JANUARY.

O WINTER! Frozen pulse and heart of fire!
What less is theirs who from thy kingdom turn
Dismayed, and think thy snow a sculptured urn
Of death! Far sooner in midsummer tire
The streams than under ice. June could not hire
Her roses to forego the strength they learn
In sleeping on thy breast. No fires can burn
The bridges thou dost lay where men desire
In vain to build.

O Heart, when Love's sun goes
To northward, and the sounds of singing cease,
Keep warm by inner fires, and rest in peace.
Sleep on content, as sleeps the patient rose.
Walk boldly on the white, untrodden snows.
The winter is the winter's own release!

—[H. H., in January Atlantic.

HOW MARION GOT HIS RIFLES.

The close of the year 1780 was a sad period for America. The British held the country from Charleston to the upper Santee and in order to complete their conquest had established a chain of posts throughout the State, each of which was strongly fortified and defended by a good garrison. Organized resistance to the Brisish actors in the struggle were the men who composed the famous "light brigade" of General Marion.

The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This is a piece of high river swamp, as it is called in the Carolinas, and was surrounded on three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable. Here Marion had his camp. From this fastness he issued forth at pleasure to ravish the enemy's granaries, or capture a straggling party of his troops. Secure in his retreat, he had no fear of pursuit.

In the city of Charleston, the despotism of the British was at its height; the proud-spirited people of that capitla were held down by a grinding tyranny. Many of them were still open and uncompromising in their hostility to the English, while others, thinking they could best serve the cause in that way, affected a hearty submission to the conquerors, and were seemingly the most loyal of all King George's subjects. Yet, while the English saw this and congratulated themselves upon the good effect it would have on the colonists, these very loyalists kept the American commanders constantly informed of all that passed within the British lines, and many a disaster of the English was in this way directly attributed to them.

One of these persons w[illegible] lady of fine social position and great wealth. Indeed there were few persons in all Charleston over whose submission to the crown the British were more elated than they were over that of Mrs. Anne Garden. She was a young and beautiful widow, just twenty-five, and for several years had been the standing toast of the beaux of the Carolinas.

When the British took the city, she was the first to submit to the king, and since then her house had been the favorite gathering place of the red-coat gentry. Many of Mrs. Garden's friends, who were staunch patriots to the last quietly cut her acquaintance, and shook their heads in silent indignation when her name was mentioned, and as for Gen. Marion, he could have told tales that would have startled the widow's Charleston friends, had it been safe to do so.

While Marion was creating so great an excitement beyond the gates of Charleston, Mrs. Garden resolved to give a ball. Preparations were made on an extensive scale, and the loyal element of the city was in high feather. The splendid mansion of the young widow was dressed with flowers from cellar to garret, and blazed with lights on the evening appointed for the assembly, and the band of the garrison discoursed sweet music to the assembled crowd.

The entertainment was at its height, when the crowd near the door suddenly parted, and a young man came forward hurriedly. He was tall and splendidly formed, and carried himself erect with a proud, martial air. He was dressed in a uniform of an officer of a tory legion, and his general appearance was that of a man who had ridden far and hard during the day. As the young widow saw him her face flushed and then grew deadly pale, and she sprang forward with a cry of alarm.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, hurriedly.

"You will see," he answered, quickly, in a low tone. "Only for Heaven's sake swear black and blue to what I may say!" Then he added, calm, and in a louder tone, "You see, my dear cousin, I have come back to my allegiance."

"I am delighted to hear it," she replied, warmly, taking the hint at once, "I never thought your heart would cling to the rebel cause."

"Faith," he said, laughing, "if my heart had clung to it, my stomach would have driven me from it. I'm not fond of starving, my fair cousin, and King George lives well, you know. Hereafter Thomas Wilson lives and dies a loyal man."

Colonel Watson had been standing [illegible]y, and during this conversation, stepped forward to the lady's side.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked somewhat sharply. "He seems wonderfully familiar."

"Oh," replied the lady, "he is my cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Wilson, and, as you will perceive, is in his majesty's service."

"You seem rather careless of your dress, considering the occasion, sir," said the Colonel, tartly. He was annoyed at the great interest which the lady had shown in the new-comer.

"My business must be my excuse, Colonel," said the young man, respectfully.

