

SHELBY AURORA.

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SPECIAL ADVERTISING RATES. Table with columns for ad type and duration (1 mo, 2 mo, 3 mo, 6 mo, 1 year).

ODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN. A song for the grand old mountain where heroes fought and died!

OUR SECOND-FLOOR LODGER.

When John and I first began housekeeping, we were doubtful whether to live in apartments, or to take a house and let them.

sent. "What I meant to say was that he has something upon his mind. Though he can't be more than twenty-seven at the most, he has a bit of spirit, and talks with all the air of a pro-occupied man, who is ever brooding over some trouble."

every man's forbearance. Do not speak ill of Kathleen. "I do not," said the old man. "True son of a shameless mother."

ed now before he descended, with the old man wrapped in the coverlet, and clinging wildly round his son's neck.

DRY-GOODS CHRISTIANS.

There seems to be in the churches a great strife raging. It is an Ansterlitz of ribbons. The carnage of color is seen all over our religious assemblages.

What Farmers Need.

In an article on the rapid spread of the farmer's societies throughout the land, Cleburn's Rural World says: "What we need now is, the free discussion of rural matters by practical farmers, for as Macaulay has said, 'men are never so likely to settle a question rightly, as when they discuss it freely.'"

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions. It is far easier to acquire a fortune like a knave than to expend it like a gentleman.

Our Second-Floor Lodger (continued).

John thought I had done a very foolish thing, and so terrified me out of my wits by saying our second-floor lodger was no doubt a burglar, who when we were in bed, would break open all the cupboards and drawers with the skeleton keys and "Jimmy" (yes, that was what John called it), which he had concealed in his portmanteau; that I couldn't get a wink of sleep through the night.

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Kilkenny Cats.

The story has been so long current that it has become a proverb—"as quarrelsome as the Kilkenny cats"—two of the cats in which city are asserted to have fought so long and so furiously that nought was left of them but two tails. The correct version of this saying is this: During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798, Kilkenny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose custom it was to tie together, in one of their barrack rooms, two cats by their respective tails, and then to throw them face to face across a line generally used for drying clothes. The cats naturally became infuriated, and scratched each other in the abdomen until death ensued to one or both of them. The officers were made acquainted with these barbarous acts of cruelty, and resolved to put an end to them. For this purpose an officer was ordered to inspect each barrack-room daily, and report its state. The soldiers, determined not to lose the daily torture of the cats, generally employed one of their comrades to watch the approaching officer. On one occasion he neglected his duty, and the officer was heard ascending the stairs while the cats were undergoing the torture. One of the troopers seized a sword from the arm rack, and with a single blow, divided the tails of the cats. The cats escaped through the open windows of the room, which was entered immediately afterward by the officer, who inquired what was the cause of the two bleeding cats' tails being suspended on the line, and was told in reply that "two cats had been fighting in the room; that it was impossible to separate them; and they fought so desperately that they had devoured each other up, with the exception of their two tails."