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Bethel Female College,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
The Fall session of 1882 will open on Monday, 28th of August, with increased facilities for the education of young ladies. Terms as heretofore. For information apply to or address the President.
J. W. RUST.
jan 26-tf. 25,17

Laura, McPherson Co, Kans.

If you will allow me a small space in the columns of your valuable paper, I will, at the request of quite a number of my Christian county friends, give them a brief sketch of this county and State.

Some few months ago I bade adieu to Christian county, Kentucky, and set out fully determined to find a better country, if possible. I boarded the train at Empire, Ky., at one o'clock; at three of the same day, I landed on the south shore of the Ohio River at Slaughtersville, Ky. There I was informed that I would have to retreat to Madisonville until the vast expanse of back water from the Ohio receded. The next day I was again on the road, being whirled toward the "sunflower State" at the fearful rate of ten miles an hour. After leaving Slaughtersville nothing of interest occurred on the road until I got on Missouri soil. 'Twas there I placed my last and only dollar in the bottom of my sock, and every time the coach door opened, I would involuntarily throw up my hands and shout "don't shoot" you see that was before the Hon. Jesse met his fate at the hands of his "pal" After a three days ride I arrived in this county which is the finest farming county in the State of Kansas. McPherson county is near the center of the State. The U. P. Railroad runs just across the north line of the county, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fee cross the southern portion; both roads have branch roads running through the center of this county, one east and west, the other running north and south, both roads pass through McPherson, the county seat, a place comparatively speaking in its infancy, with a population of two thousand, nicely laid out, with broad streets, beautiful shade trees and good and substantial buildings, mostly of stone and brick. This county is all prairie, with here and there a few trees along the creeks. Among the beautiful streams wending their course through this county may be mentioned the Arkansas, Big Smoky, and Cottonwood, all affording plenty of good lasting water for stock and milling purposes. The drinking water is poor as compared to our Kentucky water, most all the water abounding in alkalies, (lime, gypsum, etc.,) thus making it what wash women call hard water. Fuel high, coal six dollars per ton; wood, none to sell. Good building rock in some parts of the county. The people of Kansas under the forestry laws of the State have planted 93,000 acres in trees. The cottonwood is most abundant and grows the most rapidly. About 6000 acres have been planted in black walnut and will make handsome returns in eight or nine years. This county has a population of 20,000. Fences mostly barbed wire and hedge. Kansas is coming to the front this year again. Her crops will astound the world as they did in 1876. McPherson has the grandest outlook in the history of the county. Her wheat acreage and yield is greater than any of her sister counties. The one hundred and twenty thousand acres of wheat now being harvested will, when threshed, turn out at the lowest estimate, two million five hundred thousand bushels of as fine quality of wheat as was ever produced in this or any other State. The eighty thousand acres corn growing is simply immense, and at present promises over three million bushels. Oats crop of twenty thousand acres will yield ten thousand bushels. Then take fourteen thousand acres of growing broom corn besides the lesser crops, and vegetables and the outlook is indeed pleasing. Prosperity resting in the shade of ten thousand wheat stacks, smiling over eighty thousand acres of waving, rustling corn, harvesting and saving twenty thousand acres of oats and making a clean sweep of the whole with fourteen thousand acres of broom corn. To care for the wheat has been an immense task. From present prospects the aggregate value of the three crops wheat, corn and broom corn will be from two and one half to three millions of dollars. Such prospects make the citizens feel that it is good to be here in the finest county of the State.

Miss Emma Robinson, of McPherson, who moved with her parents from Eutlington, Ky., to Kansas two years ago, departed last week for Kentucky, to visit her aunt, Mrs. S. A. Cordier and other relatives and friends of Petersburg, your county. Miss Emma leaves a host of friends who wish for her a happy and pleasant visit and that she may soon return. Hoping that this letter may not be entirely devoid of interest to the many readers of the Kentuckian, I am most

Respectfully,
A. H. CORDIER.

KELLY STATION.

July 20th, 1885.

