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Rates of Advertising.

Table with advertising rates: One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1; One Square - one month - 3 00; One Square - three months - 6 00; One Square - one year - 12 00; Two Squares, one year - 15 00; Quarter Col. - one year - 30 00; Half - one year - 50 00; One - one year - 100 00.

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Husband Mine, That is to Be.

Through I would not make it public For a pocketful of gold, Yet I'd like to know a secret They has never yet been told. In your ear now let me whisper— Lest my blushes you might see— This: I am to have a husband, Pray, who is the man for me?

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about the mother and daughters, Alex thought; they were so cordial, so intelligent, so unaffectedly fond of one another. Little by little he gathered the facts of their history, not from any formal revelation, but by chance hints and casual allusions. Mrs. Ashurst, as he conjectured, had been left suddenly provided for on her husband's death, and with far-sighted wisdom had used her little capital in giving her girls a first rate education in Europe, with a view to their becoming teachers. They had but lately returned, and were not yet thoroughly at home in their own country; but already Miss Ashurst was instructing large classes in French and German, and Amy giving music lessons to a number of pupils. Their evenings they kept free for the enjoyment of each other and of the little home which they so dearly loved, and entering into the spirit and life of the society, yet so tranquilly content, Alex realized for the first time what the charm of home may be, where each inmate has independent occupation, but where all interests are shared and united as only they can be in those homes where love is lord and king.

Street Lights. In the reign of Louis XIV., one of the most magnificent spectacles was supposed to be the general lighting of the streets of Paris. The world was invited to witness the novel scene. It was believed to be the highest achievement of modern civilization--neither the Greeks nor the Romans seem to have thought of the wonderful invention. Yet the lights of the great city consisted only of dim lanterns and torches, dispersed at distant intervals, and, compared with the bright glare of modern gas, would have seemed only a dusky gloom. Whether the Greeks and Romans lighted their cities at night is still in doubt. It is probable that Rome, except in rare instances of festive illuminations, was left in darkness. Its people, when they went out at night, carried lanterns or torches, or else wandered, in moonless nights, exposed to robbers and stumbling over obstacles. Antioch, in the fourth century the splendid capital of the East, seems to have set the example of suspending lamps through its principal streets, or around its public buildings. Constantine ordered Constantine to be illuminated on every Easter eve with lamps and wax candles. All Egypt was lighted up with tapers floating on vessels of oil at the feast of Isis; and Rome received Cicero, after the flight of Catiline, with a display of lanterns and torches. Yet the practice of lighting up a whole city at night seems, in fact, a modern invention. Paris and London dispute the priority of the useful custom. At the opening of the sixteenth century, when the streets of Paris were often infested with robbers and incendiaries, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning, after nine in the evening, before the windows of their houses; in 1558, vases filled with pitch and other combustible matter were kept blazing at distant intervals through the streets. A short time afterward, lanterns were provided at the public cost. They were at first only employed during the winter months, and were soon kept constantly burning. Reverberating lamps were next invented, and were usually surrounded by throngs of curious Parisians. In 1777, the road between Paris and Versailles, for nearly nine miles in length, was lighted; and in the present century, the French metropolis has steadily improved its street lamps, until the introduction of gas made the streets of Paris as brilliant by night as by day. Its light was never quenched until, in its recent humiliation, its glittering boulevards and sparkling parks were hidden in unwonted gloom. London claims to have lighted its streets with lanterns as early as 1414, but the tradition seems doubtful. About 1668 the citizens were ordered to place lamps in front of their houses every night during the winter; but as late as 1736 the rule was imperfectly obeyed. Robbers filled its narrow streets, and life and property were never secure in the darkness. Gas lamps were next introduced, at the public expense; the number was rapidly increased, and toward the close of the last century the citizens of London were accustomed to boast of their magnificent system of street-lamps, which far surpassed that of Paris. The roads running from the city for seven or eight miles were lined with crystal lamps. At the crossing of several of them the effect was thought magnificent; and what would now be a dim and dismal array of smoking lights, seemed then one of the wonders of the time. Novelists and poets celebrated the nightly illumination of the overgrown capital. Vienna, Berlin, and other European cities followed the example of Paris or London, and New York and Philadelphia early adopted the custom. Some nations, still clinging to the usages of the middle ages, refused to light its streets; the pope steadily opposed the heretical invention, and preferred darkness to light.