"I am the bearer of a letter from Major Gainey, and my orders are to lose no time in delivering it. I have ridden hard all day, sir, and upon reaching your headquarters learned of your presence here. This lady being my cousin, I felt no hesitation in coming here at once, trusting for pardon to the urgency of my mission."

As he spoke he handed to the Colonel a sealed letter. Watson took it hastily and broke the seal. As he read it a smile of satisfaction overspread his features.

"This is very good," he said gleefully. "Gainey is picking up recruits by the hundred. Wants four hundred rifles, fifty sabers and some ammunition at once. Will I send them? To be sure I will. Have you wagons, Lieutenant?"

"No, sir," replied the young man. "Major Gainey was afraid to send them down. There's no knowing when or where one may meet that cursed Swamp Fox and his sneaking cut-throats."

"Very good," said the Colonel. "I'll furnish you with your wagons and a guard of fifty mounted men. You will start at sunrise in the morning, Lieutenant. Call at my headquarters at midnight, and you shall have the necessary orders. Now, sir, you had better take rest as you will need it."

"First let me offer him some refreshments," said the widow quickly. "He is tired and hungry, I know, and no guest must leave my house in such a state."

"Return quickly, then," said the Colonel. "I shall be miserable while you are gone"

The young man offered his arm to the lady and then left the ball-room; but instead of going to the dining-room, she led him straight to her chamber. locked the door, and then said anxiously:

"For Heaven's sake, Charles, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man did not answer verbally, but catching her to his breast, kissed her passionately, and, to be frank, the young widow did not resist him. It was all very natural, however, for you know, dear reader, they were only cousins.

"It means," he said at last, in reply to her repeated question, "that we want arms and I have come for them."

What else they said matters not now; but before they departed, Mrs. Garden seemed very well satisfied with the young man's explanation. They then repaired to the supper table, where the Lieutenant found ample refreshments. and the lady returned to the ball-room, where Colonel Watson was impatiently awaiting her return.

At midnight the Lieutenant called at headquarters, and, faithful to promise, Colonel Watson was there. The necessary orders for the delivery of the arms and ammunition and wagons to Lieutenant Thos. Wilson, of the loyal legion, were made out and the Colonel also placed in the young man's hands a sealed letter of instructions to Major Gainey. The rest of the night was spent in procuring the desired articles and at sunrise, the next morning, Lieutenant Wilson with his wagons and their contents, escorted by a guard of fifty men, set out for the High Hills of Santee, where the tory major's headquarters were located.

The wagons and their escort made good time, and by sunset were forty miles from Charleston. The sun was scarcely half an hour high, when Lieutenant Wilson ordered a halt, for the purpose of camping for the night. The mounted men fastened their horses to the trees, and removing their saddles prepared to cook their evening meal; the teams were unhitched from the wagons, and the command busied themselves in preparing for a comfortable night. Every one was busy and no one noticed that while these arrangements were in progress, Lieutenant Wilson had drawn off from the party, and disappeared in the woods that bordered the road. Suddenly there was a crackling in the brushwood, which caused the British troops to spring to their feet in alarm. As they did so a voice which sounded not unlike that of the young lieutenant, shouted loudly:

"Surrender, or you are all dead men!"

General Marion secured his prisoners, together with the arms, ammunition, wagons and horses, and set out after a rest of a few hours, for Snow Island. At the request of the bogus Lieutenant Wilson, he sent back one of the redcoats to Charleston with a note to Colonel Watson, informing him of the trick that had been played on him by the young officer—who so far from being a lieutenant in the tory legion was none other than the famous Charles Hampton, a captain in Marion's Brigade, who planned and carried out the affair successfully—thanking the Colonel for the excellent weapons and other materials he had sent him, and promising him to make good service with them.

The British commander was furious when he read the note, and saw the hoax of which he had been the victim. He went in haste to Mrs. Garden, but the fair widow had sailed for England. He was compelled to swallow his mortification in silence, and a few years later, when the war was over his chagrin was not a little increased by the tidings which reached him, that Mrs. Garden had married the young officer who had tricked him out of his rifles.—*N. Y. News.*

Foreign Funerals.

As I have said, though in a different sense, they make much of their dead abroad. I was struck by the contrast the day we reached home. Driving from the steamer, we encountered a hearse straggling down Broadway. It attracted as much reverential attention as would be paid to an ice-cart.

