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SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Churches: Methodist E. Church, Sabbath School at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 8 p. m.; W. Wilson, Pastor. Presbyterian Church, Sabbath School at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening, 8 p. m.; W. Wilson, Pastor.

Temples of Honor: Browneville Lodge No. 1, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the hall; Browneville Lodge No. 2, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the hall; Browneville Lodge No. 3, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the hall.

Business Cards: S. HOLLADAY, Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician; L. L. HULLBIRD, Attorney at Law; STULL & THOMAS, Attorneys at Law; T. L. SCHICK, Attorney at Law; S. A. OSBORN, Attorney at Law; J. H. BROADY, Attorney and Counselor at Law; W. T. ROGERS, Attorney and Counselor at Law; J. W. GIBSON, Shipper and Dealer in LIVE STOCK.

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TUTT'S PILLS, CURE SICK HEADACHE, CURE DYSPEPSIA, CURE CONSTIPATION, CURE BILIOUS COLIC, CURE FEVER AND AGUE, CURE BILIOUS COLIC, CURE KIDNEY COMPLAINT, CURE TORPID LIVER, CURE HEADACHE, IMPURE BLOOD, IMPURE BLOOD, IMPURE BLOOD.

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RATHER ROMANTIC. The select boarding school of which Miss Minerva Patterson was the head, was a very ambitious establishment indeed. Only first-class pupils were admitted; first-class teachers only were employed.

TO THIS SEMINARY Mrs. Adolphus White, a wealthy widow, had, after anxious waiting for a vacancy, at last sent her daughter Helen, a young girl of 17, whose face and form were remarkably pretty, but who was by no means a girl of great good sense.

IT IS SETTLED at last, Charles," said Mrs. White to her bachelor brother, as they sat at lunch together. "Helen is with Miss Patterson, and I'm so relieved. She will form her mind and manners and make her the sort of girl I should like to bring out. I shan't do this too early. I was married myself at her age, and I know that one loses youth by being in society too young."

"You don't really mean to say that you have sent Helen away from home, sister?" said Charles. "A mother should never let her daughter live apart from her if she can avoid it. Send her to Miss Minerva all day, if you choose, but have her home at night."

"It is quite the thing among sensible people to patronize boarding-schools," said Mrs. White. "And Miss Minerva is a lady of excellent family and highly accomplished."

"Of course," said Uncle Charles, "and it's all right for girls who have no homes or mothers, but take any set of young things you may select and put them together for a while, and they'll hatch out mischief. And girls are all ripe for it nowadays. I can tell you, in any of our towns."

The Law of Matrimony. Yesterday morning an old negro man arrived in the city from St. Louis in search of his before-the-war wife. The old man went off into the war with his master, but, undergoing a change politically, deserted him and embraced the emancipation cause, and now, after so long a time, he comes back to the scenes of his childhood. After making a great many inquiries he learned that his wife had married again and that she and her husband were living down on Second street.

"It seems to me like," said the visitor, dropping down on a trunk, "that you used to be my wife afore de wah." "Bless de Lord," exclaimed the woman, "it's beginnin' to hitch on o'me in de same direction."

"What does de pranks' mean?" said the last husband, dropping the bed and throwing the fiddle on the bed. "Explain yourselves."

"De 'oman use be my nat'ral wife, and I've ome hear be see if we can't make some sorter 'rangements in regard to it." "O'man," said the last edition of matrimony, "de bes' an' mos' plit'ic thing is for yer to go 'way an' ten' yer business. De 'oman an' myself understands each oder potterably well, an' de bes' thing is for yer ter lef us."

"De law don't mention dat, but de law, 'ordin' to Blackstone," said the second husband. "De frs' deod and de las' deed an' de mos' powerful. De frs' deod an' de mos' powerful. De frs' deod an' de mos' powerful. De frs' deod an' de mos' powerful."

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The First Ride Through a Canyon. Two adventurous miners recently took a ride through the Big Horn Canyon, in the Yellowstone region, never before traversed by man. Had they been able graphically to describe their adventure they would have told a tale seldom equaled in thrilling incidents.

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A TALK WITH ARTEMUS WARD. A Young Editor's Experience With the Humorist. Detroit: Free Press. I met Artemus Ward but once. I was quite young at the time and was acting as city editor of the Star, published at Schenectady, N. Y. While I was city editor of that sheet I met Artemus. I was standing on a bridge at the time, and in talking about newspaper work was about to say something in regard to my heavy editorial responsibility, but Ward checked me by asking:

"What creek is this?" "Creek!" I exclaimed, "why, this is the Erie canal." "How far is it navigable?" "Why, of course, it is navigable from one end to the other."

"Well, solemnly replied Ward, 'that beats all the streams I ever heard of. By the way, I think I can make out some large boats anchored up the stream there—what are they, propellers or side-wheelers?' I replied that they were merely canal boats, and were moved by horse power.

"Ah! I didn't think the stream was as shallow as that," said Artemus. "As shallow as what?" "Why, you say that those boats are pulled along by horses. Now, of course, they must walk along in front of the boat, mustn't they? I used to run a stone boat on my lamented Uncle John's farm, and I distinctly remember that the horses walked along in front."

"I mentally declared that I had never before met with such ignorance. I spent some time in explaining the peculiarities of the big ditch, and just as I had begun to think that at last I had set the stranger right on the subject, he knocked my hopes into kindling-wood by remarking: 'I suppose that when the stream dries up in the summer they put boats on wheels, don't they?'"

"Then I began again and explained every feature in the canal, from New York to Erie. How attentively he listened to my words! I can still see that melancholy face, lit by the light of the stars, and those mournful eyes looking into mine so earnestly; and again I hear, as I did then, after I had talked for nearly half an hour, going fully into the details of boating, the low, pathetic drawl: 'Any 'warrills on this stream that you know of?'"

Shortly after some gentlemen came along who seemed to be acquainted with my obtuse friend. Presently one called him Artemus, and then I commenced to reflect. I always reflect best when I'm hid away somewhere, and so I went and hid myself.