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 My book of over 50 drawings, plans and sections, with directions for ordering plans, sent on request.

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 The Hotel has just been enlarged and renovated. An electric elevator and all modern improvements have been placed in the building.

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 Consignments of Rough Rice, Hides, Wool and Country Produce respectfully solicited. Special attention paid to purchasing goods of all kinds.

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 If You Desire a Fine, Artistic Portrait

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 Tinsmith,
 Main Street, near the Bridge, OPELOUSAS.
 All kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Work done. Also giving all the principal drugs and medicines, with the ordinary doses, and antidotes when a poison. A table of the signs and symptoms of the horse's teeth at different ages, and the best treatment of each. Also a receipt for telling the age. A valuable receipt for telling the age. A valuable receipt for telling the age. A valuable receipt for telling the age.

25 Cents, Postpaid.

 A TREATISE ON—
THE HORSE
 AND HIS DISEASES.

THE COURIER,
 Opelousas, La.

FARMER AND PLANTER.
ABOUT THE BANANA.
 The Possibilities of This Excitingly Popular Fruit.
 It is possible that in a few years the American people will be feeding on the banana flour, as they now do on the flour of the wheat, rye and maize. It is claimed that the flour will keep as long as wheat flour, and is as nutritious as meat. Also that the banana is forty-four times as productive as the potato, and that an area which would grow enough wheat to support one man would produce bananas enough to support 133 men.
 It was the opinion of Alexander von Humboldt, after estimating the capabilities of the banana, that a single section of Central America could produce enough to feed the world. The meal or flour is made from the unripe banana, and the cheapness and plentifulness of the commodity, when once the industry is established, will most certainly be of interest to the poor, for this will in turn lower the price of the loaf. The manufacture of a banana sausage is said to be perfectly feasible. In this case the condensed milk and then put up in tins. Already some of the largest canning factories have begun to make this a feature of their business. The sausage is even more nutritious than the meat, and is so easily transportable, that on a campaign it will be almost invaluable.
 It has also been learned, without a doubt, that the banana meal can be used most successfully and economically in the manufacture of beer.
 So much for the fruit of the banana. It has lately been discovered that the skin of the fruit is also valuable. First of all, it gives a beautiful fiber, from which a durable and fine cloth can be manufactured. The juice of the skin also gives an ideal ink, and can be fermented into good vinegar. In fact, it rivals the coccoanut as being "the most useful tree to man."
 If the "everlasting imported banana" can be converted into bread, sausages and beer, it will come into competition with the products of the great and powerful states of the north and west, which are able to stand the rivalry, while at the same time it will be withdrawn from competition with the other fruits of Florida by reason of the very small area to which it can be adapted.
 There is still plenty of suitable land, however, and the man who feels like investing and engaging in banana culture, "has money in the bank," for a great country has already been established, and is now in working order, to develop the banana industry in Florida.
 Every banana raised in Florida now finds a ready market, for it can all be used, meat, skin, juice and fiber, and the far-seeing man can sight profit ahead.—Cor. Florida Fruit Grower.

Do Old Men Plant Trees.
 It has been said by some wise man—Emerson, I believe—that only old men plant trees. This may be the rule, but my earliest recollections were connected with tree planting. My mother, father and maternal grand-mother were all ardent lovers of horticulture, and I inherited this love in an increased degree.
 While I was in attendance at Tulane university, in the city of New Orleans, I was struck by the high price charged for the extra grade of Louisiana soft-shell pecans. The medium grades sold on Canal street for from twenty to fifty cents a pound, while the finest sold for one dollar. These latter, of course, were used for seed and for ornamenting cakes for Christmas for rich people. It was a source of wonder to me why some one did not buy a large amount of these extra-grade nuts, and plant a grove, for I knew by experience that they would come into bearing in nine years, and would bear a remunerative crop at fifteen, growing more valuable each year till they become a hundred years old. I bought me a quantity of the best seed, and in spite of opposition (for I was a young man then) and ridicule, I planted a large grove in northern Louisiana, not far from the banks of the Mississippi river. Ten years have passed since then, and as I look from my window I see the finest pecan grove in the south, which has just come into bearing, and which is now one of the most valuable pieces of agricultural property in the south. It contains about a hundred acres and over a thousand trees. The Rural New Yorker gave a lengthy article about this grove last April, and has another now in press, so I shall say nothing more about it here. I have also large orchards of plum, peach, apple and pear trees, which add much to our living, and now that there is no longer any profit in cotton growing, they promise to be remunerative in themselves.—Fruit Grower.

