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THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1883.

Every effort is being made to have THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN delivered early and promptly in all parts of the city. Persons who do not receive their paper, or who have any cause of complaint, will oblige by notifying the office, either in person or by postal card.

Persons leaving the city during the summer can have THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN sent them by mail for any length of time, and the address changed as often as desired, by notifying the business office.

The Comte de Paris is now the bourbon king of France—in his mind.

TAMMANY hall is like a duck egg under the democratic hen. She has great trouble in keeping it with her.

We learn that Tilden has gained an ounce and a half since the New York democratic committee sat down on John Kelly.

The democratic state committee of New York has poured oil upon the troubled waters of that party, but it was the oil of vitriol. So sorry!

DANA, of the Sun, fraternally remarks that the wool of the Tammanys may "not be as white, but they all belong to the same flock," which may be called a meek offering to harmony.

The fraud, whereby Samuel J. Tilden's offer to buy fraudulent returns declaring him president in 1876 was refused, cries aloud for revenge. Give us another tilt at the old tick.

CARLEIGH and Cox have fallen upon each other's necks and mingled their woe. Each one says he would rather see the other be speaker than see Randall get it, with a decided preference of each for himself.

JOHN Y. SMYTH, the able and faithful chairman of the republican state committee of New York, having announced that he would not consent to serve again, the New York Times naturally has an insulting paragraph against him in the interest of harmony.

ALL rood Washingtonians, whether they attend the New York Avenue Presbyterian church or not, will be pleased to observe by an extract in this issue from the Utica Press that the eminent clergyman who feeds that flock is doing well and enjoying his vacation. He is a broadgauged man.

TWENTY-THREE years of republican rule have robbed American citizenship of its value at home and of its protection abroad—New York World.

Twenty-three years of republican rule have made four millions of slaves free citizens and rescued naturalized citizens from subjection to military duty when they visit their native countries.

THE Sun does not shine as brightly for the Tammany delegates as for the county fellows. It maliciously remarks that "because men are democrats, however, it does not by any means appear to follow that they are brothers. There is not much fraternal feeling just now between the several factions in New York." Thus bad begins, while worse remains behind.

A FRIEND of Gen. Rosecrans informs us that he allowed himself to be annoyed by a bit of badinage copied into THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN from another paper. For Gen. Rosecrans we have a warm personal regard and high respect. He may be assured that we would not willingly wound his sensibilities, or give currency to anything calling in question his worth as a man, soldier, or citizen.

"MEMORIAL Eulogies Delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States by Samuel S. Cox," is the modest title of a volume characterized by learning, pathos, analysis of character, and exquisite word painting. These eulogies were delivered from 1861 to 1883, leading off with Stephen A. Douglas and closing with Benjamin H. Hill. Douglas, Samuel F. B. Morse, Michael C. Kerr, Julian Hartridge, Joseph Henry, George S. Houston, and Ben H. Hill are the subjects. Here is a variety of themes, and each is treated with appropriate and classical finish. "Grada diverse via

una" is the motto on the title page, and seldom does a motto more accurately prefigure the style and sentiment of a work. This little volume will add to Mr. Cox's reputation as a purist and stylist.

Bourbon Complaints Against the President.

The bourbon newspapers have a busy time of it in saving the country from the wicked political designs of the administration. They are in hysterics because it is against their party. And yet it is hardly reasonable ground for excitement that President Arthur should prefer his own party to the opposition. He was voted for in 1880, by the republican portion of the people, to be president in case of the death, resignation, or inability of Gen. Garfield, who was at the same time voted for president. The democrats voted at that election for Gen. Hancock. At all elections in this country every citizen who has life enough, intelligence enough, and public spirit enough decides for himself which of the political parties he is most willing to trust with the conduct of public affairs, and votes accordingly. When a party prevails at a presidential election the result will be that for four years the general policy of the prevailing party will be carried out in national affairs, unless the president shall be false to his trust. To say that a president should be the president not of a party, but of the whole people, goes without saying; but being so, he is none the less bound to be faithful to the opinions and policies of the party which elected him, for the reason that if he is honest in his professions of political opinions the more strictly he adheres to the views of his party the better will he serve the people as a whole. Gen. Garfield, after his election, spoke substantially as follows to a group of which the writer of this was one: "President Hayes was mistaken when he said that 'he served his party best who served his country best.' All governments based upon the popular suffrage must be party governments. Each man is supposed to attach himself to the party which stands for the best good of the country, and it is his duty as a patriot to sustain that party. It follows then that he serves his country best who serves his party best."

