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"SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD."

Dear woman, in the dream of life,
Adorned with every winning art;
As mother, daughter, sister, wife,
She melts the soul, she charms the heart.
Without her, what was lordly man?
A rainless cloud—a fruitless tree—
A world without a sun—a plan
That ever incomp.ete must be,
Her fost'ring care, devotion, love,
Seem inspirations from above.

In childhood's hour, beside her chair,
She calls the fragile form;
She clasps her tiny hand in prayer,
Safe sheltered from the storm.
Yet man, ungrateful man, the dart
Of falsehood hurls with skill;
And when he's won a woman's heart
He seeks his love to kill.
Her lot is to be tried; though pure,
To sigh, to suffer and endure.

Oh, mothers of a race unborn,
'Tis yours to speak those grand decrees
That herald in the promised morn,
The waiting world's Hesperides.
Ye are the molds of heralds strong
Who guard and glorify our lives;
The seas, in song, shall roll along
Beneath the splendor of your smiles,
The beautiful and good shall reign,
The sinless Eden bloom again.

Ma's Old Bean.

BY CARL BRENT.

The recent revelations concerning deed forgeries at a trial in Chicago have reminded me of an incident that occurred a few years ago, in the vicinity of St. Louis, which seems to me to be worth relating.

Clara and Mary Merwin, sisters and orphans, were in the sitting-room of their pleasant home on the edge of a village near the Missouri. Their mother had been dead several years; their father had lately died, leaving them an estate, as they supposed, of the value of some forty thousand dollars, but they had learned quite recently that the property was encumbered to such an extent that they were likely to be deprived of it all. The discovery as may be supposed, filled them with sadness and anxiety, and they were seated in silence, unable to read, to converse, to do anything but brood over their great misfortunes.

While they were thus occupied with somber thoughts, a buggy drove up in front of the house, and a man alighted, and the buggy drove away.

The man must have been a little on the shady side of fifty, to judge from his gray hairs, although his face was fresh and unwrinkled. He was dressed with remarkable neatness, and his manner indicated briskness as well as precision. In one hand he carried a small valise, and in the other an umbrella, and he stepped quickly to the door and rang the bell. In a few minutes he was ushered into the presence of the young ladies.

"I'm obliged to introduce myself" he said. smiling and bowing in a courtly manner—"Abner Pierce. Here is my card—professional card. You will perceive that I am a lawyer in St. Louis, and presumably a respectable man. Don't be afraid; I am not here to hurt you, but to help you. I have the honor to call myself a friend of your family—that is to say, although it has been many years since I have seen any member of said family, I always had the highest possible respect for your now sainted mother, and nothing would please me better than to be of some service to her children."

"We are happy to meet you" murmured Clara.

Thank you. I happened to hear—no matter how—that you are in trouble, and have come up here in the belief that I can assist you. I hope that you will feel that you can trust me. I am actually an honest man, although a lawyer, and I mean well, although I may exprsss myself clumsily."

"I am free to admit," said Clara "that we need assistance and advice and that we have not known to whom to look for it."

"Very well. It is a good thing, no doubt, that I have come. Now sit down and tell me all about it."

Clara Merwin who was the elder of the orphans, and the leader in everything, told how she and her sister had taken out letters of administration upon their father's estate, when a man of whom they never had heard before put in an appearance, and presented a mortgage, with bond included, executed by the late Mr. Merwin upon his real estate, for the sum of forty thousand dollars. Not content with prohibiting them from attempting to sell any thing, he had tied up their money in bank, leaving them absolutely penniless. They had used their credit, but tradesmen were becoming impatient, and some had refused to supply them any further without pay.

"This is a bad case," said Mr. Pierce. "You need money—that is the first thing to be attended to. You must let me act as your banker until I get you out of this scrape, and that wont be long, I hope. How much do you owe?"

"More than one hundred dollars," answered Clara.

The old gentleman counted out two hundred dollars from a well-filled pocket book, and handed it to her.

"For your mother's sake," he said when she refused to receive it, and he forced it upon her in such a way that she could not help taking it. He then accepted the young ladies' invitation to make their house his home during his stay, and went into dinner with them.

"Is there any place I can smoke?" he asked when they had returned to the sitting-room.

"You can smoke here" said the impulsive Mary. "Pa always smoked here, and we are used to it."

