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TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1883.

Every effort is being made to have THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN delivered early and promptly in all parts of the city.

Persons leaving the city during the summer can have THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN sent them by mail for any length of time.

HON. ROSCOE CONKLING is at Wormley's.

MR. ENGLISH says that he is willing to run if Hancock is. Maybe the "old ticket" will be nominated, but not the "old state ticket."

THE administration is opposed to the democratic party. Democratic papers please copy, and pitch into the administration some more.

PROBABLY Mr. Dana wants to "turn the rascals out" of the republican party. He is astute enough to know that they make excellent democratic voters.

THE Cincinnati democratic newspapers are supporting the judge, but they are not as lovely and pleasant in their personal relations as would seem desirable.

VIRGINIA, Ohio, Massachusetts, New York and Maryland—in these states will be centered the greatest political interest this year. The democracy should be beaten in them all.

QUEEN VICTORIA wants Tonyson to immortalize her petted servant, John Brown. Alfred could not do better than to plagiarize the American song about a better man, whose name is immortal.

An old man named Davis, who was once trusted by the state of Mississippi with representative offices, is persistently miserable because "the union was preserved in an unconstitutional manner." But it was preserved, Jeff, it was preserved. Wasn't it?

THE Virginia bourgeois and their modest friends at the north especially request that no opposition be made to them. They cannot be accommodated. As they were defeated in 1870, 1881, and 1882, so will they be in 1883, and as much longer as they continue their hopeless fight.

SEVERAL able politicians in the state of Massachusetts who imagine that Mr. Butler is out of the way are going to have a surprise party before long. Benjamin is not dead, but asleep. When he is rested and ready for the fray look out for bricks. He always has his pockets full.

THE Ohio democracy dropped Thurman out of the senate for his work in bringing to account the overland railroad companies, and now they are beating Pendleton for having introduced his civil service reform bill. And yet they are all for reform. The humbugging democracy must go.

SENATOR BECK cannot help thinking, because he is endowed with an excellent brain, good blood, and vigorous health. He has come to the conclusion that "the revenue tariff should be adjusted as far as possible to aid American industries." If the able Kentucky statesman does not handicap his thinker it will make a real good republican of him.

THE London Times continues to make a Judy of itself by calling the North German Gazette Germany, and then lecturing Germany for insulting France. The Gazette is not a government organ, it is only the organ of anti-American pork. Its fulminations against France are the result of too much sausage with its lager. It will not fight France with any more deadly weapon than Limburger cheese.

It is expected that Senator Edmunds will introduce a bill favoring the inauguration of a postal telegraph early in the next session of congress. If some democrat does not instantly oppose it the country will be surprised. Senator Lamar, for example, could

make the greatest effort of his life in demonstrating how the speedy transmission of intelligence would ruin the south. That leader of the party of opposition who is most diligent will catch time by the forelock and prepare a flaming speech on the subject.

Keep the Rascals Out.

The worst has happened. Theft and corruption stalk boldly through the land, upheld by the democratic party. That party not only favors theft, but it insists that fathers shall rob their sons, by compelling them to sign deeds to land under fear, and shall rob the widows of their dead sons of life insurance money. This democratic villainy is rewarded by the elevation of its perpetrators to the highest offices in the land. We shudder as we read in the columns of a democratic paper the proof of what we have above charged.

When we say proof, we mean the same kind and degree of proof on which democratic editors defame the republican party and republicans. To explain: A bill in chancery has been filed against Josiah W. Begole, the democratic governor of Michigan, charging him with malfeasance in the management of the estate of his deceased son, Frank C. Begole. The son died in Florida in 1873, and the bill asserts that under duress he deeded to his father 1,000 acres of Wisconsin land. It also declares that the governor paid to the widow of the deceased only \$1,390 of \$5,000 insurance on the life of the deceased, and has never made an accounting as trustee and guardian. The bill is filed on behalf of the infant grandson of the governor.

When an assertion is made against a republican governor, senator, or congressman it is immediately treated as an established truth by every democratic editor. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. Acting upon this rule of evidence established by the democratic press, the republican papers should howl at Begole as a detected robber of his son's widow and child until after the November election of 1884.

