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SATURDAY, JULY 25.

JULIA DENT GRANT.

On Thursday morning, when the flag that waves over the white house had been lowered to half mast and the bells of the city were tolling in fitting recognition of the blow that had fallen on the heart of the nation in the demise of its most illustrious hero and best beloved citizen, President Cleveland, tenderly mindful of the delicate proprieties of the occasion, indited and dispatched these lines to the bereaved wife at Mount McGregor:

> Accept this expression of my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your great affliction. The people of the nation mourn with you, and would reach if they could with kindly comfort the depths of the sorrow which is yours alone, and which only the pity of God can heal.

These are words fitly chosen, simple, direct, and manly—the natural expression of the nation's great sorrow and sincere sympathy. There is not a word too much, nor one that should have been omitted. They state the simple truth that, in the hour of her great affliction, the heart of the nation mourns with Mrs. Grant, and longs to comfort her. Although penned without thought of the future or of anything beyond the present kindly purpose of the writer, they will live longer than the most pretentious of state papers, for they have the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. They will pass, not from lip to lip, but from heart to heart through coming generations, indissolubly likened to the undying story of the hero's life and death. This story will be told in schools and homes, in the pulpit and on the stage, so long as the memory of noble deeds is valued; and whenever and wherever it is repeated it will be said that, when the sad news of Gen. Grant's death was flashed into his old home in Washington, his then successor in the Presidential office bore him as became the successor of such a man and the chief magistrate of the greatest of all republics.

There are times when something of the paternal in our governmental system is demanded. There are occasions when the people of the nation become brothers and sisters and the President of the United States is the head of the family. Such a time is with us now. The voice of the partisan is hushed, the strife of factions is stilled; with bowed heads and tearful eyes, the nation stands beside the bier of him who gained and held the first place in its love. How gratefully on the ears of the sorrowing people fall the words of the President, voicing their grief and sympathy to her whose rightful inheritance is the loving, watchful care of the country to whom God gave, and from whom He has taken, her noble husband.

It was the happy fortune of him whom the nation mourns to love and be loved by Julia Dent—the model daughter who became the ideal wife and mother. Who can estimate the indebtedness of the republic to this lady? Who can say—who will venture to say—that a less fortunate marriage might not have prevented the development and fruition of all the great possibilities of Grant's nature?

The story of the wedded life of this couple is a benefaction to humanity, teaching lessons of the purest domesticity, commending mutual love and confidence as the only sure foundation of a happy home and the best equipment for a worthy career.

There were dark days in the early years of this couple; they trod a narrow, rugged path, but they made it wide enough to go side by side, hand in hand, heart to heart, for they clung close to each other. There were times when, had the wife been despondent, fretful, complaining; when, had she been anything but the tender, true, loving, bright, hopeful woman that she was, her husband might have fallen by the wayside, his high destiny unsuspected, his name almost unknown. "Amid the storms and sorrows of life the affections of man may veer, but unchanged and unchanging is the true heart of woman—she loves and loves forever." The storms were not so dark nor the sorrows so thick as to cause any change or shadow of veering in the affection of U. S. Grant for his young wife, and her deathless love was the light of a fixed star.

There were years of poverty in the ante-bellum life of the Grants, and the wife was called, by stern necessity, to forego many of the luxuries which lend a charm to home and mitigate the cares and troubles of existence. But poverty did not chill the heart, dim the eye, sadden the voice, or weaken the confidence of the wife. And the husband, cheered and solaced by hopeful sympathy, kept his troubles from the world and quietly pursued the path of duty, although it is scarcely possible that he could have been entirely ignorant of his own great capacities.

From the time when Grant entered the volunteer army, called out to serve the republic, until the collapse of the rebellion at Appomattox there was scarcely an hour when his reputation was secure. The world can never know how much he was made to suffer by cruel misrepresentations. But when envy, malice, and detraction were doing their worst he had one safe refuge—the love, the trust, the unwavering faith of his wife. And when the war was ended and the world was paying tribute to the genius of Grant, there was one person who felt no surprise at his achievements, for he had accomplished just what she had expected. Her faith had anticipated all, and may we not say that her faith, her love, her consolatory and cheering influence had made it all a possibility?