Knowing the Soil.
 Few farmers know the amount of actual fertility in their land. The writer must confess to having been rudely awakened a few years ago to this fact, when Sir J. B. Lawes asserted that a very poor field on his farm, on which corn (wheat, oats or barley, they grew no maize in England) could not be induced to grow six inches high without very liberal fertilizing, doubtless contained not less than 2,000 pounds of nitrogen on each acre of it. But a little study and consideration confirmed this statement, and later experience proved it. The trouble was that the nitrogen was inert and unavailable, locked up in insoluble form, so that the roots of the plants could not make use of it.
 It was the same with the other elements of plant food, mere elements of it, and not the food itself, and as such unavailable as so much earth, which contains elements of the food of plants, for the support of animals. Food must be digestible or it is as useless for the nutriment of an animal or a plant as mere air or solid rock will be. Thus the soil may contain a vast quantity of the elements—the raw material—of food for crops, and yet be as infertile as the great African desert of Sahara. Indeed, this barren desert is actually filled with fertility, and blows as the garden when it may be as abundant as a great wheat plains of plenty in a soil, and yet it may be wholly unable to yield a crop. We have this same experience on this continent, where there are deserts as barren as that of Africa, and yet when the overflowing plant foot in it is made available by irrigation the soil yields enormous crops.—Rural World.

Founding a Flock.
 To establish a flock from common ewes, secure the help of a pure-bred ram of any of the mutton breeds that have qualities suitable for your conditions. In a ram for this purpose, mutton form is demanded. He should be heavy headed, thick necked, broad chested, but nowhere coarse. Over the shoulder should be full and broad. The back should be straight and the loin wide and thick. The ribs should spring out strongly from the center of the body. Such a sheep is thrifter than one that is flat-sided. It is very desirable in a mutton ram to be deep and broad between the hind legs or twist, so as to furnish a plump leg of mutton. The legs should be short, the bone clean, and the hair upon them fine. A ram, to get good lambs, must have a strong constitution. The evidence of this, besides the points of form before mentioned, are activity, a pink-tinted skin and a sound lustrous fleece covering the belly as thickly as the back. The fleece should be dense and even, and made of fibers that have a good length, fineness and strength. The best ewe for mutton breeding is strong in frame and of fine quality. A ewe that has a distinct feminine appearance is kindest to her lambs and makes the best breeder. She should be close to the ground, with straight back, well-arched ribs, and broad loin and strong square-shaped hind quarters. Uniformity in the color of a flock is desirable, for it is a proof of quality of lambs and wethers, as those that are uniform please the butcher best.—Rural World.

More Stock in the South.
 The new south is developing new life and vigor, and attracting immigration by the thousands. King Cotton is dethroned for mixed farming and stock growing. The diversified farming has always brought increased prosperity to the south, and with the great abundance of cheap, rich cotton-seed meal and the production of grain, forage and grass, the south is destined to become one of the greatest live-stock-producing countries in the world, with grass the year round, and no winters to provide against.
 Cattle, sheep and hogs are becoming more universal upon the southern farms; the home demand is fast increasing in the growth of the southern cities and towns, and the great manufacturing interest extends all over the south.
 The dairy interest, too, is fast developing with the better farming, fruit growing and gardening to supply the northern markets. Improved horse breeding, too, is adding to the new prosperity. Instead of buying cheap mules from the west they are raising good draft and coach horses, saddle and light-harness horses, and mules for all uses on the plantation and in cities and manufacturing centers.
 With such diversified home markets, stock raising is destined to become the leading agricultural interest in the south as it has been for years in the west.—Western Agriculturist.

The Southern Corn Crop.
 The corn crop in the southern states last year, while showing some increase over 1893, was far from reaching a satisfactory figure. In fact, official statistics prove that the south in 1894 produced less corn by 23,519,000 bushels than in 1891, while its cotton crop was slightly larger in 1894 than in 1891, the figures being 9,635,379 bales in 1891, and 9,088,000 in 1894. The south has lost 1,026,180 in cattle, or about 10 per cent, since 1890, though there has been a considerable increase in hogs. If the south had raised last year as much corn as in 1891, it would be better off by over \$300,000,000. These figures from official sources point unmistakably to a radical mistake in southern agriculture.—Humboldt (Tenn.) Messenger.

