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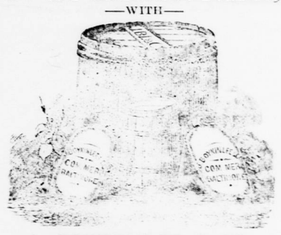

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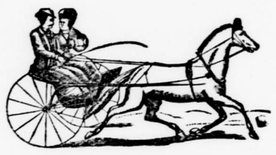

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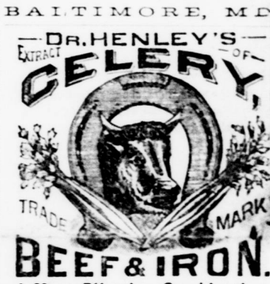

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Horse Shoes, per keg	$3 85
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Select Poetry.

"FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO."

BY LOUISE S. UPMAN.

Ah! good wife, have you forgotten
Days when you were young and fair?
Time of rosy cheeks and dimples,
Time of sunny, golden hair?
Not a thought of toil could vex us,
Grief or care we did not know;
You and I were young together,
Five and twenty years ago.

In the strength of hopeful manhood,
Lithe and straight and tall I stood;
And you waited close beside me,
Crowned with blooming womanhood;
But life's twilight shades are falling,
While the years crowd on apace,
And on heart and form and feature
Care and grief have left their trace.

We have heard the church bell tolling,
We have filled pale hands with flowers,
We have robed our precious darlings
For the grave's dark, lonely hours;
We have seen the wee chairs vacant,
Aged friends we've bid "Good-bye;"
O'er green graves we've wept together—
Ah! how often! you and I.

But the summer bloom is followed
By the "sere and yellow leaf,"
And the golden harvest comes not
"Till we break the burdened sheaf;
Hearts my love in sunny weather,
When youth's freshest roses glow;
That can ill betide the waiting
For the ripening years to snow.

But the rapture of love's morning
Brightens still our noon-tide ray
And hope paints a glorious sunset
For our last declining day;
And even long or short the journey,
That our lagging feet may know,
Love is ours, the love we plighted,
Five and twenty years ago.

A Select Story.

DRIVEN TO BAY.

"Miss Cherry, Miss Cherry, it is time to come in."

The old sable clock struck six as nurse Nancy stood with her hands shading her eyes—the sun was sinking behind the fringe of willows that outlined the river, and the dead leaves fluttered to and fro upon the brick walk that extended beneath the *espalier* of pear trees. And Cherry Fountain, sitting in a low rustic chair on the river bank, never stirred.

"Miss Cherry," reiterated the nurse, "Miss Cherry! If you're determined to catch cold yourself, you might have some consideration for Master Wilfred."

"Nayer, don't interrupt us," cried Cherry, petulantly. "We are happy here, Willie and I. Why can't you let us alone?"

"But your papa is asking for you, Miss Cherry. He has come home—he and your new mamma."

"He and his new wife, you mean," said Cherry, with a curl of her lip. But little Wilfred jumped up and pulled eagerly at his sister's dress.

"Let's go in, Cherry," said he. "I love papa. And I want to see my new mamma."

Cherry rose slowly and reluctantly—but before she could pick up her books and shawl, a light figure, dressed in some glistening white material, came running out to the river shore.

"Where are the children?" said a soft voice. "I want to see the children."

Willie, an affectionate little fellow of eight years, ran into the arms of his young step-mother, and overwhelmed her with kisses which were cordially returned, but Cherry hung back with defiant glances.

"Come here, my darling," said Mrs. Fountain. "Why, you are nearly as tall as I am. "Papa," turning archly to the bridegroom, who had followed more slowly in the rear of her flying footsteps, "you never told me this Cherry of ours was almost a lady."

"Because I didn't realize it myself," said Col. Fountain, caressing one of Cherry's long brown curls, and thinking, even at that inauspicious moment, how much like her dead mother she was growing. "Cherry, this is your new mamma. You must be great friends with her."

The tears brimmed into Cherry's eyes and her lips quivered. Mrs. Fountain's quick eye saw it all, but she had too much tact to interfere. She only kissed Cherry and clasped her hand tenderly and then began to talk about the beauty of the river, all reddened in the sunset glow.

"They are beautiful children," she said to her husband that night. "I am sure I shall love them if only they will let me!"

"I don't think there will be any trouble about that, darling," said the Colonel, fondly.