I happened to witness a picturesque funeral in Venice. It was that of a chorus-boy, in a church on one of the smaller canals somewhere west of the Rialto. I stumbled on the church accidentally that forenoon, and was not able to find it again the next day,—a circumstance to which the incident perhaps owes the fairy-like atmosphere that envelopes it for me. The building had disappeared, like Aladdin's palace, in the night.

They were performing a mass as I entered. The great rose window behind the organ and the chancel windows were darkened with draperies, and the colossal candles were burning. The coffin, covered with a heavily embroidered pall, stood on an elevated platform in front of the magnificent altar. The inlaid columns glistening in the candle-light, the smoke of the incense curling lazily up to the frescoed dome, the priests in elaborate robes kneeling around the bier,—it was like a masterly composed picture. When the ceremonies were concluded, the coffin was lifted from the platform by six young friars and borne to a gondola in waiting at the steps near the portals. The priests, carrying a huge golden crucifix and several tall gilt torches, unlighted, crowded into the bow and stern of the floating hearse, which was attached by a long rope to another gondola occupied by oarsmen. Following these were two or three covered gondolas whose connection with the obsequies was not clear to me, as they appeared to be empty. Slowly down the narrow canal, in that dead stillness which reigns in Venice, swept the sombre flotilla, bearing its unconscious burden to the Campo Santo. The air was full of vagrant spring scents, and the sky that arched over all was carved of one vast, unclouded turquoise. In the deserted church were two old crones scraping up the drippings of the wax candles from the tessellated pavement. Nothing except time is wasted in Italy.—T. B. Aldrich's Travel Sketch, in January *Atlantic.*

"No More False Hair."

The crusade against false hair has commenced in several Parisian journals, and "No More False Hair" is a frequent heading. Fortunately no one re-echoes this cry. These writers not only demand a total disappearance of false hair, but they also advise ladies to have their hair cut *"a la* Titus." The Paris coiffeurs energetically protest against this heresy, this outrage, as it were, against reason and good taste. But that alone is not sufficient; English hairdressers, as well as those of every civilized country, ought to coalesce against the common enemy; they should be on their guard in reference to this idle talk, which some ladies might take to be in earnest, and that would seriously injure their trade by withdrawing, for a time at least, one of its most important branches. In order that hairdressers may know what to do under these circumstances, it is right that I should place the matter before them, so that they may provide an efficient remedy. The following extracts could have been read during last month in several journals:

"A change has just been made in the coiffure of women. The style of wearing the hair *'a la* Titus,' adopted by several ladies of fashion, marks the beginning of a reaction which will be completed before long."

"Women of common sense incline towards the exclusive use of the natural hair, and the following motives of indisputable value have led them to it. Science has victoriously demonstrated that the use of false hair was to be deplored from a sanitary point of view. Wherever it is applied it creates a dangerous heat, intercepting the perspiration, so necessary to the growth of the hair; it tires the head by its weight, and produces nervous headache. It is the cause of most illness from which women suffer."

"The more they have recourse to this auxiliary coiffure, suggested by clever professionals and welcomed with an awkward coquetry, the more women lose the chance they would have of reviving the fecundity of the scalp, where, from some cause or other, it has become barren. Science has taught women that the means to get beautiful hair consists in having it frequently cut, air and light being the two principal elements of life."

"A decisive argument in favor of a complete repudiation of the grotesque chignon in whatever shape it may be used is that it is often the cause of more or less serious quarrels. False hair, considered at its best, is a subter- against which the man sooner or later revolts after having succumbed to a fascination which is solely one of surprise."

