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FOR THE REPUBLICAN.

RECOGNIZED AFTER DEATH.

Ring, ring, ever ringing. Are the changes life is bringing? Ring, ring, as a chime. On the bells of Time, on the bells of Fate.

AN ALOE BLOSSOM.

It is one of the miserable things in life that there are people to whom the gift of expression is denied. Helen was pale and still. The aunt who brought her up, and did not love her, suspected her of "slyness," and openly sneered at her.

Reginald Thurston remembered long afterward the night when first he heard her. Mrs. Le Clerc's drawing-room was dim with twilight as he went in—the light of a flickering fire, which sparkled on the sofa where Rosalie lay, and the soft, long shadows across the floor.

palpable framed in his luxuriant hair, but his eyes were not so bright. He liked lively, vivacious women, who chatted and entertained him, and with whom he was not forced to exert himself. Intensely reserved, he was the founder of easy, jovial, merriment. Anecdotes, repartees, great bursts of Homeric laughter, these made up his coat of armor. People generally did not know him as a man of letters. Out of the pulpit he was just like other men, they said, the truth being that only in the pulpit was he really himself.

He seemed to smile again this evening. Not once did they speak, and he was quite unconscious of the fact, started glances with which she favored him. Never had she looked so lovely. From the moment of their meeting a new influence possessed her. She did not question, or analyze, but drifted on in her flow, asking no questions.

It is hard to be classified as a stone, and yet to have none of a stone's immunities. This luckless Helen of mine was no wiser than the rest of her sex, and far less happy. After her first meeting with Reginald, she met continually, as people do when once they begin. Continually his attraction for her became stronger. It was not long before she was so completely under his spell that she never blinced herself loved passionately.

This did not pain her greatly, except at moments; she was used to finding herself attracted to men, and she was very experienced in the art of making the most of every woman, and she was not without a loving brought with it a stir and a thrill of which she had not dreamed herself capable.

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He was a man who looked sad from the crown of his hat to the toes of his boots. There were deep care lines on his face, his eyes were sunken, and his hair was thinning. He looked as if he had been through a mill of adversity.

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bittery that night. "Nothing will ever bring me any more," she sobbed. "Even in heaven I shall be far away from him. I know it."

How glowy we talk of heaven! how easily we say "any more!" and so easily there is, in dreadful nearness! In the darkness that followed that moon-setting, in the earliest hours of morning, came a sudden knock at the door. A bark at full sail had struck the St. Mary's. A bark at full sail had struck the St. Mary's. A bark at full sail had struck the St. Mary's.

Lower the boats! "Lower the boats!" shouted voices. "Why do you lower them?" sobbed Helen. "Lower the boats!" shouted voices. "Why do you lower them?" sobbed Helen.

There is no room," replied Helen, briefly, as the boat pushed off. At that moment a shout announced a fresh attack. The last remaining boat had capsized, and the water was dark with the bodies of the men. The water gained every moment. Helen was the only woman left.

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FAREWELL TO MEXICO.

BY MRS. MARY ANNETT TOWNSEND (KARFIA).

True hearts—staunch friends—dear Mexico, farewell! Would I could pluck from my overflowing bosom a bouquet of words whose depths might reach to the heart of the one I love.

What lips can speak, nor these tears impart. Between me and the shore the widening bay. My soul is with thee, dear Mexico, farewell! My soul is with thee, dear Mexico, farewell!

I came a pilgrim to thy storied strand, I sought thee, O Mexico, in thy enchanted land. Some region where the fabled Lotus grows. I sought thee, O Mexico, in thy enchanted land.

Bright picture lands! My thoughts like trailing vines. Wind, bark, thy hills, thy valleys, thy lakes. Cling to these things and thy ruined shrines. Bright picture lands! My thoughts like trailing vines.

Ye shores, which replete with sweets have been. Ye plains, ye valleys, ye pastures green. To sigh and say, farewell to thee, Mexico. Ye shores, which replete with sweets have been.

New faint and fainter grows the line of shore. 'Tis on our path springs the pursuing wind. 'Tis on our path springs the pursuing wind. New faint and fainter grows the line of shore.

While I gaze a plume our white wave streams. Like one last friend, proud Orizaba stands. We call aloud, we wave to him our hands. While I gaze a plume our white wave streams.

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lawyers or the physicians of any locality have to agree upon the rate of their fees and on the regulations which are customary with other people—boys or grown-up men—still not avail themselves of their own legal right to labor as they please, or that others shall not be exempt from those whom they prefer, this is a wholly unwarranted proceeding, and is, in fact, the very essence of despotism, which never ought to be encouraged or allowed to be applied.

Aside from its dread unarbitrariness, it is detrimental in every point of view. It prevents the various mechanic trades from being so generally allied to the various branches of mechanical industry, too much disposition to shirk in the amount of time and skill given in return for pay, and less of that honest pride in execution which used to characterize every working man, and command the respect of all.

Again, when native boys are thus excluded from the various trades, their places are largely applied for by foreigners who can rarely take the interest in their work or attain to that mastery of their business which is the result of long and patient study. The consequence is that the American youth, being up among the strongest incentives to do their best. Too often now the latter have to join the ranks of the foreigner, and are thus placed in a position where they are dependent upon the whims of a foreign employer, and are thus placed in a position where they are dependent upon the whims of a foreign employer.

A melancholy Talk with the Proprietor of a Hardware Store. He entered a store on Woodward street about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, and taking a seat by the stove he beckoned to the proprietor and said: "Sit down here; I want to speak with you."

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A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing that God has ever made? A woman's heart and a woman's love. Do you know you have asked for the priceless thing that God has ever made? A woman's heart and a woman's love.

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Write a note and send it down to camp by the Injun—the boys'll come up and get you out, alive or dead.

"Do you think me weak or impractical, Mr. Small?" asked Helen, with a determined ring in his voice. "Tell me what to do and I will do it, God being judge of my intentions."

"Can you cease, please?" Helen asked, with a determined ring in his voice. "Tell me what to do and I will do it, God being judge of my intentions."

"Go round to the men's cattle, commence on the leaders, and brand 'em all with the wheel of the whip stock—the way you've seen me do it; then raise the whip above your head, start 'em on the gee lound, and just lay your head back 'em as you would an' 'strag as you can holler."

The Rev. Mr. Signal went round to "them cattle." There was audible to Mr. Small's ears a bustling of feet upon the earth, a creaking of the boxes, a hissing of an occasional steam boiler, then the sound of the person's voice elevated with great vehemence—and the wagon slowly arose to permit Mr. Small to crawl out into the fresh air.

Magnificent decorated dinner sets at China Palace. The recent circular of the Secretary of the Treasury, relative to the suspension of duties on certain articles, has been published. The circular is designed to destroy the interior market for certain goods, and to allow the importation of such goods at a reduced rate.

Two Opinions of a Man. Two travelers from distant parts of the country met, the other day, at a hotel in Philadelphia, and one proposing a visit to the city, the other accompanied him. "I had, in fact, been to the city, and I had, in fact, been to the city, and I had, in fact, been to the city."

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