Of Mrs. Grant as mistress of the white house it must be said by him who writes justly that no lady ever filled the place more admirably. She had no ambition to take part in the affairs of state. She did not care to be influential in the disposal of patronage. Her only desire was to be a good wife to the President, as she had been to the captain, to the leather dealer, to the colonel, and the general. All that public duties required of her she did, not ostentatiously, nor yet with bashful timidity, but with the grace that comes of good sense and right purposes. Her happiest hours were those devoted to her children and no children in this or any other land had a better mother. Wherever the Grants have been or however situated, whether in poverty in Missouri or in splendor in Washington; whether in the highest stations at home or the most honored guests of kings and emperors of Europe or Asia; whether in the lap of luxury or buffeting the waves of financial disaster, Mrs. Grant has been true to the promise of her youth—has been the best gift of God to man, a model wife and mother.

Her place in the nation's heart is secure, and the prayer of the people is that she may long live to witness their devotion to her husband's memory, and to be blest by the loving care of her children and their children.

THE PLACE OF BURIAL.

It is the almost universal desire of the American people that the remains of Gen. Grant should be buried at the capital of the nation to whose service he gave the best years and immortal deeds of his life.

It would be easy to fill columns with reasons why Washington should be Grant's place of sepulture, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name a single reason why any other locality should be given the preference.

But the reasons for the selection of Washington as the place of interment are self-evident, occurring to every mind and heard on every hand.

Grant loved Washington, and the affection was reciprocated. He has more soldier friends, more statesman friends, more warm admirers in every path of life in Washington than in any other city.

The mere fact that this is the capital of the nation should go a long way in determining this question, for Grant, more than any other man of his time, belonged to the nation.

The people of the country feel as if they had lost a father, and they desire to lay his remains to their last rest near the old homestead—the home to which all his military successes tended.

It is fitting that his grave should be where it can be visited by the hundreds of thousands who annually journey to the capital, and where its silent eloquence can best enforce the lessons of his great career.

A MONUMENT TO GRANT.

The voice of the people will demand of their Congress the erection at the capital of a monument to Gen. Grant. And we think it safe to conclude that the representatives of the people will give heed to this demand.

No man who has passed from earth in recent years has less need of a monument than Gen Grant. His memory cannot die. His life is history, his deeds are immortality, his fame is eternity.

But the people feel—and rightly feel—that they owe it to themselves to erect a monument to him. They feel that they must avoid the censure of posterity, the charge of incapacity to appreciate greatness, and they know of no better way to do this than by the means that has been in vogue in all ages—the erection of a monument.

It is not needful at this time to discuss particulars or go into details of any kind. Whether a granite pile or a marble shaft, whether a complex or simple design will be best, may be left to the future.

But Congress will be impressively asked to provide for the erection of a Grant monument in Washington, and the request will not be slighted.

It is not possible for the Republicans to get up intense political feeling in Virginia, Pennsylvania, or Ohio, for the other side is not yet ready to take the field.

These are extremely hard times for most of the great railway corporations, and the immediate future holds out no great promise for increased business.

The great beef industry gets something of a check in the order of the President to the cattlemen to vacate leased lands in the Indian territory.

There is an earnest call for rain all along the northern Atlantic coast. Fields and pastures are drying up.

A social scandal in London could not have been really needed as an advertisement of Mrs. Langtry.

True to his engagement with the press El Mahdi has promptly died again.

The British navy is permeated with a general flavor of mild decay.

Our Mexican visitors will leave only pleasant impressions.

ABOUT THE SUMMER GIRL.

The season of the summer girl is here. Radiant in white dress, bright eyes, and low-cut slippers, surmounted by coquettishly dark-colored hose, she flits from place to place in the conscious power of her temporary ascendancy. She is found at the seaside hotels and the mountain resorts, in country and town, or on board the ocean vessel. Whatever others may be, she at least is always the same. The perforated sleeve and dress yoke make her cool and indifferent to the torrid rays of the sun, and her own self-complacency averts all unpleasant worry. It is her aim to be comfortable—like Flannagan, that is what she is there for—and she generally manages to have her own way.

Nobody can analyze the methods of the summer girl. Like her they are light and airy. How she attains her universal admiration, or how she holds it when once it has been attained, even she is unable to tell. It is not because she is learned nor overwitty nor overwise. Nor that she is always either imaginative or pretty. There are homely members of the class just as there are medium-appearing and pretty ones, and taken altogether they are very much the same. They do not do anything, and they do it well. It is a pleasure to watch them do it.