Seeing that there has been no one writing from this place for some time, I feel it a duty I justly owe the noble South Kentuckian to try to pen a few lines for its benefit.

There is not much news in this section of the county at present, only crops are generally very good. The farmers are principally done threshing wheat and laying by corn. There is a large crop of tobacco planted this year, and the farmers anticipate making a good crop, although to the contrary it is freezing very badly.

Mrs. Martha A. Underwood, near Dogwood Chapel, is lying very low of cancer in the breast.

Married, at the residence of the residence of the bride's mother, near this place, on Sunday, July 16th, Mr. Buck East to Miss Caroline Simpson. We congratulate Mr. East on winning the hand of so fair a lady.

Hogs are dying in this neighborhood of quinsy or some kind of throat disease, and the consequence will be that there will be no pork for sale.

FULLER.

We are persuaded that the ancient Hermes with all the subtle art and natural resources of the Alchemists, was a very poor doctor compared with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Hermes may have been after all only a clever practitioner of the Black Art; but we know there is no humbug in the pharmaceutical chemistry of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y.

ED. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

Dear Sir: Coney Island is in full blast. Every description of our brother man is here. All professions are represented from the pick-pocket to the clergyman. All amusements from wallowing in the sand, on the beach, to the theatre and ball.

Bathing is fine: it is quite amusing to watch the fat women and inflated men, tumble about in the water and the *timid young maidens* poor things they are so very fearful, that it almost melts me to tears; they have to be almost invariably dragged into the water, but who drags them? "that's the question." I have come to the conclusion that the dragging is the most enjoyable part of their bath, and I think the young men will bear me out in this opinion.

Coney Island; so much talked of and written about, a word or two Mr. Editor for the satisfaction of your readers who have not had the good fortune of seeing it. Those who wish to see this far-famed island or something similar to it, need not come away up to New York City, but just go down in flatlick and pick about 1000 acres of the dirtiest looking swamp ground in that section, destitute of trees and you have a good view of Coney Island. It is the candid opinion of the writer that Coney Island has as few natural attractions (excepting the women and ocean) as any place under the sun. It is so different from the Coney Island of my imagination, that I could not realize I was on the island until I was satisfied by asking the question "Is this Coney Island? The Oriental and Manhattan Beach hotels are quite tony, and like tonyism in general it seems contagious, for even the clerks and the poodles and the waiters and the cats all seem to be more or less affected by the air of would be superiority which seems to pervade the entire building from garret to cellar. There seems to be a good deal of soft talk among the young folks; the beach is the favorite place for their exercise. With the silvery moon as their chandelier and the grand symphonies of old ocean's roar for their music, romance no doubt is added to the occasion, depth to the feeling and inspiration to the soul.

An observatory 300 feet above the level of the sea is on the island from which a fine view can be obtained of the surrounding country. From this point the observer will see that Coney Island is simply the extreme southern point of Long Island, separated from it (Long Island) by a narrow arm of the sea, scarcely noticeable unless his attention is called to it. Long Island is the potato patch of New York City, it is very low and flat, a large portion of it being a useless swamp. Governor's Island is quite picturesque, rising like an emerald out of the bosom of the ocean and upon whose shore the old battery looms darkly up frowning down with seemingly disapprobation upon every craft that passes.

Business is very dull in the city; all who can afford it are recreating. Transportation of goods is very much interfered with by the strikes of the railroad hands. The strikers all formed in procession to-day and marched to Union Square where they will have public speaking and demonstration in general. A great many of the Russian Jews are returning and those who remain have joined the strikers.

Talmage, Beecher and most of the big preaching artillery are absent from the city spending their summer vacation.

The weather is delightful, opportunities for enjoyment are legion, fill your pockets with legal tender before leaving home, keep out of the reach of pickpockets and you can count on a good time. Yours,

COWPER.

THE CONGRESSIONAL RACE.

[Union Local.]

