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JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT

MAJOR DWIGHT WARMLY RECEIVED
HE DISTRIBUTED \$30,000 IN THE REGIMENT.

Buglar Emmet McDermott, Musician John Hughes and Private Alexander Mitchell Have Returned to Camp After a Prolonged Absence on Account of Illness—First Sergeant William E. Wilder, of Company E, Has Been Honorably Discharged from the Service and Has Left for Home.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.
Camp MacKenzie, Augusta, Ga., Jan. 17.—Those members of the Thirteenth who have arrived in camp during the past three days have had ample opportunity to get a taste of genuine southern weather. The day before yesterday it rained hard and without any interruption; yesterday, last night and part of this morning a fog, so heavy and so dense that one could not see two hundred yards in front of him, settled over the entire region and gave indications of a prolonged stay. With a suddenness almost unprecedented, it began to rain shortly after breakfast this morning and for over two hours it poured down so fast that even the sandy soil failed to absorb the volume of water which gathered in pools here and there on the surface.

One of the most welcome visitors who have been in camp for a long time was Major Dwight, who arrived at headquarters Saturday morning. When the boys saw Uncle Sam's heavily-armed pay wagon—which, by the way, bears a striking resemblance to what is usually known as the "Black Maria"—wending its way towards the regiment, they lost no time in demonstrating their joy in the wildest, but best-natured, manner. As it was then too stormy to have the companies lined up, as usual, along headquarters, Major Dwight proceeded to Company D's mess hall, where at once began to disburse with a deft hand the sum of nearly \$20,000, which it takes to pay a regiment of the numerical strength of the Thirteenth.

NO INSPECTION.
Owing to the rain and the opportune arrival of the paymaster, there was no inspection, either of quarters, of arms, or of the personal appearance of the men, Saturday morning. Sergeant Thomas H. Miles, chief musician, has recently heard from his brother, Private Daniel Miles, a member of Company G, Fifteenth United States regular infantry, which regiment is now stationed at San Juan, Puerto Principe, Cuba. Private Miles says that they have a splendid camp, with the exception of the water, which is of a very inferior kind. The climate is already quite warm, and at night the greatest vigilance must be continually exercised, in order to shut out all dampness. The men are well fed; and though there are many cases of sickness, few of them are serious.

Friday afternoon, in pursuance of a telegraphic message from the war department, First Sergeant William E. Wilder, of Company E, received an honorable discharge from the service of the United States. After having received all his papers, he left for Augusta, whence he went by train to Savannah. From there he will go by boat to New York city, and thence to his home in Honesdale.

Sergeant Wilder was for six years a member of the National Guard, and was recognized as a first-class soldier. He was made a sergeant in the fall of 1893, and two years later was promoted to a sergeant. For two years previous to his discharge he had filled the responsible position of first sergeant with marked ability and success.

McDERMOTT HAS RETURNED.
Bugler Emmet McDermott, of Company A, Mitchell, of E, and Private Alexander Mitchell, of B, have reported here for duty after a prolonged absence on account of sickness. The two former were taken sick at Camp Meade the latter part of September, and after a short treatment in the division hospital at that place, were removed to a hospital train to St. Joseph's hospital, Reading, in which institution they were for a time seriously sick. On their recovery they were given a sick furlough, and on their return to camp received a warm welcome from their many friends.

Private Mitchell left Camp Meade the first week in November for the home of his parents in Carbonate. He was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, but is now happily much improved. The boys of E gave him a warm welcome when he reported here. A and C are the only companies in the regiment in which no changes in the personnel of the non-commissioned officers have taken place from the very first. The latest member of the regiment to receive congratulations on his promotion is Joseph O'Hara, of B, who now wears a corporal's stripes.

CAMP GOSSIP.
Private Charles B. Clark, of H, after a slight attack of illness, is now able to attend to duty.
Private Edward Brown, of E Company, has been transferred to the Sixth Signal corps, and has left camp to join that organization. His friends bade him a hearty God-speed.
Private Edward Conley, of B, has returned to his company after a long absence on account of sickness. His health is now first-class.
Privates George Fox, George W. Bailey and Guy W. Stanton, of H, who

the division hospital, are recovering rapidly. It is expected that they will soon be all right.
Private Samuel Martin, of E, has been returned to duty to his company from the regimental hospital.
Richard J. Bourke,

DIXON DEFEATS PLUTO.