HERE AND THERE.
 —Take care of the early-hatched chicks. It is these that you will have to depend upon for your early layers and show birds.
 —All grades of paper, from the finest note to the coarsest variety of wrapping paper, have been made from the stalks and leaves of corn.
 —The grass crop of 1894 was worth \$100,000,000 more than the cotton crop of that year. Grass is now king of all agricultural products.
 —There is an opportunity for some farmer in this country to make money out of sweet potatoes for the early northern markets. The potato wanted there is a white, dry, mealy potato and the earlier they are marketed the more money there is in them.
 —Yes, it is lice that causes so much mortality among little chicks. You may think they are free from them, but if you will sprinkle them with insect powder and then wrap them in a cloth you would be surprised to find *Wie lioe* leaving the chicks.
 —The French government this year calls for 11,300,000 pounds of light Kentucky tobacco (against 13,200,000 pounds last year), 1,200,000 pounds of heavy Kentucky (against 600,000 pounds last year), 4,800,000 pounds of burley (against 4,500,000 pounds last year).

Southern Hogs in the West.
 The year 1893 may see a remarkable reversal of existing trade conditions between the south and west. Accustomed as we have been to the shipment of western hog products and provisions into the south, most people absurd to think of the south shipping hogs and corn to the west. This may be done before the end of the present year, according to Mr. W. H. Baldwin, vice-president of the Southern Railway Co., who believes that the failure of the corn crop in the west, concurrent with the extraordinarily bountiful crop in the south, will result in the phenomenon of the south shipping hogs to the west. Already purchases of corn have been made in Alabama and elsewhere for shipment to Illinois and other western states.
 An expert estimate of the cost of corn production in Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas and North Carolina places the average figures at thirty cents, and at the present good market prices, the profit will be large. Besides this, some of the planters have entered into the raising of cattle on a scale never before contemplated. The failure of the pasturage in the west through the hot weather and the consequent decrease in the herds of live stock in those sections is likely to impart a great stimulus to the stock-raising industry in the south for next year, and it would not be astonishing if southern beef, other than that from Texas, might be in the western markets in 1895.—Farm News.

Uncle Dan's
 "I don't want to make no brags about them good old days, Rufus," Uncle Dan went on, "but, man, sir, I have seen the time when excitement was so monstrous thick and plentiful in these pine woods till a little more and you could of raked it up with a splinter and cut it with your pocket knife. About that time the Trammels and Traveses all lived over there in the hill country. They had plenty of money and remastered till by gracious nobody could tell anything for certain as to the kinners between the two families. There was four boys in the generation—two Trammels and two Traveses. They all travelled a tolerable fast and furious gait, and every one was dead game and game to the bone. If there was a man livin anywhere in forty miles around that got to spillin for a fight, you understand, all he had to do was to call on the Trammels or the Traveses and get accommodations. "By-and-by as time went on one of the Trand boys lit out and went down in the Flat Woods and got married to Miss Bettie Tomlin. Up to that time the Trammels had always married Traveses, and likewise the Traveses had always married Trammels, so naturally of course it raised a little wind in the settlement when Bob Travis went down in the Flat Woods after his wife. The Trammel boys didn't say much right then, but everybody could tell that they didn't like it a blame bit, cause there was two grown gals in the Trammel family and both willin to marry in case of a pinch.
 "Henceforward after that Bob Travis and his wife didn't break bread and swap clothes with the Trammels very free and promiscuous, and the next year when a little gal baby come to make the world look still more brighter to Bob and Bettie, still Trammel put out some scandalous remarks to the effect that he had his doubts about that baby being a full blood Travis.
 "The next news we got from the hill country was that somethin had broke loose over there amongst the Trammels and the Traveses. Bob Travis had took down his shot gun and killed Jim Trammel on sight, and then Toney Trammel had shot Bob Travis in the back when he went lookin. There was two dead, you understand, on the first rattle out the box. By this time everybody knowed that when somer the other two—Luke Travis and Toney Trammel met up together one or the other would have to bite the dust. Well, everybody was plum right about it exceptin that when the boys met and the smoke cleared away both of them had bit the dust.
 "So it come to pass that they had two double-barrel funerals over there in the hill country, both inside of three days, and the one that was the hardest and helpless little gal baby.
 "Bob's widder she then took the baby and went on back to her folks down in the Flat Woods. I reckon no doubts you know young Misses Buckner—the wife of little Joe Buckner. Well she was Miss Bobbie Travis before she married, but way back yonder she was the little gal baby that brought on two double-barrel funerals inside of three days over here in the hill country, you understand, but she is the spittin image of Bettie Tomlin and as pretty as a picture."
 Powerful Strain Doctrine.

