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Was taken with rheumatism in 1881; suffered at times ever since and used crutches. St. Jacobs Oil relieved me about two years ago. GEO. L. NIXON.
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Oh! My Head!
Suffering of a New Jersey Senator.—Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.—Terrible Things.
"There are a few things that I believe in with all my heart. The speaker was ex-Senator Albert Merritt, head of the large fruit firm, 82 Park Place, N. Y., and the same his office. "I was sick and feared I had become fated to endure the
TORTURE OF DYSPEPSIA
and affection of the kidneys. A relative said to me, 'Try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y.' I did so. I grew better, could eat, sleep and work with a clearer head, and the yellow color of my skin gave place to the healthy color announcing pure blood. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is entitled to the credit of saving my life. I can give you the names and addresses of fifty persons who affirm, as I do, that "Favorite Remedy" has been to them a blessing in time of need." Mr. A. Dellevere, Tarrytown, N. Y., says: "For a long time I was troubled with severe attacks of dizziness and
Blind Sick Headache
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There is no Whiskey that has ever been sold that has grown in favor with the public so rapidly as our old Export, and the simple reason is that it is utterly impossible to duplicate it.
There will never be any let up in the purity and fine flavor in any particular of the Pure California Wines we are now selling at 50 cents per bottle, Full quarts, or $5 per dozen.
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Respectfully,
JOHN N. SNYDER.

LIKE SEEKS LIKE.

Like seeks like the wide world over,
Eyes are looking for eyes like thine;
Lips with breath as sweet as clover,
Wait their own and need not repine.

Through each space the light ray floweth,
Clouds that are needed shade the skies;
At love's feet its flower groweth;
World of beauty await our eyes.

Thought crowds thought through endless ages,
Now in the sea-sand now in the sea,
Now in the sunlight of poets and sages,
Love-blown whispers for thee and me.

Evangeline finds Gabriel,
By ancient laws to each unknown,
As God's own truth finds Israel,
Light into light and love its own.

So through all the worlds and spaces,
I am still thine and thou art mine;
Death is but the angel that traces
The path of light to love's own shrine.

W. R. Taorne in Philadelphia Times.

THE LITTLE LIE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"What are you looking for mamma?"

"I am looking for a bank-note that I lef. on the mantle-shelf last evening. Have you seen anything of it?"

"A what? A bank-note? No, I haven't seen such a thing. Where was it?"

"Here, on this shelf. Your father handed it to me when he first came in, and as I had no pocket in the dress I then wore I laid it on the shelf, thinking that when I went up to my chamber I would carry it up. And I remember that I set the shade-lamp upon it, so that it should not be blown away. It was very strange. I cannot think what can have become of it. You and Lydia were here last evening?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And Albert Worthing, came in, did he not?"

"Yes; he came and stopped perhaps half an hour."

"And you saw nothing of the note?"

"What was it, mamma? How big a note?"

"Ten dollars."

"I wouldn't worry about that."

"It is not the loss of ten dollars, it is my carelessness that troubles me; and your father will know that I have been careless."

"Why do you say anything to papa about it? I wouldn't, if I were in your place."

"But I must go to him for another ten dollars; and he must know. I declare,"—searching over the shelf once more—"it is strange where it could have gone to. You, of course, saw nothing of it, Lydia?"

"If I had, dear auntie, I should have told you at once."

"Well, I am sorry. And it was such a handsome bill—one of the new issue. Your father said the first he had seen and kept it on purpose for me. But if it is gone, why—there is the end of it." And thus speaking, Mrs. Evans left the room, her daughter, Kate, and her niece, Lydia Hapgood, remaining behind.

"Oh, Kate! how could you tell your mother that you knew nothing about that note?"

"Because, I did not know."

"But, Kate, it was just the same. You remember, when you moved the lamp and something fell from the shelf into the fire, that Albert sprang forward and tried to save it, but was too late. You know he exclaimed at the time that he believed it was a bank-note."

"Yes, he thought it was. But what has that got to do with my knowing or having seen it? O, pshaw!" the pretty girl cried, with a toss of her sunny head, "what's the use of being scolded when there's no need? I certainly didn't see any bank-note; and if Albert hadn't said what he did, I shouldn't have known it had ever been there."

