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## Business Notices.


A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT—Each $5 doubled within 30 days; loss impossible. Hinsdale City, adjoining beautiful Garden City and Greenmoor Rifle Range—several thousand building lots surrounding depot, $175 each; monthly payments, $5. Circulars of R. WILSON, Attorney, 335 Broadway, N. Y.

CHOICE TABLE WINES.
CALIFORNIA VINTAGE COMPANY,
21 PARK-PLACE.
GEO. HAMLIN, MANAGER.

INTERESTING TO THE AGED AND INFIRM.

Dr. F. G. Cook, of Rockland, Me., a physician of recognized eminence, writes that, "notwithstanding the fact that the Liebig Company's circulars bear the impress of honesty and truthfulness, I had my misgivings, but, after a faithful and conscientious trial, I gladly bear testimony in behalf of the great value of its Coca Beef Tonic. I prescribed it to a lady 85 years old, who was completely broken down with the infirmities of years, unable to leave her bed, &c. She, soon after taking the tonic, was able to leave her bed, to be about the house, and has so far recovered her pristine health as to be able to travel a distance of 60 miles on a visit to her daughter." Liebig Company's Coca Beef Tonic has been imitated. Beware of imposition. Professor Van Tschudi (see "Travels in Peru" in Astor Library) says: "It is conducive to health and longevity. Its use is very beneficial. Examples of longevity are numerous among the Indians, who from boyhood up have used it. Cases are not infrequent of Indians attaining the great age of 130 years." The Journal of the Royal Society of Vienna says: "It is remarkable that the Peruvian Indians never suffer from consumption, and the cause of it is the use of Coca. They also never suffer from scrofulosis, skin diseases, rheumatism, headache. They reach a very old age, and frequently pass their fourth century." Coca Beef Tonic will be found unequalled in all cases of debility, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, biliousness, malaria.

SURF HOTEL, FIRE ISLAND BEACH.
Cool sea breezes. Cure for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Malaria and Chills and Fever. Good fishing, sailing and bathing. Trains from Long Island, 8:35 a. m. and 4:35 p. m.

WARNING!
How many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding 10 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.

DESIGNATED BY THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
THE UNITED STATES MEXICAN MAIL ROUTE.
ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE
and
MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAYS.
The only all-rail line by which passengers can go to the City of Mexico without being subjected to 15 hours' detention at El Paso.
Time from New-York to the City of Mexico 7 days.
SLEEPING CAR ACCOMMODATIONS SECURED THROUGH TO DESTINATION.
Through Passenger and Freight rates and Bills of Lading can be obtained at the office of the Line,
261 Broadway, corner Warren-st., New-York.
W. L. MALCOLM,
Gen'l Eastern Agent.

ECLIPSE EXTRA DRY, FINEST NATURAL CHAMPAGNE. Absolutely pure. Also choice California Clarets, Hocks, Ports, Sherries, Burgundies.
FREDERIK W. LUTGEN, Agent, 51 Warren-st.

SEND a 2-cent stamp to pay postage on a handsome lithograph flacor to the
CLINTON M'F'G CO., 20 Vesey-st., New-York.

SEALSKIN and all leading fashionable Fur garments for sale at summer prices. Sales going on now. Repairing neatly done. C. C. SQUIRE, Manufacturer, 103 Prince-st. Garments purchased, kept on storage free if desired.



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*Postage free in the United States.*

| | 1 Year. | 6 Months. | 3 Months. |
|---|---|---|---|
| DAILY, with Sunday | $850 | $4 25 | $2 15 |
| DAILY, without Sunday | 7 00 | 3 50 | 1 75 |
| SUNDAY TRIBUNE | 1 50 | .... | .... |

Remit by Postal Note, Money Order or Registered Letter. By Postal Note, the receiver will please write on the Note "For THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE."

BRANCH OFFICES OF THE TRIBUNE.
Advertisements for publication in THE TRIBUNE, and orders for regular delivery of the daily paper, will be received at the following branch offices in New-York City:
Main Uptown Office, 1,225 Broadway, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.
No. 308 West Twenty-third-st., 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.
No. 760 Third-ave., near Forty-seventh-st., 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.
No. 1,007 Third-ave., near Sixty-third-st., 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.
No. 206 East One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st., 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Union Square, No. 153 Fourth-ave., corner of Fourteenth-st.
IN OTHER CITIES.
WASHINGTON—1,322 Fst. LONDON—26 Bedford-st., Strand.



