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dec 26.

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9.57 a. m. from west.
2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate points.
7.05 p. m. from north, east and south.

BY B. AND O.

7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
1.50 p. m. from the north.
9.09 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

STAR ROUTES.

7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
5 p. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunday.
5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.
10.30 a. m. from Sangersville.

CLOSE.

FOR B. AND O.

5.30 a. m. for Lexington, 6.30 a. m, Harper's Ferry and points north.
2.15 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.
6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

FOR C. AND O.

9.15 a. m. and 2.15 p. m. for north, east, south.
9.00 p. m. for east, north, south and west.
2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
6.15 p. m. for the west.

STAR ROUTES—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

5.30 a. m. for Monterey.
6.00 a. m. for Middlebrook.
1.00 p. m. for Mt. Meridian.
6.15 p. m. for Plunkettsville.
12.30 p. m. for Mt. Solon daily.

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feb 3rd

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The prize we offer will be paid at the end of each month, whether the application has been acted upon by the Patent Office or not. Every competitor must apply for a patent on his invention through us, and whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a valuable patent.

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P. S.—The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by about seventeen hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.
dec 19-tf

What is

CASTORIA

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THE SCARLET TANAGER.

Pitch of the wood, to your sylvan dell
I have followed and found you not;
There brooklets glisten and hilltops swell
And the air seems a tinkling silver bell
Have I followed and found you not.
I've traced your steps where the delicate grass
In homage bows as you daintily pass,
And the rich rose blushes a deeper red
As it treasures the kisses you softly shed.

Coy in your secret, well bowered nest,
You are resting secure, I know,
With your velvety wings in graceful rest,
Oh, wildwood birds that I love the best,
And your singing is soft and low.
My ears are deaf to the feathered throng
That vainly seek to rival your song
And the forest to me seems only bright
With the rays you flash in your rapid flight.
—J. J. H. in New York Sun.

WHAT CAME OF A KISS

A miserable, wet day—time, the year of grace 1788; scene, an old chateau in Brittany.

The young Vicomte de la Sainte Cœur was horribly bored. All the morning through he had lounged in the dim old library.

Poor Raoul, he felt himself much to be pitied in this his self imposed exile at his aunt's chateau, but certain pressing and too clamorous creditors had necessitated a hasty, not to say somewhat undignified, retreat from the festivities of the court of Marie Antoinette to the chateau de St. Jean in the heart of Brittany.

The old Marquise de Brillac, his aunt and sole remaining relative, had lived here as long as he could remember. Here, too, he had been brought up since, a little fellow of 6 years, clad in deep mourning, he had alighted from the great lumbering coach and had been conducted into the presence of a stately old lady, who kissed the poor little vicomte ceremoniously on both cheeks and told him that from now he was to consider the chateau as his home, since it had pleased "le bon Dieu" to take both his father and mother to himself.

At 22 he had started for Paris to take up his commission of captain in the king's bodyguard, a commission he had held, according to the custom of the time, since he had been 10 years old.

Fresh from his Breton home, he had plunged into all the follies of the dissipated capital, and now, four years afterward, he had come back to obtain his aunt's assistance in repairing his shattered fortunes.

That she was deeply shocked and offended he knew, but he also knew that the childless old lady dearly loved his handsome scapegrace self, womanlike, perhaps, never more so than when she had most cause for anger.

He had arrived at the chateau the previous evening, and his reception had been anything but cordial, and all this morning he had awaited an audience with his much offended relative, who had at last sent him word that she desired his presence at dinner at 4 o'clock.

"Thank God, it is almost 4!" ejaculated Raoul as, wearied and bored beyond expression, he wended his way to the apartments of the marquise, from which she rarely, if ever, stirred.

He reached the antechamber of the salon and glanced at the Dresden clock on a gilt console. Bah! It wanted ten minutes to the hour, and Raoul knew the old lady's rigid notions of etiquette and felt sure that the sin of arriving too soon for dinner was as great in her eyes as that of arriving too late.

Well, there was nothing for it but to wait the prescribed ten minutes and enter the apartments exactly on the stroke of 4. So, for the one hundredth time that day, the vicomte gazed listlessly out on the court of the chateau, wet and steaming in the never ceasing rain.

