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THE REPUBLICAN DURING THE SUMMER.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884.

HAVE we lepers among us?

CLEVELAND must have been drugged.

AN anxious multitude is curious to know just what Carl Schurz means by a "monstrous calumny."

IF a confessed criminal intimacy with a loose woman is a vindication, then Gov. Cleveland stands vindicated.

THE building inspector might drag himself from under the wreck of matter and crush of hotels and resolve himself into a leper-hunting commission.

IT was never charged against Mr. Beecher that he took care of another man's child. He therefore escaped classification under the head of "Chumps."

CLEVELAND is getting good and even. He was played for a "sucker" once, and now he is playing the democratic party for a "sucker." He learned the game early in life.

CLEVELAND has been vindicated. To be sure the charges that were preferred against him have been proved to be true, but then all his apologists hold him innocent of wrong doing. It is not clear where the vindication comes in, but, then, we are assured that he is vindicated.

THE fire last night which destroyed the most important works in Roach's great shipyard, at Chester, Pa., is a severe blow to the navy, as it stops all work on the new steel cruisers, Chicago, Boston, and Atlanta, for there is now no other place in the country able to do the heavy steel work required.

THE election of Cleveland will result in the total annihilation of Tammany Hall. Know-nothingism is the moving spirit behind the County Democracy, and foreign born citizens will have no mercy shown them at the hands of the Manning-Thompson combination. The fight is against the Irish Catholics, who comprise 90 per cent. of the Tammany strength. Kelly and his braves appreciate the situation fully. They may not vote the republican ticket in great numbers, but they adore Butler. Come what may, they will not nerve the hand that is trying to strangle them. They will down Cleveland.

KENTUCKY is so strongly democratic that people at a distance are apt to conclude that the republican party scarcely exists in the state. This is a great mistake. In some sections of Kentucky the republicans constitute the controlling element, own a good share of the property, and have a majority of the fighting men. The returns of the election on Monday show that the republicans carried a large number of the counties in the eastern section of the state and elected the local officers. The race for judge of the appellate court in the eastern district seems to have been exceedingly close. We notice that in twenty-two counties a majority of 2,729 is claimed for Riddell, the democratic candidate. There is hope even for Kentucky.

The Isthmus Canal.

Mr. Theodore H. Growney, a practical engineer, who has been for two years employed on the Panama canal, has returned to San Francisco, and gives a rather discouraging account of the work. He says that there has been an enormous expenditure of money without any commensurate results. Every step taken in the prosecution of the great enterprise has been characterized by prodigal waste and inconceivable mistakes. The company spent a large sum of money in building up the town of Colon, at the Atlantic terminus, which should have been devoted to digging the ditch. The town would have crown of itself with the progress of the work. It is essentially French in its architecture, population, language, and, in fact, in all its characteristics.

The first division of the canal extends from Colon to Gatun, seven miles. It was supposed that all the digging on this division could be done with dredging machines, and the contracts were made accordingly. At the end of two miles, however, the machines struck a coral reef, whose existence was not suspected, and they could do nothing more until a passage was cut through the reef. The dredges were floated over the obstruction at high tide, but the canal has not yet been cut through the coral. The machinery is wearing out, and a great deal of money will have to be expended in replacing it before much effective work can be done.

The second section extends from Gatun to Palo—four miles—and runs through rocks, alternating with swamps and jungle. Nothing has been done on this section yet except to clear away the surface obstructions, and consequently not much money has been spent. From Palo to Fijole the line of the canal has been marked by clearing away the timber and leveling the hillocks. The ditch must be dug through red clay and rocks. A good deal of money has been expended in making roads for carrying the dirt to dumping places. About $4,000,000 has been expended in preliminary work between Fijole and Chagres.

Mr. Growney goes over the whole twelve sections and gives the condition of each, and the summing up of the whole is anything but encouraging. Colossal blunders have been made in the original estimates which put the costs far beyond anything that has yet been conceived of. Up to June 28, 1884, according to the engineer's estimates, $50,000,000 had been expended. The route through the Emperador section was changed after $3,000,000 had been wasted in experimental work.

The most extraordinary blunders seem to have been made by Count de Lesseps himself in his estimates. For instance, De Lesseps contemplated a perpendicular cut on the Culebra section 283 feet deep. It has been ascertained, however, that the banks must have a slope of at least 54 degrees, and this will involve the removal of many millions of cubic feet of earth over and above the amount contemplated in the estimates. The cost of this cut was fixed at $10,000,000, but it will exceed $20,000,000.