This is simply the common sense of the case. The people elected Garfield and Arthur because they would not trust the party which stood behind Gen. Hancock. At every election held between the presidential elections the entire weight of the administration, if it is honest and faithful to principle, will be thrown on the side of the party which elevated it to power. As to how the administration may lawfully and properly make itself felt at such times is a matter which addresses itself to the good judgment and the official integrity of the executive and his cabinet. The whole weight of the administration should be cast with its party at all elections, and any administration which would fall in this would be as much despised by the opposition as it would be censured by its friends. But this "whole weight" does not, as our terrified bourbon neighbor pretends to suppose, mean any weight the casting of which would be oppressive, improper, or unlawful. The President has never been guilty of any violation of law or of the strictest propriety in casting the weight of his administration against the borbons in Virginia or elsewhere. Some very energetic and very desperate lying has been done by his enemies to make this appear otherwise, and the very men who uttered the lies have supplemented them with other lies to the effect that he was not really friendly to the Virginia coalition. It would be difficult to estimate what tale has been told with the most frequency and vehemence, by the same papers—the one which represents him as violating all rules of decency in advancing the cause represented by Mahone, or the one which charges him with desertion and betrayal of that cause.

If a postoffice worth a hundred dollars a year is vacant it must be filled. So far as that appointment is concerned the whole weight of the administration must be cast in favor of a bourbon or anti-bourbon. We hope it will be long before this administration chooses one of the former for any place. The bourbon foxes do not much expect to have one of their own number appointed. They keep on hand a supply of political rabbits and geese, who pretend to be republicans, and ask to have them made postmasters. The south abounds in these poor, miserable political servants of the borbons. They are no more republicans than the fleas which torment a dog are dogs. But the refusal of the President to cast the whole weight of the administration on the side of the borbons by appointing such creatures to office, is made the occasion of a furious uproar by the democratic papers of both parties, the editors of which hope to stampele some republican geese and rabbits in the north. It is time that the real republican papers of the country should endeavor to arrest the attention of the weaklings who look in democratic papers to learn republican duty. It is not wicked for a republican administration to refuse to be used by the bourbon enemy. It is right for a republican president to say at all suitable times that he desires the continued success of the principles on which his party is based. It would be wrong for him to withhold his support from his party. Every body knew this after thinking one minute. The opposition depends on the gullibility of those who do not think. As a specimen of the rot to which they treat the public, and which they believe can be made to take root in ignorance, heedlessness, and credulity, read the following precious extract from a long editorial in yesterday's issue of the central national organ of the bourbon party:

And thus it happens that the administration, according to its central organ, is determined to repeat this year and next the policy of 1882, so far as relates to the south. The resources of the federal treasury are to be drawn upon to override the will of the people. Thousands of federal officers—the hired men of the people, each of whom is paid to do certain specific work for all the people under the federal mechanism—are to be sent all over those states to bring the black voters into harmony with the new allies of the administration. Of course we know that such stuff is only intended for fools, of which numerous class some have necessarily strayed into the repub-

lican party; but we should have considerable hope that even fools would refuse to be gulled by such twaddle if they would but read it twice.

Exulting Over Republican Defeats.

On Thursday last the New York Tribune contained a lengthy editorial in which the defeats of the republican party last fall were exultingly referred to. It said, with the tone of a victor, that "as a result of that popular uprising democratic governors dot the country from Cape Cod to San Francisco bay." The Tribune then cheerfully remarked that "Other proofs of the people's determination to rid the republican party of dictators have been given. Among them the results of the senatorial elections have been significant. In Michigan, Nebraska, Minnesota, Oregon, and Colorado the caucus has received a severe setback, and the maneuvering politicians have been taught a lesson they will not soon forget." All of which is to say that the election of democratic governors last fall in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Kansas, Colorado, California, and Nevada was a thing to rejoice over, because it proved that the democrats could rely on enough republican malcontents joined with themselves to control the elections, and thus to rid the republican party of the dictation of a majority vote in its councils, and to compel it to submit to the dictation of a minority or go to the wall. It was a renewal of the war upon the republican party which so reduced it that it was only able to save from defeat states enough last year to give seventy-nine out of the 401 electoral votes of the union. It was an exultant cry over the election of Butler, as well as over the defeat of Folger. It was a rebel yell over the defeat of Windom, Ferry, and Mitchell, the nominees of republican senatorial caucuses in Minnesota, Michigan, and Oregon. The Tribune then congratulated the party that "the state conventions held this year have been entirely free from party bossism." The unsuccessful struggle of the friends of Mr. Windom to control the Minnesota convention it characterized as an "attempt to reinstate party bosses." And yet Mr. Windom was Garfield's secretary of the treasury, and ought to be exempt from the attacks of the paper which hysterically characterizes all criticism of any Garfield man as "a howl over the grave of the dead president."

