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Table with columns: W, M, T, R, F, S, S, R. Rows showing rates for different time periods.

Business notices in the Local Column, 25 cents per line, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

N. B. CRANOR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

D. M. JONES, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

S. A. JOHNS, ATTORNEY AT LAW

W. G. JONES, M. D., Homeopathic Physician

L. STRUCKMEIER, MERCHANT TAILOR

GEO. R. HELM, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

PAPER HANGING, CALCIMINING, DECORATING, &c.

G. F. SETTLEMIER, Drug and Apothecary

N. S. DU BOIS & CO., Wholesale and Retail

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY!

DENTISTRY. GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.

DENTISTRY. JOS. REILLY, CONSTANT AND GENERAL COLLECTOR

DR. J. A. CHAPMAN, Dr. J. C. BARKNOLD, Dr. L. A. DAVENPORT

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HARD TIMES.

BY AGUSTUS LARNED.

Mrs. Fairman was a proud woman, if she did enjoy misery, and she had no intention of letting Mrs. Henslow know that the family lived on cannibals bread.

Obed had been kicked in the chest by Black Bill, who was trying to run with the cart, and now he lay on the bed in the family bedroom, and Salome was with him.

Now she stepped away from the stove where she had been carefully covering up the little gray leaves with a crash towel, she glanced out of the window at the spring pastures.

Mrs. Fairman's face had a cut-water outline. It was rheumy and pinched in at the nostrils, and tucked down at the corners of the mouth.

A man had ridden early in the morning over from Salisbury, with Whitehorn's bill, and had threatened to levy on some of the farm implements, and order a sheriff's sale unless it was paid in ten days.

Mrs. Henslow lived across the road in a little house that appeared to be always in the sulks.

"I got the figgers setting alone," she said as Mrs. Fairman admitted her, and settled down and let her poke burnet fall back, showing a ring of snuffly brown hair on each side of her face, done up with a big pin.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Fairman, coming in out of the buttry with her apron half full of dried apples, "these are solemn times."

"I guess they may be," croaked Miss Henslow, suspending the operation of parting one of the seams of whisker beyond the eyes, and looking though there wouldn't be a spear of grain raised this season; and there's Dave Blodgett, one of them Millerites—second adventers they call themselves—saying the word's going to be burnt this year, on account of the big horn and the little horn in the book of Daniel.

"Salome ain't rugged, that's certain," said Mrs. Fairman, who was interrupted in her calculations as to whether she could squeeze out molasses enough to sweeten the dried apples she was coring.

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off with galloping consumption. "There ain't no consumption in the family," returned Mrs. Fairman, giving a snappish little jerk to the hand that held the bread knife.

"What a dismal means to scare you, Mrs. Fairman; but then it's always best to be prepared for things as they come along."

"I'm never unprepared," returned the other dimly. "I've gone through so much, that it seems as though I was always expecting trouble; and Obed, he don't seem to sense things as I do."

"Look there at Miss Daeres," said the tailor. "Ain't she stiff-necked? I understand Jo comes here pretty often after Lome."

"Ain't you young folks can visit the boys and squint toward a girl at the same time. But I'll tell you if Jo means the old lady won't like it if Jo means to play that game. I feel it my duty as a friend to let you know how the land lays."

Mrs. Fairman had finished coring her apples; and now she went to the sink and began plying with the handle of the pump with such vigor that her neighbor's last words were fortunate lost. Mrs. Henslow remembered her goose heating red-hot over home, so she took herself and her voice away; but not before she had got a peep at the cannibal bread under the wash tub, and that same afternoon she thought it was her duty to go over to Mrs. Seth Spenser's and tell that lady how straightened the Fairmans were.

Jo Daeres, a broad-shouldered, lusty young fellow, with a great stride, and a cheery, loud voice, was just opening the gate of the house. It was the suggest, best kept farm in the neighborhood. Simon Daeres, the old man, with a heavy head, and a double chin, laid up in the bank; and if there is anything country folks do respect and bow before, it is money in the bank.

"Obed Fairman has been kicked by a horse, mother," said Jo, by a kicking in his tone. "The hurt isn't dangerous, but I think it would look friendly if you would step in to inquire how he is."

"There might be two opinions about that," said Jo, rather evasively. "Wal, you know what I think right around that girl, and I expect you will be whining round with neuralgic or hipgigo half the time—Obed is shiftless. I don't mean that he is lazy; but he ain't got no calculation. His wits are wool-gathering, half the time, and Salome is cut out of the same piece of cloth. She's as easy as an old shote, and would scold in a house and tend a garden of flowers, no matter whether there was any bread in the house or not—"

"If you are ever going to get ahead in the world, you must marry a woman that can help you push and pull, and I've helped your father; a regular stayer, that can put her shoulder to the wheel, and not a bundle of aches and pains tied round the middle with a string, and you'll eat you up with dried apples."

"Here was the Barnham valuation of woman, and in the plainest words. "She isn't sickly," said Jo, in a gloomy tone. "She may not be quite as strong as some girls, but I feel sure she will turn out a healthy woman."

