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CONTRACT RATES.

Table with columns for Space, One Month, Three Months, Six Months, One Year. Rows for 1 Square, 2 Squares, 3 Squares, 4 Squares, 1 Column, 2 Columns, 3 Columns.

A MYSTERY OF THE PAST—STRANGE DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON—A MURDER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

It is only a few days since the numerous officials of the City Hall were thrown into a fever of excitement by the discovery of the skeleton of a woman...

The police on being notified of the case, hunted up a colored woman named Deborah Groomer, who had been a resident of the room in one of the walls of which the skeleton was found...

Mark Twain having been elected an honorary member of a Poultry Society, recommends himself in the following style: "Even as a shoo-bye, poultry raising was a study with me, and I may say without egotism that as early as the age of seventeen I was acquainted with all the best and speediest methods of raising them..."

The New York Standard says that Horace Greely continues to be seriously ill. The disease with which he is afflicted, and many of them, burned at the stake, fifty-four at one time in Paris...

ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

Very little is known by the general public of this, the highest order of Masonry, and a sketch of the origin and history of the Sir Knights will be read with interest.

The Order of the Temple first originated on account of the Crusades. Nine valiant and pious knights formed an association, uniting the characters of monk and knight, devoting themselves to a life of prayer, and employing their swords in the protection of pilgrims on their visit to the Holy Shrine.

Through the professional object of the Templars was to protect pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem, yet there are a conclusive historical proofs that the chief and primary intention was to practice and preserve the rites and mysteries of Freemasonry.

The Order of the Knights of the Red Cross, the first conferred in Masonic Knighthood, is, on account of its intimate connection with symbolic Masonry, joined with those of the Temple and Malta, and each candidate, after intermediate probation, is admitted to the order...

A FLORIDA YOUTH HANDLES POISONOUS REPTILES WITH IMPUNITY. For the benefit of the outside world we have to put on record the fact that in our island city there lives a youth who in himself is one among the great phenomena of the age.

Key West Dispatch. A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it.

Junebug soup is actually a new dish just out in Germany. It is said to be superior to crab soup, which gourmands consider delicious.

TERRIBLE CIRCUS ACCIDENT.

Fearful and Awful Affair—Three Men Decimated by Lions.

The usually quiet little village of Middletown was lately thrown into a painful fever of excitement on the morning of June 12th by an awful catastrophe, which occurred to the circus and animal show, and led by Professor M. C. Saxon.

The band took their places and the procession commenced to move amid the shouts of the multitude of rustics who had assembled to witness the grand pageant, and hear the enlivening strains of music.

For an instant the crowd was paralyzed with fear, but for a moment only, and then arose such a shriek of agony as was never heard before. The awful groans of terror and agony which arose from the poor victims who were torn, lacerated by the monsters below, was heartrending and sickening to a terrible degree.

Every moment some of the band would extricate themselves from the debris and leap upon the ground, shouting and faint away upon striking the earth, so great was their terror.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—The New York Sun, (Radical authority,) of a late date, says: Walter Butler, a nephew of the General, has been captured in Yorkville at the residence of his affianced. It was charged that he had stolen \$69 from Miss Lathrop, of No. 99 West Houston street.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE.

The following "Journal of a defeated candidate" we recommend to the consideration of those gentlemen who are desirous of serving their country:

Thursday—Received the nomination for an office. Surprised and indignant. Remonstrated with committee. Was told I must place myself in the hands of my friends. Eventually did so.

Friday—Immense poster on a brick pile opposite house, my name in two-foot letters in the city government according to law, is indicted and tried at the end of his term.

Going in, find six men smoking in my parlor, delegates from a target excursion. Customary, they say, for candidates to give prizes on these occasions. Refer them to my committee.

Evening—Excited persons call for a subscription for a banner. Man comes with a wooden leg—wants a new one.—Three more banners. Clergyman for a subscription to a deserving charity.

Midnight—Torchlight procession; kettle drums; serenade; make a speech; rotten egg hits me in the eye; general fight; brickbats, clubs, banners, torches, and fists.