So he took a meerschaum and tobacco from his valise, and was soon puffing away with an air of great contentment.

"I can think better when I smoke" he said. "Did you have any legal advice in the matter of that mortgage, Miss. Merwin?"

"Yes sir" replied Clara. "Our lawyer said it was a plain case against us, although it was strange we had never heard of the mortgage before."

"Very strange. What is the name of the man who holds it?"

"Alexander Campbell."

"Hum! A good name, but a bad man I'm afraid. When and where can I see him?"

"He will be here this afternoon," answered Clara. "He proposes if we will make him a deed of the real estate, to give up the bond and mortgage leaving our money in bank and the rest of the personal property."

"Very liberal. Introduce me to him when he comes as an old friend of the family, and not as a lawyer."

Mr. Alexaner Campbell called in the course of the afternoon, and was made acquainted with Abner Pierce, at whom he looked suspiciously; but his eyes fell when he met the old gentleman's intent and piercing gaze. Mr. Pierce glanced but slightly at the deed that was offered for the consideration of the young ladies, being occupied in studying the countenance of the man in whose favor it was drawn.

"I can't decide upon it just now," he said, at last. "As a friend of these young ladies—standing as I may say, *in loco parentis*—I must make a few inquiries concerning the value of this property. Suppose you come after supper, Mr. Campbell, and suppose you bring that mortgage with you. I have no doubt it is all correct, but would like to see it."

Mr. Campbell assented to this, and withdrew. Abner Pierce filled his pipe with nervous haste, but also with tobacco, and Mary brought him a light.

"I think you have some good news for us," she said: I can see it in your face."

Not bad, my child. I hope and trust it is very good. A good name, but a bad man, I said, and that is true. I think I see my way out of this difficulty, and the money I lent you is safe, but you musn't interfere with me, young ladies or be surprised at any thing I say or do, or object to it. You must trust me, and let me work in my own way."

After supper when Abner Pierce had enjoyed another comfortable smoke, and had conversed with the girls concerning their mother as he had known her in her youth—a subject upon which he grew quite eloquent—Alexander Campbell came in bringing the deed and mortgage, both of which he handed to Mr. Pierce for examination.

"I have made inquiries concerning the property" said the old gentleman, "and am satisfied that it is not worth more than the amount of the mortgage, and would probably bring much less if sold at foreclosure. Your offer is a liberal one; but I must first look at the mortgage. This appears to be correct" he continued, when he had examined the instrument. "It is properly acknowledged and the signature is undoubtedly that of Philip Merwin. I suppose the young ladies will have to go to the county seat to execute the deed."

The girls' countenances fell at this sudden surrender on the part of their champion.

"This reminds me," said the old lawyer picking up the mortgage again, "of an occurrence that fell under my observation in Tennessee. Not that the two cases are alike, as the Tennessee case was undoubtedly a fraudulent affair; but there was a similarity in the circumstances. Don't look so downhearted, young ladies. What will be must be, and it is useless to cry about what can't be helped. As I was about to say a man died in Tennessee, leaving a widow and one daughter. The widow was about to administer upon his estate, when a man who was unknown came forward and presented a mortgage similar to this and for exactly the same amount. It was examined by lawyers who were familiar with the signature of the deceased and pronounced correct, although there were something strange about the affair, they could find no flaw in the instrument. It was particularly puzzling to one of them, who thought he had transacted all the law business of the deceased. He got hold of the mortgage and brought it to me when I was in Nashville. I happened to have in my possession a very powerful magnifying-glass that had been presented to me—the most powerful single lens I had ever seen. With this I examined the mortgage, and soon discovered that 'forty' had been raised from 'four.' There was no mistake about it. I could easily see the marks of chemical erasure, and the difference in pen and ink, between the 'raised' and the rest of the instrument. How the rascal got into the Register's office, I dont know; but the record there had been altered in the same manner. He ran away, and it was not considered worth while to follow him. Strange circumstance, wasn't it Mr. Campbell?"

Mr. Campbell was fidgeting uneasily in his chair and made no reply.

"Here is the glass," continued the old gentlemen, taking it from his pocket, and you can see for yourself how well it magnifies. Now, as I look at this 'forty'—why bless me the same signs are visible I saw in my Tennessee mortgage? I think you will be obliged to drop this, Mr. Campbell. My Tennessee man's name was Alexander Bell, and he has added a Camp to it since he came to Missouri."