# New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 22.


# FOURTEEN PAGES.

### THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The French Cabinet were informed yesterday that the Egyptian Conference will meet on June 28. ═══ The Prince of Orange died. ═══ The annual amateur athletic sports were held in Birmingham. ═══ The Philadelphians defeated the Cheshire team at cricket. ═══ French differential duties are to be established in Africa. ═══ An express wagon in Mexico was robbed by masked men.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill was reported; House bill amending Thurman act received and, after debate, referred to the Judiciary Committee; Army appropriation bill passed. ═══ Sundry Civil bill reported to House; report of conference committee on Shipping bill agreed to; Electoral Count bill debated.

DOMESTIC.—Mr. Blaine received yesterday official notice of his nomination. ═══ General Logan was serenaded in Washington. ═══ Reports were received from the Northwest favorable to the crops. ═══ The stockholders of a newspaper in Troy were sentenced for libel. ═══ Charles Bayard Clark is dead.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—Unfounded rumors of the embarrassment of Solon Humphreys and C. P. Huntington were circulated yesterday. ═══ Plunger, Rica, Miss Woodford, Chanticleer, Aranza, the Lorna colt and Capt. York won the Sheepshead Bay races. ═══ W. C. Rhinelander, who shot Lawyer Drake, was arraigned at the Tombs. ═══ The 14th Regiment went to the State Camp at Peekskill. ═══ Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 84.87 cents. ═══ Stocks opened weak, made rapid and sharp advances, but later reacted and closed unsettled.

THE WEATHER—TRIBUNE local observations indicate clear or fair weather, with slight changes in temperature. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 91°; lowest, 75°; average, 82¾°.

*Persons leaving town for the season, and summer travellers, can have* THE DAILY TRIBUNE *mailed to them, postpaid, for 75 cents per month, with or without Sunday paper, the address being changed as often as desired.* THE DAILY TRIBUNE *will be sent to any address in Europe for $1 35 per month, which includes the ocean postage.*

"The Lady Who Hates to be Forgotten" is a social type well known in modern city life, and Mr. Fawcett's portrait of her, which will be found on another page, must be acknowledged to be as accurate as it is entertaining.

A graphic sketch of the Tombs of the Shoguns, who were the greatest of the Imperial races of Japan, will be found in another part of this issue of THE TRIBUNE. The author, Mr. Henry W. Lucy, is one of the cleverest of the London journalists, and a novelist whose first work, "Gideon Fleyce," was brilliantly successful, both in England and America.

Mr. Blaine, in accepting the Republican nomination, of which official notice was yesterday given to him, took occasion to say that he was in hearty accord with the platform adopted at Chicago. The difference between Mr. Blaine and some of his would-be Democratic competitors is strikingly shown in this matter. His opinions on National questions are known to all. But, for instance, who could tell what are the opinions of Grover Cleveland?

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has written for THE TRIBUNE a striking serial story, the opening chapter of which will be published in the issue of next Sunday. The scene of the novel is laid in Ireland, the hero is an American, and the heroine,—a strange and passionate character,—is half Irish and half Italian. The story is entitled "Noble Blood," and is a spirited and dramatic work, presenting extraordinary episodes, and moving rapidly to an unexpected conclusion.

The heat did not prevent the assembling of many thousand people at the Sheepshead Bay race-course yesterday, who showed their fondness for the sport by staying to the end of the long list of races, although no breeze from the ocean cooled the blazing air. The most interesting contest of the day was that in which Pierre Lorillard's Aranza, a failure on the English turf, ran away from the Dwyer colt Barnes at a pace that was simply marvellous. Aranza rarely consents to display her speed, but when she is willing to run it takes a steam engine to equal her. The steeplechase showed some suspicious riding. It is the plain duty of all our jockey clubs to take measures to prevent these affairs from being used as mere instruments for defrauding the public.

In whatever aspect it is viewed the fact that two men of such artistic skill and high taste as William Dean Howells and Georg Henschel are co-operating in the production of an American operetta is of the greatest importance to the culture of this country. It has been long deplored that in the operatic field we have been dependent upon the productions of foreigners for everything of real merit, and that the products of our native writers have been failures. The books have been vulgar farce, the music such as was whistled by the nominal composer and harmonized and arranged by the leader of the band. When men like Howells and Henschel apply themselves to the solution of the problem which these facts have called forth, the future is full of hope. There is some discussion of the causes which brought about this happy co-operation in a letter from Boston printed on another page.

