The Belmont Chronicle.

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By the Light of Day.

Past Impossibilities the Facts of the Present—Help in the Near Era.

'I remember when they were putting up the poles for the first telegraph line in the state of New York, and now look there!' exclaimed a citizen of the metropolis to his friend, as the two stood on the summit of the tall equitable building in Broadway. The city is strung with wires like a harp and electric communication miracle of the world; people no longer wonder and laugh at it as they did at Morse when he first suggested its possibility.' The age marches on and prejudice must give way; nobody has a monopoly of truth; even the conservative guild of physicians admit that the secrets of medicine are shared by all men; 'I dressed his wound and God healed him,' said old Galen; once that terrible disease, rheumatism, was supposed to be a shifting, local ailment, now attacking the joints and now the muscles; to-day it is demonstrated to a disease of the blood. Mrs Henry Bogert, No 454 Atlantic avenue, N Y, writes to Messrs Hiscox & Co, of New York, proprietors of **PARKER'S** Tonic, that 'she has been completely disabled from rheumatism and pain in the back and limbs; she was advised to take the Tonic for kidney disease; she did so and her rheumatism disappeared.' The reason is simple; diseased kidneys produce rheumatic symptons; cure them and you destroy rheumatism; this is now admitted by all intelligent physicians; it is the new light thrown on their time-worn and mistaken theories.

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Time Table in Effect January 25th, '84.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

GOING EAST.

	pm	pm	am	am	am
Lv Wheeling	12 47	4 12	.....	.....	5 52
Steubenville	1 42	5 14	4 29	5 17	6 57
Ar Pittsburgh	3 27	7 02	6 17	7 12	9 32
	am	a'n	pm	pm	
Harrisburgh	1 10	4 15	2 20	3 55	.....
Baltimore	7 40	7 40	5 10	7 20	.....
Washington	8 50	8 50	6 20	8 45	.....
Philadelphia	4 25	7 50	5 15	7 25	.....
New York	7 00	11 20	7 30	10 20	.....

GOING WEST.

	am	pm	pm	am	am
Lv Uhrichsville	11 39	4 19	11 54	2 19	5 07
	pm		am		
Ar Columbus	3 02	8 00	3 17	5 22	3 50
Springfield	6 20		.....	10 42	.....
Dayton	6 05		7 22	12 35p	.....
Cincinnati	7 25		7 32	10 32	.....
Louisville	1 15a		12 45p	7 50	.....
Indianapolis	10 20p			11 37a	.....
St. Louis	7 30a			7 30p	.....
Chicago	6 50			6 55	.....

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Belmont Chronicle

W. A. HUNT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Church Directory.

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Masonic Directory.

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THE Democratic leaders in the Senate were totally unprepared for the vote on the tariff bill, and several of them make the open assertion that the party is hopelessly divided unless the National Convention helps it out of the dilemma.

EX-GOV. JAMES M. SMITH, of Georgia, advocates the nomination of Tilden to the presidency by the Democrats, because he is the only man with whom the party can win. As to the fear of Tilden dying in office, Mr. Smith says that that is a habit Democratic presidents never had.

THE California congressional elections will be held this year for the first time under the new arrangement of the districts. The legislature which divided the state was Democratic, and it tried to make the six districts as safe for the party as possible. No nominations to Congress have been made as yet by either party.

CONGRESSMAN KASSON, in his speech as chairman of the Iowa Republican Convention, made an elaborate eulogy of Senator Edmunds, but it was received in frigid silence. One farmer delegate remarked that "with Edmunds as the candidate it would be too cold to raise corn, even in the straightout Republican counties this year."

THE bill to restore General U. S. Grant to his rank in the army and place him on the retired list was last week again brought up in the Senate, and will doubtless pass. It passed the Senate two years ago, but failed to pass the House. There are reasons for thinking that the bill will have better success if brought to a vote during the present session.

THE drink bill of this country last year is estimated at $750,000,000, and the number of whisky criminals is about 500,000. It will take a great deal of very judicious legislation to devise restraints that will effectually keep the evil in check. The money squandered in drink and its consequences in Ohio alone in one year would buy lots and build comfortable houses for 25,000 families.