As Union county has no Congressional timber seeking promotion, it devolves upon us to select from the aspirants who have announced themselves. Tom Pettit is a man acquainted with the ins and outs of Congressional life, and all the intricacies of law-making, having served for some years as Reading Clerk in the Lower House. He is made of first-class stuff. Jim Clay has been an aspirant long enough to acquaint himself with the duties of the office, and is prepared to make a brilliant forensic display in the discussion of affairs of national importance. "Quinine Jim," by a faithful discharge of duty, and effective service, has demonstrated his adaptability for the place, and, for our part, we would be more than satisfied with him, as our standard bearer. As a rule, we don't believe in a life tenure, but as the interests of the people are so much involved, we make an exception in this instance.

[Henderson News.]

There are already three well known Democrats who will present their claims for the party nomination as Congressman from this district. Hon. Jas. A. McKenzie will offer for re-election, and Messrs. Pettit, of Daviess, and Clay, of Henderson, have already announced themselves. Hon. Crom. Adair, of Union, has not definitely concluded to enter the race. If he does, we apprehend he will be the first choice of his home county; in which event Mr. McKenzie will be the second choice. But if Union does not produce a candidate, her vote will be almost solid for Jim McKenzie. Messrs. Pettit and Clay it is assumed, will carry their respective counties—as will Mr. McKenzie. Close figuring is going on as to which one of the three can secure the coveted persimmon. To our mind, there is no citizen in the district who can defeat the present efficient incumbent. Yet, we have reason to believe that there will be some sharp manipulations to consolidate the opposing strength so as to oust McKenzie. As the sapient Frenchman remarked—"Viola—ve shall see vat ve shall see."

[Sebree Sunbeam.]

Among the aspirants for the Democratic nomination for Congress in this district, Hon. Jas. A. McKenzie stands pre-eminent. The Democracy of this district cannot surely hesitate to prefer an adroit, ingenuous and an eminent statesman to novices in political science and to men inferior to him in that erudition, experience and sagacity without which a man is incapable of being else than a loggerhead in Congress. McKenzie has never reared any imposing or formidable castles by making elaborate, cut-and dried and clap-trap harangues which is the art of demagogues to gain popular applause. He has never sought by such devices to creep into the admiration and affection of his constituency, and while his unremitting diligence, vigilance and courageous fidelity, his patriotic endeavors guided by moderation, his commendable deportment in every respect have made him a model Congressman, he bears not the least semblance of a demagogue and his career in Congress is invulnerable to the cavilous strokes of those who seek to overpower him in this contest. The Second District will assuredly not disrobe Quinine Jim when he has so faithfully guarded our interests, so earnestly striven to earn as his reward, "well done, thou good and faithful servant." Shall McKenzie be displaced and Clay elevated? What valid reason sustains such a violent step? Although Mr. Clay is a gentleman of uncommon attainments, both literary and legal, although his elocution is faultless, his tongue is a silver tongue, his understanding is strong, although his many excellences are truly admirable, yet in what attribute attaching to elevation he aspires to is he superior to Mr. McKenzie? What wonders would he unfold in Congress that McKenzie understands not. What could he do in Congress with two words that McKenzie could not do with one? What guarantee can he give that his achievments would be more redoubtable than McKenzie's? his career more resplendent? or more prolific of good to us? The sum and substance of this matter is that Quinine Jim is a little Jesus after all, and that to outstrip him from Congress would be like defying the Omnipotent to arms—terminate in a disastrous abortion. Why, it would be a more inexpiable crime to route Jim McKenzie in this race than it would be to assassinate a president or to secede from the union. His re-endorsement is nothing but a debt due to his transcendent worth and eminent public services. Those that build towering aerial castles the prospect of subduing the invincible Jas. A. McKenzie will be crushed by this fall of this ill-contrived structure. Long live Quinine Jim!

[Madisonville Times.]

