THE DAILY STAR

WEDNESDAY.....AUGUST 18

THE STAR FOR THE SUMMER.

THE DAILY STAR will be mailed to persons who may be absent from the city during the summer at the rate of fifty cents per month.

SPECULATORS are said to be greasing up for a corner in oil.

THE next State election occurs September 1 in California.

AN Eastern paper wants the people who cook with kerosene exterminated. That work it seems to us is going on.

THIS is a good month for moons, there being two new ones. But we need a good deal of moon as we see so little of the sun.

THE Boston Traveller wants any man who urges that the cutting down of the forests of this country is likely to prevent rainfall, arrested as a tramp.

MR. PILLSBURY, a leading Democrat of Maine, is charging Mr. Blaine with complicity in the Credit Mobilier affair. The campaign there is very warm, but Mr. Blaine is not suffering much by these attacks.

CAPE ANN, MASS., has the ruins of a city, Dogtown, the last inhabitant of which committed suicide seventy years ago. If that city had been located in California its name would have been the making of it.

WALT WHITMAN is reported as spending his time at Camden, where he freely gives vent to his indignation at the world. If he expects to get even he will have to give vent at a rapid rate, for the world has expressed a good deal of indignation at him.

THE new rice crop has made its appearance in the Southern markets, and is mentioned as of excellent quality. The yield this year is also very abundant. This will in some parts of the South do a great deal toward the desirable kind of inflation and help make times there more prosperous.

THE watering-places report the poorest business this season that they have had for many years. This is attributable in part, without doubt, to the general depression in trade and the disposition of people to economize. But the principal cause has evidently arisen from the wet weather and the cool, pleasant breezes that have prevailed all summer, making home more desirable than the seaside or the mountains.

MAYOR WICKHAM, of New York, is, it is said, figuring for the Democratic nomination for the Vice Presidency. New York politicians have it fixed nicely. One rumor is that they intend to push Gov. Tilden for the Presidency as long as possible, and that failing, Mr. Tilden is to give way to Hendricks, when all will pull for Wickham for the second place on the ticket. Mayor Wickham's friends might as well subside. "One-dollar-and-ninety-cents-a-day is enough for the laboring man" will now be a good card for a national ticket next year.

THE telegraph yesterday informed us that cholera in Syria was abating. This was welcome news to every one, and the public will look anxiously for confirmation of the reports. India, Persia and Syria are the traditional fountain heads of cholera, and as such the breaking out of cholera in this region is the cause of no little anxiety in all parts of the world. Its disagreeable habit of traveling across into Europe, and thence to all parts of the world, have never been especially popular, but with the improved facilities for travel and the large number of vessels and people passing to different parts of the world, the means of rapid transit for cholera are especially plenty, and any announcement of Asiatic cholera in any part of the world creates genuine alarm everywhere. Another cause of especial interest displayed regarding affairs in Syria is the fact that so many Christian missions have been recently established in that country and so many of our countrymen and women are exposed to the ravages of disease. The effects of the epidemic have already been very serious and alarming, and every one will be glad to know that there is a likelihood of its disappearance. Four hundred cases were reported daily at Damascus, with no physicians nor medicine to be had. Portions of the town were entirely deserted and all the mission schools were closed and the children dispersed. The picture was a saddening one, and the line from Constantinople, "Cholera is abating in Syria," is a welcome announcement to all.