Mr. Growney has no hope that the canal will be completed within the century, and he says that if De Lesseps were to die the whole project would collapse. The people who are alarmed lest the near completion of the canal may make trouble during Mr. Blaine's administration can take heart again.

One Man's Moral Infirmity.

Mr. Carl Schurz denounced the charges of immorality against Gov. Cleveland as "monstrous calumnies." Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who is believed by millions of his fellow-men to have debauched the wife of his bosom friend, Theodore Tilton, gives Gov. Cleveland a certificate of character on the ground that the offense was committed thirteen years ago, and that it was not a very serious offense anyway. The perfectionist republicans, who object to Mr. Blaine because he is such a very bad man, ask the public to forgive Gov. Cleveland. They do not deny that the governor kept a mistress, but they hold him guiltless because other men were maintaining intimate relations with her at the same time. The New York *World* admits that the democratic candidate for president once had "sporadic association with a middle-aged female, and that an illegitimate child born to the woman, whether his own offspring or not, has been cared for and protected by him," and this is described as an act of heroism. In further defense it is asserted by the friends of the accused that he did not know she was a bad woman for some months after her installation as his mistress, but that on inquiry he learned that two or three of his friends were unduly intimate with her. This made her a bad woman. Months afterward, when hi mistress gave birth to a child, he acknowledged it as his own, "though in doubt as to its paternity." He should wear the insignia of a cuckold. There is nothing heroic or manly in such "chumpish" self abasement. Audacity sometimes compels admiration; a cowardly surrender of manhood excites contempt.

The original charges against Gov. Cleveland showed him to be a vulgar, heartless villain. The defenses, explanations, and apologies advanced by his friends show him to have been a weakling who feebly submitted to the blackening of his own character. He is not an admirable object viewed from any standpoint. The republican press of the country has good reason to congratulate itself upon having had nothing to do with parading this disgusting spectacle of man's moral infirmity before the country. It has been a democratic exhibition from beginning to end. Faugh!

Gen. Butler's Candidacy.

Now that Gen. Butler has determined to make the presidential race speculation is rife as to the effect his candidacy will have upon the fortunes of the two leading candidates. Will he draw more largely from the Blaine than from the Cleveland vote? The New York *Sun*, which has been taking a good deal of interest in Gen Butler of late, is of the opinion that he will get a good many votes from both sides, and that the result of the election is as much in doubt as it was before he announced his intention of remaining in the field.

The *Sun* has a way of balancing probabilities that tends to confuse rather than to enlighten those who are seeking to learn something of the currents of opinion which indicate success or defeat. The supporters of Mr. Blaine can get but little comfort from its comments and deductions, and the supporters of Mr. Cleveland must seek elsewhere for encouragement and consolation. The most diligent and careful reader will find it difficult to decide whether Blaine or Cleveland, as viewed from the standpoint of the *Sun*, is the more unworthy of being elected to the presidency.

The New York *Times*, however, has no doubt as to the object of Gen. Butler's candidacy. The *Times* has a very poor opinion of Butler, and accuses him of treachery toward the classes whose special champion he professes to be. His zeal in behalf of the workingmen is declared to be a pretense and a sham, and he is credited with having rendered more service to the monopolists, and having profited more by such service, than any other man in the country. There are not many workingmen who will agree with the *Times* on this point, but the fact that the leading Cleveland newspaper makes such an assertion shows that the Cleveland managers expect no aid from Gen. Butler, and that they intend to fight him from the start.

The *Times* can see nothing in the Butler candidacy but a conspiracy to elect Blaine, and it lashes itself into a rage over the bare contemplation of such an event. Gen. Butler will not be greatly disturbed by these ebullitions of personal and political spleen, but they are suggestive as showing how the Cleveland people feel toward him. He certainly will not go to much trouble to assist them in electing their candidates for state offices and for congress. What can the Massachusetts democrats do without Butler? They might as well disband their campaign committees before the fight begins and save themselves the labor and expense of going through a canvass in which they can have no possible hope of success. And yet Massachusetts has been claimed as one of the states which the republican bolters would carry for Cleveland.

Gen. Butler will no doubt get a very considerable vote in Connecticut and New York. The organized labor associations in Connecticut have made it a doubtful state. Should these decide to support the candidate who peculiarly represents the workingmen there would be no possible show for Cleveland. The same may be said of New York and New Jersey. Looking over the whole field we think that Gen. Butler will get more democratic votes than republican votes in the closely contested states, and that his candidacy will upon the whole be advantageous to the republicans. As to whether he intends it to have this effect is another question.

Cleveland's Sporadic Association.