Certain capable, clever gentlemen are now industriously canvassing the district while our present distinguished, able, representative in Congress, Hon. Jas. A. McKenzie, is at his post of duty and cannot leave without neglecting the people's interests. This should tell in his favor, and voters should not overlook or ignore this fact, nor pledge themselves until they are certain they want a change. This district never had a better Representative than Jas. A. McKenzie. He has done more practically for the people of the district than all the other Representatives we ever sent to Congress. His free quinine bill saved millions of dollars to the people, and should entitle him to their gratitude. He has secured the passage of other bills hardly less beneficial and far-reaching in their results. He has labored earnestly, faithfully, vigilantly for the interests of his constituents and he should not be set aside for a whim or a caprice, or just to seat some other nice, clever gentleman in his place. The Second district is well and ably represented, and we can do no better than by re-electing Jim McMenzie.

* * * * * *

We are for Jim McKenzie, first and last. We see no good substantial reason for a change. He has served the people of this district with honor and distinction, and has made a faithful public servant. He has redeemed every pledge he ever gave. Why unseat him now to give his place to some new, untried man? He is the equal in ability of any of his opponents, while he is a long way ahead of them in experience. We never had a better Representative, and we say, continue him where he is. His opponents are elegant gentlemen. We esteem and admire them, but we do not think the people would gain anything by a change. McKenzie has not been found wanting, and the people certainly will not go back on a faithful, public servant.

SALEM

Rev. Chas. Morris, of Evansville, preached a most excellent sermon at Salem last Sunday.

Salem Church has bought a handsome new Mason and Hamlin Organ which adds greatly to the music of the Choir.

Miss Mamie Barnes, one of Hopkinsville's most accomplished and fascinating young ladies, spent last week with Mrs. P. B. Pendleton.

Misses Sallie Cook, Emma Campbell and Miss Massie were the guests of Mrs. Dr. Peyton last week.

Mr. Fred Naylor, of Clarksville, has been circulating among his many friends for several days.

Mrs. R. D. Peay is visiting Mrs. R. G. Hopkins.

Mrs. Settle and Mrs Childress, of Miss., are visiting the family of Dr. J. P. Thomas.

Mr. Alvian Light, aged about 70, died last week of flux, after a short illness. Flux is pronounced an epidemic by our physicians.

Mr. C. E. Barker has the "boss" thresher, having threshed 5,200 bu. in five days, Charles knows how to run a machine for all it is worth.

Tobacco is not looking well, owing to so much wet weather, it is very grassy and some think it impossible to make a full crop. Corn looks well and if seasonable will make a large yield. There is a considerable amount of wheat out, and if the rains continue it will be badly damaged. MAX.

Mr. Boggs, Mrs. Parsons has fallen off the bridge into the creek, and she called to me to bring her some succor quickly or she would drown," said little Tommy Phibbs, out of breath. "Well, why, don't you do it, then?" "Why, I've come after you, for Bill Perkins said last night at the post-office that since Sam Cheeves died you were the only sucker left in the village."

The Frankfort Assassination

Thursday morning, about eight o'clock, Mr. George Roach, the father-in-law of Mr. Charles Penn, left this city in search of George Gaines, saying he had captured him near Jos. Roberts' landing, about four miles distant. Gaines was delivered to the jailer, and is now in custody, awaiting an examining trial on Monday. The assassination of Charles Penn, which was one of the boldest and bloodiest we have ever had to record, seems to have been the culmination of a deliberate and foul plot. Late developments have shown that Gaines was the guilty lover, if not the paramour, of Penn's wife, and all the circumstances go to show that he was the man who did the murder. We understand there is testimony now in the hands of the prosecution which will leave no room to doubt the guilt of Gaines.

At the coroner's inquest Col. John L. Scott was employed as an attorney "to protect the interests of the Roach family"—that is to see that Mrs. Chas. Penn was not implicated as a party to the murder; and now we have Mr. George Roach, the father of Mrs. Penn, bringing in the accused man, the man charged by warrant with the murder of his son-in-law. The county had been searched by vigilant and active men for three or four days, and Gaines could not be found, but Mr. Roach leaves this city at or about eight o'clock Thursday morning, and by ten o'clock the same morning returns with Gaines in custody, having traveled eight miles over one of the roughest roads in the county. Mr. Roach evidently knew where Gaines was to be found, and had no difficulty in producing him. The inference is that Mr. Roach does not believe Gaines to have been the murderer, so that he is trying to shield him.

