NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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A KISS NOW AND THEN.

You may bring me the choicest of fruits and of flowers,
The daintiest morsels that money can buy,
To cheer me and comfort me in the dark hours,
When under the shadows of sickness I lie;
The couch may be soft, and the noises around me
Subdued, so I hear not a single footfall,
And though grateful for this, yet I can not help thinking,
That a kiss now and then would be better than all.

A kiss now and then! How it lightens our labors!
It brightens our homes, and it sweetens the crust;
And when from the lips of a loved one 'tis given,
It adds to our joy, and increases our trust.
The children demand it with innocent coaxings,
And who will deny that our great bearded men
Are better prepared for the conflicts they're waging,
If somebody gives them a kiss now and then.

It softens the heart of the vertical miser;
'Tis ample reward for much trouble and stress;
And none are the poorer—nay, rather the richer—
For now and then giving a kiss or caress.
These delicate tokens of love and affection
We may in our folly pretend to despise,
But when there's neglect of these little attentions,
What heart-aches, and heart-breaks, and burnings arise!

Rich fruits and bright flowers may please for a moment,
But, oh, they're no power to help or to heal
Like the lingering touch that so fondly and truly
Expresses the tender emotion you feel.
Though the table may groan 'neath the weight of its viands,
And money be plenty, the heart may not thrive;
And there's many, oh, many a lonely one sighing
For a kiss now and then, just to keep them alive.

—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY,

AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALLEN AMONG THIEVES" "MY LADY FANTASTICAL," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Harry liked him better in this defiant mood.

"Well, please explain," he asked, more courteously.

"Miss Frobisham—"

"What!" Winthrop cried, the very mention of her name setting his heart leaping. "You came as a messenger from her!"

"I do—but, oh Winthrop, believe me, though there has been little love lost between us two, I hate to bear the tidings I bring."

"Ah, she is ill!"

"She is dying. Yesterday, while riding in the woods, a rifle bullet struck her in the side. We carried her to the farm-house where she now lies, scarce a dozen miles from here. I could not bear to listen to her prayer to see you once before she died, and so, reckless of consequences, I even ventured to your camp."

Tears started to the man's eyes as he spoke. As for Harry, he was speechless with dismay.

"You will go with me, will you not?" the Frenchman continued. "I will stake my life on your safe conduct."

"No," Harry said, pale as death. "God help me, Lecroix, I can not go, even if my presence would save her life. I am in command here. I dare not, can not leave my post."

The Frenchman's face fell.

"And that is your love," he sneered. "Oh, you repay her grand devotion with half-hearted proofs of your affection. Why, man, if she but whispered 'Come' to me, and loss of honor, danger, death stood in the road, I would fly to her side."

The words cut Harry like the lash of a whip, but he checked the passionate reply which rose to his lips.

"But you are not in my place, Mr. Lecroix," he said, calmly, "and our ideas of duty differ. Like you, I would gladly peril life and limb to save Miss Frobisham one pang of disappointment, but—"

"You will not go to her in her distress."

"It is no question of *will*. I simply can not."

"So be it. Then, as time flies, I had better return to carry her your *regrets*."

"You return! Ah, yes." Then it dawned across his mind that his visitor's departure might entail some trouble upon him.

Lecroix read his thoughts.

"It is nearly dusk now, and all you need do is to see me safely past your outpost. The rest I will provide for myself," he said, eagerly.

With a very bad grace Harry consented to the proposition. But what could he do? It was not for a moment to be supposed that he could repay the man's devotion to Kate Frobisham by detaining him as prisoner. Such treatment would be simply brutal.

"Yes," he sighed, "I will see you safely beyond our lines."

Without attracting much observation, they reached the last picket, and Harry advanced farther than prudence warranted with Lecroix, pouring into his ears many messages of love and sympathy for the dying girl.

"If you are a man, Lecroix," he said, with deep emotion, "tell her that she is dearer to me than all on earth; that if she dies her memory will be forever to me—Ah, what means this?"

With a cry of dismay he sprang back. The wood was alive with men.

"Yield, or you are a dead man!" Lecroix cried.