The Tribune's ill-timed revival of the subject of last year's elections forebodes no good to the party in New York. If the rebellion against the nomination of Judge Folger was so exalted a virtue that its praises must be sung on the eve of a republican state convention, those who stood by the republican candidate may expect to be prosecuted for their conduct if the Tribune editor can construct that potent portion of the "machine" known as the state central committee. A blind pool is being formed for the election of national delegates next year. There will be perfect harmony as to state nominations this year, as no two candidates will be likely to present themselves for any place. But the truly moral and extra pure person who bossed a president in a midnight dispatch, and helped to make a legislature of easy virtue understand that an "administration meant business," may as well have his sleeve examined before the hand is played which he is now dealing in New York politics. We regret very much to disturb the nerves of some timid souls who seem to think that it is the New York Tribune, instead of the republican party, which should be saved, but when that amiable journal raises a shout of triumph over republican defeats to which it boasts of having contributed, and from the effects of which the party must recover or die, this paper will venture to say a word for the party, even at the risk of displeasing those republicans who dare not stand by their colors when bidden by the Tribune to desert them.

The Speakership.

During the next three months the factions of the democratic party will battle for supremacy, and conclude their contest in December by the election of their representative man to the speakership. With their criminality, bitterness, and ill-feeling the republican party has nothing to do, and is interested not overmuch in the animosities engendered, which will weaken democracy. The result of their struggle is, however, looked forward to with a great degree of expectancy. In the welfare of individual democratic leaders the republican party has no interest. As to the ideas represented by those leaders, they are more of importance, because the strength developed by either faction in the successful choice of a speaker will tend to foreshadow and influence the making of the national democratic platform.

"If you elect Mr. Randall," says Mr. Waterson, "that means the dissolution and ultimate extinction of the democratic party." That is the vigorous expression of the free trade wing of that party. On the contrary, the New York Sun, speaking for the more formidable faction, says that if Mr. Randall is opposed "the party may as well abandon the idea of electing a president." That is an exceedingly strong assertion, and a damaging concession. The impression is being industriously circulated by the rivals of the ex-speaker that the republican party is desirous of his success. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The success of Mr. Randall will mean a suppression of the "tariff for revenue only" plank of the democratic platform. The election of his most prominent competitor, Mr. Carlisle, will naturally result in the continuance of that time-honored dogma of democracy. Therefore, does the republican party wish for the success of the Kentucky statesman. In the speaker's chair Mr. Randall would probably be content enough to compel a non-committal statement of policy upon the tariff. That would be in accordance with the recalcitrant habit of the democratic party, and would be illy favored by the party of progress. It is the unceasing desire of the republican party to meet their opponents on a fair and honest declaration of principles. It is not the wish of republicans to enter into a contest with a foe too cowardly to declare himself. The savage mode of ambush warfare is not pleasant to contemplate. There would be no doubt of the ability of the republican party to find and dialogue its enemy.

But it must not be supposed that republicans are party to campaigns against such an organization. It has become tiresome and not a little disgusting. The republican party is willing enough to have the party of retrogression continue to acknowledge its errors after being defeated. It takes no exceptions to the custom of democracy in its endeavors to bury its history upon the national issues of the past quarter of a century, but it does not relish the idea of a seeming surrender before the battle is joined, in order that the trimmings may take to the woods and carry on a guerilla campaign. It is well known to suffragists everywhere that the democratic party is entrenched behind a tariff-for-revenue-only fortress. There the republican party wishes to seek and find the foe and compel its unconditional surrender, as it has so often done. It would be well, therefore, to abandon the idea that the republican party has any interest in the success of Mr. Randall, who is the embodiment of political nest hiding. Rather does it wish for the triumph of that faction of which Mr. Carlisle is the representative, because that faction contains all of the elements of sinno-party democracy. The republican party wants to contend only with an honest enemy in an open country where blows can be given, taken, and endured in proportion to the ability of the contestants.