### WHAT THEY REALLY ARE DOING.

The Scotch bard who desired above all things the power "to see ourselves as others see us" has not many imitators among the gentlemen who choose to be called "Independent." It would not please them, assuredly, to see exactly what other folks think of their performance. The fact that some of these gentlemen are filled with sincerity, and fully believe that the Ark of the Covenant is intrusted to their sole charge and keeping, does not alter the case. Some of the most ridiculous objects on earth are those victims of hallucination who fancy that the world would cease to revolve the right way on its axis if they should stop turning an imaginary crank. The American nation is not really quite as destitute of virtue or common sense as these gentlemen believe, and their assumption of superior integrity and wisdom, though at times a little irritating, is generally regarded with half-contemptuous amusement.

These elevated persons, as befits the cloudy regions in which they move, are a little hazy in their aims. If they were not, they would not be quite so sure that they do not want Mr. Blaine. For the Democratic nomination has not been made as yet. We credit them with enough of patriotic feeling and uprightness to resent and instantly repel some nominations that might be made. If they should have presented to them, by the Democratic Convention, a candidate of the Butler pattern, for instance, they would instantly prefer Mr. Blaine in their hearts, whatever pride of opinion might move their tongues to say. Nor would they deceive themselves as to the practical effect of what they call "a Republican revolt." If it has any effect, it is to elect the Democratic candidate, *whoever he may be.* Is that exactly a position which conscientious and patriotic men can mean to take?

Have these gentlemen considered what they are going to do? Of course they will answer indignantly that they have; but have they? Do they want to elect another Democratic Congress? If they can get up enough Republican disaffection to defeat the Republican electoral ticket, it would inevitably carry in a Democratic majority in the House and Democratic Legislatures in some States which have Senators to elect. Doubtless these gentlemen would shrink from such consequences, but they cannot help themselves. If they were powerful enough to break down the Republican party this year, they would simply transfer the control of the Government in all its branches to the Democratic party. Not to a new, ideal party, created and officered by themselves. To this same Democratic party which has been showing the country for seven months how much capacity it has, how much honesty, how much decency, and how much disposition toward any reform.

The gentleman who is ready to elect any Democratic candidate, no matter who may be nominated, and to turn over the Government to the Democratic party just as it is, has no right to honor himself with the name of Republican, nor yet with the name of Independent. If he will consider it rightly he is really more hide-bound and brass-mounted than many Democrats—for there are a great many in that party who would account it a disgrace to pledge themselves to aid any conceivable candidate that a National Convention may name. Yet these gentlemen who are striving to denounce Mr. Blaine so savagely as to insure his defeat do not appear to care what sort of candidate they may turn out to have helped. Is this sort of thing rightly called "independence" by anybody? There are thousands upon thousands of Democratic voters who show more real independence, and more patriotic feeling, than this course displays.

If the Democrats nominate a candidate of one class, these revolting gentlemen will have bought a pig in a poke; they will be pledged in advance to support a man of whose opinions, motives and real character they know absolutely nothing. Is that a patriotic attitude for professed reformers? If the Democrats nominate another kind of candidate, these gentlemen will have to support just such a man as they have stoutly opposed for twenty-five years—an old-fashioned, out-and-out, pro-slavery, pro-rebel Democrat, without a decent chance of a majority in a single Northern State. Do they hope, in that case, to put up a candidate of their own? Perhaps they have been able to find the man who would run. Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Lincoln would not; they are supporting the Republican ticket. So is Senator Hawley, and so is General Gresham. Will a headless "Independent movement" look well?

### A SURFACE RAILROAD IN BROADWAY.

The scheme for a Broadway surface railroad is making such progress that the cars will probably soon be crawling in our most crowded thoroughfare. No one who has ever spent an afternoon in the vain effort to get from the Battery to Fourteenth-st. in a Belt Line car will expect to be transported at any breathless speed among the countless vehicles of our great business street. If there are delays and blocks and jams for the West-st. cars, what may we expect in our central artery of travel and trade? When the new railroad is completed its time schedule should be an extremely liberal one, for when its cars reach the Fulton-st. corner at a busy hour of the day, the passengers may as well resign themselves to a protracted period of rest.

Of course the projectors of the scheme expect to do away with the omnibuses, and the absence of their rattle and crash will be gratefully felt. Of course, also, taking away the omnibuses will lessen the crush at the Fulton-st. corner. But even without the omnibuses, Broadway is not a thoroughfare in which cars can be run with any convenient speed.

It is interesting to note that many property-owners who were formerly among the most bitter opponents of Broadway railway enterprises have given their consent to this project. The Arcade Railway plan scared some of them. They thought that if they did not make haste to consent to a surface line, the foundations of their great buildings might soon be broken up. Another powerful inducement to gain the consent of property-owners seems to be the offer to let them in on the "ground floor" in the matter of investments in the capital stock of the company. It certainly ought to be a profitable line.

