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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Job Work,

SUCH AS

Circulars, Posters, Billheads, Letterheads, Cards, &c.,

Neatly and promptly executed at the lowest possible rates.

—"Uncle Pomp," said Colonel M. to a former slave, "I hear that some o' you darkies down on the lower place are afflicted with the itch." "Bein' as it's you, boss," replied old Pompey, hesitatingly, "I must confess dat de Lawd has seen fit to afflick us dat way for a fac." "Ah! Doing anything for it?" "Yes, sah; oh, yes, sah." "What?" "Why, we—er—we am scratchin'."

THE NEW BABY.—What an excitement follows the news of a new arrival in a neighborhood in the form of a baby—especially among children and ladies of uncertain age. They soon discover that they are nearly dying to see the little cherub and forthwith go to the druggist's for a dozen boxes of Swayne's Pills, which purify the blood, remove all obstructions, and bring the rich color of health to the pale cheek Unlike others, they neither gripe or produce nausea An invaluable medicine for nearly all the various diseases flesh is heir to. Your druggist keeps them on sale.

—A wife, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at any Drug Store and and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar size bottle will do. Call early.

—A large nose is a sign of character. If it has a turkey-red finish or a big knob on one side, it is a sign that character has gone on a protracted vacation.

GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS.—"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

—Among our gravest sins of omission we may count that of failing to fight for the truth, when she is attacked by the words of evil men.

"Buchupaiba."

New, quick, complete cure 4 days, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or dificult urination, kidney diseases. $1. 6 druggists Prepaid by express, $1.25, at for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

—If you would bring up a child in the way he should go, parents should be careful and not let the lad see the way they go themselves.

—It is impossible for a woman to suffer from weakness after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

—Selfishness mars the loveliest actions; it stains the fairest beauty; it dims the brightest lustre; it blotches the most munificent charity.

—Unlike all other patent medicines, it is not necessary to take pills to operate on the bowels when you use Dr. Thomas' Mayapple Bitters, as they are the most gentle apperient we ever tried. For sale at all Drug Stores.

—A Dutch Judge in Nebraska on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He bash bunishment plenty; I lifs mit one!"

—Elmira, N Y. J. Thomas had a diseased foot. The blood and matter ran out from under his toe nails. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" cured him.

—Old men's eyes are like old men's memories—they are strongest for things a long way off.

—IT SEEMS TO SATISFY a family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family.—Mrs. Jines, Albany.

—Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

CLEAR HEAD and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete treatment for $1.

TERRIBLE itching and scaly humors, ulcers, sores and scrofulous swellings cured by the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally. Ask about them at your druggists.

—Is it a runaway match in the insector animal world when you see one antelope with another.

—Best ever made, Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, pleasant to take, sugar-coated; on griping; only 15 cents a box, of Druggist or by mail. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau Street, New York. 6-16-6m.

—You can look for warm weather when the fly begins to put on his specks.

PERSONAL! TO MEN ONLY!—The VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich, will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO VOLTAIC BELTS and ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and Manhood, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Nov. 4,—1y.

NINE O'CLOCK!

BY ARTHUR MATTHISON.

Upon my daily walk I see
A painted wooden dial;
A motto underneath is writ,
"Step in and make a trial!"
The fingers of that stupid clock
Are fixed, and change they never,
They go not forward, or return,
But "nine o'clock" point ever!

And many a man in life I know
As wooden as that dial,
Though Fortune uninvited calls,
S'eps in, and makes a trial!
She points the way to mid-day bright,
He sees her finger never,
But keeps his hands before his face,
And halts at nine forever!

O men and clocks! ne'er wooden be,
Move ever on your dials,
Ne'er stand ye still, while life glides by,
Nor idly meet its trials!
Thus, *clocks* meridian reach again;
Man's gone, it comes back never!
Yet better, harnessed, cease at noon,
Than rust at nine forever.

CINDERELLA.

PART I.