WHAT A MAN DOES IN HALF A CENTURY.—According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man of fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, was sick 500 days, etc.

DEATH IN A FRIGHTFUL SHAPE.

A MAN FALLS FROM THE TOP OF A CHURCH STEEPLE A DISTANCE OF 180 FEET.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer, June 10.] It has more than once occurred to those who have watched the erection of the tall and shapely steeple of the new St. Paul's Episcopal Church, at the corner of Seventh and Smith streets, that it would be almost providential if that beautiful work reached completion without an accident of some kind.

A man named George Jaynes, a slater, in the employ of Messrs. Dunn & Witt, roofers, of Third street, was engaged slating the northwestern steeple.

The frightful scene paralyzed every witness for the instant, and when his fellow-workmen reached him they found him a lifeless, mangled corpse. His leg was broken, his neck dislocated, one of his arms broken, and his head and body fearfully cut and gashed.

I LOVE YOU. A tired woman hushed to sleep her babe. Beauty once made her face radiant, perhaps, but all that beauty is gone now.

THE WOODS-PORTRER CASE.—The following is the report of the Judiciary Committee of the House, in the Woods-Porter case, as presented by Mr. Bingham, on Saturday: "Whereas, Patrick Woods on the 20th day of May last past, at Richmond, did make a violent, unprovoked and felonious assault upon Hon. Charles H. Porter, then being a member of the House of Representatives, on his way returning thereto from a leave of absence, and did cut, bruise, and disable said Porter, being then a member of the House, from attending to his duties therein, Woods well knowing that Mr. Porter was then a member of Congress and on his way to Washington, and making such assault because of that knowledge; And whereas, said Woods being brought to the bar of the House, and being fully heard in his defense by counsel and witnesses before the Committee of the Judiciary, all the facts before recited fully appeared; therefore,

A LOVER OF RATTLENAKES.—There is in La Crosse, Wisconsin, a certain John McKee, who has a singular fondness for rattlesnakes. He has made, says the Republican of that place, "a perfectly square den, about five feet each way, and as many high, open at the top, and therein are eleven rattlesnakes, from eighteen inches to three feet in length—a sight to behold! Whirling, twisting, turning, and folding upon, over and under each other; or, with heads erect, with keen eyes glistening, and wicked looking serpent tongues protruding from their ugly mouths with lightning like swiftness, there they are, a moving, twining, hideous looking mass of serpents! It is a terrible sight. And then to see McKee coolly and deliberately enter among them, and take them each in his hand, call it by name, open his mouth, and while he is giving you its history to see the reptile lay its head upon his cheek, and run its devilish tongue at you, while its eyes seem to emit sparks of fire—'till it's too horrible. And all the while the others at his feet are keeping up a continual buzzing, rattling, humming, which fill the air with low murmurs, and causes a certain creeping of the flesh and shuddering at the heart which is not at all pleasant. Mr. McKee caught them on the bluff near the city, from a nest of over a hundred in number, and is training them for exhibition.

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Resolved, That Patrick Woods, now held at the bar of the House to answer for a breach of the privileges of the House for his offense, be, and hereby is, ordered to be imprisoned in the jail of the District of Columbia, as other criminals are, for three months, and that a warrant in due form, under the hand of the Speaker, be issued to the Sergeant-at-Arms, directing the execution of this order.

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WHAT A MAN DOES IN HALF A CENTURY.—According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man of fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, was sick 500 days, etc. He ate 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,600 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid, viz: water, coffee, tea, beer, wine, etc., all together. This would make a respectable lake of square feet surface and three feet deep, on which a small steamboat could navigate. And all this solid and liquid material passing through a human being in fifty years!

I LOVE YOU. A tired woman hushed to sleep her babe. Beauty once made her face radiant, perhaps, but all that beauty is gone now. The blue eye is dim and faded—the pale brow is covered with lines of care. Perhaps with that far off look of hers she sees little graves, green with many summers. Her home is very humble—all day she has toiled, and the fainting spirit almost surrenders to fatigue—the downcast eyes trembling with tears—she is so weary—and every nerve tingles when these boys come hungry from school, some with a tale of sorrow that mother must hear.

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