A patter of high heeled shoes, a frou frou of silken skirts, and Raoul turns from his contemplation of the dreary courtyard to encounter the daintiest little waiting maid that ever carried a dish. Her lace cap is perched coquettishly on her soft brown hair; her robe of pink silk is caught back over a petticoat of palest green, short enough to reveal her feet and ankles and her clocked stockings and crimson, high heeled shoes; her bodice, cut low, after the fashion of the day, displays a neck for roundness and whiteness a court lady might envy, while in her hands she carries a tureen of soup.

But her face—Raoul forgets all else after one glance at it—like a rose in its flowerlike tints, and lighted up by a pair of hazel eyes, which in passing flash swiftly for a moment at the handsome young vicomte of whom all the household is talking.

Raoul is seized with a sudden mad impulse. Quick as thought he springs from the window and places himself before the door of the salon in such a manner as to effectually bar all further progress of the pretty maid.

She stands irresolute, then glancing timidly at the handsome, mocking face before her:

"Will you permit me to pass, monsieur?"

"Not yet, ma belle. It is not often such a vision of loveliness gladdens my eyes. You must stay a moment and talk to me—tell me how it happens that I, who have been mewed up here nigh two days, have never discovered you before."

An angry flush crimsons the girl's fair face, to be succeeded by a sudden gleam of mischief in her eyes, as, repressing the sharp words that rise to her lips, she says again:

"Will you permit me to pass, monsieur? Mme. la Marquise is waiting for me."

But he does not quit his position in front of the door, although the little feet begin to drum impatiently, and already the clock is on the stroke of 4.

"Madam does not like to be kept waiting," she began, when Raoul interrupted her:

"Let madam wait." Then seeing a look of genuine distress on the lovely face: "Come, my fair prisoner, on one condition will I let you pass. Let me but kiss those tempting lips. Let me"—

She drew herself up with a stateliness worthy of a duchess.

"Monsieur, you mistake," she began haughtily, but Raoul's quick ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

She could offer no resistance, embarrassed as she was with the tureen, and before she quite realized the fact the audacious young noble had claimed his toll and actually kissed her; then, throwing open the door, stood aside, bowing to her as deeply as he would to his aunt herself.

One flash of the hazel eyes, and he heard her mutter beneath her breath:

"Some day, my fine vicomte, I will make you pay for this," and the pretty waiting maid passed into the marquise's presence, followed closely by the scapegrace Raoul.

Needless to say he won the old lady's full forgiveness before he had been five minutes at dinner. Only once he made an unlucky remark which almost imperiled his hopes.

"Madam, you have a little maid here who, but for her sweet face, might have been a model for Greuze. Who is she?"

The old lady scrutinized him keenly with dark eyes which age had not robbed of their fire. "Raoul, remember if I find you meddling with my maids, pretty or otherwise, you may expect no further grace from me."

Raoul maintained a discreet silence and merely bowed in answer to the marquise's warning, but he mentally ejaculated, "Gad, I hope the little minx will tell no tales!"

Evidently "the little minx" did not, for two days later the vicomte started again for Paris with ample means to satisfy his creditors and continue his gay life at court, and if at first a flowerlike face and a pair of flashing eyes haunted his dreams other fair faces claimed his thoughts, and as time went on the pretty serving maid at the old chateau became a dim memory.

* * * * * *

Ten years after. Gone is the gay court, gone the beautiful queen who presided over its revels, gone all that was bright and gracious, and in its stead reigns a red capped tyranny, whose motto indeed is "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," but whose argument is chiefly the guillotine.

Surely this city of terror, through which daily rumbles a ghastly procession of tumbrils laden with victims for "la lanterne," as the guillotine is familiarly called, surely this is not Paris, the gay, the pleasure laden, the queen of cities.

Citizen Danton sits in his room busily writing.

A tall, well made man, with brown hair, unpowdered and brushed carelessly off his forehead, and a lionlike head, he is a refreshing contrast to the dandy, yellow faced Robespierre and the brutal Marat, his colleague.

A member of the national guard enters the room. Danton looks up sharply.