The dismal November day was drawing to a close when through the streets of Paris—ill-paved, ill drained, ill built Paris—vastly different in the fall of 1730 from the marvelous city that we now behold, the actor Thevenard hurried from the theatre to his solitary home. Evidently not in the best of humor, he twitched his cloak over his shoulders as he tramped through the muddy by-ways and growled savagely at a deformed beggar who ventured to approach him for an alms. The street was nearly deserted when he passed a cobbler's shop, whose owner might be seen within, not busy at his trade, but deeply absorbed in a little volume which he held close to the dirty window to enable him to catch what afternoon sunlight could struggle through its dingy surface.

Before this shop Thevenard suddenly stopped short, as though attracted by something he saw either within or on the shabby stall outside where were displayed a choice selection of old boots and shoes, some smartly renovated, some in the last stages of decay and hardly seeming worth the trouble likely to be expended on them. What could the veteran actor find to interest him in such a collection? Something, undoubtedly, for he lingered a second or two and then, in a shame-faced manner, drew nearer the stall and picked up a slipper lying on it. Such a slipper! Half worn, it is true, and none of the finest in point of material; but what of that? Titania might have been proud to wear it as she stepped lightly over the unbending cowslips! There was nothing here of the stupid shapelessness of the new shoe, but a cunning moulding of the pliant leather into the form of the dainty foot it had covered, and the pert way in which the little toe turned slightly upward made it look as if ready on its own account to skip down from the stall and dance its way to brighter quarters.

Thevenard held this marvelous slipper in his hand for a minute, then turned to the door of the shop and half opened it, stopped, laughed softly at his own folly, and finally stepping back, replaced it on the stall with its rough companions, where it immediately looked smaller and prettier than ever. The beggar, who had drawn nearer in the meantime, profited by the milder expresion on the stranger's face to again beg an alms, and was now rewarded for his pertinacity by the gift of a small piece of silver, which the actor bestowed in a bewildered maner, as if hardly conscious of what he was doing. Then again drawing his cloak around him he pursued his way home while the beggar, a man of discernment in his own line chuckled over his shrewdness, as he hobbled to the nearest wine shop with his prize. All that night Thevenard was haunted by a tiny slipper that danced wildly through his dreams, and the next morning found him again by the cobbler's stall wondering dryly if there ever was such another old fool as himself, but fully resolved to make an effort to trace up the happy possessor of so very small a foot. The cobbler within seemed as usual wrapped in the pursuit of his studies to the detriment of his trade, which was, perhaps, the reason why the vast collection of old shoes outside were such a long time in their progress to renewed usefulness. He half closed the book as Thevenard entered, but still keeping one eye fixed on the cherished pages, waited for the customer's business. The actor, holding the little shoe in his hand, and blushing like a school-girl, stammered forth his injuiry as to who might have left it there. The cobbler heard him out, glanced for an instant at the slipper, uttered the monosyllabic reply, "Don't know," and evidently considering the interview at an end, returned in comfort to his book.

But Thevenard, having once entered on his search, was not to be easily baffled. After waiting for a minute, and receiving no further attention, he civilly asked when it was likely to be called for, producing some silver from his pocket, as he spoke, in the vain hope of loosening the tradesman's tongue. But the Dephic oracle was not more tersely unsatisfactory than this dingy student; who, without glancing up from his volume, answered with slow deliberation, "I suppose when it is mended," and once more resumed his occupation.

Thevenard, never renowned for his patience, was rapidly losing the little he had, at the man's obstinate stupidity, and burst out angrily, "Can't you tell me when that will be, you senseless blockhead?"

The cobbler, wholly unmoved, and dryly polite as ever, lifted his his eyes once more from the book before him, and answered this time in two distinct sentences, with a slight pause after the first, to give due expression to the second: "I can't. Good morning." And thus civilly hinting that he considered the visit ended he picked up his volume, and utterly ignored the now exasperated actor, who flung himself out of the shop, muttering a great deal, not altogether complimentary either to the cobbler or himself.

All that morning Thevenard was unusually petulant at the theatre, falling foul now with the manager, now with a wretched supernumerary, and now with the charming Mademoiselle Elsie herself, who, astonished at his audacity, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and opined that "Monsieur Thevenard was growing rather old and crusty. Were there no younger actors to be had in this far-famed city of Paris?" A suggestion hardly calculated to soothe the feelings of a man just fifty-one, and well preserved into the bargain. Even his playing seemed to have lost its crispness, and his fellow-actors watched with astonishment his listless, abstracted air, the evident difficulty with which he roused himself to his task, and the apparent relief with which he hastened from the place as soon as rehearsal was at an end.

