The National Republican

Published daily (except Sunday) by THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN COMPANY.

Is served to subscribers at Twelve Cents a week, payable to the carrier at the end of the week, or Fifty Cents a month. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, one year for $6.00, six months for $3.00, three months for $1.50, and one month for 50 cents—payable invariably in advance.

THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN, a large eight-page paper of fifty-six columns, with all the news of the capital. ☞ All postmasters are agents. Terms—always in advance: For one year, $1.25. LIBERAL CLUB RATES FOR THE CAMPAIGN or to January next: Five copies for $2.50; ten copies for $5.00 and one to the getter-up of the club. Sample copies sent free. Orders can be left at the Company's Office, northeast corner Tenth and D streets, facing Pennsylvania avenue.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CO., Washington, D. C.

THE REPUBLICAN DURING THE SUMMER.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class matter.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1884.

GENTLEMEN, make way for the mayor of Buffalo.

TAMMANY was stabbed to death with the unit rule.

MR. HENDRICKS did pretty well for a man with an invalid toe.

MR. BLAINE, Mr. Cleveland! Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Blaine! Shake!

BY the way, what are Candidate Cleveland's views on the tariff question?

MR. JOHN KELLY now knows how it feels when a mountain falls on a man.

THE committee on platform was in session thirty-six hours, and the members seem to have kept writing all the time.

AS A platform maker Mr. Morrison is evidently destined to become great. His first effort contains everything but poetry.

ORGANIZED labor does not take kindly to Cleveland. The boycotters will get their work in on him in a way that will tell.

NOBODY seems to have discovered just which one of Morrison's old speeches he worked off on the convention as a platform, and perhaps it doesn't matter.

THE democrats are pertinacious in sticking to the same localities in selecting candidates. New York and Indiana have furnished the men for the third consecutive time.

Hoec fabula docet Mr. Bayard, that it is better to be an ordinary barnyard alderman in the democratic party than to be a scholar, statesman, and gentleman all your life!

EDITOR DANA, of the New York *Sun*, has a felicitous opportunity afforded him for a renewal of his celebrated statement of Hancock's points. Cleveland is also "a good man, and weighs 250 pounds."

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN is opposed to Grover Cleveland now as the democratic candidate for president, as it was opposed to him in 1882 as the democratic candidate for governor of New York. Now, as then, it favors the republican nominee. Unlike certain other great journals it had no lapse from the republican faith when it was the cunning thing to bolt regular nominations.

IN 1876 the strenuous opposition of John Kelly to the nomination of Tilden led to placing his particular friend, Hendricks, at the tail of the ticket. The precedent then set was followed yesterday, and probably the underlying thought was the same. It remains to be seen if the formidable Tammany chieftain can be reconciled to Cleveland's nomination because Hendricks has been tacked on to the ticket. Perhaps John does not love Thomas as in days of yore.

A GREAT many papers that a few weeks ago considered it very smart to speak of some friends of the President as "Mike" and "John" and "Steve" are now very much enraged and are writing indignant columns because opposition papers, in alluding to Mr. Elkins, call him "Steve." This is very low journalism, but no more so on the part of democratic journals than it was on the part of anti-Arthur papers. Papers that are constantly complaining of their neighbors should be decent themselves.

GROVER CLEVELAND was born in Orange county, N. J. He migrated to New York when a boy, and, like many other boys who have become distinguished men, began his business career as a clerk in a country store. When a well-grown lad he went to western New York and taught school in the vicinity of Buffalo. In the evenings he devoted himself to the study of the law, and in due time he was admitted to the bar in Buffalo. He was a studious, painstaking lawyer, and attained a respectable position at the bar. The first office of importance that he ever filled was mayor of Buffalo, and the next was governor of New York. Mr. Cleveland is a bachelor.

WITH the democratic nominations out of the way, Butler's probable course becomes the burning question of the hour. Benjamin was treated with scant courtesy in the convention just closed, and he certainly has it in his power to do the democracy infinite mischief in return if he chooses to do so. If he formally inaugurates a campaign as the candidate of the greenbackers, workingmen, anti-monopolists, and other conglomerate organizations that regard him as their peculiar representative, he will draw a formidable vote from the democrats. It is safe to say that his action will be looked for with secret uneasiness by the shrewdest leaders of the great unwashed.

GEN. BUTLER then presented a minority report, signed by himself alone, and spoke one-half hour.

