THE DAILY STAR

THURSDAY.....SEPTEMBER 2

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.

THE weather continues to aid in an inflation of the corn crop.

IT NOW transpires that even the Pennsylvania delegation will not be solid for Randall for Speaker.

CHICAGO prides herself that the vote of a councilman in that city is sometimes rated as high as one thousand dollars.

THE grasshoppers have committed such devastation in Big Valley, California, that the people are apprehensive of a famine.

WHEN the Commercial speaks of strong places on the Democratic ticket, it evidently forgets Aaron Hopper, for County Commissioner.

AN Indiana editor who carefully read one of Judge Kelley's speeches concludes that the orator was badly overreached by an Indianapolis bar-keeper.

THE new railway between New York and Philadelphia is to be completed by the first of next March, in time to be all in order for the great Exposition.

GRASSHOPPERS have again made their appearance in some parts of the West in great numbers, and another excitement of that kind is promised before frost.

SENATOR MORTON calls Kelley "a gushing, sloppy tourist," and if the lightning-tongued Pennsylvanian has anything to say in reply to this he should not omit saying it in his Cincinnati effort.

THE London illustrated papers are here with groups of the heads of the great heads of cities that attended the Lord Mayor's banquet. Now more than ever we mourn that our municipal father was not invited.

LOUISVILLE and Chicago will both have "Expositions." Every second-rate town that gets up a pretty good fair calls it an Exposition, and every concert of any pretensions is known as a "Musical Festival."

STATISTICS show that the death rate is greater in New York and in Nashville, Tenn., than in any other cities of the United States. The rate for Nashville is 37.69 per thousand per annum, while New York reaches the enormous figures of 42.10 per thousand.

THE BANKS on the Pacific coast are preparing to resume business, and general quietness is being restored in the financial circles of that section. It speaks well for the business of California that such an excitement in financial affairs should not cause a single important business failure. In most other cities of the country such a state of affairs as occurred in California would have been followed by daily announcements of heavy business failures for months afterwards.

AND now the Des Moines Register comes to the front with its idiotic story of the Donaldson and Grimwood voyage. It claims to have found a tramp in that city who was with the hippodrome and knew Donaldson well. This tramp says, or is made to say, that Donaldson is alive and now conducting the balloon business for Barnum, under the name of "Sailor Ned;" that at the ascension a terrible gale was encountered, and that Donaldson cut the basket loose and let Grimwood fall in order to save himself, and that he joined the show just before it reached St. Louis.

GEORGE A. SMITH, the Mormon leader who died yesterday, has figured long and conspicuously in the church and councils of the Latter Day Saints. He was an intelligent and sharp old fraud, and was one of Brigham Young's right-hand men. His death is doubtless greatly deplored by the Mormons. Mr. Smith was fifty years old at the time of his death, and leaves five wives and something over thirty children to mourn his demise. His funeral will take place under the auspices of the Mormon Church, and members from all parts of the surrounding country are instructed to report at Salt Lake, to-morrow, to take part in the ceremonies.

THE Convention yesterday was tedious and noisy, but, upon the whole, did its work about as well as there was any reason to expect. Tom Stephens won the prize of a nomination for Treasurer, to the surprise of a good many Democrats, who calculated wildly in estimating his strength and powers of manipulation. It was generally believed that John Schiff would be the successful aspirant, on account of the strength he could have brought to the ticket from the ranks of the German voters. Jack Noble, for Auditor, was not a surprise. He is an old politician, and has a powerful backing in his party. Aaron Hopper, for County Commissioner, was an excellent selection. His election will put a reliable man in a position where such a one is badly needed. With Sater and Hopper in the Board of County Commissioners the people of Hamilton county need have no fears for the manner in which the affairs of the county will be administered, so far as they pertain to this important branch of our county government. Opinions as to Mr. Kellerman's fitness for the position of Infirmary Director seem to be unsettled. The Senatorial ticket is rather a good one, while that for Representatives may be classed as "mixed." There are a few good names, but it is not, as a whole, such a representation as Hamilton county requires in the next House of Representatives. The renomination of Judge Matson was a very proper action for the Convention to take, and whether he or his opponent be elected the people are sure of the services of a competent and suitable officer. The ticket as made will prove a pretty satisfactory one for the party. There are on it some weak names, but the independent voter will rejoice that with the two tickets before him, and a lead pencil convenient, he can make up one of his own that will meet the requirements of the present state of affairs in the county, and such a one will in all probability be successful at the polls. It is very safe to conclude that neither of the tickets will be elected entire, and quite as safe to say that neither ought to be.

