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AT PRICES THAT ASTONISH ALL.

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FINE TOILET ARTICLES,

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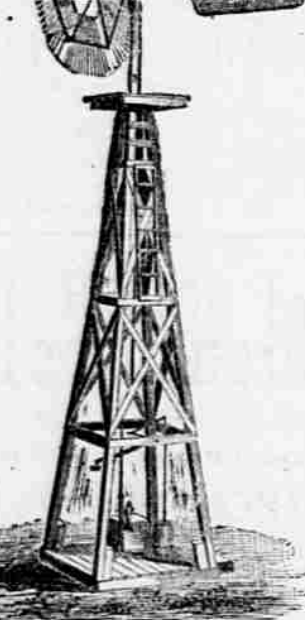
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Years past, not one has ever blown away and left the tower standing. A record no other mill can show. We offer to put up any of our PUMPING MILLS

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And if they don't give satisfaction, will remove mill at our own expense. Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated Challenge Feed Mills, Corn Shellers, Iron Pumps with brass cylinders, Iron Pipe, Tanks.

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BILLIARD and POOL TABLE. CALL and ENJOY YOURSELVES

MOTHER.

[Edward A. Oldham in The Current.]
No other name sounds half so sweet to me
As this beloved old Anglo-Saxon word,
Whose simple mention stirs some silent chord
Within my heart, and brings me back to thee;
Methinks thy dear and radiant face I see.
When I, a babe, my delecting fancy soared
Within a little world where light was poured
From out thine eyes—so full of sanctity.
When prattling babyhood had passed away,
Thy tender care led my untutored steps
Through narrow ways till manhood looms apace,
And then my buoyant bark in unknown depths
Sets out alone, while thou thy steps
Retrace
Back unto Him who lives in endless day.

THE LAST GASP.

The Colonel Who Didn't Recognize Gen. Lee's Authority.
[Washington National Tribune.]
Gen. Sheridan tells a very interesting story about the last campaign against Lee, and the incidents of the surrender. It will be remembered that he headed off Lee at Appomattox court house, and captured eleven trains of supplies which were waiting for him there. When Lee found out that he had no stores or ammunition for his army, and that his retreat was cut off, he sent a flag of truce, which Custer received and conducted to Sheridan. The two armies laid on their arms waiting for Grant, who was on his way to the front. In the meantime Sheridan and some of his staff started to ride over toward Appomattox court house, when they were fired upon by a regiment of rebels half concealed among some underbrush. The general and his party waved their hats toward the place where the shots came from, and made all sorts of demonstrations to silence the unexpected and mysterious attack, but to no purpose. Finally, the confederate officer who brought the flag and Maj. Allen, of Sheridan's staff, rode over to see what the matter was. They found a South Carolina regiment, whose colonel, in a grandiloquent tone, informed them that the war wasn't over, and that he and his regiment did not recognize the authority of Gen. Lee to make terms for peace. "Be Gawd, sir," exclaimed this gallant Johnny, "South Carolinians never surrender!" The two officers rode back to Gen. Sheridan, who, with his party, had retired under cover, and reported to him the situation. The general called Custer and told him there was one regiment over in the brush which hadn't got enough of it, and it would be well for him to go over there and "snuff it out." Custer ordered his bugler to sound "forward," and at the head of a regiment dashed across the interval which lay between the two armies, which were drawn up in long lines and stood at rest. It was a beautiful Sunday morning—a perfect spring day—and the sight of that regiment, with Custer's long, tawny hair as their banner, dashing at full gallop across the fields, evoked a cheer from both armies.

Meantime Sheridan had reached the court-house, where he met Gen. Gordon, recently senator from Georgia, and Gen. Wilcox, who had been his classmate at West Point, but whom he had not seen for many years. Wilcox has since been a doorkeeper of the United States senate. While this party was sitting on the steps of the court house, chatting familiarly over the situation, heavy musketry was heard in the distance. Gordon looked up in anxiety and alarm and asked one of his aides to ride over in that direction and find out what it meant. "Never you mind, general," said Sheridan. "It's all right. I know what it means. Custer is over there having some fun with a South Carolinian who never surrenders." Gordon insisted upon sending the officer to stop the fight, but before he got there the doughty colonel had presented Custer with a very much battered sword. It was the last gasp of the army of northern Virginia.

They Carried the News to Dallas.
[Ben. Perley Poore.]
Governor Fairfield, of Maine, on his return from Philadelphia, on June 1, 1864, as the chairman of a committee of the national Democratic convention, to inform Mr. Dallas of his nomination as vice president, gave an amusing account of the scene. The committee reached Philadelphia about 3 o'clock in the morning, and were piloted to Mr. Dallas' house by his friend, Senator Robert J. Walker, who was one of the number. Lord knocks at the door brought Mr. Dallas to his chamber window, and recognizing Mr. Walker he feared that his daughter, who was in Washington, was ill, and he hastened down-stairs, half dressed and bare-footed, to hear from him, when, to his utter amazement, in walked sixty or more gentlemen, two by two, with the tread of soldiers passing him by, and entering his front parlor as though to make him a captive. Mr. Dallas, not having the slightest conception of their object, stood thunder-struck at the scene. Mr. Walker led him into the back parlor. "My dear Walker," said he, in amazement, "what is the matter?" "Wait one moment, if you please. Dallas, wait one moment if you please!" The folding doors were then thrown open and the whole congregation stepped forward and gave three deafening cheers for "Polk and Dallas!" Mr. Dallas stood paralyzed. Mr. Walker enjoyed his discomfiture. Governor Fairfield, of Maine, then stepped forward, and in the name of the delegation announced his nomination.

How Humorists Are Made.
[Louisville Courier-Journal.]
American humorists come by accident. Mr. Quad, of Detroit, suddenly became a humorist on being blown up from a steamboat. Genie Field, the Chicago humorist, began his career after falling out of a three-story window. There are several promising young men now writing for the press, who, if someone would hit them with a hard-wood club, might develop into humorists of the first rank.

The Instructive Carman.
[Boston Globe.]
Lady passenger (frantically)—This car goes to the Old Colony deppo, doesn't it?
Conductor (stolidly)—Deppo? Deppo? Old Colony deppo? Oh, yes. Yes; this car goes to the Old Colony station. We prefer to say station here in Boston.

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Dr. GREEN.

Saddles & Harness.

[OPPOSITE HOTEL ON THE HILL.]

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Stock Saddles, Cow-Boy out fits, and Spurs.

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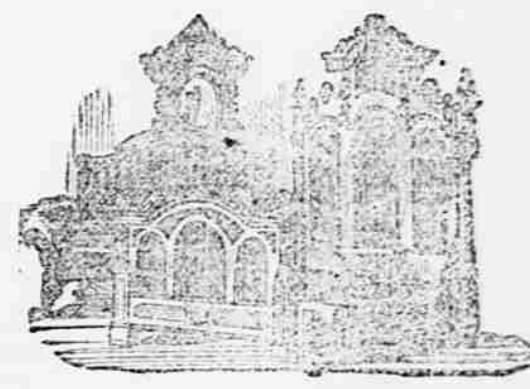
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