Campbell, his face red as flame, reached out his hand for the document.

"I believe I'll keep this Mr. Campbell, for fear of accidents. What, do you think you could take it by force? Here is something that shoots five times. Going, are you? Very well; I don't think you will be molested, if you leave this part of the country, and never return to it. It is barely possible that the estate of Philip Merwin may really owe you four thousand dollars. If so I advise you not to try to collect the debt, as such an attempt would land you in the penitentiary. Good-night, Mr. Campbell, and farewell."

"What is it? "What does this mean?" asked Clara, as Mr. Pierce, rubbing his hands and smiling, bustled about to fill his pipe.

"Are you so dull, my child?" Why the fellow is a swindler, and has been found out. I guessed as much when I first heard of the affair, and was sure of it when you told me his name. You will soon be able to pay me my two hundred dollars, and then we will straighten up matters. Thank you, Mary, you are very kind to give me a light."

"Dont you mean to punish him?" asked Mary.

"It would hardly pay. We could put him in the penitentiary, but you might lose four thousand dollars by the job. By trying for forty thousand, he has lost the four that may have been justly his due. He will be far from here by morning, I have no doubt and good riddance to him. Ah! this is comfortable. I know that I feel better, and I hope you do."

The girls were sure that a great weight had been lifted from their minds and hearts. Alexander Campbell, alias Bell, decamped, and Abner Pierce stayed a week with the orphans, during which time he arranged all their affairs satisfactorily, and won their lasting gratitude and love.

"How can we ever thank you for all you have done for us?" said Clara when he was about to leave.

"It was for your mother's sake, my child. And for her sake, if I can ever help you, all I have is at your service."

Abner Pierce has made visits to the orphans frequently since the event above narrated, and they have always had a cordial welcome for "ma's old bean."

Captives to the South.

We take the following article from the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The *Chronicle* is a Radical paper, but we have seldom seen a more severe rebuke administered to Radical editors whose stock in trade is the bloody cross and bones of the rebellion:

If it were not for the outrageous conduct of a certain class of Southern persons in certain Southern localities, the Republican party would not have thunder enough to make another campaign. As it is, the people of so large a portion of the Southern country are behaving so well that there is danger lest the political armory of the Republicans be despoiled of some of its most formidable weapons. As we are not politicians and do not hope for continued outrages for use as compaign material, we accept the improved and improving condition of things as an omen of peace and as the promise of the speedy coming of a better time. From all quarters there comes the information that throughout the Southern States (always excepting certain parts of Louisiana and Mississippi) there is growing up a better and more generous feeling; that the relation between the two races is assuming a kindlier form; that industry follows order, and with industry and order there comes progress and prosperity; that Southern communities are more hopeful, and see in the future a more brilliant promise and are looking forward to the time when the old fraternal feeling existing between the North and South shall be inaugurated. Disraeli tells the incident in his story of "Lothair" that certain Countesses and Peeresses went from England on a winter tour to Rome, and were converted to Catholicism, whereupon their husbands went in hot pursuit to reclaim them, when they, too, went over to the church of Rome. Horace Greeley once went South, and through his generous sympathy became an advocate for justice to the Southern people. Attorney-General Williams has made a short tour, and we are informed, "that his opinions are greatly modified." Vice-President Wilson is now hobnobbing over Southern mahogany, saying all sorts of kind things to "patriots formerly in arms against the Government." We sent down a Congressional Committee—Foster, Phelps and Wheeler—and they returned filled with the idea that Southern people are neither all bandits nor half as bad as represented. The New York *Tribune* sends Nordhoff to write up the Southern outrages, and he not only does not find any, but gives the great body of the Southern people a character for general respectability. W. D. Kelly, a most reliable ultra Republican from Pennsylvania, goes south, and lo! they capture him, and he returns sorry that he voted for the Force bill. Even Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts only found ugliness in spots. We demand one further test: Let Ben Butler be sent to New Orleans, and if he brings away his scalp with neither ear detached, we shall be disposed to believe that the reports of Southern feeling have been overcolored; if he comes back paying compliments to Southern society, eulogistic of Southern ladies, and bringing a testimonial that he could be trusted with Southern spoons, we shall think the war has ended and shall rejoice thereat.