THE Board of Managers of the Ohio Penitentiary have appointed the following officers: Steward, Dr. A. B. Curtiss, of Summit county; Physician, Dr. C. M. Montgomery, of Franklin; Assistant Physician, Dr. Gerhardt, of Licking; Superintendent of Gas, Mr. Green; Superintendent of Construction, George Rowland; Matron, Mrs. Mattie S. Jones; Assistant Matron, Mrs. Dowdney, of Brown county.

The South and Its Development.

As staff correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, Mr. Robert P. Porter, former member of the Tariff Commission, has entered upon a tour of the Southern States, the object being to note the progress which that section of the country is making in agriculture, manufactures, mining, and transportation. The Press publishes his initial letter, which contains such general information as will be found valuable in instituting comparisons between the past and the present. Excluding Maryland and Missouri, he points out that the thirteen Southern States have an area of 797,125 square miles and 81,874,812 acres of improved farm lands. Compared with the rest of the country, he says that the Southern area is 26.8 per cent. of the whole, while of improved farm lands the South has 28.7 per cent. He shows that the Southern area exceeds that of the ten great prairie States by 180,730 square miles, but the latter possess a population two millions greater. Relative to population we learn from his letter that the growth in the Southern States during the decade ended in 1880, was 35 per cent., being within one per cent. of the rate of increase of the Western States and Territories combined. The estimated value of all farm products in the United States for 1880 was $2,213,402,564, of which the Southern States were credited with $631,639,367. According to these figures the population of the South was 28.5 per cent. of the whole. Mr. Porter furnishes a table showing the increase of the cotton crops from 1866 to 1883, both years inclusive. This crop, which is practically raised in ten of the Southern States, increased from 2,154,476 bales in the former to 6,949,756 bales in the latter year. Mr. Porter points out that half of the tobacco crop of the Union is annually grown in two of the Southern States. Three of them produce 100,000,000 out of the 119,000,000 pounds of rice grown on this continent, while Louisiana furnishes 172,000 out of the 178,000 hogsheads of cane sugar produced, and 12,000,000 out of the 17,000,000 gallons of molasses manufactured. While all this is highly satisfactory, Mr. Porter claims that the Southern need is diversified industries. Under the old slave system this was impossible. The planters under that system were content to purchase their manufactured goods in the North. Free labor at home received but little encouragement at their hands, and as a consequence the mineral resources of the South remained undeveloped. All this is undergoing a change, and to what extent the change has progressed we shall learn from Mr. Porter's future letters. Of one thing our readers may assured. The industrial progress of the South will not be rapid until the political complexion of that section undergoes a change. All citizens must stand on a level as respects civil rights. All must enjoy the same privileges at the ballot box and be permitted to vote without molestation. Individual sentiment must be respected and free speech permitted. The ballot box must be kept pure and elections honestly conducted. Life must be made secure, and the protection of the law extended to all alike. When all this has been secured, population and capital will seek the South, and rapid development of her vast resources will be the happy result.—Cleveland Leader.

IN THE DEPTHS.

The State of Florida Collides with a Bark and Sinks.

The missing steamer State of Florida collided with a bark, and both vessels sank. One hundred and twenty-three of the Florida's one hundred and sixty-seven persons on board went down with the ship, and twelve of the bark's crew of fifteen.

Following is the official report of the third officer of the State of Florida:

"Left New York on the 12th of April, with about one hundred and sixty-seven passengers and crew, and full general cargo. All went well until the night of the 18th at 11:30, when we came in collision with the bark Ponema, of Chatham, N. B., Captain Hetburn. Both ships went down almost instantly, and out of the steamer's passengers and crew only forty-four, including the stewardess, managed to escape in the boats, and out of the bark's crew of fifteen only the Captain and two seamen were saved. The next morning the bark was observed bottom up. The survivors after being thirty-five hours in the boats without food or water, were rescued by the Norwegian bark Theresa, of Christiana, from that port, bound for Quebec. On the 22d, twenty-four of them were transferred on board the ship Louisa, of and from Cardiff, for Quebec, where they remained until the 5th of May, when they were taken on board the Titania for Quebec. It is believed 135 lives were lost."