The assertion thus dealt with as proof that Begole is an infamous thief should then, after the accepted democratic fashion, be made to furnish an incontestable foundation for the charge that Begole had stolen lands and money at the bidding of the democratic party, and had been made governor of Michigan as a reward for his expertness as a thief.

We pause to see if there is any objection in the press to a democratic rascal, or any interest concerning a charge of rascality against a democratic governor. Keep the rascals out.

The Public and Public Opinion.

Public opinion will not tolerate the throwing of "the whole weight of the administration" in the favor of Mahone in the pending campaign in Virginia. The policy was carried further in 1882 than any administration will ever venture to carry it again. The righteous wrath of the honest people of the Old Dominion will not fall to excite sympathy all over the country, if there is anything like a repetition of the administration tactics of last fall. —Washington Post.

There is a bourbon public and there is an anti-bourbon public. The bourbon public opinion is very much opposed to the throwing of the whole or any part of the weight of the administration in the favor of Mahone and his friends. Indeed, the bourbon public squeals like a pig under a gate every time it is reminded that President Arthur is an earnest believer in and supporter of the Virginia coalition. The truth is, it is not the bourbon public that the administration hopes or wishes to please in its manifestations of political sympathy.

"The righteous wrath of the honest people of the Old Dominion" has not been aroused by any noticeable extent in behalf of the bourbons. In fact they laugh at the bourbon whine over the President's avowed opposition to the Virginia democracy and their running mates, the bourbon republicans. The honest people show by their voting that they too are on the anti-bourbon side. And here let us remark that it seems a very silly waste of printer's ink for the democratic national organ to attempt to bully the administration into a bourbon programme by threats of what "the public" will think and do if a republican administration persists in hostility to the democratic party. The Post's public is composed wholly of its political friends, all of whom are the President's political enemies. The public which approves the President's course in Virginia embraces all who prefer nationalism to bourbonism, free schools to ignorance, honest elections to bull-dozing and fraud, and fidelity to public obligations to robbery of the public treasury under the false pretence of debt-paying. The administration is most worthy of the confidence of the public whose respect it desires when it is most censured by the bourbon public represented by the Post.

Recruits Wanted.

Castling about for the sinews of war the democratic leaders in New York turn momentarily from contemplation of the magic harp to the question of whence to obtain voters. Figuring on the past and making calculations for the future, the Utica Observer says that "there were 534,511 votes cast for Hancock in this state—all democratic. That is a very respectable nucleus for us to work with next fall—isn't it? And don't you think we can get a sufficient reinforcement for victory from young voters?"

The statement and queries are incongruous. The vote for Hancock was large, and represented the entire strength of the united democracy of New York. Nevertheless there were not enough ballots cast to win. When the leaders of the party of opposition count upon aid by recruits from the young men of the country they commit an error common only to purblind willfulness. What is there in the past or present record of the democratic party to invite and entice young men? Cold, unfeeling, bloodless, and morose, it has no quality so pronounced as the repellent or repulsive.

The reputation and character of democracy are only evil. Born of nullification, suckled by slavery, and cradled in the bloody bed of civil war, the democratic party is a travesty upon the progressive spirit of the present age. No young man can afford to ally himself with evil. None care to mate with so disreputable and unattractive a companion. If the leaders of that organization must open recruiting offices, let them fling their ragged banners to the tainted breezes of the wharves

POLITICAL MUSIC.

The Sweet Harmony Produced by Democratic Organs.

COLUMBUS, Aug. 26.—With Judge Hoody III, and with a manifest disposition to ignore the entire democratic ticket by a large number of old line democrats, and an executive committee largely of the Bookwalter school, the slaughter of Mr. Pendleton by the McLean-Bookwalter combination has had the effect of discouraging even the managers of the campaign. The great strain which Mr. Hoody has been subjected to during the past two months leads to the belief that he will not recuperate sufficiently to take the stump for some time. His withdrawal from the contest will be withdrawn to-morrow. The following remarks in the Capital (democratic) to-day have created quite a sensation in political circles, and undoubtedly reflect the sentiment of a very large number of democratic voters who refuse to endorse the methods adopted by the candidate for governor which resulted in his nomination:

"We have acted publicly with the democracy while its sagacious counselors, well tried leaders, and eminent statesmen were directing its destinies, and it is because we would be recreant to those principles, traditions, and teachings if we longer continued to follow Hoody and Bookwalter that at this eleventh hour we fearlessly and unhesitatingly call a halt to the right to purchase the legislature (if democratic) as a condition of his support of Hoody for governor. The so-called new democracy has succeeded in defining the lines separating it from the party of Jefferson and Jackson. It is the favorable principle that the office shall be knocked down to the highest bidder will never be accepted by men who believe in a republican form of government, and who have patriotism enough left to desire the perpetuation of democratic institutions."