No End of Fun.

We regret to see the New York World so inharmonious as to charge that the democratic state committee has made an "evident attempt to partially pack the nomination in advance." For though all of this we do most powerfully and potentially believe, yet do we hold it malice to have it thus set down. The New York city democrats nearly all belong to Tammany Hall, of which ancient organization John Kelly is the chief sachem. The high joint, swallow tail, better eluted democracy quaffs its wine at the clubs, and wears English cut clothes. The swell state committee disregarded the fact that the state convention of last year recognized Tammany, despite its bolt of 1879, and ordered that the New York city delegates should be ground out at ballot boxes superintended by the duke wing. This means business, as Whitelaw Reid would say. The county democracy would not be able to discover the election of any Tammanyite who stands by his order. And so Tammany will have primaries of its own. Thus two sets of delegates will go to the convention, and the state committee will decide to which of these seats shall in the first instance be given. It will naturally stand by its progeny, while Tammany stands out in the cold. The state convention, with a full set of anti-Tammany delegates from New York city and no Tammanyites, will then vote on the question of turning out the former and admitting the latter, or of dividing the seats between the factions. Tammany will be uproarious, and will from the outside dictate to the convention the terms on which it will support the ticket. If not obeyed, the jig is up with the democracy; if obeyed, the World and Sun will be outraged, and the genteel democrats will wonder what is the use of a democratic party which is a mere tail to Kelly's kite. It will be exquisite fooling.

Is a tariff for protection so good a thing as its advocates claim, why should not the fundamental law be amended so that each state may fence out the products of every other state? Indeed, why should not each county be permitted to quarantine, by a prohibitory tariff, against the industries of every other county? Why limit the enjoyment of a great blessing to Washington?

If a tariff that protects is so bad a thing as its opponents claim, why are they so anxious to prove that a revenue tariff does necessarily protect? As to the above inquiries, does our neighbor mean to claim that our government ought to share its advantages with foreign nations merely because the federal constitution makes trade free between our own states?

MERRIATIC HALSTEAD is putting in his best work as a leading republican editor in Ohio by blackguarding Gen. Grant and Roscoe Conkling. These gentlemen would feel awfully if they ever saw Halstead's paper. By the way, how would it do for the next national convention to expel Grant and Conkling and their friends from the party just in the interest of harmony? Such action would be the logical result of the teachings of men like Halstead.

OSCAR WILDE did not succeed Vera well as a dramatist.

Amusements and Recreations. The following amusements and recreations are the attractions advertised to-day:
Aber's Summer Garden—Miss Bertha Ravene, Alfred Lyman, and Prof. Art's orchestra.
Driver's Summer Garden—Miss Libbie and Rose Lett, and other attractions.
Blackstone Island—Steamer Moseley leaves at 9 a. m.
Norfolk—Steamers Excelsior and Leary. Mount Vernon—Steamer Corcoran leaves at 10 a. m.
Lower Cedar Point—Steamer Armenia leaves at 9 a. m.
The Frog Child—At the corner of Seventh and O Streets.
Athletic Park—Base ball game this afternoon.
Memorial Day at Manassas—Special train from Baltimore and Potomac depot this morning at 8:35.

He Talked on the Tariff.
Arbitrator Traveler.

"Why did you strike this man?" asked a justice of the peace of a prisoner. "I had sufficient cause, your honor. He came to my house the other day on a visit. He criticized my children and laughed at my daughter's singing, turned up his nose at a fish I had caught, and put my wife to a great deal of trouble at dinner time, and—" "But all that gave you no excuse to strike him with a stick of wood." "I know, but let me get through. After dinner he began talk on the tariff question. Then I hit him." "Tariff, eh? I find you \$10 for not shooting him."

Let Them Apply Like Other Tramps.
Inquirer.

If the democratic party is hungry and wants to be fed the proper thing is to call around at the kitchen door and politely ask to have its basket filled. This thing of sloshing around with crowbars waiting for a chance to break in is unseemly, and it is likely to attract the attention of the police.

An Attitude of Dignified Patience.
Inquirer.

Senator Bayard, of Delaware, is in excellent health. Strong in body and clear in head he stands alone on top of a high hill, right under his big black clouds, with his feet in a pool of water, and holding high in the air a long, bright, three pronged presidential lightning rod. And yet he hasn't felt even a little shock.

