

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

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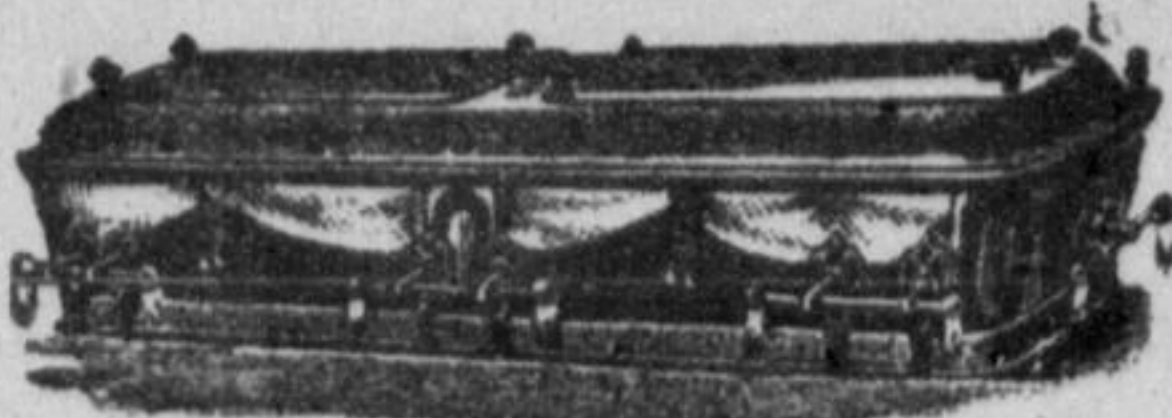
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SELECTED STOCK OF FURNITURE

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We are old experienced Mechanics and we do not make a speciality of any article, but of our whole business.

We have lately purchased the finest Hearses in the County and having at all times a full stock of

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We are prepared to attend to all orders with promptness

Our Prices are Moderate

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AUCTION BILLS
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Furnished at Reasonable Rates.

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FOR THE
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Or by the Day.

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NEW SPRING GOODS,

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DONT FAIL TO SEE THEIR

New Cottons, Ducks, Shirtings &c
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SEE THE

New Forest Beauty,

A SUPERB ELEVATED-OVEN COOKING STOVE.

Manufactured by Copp Bros. and sold by B. LOVERIN, Farmersville. Stoves guaranteed to be same as sample. The subscriber is agent for all kinds of Cooking, Parlor, Hall and Church Stoves.

Forty Different Styles to Select From.

Get my prices before ordering as I can sell cheaper than any dealer in the county.

What Time Said to the Youth.

By ENG.—A FARMERSVILLE BOY.

A youth in his teens, in search of new scenes, Was rambling o'er valley and hill, Met a spectre one day, who was passing that way, And they both came to a standstill. The spectre he spoke, and it was not in joke, I have come here Time's agent to be, And though time will not stay, one word here to say, I will speak just as if I was he.

I am your estate, which you must cultivate, Or it nothing will yield you in life; You must work while 'tis day, or at last have to say, This world is but sorrow and strife.

For as you use me, so I will use thee, Of this you ought not to complain; So if you abuse me and always misuse me, Your life will be labor in vain.

My foretop is long, it is thick and 'tis strong, Made to be taken hold of by all. Let me one inch by you, I'll never come nigh you, One moment you cannot recall.

Consecrate all your youth now to virtue and truth, Or at last as hath often been seen, At your last dying day, you should have it to say, My life a sad failure has been.

The youth heaved a sigh, as the spectre went by, For a while hea better life led, But mingling along with the gay, giddy throng, Soon forgot what the spectre had said.

How Parents Can Suffer.

He was a busy man and she was at all times a very busy woman. One evening he suddenly looked up from his paper and said: "By the way, didn't you have a baby in the house about the time Midland Broad Gauge went up to 98?"

"Yes," she said, "Oscar was born the night of the Everingham reception."

"Boy, was it?" he said, with a show of interest. "I had forgotten: must be about seven months old by this time. Where is he?"

She touched a bell, a servant appeared, and she ordered Oscar to be brought into the presence of his sire. The weeping nurse appeared alone, and with many tears confessed that the infant Oscar had been kidnapped in the park six weeks before, and that the most careful search, aided by advertisements in the daily papers, had thus far failed to reveal his whereabouts. Thus we see that wealth is no barrier to sorrow, and into the homes of the rich the great trouble creeps with its stealthy tread, and sometimes breaks up a whole evening of enjoyment.—Buffalo Commercial.

How She Took the Plaster.

"There Bridget," said the lady of the house kindly to the new servant who was suffering with cramps, "you take this mustard plaster I have made for you and keep perfectly quiet, and in the morning I think you will find yourself better."

In the morning Bridget was able to be about, but she looked far from well.

"Oi tuk the plaster, mum," she said, "and oi kep perfectly quiet, but it wuz meself that felt loike scramin' an yellin, mum."

"Oh, they are apt to burn a little."

"Burrin, is it! Indade, mum, and me throat is as raw as fresh mate."

When Mrs. Gladstone went to visit the wife of General Earle to offer her condolence on that officer's death, the widow refused to see her, sending back a message that she would never see the wife of the man who murdered her husband.