"What is it, citizen?"

"The Citizeness Valerie wishes to see you."

"Let the citizeness enter," he says gruffly enough, but bends his head quickly over his writing, that the man may not see the rare pleasure her coming gives him.

A moment after the citizeness enters, and from the cordiality of their greeting it is easy to see that they are old friends.

"To what lucky accident may I ascribe the visit of the adorable citizeness?" he says in the florid language so much in vogue.

The "adorable citizeness," a lovely woman of 27, who well merits the title "adorable," shrugs her shoulders and laughs.

"Still as complimentary as ever, citizen. Well, I will not waste your time in unnecessary guessing. I have come to beg a favor."

"Which is granted already, lovely one."

"Take care, citizen. I shall keep you to your word." Then, the careless gayety disappearing from her mobile features, "You have on your list of suspects the name of one Raoul, autrefois Vicomte de la Sainte Cœur. You must give him to me," this latter with a pretty air of command.

Danton's face grew grave. He took up the list. Yes; there was the name included in tomorrow's list for the guillotine.

He glanced keenly at the fair petitioner. She caught the glance and understood it perfectly.

"Have no fear, citizen. It is but to repay a long cherished vengeance, of which his death will deprive me, that I beg his life."

Danton took up his pen irresolutely, and Citizeness Valerie's eyes gleamed with a quick flash of triumph. She had won.

"What would you have me do, citizeness?"

"Strike out his name from the list, send an order for his release, together with a private note telling at whose intercession he had been released. He will, without doubt, come to thank me tomorrow, and then, ah, then we shall see!" and her brilliant hazel eyes flashed with an ominous light that bodes ill for the unlucky vicomte.

Danton smiles grimly as he writes the order and draws the pen through Raoul's name on the list.

"Citizeness, excuse a somewhat worn simile, but you women are uncommonly like cats and treat us poor men very much as that interesting feline animal treats a mouse.

"To a man the idea that one's enemy was about to be executed would be ample revenge; but, no, you must have the unfortunate wretch in your power, to tease and worry, to alternately torment and coax, until your sense of wrong is satisfied. Excuse the dissertation," he added, handing her the order, "nevertheless you must acknowledge its truth."

An odd smile curled the lips of the beautiful woman as she rose to make her adieu.

"Citizen, I cannot thank you sufficiently. Only know that this morning you have placed in my hands a revenge for which I have waited ten long years. Whether you will admire the manner in which I pursue it is another question, but of this rest assured—of all the many favors you have bestowed on me during the years you have known me you have conferred no greater than this boon."

A smile, a rustle of silk, and the next moment she was gone, leaving behind her a subtle perfume of roses, which seemed strangely out of place in an arch republican's room, and glancing down Danton saw lying on the floor a little lace handkerchief.

He took it carefully in his great hands—how small and dainty it seemed to him!—smoothed it carefully now; then, looking round as if he expected to see her return and claim it, he placed it with tender care in an inner pocket in the breast of his coat. And for a moment on his rugged face there shone that wondrous light that "never was on land or sea," for dearer even than she guessed was the Citizeness Valerie to this man who held in his hands the fate of France.

Who was the Citizeness Valerie? The Citizeness Valerie was a beautiful actress, whom all Paris raved about, and whose beauty and sparkling wit drew crowds to the theater, in spite of the grim terror reigning supreme. No one knew anything about her. No one ever heard of her until, two years ago, she had risen suddenly on the dramatic horizon a star of the first magnitude.

The wildest stories were told of her. Some said she was a young aristocrat who had lost all her kindred by the guillotine, others that she was a true daughter of the people and had been seen with the women who had sacked Versailles. Be it as it may, however, aristocrat and democrat alike agreed in worshiping at her shrine, and over all her power seemed illimitable.

Danton perhaps could have told more about her than most people, but Danton when questioned on the subject was unusually grim, and Danton when crossed was a lion to be approached with utmost delicacy and care.

* * * * * *

Raoul, ci devant Vicomte de la Sainte Cœur, could hardly credit his good fortune.

Here on the very day when, according to his forecast of events yesterday, he should have yielded up his head to the republic, he was a free man, free to go whither he listed, and where indeed should he go but to the woman who for some unknown reason was sufficiently interested in him to preserve his head, for the present, on his shoulders?