One thought alone possessed him. What if the slipper should be gone—if the fair owner should have taken it away, and all hope of tracing her be at an end! He turned pale at the very fancy, and quickened his step until he reached the stall. Yes, there it was, looking smaller to his admiring eyes than it did yesterday. He gazed upon it fondly. If Mademoiselle Elsie had owned a foot like that now, she might have some excuse for her overweening vanity. But hers! Why, alongside of this tiny slipper, her shoes were mountains, thought the old actor, contemptuously. He cast one more lingering look at the object of his singular affection, shook his fist openly at the cobbler within, and reluctantly tore himself away.

After this, every morning and evening saw Thevenard passing and repassing the stall and casting furtive glances at the slipper, never absent from its post; while he drew sketches in his fancy of the unknown possessor, endowing her with every beauty and falling desperately in love with this damsel of his own creation. Truly, old fools are the worst fools! Here was a man who had never cared the value of a straw for any living woman now utterly succumbing before the imaginary charms of an invented one, and this thing went on from day to day, until one fine morning, behold! to his horror and dismay, the slipper was missing! Yes, gone, and where? Forgetting his former repulse, Thevenard rushed head-long into the shop and demanded who had taken it, and when.

The cobbler, startled out of his usual phlegm by the actor's impetuosity, found words to say that it had just been called for—the woman had not left the shop two minutes before. Two whole minutes! Horrible! In what direction had she gone? Nay, that was more than he could tell. He thought to the right; no, to the left; on the whole, he was not certain which. It was sure to be one or the other, though. But long before this parting shot, Thevenard had vanished. The street outside was well-nigh empty. To the right he could see no one but two old men and a small boy. To the left—yes, there was a woman, true enough, and almost out of sight. It was his last chance, and Thevenard fairly took to his heels and ran full-speed after the fast retreating figure.

Now, at fifty one, running is neither so pleasent nor so easy as at twenty, and by the time he had nearly caught up with the object of his race our poor actor was utterly spent, and gasped and panted so that the young woman turned around, with a natural curiosity, to know what on earth was the matter. She was not a bad looking peasant girl, either, with fresh, red cheeks, broad shoulders, bright eyes and hands and feet big enough for a grenadier. Her dress denoted poverty, and oh! joyful sight! she carried a small parcel, which Thevenard pointed to, speechless, with haste and anxisty.

The girl looked at him in some alarm, strongly suspecting him of being a madman, which suspicion was hardly allayed when he stammered forth the single word "slipper!" Mechanically she opened the bundle and displayed the precious little shoe within; and now Thevenard began to realize how very difficult it would be to explain himselft more fully. Taking courage, however, from the good-natured expression on the yong peasant's face, he began slowly to tell his story, and finally made a clean breast of it, and begged to be allowed to see the owner of the slipper. Confiding to the girl his name and station—and very much surprised at her never having heard of him before—he backed his modest request with a shining piece of gold and the fervent assurance that if the fair unknown proved all that he was confident of finding her he would ask her to be his wife, and that if not, he would go quietly away, so that no one would be the wiser, while one, at least, would be the richer for the scheme.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM HIS WIFE'S HEAD.

A few days since a party of gentlemen were together. One man, a joker, stepped up to a member of the party, and, holding a long hair before his eyes, said,—

"See here, old fellow, this looks suspicious. Where did this long hair come from?"

"Why, that's from my wife's head!"

"Are you sure of it?"

"Sure of it? Of course I am. You don't suppose you would find any other woman's hair about me, do you?"

"No, probably not; but I am sorry you are so sure it is your wife's hair, for I picked it off the coat of this gentleman," pointing to a friend near by.

CORSETS OLD AND NEW.

