



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

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ARMSTRONG BROS.

MAMMOTH MINSTRELS!

TWENTY-FIVE FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS.

A SUPERB BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA

WILL APPEAR AT THE OPERA HOUSE,

TUESDAY, NOV. 21ST.



"BY THE SEA, SEPT. 19, 1881."

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Watchman! what of the night?
The sky is dark, my friend,
And we in heavy grief await the end.
A light is burning in a silent room,
But we—we have no light in all the gloom.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, strong men watch the light
With the strange mist of tears before their sight,
And women at each hearthstone sob and pray
That the great darkness end at last in day.

Watchman! how goes the night?
Wearily, friends, for him,
Yet his heart quails not, though the light burns
dim.
As bravely as he fought the field of life,
He bears himself in this, the final strife.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friends, we are left no word
To tell of all the bitter sorrow stirred
In our sad souls. We stand and rail at fate
Who leaves hands empty and hearts desolate.

"Are pure, great souls so many in the land
That we should lose the chosen of the land?"
We cry! But he who suffers less,
Meeting sharp-weaponed pain with steadfast eyes,

And makes no plaint while on the threshold death
Half draws his keen sword from its glittering
sheath
And looking inward pines—lingering long,
Faltering—himself the weak before the strong.

Watchman! how goes the night?
In tears, my friend, and praise
Of his high truth and generous, trusting ways;
Of his warm love and buoyant hope and faith
Which passed life's fires free from all blight or
scathe.
Strange! we forget the laurel wreath we gave,
And only love him, standing near his grave.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, when it is past,
We wonder what our grief can bring at last,
To lay upon his broad, true, tender breast,
What flower whose sweetness shall outlast the rest
And this we set from all the bloom apart;
"He woke new love and faith in every heart."

Watchman! what of the night?
Would God that it were gone
And we might see once more the rising dawn!
The darkness deeper grows—the light burns low,
There sweeps o'er land and sea a cry of woe!

Watchman! What now! What now!
Hush, friend—we may not say
Only that—all the pain has passed away.
—Cincinnati Commercial.

Arabi Pasha's Wife.

A story told of the wife of Arabi Pasha is said to accurately exhibit her character. Driving one day on the boulevard in Cairo, she espied two carriages that had stopped that their occupants, English ladies, might enjoy the scene. Instantly, at her order, her horses were turned, and, without a moment's warning, her heavy brougham had crashed into the nearest of the standing carriages, and the two ladies who were seated within were thrown out. "I am Giulia, the wife of Arabi Pasha," she said, as she was driven on, with an air that clearly showed the contempt with which the wife of a minister of the Khedive regarded Europeans of her own sex. Giulia, the daughter of a Hebrew, and wondrously beautiful, is said to have exerted a powerful influence on her lord, and the story that is told above is but one of many which show how bitterly she hates all that bears the name of Christian.—Cor. London News.

An Amateur Jailer.

A Chicago candy store merchant having caught a street Arab stealing his wares, shut him up in the cellar for punishment. But on closing his establishment the boy could not be found, having escaped, as he supposed, through the coal hole in the sidewalk. But when next morning he discovered the loss of \$25 to \$30 worth of cigars, tobacco, sweetmeats, cash and postage stamps, which the boy after secreting himself had taken, and then walked out of the back door, the proprietor resolved to retire henceforth from amateur jailerism and use his cellar for its legitimate purposes.

A Warning to Huggers.

There is a "case" on the practice-book of a well-known physician of West Oakland which ought to constitute a warning, and is, besides, an interesting surgical example of "the dis cohesive yieldings of the flexions in old age"—as the doctor has it. Some months ago a young man arrived in Oakland from Montana. He proceeded at once to the home of his parents. The door was opened by the young man's grandmother, then nearly seventy years of age, and for whom he entertained a most commendable affection. The young man was a great favorite with the old lady; when he was a mere child, she had made much of him, had sympathized in his boyish troubles, and had furnished him the sinews of war for many a youthful frolic. He had been a good and graceful grandson, and naturally, as they had been parted for several years, the greeting was an effusive one. But the old lady failed to realize that her favorite was no longer a budding stripling. The full-grown, bearded man before her, with brawn on his shapely limbs and toil-toughened muscle on his sinewy arms, was thirty pounds heavier and more than a little stronger than the boy whom she had kissed and sent to bed for the last time eight years before. And on his part the young man did not realize that "gran-ma" was no longer the vigorous lady whom he had played with rompingly as a merry school-boy in their far-off Eastern home.

To his glad, grateful, grand and filial breast he caught her aged form and hugged her tight with the warm impulsiveness of tempestuous youth. Had she been the usual sweetheart, there might have been no worse result than a fractured section of the whalebone stays, or a momentary cessation of not too necessary inspiration. As it was the old lady said, simply: "Oh, my!" and sank back upon his shoulder in a "dead faint." When she recovered from that she complained of a grievous pain in her right side. A physician was sent for, and his examination showed that three ribs had been dislocated by the "grand filial hug," and that the situation was a critical one, owing to the old lady's extreme age, and to the fact that she was rather portly, and bandaging would, therefore, be deprived of much of its effectiveness. The old lady has been under medical treatment ever since, and is not at present suffering much pain. Her disconsolate and unreasonably self-reproaching grandson is her most devoted attendant.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—General John C. Fremont, now in his seventieth year, is living in New York in a very quiet, melancholy way, and is said by a correspondent to have the air of a man whose "to-morrows are all yesterdays."

—A bad neighborhood—translated from the Black Maria: Lawyer—"Do you, witness, know whether with their mouths about their each the neighbors much talking there do?" Witness—"I to smile myself should be about to be. If in a band-box one tightly sealed up was, that such too aesthetic for friendship was the neighbors with heads freely wagging would over-the-line-fence-between-two-back-yards tell each other."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Dr. Claxton, says the Philadelphia Record, has found that rabbits soon die from an injection of human saliva, and that the saliva of some races, notably of negroes and residents of the tropics, exhibits an extreme degree of virulence, a virulence that bears relation to the amount of tobacco used by the individual.