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TERMS OF PUBLICATION. The Herald is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty-eight columns...

ADVERTISEMENTS. Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions...

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NOTICE TO SCHOOL DIRECTORS. The names of the members for the Public Schools will be published as follows:

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. The names of the members for the Public Schools will be published as follows:

GOLD MEDAL PATENT. WILLIAM KNABE, senior partner of the late firm of OHLAND AND KNABE...

THE MOTHER'S REPLY. My words have made me sad, daughter, For they have touched my heart.

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POETRY. We copy the following political article, from the Cincinnati Commercial, as they are readers may fully appreciate the views...

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more slowly! No younger ears could have heard its tick outside through the papered door.

Well, were the sweet-ones rising? Was the supper really so tempting to look upon? Could she think of no improvement?

That's right, Joy, don't fall in love. I want you to choose a husband with your eyes wide open.

Yes, an elegant man, with beautiful black eyes and whiskers, and so well-dressed, and so tall!

That reminds me, grandpa—how ever came you to take a tailor to board?

There, don't work too steadily, don't put your eyes out, grandpa; I'll be back in half a minute.

My dear Billy, you wanted to make my carpet handsome; and Annie wears better garments now than she has worn for years.

There Billy, now, supper's ready. And this is chop, Billy, and Billy, don't you remember how you used to like sweet-cakes?

I declare, I haven't seen such a bountiful supper since I went away from home; how good the chop smells!

Yes, and do taste one of the cakes, Billy, they are light as puff-balls.

All in good time, I can't eat too many things at once. Mother, to change the subject, don't you think that now I'm of age, you—

What can I ever be! The eyes were awfully new, with so much character, so much energy, so much goodness.

Ah, Joy, I wonder if you believe in such a sentiment as love! You treat our hearts as if they were made for playthings!

Better strive for it, and make it ours. That's not my way, I'm a spoiled child, and expect to be honored by providence.

I can't endure to be chastised any longer. Dear Joy, will you be my wife? Say so if you must, but—

I am grateful for your frankness. Miss Snelling, henceforth I will never annoy you. There were two negatives.

No one knew it except Biddy, who was looking through the keyhole; and Joey's self, but tears came into the young tailor's eyes.

This extract, from a reminiscence concerning a friend of mine, developed some years since in France, develops a rare instance of presence of mind in a woman.

There lived on the outskirts of Dieppe a widow lady, by the name of Beaumaurice. She had no family, but with one servant girl, lived in a very retired manner.

She divided the truth in a moment—the assassin was there—in her house—under the toilet table. She made out the least motion or sign, but reflected two or three minutes as to the best way to be pursued.

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THE WIFE. She who sleeps upon my heart Was the first to win it; She who dreams upon my breast Ever rises within it.

Other days than those shall come, Days that may be dreary, Once hours shall pass you, Hours that may be weary.

Great care is bestowed by Parisian ladies on the toilette (called *maquillage*) which is worn in the early morning at the chateau, and particularly at the fashionable watering-places.

Madam Petit has, also, a variety of charming little *chapeaux à la Watteau*, *Maintenon*, *à la Tilly*, *à la Anneton*, *à la Pey*, *à la Sennec*.

A necessary part of the toilette for the promenade, pump rooms, ball-rooms, and the like, is a small *staccato*, attached to the wrist or finger by a gold ring, containing some refreshing essence.

The summer bonnets are very sloping behind; the top of the crown is either round or flat, and of one piece. They come forward in the Mary Stuart style in front, and are long and narrow at the cheeks.

After this quadrille had been danced, the representatives of the Elements were thus attired: Mrs. was figured by black crapes; dresses trimmed with wreaths of red felt; and black velvets ornamented with gold, the hair falling over the shoulders.

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