"I've told you before, mother, that I don't mean to marry a drudge or a glare. I shan't look out for a wife to do my cooking and washing and scrubbing and mending, and I shan't want a human companion, and if I have a man to help me on the farm, my wife shall have a girl in the kitchen. I shan't go and look up a wife as I would a horse. A man gets his eye on a girl and he longs for her, he likes her—he can't tell why. She is different to him from any other woman in the world, and he can't be happy got," said Miss Henslow, when she had gone back into the bedroom.

"I notice that weakly girls are apt to run to heart trouble," said Mrs. Fairman. "Salome ain't rugged, that's certain," said Mrs. Fairman, who was interrupted in her calculations as to whether she could squeeze out molasses enough to sweeten the dried apples she was coring.

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The shower lasted along time, and with the patter on the roof, and the great peace that had fallen on his spirit, Obed fell asleep. Salome sat beside him. Presently there came a tap at the window. She started, and there stood Jo Daeres, leaning over the low sill backed by a lilacbush just shaking out its purple plumes. Everything was glittering with bright drops, and a robin was singing over-head.

"I've taken the Spinner place," whispered Jo, "and used granfather's money to stock it. I feel as strong as fifty men, but if you should refuse to marry me, I should be as weak as a cat."

"This is the way Jo proposed, and Salome put up her hands to him, and for one moment her face was out of sight. The robin went on singing, and a tree bough showered down bright drops on Salome's hair, and the early roses began to blow, and good moist smells came from everything, and there, over the happy girl's shoulders, was a rainbow spanning the dark clouds, which seemed to promise that an end had come to hard times."

A NOBLE WIFE. A Wife Hunting Down a Criminal and Securing Her Husband's Pardon.

The Governor of Missouri has recently pardoned an inmate of the Penitentiary, under circumstances which furnish a remarkable and touching instance of what a devoted, trusting and energetic wife can do for an unfortunate husband.

Of the prisoner's tale could be got, and as much counterfeit money had lately been circulated in that region public feeling ran strongly against him. He was tried, and despite his earnest protestations, and the facts determined against him in his behalf, he was found guilty and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the penitentiary. But the wife never for a moment believed him guilty, and with astonishing resolution and pertinacity she now bent herself to the task of proving his innocence and effecting his release.

"This is the closing day of the October term, and I wish to impress one last lesson on the members of the jury. We have tried parties for every grade of crime—the defendants being of every age and both sexes.—In almost every instance it appeared that drunkenness was the occasion of the crime. Especially was this so with the young men. In these days of agitation for reforms I wish we could inaugurate a movement for social and temperance reform and save thousands of our boys who are in fearful peril."

"The impudent heart is the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," replied the elder, fidgeting on his chair. "How will the sinners feel in the day when the goats are separated from the sheep?"

"According to my ephingery," said Obed, "God means to take care of the goats. They may not be worth as much as the sheep; but there's a big difference in folks; but I guess they'll go for what they are worth. At any rate, I shall take what comes without grumbling or complaining. There is a passage of Scripture that says, 'Many times they say, yet will I trust myself; but it shall be my ruin.'"

"I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those who have been unfaithful to their wives, when compared with those who have not, are better readers, excellent readers more understandingly. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy."

"They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspapers have shown them familiar with the location of the most important places, nations, governments and doings on the globe."

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THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI. To him she stated her case as she saw and believed it. But the Governor, although kind, was firm. The prisoner had been shown to be guilty. Counterfeiting was greatly on the increase. It was necessary to make examples, and there was every just reason why her husband should be one of them. He could hold out no hope, save in the condemned's restoration to his family after five years. The wife went home, converted all she had into cash, and the next morning departed for the horse-dealer, who had given her husband the counterfeit money.

THE SPURIOUS NOTES. With the hope of convicting the really guilty person of that offense—Pursuing him like a shadow, but keeping out of his sight, she soon found that when he went to a place counterfeit money was said to be in circulation soon after. This happened at Freeport, Ind., and afterward at Fort Wayne, Ind. At the latter place she caused his arrest. Nothing could be proved against him, and he was set free. She then drove him to Canton, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, Altoona, Lancaster, Chamberburg, Philadelphia, Goshen, Birmingham, Oswego, Elmira and other towns in New York, sometimes staying a month or two in each place. The man was, however, so

GUARDED AND INGENUOUS. As always to manage to cover his tracks; in fact, he never passed false "paper" himself at all, and his implacable pursuer was unable to bring him to account. At last, however, he fell ill at Newton, Sussex county, N. J., and she believed, and proved, that her golden opportunity was at hand.