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Sunset Cox.

His Views of Grant, as Given in a Speech at Columbus, Ohio.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

There is one way in which the Republicans are right in endorsing Grant as a judicious and able statesman. They are right in defending him, for he is exactly their representative man. He suits them. He is the man that has made all this trouble with the Force bill and attempts on elections. Those troubles that have destroyed the South came from his red right hand. The Republican party ought to be ashamed for thus forever discarding such a true and just exponent of their principles. What has he not done, what doesn't he do, what does he doesn't do? [Laughter.] In summer time where does he go away? He goes to Long Branch. He goes out junketing. He goes philandering around the country all summer. Off he goes and his Cabinet after him, and his chiefs of bureaus and his clerks of bureaus following him all through; from the biggest whale to the smallest tadpole go philandering. I rode upon a steamboat as it ran upon the Mississippi river many years ago, which was called the Lively Sally. They always had a string band aboard, and were singing and dancing, and dancing and singing, and fiddling, irrespective of any other steamboat that flew up before, behind or about her; but fiddled away, up the side and down the middle, give us the tune with flute and fiddle.

That is the way they are going with our Federal administration—Credit Mobilier, back-pay, double salary, junketing at Long Branch, Indian treaties, third term—up the side and down the middle, give us the tune of flute and fiddle. [Laughter and applause.]

It was not so in the old Jackson Democratic days. They didn't rally and tally and keep up this business on the Lively Sally in that sort of a way in those old times, and yet the American people are called upon seriously by gentlemen who really have at stake the interest of themselves and posterity and the interest of liberty and property, they are called upon by Grant's letter indirectly and by praising his statesmanship as capable and judicious to give him one more term on the Lively Sally. I don't think they will do it next year.

I heard the other day when I was up in Connecticut, a friend of mine make a speech, in which he illustrated this by a story. He said if Grant was not nominated by the Republicans, he would burst the party, and if he was nominated, the people would burst him and the party, and said that it reminded him of an old Baptist preacher out in one of the territories, in old times. He took his text to preach from, some place in the Bible—I cannot tell where, you can read it through and find it, as Dr. Olds used to say—he took the text which ran in this way: "Once in grace always in grace, for your feet shall be as hens' feet." [Laughter.]

"Now brethren," said he, "as you know the peculiarity of hens' feet—they have three toes in front and one in the rear, so that it can never slip up backward—once in grace always in grace, for your feet shall be as hens' feet." [Renewed laughter.]

I heard of a fellow who went out coon hunting the other day and brought down a good fat coon. He skinned it, and thought he would sell the skin. He took it to the furman in town, but he said he didn't want it; that it was the wrong season of the year. The fellow told him it was a good skin, but no doubt he didn't want it. "But," says he, I have put a great deal of labor on that skin, and I will let you have it at half price." "I don't want it at any price," said he. "Well, stranger," replied the coon hunter. "I know you don't, but it is a good skin, and you may take it." "I will not give it store room." The fellow, who had on an overcoat, put it in his pocket loose and started down town, determined to lose it. He had not gone far until he found it was gone, and he felt glad that he had got rid of it, when a little boy coming up behind him, cried out: "Stranger, here is your coonskin." So he said he could not sell it, could not give it away, nor could he lose it.

Once in grace, always in grace, for your feet shall be as hens' feet; and so it is with Grant—you cannot sell him, you cannot get rid of him, and you cannot lose him; once in Grant, always in Grant, for your feet shall be as hens' feet. [Great laughter and applause.]

The Circulating Medium.

In 1830 the entire circulating medium of the United States was but $76,801,092; consisting of $24,937,165 in specie, and $51,863,927 in bank paper—an average of about $3 to each inhabitant, man, woman and child, of the entire population. Now, with a population of 40,000,000, the circulation medium is as follows: Legal tenders, $375,000,000; national bank notes, $340,000,000; fractional currency, $45,000,000; specie, $150,000,000; total, $910,000,000; an average of $22 50 to each inhabitant; over seven times as much circulating medium in proportion to the population as in 1830.