New York World.

It has been asserted, and is true, that Gov. Cleveland once had sporadic association with a middle-aged female, and that an illegitimate child born to the woman, whether his own off-spring or not, has been cared for and protected by him.

A CURIOUS VINDICATION.

One of Beecher's Friends Investigates Cleveland and Finds the Charges Against Him to Be True, Although He Cheerfully Acquits the Defendant.

Gen. Horatio C. King, who went to Buffalo to investigate the charges against Gov. Cleveland for the purpose of "setting Mr. Beecher's mind at rest," was interviewed by the *World* on his return to Brooklyn. He finds the governor guiltless, as will be seen by the following remarkable statement:

"I felt confident," he said, "that these stories about the governor were false, because the whole character and life of the man repudiated the cowardly and unworthy actions attributed to him. And my high opinion of him was fully justified on finishing my investigation. I learned enough to convince me that he had been wrongfully accused. I went everywhere, and did quite a little bit of detective work on my own account. The facts seem to be that many years ago, when the governor was 'sowing his wild oats,' he met this woman, with whom his name has been connected, and became intimate with her. She was a widow and not a good woman by any means. Mr. Cleveland, learning this, began to make inquiries about her and discovered that two of his friends were intimate with her at the same time as himself.

"When a child was born, Cleveland, in order to shield his two friends, who were both married men, assumed the responsibility of it. He took care of the child and mother like a man, and did everything in his power for them, and he provided for them until the woman became a confirmed victim to alcoholism and made it impossible by her conduct for him to have anything to do with her. He never separated the mother and child, nor did he do anything to injure the woman. He was throughout the whole affair a victim of circumstances. He accepted responsibilities that not one man in a thousand has shouldered and acted honorably in the matter. I questioned many men in Buffalo who have known the governor for years, and I found that he was admired and respected even by those who disliked him personally.

"Ex-Supervisor Krumholse, of Buffalo, had served in his official capacity while Cleveland was mayor. He had known him for years, and assured me that the first intimation of immorality or anything of that kind which he had seen came from the sheet that published the scandalous story. Like many men Mr. Cleveland likes good living and good company, but he never goes to excess in anything, and he respects the opinions and the prejudices of others. The other stories told about the governor cannot be substantiated; indeed, the evidence all goes to show that they were manufactured out of whole cloth. No one seemed willing to father them; it was, 'I heard this and heard that,' and 'So-and-so told me this.'"

"After the child was born the woman made a habit of visiting every man with whom she had been intimate and demanded money under a threat of exposure. Three of her four admirers—for she was an attractive woman—were married, and the man who in reality was the father of the infant had an interesting daughter whom he idolized. He was in constant dread lest his offense should reach his wife and child, and Cleveland, being the only unmarried man, relieved him of the embarrassment by shouldering all the responsibility. That man is dead, and the child is his perfect image in manner and looks. Cleveland acted a heroic part, suffering the obloquy that his friends might not bring unpleasantness to their hearthsides."

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

Mr. Beecher Draws Public Attention to a Reeking Scandal That Blackened His Own Character.

New York Sun.

It appears that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn is disposed to condone one of the offences charged against Gov. Cleveland, on the ground that the error was committed thirteen years ago. The Rev. Mr. Beecher has been investigating Gov. Cleveland's conduct at that time. "I have been way down in the mud," he remarks to a reporter of the Brooklyn *Union*, "but now the clouds are breaking away." He also tells a reporter of the New York *Times* that he will support Gov. Cleveland "unless something more damaging than has yet been published is produced." "He is satisfied," continues the *Times* report, "that the governor committed an error about thirteen years ago, but at that time he acted a generous and very honorable part, and has for that won his admiration."

It is a curious and interesting fact that if Mr. Beecher were now a candidate for president, and Mr. Cleveland were investigating his moral record in order to satisfy conscientious scruples about giving him support in the campaign, the same figures would indicate the extent of the mollifying influence of time. It is just about thirteen years since Mr. Beecher dictated and signed the following letter:

"BROOKLYN, Jan. 1, 1871.

"In Trust with F. D. Moulton.

"MY DEAR FRIEND MOULTON: I ask through you Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing, except that he will remember all the other hearts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead, but others must live and suffer. I will die before any one but myself shall be inculpated. All my thoughts are running forward, my friends, toward the poor child lying there and praying with her folded hands. She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgressions of another. Her forgiveness I have. I humbly pray to God that He may put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me.

"I have trusted this to Moulton in confidence. "H. W. BEECHER."

