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Choice Poetry.

Select Tale.

The Last of the Copperhead Assassins.

Useful and Curious.

The Fun of the Thing.

For the Farmer.

AVENGED.

BY "ORPHEUS C. BIRD."

Gods wheel of Justice hang between...

In the Prairie path to our Sunset gate...

When the bright sun sinks in the rose-tipped West...

Do ye ask who reared these head-stones there...

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THE HAT WITH THE HAREBELLS.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"Just your style, exactly! I intended...

"Not now, Mrs. Chapeau; but I will...

"Forty dollars. But, as you are an...

As Avis Weldon turned to leave the...

Blushes accompanied her smile of...

A shade of disappointment was on his...

"Thirty dollars," he said, as he walk...

"I shall have plenty, papa, if I don't...

"Anything reasonable, Avis; I have...

"A hat at Mrs. Chapeau's. And such...

"How much is it?"

"Thirty dollars."

The father placed thirty dollars in her...

Avis sprang up and kissed him, and...

"Any news from the army to-day?"

"Yes, another skirmish before Peters...

"That is where Mary's husband is. I...

Mr. Weldon went back to his office...

"Any news from Dick, yet, Mary?"

"Yes, Miss," she sobbed. "He is ly...

"No, and that is what is killing me...

"How much would it cost to go to...

"Thirty dollars, there and back again."

Avis put her hand in her pocket, and...

"There are forty dollars, Mary," she...

The poor creature, with many thanks...

"That afternoon, as Charles Summers...

"Yes, Thomas; what is it?"

"Well, ye see, sir, Dick is in the...

"I hope you will be able to get it...

"And so you want to borrow it of me?"

"The same, sir. And you can keep it...

Mr. Summers gave him the money, and...

Miscellaneous.

A DIRGE.

Written for the Funeral Solemnities of President Lincoln.

BY RICHARD STORRS WELLS.

Air—"Home, Sweet Home."

Regretful bells are tolling,

With woful knell profound;

Unwilling bells are booming,

With doleful and solemn sound;

A pilgrim chief is passing

From 'neath the nation's dome,

To find from life's sad labors

A resting place at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

For all the weep and wailing,

There's no place like home!

And fevered hearts are stirring,

Right loyal hearts and true;

And faithful souls are starting,

From eyes where tears are few;

That pilgrim chief's a martyr,

Who fell the State to save!

The home that he is seeking,

A martyr patriot's grave!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

For thee, O, martyred patriot,

There's no place like home!

Now, open wide thy portals,

Thy land is desecrated!

Thy land is desecrated!

And though the good man perish,

From out his hall's good name,

Forty years a race of heroes,

To guard the same high trust!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

We'll evermore defend it!

There's no place like home!

The Last of the Copperhead Assassins.

The Chicago Journal gives the pro...

"I don't want it, sir. All the same...

Will we have a funeral? Perhaps...

Then perhaps the two funeral proces...

Yonder he goes, on a car, to his ho...

Chief Mourners—Copperhead Cox...

Reverend Clergy—Rev. H. Clay Dan...

Several Societies—Knights of the...

Delegation from Perdition—P. S...

N. B.—Copperheads will be caref...

Satan will be present and pray, if...

All who sympathize with either pr...

REMEDI FOR EARACHE.—M. Duval...

GOOD FOR BURNS.—The best thing...

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph sa...

MAKING TEA.—Water for making tea...

A NEW RAT TRAP.—Take a smooth...

DUMPLINGS.—In boiling dumplings...

TO TEMPER EARTHEN WARE.—When...

Pouring cold water on the face...

It is said that a gill of melted...

Half a cranberry bound on a corn...

Useful and Curious.

How to Cook RHEUBARB AND ASPARA...

It is a common error in cooking...

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER.—Leath...

COATING WOOD.—A method of coat...

GINGER BEER.—Take of ginger brui...

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The Fun of the Thing.

RICHMOND IS FALLEN.

TRIP—"Balloon is Fallen."

"Don't you see de black cloud, rain' ober yonder...

CHOCURUS—"Look out dar, now, for we's gwine to shoot!"

"See de lightning's flashing, down in de cañonkate...

CHOCURUS—"Look out, dar, now, for we's gwine to shoot!"

Down in de cañon-kate, when you hear de "runder,"

CHOCURUS—"Look out, dar, now, for we's gwine to shoot!"

When de shell is missin', den we load wid pumpkins,

CHOCURUS—"Look out, dar, now, for we's gwine to shoot!"

Massa was a Colonel, in de rebel army,

CHOCURUS—"Look out, dar, now, for we's gwine to shoot!"

I'll be de Massa, you may be de serbant,

CHOCURUS—"Look out, dar, now, for we's gwine to shoot!"

Slow GRINDING.—Quite a number...

MONTHLY ROSES.—These beautiful...

That was a good joke on a young...

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For the Farmer.

Selecting Seed Corn.

"When seed corn has not been saved...

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