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Notices of meetings, obituaries and trials of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

## JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

### HOW TO MOUNT YOUR STEED AND WHAT TO DO HAVING ONCE MOUNTED.

In mounting face the rear side of the horse. The rear side is the side nearest yourself. If you stand on the right side of the horse, which is the wrong side when you mount, you will face the crupper. Then everybody will know that your name is Johann Gottlieb Eisenfogel.

If you cannot mount from the ground, lead the horse to a high fence, say 'Whoa' two or three times, and jump over the horse's ears. You will light somewhere on his neck, and you will have plenty of time to adjust yourself while the horse is running away. Another method of mounting, largely practiced by young gentlemen from the city, is to balance yourself on one foot on the fence, and point the other leg at the horse in the general direction of the saddle, saying 'Whoa' all the time. The horse after this gesture has been repeated a few times, backs away, pulls the alleged rider off the fence, and walks up and down the lane with him at a rapid gallop. This gives the rider in about ten minutes all the exercise he wants for a week.

If by some miracle you manage to get into the saddle, hold on with both hands and say 'Whoa'. The faster the horse goes the tighter you must hold on, and the louder you must 'holler'.

If you are from New York or Philadelphia, you will shorten the stirrups until your knees are on a level with your chin. Then, as you ride, you will run to your feet and stand in the attitude of a man peering over a fence to look for his dog, and then suddenly fall in the saddle like a man who has stepped on a banana peel.

This is the English school. It is hard on the horse, but is considered very graceful. A man cannot wear these teeth, however, and ride in this manner.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Get to the front, boys! We are living in wonderful times, so keep your eyes open. Get early to school, and when you are there make good use of your time. Don't be satisfied with knowing little; be determined to master whatever you take in hand. Clever boys get to the front. The world's greatest men were clever by remarkable in their industry and perseverance. Be sure that you will learn away from idleness.

Without a strong will, perseverance you are sure to be thoroughly in earnest and try the honest endeavor will do. Never despise small beginnings; don't think lightly of little things; little streams lead to great rivers, drops of water make oceans; and earth's mighty changes are effected by quiet, continuous effort. Don't be discouraged because you cannot accomplish great things at once; keep trying, you are sure to succeed. You may fail at first but keep a good heart, push on perseveringly, and you will live to see difficulties surmounted, and a career of usefulness and honor opened out before you.

'How shall the American savage be civilized?' is a question asked by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. There are many ways. Teach him that it is proper to eat with his knife, and that colored napkins should be used at the fruit end of the meal and not during the opening chorus. Teach him not to arrive at a reception until nine o'clock, and never to appear in a 'wallow tail' during the afternoon. Tell him that it is bad form to drink beer before bedtime after dinner. Also send him to dancing school, compel him to avoid pie, and have him instructed in the art of walking in the English style. Then hang his hair, and put eye glasses and a white plug hat on him, and you have an Indian as thoughtful as the

At a respectable boarding-house in New York, a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast table Sabbath morning, shaved dressed and prepared for public worship, which they attended both forenoon and afternoon. All because highly respected and useful citizens. The other nine were, ordinarily, absent from the breakfast table on Sabbath morning. At noon they appeared at the dinner shaved and dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to church; nor were they usually seen in the place of worship. One of them is now living,

Here's to our mother! Let every honest man and boy in the land respond to the toast.

Well has it been said, "Honor the dear old mother!" Time has scattered the snow flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks—but she is not sweet and beautiful still? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and the sweetest in the world. The eyes are dim, but they have seen the sweetest in the world. The hands are wrinkled, but they have clasped the sweetest in the world.

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### "JUST FOR LOOKS."

A little boy was playing around the table set for dinner, busily arranging several spoons which he had taken from the side-board. 'What is that for?' inquired his mother. 'Oh,' said the little fellow, in an apologetic tone, 'just for looks.'

There was an idea in the child's mind, an element which, if properly directed, would grow into something well calculated to give pleasure to himself and others. There often appears in individuals, and even in some whole communities, particularly rural ones, a seeming contempt for any improvement put forward just for looks.