THE high rates for breadstuffs which have agitated the minds of both producer and consumer for some time, seem hardly likely to remain at their present standard for any great length of time, and the fears expressed by many of serious trouble during the winter on that account need not be longer entertained. While the European demand bids fair to be considerable, there is no likelihood that it will warrant the prices at which grain is now held. In fact the latest advices from the seaboard show that shippers are convinced that prices are above the shipping point, and that at the present rates our products can not be sent to Europe. The damage to crops in that country is not nearly so bad as at first reported, and the results of these damages are not such as to play directly into the hands of American grain raisers so completely as on former occasions. The great grain raising country of Russia is now connected by rail with Western Europe, and although portions of its crops have been damaged by drought, there will be a large surplus, and the increased railroad facilities will bring them to the needy portion quickly and at reasonable figures. Added to this is the fact that Australia had last year a surplus of three hundred thousand tons of breadstuff, and that the surplus of this year is likely to be as great. These and other facts have tended to make the condition of the foreign markets such that shippers are in many cases to-day refusing to send grain at the present rates to European ports. Freights, like the prices of grain, jumped up considerably on the announcement of a probable famine in Europe, and have had a perceptible influence in bringing about the present condition of things. The great scare concerning the injury to crops in this country also affected the prices to a considerable extent, but as the facts are becoming more widely known the feeling of danger is passing away, and although prices are being kept up and will continue to be fair, they can not remain such as to seriously affect consumers during the winter. The strip of country damaged by the continued rains and floods was very small in comparison to the whole, and not in the great wheat producing portion of the country. To this even, the damage was not so great as expected, while in the great West, where wheat is abundant, the supply is great and the surplus from last year not inconsiderable. California alone is said to have 300,000 tons of wheat for shipment. Add to this is the fact that the South has this year, for the first time, raised sufficient grain for her own use, and it will be seen that but little danger of very high rates need be anticipated. That the prices of grain will be good and a large amount exported is probable, but that there will be so great a demand as to seriously affect prices of bread here is unlikely. The demand for shipment will probably be considerable within the next few months, but it will only be enough to give a vigorous tone to the grain market and through it to other interests, and the advance of a few cents on breadstuff will be welcomed by the laborer if it opens other departments of trade by which he may find employment.

How London Amuses Itself on Sunday.

"Drearily respectable," "Profoundly solemn," "Stupidly quiet," these are the terms one hears applied to the conventional London Sunday. I think they are somewhat exaggerated. Quiet, respectable, in the ordinary acceptation of the terms, a London Sunday assuredly is; but fashion, society, rests not even with the closing of the week. There is still something to "do"—still some social pleasure or duty which is peculiar to the Sabbath. A certain veil of stillness seems to have fallen over town and "city" when you rise on Sunday morning—a sort of tranquil smile of resignation, as it were, on the streets and squares. About ten o'clock the stillness is broken in upon by the cries of street venders of fruits and vegetables, as men and boys pass beneath your windows with handcarts laden with the debris of Saturday markets. No one seems to consider their cries or occupation a desecration of the day, and for the matter of that, no one seems to think of patronizing them. They pursue their cheerful calling unencouraged and unmolested.

The services in the various churches are held at eleven o'clock. In the approved of Church of England service is less showy ritual than in the High Church of America, but much more formality, it seems to us, than in the ordinary Episcopal service at home.

Luncheon on Sunday is somewhat later than through the week, and about four o'clock we drive to the "Zoo"—a singular amusement for Sunday afternoon, but dictated by fashion. We go in at the Regent's park entrance, and down the broad walk to the outer circle, where are the entrances to the Zoological Gardens. On Sundays only "fellows" of the Society and their friends are admitted; hence the reason of its being en regle to go. Within the magic circle the animals, human and otherwise, are proudly disporting. I remember seeing a pretty girl and her cavalier before the monkey's cage, and hearing the latter, a heavy Dundreary, say, with his eye-glasses fixed upon the cage, "So nice to come here, you know, cousin Arabella, isn't it? One sees everybody one knows." Whereupon cousin Arabella smiles somewhat ironically. It is really the place to meet one's friends; and what with the "hanimals," as an energetic keeper calls them, and the band out in the park, the afternoon is pleasantly whiled away.—The Galaxy for September.

A Very Ancient Manuscript.

The Rome correspondent of the Pilot writes as follows:

Father Giuseppe Cozza, Basilian Monk of the Abbey of Grotta Ferrata, near Rome, has just made known his discovery of a very ancient manuscript copy of the Geography of Strabo. This writer flourished in the first century before Christ, traveled in many countries, and put forth strange theories of the earth. His works were written in Greek, and the Geography is the only one extant. Father Cozza found this copy of Strabo in a palimpsest, that is to say, the original writing was scraped off and the parchment, which had thus been cleaned, was used as new, and written upon again. The work of Father Cozza consisted in removing the recent writing and restoring the ancient—a work so successfully inaugurated and so productive in results, which was done for the first time by the late Cardinal Mai. The discoverer of this copy of Strabo dates it previous to the sixth century; more ancient than any of the 28 codices of Strabo known to exist, and more perfect also. It is written in three columns of 38 lines each, resembling in this the Vatican Codex, and, like that, is all in Greek capital letters. The reasons on which Father Cozza bases his deductions of age and perfection are drawn from the character of the manuscript, from its lettering, and from its containing portions omitted from other codices of Strabo.