There is no doubt that the part of Broadway between Astor-place and Grand-st. greatly needs an enlivening and expanding influence, and real estate values in that region would go up if the road should go down. As to the advantages of the road in other parts of Broadway, there is room for much difference of opinion. But if the property-owners along the whole line are satisfied, the community in general will not be likely to complain.

### SOME PENALTIES OF WEALTH.

Probably nobody will ever believe sincerely that it is not better to be rich than poor; and certainly it is best for civilization that the difficulty of reaching that belief is practically insuperable. From the foundation of Christianity to the present day, to go no further back, men have sought riches with all their energies, and in the majority of cases have enjoyed them when found; and though writers, who are imaginative people, and seldom practical, have often pretended that decent poverty was better than wealth, as a rule they did not believe these assertions themselves, and certainly the world has refused to accept them. A frank statement of the average creed on the subject would unquestionably involve the admission that wealth is better than most other things; that while it is proper theoretically to deprecate an intense desire for it, most people make it their Alpha and Omega; that as regards the current talk about its burdens, nearly everybody is willing to assume them at a moment's notice. The world, in short, loves money, appreciates it, seeks it, pays respect to it. Yet, when all this is fully recognized, the fact remains that wealth sometimes has its penalties.

Here, for instance, is Mr. Garrison, who, to everybody's astonishment, has just made an assignment. So far as can be ascertained, the fundamental cause of this action is the fact that the old gentleman's money has become stronger than he is, and has literally overwhelmed him. Age and infirmity incapacitated him from attending duly to his many investments. But in these days of rapid change, constant vigilance is the price of financial stability. The Commodore could not give the necessary attention to his affairs, and the result is that everything has got into confusion. Take other cases: those of men who have the largest fortunes in the country or the world. They are all necessarily hard workers. Their wealth constrains them to ceaseless supervision and watchfulness. Doubtless with some there is a pleasurable excitement about this, but at all events there are penalties which cannot be evaded, and which attach to great fortunes. There is, in fact, not much exaggeration in the saying that in many of such cases the money owns the men rather than the men the money.

Perhaps these drawbacks are introduced for the express purpose of consoling the masses to whom great wealth has been denied. They can at least try to believe that the cares of the rich exceed their pleasures; and once in a while there occurs an event which seems to justify the adage that "all is not gold that glitters," and which shows that wisdom lay in the prayer of Agar, when he said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches"; for it is after all in the happy mean between the two extremes that the most satisfactory conditions are found, and that mean fortunately exists in greater proportion among the American people than anywhere else in the world.

### DIETETIC EDUCATION.

A correspondent of THE TRIBUNE has commented forcibly on the harm done by excessive candy eating. The evil is no doubt a real one, but it is difficult to apply any remedy, since people are always most indifferent to the abuses and follies which have grown habitual, and have become part of their daily lives. It is a truism to say that habits of imprudent eating produce quite as much mischief as habits of imprudent drinking. Homilies on dietetics are common nowadays, and nobody need lack intelligent guidance in the matter. But the masses pay no attention to advice of the kind, and the almost animal blindness which characterizes the average parental affection directs that sentiment into forms of expression which work lasting harm to the recipients. Education in eating is really as necessary as any other kind, and the lack of knowledge in respect to fitness in food may neutralize the care of years in cultivating the intellect. Children can, when young, be easily taught not to crave after unwholesome food, and simple and healthful tastes implanted at an early age will stand the possessor in good stead during a long life and bear him harmless through the most seductive gastronomic temptations.

On the other hand, it is as easy to spoil the digestion of children by early indulgence in candy, pastry, and all sorts of unwholesome food; and when the stomach is once deranged, and the bad eating habits are established, the evil will remain, in all probability will develop into chronic dyspepsia, and then "farewell the tranquil mind" and all that constitutes happiness. The other day a merchant of this city killed himself because he could not endure the torment chronic dyspepsia entailed upon him. All around us are crowds of men and women whose lives are darkened by this too-familiar and peculiarly American disease. Dyspepsia often makes drunkards; it destroys the mental balance; it produces "cranks" and criminals; it leads to divorces and suicides and murders; and yet the people treat the question of dietetics as too trivial to bestow any serious thought upon.

Certainly it is time that this indifference, which savors of dulness rather than sagacity, should be shaken off, and that a Nation which wishes to think itself representative of the highest civilization should accept a philosophy of daily life which heathen peoples thousands of years ago were too wise to contemn and ignore. That a sane mind can only inhabit a sound body would seem almost to have been forgotten, if we may judge from the recklessness with which diet is generally treated. We have in this country produced a special literature which might truly be termed the Literature of Dyspepsia. It is marked by all the eccentricities and crudities of unsettled intelligences. We call the writers of such stuff "cranks"; they are really for the most part victims of bad feeding. We have had countless social, political and ethical experimenters, mostly of the same genus. The truth is that our kitchen fiends are continually turning out ruined digestions and consequently impaired minds, and that these latter react upon society in multiform fantastic ways, though the origin of these abnormal manifestations is seldom perceived or recognized.

