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NO. 1246.

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APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, NEW REVISED EDITION.

Entirely rewritten by the ablest writers on every subject. Printed from new type, and illustrated with several thousand engravings and maps.

They were as handsome a couple as one could have wished; indeed many persons who knew them both intimately, said that Mr. and Mrs. Vivian were samples of what true marriage ought to be.

On this brightly cold January morning they were standing in the elegant library of their residence in N. Y.

And then Ethel consulted her watch with an air of quietude; but, oh, how she had looked surprised, when her pulses leaping, bounded, and she had found that she was late.

Two years—twice a twelve month and—Laura St. John was standing before her dressing table, earnestly peering at the splendid jewelry made with her personal beauty.

Here it was close at hand not half an hour from the door, and Laura heard low, musical laughter at intervals; in the several dressing-rooms opposite she heard the wedding guests preparing to descend to the festivity.

Down in the saloon Laura heard low, musical laughter at intervals; in the several dressing-rooms opposite she heard the wedding guests preparing to descend to the festivity.

And then Ethel consulted her watch with an air of quietude; but, oh, how she had looked surprised, when her pulses leaping, bounded, and she had found that she was late.

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I wanted you to do this; I want it still because you love me no longer, because you love Laura St. John.

It was a scene which started them both; and then Laura St. John, herself radiant in daintiest blue velvet and shimmering costume, came laughing in, so sweet, so gay.

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Good for Nothing. A gentleman while addressing some children, took out his watch, and asked them what it was for?

"To keep time," they all answered. "Well, suppose it wouldn't keep time, and can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?"

"It is good for nothing," they replied. "He then took out a lead pencil, and asked what it was for?"

"It is to mark with," was the answer. "But suppose the lead is out, and it won't mark what is it good for?"

"It is good for nothing," they replied. "He then took out a pocket-knife, and asked what it was for?"

"It is to cut with," said one. "To cut with," said another. "Suppose it has no blade, then what is it good for?"

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A Patriotic Appeal. Every day brings us, in the relentless march of time, nearer and nearer the dreadful days when poems on 'Spring' will be in order. Men of America! who are reading stirring things can read, and whose spelling no dictionary can justify. Women of the Republic will invariably write on both sides of the paper, never a paragraph, and sign yourselves 'Maudie-John'!

A singular suit was tried and determined in Wilmington, Del., last week. It is thus reported by the correspondent of the Philadelphia Times: Under the laws of Delaware the property of a wife who dies intestate, whose husband has no surviving issue, but to those of her own blood. Two years ago Henry Stout, a wealthy Dutch lawyer, died, leaving his property to his three children.

Five years ago his only daughter married Rev. H. R. Hall, a wealthy man, and a year later she died leaving birth to her third child. The latter, it was claimed by the father, lived for a few minutes after being delivered but this Mrs. Hall's brother denied.

The question the brothers brought to a single second after they had occupied the suit in the Court the entire week. For the plaintiffs Senator Salsbury and ex-Senator Comings appeared, and the defendant was represented by ex-Judge Layton ex-Congressman Smithers, and Edward M. Kelly, Esq.

The children he asserted to the question, 'What is the chief of man?' asked the gentleman. 'To glorify God, and enjoy him forever.'

So is the man with a clear conscience. So is the parent of vigorous children. So is the editor of a good paper with a big subscription list.

So is the child who goes to sleep with a kiss on its lips and for whose waking a blessing awaits. So is the maiden whose horizon is not bounded by the coming man, but who has a purpose in life, whether she meet him or not.

So is the young man, who, laying his hand on his heart, can say, 'What is time?' 'A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb.'

So is the man who, when the sun of eternal merciful darkness, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world, 'Does God reason?' 'Man reasons because he doubts; he doubts; he deliberates; he decides; God is omniscient; he never doubts; He therefore never reasons.'

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