The saddest part about the summer girl is that her life is brief. Coming just at the season when the roses die to avoid the heat of the dog days, the end of August sees her glory well nigh gone. And when she has gone, whither has she fled? The same waves wash the sea's sandy beach, but her voice answers not to their call. The leaves whisper on the mountain tops, but catch no echo of her song. Like a strain of vanishing melody, she has served her passing purpose and gone to herald the coming of the quickly following leaves. But she is pleasant while she is here, and only fools try to solve the problem of to-morrow's pleasure.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE DEAD HERO.

PRESS COMMENTS ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF GEN. GRANT.

Only two citizens of the United States have been first in war and first in peace. One rests at Mount Vernon. The other died yesterday on Mount McGregor. If we cannot add of Grant that he was first also in the hearts of his countrymen, yet we may say with truth that since Washington no citizen save Lincoln came nearer to filling that measure of praise. There is no need to ask the world to forget that the civil career of Gen. Grant fell short of perfection. As fitly might one ask forgetfulness that there are spots on the sun's orb. We may know there are, but who is conscious of them in the full sunshine? In this moment, when the glories of Gen. Grant's life are in every man's memory, who dares say that its defects impair the brilliancy to the vision? Sincere patriot, brave soldier, pure-man nered and pure-minded citizen—these are Gen. Grant's titles to the respect and love of his countrymen now and forever. As Franklin conceived the Union and Washington created it, so Grant preserved it. What nobler service has any hero of our century rendered to mankind? Nor was Gen. Grant the preserver of the Union by the sword alone. Since the sword was sheathed no one has done more to revive fraternity among all the people of the United States. History will record and the world will long remember these words, among the last traced by him with pencil after speech had failed: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections."—*New York Herald.*

Right royally did he keep faith with his brother soldiers of the confederate army. Right royally did he bear himself when last winter first one and then another person or association proposed to provide for him a competency. He refused all such offers. If he was worthy of a pension and a competency, it was the government of the United States that owed it to him. Either he would have it thence or nowhence. Nay, we do him injustice. It was his friends who divined his feelings, not himself that made these known. And right glad are we that Congress soothed his death bed by restoring him to the army and giving him the pay of a general as a retired officer. But his earthly career is ended. His fame is now assured. He has filled a large space in the eye of the world; and now there can be no reason to fear that he will not always fill it. Rest in peace great warrior. Thou hast no longer enemies. None but friends can be found either in the north or in the south. The confederate soldier will lay wreaths upon the hero's grave, and mourn with the millions that will mourn wherever the flag of a restored union waves.

> "There is a tear for all who die,
> A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
> But nations swell the funeral cry,
> And Triumph weeps above the brave."
>
> *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

Let us speak of him and think of him only as the soldier whose fame has not a spot to mar its brilliancy. If his civil career seems to invite critic sm, let us bury it out of sight and honor him as the great captain of the age; as the devoted leader who led the armies of the Union to triumph, striking the fetters from the slave, showing the magnanimity of the hero in the hour of victory as he showed the courage of the hero in the day of battle, and restoring to us the American republic stronger, more honored, and more glorious than it was when handed down to us by our revolutionary sires.—*New York World.*

As years shall speed in their flight and bring new heroes and new statesmen to meet the new occasions of the future, his achievements, brightened by the test of time and the forgetfulness of errors that is accorded to all greatness of the past, no name from Washington to Cleveland will be more lustrious or impressive than that of Ulysses S. Grant.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The foremost man of the nation has closed a career second to no other in the history of the republic. The victorious leader of the nation in the greatest war of modern times, he was also a leader of the people in civil life. Perhaps no single act of Washington's Presidency was more pregnant with blessings for the nation than President Grant's unflinching defense of public faith and honest money, just as no military achievement in our early history surpassed in splendor the taking of Vicksburg, or in results the fall of Richmond. Greater statesmen than President Grant the country has known, and men more capable of wisely leading public opinion. But to him, both as state-man and as soldier, the country owes a debt of undying gratitude. All men have faults, and he was not exempt. But a thankful people would gladly forget them, and remember only the great deeds and the noble traits of character which remain for the admiration of mankind.—*New York Tribune.*