The tomato was known in England as early as 1597, which was more than half a century after Cortes captured Mexico, so that the vegetable had plenty of time to reach Spain and spread over the rest of Europe. At that day it was called the "love apple," a name which clung to it up to the beginning of the present century, and it was cultivated as a garden curiosity because of its beauty. The Romans and Neapolitans of to-day hold to the ancient title and still call tomatoes pomi d'amore, and when the fruit is yellow, as it is sometimes in our gardens, they call it pomi d'aro

SYMPTOMS.

JOHN G. SAXE, IN GALAXY FOR SEPTEMBER.

"He is sure possessed, madam."
—Twelfth Night.

If, when you hear a certain lady's name,
You feel your pulses give a sudden start,
Or blush, as if some secret sense of shame
Had stirred, just then, the currents of your heart;
And if that name—to put it rather strong—
In euphony seems very much above
All other names—I think I can't be wrong
To venture the opinion, you're in love.

If with two ladies, on a summer day,
You sit alone, at luncheon or at tea,
And think, if one of them was but away
(A mile or so), how happy you would be;
Yet find your wits in such a giddy whirl,
You scarcely speak to her you're thinking of,
But prattle gayly with the other girl—
There's reason for supposing you're in love.

If, all at once, your amatory pen
(Which ne'er before attempted lyric lines,
Invita musa—bane of gods and men!)
To fervid song and madrigal inclines,
When in you rashly rhyme of "youth" and "truth,"
And call your subject "darling," "dove," or "love;"
Or sadly be some cruel lady's ruth—
The symptom is unfailing—you're in love.

If, of her sex no other you can find
One half so bright or beautiful as she;
If to her failings you are wholly blind
(The faults, I mean, the other people see);
If in her "pug" you see a "Grecian nose,"
And never doubt the angel band above
Are silent when she sings—you may suppose,
Beyond the slightest question, you're in love.

A SUMMER AT OAKDALE.

"Only for this once," pleaded Amy Edgeworth. "Aunt, if you only knew how tired I am of fashionable watering-places you could not say 'no.'"

Miss Edgeworth—for she was a lady of uncertain age—rolled her eyes and clasped her hands at her niece's remark.

"Oh, the degeneracy of this age!" she cried. "A child of your years to talk as if life had already lost its freshness!"

"Just think, Auntie," she continued, I have spent one season at Newport, one at Saratoga, one at Long Branch, and one at Cape May since I was fifteen years old, and not one good long visit in the real country during all that time. I want to go to some retired country village where not a beau can disturb the calm serenity of my thoughts."

"And that place—where shall it be found?" inquired Miss Edgeworth. "Ever since you have been in short clothes I have found it trouble enough to break up your flirtations."

Amy laughed.

"I am in earnest this time. I do not wish to see one of the male sex to speak to for the next six months."

"I devoutly hope your wish may be granted," responded the lady fervently, "for then I may have a season of peace; but where shall we go?"

"Oh, I know a charming spot. Annie Lander brought a number of sketches to school which she had made of a village called Oakdale—a little, sleepy place containing only about one hundred inhabitants. We'll go there."

Miss Edgeworth made no objections, and a week later they were en route for Oakdale.

"A delightful spot," Miss Edgeworth exclaimed, after they were duly settled in a dear old-fashioned farm-house. "We are encircled by mountains, shut out from the whole world by nature's own bulwarks, and no one will find us here."

"No, indeed," rejoined the laughing Amy. "Here you will have the rest you sighed for, dear aunt."

For a week everything went on smoothly. The two ladies occupied their time by sketching, riding and rowing on the little lake.

"Aunt," observed Amy, one morning, "I am going over to Glen Cove to make a sketch of that highest peak. Farmer Grey has offered to go over with me for guide."

Miss Edgeworth held up her hands in horror.

"Impossible, Amy. You will surely get hurt—perhaps killed. It is a perilous place."

"And, therefore—another reason why I should go; so goodby, auntie, your bad penny will return safe enough."

Three hours later the farmer returned, followed by a gentleman carrying Amy in his arms.

Miss Edgeworth rushed down the steps.

"Is she dead!" she cried. "Oh, what has happened?"

"Compose yourself, madam," was the response—"she is only in a swoon."

Miss Edgeworth shivered at the sound of his voice, but felt it was no time to give way to any emotion.

Amy was put to bed, a doctor called and the stranger disappeared.

