|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 1 Ls. <br>  Tide 0 $4+\tan =$ $\qquad$ |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  | : |  |
|  | apliged to hava a dav atyla, of fursiltire, bo | bleeding in theinintensity; wnd withamequite touch, |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { she is pol as bappy in the midse of this splen- } \\ & \text { dor ps I am because I am alwayg' buyp. It } \\ & \text { is not necesgary for Isabelta to labor, wind it } \end{aligned}$ |  |  | thipk 1. Well dont purzle. It'a because If fill picked up by " the the devil at last"," |  |
|  |  |  |  | picked up by "the the devil at last." |  |
|  | acentive. - my paniry in order, I have no one to disarrange.it, and I am more than re. paid by the pleasar |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | I I like the Emperor of Hayi 1!! "Bocause you are e samay pcoundrel:", |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Waking How, downy soem the shadow thatveil thy face, and the repose that thou shaltbring anter life's wearisome pilgrimage'f Beau- | Of hoiliffyy yais igo in the weitern part | Crons of Col. Wood's Museum, when the cor-dury man once more addresed the man ofthe mace and rattie. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | been dead many years; her only datighlerwas grown up and married, living at a dis. tance pl'a mile or lwo from ihe family maĩ- | lunk next time. Why is the Quaker Giant and myself Jike the god of marriage ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ ". |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | unii ho espied what he gupposede toititn |
|  |  | rales two worlds, I, bless thy beautiful minisiry, and fold myself to the arms of phyparem sleep, till, such time ne, ahe will day |  | canie coios men" |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | me in thy bosom, an o'errearied, but trust- mo <br> ing child. ing |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | talk." <br> "You are not as bright, old fellow, as 1 |  |
|  |  |  | molher had never done jnjury to any person,andzaded, I cancot-thidk aby one would in-june you; for you have not an enemy in the |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | a dish of fondling." ."You do not disapprove of affectionate | shone on the solitary studies of the Magii, are now no longer visible, having passed to other |  |  | be careful not to spread ine sails of vapity to catch the popular breeze, lest be te pafled |
|  |  |  | As the day was declining; Mrs. Mozher <br> suighther house, but expresese the same |  | 隹 |
|  |  | night's coronal-has but gone to olther akies, laken, it may be, another shape, yet q Pleiad |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | niment ior vegracye was meardily made |  |
|  | in our own little sitting room, and read to <br> getber, occasionally laying aside the book to interchange thoughts, and give expression to |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | "why is a small tob tail horse, with a blaze face, like Gov. Bigler ?" |  |
|  | than Isabella ever knew." <br> "Bui look, it has grown quite dark since |  | here Rover go home with Mrs, Mozher and | $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { the lant conundrum remains without solution } \\ \text { to exercise the guessing faculties of our rea- }\end{array}\right.$ ders. |  |
|  |  |  | take care of her. Rover did as he was told; the widow went home, milked her cown, took care of everything out of doors and went to |  | hoo tar $T^{n}$ sidid the affighted dirtey, <br> Thit he man ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ <br> Wait Gumbo." <br>  |
|  |  |  | instant, when she was faifly in bed, he laidhimself dowis upon the out side of the bed, |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  <br>  |
|  | The next morning, when Mr. Howell sawhis wife in a neat morning dress, trippinglighily about the house, and hearing her mu- | Whhis own rottenness and that of, his neighbor,and so all tread softly, knowing that while he |  | one who knows the fact. On one of the coldnights, a person having a bag of meal more than he could manage threw it over a high |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | hides his neighbors weak spot, he covere, hisown also. At some time, hovierer, one lasecautious than the rest, exposeg his part of the |  |  |  |
|  | "Tis home where'er the beart is,: Where'er the loved ones defell," felt quite sure the heart contained a wealth |  |  |  | of the collection, Fow: will ptove; whopy, by |
|  |  |  |  |  | - longer laboring under the same mistalap |
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