Hoosily and Harmony in Ohio.
Columbian Capitalist, Bos.

We have no hesitation in stating that the absolute defeat of the head of the state ticket is earnestly desired by every democrat of principle in Ohio.

THE MAN ON THE AVENUE.

Small Talk About Men and Measures.
"Was the night before the battle of Monterey," mused the ancient naval claimant, looking his can upon the edge of the bar and sipping his cocktail as though it was rich wine, and he wanted it to last; "I was on Gen. Zach Taylor's staff, and had been sent out on an extra hazardous duty, which I had rashly volunteered to perform. I returned late, and was wet to the skin and covered with mud from head to foot. I had obtained some information that was very much needed at headquarters, and after mapping out the situation as I understood it, for the general's benefit, he asked me if I would have a drink of brandy."

"I fairly gasped for breath. Would I have a drink? Well, I should smile. We had been drinking nasty liquor of Mexican distillation for weeks, and it was like turpentine and log wood—a horrible compound. I didn't know there was a drop of decent liquor in the camp, and my poor tongue was parched for a taste of something a civilized white man could swallow and retain his own respect. The stuff we had been doing ourselves with would make a Christian rob his own trunk and sell his grandmother to a medical college. I never tasted such brandy before or since, and when I had deposited about a half a pint under my belt I returned to the subject under discussion, and as I turned to leave I remarked:

"General, if you wish to-morrow, you will be the biggest man in America."

"I do not know about my being the biggest man in America," replied old Zach, with a smile.

"You will," I exclaimed with enthusiasm, the brandy having warmed me up, and you will be elected president of the United States, sure as fate."
"His fairly jumped from his camp chair at these words, and, taking me by the hand, said, with evident excitement, 'you don't think it?'
"I assured him that I did think it, whereupon he said, 'Well, if that comes to pass, Sam, I will see that your claim gets through.' I had a claim against the government for a couple of hundred thousand dollars left me by my father, who had been master of the Japanese navy, and, for aught I know, king of the Cannibal islands, and as I was pressing it at that early day I wrung his hand and departed. He was elected president in 1848, and, although he died on my hands before I got my claim through, he gave it recognition and standing, and nearly thirty years afterward congress allowed me \$75,000. I still have a claim of \$75,000 pending, which I expect will be allowed next winter. If Zachary Taylor had lived two years longer I would have been worth \$200,000 before I had reached middle life, instead of being compelled to stay here for thirty years and spend \$150,000 to get \$75,000. But such is life."

A STAR ROUTE SCHEME.

Nice Little Plan Set Up by Mr. Boone—How the Department Proposes to Defeat It.

A short time ago a circular was received by Acting Second Assistant Postmaster General Lyman from a southern star route subcontractor, who said that it had been sent to him by A. E. Boone, a falling star route contractor. It was a proposition by Boone that the subcontractor (who was operating one of the routes) should pay him in cash one-half of the amount of his subcontract pay, and the full contract price of the route. In return Boone promised to make a new subcontract, giving the full contract pay to the subcontractor. Boone held over 100 star route contracts, when he declared a falling contractor, and in accordance with the law the department seized upon any profits that may accrue upon such of his routes as were operated at a profit and applied them to make good the deficiencies caused by the losses on other routes. Under the law the falling contractor would be entitled only to an excess of profits that might remain after the money had been so applied. In this case there was no excess, but, on the contrary, Mr. Lyman says the entire profit would amount to much less than the sum lost on the remainder of the contracts. To defeat this attempted evasion of the law, a circular has been addressed to all Boone's subcontractors, informing them that the department will refuse to permit such subcontractors to be filed and stating that the government will not allow itself to be stopped from appropriating the difference between the compensation of the subcontractor and Boone's pay toward the payment of his debt.

The Galena at Hampton Roads.

The United States man of war Galena, after having been at sea for nearly fifty days, arrived at Hampton Roads yesterday afternoon from Brazil, with all hands well, and Comdr. A. O. Hatchelder in command. The Galena did not touch at any port infected with yellow fever, and she will, therefore, not be quarantined. She will proceed to New York and refit, still remaining in commission.

ARMY AND NAVY.

The United States steamer ship Portsmouth arrived at Portsmouth, N. H., Tuesday.

Leave of absence for four months, to take effect upon being relieved from recruiting duty, is granted Capt. Henry C. Cook, 2d infantry.