Two hours later Amy was able to tell what had occurred. They were in the deepest part of the stream when she made a sudden movement, the boat upset, and she fell out. Grey was old and stout; he could not swim, and before he could render any assistance Amy had sunk twice. At that moment a stranger divested himself of part of his clothing and leaped from the cliff into the water. He rescued her and carried her home.

"You never shall leave me again," Miss Edgeworth ejaculated. "I knew you would come to grief."

On the following morning the stranger called to inquire after the young lady's health.

"We have met before," he said to Miss Edgeworth, when she thanked him in tremulous tones for her niece's life. "Do you not recognize me? I am Stephen Hayden. Please introduce me to your niece."

"I—I am happy to meet you, Mr. Hayden," she faltered.

Then leading him to where Amy was reclining in a large easy chair, looking unusually pale after her bath, she said:

"My niece, Mr. Hayden. Amy, this gentleman rescued you from death."

Mr. Hayden declined hearing anything more concerning that, expressed his pleasure at seeing her so well, and then fell into a light, easy conversation. He informed them that he was an artist, and was rusticating near Oakdale for the summer.

From that day he became the constant companion of the ladies, although a beau had been something unwished for.

As the weeks went by, Miss Edgeworth became quieter than was her wont, and would have kept apart from the pair of lovers—as she designated them—if they would have permitted it; but Amy insisted on her accompanying them on every expedition.

At last the summer was drawing to a close, and one afternoon Miss Amy stole off and left the artist and her aunt together. Miss Edgeworth fidgeted—she was annoyed; but when Mr. Hayden changed his seat and came nearer to her, a new thought stole into her brain.

"They are engaged," she whispered to herself, "and he wishes to ask my consent."

"Angie," he said softly, "I—I have lived over the past once more: I have been happier this summer than ever I expected to be again, and, it is in your power to make me happy for life; will you?"

"Yes," she said slowly, "she is worthy of you, Mr. Hayden; I give her to you, though she is all I have to love."

He looked at her.

"Who do you mean?" he asked.

"Amy."

"Amy? I was not asking for Amy. I have never had but one sweetheart in all my life, Angie, and that was yourself. You know how long and devotedly I have loved you, you will not break my heart now?"

What could she say? For this man she had lived single, and should have until her death: could she refuse his love when offered?

"But Amy, Stephen—she—perhaps she loves you?"

"No, indeed, she does not," retorted a merry voice. "Amy Edgeworth wants no beaus this summer." Then, in a quieter manner, she came and knelt down beside them, taking a hand in each of hers.

"I have a little confession to make," she said softly, and a little story to tell. Our old housekeeper told me one day how a poor young artist won Angie Edgeworth's heart; that her haughty father offered to her either to stay at home and give him up, or accept him and go forth disinherited. She chose to remain at home, not because she feared poverty, but because she had promised her dying brother that she would never forsake his motherless babe. And faithfully she kept that promise, breaking her own heart to become a mother to it. Then, dear auntie, I vowed if ever I could restore your lover to you I would do it. A friend of mine accidentally informed me that Stephen Hayden, the celebrated artist, was going up to Oakdale among the mountains, and that is why I preferred the country to Saratoga."

"You sly sunbeam," Miss Edgeworth exclaimed.

"You blessed girl," said Stephen Hayden, as he imprinted a kiss on her cheek, "you do not know how jealous I have been of you for years."

When they returned to the city there was a fashionable wedding, and a bridal tour to Europe, and Amy Edgeworth accompanied them.

The French Political Future.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows:

A STRANGE RUMOR

has lately obtained circulation, to the effect that the Premier Buffet has been intriguing to bring about the resignation of President MacMahon and the elevation of the Duc d'Aumale to the Presidency. An indignant denial is, of course, given to the accusation by the organs of the Ministry, but it may be doubted whether the Vice President of the Council, supported as he is by Orleanist votes, is not indirectly playing into the hands of the party with which he was identified.

