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to visit
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Aug. 16, 1888.

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CHARGES MODERATE.
Correspondence promptly answered and price lists furnished when desired.
(March 9, 1889.)

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The Weekly Observer

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Oct. 18, 1888.

Unfaltering Faith.

And shall I fear? Have I not learned
From childhood's years his tend'rest care?
Where'er my wandering footsteps turned,
Have I not felt his presence there?

My Father! Yes, for he is mine!
I know his promises are true.
Through deepest gloom his glories shine;
Their bright rays pierce the darkness through.

I would not ask, if but my will
Could gild life over with delight—
Make time a river calm and still—
Light every day with sunshine bright.

Proud night adds beauty to the morn;
By contrast seems the sky more bright.
Wild grandeur rides upon the storm,
And glory shouts from ocean's might!

E'en in this night, so strongly dread,
And fearful with a vague portent,
His brooding care o'er all is spread—
Terror is lost in wonderment!

Bright faith, submissive, firm, shall stand
And see His majesty displayed;
He holds the tempest in his hand
And says: 'Tis I; be not afraid!"

Thus patience learns, from out the skies,
That half the miracle of grace
Lies hidden in the strange disguise
Of trusting where we may not trace!

—*Luther G. Riggs in Chicago Herald.*

Betty.

(*Concluded.*)

Awed by his stern tones, I pulled my hat over my eyes and descended ignominiously. He moves away, as he promised and I crept out into the light again, and back to my former seat.

You have eaten no luncheon Why is this? he asks abruptly, striding toward me.

I was not hungry, I murmur.

You are as pale as a ghost. Betty, what is troubling you?

My lips quiver, but I dare not speak. He stoops and takes my hand.

Betty, I know a quieter spot than this—will you come with me? I want to speak to you undisturbed for a few minutes— I have something to tell you.

He leads me away, and I offer no resistance, for I know what he wants to tell me—it is of their happiness he wishes to speak. I try feebly to frame a fitting sentence, but words will not come. He stops in a quiet nook, where a high wall throws deep slanting cool shadows.

Betty, he says, won't you tell me your trouble?

I have none, I murmur hoarsely.

He puts his hand under my chin and raises my flushed face.

My poor little baby he says, so gently that my powers of endurance break down, and, with a sob, I turn away and cover my face with my hands. Betty, I hear him whisper, for heaven's sake tell me what ails you—my darling—my own sweet love!

Is it a dream, or did his arms really close around me? For one brief moment I succumb; then pride aids me to rebel, and I struggle to free myself.

You have no right to act so, I whisper. Think of Joan.

I will think of whom you like, he answers, and loosen his hold obediently; only give me the right, Betty, my darling, to clasp you in my arms. You know—yes, surely you must know—how much I love you, dear.

I gasp for breath, and step back a few paces that I may look at him.

Is this true?

Should I jest on such a subject?

And you do not love Joan?

Joan! Good heavens, who can have put that idea into your head?

Maj. Ffrench said that—that everybody said that you——

As usual, gossip is on the wrong track, he breaks in, laughing. Why, you silly little darling, I have loved you from the first! Do you understand, or must I kneel down and swear it?

It sounds like a fairy tale, I say, with a faint smile.

Yes; and please heaven, it shall end as happily! There—come to my arms and kiss me, baby. You do love me, Betty?

Yes, I murmur very shyly.

He holds me tightly to his breast and says, hurriedly:

To morrow—not to-day, Betty—I will have a long talk with you. Now I am going to scold you for not driving with me; you disappointed me dreadfully.

I am sorry, Wallace, I answer—not even now will I disclose Joan's deceit—and then, with tingling cheeks, I stand on tiptoe and give him a tiny kiss, and then nestle in his arms, the happiest girl in all the wide world.

At my request Wallace agrees to keep our engagement a secret until he has spoken to mother and Aunt Mary. He consents to this reluctantly, however, for he seems anxious to let all the world know of his good fortune, as he calls it; but he gives in to my wish at once when he knows that I am too shy at present to face all the crowd in my new position.

We spend a blissful ten minutes. His murmuring words sound like sweet soothing music in my ears, his hand clasp sends a thrill of satisfaction and joy through my heart; I am a different being from the sorrowful, sad-eyed girl of half an hour before. But shouts are soon heard, and he slips away to join the rest, and leaves me to follow at my leisure. The remainder of the day is charming, delightful, entrancing to me, and even Maj. Ffrench notices that I am changed.

The air has done you good, he says; and I agree smilingly.