THE Nashville American says:

The south never fully realized the value of diversified industries and home manufactures until the war, and its blockade forced her to rely upon her own industries and necessities became the mother of invention. The practical lesson taught was of immeasurable benefit to the whole section. We had not only learned the benefits of manufactures, but a disorganized labor system made compulsory the resort to diversified industries. Our iron and coal are no longer permitted to lie dormant in the hills. Smokestacks are beginning to rear their towering crests all over the section where there are minerals and valuable timber, and the hum of a new industry is heard in many towns and villages, and new towns and villages are springing into existence.

All of which is not only true, but well told; and yet some Tennessee and other southern bourbons howl for "revenue for tariff only."

GEN. CHALMERS is writing letters for a Memphis paper, in which he poses impressively as a great teacher of orthodox republicanism. If Sumner, Wilson, Seward, Greeley, and Chase had lived to see this day of light they might have been privileged to sit at the feet of Chalmers and learn of him as Saul of Tarsus learned of Gamaliel.—Washington Post.

In 1873 Gen. Chalmers was a democratic candidate for elector on the ticket headed, "For president, Horace Greeley," and worked with Charles Sumner for the success of that gallant leader of the democracy. Then Gen. Chalmers seemed to his present enemies a marvelous proper man. He is a rebel against bourbonism now, and we rejoice at his pluck and energy and ability.

WASHINGTONIANS had good reason to be proud of the district militia last evening. The Light Infantry, the National Rifles, and the colored battalion made a grand display, and the warm welcome extended to the first named on their return from their Cape May excursion, and the grace with which it was met, gave evidence of a most commendable spirit of good feeling among them all. The streets were gay with illumination and thronged with people of both sexes to witness the parade.

THE democratic papers in Iowa are criticizing the recent great speech of Senator Allison, in opening the campaign in that state, by saying that "it is too much given up to 'pointing proudly to the record' of the party." Their cause of complaint is natural. The republican party has reason to be proud of its record, and can point with unfeigned pride to every page of its history. Let the democratic party offset this sentiment by enumerating its deeds for the past quarter of a century.

THE democratic republicans of Virginia, who have voted with the democrats at every election but one since they allowed the election for governor in 1877 to go by default without the show of a candidate, are nice fellows to try and pass themselves off as straight republicans. The regular republican organization has seen them in the ranks of the enemy and thrashed the combination three times. The process is about to be repeated.

MR. ROBERT P. PORTER has not only dugged a grave for the free trade party, but seems disposed to furnish the corpse. His statistics need not "the tongues of men and angels." They are as eloquent as though touched by Holy coals from an altar divine.

THEY who look with wonder upon the inability of British statesmanship to cope with the Irish problem would do well to note and consider the Mormon problem, which seems to be beyond the grasp of our American Solons.

EVERY democratic paper in a large exchange list praises the straight-out alliance with bourbonism in Virginia.

WASH McLEAN has no reason to look with regret upon his filial successor. John is a "chip of the old block."

THE one and only remaining rag baby—James B. Weaver—has emigrated to the democratic party.

JOHN R. McLEAN is Hoody's wicked partner.

THE Pennsylvania legislature will not go.

Amusements and Recreations.

The following amusements and recreations are the attractions advertised to-day:
Albion's Summer Garden—Miss Bertha Ravens, Alfred Lacey, and Fred Art's orchestra.
Driver's Summer Garden—Miss Libbie and Rose La Porte, and other attractions.

Baltimore Island and River Landings—Steamer Thompson leaves at 7 a. m.
Norfolk—Steamer Excelsior and Leary.
Mount Vernon—Steamer Carocara leaves at 10 a. m.
Lower Cedar Point—Steamer Armenia leaves at 9 a. m.
Woodward Driving Park—Races to-day at 4 p. m.

Willing, but Not Able.