THE DUC D'AUMALE

holds toward French conservatives who are not Bonapartists very much the position which was held by his father toward moderate Liberals under the Restoration. He is the constitutional chief whom they have agreed to honor, though not to obey; in other words, they wish to make use of his great name to serve their ends, and especially to threaten MacMahon with a successor, just as Thiers was threatened with MacMahon. Indeed, that he will sooner or later take the place of the Marshal seems highly probable. In all likelihood the Duc d'Aumale will be elected President of the new Senate. He will thus fill the most dignified situation in the Republic, and with a very little tact—of which the Duke has plenty—he will win golden opinions. Meanwhile the next general election will almost certainly result in the return of a republican majority to the Lower Chamber, and Marshal MacMahon will one day find himself face to face with the alternative of accepting

M. GAMBETTA AS HIS PRIME MINISTER,

or resigning, unless he should take a third course, of which the precedents are familiarly known as "the 18th of Brumaire" and "the 2d of December." But the hero of Magenta would shrink from becoming the hero of a street massacre. Nor, on the other hand, would he care to sit as a lay figure in a radical Cabinet over which his Presidency would be purely nominal. He would prefer to abdicate his powers. As, however, the Senators and Deputies together, convened in a National Assembly, will elect the President under the constitution now being enacted, the republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies will be swamped by the conservative majority in the Senate, and a conservative Chief of the State will be chosen, although he may be compelled to surround himself with liberal Ministers. Such a Presidency the Duc d'Aumale might well be disposed to accept till the Comte de Paris becomes the head of the House of Bourbon. Then a new era may begin in the history of France.

Finger Rings.

Rings, which are now looked on merely as ornaments, without meaning, except in the cases of the wedding and engaged rings, were formerly thought to be full of occult significance. Certain stones represented virtues, and others were famed for their magical value. The Poles believe that each month of the year is under the influence of a precious stone, which exerts its power over the destiny of any person born during the period of its sway. It is therefore, customary among friends and lovers to make reciprocal presents of trinkets, ornamented with the natal stones. The following is a list of the stones peculiar to each month, with meanings: January—Garnet: constancy and fidelity. February—Amethyst: sincerity. March—Bloodstone: courage and presence of mind. April—Diamond: innocence. May—Emerald: success in love. June—Agate: health and long life. July—Carnelian: contented mind. August—Sardonyx: conjugal felicity. September—Chrysolite: antidote against madness. October—Opal: hope. November—Topaz: fidelity. December, Turquoise: prosperity.

Disease a Help to the Intellect.

In his "Enigmas of Life," Mr. Greg, the well-known English essayist, takes the ground that bodily pain and disease are not only compatible with, but may directly contribute to, the loftiest efforts of the intellect, sometimes positively enhancing its powers—that the effect of some disorders and of certain sorts of pain upon the nerves is to produce a cerebral excitation, and that the stimulus thus communicated to the material organ of thought renders it for the time capable of unusual effort. Mr. Greg asserts that men under the stirring influence of severe pain are capable of a degree of imaginative and ratiocinative brilliancy which astonishes themselves and all who have known them in ordinary moods of comfort, torpid faculties becoming vigorous and sparkling, forgotten knowledge being recovered, and marvelous gleams of insight being vouchsafed them. The wonderful eloquence of Robert Hall is believed to have been greatly owing to the stimulating influence of a terrible spinal malady. Dr. Connolly mentions a gentleman whose mental faculties never reached their full power except under the irritation of a blister. Such instances as these are regarded by Mr. Greg as fully corroborating theory.

In Kansas, recently, two young ladies having retired early, were awakened with an urgent request to attend a social gathering of friends, and in just fourteen minutes they appeared before their escorts completely arrayed in fashionable attire. This is the best time on record.

GOSSIP.

It is a wise provision of nature that men without brains never feel the need of them.

The hair from a lady's braid should never be worn on the lapel of a gentleman's coat, unless the parties are engaged.

Say what you will against narrow skirts, it is easier for a lady and gentleman to walk under one umbrella than it used to be.

It is singular that mineral waters are only beneficial to the wealthy. We never knew a physician to advise a poor man to go to any watering-place.

A Chicago barber cleared $8,000 last year. The secret of his success was that he employed mutes, and didn't offer his customers any "Patent Invigorator."

A colossal statue of Arminius or Hermann, who exterminated the legions of Varus, nine years before our era, will be erected at Detmold, Westphalia, this week.

The Delaware peach-growers complain of a most disastrous beginning to their season. What cost them to get to market 75 cents a crate, they are selling for 30 and 40 cents.

To-day you will please understand that on the outside of the Black Hills is hung a placard similar to the one that adorns a well-regulated billiard saloon: "No miners allowed in here."

A Massachusetts robin redbreast and his noisy wife have been startled by the appearance of three little white robins in their home nest, and the hitherto confiding pair look suspiciously at each other.