The mothers of the country can do much toward reform by establishing habits of simple and wholesome eating in their children. It is in the nursery that National destiny is evolved, and the progress of fifty millions of people can be delayed by the neglect of mothers to follow a wise course even in such matters as this. But it is not a little matter. It is as important as National education in any direction, and disregard of diet may easily frustrate the best devised educational schemes. Every citizen, however, must do the work in his own home. No one can compel it to be done. It is a question of common sense and determination to break up bad habits, and if those who are concerned have not the energy and wisdom to protect their own children against an evil which is plainly apparent, the observer can only regret their obtuseness.

### "SUPPORT" THAT HURTS.

*The New-York Times*, vainly attempting to temper the wind to its own shorn proportions, says that it "supported Senator Edmunds for the Chicago nomination." Obviously the inference which it desires to have drawn by the Republican party from which it has bolted, is that in case Senator Edmunds had received the nomination it would have continued to "support" him during the campaign. It is in order, therefore, to inquire what sort of a "support" *The Times* would have given Mr. Edmunds, or any other candidate that might have been named.

The matter is not left to conjecture. On the 27th of May—a few days before the Convention was held—*The Times* contained the following editorial paragraph:

> A great many Republicans who are preparing to go to Chicago this week to labor in behalf of certain candidates will tell inquiring delegates from the Northwest and from the Pacific slope that there is no trouble about New-York; any good Republican can carry it, and with the particular Republican they are electioneering for there will be no sort of trouble. Most of these gentlemen are ordinarily intelligent and clear-sighted, and not without political experience. We can account for their amazing blindness to the true situation in the State of New-York only on the theory that they believe it would be a good thing for the Republican party to go out of commission for four years. *Worse things might happen.* The timbers of the old ship are as sound as ever, but it has been evident for a good many years that *she ought to go into the dry dock* and get rid of her barnacles.

A professedly Republican newspaper which on the eve of a Presidential election is capable of believing that "worse things might happen" than the Republican party's defeat, must necessarily have "supported" any Republican candidate that might have been named in a perfunctory and insincere manner. The more of such hollow "support" a party receives the more effectually it is handicapped.

It is not unlikely that Benedict Arnold remarked to himself in the summer of 1780 that "worse things might happen" than the defeat of the American army. It is in accordance with the fitness of things that *The Times* having expressed such sentiments in May should be found laboring in June for a Democratic restoration.

### DUTCHESS OR DUCHESS?

Artemus Ward once remarked that he was compelled to discharge one of his private secretaries because the young fellow would persist in spelling business with three *z*'s. A tradition has long prevailed in the counties of the southern tier of this State that a rising young statesman was defeated in his canvass for Assemblyman in Broome County owing to the fact that in the circular defining his position—which he mailed to every voter in his district—he wrote Binghamton with a *p*. A story that has long been told in the composing-room of THE TRIBUNE credits Mr. Greeley with going up there one election night, and remarking with a sigh as he glanced his eye over some type that lay on the stone, "I'd like to know which one of the boys [here he took out his knife and spoiled the offending letter] put that *h* in Allegany."

It is Poughkeepsie that brings these and cognate reminiscences to the front just now. For Poughkeepsie is torn up from centre to circumference, from post office to outskirts, in the vain effort to determine the correct spelling of the county which claims that thriving city as its own. Shall it be written Dutchess or Duchess County? That is the question which has split the population into warring factions. *The Poughkeepsie News* is the organ of those who hold that this *t* deserves pitching overboard as badly as that which our forefathers steeped in Boston harbor; while *The Poughkeepsie Eagle* screams that the *t* in Dutchess, like the Union, must and shall be preserved. *The News* stoutly insists that the county was named after the Duchess of York. *The Eagle* emphatically argues that it was named in honor of the Dutch settlers. Lossing, the historian, has been drawn into the controversy. He fights on the anti-*t* side, and has just written a letter which concludes as follows: "See that in the future in your columns the name of the county is spelled correctly. I will not repeat the unanswerable argument in favor of spelling the name without a *t*; you have done that by admitting what everybody of intelligence knows, that our county was named in honor of the Duchess of York, and not of the Dutch settlers." Commenting upon this letter, *The News* severely remarks: "Hereafter people who spell Duchess with a *t* will show their ignorance."