The great strength of Grant was in his saving sense. He rose to every vital occasion. His judgment was clear and his determination inflexible. If he quivered at Shiloh on the first day, he fought it out on the second. He never knew what it was to be defeated, and he inspired his soldiers with the same indomitable faith. He had the gift of epigrammatic expression, and, known as the silent man, he sometimes fired a shot which was heard round the world. Strong but unpretentious; firm but magnanimous; great in victory but never greater than in the hour of death; true, just, and courageous, Ulysses S. Grant is enrolled among the nation's immortals.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It is as yet too soon to estimate his place in history. He is still too near to us. The splendor of his great deeds, and the dark shadow of his death, excite emotions too profound for critical judgment. But there things that even now all should remember. Let those whom he overcame in battle remember that no victor ever was more magnanimous than he. When Vicksburg fell, his first thought was to send food to the besieged. When Lee surrendered, he sent the confederates home, their colors saluted, the officers carrying their side arms. When Andrew Johnson contemplated the trial of Lee for treason, Grant prevented it, declaring that he would resign his commission if the parole he granted Lee should be violated. These are only a few instances of a gen rous temper displayed on many occasions. Fidelity to friendships was a marked trait in his character. The misfortunes of his life are traceable directly to a loyalty of affection that would believe no wrong about a friend, and to a confidence that never suspected duplicity or deceit—and these are qualities not ordinarily called faults.—*Baltimore American.*

Thus another great and memorable figure in the later history of the republic—the most memorable, perhaps, excepting only Mr. Lincoln, among all those who performed their parts in the immortal contest for the preservation of the Union—passes away from among living men, and takes his place in the records of history. What an instructive story is presented in the chronicle of the life which is now ended! What lessons and what warnings! What encouragement for patriotism, for fidelity, for weariless defense of the great interests of mankind! And, above and beyond all, we see the democratic republic, greater than all her sons, surviving every danger, victorious over every foe, preserving the treasures of liberty and law, and maintaining alive and undimmed the hope and promise of humanity.—*New York Sun.*

A great man, a good man has passed the river of death. Clearly cut as all his shortcomings will stand out upon the page of history, still the world's universal verdict will be that Ulysses Simpson Grant was both great and good. It is idle to recount his deeds; they are part and parcel of this generation. His fame is the inheritance of all the people of the United States, and an admiring world has long since rendered him deserved homage. The surviving thousands whom he once led to battle, the people whose cause he represented—aye, those who once were his foes—bring to his bier to-day the immortelles of their affection for the noble qualities of his nature, and the laurel wreath of their admiration for the grandeur of his heroism. To the bereaved wife and children the sympathy of a whole people—nay, more, of millions beyond the seas—goes out in this the supreme hour of their grief. The old commander has fought the good fight bravely and patiently to the very end.—*Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appeal.*

The name of Gen Grant will be remembered by Americans as that of the savior of their country in a crisis more appalling than any it has passed through since the United States became a nation. His fame as a soldier, entering the Union army at the first call of the President, and rising steadily by the sheer force of his faithful and precious service until, in command of all the Union forces, he crushed the stubborn rebellion on the ground where it had first shown a formidable front, will survive as long as the history of our country is read. It is near a quarter of a century now since he modestly offered himself as a recruiting officer to the governor of Illinois; it is twenty years since he received the sword of Lee at Appomattox. The country is in profound peace, and the Union is not only restored, but established on the basis infinitely firmer and more enduring than before it was assailed in the shock of civil war. There is a deeper national sentiment, a closer unity of aims and interests and hopes than ever before. The passions of that dreadful conflict are dying out under the steady advance of common freedom and common justice. The wounds war made are healing or have healed. But the new generation that did not feel the heat or the apprehension of the war, in the south and in the north, will join with those who watched or shared in the long and momentous struggle in a tribute of sorrow, of gratitude, of honor toward the great leader who has passed away.—*New York Times.*

Gen. Grant's last resting place should be neither in the mad hurry burly of a great commercial center nor shut in by the seclusion of a military post. The proper place for his monumental mausoleum is the national capital. If no other reasons presented themselves, it would be enough that the thousands of people who annually come here could thus at one pilgrimage draw fresh inspirations of patriotism and renew pledges of devotion to their country at two such shrines as the tombs of Washington and Grant.—*Evening Star.*

Gen. Grant was a typical American and remained one while he lived. Few men had been so honored, so rewarded. Few men ever bore honors more modestly. He had earned all and more than ever came to him, and showed no sign that he had. A genuine, unaffected, trusting man to the end, he loved his home, his wife, children, and friends in simple, hearty, manful fashion. The world honored him as a soldier, his country as a hero and patriot; his family loved him, his friends were steadfast in their friendship for him. If he had a fault it was the very sympathy of his character which sometimes misled him in regard to men and measures. His great and simple faith in the purity and patriotism of others, who ill requitted it, especially during the time he was President, was unbounded, and caused him trouble and regrets.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

FLORENCE WARDEN, THE NOVELIST.