The German Press on Yesterday's Convention.

[From the Freie Presse.]

The Democratic County Convention yesterday nominated a ticket with which the Republicans can freely console themselves. It was a Convention of Bourbons, that is, a Convention of people, who have neither learned nor forgotten anything. The Democrats had an opportunity of taking advantage of the slight mistakes of the Republican Convention by putting up a good ticket. They have not done so, but through their total ignorance nominated a ticket which will not inspire the confiding German Democrats.

The German element has been ignominiously ignored. Mr. John Schiff, who appeared before the Convention as a prominent German Democrat, being butchered in an insulting manner, and on the whole lengthy ticket but two or three German names are found. As said to us, it is satisfactory.

[From the Volksfreund.]

The Democratic Convention, which took place yesterday, was one of the largest county conventions which even the oldest Democrats have ever witnessed, and, as some of them say, it was also the most noisy.

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Of the resolutions, that against all "sumptuary laws," &c., is the one which pleases us the most. This resolution is so clear and plain that every lover of personal freedom can be satisfied with it.

It does great honor to the convention that they began with the nomination of candidates to the Legislature. But whether they have been successful and have nominated a good ticket for the Legislature, we refrain from saying, but do not hesitate to say that several of the nominations are excellent. The ticket for the Senate is unobjectionable, and we could not have desired a better.

Mr. Stahl is one of our best German citizens. Outside of Mr. Stahl, the Germans Knell and Greene are also on the ticket.

The Liberals can not complain, as immediately at the first ballot for the House three Liberal Republicans were nominated, viz: Moses F. Wilson, James Maloney and John J. Gegnan, author of the well-known "Gegnan Bill." Wilson is a strong candidate, as also Messrs. Knell, Armstrong, Huston and Garrison.

On the County ticket the Germans have only received the office of County Infirmary Director; the nominated candidate, Mr. Ketterman, is, by good authority, described as an excellent man.

The nomination of Judge Matson for Probate Judge is exceedingly good. Judge Matson has, during the term of his administration, made a very great number of friends, especially among the Germans, and he has shown that he possesses every ability which is necessary to that position.

[From the Volksblatt.]

For Probate Judge, as was expected, Judge Matson received the nomination by acclamation. Judge Matson is at present occupying the above office, and is without doubt a strong candidate.

Mr. Noble had, as we predicted, the nomination in his grasp, and could not be pulled out of the saddle. He is an old Democratic politician, but, in regard to the office, he has not the chance that Humphreys has.

The nomination for County Commissioner is pretty good. It fell to Mr. Hopper, who resides in the Eastern part of the county, and is said to be a good man.

The nomination of Mr. Ketterman as Director of the Infirmary, appears to us to be not especially appropriate.

The contest for the better positions, viz., that of Treasurer, resulted in a victory for Mr. Stephens, who, last spring, distinguished himself by his renowned letter, in which he claimed the German vote, on the ground that for ten long years he kept a saloon.

In relation to the Legislature, the ticket for Senators is very good, but that for Representatives very poor. There are some good names upon it, but the greater part is composed of weak material.

Methods of Physical Culture.

At a meeting of the alumni of Amherst College, Dr. Nathan Allen made some remarks upon physical culture, showing that by right it must form an essential part of a college curriculum. He instituted a comparison between boating and ball-playing on the one hand and gymnastics on the other, and said that while the former are calculated to awaken public interest on the subject of physical culture, and to improve the physical condition of great numbers, yet as a means of health they are not the best adapted for the scholar. They call into exercise chiefly certain muscles of the chest, the spine and the limbs, and when long continued produce an abnormal development of these particular muscles at the expense of other muscles. But health rather depends upon an harmonious development of the whole body. Then, too, the exercise of boating and ball-playing become at times so violent and protracted as to cause congestion in the vital organs, resulting in serious diseases and endangering life. Furthermore, these exercises can be carried on only by a few individuals, in pleasant weather and at particular seasons—circumstances which render them unsuitable to the student.

