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All transient advertising less than 10 cents a line.

Poetry.
A Few Brief Years.

By Hugh F. McDermott.
Brief years, and I shall lie
With you calm and peaceful sky,
My breast is white with notes and
Laughs, music of the stars;
My bosom, spread from pole to
pole,
Shall smile my grave console.

Compensation.

By George Cooper.
Every leaf of green,
Golden leaf;
Every fading flower,
Ripened sheaf;
Every parching beam,
Drop of rain;
Every sunny day,
To stars again.

Out of Groceries.

Said a farmer's wife to the
traveller, "we are out of
you will have to go to
town for your groceries."
"Must get along some
how do without until I
can get my milk I can't
do now. You know the
days if we do not sow we
get no corn."
"Be sure the next day,
of coffee, as well as
will have to go to town,
you can't do without
some coffee."
"Must get along some
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The Post.

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Spoopendyke's Picture Hanging.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Sloopendyke, with a nail in his mouth, and balancing himself waveringly on a dining-room chair, "all you've got to do now is to get your picture ready, and I'll show you how to hang the thing."
"Is it awful sweet of you, pet?" said Mrs. Sloopendyke, alternately rubbing the frame of a very hectic chromo and sucking the thumb she had been hammering for the last twenty minutes. "It's awful sweet and thoughtful of you, dear, to offer your assistance at such a time, for I do believe I never would have got a nail driven in that stupid wall."

Gems from Addresses Delivered by President Garfield.

"Follow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne. Mary and truth shall go before His face! Follow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."
"O! I see; there are times in the history of our nation when they stand so near the veil that separates mortal and immortal, that men from their God that they can almost hear the beating and feel the pulsations of the infants. Through such a time has this nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted that martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men."
"From the genius of our Government, the pathway to honor is open to all. No post of honor so high but the poorest boy may hope to reach it. It is the pride of every American that many crushed names, at whose mention our hearts beat with a quicker bound, were worn by the sons of poverty, who conquered obscurity and became fixed stars in our firmament."

Hints to Mothers.

When your daughter performs a task in an ill-favored manner, always say, "There! I might as well have done it myself on the first place," and then take the work out her hand and do it yourself. This will encourage the girl not to try to do the thing next time she is set about it.
Never permit your son to have any amusement at home. This will induce him to seek it in places where you will not be annoyed by the noise.
There is no place like home. Impress this truth upon your children by making home as disagreeable and unlike any other place as possible.
Never neglect the look on the pantry. Some boys have probably turned out first class housebreakers all on account of this judicious treatment in early childhood.
Never permit your children to contradict. Let them know that that is your peculiar prerogative.
Including your children's faults, never forget to mention how much better the Jones children behave. This will cause your little ones, everlastingly to love the Jones children.
Take frequent occasion to tell your children how much more favorable their lot is than yours when you were a girl. It is always pleasant to children to be constantly reminded of their obligations.
Don't let your son indulge in any kind of outdoor games. Keep him to his books. It will make a great man of him some day, if he should never be permitted to romp. Let them grow into interesting invalids, by all means.
Be gentle and courteous before company; but if you have a temper, let your children taste of it as often as convenient. A mother should never practice deception upon her child.
Talk slightly of your husband to your boys and girls. This will make them respect their father.
Tell your child he shall not do a thing and then let him tease you into giving your consent. This will teach him what to do on subsequent occasions.
Make promises to your children, and then neglect to keep them. This will lead your children not to place too much reliance upon your word, and small tears from many disappointments.
When your boy gets comfortably seated in the easy-chair, take him from him. This will induce him to appreciate a good thing when he grows older, and stick to it—a seat in a crowded horse car, for example.
Tell your children they are the worst you ever saw, and they will no doubt endeavor to merit your appreciation.

A Florida Typhoon.