Miss Florence Warden, the suddenly famous author of the "House on the Marsh," is a plain young woman with clear eyes and a rather strong face. She says of her own career: "After being a stubborn and intractable child under nurses and governesses at home, I was sent with my sister, to a school at Brighton, where she passed a brilliant career as the idlest, wittiest, and most daring girl in the house; while I sneaked through a mean existence as a steady, industrious girl, not clever, but very conceited. At this time I used to write poems at night, three or four lines at a time, before the gas was put out. After this we went to school in France, and founded a great reputation at private theatricals. This was my first experience as playwright and manager. I left school just in time to learn through my father's losses on the stock exchange I should have to earn my own living. I became a governess for a short time, and worked very hard to qualify myself, not only for teaching, but for novel writing. At last, as I could get nobody to read my manuscript, and as the lady whose five children I was teaching said it was 'a pity I should waste my time on such trash,' I dropped the trash and the teaching together, and went on the stage with my sister against everybody's wishes. For three years we had a horrible and dreary struggle with debt, with ill health, with difficulties of all kinds. Then on the verge of an illness from which I was not expected to recover, I wrote, in two months, 'The House on the Marsh,' which ran in the *Family Herald* without any success, but which, happily for me, hit the taste of the general public in volume form, when it had been noticed by Mr. Edmund Yates in the *World.* Since then I have written other stories, and have made my first serious attempt at writing for the stage."

THEIR LAST REGRET.

It is said that the king of Dahomey has captured a thousand Frenchmen, and that he is now fattening them for the table. It is quite possible that there is some exaggeration about the story, but if the cannibal king has taken and announced his intention of eating any Frenchmen, we may be sure that the last hours of the gallant sons of France will be most embittered by the cruel reflection that they are not likely to be properly cooked.—*New York Tribune.*

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WE ALL LIKE SHEEP.

"We all like sheep," the tenors shrill
Begin, and then the church is still,
While back and forth across the aisle
Is seen to pass the "catching" smile.

"We all like sheep," the altos moan
In low and rich and mellow tone,
While broader grows the merry grin,
And nose gets further off from chin.

"We all like sheep, sopranos sing
Till all the echoes wake and ring;
The young folks titter, and the rest
Suppress the laugh in bursting chest.

"We all like sheep," the basses growl—
The titter grows into a howl,
And e'en the deacon's face is graced
With wonder at the singers' taste.

"We all like sheep," runs the refrain,
And then, to make their meaning plain,
The singers altogether say,
"We all, like sheep, have gone astray."

—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

An Appointment that Came Too Late.—Mr. Trenholm, son of the late treasurer of the confederate states, is said to have died a few days since of a broken heart from poverty, only a few hours before his grieved and almost starving family received notice that he had been appointed to a $2,000 position. Those who knew him say that had that notice come a day sooner Mr. Trenholm's life would have been prolonged for years.

Berkeley is pure.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ OFFICE OF UNITED STATES ELECTRIC LIGHTING COMPANY,
No. 939 Pennsylvania avenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1885.
The Board of Directors of the Company would respectfully notify the public that they have this day perfected arrangements for furnishing an improved system of arc and incandescent electric light, and will be in full operation within a few days, enabled to supply all of their patrons.
SAMUEL NORMENT, President.
WILLIAM DICKSON, Secretary. jy22-4t

☞ CLEVELAND, OHIO, JULY 1, 1885.—TO whom it may concern: We have THIS DAY transferred the Agency of Danforth's Fluid and all of Danforth's Specialties for the District of Columbia to the DANFORTH FLUID COMPANY for District of Columbia, 703 9th st. N. W.
Danforth Illuminating Fluid and Manufacturing Company. RODERICK F. DANFORTH, President.
jy20-1m

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE OFFICE OF Mrs. Dr. Semmes, the well-known Chiropodist and Dermatolothough, will be open all summer. 1223 F st. jy15-3m