"Still, dear Katie, you deceive your mother. You did certainly tell her—a—a—"

"Oh! you mean a fib—a lie. Well, it was a very little one, at all events; and certainly no harm can come of it. I'll run the risk. And now, Lydia, let us get ready for our ride. You know Albert said he would be here at eleven o'clock, and it wants only fifteen minutes of the time." And the light-hearted girl flew away to her chamber to dress for her ride.

Kate Evans was eighteen years of age, a pretty, bright-eyed, good-hearted girl, volatile and frolicsome, with lessons of life yet to learn. She was the daughter and only child of Samuel Evans, one of the foremost of the lawyers of the great city.

Lydia Hapgood was a cousin to Kate, a daughter of Mrs. Evan's older sister, two-and-twenty years of age; a thoughtful, pleasant-faced woman, engaged in teaching; her home a score of miles up the river, she being at the present time on a visit to her Aunt Evans.

At eleven o'clock a stylish team drew up at the door of Mr. Evan's comfortable dwelling; and from that carriage alighted Albert Worthing. He was Kate's accepted lover; a young man of two-and-twenty; tall, muscular, and perfectly proportioned; with a face the very mirror of all that was good and true and generous in man; a handsome, honest face, a face that might lead any woman to love and to trust. He had just been admitted to the bar, and those who knew him best foretold for him a high and brilliant forensic career.

Albert had not long to wait. They went off happily, and be sure they knew how to enjoy themselves.

Later in the day Mrs. Evans was obliged to confess to her husband the loss of the bank-note and to ask for another in its place.

Samuel Evans was not a man to worry over the loss of ten dollars. Only the day before he had given ten times that amount to a benevolent object; but he didn't like to have money disappear in that way. He wanted to know what had become of it. A bank-note could not have gone off of its own accord. He went into the drawing room with his wife, and she showed him just where she had laid the note, and how she had set the heavy shade-lamp upon it, so that it might not be blown away. She had put it there just at dusk, on the previous evening, and the only ones who had been in the room since, to her knowledge were Kate, and Lydia, and Albert Worthing. She did not believe any of the servants could have been in there. Nothing could have called them—or any one of them—in that direction she was very sure.

"It is very curious—very," said Mr. Evans, gazing vacantly upon the spot where the bank-note had been laid. "It could not have moved without help."

"Of course it could not."

"Was there a fire in the grate last evening?"

"Yes. You remember, it was rather chilly, and as Kate wanted a bit of warmth, I let John put up a fire,—just a bit,—enough to last a few hours."

"John could not have—"

"O, John had built the fire, and had been gone half an hour when I came in, and I know he did not come back, because he asked me if I could spare him to go down town for the evening."

"Well, well,—if that bill should ever turn up, I think I should know it. However, here is another; and I hope you will be more careful of it."

On the following day Mr. Evans took his wife to a ride to High Bridge. Of late he had kept no horse of his own. He had occasion to use a horse so seldom that he found it not only cheaper, but far more convenient to hire. So he went to the stable where, for a long time, he had been in the habit of hiring, and engaged a coach for the afternoon, to be at his door at one o'clock.

The team was promptly on time, and both Kate and her cousin Lydia went down to see mamma snugly fixed in the carriage, and they hopedshe would have as good a time as they had enjoyed on the previous day.

On the return, Mr. Evans helped his wife from the coach at their door, and having seen her safely in the house, he resumed his seat, and rode back to the stable, near which resided a man with whom he had important business. At the stable he alighted and went into the office to pay his bill, tendering to the clerk a twenty-dollar greenback. In the change returned to him was a ten-dollar bill—a note of the latest issue—a crisp, new note, which—. He started when he saw it, for he believed that the only note of that description yet put in circulation in the city, had been given to him, two days before, by a friend of his in the Treasury Department. Could this be the same?

"May I ask you," he said to the clerk, "where you got this note?"

"Certainly, sir. It was given to me last evening, by Mr. Albert Worthing. I think the team for which he paid was sent to your house."

Mr. Evans returned to his home in a cloud of deep and harrowing anxiety. In his mind there could be no doubt about that being the bill which he had given to his wife. Could it be possible that Albert had taken it? O! he could not believe it. And yet—ah! stranger things had happened. He must think. He would not speak to his wife yet. He would see Albert first.

And he met the young man on the following morning. He was not a man to beat about the bush with a character like that of Albert Worthing.

