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lay upon her death-bed, with the sorrowing story of her sin, her flight and her return. At the end she said: "Praise God for me, my sister. The psalm sang up to heaven, their souls all fled, but the look of peace upon Angela's face, the look of them she had never heard the music cease, and the weeping sisters crowned her with hawthorn and laid her in the tomb."

And it has been said that it may be something is hidden in the mystery. Never removed from a book, as known; have we not all and this a very strange thing? It is not possible. Did we not hear the music of his wings, and feel it near us? We lost it in the day of our first trial. And now we live in a far-off world, we are not to be filled, soon or late. No matter how long we live, we are always in the land of the living. We are always in the land of the living. We are always in the land of the living.

Jeremiah C. Dayton was the right flank corporal of my company. No wonder he was on the right flank, for he was by long odds the biggest man in the regiment. There were one or two who slightly overtopped his six feet three and a half in his stockings, but they were smiling, nerveless, narrow-chested fellows, whom "Jerry" could twist around his thumb if it came to a muscle.

Where Jerry hailed from originally I never knew. He enlisted in New York in the spring of 1862, and I fancy, had at the time been swaggering about among the Bowery boys and living off the admirers of his insatiable good nature and unparalleled biceps. But I have never known to what section is due the credit of raising so glorious a specimen of the pugilist man.

Take it all in all, I believe Jerry Dayton was essentially the biggest man I ever saw. It was I who enlisted him when I was at home in New York, during March, 1862, the bearer of certain papers to Governor Morgan; and when I took him to the surgeon for examination I noted down all his measurements as a matter of curiosity. Here they are:

Height, 6 feet 3 inches; chest, 44 inches; shoulders, 39 inches; round forearm, 14 inches; round biceps, 18 inches; round thigh, 22 inches; round calf, 15 inches; weight, 196 pounds.

Did I think any peer-fighter ever entered the ring that could beat that? And yet Jerry was not fat. He was rather the opposite. When he was stripped, his muscles stood out free from adipose tissue, and showed the same security of movement like those of a thoroughbred after training. Added to these, a bull-neck and a good looking, jovial face, hands like the paws of a gorilla, but small feet, his appearance was that of a giant.

lootenant, first squall we got into, an' 'd Jerry Dayton don't run, then I'll go bog his parlin for thinkin' so mean on him. If Jerry had'n't been hited he'd ha' killed me to much to let me go in 'listin' to 'd w'at he say. After the bushwhackers day we was 'sided the orderly, 'but I've always had a shrewd notion that he was lame nearer the region of his heart than his feet."

It was at Fair Oaks. We had been here for some time, and about the middle of the day we were ordered to march to the front. I had glanced at Dayton several times, but had noticed nothing beyond the fact of his fine, athletic build. He was not unusual at such times on the part of the bravest of men, I paid no heed to that.

But finally we reached the edge of the swamp, and deployed to the line behind a swamp, and the swamp was so deep that whose underbrush screened us almost entirely from view. Before us lay an open clearing about a quarter of a mile in length, across which we were ordered to march. We had marched a good part of the distance at a double quick, and the men were too busy picking their way through the swamp to notice anything, but half their thoughts to the rattle of small arms and sharp artillery fire, which showed us but too plainly how our men were being borne back. And the cry of the regimental march gave me time to look at the dead bats and pelicans to skulk out of the ranks.

While thus engaged I turned toward the corporal, and noticed that he looked as if he were having a chill. He was shivering with an ague fit, but each man was intently watching the panorama before us, and only his close neighbors seemed aware of his condition. But all at once there was a loud explosion above our heads, and in the company on our right a shouting and confusion broke out.

"Steady, men, steady!" It's nothing but a shell! Close up your ranks!" came from the officers of the adjoining companies as well as from the general Dayton. As soon as our line was reformed, I came up and down in rear of my company—I was in command—speaking words of encouragement to the men, and when the front rank began to waver, I promptly and efficiently; above all things cautioning them to reserve their fire until the right moment, when they should re-charge.

Dayton was a good soldier. To be sure, he had not been in action as yet and so had not had a chance to show his mettle; but he was obedient and attentive to duty, intelligent and upright. He seemed sometimes to dislike to enforce orders when the men made any objection or resistance, but this was only because with his own lenient impulses, and never called for more than a passing criticism. Take it all in all, he was on the high road to a great career, and his career, though it had been taken up as only a temporary one.

Dayton was one of my favorites. He was always willing, my eager, to be of service to me. He would do anything to help whenever there was any work to be done about my quarters; and, besides his enormous strength, he possessed steadiness and aptitude at work in no ordinary degree. He was intelligent, and he wanted a thing done Jerry would have started to do it; and all manner of little conveniences, such as a shelter of boughs in front of my tent, or a wooden box for my trunk, or a camp table and chairs, grew up around me whenever we remained a few days in one place, under the delectable and willing hand of Corporal Jerry Dayton.

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