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"Our Own."

If I had known in the morning, How wearily all the day The words unkind Would trouble my mind I said when you went away, I had been more careful, darling, Nor give you needless pain; But we vex "our own" With look and tone, We might never talk again.

"Indeed, my lord, the walk round the garden was so fatiguing to my lady this morning, that I persuaded her to lie down. She will be up and lively again by the time supper is over, and will then come down." "That is right, Elspeth; and hark ye," he continued, "see to it that she is heavily dressed and that she does not look so pale as she did yesterday."

The twilight had given place to a glorious moonlight, that lay silencing with dazzling brightness the bosom of the Eek. Upon that bosom was a trace of white foam that caught the moon's rays, as fleecy clouds catch the sunbeams, and appear more glorious than the pure blue sky or sea; and in that track a single dark speck was dancing like a scullion above the waters.

How to Tell a Gentleman. You should never judge by appearance. The other day a little well-to-do man, wearing a \$2.50 suit or clothes, went to one of the big hotels, and registering himself as from Texas, asked for a room and if breakfast was on the table.

How a Dog Disappointed a Duke. The Grand Duke Alexis went to see Almee in the "Grand Duchess" Monday evening, but the sweet singer not being in an Almee-able mood, was absent on the ancient plea of indisposition.

The Battle of Saratoga. If the battle of Bunker Hill was the famous beginning of the revolution, Saratoga claims to have been the scene of its triumphant crisis, the place where proud Burgoyne gave up his sword and acknowledged himself and his English army beaten.

Schliemann and Agamemnon. Dr. Schliemann, in his last letter to the London Times, thus simply and clearly states his Homeric faith and gives his reasons for believing the towns discovered at Mykenae to those of Agamemnon and his companions.

The Lily of Roslin Castle. I do not know why the very name of Roslin Castle strikes up within me a crowd of sensations both sad and sweet. Sad, like the sound of fine old music—the refrain of an air which we have heard in childhood—and sweet, because it was in our ear long before the bitterness of life began.

The absence of Elspeth and Isabella was equally strange; but on the opposite bank of the Eek, where a boat was landing, the moon was looking down upon a sunset scene, framed in curls that glittered like golden threads upon a band—some brown cheek, glowing with joy and pride, and last, but not least, upon the main form of old Elspeth, quivering with the pent-up fear of her master's indignation.

A Telephonic Outrage. In the interest of young men and women who sit up together late every Sunday night, we demand that this telephonic invention be crushed out of existence or suppressed by injunction.

The Petrol Trade. In reviewing the petrol trade for the year 1876, the Pittsburgh Commercial says last year was one of the most prosperous in the history of the article.

Animals and Steam-Engines. A writer in Dugdale's Polytechnical Journal, in dealing the behavior of different animals toward the steam-engine, remarks upon the destruction which dogs make about among the wheels of a departing railway-train.

HE HADN'T.—The temperature revival in Detroit has set men to thinking seriously. One of the serious was discovered coming out of a Larned street saloon recently, and an acquaintance collared him and said: "You have been drinking."

A MANIAC'S VISION AND A WATCHER'S NERVE.—A gentleman in Canonsville had lost his reason, and, pending his commitment to Dix, Mr. R. M. Sibbett was sitting up with him one night to prevent him from doing himself bodily injury.

Where Roslin's chief uncles lived; Each baron for a noble throne; Sheathed in his iron panoply.

The baron was hunting one day, about twenty years before, and in the depth of the forest he discovered a beautiful child, apparently two or three years of age, lying asleep upon the grass.

Sir Henry Leigh, a young English baronet, had married a poor girl, but one who in all other things was his equal. His family had treated her in a way that outraged all her sensibilities.

A TWO-SHILLING OFFER.—Yesterday forenoon a young man secured a livery rig and drove around town at a furious rate, as if his sole object was to kill the horse instead of taking a ride.

GENERAL FIRE tells with great effect the story of the colored color-buster, who when the command of the captain of his company rung out for the soldiers to fall back, thinking their exposure too serious, kept on alone in advance.

A LITTLE fellow ran to his mother the other day and asked, "Ma, can I have some bread and jam?" His mother, wishing to break him of the vicious habit, replied, "When I was your age I couldn't get anything to eat between meals if I wanted'st."

A MOTHER may never find words in which to express the emotions which surge through her heart on finding her babe, just dressed in its Sunday best, stirring the contents of a bottle of ink into the coal ashes with the hair brush, but she will try, and with all her might.—Rome Sentinel.

"And how is the lady Isabella to-day?" asked the baron, as he placed his ponderous frame upon the chair of state. "I trust her faintings are over by this time."

It was true that a few brief moments were all that Hector dared to stay; but the very scantiness of the time made it all the more sweet, and these stolen interviews being succeeded by Isabella's entrance into the grand hall, where she tried to greet the baron kindly, the youth capered himself by replying rather than to her brother; and the two young hearts had already become one and inseparable, and it only remained for some plausible scheme of elopement for both to present itself, to take the requisite steps for a union.

There are in Connecticut 256 ponds, each having five acres or more of surface. Efforts have been made to introduce valuable fish into them, apparently without success. In thirteen ponds 120,000 young land-locked salmon were put last year, but none of them are in the middle of a hard winter, too!—Detroit Free Press.

A BIRMINGHAM, Ct. dog, which had for a year or two regularly run to the train on hearing the whistle, for the morning paper, had died, and a coach dog, which had frequently been his companion, has voluntarily succeeded to the business, doing it faithfully.

A JAPANESE LADY'S TOILET.—The toilet of a Japanese dame is a matter of no light consideration and to be in good time for the fair she must be up and dressing long before the sun rises from behind the great sacred mountains, Fuji.

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