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THE BEST PAPER. TRY IT.

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The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the best paper published in the world.

Its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the progress of the world.

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Poetry.

A Morning Song.

I wake this morn, and all my life is freshly mine to live.

New thoughts to speak, new thoughts to hear.

New hopes to cheer in the sun.

And I'll be glad to see you.

Select Tale.

A Living Statue.

In the month of August, 1862, a young man named...

He was a young man, and in the month of August, 1862...

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At this point information was received that the Federal General Wilson had captured Meade...

Mr. Glisser's proved a very bad case, and he was lost to sight for some years after the date of the exhibition of 1862.

Raising Ostriches in Africa. A correspondent of the London Field states that domesticated birds...

It was yet comparatively early in his watch, on a certain night, and a young moon there just sufficient light...

With prudent noiselessness—but not quite so much as his ears—a man glided around the angle of a counter...

"I am afraid you have had a loss," said the man, "and hope it is not very serious; but at any rate I should like a word or two with you."

"What for?" retorted Basilton. "I have lost a gold watch, and as I have not breathed a syllable about it to a soul, I don't see how you could know anything of it unless some of your lively 'foes' have..."

"You are too severe, Mr. Basilton," said the other, finding he stopped. "You are indeed, sir. Now, sir, I have my opinion about these robberies, and I think I have found out the order the thief works in, and can pretty well guess what quarter he will next try. I believe I can catch him."

"You!" exclaimed Basilton, with an emphasis which was anything but complimentary to the officer.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, firmly. "I can. You have a good deal of influence with the authorities, and if you will ask, I shall be taken off regular duty, and detailed for special service; and I can then catch him."

"Well, tell me your plans," said Basilton; "and, in return, I will tell you this: you know there are fifty pounds offered on the quiet for the apprehension of the thief. Find him and I will make it a hundred."

The constable smiled, and, lowering voice, spoke to the exhibitor in whispers. When he had finished, Basilton slapped his hand on the counter with a force that jarred every article around, and exclaimed: "You are right. Are you on duty?"

"No, sir," said the man. "Then, you shall be." The application for the constable's change of duty was doubtless made, for he disappeared from his accustomed patrol.

During the next day or two, Basilton became loquacious on the subject, and, in conversation with Mr. Glisser, who took a very kindly interest in the matter, owned that he had changed his opinion about the manner of the robbery.

"I do, though," exclaimed Lowcliffe. "Well! of all the parties as I could have supposed, I never could have supposed him. Why, it's that blessed Glisser—from the stall next to all Basilton; a fellow that looks as if butter would not melt in his mouth."

A TALE OF TREASURE.

In which the Sundry Acquired Wealth of a California Man is Explained Not at all to His Credit.

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"Where am I?—who are you?" cried the miserable culprit. "Oh, we're particular friends of yours," returned the officer. "But I saw—I saw one of those things move," said the man, looking timidly round with a dreadful shudder. Lowcliffe had stripped off his white raiment by this time, and so did not shock the wretched Glisser's eyes.

"We will tell you all about that in the morning," said the constable. "What you have got to do is to come along with us."

"It was so—he had to come along," and directly the exhibitor and their staff mustered in the building, the intelligence flew like wildfire that Mr. Glisser was in custody for breaking into the stalls at night.

It was a shock to a large circle of his acquaintances and admirers, who could hardly believe it; and when on his looking being searched, the bulk of all the articles, missing from the counters was found, the thing seemed more incredible still. Mr. Basilton was especially astonished, because he had made quite a confident of the young man, and had the mortification of remembering how he himself had revealed to Mr. Glisser the various plans for detecting the thief; and that, if it had not been for Lowcliffe insisting on the ruse of attributing the pilfering to the afternoon instead of the night, he probably would have put the young man on his guard against the scheme which had proved successful. He recovered his watch and other articles, and his hundred pounds cheerfully, and gained a reputation with which he put his name down to their subscriptions for deserving objects.

Agents Wanted.

Agents Wanted. Address as above.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The undersigned would respectfully announce to Ladies, Farmers, and consumers generally that he constantly keeps on hand ALL KINDS OF COAL!

Pea Coal a Specialty. Prices to Suit the Times.

GRAIN! RAILROAD TIES!

All kinds of Grain and Railroad Ties taken in exchange for Coal.

Yard in Franklin. Inquire for Bilger's Yard.

Thankful for past favors, would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

J. W. BILGER.

This story is told of a father who was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson.

"What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent.

"You had 'em?"

"Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the father, once more rather wroth.

"I put bells on sheep to keep the dogs off. I have tried it thirty years, and never lost one. My neighbors all around me have lost sheep frequently. They did not—"

"The constables."