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THE NEWS. ESCANABA, DELTA COUNTY, MICH., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875. NUMBER 4.

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CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22.—A memorial was presented in relation to the improvement of the Ohio river, and a resolution giving a pension of \$500 per month to the widow of John H. ...

THE SOUTH. A FIRE IN St. Louis on the 23d destroyed the tobacco factory of W. & B. ...

WASHINGTON. The Washington Chronicle editorially urges that no change be made in the position of ...

FOREIGN. GERMANY.—It was reported that the ...

THE BLACK BELT. An Omaha dispatch of the 23d says ...

ADVERTISEMENTS. THE TONSORIAL ARTIST. BY E. GLASER.

TOLD AT NIGHTFALL. It was a stormy September evening. Guy Urquhart and his respected wife—Charles E. Ellingston, painter—were sitting in the studio window of his delightful little villa at Rosedale, near ...

When I came to Italy to study art, Guy and I kept up a pretty brisk correspondence for about a twelve-month ...

THE PATENT OFFICE AFFAIRS. In a recent debate on an appropriation for the Patent Office, Hon. Leonard Myers gave a statement of special interest to inventors. He said ...

A GREAT WORK. The state of Massachusetts has at last accepted the Hoeian Tunnel from the contractors, and now contemplates ...

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When Capt. Ringwood left of speaking looked up, meaning to say something, but forgot what it was, and only stared at him silently.

"I don't know how many hours I remained lying on the sofa, with my eyes shut, in that strange torpor; but it was night when I opened them and found my wife standing by me. She had lit the gasolene on the chimney-piece, and was stooping down over me. She started upright as my eyes opened. She did not avoid them. She continued to stare at me, arching back her ...

"I was quite unconscious of smiling; but she darted at me and struck at my throat. I caught her hand; this time she had a penknife in it, and I felt that she was about to plunge it into my side. I was quite through with her. She had been so kind to me, and I had loved her so, and she had done this to me! I was ...

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Virley. Little winged god that flies On the pale grey and blue, Fly not with the falling snows. Fly not, for my heart reposes Underneath those wings of thine, Little winged love that flies, Though the falling snows fall, But one rosebud, that I prize, Fly not with the falling snows! Any rosebud flower that blows in Harbor for thy heart and mine, Little winged love that flies, And all last when autumn closes, And the chilled flowers die, Fly not with the falling snows. I will wear that winter coat, Of chrysanthemum and blue, Little winged god that flies, Fly not with the falling snows.

Miscellaneous Items. "I am very happy," said a French mother, "I have a son-in-law, and daughter, everybody domestic, and daughter whom no one talks about."

PAIDY'S description of a fiddle can not be beaten: "It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose. He turned it over on its belly and rubbed the back with a stick, and out, by St. Patrick, how it did squeak!"

"How do you do, Salina; how do you do, I ain't you in such a time! How is you, now?" Salina, grasping the old dandy's hand and giving it a cordial shake, "I'm still a kicking, thank you, Uncle Tom, but I ain't kicking high. How 're you getting on?" Uncle Tom, liberally, "Well, Salina, I'm still sticking together—in spots."

"How much is your stick cost?" inquired a boy of a steady dealer. "Six sticks for five cents, six sticks for four cents, four for three cents, three for two cents, two for one cent, and one for nothing." "I'll take one," the boy walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment.

A LONDON audience listened quietly to a singer and rapturously applauded Handel's accompaniment. This marked preference manifested in the singer's threatened Handel if he ever played such a trick again, he would jump down upon his instrument and put an end to the interruption. Handel was exceedingly amused at this. "You will jump, will you?" he said. "Yes, yes, yes, so kind and tall me you will jump, and I'll advertise it in the bills."

A GENTLEMAN traveling through one of the most picturesque portions of the White Mountain region, saw a farmer at work, and, being of a sociable disposition, approached the man and conversed with him. The farmer, who was gratified by the attention, concluded to show him the surrounding scenery, concluding with the remark, "I suppose, my friend, you enjoy this glorious view; that people come so far to look at it." "Why, yes," was the response, "but if I had the sort of these hills I'd make 'em a little peaker."—Boston Evening Transcript.

