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PROFESSIONAL CARDS. E. WALKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. C. R. BUCKALEW, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. JOHN M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

HARD TIMES, LOW WAGES, shrinkage of values are all having their effect on prices. The clothing market feels the effect so much as to reduce prices to almost a give away point.

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Health and Happiness. Do you have indigestion? Do your nerves ache? Do you suffer from rheumatism?

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. Only \$1 BY MAIL POST-PAID. KNOW THYSELF. A Great Medical Work on Manhood.

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CENTAURO-LINIMENT. An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, &c.



SECT STORY. THAT BLESSED OLD MAID. "There is no other way, Clara. I'm the only relative she has left, and I must invite her here for the winter."

Notice—Estimates furnished to Clubs for Overcoats for the inauguration.

Do you have indigestion? Do your nerves ache? Do you suffer from rheumatism?

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over her pale face. Then, turning away, she said, brokenly: "Don't talk about it, Nat; I know we can't afford it, and I'd rather not speak of it."

After Mrs. Tracy and baby were gone, Nathan looked at the unoccupied rooms, and resolved that there should be something new—something bright and pretty—to welcome back the home-keeper.

"What was Clara's old home like? You don't want her to notice too sharp a contrast on her return," said the sister, quietly.

"I may get a carpet," thoughtfully; "but so many things would have to follow."

"I intend to have everything nice for her some day," said the sister, smiling.

"Yes, Nat; but a woman must have something to live on in the meantime. There's a love of the beautiful in every woman's heart, and it must be satisfied."

"I don't know what you have been kind and good to her, and now that she has worked so far, I know you will be glad to give her a vacation. You do not realize what it is to care for those small children and do all the work that must be done in a farm house."

"Suppose I am; what then?" "How much would it cost to send her back to Ohio, for the winter? I can't keep her."

"What is in these big brown paper packages that came to-day, mamma?" "Oh, nothing, child; nothing but soap."

Study of Husbands. Among new fancies is the leaf album. To make one only requires the exercise of a little care and patience.

A Pretty Athlum. "Why are homely girls always the best scholars, the best workers and make the best wives?" This question was proposed by an observant and intelligent gentleman, who has been twice led to the lyceum hall and is ready to be sacrificed again and over till the glass is equally covered; then lay the leaf—clean and freshly gathered—on the inked glass, and carefully draw the roller over it.

Done When Done. System is the oil which lubricates the wheels of daily life for as who must work. A lack of it causes everything to hitch and clog, and lose time and temper.

Unfulfilled Ambition. A young man with a broad back and a sorrowful look was standing in front of the Board of Trade the other day, when an acquaintance came and called out: "Hello! Thomas out of a job?"

Stories of the War. While we were in camp at Washington in 1862, we were drilled to an extent which to the raw "thinking soldier" seemed unnecessary.

To Make the House Comfortable. A correspondent writes: "Some of us live in old homesteads that, though well and solidly built, have suffered from time's ravages; others in the modern houses more cheaply put up, both of which are sometimes very uncomfortable in cold weather."

Mamma Gets Tired. "What is in these big brown paper packages that came to-day, mamma?" "Oh, nothing, child; nothing but soap."

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The ordinary methods of slaughtering cattle and hogs by farmers and small butchers is familiar enough to every one who has ever seen or known anything of country or village life. In New England in the olden time when a farmer had a "beef cutter" or two or three hogs to kill, it was considered the best part of a day's work with two or three of the neighbors to help. But in these modern days of general and scientific progress the advances in the methods and in the celerity of slaughtering animals for food is fully as great as in any other department of business. It would naturally be expected that in a place like the Union Stock Yards and how they do it.

In slaughtering hogs, the animals are driven up an inclined plane, which is a covered viaduct, from the yards below to the top floor of the packing house where they are wanted. As they come up into a small pen a man stands in their midst with a chain, having a spring clasp at the end. This is strong upon one of the animal's hind legs in a jiffy, and before the animal knows it is swinging in the air and squealing vigorously. The upper end of the chain is attached to a pulley wheel, and runs over it to a second pulley, and carries the animal along toward the slaughtering vat.

On the way to the vat he passes the stickler, who with one lunge of a long, sharp knife, and his life. Allowed to bleed a few seconds, he is dropped from the chain directly into the scalding vat, which whirled over a few minutes, and then lifted by hidden machinery at the bottom of the vat up to a moving belt on the surface of a long bench, which carries him toward the scraping machine. The principle and mechanism of this machine is almost identical with that of a corn-sheller. Revolving wheels, with flexible scrapers on their outer edge, are so placed and bunched as to hit the surface of the hog on all sides at the same time. The animal enters the machine snout first, passes rapidly over the rollers, and is discharged as a brisket as he could be if the work had been done slowly by hand. A few men with knives finish the parts not completely denuded of their covering, and at the same time cut off the head, which is dissected in a twinkling.

He is then attached to another pulley overhead, running on an iron track and passed along over the bench to another skilled workman who, with about three strokes of a knife dismembers the animal and hand over the pieces to the next man in line. The workmen for cleaning. A stream of water from a hose pipes upon the animal a few seconds and then he is run off on the elevated railroad to ward the cooling-room. At this point the work of killing and dressing is done, and the first of the slaughtering is a little less than four minutes on an average each day and week and month. The two men who are the most skilled for their important but disagreeable work, are the stickler and dismemberer. Very rarely do either of these workmen miss their aim, or miss their work. They are cool headed and a steady hand to do that work quickly and well at the same time.

A steady procession of swining hogs, dead or dying, is kept passing through the room, suspended from the ceiling by a chain, and is ready to be killed and dressed whenever it is needed, and no blockade of freight is allowable. Not a moment is lost, not a particle of strength is wasted. There is no heavy lifting of dead carcasses from the beginning to the end of the process. Machinery takes the place of human labor, and the work of the stickler and dismemberer is rapidly completed by the machine. It is a process which inflicts the least amount of pain and suffering upon the animal to be slaughtered, and one which never fails to impress the beholder with its scientific and humane character. In a word, it is a scientific slaughtering under the most favorable conditions, and with all possible adjuncts and appliances. —Chicago Journal.

He Forgot to Ask. The New Haven News tells this election story: A good story was told at the Scoville house in Waterbury during the settlement of a number of election bets. During the Polk campaign much interest was taken in Waterbury in the result, and party strife ran high between Whigs and Democrats. Waterbury was only a little village at that time and it had no railway communications. It was also before the days of the telegraph, and a number of the politicians made a journey to New Haven to see Colonel Richard Walton, proprietor of the New Haven stage line, to make a special trip to New Haven and get the returns.

The crowd waited anxiously on the tavern steps all through the afternoon of the day of Colonel Walton's trip and when he came in sight with his horses and a party of men, he stood up in his wagon and called to the expectant crowds: "New York's gone 5,000." "For whom?" arose on every side. "The colored jumped from his wagon, hesitated a moment, scratched his head and then burst out: "Well, I swear, I forgot to ask."

The feelings of the politicians can be better imagined than described. "What is the meaning of that red line above the fourth story of your house?" asked a stranger of a man near Pittsburg. "That is the water mark. That mark shows how high the water was during the great overflow about one year ago. "Impossible. If the water had been that high, the whole town would have been a swamp."

The water over was that high. It only came up to the first story window, but the cursed boys rubbed it out three or four times so I put it there where they can't get at it. It takes a smart man to circumvent those boys."