Private William Steward, battery I, 3d artillery, now at St. Francis barracks, St. Augustine, Florida, is transferred to battery D, 3d artillery.

Second Lieut. Joseph B. Hatchelder, Jr., 24th infantry, is detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Bingham school, Orange county, North Carolina, to take effect October 1, 1883.

All of the officers of the United States practice ships Constellation and Dale at Annapolis were yesterday detached from their vessels, and ordered to resume their duties at the naval academy the first of September.

Private Michael Donnelly, battery D, 3d artillery, now at St. Francis barracks, St. Augustine, Florida, is transferred to battery I, 3d artillery, and will be sent to the station of that battery at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama.

Lieut. F. J. Drake has been detached from the Washington navy yard, and ordered to report to Rear Admiral Shufeldt, chairman of the naval advisory board, for special duty in connection with the construction of the new steel cruisers.

Assistant Paymaster L. Lawrence Heap has been ordered to the Miantonomoh frigate of September. Assistant Engineer J. P. S. Lawrence, to examination for promotion. Naval Cadet S. H. Williams has reported his return home, having been detached from the Richmond, Asiatic station, July 20, and has been placed on waiting orders.

Rear Admiral Crosby, commanding the Asiatic squadron, reports to the Navy department, under date of Yokohama, July 31, that he had detached Pay Inspector George Cochran from the Richmond, and Lieut. Comdr. H. H. Hitchcock from the Monocacy, and placed them on waiting orders. Lieut. F. S. Hotchkiss had also been placed on waiting orders, and the three officers ordered to proceed home in the first government vessel proceeding to the United States. Assistant Paymaster John A. Mudd has been ordered temporarily to the Richmond to relieve Pay Inspector Cochran, with orders to continue on his present duty at the naval hospital.

Lieut. A. C. Iverson had been detached from the Palos and ordered to the Monocacy as executive officer. Lieut. S. M. Ackley had been detached from the Richmond and ordered to the Palos as executive officer. Fleet Pay Clerk F. S. Larkin had been ordered to return home and report the arrival of the department, his appointment ceasing at that time. Pay Clerk W. S. Underwood remained with Assistant Paymaster Mudd.

CURRENT GOSSIP.

THE NEWSPAPER ANGEL.
How very good a bad man is
When he is dead!
How sweet the hours a bad man knows
On his death bed!
Even when he's hanged, his spirit flies
Straight on to bliss,
Ahead of good ghosts on their way
The throne to kiss.
Old Peter may forbid him sharp,
For 't is Peter's party;
"But here," the bad man says, "read my Obituary!"
"Just see, sir, what is reported by the Great newspaper!"
That's me, and every word is true,
And nothing shorter!"
The slow, good ghosts at length arrive,
They doubt their wis,
For here, high up, with crown and wings,
The bad man sits.
—Courier-Journal.

THERE is likely to be a little hitch of some kind which will prevent Philip VII of France from taking immediate possession of his property.
—Post-Express.

A TERRIBLE impending danger is pointed out by the Post-Express: Junny Lind has got a severe attack of the "frenzied tooth" fever, and the chances are we shall see her again in the United States.

The Pigeons says Gen. Tom Thumb was good at heart, and always fair in a fight. If he ever struck an opponent below the belt it was because he could not reach above it.

The gardener is safe in the early part of the season. It is at the watermelon period that the worst fight. That is why he says: "In time of year you want to be a New Orleans Pigeon."

A LADY in Toronto laughed at an amusing incident until she couldn't stop. Finally a doctor was called in and succeeded in quieting her. Although previously in good health, she is now considered in a critical condition.

MINNIE PALMER burst into tears because the Edinburgh students insisted on joining in her songs when she sang them on the stage. No wonder. The Glasgow man believes it would make anybody cry to hear a party of Scotch students sing a funny song.

"PLEASE give me ten cents to buy a drink of whisky," implored a tramp. The money was given him, and a few moments later he was seen coming out of a bake shop with a loaf of bread under his arm. Indiscriminate charity is to be condemned.
—Post-Express.

MORNINGSTAR CAPITAL denies emphatically that his recent visit to this country was in response to the status of the Catholic church in the United States. With tickets to his lectures selling at \$1.50 each no doubt should exist in the mind of any one as to the good man's actual mission.

