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ADVERTISING RATES.

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Special notices in local column 20 cents per line.

Job Printing Done with Neatness and Dispatch. Terms Cash.

WRITERS OF ONE HYMN.

The fame of many writers rests on a single production. Defoe was a voluminous author, but "Robinson Crusoe" is all that has come down to us.

It is so in sacred poetry. Take most favorite hymns, and you will find their authors composed nothing else so popular.

Some of the most popular of these hymns, and you will find their authors composed nothing else so popular.

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WASHINGTON'S AGRICULTURAL LIFE.

The following extracts from Irving's Life of Washington will be cherished by every enlightened and working farmer.

"A large Virginia estate in those days was a little empire. The mansion house was the seat of government, with its numerous dependencies, such as kitchens, smoke-house, work-shops, and stables.

"I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout on Sunday.

"I begin to believe that a boy who does not swear, smoke and chew tobacco, may be a very good boy, but is naturally stupid.

"I begin to believe that if the devil should die one-half the world would be thrown out of employment.

"I begin to believe that he has the most merit who makes the most noise in his own behalf, and that when Gabriel comes—not to be behind the times—he, too, will blow his own horn pretty loud.

"I begin to believe that the piano fortes are more necessary in a family than meat and potatoes.

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It was arranged that a grand dinner should be given in honor of the count's arrival. A malicious smile was ever playing upon the lips of Augusta, which both her father and mother attributed to a wrong motive.

"How is this? I believe I am looking upon Mr. Lewis?"

"Come down stairs," cried the banker, as he arrived at his door, absolutely forgetting, for the moment, his decorum, "come down here and see an old acquaintance."

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Colonel Branford, I request you to speak of him with more respect.

"Branford! Branford!" replied Tom, "why that's the name of the shooter who used to stop with you so often a few years past. By Jove, I knew I had heard the name somewhere. Did you notice his death in The Post?"

"What were you going to say regarding Mr. Lewis, Thomas?" asked the banker.

"I was simply going to state that I have good reason to doubt that he is what he represents himself, and perhaps if I give you my reason you'll come down from that high horse you are on and listen with more attention to what I have to say. Please tell me the day that Mr. Lewis, as you call him, dined with you."

"Let me see," replied the banker, running over the days in his mind—"it was last Friday week."

"Friday is an unlucky day to bet on a horse, whatever it may be on a man. Friday week, hey? Well, Uncle Sam, for a week or more previous to his introduction to my cousins, they had met him every few days, and as far as they were concerned I don't think an introduction was at all necessary."

"How dare you make such an assertion?" cried the banker, springing to his feet, and confronting his nephew with face alternately white and red.

"Because I interrupted the meetings myself," replied Tom, with the utmost coolness, "and I dare assert anything I know to be true; but if you don't believe it, why of course it don't make any difference to me. Good-by," and he arose to leave.

"Stay!" responded his uncle, "tell me all about it."

Tom seated himself again, and gave a detailed account of the times he had seen Augusta and Cecily meet Lewis. Each time they met near the scene of the accident by the wood. Tom never heard any conversation between them; he was up among the trees getting grub for his fish.

Mr. Tipton left the bank earlier than usual that day, and on his arrival home his daughters were summoned to his presence and requested to give an explanation of their previous acquaintance with Mr. Lewis.

In a short decisive way, Augusta related the accident that occurred on her leaping the hedge, and frankly admitted that both herself and Cecily had met Lewis even as Tom Delong had reported.

"Then why did you not mention it, at least why did you let me suppose you were strangers when I brought him to my house? Explain that, if you please."

"I cannot do it," replied his daughter, "at least without violating his confidence."

"His confidence," sneered her father. "Ho! it's come to that, has it? That will do."

Mr. Lewis received a short, curt note through the post, in the handwriting of Sandhurst Tipton, requesting a suspension of his visits to his house, and declining any intercourse except upon business.

By the same mail came a foreign letter for Lewis (whose retreat, it seems, had been discovered), giving him intelligence of the death of his father, and requesting his return to France, his family having secured his pardon from the Government.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of Mr. Tipton and Tom Delong, Augusta and Lewis had a final interview, then he was seen no more.

A year had passed away and Mr. Tipton had ceased to remember Lewis, when he one day received a letter from the British Ambassador at Paris informing him that Count Bernier, a distinguished nobleman, at that time in the King's service, was about to visit England, and that he would have the pleasure of giving him a letter of introduction to Mr. Tipton.

The banker read the communication with feelings of pleasure. It was always gratifying to his vanity to be the recipient of such communications. His wife, to whom he exhibited the letter, at once began to plan a match for her daughter Augusta. The latter indulged in such hearty screams of laughter that the propriety of her mother was shocked.

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Selected Story.

BETTER THAN HE SEEMED.

BY PAUL PLUME.

A quaint old town was Hereford. Its buildings were antiquated, and its inhabitants clung so tenaciously to the traditions of their forefathers that no more obstinate or exclusive set of land-owners could be found in the shire.

Scarcely more than two thousand souls comprised the population, but what they lacked in numbers was balanced by the extreme respectability of those who lived and carried themselves as little lords among the tenantry. Hereford had its banking house.

To be sure, it was a diminutive appendage of the big concern in Liverpool, but Mr. Sandhurst Tipton, M. P., resident partner, presided over its dignity and lived in the old brick mansion on the top of the hill, screened from vulgar gaze by the heavy yew trees that formed a cordon about his retreat.

Hereford also had its Established Church, and its good vicar, Dr. Stole, though an austere man on the church homilies, could nevertheless, at times be as decorously jolly as the worst of his parishioners, and was a rough rider when the hounds were in full cry.