The Colored Pugilist Sustains His Reputation for Skill.

New York, Jan. 17.—Once more George Dixon proved his cleverness and hard-fighting ability tonight at the Lenox Athletic club, where he met and defeated Young Pluto, of South Africa, in the tenth round of what was to have been a twenty-round bout.

The knockout came in the shape of a left swing in the stomach, which crushed the wind out of the latest arrival among the short-haired fraternity in this country. Pluto was heralded as a world-beater by his friends, but although he is very clever in defensive work and undoubtedly game, he was never dangerous. Dixon soon battered down the African's guard and early in the fight demonstrated that he was Pluto's master.

As the rounds passed, Pluto's strength was fast ebbing, while Dixon showed no signs of distress, but on the contrary seemed to gain renewed energy and forced his opponent all over the ring. He rained left and right on head and body, receiving only an occasional blow in return. In the ninth round he should have knocked his man out, as the opportunity presented itself for a right swing to the jaw. Dixon did not try to take advantage of this chance, as he plainly saw that Pluto could not go much further, and he was judging. Although Dixon cannot hit as hard as formerly, his wonderful cleverness still stands to him, and it looks now as if he will be able to hold his own against all comers for a long time to come.

BRIEF SESSIONS HELD.

Walter Lyon Presides Over the Senate for the Last Time—Dave Martin Takes the Oath of Office

Harrisburg, Jan. 17.—Both houses held brief sessions prior to the inaugural ceremonies and the balloting for United States senator.
Walter Lyon presided over the senate for the last time as lieutenant governor. David Martin took the oath of office as senator for the Eighth district. The Philadelphia leader was the recipient of a huge lunch of carnations and roses from the employees of the state department. A committee was appointed to escort J. P. S. Gobin, lieutenant governor-elect, to the senate chamber for the purpose of being inducted into office.

At 12:30 o'clock General Gobin, lieutenant governor-elect, took the oath of office. A throng of spectators, many of whom were women, were present. Judge Simonson, of Dauphin county, administered the oath of office after which Mr. Gobin said:
"I hope that the same generous feeling that has prevailed for your presidential officers may continue. Let us rejoice to do our utmost for the people of this commonwealth. Let us look after their interests and their interests alone."
"I extend to the senators and the citizens of this state my thanks for the high honor they have conferred upon me. I will earnestly endeavor to be just and impartial and my hope is that sound and righteous legislation will prevail, and that when the session is over we may look back and say we have done our best for the people."

In the house, Messrs. Snyder, of Luzerne, and Clark, of Washington, presented themselves and qualified. The oath was administered by Judge McPherson. Mr. Voorhees, of Philadelphia, offered a resolution that a committee of two members be appointed to conduct the senate to the portico of the capitol to attend the inaugural ceremonies. Chief Clerk Rex announced the appointment of William M. Callender, of Pittsburg, as journal clerk. Mr. Simonson, was sworn in by Speaker Farr. The committee reported that it had escorted the senate to the capitol portico, after which the house adjourned to attend the ceremonies.

PECKVILLE.

The long-looked-for lamps for the street service arrived Monday, but an error by the shipper sending three Watt lamps instead of four Watt, made them useless for our service. The firm was telegraphed and a new supply is expected in a few days. Meanwhile, the people should have patience.
Mrs. Mitchell, of Beach lake, after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Halsey Lathrop, returned to her home yesterday.
Assessor William Ennor has commenced his labors of making the assessment in the First ward.
Mr. Harry Telford is still critically ill.
Mrs. Gabriel, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. Calvin Rolfe, is very ill.

IN THE PLAY HOUSES.

"A Child of Destiny."
At the Academy of Music last night the Bromahan-Jackson company presented "A Child of Destiny," and in the afternoon "The Pearl of Satoy." This afternoon the company will be seen in "Forgiveness," and tonight in "A Bundle of Trouble."

Cyrano de Bergerac.

