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My Prices Are Reasonable. My Meat is of the best quality. My Game is Seasoned.

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Will Contract for the Erection of Brick, Stone or Wooden Buildings of any Description. Plans and Estimates Furnished on Application.

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE. The best running. The strongest and best finished Shuttle Sewing Machine ever made.

A FULL LINE OF STATIONERY. Largest and Best in the Market. 476. Just Received by SHANLEY & CO.

POETRY

OUR RAIL

[Some forty years ago a member of the English Parliament first gave to the literary world a specimen of what is known, and has been popular since as society verses, before a mixture of sentiment and epigrammatical wit.]

You'll come to our ball? Since we parted I've thought of you more than I'll say I need, I was half broken hearted.

For a week, when they took you away, Fond fancies brought back to my stumbers

Our walks on the New and the Den, And school the musical numbers

Which you used to sing to me then, I know the rapture, although you're

There's no one, or worse, to recall; I know you're a hero no more.

But, Clarence, you'll come to our Ball! It's only a year since, at college,

You put on your cap and your gown; But, Clarence, you've grown out of knowledge,

And changed from the old to the new; The voice that was best when it faltered

Is fuller and stronger in tone, And the smile that should never have altered

Is sweeter and more than ever before; Your crest was badly selected,

Your coat did you better at all; And why is your hair so neglected?

From this time on, my dear Clarence, I've often been out on my Halden

To look for a copy with you; I've often been out on my Halden

To see how your hair is laid up; In spite of the greases of Ansty

I've ridden the filly you bought, And I've studied your sweet little Dante

In the shade of your favorite oak; When I was in my study, I'll

I'll wear what you brought me from Florence; Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find me as changed since you vanished; I'm now a student of the law.

And walking is utterly banished; And Elton has married a fool;

The Major is going to travel; He's off to a distant shore; The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;

Papa is laid up with the gout; And Papa is sick with the measles; And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your beauties—the Lily And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm; And Lucy, who makes me so angry

At her looks, by taking you out; Miss Manning, who always abused you

For talking so much about Hook; And her sister, who always teased you

By saying she loved you; And something, which surely would answer—

An irresistible fresh from Bengal; You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

A KENTUCKY FEUD

THE WAR BETWEEN THE UNDERWOODS AND HOLBROOKS IN CARTER COUNTY—THE END OF AN EXTRAORDINARY BIZARRE.

A correspondent at Mt. Sterling, Ky., gives a detailed history of the Underwood-Holbrook feud in Carter county. The quarrel began just after the war, in September, 1855.

Underwood, son of old George Underwood, got into a barroom quarrel with a man who called for a "Jeff Davis drink."

Underwood was shot and killed by Jesse. Many efforts were made by the authorities to capture Jesse, and in one of the raids on the Underwood "fort," Squira Holbrook shot and seriously wounded the young man, thus starting the feud between the two families.

At length Jesse, to avoid a long and costly fight, there was peace for a time. Hostilities were renewed, however, when old George Underwood and his wife were

charged with horse stealing. The war was soon in full progress again, and many were killed on both sides.

Lewis Underwood was shot through the stomach, and two years with a wound through which the process of digestion could be seen.

Jesse came back from Iowa to see his brother before he died, and the affair culminated in a siege of the cabin in which the whole Underwood family had gathered.

The siege lasted 19 days, and finally, when the surrender was agreed to, nothing was done by the authorities, and through the agency of Jesse peace prevailed again.

Residence good, and Jesse was especially good about the war, and in love with a neighbor's daughter, and it would have been considered a breach of etiquette to shoot him during his courtship.

From this time on the corresponding goes on as follows: Old George promised Jesse that he would sell out and move to Iowa, and Jesse again ordered the Sheriff to take a posse with him.

Traveling overland to a point on the Ohio, where he intended to take a steamboat, he was followed by the Sheriff of the county, and as the boat was about to start, the killing of Trumbo, twelve years before, were thought to be still outstanding.