The Michigan prohibitionists ought to be able to buy a good many votes with the \$100,000 they have voted to raise for campaign purposes. But they haven't raised it yet.

Hard Luck in the West.

The Boston Post says "the boom for the 'old ticket' is dashed madly over Wisconsin and Michigan." People in the west are in hard luck this year. Every few days they have to "take to the willows."

REGISTERED PACKAGE RECEIPTS.

New Form on a Card of Convenient Size—Saving of Envelopes and Clerical Labor.

The principal of the postal card has of late years been extended to various branches of the postoffice establishment. By an ingenious combination devised by the assistant superintendent of the railway mail service, Z. Moses, and approved by the third assistant postmaster general, the matter formerly embraced in the sheet form of registered packages, is now condensed on a card of the size of a No. 6 envelope. The reverse side of the card contains blanks for the address of the postal officer who dispatched the registered packages, and it is then returned to him after receipting, without cover through the ordinary mails.

The cards will be issued by the third assistant postmaster general, in two colors, one in green for the use of postal clerks, and one style in yellow color for the use of postmaster.

The cards are to be used between various postal officers, to perfect the chain of receipts, which is the great feature of the registry system.

It is estimated that their use will save from fifteen to twenty millions of envelopes each year, besides a considerable amount of clerical labor.

Postmaster General Gresham has just issued an order promulgating two additional sections to the postal laws and regulations governing their use, which will be contained in the forthcoming September number of the "Postal Guide."

The Obstinate Lighthouse Keeper Surrenders.

The lighthouse board received information yesterday to the effect that Mr. Boughton, keeper of the lighthouse at St. Joseph, Mich., had surrendered possession of the station, and that Mr. Platt, who was appointed to succeed him, had been put in full control.

Promotions in the Treasury.

Three promotions were made in the Treasury department yesterday by Acting Secretary French under the regulations in force before the passage of the civil service act.

The New Silver Vault.

Plans have been completed for the proposed new silver vault, to be located under the cash room of the Treasury department. The storage capacity of the vault will be about 23,000,000 standard silver dollars.

New Postage Stamps.

The Postoffice department has selected as the color for the new four cent or double rate stamp, a shade of green somewhat darker than that in which the present three cent stamp is printed. As the three cent stamp will be retired from circulation, non-users are likely to arise from the similarity of color. The new

CURRENT GOSSIP.

"AMADIS." Our Amadis sat in the foremost row of the parquettage. 'Twas clear to see, from his well-blacked hair and the pointed toe of his tooth-pick shoe, a dude was he.

His lips were shaded with light, scented down— Like fit a mild cigarette to hold, His diamond studs and his vacuum frown Stamped him a poor in brain but rich in gold.

Neath the sole of her high-heeled Paris shoe His goddess many such hearts might tread; But a question that strikes me I'll put to you— Would the world be poorer were such hearts dead?

His eyes shined weakly behind his glass, And ever looks dull—ill across the scene With buoyant steps doth his goddess pass, Then it borrows the oyster's lustrous sheen.

A tall little girl, with a yellow wig, Takes Dian's shape to his mind diseased, As he homeward lounges, his brain grows big With thoughts, which he verifies o'er he's eased.

In his easiest chair he seats himself, And avidly round his eyes doth glare, "Ah, saved!" he exclaims, as he spies on the shelf, His well-worn copy of "Lampiere."

The classical, mythical gush that he wrote Appeared in print; and his goddes read, Had he heard her laugh, he'd have said his throat, And by commonplace method have joined the dead.

—C. B., in the Argonaut.

On a vacant lot back of Covington, Ky., is posted this sign: "No plane base Ball on these premises."

MR. WATERSON says that New Yorkers eat oysters all the year round because there is an "r" in year.

A CONNECTICUT lightning rod agent has recently lost two sons, who were struck by lightning in Nebraska.

CAPT. WEBB, an English democrat, has been captured by the whittop at Niagara. The whittop's name was—C. A. Dana.

An Alexandria correspondent says if the British troops should be withdrawn from Egypt no European family would remain in the country a week after their departure.

It is announced that Queen Victoria goes through the newspapers like an exchange editor. Of course she omits the exchange editor's remarks which burst forth at regular intervals.