The above paragraph is the only notice the *Post* takes of the very able and sensible speech made by Gen. Butler in favor of the tariff plank presented by him in his minority report to the democratic convention to be incorporated in the series of resolutions under consideration for adoption. He spoke for one-half hour, and the views which he disseminated were evidently not relished by the convention any more than by the *Post*; but why should they have been suppressed by the only really representative democratic paper in the district? Possibly there were too many truths in the general's remarks to make them palatable, too many really good republican ideas to be presented to the readers of an opposition paper, or there might have been the fear that some of the 1,500,000 of laboring men whom Gen. Butler claimed to represent might read and understand. The suggestion has been made that Gen. Butler's speech be printed and circulated as a republican campaign document, and placed in the hands of every laboring man in this country. They will be glad to know what the acknowledged representative of the laboring men, himself a delegate to the democratic convention, says of the platform upon which the democratic candidate for president must stand or fall.

The Candidates.

When that gallant soldier and high-toned gentleman Gen. Winfield S. Hancock was running for president the New York *Sun* described him as "a good man, weighing 250 pounds." This description will apply with perfect accuracy to the candidate for the presidency nominated at Chicago yesterday. When he is presented to the country as "a good man" eulogy has exhausted itself—nothing more can be said.

He belongs to that large class of respectable citizens, who meet their engagements, pay their debts, discharge their duties, public and private, in a straightforward, conscientious manner, and thus command the respect of their friends and neighbors.

Grover Cleveland was so highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens of Buffalo that they made him mayor, and when the democratic politicians of the Empire state were casting about for a candidate for governor in 1882, it occurred to them that a democrat who could be elected mayor of a republican city might stand a chance of being elected governor of a republican state.

He was nominated, and owing to an extraordinary combination of circumstances he was elected by an unprecedented majority. This was the stepping stone to the nomination for the presidency. People in distant states supposed that there must be something remarkable in a man who could carry New York by 190,000 majority. They knew nothing about the circumstances which made such a result possible, and the "good man," who was the merest political accident, unexpectedly found himself enrolled among the "great" men who are deemed fit to fill the office of president. He has received the nomination, and now his qualities as a political leader will be put to the test.

It may be said of Gov. Cleveland without the least disrespect that he is not a man of genius. He is not a trained statesman, and has seen so little of public life that he is utterly unknown to the masses of his countrymen. No man has ever been nominated for president by either of the great political parties of whom so little is known beyond the fact that he is "a good man." Contrasted with any one of the democratic statesmen who have led the party since the war he shrinks into a very commonplace person.

Contrast him with Mr. Blaine, either in his public record or his personal qualities, and even his 250 pounds avoirdupois do not save him from becoming utterly insignificant. Fifty millions of people will have no difficulty of deciding between a great, positive character—a man of genius and force—a statesman of exalted aims and commanding talents, and "a good man weighing 250 pounds."

In nominating Thomas A. Hendricks for the vice presidency the democrats have adhered to geographical considerations that seemingly are becoming binding upon the party, and have at the same time invested the new ticket with as much of the sentiment attaching to that of 1876 as the refusal of Tilden to stand left it in their power to bestow. The nomination of a soldier such as Rosecrans or Vilas would have been more politic.

From a democratic standpoint the nomination of Hendricks is to be regarded with respect. He has been before the public for many years, and the measure of his services and capacities needs less rehearsal than those of the man with whom he is associated. His nomination adds no strength to the ticket, for in the debatable state where he lives he is no stronger than his party, and it cannot be said that his name will serve to attract the elements in New York that Cleveland's name will surely repel. But he will not detract from the popularity of the ticket, for he stands well with his party, and the average democrat in voting for him will feel in a measure that he is redressing the "great wrong" which the leaders of his party have induced him to believe was done to Tilden and Hendricks in 1876.

The Democratic Platform.

A series of resolutions can no longer be made to serve the purposes of a democratic platform. There are so many explanations to be made and limitations to be applied that it is impossible to embody the democratic creed in any form except that of a stump speech. The platform adopted at Chicago on Thursday night is a compilation of stump speeches which are far from being harmonious, either in style or in matter. Considering the composition of the committee, the product of its prolonged deliberations is about as fair a presentation of the party faith as could have been expected. With two such statesmen as Henry Watterson and Benjamin F. Butler trying to impress their opposing views upon the country through the same instrument, it is not surprising that there is incongruity in the several parts.

The party is to be congratulated upon having reached a landmark set up by the republicans more than twenty years ago. All citizens are declared to be equal before the law. It is a gratifying sign of progress that the democratic party has accepted this principle, in theory, at least. Nobody supposes that it will be carried out in good faith in the south, but it is something that southern democrats should formally assent to it. Gen. Butler is a firm believer in the equality of human rights, and he may have suggested the propriety of putting this plank in the platform, although the philosophical and speculative character of the section in which it occurs betrays the hand of Mr. Watterson.