A BRIEF dispatch from London, on Wednesday night of last week, brought the intelligence of the death of Judah P. Benjamin, who was a member of the Confederate Cabinet of Jefferson Davis. His career has been in many respects a brilliant one, and its sudden termination will recall much of our National history with which his name is connected. Mr. Benjamin was born in Santo Domingo in 1812, of Jewish parents who emigrated to Savannah four years after his birth. He entered Yale College in 1825, but left without graduating. In 1831, he began the study of law at New Orleans, supporting himself by teaching, and in 1834, was admitted to the bar. He attached himself to the Whig party, and, in 1852, was elected to the United States Senate, where he soon allied himself with the Democratic party, in consequence of the action of the two parties on the slavery question. On December 31, 1860, having been a second time elected to the Senate, he made a speech in that body in which he vowed his adhesion to the Southern cause. On February 4th following he withdrew from the Senate, and was at once appointed Attorney General of the provisional government of the Southern Confederacy. In August he was appointed Acting Secretary of War, but resigned in February, 1862, in consequence of having been censured by a Congressional committee. He, however, retained the confidence of Jefferson Davis, and was appointed Secretary of State, which position he held until the downfall of the Confederacy. He then took up his residence in London, where he entered anew into the practice of the legal profession. His career there has been remarkable, and his success, financially and otherwise, has attested his great ability as a lawyer.

Stanley's Great Work in Africa.

Henry M. Stanley is returning from Africa to England, having completed one of the greatest civilizing edterprises ever undertaken without war. He has in four years established a continuous chain of commercial stations extending from the east to the west coast of Africa; each station thoroughly furnished with its central building, its offices and cottages; manned by working forces provided with arms for use in extremity, and managed by an agent—all under the flag of the International African Association. There has been no haste in the work. Stanley's first return to Africa, after his rest in England from the original journey across "the dark continent" by way of the before unknown Congo, was made in 1880, and in that year he founded Vivi, nearly at the head of steam navigation from the ocean. Before the third year was finished, he had established Leopoldville on Stanley pool at the head of the lower cataracts, the key of the upper Congo, and had launched four steamers on the great river. Last December the station of Stanley Falls, a thousand miles up the river, was founded, and these are the principal centers of the complete system of communicating stations which now stretch across the continent from the mouth of the Congo to the Island of Zanzibar, in the Indian Ocean. Merchants have within six months made the journey from Zanzibar to Leopoldville without hindrance. Nearly three thousand miles of navigation of the Congo and its tributaries have now been opened to commerce by this chain of stations, and thousands of miles more are sure to yield to their tribute so soon as the association's peaceful entrance and purpose becomes known among the tribes. Such a conquest for civilization has never been before known, and it is a work whose dignity honors Stanley and the international association of kings, princes, and merchants, who have been wise enough to appreciate the opportunity of the world, and to employ the extraordinary genius of Stanley in improving it. It is this great peaceful enterprise whose authority our government has just recognized, and it is this that the wicked folly of the French Republic is antagonizing through their Italian tool, De Brazza.—Springfield, Mass., Republican.

MUGWUMP is an ancient New England term, and smacks of the language of the red man. It is used to signify, when gravely spoken, a man of importance, but more commonly a man who thinks himself of importance. Gov. Waller, of Connecticut, is responsible for the renewed and widened interest in the word, it having been discovered in some recently published letters of his. A leader such as Gov. Waller is in Connecticut or an authority like Lindley Murray is a mugwump. A synonym for the word in its other sense is the New York term, Big Bug, or the Washington expression, swellhead.

A Touching Incident.

An old woman, with long gray hair, stepped forward when her name was called, and confronted the police Judge.

"You are a very old woman to be in a place of this kind," said the Judge. "What is the charge against her?" turning to an officer.

"Stealing a pot of flowers, your honor?"

"Who made the complaint?"

"I did," replied a man, stepping forward.