With gymnastics it is very different. These can be carried on daily and systematically by all, with little loss of time or risk of injury to person or to good morals. They can be so varied as to call into exercise every muscle of the body, and, if need be, strengthen the weak parts and repress those in excess. While they are calculated to improve the general health, by producing a well-balanced organization, they aim to bring all the physical forces of the system into the most favorable condition for study and mental improvement. They tend to bring about the greatest possible harmony of action in every part, especially between the physical and mental, so that the machinery of body and mind shall work to the best advantage.—Popular Science Monthly.

Peter Cooper designed the first locomotive that was ever turned out on this continent, and was the first to roll wrought iron beams for fire-proof buildings.

A STORY I AM INCLINED TO BELIEVE.

Late one night in June two gentlemen arrived at the Villa Hotel of the Baths of Lucca. They stepped from the low britzka in which they traveled, and leaving a servant to make arrangements for their lodging, linked arms and strolled up the road toward the banks of the Lima.

A lady, with a servant following her a little distance, passed the travelers on the bridge of the Lima. She dropped her veil and went by in silence. But the Freyherr felt the arm of his friend tremble within his own.

"Do you know her, then?" asked Von Leisten.

"By the thrill in my veins we have met before," said Clay; "but whether this involuntary sensation was pleasurable or painful, I have not yet decided. There are none I care to meet—none who can be here." He added the last few words after a moment's pause, and sadly.

They walked on in silence to the base of the mountain, busy each with such coloring as the moonlight threw on their thoughts, but neither of them was happy.

It was two o'clock that night. The moon lay broad upon the southern balconies of the hotel, and every casement was open to its luminous and fragrant stillness. Clay and the Freyherr Von Leisten, each in his apartment, were awake, unwilling to lose the luxury of the night. And there was one other under that roof, waking, with her eyes fixed on the moon.

As Clay leaned his head on his hand, and looked outward to the sky, his heart began to be troubled. There was a point in the path of the moon's rays where his spirit turned back. There was an influence abroad in the dissolving moonlight around him which resistlessly awakened the past—the sealed but unforgotten past. He could not single out the emotion. He knew not whether it was fear or hope—pain or pleasure. He called, through the open window, to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr, like himself, and like all who have outlived the effervescence of life, was enamored of the night. A moment of unfathomable moonlight was dearer to him than hours disenchanted with the sun. He, too, had been looking outward and upward, but with no trouble at his heart.

"The night is inconceivably sweet," he said, as he entered, "and your voice called in my thought and sense from the intoxication of a revel. What would you, my friend?"

"I am restless, Von Leisten! There is some one near us whose glances cross mine on the moonlight, and agitate and perplex me. Yet there is but one on earth deep enough in the life-blood of my being to move me thus, even were she here. And she is not here!"

His voice trembled and softened, and the last word was scarce audible on his closing lips, for the Freyherr had passed his hands over him while he spoke, and he had fallen into the trance of the spirit world.

Clay and Von Leisten had retired from the active passions of life together, and had met and mingled at that moment of void and thirst when each supplied the want of the other. The Freyherr was a German noble, of a character passionately poetic, and of singular acquirement in the mystic fields of knowledge. Too wealthy too need labor, and too proud to submit his thoughts or his attainments to the criticism or judgment of the world, he lavished on his own life, and on those linked to him in friendship, the strange powers he had acquired, and the prodigal overflow of his daily thought and feeling. Clay was his superior, perhaps, in genius, and necessity had driven him to develop the type of his inner soul, and leave its impress on the time; but he was inferior to Von Leisten in the power of will, and he lay in his control like a child in his mother's. Four years they had passed together—much of it in the secluded castle of Von Leisten, busied with the occult studies to which the Freyherr was secretly devoted—but traveling down to Italy to meet the luxurious summer, and dividing their lives between the enjoyment of nature and the ideal world they had unlocked. Von Leisten had lost, by death, the human altar on which his heart could alone burn the incense of love, and Clay had flung aside in an hour of intoxicated passion that one pure affection in which his happiness was sealed—and both were desolate.

The Freyherr released the entranced spirit of his friend, and bade him follow back the rays of the moon to the source of his agitation.

A smile crept slowly over the sleeper's lips.

