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On the Interests of the Oculist People of the Country. This Messenger is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election men whom it has in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

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W. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

An Iowa punter is to be punished on account of a legal complication with his word play. The punter's name is Steers and he owns a farm in Iowa. A few days ago he obtained a loan of \$100, and gave as security a mortgage upon "the white Steers on his farm."

Spain, which is not usually reckoned among the first of European nations in naval matters, at present possesses the fastest steamer in the world. The name of this smart vessel is El Destructor, and it is a torpedo cruiser which can steam with her full armament on board, at the rate of twenty-three knots, that is, almost twenty-seven miles an hour.

Quail have multiplied so in California that they are a nuisance. When game laws were being discussed in the Assembly the other day, Assemblyman Young said that there "was a revolution" in his county (San Diego) against quail, which come down in swarms upon vineyards and destroy them. Owners of vineyards have persons employed to do nothing else than kill these birds, which he declared have become an intolerable nuisance in his county.

The son of a prominent man in public life has just returned to Washington from a year's experience in the cattle business in Utah. "I raised a company here, mainly among my friends, and we invested \$30,000. It took \$30,000 of that to buy our range, \$4,000 to get me out there, and buy our outfit, and the rest we put into cattle and expenses, principally expenses. My cattle got into a row with a neighbor and he sent our cattle down into the canyon. The son found a way into his canyon to use us for his pay, and although I had made an excellent report to the company, somehow things went wrong. My report stated that we had enjoyed an increase in our herd of 120 per cent, and that was the case. I don't know that any of our men stole any calves from our owners. I don't know that our owners had more than one calf apiece, but somehow we found on our range that we had 180 per cent increase. This is what we broke up on. Cattlemen are used to 40 and 50, and in rare cases not 100 per cent increase, but they could not stand 120. The cattle association in that district held a meeting and passed resolutions that it was impossible for any herd to increase at such a rapid rate, and calling upon the delegates in Congress from Utah to investigate. They went up to get by giving us three days' time to get out of the Territory. I am now going down to pass a civil service examination."

THE LITTLE BLACK-VEID REBEL.

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down with fire. When he found the people of the British-governed town. And the little black-veid rebel, in ceasing to do so, was waiting for his coming from the corner of her eye.

She drew up to the market, he waited in the line. His eyes and potatoes were fresh and fair, and fine. But her face and long he waited, and no one came to buy. She saw the little black rebel peeping from the corner of her eye.

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CHANGED HIS MIND. Mrs. Hyde kept boarders. Mrs. Hyde was a little, dried up widow, with a constitutional headache, and a mind to seek way of taking the world as it came to her. For fifty years she had labored against misfortune, until the warfare had become second nature to her. "There's one blessing I have to be thankful for," she would say. "Mr. Marvell has kept me to me through it all as the needle to the pole."

"Because it's on account of Patty and her babies."

"It's precisely on that account, ma'am. I was waked last night by the screaming of a child. "Oh cutting eye-teeth, poor dear," intimated Mrs. Hyde.

"Well, let him go, suntu," said Patty, cheerfully. She was a dimpled, pretty little lady, with pleasant, black eyes and black hair parted over her forehead—not quite twenty in spite of her widowhood and her twins!

Directly opposite Major Doughtery's front window is the little shop, over the railing of which some way up Major Selover hung Jay Gould. Selover is about four times as big as the average Napoleon, and he is like an ear of corn to a single oat in comparison. His temper is as great as his bulk, and had been aggravated to a pitch by the late misadventure.

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"Mrs. Hyde," said he, with a little embarrassment, when that lady came up to him to inquire about it.

"I'm going to be married!" announced the becheur, with infinite emphasis. "I'm going to be married!" announced the becheur, with infinite emphasis.

The Orloff Diamond. This magnificent gem, which in rough state formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Trichinopoly, was stolen by a Frenchman, who escaped with his prize to Persia, and who, fearful of being discovered, hid it in the closet of his ill-gotten gear for a sum of £2,000.

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FISHHOOK MANUFACTURE.

ONLY TWO FLOORS IN AMERICA WHERE HOOKS ARE MADE. Hand Work Succeeded by Machinery. The Trade One \$0.0000 Hooks a Day—The Process.

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A MIRROR.

Life's pretty much what we make it. It's only a looking glass. The deeper the image you find, the very image of you.

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