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SINGING OF YOU.
Blossoms and blossoms and blossoms! and
birds singing of 'em so sweet!
Pressing the down of their bosoms 'gainst the
flowers that fall at your feet!
Clinging and swinging and flinging their
souls to the heavens so blue—
O, sweet to my soul is their singing,
because they are singing of you!
Singing of you
In the dawn and the dew—
Singing of heaven and singing of you!
Singing of heaven and singing of you!
Blossoms and blossoms and blossoms! and
just sparkling with beautiful pearls,
Twinning themselves for your tresses, and fall-
ing and kissing your curls!
And all the birds swinging and flinging their
souls to God's heavens of blue,
And my soul dreaming soft in their singing,
because they are singing of you!
Singing of you
In the dawn and the dew—
Singing of heaven and singing of you!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

BLACKMAN'S GULLY.

BY H. M. HOKE.

It was cold January night when James Blake, on his way to Mary Graham's home, came through the dense woods crowning the top of Blackman's hill. The night was long remembered in the neighborhood. A heavy snow had fallen the previous day, succeeded by a rain which a sudden north wind had frozen to a slippery crust. The moon, one night on the wane, was a half hour above the eastern mountain, silencing the long stretch of snow, and turning the ice on the trees into diamonds. Blake stopped a moment on the summit of the hill, to admire the spectral beauty of the night, and to cast an awed glance down to the hideous gully into which the steep and jagged side of the hill fell. The place was upon the farm of young Rodney Blackman, and ever since the accident death or murder of the elder Blackman there many years before, it had been regarded with aversion and horror by the country folk.

It may be that Blake stopped, too, more firmly to set his courage for his errand. He was a prosperous young mechanic in Templeton, the village whose lights twinkled in the valley to his left, and was going to learn Mary Graham's final answer to his declarations of love. Beset by the customary obstacles, the principal being elusiveness or coquetry on Mary's part, he had wooed her for two years. He was now determined to have the question settled that night.

Mary's father was a well-to-do farmer. Mary herself was a vigorous country girl, who might well have been an ideal of rural beauty, and who set upon herself an estimate by no means too low. She was not backward in making known the standard by which the successful wooer must measure. Whether James Blake so measured was a much discussed question in the locality. It was admitted that he was an ideal of muscular and honest manhood, and if his means did not quite equal Mary's prophesied dowry, he had a capital of vigor and determination well worth taking into consideration.

Another of the obstacles had been set up by Farmer Graham. He declared that, having no son of his own, the man who won Mary must come and live on the farm and learn to care for it after he was gone. To many this would have been—and, indeed, was—more of an inducement than an obstacle, but Blake was interested and successful in his business enterprises, and he stoutly asserted that the woman he married must leave all for him. It was to adjust this difference, as well as to get a final answer from Mary, that he knocked that bitter January night at the front door of the Graham farmhouse, and was bidden "Come in!"

Mary sat knitting by the wood fire in the capacious chimney place, and seldom have hearth flames brightened a prettier domestic picture. James put his hat on the table, pulled a chair over near her, and after a few preliminaries, began to state the purpose of his call.

"Mary, do you know how long I've been coming to see you now?"

"It must be," she replied, pausing mischievously, as if she did not know the exact time to the day, "a year, anyhow, isn't it?"

"It was two years ago yesterday."

"Is it, indeed?" she said, in captious astonishment. "I wouldn't have thought it."

"Mary," he said, in mild censure, "I'm serious to-night, and I'd like you to be, too. I think you remember as well as I do that it's two years since the first night I brought you home from the protracted meeting in Templeton. I have told you often that I love you and want you for my wife, but you have been pleased to turn away the subject, and I see you are disposed to hold me off to-night. I want to tell you that I came to get yes or no."

He paused, and she looked up in real wonder at the decisive tone marking the last statement.

"Yes, I'm in dead earnest to-night," he continued. "What is your answer?"

There was no sound save the clicking of her knitting-needles but she gave her head an independent toss, and pursing her lips in like spirit, she replied—

"And suppose I don't choose to give you any answer to-night?"

"Well, no answer this evening will mean 'no' to me. You have had time to find out if you can love me as a husband, and if you cannot tell me now I'll think you don't want me, and I'll never ask you again."

"Very well," she said willfully, "you needn't be so anxious to go to

Templeton to live anyhow. I'm satisfied here. There are plenty of young men who'd be glad enough to come here to live as father wishes. You are the only one that refuses to, and I'm sure no one is trying to compel you. Why, even Reginald Brown, with all his money and his fine house, was here this afternoon, and told me he was willing to come any time."

"Reginald Brown," he exclaimed contemptuously.