The historical section in which the republicans are charged with having secured a president in 1876 by fraud and a president in 1880 by bribery is a tiresome reiteration of what the mossback orators have been shrieking for eight years. It certainly is a reminiscence which is the exclusive property of the "war horses," and is out of place in a platform that declares for the "equality of all citizens before the law." When the republicans refused to recognize the presidential electors who were fraudulently chosen in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana in 1876 they were simply enforcing the principle which this platform declares to be inherent in the democracy.

No republican can find much fault with the fling at the supreme court for overturning the civil rights bill. Of course there is no sincerity in this arraignment of a decision which gave great satisfaction to the masses of the democracy, but it is neatly done, and it is so seldom that the democrats have a chance to appear as the champions of human rights that they are to be pardoned for availing themselves of this opportunity of making a point. The effect of it, however, is entirely spoiled by the absurdity of the next count in the indictment preferred against the republican party. After charging the party with stealing and squandering the public revenues, it exhibits as the crowning outrage "a surplus of $100,000,000" in the treasury. This is probably the first time in the history of governments that a party has been charged with profligacy because it has taken care of the revenues.

Of course public interest centers most in the tariff plank. This is a very remarkable piece of literary composition, and is intended to be interpreted in the east as a declaration in favor of moderate protection, and in the west and south as a demand for the collection of duties on imports for revenue only. Gen. Butler, who was a member of the committee, says that it is an anti-protection declaration, and the fact that the resolutions which he submitted as a substitute, and which distinctly recognized the principle of protection in levying duties, were voted down shows that the convention was unwilling to declare in favor of protection. All the comfort that the manufacturers and laboring people can get from this plank is that the democrats declare they are not quite ready as yet to destroy the industries in which they are engaged. They will be given a year or two of grace.

HENDRICKS is the marplot of McDonald's fortunes. In 1880 his churlish course prevented McDonald from receiving the nomination for the presidency at the hands of the Cincinnati convention, and now he cuts Josheph E. out of the vice presidential honors. Perhaps some of Mr. McDonald's friends may conclude this sort of thing has gone far enough, and find in the ballot box a medium for expressing their disapprobation.

AS THE chairman of the Indiana delegation at Chicago cast the full number of the votes—thirty—of that delegation for Thomas A. Hendricks for vice president, it looks to the man up a tree as though the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, voted for himself.

THE Associated Press is to be congratulated in having an agent of untiring industry at Wilmington, Del. The country would not know how to get along without daily bulletins of the happenings in the office of the *Every Evening*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By F. ANSTEY, author of "Vice Versa," with illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Washington: W. H. Morrison.

"Vice Versa" created a genuine sensation by its fresh, original plot and style, and the "Giant's Robe" sustains the promise held out by Mr. Anstey's first venture in the field of fiction. The author's sympathy with child nature crops out in glimpses of school life and in the troubles of little Dolly, and in Mabel Langton and Vincent Holroyd two well-defined characters are drawn that will enchain the sympathy of the reader. The latter, a reserved, bashful man of genius, in love with Mabel and given to introspective dreams, has written a novel. Called away to Ceylon by his father's ill-health without having had courage enough to declare his passion to Mabel, he gives his manuscript to his friend Mark Ashburn with instructions to have it published without revealing the name of the author. Ashburn has written numerous novels only to have them rejected. Word comes that the ship on which Holroyd had sailed has gone down with all on board. Ashburn, yielding to temptation, publishes his dead friend's novel and finds himself famous. Circumstances throw him into contact with Mabel. He falls desperately in love, wins her, and is married to her. But Vincent Holroyd has not been drowned, and reappears to be the means of stripping Ashburn of his unworthily won honors. Harold Coffyn, rejected by Mabel, is the well-drawn villain of the novel, and obtains his revenge by bringing about the catastrophe. The denouement metes out proper punishment to him, sees poor Holroyd die in loneliness, and leaves the repentant Ashburn to cherish the hope that Mabel's affection may be regained for him through pity for his sorrow and because he is the father of his child.

OUR BASE BALL CLUB AND HOW IT WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP. By NOAH BROOKS. New York: E. P. Dalton & Co. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Son. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Brooks, although a hard-working editor, has found time to write a great many pleasant stories for boys, and this one will be as eagerly read as any of its predecessors. Every properly constituted boy likes to play base ball and to hear of the exploits of famous players. A golden thread of romance runs through the history of the "Catalpa club," which makes it all the more attractive. Books like this, in which healthful, manly sports are dealt with in the most attractive way, ought to drive the vicious yellow-covered novels, which corrupt the imaginations and pervert the tastes of so many boys, out of existence.