"Never, you treacherous hound," Winthrop shrieked, as with one blow of his

"NEVER! YOU TREACHEROUS HOUND."

sword he felled the Frenchman to the earth and made a dash for liberty.

"Cut him down, men! Cut him down; but do not fire," cried one in command.

Harry knew well what the order meant—that their force was small and that they feared to rouse his troopers; so, shouting to the top of his voice for help, he boldly set his back against a tree and faced his enemies. Nor was his cry unheeded. With a loud "Rah!" the Michigan boys came trooping over the green sward and the Confederates fled to the recesses of the wood. Even Alphonse Lecroix managed to gather together his half-stunned senses and crawl to a place of safety.

"Faith! it was a close call for you, Major," Captain Gore, who had succeeded to the command of Harry's troop, said. "But what were you doing out in the woods here alone?"

Harry flushed scarlet, but hoarse cries of indignation from a thicket close by distracted Gore's attention and spared him the pain of explanation. With the rest he ran to the scene of the disturbance. Well might his gallant troopers utter loud threats of vengeance; for stretched upon the ground lay one of their comrades, a man they had missed two days before, bound with thin rope so tightly that his lacerated wrists were streaming with blood, while his swollen tongue and torn lips were tied back with a common piece of whip-cord.

Tenderly they bore the poor fellow to camp, but it was long ere he could make them understand what had befallen him. Then they learned that he had been set upon by a small band of Moseby's men, who had been hovering round the command; and, when noon was near, Winthrop elicited from him the further information that Lecroix had been with his torturers from the hour they had captured him till he had fainted with pain in the thicket, where they found him gagged and bound. Now, if the Frenchman had been in the woods all the previous day, how could he have been present at Kate Frobisham's sick bedside a dozen miles away? Pshaw! The whole story was a lie concocted to entrap him into the meshes of the enemy. Then a great exultant joy possessed him to think that the woman he loved was safe; though, even in the exuberance of his happiness, I am afraid that if he had been brought face to face with the ingenious Canadian, the interview would hardly have been of an agreeable character to Mr. Alphonse Lecroix.

CHAPTER X.

THE NAMELESS REGIMENT.

"Major Winthrop to report at headquarters."

The army was lying before Petersburg, the advanced post of Richmond, when Grant was beleaguering Lee with the bull-dog determination to hang on till the Confederate legion was annihilated.

"You will go to City Point," said the Adjutant-General, when Harry presented himself, "and take charge of two thousand dismounted men who will be conveyed in transports to Washington via Baltimore. Major Briggs will share the command with you. You will report to Colonel Gamble at Remount Camp and await further orders."

When Major Briggs and our hero reached City Point and mustered their new command, they found themselves in charge of a mob of men, ragged and tattered, hatless and shoeless, and what was worse, tainted with the lawless spirit which always affects large bodies of men when discipline has been for a time in abeyance. To even up the responsibility, each officer took charge of a thousand men, and they set sail for Baltimore. The men drank in fresh life from the ozone-laden breezes of the Atlantic; though many a gallant fellow who had ridden, without quailing, through the battle-field, found his heart sink when the rolling vessel warned him that his time was come to pay tribute to Father Neptune, for all of them were from inland homes and the ocean billows were to them a new and painful experience. So, when they presented themselves before Colonel Gamble, I have no doubt they appeared in the eyes of that gallant officer as sorry a brigade as the illustrious regiment of Bombastes Furioso, whose men were all rags and tatters. Moreover, there was always an inclination on the part of the regular army officers to look with a certain superciliousness on the "citizen soldiers," so he may be forgiven if there was a slight tone of contempt in his voice as he gave Harry an order on the quartermaster for their mount and equipment.

"And, Major Winthrop," he added, as a parting injunction, "if you ever do get these fellows in marching order, report at once to me."

Harry saluted and withdrew, smarting somewhat under the flippant tone of the command and resolved to astonish this hypercritical gentleman before many hours had passed.

He had all day before him. Luckily for him, too, he found the quartermaster quick and prompt. On the voyage, moreover, he had as far as he could secured the names and antecedents of his men, and the consequence of his rushing preparations was that he was enabled to parade the command the next morning at the early hour of three o'clock. Well mounted, clean in person, with bright new uniforms, in high spirits, who would recognize in these soldierly ranks the mob of castaways of the previous day? Harry drew them up in line before the Colonel's quarters.

