

THE JOURNAL.

ENLISTED FOR LIFE.

Obed God and never fear the devil. Men are not saved by bundles; God saith to each one, 'How is it with thee?'

In the matter of doing good, obligation ceases only when power fails. Senator Teller says Colorado has recovered from the silver fright and is all right.

A quorumless Congress is not a very promising start for the New Year. Active hostilities have begun between Honduras and Nicaragua.

John L. Sullivan will challenge the winner of the Corbett-Mitchell fight, provided the Governor of Florida is not the man.

One of the deplorable results of the stringency of the times is the enforced retrenchment of our colleges. Harvard is under the necessity of dismissing two professors and four instructors.

'Rev' Howard, alias John Lord Moore, the international swindler who has been on trial the second time at Jackson, Ten., for violating United States postal laws was on last Monday found guilty on twenty-two counts of the indictment.

The Democratic caucus at which the tariff and other matters of business of the House will be discussed will be held some evening this week. So says Representative Holman, the chairman of the Democratic caucus.

It is the experience of workers among the poor in New York that the wonderful size and number of our generously endowed public charities is wrongfully used by men of moderate means as an excuse for not doing their share of relieving distress and poverty.—New York Herald.

Governor McKinley, in his message to the Ohio Legislature, recommends a short session and as little legislation as possible. Had the Governor shown as great wisdom when he was in the legislative business it would have been well for both the country and himself.

Romeo Pagliastro, who concluded that he liked this country well enough to become a citizen, applied for his naturalization papers in New York one day last week. The judge asked him who was the chief Executive of the United States and was surprised to learn that it was 'Tammany Hall.' Romeo had no room off with his papers.—Star.

In spite of a few disasters that it has offered the world, '93 has been a very kindly and decent twelvemonth. It has brought many good things. There was the World's Fair, for example, and Christmas came as usual and so did the Fourth of July, while cholera and famine stayed away.—Boston Transcript.

NO QUORUM. When Congress assembled, after the recess, nothing could be done because no quorum was present. Honest country people who witness the activity of candidates wonder that gentlemen can be so anxious to obtain a position for which they have so little taste after their election.

The Democratic party in Congress is in the majority and ought to be able to command a quorum whenever the house is in session. The idea obtains that a congressman has a free and easy life, spent very largely amid the salubrity of Washington Society.

Now, if there is any class of men who have no right to spend their time in the pleasures of sin for a season it is the members of Congress. The people are impatient of delay. For many years Democratic papers and public speakers have been saying, 'Put the Democratic party in power and it will remove the burdens that press so heavily on the necks of the people.' Very well. The people credited these declarations and it is the part of common honesty that the party fulfill its promises.

But, the absence of a member of Congress from his place in the House must not be taken as conclusive evidence that he is neglecting his official duties. Congressmen very often have business at the departments, and just now some of them are engaged in the very laudable work of turning the rescala out. They have not been very successful, but Mr. Greely, at least, is very hopeful of reaching satisfactory results in the near future. However, this very important duty should be performed at times when there is nothing of much importance pending before Congress. Legislative duties have precedence over all others. Republicans are ever upon the alert, and it will be a sad condition of affairs should a reform measure be lost, or an obnoxious bill, passed because of the absence of Democratic Congressmen.

A keen winter twilight, where the few tracks of snow had long faded into coils, gray clouds, a melancholy wind walling its corncob round the hospital building and groups of black-green pines seeming to be together as if shrinking invulnerably from the bitter air truly the color of frost was not very cheering, and Cortland Almy turned his face wearily away from the little white curtained window to the fire whose scarlet glow faintly illuminated the long room.

'Shall I never get well?' he murmured to himself, as some careless movement sent a thrill of pain through his wounded side. Harry Baker was contentedly smoking his cigar upon the piazza of the regimental headquarters, where Dr. Herbert's hand was laid upon his shoulder, as the old man said: 'Do you know anything of that young Lieut. Almy, now in the hospital?'