He had aged considerably since, ten years ago, he sought refuge in the old Chateau de Jean. Was it only ten? To Raoul it seemed nigh a hundred. Somehow, as he walked slowly in the direction of the Citizeness Valerie's house, his thoughts dwelt on that visit of ten years ago.

Poor old marquise! Lucky for her she died before all these troubles fell so thick upon "la belle France" and left all her wealth, which was not inconsiderable, to her much loved nephew Raoul.

Not much of that wealth remains, he thinks grimly, save the old chateau in Brittany, which has escaped the general destruction of the chateaux owing to the pious memory in which the late Marquise de Brillac is still held by high and low for miles around.

But her nephew dare not claim his own, and he is on his way to thank this woman who has thought fit to save his worthless life. That done, he will raise what money he can by the sale of a few jewels that yet remain to him; then he will take ship to England, there to await the dawning of better times.

For two years' struggle against republican troops in La Vendee has convinced him of the hopelessness of the Bourbon cause, and he sees plainly that the red tide of revolution that sweeps over France is not stemmed by a band of nobles, however devoted they and theirs may be to that cause.

His reflections have brought him to the house of the Citizeness Valerie, where he is evidently expected, for no sooner has he given his name than a groom of the chambers in rich livery comes forward to conduct him to the salon where the citizeness will receive him.

Raoul gazes curiously on the unmistakable signs of wealth that meet his eye—the costly furniture, the pictures, the rich liveries of the servants. Verily, he thinks, this actress lives as well as, ten years ago, did a princess of the royal blood.

The servant conducts him to a spacious apartment furnished with all the extravagance of the period and informs him that the citizeness will receive him without delay.

Left alone, unconsciously Raoul's thoughts fall back into the train in which they ran during his walk thither.

Once more he goes back to that dreary afternoon ten years ago, and before him rises, as many a time it has risen, a lovely, flowerlike face and angry, flashing hazel eyes. He puts the vision from him with a bitter laugh. Surely his troubles have turned his brain that the face of a pretty waiting maid should so haunt him. Then comes the uneasy doubt that has often perplexed him before. What if, after all, she were no serving maid, but one of his own rank? Bah! It all happened ten years ago, and a kiss is no such crime, after all.

The door opens, and he goes forward to meet the Citizeness Valerie, who enters.

Clad in a pale pink gown of some soft, clinging material, she looks her loveliest today, but Raoul starts back, for surely those hazel eyes and that soft brown hair are the same which have so often haunted his dreams. The roundness of the girlish face, the slenderness of the girlish figure, are gone, but save that her beauty has blossomed into a glorious maturity there stands before him the little maid of the chateau.

She sees his start and smiles.

"I fear I have disturbed your meditations, monsieur." She drops the republican "citizen" in speaking to this aristocrat.

"I have been so long exiled in La Vendee that the glory of the goddess of Paris somewhat dazzled me," he said, bowing low over the white hand she holds out to him.

She flushes, but whether in pleasure or anger he cannot tell.

"Madame, let me convey to you my sincerest thanks for having deigned to intercede for my worthless life," continues Raoul, half unconscious, but holding the little white hand in his own, browned and hardened by sun and exposure.

She draws it away quickly, and her face pales and crimsons again with some sudden emotion.

"The poor actress, Valerie, should deem herself too highly honored if she be in any way instrumental in saving the life of a Sainte Cœur," she begins bitterly, then suddenly stops as she meets the eyes of the vicomte fixed reproachfully on her.

"Nay, madame. Do not undervalue your own gift. What you have done for me today has rendered me your slave forever."

A gleam of the old merriment flashes in Valerie's eyes. Quick as thought she decides how to act.

"No more thanks, monsieur. I take you at your word and enroll you as 'my slave forever.' Is it not so?

"No more fair mistress ever owned a more willing slave," he responds eagerly, for this woman has set his heart beating and his pulse dancing as no one has ever done before.

"One boon only I crave," he continues—"that is the name of the fair lady I serve."