Brown was the richest young man of the neighborhood, and therefore considered the best catch. It was asserted that Mary Graham would never marry Blake as long as there was a chance of capturing Brown, and the former well knew of such opinion. Brown had been West for a number of years, and there had been whispers of wild, if not criminal, doings there, but in view of his financial worthiness, they remained whispers and finally died away.

"Take care what you say about him," said the girl, a note of alarm escaping her. "He was here to-day, as I said, and he is very bitter against you. He did not threaten you openly, but he said many things to show that he hates you and that he means to be even with you for the snub you gave him at the meeting last week."

"Just like the coward," Blake said angrily. "To come with his threats to a woman. Why doesn't he come to me and make them?"

"Reginald Brown is a man not to be defied," Mary said, putting down her knitting to conceal the trembling of her hands, "and you had best not be so outspoken. If he should hear you, you might regret it."

"Pshaw," he cried impatiently, "I'm not afraid of him. If you want him, Mary, just say so; don't try to scare me away."

She looked doubtfully at him a moment; then anger flashed over her face, and she said:

"I'm not trying to scare you away. Mr. Brown has probably the same right to consideration as you. He was here to-day, as I have said, just as you came to-night, to get a final answer from me."

"And what answer did you give him?" he asked impulsively.

"Have you a right to ask that? But I will tell you anyhow. I gave him the same answer I will give you. I will give it to anyone until I am ready. I have no answer to give you to-night. That is your answer."

The young man rose slowly, took his hat from the table and walked toward the door. Deep despondency was upon his face as he turned there, and said:

"Mary, I see it all now. You love Brown. You love him when he comes to you, trying to win you by threats of a rival. That isn't manly."

"Haven't you done just as much? You have called him names to-night."

"He deserves them. I don't fear his threats and I'm going to leave you to him. I'll take the liberty, though, of saying that you'll never be happy with him. I repeat that he is a coward. Good-bye."

He turned again, and with sudden impulse she moved one hasty step toward him, but determination came back to her face, and she restrained her impulse and let him go out. He hastened down the walk to the road, and turned aside into the path leading past Blackman's Gully.

Mary walked back to the chair and resumed her knitting, but soon let it fall to the floor. She was restless: looking into the fire a moment, then rising and walking to and fro. Once she put on her shawl and a red hood and stepped to the door, but there she stopped, took them off, and with a forced laugh said: "Nonsense, it was only imagination, or the frost on the pane," and sat down again by the fire.

"Of course it was only the frost," she repeated. "I am like a child. But I didn't do wrong. If he is so independent about not wanting to come here to live, I can be independent, too. And then the way he demanded my answer. I just won't stand it, and I'll—"

She was interrupted by the distant crunch of the frozen snow under running steps. They came rapidly nearer, and when they turned into the yard, she leaned up and stood ready to receive the comer. Her father hurried in, his face pale and startled.

"Mary, get a bed ready at once," he said. "There have been terrible doings this night."

"What?" she asked forbodingly.

"You will know soon. A man has been thrown over into Blackman's Gully. As I was coming home I saw him lying part way down the steep side, where he had lodged against a tree. It's mighty lucky it's moonlight, or he'd have frozen to death, if he's not already. I roused the neighbors and they're bringing him here. Be quick and prepare the bed."

"Father," she asked, tremulously catching his hands, "tell me right out. It's James; I know it's James. Isn't it?"

"Yes, it's James."

The willfulness with which she had driven him away died now like a spark on the hearth, and gave place to an anxiety which would have rendered her helpless to get ready for his coming had not her father sternly bade her obey.

The unconscious man was brought in and placed in the bed. While a physician, who had accompanied the carriers, was examining his injuries, Mary followed the men down stairs, and was thoroughly active and earnest now, and calling their attention in the sitting-room, she said:

"Men, Reginald Brown has done this. I know it. He was here this afternoon and he threatened Mr. Blake. Mr. Blake was here to-night, and when I told him of Brown's threats he called him a coward. At the moment he called him a coward I saw a face in the window there. I told myself at the time it was ~~not~~ the shape

of the frost on the pane, but now I know it was Brown looking in. He heard Mr. Blake call him a coward, and he has pushed him into the gully for that and other reasons. Go and do your duty."

The accusation was as a draft of air upon their smouldering hatred of Brown. The whispers of the life he had led in the West sounded again in their ears as loud corroborating voices. There was not a man in the crowd to whom James Blake had not shown his fairness and generosity. Of course the scoundrel Brown had committed this deed. He had thought to cover the act under the probability that a man could easily slip into the gully on such an icy night. One of the men, a burly, resolute fellow, who had often denounced Brown, constituted himself leader and marched the crowd off to Brown's residence.

Notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, he was rudely taken from the house, hurried before a Justice, and lodged in jail to await the result of Blake's injuries. These were a broken leg and rib, and an internal injury which the doctor pronounced serious. In addition, he had been almost frozen. Had he not providentially lodged against a tree, he would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks in the gully, or, escaping these, would surely have perished in the awful cold of the night. The narrowness of the escape sent a shudder through all the community, and as the facts of the case were freely and closely discussed, opinion as to Brown's guilt became fixed, and indignation increased as the horrors of a lonely death in Blackman's Gully were graphically detailed.

Meanwhile, with remorseful solicitude, Mary Graham watched over James through the long hours of unconsciousness. He was near death; but at last one day, when she and her father sat by the hearth, talking in alternate hope and despair, the doctor came down from the sickroom and told them that the young man would live, that he had just come out of a quiet sleep; and that, in view of the seriousness of the charge against Brown, a question as to his guilt would not harm the sufferer.

Mary and her father ascended to the sickroom, and James feebly welcomed them.

"James," said the farmer, "do not excite yourself at the question I am going to ask. You know, I suppose, that you were found down in Blackman's Gully. A man is in jail accused of pushing you down, and a word from you will decide his guilt. Did Reginald Brown push you into the gully?"

"Brown pushed me into the gully?" Blake repeated, weakly, but in great surprise. "Why, what made you think that? Of course he did not. I was careless, and I slipped on the ice and fell down myself."

Farmer Graham hastened away, and James, reaching out his trembling hand, asked:

"Mary, I know I mustn't talk, but how about my answer? Are you ready yet?"

"Oh, James, how cruel I was to you," was all she could say; but he knew from it what the joyful answer was—an answer which he was only too glad to meet by relinquishing his resolution not to come and live on the farm.—Yankee Blade.

Cast-Iron Pillars.

"Have you ever noticed," said a St. Louisian, "those massive iron pillars now standing erect in the basement of the new Planters' House? Well, did you ever stop to think of the immense weight they will be compelled to support steadily for many, many years? Oh, you have? But I suppose you have thought the manufacturers just made those pillars and sold them without knowing anything about how much weight they would bear or how long they would bear it. Let me tell you about that."

"Those pillars are cast in the same manner as cast-iron stoves—by running the liquid metal into sand molds; but alongside of each pillar is cast an iron bar from the same metal. The bar is precisely an inch square and five and one-half feet in length. When cold it is subjected to a very simple test. Each end of the bar is placed upon a table and weights are suspended from the centre by a rope. It must bear a tensile weight of 500 pounds to the square inch. The test may begin with 400 pounds and be gradually increased until the bar is found to be perfectly supporting the required weight. If it breaks, for instance, at 480 or 490 pounds, then the pillar cast from the pot of metal which cast the bar is discarded, broken up and put into the pot again, with more pig iron added. The pillars, you know, are largely made from scrap iron, and the manufacturers cannot know the strength of the cast until it is tested. The addition of pig iron, in the event of failure, brings the cast up to the standard."

Growth of a Snake's Rattle.

The growth of the rattle of the rattlesnake has been studied by Doctor Feokistov, who finds that the rattle is frequently shed; and, after being shed, the rattles were kept in a very warm room, in three or four months two rattles were present, their appearance having nothing to do with the casting of the skin. The snakes were made to register the vibrations of the rattle on smoked paper, and it was found that the vibration was a compound one, consisting of the vibration of the tail as a whole, and of the rattle independently of the tail vibrations. The approximate figures of vibrations were for the tail seventy-five, of the rattle 110 a minute.—New York Independent.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS.

THE INDICTMENTS QUASHED.
THE DELAMETERS WILL NOT SUFFER FOR WRECKING THE MEADVILLE BANK.

MEADVILLE.—In the Court of Quarter Sessions Judge Henderson filed opinion quashing the indictments, nine in number, against the Delameters for embezzlement. The Courts action is severely criticised by the depositors of the wrecked bank.

MAN FROM IMAGINARY GYPSIES AND WAS DROWNED.
HUNTINGDON.—Glen Dewey, aged 6 years, of Paradise Furnace, while running from imaginary gypsies, fell in Big Trough creek and was drowned.

THE DEADLY OIL CAN AGAIN.
GREENSBURG.—The other night a 13-year-old daughter of John Griffith, living near Ligonier, lost her life while attempting to kindle a fire by the aid of kerosene. The can exploded, her clothes took fire and she burned to death.