COOKERY FOR BEGINNERS. By MARION HARLAND. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Washington: William Ballantyne & Son.

This is a neat little book of one hundred and fifty pages, and is intended for young housekeepers. A great many girls get married without knowing how to prepare the simplest breakfast. When confronted with the real, practical business of life, the cooking and baking, they are entirely helpless. Miss Harland has prepared these easy lessons for those who have to go back to the beginning. The wife who masters them will be able to manage the kitchen to the satisfaction of her husband and the whole household. She will know how to make a good cup of tea, and that is more than a great many experienced cooks can do.

A HARD HEART. From the German of GOLO RAIMUND. By S. H. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is a translation of a very readable work of fiction. The stern, unbending character of Frau Sybilla Steinlach, her unwavering determination to preserve the Steinlach estate for her own blood, even at the cost of crime, and the succession of retributive strokes that finally bent her iron will and softened her hard heart from the thread around which are strung the characters and incidents of the story. Those who choose to peruse the portrayal of the fortunes of the Arnstettins, Richard Hood, Ingeborg, and the charming heroine, Malvina Steinlach, will find themselves well rewarded for their enterprise.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is No. 4 of the series of short stories now being published by the Scribners in neat little volumes that can easily be carried in the coat pocket. They are intended for people whose reading moments are intermittent, and who have no leisure to go through a long story. No. 4 contains "Miss Grief," by Constance Fenimore Woolson; "Love in Old Clothes," by H. C. Bunner; "Two buckets in a Well," by N. P. Willis; "Friend Barton's Concern," by Mary Hallock Foote; "An Inspired Lobbyist," by J. W. DeForrest, and "Lost in the Fog," by Noah Brooks.

PRINCESS NAPRAXINE: A Novel. By OUIDA. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, 40 cents.

The admirers of Ouida's lurid creations will find here the usual mixture of incredibly wealthy and handsome personages to whom the ordinary sensations of life have become a mockery. The princess and her lover are unreasonably wicked, and their respective mates, being reasonably good, are conveniently killed off that the princess and Othmar may marry under such circumstances that she exclaims in the last lines of the book, "Our joy is like the basil-plant of Isabella. It blossoms out of death, and was first rooted in a murdered love."

THE STORY OF THE COUP D'ETAT. By M. DE MAUPAS. Freely translated, with notes, by Albert D. Vandam. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The history of France is crowded with dramatic incidents of surpassing moment, and the sudden transition from a republic to an empire, on Dec. 2, 1851, is one of them. The author begins with the downfall of the Orleans dynasty, in 1848, and ends with the restoration of the empire under Louis Napoleon. M. de Maupas is a Bonapartist, and he sees everything from the standpoint of a strong partisan of the emperor.

RAPID RAMBLINGS IN EUROPE. By W. C. FALKNER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The author and his daughter Effie, a young lady old enough to appreciate what she sees, make a tour of England and the continent, and in this book he describes the experiences of the twain. The path is a beaten one, and it cannot be said that Mr. Falkner has found much that is new. The author is not as fine a writer as Mr. Howells or Mr. Lathrop, but his book is readable and the narrative is sometimes amusing.

FRIDOLIN'S MYSTICAL MARRIAGE. By ADOLPH WILBRANDT. Translated from the German by CLARA BELL. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Son. A 50 cent paper-bound novel.

We do not know who "Clara Bell" is, unless she (or he) is the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* who writes over that nom de plume. Assuming that this surmise is correct, the story must be good to have engaged the genius of this versatile newspaper man as translator.

THREADS OF THOUGHT. By ANNIE ARMSTRONG. Washington: Brentano Brothers.

Whoever reads these fragmentary poems will get the impression that the author is a young girl who has a vein of melancholy in her nature. The versification is sometimes light and graceful, and the first stanzas ripple along joyously enough, but the poem always winds up with a bit of tender pathos or pious resignation. The tone of nearly all the poems is devotional.

MARGIE'S MISSION. By MARIE OLIVER. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Son.

This is No. 2 of the Young Folks' Library series of entertaining stories, which the publishers are now issuing in a cheap form (25 cents) for the delectation of the youth of the country. The typography is clear and beautiful, and the book is a gem in its way.

BROKEN ENGLISH. A Frenchman's struggle with the English language. A hand-book of French conversation. By E. C. DUBOIS. In English and French. Price, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

The title page of this little volume sufficiently indicates the character of its contents. The student of French will find it both useful and entertaining, as it handles the colloquial difficulties of the language in a diverting and instructive fashion.