The corset of a quarter of a century ago—specimens of which are brought out for show along with other relics,—bears but the faintest resemblance in shape and outlines to the corset as now made and worn, and while the one was made of heavy, inflexible materials, and so fashioned as to inflict on the wearer many of the evil consequences referred to, the other—the corset of our day—is made of pliant, elastic webbings and other fabrics which permit entire freedom of motion, giving full course to every vital organ of the body, and at the same time imparting grace and beauty to the dress and its accessories, which cannot otherwise be attained. Listen to the severe but unthinking brother or husband, anxious, as usual, to show the superiority of man in such, as in all other matters, as he expatiates upon the folly and vanity of wife or sister in wearing this much abused article of dress. He doubtless means well at the moment in which he utters his words of condemnation, but picture his horror if wife or sister should dutifully obey his warning and take his advice and appear in society wearing a garb—a wrapper like dress—for such it would appear in the absence of the corset. We think we hear and see that philanthropic Solon quickly and quietly taking that dutiful relative "to one side" and earnestly begging her to stand not on the order of her going, but to go and return not until she is once more a presentable, sensible graceful and tidy object.

ADVANTAGE OF CRYING.

Some of the greatest modern physicians, chiefly English and French, have written treatises on the advantages of groaning and crying, in general, and especially during surgical operations. They contend that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. One tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

WATER-SELLING IN MADRID.

Water such as is fit to drink, commands a price in Madrid, as Bockbeer in Berlin, and soda-water at New York. As a summer beverage it is more sought after than wine, and people like it better for having to pay for it than if it cost nothing. The means of reducing its temperature is ingenious and primative. Ice, unless artificial, is scarce in Spain, liquifying snow from the mountain tops being about the best to be had. In place of it a refrierating vessel is constructed of porous clay and filled at the fountain. The gradual escape of the fluid through the sides of the jar, and its subsequent evaporation from the outside, serve to chill the remaining contents several degrees. Strange to to say, water in these jars is cooler when left in the sun than if kept in the shade, for the simple reason that evaporation is so much more rapid and profuse.

AN OILY JOKE.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* tells of a ventriloquist who got into trouble through his love of practical jokes. During a trip on the Mississippi a few years ago, he made friends with the engineer of the boat and was allowed to enter the engine-room.

He took a seat in a corner, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared to be lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery bagan to squeak.

The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed, oil-can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle.

Again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever.

"Confound the thing!" he yelled, "it's bewitched!" More oil was administered, but the engineer began to be suspicious as to its cause. Pretty soon the spindle began to sqeak again; and slipping up behind the ventriloquist, the engineer squirted a half-pint of oil down the joker's back.

"There," said he, "I guess that spindle won't squeak any more."

The joke was so good that the ventriloquist could not keep it.

THE COSTLIEST CHESS TABLE IN THE WORLD.

At the Hamilton sale, in London, a square chess table of cinque-cento work in damascened iron was sold. The table is inlaid with panels and cartouches of elaborate gold and silver damascene work, and with slabs of lapis lazuli; every part of the column supporting the table is covered with arabesque of exquisite design in gold and silver and relievo ornaments in gilt bronze, with figures in the round; Milanese work, *circa* 1540, reputed to have been presented by a duke of Milan to a prince of Savoy, from the Soltykoff and Debruge Dumenil collection. A great contest occurred for this extraordinary table between Mr. Loewenstein and Mr. Denison, the latter gentleman being the purchaser at £3 150, about $15,000.

GUM ARABIC.

What is it? After the rainy seasons in Morocco, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes down from the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is packed in large, leather sacks, and transported on the backs of camels and bullocks to seaports for shipment. The harvest occasion is one of great rejoicing, and the people, for the time being, almost live on the gum, which is nutritious and fattening.

A BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON.

A young child died recently at Auburn, Maine, and after the little form had been laid in the casket a rosebud plucked from the house garden was placed in its hand. Before the funeral ceremony the rosebud in the hand of clay was seen to gradually unfold. When the service was held the bud had become a blossom. The phenomenon gave peculiar pleasure to the afflicted family, and was very prettily refered to by the clergyman, who compared the unfolding of the rosebud to the blossoming in Heaven of the child.

A MOUNTAIN OF SALT.

Fifty miles from the junction of Salt river, Arizona, with the Gela, there comes into it a stream of salt water. It is supposed that the interior of the mountain, out of which the stream flows, is largely composed of salt. If there were appliances for evaporation, sufficient salt to supply the markets of the world could be manufactured here.