Now in reply to all this nonsense I will observe that the fashion of wearing the hair *a la* Titus has been seen on less than ten fashionable ladies' heads in Paris. The reaction, therefore, can not have set in. Women of common sense still wear those high and long coiffures which become them so well; they continue to use false hair, which enhances their beauty and saves their natural hair, especially if it be used in moderation. Science has shown in an irrefutable manner that false hair, which is taken off every evening, and consequently rests on the head only for a few hours, can not be injurious to health and in no wise causes fatigue or oppression. As for the means proposed to get a fine head of hair, viz: to have it cut, I don't believe a woman would ever consent to the sacrifice of her greatest ornament if she could by any means avoid it. As for the so-called quarrels which false hair is said to have produced, they are simply the invention of writers hard up for news, who consequently have to invent some; for everybody knows that men nowadays are fully aware of the nature of the chignon, and that not one has rebelled against this habit which, so to speak, has become an institution and will long remain if hairdressers consult their own interests. Meanwhile Paris hairdressers have undertaken to produce ample coiffures only, such as necessitate the use of false hair. For instance, one of the latest inventions is thus composed: The front is slightly waved, all the natural hair being fastened on the top, serving also as a foundation for the additional hair, which is placed over it in the shape of soft puffs. A completely dressed chignon, composed of puffs and waves and terminating in long papillottes, or a straight-haired or a large waved catogan, is placed behind. Almost all coiffures, with the exception of some slight variations, are made in this style at present. During the lectures on hairdressing, which are about to commence, the professors have decided to impose the high and long coiffures this winter. Therefore there are good days coming for the postiche, notwithstanding what its detractors say against it.—*Paris Cor. London Hairdressers' Chronicle.*

The London Women's Printing Society, limited, just established, affords girls an opportunity of receiving thorough instruction in type-setting and the lighter branches of printing. After a month's trial the girls enter upon a three-years' apprenticeship, during which small but increasing weekly wages are paid.

Yonkers *Gazette:* As she took up he old man's stocking and looked at the hole in the heel, she raised her specks up a little higher, and exclaimed: "Well, it's an open question, darned if it ain't, whether to patch or darn," and her eyes moistened as memory carried her back to the golden days of her girlhood, when she picked blackberries all the livelong day and never a stocking on.

The Detroit *Free Press* nominates the widow of Gen. Custer to be postmistress at Monroe, Michigan.

Industrial.

THOMAS G. ORWIG, Solicitor of Patents of the IOWA PATENT OFFICE, at Des Moines, reports the following U. S. Patents issued to Western inventors:

NOVEMBER 21, 1876.

As a Trade Mark for Cigars—"The representation of an artesian well and the words 'La Flor de Prairie du Chem,' to John Elbling, McGregor, Ia.

Tuck-Markers for Sewing Machines—Allen Johnson, Ottumwa, Ia.

Mode of Hanging Reciprocating Saw-Gangs—Oliver C. Meigs, Dubuque, Ia.

Axle-Grease—Marten Anderson, Elkhorn Station, Neb. Soap, sulphur, coal-dust and water in a heated state is "run off" into moulds to form pieces that can be conveniently applied by placing them in lubricating chambers fixed over axles.

Electro-vapor Baths—Thomas W. Johnson and J. N. Cherry, Keokuk, Ia. A cover similar to a carriage top, unfolds and covers the patient in the tub.

Current Water-Wheel—D. O. Benjamin, Lawrence, Kansas.

Thills—Washington Benson, Grinnell, Ia. The thills are curved laterally, to allow the horse in the shafts to walk in one of the tracks made by a double team.

Wagon-Brake Levers—Josiah B. McAfee, Topeka, Kansas.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle		$	
Hogs—Live		7 50 @	8 00
Sheep—Live		5 50 @	6 00
Flour—Good to choice		4 00 @	4 75
Wheat—No 2 Chicago		1 27 @	
Corn—Western mixed		60 @	60
Oats—Western		35 @	36
Eggs		25 @	26½
Butter		15 @	20½
Pork—New Mess		17 00 @	17 25
Lard		10 30 @	10 35

CHICAGO.

Beeves—Choice		$ 4 85 @	5 15
Hogs		5 85 @	6 00
Sheep—Good to choice		3 60 @	4 25
Butter—Choice to yellow		14 @	20
Eggs		20 @	21
Flour—White winter		4 00 @	5 00
Spring extra			
Wheat—Spring No 2		1 14 @	1 12½
Corn—No 2		47 @	47½
Oats—No 2		32½ @	32½
Rye—No 2		61 @	
Pork—Mess, new		16 00 @	16 50
Barley—No 2			85
Lard		9 75 @	

ST. LOUIS.

