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Watches and Jewelry. A new and beautiful assortment of Watches and Jewelry just received.

At Thomas Goldsmith's, Troy House building, a few doors below Cannon Place.

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WINE AND LIQUORS, Paints, Oils & all Staple Drugs.

Low Prices. WM. O'CONNOR, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF MEATS, POULTRY.

VEGETABLES. No. 626 State Street, LANSINGBURGH.

GEORGE H. LEMPE, 617 State St., Always has on hand a fine assortment of goods suited to the season.

Boots, Gaiters. And Huggish Working Shoes, Ladies' Button Boots, Gaiters and Sippers.

Prices to Suit the Times! 25 CENTS. Postpaid.—A TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES.

New York Newspaper Union, 134 Leonard Street, New York.

WHAT SEED SHALL WE SOW?

A wonderful thing is a seed. The one thing deathless forever! The one thing changeless—eternity true.

PENRYN'S WARD.

"I don't want to seem impatient, old fellow, but I should really like to know how you happened to do it? I should by Jove!" "Got married, you mean?"

Larry Penryn, knocking the ashes off his cigar, "answered his friend: 'and you see, nobody expected it of you, because you were always so certain of remaining a bachelor, and gave everybody your word for it.'"

"I really could not help it, Tom," said Penryn, looking hard into the fire. "It really seemed the only thing to do at the time!"

"To make a long story short, this young lawyer was Halstead Scot. Six months he spent happily with his young wife, then he went away, and although he wrote her occasionally, he forbade her always to join him, and so the fair creature faded day by day, until the hour when her baby came struggling into life, and then shut her weary eyes for ever on a world wherein she had grown so sadly tired—wherein she had learned the bitterness of unloved graves, and death that renders not unto dust—again."

"Fifteen years passed, and a rather hard time of it. Since the influx of foreign tourists has assumed such large proportions during the past twenty years, the cost of living has greatly increased, while the wages of the laborers remain stationary, and the few acres of ground of the peasants refuse to yield a larger harvest. Rents in cities and towns, the cost of wine, meats, flour and bread, which during the past twenty-five years have all risen at least fifty per cent, present no attractive side for men who have to work for fifty or sixty cents a day."

"This was the whole of the story, as that sweet old saint told it to me, and naturally I grew extremely anxious to see the child of romance, over whom I was so singularly appointed guardian. The child does not know her father's history," said Miss Patience, "and I could wish she might remain always in happy ignorance of it, and then the child came in."

"I found Miss Wyndham dying; her noble sands of life were almost told, and there will be few whiter robes in heaven than that she wears. She had no fear for herself in that passing away; only a great thought, reaching out into the future, for the young girl whom she must leave alone in a world where even her saintly eyes had seen much nether good nor true."

THE BAD BOY ALL BROKE UP.

He Drives a Minister from Funeral.—The Result of Saying "Ye-eh" to a Former "Boss of the Road."

"Well, what's the matter with you, now?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in to the grocery on crutches, with one arm in a sling, one eye blackened, and a strip of court plaster across one side of his face.

"Oh, there's not much the matter with me," said the boy, in a voice that sounded all broke up, as he took a big apple of a basket, and began peeling it with his upper front teeth. "If you think I am a wreck you ought to see the minister. They had to carry him home in installments, the way they buy sewing machines. I am all right, but they have got to stop him up with castor oil before he will ever hold water again."

"God gracious, you have not had a fight with the minister, have you? Well, I have said all the time, and I stick to it, that you would commit a crime yet, and go to State prison. What was the fuss about?" and the grocery man laid the hatchet out of the boy's reach, for fear he would get excited and kill him.