"Albert," said he, drawing the youth aside—his very look and tone gave to his auditor a shock and started him from his equilibrium—"you were at my house, in the drawing-room, on last Monday evening?"

"Yes, sir," answered Albert, stricken with a great wonder.

"You will excuse me for asking you—but, did you, on that occasion, see anything of a bank-note that lay upon the mantel-shelf?"

The young man colored and hesitated. He remembered instantly, the accident of Kate's. He did not wish to—he would not—expose her, if she had not yet exposed herself.

"Mr. Evans," he returned, after a troubled pause, "I do not think I looked upon the shelf during the evening. I was there but a short time, having only called for the purpose of making arrangements for our ride on the following day."

Albert's hesitation; his unwonted tremor of limb, had not escaped the old lawyer's eye; and naturally enough, he put a very bad construction upon the signs.

"Then pursued Mr. Evans, with an expression of pain and distrust not to be mistaken, "you saw nothing of a bank-note while you were there?"

This was coming very near to bottom, and Albert winced, he could not, without direct falsehood, declare that he saw nothing of the kind, because he was very sure that he did see it. After a moment's hesitation, he centured to ask, in a stringely tremulous and unwilling manner:

"Have you spoken with Kate on the subject, sir?"

"Mrs. Evans has spoken with her. She knows nothing about it—nothing at all." His voice was hard and stern, and cold, and his look severe. Presently he added:

"Look you Albert: Where did you get this?" at the same time exposing the ten dollar note he had taken from the stable clerk.

"Did I ever have it sir?" the youth asked promptly.

"Mr. Wambolt's clerk told me that you gave it to him in payment for the team you had on Tuesday."

Albert Worthing turned a shade paler, and for a single instant his frame quivered; but it quickly passed, and he answered with entire self-possession:

"Mr. Evans, you must excuse me. There is a reason good and sufficient to myself, why I should not, at present tell, who gave me that note. I am sorry to refuse you in so simple a matter, but—I can not do it."

The old lawyer was puzzled. In what had passed before he had seen only the indications of guilt; but the last answer, and in the tone of its giving there was surely nothing of the guilty man. In his long practice at the bar he had become so thoroughly acquainted with the various manifestations of guilt and innocence that he was not liable to be mistaken now when he saw them. Yet he could not put away his suspicions. Why should the young man have been so startled—as he certainly was—when he was first asked concerning the bank-note on the shelf? Why if he had not seen it, or known something of it before?

Mr. Evans reflected for a little time, and then, with more of pain than of anything else in his voice, he said:

"Albert, I will not pursue this thing further at present, I will only further say this: Until you can come to me and frankly explain your possession of that bank-note, I must request that you will not visit at my house. I trust you understand me.

Albert Worthing stood like one thunderstruck. He did not understand. But before he could collect his senses and speak calmly, Mr. Evans had turned and left him—left him with a greater suffering than we can tell.

On the evening of that day—early in the evening—Lydia Hapgood entered Kate's chamber.

"Lydia, what is the matter? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

Lydia came and sat down by her cousin's side, and took her hand.

"O, Kate, how shall I tell you what has happened? Do you expect Albert to call this evening?"

"Certainly. He promised, Lydia!" with a start, at the same time catching her arm, "has anything happened to him? Is he—"

"Hush, Kate. It is nothing as you think. Listen. You remember what I told you about the deception you practiced toward your mother concerning the bank-note that was lost from the drawing-room shelf? You called it a little lie. O, dear Kate, it has borne bitter fruit already, and it may bear fruit more and more bitter if you do not lay it with the rod of truth and frank confession."

"Lydia! what in the world do you mean? O, tell me!"

"I will tell you, Kate. About an hour ago your father came home, and entered the front drawing room, where your mother was sitting. I was in the music room, and Uncle Samuel did not see me. O! I never saw a face more wrought upon with pain and anguish than was his. His wife saw it, and asked him what was the matter. And then it all came out. I cannot tell you all that was said; but Kate, your dear Albert is accused of having stolen that ten-dollar bank-note. Hush! It is as I tell you. Your father went to Wambold's stable to pay for the team he had used, and in making change the clerk gave him a new ten-dollar bill, of the latest government issue. It was the exact counterpart of that which we saw burn in the grate, or it was exactly like the note which uncle had given to aunt, and which she had laid on the shelf. Uncle asked the clerk where he got the note, and the clerk replied that Albert Worthing had paid it to him on the previous evening. Is it any wonder that your father should think strange of the affair? But that is not all."