Shearman says that Beecher doesn't kiss any more than any other preacher. This makes the annual number of clerical kisses in the United States 27,295,486, without counting the legitimate domestic circle.—Graphic.

Madame de Stael wrote on an album, recently delivered, "When two beings truly love each other, they obey without knowing, and that state of mutual dependence constitutes the warmest and mildest of tyrannies."

The St. Louis Globe estimates that there are 400,000 dogs in the State of Missouri, and that they represent a waste of $80,000,000, and, invested at compound interest, their worthlessness would pay off the national debt before 1900.

It is now fashionable in New York to have a big negro carry the family infant around in place of the nurse or governess. If some aristocratic fool should go to church barefooted, there'd by lots of other fools to follow his example.

If a young man sits up too late with his sweetheart out at Haddonfield, the old folks come into the parlor, and, with a refinement of sarcasm, invite him to wait a few minutes longer and breakfast will be ready.

A pious minister in South Carolina, but a great believer in weather signs, was asked to petition the throne of grace for refreshing showers. He replied, "My friends, I will do so, but it is not going to rain till the moon changes."

"Warm hearts are what we want now," said one of the brethren, twirling a ten-cent stamp with an air of reckless benevolence, "plenty of warm hearts, that will inspire ready hands to dive deep into full pockets and fork over the balance of that $100,000."—Brooklyn Argus.

"I'll teach you to call me old Polonius," said a quite vigorous old gentleman who had hastily taken a forward boy in a favorable position across his knee. "What do you think of it now, and now?" said the old man, growing weary of convincing the boy. "I think, sir," blubbered the boy, "that it is very like a whale."

"Ouida" is at present residing in Florence, in much style and splendor, occupying superb apartments and driving out daily in an elegant open carriage. She is a woman somewhere on the shady side of forty, with abundant yellow hair but with no other pretensions to personal attractions, except a very small and shapely foot, which she is extremely fond of displaying.

Pleasant all round—Master Willie (who has just been described by visitor as "such an intelligent little fellow"): "Papa, has the gen'lum brought my new boots?" Papa (who doesn't see what is coming): "Boots, Willie? Why, what makes you ask?" Master Willie: "'Cause, when he came 'fore, you said he was a snob, and I asked Jane what a 'snob' was, and she said a shoemaker." [Sensation.]—Judy.

Large quantities of witch hazel are being cut in the wooded country north of Little Falls, N. Y., which is drawn to that village, where it passes through some process before it is shipped to Europe and elsewhere to be used for medicinal purposes. The hazel is worth $6 per ordinary wagon load, and people who had always regarded the saplings as worthless are now realizing a handsome revenue from its sale.

Newport takes pride in the fact that there are no race courses there, and her oracles of opinion declare emphatically that they would not be tolerated. Hotel keepers meanwhile mutter under their breath that the races are a godsend to Saratoga and migut be something to Newport—to Newport hotels at least—that would make amends for the injury to her stainless repute.

A middle-aged woman fell as she was descending a pair of stairs on Jefferson avenue, yesterday, (says an exchange,) and the first man to help her reach her feet was a banker, who happened to be passing. "Did you fall, madam?" he inquired, as he seized her arm. "Fall? Of course I fell, you fool, you! You don't suppose I'd sit down here to rest, do you?" she snapped. He didn't say.

Hedges.

Arbor vitæ and other evergreen hedges which have not already received their annual clipping, should be attended to now without delay. Keep the top down and induce a thick bottom growth. The wider a hedge is at the bottom, the better light it gets, and the healthier it will be. A pair of shears costing from two to three dollars will be found very convenient, both for trimming hedges and clipping grass borders, but an old scythe fastened to a short, straight stick for a handle, leaving about half of the cutting edge beyond the stick, will be found not a bad tool for shortening in the tender ends of evergreens. Some gardeners prefer it to the shears, believing they can cut more evenly and much more rapid, but a neglected one is a perpetual eyesore.

The Spanish Government has made a levy of one hundred thousand men to suppress the Carlists and the Cuban rebels at the same time. Of these new levies, ninety thousand are to remain in Spain, and ten thousand are to proceed to Cuba. If the levy is fully made and completely armed, the war in the home country will doubtless be much shortened, and that in Cuba be proportionally lengthened. Where the men are to come from, though, is not easy to foresee. The war has continued so long that those who are not soldiers are either brigands or private thieves. It would be difficult to make a levy of either of these classes, and far more so to make honest soldiers of them, even if drafted and enlisted.—Globe-Democrat.