The Sun Cholera Remedy.
Chicago Herald.

Now that it has been ascertained that the cholera has appeared in Europe, prescriptions are in demand by correspondents, who write to the editor as if he were a personal friend and family physician. For more than forty years what is known as the "Sun Cholera Medicine" has stood the test of experience as the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. As was once vouched for by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "no one who has this by him and takes it in time will ever have the cholera." Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excellent thing for the ordinary summer complaints, colic, diarrhea, dysentery, &c., and we have no hesitation in commending it. Here it is: Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wine glass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

Misplaced Kindness.
San Francisco Post.

"Here, mister, you've dropped your overshoe!" shouted a gentleman in a Mission street car the other day, as an old man got out a crossing and hoisted h is umbrella.

The old party didn't appear to hear, so the kind-hearted passenger seized a No. 12 gum boot that lay on the floor and hurled it after the oblivious party, his property taking him square in the back of the neck as the car rolled away.

The passengers were all astonished at the shoe-loser's irritation, for he shook his fist angrily after the car, and walked off without picking up his rubber. Everybody roared, especially the shoe-thrower, until a little boy stopped eating peanuts and said to him:

"I guess you dropped that shoe yourself, mister; you've only got one on."

And the explosion nearly jarred the car off the track, as the benevolent gentleman climbed out to catch the next car back.

His Experience.
Kentucky State Journal.

"Why don't you get a nice-looking hat and look fly?" said a young married man to his economical wife.

"Because I can't afford it," she replied. "A 'fly' hat costs money."

"Pahaw! You don't know how to pick a hat. I can pick you one for $4. Let's stop in this millinery store here and I'll show you how to pick a hat."

Then they went in, and after looking about awhile he saw one that pleased him and which he knew would make his wife look "fly."

"What's the price of this one?" he asked the sales lady.

"Eighteen dollars," she replied.

What did he do? Did he take it! He said not a word, but dropped onto the cushioned stool near him a squelched man. Then he got up and said:

"Let's go home." And they went.

William and the Tile.

A goat stood by the orchard wall—
A goat serene and fat;
He spied a little distance off
On the ground a white plug hat,
And in a jiffy swallowed it whole,
And his heart went pit-a-pat.

Then joyfully on his hinder limbs
He assumed a butful pose,
Then stood in a gentle reverie,
Like a bard in a poppied doze,
And wriggled his tail and blinked his eyes
And twisted his purple nose.

"Oh, I can the boot and the oyster can
And the old hoopskirt digest!"
Just then he jumped ten feet off the ground
With a motion of vague unrest—
He suddenly found that the old white hat
Was a raging hornet's nest. —Ex.

A GENERAL BUDGET.

An Assortment of Stories and Wise Chat Culled From the Exchanges.

Chicago Advertisers.
New York Graphic.

The Chicago merchants tax their ingenuity to the uttermost to devise some new and striking way of advertising their goods. One merchant there has turned his sign over his store upside down. A clothing house has secured the services of a giant out of a museum to stand on the sidewalk and distribute handbills, besides giving a Waltham watch to every one who buys $12 worth of clothing. Another store farther up the street announces on its windows in large letters that "Strangers are safe here," while a man across the way has the shoes of his customers blacked by a boy in uniform. A firm of retail liquor dealers, who have five or six stores in the town, have in front of each a statue of some celebrated Scotchman, presumably a nation of hard drinkers, such as Scott, Burns, Sir Colin Campbell, Robert Bruce, &c. These statues were made by some local sculptors, and are lifesize and well executed. The average Chicago drinking saloon is decorated with the most costly stained glass, generally of very gaudy colors, and in bad taste, with oil paintings within and a profusion of plate glass and fancy chandeliers.

Tonsorial Electricity.
New York Sun.

In a barber shop on Broadway the electrical current is beginning to compete with muscle. A small dynamo fastened to the ceiling converts electricity into motion. From a fly wheel run belts that keep a number of propeller fans in rapid motion. At the customer's pleasure the speed can be regulated so as to produce a light zephyr or a western cyclone. "It works well," said the boss barber, "and only costs a cent an hour. I'm always a little afraid that something will go wrong, and then somebody may get killed by an electric shock.

There was a man here yesterday with an electric revolving hair brush. You attach it to the main circuit and it rotates very swiftly and electrifies the hair at the same time. He said it cured baldness and asked me to let him try it. I said all right. He fixed up the machine, got in a chair, and told the journeyman to go ahead. It looked like a nice job at first, but suddenly there was a snap, and the inventor began to hollo 'Murder!' We got him away from the machine after a minute, and then we found that he had been taking a ten-horse power current through his body, and was almost paralyzed. He wrapped up the pieces of his machine and walked out muttering, "I guess I'll have to improve this before I can put it on the market."