The family of Mr. Sandhurst Tipton consisted of his wife and two daughters. The former was a tall, stern-looking lady, with enough dignity to have satisfied the most exclusive aristocrat, while the daughters, Augusta and Cecily, to the disgust of their parents, most unaccountably had imbibed notions, altogether too plebeian for their nation and birth. It was Mrs. Tipton who had insisted on their being educated abroad, and it ever since had been to her a source of lamentation, while her more astute husband, who had opposed the scheme but nevertheless yielded to his wife's wishes, never failed to remind her that the consequence was the result of her own folly.

Mrs. Tipton knew this full well, therefore never sought to gain-say its truth, only she extenuated her mistake as best she could, reminding her lord that she was educated at the same institution whither she had sent her daughters, and had come out sans reproche.

Precept and expostulation seemed lost upon those willful girls, and they only laughed at the lectures they received, frequently replying by some club-house phrase they obtained, heaven knows where. Two London seasons had failed to eradicate the blemish of their characters, and now Mr. Tipton and wife had resigned themselves to the unhappy conviction that they must patiently endure that which they could not cure.

The sisters were out one day, on horseback, and, as was their custom, they were unattended by an escort. Augusta, who was a dashing horsewoman, was riding near the edge of a wood that was bounded by a thick thorn hedge. On the opposite side was a young man who had fallen asleep reading a book which was lying on the green sward. At a banter from Cecily, Augusta put her horse at the hedge and leaped him clear over it. A cry of pain immediately followed, and the young sleeper sprang to his feet, then staggered and fell, with his forehead cut open by the hoof of Augusta Tipton's horse.

The daughter of Sandhurst Tipton possessed a courageous mind. She neither screamed nor wept at the consequence of her unfortunate prank.

"Tie your horse and climb over here this instant," she called to her sister, "I believe I've killed a poor fellow. How perplexing this is, to be sure." She had sprung from her saddle and knelt beside the bleeding man, while he was all unconscious of the fair fingers that was twisting a cambric handkerchief about his temples.

Cecily, in conformity to her sister's summons, had scrambled through the hedge, and was doing what she could to bring the stranger to consciousness.

"He's handsome—don't you think so, Gussy?" she asked, gazing on his pale face. Her sister made no reply, but clutched at her vinaigrette and applied it to his nostrils. It happened that Cecily at that moment spied a letter lying on the ground, near the book. In an instant she had caught it up, and with womanly curiosity was examining the superscription. It was postmarked Brussels, and addressed to Mons. Louis Bernier, London.

Poetry.

COME TO THE SOUTH.

Oh, come to the South, sweet beautiful one, 'Tis the clime of the heart, 'tis the shrine of the soul; When the sky ever shines with a passionate glow; And flowers spread their treasure of crimson and snow; Where the breeze o'er bright waters, waft incense along; And gay birds are glancing in beauty and song; Where the summer smiles ever o'er mountain and plain; And the best gifts of Eden, unshadowed, remain.

Oh, come to the South, 'Tis the shrine of the sun; And dwell in its bowers, Sweet beautiful one.

Oh, come to the South, and I'll build thee a bower, Where winter shall never intrusively come, The rose-like catpaws, the myrtle and pine, The gold-fruited orange, the ruby-gemmed vine, Shall bloom 'round thy dwelling, and shade thee at noon; While birds of all music keep amorous tune; By the gush of gold fountains 'will rest us at eve, No possible to vex us no sorrows to grieve.

Oh, come to the South, 'Tis the shrine of the sun; And dwell in its bowers, Sweet beautiful one.

Oh, come to the South, 'Tis the home of the heart— No sky like its own can deep passion impart; The glow of its summer is felt in the soul, And love's warmth ever its fervent control, Oh, here would thy beauty most brilliantly beam, And life pass away like some delicate dream; Each wish of thy heart should be realized here, And this beautiful land seem an Eden to thee.

Then, come to the South, 'Tis the shrine of the sun; And dwell in its bowers, Sweet beautiful one.

TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS. The poem which follows is said to have been written by Charles Mackay, some time before the Glasgow Argus, and said to have appeared in a little volume called "Voice from the Crowd."

Tell me ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar, Do you not know some spot, Where mortals weep no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, Some valley in the West, Whence breeze from hill and plain, The weary soul may rest?

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A DREAM OF A DREAM.

O for a bed of buttercups, to rest Therein, and watch the summer swallows pass; And see the meadow-flowers I love the best Among the fair feet of the grass; That I might rest, In a fair dream, Of Margaret;

To hold her white, warm hand, and read her smile, And feel her kiss again beside the stile!

O for one hour underneath a hedge, With boughs of full-blown May-blossom overhead, Clear water-bubbling bubbles in the brook, And waving weeds above its pebbly bed; To sink down deep, With sun above, And have in sleep This dream of love—

O for that was, and may not be again; O dear heart-love before it grew to pain; If the delusion old delight could bring, And let me hear the gentle maiden voice Speak what was spoken once to me, and sing The song that made my soul wake to rejoice—

Through after sleep Came aching truth, To bid me weep In bitter ruth— Yet would I walk again my shadow'd way, Ten years to dream the dream another day.

A CHILD'S LAUGH. I love it, I love it—the laugh of a child, Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild; Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush, Like the rill of a bird at the soft twilight's hush; Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell, Or the magic that wells in the heart of a shell; Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free, Is the pleasantest sound in the world for me.

Don't bathe the eyes in cold water; tepid is the best.

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