But it can't make much difference to the democratic party whether the election of its candidate is advocated or is opposed by such a man as Mr. Beecher.

A Delicate Thing.

Wall Street News.

It has often and truly been said that capital is a delicate thing, frightened at the slightest rumor, and tucked away at the first note of disaster. The case was exemplified again the other day when an Indianapolis man was about to put $20,000 into hogs. His son came into the office with the announcement that a St. Louis cooper shop had busted.

"Ah! cooper shop, eh? Coopers make barrels, and barrels and pork go together. I think I'll wait a little."

"But that was a cooper shop which made only flour barrels," protested the man waiting for the papers to be signed.

"Yes, that may be; and while I can't exactly see what flour barrels and hogs have to do with each other, I'll hold this matter open for a few days. There's a drop in the price of bristles in there somewhere, anyhow."

A Sketch of St. John.

Brooklyn Union.

For richness of biographical material St. John, of the prohibitionists, leads all the rest. He ran away from his father in Indiana at the age of 12; was a husband at 19, and a widower at 20; became one of the rough-and-tumble pioneers of the California gold diggings, and once ran barefooted over ice and frozen ground for two days, with an anxious party of Indians after him; started for South America and was wrecked without clothes or coin among the Sandwich islands; turned up as a country lawyer in Illinois; served in the army through the war and got the rank of colonel, and finally "struck it" in the rum politics of Kansas.

Shocking Debauchery of Moral Sentiment.

From a Letter of President Seelye, of Amherst College, written Aug. 2.

If the charges to which you refer are true I do not see how one with any self-respect can vote for the man against whom they are made, nor how a party with any pretensions to decency can keep such a man in nomination. To affirm that the offences are venial because they have not been "flaunted in the face of the public," or to argue that, since they affect only the candidate's private life, they are no bar to his election to high public office, indicates, I should say, a shocking debauchery of moral sentiment. Very truly yours. JULIUS H. SEELYE.

CURED BY PRAYER.

Mrs. Wimpey Restored to Health After Having Been Twenty Years an Invalid.

Norcross (Ga.) Dispatch to the New York Times.

This community is excited over the alleged miraculous faith cure which has just taken place here, the favored person being the wife of the Hon. John A. Wimpey, one of the most prominent republican politicians of the state. For twenty years Mrs. Wimpey has been an invalid, having been confined a great portion of the time to her bed and unable to walk a step. Even in her better moments she was only able to walk across the room supported by an assistant. Of late years she was confined to bed entirely, being unable to lift her hands. She is an estimable woman, and bore her afflictions with rare fortitude, hardly hoping that she would ever be well again. She has lived in Dahlonega, Atlanta, and for several years in Norcross, and has tried all remedies known to medical science for relief in vain. Neither change of atmosphere, the healing waters of mineral springs, nor the learning and experience of professors could bring any relief, and she was regarded by all her acquaintances as incurable. All physicians in Atlanta had given up her case as hopeless. During the recent district meeting at Norcross there was a remarkable revival in progress, which still continued after the regular meeting was over.

Mr. Wimpey felt a deep interest in the work, but was debarred the privilege of an active participation in it by her afflictions. Tuesday morning her bed was rolled into the parlor, where she might better hear the singing while the family all repaired to church. Left alone to her private devotion she suddenly felt her strength returning, and without doubting that her prayers had at last been answered she got up and walked across the room. Filled with rejoicing at her sudden cure she hastily dressed for church, and, taking her Bible in her hand, hurried on to the house of God, where the congregation was assembled. Before she arrived at the door she was recognized, and the news spread rapidly through the congregation. The services were suspended, and her husband and some of her friends hurried out to meet her while others sat still in blank astonishment. On she came, refusing all assistance to mount the steps. She entered the church and walked up to the altar, where she exhorted the people with great power and eloquence. Rev. W. A. Parks declared her cure to be in answer to prayers from heaven. The whole congregation joined in praises. Mrs. Wimpey walked back home unaided, and went about household duties, declaring that she feels permanently cured.

This incident has given fresh impetus to the religious fervor which has been growing. The doctors confess that they have no theory to offer, as the lady's ailment was such that there was no method known by the profession for its cure. People are coming from all parts inquiring into the wonderful event. As the parties are all so well known and the event was manifested in so public a manner, it is likely to grow in interest, and the lady's progress will be carefully watched by the physicians.

Drawing the Record on Him.

To the Editor.