Squire Rufus Sanders.
 Tells Two Stories and Gives the Latest News.
 The Travis "Gal Baby" and the Trouble she Brought on—Two Double-Barrel Funerals in Three Days—Powerful Strain Doctrine.
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 "You thought proverbially that that a baby—and a gal baby at that—is a powerful little thing to bring on a general family rumpus and get four full grown men killed off in less than three days, but I saw it come to pass right here in the Rocky Creek country," said Uncle Dan's nephew, "and I remember to me one day whilst his talkin in machinery was good wound up in regards to the dim and rusty past. In his old days Uncle Dan's was particular bright in tellin of things that had come true."
 "I don't want to make no brags about them good old days, Rufus," Uncle Dan went on, "but, man, sir, I have seen the time when excitement was so monstrous thick and plentiful in these pine woods till a little more and you could of raked it up with a splinter and cut it with your pocket knife. About that time the Trammels and Traveses all lived over there in the hill country. They had plenty of money and remastered till by gracious nobody could tell anything for certain as to the kinners between the two families. There was four boys in the generation—two Trammels and two Traveses. They all travelled a tolerable fast and furious gait, and every one was dead game and game to the bone. If there was a man livin anywhere in forty miles around that got to spillin for a fight, you understand, all he had to do was to call on the Trammels or the Traveses and get accommodations. "By-and-by as time went on one of the Trand boys lit out and went down in the Flat Woods and got married to Miss Bettie Tomlin. Up to that time the Trammels had always married Traveses, and likewise the Traveses had always married Trammels, so naturally of course it raised a little wind in the settlement when Bob Travis went down in the Flat Woods after his wife. The Trammel boys didn't say much right then, but everybody could tell that they didn't like it a blame bit, cause there was two grown gals in the Trammel family and both willin to marry in case of a pinch.
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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.
 The possible "permutations and combinations" of a game of dominoes are reckoned at 248,528,211,840.
 SCIENTISTS prove from authorized returns that only five hundred and five cases are known of persons having second attacks of smallpox.
 A JONES is an employe fully within the judicial meaning of the term. An intricate legal contention in the county court at Buffalo has ended in this ruling.
 JESUIT priests cannot preach on politics in Austria-Hungary. The superior of the order in Vienna removed a priest who broke the rule recently, and made the reason public.
 A SWISS statistician has taken the trouble to count the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 3,760,900, or an average of 26,740 steps a day.
 YUCATAN exports better hammocks and greater numbers of them than any other province in the world. They are made entirely by hand, and from a fiber which is unexcelled.
 A CRITIC'S advertisement was inserted the other day by a one-legged New Yorker. He wanted to find a man minus the other leg and with a foot of the same size, so that they could make one pair of shoes answer for both.
 BOOKS AND MUSIC.
 MISS BRADTON, the novelist, has lost her husband, Mr. John Maxwell. He was a publisher, and thirty-five years ago started Temple Bar.
 MANUEL GARCIA, in spite of his ninety years, is still an active singing teacher in London. It is nearly seventy years since he made his first appearance in opera in New York.
 MISS WENNE DAVIS' new book, "The Veiled Doctor," is in the hands of Harper & Bros., but it is still in manuscript and no date has been set for its publication.
 PADEWEWSKI is sharing his honors in Paris with M. Zeldenzust, a Dutch pianist who is coming soon to America, and whom the Paris critics compare to Rubenstein.
 A MAGAZINE, the first to appear in the West Indies, is to be published soon in the island of Antigua. Its name will be the *Carib*. There is enough unknown history and romance in the islands of the Spanish Main and the Antilles to make it interesting.

IN A NUTSHELL.
 THERE were fought 2,261 engagements during the war of the rebellion. TWENTY lives lie between the emperor of Germany and the British throne.
 IN SWEDEN a man who is seen drunk four times is deprived of his electoral vote.
 A TELEGRAM from New York to Australia has to go nearly twenty thousand miles, fifteen thousand of which are by submarine cable, and it is handled by fifteen operators.
 CANNED fruits and vegetables should be opened an hour or two before being used. In this way they become richer, as the oxygen of the air driven off at the time of sealing is restored to them.
 LADIES who kiss their lap dogs will be glad to know the authority for the assertion that dogs are one of the great enemies in spreading diseases, especially consumption. It is Dr. Megnin, of the Paris Academy of Science.
 NO JOY in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of her child.—Richter.