For a time his servant refused to arouse him, but Winthrop was imperative, and presently the astonished officer came forth rubbing his eyes and staring in wonder on the gallant array before him.

"All ready, sir!" said Harry, saluting and trying in vain to conceal the flush of conscious pride that mantled his cheek.

I have no doubt the Colonel's conscience smote him, but he was too good a soldier to let a word of surprise escape his lips.

"You will take your men at once to Fort Stevens," he said, coldly, but as his eyes met Harry's there was a glance of admiration in them which fully compensated the young citizen soldier for his hours of toil.

So out they marched in the gray dawn through Fourteenth street into the city of Washington, past the capitol, out to Fort Stevens. Already the streets were alive with people, for the most intense excitement prevailed in the city. The enemy was at its gates. Even as they tramped past the halls of legislature, they could hear the reverberation of the rebel musketry. General Early had beaten Wallace at Monocacy river, and now lay before the almost defenseless city with twenty thousand men.

As Harry's troopers left the suburbs behind them, an ambulance for the moment stopped the march, then suddenly drew on one side to let them pass, and a tall figure stood upon the seat bareheaded as they rode before him.

At a glance he was recognized, and a mighty cheer went up from the ranks, for the man bowing and smiling on them was the idol of the Nation—Abraham Lincoln.

An odd sight met Winthrop's view as he dismounted and entered the fort. The ranking officer, a German, sat coolly smoking his cigar, while beside him reposed a bottle of champagne in a basket of ice. Harry presented his orders, while there flashed across his mind the contrast of the bean-coffee and hard bread of the field-camp and the Sybaritish luxury of city quarters.

"You are in Custer's brigade!" the officer asked, languidly.

"I have that honor, sir," was Winthrop's short reply. He was getting tired of being patronized.

"Aw—yes—well, I've heard a good deal of you Michigan fellows. Guess you'd better go up on the fort and take a bird's eye view of the Rebs, and then tell me what you think you can do."

Harry took him at his word. As he stepped out on the parapet bullets whizzed by his head, for the Confederate skirmishing line was all before him, while in the ditch lay a number of clerks, convalescents and citizens gathered there for a good or evil purpose.

Winthrop took the whole scene in at a glance.

"Well," said the officer when he returned, "what do you think of them? Can you drive them back?"

"I can try, sir."

"Well, how would you set about it?"

In all his life Harry had never met so cool and composed a gentleman.

"Dismount my men—they are armed with Spencer carbines—form them in double columns—cross the bridge—deploy—throw out a skirmishing line in the rear and drive the citizens away, for half of them sympathize with the South, I don't doubt."

"All right, sir; go ahead!"

And with this brief order, Harry went to work to relieve the city of Washington.

Much has been written about the mistake that Early made in delaying his attack, but there's no doubt he was under orders from Lee not to enter the city, his object being simply to distract General Grant's attention from Richmond.

Meanwhile Briggs came up with his men, and the little force made fair headway against the encroaching enemy. All through the hot hours of the day they kept the foe at bay, and afternoon saw them famished with hunger and wasted with fatigue. Suddenly the scouts ran in with the unwelcome tidings that the enemy was advancing down the pike in force and was about to charge upon them.

In this extremity he sent for orders from the ranking officer, for, in addition to their exhausted condition, their ammunition was failing them. Harry fairly ground his teeth with rage when the word was simply brought back for him "to hang on;" but, like the brave soldier he was, he resolved to meet death with his face to the foe, though no chance of escape seemed possible.

On came the evening. Surely the days of the Michigan heroes were numbered, for, like the waves of the sea, that great host would sweep them from the earth. But no. A wild cheer! Harry turned to the fort, on which in an instant every eye seemed fixed, and there, to his joy, he saw the Greek cross of the Sixth Corps floating defiantly on the breeze.

Oh, how Harry's heart beat as he saw the magnificent troops under General Wright march out and form in line of battle. Steady as if on a parade they passed Harry and his men, and before their solid front the Confederate ranks fell back in sullen retreat. Washington was once more saved.

CHAPTER XI.