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In an apartment flooded with the silver luster of the night, reclined, in an invalid's chair, propped with pillows, a woman of singular though most fragile beauty. Books and music lay strewn around, and a lamp, subdued to the tone of the moonlight by an orb of alabaster, burned beside her. She lay bathing her blue eyes in the round oualies of the moon. A profusion of brown ringlets fell over the white dress that enveloped her, and her oval cheek lay supported on the palm of her hand, and her bright red lips were parted. The pure yet passionate spell of that soft night possessed her.

Over her leaned the disembodied spirit of him who had once loved her—praying to God that his soul might be so purified as to mingle unstartlingly, unrepulsively, in hallowed harmony with hers. And presently he felt the coming of angels toward him, breathing into the deepest abysses of his existence a tearful and purifying sadness. And with a tremblling aspiration of grateful humility to his Maker, he stooped to her forehead, and with his impalpable lips impressed upon its snowy tablet a kiss.

It seemed to Eve Gore a thought of the past that brought the blood suddenly to her cheek. She started from her reclining position, and, removing the obscuring shade from her lamp, arose and crossed her hands upon her wrists and paced thoughtfully to and fro. Her lips murmured inarticulately. But the thought, painfully though it came, changed unaccountably to a melancholy sweetness, and, subduing her lamp again, she resumed her steadfast gaze upon the moon.

Ernest knelt beside her, and with his invisible brow bowed upon her hand, poured forth, in the voiceless language of the soul, his memories of the past, his hope, repentance, his pure and passionate adoration at the present hour.

And thinking she had been in a sweet dream, yet wondering at its truthfulness and power, Eve wept, silently and long. As the morning touched the east, slumber weighed upon her moistened eyelids, and kneeling by her bedside she murmured her gratitude to God for a heart relieved of a burden long borne, and so went peacefully to her sleep.

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It was in the following year and in the beginning of May. The gay world of England was concentrated in London, and at the entertainments of noble houses there were many beautiful women and many marked men. The Freyherr Von Leisten, after years of absence, had appeared again, his mysterious and undeniable superiority of mien and influence again yielded to, as before, and again bringing to his feet the homage and deference of the crowd he moved among. To his inscrutable power the game of society was easy, and he walked where he would through its barriers of form.

He stood one night looking on at a dance. A lady of a noble air was near him, and both were watching the movements of the loveliest woman present, a creature in radiant health, apparently about twenty-three, and of matchless fascination of person and manner. Von Leisten turned to the lady near him to inquire her name, but his attention was arrested by the resemblance between her and the object of his admiring curiosity, and he was silent.

The lady had bowed before he withdrew his gaze, however.

"I think we have met before!" she said; but the next instant a slight flush of displeasure came to her cheek, and she seemed regretting that she had spoken.

"Pardon me!" said Von Leisten, "but—if the question be not rude—do you remember where?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I have recalled it since I have spoken," she continued, "but as the remembrance of the person who accompanied you always gives me pain, I would willingly have unsaid it. One evening of last year, crossing the bridge of the Lima—you were walking with Mr. Clay. Pardon me—but, though I left Lucca with my daughter, on the following morning, and saw you no more, the association, or your appearance, had imprinted the circumstance on my mind."

"And is that Eve Gore?" said Von Leisten, musingly gazing on the beautiful creature now gliding with light step to her mother's side.

But the Freyherr's heart was gone to his friend.

As the burst of the waltz broke in upon the closing of the quadrille, he offered his hand to the fair girl, and as they moved round with the entrancing music, he murmured in her ear, "He who came to you in the moonlight of Italy will be with you again, if you are alone, at the rising of to-night's late moon. Believe the voice that then speaks to you."

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It was with implacable determination that Mrs. Gore refused to the entreaties of Von Leisten, a renewal of Clay's acquaintance with her daughter. Resentment for the apparent recklessness with which he had at once sacrificed her maiden love for an unlawful passion—scornful unbelief of any change in his character—distrust of the future tendency of the powers of his genius—all mingled together in a hostile proof against persuasion. She had expressed this with all the positiveness of language, when her daughter suddenly entered the room. It was the morning after the ball, and she had risen late, but though subdued and pensive in her air, Von Leisten saw at a glance that she was happy.