In the current issue of *Harper's Weekly* is a letter on the public situation from a democratic point of view, by a writer who is referred to editorially as "*the ablest* constitutional lawyer of the country." The initials signed to the article (G. T. C.) are doubtless those of George Ticknor Curtis. The lawyer who is indorsed in such unqualified terms is the author of the "Life of James Buchanan," published by the Harpers. The strong indorsement given Mr. Ticknor Curtis, read in connection with Mr. Harper's letter unearthed by THE REPUBLICAN, is somewhat significant, and would seem to indicate that Mr. Blaine is not the only historian whom the Harpers "go down upon the sidewalk to welcome," or of whom their opinion, favorable or otherwise, is formed according to the relations sustained toward the publishing department of their establishment. D. MUNCEY.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.

Keep a Book.

To the Editor

Messrs. George William, Carl S., and other disgruntled and loquacious mugwumps should keep a book, as a record of what they said, and with broad marginal notes stating when and where they said it, and then "never say nothink" without first consulting the record as to what they should say, if anything, and thus avoid the utterance of many inconsistenices which are continually returning to trouble and perplex them.

Yes, George, by all means keep a book and by timely and frequent reference to it, and by careful selections of times and places, you then might be able to occasionally open your mouth without putting your foot in it, so to speak. That's the safest plan for those who give publicity to transient opinions, based on policy, partly prejudice, or personal feeling, instead of cool and sober conviction. Keep a book! C.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

GOV. CAMERON, Senator Mahone, and Congressman Wise are at Old Point Comfort.

MR. GEORGE A. MCILHENY, president of the Gaslight company, has returned from Cape May, looking brown and hearty from his trip.

MR. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN, of Chicago, has organized a company, with a paid-up capital of $100,000, to continue the publication of *The Current*

ROMAYNE NICHOLS has become quite a favorite at the Branch among the ladies, old and young. He is the one man there who always enjoys the surf.

THE sons of the noted sculptor, Clark Mills, are now located at 207 Four-and-a-half street, and are busy supplying the demand for the bust of the late Bishop Simpson.

SENATOR DON CAMERON and his fishing party have gone up the Elk river, in West Virginia, in flat boats, and are thoroughly equipped to camp out in the wilds of Clay county.

MME. NINETTE DE BOUSIGNAC, the married daughter of the late Judah P. Benjamin, inherits the principal part of her father's personal estate, which amounts to more than $300,000.

COL. BOB INGERSOLL is quite out of politics at present, and is sensibly enjoying himself with his wife and two daughters in a protracted tour through Montana and the entire north west.

JUDGE ALBERT C. FARMAN, of the Anglo-Egyptian War Claims commission, and judge of the Mixed Tribunals of Egypt, is expected home by the Inman line steamship City of Chester, next Sunday.

CARDS of invitation are out for the marriage of Miss Louise L. Murphy, daughter of Gen. R. C. Murphy, and Mr. William P. Jameson, of Charles county, Md.. The wedding will be solemnized at their residence, No. 937 K street, Aug. 19, at 8 o'clock.

COL. W. W. DUDLEY, commissioner of pensions, who has been laid up since Friday, Aug. 1, with a severe attack of pneumonia, was yesterday reported to be improving a little. He is attended by Dr. Thomas B. Hood, the medical referee of the pension bureau.

MISS MINNIE FIGMAN, of the Grau Opera company, is the latest actress to meet with a queer adventure. While packing some articles in her trunk the other night she tumbled in, the lid snapped down, and she was rescued in an almost asphyxiated condition. There are many points of merit about this story.

LEOPOLD WILLSTADLER, of Veit L. Hornburger & Co., of Carlsruhe, and B. Klopper, director of the Union German bank, of Manheim, Germany, have arrived in New York. They are the representatives of the holders of several million dollars' worth of bonds and stocks of the Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia railroad, and intend to inquire into the affairs of the company.

GAMBLING AT LONG BRANCH.

A Philadelphia Doctor Wins a Small Fortune in One Night—The Card Sharps Given Practical Immunity.

Recent Long Branch Dispatch.

A Philadelphia physician, who is a personal friend of Gen. Grant and as well known in the fashionable society of New York and Washington as he is in that of his own city, is the hero of the biggest bit of gambling done here so far this season. He had a little poker party in his private parlar at the hotel where he is passing the season a night or two ago. It had been raining all day, and the party played without interruption from noon until 11 o'clock at night. The physician was then in $3,700. He was made daring by success. Although it was so late he had a carriage called, and was driven over to one of the fashionable gambling, by courtesy called club, houses. He played high. Luck was with him until his winnings at roulette amounted to about $5,000. Then it turned. When his gains dropped to $3,700 he said: "I'm out," and he had the strength of will to remain out. So his winnings that day were $7,400. He celebrated his victories by giving a dinner party to seven friends. He regarded himself as so assuredly the favorite of fortune that the fact that the number at table was an even one did not phase him. The cost was $22 a cover.

