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Table with 4 columns: Field, Garden seeds, Fertilizers, and various agricultural products with prices.

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1887. No. 13 1887. J. EDWARD BIRD & CO. Importers, Jobbers and Retailers of FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS.

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Watches, Jewelry, &c. A. K. WARNER. Most respectfully informs his numerous customers and friends that he has removed to the store adjoining Brown Bros. Banking House.

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SELF DEPENDENCY. Weary of myself and sick of asking. What I am and what I ought to be. At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

EVAS LESSON. There were indications of a domestic storm brewing as Richard Hayes entered his home at seven o'clock one fine evening in June; his little three-year-old Mary ran eagerly to meet him, and baby Harry stretched out his dimpled hands and prattled a glad welcome.

Richard's face flushed painfully at the last laugh, so wholly undeserved. Although harsh words were becoming of almost daily occurrence in his once happy home, he felt them most keenly now, as they were uttered in the presence of an intimate friend, who had never before seen these too frequent outbreaks of anger.

Clarioe protested pleasantly and Richard made courteous excuses for his delay, but Eva was too angry and impatient to heed them. Her sharp words and unkind reproaches maddened the little pleaser, there might have been at her neatly spread supper table.

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When she awakened a few hours later her friend's face greeted her opening eyes. At first she gazed around in bewilderment; then, as there came back to her the scene of the previous evening, she turned her face to the wall, and the first tears she had been able to shed tenderly, mingling no effort to check her tears, thinking wisely they were nature's best relief for the aching heart and over-charged brain.

"Clarioe," she said at last, in broken tones, "I am most bitterly punished—I wanted to be free, and now they are all gone? I am utterly alone! Oh, my God, how I bear it!"

"Your husband is alive," Clarioe said softly, laying her hand upon the bowed head. Eva raised her eyes quickly. "Oh, Clarioe, say it again!" she cried, hysterically, between sobs and tears.

May was in the street, running here and there, kicking at some bits of stone and now and then stopping to dance, whirling and twisting, jumping like a ballet dancer, while her father, on the walk near her, was pushing the baby carriage containing little Harry, walking slowly, his eyes bent on the pavement, evidently unmindful of what was passing around him.

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Several men at a railway station in Mississippi were discussing the question: "Is Marriage a Failure?" when a fellow who carried a horse-collar on one arm, took a large quid of tobacco from his mouth, threw it against the stove, and then said:

"Gentlemen, I've been listening fur some time to yo' talk, an' though I ain't much of a hand at no sort of a skession, yet I would like to say a few words. From what I ken gether, marriage, for women in particular, is a failure. Am I right?" turning to a well dressed stranger.

"That the woman hain't got no show at all?" "That is about it." "How long before yo' train will be here, yo' reckon?" "I don't know; but what has that to do with the discussion?" "A good deal, for I want to know if yo' get me time to step over to my house with you. If you will I'll think I ken show you in about ten minutes that marriage for one woman, at least, was one of the biggest successes in the country."

"She's happy, I suppose?" "Happiest woman in the state." "An exceptional case, growing out of an association with an exceptional man. I suppose you study her happiness?" "No, she studies that herself."

"You let her have her own way?" "No, she takes it. Whenever she says dance, I dance. She want's to be happy when we was first married, for I sarter backed against her notions, but I soon found out that if I didn't want a new blouse before the old one got well, I'd have to knock under."

"You'll find the hoe under the sycamore tree." "Yes, in a munit." "You'll find the hoe under the sycamore tree." "Yes, in a munit." "You'll find the hoe under the sycamore tree." "Yes, in a munit."

"I'm thar, Gentlemen, I would like to continue this here pleasant skession, but—be thar befo' you ken count three, Gentlemen, my wife's marriage was a big success—far her."

"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a careworn-looking man as he walked into an office the other day. "We have no use for one," he replied the cashier.

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OLD LAWS. Transferred to Sell the Waste of the Rising Generation. "Hunger has no ears," hence wisdom must give first place to dinner.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but it "gols over" a great deal. "Every man is the architect of his own fortune," which saves all chance of hard feeling on account of a friend, and there are none more punctiliously given.

"The last that was not made is held by a Chicago girl's boot." "A mis is as good as a mile," but a Mrs. in it is good as a league.

"The pavement of Hades is relaid the first of every January." "Sic semper tyranni" may be freely rendered: "The sick always are tyrants."

"Love goes out at the window when poverty enters the door," but should poverty enter a door, it is amusing with what energy love comes scrambling in at the window.

"Time and tide wait for no man," but when a woman is in the case, even time and tide must wait or go without her.

"All men are born free and equal," but unfortunately some men are born equal to two or three of their fellows.

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