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B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 46.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

GET UP.
Get up, little sister; the morning is bright.
The birds are all singing:
The buds are all open; the dew's on the flower;
For you shake but a branch, see, there falls
a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young lambs are skipping about as
they please.
And by those little rings on the water I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
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May rejoice like the lark, and work like the bee.

And the lark's singing gayly; it loves the bright sun,
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Wrong,
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Get up; for when all things are merry and
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Good children should never be lazy and sad.
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PHARMACEUTICAL.

How it Ended.

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"Three years of cat-and-dog quarreling," commented the husband, grimly.

"You said the pink damask window curtains were just the color of my cheeks!" faltered Mrs. Paradox.

"And even then, if you will be good enough to recall the fact to your memory, Mrs. P.," remarked her husband, "we couldn't agree as to the pattern of the parlor carpet, nor whether the walls should be papered or painted!"

"We never have agreed," assented Mrs. Paradox, with pursed-up lips.

"And never shall!" said Mr. Paradox.

"Perhaps it's better, on the whole, that we should separate," said the lady.

"Oh, altogether," acquiesced the gentleman, rattling the pennies indifferently in his pocket.

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"It's a pity we hadn't found it out before we were married," said Mrs. Paradox.

"Better late than never," said Mr. Paradox.

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"You wouldn't consent to have my mother come and live with us," retorted Mr. Paradox, twitching his mustache.

"If your mother's temper was half as bad as yours—" began Mrs. Paradox, flushing up to the very roots of her hair.

"There you go again," said Mr. Paradox, beginning to pace savagely up and down the room. "Who on earth could be expected to put up with this sort of thing?"

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"Of course it will make a dreadful scandal, me going home to mamma, and all," faltered Mrs. Paradox.

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"And I dare say," cried the wife, "that as soon as you get to Nova Scotia, or whatever the horrid place is that you're going to, you'll be making love to some other woman!"

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"You're a brute!" cried the wife.

"So you have often remarked before," said the husband, biting off the end of a cigar.

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