MRS. JACK RILEY AND MRS. T. McDONOUGH.
Westmoreland county were sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and undergo imprisonment for three months for illegal liquor selling. J. Nugget was fined \$500 and six months to jail for the same offense.

AN EPIDEMIC SIMILAR TO THE DISTEMPER is afflicting the cattle in the vicinity of Espey, Mercer county. A large number of animals have died, and about 50 are seriously sick with the mysterious disease.

AT POTTSVILLE, John Jones has been hanged out of \$2,500 by three strangers. They represented themselves as book agents and sold books in the store. The victim is 70 years of age.

AT HOMESTEAD the 33-inch mill has broken the record. Friday a finish beam 185 feet long was rolled; 119 feet was the highest record before.

EMER BLAIR was run down by a Pennsylvania Company car at New Castle street crossing. Blair lived near Stoneboro. He died in a few hours.

THE COMPTROLLER of the currency authorized the First National Bank of Verona, Allegheny county to commence business on \$50,000 with the following officers: R. B. Elwood, President; George S. Marcum, cashier.

THOMAS RODDY, attorney for the Delameter creditors, declared he will ask for a writ of habeas corpus for Crawford county grand jury. The creditors are angry at the new turn of affairs.

SIX VALUABLE COWS belonging to Manager Taylor, of the Robeson Iron Company Reading, were killed by order of the State veterinary surgeon. They were afflicted with pleuro-pneumonia.

THOMAS MCINTYRE, aged 14, of Whitney, carelessly handling a revolver and the weapon discharged, the ball taking effect in his side, producing a probably fatal wound.

BY A MAJORITY of 888, the voters of Huntingdon decided to bond the town of the town by an additional \$50,000 for street improvements. The entire town will be macadamized.

MICHAEL DILLON, a Philadelphia & Erie railroad watchman, shot and fatally wounded Patrick McWizgan at Erie. McWizgan attacked the watchman because he had interfered with a man who was taking company coal and was beating him when he was shot. McWizgan was killed, once in the head and once in the breast.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE LEGISLATURE.
The following table shows the standing of the state ball league:

W	L	Pct	W	L	Pct
Easton	7	1.875	Harrisburg	4	4.500
Johnston	9	2.812	Scranton	4	4.500
Pottsville	2	1.000	York	2	2.000
Altoona	6	4.500	York	0	0.000

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SEVENTY-SECOND DAY.—In the Senate tonight these house bills passed finally: To establish a board of arbitration to settle questions of wages and other matters of variance between capital and labor; to provide for more effectual protection of the public, and to amend the laws relating to sheriffs, marshals or policemen by sheriffs and mayo.

IN THE HOUSE nearly 100 bills passed first reading, and the following bills passed second reading: To amend the laws relating to the examination and licensing of practitioners of medicine and surgery, and to further regulate the practice of medicine and surgery; to amend the laws relating to the examination and licensing of practitioners of medicine and surgery, and to further regulate the practice of medicine and surgery.

SEVENTY-THIRD DAY.—In the senate to-day these House bills were passed finally: To enable borough councils to establish boards of health, to authorize the election of a chief burgess for three years in the several boroughs, who shall not be eligible for the next succeeding term of office; to establish a medical council and three State boards of medical examiners, and to provide for the examination and licensing of practitioners of medicine and surgery, and to further regulate the practice of medicine and surgery.

SEVENTY-FOURTH DAY.—In the Senate the bill was passed finally authorizing water companies to relocate roads destroying water to acquire land to preserve water supply from contamination. These also passed finally: For establishment of state naval militia; for preservation of county records; to authorize county commissioners to procure, bind and preserve weekly newspapers published in their counties; for punishment and prevention of cruelty to animals; to require public records to be kept in English language; to authorize notaries public to administer oaths in divorce proceedings; to empower the quarter sessions to fix place of holding general elections.

SEVENTY-FIFTH DAY.—In the Senate the bill was passed finally by the senate to-day and is now ready for the governor's consideration. After some routine business the Senate adjourned.

SEVENTY-SIXTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

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SEVENTY-EIGHTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

SEVENTY-NINTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTYTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-FIRST DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-SECOND DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-THIRD DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-FOURTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-FIFTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-SIXTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-SEVENTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-EIGHTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

EIGHTY-NINTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

NINETYTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

NINETY-FIRST DAY.—Senate was not in session.

NINETY-SECOND DAY.—Senate was not in session.

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NINETY-FOURTH DAY.—Senate was not in session.

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SOLDIERS' COLUMN

IN NEW MEXICO.

Sibley Invades the Territory, but is Soon Driven out of It.