Undismayed by Lossing, *The Eagle* returns to the attack wielding an effective weapon. It refers Lossing and the rest of the would-be *t* destroyers to a volume entitled "The Laws of New-York from the year 1691 to 1751 inclusive. Published according to an Act of the General Assembly. Printed by James Parker, Printer to the Government, at the New-York Printing Office, in Beaver-st., New-York, MDCCLII."

Now, behold, Chapter XVII. of this record of old colonial laws is "An act to divide the Province and Dependencies into shires." It was passed October 1, 1691, and in it occurs the following:

> Forasmuch as Mistakes may arise about the Limits and Bounds of the respective Counties within this Province: For Prevention whereof.
>
> I. Be it enacted by the Commander-in-Chief, and Council, and Representatives, and by the Authority of the same, That the said Province be divided into twelve Counties, as followeth.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> VI. *Dutchess* County, to be from the bounds of the County of Westchester, on the South Side of the Highlands, along the South Side of Hudson's River, as far as Roeloff Jansen's Creek; and eastward into the Woods Twelve Miles.

This valiant blow would seem to leave the *t* party master of the field. It remains to be seen whether the anti-*t* party purpose to impeach the wisdom of antiquity. Unless they have the sacrilegious hardihood to do so, the *t* must remain inviolate. It is understood that pending an ultimate decision, in which everybody in Poughkeepsie will concur, the postmaster of the place, in pursuance to a postal from the Postmaster-General, will deliver letters reaching his office on which the name of the county is spelled either with or without the *t*.

### A MODERN PARRHASIUS.

A recent Paris letter relates in a quiet way what if true is a story to excite the disgust and indignation of all who possess the slightest feeling of humanity. It is said that the painter Surand, whose new picture, the subject of which is taken from Flaubert's "Salammbo," contains a striking representation of the lions crucified by the Carthaginian peasantry, being asked how he obtained the singularly life-like expression of ferocity on the faces of the lions, showed in reply a number of crucified cats, which he had used as models. According to the story he went on to say that he got the idea from an old man in Paris who slaughtered cats and dogs to extract pepsin from their stomachs, and who, having adopted the plan of crucifying the animals in order to dissect them more conveniently, had incidentally observed that when subjected to this torture the cats took on an expression of ferocity which made them look like lions. Upon this hint Surand is said to have acted. Having no lions to crucify, he crucified cats, thus employing vivisection in the service of art precisely as the ancient artist Parrhasius is reported to have done.

Parrhasius, according to the tradition, tortured a human slave to catch the expression of agony. This was hardly going further than Surand, considering the differing moral standards of the two eras, and it may be doubted whether the enthusiasm of art which rendered the modern painter insensible to the cruelty of his action would not have steeled him against the suffering of higher creatures than cats, had it been open to him to repeat the experiment of the Greek artist. Between the old scoundrel who dissects live dogs and cats for their pepsin and the artist who coolly crucifies cats for the sake of the expression of ferocity their agony gives them, there is indeed no room for choice. Both actions are execrable and abominable, and it is to be hoped that the sentiment which has denounced vivisection for scientific ends will not fail to visit a just condemnation upon these literally horrible cases of cold-blooded cruelty and inhumanity.

For some time past there has been a regular annual lamentation over the alleged desertion of their pastorates by New-York ministers. It has become the custom to accuse them of rushing off to Europe or the mountains or the seaside, and woful pictures are drawn of their congregations, thus supposed to be abandoned to the Evil One during the peculiarly trying hot season. Yet a glance at the religious notices published in the TRIBUNE yesterday and this morning will show that this journal announces Sunday services in no less than fifty-seven places of worship to-day. With such a choice at his disposal the intending worshipper can hardly feel that his religious needs are unprovided for, nor can it be believed that there has been the alleged general exodus of ministers while all these churches remain open. The truth is that comparatively few pastors close their churches for the entire summer, and those who do are justified by the fact that their congregations consist mainly of people who always spend the hot season out of town.

*The Nineteenth Century* has recently opened its columns to the discussion of religion from various points of view, and the general effect of these dissertations has been very neatly summed up by *The Saturday Review*, under the head, "A Quadrangular Duel." The concluding paragraph of this article condenses the whole series of arguments tersely and intelligibly: "No Theology, anthropomorphic or otherwise, says Mr. Spencer, but an Infinite and Eternal Energy. Neither Theology nor Infinite Energy, but the truly anthropomorphic Religion of Humanity, says Mr. Harrison. Neither Energy nor Humanity, but Theology, says Mr. Ward. Certainly not Energy nor Humanity, says Sir James Stephen, and as for Theology, we shall be able to get along without it, if necessary, and shall certainly be much better without any meaningless shams in substitution for it." So the general reader pays his money and takes his choice, while the orthodox believer may comfort himself with the reflection that there is the most hopeless discord among the progressive and enterprising philosophers who are trying to build up the "Religion of the Future" by tearing down the Religion of the Past and Present.

