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Miscellaneous. Pop Goes the Liquor. The devotees of alcohol Will gamble, cheat and bicker, And ever and anon they pause, And pop goes the liquor.

Our Liquors. Are all pure and of the choicest brands. The famous Tippecanoe Ale.

The Wife's Experiment. "Ma, why don't you ever dress up?" asked little Nellie Thornton, as her mother finished brushing the child's hair.

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CORN WANTED. We wish to buy 50,000 bushels of CORN delivered in this city or Peru, for which we will pay the highest market price in cash.

ingham to wear mornings, and get it all ready before Charles comes home. Then she released her long, dark hair from its imprisonment in a most ungraceful twist, and carefully brushing its still glossy waves, she plaited it in the broad braids which Charles used so much to admire in the days of her girlhood.

The unwonted task brought back many reminiscences of those long vanished years and tears glistened in her eyes as she thought of the many changes time had wrought in those she loved, but she murmured, "What hath sadness like the changes in ourselves we find?"

Now, they seldom went out together excepting church, and even dressing for that was generally too much of an effort for Mrs. Thornton, who would stay at home "to keep house," after preparing her little ones to accompany their father, and the neighbors soon ceased expecting to meet her at public worship or in their social gatherings.

Little Nellie had wearied of her picture book, and was now playing with the kitten. As Mrs. Thornton entered she clasped her hands in childish delight, exclaimed, "Oh, Ma, how pretty—pretty!"

Just before it was completed, Nellie's brothers came from school, and pausing at the half-opened door, Willie whispered to Charlie, "I guess we've got company, for mother's all dressed up."

At last the clock struck the hour when Mr. Thornton was expected, and his wife proceeded to lay the table with unusual care, and to place thereon several choice viands of which she knew he was particularly fond.

As he is leaving the store, where he has made his last purchase for the day, he is accosted in familiar manner by a tall gentleman just entering the door. He recognizes an old friend, and exclaims, "George Morton, is it you?"

"This is just the thing," she thought, and she hastened to perform her toilette, saying to herself, "I must alter my dark

mind as they drive along towards their destination. At once his zeal in the dialogue abates, and he becomes thoughtful and silent, and does not urge his team onward, but seems willing to afford Mr. Morton an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery on either hand, the hills and valley clad in the fresh verdure of June, while the lofty mountain ranges look blue and dim in the distance.

But it is now too late to retract his polite invitation—they are entering the old "homestead"—one field more and his fertile farm with its well kept fences, appear in view. Yonder is his neat white house, surrounded with elms and maples.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square (10 lines or less) one insertion, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Business Cards of six lines or less, one year, \$5.00.

Low Necked Dresses. The New York Times says: Walking down Broadway behind a lady of evident respectability, a day or two ago, we could look under, not over, her shoulder, and have, by strange apertures, a telescopic view of the street beyond and in front of the said lady.

A young gentleman complaining that a shower bath had been administered to him the evening before, at a trial of one of our steam fire engines, elicited the remark from Miss X. that he was so bright, perhaps they took him for a fire, and that he ought to thank his stars that they had not utterly extinguished him.

Tompkins sorrowfully holding a "slow note" against Timkins, gladly happened upon the latter when he was dead drunk; then put the note into Timkins' pocket and abstracted money enough to pay it in full.

The word Zouave is from the Arabic word Zouaoua, a confederacy of the Arabic tribes who live on the mountains back of Algiers. The Zouaves were originally Arabs, but now Frenchman who wear the Arab dress.

Among the Parlor games occasionally used, is one called "squaring a word." It consists in arranging words in such a manner that a perfect square of known words shall be made which will read vertically in the same order as horizontally.

A well known Providence sporting character tried his luck in that city the other day and found it bad. The bank refused to discount for him and his deposits were exhausted. On turning his back upon the scene of operations, a sympathetic friend said to him: "Tom are you broke?"

"The population of the United States," says an exchange paper, "increases one million a year, or two thousand every day." Just think of that! Eighty-three per hour, almost one and a half per minute. Great country, this—no mistake!