FAIR CHAMPIONS.

Harry Winthrop was the last man in the world to question the sagacity of his superiors, but his patience was sorely tried during the next week or two, for it seemed as if the authorities were resolved to harass the life out of the light cavalry.

First they were marched toward Baltimore, then recalled, then started on a wild goose chase after Bradley Johnson's brigade, and just as they had come up with him, while he was leisurely driving away vast herds of cattle and sheep he had captured, orders came not to attack him; and hardly had the angry men recovered the disappointment and the dusty clouds that hovered over the Confederate host vanished than these orders were countermanded, and they were told to strike the enemy whom now they could not find. Next they were hurried in hot haste to the Shenandoah valley, called back to Washington, dispatched with flying speed to Harper's Ferry, started toward Winchester, then compelled to make a forced march to Frederick, Md. And all this on half rations, under a blazing sun, beneath the fury of whose burning rays more than four hundred men dropped senseless from the saddle.

I have heard Harry Winthrop say that the most exquisite luxury of personal comfort he ever enjoyed was a hot-water bath at the hotel at Frederick, and, next to that, a sound sleep for nine hours in a real bed, which that hospitable city afforded him. For nearly a whole week he was a gentleman at large, for the men of the remounted force—at least, what was left of them—were draft

"HUSH HUSH, DEAR!" YOU FORGET YOURSELF."

ed to their regiments, and for a time Harry was left at liberty to follow the dictates of his own inclination.

He boarded at the house of a lady named Platt, a widow with two charming daughters, Lucy and Agnes. These young ladies were typical of the times when many a house on the borderland was divided against itself. Lucy was a stanch Unionist, to whom the stars and stripes were sacred emblems and the constitution of the United States a Bible, while Agnes was a red-hot revolutionist who worshiped Lee and prayed for the success of the Southern arms. It was whispered that once these young ladies pitted their wits against each other in singular rivalry. Agnes, burning with ambition to do something for the cause, had drawn a map of the disposition of the Federal troops and found means to send it to the Confederate General, and, that while she incautiously left it in her chamber for a few minutes before dispatching it, Lucy had with consummate skill so completely altered it that it was a snare and a delusion to the man it was intended to benefit. It can readily be understood then that our hero was petted on the one side and pouted at on the other in a manner which, had he been heart-whole, would have driven him to distraction, but, as it was, simply afforded him amusement. He was present one day at a battle-royal between the fair champions, and, oddly enough, the contention turned on a matter of peculiar interest to himself.

Lucy had received a letter. She read it blushingly at the breakfast table and said quietly with a cooing satisfaction to her mother:

"He arrives to-day, mamma."

The widow smiled in acknowledgment of her daughter's beaming happiness, but Agnes flashed out angrily:

"Then, if the house is really to be turned into a barracks, you will excuse me if I keep entirely to my room."

"Hush, hush, dear; you forget yourself," Mrs. Platt chided.

"No, mother," was the bold reply; "it is you and Lucy have forgotten yourselves, or Lieutenant McKenzie would never be a guest in this house."

Here Harry interposed with the good-natured desire to ameliorate the ungracious tendency of the discussion.

"I know a Lieutenant McKenzie—at least, to speak more correctly, I am acquainted with Major Arthur McDonald, who has a nephew of that name; and to tell the truth, I am very anxious to meet him."

"Then you will have ample opportunity of gratifying your desire if you remain here, *Mister* Winthrop," Agnes said—the girl rarely addressed him personally, and never acknowledged his military rank—"for from the time he enters the door you will notice that my mother's and sister's individuality will be lost in the absorbing presence of the young gentleman."

"But I thought he was wounded and had gone home," Winthrop ventured.

"Yes, sir; and he is now returning as an interesting convalescent. I believe he was hurt in the masterly retreat your men made from Chancellorsville."

"Silence, Agnes!" the mother interposed, alarmed at her daughter's bitterness. "I am always trembling for the rash remarks that drop from your lips so heedlessly."

"Nay, madam," Winthrop intervened, "pray do not think that I ever could take advantage of idle words uttered in the home-circle to which you have so kindly admitted me. Besides, I shouldn't be surprised to hear that there is some gay cavalier riding in the Southern ranks from whom your daughter takes the color of her opinions. Such devotion as hers, in so young a girl, has a more personal inspiration than patriotism."