Betty is only a baby—she enjoys everything, observes Audrey, as she passes us.

A good thing, too, said Lord Charles; and, as they stroll away, I catch, his next words—I say, Audrey, that red-haired girl, as you call her, is precious good looking.

I drive home on Wallace's coach, and spin along at a fine rate, while he manages to give me many a tender glance and soft passionate word. Lord Charles' team follows us, and then the others; and, as we dismount at the Grange Gate, I know that this has been the happiest day of my life.

Good-bye, my own sweet one! whispers Wallace as he grasps my hand in farewell. Heaven guard you till we meet again to-morrow! Watch for to-morrow, Betty.

I have a short discussion with Joan as we go to our rooms.

Why did you tell Capt. Verney that I had a headache this morning? I ask.

She turns and looks at me.

Because I understood Ben to say that you had one, she answers, turning and looking at me. Are you angry because you did not drive with him? Take my advice don't show your feelings so plainly another time. It is not good form.

An angry answer rises to my lips, but I keep it back. I will not spoil the day by a quarrel.

Good night, Joan, I say simply, as I go into my room and shut the door.

The moon has risen, and as I stand in its silver radiance by the window the church clock strikes eleven in sweet, sonorous tones.

Only a few more hours and he will come again, I whisper; and then I go to my rest and dream of my lover all the night through.

* * * * *

The sun is shining and the birds are chanting their morning song as I wander through the garden waiting for the bell to ring, and to see a tall manly form emerge from the low doorway.

Eleven—twelve—half-past twelve has chimed, but still there is no Wallace, and a feeling of disappointment creeps into my heart. Why is he so late? Surely he will come! I cannot live through many more hours with my great secret weighing me down. Aunt Mary has gazed at me rather curiously at times—at least, so it seems to me, but then, I am nervous and stupid too this morning.

There is the bell ringing at last! My heart beats madly and my cheeks flush; I sink upon a chair beneath the trees and watch intently for the door to open. I am thankful at this moment that all the girls are out—gone into Kingsford shopping—for I shrank from seeing any of them. A form appears, but it is not Wallace's—only Mary, the housemaid's.

If you please, Miss Betty, she says, there is a lady asking to see you.

To see me, Mary? Who is she?

She didn't give no name, miss—only asked to see you.

Full of disappointment and surprise, I go into the house. The blinds in the drawing room are drawn down behind the open windows, and they flap backward and forward with every touch of the faint breeze; as I enter I see a woman standing rigidly by the table, and I seem to detect a resemblance to some one I know. She turns as I approach, and I see that she is tall, elderly and aristocratic A frown settles upon her brow as she sees me.

You are Betty Cardrone? Yes.

Come here, child, and let me look at you! I am Helena Verney—I have come from my son.

Wallace's mother! Involuntarily I raise my lips to kiss her; but she shrinks back.

Wait, she says hurriedly—wait till you hear what I have to say.

Holding my hand, she pours out a torrent of words while I stand gazing beside her, riveted by the signs of deep emotion on her face. Slowly, dimly I comprehend her meaning, and, as she reaches one point, I utter a little cry—No, no—not that!—and drawing my hand from hers, I sink into a chair.

She bends over me and caresses my hair.

Would to heaven I had reached Kingsford before yesterday, so as to have spared Wallace the bitter pain of knowing that he must cause you suffering! I travelled direct as soon as I heard the news. Ah, Betty dear, I think his heart is broken! And you, my poor child—so young, so beautiful—time alone will heal your wound!

I shall love Wallace all my life, I murmur, raising my head. Shall I be very wicked?

She kisses me, and I see that there are tears in her eyes.

Wicked—no. Who can blame you, poor little one?

We are silent again; and then I ask in low tones—

Does—does he love this woman—his wife?

Love her! the mother cries. She has nearly wrecked his life—ruined him; he never loved her. Child, you are too young to understand. Years ago my boy fell into the hands of an intriguing father and daughter—adventurers in the worst sense of the word—and his honor, his chivalry, led him to the most fatal act of his life—marriage. Never shall I forget the night he came to me and told me all. Maddened by this woman's depravity, he determined to end his sorrows in death. After almost superhuman efforts I calmed him; and then I met this creature and arranged that she should leave him unmolested for so much money. To this she consented, and Wallace was free of her society, though bound by his marriage vow Last year, news came that his wife was dead; he made inquiries, saw her father, and, over come by the man's pretended grief, made him an allowance to keep him in comfort. Since then, Wallace has been his old self again; and I have rejoiced in the free, contented, happy life that he has led. Suddenly, however, all my rejoicing is ended A week ago I was in Paris, and there I discovered, to my amazement, that his wife was not dead but living. She came to my hotel and asked me for money. Stunned and overwhelmed, I hurried to Kingsford. Last night, when Wallace returned, he found my note entreating him to see me at once; and, as he was pouring out the story of his love for you, dear, I had once again to plunge him into the dark abyss of hopeless despair and tell him my news. I have come to you at his especial wish, Betty— Ah, child, I could have loved you!