They ambushed in the path of the bride couple one night, and as the boat was about to start, the killing of Trumbo, twelve years before, were thought to be still outstanding.

They were thought to be still outstanding, and the bride couple were killed. Jesse was shot through the stomach, and two years with a wound through which the process of digestion could be seen.

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NEW NON-WESTERS.

The lap of luxury—when the cat gets cream.

—Wheat sells for 60 cents per bushel at Walla Walla.

—Apples are sold at Walla Walla for one cent per pound.

—The home stretch is taken in the evening on the sofa.

—Arthur Blitt, son of the late president, is insane.

—Russia's press censorship costs her \$128,000 a year.

—Ninety cars of tea left San Francisco for the East recently.

—The time to save money is when every one else is spending it.

—Twelve thousand books have been written on our Rebellion.

—The N. Y. News denounces amiability as a "glittering poison."

—He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes.

—All the constitutional amendments proposed at the late Ohio election were lost.

—James Park, the Pittsburgh steel manufacturer, has \$300,000 insurance on his life.

—The wheat crop of the United States this year will aggregate about 438,900,000 bushels.

—It is rumored that John Russell Young is to take the managing editorship of the N. Y. Herald.

—Thirty editors are employed on the Chicago Times, and 800 correspondents are on its pay roll.

—For the first time in six years all the farmers in Allentown, Pa.—nine in number—are in full blast.

—They have invented a new gun for the blind—it is called a loaded people. It lets the load out at the breech.

—Some English ministers use breeches to make pariah calls. The animal eats less and costs less in other ways, than a mere horse.

—The London Truth says Louis XIV. of France took only one bath in his life, and that Louis XIII. is not recorded as ever having taken any.

—Bismarck has his little boom, too. The recent elections gave him a clear working-majority in the Reichstag, sufficient to carry out all the schemes he had previously suggested.

—Senator David Davis has grown in size since the last session of Congress, and has been forced to order a chair for the Senate chamber larger than that which he has occupied hitherto.

—At the beginning of this century, the total number of copies of the Bible produced by writing or printing did not exceed 8,000,000. Since then the British and American societies have alone printed 116,000,000.

—There are many moments of sadness in an editor's life, but there are occasional gleams of joy, one of which is when a pile-driver falls on the head of the man who is in the habit of looking over copy on the editor's table.

—A Galena correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, has positive assurance that Gen. Grant will make a tour of South America and Mexico before settling down to quiet life and will make the journey after visiting New York city and Philadelphia.

—The novel engineering feat of building a bridge on shore and then shoving it across the river has been accomplished at Dinard, France. The structure is 314 feet long, weighs over 200 tons, and was projected into its place with twelve strong windlasses.

—An ironclad, 400 feet long, 73 feet wide, 50 feet at the bow, and 55 feet at the stern, with solid iron armor of one foot thickness, and a speed of 10 knots an hour, is to be launched next month from the royal navy yard near Naples. It is to be called Italia, and will be the largest war ship in existence.

—Lieutenant Wm. R. Weir, who was shot by the Utes much as the Prince Napoleon was assassinated by the Zulus, was a brother of Professor John Weir, of Yale College. One of his sisters is the wife of Gen. Trueman Seymour, and another of Col. Casey, of the army. Young Weir had been his 27th year. He was a popular officer and a close friend of General Merritt.

—Stuart Robson says that Bret Harle is not busy, but that his fastidious self-critical brother, even while Harle was reported on San Francisco newspapers, at back work he would labor over a little paragraph for hours. While Harle was writing "Two Men of Sandy Bar," Robson and Barrett had hard work to keep him at his pen, and he would be two or three days fashioning a little speech.

A TERRIBLE DETAIL

CHARLES L. SMITH, OF CARNEGIE, BATEN BY HIS STARVING COMPANIONS.