The shot told. Agnes Platt blushed scarlet, and indignantly left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIFTIETH CONGRESS.

Second Session.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—SENATE.—Mr. Hoar, from the Judiciary Committee, reported back the Senate bill to abolish circuit court powers in certain district courts in the United States, and to provide for writs of error in capital cases. A bill was passed to provide for writs of error in capital cases in Arkansas and Indian Territory; also to establish a land district in New Mexico. Both bills passed last session, but failed to become laws for want of the President's signature. The Panama Canal resolution was considered in secret session. At 5:40 p. m. the Senate adjourned, having previously agreed to vote on the tariff bill January 28, instead of January 21.

HOUSE.—The contest over the proposed change in the rules was resumed. A call of the House showed 220 members to be present, but on votes ordering the previous question, the filibusters declined to vote, and left the House without a quorum. The fight continued throughout the day until adjournment, at 5 p.m.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Sherman, it was ordered that Mr. Gray's amendment to the Panama resolution and the action of the Senate thereon at yesterday's session be printed in the Record. Mr. Sawyer, from the Post-office Committee, reported the bill providing that the omission to pay the lawful postage on a "special delivery" letter should not delay or prevent its transmission and delivery, but that the lawful postage shall be collected on its delivery. Passed. Mr. Sherman introduced a bill to make and alter regulations as to the time, place and manner of holding elections for Representatives in Congress, which was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The tariff bill was then taken up. At 5:30 p. m. the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—In the House the deadlock on the resolution to amend the rules was broken by a vote of 120 to 117 in favor of recommitting. After some legislation on printing filibustering was recommenced, when the river and harbor bill, the Smalls contested election case and the Oklahoma measure were brought into antagonism. Mr. Randall, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported the sundry civil appropriation bill. Calendar. At 3:30 p. m. the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—SENATE.—The house amendments to the Nicaraguan Canal were non-concurred in, and Senators Sherman, Edmunds and Morgan were appointed conferees. The Senate then resumed consideration of the tariff bill, the pending question being on Mr. Vance's amendment, that the duty on no article in Schedule J (flax, hemp, jute) shall exceed fifty per. cent. ad valorem. The amendment was rejected—yeas 18, nays 25, Mr. Brown voting with the Democrats in the affirmative. Schedule K (wool and manufacturers of wool) was, at the request of Mr. Allison, held over informally, and schedule L (silk and silk goods) was taken up.

HOUSE.—That Mr. Weaver (Ia.) is earnest in his intention to do all in his power to prevent the House from accomplishing any business until it has finally acted upon the Oklahoma bill, was demonstrated this morning. Immediately after the prayer Mr. Weaver called the Speaker's attention to the first rule of the House, which directs that officer, after calling the House to order, to cause, upon the appearance of a quorum, the journal of the last day's sitting to be read. He raised the point of order that the journal could not be read until it was apparent that a quorum was in attendance. The Speaker sustained the point and directed the Clerk to call the roll. The filibustering continued until 3:30 p. m., when the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—SENATE.—On motion it was ordered that the Senate meet to-morrow at 11 a. m. Among the bills reported from committees and placed on the calendar was the Senate bill to authorize the construction of a bridge across the Missouri river at Leavenworth. The Senate, at 1:30, resumed consideration of the tariff bill at paragraph 411, taxing leather not specially enumerated or provided for, 15 per cent. ad valorem. No amendment was offered. Mr. Vance moved to amend paragraph 412, taxing calf-skins, etc., 25 cents per pound, by reducing that rate to 20 per cent. ad valorem. Mr. Allison asked that paragraphs 412 and 413 be passed over informally. It was so ordered. Mr. Allison moved to amend paragraph 425 by reducing the duty on pearls from 25 to 10 per cent. ad valorem. Amendment adopted.