COL. LORING, commanding Department of New Mexico, also Colorado of the mounted rifle regiment, stationed at Fort Union, turned over the Department to Col. Sibley, he being the next in rank. In the Spring of 1861, deserted, and made his way into Texas to join the South. In a few days Sibley also turned over to Col. Canby, he (Sibley) following Loring. The writer belonged to the 4th Missouri regiment, transferred to 3rd U. S. Cav.

After Sibley had arrived safely in Texas we heard that he was getting up a force to invade the Territory, which turned out to be the fact. He started with about 1,500 or 2,000 men to march up the Rio Grande, which the wild-goose chase for them. Canby fortified himself at Fort Craig, thinking that the enemy would attack him in the fort. But when they arrived after their journey (this was in February, 1862) they undertook to pass Canby and proceed to Santa Fe. Canby was compelled to come out and attack him, and the result was that the Union forces were defeated with the loss of their battery of guns and nearly all the artillerymen killed.

The next day the enemy started on their way for Santa Fe, leaving Canby behind. My company was for Fort Union; also a few squad of infantry and a battery of two guns. We were ordered to Santa Fe to remove the Quartermaster's stores for Fort Union. After remaining there a few days, and finding the enemy was not advancing close on us, we were compelled to evacuate Santa Fe. A comrade by the name of James Fitzgerald and myself were sent to Denver, Col., with a dispatch to report the first Colorado regiment. We were to cross the mountain direct to Denver. On the second day of our journey we encountered snow so deep that we were compelled to change our course. After traveling three days we learned that the troops were on another route from the one we were ordered to take.

On the fourth day we overtook them near Fort Union and delivered our message to Col. Slough. Then we returned to our company at Las Vegas, on the 14th of April. This force consisted of one company of cavalry and about 10 companies of infantry, numbering about 1,500.

By this time the enemy were in Santa Fe, and about to move on to Fort Union. Canby and his force were far back in the rear. Col. Slough was ordered to Santa Fe to meet the advance of the enemy. We found them in Apache Canyon, about 15 miles from Santa Fe. This was in the afternoon. The Colorado cavalry were in the advance, and ahead saw something like a brass cannon and charged for it. They were fired into from the mountain-side, and passed down the road; some were wounded.

At this time my company deployed to fight on foot, and came down upon this band and took the whole rebel force, about 90 of them. At this time the charging party were returning without accomplishing anything. The Lieutenant, when he returned and found that the charging party was so delighted that he took up one of the rebel guns, raised it with both hands by the barrel and brought it down with force to the ground, when it was fired, and killed him. He was the only man killed at this time.

By this time the sun was going down. The prisoners were then sent back to the rear. We saw two men emerge from the bushes a good distance off with a white flag. We met them and they said: "You have the better of this day. We will show you something to-morrow." I was sent back to Headquarters with a dispatch to make arrangements about a truce. If I remember right, the truce was made at Fort Union the next day (the 27th of March, 1862). About 10 o'clock of the above date we met the whole rebel force. My company was in the advance, and was ordered to reach the ridge just above Pigeon's Ranch, and the rebels got the best of us there. We were compelled to retreat, and fall back the whole day. We were nearly surrounded, but we were able to get away in any shape. I think the wolves got the most of them.

Canby and his force had not arrived, and it was a day or two before we were ordered to retreat. When we received orders to hasten on and join Canby, which took some time. However, on the night of the 14th of April we found ourselves in camp with Canby's force at a place called Peralito, some distance down the Rio Grande, and at daybreak we found the enemy was encamped just across the river from where we were. Boots and saddles were sounded and in a few minutes everything was in readiness to charge the enemy, who in the meantime threw a few round shot at us. At this time the wind raised and blew a regular hurricane, drifting sand in such a way that we were compelled to lie down and wait for it to fall. This was on the 15th of April.

The next morning we found the enemy had gotten the start of us again, and we were obliged to make a forced march in order to overtake him, which we did some time in the afternoon. Our forces were on one side and the enemy on the other side of the Rio Grande. They were followed in this way for several days when they disappeared, and we never got sight of them again. This put an end to the invasion of New Mexico by the rebels.

In conclusion, I will say for my company and myself that we were surprised and delighted to see such a fine lot of officers and men as were the 1st Colo. I am also sure the rebels were surprised but not deluged. Has it not been for their timely arrival we could not have held the place.—JOHN E. BAISEY, in National Tribune.

Sicilian Earthquakes Continue.

Earthquakes continue to occur almost daily in Sicily. Saturday Palermo, Trapani and the Island of Ustica, off the Sicilian coast were shaken violently. Many buildings were injured and are likely to fall should the shocks be repeated.

HEAVEN is only a step from the penitent sinner, but millions of miles from the hypocrite.