Connubial Osculation.
Exchange.

A Frenchman recently died, who, narrates a writer in the London *Standard*, on his wedding day some twenty years ago, took the original resolution to keep a yearly account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife until their union became severed by the death of one or the other. He was destined to be the first to go, but when on his sick bed, foreseeing that he would not recover, he begged a friend to let the world know the result of his twenty years' account keeping. During the first year of wedded life the kisses exchanged reached the colossal figure of 36,500, or 100 a day on an average, but in the following twelve months there was a notable decrease, not more than 16,000 being inscribed on his register; while the third year shows a still greater falling off, the average number of kisses being about ten a day; and after the lapse of five years a further reduction is recorded, and the account-keeper's task was simplified, for only two kisses were exchanged during each twenty-four hours—"one on rising, one on retiring to rest." Later on, during the last ten years of his married life, they "only kissed each other on leaving for or returning from a journey," and he had very little trouble in making up his annual domestic statistics.

A Word from Ireland.
Cork (Ireland) Examiner.

It is notorious, and we think, regrettable circumstance that our countrymen in America have generally identified themselves with the democratic party. To that party they have been of incalculable use; from that party they have got absolutely no benefit. A large number of them have tired of being ex-officio hewers of wood and drawers of water to the bosses of the democratic caucuses, and their manifestation of independence is sorely exercising those English papers which would welcome a return of the days when the great republic of the west was more intolerable in its administration to an honest man man than a nominally despotic state could be. We are glad to know that the Irish vote is so important a factor in the adjudication of the chief prize of American politics, and if it be independently exercised in the approaching presidential contest it will, malgre the croakers and ignoramuses, take a strong man to head Mr. Blaine in the run home.

An Unlucky Thief.
La Lanterne.

In 1866 a diamond valued at over 600,000 was found in a Chilian mine near Caracotes. Its owner, Mr. Joam Pareso, hawked it about Europe, and at length found a purchaser in Queen Victoria. It was put into the hands of a Bond street (London) jeweler to be set, and for eight days was exhibited in his window. One fine morning the jeweler found the case in which it was specially set apart broken and the jewel gone. No trace of the thief could be found, and the jeweler partially indemnified the queen for her loss. On the 7th of May there died in a miserable lodging in Strasburg a man of 70 named Julian Partridge. His landlord was amazed to find in Partridge's pocket a huge diamond, wrapped up in a letter, telling that he, finding himself dying, wished to explain that the diamond in his pocket was the "sunsbeam," which he had stolen, but, knowing that Mr. Pareso had shown it all over Europe, he had not after all dared to attempt to sell it. The diamond was returned to the queen, who, of course, repaid the jeweler.

The Kansas Democrat.
Chicago News.

The Kansas democrats are perhaps the saddest-looking specimens of humanity in Chicago at the present time. A Kansas democrat isn't of very much use, and he seems to know it. He hates to tell you where he comes from. If you ask him where he lives, he doesn't say "In Kansas;" he makes some such indefinite, vague, misty reply as "Out west," or "Near the Arkansas line." He has no pride in his state, has the Kansas democrat. His life seems to be one long, bitter regret that he didn't stop just a little way the east side of the Missouri river on his march westward. He tries to dress and talk like a Missourian; he professes a fondness for corn bread and catfish and bacon grease. But it is all an apparent lie, and he knows that everybody else knows it. So he creeps along through our streets, dogged-like and mean, thoroughly ashamed of himself and heartily wishing he were some other fellow.

Dreadful to Contemplate.
Rochester Post-Express.

Congressman Stevens, of Attica, who is also a member of the democratic national committee, is authority for the statement that in case of Cleveland's nomination, William Purcell will withdraw from the electoral ticket and refuse to support it. The will draw tears from democratic eyes, but not to the extent of the other statement he makes, that August Belmont will refuse to contribute a dollar to the campaign fund.

Marching Cavalry.
Exchange.

Cavalry officers will be interested in a recent experiment which was successfully carried out in Russia by a regiment of the dragoons of the guards. They rode from Krechevitsky, in the district of Novgorod, to Yam Ijora, by the order of the inspector general of the cavalry, who wished to ascertain the condition in which the regiment would arrive at its destination after a long forced ride. The distance from Krechevitsky to Yam Ijora is 105 miles; the ride was accomplished in thirty-eight hours, at the end of which the cavalcade arrived at their destination in excellent condition. As they rested eleven hours at night and made two halts of seven hours in all, they were only twenty hours on the road. The frequent change from walk to trot, with occasional dismounting, was recommended by the riders as the best means of keeping their horses fresh.