HOUSE.—Mr. Weaver brought forward his two dilatory motions to adjourn, and that when the House adjourn it be to meet on Saturday. No quorum voted, and a call of the House was ordered. Two hundred and fifty-three members having responded to their names, further proceedings under the call were dispensed with, and Mr. Springer asked unanimous consent for the entering of an order providing for a final vote on the Oklahoma bill, but his request was answered by loud cries for the regular order. Mr. Taylor (O.) offered a privileged resolution censuring the action of one member in taking complete control of legislation. The Speaker ruled it out. No business was transacted, and at 1:40 the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—SENATE.—At 11 o'clock, there was no quorum present. After the roll-call and reading of the journal, thirty-nine Senators responded. Unimportant resolutions were reported and introduced, and consideration of the tariff bill was resumed. Mr. Plumb's amendment to the fresh fish item was withdrawn and Mr. Hale's amendment agreed to, placing fresh fish on the dutiable list at ½c per pound. At 5:15 p. m. the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Weaver (Ia.) resumed his filibustering tactics, and was opposed by conference reports on public buildings, which the Speaker declared in order against a motion to adjourn. This was the only point made against Weaver, and he continued his fight until 4 p. m., when a recess was taken until 7 p. m., the night session being for the consideration of pension bills.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—SENATE.—After the usual routine morning business the Senate resumed the consideration of the tariff bill at Section 2,491, the first of the administrative sections. On motion of Mr. Allison, paragraph 7, in Schedule A (chemical products), was amended by increasing the rate on alcoholic perfumery, including cologne water and other toilet waters, from 82 per gallon and 25 per cent ad valorem to $2 per gallon and 50 per cent ad valorem. Paragraph 178, as to lead, was amended so as to read: "Lead ore and lead dross, 1½ cent per pound; provided that silver ore containing lead shall pay a duty of 1½ cent a pound on the lead contained therein."

HOUSE.—Conferees were appointed on the Nicaragua bill. A bill was passed increasing the pension of the widow of Colonel Scott, late of the War Records office. The diplomatic and consular and Military Academy appropriation bills were passed. The fortification bill was taken up, and pending action the House adjourned.

AT Cadillac, Mich., the other night, Charles Wise and Ned Apsley, while crossing the lake on the ice, walked into an air-hole and were drowned. Next morning their bodies were found clasped in each other's arms. The victims were young men.

—Wealthy physician — "I suppose you wish me to look at your hand. I see it is all bound up." Unknown caller—"No-o, sir. I—I wish to see you about your daughter's hand." "Eh?" "We love each other, sir, and I hope—" "Great Galen! I don't know you. How did you hurt your hand, eh? Get hit with a beer bottle, or—" "I cut my hand yesterday while clipping coupons." "Oh! Bless you, my children." — Philadelphia Record.

—"Owing to circumstances beyond our control, the debate upon the subject announced for this evening is indefinitely postponed," is the delicate way in which Jones, as president of the debating club, shut off debate at the last meeting on the question, "Is marriage a failure?" Mrs. Jones and the two Misses Jones were there.

—Mrs. Dumbeigh, having read that a steel plant in Pennsylvania yielded $100,000 a year profit wrote to a neighboring nurseryman asking how much such a plant would cost, and in what kind of soil it thrived best.—Norristown Herald.

MAINE'S SOLID STONES.

They Make the Great Buildings and Bridges Half the Country Over.

As long as there are post-offices, custom houses, big bridges and the like to build, the State of Maine is sure to come in for a generous share of the money expended in their construction, for there is enough granite down here to build a bridge to Ireland, and it is of the very finest kind, too. Sections of Maine's geological makeup are distributed all over the country in the form of magnificent public and private edifices, and many a mile of metropolitan pavement, as far west as St. Louis, is composed of granite blocks from the quarries of this State. Dix Island, Vinal Haven, Blue Hill, Mt. Waldo, Gouldsboro and Sullivan, on the eastern coast, have long been famous for their quarries, and now Hollowell, on the Kennebec, is becoming a great place for the knights of the hammer and drill. Four hundred men are at work there now, and business is booming. Granite is being taken out for the Metropolitan Museum of Art and American Bank building, New York, and for the ten-story Bank of Commerce building in Pittsburgh, Pa., and the contracts for monumental and tomb work now on hand amount to $100,000. The shaft of the John Wentworth monument in Chicago was quarried and cut at Hollowell and shipped last week. The shaft is fifty-two feet long, weighs sixty-five tons, and was shipped to Chicago on two cars specially built for the purpose. Some very creditable sculpturing is done at Hollowell, a large building being devoted specially to such work. The sculptors are now at work upon eighteen life-sized figures for the Bible building in New York City, and the last of the figures for the Plymouth monument has just been expressed. A life-sized plaster bust of the late Governor Bodwell has recently been completed, and is pronounced a work of genuine art. It will be copied in marble, and the reproduction placed on exhibition in the State House this winter. A big granite quarry is a handy thing to have around a town, for the quarrymen get good wages, and there are so many of them that their patronage brings joy to the hearts of the shopkeepers.—Bangor (Me.) Letter.