"This morning your father saw Albert, and asked him if he saw anything of a ten-dollar bill on the drawing-room shelf last Monday evening. Albert asked, in return, if you had been asked about it. And then, as I can make out, Albert refused to answer him where he got the ten-dollar bill he had paid, to the stable-keeper, but he would not tell. And then, Kate, your father forbid his coming here any more till he could explain."

"O! Kate! Kate! do you not see that Albert held his tongue for your sake, and for your sake he is suffering as, I venture to say, he has never suffered before! O, what must he think? How must he feel? He knows—Kate, he knows—that you knew all about the missing bank-note, and he knows, also, that you must have told to your mother a—"

O! Lydia! Don't! don't!" cried the stricken girl. O! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Dear cousin," pleaded Lydia, putting an arm around her neck and kissing her tenderly, there is but one thing you can do. Surely, you know what that is."

"You mean—go to mamma, and—and—confess."

"Yes, and go at once. Go to father and mother both. They are in the drawing-room at this moment. O! dear Kate, if you would ever know happiness again, be brave and true—true to your self and true to Albert. Courage! Courage. It may be hard; but O! think of what must be if you do not face the duty."

Kate bent her head upon her hands, and so remained, moaning in anguish of spirit, for several seconds. Finally, she arose, and without a word further, left the chamber. Once on the way she hesitated and stopped, but only for a moment. She sped on, and stopped not again until she sank upon her knees before her parents.

"O, papa!—mamma!—Lydia has told me all! Albert is noble and true. I am—a—O, mamma! I told you a wicked lie! I did know where the ten-dollar bill went. I moved the great lamp on the shelf, and something fell off, and Albert sprang forward and tried to save it but he could not. He told me he thought it was a greenback of a large denomination. And to save me he has suffered. O, papa, can you ever forgive me? Mamma can you ever trust and love me again! O! never! never! while life and sense are mine, will I deceive you again!"

We can easily imagine that the parents were not hard upon their erring child. In fact the sufferings she had already endured were all sufficient to the end of purification, and they would not add to them.

When Mr. Evans had given his daughter his blessings, and his forgiving kiss, he put on his hat and went out. Directly to the residence of Albert Worthing he made his way; and he had the good fortune of finding the young man at home.

"Albert, I wish you would tell me where you got that ten-dollar bill you gave to Wambold's clerk."

There was something in the man's look and tone and bearing—a depth of feeling and of sympathy—that touched the youth's heart. He reflected for a brief space, ank then answered kindly and frankly:

"Mr. Evans, I think you can appreciate the situation. That ten-dollar bill was given to me by a client who had, not an hour previously taken the poor debtor's oath. And yet he was entirely honest. That money was not his in any way or shape when he took the oath."

"Dear boy—if you can forgive one who has foolishly, perhaps wickedly—though unwittingly wronged us both, I shall be the happiest man alive. But come with me to my house and Kate shall explain."

Little was said on the way. Having reached home, the old lawyer conducted Albert at once to the drawing-room where his wife and daughter were sitting.

And there with hot tears, and heaving sobs and upon his bosom—she would have sank upon her knees at his his feet had he suffered it—Kate confessed to her lover the sin of which she had been guilty. She told the whole story just as it was.

It was a severe lesson, and humiliating; but it was a source of great good. The cloud was gone, and the sunshine came again; and upon the bosom of her dear lover Kate took a new departure in life, from the true course of which, she feels very sure, she will never deviate.

A War Veteran She.

A recent Columbus dispatch stated that application had been made to the Adjutant General for the discharge papers of John R. Summer, 123d Ohio Infantry. The Adjutant General has thus far been unable to find the desired papers, and it may be that some mistake was made in giving or recording the names. The fact is beyond dispute that a person answering to that description performed useful and valiant service during the war, and the person so described is Mrs. J. C. Bailey. For a quarter of a century she has concealed the facts, and is only moved to reveal them now by failing health, and the urgency of the pension she is endeavoring to get with the aid of prominent Grand Army men. Mrs. Bailey's story is as follows:

At the breaking out of the war she was visiting friends at Sheffield, England, and started for her home at Richmond, Va., on hearing of the trouble. She was the owner of considerable property, and when she reached home found her two brothers taking care of it as best they could under the circumstances. Mrs. Bailey was then 25 years of age, and her brothers were younger.