JANE GREY SWISHELM says: "You cannot lessen the size of a woman's waist without staining her complexion." Why a girl rolls her eyes and looks so idiotic while being spanned.

At a swell dinner party at Newport last week, when the guests departed, the waiter was given a photograph of the dining table. Many took it home and lived on it all the next day.—Lovelitt Citizen.

PITTSBURGH Telegraph: After reading a list of horrors, from an earthquake to a suicide, and footing up at least 1,000 dead, it is a positive luxury to turn to a demure little item about a woman out in Ohio having triplets.

LITTLE Johnny says that all men do not belong to the animal kingdom. For instance, there is the circus proprietor. He doesn't belong to the animal kingdom, but the animal kingdom belongs to him.—Boston Transcript.

DE ole advice, "be slow ter anger," is a mighty good warnin', young man. In a quarrel a man should keep like he couldn't whip a child, but arter he gets inter de fight he should act like he could whip a dozen men.—Arkansas Traveller.

ONE of the men who knows it all rather took away Miss Georgia Cayvon's breath in the Luxemburg gallery the other day by expiring to her that a certain picture of Christ and the Magdalen was "Our Lord pardoning the adulterated woman."

"No," said the man who had been looking around for a house and finally found one next the cemetery, "I don't think the situation is a pleasant one, but then it's handy. Whenever there's a death in the family we won't need to have hacks at the funeral and a post-mortem."

A PARISIAN paper offers a coffin as a premium to each weekly subscriber. The Boston Tribune thinks that when a reader sits down to feel that a receptacle is prepared for his pain distorted body if he falls to survive the ordeal.

A "MORMON wife" writes a pathetic letter to the Independent telling of her distress and the suffering of other Mormon women on account of the revolution of "eternal marriage." She states that the strength of this system is being undermined by its very weakness. Attacks from the world outside of Utah can be of little avail, yet the work of disintegration has already begun from within.

ELIAS DOCKEY, of Northumberland county, Pa., the other day found a turtle on his farm with the date and initials, "1777—J. D.," scratched on his shell. The initials are those of Mr. Dockey's grandfather, who owned the farm. It is interesting to note that he cut the date and initials on the turtle himself about three weeks ago. So we kindly supply the omission for him. No thanks, Mr. Dockey, "We are an old lar ourselves" and we always like to help a man out when we see him forgetting himself.—Burlington Hawkeye.

THERE is nothing for which we should be more devoutly thankful than for the blessings entailed by a thorough education. This beautiful aphorism on the half shell is suggested by a remark which recently fell gently to the floor from the lips of a society lady who leads the bonnet train in Putnam. She apologizes for coming on a visit to San Francisco as follows: "O dear, my fortune was faded and worn, and so we sent it to the upper boiler to have it ripped in blue and marine. As soon as it is appoultured we shall return to our lairs and penons, after enjoying the spectacles of the Nights Tumblers in their procession from the McKinn's Institute."—San Francisco New Letter.

The Baltimore girl has a dog style of her own which is an improvement upon anything yet seen in the city. Her dog is a small, fat, round, strange as it may seem. After deciding upon the kind of dog she wants, she buys the desired plush, cloth, satin, linen, or fur that her nimble fingers can manipulate into the shape she desires, and then she cuts out her canine pet, stuffs it with raw cotton, and poodles made up and constantly on hand to match their various costumes.

A TOUGH snake story comes from Nevada. One night recently as the stage was approaching Woodford county, the team began to lag wonderfully, and the driver was at a loss to account for it. The driver, to his astonishment, found, as he supposed, that a rope had been tied between the two wheels, and that the driver was in a predicament. He started back with a yell of horror on discovering that a live snake had twisted itself between the hind and fore wheels and was holding the stage as securely as if the wheels had been tied with an inch rope. The passengers got out and tackled the snake with clubs and stones, and as the snake thrashed about under the wheels, the horses were wild with terror. He was finally killed by a blow on the head, and it was after midnight before they got him disentangled from the wheels.