"I know that it looks hard to have an old woman arrested, but I am a law-abiding citizen, judge, and I don't intend to be imposed on. This is the way the whole thing came about: I keep a large flower depot. Day before yesterday this woman came into the store, and when I asked her if she wanted to buy anything, she shook her head. Just then a customer came in and I paid no attention to her, but after she was gone, I discovered that a pot containing a nice geranium, was missing. I knew she took it, and what she wanted with it is more than I can tell. If she had stolen something to eat or wear it would have been a different thing."

The old woman looked up and said:

"Judge, I stole the flower."

"Didn't you know it was wrong?"

"Yes."

"Was the temptation so great that you could not withstand it?"

"There was no temptation. It required more of a struggle to take it than it would have required not to have taken it."

"This is a very singular occurrence, madam. Tell us all about it. Don't think that we are among those who desire to see you punished, and rest assured that I will stand by you. Law or no law, it makes no difference. There is a court in the human heart, old woman, whose decrees go farther and are nearer to justice than the written declarations of any tribunal."

The old woman again looked up. Tears were in her eyes, but with a corner of the old black shawl drawn around her shoulders, she wiped them away.

"Oh, sir," she said, "to make you understand why I took the flower might be a story too long to tell in a court, and it might be out of place to tell it to strangers, but as you have spoken so so kindly, I will tell you. Years ago I lived in this city. My parents were well situated and I was carefully reared. I married a man whom everybody recognized as an elegant gentleman, but to me he proved to be a drunken brute. At last he took our little boy and went away, I know not where, leaving me with a baby just two months old. My parents had died and I went out into the country and changed my name. I worked for a living, heart-broken as I was. One day my little darling was taken ill. I took her in my arms and started toward town, where she might have proper medical attention, but she seemed to grow worse. At last I knew she was dying and I sat down under a tree. I held her to my bosom for a long time, for she shivered, and when I looked into her face again she was dead. A man who lived near by made her a coffin, and I buried my little girl under the tree where she died. Then I went away, I know not how, and began search for my husband, not that I wanted him, but that I wanted my son. I must have gone crazy, for I was seized one day and taken to a mad house. How long I remained there I don't know, but I could see that I was much older looking than when I went in. From time to time I implored the keeper to let me out, but he refused. About a month ago I saw an opportunity and escaped. I was not mad, and when again under the blue sky, the memory of my troubles was as fresh as though but a day had passed. I turned, after much inquiry, to my native place, and a few days ago I arrived here, but I did not stop until I had found my way to the little grave under the tree. I had carried stones and built a little mound around it, but briars and bushes had grown up so thickly that I could hardly find the place. I cleared the briars away and came to town. While passing along the street I saw this man's flowers. I stole a geranium pot, and it now sits on the little child's grave."

The flower dealer had sank upon a bench. "Great God, Judge!" he exclaimed, springing up. "The woman is my mother!"—Arkansaw Traveler.

The New and Old Testament.

The revised translation of the Old Testament, which will shortly be published, may not take the place of the authorized version in popular estimation; but it may be fairly expected to clear up many infelicities and obscuritits in that version which puzzle the ordinary reader.

The 'unicorn' which never existed outside the English Bible will at last be killed, and the 'wild ox' substituted in its place. The 'Book of Tasher' will be changed to the 'Book of the Upright.' Sunday-school children will be no longer troubled by the doubtful ethics of the Israelites in 'borrowing' jewelry from the Egyptians and then running away with it. The revised translation will rightly state that they asked for gifts, not loans. Joseph's many-colored 'coat' will be a 'tunic.' The celebrated passage in the Book of Job, 'Yet in my flesh shall I see God,' shall be changed to 'Yet out of my flesh,' etc. 'Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet,' will read: 'I will make judgment for a line, and righteousness for a plumb line.' In Psalm vii. the passage 'Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,' will be; 'Thou hast made him a little lower than God.' In Psalm xxxvii. the passage 'Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil,' will be chanded to 'Fret not thyself; it tendeth to evil.' And in Psalm lxviii. the passage 'The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it,' will be made to read 'The Lord giveth the word, and the women that bring glad tidings are a great host.'

These are fair samples of many of the changes which will be made. The aim of the translators has been to reproduce the meaning of the original as closely and accurately as possible. It is pleasant to know that this object will be attained without affecting any of the great dogmatic statements contained in the authorized version. The revision will simply clarify the present venerable translation.—N. Y. Tribune.