City regulations provide for the removal of garbage, and compel householders to be careful as to unsightly objects on the premises; but in villages and agricultural districts these matters are not so closely looked after by boards and corporations. The householders, who 'just for looks,' is a careless emptying slops in the back yard, and the various odds and ends, not only in the yard, but in the house, and order, pleasant to the eye, but doing a good work for the health of her own home and neighborhood.

Within doors, I would advocate many little things for which doing we can give no other reason than 'just for looks.' A very little management makes the table pleasant to the eye; not merely a place at which we get to eat. Expensive adornments are not essential. It requires no more time to set dishes straight than crooked.

Not only does attention to outside appearances beautify the home but it pays as well. The painted fence about an ice-house will last longer than an unpainted one. The gate swinging free upon its hinges is certainly more lasting than if suffered to drag upon the ground, uttering a most unhospitable welcome to the visitor. The scraper at the step and mat at the door, for muddy feet, the tasteful wall-basket for loose papers, the neatly-covered shoe-box, serving for a seat as well as for all little things of great value.

If there are children in the household this attention to appearances will exert more influence than many are aware of. The little one required to have clean hands and smooth hair before sitting down to a meal is not very apt to grow up a man or woman careless of personal neatness. This attention to small things is not an evidence of mental smallness. A sense of order, a conviction of the morality of cleanliness, a nice development of taste, may not be given in the same degree to each one, but in beautifying our homes, in giving due regard to the adornment of our persons, in seeking out various amenities of life, it can act upon no better principle let us do it 'just for looks.'—Lucy Randolph Fleming, in *American Agriculturist* for December.

The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper \$1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury of Poppæa, beloved by Nero as equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and expenses, and these were revived under Napoleon I, in France. Mme. Tallien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes.

Ovid says that in his day girls were taught to smile gracefully. The beauties of ancient times were just as vain as modern belles, and spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was universal among them, Aspasia and Cleopatra, (models of female beauty, it is said,) both used an abundance of paint, and wrote a treatise on cosmetics. Cleopatra used bear's grease to keep her hair from falling out. Roman ladies were so careful of their complexions that they protected them they wore masks. The Albanian women of antiquity were very studious of the attitudes and actions, and thought a hurried and sudden step a certain sign of rusticity.

We have certain styles of beauty nowadays, so had the Greeks. They went wild over the ideal chin—neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline and losing itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fullness of the neck.

The Romans a beauty they admired it gives to

'She is safe. Will return to-night.'

It was not the gay, heedless Christie that came back to the little cottage, but a sobered, thoughtful woman. Experience is a stern teacher, but her lessons are sure and never forgotten.

'I am so glad,' said Blanche to Paul, a few days after their return; 'for your sake as well as Christie's. You have been very patient with her.'

Paul looked thoughtful but made no reply. 'Remember what Christie's note conveyed,' little gasp, and re-treated to the room.

He'll love Christie. She was so unlike and thoughtful he could not censure her; she was so tender and winsome at times he could not turn away from her; and he felt, hoping that some day she would realize her folly, and return to the true, patient heart always ready to receive her.

On his way to the Norway cottage one afternoon, he was saluted by an acquaintance from the city.

'So you got Armstrong with you,' the visitor said during the conversation. 'By Jove, that man's clever and no mistake.'

'You know, then?' 'Yes, he is to belong to a club of our friends. He is well, and his wife too.'

'His wife! he a married man?' The young man laughed heartily.

'Well that's good joke. He's been passing single men, has he, and breaking girls hearts?' Another dodge of Mr. Chester, he's got a wife, and she's a doctored sight too good for him. That man's a villain out and out. Come to think of it, I believe I did hear a remark tonight to the effect that he was devoted to a young lady of his place, a beauty and an heiress, for something of the sort.'

Paul continued his story with a new subject for Christie's eyes would be fixed at last, she could be brought in danger in the face of the truth possessed, and he felt glad for her sake, at least, that he could at last bring her to a realization of her danger.

