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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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NO. 18.

What We Live For.

"We live for those that love us... For those who are kind and true... For the Heaven that smiles above us..."

DOUBLE WEDDING.

THE BOKER AND DEAN CASE OUTDOKE. Mr. Lloyd, a highly respectable farmer of Wickliffe, arrived in this city last evening in an excited state of mind.

THE DROWNED SILK DRESS.

"Why, Eliza! what a strange choice for a wedding dress! You wear dresses that are very good style, and you have plenty of them, considering the changes in fashion..."

THE PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER.

I wish I had a dozen points of hands, this very minute! I'd soon put all these things to rights—The very dounce is to it.

THE DROWNED SILK DRESS.

There is a class of men who, by some peculiarity of disposition, acquire so fixed a habit of paying no attention to what is passing around them, that they become prejudiced against knowing what is going on in the world...

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Portico.

Keep up your courage, friend, Nor falter on the track— Look up, and seem to languish back! A true heart rarely fails to win— A will can make a way— The darkest night will yield at last Unto the perfect day!

STICK TOGETHER.

When midst the wreck of fire and smoke, And fierce dragons with quivering stroke And flocks of quivering smoke, When cannons roar and the sky is dark, And the red fire is in the air, And the smoke is in the air, And the smoke is in the air, And the smoke is in the air...

Miscellaneous.

A Common Woman's Experience. A writer in some modern magazine, speaking of his heroine, thus said: "She had an ideal of life and of all who were to live it..."

looked down at her face in the mirror of the brook. It was oval, smooth, and delicately rosy. "I see, I see. You English keep well," said the old man quickly.

"I shall work at something, and take care of it. I could teach, I think," she replied. "Keep school for a night or ten things a week? I'll give you wages, girl. It wouldn't keep you both. If I was out of the way it might do. But I've a much better way, Millicent. Old Yale's son—the one with horses, and chariots, and farms, and mills, and houses, and a wife— He's been to-day talking with me about you. Why don't you smile, girl?"

"I never could marry a man like George Yale," she said. "He is the youngest young man in town," the old man continued. "He'd worship a little lady-like woman like you. You could win him around your little finger easier than you can that ribbon. He'll always be a home man. Consider her!"

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South; and the husband and wife took up again the even tenor of their still-gliding lives; the honest husband happy and contented with his home and wife, living his best possible life, and she with half her nature in chains and darkness—her greatest happiness that she has made others happy.

And multitudes of women like Amelia Hale are called cowardly and mercenary, while they are really brave and unselfish. They are true to what they deem duty, if not to the instincts of their hearts.—Knickerbocker.

From the Boston Post. CONVERSING MY DISTRICT. BY S. OLDGORE, ESQ. "Lives of old cocks all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And when chanced upon leave behind us Bird tracks on the sand of time."

Inspired by the beautiful poem, "The Sam of Life," from which the above appropriate verse is extracted, I set out from my cockpit to canvass my district. I was provided with stout peanuts and sugar plums for the women and children, but was in doubt what to do for the voters. Being a temperance and Maine law man I was opposed to "treating" on principle.

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THE PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER. I wish I had a dozen points of hands, this very minute! I'd soon put all these things to rights—The very dounce is to it.

Here's a big washing to be done; One pair of hands to do it, Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants! How will I get 'em through it!

Dinner to get for six or more, No loaf left over from Sunday; And but one more can live, He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis turning sour, I must forthwith be churning, And here's Bob wants a button on— Which way shall I be turning?

"The time the meat was in the pot, 'Tis bread was worked for baking, The clothes were taken from the boil— Oh, dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby! dear! there, hush!—I wish I could sleep a little, Till I could run and get some wood To hurry up that kettle.

Oh, dear! if Henry does come home, And find things in this potter, He'll just begin to tell me all About his little mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be, Her dinner always ready, Exactly when the noon bell rang— Hush, hush, dear little Freddie.

she was quite content to keep the valve open, so long as by doing so she found she approached the truth.

The youthful sailor voyagers were in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It may easily be imagined that among the neighbors where they landed they were the objects of much curiosity and interest.

How the Major "blew" on himself. There is a class of men who, by some peculiarity of disposition, acquire so fixed a habit of paying no attention to what is passing around them, that they become prejudiced against knowing what is going on in the world...

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