I say nothing. No mother's voice could be sweeter than the voice of this woman of the world, as we have deemed her.

Wallace was going to tell you the whole story to-day, and now——

Oh, I am so sorry for him! I say quietly, though my lips quiver. You must tell him that—that——

I think he guesses all you would say, dear. Lady Helena observes with a sad smile.

Tell him, I continue, rising and placing one trembling hand upon my chair—tell him that I love him just as dearly, and shall love him so forever—I shall never love anyone else. And, oh, Lady Helena, ask him to forgive me for the fortune I told him that day at the fair!—he will understand. I don't think I have anything more to say.

Poor young heart, heavy with such a load of pain, she says tenderly, taking me in her arms. Betty, you must promise me for Wallace's sake that you will try not to fret; and, should you ever grow to care for any one else, don't let his memory stand in the way—he would suffer if he thought you would.

I shall love him all my life, Lady Helena, I answered; and then she kisses me and leaves me.

The blinds flap to and fro, and outside the birds sing as before; but the music is gone, and I shiver in the summer heat. As yet I scarcely comprehend that the sweet dream that has been stealing over me so slowly and surely of late is dispelled. I have grown so used to thinking of Wallace that he has become part of my life. And yesterday's happiness—is that gone for ever? Shall I be as I am now, miserable, tortured almost beyond endurance through the long years that stretch before me? I shudder, and, rising, go hurriedly to my room, locking myself in secure from all intrusion. Here, where last night I stood smiling, thinking only of my great joy, I sink prone upon the floor.

Oh, Wallace, Wallace, my heart is broken! I cry; and then I weep till I am faint and exhausted; while outside the garden the boys' voices rise in shouts of glee, the sun shines and nature smiles serene.

* * * * *

It is summer time again. One year has passed since my sad meeting with Lady Helena. I am in London with Aunt Mary for the season, and Audrey, transformed into Lady Charles Lancaster, sees me every day, and is busy plotting and planning a good marriage for me.

You must marry well, Betty, she says one afternoon, as she comes to chaperone me to a garden *fete* at some grand house.

Must I! I answer, with a smile.

Of course! You are the prettiest girl out this season, as you know, she retorts.

Joan and Dolly have done better than I shall, Audrey,—Joan is Mrs. Ffrench, and Dolly is engaged to Walter Montgomery

Joan and Dolly can't compare with you, Lady Charles sums up briefly.

Ah, that is a tribute to my discrimination, my dear, says Aunt Mary, looking up from letters. You see I knew what I was about when I took up my red-haired Betty.

I go across and kiss her. Dear Aunt Mary, how good she is! Does she ever guess, I wonder, at the secret I hold in my heart? I almost think she does, for she never presses the subject of my marriage, and is more tender and loving in her every thought concerning me.

Oh, what a weary, weary year this has been! Not once since that day have my eyes had a glimpse of Wallace, my love! I hear of him sometimes, but not often; he has exchanged into another regiment, and has drifted out of Audrey's set. But though I am left stranded, as it were, my love grows stronger day by day. The men who crowd round me here in London only bore me; there is not even one to compare with Wallace. Audrey is puzzled to account for my coldness.

You are certainly unlike your sisters, Betty, she says as we roll along in her smart victoria—no one can accuse you of flirting.

Is that a fault, dear? I ask.

Not a fault exactly, but a want.

I am sorry I fail: but, even to please you, I cannot flirt.

Ah, says Audrey, a trifle regretfully, you are wise, after all—you know what attracts! Betty, your very coldness is one of your strongest points.

I smile at this, and we discuss other things. The fete is very much like dozens of others that I have attended—the same people, the same small talk, the same music. My head aches, and the pain at my heart is keener to-day, for this is the anniversary of our picnic to Brieg Abbey, and do what I will, I cannot banish the memory of it from my thoughts.

Miss Cadrone is certainly beautiful, but she is cold, I overhear one man say to another.

I laugh softly and seek Audrey.

My head aches—I must go home, I say.