The family were loyal, and the brothers joined the Union army. Mrs. Bailey sold her property, and, taking with her several slaves, managed to get through the lines and reached Washington. In February, 1862, she took the oath of allegiance and entered the hospital service, her liberated slaves finding their way to this city. Both of her brothers were killed at the battle of Fairfax Court House. She secured their bodies and had them interred at Wheeling, W. Va.

Then she put on men's clothing and enlisted. She was wounded and her identity discovered in the hospital, and as soon as her wound was healed she was made to quit the service. Determined to stay in the army, she married a soldier and enlisted in his regiment and went into the hospital service. Every chance she got she donned men's clothes and went out with scouting parties.

She was wounded in the head on one of the expeditions, and her identity was again discovered by the surgeon, who reported it to General Sheridan. He issued an order for her to remain with the hospital corps. She could not rest contented with the humdrum existence of a hospital nurse, however, and was soon a scout near the enemy's lines.

She went once too often, and was taken prisoner by three rebels and sent to Libby prison, where she was kept for three months and eight days. Phil Sheridan gave three rebels in exchange for her. She was in several engagements and was wounded three times.

She finally came back to Washington, where she was discharged from Company I, Cole's Cavalry, under the name of John R. Summer. She found her family dead, and her money gone, and so she came to Cleveland with her husband. She had been in the city but a short time when her husband was killed in an explosion at the powder mills. The shock caused her to become insane for a time, and she was treated at the asylum. After her recovery she lived some years in the family of an East Cleveland physician; but her health is now completely broken down, and she has no certain means of support.

Having no claim for a pension under the general pension laws, she kept her discharge papers for a few years and then destroyed them, as they had become almost illegible through age, and now she seeks to have them duplicated.

A Hotel Clerk's Tale.

"Human nature, as seen in a big hotel, is rather curious, isn't it?" a New York Sun man queried of the day clerk as he leaned on the counter.

"Y-e-s," he slowly and dryly replied.

"For instance," the reporter continued, "I have a chandelier with five burners in my room, but three of the burners are plugged up and can't be lighted. The soap is cheap and poor, the looking glass is cracked, the marble-topped stand is stained with ink and one leg of the lounge is broken. How's that for hotel nature?"

"My dear sir," he replied, as he paused for a moment from his work of pigeon-holing the noon mail, "I was obliged to put you in a room vacated by a Western merchant and his wife. He got drunk, broke the lounge and cracked the glass. She took away with her two towels and two cakes of fine soap. He is responsible for the ink-stains, and he stuffed two table napkins into his pocket and carried them off, and she broke a dollar pitcher and a seventy-cent pane of glass. We plugged up the burners because they lighted the whole five and went off to the theater. I think he carried off one of the keys to the door, and I know she cribbed a bouquet holder from the parlor. How's that for traveling human nature?"

The newspaper man was silent for the want of an argument, and the clerk presently continued:

"Here are half a dozen telegrams and a score of letters from men who will call around in due season and inquire for them, or want them forwarded to points in Maine or Texas, and give me my trouble for the profits. And perhaps you'd like to buy some of these worthless checks for two cents on the dollar, or take some of the score of trunks in the storage room and settle their bills for which they are held. Oh, yes—oh, yes! This human nature is a big thing, and the longer you live the more you will be convinced that all the advantage is not on the hotel man's side."

The year 1889 will long be remembered as the most disastrous to the cattle trade that has ever been witnessed. The greatest depression was in the best cattle. In 1888 the best cattle never went lower than $5; in 1889 the best cattle often sold for less than $4. And this in a year when there was a heavier export trade than in any former year. The number of range cattle received at Chicago was less than in 1888 by 33,339 head. Had not the receipts of Texans been increased the falling off would have been greater. Of what are classed as "westerns" there was a falling off of 100,000; the Texans increased 69,700. The outlook for this year is certainly brighter than it was a year ago, but growers must not expect a great advance in prices, says the Montana Stock Journal.

The Arizona Kicker.

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

We have just closed a bargain with Henry Shane, the well known contractor and builder, for a one-story addition to the rear end of our office, to be 11x14 in size. This room will be used as a gun smith shop under our own personal management. This will give us, under one and the same roof, a great weekly paper, a job and book office, a grocery, a feed store, a hardware store, a butcher shop, a boot and shoe store, a signal station and a gunshop. Three years ago, upon our arrival in this town, we slept in a wagon for the first three nights, and the first money we had was a borrowed dollar.