On the approach of the autumn the Floridian quakes with apprehension. It is the dread season for hurricanes. Tearing thro' the West Indies, they often strike the coast with scarcely a note of warning; houses are overthrown, sailboats blown from the water and orange groves swept bare of leaves and fruit. Some of the old settlers say they can detect signs of the storm a day before it breaks upon them.
"Your foot it in the air before it comes," says one. This, however, an indefinite sign. The devastation lining the track certainly proves that you "feel it after it comes."
One of these typhoons visits the coast every year. The day may be bright and beautiful and the flowers heavy with bees and humming birds, shimmering in sequoia hawks quiver in the air, and the scarlet cardinal twitters in the acacias. A cooling breeze plays through the leaves of the trees and gently swings the orange oranges. Clouds of gulls soar above the dark green mangrove bushes, and the sand bars at low tide are covered with pensile eucalyptus and willows. The dray near of the surf is heard, and the gentle swell of the ocean is rippled with golden sheen.
Almost imperceptibly the wind dies away. Cries of terns and water birds fall upon the ear with painful distinctiveness. The mud heaves in the marshes pipe an alarm. Not a blade of salt grass moves. The blue sky grows hazier, and the eastern horizon is misty vague. Faint grass begins to ripple the water and handle the green leaves. A low moan comes from the ocean. Smoky clouds roll into the sky from the south-east and a strong wind whitens the ruffled water. Every minute it increases in fury. An ominous glow light tinges the atmosphere. Sun is gone, and great drops of rain are hurled to the ground. Within fifteen minutes there is a gale, and soon the whole force of the hurricane is felt. Great angles and pediments are swept through the air, and the birds are dashed to death by leafless twigs, and the torn bodies of shrewy ferrets and wild turkeys lodge in the branches of the live oak and cypress trees.
All living things disappear. Fall plums are twisted and scattered. The limbs of willows and cypresses snap like bow-strings. Leafy palm-trees bend their heads to the ground, their great fans inside out, like the ribs of an umbrella. The force of the wind keeps the trees down until every green fan pops like a pistol shot. The leaves of the seraglio scrub are wiped out and their stems whipped into little bushes.
The tongue sea palmetto is blown as flat as a North-west wind, and the dead grass of an savanna is lashed into fine dust. Boards in the surf are struck by the wind and sent spinning hundreds of feet in the air. The sand dunes are caught up bodily and sifted through the tops of pine trees miles away. The foam of the sea is blown beneath the houses on the mainland, and comes up between the cracks of the door like steam.
Woe to the owners of sailboats and boat houses. At Lake Worth the Cruiser, a heavy, round-bottomed sailboat thirty-two feet long, was picked up from her ways, rigging and all, and carried across the lake a mile away, without touching the water. A boat was torn from her moorings, lifted from the water, and dropped into a soft marsh eight hundred yards away. In the fall of 1876 the Ida Smith, a large schooner running between New Smyrna and Jacksonville, was torn from her anchors and stranded on a marsh five hundred yards from the ship channel.
The coast-survey steamer, in a good harbor sheltered by sand banks, threw out three anchors and kept her wheels working against the wind under a full head of steam. She dragged her anchors several hundred yards, and barely escaped destruction.
The hurricanes last from seven to eight hours, even longer. During the full rain falls in torrents. The tide rises to a great height, carrying away wharves and boat-houses and flooding the country for miles. The ocean leaps the sandy barriers of the coast, and floods the India and other salt-water rivers, involv-

A Sharp Witness.

A late number of the New York Herald gives the following incident which occurred in the Tombs Police Court, a few days ago, when a witness went to testify to the good character of his countryman, Patrick McGrath, who was charged with assault and battery. The witness was too glib and went too deeply into the genealogy of the McGraths to suit the complainant's counsel. Twice he tried to arrest the torrent of recollections, and failing in it, he lost his temper and said:
"Did you ever take a man to death, sir?"
"No, did you ever do it yourself?" asked the witness quite as tactfully.
"Yes," said the counsel, with an absent air, but watching an opportunity for a thrust. "Yes a couple hundred of them."

A Modest Request.

"Darling, wake up and stop snoring," said a Detroit woman to her husband.
"Whizz! Whizz! master now?" he asked as he half raised up in bed.
"Whizz! Whizz! Whizz! Whizz!" he asked as he half raised up in bed.
"Whizz! Whizz! Whizz! Whizz!" he asked as he half raised up in bed.

An Old Man's Opinion.

She had been called an old maid, and rather resented it. Said she, "I am past forty. I have a good home. I think you know I have had abundant opportunities to marry. I have been brides-maid a score of times. I ask myself with which one of the beautiful girls that I have seen take the marriage vow would I exchanged to-day? Not one! Some are living apart from their husbands; some are divorced; some are wives of drunken men; some are hanging on the ragged edge of society, endeavoring to keep up appearances; some are toiling to support and educate their children, and these are the least miserable; some tread the narrow line beyond the boundary of which lies the mysterious land, and some have gone out in the darkness and unknown horrors, and some are dead. A few there are who are loved and honored wives, mothers with happy homes; but, alas, only a few."

Wagons are tired.

Wagons are tired.
Be always at leisure to do good.
Out of season—an empty spice-box.
Calamity is a man's true touchstone.
The father of the carols is Pop-Corn.
The old man of the sea was an ocean buoy once.
All flesh is grass—and some of it is very green.
"Love lightens labor," as the man said when he saw his wife doing his work for him.
The best men often have the worst luck.
Nothing is as good as it seems before hand.
The best critics in the world are our relations.
He who has lost his honor can lose nothing more.
There is no grief like the grief that does not speak.
The original greenback party was the watermelon.
Boys and girls should read the newspapers more and dime novels less.

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Cuticura.

Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood-Cure.
MIRACULOUS CURE.
I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of what is called disease known. The patient is a man forty years of age, and suffered fifteen years. His eyes, scalp and nose were wholly encased in a thick, scrofulous growth. Had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known in medicine, but all failed. He was finally cured by Cuticura. I prepared a special medicine for him, and he was cured in three weeks. He is now well and healthy. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most horrible appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. It has now been cured for six months.
F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

Catarrh.

The Catarrh treatment for the cure of Sinus, Stomach and Bowel Diseases, consists in the use of Catarrh's Medical Cure, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap. The great benefit of Cuticura is that it is a small, light, and easily carried, and is not at all objectionable. It is a most valuable remedy for all cases of Catarrh, and is the only one that is so effective.
WILKINS & PUTNER, Boston, Mass.

Catarrh Medical Cure. Complete Treatment. For \$1.00.

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