She looks vexed, but agrees to my taking the carriage.

Remember, you are due at Lady Belfair's, Betty! she cries as I am leaving her.

I heave a sigh of relief as I roll along the crowded streets. I will spend a few quiet hours alone, for Aunt Mary has gone visiting; and then, unless I feel better, I shall refuse to go out again, ball or no ball. I have several letters to write—one to dear mother and Rex—and this will take me from my thoughts.

There is some one in the drawing room—I don't know who, miss, says Ben, as I enter the hall.

I go wearily up stairs; I am tired of talking small talk, but I must be polite, I suppose. The door is open; I go in, and then, with a murmured exclamation, I step back, for before me stands one whom I never expected to speak to again.

Betty—my own Betty! he says.

I am conscious that he grasps my hands and that I am gazing once more into the depths of his grey eyes.

Wallace! I whisper.

Betty, I am free! Yes, my darling, it is true this time; I am free, and I have come to claim you, my love—my sweet little love!

I rest my head against his breast, while he puts his arms around me and rains kisses on my face and hair.

My mother is longing to see you again, Betty, he says, softly. Let me look at you, dear. Yes, you are the same, yet changed; and it is I who have brought the change, Betty. Ah, how I have suffered this long terrible year!

I am a woman now—that is the change you see, Wallace, I answer, as he carries my hand to his lips; but to oblige you I will become a child again if I can. I smile undecidedly as I say this.

You will become my wife as soon as possible, he replies: and I bury my face on his shoulder as I realise that happiness has come again.

Your Destiny.

According to almost all the charts gotten up by the astrologists, what may be expected of girls born in different months is about as follows:—

If in January, a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatter box, somewhat given to quarrelling.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking.

If in May, handsome, amiable and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical and likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind and of a wild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.

Something Burning.

They were sitting on the porch and it was growing late.

"Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she replied.

And presently the old man [illegible] getting quite desperate, spoke from an open window above.

"Daughter," he said, "I left my rubber overshoes near the kitchen stove and you had better see to them, I can smell something burning."

Strong Maritime Powers.

Great Britain still has the largest navy, though she is closely pushed by France and Italy. She has one vessel carrying two 110 ton guns, which have a penetrating power of thirty-six inches of iron; four vessels with sixteen 68-ton guns, one with four 80-tons guns; five with sixteen 43-ton guns; and numerous other vessels. She has eleven seagoing vessels carrying from twenty to thirty inches of armor. France is her most formidable antagonist; with nine seagoing vessels with armor from twenty to thirty inches thick, and six with armor from eight to sixteen inches thick. She has on six vessels fourteen 75-ton guns that can penetrate twenty-seven inches of iron, on one vessel two 52-ton guns that can pierce twenty-five inches of iron, and on six vessels nineteen 48-ton guns that can pierce twenty inches of iron. Italy is a close third. She has five seagoing vessels carrying twenty 103-ton guns that can pierce thirty-two inches of armor and two with eight 101-ton guns that can pierce twenty-eight inches of armor. Seven of her vessels carry armor from twenty to thirty inches thick. So, though Great Britain has the strongest navy alone, she has a bad show against France and Italy combined. The United States doubtless has the smallest navy of any nation of any size. Even when our "new navy" is finished it will not compare in tonnage, in armor, in speed or in guns with the navies of the great European powers.

Canadians in California.

Much Distress Among Those who have been Decoyed thereby False Pretenses.

I am a Nova Scotian by birth, from Cornwallis, Kings County, and have been in the United States several years, the last five months in California. I would earnestly request you to inform the young men of Canada not to come here unless they are men of money, and wish to invest; and even then I doubt not Canada offers many advantages superior to even the chances for good investments in this country. There are many young men here, and many coming who would only be too glad to get back to Canada into the positions they left. Canada has finer fruits and a much healthier climate, and I hope you will take pains to inform the young men of Canada of this fact, as I am pained almost every day by meeting young Canadians in distress. I would say that we have an immigration society here which is run in the interest of railroads, etc., and Canada is flooded with literature, and it is doing much harm by inducing Canadians to come to California. Where one succeeds twenty fail. The only real advantage that California has for a poor man is the climate, but as to fertility, fruits, vegetables and healthiness, Canada is far ahead. It has more fertile land, better forests, and raises fruit that would put California to shame. If the young Canadian must emigrate let him try British Columbia if he wishes to settle on the coast. He will find better laws and more congenial neighbors.—*John L. Killough, San Francisco, Cal.*

Little Nell.