"Oh, it was no fuss. It was in the way of business. You see the lively man that was waiting for promptness. He let me drive a horse to haul against for bedding, first, and when he found I was real careful he let me drive an express wagon to haul funerals. Day before yesterday there was a funeral, and our stable furnished the outfit. It was only a common eleven-dollar funeral, so they let me go to drive the horse for the minister—you know, the buggy that goes ahead of the hearse. They gave me an old horse that is thirty years old, that has not been off a walk since nine years ago, and they told me to give him a loose rein, and he would go along all right. It's the same old horse that used to pace so fast on the avenue, years ago, but I didn't know it. Well, I want to blame. I just let him walk along as though he was hauling sawdust, and gave him a loose rein. When we got off of the pavement the fellow that drives the hearse, he was in a hurry, 'cause his folks was going to have ducks for dinner, and he wanted to get back, so he kept driving alongside of my buggy, telling me to hurry up. I wouldn't do it, 'cause the lively man told me to walk the horse. Then the minister, he got nervous, and said he didn't know as there was any use of going so slow, because he wanted to get back in time to get his lunch and go to a minister's meeting in the afternoon. But I told him we would all get in the cemetery soon enough if we took it cool, and as for me I wasn't in no sweat. Then one of the drivers that was driving the mourners, he came up and said he had to get back in time to run a wedding down to the 1 o'clock train, and for me to pull out a little. I have seen enough of disobeying orders, and I told him a funeral in the hand was worth two weddings in the bush, and as far as I was concerned the funeral was going to be conducted in a decorous manner if we didn't get back till the next day. Well, the minister said in his r d r Sunday-school way, 'My little man, let me take hold of the lines,' and like a lame fool I gave them to him. He slapped the old horse on the crupper with the lines and then jerked up, and the old horse stuck up his off ear, and then the hearse-driver told the minister to pull hard and saw on the bit a little and the old horse would wake up. The hearse-driver used to drive the old pacer on the track, and he knew what he wanted. The minister took off his black kid gloves and put his umbrella down between us and pulled his hat down over his head and began to pull and saw on the bit. The old cripple began to move along sort of sideways, like a hog going to war, and the minister pulled some more, and the hearse driver, who was right behind, he said so you could hear him clear to Waukesha 'Ye-eh,' and the old horse kept going faster, then the minister thought the procession was getting too quick, and he pulled harder, and yelled 'who-a,' and that made the old horse worse, and I looked through the little window in the buggy top behind, and the hearse was about two blocks behind, and the driver was laughing, and the minister he got pale and said, 'My little man, I guess you better drive,' and I said, 'Not much, Mary Ann; you wouldn't let me run this funeral the way I wanted to, and now you can boss it, if you will let me get out,' but there was a street car ahead and all of a sudden there was an earthquake, and when I come to there were about six hundred people pouring water down my neck, and the hearse was hitched to the fence, and the hearse driver was asking if my leg was broke, and a policeman was asking the minister with a pry bar that looked as though it had been struck by a pile-driver, and some people were hauling our buggy into the gutter, and some men were trying to take the old pacer out of the windows of the street car, and then I guess I fainted away again. Oh, it was worse than telescoping a train loaded with cattle."

LOVE, DRINK AND DEBT.

Son of mine!—the wretched before you! Spread's a shroud and scant spaces Round the footholds of your mortal frame.

Love, my boy, there's no denying— 'Tis the common fate of men; Father had it; I have had it; But for love you had not been. Take your chances, but be cautious; Know a squab is not a dove; Be the up-right man of honor; All deceit doth murder love.

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The law of heredity, by which living beings tend to repeat themselves in their descendants, is generally accepted by scientists and physicians. Some assert that not only the physical but the spiritual traits of parents are reproduced in their children.

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Many Words in Little Space. A man in Humboldt county has put 164 words into the space occupied by a nickel. He has also put 1,150 words on the face of a postal card, which contains 156 square inches. He has written the Lord's Prayer on a space covered by one side of an old-fashioned three-cent piece, and says he can put thirty thousand letters upon one side of a postal card with a steel pen without the aid of a glass.—Iowa State Register.

Bismarck is not a good orator. He blunders and stammers, and stops for the right word; his sentences are involved, and often a foot long; but when he writes his native tongue, it is idiomatic and graceful.

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