Beef Cattle—Fair to choice		$ 4 75 @	5 00
Hogs—Live		6 70 @	6 90
Flour—Fall XX		3 25 @	4 25
Wheat—No 2 Red			1 25
Corn—No 2		40½ @	
Oats		35	32½
Rye—No 1		60 @	62½
Pork—Mess		16 75 @	17 00
Lard		10 25 @	

CINCINNATI.

Flour		$ 5 75 @	6 00
Wheat—Red		1 10 @	1 22
Corn		47 @	48
Oats		31 @	39
Barley		80 @	1 00
Rye		65 @	
Pork		16 25 @	
Lard			10 25

MILWAUKEE.

Flour		$	@
Wheat—No 2			@ 1 15
Corn			@ 48½
Oats—No 2			@ 31½
Barley—No 2			@ 56½
Rye—No 2			@ 62½

DES MOINES.

Flour—Wholesale		$ 2 00 @	3 00
Wheat—new		85 @	1 20
Corn		18 @	
Oats		21 @	26
Barley			
Rye		40 @	45
Eggs		15 @	17½
Butter		17½ @	20
Hogs		4 75 @	5 30
Cattle		2 25 @	3 50

One trial of Dobbins' Electric Soap [I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,] will make you a firm believer in its merits ever after. Give it that trial, please. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

J. R. Billings, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Manufacturer and wholesale dealer in all kinds of tinware, plain tin, copper and sheet iron ware; pressed and japanned ware, and table glassware; also, rags and metals. Cedar Rapids has quite a number of good wholesale houses, but none is doing a better business than the above named house and there is no house in his line in the State that is doing as fine a trade. The house has a number of traveling men that visit all parts of our State. To all interested in his line we would say it will pay you to call, as he can give you goods at eastern prices. Call and see him at 53 Iowa Avenue, in his new block.

In all cases of doubt lean to the side of mercy and in all cases of aches and pains try Ellert's Daylight Liver Pills.

Never squander a moment for we are never sure of an hour, neither delay the purchase of Ellert's Daylight Liver Pills.

It is now admitted by Doctors, Druggists and ruptured people that HOWE'S SPRING PAD BELT TRUSS is the best and easiest known. The Factory is at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Box 1170.

☞ Uncle Sam's Harness Oil will make old leather soft and pliable as when new, and prevent the ripping of the stitches. Try it.

☞ For influenza, or horse distemper, there is no better remedy than Uncle Sam's Condition Powder.

For eruptive diseases of the skin, pimples and blotches, Vegetine is the greatest remedy, as it removes from the system the producing cause.

☞ Are you suffering with a cold, cough or any bronchial complaint? If so, go to your druggist and get a bottle of Ellert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry. It is the best known remedy for all such complaints. Sold by all druggists.

Help for "Hard Times."—Read the advertisement elsewhere on this subject. You can not expend a small sum just now better, than to get the help there offered.

☞ Worms in horses can be cured by the use of Uncle Sam's Condition Powder.

☞ F. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness, attended with symptoms: indisposition to exertion; loss of memory; difficulty of breathing; general weakness; horror of disease; weak, nervous trembling; dreadful horror of death; night sweats; cold feet; weakness; dimness of vision; languor; universal lassitude of the muscular system; enormous appetite, with dyspeptic symptoms; hot hands; flushing of the body; dryness of the skin; pallid countenance and eruptions on the face; purifying the blood; pain in the back, heaviness of the eyelids; frequent black spots flying before the eyes with temporary suffusion and loss of sight; want of attention, etc. These symptoms all arise from a weak state, and to remedy that, use F. F. KUNKEL'S Bitter Wine of Iron. It never fails. Thousands are now enjoying health who have used it. Take only F. F. KUNKEL'S.

Beware of counterfeits and base imitations. As Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is so well known all over the country, druggists themselves make an imitation and try to palm it off on their customers, when they call for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is put up only in $1 bottles, and has a yellow wrapper nicely put on the outside with the proprietor's photograph on the wrapper of each bottle. Always look for the photograph on the outside, and you will always be sure to get the genuine. $1 per bottle, or six for $5. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

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Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. KUNKEL, 759 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular. For removing all ordinary worms, call on your druggist and get a bottle of KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. Price, $1.

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Mo. Val. Junc., 3:05 a. m.	Mo. Val. Junc., 6:22 p. m.
Grand Junc., 1:28 p. m.	Grand Junc., 11:10 p. m.
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