ANOTHER PERU LETTER.

The People of Lima and Their Customs—Lottery Business as a Thriving Industry—Manners of Women on the Streets.

Special Letter.

CALLAO, June 20.—The two sides of the grand square in Lima that are not taken up by the cathedral and the two palaces, are occupied by shops with a broad-covered arcade in front of them. The shops are of various sizes, but none of them very large and are occupied chiefly by money changers, dry goods men and tobacconists. The money changers are mostly Germans with a Hebrew accent and cast of countenance, and they do a thriving business, giving you twenty-five silver Peruvian dollars for a double eagle, or 580 paper dollars for the same coin. I saw some of our silver dollars in one of these places the other day (I mean our 87 cent dollars) and inquired the price. They offered me twenty-one for a double eagle and it made me feel out of sorts, it seemed a reflection on our whole country to be issuing debased coins, and appeared to put us on a par with Peru or Bolivia.

The dry goods shops have a small stock, and the prices are enormous, but I enjoy walking up and down the arcade and watching the pretty Peruvian women shop. There are generally several of them together, and a bargain involves such an infinite amount of chatter and gesticulation, while every other word seems to end in *to* or *ita*. They dance about like black-robed butterflies, looking at everything; and if one sees a female acquaintance passing she stops her, and they kiss on each cheek giving one another soothing little pats on the shoulder at the same time. They never speak to gentlemen in the street, it not being considered the proper thing to do. They generally dress all in black, the wealthy ones wearing black silk skirts and handsomely embroidered crepe mantas, that are made in China for this trade. The manta is about two and a half to three yards long and about two yards wide. On one edge is sewed a fine, narrow lace, and this edge, near one end, is placed on the head so that the lace falls down on the front hair and about the ears; then the rest of the garment is wrapped around the shoulders, thus enveloping the head and body down below the waist, and with the skirt completing the costume. There is seldom any dress waist worn, and while the whole arrangement is generally becoming, graceful, and especially pleasing because of its novelty, it always makes me think of the economical man, who bought an ulster because then he could pawn everything but his boots. The women are dark-haired, with tall, lithe figures and fine rosy cheeks. They have an admirable carriage and good step; yet their faces are, as a rule, not handsome when you inspect them closely.

Around the tobacconists' shops, whose stock generally consists of countless little bundles of cigarettes, or standing in groups about the arcade are the Peruvian gentlemen. Generally tall, thin, with a slight stoop and a variety of dress and costume that would set a home tailor crazy, of every style and every date, thick and thin, big hats, little hats, straw hats, tall hats, and dude hats. Here it is evidently not the dress that makes the man, and no matter how shabby they may be they are all graceful, and seem very much excited when they converse, their black eyes snapping, their arms and hands moving, shoulders shrugging, and a general agitation of the figure taking place. They stop anywhere to talk, and, next to the Germans, they are the rudest people I ever met as to stopping up the sidewalk and forcing passing men, women, and children to go out into the street to get around them. You see many soldiers and officers in uniform, but their attire has a hasty, ill-assorted look, and is generally incomplete, being pieced out with citizens' trowsers, coats, or canes.

Everywhere in Lima, but in the arcade above all, are you assailed by the vendors of lottery tickets, their sharp cry of "5,000 soles for to-morrow," "20,000 soles for Monday," is constantly echoing through the place as they come and go with little books in their hands, from which flutter long strips of gally-colored tickets. The lottery furnishes money for the city to take care of the poor with and is said to do a great deal of good. I saw a booth set up one day in a corner of the plaza and arrangements begun for a drawing, but it took them such an unconscionable time to fold the numbers for the two wheels that my patience gave out and I left.

On the side of the arcade next the street are stands of second-hand books, and groups of Indian women watching over baskets of sweet cakes and fruit. These women generally wear a cheap Panama hat and coarse woolen cloth that they themselves have woven. Just back of them, as anywhere about the plaza, or streets, you see saddle horses standing perfectly quiet and apparently unhitched, until you perceive that their front legs are strapped together just above the fetlocks, which effectually prevents their running away or otherwise misbehaving. Looking beyond these you see a great variety of street cars, a few private carriages, and a quantity of tumble-down hacks rushing about. Now and then among them is a little laden mule, sometimes with a goat-skin basket on either side holding four square cans of milk, and a smiling Indian woman perched up aloft on a wooden saddle.