There has been an unusual amount of rain in California this summer so far, and the last storm, which occurred a week ago, is reported to have destroyed a great deal of hay and grain. Many thousands of acres of wheat were lodged, large quantities in the shock were more or less injured, and much cut hay is supposed to have been spoiled. The weather has been almost unprecedentedly cool. Much snow has fallen this month in the Sierras, and the "oldest inhabitant" is beginning to rake up reminiscences of a wonderful cold and rainy season which occurred in 1816, when, according to tradition, no crops ripened, and the Indians would have starved but for the hospitality of the Mission Fathers, being unable to make their usual summer exodus from the plains to the mountains. This year there will doubtless be a crop in California, and a large one, but just now the farmers think that the expected surplus will be considerably reduced by the bad weather.

### TALKS ABOUT TOWN.

THE USE OF ELECTRIC INVENTIONS INCREASING.

*W. P. Swift, secretary Brush Electric Light Company, Cleveland.*—Though the summer is the dull season in electric light business, we are selling more arc lights and machines and lamps than were ever sold before at this period of the year. Our factory is busier than ever before at this season. Our company is not, I think, an exception in this respect, and this is a matter of particular public interest, because the antagonists of electric lighting have said with constant reiteration that the business was at present a craze, and would gradually drop away. The real fact is that the use of electric light apparatus is increasing all over the country just as it is in New-York City, and it is increasing abroad as rapidly as in this country. The demand seems to keep up uniformly in all directions. The storage battery, which we began to manufacture about a year ago, is going into use quite generally. We have been shipping to fill orders as fast as facilities would permit their manufacture. The electric railway invention of Messrs. Bentley & Knight, of New-York City, is about to be given its first thorough and practical test in our city, on a mile and a half extension of the Garden Street Railway. Knight and Bentley were examiners in the Patent Office.

WORKING FOR THE TICKET IN ST. LAWRENCE.

*General N. M. Curtis, of St. Lawrence.*—In my part of the State there is much enthusiasm over the Chicago nominations, and we hear very little opposition to them. About seventy young men who have never before voted at a Presidential election, have organized a live Blaine and Logan Campaign Club, in Ogdensburg, and are making some converts.

STANDING BY THE PARTY.

*C. D. Freeman, cotton and grain broker.*—My sentiments and judgment have all along been in favor of the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and I think the same is true of the most of my Republican business friends and acquaintances. But undoubtedly there was a respectable number of members of the Produce Exchange who are men of influence and have always been Republicans who were hostile to his candidacy, and felt very much "cut-up" about it when he secured the nomination. Yesterday in the quiet of the morning hours on 'Change, I talked with several of the most prominent of these men to learn what their present views were. I was surprised and greatly gratified to learn the spirit in which, almost without exception, they were now coming to view the matter. In substance their expression was this: "We didn't want Mr. Blaine; he wasn't our candidate. But the Republican party is our party and the Republican party has declared for Blaine and we shall stand by the party."

SWEETS FOR DEPARTING FRIENDS.

*John Haupt, of Hagler's.*—The newest craze in candy is a *bon voyage* basket. These baskets are fancy little articles in all sorts of designs. Some of them are made in this country, but the imported ones are the most popular. They are filled with choice confections and are presented to friends just before they sail for Europe.

BLAINE'S STRENGTH IN NEW-JERSEY.

*Colonel Fuller, of Bayonne.*—I was for Arthur until the third ballot, but since then I have been for Blaine. I am sure that he is the best and strongest candidate that the Republicans could have nominated. Be elected? Of course he will. Why, whom can the Democrats find to beat him with? Cleveland? I doubt much if he can carry New-York, and in other States he would be the weakest possible candidate. Blaine would carry New-Jersey against him by a good majority. There is no man who can defeat Blaine in New-Jersey unless it be Randall, and his own party will defeat him elsewhere.

AMERICAN APPLES AND NEW-YORK REAL ESTATE.