The Old Man Loved His Grandchild Though He was a Drunkard.

An old man and a little girl walked into a downtown saloon about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was not the first visit. The white-aproned bartender regarded them curiously. The half-a-dozen loungers lowered their voices in respect to the little tot of femininity. Nervously fumbling in his pocket the aged toper called for a drink. The little girl [illegible] with a fugitive glance at the bartender stole over to the lunch table. From noon until 2 o'clock a generous and tempting array of viands is generally provided in this peculiar resort. It had been removed a few minutes before the old man and his little companion arrived. Raising on tip toe, the little girl looked over a clear expanse of snow-white tablecloth. A pitiful expression of disappointment passed over a face pinched with hunger and privations. The old man was just raising a glass of whiskey to his lips when the little girl rushed across the room and clutched him by the arm:

"Grandpa! grandpa!" she exclaimed in a shrill childish treble, "don't drink; the lunch is all gone!"

The trembling hand withdrew the glass that had almost touched his lips. A look at the table verified the child's statement. He had already paid for the drink. Motioning the bartender to the end of the long polished bar, the old man said:

"Please give me back the money. I must go without the drink if I die for it. It's all we have in the world, and the little girl has had nothing to eat since morning. Please give me back the money."

"Here's a quarter; don't come in here again," replied the bartender.

[illegible] with his head down and she with a glass of milk in her hand. He started to go into another saloon, but she held him back. They walked half a block and entered a chop restaurant.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Training Colts.

The colt should never be asked to do what is impossible. The first impression must be firmly planted before the second is attempted. It should know no fear. There can be no enduring education through fear. Confidence must first be established. The colt, as soon as it realizes that the driver is a friend, will yield the more readily. A successful trainer will never ask what cannot easily be done, and having made a request, will require that it be obeyed in full. The use of contradictory terms will spoil any colt. There must be no confusion of ideas. The word of command must be clear and explicit, and, having uttered the same, it should be clung to until obedience is secured. The man who cries "whoa," and makes no effort to restrain the animal, soon loses all power of control, and the word becomes meaningless. It is the one word of all others that should never be used save when a full stop is desired. It should mean halt, and nothing else. It is not a word to play with is the least. Human life is in the balance, and the future horse needs to be educated to an appreciation of the meaning of words.

Kerosene and Diphtheria.

A well-known doctor says that the fumes of kerosene, when a lamp is turned low, are likely to cause diphtheria. The New York Board of Health a few years ago decided that to this, more than any other cause, the prevalence of this disease was to be attributed. This is given as accounting for the fact that diphtheria generally begins to spread with the advent of short days and long nights. Children dislike to go to bed in the dark, and the kind mother lets the lamp remain in the bedroom, usually turning down the flame, so that the light shall not keep the child awake. Many bedrooms are thus semi-lighted at night, and the windows being closed, or raised but slightly, the atmospheric condition is simply deathly. A turned-down kerosene lamp is a magazine of deadly gas that the healthiest lungs cannot safely be exposed to.

A Leap Year Episode.

Nice room,
Easy chair,
Old bech
Sitting there.

Old bech
Begins to snore,
Gentle rap
At the door.

Enter maid,
Rather old,
With a look of
Love untold.

Converse a while
This and that;
Close by him
Old maid sat.

Soon she talked
Sentimental,
He didn't care
Continental.

She got mad
Began to cry,
Other tacts
Thought she'd try.

Years you've called
Every night,
As if you had
Perfect right.

Why you came
Lord only knows,
Never once
Did you propose.

Now 'tis Leap Year
By heaven above,
I shall tell you
Of my love.

Then there was
An awful crash,
He had leaped
Through the sash.

Funeral next day
At eleven,
Old bach
Safe in heaven.

A Great Blunder.

Young Husband—Ruth, before we went away on our Eastern trip I lent Spunjall this lot of books. He has just sent them back.

Young wife (looking at the books.) That was kind of you, Cyrus, and—why, heavens and earth, Cyrus, here is our family Bible! Was that among them?

Young husband (carelessly)—I suppose so. It probably got in the pile by mistake. What does it matter?

Young wife (with desperate calmness)—Nothing, Cyrus, nothing. Only I told Mrs. Spunjall last spring I was just twenty-three years old.

This is a Cow.

From a Smart Girl's Composition.

A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with its tail. A cow has big ears that wiggles on hinges; so does her tail. The cow is bigger than the calf, but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go in the barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black, and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that worried the rat that killed the cat. Black cows give white milk; some other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy their little girls pianos, which they put in water and chalk. Cows eat grass and hay, and each finds its own chew. That is all there is about cows.