AN old widower says when you pop the question, do it with a kind of laugh as if you were joking. If she accepts you very good; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

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PARTING.

Weep not that we must part;
Partings are short—eternity is long;
Life is but one brief stage,
And they that say love ends with life are wrong.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love cannot die.

What though so far away?
Thy thoughts are still with me, and with thee mine,
And absence has no power
To lessen what by nature is divine.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love cannot die.

Then grieve no more, my love;
Grieving but shows thy trust in me is small,
Faith is by calmness proved,
For know this truth—thou canst not love at all
Unless thine own heart cry—
Love cannot die!

The Dark Hour.

"It's no use, Becky," said the little lame cobbler," dropping his head upon his hands, and looking, as he felt, the personification of despair. I've offended the Lord, somehow, and He won't let me have a chance to keep a home over your heads. I know I'm not all I ought to be, and I'm punished."

Becky went across the room and patted her husband on the back.

"Now, don't take on, Nick, don't," she said. "That can't be, for He, as knows all, knows how good you are. Better times 'll come. They're sure to; and you'll be rewarded for all your patience yet. 'The darkest hour is just before day.'"

The cobbler shook his head.

"I've gin up hope, Becky," he said. "What will the rent and bill for medicine be? It was like me to get sick just at the worst, and no work coming in; and the new shop with a gilt sign tempting folks from our shabby basement even for the mending of old shoes. I'm crushed down. Why, you are as thin and white as a ghost. You haven't tasted meat for a week, Becky."

"No more have you," said Becky. "But la, why there is folks that thinks meat unhulsome. Wegetarians, Nick, they call 'em; where I lived out once I saw one."

"Did he say bread was unwholesome, too?" asked Nick. "Oh, gal, I wish I'd left ye living out at service, rosy and bright and happy; but I meant to do better—I did. If I was an able-bodied man I'd work somehow or somewhere, but it's the last or nothing with me. Becky, why didn't you take Tim Rolf, the wheel-wright, and send the little limping cobbler about his business?"

"I don't like Tim," said Becky," and I just knew how nice and cosy we'd be together. Never a quarrel, Nick. And how we used to go to Hoboken and have lemonade in the garden, and come home after dark, and how we used to go to church Sunday morning in the clothes as good as any one's."

"Used," sighed Nick.

"Why, it can't be all up hill," said Becky. "I haven't time to go out gallavanting now, but la, I don't miss it. We'er steady married folks now, you know."

"Oh, Becky," said the cobbler, "you try to keep up my heart, but you know its come to starving."

They looked at each other, and then Becky put her arms around her husband. She did not weep upon his bosom; she was so big and strong, and he so small and frail, that it only seemed natural to reverse matters. She hugged him up to her shoulder and covered his head over with her apron, and put her cheek down outside the bundle thus made, and soothed and patted him as if he had been a baby. But she cried, too, and the apron was wet through in no time.

It was a sad state of things. No money, no food, no fire, and winter at its coldest. The children sent to school breakfastless for the sake of the warmth and comfort of the school house. No work to be had; the little cobbler as helpless as man well could be, except at his trade, and Becky's washing stopped for Heaven only knew how long by a felon on her hand. But Becky loved the queer little mortal she had married so well that she stopped crying first, and patted and kissed him.

"You stay home and mind the place," she said. 'I'm going out awhile. Perhaps there will be a bit of luck—who knows?"

She put on her bonnet and shawl—such a thin little shawl—which had been used for an ironing cloth, and had an iron shaped scorch between the shoulders—and took up a basket.

The cobbler looked at her.

"Becky," he said, hoarsely; "Becky."

She knew just what he meant.

"The little children, Nick," she said: "we could starve—but them poor little critters, Nick, it won't seem like begging when it's for them."

And then the door closed behind her—and poor Nick limped after her as though to stop her; then paused, and fairly flung himself down on the floor; wishing he were under the ground beneath it.

"God forgive the man who marries a woman to starve her," he sobbed. "Why, if I'd known it would have to this, I'd never courted her. It's time I was dead."

