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D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.

D. C. IRELAND & Co.,

PUBLISHERS.

THE DAILY REPORTER is issued every day in the week except Sundays, and is delivered in the city at 10 cents per week. By mail, 40 cents per month in advance. Rates for advertising same as for THE WEEKLY REPORTER.

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Heaven.

Beyond these chilly winds and gloomy skies,

Beyond Death's cloudy portal, There is a land where beauty never dies,

And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,

Whose fields are ever vernal;

Where nothing beautiful ever fades,

But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,

How bright and fair its flowers;

We may not hear the songs that echo there

Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see

With our dim, earthly vision;

For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key

That opens the gate Elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky

The fiery sunset lingers,

Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,

Unlocked by silent fingers;

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,

Gleams from the inner glory

Stream brightly through the azure vault afar

And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!

Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine

Into these pastures vernal.

—Nancy A. W. Priest.

Statesmen's Wives.

History records that men have in the main, been made great by their wives. They seem to be the necessary complement to the successful ambition of men of brains. The most recent conspicuous instance is that of Senator Logan, who, by general acclaim, owed his greatness to his brilliant wife; and his widow is even now urged as Senator Logan's possible successor in the face of law and precedent.

Another instance is that of the wife of Congressman Morrison of Illinois, whose intuition is sagacity. When the house refused by a few votes to take up his bill for the reduction of the tariff, she at once telegraphed him: "Call it up again; keep them comfortable." There is a whole volume of wisdom in this inspiration of the statesman's wife.

High license is gaining ground as against prohibition.

An unusually large amount of good work has been done at the capitol since the session began.

The exodus of colored people from South Carolina is as natural as the flowing of a river toward the sea.

There is much concern felt in some circles on account of the president's condition. The danger is probably magnified by the death of General Logan, whose disease, before serious complications ensued, was similar to that from which Mr. Cleveland is suffering.

From Maine.

Some years ago my mother's health began to decline; nervous prostration ensued. She had no relish for food and could not sleep, and without strength of course she could not walk without experiencing a great fatigue. We used the ordinary remedies, but without any permanent results. Stimulants would refresh for the time being, but did not build up the system. We heard of Swift's Specific and its tonic effects. We secured several packages of the dry form—the powdered roots and herbs—and after using some half dozen packages my mother has regained her health and strength. She is more like her former self than she has been for years. She owes her present vigorous health to Swift's Specific. It is the best tonic I ever heard of. Orlando J. Hackett, Auburn, Maine, Nov. 15, 1886.

For sale by Rogers & Todd. Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., drawer 3, Atlanta, Georgia; 157 W. 23d street, New York.

Out of Sorts.

Many persons feel unwell, not absolutely sick, but in a state of discomfort. The liver is out of order. Take Simmons Liver Regulator. This unfailing specific for liver disease has restored more people to health and happiness than any other agency known on earth. No one can take the Regulator and remain unwell. Rev. R. G. Wilder, Princeton, N. J., says: "I find nothing helps so much to keep me in working condition as Simmons Liver Regulator."

The Recent Blockade.

It seems strange indeed to us, so mildly and so very pleasantly surrounded as we are, that within thirty miles of Portland, only a little distance east of us, such a storm should have prevailed as is reported by the Western Union line repairers. Mr. Crouch, superintendent of the work says that in all his long and varied experience of bad weather and heavy storms, the sleet blizzard along the Columbia was a little the worst he had ever seen. The sleet storm raged with fearful violence, especially in the vicinity of Rooster rock. The greatest damage to the lines was between the 22 and 28 mile posts east of Portland. For the distance of six miles the storm was simply terrific. There were five wires strung on the poles, and the driving sleet swelled them in size until they resembled huge cables; as large as a man's arm. Thus freighted with ice, the weight was so enormous that it could not be resisted. Poles were crushed and broken like so many reeds beneath such a ponderous load. Some were snapped off midway, some twisted off level with the earth, some pulled up by the roots, and others literally ground off where the cross arms were attached. Not a pole was left standing for miles, and the wires were in an almost irretrievable state of demoralization. Amid bitter cold and in the face of a howling tempest, it proved a herculean task to get the wires into proper position and restore interrupted communication.

Where the line extended very near the Columbia, the poles in many instances were pulled up and flung over the steep incline by the force of the weight and fierceness of the gale. Everything was thickly coated with a glare of ice, and to recover these poles it was necessary to tie ropes around the bodies of the men and lower them down the steep and icy grade. To have attempted reaching the poles without the precaution of ropes would have been tempting fate, for nothing would have prevented the men from sliding down the sleety declivity, and plunging into the river.