Carthage, N. Y., Republics. In 1899 Charles L. Smith left Carthage, having received the appointment of American Consul to Russia, with residence in a city on the Amoor River in Siberia. He left in the summer, accompanied by his wife, whom he left with relatives in Chicago. Arriving in San Francisco he learned that the last of the trading boats had left for the season. Being anxious to reach his destination as he intended engaging in the fur business, he took passage on a ship bound for Hong Kong, China, where he hoped to engage passage and reach his destination quicker than by waiting for the return of the traders.

Arriving at Hong Kong, he became acquainted with a member of a New York firm, who offered him a chance to engage in business. He would not engage then, but pushed on as fast as possible to his destination, where he arrived in the spring of 1870. He remained several months, and, not being suited with the business of the country, he returned to Hong Kong and accepted the offer before made him.

Five men, including Smith, went on a trading expedition into the interior of the southern part of China, where they were successful, amassing fortunes.

They returned to the coast on their homeward journey and engaged a Chinese junk to take them to Hong Kong. When far out from the mainland the crew of the junk mutinied, robbed their passengers and placed them on a desert island with neither food nor drink. It was not long before starvation stared the unfortunate men in the face. For several days they had subsisted on a few berries they found on the island. Those were gone, and no food was to be had, not even the man who had come to lead the mutineers. At last they could stand hunger and thirst no longer, they cast lots to see who should die. The lot fell on Smith, who, before being put to death, requested that his companions should never let his wife know of the manner of his death if they were fortunate enough to return to America. He was then put to death and eaten by his companions. A short time thereafter the men were rescued by a passing ship and came to America, to New York, where they mourned the dead, none at the time knowing the fate of the first man, and the manner of his death. Two years ago a gentleman who had been in correspondence with Smith during his lifetime, called on the New York firm and demanded the particulars. At first they refused, but afterward decided to tell him providing he would keep it from Mrs. Smith. The promise has been kept. Mrs. Smith died in Chicago about two weeks ago, ignorant of the manner of her husband's death. The story comes to us direct, and from such good authority that we are forced to believe it.

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

The woman who does fancy work very often don't fancy work at other times.—Marston Independent.

And now both the young man buy a high vest, a scarf, a yard square and get out his old shirt for the winter.

The buttons on the back of a man's shirt collar probably weigh nothing to as much as any other inanimate thing in this world.

Man was made in dirt. Quire a number have never recovered from their creation; they are still dirty.

A Philadelphia barber refused to color Bob Ingersoll's moustache on the plea that it should never be said of him that he "died an infidel."

An Irishman who had a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know. I think the most of it was made of fresh air."

We wait three galley for the next inside, so it says, and I'll be there. But a well-aimed mallet struck his breast, and the second galley is now in the air.

The common picture of St. George on horseback, trying to ram stomach biters down the throat of a dragon, is one full of historical beauty.—New Orleans Picayune.

This is the season when the cunning old gentleman puts on double-thick underwear and then rallies the young men for wearing light overcoats.—Commercial Bulletin.

When you pick up a paper and peruse a sublimely sentimental or deeply philosophical essay, the last line of which reads, "Sold as All Druggists," you are forcibly struck with the truth of that conclusive remark.—Toronto Graphic.

A fact which the most astute Shakespearean scholars have not yet chronicled is that although Desdemona is the wife of Othello in the first act, she is in the third act becomes his mother.—New York Star.

An exchange has an article on "How to Run a Newspaper." This should be read by all editors, as every other person in the world knows just how a newspaper ought to be run.—Oil City Derrick.

An idiot who lives near Lowell, and who signs himself "Nature's Poet," sends us three foolscap papers of jingle beginning: "The forests are fretted with golden fire." All right; let 'em fret.—Utica Observer.

There was quite a movement in tinware, Monday. It was fastened to a dog's tail, and the tinware touched the ground about once in every 200 feet.—Danbury News.