I one day saw a woman riding a little wood-laden donkey and towing five others astern. How we would laugh if such wood was offered us at home; yet here it is precious. The sticks average about one inch in diameter and a couple of feet long. In summer the poor women wear calico and the men white cotton and a poncho, unless they are soldiers. The poncho is worn by nearly all men of all classes while riding, and is simply a square of cloth with a short slit in the middle, through which the head is put. Some of them, made of fine llama wool, are very pretty and hang gracefully, being so fine. They are all generally striped with gay colors, while the body is a soft gray or dove color.

MARGUERITE DICKINS.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Count Portales was in San Francisco on Independence Day.

D. S. Little and wife, of this city, were registered in Minneapolis, Minn., last Tuesday.

Lieut. Leon A. Matile, 11th United States infantry, is at Fort Leavenworth this week on temporary duty. He is a Washington boy.

Capt. John J. Kane, assistant surgeon, is detailed as member of the army retiring board at New York, relieving Maj. John H. Janeway, surgeon.

By direction of the President Lieut. Col. John M. Wilson, corps of engineers, will act as chief of engineers during the absence of Brig. Gen. John Newton.

Second Lieut. Joseph H. Pendleton, marine corps, was yesterday ordered to the marine barracks, New York navy yard, by Sept. 1, for instruction in his duties as an officer.

Commander Allen V. Reed, U. S. N., was yesterday ordered to examination for promotion to captain, and Ensign Joseph L. Jayne to ordnance instruction at the Washington navy yard.

M. H. De Young, the proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is studying viniculture in the Bordeaux district of France with the view for improving that industry in southern California.

Miss Chamberlayne, the alleged American professional beauty, was at the opera the other night with the Prince of Wales's party. Her mother, Mrs. Chamberlayne, was with her.

Col. W. C. Squire, the new governor of Washington territory, was reared at Clyde, Ohio, the home of Gen. McPherson, was captain of a company of sharpshooters during the rebellion, and served on the staff of Gen. George H. Thomas.

Col. James P. Martin, U. S. A., who was for a long time on duty at the war department, reported at Fort Leavenworth last Monday for duty as adjutant general of the department of the Missouri, on the staff of Gen. Augur. Mrs. Martin, who was Miss Bacon, of this city, is with him.

Crape on His Hat.

Why does he wear it?
Emblem of woe!
For whom does he bear it?
Is some one laid low?

Say, was it a mother
That crossed the deep sea?
His mother that nursed him
In youth on her knee?

Perhaps 'twas a brother!
In boyhood, may be,
They frolicked together,
His brother and he.

Or was it his partner
Who fell by his side?
Now, none to console him,
No heart to confide.

Say, why does he wear
The black band—oh, for what?—
He wears it to cover
The grease on his hat.

—*Houston Daily Post.*

With crimson hue,
'Mid much ado,
Chicago now is painted;
Both far and near,
With fumes of beer,
And applejack and whisky clear
The atmosphere is tainted.
Red, red, O rollicking red,
Warm is the sky
When your radiance is shed!
But hot the next day
Is the delegate's head.

—*New York Morning Journal.*

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Let it Pass.

Be not swift to take offense
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay?
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh, be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng,
Better to be wronged than wrong,
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Fishing.

May this be fun, sitting in the sun,
With a book and parasol, as my angler wishes,
While he dips his line in the ocean brine,
Under the delusion that his bait will catch the fishes.

'Tis romantic—yes! but I must confess
Thoughts of shady rooms at home somehow seem more inviting.
But I dare not move. "Quiet, there, my love,"
Says my angler, "for I think a monstrous fish is biting."

Oh, of course, it's bliss—still how hot it is!
And the rock I'm sitting on grows harder every minute,
While my fisher waits, trying various baits,
But the basket by his side, I see, has nothing in it.

It is just the way to pass a July day—
Arcadian and sentimental, dreamy, idle, charming.
But how fierce the sunlight falls, and the way that insect crawls
Along my neck and down my back is really quite alarming.

"Any luck?" I gently ask of the angler at his task.
"There's something pulling at the line," he says; "I've almost caught it;"
But when with a blistered face, we our homeward steps retrace,
We take the little basket just as empty as we brought it.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Song of the Streams.

With ceaseless murmur of song
We slip through meadow and wood,
And we love to linger long
Where old dead cities brood.
With stealthy sweep or with swirl
Through highland and lowland we flow;
In flood-time our waters we hurl,
In drough we move shrunken and slow.

We sing, like the birds who beside us
Are filled with the joy of their days,
And we follow the course that doth guide us