Gambling here is still carried on with striking boldness. The most fashionable place occupies a site directly opposite the West End hotel. It is surrounded by well kept grounds, graced by the most beautiful designs of the landscape gardener's art and made uniquely charming by a profusion of rare and costly exotics. A half dozen men are constantly employed in keeping the grounds in order. A broad carriageway leads up to the splendid restaurant that forms the ante-room of the tiger's lair and gives a ready excuse to those who have not yet reached the point of taking pride in encounters with the treacherous beast. Entrance may also be directly gained by a footpath leading through beautiful shrubbery to broad steps. The rattle of dice, the whir of the roulette wheel, and the voice of the crier may be heard on the green sward outside.

But, though the laws of New Jersey bear with extraordinary severity against gambling, no earnest effort has been made to interfere with the business of this gorgeous establishment. Until that were done it would be absurd to make any movement against the four smaller places that have sprung up in the wake of the giant. Since the collapse of the pretended official crusade against the club houses at the beginning of the season and the exposure of its shallowness, public opinion has forced the subject upon the minds of the authorities. The commissioners at a secret meeting considered the question as to whether something had not better be done at once. They could not, however, summon the courage to face the opposition that a vigorous policy would certainly awaken, and so they endeavored to turn the attention of the public away from the subject by directing all their energies to the suppression of another sort of evil and the arrest of thirty-one women, none of whom, it is to be presumed, had much money or any political influence.

A person whose sympathies and affiliations are with the gamblers informs the *Times* correspondent that the keeper of the chief place is constantly the victim of "squeezes," and that his immunity from the rigors of the law is largely to be ascribed, apart from his political influence, to the fact that he pays generous tribute. As long as these conditions exist, it is declared, there is no likelihood that the gamblers would be disturbed if a den were to be erected in front of every church at the branch. That the "tribute" may easily be made generous may be inferred from the fact that the profits of Daly's Pennsylvania club amounted last season to more than $50,000. The gains this summer will not be so large, owing to the backwardness of the season and the fact that the recent disasters in Wall street have left the New York speculators, who form a large part of Daly's patrons, with less money to squander formerly. All the same, the business, considered in itself, is large. Last night the house was full of players, as it generally is on Saturday and Sunday nights during the season, and the play was constant.

A Luxurious Toilet.

San Francisco Argonaut.

The luxury of Parisian toilet passes all that our grandmothers could ever have dreamed of. An elegant Parisienne, whether noblesse of birth or of finance—for instance, the Comtess de Pourtales or Mme. Caben d'Anvers—spend each over $20,000 a year on their toilets, a sum which will not appear so enormous when it is remembered that a ball dress by one of the *grands faiseurs* costs currently $300 or $400, and the most modest mourning dress $80. Think, too, of the luxury of under-linen—which has been carried by the Parisienne, by the use of the finest materials and by profusion of lace, to such a degree that a single chemise will often cost $400. Think, too, of how many dresses a Parisienne needs in a season—the ball dresses, the dinner dresses, the dresses for the opera and the theater, the morning dresses, the walking dresses, the dresses for 5 o'clock teas, the dresses for the races, for the seaside, and for the chateau life in autumn. Really, a *mondaine* with pretensions to elegance, who makes a figure in the ranks of fashion at Paris during the season, at Trouville, or Luchon during the summer, and in half a dozen chateaus during the shooting season, and who, at the end of the year, owes no more than $10,000 to her dressmaker, is a paragon of economy and a mighty schemer. Give her double the sum and she will barely balance her accounts.

Little Ones for a Cent.

Quiz.

The little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of humanity, a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show know that retribution cannot follow. What can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triplesheet of brass, the angriest dero not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything and everywhere. At home and abroad she is equally dominant and irrepressible, equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public orders in sights and shows, and in spite of king, kaiser or policeman, goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her temperament, unless, indeed, of that exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly defiance.

Butler and His Meat Ax.

Philadelphia Press.

Benjy Butler sitting around with a meat ax in his hand ready to dissect Cleveland's letter of acceptance is a spectacle scarcely less interesting than that of the boy who sat with a club watching a hole in the river bank. "What are you going to catch from that hole, my boy?" "I dunno whether it'll be a snake, swaller, or tortle, but it's all the same ter me. If it's a tortle he'll wish he'd been a swaller, and if it's a swaller he'll wished he'd been a snake. I think it's a snake, and I'm dead set agin snakes."