THE TRAVIS "GAL BABY" AND THE TROUBLE SHE BROUGHT ON—TWO DOUBLE-BARREL FUNERALS IN THREE DAYS—POWERFUL STRAIN DOCTRINE.
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SMOKE CURLIN UP led a hungry lookin trail across the cloudy sky.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "Then the train dashed around a bend of the road and come thundering down to the station. Now it will snap the cords that bind two lovin hearts together.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "He is goin way off somewhere out West to grow up with the country and carve out his own future hereafter. Cruel fate has so decreed that he must leave that pore old widder mother all alone in her sorrows.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "By this time I took notice that Squire Wilson had went down after his old bandana handkerchief, you understand, and looked like he didn't know whether to burst open or melt and run off. But the preacher went on:
 "Out in the cold world alone that one happy young man must go, leavin his dear old mother and old home behind him. The familiar scenes that have known him for so these many years will know him now no more forever.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "I'd that pore old mother, with her darlin son ten thousand miles away, must live out her few last remainin days on earth alone. Many and many a time will she cry out in the agony of her grief, "Where is my wanderin boy tonight?"
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "Now he is on his cars. The bell rings and the whistle blows. The conductor says "all aboard," and the train moves off, whilst the iron wheels seem to crush the very life blood out of that desolate old woman.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "Now he has torn himself from her last lovin embrace. He is standin on the platform of the rear car now. He waves a last good bye and throws one more kiss. Her wrinkly old hand touches her pale lips and flutters in the air and the she turns weepin from the sad and terrible scene.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "The preacher broke off and quit and started back to the Amen corner. Squire Wilson got up and went forth to meet him.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "The tears as big as glass marbles rolled down his face—"Farewell, I don't belong to no church and I couldn't say for certain that I have got my religion, but I want to shake your hand and tell you I am powerful taken with the doctrine you preach."
 THE LATEST NEWS.
 Aunt Nancy Newton packed up her thank you one day last week and lit out and went home. Everybody at our house was glad when she come and sorry when she went, but she showed she was bleeged "ry on back towards home so as to be there in time to fix up some wormybug for Andrew Jim's children.
 RUFUS SANDERS.