"Can you bring him to me?" said Eve, letting her hand remain in Von Listen's and bending her deep blue eyes inquiringly on his.

And with no argument but tears and caresses, and an unexplained assurance of her conviction of the repentant purity and love of him to whom her heart was once given, the confiding and strong-hearted girl bent, at last, the stern will that forbade her happiness. Her mother unclasped the slight arms from her neck, and gave her hand in silent consent to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr stood a moment with his eyes fixed on the ground. The color fled from his cheeks, and his brow moisten d.

"I have called him!" he said—"he will be here!"

An hour elapsed, and Clay entered the house. He had risen from a bed of sickness, and came, pale and in terror—for the spirit-summons was powerful. But Von Leisten welcomed him at the door with a smile, and withdrew the mother from the room, and left Ernest alone with his future bride—the first union, save in spirit, after years of separation.

Nurse Appleby.

Somebody in the South sends us this little picture of an old colored woman, drawn from life.

Dear old Nurse Appleby—with her clean gingham gown, her smooth check apron, and her gay cotton handkerchief tied in a jaunty knot over her forehead! How heartsome, fresh, and proud she looks, sitting there with young Missus's baby in her arms! She and her husband have their own home now, with their children about them; but she is always ready to lend a hand in sickness or in trouble, or when a new baby in "the family" needs her skillful and tender care. She was a slave until the war freed her, but all her life she seems to have seen only the bright side of her condition.

Last evening she sat by our nursery-fire rocking baby to sleep. The door was open to admit the washerwoman, a very black negress, who entered with a heavy basket on her head, which she wearily deposited on the floor, and then, with a sigh of relief, made a hasty exit. Nursey listened to the retreating footsteps, then turning to me said, "Well, ma'am, sae's one of the free-born. Don't she look like it, poor, worn out, unlikely thing, that never had any massa or missis to take care of her when she was sick, but just bound, best part of her life to the hardest kind of work, to support them lazy husband and children o' hern."

"Yes, she belongs to them kind of stuck up darkies, that holds themselves so proud because they was always free, that they call the rest of us, them out loose niggers." Then, with an indignant toss of her turbaned head, Nurse Appleby adds: "Umph! they can talk big, but what kind of raising have they had? Ain't they been knocking round all their lives? while we've been dressing decent, and live comfortable, and I'm sure I can count my family for generations back, that's been born and raised with aristocracy white folks. And old missis is here yet to prove that, and if the property is all gone, ain't there enough of us, and the white family, still left, to show our raising, and to let folks see what the Macphersons and Creightons have been," and with another lofty toss of her head, she resumed her lullaby, settling herself into a state of complete satisfaction.—"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for September.

An Old Poet's Home by the Sea-side.

[From a Sea-side Letter by Bayard Taylor.]

Retracing our way a mile or so, we took a different road, and approached the coast through open, grassy fields, beyond which, on the edge of a lofty bluff, stood the gray old mansion of the venerable poet, Richard H. Dana. The place is singularly wild, lonely and picturesque. No other dwelling is visible; a little bight of coast thrusts out its iron headlands at a short distance on either side, the surf thunders incessantly below, and in front the open ocean stretches to the sky. Mr. Dana's only neighbors are the vessels that come and go at greater or less distances.

Here, on a portico almost overhanging the sea, we found the old poet. When I first read his poem of "The Buccaneer," as a boy of seventeen, he was already past middle life; when, in 1848, I heard his course of lectures on Old English Literature, in New York, and was thereby led to the study of the Ballads, the Dramatists and Wordsworth, he was called an old man; yet there he sat before me, his long white locks streaming in the wind, his eye undimmed, his voice unbroken, his intellect evidently as clear, calm and sound as ever. It seemed almost incredible.

Dana was born before Byron, Shelley and Keats; he was old enough to have remembered Mozart, Burns and Cowper, had he met them; he was eighteen when Schiller died; he was the first matured man who recognized the genius of the boy, Wm. Cullen Bryant. Born in 1787, he will be eighty-eight in November, and may reasonably hope to see many succeeding birthdays. Age has only given to him its repose and dignity, not its lines of ruin, and I trust some artist may be found to perpetuate for us his noble and venerable head.