Blanche met him at the door. 'Blanche was unusual pale, and her eyes were dim and heavy.' 'Oh, I am glad you came,' she said eagerly. 'Christie has gone! Where?' 'Gone? Where?' 'Read this; it will explain all.'

And she placed in his hand a tiny, crumpled note, though there was a sentence written upon it, would gladly have effaced it.

'I am going to New York with Mr. Armstrong to be married. You will blame me I know but by-and-by you will be kinder. I am sorry Paul ever loved to be and hope he will forgive. Perhaps he will turn to you, now. I hope so, for I think you love him, and you will make him a better wife than I could have done. Good-by!'

Christie there was something in Paul's face as he finished the perusal of the hastily-penned lines that brought a flush to Blanche's cheeks, and her lips trembled.

It was so unkind of Christie to write those last words. It seemed almost as if she had touched a tender nerve, and the girl's sensitive heart, brought back with renewed strength, was striving to live down the pain.

Armstrong's spirited retort by his office

he might she never know, for beyond a quick, respectful glance on his dark eyes when next they met Paul Chester gave no token of anger or disapproval.

At a glance troubled Blanche had done, and a dim conviction that she was doing wrong entered her thoughtless brain. But with her usual self will and impetuosity, she went on, in defiance of Blanche's pleadings and remonstrances.

Whether she drove, roused or walked Armstrong was her constant attendant, and Paul drew aside, sitting calmly for the end to come.

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### Selected Story.

#### PAUL CHESTER'S LOVE.

She was swinging on the gate, a most undignified action on the part of a girl well in her teens, but at first glance one could see that neither dignity nor anything approaching it belonged to pretty Christie Norwell.

She was small and blonde, with short, curling hair, and merry blue eyes that were never grave, and red lips that always smiled.

It was quite a different face, the one opposite her, for the eyes were an earnest, trouble expression, and the mouth dropped sorrowfully at the corners.

'Christie,' Blanche Glennon was saying in low, reproachful tones, 'how could you be so cruel last night?'

'Cruel! I wouldn't harm a creature for the world,' Christie returned lightly; 'I know what you mean. I danced with Mr. Armstrong three times and only once with Paul. What of that?'

'It wasn't that alone. You slighted Paul all the evening, knowing, too how he dislikes Dudley Armstrong. You realize it, Christie, as well as I do; and if you care anything for Paul Chester or his love, you must be kinder.'

'Paul has no reason to dislike Mr. Armstrong; he is a perfect gentleman, and—'

'I do not agree with you,' Blanche interrupted. 'He is handsome and polished but he is not a true man. I would be careful, if I were you, lest in an unguarded moment, I committed myself.'

Something like anger flashed into Christie's eyes, and then faded; a smile half-smiled, half-amused, curved her lips.

'What a wise cousin it is!' she said mockingly. 'You always agree with Paul. If you were not so anxious to have me tie him to my apron strings, I should think you were in love with him yourself.'

Blanche turned away with heightened color, and her cousin did not see the look of unutterable grief and longing that filled the dark eyes.

The words spoken in just contained a deep and sad significance for Blanche Glennon, for with all the strength and fervor of her true, womanly heart she loved Paul Chester, the man whose cause she was pleading. And the boon she craved, she would have given her life to win, all were bestowed on gay, careless Christie, who valued them so lightly.

Christie shrugged her shoulders and laughed softly when her cousin left her.

'I wonder what she would say if she knew all,' she thought. 'She would be inexpressibly shocked, I suppose. After all, where's the harm? Poor Paul is kept in an agony of suspense and jealousy, and the girls are dying of envy!'

And so her thoughts wandered on, touching on one subject and then another. What would Paul say if he could know that the rose he had listened to her hair had found a resting place in Dudley Armstrong's vest pocket? What would he say if he could see the

class of last year without ordering it. It contains full directions for planting, and valuable directions for growing the fruit trees, etc. Invaluable to the amateur gardener. Send for it to HENRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH. No. 11, 50-5m.

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Jan. 1, 93-4t

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