The Christian at Work tells about a preacher who said in his sermon that it is "as hard for a rich man to get through heaven's gates as for a mathematician to destroy one of the feet of a colossus while preserving the other, or for a truncated cone to be made whose intersected planes should never describe a parabola."

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG admits that she went to Paris to take music lessons. She undoubtedly needed all she got, but it must be conceded upon her recent return that she has entered upon her second century—appears to be wine drinking and abuse to Annie Louise Cary.
—Chicago News.

CAPT. RHODES has already begun his preparations for swimming the whirpool. He has notified the Canadian police and warned them not to let him start. Now, after he has similarly instructed the American police, he is ready to attempt to dive off. "Two or three of you hold him; one can hold me."
—Burlington Hawkeye.

LAST week the governor of Rhode Island packed his state in a hand bag and took it down to Cape May for a holiday. This was kind of the governor, and makes the governor of Texas hide his distinguished head when he contracts the generous action with his own selfishness. Catch him taking his state anywhere. Bless you, it's as much as he can do to keep it at home.
—Hawkeye.

THE misuse of the verb "to build" in America and England excites the indignation of an Irish correspondent in the Pall Mall Gazette. He says it used to mean to erect, usually in a military or nautical sense, and to build a reputation. Now, under baneful American influence, it is used for railroads, telegraph cables, and even a sweet canal.

In one of his recently published letters Prosper Merimee, the French man of letters, says, speaking of his experiences in England: "I gave a brief course of lectures at the University of London, and then asked him the address of a gentleman to whom I had a letter from the dead. He found it was himself to whom the letter was addressed. We both looked foolish, but he kept the money."

A SUGGESTIVE little telegram is printed in a Toronto paper. It is from Kingston, Ontario, and reads: "The influx of Americans during warm weather demands such accommodation." The Toronto paper says that the influx wants to know how the banks and corporations can get along without the cashiers and treasurers who are waiting for things to come over.

Some very startling coincidences are reported from Dublin, the fashionable watering place on the French coast. The most enormous patterns appear on the toilets, in every color of the rainbow. One dress had a fable of La Fontaine, illustrated in its various scenes. This was so conspicuous that whenever it appeared quite a small crowd followed at a little distance, catching up the different pictures and chattering about the eccentricity of the whole.

A FRAUDULENT English lord, says the Hawkeye, accompanied by his wife and daughter, recently made a tremendous splash in a San Francisco hotel. They wore the best clothes, had the best rooms, and ate and drank of the best viands, and were, in fact, as well as believed their titles were genuine, but the "lord" paid all his bills promptly, and with good money, and didn't even swindle a porter, so that suspicion was at once aroused and the rascal was unmasked.

MISS MARY ANDERSON will appear at Mr. Irving's London theater, the Lyceum, on the first of September, and she will remain there until Dec. 17; then she will travel in England and Scotland until Aug. 1, 1884. In September of that year she will return to this country. Oscar Wilde has offered his new play, "The Duchess of Padua," to Miss Anderson, who, however, has decided not to appear in it. Mr. Wilde had previously offered "Venus" to her, but she had declined it. Miss Anderson, who declined it.

A FEW evenings ago several persons were standing by one of the machines in the electric light station at Cottage City, Martin's Vineyard, and a lady had her hand on a part of the machine from which sparks were issuing. A bystander said to the man in charge, "Is it safe to touch the machine?" Looking up, he saw what was going on, and said: "You must not touch it. If you were to touch each other while doing so it would kill you both." He afterward explained that one person might touch the machine without injury, but must beware of touching anyone else.

A YOUNG Hebrew from Newark, named Lubenstein, fell a victim to a female sharper at Asbury Park last week. Scraping up an acquaintance with her, he soon found himself entangled in the meshes of love, for although the woman represented herself as the wife of an army officer she was so beautiful and fascinating that he could not resist the spell she wore about her. They grew very intimate and confidential. One day Lubenstein found the woman in tears; a sister was dying in New York; her husband's remittances had unaccountably failed, and she had not money enough to pay her bill and fly to the bedside of her relative. The young Hebrew could not see beauty in distress, and he at once and gladly dressed on the bench. Why had she not gone to her sister? What sister?—she had none. What had she done with the money he loaned her? What money?—she was above the necessity of applying to strangers for loans, and her pretty eyes flashed with indignation. The young man then went off and consulted a lawyer, but was told he could do nothing, as he had no proof that he had ever given the woman a dollar.