I asked him if the spirit of Lee ever rode the waters below us? He smiled, and answered: "Twenty years ago, or more, the body of a horse was washed ashore here, and it happened to be a white horse." Here is the beginning of a local legend. A hundred years hence, possibly, the scene of the "Buccaneer" will be transferred to the Manchester coast, and the phantom steed and rider will reappear to the excited vision of our future poets.

It was pleasant to note Mr. Dana's interest in his old friend Bryant, whose "Thanatopsis" was first sent to him for publication, sixty years ago. An amusing incident connected with this literary event has already been published, but it will bear repeating. Dana's admiration of the poem was so great that he set about discovering its author. Somebody informed him that Bryant was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, then in session, and he hastened to the State House.

But the member with the poetic name was a hard, matter-o'-fact old farmer, a glance at whose face was sufficient for Dana; that man, he knew, could never have written "Thanatopsis." His acquaintance with the true Bryant followed soon afterward, and may possibly have led to the latter's reading of his poem of "The Ages" at Harvard—I think in 1820.

Sleep and Digestion.

Speaking from his own experience, which would appear to differ from the experience of other people, Frank Buckland asserts that the best time to go to bed is immediately, or very soon after the principal meal of the day. "All animals," he remarks, "always go to sleep, if they are not disturbed, after eating. This is especially noticeable in dogs; and the great John Hunter showed by experiment that digestion goes on during sleep more than when an animal is awake and going about." Mr. Buckland finds a confirmation of his theory in the drowsiness which settles down over elderly men over their wine. "Nature says to them, 'Go to bed.' They will not go to bed, but still nature will not allow her law to be broken, so she sends them to sleep sitting in their chairs." But, then, does not Nature quite as clearly indicate, by means of the nightmares and the unrest with which she torments the would-be sleeper who has gone to bed directly after a heavy meal, that a full stomach is not the best preparation for slumber? Many persons with whom his prescription for sleep would fail, may perhaps find another prescription given by Mr. Buckland more effectual, viz., eating onions, the essential oil of which posseses highly soporific powers.—Popular Science Monthly.

How We Keep our Mouths Shut.

Donders asserts that the mouth is kept closed, not by the action of the muscles of the lower jaw, but by atmospheric pressure. He has investigated this phenomenon experimentally. By employing a manometer, communicating with the space between the tongue and the hard palate, he finds, when the mouth is kept shut, a negative pressure corresponding to from two to four millimetres of the mercurial column. There are two suctorial spaces in the mouth: the principal one is bounded by the tongue below, and the hard palate above, and the soft palate behind; the other is situated between the tongue and the floor of the mouth. The former is used in sucking liquid through a straw; the latter (sometimes) in smoking. Both are employed when we endeavor, with the mouth closed, to extract a foreign body from between the teeth. The mouth may be shut during sleep, when the muscles of mastication are relaxed. If a man fall asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open, his jaw drops; the tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the suctorial space is obliterated; the soft palate no longer adheres to the root of the tongue; and, if respiration be carried on through the mouth, the muscular curtain begins to vibrate, and snoring is the result.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Keely Motor.

The Keely Motor idea is still pushed forward, notwithstanding that many entertain the idea that the silence of those interested in the invention must be construed as an evidence of a failure to accomplish what was claimed by the invention. Mr. Keely and his lawyers are very reticent on the subject, and refuse to converse on the topic lest the curiosity of the public be again aroused. It has been learned, however, that a stationary engine will be completed within three or four weeks, when a private exhibition will be given to members of the press at Mr. Keely's residence.

The machine, it is reported, is now under perfect control; that white an immense power can be generated in an instant, yet such improvements have been made as to allow the engineer to so manipulate it as to reduce the pressure from fifteen thousand pounds to the square inch down to zero. An engine for railroad purposes is also being made. The gauge to be used on the apparatus, has been completed, and will be on exhibition on Chestnut street in a few days. It registers as high as fifty-four thousand pounds pressure. It is stated on the authority that the control of the patent will not be vested in a stock company.—Philadelphia Times.

Importance of Art in France.