COSMOLINE.

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

	Depart, Cin'ti.	Arrive, Cin'ti.	Arrive Dest'on
New York Ex daily..	9:40A.M.	5:20A.M.	7:20P.M
New York Ex daily..	9:50P.M.	5:00P.M.	6:50A.M

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 4 minutes slow.

Louisville Ex daily	5:55A.M.	6:40P.M.	10:30A.M
Louisville (ex Sun)..	3:00P.M.	12:15P.M.	7:45P.M
Louisville (daily)....	7:00P.M.	135A.M.	11:40P.M

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Park'b'g (ex Sun)....	8:35A.M.	2:30P.M.	5:00P.M
Park'b'g Ex daily...	8:30P.M.	5:25A.M.	3:20A.M
Park'b'g Ex daily...	11:10P.M.	7:10P.M.	6:50A.M
Chillicothe Ac.....	3:20P.M.	9:20A.M.	8:00P.M
Hillsboro Ac.....	3:20P.M.	9:20A.M.	6:20P.M
Loveland Ac.....	11:15A.M.	6:46A.M.	12:25P.M
Loveland Ac.....	5:10P.M.	7:55A.M.	6:35P.M
Loveland Ac.....	6:30P.M.	5:45P.M.	7:50P.M

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore (ex Sun)..	8:35A.M.	5:35A.M.	8:40A.M
Baltimore, daily.....	8:30P.M.	2:30P.M.	6:00P.M
Baltimore Ex daily..	11:10P.M.	6:00P.M.	10:25P.M

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS.

Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore Ex daily..	7:45A.M.	5:15A.M.	8:40A.M
Baltimore Ex.....	7:05P.M.	6:50P.M.	10:25P.M

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

Depot, Mill and Front. Time, 12 minutes slow.

St. Louis Mail.....	6:20A.M.	10:30P.M.	10:30P.M.
St. Louis Ex.....	8:20A.M.	7:15P.M.	7:25P.M.
St. Louis Ex daily..	7:25P.M.	8:10A.M.	6:15A.M.
Louisville Mail.....	6:20A.M.	1:10P.M.	1:20P.M.
Louisville Ex.....	8:20A.M.	8:10A.M.	1:20P.M.
Louisville Ex daily Except Sunday....	2:45P.M.	7:15P.M.	8:10P.M.
Louisville Ex daily..	7:25P.M.	8:10A.M.	12:45A.M.
Osgood Ac.....	5:15P.M.	7:55A.M.	8:23P.M.
Aurora Ac Sunday only.....	8:20A.M.	6:15P.M.	9:45A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.

Depot—Fifth and Hoadly. Time—7 minutes fast.

Dayton Ex. daily....	9:40A.M.	5:00P.M.	11:55A.M.
Dayton Ex. daily....	9:50P.M.	5:20A.M.	12:05A.M.
Toledo Ex.....	7:10A.M.	10:25P.M.	4:20P.M.
Toledo Ex. daily....	9:50P.M.	5:20A.M.	6:25A.M.
Toledo Ac.....	3:30P.M.	8:55P.M.	11:55P.M.
Indianapolis Ac.....	7:30A.M.	10:25P.M.	12:25P.M.
Indianapolis Ac.....	1:40P.M.	12:01A.M.	6:45P.M.
Indianapolis (ex Sat.)	7:00P.M.	12:55P.M.	6:25P.M.
Richmond Ac.....	2:30P.M.	12:55P.M.	7:40P.M.
Connersville Ac.....	4:20P.M.	8:40A.M.	7:55P.M.
Chicago Ex.....	7:30A.M.	9:25P.M.	8:40P.M.
Chicago Ex daily....	7:00P.M.	8:35A.M.	7:40A.M.
Dayton Ac.....	5:30P.M.	9:40A.M.	7:55P.M.
Hamilton Ac.....	9:15A.M.	12:55P.M.	10:25A.M.
Hamilton Ac.....	6:25P.M.	7:55A.M.	7:45P.M.
Hamilton Ac.....	11:30P.M.	6:45A.M.	12:45A.M.
Hamilton Ac.....	4:30P.M.	7:10P.M.	5:30P.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND INDIANAPOLIS.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Indianapolis Ac.....	7:30A.M.	10:30P.M.	12:55P.M.
Indianapolis Ac.....	1:00P.M.	12:30A.M.	6:01A.M.
Indianapolis (ex Sat.)	7:00P.M.	12:55P.M.	12:45P.M.
Connersville Ac.....	4:20P.M.	9:10A.M.	7:25P.M.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND CHICAGO.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Chicago Ex.....	7:30A.M.	9:25P.M.	8:00P.M.
Richmond Ac.....	2:30P.M.	12:55P.M.	7:40P.M.
Chicago Ex daily....	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	7:40A.M.