'Of course I do; we are from the same place.' 'Can you explain his dejection in any way?' 'Why,' said Harry, 'you see, doctor, there's one thing, but that doesn't account for it; the girl don't live that's worried him more than three days.' 'A love affair, eh?' said the surgeon, quickly.

'Not that exactly, but you see, he was partly engaged to a girl up there, and there's a rumor that she is going to marry some other fellow.' 'Couldn't you step into the hospital this evening and chat with him awhile?'

It happened that Cortland Almy was surprised that selfsame twilight by the apparition of Lieut. Baker. Harry was in his element on a battlefield, but the sick room was decidedly another affair—he was ill at ease in that wilderness of white beds, with the red eyes of the two dyes gleaming sullenly from either end of the room.

He advanced on tiptoe and laid his hand on Cortland's burning palm. 'Getting along pretty well, old fellow?'

'I believe I am, thank you, Baker. His draw forth a huge packet of letters without further preliminaries. 'I got some news from Welbyford yesterday week,' he said. 'Shall I read you what my sister says about the folks there?'

'I do not wish to trouble you—thank you, all the same.' 'Oh, it's no trouble,' said stupid Harry, elevating his heels on the end of the bed.

'My Dearest Brother: I hope the woolen stockings came safe by hand and that the flannel shirts—oh, pshaw! Agnes Moore is sitting by me while I write, and says send her— Nonsense, that's not it! Oh, here's a bit of news—Charles Carlton's wedding came off last night, and Alice went with the groom, so she would be, by far the prettiest girl in the room, in her white muslin and long veil. They're going on to Washington, and you must call and see Alice in her new capacity of wife.'

Harry Baker was so quick and bright, in blank dismay, suddenly recollecting that Alice Tracy was the girl whom Cortland Almy had loved. 'Confound!' he ejaculated to himself, and stumped headlong into a description of some of 'Squire Elton's' most penny carriages.

When at length he had faithfully read every word, postscript and all, he drew a long breath and looked up. Almy's face was turned away and the long, black lashes lay motionless on his pallid cheeks.

'Asleep, eh? Guess I'll let him have his nap out.' And treading on tiptoe he made his exit. But Cortland Almy was not asleep.

'So the doctor thinks I shall die, he murmured, as his quick ear caught the whispers of Baker and the attendant. 'Well, let it be even so. I have drunk life's bitterest cups to the dregs, and now there remains nothing but to die!'

'How blue and bright the next day's sky was as it bent lovingly over the winter earth! Cortland Almy felt the genial influences of the atmosphere, sick and weary though he was, and had fallen into a brief slumber when a bustle in the room brought him back to the dull sting of his wounded side and the heavy burden of life.

In fair way of his very youthful friend, Harry Baker, who was now in the hospital building and groups of black-green pines seeming to be together as if shrinking invulnerably from the bitter air truly the color of frost was not very cheering, and Cortland Almy turned his face wearily away from the little white curtained window to the fire whose scarlet glow faintly illuminated the long room.

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A Graphic Letter of the War.

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A Cry in the Night A MOTHER. A Mother's Plea for Little Children's Health. See how the Little Child saves its life by the Prompt Use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Inflammations of the Throat and Lungs. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold everywhere.

JOE SMITH'S REMOVAL. A public notice regarding the relocation of a business or residence.

Public Notice. A notice regarding legal proceedings or court matters.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR. A publication for farmers and agriculturalists, providing information and advice.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Advertisement for a children's medicine.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. Advertisement for a cure for consumption.

BLUE FRONT STABLES. Advertisement for a stable or farm facility.

THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL. Advertisement for a newspaper.

Advertisement for a local business or service.

Gold-Wave Coming. Advertisement for a product or service.

HEATING STOVES. Advertisement for heating equipment.

MONEY, Gold Silver or Paper. Advertisement for financial services.

Mortgages Sale of Land. Advertisement for land sale.

THE AMERICAN FARMER. Advertisement for a farming publication.

Select Cotton Seed. Advertisement for cotton seed.

Peterkin Seed. Advertisement for seed.

Advertisement for a local business or service.

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