AN HEROIC COURSE.

The Straits to Which a Young Married Man at Boston Was Put.

I heard the other day an authentic story of something that happened here in Boston, which recalls an incident in one of Balzac's novels and tends to support the old saying about truth and fiction. It seems that the wife of a young man who has a little house of his own somewhere in the outlying districts, but whose salary is very small, fell ill, and was unable to leave her room for several months. The doctor, as often happens, prescribed a great many remedies, tonics and beverages, such as Apollinaris water and champagne, which, being very expensive, were far beyond the young husband's means. What could be done? He was bound that his wife should have everything which the doctor ordered, and, his purse having been emptied, he stole out one evening with the parlor clock under his arm and returned with a five-dollar bill. A large easy-chair was expended two days later for a few bottles of port wine, and, to cut the story short, by the time the young woman was able to go down stairs, the rooms on the first floor had been stripped of their contents to pay the grocer and the apothecary.

It must have been a bitter moment for the poor young wife when she first saw what havoc had been wrought in her drawing-room, and I dare say that for a few minutes at least her good man felt that he had been too clever by half. It must be acknowledged, however, that he acted pretty wisely. Health is more important than furniture, and in time the household goods will be replaced. The plan which this enterprising fellow pursued was surely better than helping himself out of his master's cash-box, and perhaps it was preferable to the ordinary course of running in debt; certainly it was more original.—Boston Post.

—During the trial of a case in Kingston, a Kingstonian was examined as a witness. After the lawyers had asked him all the questions they could think of about the case one of them facetiously inquired about the dry goods business. "They are selling off at cost," promptly answered the witness; "yes, for less than cost." Then, as he realized that he was still on the witness stand, he earnestly added: "But I want you to understand I'm not under oath now!"—Kingston Freeman.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 14.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$1 50	@ 2 00
Choice butchers	3 50	@ 4 00
HOGS—Common	4 25	@ 5 00
Good packers	5 05	@ 5 15
SHEEP—Good to choice	4 50	@ 5 25
LAMBS—Good to choice	5 25	@ 6 10
FLOUR—Family	4 30	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	98	@ 99
No. 3 red	90	@ 93
Corn—No. 2 mixed	34	@ 35
Oats—No. 2 mixed	27½	@ 28½
Rye—No. 2	55	@ 56
HAY—Prime to choice	14 00	@ 14 50
TOBACCO—Medium leaf	10 00	@ 13 75
Good leaf		@ 15 00
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 75	@ 14 00
Lard—Prime steam	7 30	@ 7 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	14	@ 15
Prime to choice creamery	24	@ 28
APPLES—Prime, per bbl	1 50	@ 1 75
POTATOES—Per bush	35	@ 40
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	3 20	@ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	93½	@ 93¾
No. 2 red	99	@ 99½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	44½	@ 44⅝
Oats—Mixed	31	@ 40
PORK—New mess	14 25	@ 14 50
LARD—Western Steam		@ 7 77½
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Wisconsin winter	5 50	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	95½	@ 96
No. 2 Chicago Spring	95½	@ 96
Corn—No. 2	33½	@ 33⅝
Oats—No. 2		@ 24⅝
PORK—Mess	13 30	@ 13 35
LARD—Steam		@ 7 30
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	3 60	@ 3 75
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2	93½	@ 93¾
Corn—Mixed		@ 41
Oats—Mixed	29	@ 31
PORK—Mess		@ 15 75
LARD—Refined	10 60	@ 10 92½
CATTLE—First quality	3 50	@ 4 25
HOGS	7 00	@ 7 35
INDIANAPOLIS.		
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 red		@ 1 00
Corn—Mixed		@ 31½
Oats—Mixed		@ 26
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 red		@ 98
Corn—Mixed		@ 35
Oats—Mixed		@ 28
PORK—Mess		@ 14 50
LARD—Steam		@ 8 00

Difficulties in Trousers.