GRAND RAPIDS AND INDIANA.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Grand Rapids Ac....	7:30A.M.	9:25P.M.	9:35P.M.
Grand Rap'ds ex Sat.	7:00P.M.	8:55A.M.	10:00A.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Boston Ex.....	7:00A.M.	5:00P.M.	4:50P.M.
Cleveland Ex.....	10:50A.M.	9:30P.M.	9:55P.M.
New York Ex daily..	9:40P.M.	5:15A.M.	7:00A.M.
Springfield Ac.....	8:50A.M.	3:50P.M.	11:40A.M.
Springfield Ac.....	3:45P.M.	9:20A.M.	7:35P.M.
Dayton Ac.....	5:30P.M.	7:45A.M.	8:50P.M.
Sharon Ac.....	6:40P.M.	6:35A.M.	7:30P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND COLUMBUS.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Columbus Ex.....	7:00A.M.	9:20P.M.	11:15A.M.
Columbus Ex.....	10:50A.M.	3:50P.M.	3:55P.M.
Columbus Ac.....	3:45P.M.	9:30P.M.	10:10P.M.

CINCINNATI AND SANDUSKY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Sandusky Ex.....	8:50A.M.	5:00P.M.	4:40P.M.
Bellefontaine Ac.....	3:45P.M.	9:15A.M.	9:30P.M.
Sandusky Ex daily..	9:40P.M.	5:15A.M.	7:30A.M.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LAFAYETTE.

Depot, Pearl and Plum.			City time.
Indianapolis Mail....	7:45A.M.	12:15P.M.	12:35P.M.
Lafayette Mail.....	7:45A.M.	12:15P.M.	3:30P.M.
Chicago Ex.....	7:45A.M.	10:35P.M.	8:30P.M.
St. Louis Mail.....	7:15A.M.	9:40P.M.	10:30P.M.
Evansville Mail.....	7:45A.M.	9:40P.M.	8:55P.M.
Cairo Mail.....	7:45A.M.	9:40P.M.	3:00A.M.
Martinsville Ac.....	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	8:15P.M.
Indianapolis Ex.....	2:10P.M.	9:40P.M.	6:35P.M.
Lafayette Ex.....	2:10P.M.	9:40P.M.	9:35P.M.
Peoria Ex.....	2:10P.M.	8:45A.M.	3:00A.M.
Quincy Ex.....	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	9:15A.M.
Kansas City Ex.....	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	6:45P.M.
Ind. Fast Line daily.	7:00P.M.	8:15A.M.	11:10P.M.
Lafayette F. L., daily	7:00P.M.	8:45A.M.	2:30A.M.
Chicago F. L., daily	7:00P.M.	8:45A.M.	7:15A.M.
St. Louis F. L., daily	7:00P.M.	8:35A.M.	7:35A.M.
Peoria Fast Line....	7:00P.M.	10:55P.M.	9:40A.M.
Quincy Fast Line...	7:00P.M.	9:40P.M.	1:20P.M.
Kansas City F. L....	7:00P.M.	9:40P.M.	1:10A.M.
Greensburg Ac.....	3:30P.M.	12:15P.M.	6:40P.M.
Lawrenceburg.....	6:10P.M.	8:00A.M.	7:25P.M.
Valley Junction	10:30P.M.	6:50A.M.	11:55P.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac...	9:50A.M.	1:45P.M.	11:10A.M.

WHITEWATER VALLEY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum.			City time.
Cambridge City Ac.	7:00A.M.	6:53P.M.	11:58A.M.
Hagerstown Ac.....	4:45P.M.	9:30A.M.	9:30P.M.
Connersville Ac.....	7:00A.M.	9:30A.M.	10:22A.M.
Connersville Ac.....	4:45P.M.	6:53P.M.	8:23P