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Persons who make up clubs of five names, an extra copy of the paper will be furnished one year, free of charge.

Selected Poets.

ANOTHER'S.

She has the most alluring eyes— A little Grecian nose; She wears the most bewitching guise And parti-colored hose!

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy! Give back my twentieth spring? I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy Than reign a gray-haired king.

Not a Common Plug.

Bijah's next hand-out was a man who had filled high positions. He had been to the masthead on the mainmast of a ship, looked down from Pike's Peak and lived in a five-story house.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

Wanted—A Wife.

I do wish somebody would tell me how to get a wife! For the last ten years I've been continually proposing at all sorts of times, in all sorts of places, to all sorts of girls, and in all sorts of positions.

But it's of no earthly use! No one will have me except an old maid; and I'm not partial to old maids; though goodness knows, I want a wife almost badly enough to take one.

My washerwoman is everlastingly cheating me, besides continually suppressing various articles of clothing; and when I mildly inquire where they have gone to, she solemnly swears she never had them.

Oh, dear! It's very hard upon a poor fellow not to be able to get a wife when he wants one! I'm not so very bad looking, either; to be sure I squint a little, but then that peculiarity is sometimes admired, and even if it were not, surely some kind-hearted girl might shut her eyes to the fact and confer upon me the inestimable benefit of becoming my partner for life.

The Wonders of Wooing.

In olden times it was the fashion of a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding.

highly respected by all around him.

"Can't you tell by the look of me that I am no one-horse bummer?" he inquired. "I know who I am, and I know what I know. Who was the first President? George Washington.

Selling the Old Farm.

There is a constant buying and selling of farms going on from year to year in our country. This restlessness on the part of the farmer, and this desire to change a present location for another one hundred miles off, is so frequently witnessed in our day, that we cease to wonder at it.

All For Principle.

They came out of a Michigan avenue grocery, he carrying a big jug, and as they reached the walk, he said: "Now, Dolly, you carry the jug and give me that quarter of a pound of tea."

declined to do the courting, requesting William to act as his agent. William consented, but soon found he was in love, and wanted the lady himself.

A Sharp Bootblack.

In Albany, a few days since, an old rogue beat a young one. A man stepped up to a juvenile bootblack, opposite the Stanwix, and had "a shine."

Who Rob Orchards?

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An Old-Time Office-Seeker.

Governor Jack Tyle, of Virginia, and old Jack Dade had been chums and had "punished" a great deal of the "juice nectarions" together.

Value of a Scrap-Book.

Every one who takes a newspaper, which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see any one number thrown aside for waste paper which contains some interesting and important article.

Her Love had Waned.

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If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers should she mention? No Spectator, no Observer, but as many Times as you please.

At a collection made at a charity fair a lady offered the plate to a rich man who was well known for his stinginess.

An Irishman was brought before a justice of the peace on the charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned: "What trade are you?"

The Shower of Flesh from a Clear Sky.

On Friday a shower of meat fell near the house of Allen Crouch, who lives some two or three miles from the Olympian Springs, in the northern portion of the county.

The correspondent of the Louisville Commercial, writing from Mount Sterling, corroborates the above, and says the pieces of flesh were of various sizes and shapes, some of them being two inches square.

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