Mrs. Owens, of this city, a daughter of Mr. Roach, is not only firmly convinced that Gaines was the murderer of her brother-in-law, but charged it upon him, and told him that his face betrayed his guilt, after which Gaines mysteriously disappeared, and could not be found until produced by the father of Mrs. Owens.

There is a prevalent belief in the community that a horrible and unnatural plot will be developed when all the testimony is heard in this case. The whole community is interested in the conviction of the murderer of Charles Penn, whoever he may be, and we hope no means will be neglected to accomplish it.—Yeoman.

Wonderful Maternity.

New York World.

The Assyrian Monarch, of the Monarch Line, arrived yesterday afternoon with a full complement of Russian refugee Jewish passengers. Among these were three married women, sisters, named Ruth Jacobsky, Lena Itskok and Miriam Levinski, who, with their husbands, left Odessa last winter. In Russia, where they had been married on the same day fifteen months ago, they belong to the middle class. The husbands of these women are tailors by trade. Two weeks since the tailors with their wives and coreligionists, were sent on board the Assyrian Monarch for New York. On Sunday morning, the first Lena Itskok, who is a very prepossessing Jewess about twenty-two years old, became a mother of two fine, healthy girls. Her two sisters were in the act of congratulating the newly made mama, when they themselves found that they were in want on the doctor's services. At two o'clock in the afternoon Ruth Jacobsky, who is twenty-seven and a good looking blonde, had done as well as her other sister, and had at that moment presented her fortunate husband with two boys. At nine o'clock at night two more girl strangers made their appearance on board the boat, and Miriam Levinski, the youngest sister, aged nineteen was receiving felicitations of her husband and brothers-in-law. On Friday the two boys were initiated into one of the mysteries of Judaism. At the circumcision they were both named Isaac, which means "I should smile." The girls have not yet been named, but each of the children received a present from the captain of the steamer, who declares that, although he has carried many thousands of passengers in his days, he has never seen such a remarkable trio as the three Russian Jewesses who vied with each other in their presents to their liege lords.

Marry.

A man should marry by all means; yet I am convinced that the greatest part of the marriages are unhappy, and this is not an opinion that I give as coming from myself; it is that of a very excellent, agreeable and sensible young lady, who married the man of her choice and has not encountered ostensibly any extraordinary misfortune, as loss of health, riches, children, etc. She told me this unreservedly, and I never had any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this I am convinced that a man can not be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in. A tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact. There is certainly something radically wrong in the constitution of society; the times are out of joint. It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is thought their own inclinations. The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bonds of Hymen as ever could be done by the arbitrary pairings of a legal match-maker. Many a man thinks he married by choice who only marries by accident; in this respect men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed.—By Lord Byron.

Highly Esteemed.

The youthful color and a rich lustre are restored to faded or gray hair by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, a harmless dressing highly esteemed for its perfume and purity.

Wanted to See a Rebel.

Down below Montgomery I ran across a man from Port Huron, Mich., and after we had shaken hands he said:

"Seen any rebels down here?"

"Why, yes. That is, I've see hundreds who were in the Confederate army."

"But have you come across one who hasn't surrendered yet—a real off unterrified who wasn't licked and still hates the flag?"

"No."

"Well, I wish I could see one. I've been down here two weeks and I haven't come across him. I thought the South was chuck full of such chaps, and I doted on an interview."

I went up to the hotel and told the boys, and they sent over to the cooper-shop for Sam. He was not in the war at all, having lately moved in from Texas, but he was the most "rebbish" looking man south of the Ohio river. He had long hair, long, matted whiskers, a long, sharp nose, eyes like a wolf, long arms, ragged clothes, and he looked to be a tough case. The boys told him what was wanted, and he walked down the street to a barber-shop where the Port Huron man was waiting to get shaved. Standing in the middle of the shop, he threw his old hat down, jumped three feet high and cracked his heels, and yelled out:

"Whoop—yah! Whar's that Yank who's been hanging around this town for the last three days? Whoop—yi! yi! durn Uncle Sam for an old buzzard! There ain't Yanks enough in North America to walk me off—whoop!"