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Our Washington Letter.

Judge Thurman arrived on Saturday with his son Allan, and went directly to the Ebbitt House, from which he afterward went to Oak View, as the guest of the President. He looks physically weak, leaning heavily on his cane and shifting the weight as occasion demands upon his son's arm. In common with Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison, the work and worry of the campaign has aged him ten years. On Thursday he will appear before the United States Supreme Court as counsel in the telephone cases. His charge for court attendance in this case is said to be $2,000 per diem.

When the vestibule train of Pullmans was pushed into the Washington station on Saturday and Judge Thurman walked up the platform, you could have counted the people present to welcome him on your fingers. Washington is surfeited with great men and unless the service of a brass band is enlisted in the cause, a crowd will not gather at the station to look at any man. Washington and New York are the two towns on this continent where a man learns that all flesh is grass. At every hamlet on the way from Columbus to Washington, Judge Thurman was the attraction for thousands. Arrived in Washington, he is swallowed up in a collection of famous men.

That howling wilderness known as the House of Representatives has fallen upon evil days. The few members who have not gone out to do or die in the campaign are busily endeavoring to have their own private and particular measures passed. Prayer is hardly over before these statesmen are calling "Mr. Speaker!" The circle grows smaller. Holman and Blount have gone home. But no sooner has the pet bill of the Congressman been started on its way than it is stopped by the impossibility of procuring unanimous consent. Mr. Lyman, of the Republicans, or Mr. Kilgore, of the Democrats, may object. These men are of the sort that object to anything. Nobody feels evilly disposed toward Mr. Kilgore, but there are men who would follow his funeral train without regret. Mr. Kilgore is ungramatical, illogical and ignorant, and all that; but he is just as much in the way as if he were a statesman.

Mr. Allan, of Mississippi, stopped legislative mills for two hours on Friday by the call of "no quorum!" The Senate bill incorporating the Nicaragua Canal Company was discussed in the Committee of the Whole, and a favorable report prevented in a like manner.

The Retaliation bill has been practically side-tracked for the present. Senators Sherman and Evarts have left the city. Senator Morgan, the other member of the sub-committee, swears that Senator Sherman aims at making "a big bluff" at annexation. In the meantime, the Ohio Senator is very serene.

The action of the conferees on the General Deficiency bill, while not yet final, seems fairly on the way to agreement. The clause providing for the payment of a year's salary to the family or to the heirs of Chief Justice Waite is to be stricken out, together with the provision to extend the laws of the United States over No Man's Land. The latter action is agreed to by the Senate to save the bill, as the "no-quorum" cry would be raised in the House. The clause as to the investigation of the Washington acqueduct is omitted, as the investigation has been otherwise arranged. The Deficiency bill will merely contain an appropriation for the expenses of the investigation.

Mr. McCall's bill appointing a scientific commission to consider the cause of yellow fever and find a remedy has been favorably reported by the Senate committee on epidemic diseases, but will not be called up during this session.

Senators and Army officers galore went to Philadelphia on Saturday to launch the Baltimore. Mrs. Wilson, wife of the Chief of the Bureau of construction, to whom it was said the dude objected because she had once been a governess, broke the wine over the ship's bows, after all.

Apropos of the Baltimore, some one recalls the fact that John Porter, who designed and constructed the first ironclad for this country, is to day working as a carpenter in the navy yard at Norfolk. The gratitude of republics is once more exhibited.

Ten days ago the Postmaster-General completed negotiations for a fast mail train from Chicago to New York. To-day a schedule providing for a fast mail, east and west, between New York and St. Louis, goes into effect, reducing the present time by one hour and a half, which will make east a real difference of one business day, the mail arriving at New York at 3 p. m.

Senator Beck, improved but still very weak, returned to town on Saturday. He will not resume his Senatorial duties for some time.

The Washington monument will soon be accessible to people who do not long to climb stairs for twenty minutes. The elevator, which has the capacity for thirty people, begins running Wednesday. The last one of the wooden buildings about the shaft is being destroyed.

It is a long look ahead, but it is agitating the Knight Templars as much as if it were a matter of next week. In October, 1889, the gathering of that clan will be held in Washington. There will probably be 35,000 Knights in line in the grand parade, and that number will be an inconsiderable part of the total of all attending.

The State Associations of Democratic clerks are besieging the railroads for reduced fare for the trip home to vote.

Washington, D. C., October 8th, 1888.