For an instant a shade passes over the face of the actress, but only for an instant. With a gay laugh she says: "I am the Countess Valerie to all now. Once, long ago, I was"— Then, noting his eager anxiety, she interrupts herself and cries gayly: "Come, monsieur. I want your help in a little comedy I am rehearsing. Perhaps, after that is given, I will tell you who I once was," and she adds in a lower tone, as if addressing herself, "if you will not already have remembered it."

"I am your slave in everything," says Raoul, thinking what a mercurial woman this actress is—so rapid and withal so charming are her transitions from grave to gay.

She laughs an odd little laugh which has a ring of mockery in its tones.

"The scene of the comedy is laid in an old chateau; the time, ten years ago; the dramatic personæ—well, for convenience, we will say, you and I." Raoul felt his heart beat with a strange sense of expectancy.

"You will have no need to change your characters," she goes on. "You are a young noble on a short visit to the chateau and bored to death with dullness. I—well, am a waiting maid, or perhaps I should say a young friend of the old marquise—(did I tell you the chateau belonged to an old marquise?)—who, out of sheer ennui, masquerades as her waiting maid. Her name—let us say her name is Valerie le Clerc, though perhaps the name makes no great difference. Let us suppose this corner of the room to be the antechamber to madame's salon. Enter the young noble." She speaks quickly, trembling with excitement, and Raoul catches the fever of her words, for back from the dim memories of long ago comes this odd comedy, the first act of which was played out ten years ago.

"Yes," he says, "I know this scene. Enter myself, and, shortly afterward, enter the so called waiting maid, with a tureen in her hands, so, madame," catching up a piece of porcelain from a neighboring table and placing it in Valerie's hands.

Then, throwing himself before the door with all his old easy grace, he looks at her with the fire of a fierce, newly awakened love burning in his eyes.

Slowly a ripple of laughter breaks from her as she raises her hazel eyes to his brown ones. "Well, monsieur, as you know this comedy so well, what then?"

What does Raoul see in their changeful depths, that, heedless of the delicate porcelain she holds, he springs forward and catches her in his arms, forgetful of all that has passed in these ten years, kisses her, not once, but again and again.

Valerie does not seem displeased at such a proceeding, nor does she seek to free herself from the prison of his strong embrace. Only a few minutes afterward she says:

"Ah, M. le Vicomte de la Sainte Cœur, ten years ago I told you I would be revenged! I have made your noble self fall in love with the actress, the Citizeness Valerie. I have given you 'tit for tat.'"

For answer he holds the slender figure closer in his arms and gazes with untold love at the lovely, laughing face upturned to his.

"You have made me fall in love with the noblest woman this earth possesses," he says passionately, and Valerie is silent, for at last her vengeance is complete.—San Francisco Examiner.

DECALOGUE FOR ANIMALS.

Ten Rules Adopted by the Royal Society For the Prevention of Cruelty.

First.—No one has a right to keep animals, either for use or pleasure, unless he is able and willing to provide them with whatever is necessary for their health and happiness. No animal can be healthy or happy unless it is kindly treated, comfortably lodged, regularly fed, supplied with water and afforded opportunities of recreation.

Second.—Kind and gentle treatment is due to all animals and need not interfere with firmness in governing them. Animals are often thought to be ill tempered or obstinate when they are really suffering from some pain or irritation the cause of which is not seen, but which may be soothed by patience and quietness. If you try to find out what is the matter with an animal before you punish him, you will probably find that there is no reason to punish him. Be careful to remove anything that causes fear. Animal are often terrified by things that men hardly observe. If they are punished, their terror is only increased. Nothing will quiet them so soon as gentle talk and caressing. Kindness will win the confidence of any animal, and an animal which confides in its keeper is easily managed. If you want your horse to work well, take good care that his harness does not chafe him.

Third.—All animals require sunshine, and their dwellings should have a southerly or westerly aspect if possible, but they should always have access to shade when they desire it. Stables, sheds, coops and cages should be well drained, well lighted and well ventilated, but never drafty. Different animals require different temperatures. A humane owner will prevent much suffering by learning the degree of heat and cold which the animal is enabled by nature or habit to endure. Every stable yard, cage, kennel and bed should be kept thoroughly clean.

