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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

The Spelling Bee at Angel's.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES. Walks in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knees, And drop them books and first pot-books, and bear a yarn from me.

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. Clapp out off two—it's sing'lar too, that Clapp ain't no alive.

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and spake: "Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sees, "Shake."

And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say right that That man who tackled euvre hed his education eger."

This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the school-master, who said, He knew the game and he would give instructions on that head.

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

This set they boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row, And at the head was Lanky Jim, and at the foot was Joe.

And high upon the b-e himself the school-master was raised, And the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be, Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a" and "e";

For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight, Taw warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night.

Below the bar dodged Pomer Dink 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,"

Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray! You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went their way With downcast heads and downcast hearts—

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,

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.

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

It was at setting in of dusk that a well-dressed and very handsome young man entered a narrow street in the northern part of the city.

She was a girlish beauty of the true Eastern style, graceful as a fawn, perhaps eighteen years old, perhaps a year or two younger, with hair raven black,

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

"No, no, no! mother's son goes out till that thar word is spelled!" But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and sank in pain.

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

"It was an abominable outrage!" murmured M. de Couras. "It was, Antoine. My life was in danger. You saved me, and concealed me here!

"No! no!" she cried. "Only give me a week's time. I have a strange foreboding that startling events are going to happen."

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

"Why! I am not afraid," he said. "Do not laugh, Antoine; I and my whole family would have been swept away by the plague if my father, who was a very learned man, had not possessed an infallible remedy for the epidemic."

"Have you got that remedy?" Antoine asked, eagerly. "I have," she replied. "Why, then, do not you give it to the authorities, Sophronia?"

"And be broken on the wheel as a witch!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "No, no! And what good would it do? They would never apply it."

"If you should get the plague," she said, "rub your body with this salve, and drink a few drops of the fluid. You will speedily get well."

They parted most tenderly, and Antoine left the house. He had passed on but a few steps when he was attacked by two desperate fellows who knocked him senseless.

He too, had the plague! Twenty-four hours later he awoke to consciousness. At his bedside sat Sophronia.

"I heard that you and your whole family were down with the plague; so I came to your house. Your parents and your sisters are dying. You will live!"

"Think so? I've had my suspicions. Fact is, however, I don't care so much about losing the money as meeting the old woman—she's up there in a boarding-house, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb."

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

"Marry us Monseigneur! Let that be my reward." And they were married in front of all those dreadful corpses!

Such an appalling calamity never befell a civilized city in modern times.

Wonderful Automations. Many of our readers, says a New York paper, have seen curious specimens of ingenious mechanism, intended to imitate in various ways the capacity of our bodies aided by the brain.

But there are wonderful stories told of the ancients in this line, surpassing our automations altogether; and especially is this the case as to mechanism so constructed as to resemble the figure and imitate the actions of man.

About a hundred years ago, an automaton flute-player was exhibited in Paris, that played on the flute in the same manner as a living performer.

An elderly man wearing blue jeans, spectacles and a puzzled expression, stood on the corner of Fourth and Olive Tuesday afternoon for nearly an hour, gazing around abstractedly.

"You are on Fourth street." "I had my suspicions. This isn't the right place. You see, I'm a stranger in the city—never was in St. Louis before."

And he started off, saying he had promised to meet a man on Fourteenth and Olive—"a splendid chap."

"Look here," said the gentleman, "do you know the man well?" "Just met him this morning—not intimately acquainted, you see; but he's one of the nicest fellows I ever saw."