Women in Sleeping Cars.

Peck's Sun.

A man can get into a birth and shuck himself very comfortably. He can stand on his knees and duck his head and take off some of his clothes, and then he can lay down on his shoulders or the back of his neck and kick off other articles of wearing apparel, because when the buttons are unbuttoned his clothes are as liable to come off in the dark as in the light. But it is different with a woman. Her clothes are pinned on with all kinds of pins, from the safety pin to the darning needle, tied on with strings, hooked on with hooks and eyes, buckled on with buckles, and put on in many ways only known to the fair sex. Give her a large enough room, three or four gas lamps, and a large mirror and plenty of time, and she can find nearly all the pins, strings, hooks and eyes, buckles, etc., and what she can't find she can break at night and tie up in the morning; but place her in a small berth in the dark, with only two eyes to watch all the holes in the curtain to see if anybody is looking, and only two small hands to find things to unfasten, and she is in a bad box.

THIS IS POETRY.

The Weekly Grist of the Rhyme Makers—Evidence of Uncommon Industry.

A Concord Love Song

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
Of the How and Why!
Ah, the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
That fain would die!

Ah, the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind!

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
Itself of woe.
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.

In the inner me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
No Ego there.
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
An Uaness rare!

—*James Jeffrey Roche.*

On the Sunny Side.

Hi and a whoop-hooray, boys!
Sing a song of cheer!
Here's a holiday, boys,
Lasting half a year!
Round the world, and half is
Shadow we have tried;
Now we're where the laugh is—
On the sunny side!

Pigeons coo and mutter,
Strutting high aloof,
Where the sunbeams flutter
Through the stable roof.
Here the chickens cheep, boys,
And the hen, with pride,
Clucking them to sleep, boys,
On the sunny side!

Here the clacking guinea,
Here the cattle moo,
Here the horses whinny,
Looking out at you!
On the hitching-block, boys,
Grandly satisfied,
See the old peacock, boys,
On the sunny side!

Robins in the peach tree,
Blue birds in the pear,
Blossoms over each tree
In the orchard there!
All the world's in joy, boys,
Glad and glorified,
As a romping boy, boys,
On a sunny side!

Where's a heart as mellow?
Where's a soul as free?
Where is any fellow
We would rather be?
Just ourselves or none, boys,
World around and wide,
Laughing in the sun, boys,
On the sunny side!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

A Surreptitious Note.

When I see you in your cart,
How it makes my pulse start!
And my palpitating heart
Seems to stop
For a minute, then begin
An accelerated spin,
And I hear a buzz within
Like a top.

Who you are, I do not know;
When I saw you, mouths ago,
It was in the glare and glow
Of a ball,
Tripping lightly down the dance;
How I coveted a chance
Just to win a word or glance
In the hall!

Opportunities don't come
Very often in the hum
Of a hundred voices, some
Sharp and shrill;
And that everlasting "must"
With a brief negation thrust
On its heels, alas! was just
Meant to kill.

Etiquette is of no use
When it does not introduce,
So I think that I'll cut loose,
And be true
To my heart's deep undertones,
And explain that I am known's
Mr. C. Adolphus Jones.
Who are you?

—*F. D. S., in Life.*

Mary's Thomas Cat.

Mary had a Thomas cat
With coat of grayish hue,
And everywhere that Mary went
Tom followed with a mew.

'Twas thus he entered school one day,
And lingered near the door,
When all the scholars—so they say—
Set up a jolly roar.

The teacher loudly shouted: "Scat!"
But Thomas would not go;
And when she started for that cat,
She met a furious foe.

He scratched her hands, he scratched her face,
Till she was forced to run
And leave him master of the place
Until the day was done.

—*Syracuse Herald.*

Summer Scenes.

The sunbeams strike with mighty force upon
the blue wash tub,
The kissing wind of summer make the farmer
want his grub,
And from the vale there comes a wail of mortal sore distressed;
Some little boy—his mother's joy—has struck a humble nest.
A maiden stands beside the tub she hateth worst of all;
The world to her is full of soap and bitterness and gall;
An angry flirt she gives the shirt, and says in accents low:
"Gosh darn the dog-goned washing day I wish 'twould ever go!"

—*Chicago Tribune.*

So Had He.

He offered me his heart and hand,
Whereat I laughed and said him nay;
But found, too late, that when he went
He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note:
"Dear Jack," it asked, with sweet design,
"In love is't fair to change one's mind?"
Said he: "It is—and I've changed mine!"