The man from Port Huron had finally got what he was looking for. He rose up, and was edging for the door, when Sam jumped for him and yelled:

"Whoop-ee! You're the cantankerous invader I'm after! Come down here and burn our gins will ye? Come down here and slay our—

Alas! The Michigander was on the full skip by this time. He took a straight road for the country, turning out for nothing smaller than a four-mule team. Next morning I received a telegram from him, dated at a town eleven miles off, asking me to pay his hotel bill, and bring along his satchel.—Detroit Free Press.

Gwendolen's Call.

"Can you not answer me, Gwendolen?"

Up from the meadows the soft breezes of a perfect June evening were wafting the faint perfume of the cowslip and a dead horse, and as George W. Simpson and Gwendolen Malmaffy stood near the gate whose appearance told with more eloquence than could mere words of the deathless passion that enslaved their souls, both felt that a crisis in their lives had arrived—a moment had come which would in the misty future that stretched away before them, like one of William M. Evarts' letters, be either a bright beacon of hope and joy to look back upon with gladness, or a desolate landmark like the lightning-riven trees that one never beholds without a feeling of sadness. Secure in the consciousness of his own merit—that sterling merit which always lies in a strong arm, clear brain and large feet—and yet with a modest diffidence concerning his worth, the young man stood there in the gloaming with a half reluctant cat-on-the-back-fence expression that lent an added beauty to his pure young face, and made more pleading by tender the earnest father-is-coming-up-the-back-steps looks, with which he regarded the beautiful girl who stood by his side. He had asked her to be his wife—to leave parents, sisters, brothers and all the endearing influences of a happy, Christian home, where two girls are kept, and go out with him into the wide world as a helpmeet and companion. He had told in fervid sentences of the great love he bore her—a love that would ever be the guiding star of his life, he said, cheering him when the black clouds of adversity and despair, hung heavily in the horizon of his hopes, and without which his whole existence would be one arid, trackless waste on which lay the whited skeletons of Ambition and Hope—ghastly reminds of a life whose final wreck was all the more sad because of the happiness which it might have held had love not flown away with mocking laugh when pleaded with so passionately.

[When it came to ornamental lying, with two rows of fluting up the back, George took first money.]

Gwendolen had stood in graceful poise as he spoke, one ear thrown slightly forward, and her right foot covering the door-mat, and, now that he had finished, was looking down with maiden shyness while the rosy blushes that chased each other under her dazzling complexion would have told, if anybody could have seen them, of the emotions that were agitating her young soul. But no words came from her lips—those rosy ripe portals that opened with such languid grace when there was pie in the house—and George began to fear that perhaps he had talked her to sleep. Presently, however, she drew quite close to him, put her hand in his, and, resting her cheek upon his shoulder, she said; "Yes George, I will marry you."

"But when!" asked the young man, a horrible fear that his bluff was to be called, chilling his very blood.

"I will marry you," repeated Gwendolen, "when a bicyle rider is elected President."

Turning away to hide his emotion, George muttered in low, piratical tones: "Thank Heaven I am safe."—Chicago Tribune.

The Masher.

"What is that mother?" "A masher, dear; you wi'l always nd him standing here, posed on the corner of the street, proudly displaying its tiny feet, twirling its little ten-cent cane and stupefying his tender brain with the smoke of a paper cigarette, don't touch it dear, it was raised a pet." "Will it bite mother?" "Well I should shout, it will bite a free lunch for all that's out."—[Washington Republican.

If your children are pale and emaciated, they probably need Thorton's "Dead Shot" Worm Candy. It removes worms when other remedies fail. Pleasant and safe.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., July 29, 1882.