Everything in the appearance of Paris indicates its character as an art emporium, where works of art are not only produced and sold, but also exercise a powerful influence over the public taste. The eye for effect and color natural to the people is apparent in the shop-windows, where various shades of drapery and other stuffs may be often seen arranged in harmony so exquisite as to move one like a concord of sweet sounds. The jewelry-shops, as for example those in the Palais Royal, present an array of splendor as often artistic and dazzling. The very meat-stalls are indications of that sensuous love of beauty for its own sake which inspired the Athenian of old, and is with the Parisian of to-day a more powerful motor than either moral or political principle. The various meats are hung in a certain order, adorned with flowers and paper cut into elaborate patterns, and the back of a hog or a sheep is figured with designs made by cutting away the inner skin and leaving the red flesh exposed. At Mardi Gras the butchers' stalls are objects of general attraction for the more ordinary ingenuity and taste displayed in the adornment of the sheep and beeves hung whole from the ceiling in holiday attire of greens, ribbons and tinsel. The public galleries at the Louvre and the Luxembourg are crowded, especially on Sundays and fete days, not so much by foreign visitors as by the populace of all classes and conditions. The same is the case with the exhibition of the clubs. When the masterpieces concentrated in the square room of the Louvre alone are considered, the influence for good or evil thus exerted must be incalculable.

Art dealers' shops of course abound, and one is sure to see two or three good paintings in the windows of every leading thoroughfare. These shops are generally small, and the best they contain is to be seen from the street; but this is of little consequence, so vast is the field elsewhere. The exhibition of gold and silver wares, marbles and bronzes in the windows on the Boulevards is also astonishing.

Some idea of the value of the art in Paris may be inferred from the fact that the sales of paintings alone average forty millions of francs per annum, equal, by reason of the difference in values, to nearly twice that sum in the United States. The number of artists in the city is, over eight thousand. When we take into consideration the persons dependent upon these eight thousand artists, the army of art students, French and foreign, residing here, and the many thousands engaged in the sale of works of art, including the production and sale of frames, colors, engravings, bronzes, or statuary, we find that art is, on the whole, the business engrossing the attention of a larger number and enjoying perhaps more capital than any other legitimate business in Paris, unless we except that of hotels and restaurants.—S. G. W. Benjamin, in the Atlantic for September.

The Independent says: "No race can gain any ascendency in the United States except the American race; for as fast as the generations of Irish, Germans, English, etc., become native to our soil they become acclimated in character also. Each race adds a flavor to the compound; but the mixture has qualities of its own quite distinct from those of any of its component parts. Neither Ireland nor Germany will ever govern the country; because neither of them can pour into our national stream a torrent of immigration large enough to do more than give it a perceptible color, while the stream itself is constantly broadening and deepening."

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..	9:30A.M.	5:30A.M.	7:20P.M.
New York Ex daily..	9:30P.M.	5:30P.M.	5:50A.M.

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.

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

Louisville Ex daily	5:25A.M.	8:40P.M.	10:00A.M.
Louisville (ex Sun).	3:00P.M.	12:05P.M.	7:45P.M.
Louisville (daily)....	7:00P.M.	5:30A.M.	11:50P.M.

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI.

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

Park'b'g (ex Sun)....	8:35A.M.	2:00P.M.	5:00P.M.
Park'b'g Ex daily...	8:00P.M.	5:25A.M.	3:20A.M.
Park'b'g Ex daily...	11:00P.M.	7:10P.M.	6:30A.M.
Chillicothe Ac.....	4:00P.M.	9:25A.M.	8:00P.M.
Hillsboro Ac.....	3:20P.M.	9:20A.M.	8:42P.M.
Loveland Ac.....	11:15A.M.	6:45A.M.	12:05P.M.
Loveland Ac.....	5:10P.M.	7:55A.M.	6:35P.M.
Loveland Ac.....	6:20P.M.	8:45P.M.	7:20P.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..	11:40P.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.	5:45A.M.	8:40A.M.
Baltimore Ex.....	7:55P.M.	6:50P.M.	10:45P.M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

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

St. Louis Mail.....	6:30A.M.	10:30P.M.	40:00P.M.
St. Louis Ex.....	8:00A.M.	7:45P.M.	7:25P.M.
St. Louis Ex daily..	7:25P.M.	8:10A.M.	8:15A.M.
Louisville Mail.....	6:30A.M.	1:10P.M.	4:00P.M.
Louisville Ex.....	8:30A.M.	8:10A.M.	1:20P.M.
Louisville Ex daily Except Sunday....	2:45P.M.	7:45P.M.	8:05P.M.
Osgood Ac.....	5:15P.M.	7:45A.M.	8:25P.M.
Aurora Ac Sunday only.....	8:30A.M.	6:15P.M.	9:45A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.