Nor would there have been, if Cherry's frank, generous soul had been left to its own impulses. But the neighbors had consoled her too sympathetically. Miss Darling, who would herself have been glad to console the handsome widower, had said plaintively:

"You, dear Cherry, must remember your mother's memory, your father seems to have forgotten it."

And Aunt Frederica, the elder sister of the deceased lady, had ostentatiously come to the house to remove all the personal belongings of the late Mrs. Fountain, during the absence of the Colonel on his wedding tour.

"I dare say your new mamma will be for flinging these in the fire," she said. "I only hope she will be kind to Willie, poor child!"

"If she is not," flashed Cherry, "she will have me to settle with!"

But Aunt Frederica only groaned and shook her head.

And it was in this spirit that Cherry was preparing to meet her father's second wife. Small wonder that Alice Fountain found it well nigh impossible to win her love.

"This is your dear mamma's favorite flower bed, Cherry," said the bride one morning. "Willie told me so. You and I must make it our care to keep the place always very bright and lovely."

Cherry blushed a little as she looked down at the weed grown parterre.

"There is no occasion for troubling you," said she. "I can take care of it myself."

"But I should like to help you, dear," pleaded Mrs. Fountain. "I am so fond of gardening!"

"I prefer to do it myself," Cherry said, stiffly."

Mrs. Fountain looked at her wistfully, but said nothing more just then. In the afternoon she came to the little boudoir, where Cherry sat reading.

"Where are your books, Cherry?" said she. "Your papa thinks I could read French and German with you, and help you in practicing."

"Thanks," said Cherry, straightening herself up suddenly; "but I don't want any help. I would rather go on with my daily governess, Miss Murry, just as I did before."

And once more Alice found herself repelled.

Aunt Frederica came daily to the house, and sat solemnly in judgment on the bride's new theories of household management. Miss Darling was always gliding in and out like a shadow, attaching herself very markedly to Cherry. There was a decided counter-current which Alice could feel rather than see—and as the days went by she began vaguely to fancy that her husband was different from what he had been.

One morning, sitting at the window, she saw an express wagon loaded with trunks drive up.

"Dear Felix," she cried, running to where her husband sat in the library, "have you invited company?"

Col. Fountain reddened a little.—"Company!" repeated he. "Oh, yes, I intended to have mentioned it before. The fact is, dear, my sister Frederica is coming here for a few months. You are so young and inexperienced that I thought that perhaps it would be better for her to take charge of the housekeeping for the present at least."

Poor Alice's damask-rose complexion deepened into scarlet.

"Have I in any way failed to meet your wishes, Felix?" said she in a stifled voice.

"No, no, but Frederica thought—"

"I do not want to hear what Frederica thought," said Mrs. Fountain quickly.

"And Cherry is getting so lawless, and Willie is positively ungovernable, and Frederica thinks that the house needs a firmer hand to govern it," went on Col. Fountain.

"Do you think so, Felix?"

"I? Well, no, not exactly, but you know pet, that you are young to be at the head of a household like this."

Alice bit her lip. "Why did you not think of that before you married me?" she said.

"Now you are getting very childish, Alice," said her husband, gravely. "I shall begin to believe that Frederica is right about your temper!"

Mrs. Fountain could endure it no more. She turned and left the room. Col. Fountain looked earnestly after her. Like most men, he hated scenes, but nevertheless his conscience pricked him a little. He half rose, as if to follow her, and then sat down again.

"Frederica says I ought not to give way to her in everything," said he.—"And perhaps she is right. Frederica thinks that the children should receive a little more of my attention. I'll go and walk through the garden with them now. Of course the poor darlings ought not to be neglected because I have married again."

Half an hour later Alice looked out of the casement and saw her husband coming out of the greenhouse with Cherry fondly clinging to his arm, Willie trotting on before, and Aunt Frederica following, with the rare white grapes which the old Scotch gardener parted with so reluctantly.

"They are happy enough without me," she said to herself with a sharp pang at her heart. "I am only an intruder here."

When Col. Fountain came upstairs to dress for dinner he found the room empty, but a little note lying on the bureau.

"DEAREST FELIX" was what he read, on tearing it open. "I hope you will not blame me for leaving your house. But I have decided that I cannot live where I am not loved and trusted thoroughly. If you and Cherry can be happier with Miss Frederica than with me, I cheerfully abdicate in her favor. One thing is certain—there cannot be two mistresses in a home. And I will try to be as happy as possible with my Uncle Willoughby in the meantime. And please do not forget that I am still your most loving "ALICE."