The advance sale of seats for the Cyrano de Bergerac production, which Mr. Henry Lee will present at the Lyceum, Saturday, Jan. 21, will be opened on Thursday, Jan. 19. No seats will be reserved for anyone until the general sale is open for the public. First come, first served, will be the rule. With the exception of Cyrano clubs and theatre parties now being formed, no one will be allowed to purchase more than six seats. Tickets bought of speculators will be...

TRAGEDY OR COMEDY.

I knew George Arbutnot pretty well for two years—ever since he had been married, in fact—and considered him a rising fellow in the literary world. He hadn't done anything very great, but his work was distinctly promising, and his name was gradually making itself known. Unfortunately, he had married the wrong woman.

But my friend wasn't like some men—he didn't whine and cry, he made the best of it. He didn't go out and search for a "twin soul" to whom he might confide his marital sufferings—though Phosbus knows, he had enough to put up with. It was not bad temper, it was jealousy—bitter, mean, incessant jealousy—that grudged him even his literary fame. Agatha Arbutnot was not one of those little, pale, blue-eyed women, with a spiteful tongue and a narrow heart, who have ruined the career of many a sensitive man. She hated to hear her husband's praises sounded in her ears.

One afternoon Agatha was slandering Arbutnot because some women, who had happened to call the day before, had gushed, and told her how fortunate she was to be the wife of such a rising genius. Her face was crimson with anger, and her voice was very shrill as she mimed her callers.

"Dear Mrs. Arbutnot! How proud you must be of your clever husband! He's quite a genius! How I envy you living with the man who can write such exquisite stories!"
Then she turned her foot, and turned savagely on Arbutnot.
"Clever! Exquisite! A genius! I never saw any genius in your silly tales. Boastily rot I call them. I wish to goodness I'd married Harry Jenkins instead of you. At any rate, you wouldn't have treated him up just to run me down. I know what they mean. Of course I'm stupid, and brainless, and silly—not good enough for you to wipe your boots on—"
And then Arbutnot did the most possible thing possible. He walked out of the dining room and locked himself up in his study. Agatha, on seeing the lines of his mouth more firmly set than usual, and guessing nothing of the tempest that surged in his mind, immediately went out into a violent fit of hysteria, and called the sympathetic housemaid to witness that "George was a perfect brute—it would serve him right if she ran away with some one else."

George's den wasn't much of a "study," merely a smoke-bearnaid den, furnished with a second-hand bureau, two or three chairs, and some shelves of books. Agatha called it "George's sulking-room," but I knew that it was the only haven of refuge Arbutnot could find in his own house. "A man must drive his own wedge," Arbutnot said, as he sat down wearily at the bureau and looked at the sheets of paper littered over his desk. "I'm not the only fool who's found marriage a failure, and after all, I've got a brain as well as a heart."
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From that day Arbutnot progressed swiftly through the book that was to make a success of his life. He had mastered piece wherein he would show his best of brain and heart; and, as the weeks rolled on and the novel neared its end, Arbutnot realized his work was good, and in that knowledge could afford to live, and did live, with no love and sympathy. Let us look at one when Arbutnot had performed been compelled to answer her heavy banging on his study door. "It's a nice thing when a husband comes to lock himself up from his wife. I suppose my society's not good enough for such a clever man as you."
Arbutnot saw that she was in one of her paroxysms of rage and resolved to control his own feelings.
"I wanted to finish some work," he said calmly, looking at the floor, littered with loose sheets of paper. "And this room is hardly fit for a lady's society. You see I have books."
"Yes, it's a horrid hole," said Agatha, curtly, "but you men who write more like pigs than human beings, don't look at the dust on that desk! It's shameful. And Sarah says you won't let her touch your papers. I'm ashamed of having such a dirty hole in my house! I'll come and dust it myself tomorrow."
At these words Arbutnot lost his philosophical self-control.
"I must ask you not to touch the papers on my desk," he said hastily. "I allow Sarah to brush and dust everything in the room but my desk, and that I attend to myself."
"Of course, you fly at my throat when I offer to do anything for you," said Agatha angrily, letting her hand fall on the desk and crumpling several loose sheets together. "I can't speak to you but what I do wrong. That comes of marrying a genius! You're expected to make any woman want to drown herself."
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plating the sheets of paper which Agatha was fast crumpling into balls; "but I've nearly finished my book, and these sheets of paper are rather valuable."

