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THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

"Where the Weary are at Rest."

BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

Mother! mourning for the infant
Now released from sin and pain,
Call not back the ransomed spirit
To the weary world again.
Though the hues of earth have faded,
Lone thy house and sad thy breast,
Ye shall meet again, rejoicing,
Where the weary are at rest.'

Warrior! 'mid the din of battle Warrior! 'mid the din of battle
Dealing death on all around,
Marring ruthlessly God's image,
Felling brothers to the ground,
Gease the strife, and turn to Heaven!
Break the sword, and doff the crest!
Scenes like these will never lead thee Where the weary are at rest.

To'ling slave of wild ambition!
Scheming for a monarch's crown,
Spending years of earthly promise
Secking for the world's renown,
Cease thy vain pursuit of phantoms!
Quench the fires within thy breast!
Strifes like thine! oh what avail they
'Where the weary are at rest.'

Miser! gloating o'er thy coffers
Saddened with a wealth untold,
Know'st thou not thy dross will peris
Dimmed will be thy shining gold!
Seek the treasures of pure Heaven!
Even such was God's behest:
Free are all things from corruption
Where the weary are at rest.

Young and lovely Maiden! wreathing
Hope's bright blossom round thy brow,
All things smile in love upon thee,
Bright the world before thee now.
Ere that world shall disappoint thee
Let thy Saviour be confessed!
Steer thy bark toward the haven
'Where the weary are at rest.'

Drooping one! o'er earth a wand'rer,
Friendless, houseless, dost thou roam?
This is not for thy abiding,
Heaven shall be thy lasting home.
Cheer thee then, though now thy spirit
Be by worldly woes distressed,
Endless joys thou shalt inherit
'Where the weary are at rest.'

Christian sufferer! worn with anguish, Racked by more than mortal pain,
Longing for release, and Heaven,
Chafts thy spirit at her chain?
Soon as the bonds of earth shall sever,
Thou'lt be numbered with the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.'

Let me see him once more.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

Let me see him once more
For a moment or two,
Let me tel! him myself
Of his purpose, dear, do;
Let him gaze in these eyes
While he lays out his plan
To escape me—and then o escape me—and then— He may go—if he can!

Let me see him once more,
Let me give him one smile,
Let me breathe but one word
Of endearment the while;
I ask but a moment—
My life on the man!
Does he think to forget me?
He may—if he can.

Lawyer's Declaration.

Fee simple, and a simple fee, And all the fees in tail, Are nothing—when compared to thee Thou best of fees—Female. MISCELLANEOUS.

shoved off; and are now making way fast towards the beach."

Not another word was passed between the father and daughter as the daring adventurers pulled lustify fowards the shore. Emily anxiously watched the little skiff as it was pitched about; now concealed from her in a deep abyss; and then rising upon the crest of a wave, merely to be dashed down again with increased tury.

"He will get a wet skin for his rashness, if it be he?" exclaimed the fisherman who was the first to break silence, "but sailors are not apt to care for such trifles as that, so as they gain their end."

As he spoke a large Newfoundland dog, which had swam to shore unobserved, sprang upon the beach and bounded towards Emily.

which had swam to shore unobserved, sprang upon the beach and bounded towards Emily.

"Father," cried the girl, "it must be he,—this dog is poor old Hector. Oh, George! George! and she burst into tears.

"What's the use of crying, silly child? said her father, kindly, "they max land safely yet."

"Yea, father," replied Emily, "they what chances are

ding with the puppies!" said the young against them!"

She was patting the head of the dog, in order to conceal her anguish from her father, when her hand felt upon a piece of paper suspended from the animal's neck. It was saturated with sall water, and the letters were illegible, but the quick eye of the girl recognized, in the almost obliterated character before her, the handwriting of her lover. She tore it from the neck of the dog, and, placing it in her bosom once more fixed her steadfast gaze on the little boat, which was now laboring heavily on its course.

I had rather not take a horn with you," aid the loafer to the mad bull—but the bull insisted upon treating bim to two, and the loafer got quite high.

"You are always in a bustle, Mary," said a mother to her daughter. "It's the fashion, Ma."

The modern profane expression of "H—ll to pay," may be more politely rendered Limbo to liquadate.

heavily on its course.

"How much longer, father," she asked,

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

TRINGPUN, PENNSYLVANIA, WE

Tringpun, PENNSYLVANIA, WE

is the vessel large or small!"

"She is small, a coaster I should say, Elioquence in Arkansas. We find the following specimen in a card published in an Arkansas paper by some one who had been charged with not wishing to celebrate the Fourth of July:

"She is small, a coaster I should say, Emily, but why do you want to know?"

"Because, father," she replied, in a voice lowered to a whisper, "it surely cannot be George's vessel."

"No, Emily, George is a better seaman than to expect a boat like that to live in such a sea."

"But," urged Emily, "there is no knowing what he would risk to—," and when the concentrated wisdom of ages was blazoned forth on that "immortal sheet!"—that day when the concentrated wisdom of ages was blazoned forth on that "immortal sheet!"—that day when the Phomix spirit of Universal liberty arose up out of the world! that day when the Phomix spirit of Universal liberty arose up out of the American soil, and spread her broad pinions never again to be folded—that day, for the celebration of which I, in my boy-towards the beach."

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es, father," replied Emily, "they and safely, but see what chances are them!"

"Look here you fellow, keep your dog off from me, will you?" said a dandy to a pert butcher's boy.

"Well d—n that dog, he will be medding with the puppies!" said the young butcher.

STRUCK PRINSPLY ANTIAL WEDNISSIAN & REPTEMBREIL 14. 1884.

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**THE REPORT SECTION OF THE STRUCK CAMPAGE OF THE S