Sometime. Sometime! Laring cry! Chiming, rhyming, over and over, Out from the heart-tree branches high, Where birds of promise flutter and fly, Now nesting low in the honeyed clover, Now soaring up to the voicemail sky; Sweetest prophecies softly singing, Softly sweet, like the voice of a lover; Rhythmic measures roundly ringing-- Ringing--singing--over and over. Tenderly, gladly, fosts the cry-- Sometime, dear heart!--by-and-by!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Two persons die every second. Slow rivers flow four miles per hour. The average human life is thirty-one years. During the past thirty years 2,500,000 people have emigrated from Germany. The young man of the period wears a queer-looking high hat, but then, you know, that's his title. Boston has seven colored lawyers, six of whom are in active practice, one of them being a graduate of the Harvard law school. The lower jawbone of a mastodon has been found in a sand bar in the Loup river, about twenty-five miles from Kearney, Neb. When a deep sleep falls on a man he does not mind it so much as when a few square yards of plastering come down or a chimney tumbles over on him. When you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him. A mining company at St. Clair, Ill., dispensed with the services of a hundred men at \$1 a day by the use of labor-saving machinery; but they employed fifty men at \$2 a day to guard the apparatus. Remains of lake dwellings have been discovered in a peat bog near Milan, and in a street in Milan excavations for a house have brought to light what are believed to be vestiges of the old Roman theater. This year's Russian famine, says a Berlin dispatch to the London Standard, mainly affects the Caucasus. In hundreds of Armenian and Mohammedan villages the whole of the inhabitants are dead. The Russian press dare not allude to the subject. A drunkard fled into the woods near Nashville, Tenn., while wild with delirium tremens, dug a grave and was found lying in it dead. His wife was made frantic by the sight and she loudly called upon heaven to let her die, too. It happened that on her way home lightning struck and killed her. Only a woman's hair. Binding the now to the past, Only a woman's hair, Too frail to last, Only a woman's hair Threading a tear and a sigh, Only a woman's hair Found to-day in the pie. Strong Jamie. The Berwickshire journals in 1844, gave much information concerning this remarkable man. Though short of stature, he possessed prodigious strength, which earned for him the familiar cognomen of "Jamie Strang," or "Strong Jamie." A writer in the Berwick Advertiser said: "We have heard him state that the greatest weight he ever lifted from the ground was 105 stone, and that he had lifted eighty-five stone with one hand. When the Fife militia were encamped at Eymouth, he went to see an acquaintance among them. While there, a dancing-master was boasting much of his strength, whereupon one of the soldiers, knowing Stuart, engaged to provide a drummer who would lift more than the boaster could. Stuart, dressed as a drummer, was brought in. A piece of ordnance was lying before them which the dancing-master raised to the perpendicular, and then allowed to fall. He asked the drummer whether he could do that. Stuart pretended that he was not very sure that he could; but placing his arms round the cannon, he raised it entirely from the ground, and carried it to some distance. At another time, when at Velvet Hall, near Berwick, some countrymen were laboring to get a cart laden with hay out of a miry hole into which by some accident it had stuck fast. Stuart was appealed to for assistance. He desired them all to stand aside, and, going underneath, removed it with its load to the opposite side of the road." This extraordinary man (it is averred in many quarters) actually went fiddling about the country till nearly 114 years old. A small sum was then collected for him, toward which the queen and the late Sir Robert Peel contributed. Stuart declared that he had been seen well off this under year." At length his career closed. He died at Tweedmouth on the eleventh of April, 1844, and was buried on the fourteenth in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The Berwick Advertiser, a few days afterward, contained an advertisement relating to statues of the veteran. Mamma seeks to console her crying child. "Why do you cry, John? What has hurt you?" "Mamma (and he bawls more lustily than ever), yesterday I fell down and hurt myself." "Yesterday! Then why do you cry today?" "Oh, because you were not at home yesterday."

