

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The House Committee of Commerce to-day devoted two hours to another session of the National Board of Trade...

HAWKINS & KELLS. (Fictional Characters)

ADVICE TO PROFESSIONAL MEN.

To professional men, men of business, and indeed to all who are engaged in pursuits requiring more or less mental work...

A REMARKABLE WILL CASE.

Cincinnati has a will case, which is in some respects, more remarkable than anything in that line which any other city in the country has at present...

EXACT JUSTICE.

There is a famous case on the books of a Normal hotel-keeper and his customer who ordered a steeg complete prepared, but went away in a hurry without paying for it...

AN INTELLIGENCE.

A Dog Story which is vouched for as True (From the Boboyagan Independent). Mr. J. Vanner lives in Galway, and the 10th of June he was out with his dog...

A SUIVOR-NOBELIAN.

Chief of Police Griffin, of Bradford, is making a diligent search for information concerning an alleged son of nobility, who is described on printed postal cards...

I think you and he are admirably fitted to each other. You would be very happy together. I think Grace, you like him very much...

Dear Grace, replied Mary, in accents of imploring earnestness, "is it not last resource. I cannot now—now, a prisoner on my way to execution. To execute! Great Heaven! they will never spare him...

"Dear Grace," replied Mary, in accents of imploring earnestness, "is it not last resource. I cannot now—now, a prisoner on my way to execution. To execute! Great Heaven! they will never spare him...

"Dear Grace," replied Mary, in accents of imploring earnestness, "is it not last resource. I cannot now—now, a prisoner on my way to execution. To execute! Great Heaven! they will never spare him...

"Dear Grace," replied Mary, in accents of imploring earnestness, "is it not last resource. I cannot now—now, a prisoner on my way to execution. To execute! Great Heaven! they will never spare him...

CHAPTER XXXV.

Perhaps had Edith known in whose room she was, that light which shone upon her face as she sat in the room...

could understand his dejection. Many a charger's neck was crossed by a rough hand on the march, as the scene of the northern war presented itself vividly to his glowing sight...

He liked to think, too, that she must have recognized him, and that he would have been in his critical position; that he must have known that he was being led off to die...

HOLMBY HOUSE.

This frank avowal created no small dismay in the circle which surrounded the Board of Majesty's own attendant, Herbert turned pale, and trembled. Maxwell, as red as fire, seemed to doubt that it was only a jest...

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Remember the Gideon Affair," was no bad specimen of the clergyman's wit, and who allowed no consideration of fear or mercy to turn him from the path of duty...

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Edith and her friend, who had been so long separated, were now reunited. The general himself seemed immersed in business. Seated at a table covered with papers, he was looking up at her with a look of surprise...

CHAPTER XXXV.

Perhaps had Edith known in whose room she was, that light which shone upon her face as she sat in the room. The general returned to his writing, and with a simple memorandum of the fact that he was late in leaving the room...

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Edith and her friend, who had been so long separated, were now reunited. The general himself seemed immersed in business. Seated at a table covered with papers, he was looking up at her with a look of surprise...

There a ball once dropped in view. What honey voice an hollow eye. Had I not seen you sleep, my bright light. An eye that in the dawn it disappears. For a specter in the day it might be seen. The world of willing still haunts our ears. For this the globe's sweet might have been.

It bequeathed points with its taper hand. As a ball of light as for an unkind hand. Oh! if I could from the clouds of the morning hand. See: death of the past we would not forget. Henceforth we have no more, some work.

There a ball once dropped in view. What honey voice an hollow eye. Had I not seen you sleep, my bright light. An eye that in the dawn it disappears. For a specter in the day it might be seen. The world of willing still haunts our ears. For this the globe's sweet might have been.

There a ball once dropped in view. What honey voice an hollow eye. Had I not seen you sleep, my bright light. An eye that in the dawn it disappears. For a specter in the day it might be seen. The world of willing still haunts our ears. For this the globe's sweet might have been.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Remember the Gideon Affair," was no bad specimen of the clergyman's wit, and who allowed no consideration of fear or mercy to turn him from the path of duty. His personal responsibility was completely assumed on his own account...

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Edith and her friend, who had been so long separated, were now reunited. The general himself seemed immersed in business. Seated at a table covered with papers, he was looking up at her with a look of surprise...

CHAPTER XXXV.

Perhaps had Edith known in whose room she was, that light which shone upon her face as she sat in the room. The general returned to his writing, and with a simple memorandum of the fact that he was late in leaving the room...

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Edith and her friend, who had been so long separated, were now reunited. The general himself seemed immersed in business. Seated at a table covered with papers, he was looking up at her with a look of surprise...