

The Appetite for News.

As the world grows older, and the literary appetite increases, the insatiable maw of the public grows long and wide, and, like Oliver Twist, continually cries for more. As mankind increases and multiplies, so human intelligence expands, and the minds of rich and poor, high and low—all alike crave and desire the latest and most reliable news. "What's the news?" is to-day the most common question asked between friends, at the office, on the street in the club-room, and on the occasion of all social meetings. Our people are eager for news, and so ardently do they seek and devour it, that a constant pressure is brought to bear upon the public press, to satisfy this craving gnawing, importunate demand. News fields are constantly opened, and more brains are drawn upon to supply the literary food necessary to fill the literary stomach, and furnish sustenance for the great body politic of social life.

Cause and effect go hand in hand, and the one follows the other with marvellous speed. To satisfy the longings of the intelligent reader, new papers are thrown out, new books are put forth, new companies are organized, and new publications for public perusal and support follows each other in rapid succession. And yet the demand is greater than the supply. But it is a good sign, and one that speaks loudly and plainly for our intelligence as a nation.

The world has made long strides in the last decade, in the way of enlargement of understanding and improvement of mind—and the triumph of mind over matter has been more fully and extensively demonstrated than ever. The advancement in educational projects, and the corresponding improvements in the power of the printing press, have kept pace together. Institutions of learning—the common school, the collegiate academy, and the college—have turned out ripe scholars and cultivated brains—the clicking of the types and the clang of the press have made music for the multitude, and tickled the ears of the people, while the ever-revolving, never-ceasing cylinders have daily rolled off their millions of sheets, spread with the events of the hour from all parts of the globe.

It is a wonderful thing—this hunger for news. As the body fails when the supply of nourishment is diminished, so the mind languishes and thirsts after knowledge when the yield is scant. The pressure upon the newspaper editor is great, but the staff of which our editors and reporters are made nowadays is equal to the emergency, and the supply of intellectual food is as much as can be properly digested.—[Rounds' Printers' Cabinet.]

Greeley's Latest Political Declaration.

Horace Greeley, who has no special love for "the man under the cigar," has lately taken hold vigorously of the Republican party of New York city and endeavored to bring order out of chaos. Only last Thursday, while presiding at a meeting of the committee, he pitched into Grant vigorously, and now we find in the latest Tribune, the following, which simply means that he wishes to heal the breach in the party and re-organize it on a Greeley basis:

"The editor of the Tribune accepted the chairmanship of the Union Republican General committee with a single and avowed object—to do his utmost to heal the feud which distracted and weakened the Republicans, of this city. To that end he has steadily labored; and he had strong hopes of effecting it at an early day—hopes which the abrupt removal from office of the Hon. Moses H. Grinnell and General George W. Palmer for a time baffled, and threatened to blast altogether. At length he has been gratified by a hearty, unanimous agreement of the committee whereof he is chairman to submit the matter in difference to our next Republican State convention and implicitly abide its judgment. He will not doubt the readiness of the rival committee to concur, and thus give assurance that all differences will cease ere that convention shall adjourn, and a Republican triumph this fall be thereby assured.

"Our action in the premises does not, it seems, satisfy the Times; but since it satisfies and gratifies nearly all the Republicans of our State, we can abide the Times' displeasure.—Exchange.

It is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness just as the flowers and trees, the skies and waters brighten and gladden it. Her sense of the beautiful should always and everywhere be cultivated, for thus will her thoughts be made pure; and her mind be the home of sweet and lovely things. Refinement comes of a love of all things beautiful.

The first iron-clad built in the Golden Horn for the Turkish government bears the terrible name of the Mukatedemheigher.

Buy your Havana cigars from J. Compton French.