SQUIRE RUFUS SANDERS.
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 (Copyright 1895.)
 "You thought proverbially that that a baby—and a gal baby at that—is a powerful little thing to bring on a general family rumpus and get four full grown men killed off in less than three days, but I saw it come to pass right here in the Rocky Creek country," said Uncle Dan's nephew, "and I remember to me one day whilst his talkin in machinery was good wound up in regards to the dim and rusty past. In his old days Uncle Dan's was particular bright in tellin of things that had come true."
 "I don't want to make no brags about them good old days, Rufus," Uncle Dan went on, "but, man, sir, I have seen the time when excitement was so monstrous thick and plentiful in these pine woods till a little more and you could of raked it up with a splinter and cut it with your pocket knife. About that time the Trammels and Traveses all lived over there in the hill country. They had plenty of money and remastered till by gracious nobody could tell anything for certain as to the kinners between the two families. There was four boys in the generation—two Trammels and two Traveses. They all travelled a tolerable fast and furious gait, and every one was dead game and game to the bone. If there was a man livin anywhere in forty miles around that got to spillin for a fight, you understand, all he had to do was to call on the Trammels or the Traveses and get accommodations. "By-and-by as time went on one of the Trand boys lit out and went down in the Flat Woods and got married to Miss Bettie Tomlin. Up to that time the Trammels had always married Traveses, and likewise the Traveses had always married Trammels, so naturally of course it raised a little wind in the settlement when Bob Travis went down in the Flat Woods after his wife. The Trammel boys didn't say much right then, but everybody could tell that they didn't like it a blame bit, cause there was two grown gals in the Trammel family and both willin to marry in case of a pinch.
 "Henceforward after that Bob Travis and his wife didn't break bread and swap clothes with the Trammels very free and promiscuous, and the next year when a little gal baby come to make the world look still more brighter to Bob and Bettie, still Trammel put out some scandalous remarks to the effect that he had his doubts about that baby being a full blood Travis.
 "The next news we got from the hill country was that somethin had broke loose over there amongst the Trammels and the Traveses. Bob Travis had took down his shot gun and killed Jim Trammel on sight, and then Toney Trammel had shot Bob Travis in the back when he went lookin. There was two dead, you understand, on the first rattle out the box. By this time everybody knowed that when somer the other two—Luke Travis and Toney Trammel met up together one or the other would have to bite the dust. Well, everybody was plum right about it exceptin that when the boys met and the smoke cleared away both of them had bit the dust.
 "So it come to pass that they had two double-barrel funerals over there in the hill country, both inside of three days, and the one that was the hardest and helpless little gal baby.
 "Bob's widder she then took the baby and went on back to her folks down in the Flat Woods. I reckon no doubts you know young Misses Buckner—the wife of little Joe Buckner. Well she was Miss Bobbie Travis before she married, but way back yonder she was the little gal baby that brought on two double-barrel funerals inside of three days over here in the hill country, you understand, but she is the spittin image of Bettie Tomlin and as pretty as a picture."
 Powerful Strain Doctrine.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.
 The possible "permutations and combinations" of a game of dominoes are reckoned at 248,528,211,840.
 SCIENTISTS prove from authorized returns that only five hundred and five cases are known of persons having second attacks of smallpox.
 A JONES is an employe fully within the judicial meaning of the term. An intricate legal contention in the county court at Buffalo has ended in this ruling.
 JESUIT priests cannot preach on politics in Austria-Hungary. The superior of the order in Vienna removed a priest who broke the rule recently, and made the reason public.
 A SWISS statistician has taken the trouble to count the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 3,760,900, or an average of 26,740 steps a day.
 YUCATAN exports better hammocks and greater numbers of them than any other province in the world. They are made entirely by hand, and from a fiber which is unexcelled.
 A CRITIC'S advertisement was inserted the other day by a one-legged New Yorker. He wanted to find a man minus the other leg and with a foot of the same size, so that they could make one pair of shoes answer for both.
 BOOKS AND MUSIC.
 MISS BRADTON, the novelist, has lost her husband, Mr. John Maxwell. He was a publisher, and thirty-five years ago started Temple Bar.
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IN A NUTSHELL.
 THERE were fought 2,261 engagements during the war of the rebellion. TWENTY lives lie between the emperor of Germany and the British throne.
 IN SWEDEN a man who is seen drunk four times is deprived of his electoral vote.
 A TELEGRAM from New York to Australia has to go nearly twenty thousand miles, fifteen thousand of which are by submarine cable, and it is handled by fifteen operators.
 CANNED fruits and vegetables should be opened an hour or two before being used. In this way they become richer, as the oxygen of the air driven off at the time of sealing is restored to them.
 LADIES who kiss their lap dogs will be glad to know the authority for the assertion that dogs are one of the great enemies in spreading diseases, especially consumption. It is Dr. Megnin, of the Paris Academy of Science.
 NO JOY in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of her child.—Richter.

SMOKE CURLIN UP led a hungry lookin trail across the cloudy sky.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "Then the train dashed around a bend of the road and come thundering down to the station. Now it will snap the cords that bind two lovin hearts together.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "He is goin way off somewhere out West to grow up with the country and carve out his own future hereafter. Cruel fate has so decreed that he must leave that pore old widder mother all alone in her sorrows.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "By this time I took notice that Squire Wilson had went down after his old bandana handkerchief, you understand, and looked like he didn't know whether to burst open or melt and run off. But the preacher went on:
 "Out in the cold world alone that one happy young man must go, leavin his dear old mother and old home behind him. The familiar scenes that have known him for so these many years will know him now no more forever.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "I'd that pore old mother, with her darlin son ten thousand miles away, must live out her few last remainin days on earth alone. Many and many a time will she cry out in the agony of her grief, "Where is my wanderin boy tonight?"
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "Now he is on his cars. The bell rings and the whistle blows. The conductor says "all aboard," and the train moves off, whilst the iron wheels seem to crush the very life blood out of that desolate old woman.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "Now he has torn himself from her last lovin embrace. He is standin on the platform of the rear car now. He waves a last good bye and throws one more kiss. Her wrinkly old hand touches her pale lips and flutters in the air and the she turns weepin from the sad and terrible scene.
 "Farewell, mother," says he.
 "Farewell, my son," says she.
 "The tears as big as glass marbles rolled down his face—"Farewell, I don't belong to no church and I couldn't say for certain that I have got my religion, but I want to shake your hand and tell you I am powerful taken with the doctrine you preach."
 THE LATEST NEWS.
 Aunt Nancy Newton packed up her thank you one day last week and lit out and went home. Everybody at our house was glad when she come and sorry when she went, but she showed she was bleeged "ry on back towards home so as to be there in time to fix up some wormybug for Andrew Jim's children.
 RUFUS SANDERS.

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