THE Galveston News relates the following: An English gentleman thus amusingly hits off one of the minor annoyances of traveling in the west, "I'm much pleased," he says, "with the country, and very much enjoy traveling in it, but you know that your railroad eating house car system is very annoying? Just as a man sits down and persuades himself into a nap, a negro comes along, shakes him, and says, 'Supper at Calish?' You tell him yes, and arouse yourself. You are, of course, very hungry, and every time the train stops you expect to see a waiter with a tin bucket and a spoon for supper; but the train rolls on. After awhile the negro that aroused you comes along, and you say, 'How far is it to Calish?' 'Sah! How far is it to Calish?' 'But twenty-five miles, sah.' 'What made you arouse me back here?' 'Wanted to know what you wanted for supper, sah.' 'I asked you, sah, what you wanted for supper.' 'Twenty miles, sah, a long distance, and you fell around with a cigar while and finally drop off to sleep. After a while you awake and wait for the train to get to the station. The negro comes along again, 'How far is it to Calish?' 'Sah! I asked you, how far is it to Calish?' 'We've done passed dar, sah.' 'Why didn't you wake me?' 'Cause you got mad when I woke you up, sah.'"

YELLOW FEVER.

Pensacola Reported to be Unusually Healthy—Two Cases in Havana.

PENSACOLA, Aug. 27.—To-day is the fifth day since the cases supposed to be yellow fever were sent to quarantine, and the eleventh day since they were placed under medical treatment. The city remains unusually healthy. No sickness of any kind is reported. The great burden now falls on the business men, who are carried away their customers at an hour's notice, diminishing daily sales and absolutely suspending collections, and the quarantine has cut off the country trade.

Rev. Mr. Chappell, who was reported ill with yellow fever and dying Thursday was up Sunday. Mrs. Owen, Paymaster Brown and Lieut. Whipple are reported as doing quite as well. Surgeon Owen is now reported as having died of pneumonia.

The surgeon general of the marine hospital service yesterday received a telegram from Surgeon Burgess, at Havana, as follows:

"Mate of Spanish bark Sincro, which sailed for New York 23d inst., said that two cases of fever were sent ashore while vessel was here."

The acting secretary of the navy has received the following telegram from Pensacola, Fla., dated Saturday:

Committee met to-day. Lieutenant Whipple called, leaving in Washington. The afternoon surgeon decided this to be a case of yellow fever. Two new cases to-day. Mrs. Paymaster Brown and Lieut. Whipple. No deaths.

WELSH. In response to a request for information the United States consul at Aspinwall telegraphs to the state department that there is no yellow fever or any other epidemic at that port, and that the sanitary condition is good.

A Retreat of Priests.

TROY, N. Y., Aug. 27.—A retreat of priests of the archdiocese of New York began to-day at St. Joseph's theological seminary. A hundred and ten are present. Father Munch, of New York, is conducting the retreat. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, is presiding. Mr. Preston, the vicar general, is attending it. The retreat will end on Saturday.

Western Political Observations.

Chicago News. Joe McDonald is doing considerable talking down east. He has evidently fallen into the mistake of counting on as a man becomes a candidate he should run a windmill.

Appropos of Mr. Dana's assertion that the republicans must get the vote of the colored voter to straggle along in the direction of Ohio.

Whenever the New York Tribune has an sneering allusion to western journalism, you may know that Mr. Whitlaw Reid has missed a fire or police item that the World reporter hooked on to.

An Ohio paper speaks of Mr. Groesbeck as "a great man." That man has a familiar sound. Will somebody please lead us to the county and produce it to Mr. Groesbeck?

From what John Kelly says, it appears that he and Mr. Tilden are going to travel under the same name hereafter. Mr. Tilden will probably play the parrot, and Mr. Kelly will undoubtedly enact his popular role of the monkey.

The Cincinnati Enquirer refuses to publish the portrait of Judge Hoody. For some reason best known to himself—perhaps we might term it the sanctity of grief—Mr. McLean has declined newspaper portraits since the demise of Lydia E. Pinkham.

Mr. Hendricks is still at Saratoga, and is so afraid of the newspaper correspondents that he has refused breakfast to the press. The healing waters of the springs are administered to him by means of hypodermic injections. It is said that he is to keep for some time and the other Indians castle out of the haymow.

Ex-Gov. English gave a non-political breakfast at Saratoga last week. He is the Connecticut English—the Indiana man is not in the habit of giving breakfast to the press. The Connecticut statesman gets a fair chance at a square meal he invariably carries enough away for his pockets to satisfy the cravings of his stomach for a week.