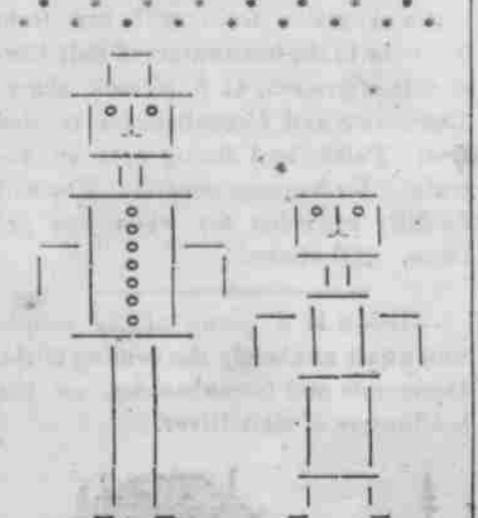
"Well, my friend, you'll never get your money. You've been swindled by a sharper."

"The frequent mysterious burning of haystacks and farmers' buildings has led to the discovery that they are set on fire by wasps' nests, and that the nests are ignited by spontaneous combustion.

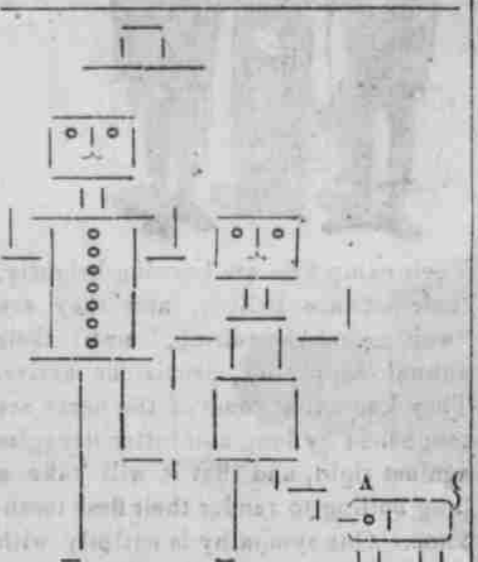
REAL ROMANCE.

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 heavy 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.

Bow Bells.

For some time past this famous peal of bells, one of the finest, if not the finest, in the city of London, has been undergoing examination in the public interest, and before long the familiar chimings which captivated or consoled a Whittington, and having since charmed many more from time immemorial, will ring out as before.

He Had His Suspicions.

During the reign of William Rufus, the roof of the church was blown off by the wind, and four of the rafters were driven into the ground with such violence that, although they were each twenty-six feet long, little more than four feet of length was visible, the ground in the neighborhood being then a mere fen.

The frequent mysterious burning of haystacks and farmers' buildings has led to the discovery that they are set on fire by wasps' nests, and that the nests are ignited by spontaneous combustion.

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. Going the rounds of the press—The girl who waltzes.

All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others. A St. Louis paper calls the Indians the "gentlemen without hats."

The inner ear should never be cleaned, says an authority on the subject. The white of eggs and the milk of the cow are almost identical in composition.

Male gossip: "He is liberal to a fault," said Smith, speaking of a well-known citizen of Virginia City. "It is the only thing to which he is liberal," said Brown. "And then the fault must be his own," remarked Jones.

The Romans, before the time of the younger Pliny, not only used glass instead of gold and silver, for drinking vessels, but they knew how to glaze their windows with it, and they fixed it in the walls of their rooms, to render their apartments more pleasant.

Ages of Animals. A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years, a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived—one, named Pompey, lived to the age of seventy.

The following description of Edison the great inventor, is from an article in Scribner's: "Of the number of persons in the laboratory, remark principally the one you may have least thought of selecting, from the informality of appearance. The rest are but skillful assistants, to whom he is able to commit some experiments in their secondary stages. It is a figure of perhaps a few feet nine in height, bending intensely above some detail of work. There is general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is an ordinary 'ready-made' order."

Edison at Home. The following description of Edison the great inventor, is from an article in Scribner's: "Of the number of persons in the laboratory, remark principally the one you may have least thought of selecting, from the informality of appearance. The rest are but skillful assistants, to whom he is able to commit some experiments in their secondary stages. It is a figure of perhaps a few feet nine in height, bending intensely above some detail of work. There is general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is an ordinary 'ready-made' order."

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