Cetewayo's Talk. "I have been on one of your war ships," said Cetewayo, "which sometimes carry your missionaries to us. Wonderful! How well they are adapted for the purpose. If I had many such ships I would try and convert England to my religion. Yes, your ships full of guns are your salvation."

"Your Majesty, these ships are only for our protection."

Cetewayo—Yes, I know. You protect yourselves by conquering other people in advance as you have done to my nation. When are you going to turn your swords into reaping hooks, and all that sort of thing?"

"As soon as practicable."

Cetewayo—You mean when everybody else surrenders to you, don't you?"

"But, your Majesty, war is a necessity."

Cetewayo—Yes, I know. You couldn't exist without conquering a trade with somebody. Still, I like your spirit. Especially your whiskey. You squeeze a lot of brotherly love and good feeling in a barrel of that, don't you? I give all my money to my whiskey. They are only women without souls. Have your women souls?"

"Certainly."

Cetewayo—As good souls as yours?"

SUN DANCE AMONG THE SIOUX.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE ANNUAL "SUN DANCE" OF THE SIOUX, WHICH TOOK PLACE NEAR THE PLEASANT RIVER, IN MONTANA TERRITORY, ABOUT SIX WEEKS AGO.

The following graphic description of the annual "sun dance" of the Sioux nation, which took place near the Pleasant River, in Montana Territory, about six weeks ago, will prove interesting. The account is taken from a letter received at the Interior Department, from Dr. T. Woodbridge, a physician for the Fort Peck Agency. The Doctor says:

"I have just witnessed the great Indian festival of the 'sun dance' or 'wotah' of the Sioux. Great preparations have been made for it, and everything was on the grandest scale. The city of lodges was moved, and the Indians encamped on a beautiful plain inclosing a hollow square large enough for the movements of thousands of horsemen. In the center the great pavilion or medicine lodge was erected, 150 feet in diameter, the outside formed of small logs of green poplar, willow, thickly interwoven with green branches. Resting on this and on a rude framework within, all around for about 20 feet the space was covered with buffalo skins, forming the 'dress circle,' with places assigned to the musicians and actors or dancers. In the center was the great medicine pole, 30 feet high. The diameter of the central space, about 100 feet, was open to the broad sunlight.

Only the men occupied the deep circle, when they were seated during the performance of 28 continuous hours, during which time about 40 dogs were immolated and eaten, besides large quantities of buffalo meat wild-turkey heads, and hot caldrons of other eatables that are nameless. The audience was composed of about 5,000 Indians, but as only the men occupied the circle within, the common people, women and boys, had to be satisfied by viewing the performance through the wide entrance or through the interstices in the leafy barriers. All had on their holiday attire. The dresses of the women consisted of the clothing as directors or priests, were indeed goodly.

When all was prepared, amid the waving of banners, muscaded the loud shouting of the assembled throng, over 50 Braves entered—each an Apollo—painted and naked to the waist, except a profusion of ornaments of the most beautiful feathers, and their black, glossy hair reaching down to their lower garments, which were most beautifully and artistically arranged. Each carried a bow and arrow, and a white moccasins, made from the bone of an eagle's wing, which was blown shrilly during the dancing. Each also carried a bouquet, composed of the most fragrant flowers, and the fragrance of the bouquet was wafted about the dancers and reception were grand and imposing.

The first afternoon's performance was a grand display of the Sioux art of dancing. Some 100 men, many had from 50 to 200 pieces cut out of the living flesh from their arms and back. The dance was kept up all night with unabated fervor, every performer having something new and startling. But in the morning, the dancers, dressed in their holiday attire, and their hair reaching down to their lower garments, which were most beautifully and artistically arranged. Each carried a bow and arrow, and a white moccasins, made from the bone of an eagle's wing, which was blown shrilly during the dancing. Each also carried a bouquet, composed of the most fragrant flowers, and the fragrance of the bouquet was wafted about the dancers and reception were grand and imposing.

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