Perhaps being a strange, impulsive little fellow, there might have been a tragic end to this scene, but that the children came in from school and began to cry—partly at the sight of their prostrate father, partly because of hunger—and Nick forgot himself to do what he could for them.

He had no dinner, but he had a great deal of love to give them, and some pieces of red kid. Only the youngest daughter chewed the kid. And the fact that 'mother' and the basket were gone out together impressed them with with hope of provisions.

Meanwhile, Becky had gone a begging. It would be horrible, no doubt, she tho't, to take from strangers; but she found there was one thing more terrible—not to take it.

Door after door was slammed in her face. Once a dog was set after her, or she thought so. Professional beggars had made themselves nuisances to many people, and how were they to know real poverty when it asked alms? Men whom they had pitied as paupers proved to be owners of real estate. Cripples and blind men whom they had aided were found to have bound up strong limbs and glued their eyes together—so they were hard on real distress, and refused its broken bread.

At six that evening Becky stood at a street corner with one crust in her basket—no more.

Beyond lay a pawnbroker's shop, and Becky looked at its golden balls and at her wedding ring. She had worn it fifteen years, and it was thin and frail, but pure gold. Through all, she had kept it until now. Must it go? The thought was worse than begging.

Becky took a step forward, another one back. Then she began to cry a little. Nick's ring that he had put on her hand so long ago—oh dear! oh dear!

But she grew brave again and walked into the shop and pawned the ring. It was not much they gave her for it, but it would buy supper, and perhaps Nick wouldn't notice, and perhaps she could get it back. That was a very faint perhaps,' however.

A woman was in the pawnshop as she waited bargaining with the proprietor over a suit of little girl's clothing—costly things, strangely out of place in her hands. Becky noticed this, saying to herself that they were never fairly come by. But she had forgotten all about it when, coming out of the baker's, a little voice fell on her ear, and, looking down, she saw a bare-foot child of four, in wretched rags, sobbing piteously.

Becky was soft of heart; but in poor quarters crying children were common enough, and her own were waiting for the loaves in her basket. She walked on hastily, and so upset the toddler. Then Becky must needs stop and pick her up.

"Why don't you go home to your mother this night time," she said, and not stand here to be knocked down?"

And a little silver thread of a voice answered:

"I can't find mamma. I can't find my home. Where is mamma? Oh, mamma!"

Becky knelt down. A white head of crumpled curls and a pair of blue eyes, swimming in tears, she could just make out.

But the child could tell nothing. It was plainly lost. Becky took it in her arms and made inquiries at the corner grocery, where she bought a slice of ham; but no one knew the child. It was growing late, too, and Becky could not leave it to its fate.

"I'll take it home," she said, "and to-merrow find its folk."

So when the cobbler and his children saw the door open at last, there entered by it not only their mother, and a basket, but a baby also.

"It's a poor lost child," said Becky. "I'm going to keep it to-night. Its parents are poorer than we are; you can see that by its bare feet and only one little frock, poor thing! Now hold her Nick, while I cook supper. I didn't beg it, Nick—so don't fret."

And then, keeping her ring-finger out of sight, Becky fried the ham, and made gravy, and cut bread, and sent for two cents' worth of milk—which judiciously diluted, made a quart of milk and water—and tried to be very cheerful.

The lost child cried; but Becky fed it, and soon coaxed it to talk; then came a story of a 'bu dess,' and a 'nassy woman.'

The youngest, who had chewed the red kid, acted as interpreter. Soon it was discovered that some woman, described as 'nasty,' had taken away the child's blue dress and other garments and had whipped her.

Becky listened intently.

"That dress was blue, Nick," she cried. "I knew it weren't hers—a tipsy ragged woman; and folks that own them things don't come to pawning. I—"

Then she paused—the secret was out. Nick's eyes had danced toward her wedding ring, and back again to her face.

"Oh, Becky!" he cried, "Becky, we didn't think—"

Becky flushed scarlet.