Do the laboring and producing classes, who are now clammoring for expansion of the currency—for cheap money to make better times—ever consider the effect of expansion by comparison of the products of their own labor with the increase of the cost of living which such expansion implies. In increasing the circulating medium seven fold, who has profited by this apparent increase of national wealth? In 1830, skilled labor could command from $6 to $12 a week, and good board could be obtained for $1 50 a week; in cities from $2 to $3 a week. The price of labor has not doubled since then, while the cost of living trebled and quadrupled, in all the necessaries and luxuries of life. While fortunes have accumulated in gigantic proportions, the numbers of comparatively rich men have not materially increased, and the increase of poor men has become alarming, rapidly tending to that condition of society pertaining to aristocratic countries, where the privileged few abound in wealth and luxury, and the toiling hang upon the verge of starvation. In all our commercial centres that condition has already been reached.

The tendency of capital, like that of political power, is always to aggregation, centralization and monopoly, perpetually stealing from the many to enrich the few, and it is too often the case, from which popular government is not exempt, that combined capital controls and directs political power, constraining labor and the laboring classes to the most oppressive and humiliating exactions, whereby the poor man's sweat only goes to manure the rich man's soil. We have abundant examples of this in our own country. The increase of money beyond the necessities of labor and commerce invariably tends to this condition of affairs from which the masses derive no benefit. The richest countries of the world in money are those which are most greatly cursed by the poverty and oppression of their laboring classes. The losses by an irredeemable and depreciated currency invariably falls upon the producing classes, while the profits upon such marketable currency always inures to the money changers, adding to their accumulations and consequent power.

Presidential Pugilism.

His Excellency U. S. Grant Knocks a Negro Down—A "Bull-Pup" at the Bottom of the Row.

WASHINGTON, June 15, 1875.

To the Editor of the N. Y. World.

SIR:—That his Excellency President Grant hath a sneaking kindness for that friend of man and of the butchers' stalls, the "bull-purp," hath long been known. It may be a weakness in a great man, but it is an amiable weakness surely, and was shared by eminent personages so unlike each other and unlike President Grant as Alcibiades and "Lol the poor Indian. But it is not perhaps so well known that like some other notable human friends and allies of the "bull-purp" his Excellency is a stalwart pugilist. Yet such is the fact; and all Washington (within a certain charmed circle) is now quietly reveling in a recent illustration thereof. It is now, according to our City Fathers, in order to muzzle dogs, that the dogs may go visibly mad, and that black policemen *ad hoc* may be duly rewarded for putting an end to them. The President's friend and brother (in-law), Mr. Sharp, happened to own a particularly fine and striking dog of I know not what breed, but a personal and dignified dog presumably of no mean origin. This dog the other day was disporting himself in the area of his master's house, while his master, unseen of men, sat above in the embrazure of a window. Suddenly there appeared in the vicinity the State coach provided by the municipality for the comprehension of all "vagrom dogs," accompanied by certain dismounted negro Uhlans, whose duty and delight it is to catch canine offenders and either hold them to ransom or drown them promptly as in each case may seem best. One of these worthies espying the noble dog of Mr. Sharp, forthwith recognized a prize in him worth laying hands upon. The master of such a dog would not leave it to perish in the pound for the lack of a paltry five-dollar bill. So the thrifty son of Africa crept up to the area fence, and with soft words and whistles enticed the unsuspecting forth into the highway. There he seized upon his prey, and with the help of his fellows sought to force the animal, loudly barking and by no mean strength resisting this perfidious violence, into his fatal van. The racket brought forth Mr. Sharp, and recalling his deceived and foully captured favorite. The negroes turned a deaf ear to the demands of Mr. Sharp. A somewhat short and squarely-built personage, who had come out in company with Mr. Sharp interfered in support of what undoubtedly was the just and well-founded protest of the dog's next friend. To him, thus meddling with grave municipal questions, the burly black replied, not with words only, but with gestures bidding him "mind his own business" and seeking by a prompt pressure upon his shoulder to enforce the suggestion. Ill-fared the presumptuous child of Ham! For as his audacious hand was laid upon his interlocutor's arm, that interlocutor swiftly drew back threw himself "into position" and with one well-delivered blow from the shoulder sent the champion of the Washington "ring" headlong into the roadway, there to reel and fall prostrate and astounded even as Black Molyneaux, of Baltimore, fell in the presence of England's assembled chivalry, when smitten by the stupendous fist of Cribb. To gather himself up, to rush back upon his antagonist, to exclaim that in his person "the Law" had been struck down—all this was the work of a moment. "Stand off, you black shouted Mr. Sharp hastily putting himself in the way, "Stand off" this is the President of the United States.