Col. Fountain's first impression was that of hot anger, his second of dull despair. But Aunt Frederica pursed up her lips,

"Depend upon it, Felix," she said, "the girl is tired of you. I do despise these chits that never know their own mind."

"Be silent," said Fountain, hoarsely. You have ruined me! Is not that enough?"

A week of Aunt Frederica's control completely disenchanted the whole family. Cherry burst into tears one day when the old lady was especially exacting.

"I wish I had my mamma back again," said she impatiently.

"Your sainted mother, dear child," groaned Miss Frederica, "is now in heaven."

"But I mean my mamma-Alice," sobbed Cherry. I believe she really loved me. And—and I do love her, and I wish I hadn't behaved so horribly to her. There!"

"Can't we bring her home!" shouted Willie. "Nobody remembers to help me with my sums, or to cut paper ships for me, now that mamma is gone!"

"We will bring her home," said Felix, who was just then particularly exasperated at discovering that Miss Frederica had been transforming his wife's boudoir into a bedroom for some fourth cousin or other who was contemplating an uninvited sojourn at the house.

And Alice, sitting solitary and alone, like "Mariana in the Moated Grange," was astonished that very day by the unexpected vision of Cherry herself.

"Mamma," said the girl, half bashful, half eager, "dearest mamma, will you forgive us all and particularly me? Will you come to us again? We are so lonely without you, and papa says——"

But Alice had sprung to her feet and clasped her repentant step-daughter in her arms

"Will you really love me, dearest?" said she. "Oh, Cherry, Cherry, if you could but know how I have pined for your love!"

So she came home again, this time to an undivided kingdom. For Miss Frederica and her sisters had been politely turned out of doors, the boudoir was itself again, and Felix was on the threshold to welcome her back.

"My dear," said he, "I have made a fool of myself. "I see it all now. It shall not happen a second time."

"Did I do right?" she said timidly. "But oh, I was so wretched!"

"Sweetheart," said Col. Fountain, with limitless royalty, "you are always right."

"Mamma is always right," echoed Cherry and Willie, showering caresses on their recovered treasure.

For, by some magic spell, Alice had contrived to convert the whole family at last. It was never "my step-mother" again, it was always "mamma-Alice."

Select Reading.

A Bad Break.

"My son, does your teacher whip you?" asked a kind-hearted old gentleman of a street arab.

"Nary time. I cured her of that."

"How?"

"Why, jist as school let out t'other evenin' I stuck a pin in the slack of Jimmy Dood's breeches, and the fool belled right out like a calf. Teacher told me she would 'tend to me in the morning. So I fixed for her. I got about three feet of this little bit o' rubber hose an' put one end of it in the mouth of a paper bag, and then tied the mouth of the bag tight around the rubber hose. I put the paper bag in the seat o' my breeches and let the other end of the hose stick up above my shirt collar. Well, when the teacher bent me across her lap to spank me with a piece of the blackboard, I begun to blow in the hose, and the slack of my breeches began to swell up like a little nigger eating watermelon. Her eyes begun to stick out like onions, and my breeches loomed up like a brick bay winder on a frame house. The more I blowed the wusser my bustle stuck out, and the more it stuck out the bigger she peeled her eyes. She asked what was the matter, and I told her I had the colic. She said it was a queer place to swell up with the colic, and I told her it wasn't girl's colic, and that she ought to have a bad case o' boy's colic once, just like me. She said I was a bad boy, and there was some trick about it somewhere; and I told her she would bust my stomick if she hit me with that piece of blackboard, but she did not pay any 'tention to what I said, but blazed away with the blackboard."

"Well," said the kind-hearted old gentleman, "I suppose the paper bag exploded, didn't it?"

"No, it didn't said the boy; "it jist busted an' split my breeches wide open to the knees. She sent a note to my mother wantin' her to whip me, but ma sent a note back tellin' her to get me a pair of new breeches or she'd sue her, and you bet the teacher got 'em, for she knowed she would have to go through the whole motion agin on the witness stand."

A Maryland Joke.

In a certain village in Maryland a small boy kicked up a breeze in the parish church one Sunday. It seems that a certain good woman bought a calf's head and put it on to boil, leaving her little boy to mind it while she went to the church close by.

The good minister had reached his "Fifthly, my brethren," when a small boy stuck his head in the door and whispered:

"Mamma!"

The good woman recognized her son instantly and began at once to make signs to him to leave the door.

"Mamma!" again came the whisper—this time a little louder than before.