Agatha threw the balls on the table. "And this book is to make you famous?" she asked with bitter comment. "I suppose when it's published everyone will come and envy me because I'm the wife of the genius, George Arbutnot!"
Her scornful emphasis only brought a smile to Arbutnot's face.
"I don't know about that," he said, good-temperedly, "but it's the best work I've done yet. And if it's successful, Agatha, I shall be able to buy you that diamond bangle you coveted the other day."
But even the reference to the diamond bangle failed to move Agatha.

"How long will it take you to finish it?" she asked, slowly, looking down at the untidy desk.
"I hope to finish it by next week," said Arbutnot, triumphantly. "I've allowed Lorraine, the Weekly Review man, to see some parts of it, and he's expressed a very favorable opinion and thinks it's bound to be a success."
Agatha's eyes narrowed at the corners.
"Lorraine's a fool," she said, angrily. "I wonder you allow all that fat, hulking things tells you. I know I should be ashamed of myself if I were as greedy for a bit of praise as some men I know."
It was one cold afternoon, ten days later, that Arbutnot stood in his doorway in the act of inserting his latch key, smiling at some pleasing reminiscence of his recent talk with his publisher.

Suddenly a wild, terrified cry broke from the house, followed by scream after scream, reiterated with such intensity of anguish that Arbutnot himself, caught the infection of terror and fumbled with trembling hands at the latchkey.
At last he managed to open the door and ran into the hall. A fearful sight met his eyes. From his study door there came a faint, agonized moan, in writhing flames, and from it there came piercing, agonized shrieks. As the draught from the open door blew fiercely down the corridor the flames leaped higher and higher around their living prey, until Arbutnot's skeleton was left, saw nothing but a brilliant ball of fire.

God! It was Agatha! Mad with torture, the flaming figure rushed toward him and threw out its arms in agony. Arbutnot caught it in a tight embrace, and with all his strength hurried to the door, shrieking figures on the carpeted floor and rolled over the bed. It was all in vain. Agatha's injuries were beyond all help, and she had lived only three hours after Arbutnot had carried her upstairs.

Her husband had never left her side, and, though badly burnt about the hands and face, had scarcely realized his own injuries. As he looked at that cruelly disfigured face, now swathed and hidden in bandages, a rush of tears blinded his eyes, and he knew that all past differences were swept away, and that Agatha would live henceforth his memory only, as the woman whom he had once loved with all his heart. Before life flickered out in that suffering body Agatha opened her eyes once and met her husband's gaze fixed with intense pity and love upon her face. To Arbutnot it seemed that she pleaded for forgiveness, but even as he looked the light closed again, and in a few moments Agatha's spirit had slipped into the great silence.

When all was over Arbutnot stooped and kissed the pale, cold lips. As he bent down the remembrance of some words came back to him, and he stood for a moment in silence.
"Death is the atonement for all injuries! It is the sponge that erases the remembrance of all transgressions."
Later in the evening he went downstairs to his study. As he entered the study a shiver ran through his body. He remembered the figure of flame that had leaped into his arms but a few hours ago, and his heart was torn at the thought of Agatha's sufferings.
As yet it was a mystery how she had caught fire. Presumably she had been warming herself in his study, and her thin greenish dinner dress had swept too near the flames. A few dull red embers still burned in the grate. Arbutnot lit the lamp and sat down mechanically to his desk.
"Thank God for work!" he said with a deep sigh. "At least I can forget for a time."
He opened the deep drawer wherein his pile of manuscript had lain ready for the printer's hand. One of two omissions could easily be rectified now, and the work would soothe his weary heart and brain. But—the drawer stood empty. Hastily he pulled the counterpane. No; that, too, held nothing. With feverish hands he rummaged each pigeon-hole, turned everything out of his bureau, sought on the chairs, the tables. The manuscript had disappeared!

A fearful thought darted into his brain. He ran to the fireplace—his eyes fell on some charred ashes in the fender.—Florence A. Smith.

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