* * * * * * *

Alas! alas! that the hand which signed the Civil Rights bill should, by black ingratitude, be brought to uses base as this!

Still it may be as well for Vice President Wilson, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Bristow, and the mob of Republican candidates to know, in the first place that His Excellency will not stand all kinds of nonsense, and in the second place that if His Excellency is not a very brilliant writer, he at least has been taught, and has not forgotten, how to make his fist intelligible by the meanest capacity upon occasions.

F. P.

Gov. Allen on the Third term.

[Cincinnati Commercial Report 17th.]

Something has been said with regard to the third term. There is no issue of that kind; not a bit of it. All my life I have been averse to calling things by something other than their true names. I never called a spade an agricultural implement; I called it a spade, because it was a spade, and I say that Mr. Grant's letter has no more reference to the third term than it has to the mountain and the Sermon on the Mount to which my good and eloquent friend alluded.

A third term for the man that starts out with telling the world that he has done such a big thing, that he has given up such a great remuneration for the big thing he has done as to pass from a life office to another office, and hints as strongly as words can hint that nothing but another office will remunerate him—and that is all there is of the third term nonsense; he means, a third term, a fourth term, a fifth term, a a life term, that is all. [Renewed laughter and applause.]

If he doesn't mean that why did he go into such a detail of reasoning to show that it would require an amendment to the Constitution to keep him from being elected as often as he chose. [Great laughter.] And then he closes up with the declaration that no such an amendment ought to be made, because it might work wrong one of these days; that it might be necessary to continue a fellow in office all his life. [Laughter.] Who dictated that letter? I don't know. I don't believe Babcock could have done it. I think Grant did it, because from the beginning to the end it expresses his supreme personality.

There is not one word in it of the welfare of the Government. You would not suppose he knew there was any such thing in the world as the American people, or of the existence of anything else in this great country but he—Grant—that is all. He stands in his own estimation insulated and alone, as cold and as passionless as an icicle three times girded by the Winter's frosts. He is frozen up; he is the thing within himself; he is to be all and the end of all. And these Republicans thought they were doing a big thing here in this city the other day, when they resolved against the third term. Why, Grant cares no more for that resolution than he would for a dream. The great probability is that when he read it he gave a sardonic grin and said, "Babcock, hand the bottle around." [Laughter.]

Few and Far Between.

The *Arcadian*, alluding to the death of Arthur Dwyer, and the no less sad fate of Henry Clapp as a warning to those who seek admission into what their fancy pictures as the enchanted realms of journalism, speaks so forcibly and withal so truthfully that we append a few sentences. "The prizes in journalism are few and far between. The life is an exhaustive and wearing one, and it is only men of extremely tough bodily and mental material who do not give way under the strain before they reach old age. Remunerative positions on the Press, even in New York, are few, and too often they are not secured by merit, but rather by money, influence and friendship. The precarious living picked up by occasional contributors and reporters barely suffices for immediate wants, and such positions expose one to the caprices of editors who are sometimes ignorant and not seldom unmannerly. Even those who secure editorial appointment do not get paid for their talent in the same ratio as they would if they had devoted them to other pursuits, and the necessities of their associations generally compel them to live quite up to their incomes. Young man, unless you possess exceptional talent and education, a strong physique, imperturbability of temper under injustice and hard usage, and an invincible determination to succeed; a temperament proof against constant temptations to excess and dissipation, and unwearying industry, you can never hope to rise above the mere rank and file of journalists. Possessing all these, you may, after years of arduous work, win distinction, and moderate compensation, but even then, you will not unfrequently be tempted to ask yourself whether 'the game was worth the candle.'"

The Cutting and Packing Company, on the Columbia, now have the largest net ever put out in the river. It is 340 fathoms (2,040 feet) long. It is tended by J. W. Barry, of Sacramento, and Joe Huntley, of Augusta, Maine, who thoroughly understand their business, and they take from two hundred to three hundred fine salmon each time they put out their net.

It is not true that the entire post-office and sub-treasury building in Boston are carpeted with Wilten carpet at $3 50 a yard. Only the principal offices and parlors are so treated; the rooms of inferior officers and clerks are covered with an inferior article costing only $2 a yard.

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