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Rates of Advertising.

Table with rates for One Square (1 inch), one insertion, one month, three months, one year, Two Squares, one year, Quarter Col., Half, and One.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

The Spelling Bee at Angel's.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES. Waltz in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee...

Thar was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat and Smith of Shooter's Bend, and Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better friend.

Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers—you have five. Clipp out two—it's sing'lar too, that Clipp ain't now alive.

Boats encre, poker and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin' Bee.' Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and spake: "Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez, "Shake."

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like 'separate.'" Now who can spell it? Dog my skin, ef that was one in eight.

Till Joe waltzed in his double "i" betwixt the "a" and "o"; For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight, Tuar war'n't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night.

On little kids: my pretty kids, 'twas touching to survey Those bearded men, with weppings on, like school boys at their play. They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up and vowed the man who rung Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and hung.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said he'd adjourn, But Poker Dick remarked that he would wait and get his turn;

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business down in camp," And "ez the road was rather dark, and ez the night was damp,

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick and tried to look ez he Was huntin' up authorities that no one else could see; And Brown got down behind the stove allowin' he "was cold,"

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went their way With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to sport or play

The 15th of March, 1720, was a gay and joyous day in the queen city of the Mediterranean, Marseilles, which even then was one of the finest places of the old world,

On that day a great event occurred in the commercial history of Marseilles. The first ship from Levant, laden with precious cachemire wool, had arrived and it was to be woven at Marseilles, whose great ambition was to eclipse the spinneries of Lyons and Rouen.

The sailors of the ship were treated to a collation at the public expense, and until a late hour of the night crowds singing joyous ditties were passing through the principal streets of the city.

Disinfecting processes at that time were never resorted to, and the narrow streets of Marseilles, near the harbor, were kept in a very filthy condition.

Next day the wool-ship was unloaded, and two hours later most of the workmen engaged on the dock near it were writing in the agonies of the plague.

A cry of horror resounded throughout the whole city when the dread news became generally known. The stores were shut up and the people locked themselves in their dwellings.

For a minute they remained locked in a fervent embrace. Then she drew him gently into a hallway. They exchanged many tender caresses.

"Why, Sophronia, why!" he cried, stamping his foot on the ground. "Listen to me, Antoine," she said, calmly.

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"Poor mother!" she sighed. "She a witch because she cured some sick people whom the stupid physicians of Marseilles had given up."

"I have a modest fortune in my own right," interposed Antoine. "A modest fortune!" she exclaimed almost scornfully.

"The plague!" she echoed, with distended eyes. "Yes; everybody is alarmed."

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"Will you stay here a minute, Monseigneur, I will be back presently." In a few minutes Antoine returned with the blushing Saphronia.

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REAL ROMANCE.

Which Tells a Tale of What Happened Under the Summer.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

One calm, delightful autumn night, While tiny stars were twinkling bright, With cheery laugh and pleasant talk Tom and Maria took a walk.

"Oh, save me, Tom!" Maria cried—"I'll save myself!" the wretch replied; And with a stifled, hasty moan, He hurried off for parts unknown.

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Tears.

Is it raining, little flower? Be glad of rain! Too much rain would wither thee— 'Twill shine again.

High-toned people—Tenor singers. Items of interest—The entries in one's bank book.

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