☞ WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 2, 1885.
The copartnership between Henry A. Clarke and John T. Given having been dissolved, I shall continue the Wood and Coal business at the old stand of CLARKE & GIVEN, cor. 12th and G sts. N. W., where I shall be prepared to fill all orders with which I may be favored.
Thanking the public for the liberal patronage extended the late firm for many years past, I ask for a continuance of the same.
Due notice will be given my friends and the public generally of the location and opening of my new business office.
The office heretofore occupied by Clarke & Given, No. 424 10th st. N. W., will be closed on and after this date. HENRY A. CLARKE,
jy3 Cor. 12th and G sts. N. W.

☞ PROF. ORTENSTEIN, THE POPULAR Guitar Teacher, &c., will teach during July, August, and September Guitar, Banjo, Piano, Singing, and Harmony at summer rates. Inquire at 456 C st. N. W. or 1742 Pa. av. N. W. je29-1m

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CLOCKS—ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AMERican, repaired by JAMES G. BATES, 638 Pa. ave. east; send postal and he will call; perfect work guaranteed. no19-1y

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED—A RESPECTABLE WHITE GIRL wishes a situation as plain cook in a private family; apply personally, as I don't travel after notes or cards. Apply 2025 L st. N. W., city. 1-27

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WANTED—A SITUATION AS PRIVATE watchman by a single man. Refer to Dr. Chapelle, of St. Matthew's Church. Address JAMES DONNELLY, Republican office. 1-27

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—BOYS TO SELL PICTURE OF Gen. Grant. THE WASHINGTON NEWS COMPANY, 509 7th st. N. W. 2-25

WANTED—BRICKLAYERS AND HOD CARriers; 11th and Md. ave. s. w.; best wages to good hands. M. J. CURRY. 2-25

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WANTED—A NICE HOUSE IN WEST END; cost about $4,000. J. AMBLER SMITH, Lawyer, Claim and Patent Attorney, No. 1424 N. Y. ave. 4-27

WANTED—3 OR 4 UNFURNISHED ROOMS, for light housekeeping, in good location, and reasonable, by man and wife. Address M. J., 814 13th st. 4-25

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—TO RENT A FIRST-CLASS UPright piano. Address PIANO, Republican office. 5-27

WANTED — TO RENT A FARM, WITH plenty of water for poultry, within five miles of the city. Address M. F. DUNN, S. E. cor. of N. Capitol and Boundary sts. 5-27

WANTED—TO ANNOUNCE THAT JOHN E. Beall, basement 1420 F st. N. W., is a Commissioner of Deeds for every State and Territory, United States Commissioner, Examiner, and Notary Public; always in office from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Telephone No. 344—2.

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Letters for Europe need not be specially directed for dispatch by any particular steamer in order to secure speedy delivery at destination, as all Trans-Atlantic mails are forwarded by the fastest vessels available.

Foreign mails for the week ending July 25 will close (PROMPTLY) in all cases) at this office as follows:

SATURDAY.—At 2:30 a. m. for Europe, per steamship Aurania, via Queenstown; at 9 a. m. for Jamaica, per steamship Vertumnus; at 12:30 p. m. for Europe, per steamship City of Chicago, via Queenstown; at 12:30 p. m. for Scotland direct, per steamship Furnessia, via Glasgow (letters must be directed "per Furnessia"); at 1:30 p. m. for Cuba and Porto Rico, per steamship Saratoga, via Havana; at 2 p. m. for Belgium direct, per steamship Rhynland, via Antwerp (letters must be directed "per Rhynland"); at 2 p. m. for the Netherlands direct, per steamship Leerdam, via Rotterdam (letters must be directed "per Leerdam").

Mails for China and Japan, per steamship Arabic (via San Francisco), close here July *25 at 7 p. m. Mails for Australia, New Zealand, Sandwich and Fiji Islands, per steamship Australia (via San Francisco), close here July *25 at 7 p. m. (or on arrival at New York of steamship Britannic with British mails for Australia).

*The schedule of closing of Trans-Pacific mails is arranged on the presumption of their uninterrupted overland transit to San Francisco. Mails from the east arriving ON TIME at San Francisco on the day of sailing of steamers are dispatched thence the same day.

HENRY G. PEARSON, Postmaster.
Postoffice, New York, N. Y., July 17, 1885.

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