Fourth.—Every animal should have as much solid food daily as it will eat up clean, but no more than it will consume. Stale food is unwholesome. It should be removed early in the morning and replaced by a fresh supply. Nocturnal animals should be fed at sunset. Be careful to give all animals as much variety of food as possible and let it be as nearly as possible the food which the animal would use in a state of nature. Animals which are regularly fed on grain ought to have frequent supplies of green food.

Fifth.—Every animal should have an abundant supply of pure water for drinking. Vessels used for food or water should be washed daily and should be wiped dry before refilling. Iron troughs or plates lined with porcelain are the best, being clean, cheap and durable.

Sixth.—Bathing is necessary to the health and comfort of many animals. Cage birds ought to be allowed to bathe daily, and a separate vessel, adapted to their size, should be supplied for that purpose. Some birds delight in dust baths. A working horse should be allowed every day to roll on the grass, or better, perhaps, on sawdust.

Seventh.—Animals as well as men are happier and better for reasonable recreation. Whenever it is possible they should have it. The horse should be allowed an opportunity to run at large. Dogs, especially in cities, should be taken out to run freely. Even cage birds are immensely pleased if they are allowed to leave the cage for an hour or so every day.

Eighth.—When an animal is sick, see that it is kept quiet and unmolested, and that its treatment is unusually gentle.

Ninth.—When it is certain that an animal will die, always secure the services of a humane and experienced person to destroy it in the quickest and least painful way, and when it dies never fail to bury it at once.

Tenth.—Try to make the world as happy a world as possible for any creature in your charge.

Never Mind a Day.

Max O'Rell says that the Australians eat seven times a day. Tea and bread and butter at 7, breakfast at 8:30, lunch at 11, dinner at 1:30, tea at 3, supper at 6 and a nightcap at 10. Tea is the standard drink, and there are few hours in the day when the teapot is not brought into requisition. The only people who can compare with the Australians in drinking tea are the Irish, who keep the teapot boiling on the stove all day long.

Quick Work.

He was an artist at sleight of hand, a song and dance lady she. They met at 1, they loved at 2, they married at half past 3. A brief, brief dream of wedded bliss, then she criticised his tricks. They wrangled at 4, they quarreled at 5 and parted forever at 6.—London Answers.

DID GRANT A SERVICE

MR. HALL'S ACCOUNT OF AN UNPUBLISHED WAR INCIDENT.

Had a Certain Telegraphic Message Not Been Intercepted Grant Might Not Have Won Fame—Interesting Correspondence Never Before Made Public.

In the history of the rebellion many thrilling incidents have been omitted which would be read with the deepest interest. The war in the beginning was considered by the English as the beginning of the end of the American republic, by Von Moltke as a mere rabble, a riot, which would be insignificant in its results. Yet it proved to be one of the mightiest convulsions in military history, through which the art of war arrived at a higher state of perfection than ever before.

The telegraph became one of the most powerful weapons of the war department, and all Europe copied it. Men were brought into prominence from obscurity and honored with the highest gifts the country could bestow.

Among those most conspicuous was General U. S. Grant. Numerous factions sprang up in opposition to his steady progress, and General Grant, in his memoirs of this time, says many were clamoring for his removal. Even the telegraph was utilized to further the work of opposition, and had not the manager of the Commercial Telegraph offices in Cairo, Ills., assumed the responsibility of intercepting a paid message to a prominent judge and a member of congress in Washington the name of Ulysses S. Grant might have been unknown to history.

In view of substantiating this fact, correspondence never before published will be read with interest:

CAIRO, Ills., April 3, 1863.

Major General U. S. Grant, Commanding Department Tennessee:

SIR—As one loyal to the government and holding the position as manager of the Commercial Telegraph offices of Cairo, I feel it always my duty to arrest anything contraband that may pass through my office, feeling that I shall be both justified and upheld by the government and my country.