The "irrepressible conflict" of the present time is the contest between merit and patronage in the civil service. The question bobs up serenely every now and then in some form, in Congress and out of Congress, and it is bound to cause a good deal of discussion and make a good deal of trouble, to the party in power at least, for some years to come. But it does not need a microscope, nor even a common pair of spectacles, to discover that the present Congress will not lie awake nights to promote civil service reform. A proposition to incorporate a small appropriation in the sundry civil bill to defray the expenses of the civil service commission created by the revised statutes was recently beaten out of sight. Men of the George William Curtis stamp may continue to vociferate and agitate, but the contributions will continue to flow in to Mr. Hubbell's committee just the same, and we shall have exceedingly cold weather in August before any very pronounced reforms are accomplished. Speaking of Jas. Hubbell reminds me of the fact that he wants to succeed Ferry as Senator from Michigan, and is directing his energies to some extent in that direction. A new soldiers' paper has been established under the auspices of the committee, indirectly, and is to be sent gratuitously all over the West—especially to Michigan. It bristles with attacks upon Ferry of a rather mild character.

A new lot of Cabinet speculations have broken out, and the gossips in the hotel lobbies insist that there is really going to be a change. This time it is the Secretary of State that rumor says must go. The Chili-Peru business has no doubt been the subject of talk in several Cabinet meetings, but it is not thought there has been any such an account or character of discussion given it as the gossips state, according to the story, the President has been goaded into thinking of a change by the comments of the Blaine journals, who think Mr. Frelinghuysen's policy has not been aggressive enough. It is thought that had Blaine been at the helm of diplomatic affairs the insulting letter recently sent our Government by Martinez, the head of one of the little and weak South American Republics, would never have been written, or that if it had, he would have received such an answer as would have stopped him from offending again in that direction. Those who are handing about the projected Cabinet change declare that it is the President's intention to make Gen. Grant his premier, and that his past career is a guarantee that he will be aggressive enough to suit even the most warlike of the admirers of Blaine management of foreign affairs.

One of the recreations of Washington life in the summer is strolling about the White House grounds on Saturday after-noons during the Marine band concerts. These concerts are really very delightful, and the grounds are very beautiful, the combination sufficing to attract a large concourse nearly every Saturday. It is a good place to meet people and get a whiff of the cool breeze sweeping up from the lazy old Potomac. When the President is at home he usually appears with a party of friends on the rear porch, to take in the scene and music at a distance from the miscellaneous and Democratic throng upon the lawn. Congressmen and Senators and prominent visitors to the city often mingle with the listeners and the scene is frequently one of great brilliancy. On a recent occasion a group of New York men were chatting in the shadow of a grove, just below the White House, when ex-Secretary Blaine, with Mr. Walker Blaine, sauntered leisurely down the lawn and toward this ground. The ex-Secretary was looking extremely well, and seemed to be perfectly at ease and confortable in the midst of the throng of people. He was known to some of the New York men, and he chatted with them about the weather, the White House surroundings, and the sorrowful scenes witnessed from the lawn a year previous when the wounded President was brought to the rear porch and waved his hand to one of the ladies who stood by to see him carried in.

Among the prominent characters seen about Washington for some days past is B. Gratz Brown, ex-United States Senator and ex-Governor of Missouri, and candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Greely in 1872. His long, red whiskers have been conspicuous at the Star-route trial this week, where he is in attendance in the interest of Mr. J. B. Price, one of the accused. This is the first visit to the Capital for fifteen years, and he is greatly impressed with the wonderful improvements that have been made in the streets, the parks, the public buildings, and the general architectural appearance of the city; but it's with a somewhat lonely and melancholy feeling that he looks in upon the Senate chamber to find so few familiar faces. The only Senators there now who were his colleagues are Anthony, Edmunds, and Sherman.

PHONO.

No Cure For Consumption.

There is no cure for consumption, whether of the lungs, bowels, or kidneys; yet the patient may be spared to long years of life, and the fatal termination kept from approaching, if Brown's Iron Bitters are used. This medicine strengthens the weakened parts, restores to healthy action the impaired functions, and stops all decay and wasting-away of the organs affected. It is the best life-giving medicine ever invented, and thousands of living witnesses stand ready to affirm the truth of this assertion. A trial bottle will convince you of its merit.