—*M. E. W., in Life.*

Bread On the Waters.

A poor vine flower that clung unto
A small and fragile wayside weed
Shook out a drop of crystal dew
That there might live a starving seed.
The years sped on—a double score
Had sailed into oblivion's sea—
When lo! an hundred vines or more
Climb up a strong and giant tree.

—*C. G. Blanchard, in Chicago Current.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

Love Tempered by Discretion.

My courage strengthened as I gazed;
The words came rushing to my lips,
The old, old tale of love was told,
She glanced down at her finger tips.

And then she spoke in accents low,
While blushes red suffused her cheek,
"It may be wrong for me to ask,
But how much do you get a week?"

—*Boston Star.*

THE Italian government has determined to offer on the occasion of the opening of the Turin exhibition, a prize of 10,000 francs ($2,000) for the most practical process for the transmission of electricity.

BOSTON, according to the *New England Farmer*, consumes from 100,000 to 150,000 pounds of oleomargarine and other imitations of butter per week. Very little spurious butter is now sold in the markets of New York.

MOR. CAPEL is not without sense. He says that he will never be guilty of printing a book of undigested reflections and false conclusions about this country, "as too many actors and historians have done."

IT is said that of Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home" fully 1,000,000 copies have been sold; of Payne's "Sweet Home" over 2,000,000 copies; of Tom Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" 1,500,000 copies.

THE friends of Dr. White, of Queen Anne county, Md., claims that he is the oldest living graduate of West Point. Dr. White is 85 years old, and graduated in the first class that graduated at the United States military academy.

SHORTHAND is an accomplishment now quite generally demanded in London of clerks and bookkeepers. For £100 per annum the merchant there often expects to hire a clerk who understands both bookkeeping and shorthand writing.

FROM an appendix to Mr. Henry Gray's "Key to the Waverly Novels," just published, comprising an alphabetical list of the personages in the thirty-two novels and novelettes, it appears that they contain no fewer than 662 distinct characters.

REV. JOSEPH COOK has been figuring about our future population. He estimates that in the year 2100 our population will be 400,000,000; in the year 2200 it will be 800,000,000; in the year 2300 it will be 1,600,000,000, and in the year 2400 it will be 3,200,000,000.

REDWOOD forests in California are yearly diminishing, as this wood is increasingly used in building on the Pacific coast. The superstructure of most dwellings in San Francisco is of redwood, and the 'Friscans cherish the belief that it does not burn as readily as other light material.

THE London courts have decided that it is unlawful for a man to keep in his yard a dog that barks and howls; hand organs may not play when they are forbidden, and cocks which crow at unseasonable hours, in short, anything which acts as a disturbance to those living near may be suppressed by law.

THE latest arrived society ladies who have returned from Europe, under the impulse of the cholera scare, are boasting that they smuggled lots of costly trumpery by declaring it had come from Marseilles and subjecting it to fumigation. The officers weren't particular about overhauling the trunks, they say.

EMIGRATION from Italy to foreign countries is rapidly increasing. In 1883 it reached, according to official statistics, 169,101, mostly peasants and the lowest lazzaroni. The two Americas receive a little over a third of all the emigrants, and latterly a drift from the Buenos Ayres coast to the United States has been noticeable.

AN eccentric character of Milwaukee, known as the "Count," who has just been arrested for swindling a bank in Sweden, distinguished himself particularly by spending as much as $1,000 a week for wine. One way of accomplishing such a feat was to use bottles of champagne as tenpins, and smash nearly a case of Clicquot at one "strike."

A CASE of death from earth-eating is reported in the British *Medical Journal*. Such a result is rare nowadays. Yet the writer says the habit is common among the Hindu inhabitants of Trinidad. Children often take to it, and in adults the habit frequently becomes so depraved that it cannot be given up. The earth chosen resembles sandstone, and is often mixed with slate.

CHESS is the oldest game now in use. It was originally played in India, where tradition says it was invented 5,000 years ago. The Indian game, however, was much improved, as it traversed other nations. It reached China and then came through Persia to Europe. Before the sixteenth century there had been fifteen writers on chess, of whom seven were Asiatics.

AN English paper says that "during the first introduction of cholera into St. Petersburg in 1832 a highly respectable firm of iron founders, employing 500 men, informed them that all those who would not take a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal on entering the works in the morning must leave their employ. What was the consequence? They did not lose a single man when myriads were dying around them."

VACCINATION performed once does not act as a preventive of smallpox after a certain length of time has elapsed. An examination of the statistics of this disease shows that of those who had taken it