

J. W. McEWEN, - - - PUBLISHER

THE opinion is advanced by several London papers, and is echoed by certain New York journals, that Edmund Yates has no other course open to him than to resign from the several clubs with which he is connected, in order to save expulsion, which seems to be considered the inevitable alternative. As Mr. Yates is in prison, serving a four months' sentence for a libelous paragraph which appeared in his paper during his temporary absence, and was written by a titled woman contributor, it will probably not be clear to the ordinary comprehension why Mr. Yates should be expected thus to abase himself by withdrawing himself from the clubs and

her to come to his boarding-house and match it against a piano he hears there every day.—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

As a young lady of Siverlyville was singing "My Heart's in the Highlands" a few evenings ago, her brother remarked that there would be more peace in the family if her voice were there also.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Gounod says: "Those who do not like music are diseased." Heaven help us! for we must be far gone. Miss Pedalnote favored us with some music the other evening, and people said it was splendid; but it seems that they were diseased and didn't know it.—*Boston Transcript.*

I KNOW no such thing as genius; genius is nothing but labor and diligence.—*W. Hegerth.*

A STEAM flouring mill at Madison, Dakota, uses hay for fuel, of which it burns three and a half tons every twenty-four hours.

In this world one must put cloaks on all truths: even the nicest.—Balzac.

RECENT movements of prominent Democratic statesmen toward Albany have created a wonderful flutter among the Blaine organs. They don't seem to "catch on" to Mr. Cleveland's policy in requesting the presence of gentlemen of such wide differences of views on tariff matters as Carlisle and Randall are supposed to represent. This evident attempt to close up a gap so early in the season is hardly in line with the expectations of the average Blaine man. Here is just where he expected a row in the Cleveland camp.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

EDITOR McCURTUE, who is traveling through the South, declares that the Democratic victory has destroyed the color line in that section. Nothing else could have accomplished the political independence of the blacks.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has been elected President of the Revenue Reform Club of Brooklyn.

MARK TWAIN smokes twenty cigars a

Klee, has left the finished manuscript of a political novel, but it contains such merciless criticisms of certain political adversaries that it is doubtful if it will be published.

PRINCESS BEATHORN is said to be a tol-