Is it any wonder that our moon-eyed, lantern jawed, mule eared contemporary down the street grows a file all day and has the colic all night?

ALWAYS AHEAD.

Next Monday morning an artist and engraver from Chicago will arrive in town to accept of a position tendered by the Kicker. We are the first to introduce a real artist into Arizona, as we are the first to lead the way in all other good things. Hereafter all matters of local importance, but more especially street row attended with loss of life, will be illustrated in the highest style of art, thereby increasing the value of the Kicker to subscribers by at least 100 per cent., while the price of subscription will remain at the old figures.

It has so happened that every time we have been obliged to kill a man in this town in self defense, the coroner and everybody else was in a great hurry, and that the body was buried in the most convenient place. Last week we were struck with the idea of getting them all together in one common spot, and we bought an acre of sand lot of Colonel Hawkins for a ground work. Our green eyed contemporary got a hint of what was up, and he went blowing around town and did his best to head us off; he failed, however, and during the thaw we had the five bodies taken up, removed to what is already known as "the Kicker corral," and each grave designated with a white head board with the name paint ed neatly thereon. In the spring we shall see that each grave is covered with trailing arbutus—that is, if arbutus will trail in this country. The names, as they appear on the headboards, are "Moses, Pete, Jim, Sam, and Jack." We shall probably add a couple more to the list before the ides of May, whatever that is.

THEY DON'T ENTHUSE.

Every now and then some one who is dissatisfied with the course of the Kicker tobs up with a proposition to run us out of the country by establishing a new weekly in opposition. He goes blowing around, gets out a prospectus on a broken backed type writer, puts his own name down for five dollars, and that's the last of it. We've seen twenty such cases in the last three years, and they no longer make our hair stand on end and chill canter up and down our spinal column.

Two weeks ago we felt it our duty to caution the Mayor of this town that he was riding a high horse, and that he must come down to a mule or we'd take measures to make him. He carried an old shotgun around for three or four days, telling everybody he had camped on our trail, but it finally got too heavy for him and he sold it for $2 and got on the usual prospectus. We hear that he has thus far succeeded in raising $4 and a dog towards establishing a great newspaper here. By way of encouragement we will add a second dog, and we hope the Mayor will push his project for all it's worth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Making Him Toe the Mark.

Senator Philetus Sawyer, while Mayor of Oshkosh, Wis., says a New York *Tribune* correspondent, exercised also the duties of Police Magistrate. A friend of his feels it due to the Senator to rescue from oblivion a little incident of that time, which brings in strong colors his sterling integrity and kindness of heart.

"A case was tried before him one day," said my informant, "in which the woes of a young girl, who, in the language of Oliver Goldsmith, had 'stooped to folly,' formed a prominent factor. As he listened to the melancholy story, Sawyer's great heart rapidly warmed and bringing his big fist down upon the desk in front of him with a resounding 'whack,' he cried out:

"'The infernal scoundrel! I'll make him marry you before morning.'

"Bidding the poor girl wait, he sent out his bailiffs, who quickly 'ran in' the recalcitrant. He read the evil-doer a stinging lecture, winding up by assuring him that if he didn't marry the girl there and then he would peremptory send him to the penitentiary. The fellow consented, and the future Senator married them out of hand, not forgetting to preach to them a stern yet kindly homily upon the solemnity of their new relationship. Now, the joke of it is," pursued the narrator of this veracious little story, "that the beneficent laws of the 'Badger State' had utterly failed to confer upon the worthy Mayor and Police Magistrate any authority whatever to adjust the tie that binds, although he supposed they did; but the young couple went forth from his office happy and contented. Whether they eventually discovered that the ceremony performed by Mr. Sawyer was not wholly 'according to Hoyle,' and had it done over again in more approved legal style, I never learned; but this I do know, that like Prince Prettyman and his radiant spouse in the good old story books, 'they lived happy ever afterward;' and that in at least one Wisconsin household Senator Sawyer's name is loved and honored beyond that of any other man."

A Great Bridge.

The greatest bridge in the world was opened last week. It spans the Firth of Forth in Scotland, is 8296 feet long, two of its spans are each 1710 feet, is 150 feet above high water, and was nearly