The mother shook her finger at the boy warningly, and indulged in other familiar pantomime with which she was accustomed to awe her son. But it didn't work worth a cent. The boy was excited and is dead earnest, as the sequel will show. Raising his voice, he shouted:

"Mamma, you needn't wink and blink at me, but you had better come home right away, for the calf's head is buttin' all the dumplin's out of the pot."

A man has fallen pretty low when he has to be strung up.

Every man is fond of striking the nail on the head, but when it happens to be his finger nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.

His Checks the Wrong Color.

Col. Osborne, the grizzly gambler, who in the good old days "befo' the wah" won and lost many a dollar on the big double-deckers on the lower Mississippi, sat on a bale of cotton at the wharf one day last week. There were large rents in the back of his russet coat, and his trousers were infirm with age.

"Times are not what they were," the old sport moaned as he tossed a piece of a red faro check into the river and stroked his chin with a velvety hand. "But I saw some pretty hard days in the '60s, thought, and my present condition sort o' carries me back to a particularly day in June of that year, if I remember aright, that I boarded a steamer at Memphis. I had just enough money to pay my passage to Natchez, but this fact did not worry me any. There was plenty of suckers in those days, and as I was pretty cute in my line of business, the idea of not being able to rake in a hundred or two on a trip never entered my head. We had gone down the river perhaps five miles when I spotted a young, smooth-looking fellow dealing faro out of hand. There were five Indianians in the game, and as I watched the bets I concluded that the lay out was just too soft for anything. But, as I said before, I didn't have a copper, and, what made it all the more discouraging, I had pawned all my jewelry in St Louis several weeks before.

"I saw that the players were using kernels of corn for checks, and I had also seen while waiting for the boat to start at Memphis that she carried a good-sized cargo of corn in the ear.—Now here was my opportunity. I moved away from the game, feeling as though there was but a few short steps between myself and opulence. Sneaking down on the boiler deck I found an open hatchway, and, thrusting this big right hand into the boat's hold fished up an ear of corn. I jammed the cob into my coat pocket and crept up stairs like a thief, shelling the corn as I went. I was not more than a minute more before I was looking over the shoulders of the players. The game was getting interesting, and the men were piling up the corn on the cards at a great rate.

"Now, here was may time.

"I scooped up a handful of kernels in my pocket, and slapped the seeds on the queen. The dealer looked at the kernels a second, and, without raising his head, said in a tone of voice so frosty that it chilled me to the bone:

"'Stranger, I don't remember of issuing any read checks.'

"I took in the situation at a glance, and, with a stage cough, slunk away to the bow of the boat and cursed my luck. When that boat reached Natchez, I sat on the wharf two whole days watching them unload that corn, and I will eat this old hat if their was another ear of red corn in that whole cargo. Talk about hard luck, friend, that was a little more agonizing than the kind I am playing in now."

The Matrimonial Lottery.

At a recent wedding reception in South Carolina a young lawyer begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which, he believed would be beneficial. He proposed "that one man in the company should be selected as President; that this President should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all communications that should be forward to him in his official department that night, and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name of the person they wished to marry, then hand it to the President for inspection, and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the President was to inform each of the result, and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice kept entirely secret."—After the appointment of the President communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young ladies and gentlemen had made reciprocal choices but whom they had chosen remained a secret to all but themselves and the President.

I was passing through the same place a few days ago, and was informed that eleven of the twelve matches had been solemnized, and that the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainshould not have addressed their respective wives if the above scheme had not been introduced.

Trotting Horses.

"In 1818 Col. Boyd, of Maryland, bet Major Jones, of Long Island, that "no horse could be produced that could trot a mile in less than three minutes." Boston Blue covered the ground in just three minutes. It was regarded then as a great feat, and the animal was taken across the water and exhibited to the noblemen of Britain. But now there are a few local races which do not advertise 2:50 or 2:40 classes. There are lots of driving horses that easily trot in three minutes, and ladies drive them. About 1825 the New York Trotting Club was organized, and Tom Gallant made a mile in 2:40. The record was then broken by the famous Treadwell mare, and her 2:34 time was brought down in 1830 by Burster to 2:32, and two years later by Edwin Forrest to 2:31¼. Then Flora Temple, Dexter, Rarus, Goldsmith Maid and St. Julian each became successful aspirants as record breakers, and Maud S. has brought the score down to 2:08¾

The outlook for a mile in two minutes in the near future is extremely favorable.