"I didn't mean to tell," she said, "but now it is out. It was at the pawn shop I saw the blue dress." And she told them of the woman whom she had watched, and of her suspicions. "The child has been stole, Nick," she said. "It's a gentel child, you can see; and if we can but find its name out, we may save some one trouble we've never had. Think of one of ours being gone all night, Nick."

The baby's name seemed to be Minnie Smith—though M. S. might be anything else; and putting the children all to bed, all in a row, like the little ogres in the fairy tales, save that they had no crowns on, Nick and his wife started off to the pawnbroker's.

The man was good-natured, and looked at the garments. They were marked M. S.

"I'm right, then," said Becky. "They are the child's, and they were stole. And if we can but find its poor mother, we'll save her more than any but a mother can tell."

"But think of all the Smith's," said the pawnbroker. "There's thousanes of them."

"And thousands of them," said Becky. "But these men—the police—they may know."

And out went Nick and Becky to question the guardians of the night, until, at last, despairing of an answer, they were turned homeward, when a blaze of light from an open door fell over them, and they saw on the steps a weeping woman, and a tall, handsome man.

"Hush! we will find her if alive," said the man.

"My precious little Minnie," cried the woman.

Then Nick and Becky gave a sort of little cheer in unison.

"It's them," said Becky, "them certain sure. Oh, mum, if your name is Smith, and you've lost a little girl, we've found her."

And the cobbler and his wife were pounced upon, and the story told.

In half an hour the six poor little ogres without crowns were aroused from their slumbers by an arrival, and the odd baby in their midst was taken out, to their distress and consternation, for they had counted on keeping her.

And Nick and Becky forgot their own troubles in the parents' joy. And Nick said it was like 'poetry,' and Becky said it was 'like a play.'

And so it was—one with a happy ending—for what could the lady do but beg and pray Becky to tell her what she would like best, and Becky confessed that to have her wedding ring back was the hope of her life; and this led to the cause of its pawning and all the story of poverty and sorrow. Then the dark hours ended and day broke; and there was food in the house, and fire; and as it happened that baby Minnie's father just needed such an honest man for work that poor Nick could do, he gave the place to the cobbler; and since that day there was enough and some to spare in the little home, because of the simple goodness shown to baby Minnie.

"So it's never time thrown away to do a kindness to any one," says Becky, often; for somehow you always are rewarded for it."

"If I'd left the little beggar child as I thought it in the street, and never stopped to care for it—as I might have done in such trouble—where would Nick have been and the children and me this night? Not that I did anything but what a Christian ought, but see how we were paid for it."

BEHIND THE EARTHWORKS.

War's Murderous Hate Depicted by One Who Passed Through Its Horrors.

Ah! it was one of the prettiest June days even Virginia ever saw. There was such a mellow sunshine that every flower and blossom turned its face to be kissed, and there was such a happy, peaceful look down across the fields toward the James river that men forgot for a moment that war existed. In the trees overhead the robins called to each other, and once a bluebird alighted on the wheel of the field piece which had its shining brass muzzle thrust through the embrasure, ready to send its shrieking shell when hand pulled the lock string.

There were a thousand of us down behind the earthworks, and we were so quiet that the voice of the colonel reached the last men on the flanks as he cautioned us: "My lads, we are going to hold this position against a whole army."

See! A thin line of men—skirmishers, to the number of fifty—suddenly break cover half a mile away, and advance upon us. They skulk—they dodge—they drop down and suddenly rise again, and advance as stealthily as Indians on a hamlet. Bah! Fifty men against a thousand! No, it is not that. The octopus is in the woods; those skirmishers are the long arms he is reaching out to feel us—to uncover our position—to ascertain our strength.

Puff! Puff!"

It is the fire of the skirmishers. You know where the watch dog is by his growl. They are trying to provoke the beast to betray his retreat. Zip! Zip! How the bullets sing as they fly over our heads! There is dead silence behind the works. We breathe faster and harder—we clutch our guns with tighter grip, but we are silent. To kill an octopus you must strike at the body. Sever his arms and they will grow again.

"Pop, pop, pop! Zip, zip, zip!"

"Steady lads, and wait for the word," says the colonel.

There is no excitement among us. I hear the man on my right shut his teeth with a gritting sound, and the one on my left