*Erastus Wiman, of R. G. Dun & Co.*—The last English mail brings two items of considerable interest. One is from the largest dealer in apples in Covent Garden, London, W. H. Guilliford, which states "that there is a likelihood of very large quantities of American apples being needed in Great Britain this year, advices from all parts of the country being to the effect that the apple crop is almost an entire failure. A large connection has been established among retailers in various parts of the country, and arrangements exist for the handling of considerable quantities of American apples." . . . The next item is the appearance in *The London Times* of two solid columns, consisting of a review of the building operations now going forward in New-York. The information contained is of exceeding value, especially noting the fact of two distinct departures. First, the growth of the apartment house system; and second, the development of down-town office buildings. The result of a close reading of this careful study of building in New-York cannot but favorably impress the British people with the marvellous growth and progress of this city.

### PERSONAL.

Thomas Bowman is now the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

J. Ross Robertson, Editor and publisher of *The Toronto Mail*, the leading newspaper of Ontario, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Professor Alpheus Hyatt, curator of the Boston Natural History rooms, will have charge this season of the summer School of Natural History at Annisquam.

Messrs. Beck, Edmunds and Ingalls are said to be the only present members of the United States Senate who take snuff, and they do not do so regularly.

Strong hopes are entertained of the complete recovery of the Rev. Dr. Fulton, the popular rector of St. George's Church, St. Louis, from the attack of acute mania from which he is suffering.

Mr. George W. Dillingham, the well known publisher, opens the season of fish stories auspiciously. At the outlet of Moosehead Lake, Maine, a few days ago, he struck four trout at a single cast, and landed them all. Their united weight was ten pounds. Three gentlemen, representing as many different States, were with him and witnessed the remarkable performance.

The formal opening for the season of the United States Hotel at Long Branch has just taken place under auspicious circumstances. Messrs. Pullman, of Pullman Palace Car fame, were among those present on the occasion. The register of the hotel already contains a large number of names. Mr. John J. Rogers, formerly of the Astor House, is the proprietor of the hotel.

The Messrs. William H. English, senior and junior, at last week's Congressional investigation into the lobbying by which the former secured Mr. Peelle's seat for the latter, are described respectively as a tall man with dull blue eyes, a beard naturally gray, but died black, and a face blank and solemn as a gravestone; and a young man with a black mustache, rather good looking and well dressed. The elder listened to the testimony without the least apparent concern, but the younger exhibited much interest in it, and smiled or looked sour as it went for or against his side of the case.

The celebration of Mr. Spurgeon's fiftieth birthday anniversary recalls the following well-authenticated anecdote, which has been told already in *The Manchester Examiner*, but is worth repeating again: In the early part of his ministry Spurgeon was asked to preach in a neighboring village, and when he came on the Sunday morning, Mr. Brown, the pastor, said to him: "I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach for me." "Well," he said, "I can go back." "But," said Mr. Brown, "the people have come from all parts in all kinds of vehicles," and then he put his hands under his coat-tails and asked what the world was coming to when the boys who had not got rid of the taste of their mother's milk went about preaching. However, he did preach, and Mr. Brown planted himself on the pulpit stairs. Spurgeon read a lesson from the Proverbs, and upon coming to the passage, "Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man," he said he doubted that, for he knew a man with a gray head who could hardly be civil. But the passage went on to say: "If it be found in the way of righteousness," and that, he said, was a different thing. When he came down from the pulpit Mr. Brown said to him: "Bless your heart, I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the saucicest dog that ever barked in a pulpit," and they were always good friends afterward.

### THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The Prohibitionists proclaim that no power on earth shall prevent them from fooling away their votes on a candidate of their own. The victims mentioned for the sacrifice are Dr. R. H. McDonald, ex-Governor St. John, General Clinton B. Fisk and Gideon T. Stewart.

An African belle, gorgeously attired with a red string around each ankle and a bone ring in the nose, was shocked when she read a description of the decolleté dresses worn by fashionable ladies at public receptions in London. She said it was "perfectly scandalous."—[Norristown Herald.

*The Memphis Appeal* in the course of some advice to the Tennessee Democrats mentions seven corrupt political rings which they must carefully avoid, and it seems to talk as though its advice were much needed. This is startling; people in the North have been told that the Democrats in the South were all pure and spotless.

A burglar got into the house of a lawyer the other day. After a terrible struggle the lawyer succeeded in robbing him.—[Beach and Bar.

An Inter-Ecclesiastical Congress will probably be held in New-Haven some time in the fall.

It is a rare day in June when some prodigal Republican paper does not return from a brief sojourn with husks and swine.—[Syracuse Standard.

Large shipments of Democratic harmony are now being forwarded to Chicago in refrigerator cars.

It is not the honest wish of the Democracy to have the dude chiefs with eye-glasses and an English accent run the party. An honest independent vote we are glad to have, if it will not drive away an honest Democratic vote. We want Democrats to stay.—[Albany Times.

The Democratic papers say that a great vict