Speaking of trousers reminds one that they are the most difficult garment in a man's wardrobe to get on comfortably with, in a philological sense. There are large sections of the country where they are degraded by being called "pants." Even in cities they have their defamers, persons who never speak of them by their correct name. These persons frequently speak of themselves as "gents," and wherever there are "gents" you will hear of "pants." The waistcoat has had its nomenclatural troubles, too; but never has any name so inelegant and offensive been bestowed upon it as is applied to trousers by those who call them "pants." "Vests" is not the name it prefers, although "vest" is not a departure from the proper name too terrible to be borne. Even the good old-fashioned word "overcoat" is being driven from its citadel. In circles where clothes are matters of great moment "top-coats" and "great-coats" are mentioned, but "overcoats" are seldom heard of. Words have their fashions as well as garments.—Dress.

Something New.

A new and very effective thing which is taking hold on the market is a valuable discovery made known through The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., proprietors of the renowned St. Jacobs Oil, and known as Diamond Vera-Cura, for Dyspepsia, a positive cure for Indigestion and all stomach troubles arising therefrom. If not found in the stock of druggist or dealer, it will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of two-cent stamp. It has been found on trial to be a specific for sour stomach, heartburn, nausea, giddiness, constipation, nervousness and low spirits, and it is spoken of and recommended by hundreds who have used it and have found lasting benefits.

NO WONDER there are so many unhappy marriages, when the "best man" never gets the bride.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Steam Heated Trains to St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Vestibule Trains to St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Finest Dining Cars in the World.
Through Sleeping Cars to Denver.
The Route to the "Golden Gate Special."
Excursion Tickets to Colorado.
Excursion Tickets to California.
Every thing First-Class.
First-Class People patronize First-Class Lines.
Ticket Agents everywhere sell Tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

TALK is cheap, but not the affectionate talk of a pretty girl; that is dear.—Boston Courier.

Strangely Contorted

Are the joints by rheumatism. Extirpate this atrocious disease, as well as gout and neuralgia, at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and avoid possible lifelong agony. It is a tempting of Providence to delay when rheumatism assails you, as it is not only obstinate, but dangerous. Chills and fever, kidney complaints, nervousness, debility, constipation and dyspepsia are also routed by the Bitters. Use regularly.

WHEN corn pops it gets ghastly white. It is much the same with bashful young men.—Harper's Bazar.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

BREACHES of promise must be the ones tailors let go on credit.—Texas Siftings.

"I HAVE been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

IN good and regular standing—the man in the street-car full of women.—Life.

CURE your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"THE SAME" is said to be the most popular drink in the market.

The best known remedy for consumption is OxygenCure. Write Dr. Geppert, Cincinnati.

AN elevated road—the milky way.—Time.

ANY one can take Carter's Little Liver Pills, they are so very small. No trouble to swallow. No pain or griping after taking.

AN unsatisfactory meal—a domestic broil.

Pains and Aches

In various parts of the body, more particularly in the back, shoulders, and joints, are the unwelcome indications that rheumatism has gained a foothold, and you are "in for it" for a longer or shorter period. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes the acidity, and eradicates every impurity from the blood.

"I suffered from an acute attack of rheumatism induced by a severe sprain of a once dislocated ankle joint, which caused great swelling and intense pain. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, restored circulation, eliminated the blood and relieved the pain." L. T. HUNT, Springfield, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The gentleman on the left took Mercury, Potash and Sarsaparilla Mixtures, which ruined his digestion and gave him mercurial rheumatism. The gentleman on the right took SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) which forced out the poison, and built him up from the first dose.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula, Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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FOR DYSPEPSIA.
AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Dizziness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating, Nervousness and Low-Spirits.
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For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN in the CHEST or SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, or any other EXTERNAL PAIN