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

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

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND INDIANAPOLIS.

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

Indianapolis Ac.....	7:30A.M.	10:25P.M.	12:25P.M.
Indianapolis Ac.....	4:45P.M.	6:15P.M.	9:45P.M.
Indianapolis (ex Sat.)	7:00P.M.	12:55P.M.	12:01A.M.
Connersville Ac.....	4:00P.M.	10:05A.M.	8:35P.M.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND CHICAGO.

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

Chicago Ex.....	7:30A.M.	9:00P.M.	8:40P.M.
Richmond Ac.....	2:00P.M.	12:35P.M.	7:40P.M.
Chicago Ex daily....	7:00P.M.	8:20A.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.	9:25P.M.
Grand Rapids 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.	4:00P.M.
Cleveland Ex.....	10:50A.M.	9:30P.M.	9:55P.M.
New York Ex daily..	3:40P.M.	5:15A.M.	7:00A.M.
Springfield Ac.....	8:50A.M.	3:00P.M.	11:40A.M.
Springfield Ac.....	11:55P.M.	9:30A.M.	7:25P.M.
Dayton Ac.....	5:30P.M.	7:15A.M.	8:25P.M.
Sharon Ac.....	6:00P.M.	6:20A.M.	7:50P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND COLUMBUS.

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

Columbus Ex.....	7:00A.M.	9:30P.M.	11:15A.M.
Columbus Ex.....	10:50A.M.	3:50P.M.	3:25P.M.
Columbus Ac.....	3:05P.M.	9:30P.M.	10:10P.M.

CINCINNATI AND SANDUSKY.

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

Sandusky Ex.....	3:50A.M.	6:00P.M.	4:50P.M.
Bellefontaine Ac.....	5:40P.M.	9:05A.M.	9:00P.M.
Sandusky Ex daily..	9:10P.M.	9:15A.M.	7:50A.M.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LAFAYETTE.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

Indianapolis Mail....	7:45A.M.	10:15P.M.	12:25P.M.
Lafayette Mail.....	7:35A.M.	12:15P.M.	3:30P.M.
Chicago Ex.....	7:35A.M.	10:30P.M.	8:00P.M.
St. Louis Mail.....	7:45A.M.	9:00P.M.	10:30P.M.
Evansville Mail.....	7:45A.M.	9:00P.M.	3:55P.M.
Cairo Mail.....	7:45A.M.	9:00P.M.	4:00A.M.
Martinsville Ac.....	2:00P.M.	12:15P.M.	8:15P.M.
Indianapolis Ex.....	8:00P.M.	9:00P.M.	8:35P.M.
Lafayette Ex.....	2:10P.M.	9:40P.M.	9:20P.M.
Peoria Ex.....	2:10P.M.	8:05A.M.	9:30A.M.
Quincy Ex.....	2:10P.M.	12:35P.M.	9:15A.M.
Kansas City Ex.....	2:10P.M.	12:15P.M.	6:45P.M.
Ind. Fast Line daily.	7:00P.M.	8:05A.M.	11:20P.M.
Lafayette F. L., daily	7:00P.M.	8:15A.M.	2:30A.M.
Chicago F. L., daily	7:00P.M.	8:05A.M.	7:15A.M.
St. Louis F. L., daily	:00P.M.	8:05A.M.	7:35A.M.
Peoria Fast Line....	7:00P.M.	10:55P.M.	9:00A.M.
Quincy Fast Line...	7:00P.M.	9:00P.M.	1:00P.M.
Kansas City F. L....	7:00P.M.	9:00P.M.	1:30A.M.
Greensburg Ac.....	3:30P.M.	12:15P.M.	8:10P.M.
Lawrenceburg.....	6:10P.M.	8:00A.M.	7:25P.M.
Valley Junction.....	10:00P.M.	6:50A.M.	11:55P.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac....	9:50A.M.	1:35P.M.	11:10A.M.

WHITEWATER VALLEY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

Cambridge City Ac.	7:00A.M.	6:55P.M.	11:25A.M.
Hagerstown Ac..