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RATES OF ADVERTISING IN CASH: One inch, first insertion, \$2.00; Each subsequent insertion, 1.00. This advertisement by contract. Business notices in the local columns, 25 cents per line. Advertisements payable monthly. JOB WORK executed with accuracy, dispatch and at low prices.

The Later Peace.

We have passed the noonday summit, We have left the noonday heat, And down the hillside slowly Descend our wearied feet. Yet the evening shadows are bliny, And the evening shadows are bliny, And the evening shadows are bliny.

Aslaug's Wooing.

When Aslaug became a full-grown girl, peace was gone on Husaby farm. The finest boys of the parish were gathered and fought there night after night. It was long on Saturday nights, but then old Just Husaby went to bed with his leather breeches and a birch club at his side.

Heroism in Humble Life.

The following story of heroism in humble life and in circumstances by no means calculated to inspire romantic feelings of devotion, is not surpassed by any occurrence that we call to mind in the history of princes and kingdoms.

The Young Vanderbilts.

A correspondent of the Capital writes from New York: A younger brother of Wm. H. and Cornelius, George Vanderbilt, who graduated at West Point and was appointed to the Ninth Infantry, was afflicted similarly, though in a less degree than Cornelius.

Mr. Hayes' Ohio Home.

Fremont is a trifle over 100 miles from Columbus. The population is about 7,000, mostly all people of wealth. The late Mr. Richard, President Hayes' uncle, was one of the wealthy men here.

The Army.

A Washington dispatch reports Gen. Sherman as giving his opinion regarding the army as follows: Since last June there has been no recruiting, as there has been no money to pay expenses.

The Merchant's Story.

Yes, it was rather a curious start that I had in business. The first thing I did, after having saved a little pile of money, was to set up a shanty in Sioux City.

Heroism in Humble Life.

While she was sitting there she thought she should like to sing, and she chose a song with long notes and a burden, which floated far away into the calm evening.

The Young Vanderbilts.

As William descended in brains and sense, so in love Cornelius, at least enough so to fairly hope for more than the interest on \$200,000 out of the one hundred million rolled up by the hard, old man, who had begotten him.

Mr. Hayes' Ohio Home.

It was framed in the picture which he carried with him to the artist to be made by Mr. Hayes, and it was the last one taken. It was taken on the 26th day of February, 1865, by Alexander Gardner, who sent it to Mr. Hayes.

The Army.

While I was before the Appropriations Committee I was asked if I could not get along with the present force of the army. I answered, unhesitatingly, No.

The Merchant's Story.

"I'll take it," says he. "But I haven't any money." Under the circumstances, seeing he had the knife in his fist and was ready to turn it round, I thought I had better offer to trade him.

Heroism in Humble Life.

But suddenly the dog sprang up, started toward the ledge, wagged his tail and barked; turned back to Aslaug, jumped with his fore-paws into her lap and barked; twisted round again and barked with frantic restlessness, while a red cap arose above the ledge, and Tore leaped to her bosom.

The Young Vanderbilts.

It was a wonder that the Vanderbilt children did not grow up a gang of horse-jockeys, gamblers and misers. The Commodore's sister was the only girl in the family who was not a miser.

Mr. Hayes' Ohio Home.

The infirmity known as "color-blindness" is much more prevalent than one would suppose; and managers of railroads, when selecting candidates for the posts of engineers, firemen or signal-men, are often astonished by the number of candidates they find afflicted with it.

The Army.

An organization has just been effected in this city whose object it is to promote the relief of the surplus industrial population of the community by offering practical help in settling on farms in the West.

The Merchant's Story.

There are some Indians coming in to-day and I'll bring them to your shanty in trade for the knife. "And now, youngster," says he, "I like the way you treated me when I roused you out for that trade. You didn't show the white feather."

The Art of Listening.

The art of listening is a delicate and difficult art, and one that is seldom practiced. It is delicate because it demands, if not sympathy, a show of sympathy, and continuous attention, as well as an air of interest.

The Young Vanderbilts.

While I was doing this a villager was hard at work, cutting away bits of boughs. Through this vista he pointed. Sure enough, there were black hair spots not two yards from us, visible amidst the thick tangle.

Mr. Hayes' Ohio Home.

The late Chief Justice Chase's mother once bore her part in a little comedy which was almost Shakespearean. With her husband she was visiting two of his brothers, who were also married.

The Army.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S PECULIARITIES.—The inevitable paragraph about the last set of girls General Sherman kissed in Oregon this time, has followed the old man to Washington.

The Merchant's Story.

—THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.—A search is going on for the smallest volume in the world. One has been found seven-eighths of an inch long, half an inch wide, and a little more than an eighth of an inch thick.

A CURIOUS WAGER.

Perhaps one of the most curious wagers on record is one that was made by two sporting men in January, 1827. One of the sports bet twenty pounds to ten that of the first thirty men who should pass a shop in which they were to station themselves, twenty would have at least one hand in the breeches or coat pocket, and that fifteen would have both hands so placed.

THE LACCOON.

He has drawn a vivid picture of one of the scenes which hastened the fall of ancient Troy. The noble Trojan priest, Laocoon, denounced the infatuation of his countrymen, when they determined to receive the monstrous wooden horse, stuffed with Greek troops and prizes, into the city.

A HOUSE STORY.

An American clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was, not long since, at a country hotel where he observed a horse-dealer trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a wind-broken horse for a sound one.

THE LACCOON.

Next to wine, cider is the liquor most consumed in France, but within the last 20 years the consumption has fallen from 42 to 35 gallons per head annually. Its use is no longer confined to the northwestern departments.

A HOUSE STORY.

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