With this consideration I have taken upon myself the responsibility of stopping a message, destined for Washington, originating at Paducah, Ky., a copy of which I inclose you, believing it to be contraband from the fact that from its tone he who sends it and perhaps others are working against if not to the injury of the commander of the department. Yesterday (April 2) I consulted Colonel Hill, Thirty-fifth Iowa, a man of good, sound sense, and he justifies my holding the message. This morning I met Major General Hamilton, and he fully approves my course in the matter and advises me to inclose copy of message to you with full particulars and await your instructions.

What led me to notice it was the operator at Paducah informed me he had a private cipher message, not military cipher, which he wanted me to receive and forward to Washington. I refused to receive it in cipher, as none but government messages in time of war are allowed to go by telegraph in cipher.

He then sent it to me in full, as herein inclosed, and although it was approved by the commander of the post at Paducah I still, upon my own responsibility, would not allow it to go through until I had consulted some military men of high authority. I have done so, received their advice and am acting accordingly.

I am now awaiting your instructions, believing you will uphold me in my position in the matter. With the highest respect and esteem I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. H. HALL,
Manager Commercial Telegraph Offices, Cairo, Ills. Mailed April 4, 1863.

Here is a copy of the dispatch:

PADUCAH, April 2, 1863.

To Judge Green Adams or Hon. S. L. Casey, M. C., Washington:

I got here last night, and, greatly to my surprise, found bills had been struck calling a district convention. I suppressed it for a time at least until Casey could get things fixed up at Washington and then return home at once. We must have our policy foreshadowed before a convention is held.

This department must at once be taken from under General Grant. His every act has been in sympathy with Trimble, Cluke & Co. Make Casey's district a separate one and give Colonel Dougherty full control over it. Captain Henry Bartling, Company I, Second Illinois cavalry, who has been here for six months, is a great favorite with Casey's friends, has been ordered off to Vicksburg. Have an order to have him transferred back to this department immediately. I wrote you at length yesterday. Do your part, and we will be certain to do ours.

J. T. BOLINGER.

Approved, H. Dougherty, Colonel Commanding Post.

Check 147—5.98 and 27.06 paid.

This dangerous document once in possession of General Grant, he immediately replied to.

Here is what the general wrote in answer:

MILLIKEN'S BEND, La., April 9, 1863.

W. H. Hall, Esq., Manager Commercial Telegraph Cairo, Ills.:

SIR—Your letter of the 3d inst., inclosing a telegraph from J. T. Bolinger to Judge Green Adams or S. L. Casey, Washington, is just this moment received. I hasten to answer it and to express my approval of the course pursued by you.

You have my hearty thanks for your prompt and decisive action in this matter, notwithstanding the approval of the commanding officer at Paducah to the dispatch. Truly yours,

U. S. GRANT, Major General.

No further trouble emanated from that quarter. A silent but speedy change was effected in Paducah. General Grant's firm determination to do his duty crowned him with success, and soon after the fall of Vicksburg he was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac.—W. H. Hall in New York Herald.

Spanish Salad.

It is a sad fact that there are but few places in London where a properly dressed salad is obtainable. Faulty dressing is bad, but it was given to a well known place to go one worse. They absolutely brought me a lettuce salad that had been cut with a knife and covered with some highly noxious compound in the way of a patent salad dressing.

You can get good salad in the French and Italian restaurants round Soho, but for the best in the world you must go to Spain. The recipe there is peculiar. Mustard and egg are not tolerated, and oil is to vinegar in the proportion of three to one. The leaves of the salad are plucked and wrung dry. Various savory herbs are chopped up on a plate at your side, and the dressing is only poured over the leaves when you are just ready to eat them. The vinegar is mixed with an equal part of water, but this is, I imagine, on account of its strength. I do not wish any harm to the barbarian who first invented a compound salad dressing, but should like him to taste a salad dressed by a Seville chef and then be condemned to take his own concoction for the rest of his unnatural life, which would not, I think, be long.—London Sketch.

Mummy Wheat.

Candarolle says that the "mummy wheat"—that is, wheat taken from mummy cases—has never been known to sprout. Instances to the contrary are believed to be the result of fraud on the part of Arabs who frequently introduce modern grain into the sarcophagi in order to impose on the credulity of travelers.

Out of 4,000 workers in the sulphur mines in Sicily who were examined for the army not 200 could pass muster, which stamps the occupation as the most unhealthful known.