FIFTEEN, FOURTEEN, THIRTEEN.

It was on a blustering evening in March that Mr. Alexander Ashe, passing in his rapid progress through one of the tree-christened streets which bisect the city of Penn., took from his pocket a letter, and holding it well up to catch the somewhat uncertain light of a lamp, studied the address with a zeal sharpened by sudden apprehension. "Confound Uncle Nat!" he murmured. "I wish he would learn to put tails to his 5's. 1514, no; 1514, no; that ought certainly to mean, a 3. Well, this is really too bad. It never occurred to me till this moment that there could be a mistake, but certainly it is 3, and not 5. A nice business it would be to make a blunder in--he's hunting Pshaw! But it's to please Uncle Nat. He's been good to me in his way. The old fellow has, and I can't well refuse so slight a favor as that I should call on these--what's their names?--Ashursts, even if he does go on to air what he calls his 'long-matured hopes' that the call will lead to something more interesting. It won't, though. I never saw a girl with money yet that wasn't altogether detestable. 1514, 1514--which is it? Never mind, this is Thirteenth street; so much is certain. Now let's see--the house must be on this side. Perhaps the name is on the door. By Jove! I never thought of that. Sure enough, the name was on the door--Ashurst--revealed plainly enough an opportune street lamp directly opposite; and Alex Ashe ran the bell, uttering to himself, 'A good hit that. It's lucky I didn't go off in search of 1514. Still, I wish Uncle Nat would mend the tails of his 5's.' A narrow entry presented itself to his view when the door opened, for the house was small, and the misfortune of a small house is that each new-comer instinctively makes his measurements, and deduces from what he sees the probable extent and compass of what he does not see. The ladies were at home, and a white-capped maid took his card into the parlor, and returning presently, ushered him in. "What a pleasant room!" was his first thought as he entered. Not a "handsome parlor" in the least. He was used to those parlors where every mirror, bronze, curtain, and piece of furniture was the exact complement of similar articles on the outside the party-wall on either hand; where sofas and chairs wore fine clothes on occasion, and common petticoats for common days, and nothing seemed intended for use, comfort, or the indulgence of unauthorized or impromptu pleasures. This was a room of different type, not handsome at all in the conventional sense, but full of individuality and charm. Thick rug-like hangings of the cheap Abruzzi tapestry of Italy draped doors and windows; the walls, of soft harmonious tint, were hung thickly with pictures and drawings, among which wandered, apparently at will, the shoots of a magnificent ivy. A bright fire of canal-coal shone in the low grate; there were books everywhere; the piano stood open, and strewn with music sheets; a writing-table, heaped with papers, in one corner, and an easel and paints in another, showed that busy people used the room, and worked there when so inclined--a thing not often permitted in parlors kept for show; and on the chimney-piece stood a bowl of fresh violets, which diffused a spring-like odor about the place. Two young ladies, evidently sisters, rose from seats beside the fire, and came forward to receive the guest. The elder, who held the card between her fingers, had a sweet and sensible countenance, a remarkably pretty figure, and a manner full of gracious dignity and composure. She was of that type of woman whom other women wonder that all men don't fall in love with; but they don't. The younger was in a totally different style--hair round, brilliant, smiling, possessed of a thousand untaught graces, which lent to her manner inexhaustible variety and charm; but withal with the sunny candor of a child shining in her clear blue eyes. Amy Ashurst was altogether an enchanting creature, and Alex Ashe, struck and dazzled, mut-

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