WHAT THE PIG DID OF.—There was a miser who was considered impregnable to charitable associations until a Hibernal genius "came Paddy" over him. Teddy went to his office one morning, and told a piteous story about losing his pig, and the only one he had. "Sure," says Teddy, "Missus" (naming a very excellent lady, whose good opinion old Hard Fiat was anxious to retain), "would me to come to ye, for ye wor very rich, and giv ye power of money to the poor, God bless you! I only want to raise enough to buy me another little shlip of a pig." The miser couldn't resist the influence of Mrs.—— so he gave Teddy a crown. A few days afterwards he met him. "Well, Teddy," said he, "did you buy another pig?" "Troth I did; and a fine one it is!" "Then take better care of it than you did of the other. What did the pig you lost die of?" "Die of," said Teddy, "raising his eyebrows; 'shure he didn't die—he was fat enough, and I killed him!"

A gentleman in Iowa who recently became the father of a fine boy, and who naturally deemed it his hand-somest child ever born, thought he saw a chance for liberality without the expenditure of any money. So he offered a premium of \$100 for the prettiest baby that should be exhibited at an approaching fair, not doubting that the judges must award the premium to his own. There were some entries, comprising seven white and two negro. One of the negro babies gained the \$100 premium.

Feeling remark—"Happy is the county that has no history," as the school-boy said on being flogged for the third time for not knowing who was Henry the Sixth's wife.

JOSH BILLINGS' SPICE-BOX. The Feathered Ones. DUK. The duk is a fool. There ain't no doubt about this,—naturalists say so, and common sense teaches it. They are bit sumthing like a hen, and are an up-and-down, flat-footed job.

They don't cackle like a hen, nor kro like the rooster, nor hollow like the peacock, nor scream like the goose, nor turk like the turkey; but they quack like a root doctor, and their bills resemble a veterinary surgeon's.

They have a wofen fat, and kan float on the water az natral as a sope lobbie. They are pretty much all feathers, and when the feathers are all removed, and their innards out, there iz just about az much meat on them as there iz on a krok necked squash that has gone few soled.

They are kept in cages, and three or four of them in one room; make just about az much noise az an infant cack repeating the multiplicashun table all at once.

There is a grate deal of poetry in eagles, they kan look at the sun without winking; they kark split the clouds with their flashing speed; they kan pierce the blue etheral away up eter so far; they kan fly out at midnight's blak space like a falling star; they kan set on a giddy krag four thousand miles high and looking down onto a green pasture kan tell whether there is a lamb is fat enough to steal or not.

Jupiter, the Paterfunk god of the anshtuns, had a grate taste for eagles, if we kan believe what the pecking sing. I hav seen the bald-headed eagle and shot them in all their native majesty, and look upon them with the same kind of veneration that I do upon all sheep stealers.

Mr. G. W. Jettis, who resides in Beaverton, seven miles from Portland, Oregon, has two twin daughters, fourteen years of age in January, 1872. They were born within one half minute of each other, and at birth there was just one-half pound difference in their weight, and has never been more since; to use the expression of their father: "they always weigh in the same notch." They have the same height, color of hair and eyes, and are so much alike as scarcely to be known apart in their own family. If either one is called or spoken to by name, the nearest one answers; as names make no difference to them or the family. When one is unwell the other is unwell soon after. These things were found and noticed while studying ancient astrology, which teaches the hour and minute of birth, with the latitude and longitude and position of zodiac and planets therein;—will describe and foretell the physical appearance, mental capacity, moral worth, chronic ailments, and events of life of the nation.—Democrat.

"I Gots Nuff mit sich Foolishness."—"It is pleasant to become a parent; twice as pleasant, perhaps, to be blessed with twins; but when it comes to triplets we are a little dubious. There dwells in Jefferson county, Wisconsin, a worthy who a few years ago was presented by his wife with a son. Hans said to her: "Katrine, dat ish goot." A couple of years later the good woman pleased before his astonished gaze a bouncing pair of twins.

"Well," said Hans, "dat ish better ash der oder time, I thinks more ash'ter glass beer on dat." But the good woman next time gave birth to triplets, and that made him "shpoken mit his mouth shust a little."

"Mine Goot, Katrine! vat ish the matter on you? Petter you shop/dis pizziness fore der come more as a village full. I gotts nuff mit sich foolishness!" No later returns have been received.

BILLINGS' PROVERBS.—A reputashun for happiness wants az much looking into as a reputashun for honesty. Affektasun always looks well in a monkey. Trying to define love is trying to tell how you kum bet brake thru the ice—all you know about it is, yr fell in and got ducked. A wize man never enjoys himself so much, nor a fool so little, az when alone.

"I don't bet on prekoshus children," the huckleberry that ripens the soonest is always the fastest to decay. The bulk of mankind are mere initiators or poor originals. An army chaplain relates the following story: Seeing a dirty-faced butternut urchin at the fence in front of the house, the preacher said: "Is your father at home?" "He's gone to church."

"Is your mother in?" "No, she's gone home."

"Then you're all by yourself?" "No, Sam's in thar huggin' sister."

"That's bad."

"Yes, it's bad, but it's the best he can do."

An Illinois woman went into the river, for suicide intent, the other day. A lot of sordid boys on the bank threw mud at her. Old Adam rose in her despairing bosom. She waded ashore, and boys arrested, and she will put them through before she tries suicide again.

Victor Hugo proposes to marry again.