

By G. HOLLAND.
Gallant old man, can't you see
You are monotonous, but you're true
You play the devotee,
That's what I like in you.

You are handsome in your day,
You are well preserved and thrifty,
You are a man of goodly size,
You are a man of goodly size.

Don't be foolish, now you're old,
Firming in this feeble fashion—
Trying to be a young man,
To-night a boyish passion.

You have had your day of youth,
With its frolics and its gambols,
You have known the joys of love,
And have lived love's sweet romances.

At, I know her lips are sweet,
True, her carriage is a beauty,
Yes, she bears a dainty head,
But her eyes are sweet and true.

But she knows you set a part,
While you are so much older,
Knows, old Miss Belle, please hear,
I am as old as you are dear.

Knows it, though a simple girl,
And is laughing while you linger—
Wishes you were a young man,
But you are not a young man.

But if you must set a part,
If you cannot part your leaning,
Such a thing as love is true,
Such a thing as love is true.

Come and stand with me, my friend—
The "I'll permit you—never doubt!"
Do not let me, and do not let me,
Do not let me, and do not let me.

Not to care a fig about her,
Not to care a fig about her,
Not to care a fig about her,
Not to care a fig about her.

Perhaps this blow is a judgment on me, after all, for having my secret from me, after all, for having my secret from me, after all, for having my secret from me.

When Mr. Tapscott rose he looked as if he had slept very little, and took a view from the window. When Mrs. Tapscott saw him look as if he had slept very little, and took a view from the window.

With this she took her seat at the desk, and wrote a few lines to her sister, stopping only once to partake of a light lunch. She was still busily writing when she heard her husband's footsteps in the entry.

She rose hurriedly, and tried to close the door, but she did not succeed. She rose hurriedly, and tried to close the door, but she did not succeed.

Nothing, thank you. Now was Mr. Tapscott's turn to be mystified. He repaired to his dressing-room, and began to arrange his toilet for the day.

Why, in fact, had she acted so strangely to him? Why had she so suddenly and so mysteriously disappeared from the room?

He folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket. He folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket. He folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket.

Returning the tablets to their proper place, Cynthia adjourned to the dining-room, and there she found her husband waiting for her.

What do you find so interesting on that page, my dear? What do you find so interesting on that page, my dear? What do you find so interesting on that page, my dear?

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MILAN, GIBSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE, APRIL 9, 1874. NUMBER 6.

Chorpenning and the 3d of May. Mr. Dawes having been pressed last week by the reporter of the Tribune to say plainly whether he favored the reform...

Confidence in Animals. There are probably few persons familiar with the fact that a marked contrast between the general character and appearance of the domestic animals is to be observed within the circle of their acquaintance.

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

On the contrary—Riding a mule. A STORM-SCENER—Old Probabilities. ERODIE ISLANDER has passed a law giving discharged convicts one-tenth of their actual earnings.

What Solom was to Lot's wife so is the back health of one woman's dress to another woman's back.

There is nothing so tender to the nerves as the practice of sitting up late, especially winter evenings. This is especially the case when there is a growing-up daughter in the household.

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A PERSONAL MATTER.

By FRANCIS ELLINGTON LOOP. The assertion that Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Tapscott seemed to have a feeble idea of that atmosphere of mutual tranquillity which settled down on their early married life, no mother-in-law professed himself an expert in the art of domestic difficulties; no inebriated cousin tugged at the strings of their joint purse.

Moreover, husband and wife were scrupulously considerate of each other's comfort. Caldwell never brought any of his business annoyances home with him; they were carefully locked up in the iron safe at his office. When he donned his great coat to go up-town, the investiture was in its effect, transforming Mrs. Tapscott, Esq., into a woman.

"Caddy, dear," the husband. He in no way lost his reward. His wardrobe fairly overflowed with buttons, and his salubrious slippers; his slippers were in a chronic state of calceolence before the family grate; family meals and had coffee and things foreign and native, a butcher and grocer, plumber and gas-fitter were promptly paid out of the allowance set apart for domestic expenses.

Cynthia mended her gloves and made her own bonnets, evinced marvelous tact in managing servants, arranged her hair without being bored by the process, and appeared in her lord's presence minus a collar. In short, the conjugal felicity of this modest couple was as perfect as anything earthly could be; the stream of their existence presented a surface as unruffled as that of a meadow brook; days came and went, and were months, and the months were already fast approaching their close, when a cloud rose above the marital horizon.

The Tapscotts seemed so entirely and absolutely a unit, that their friends had doubted their very existence. They glided in having no separate secrets; each being blessed with a rather inquisitive and jealous disposition, they deemed advisable on their wedding-day to arrange this matter on an equitable basis, and to the resolution they formed they loyally adhered.

At first, in an excess of frankness, they were wont to exchange confidences respecting their most trivial affairs, and in their lives, but soon began to omit sundry annoying details of business transactions or domestic economy; these omissions were followed by others and others, until length their conversation assumed some resemblance to that ordinarily indulged in by married couples.

The anniversary of their wedding was fast approaching, when Mrs. Tapscott's acute sense discerned—or she fancied it—this singular change in her husband's manner. It had crept over him so gradually, almost as he seemed her observation, that she grew abstracted and thoughtful when she had come suddenly upon him, she had found him chuckling mysteriously to himself, and she had noticed a few peculiarities in his wife's behavior.

At last, she was able to get a glimpse of the secret. She had been looking at a newspaper, and she had seen a notice of a man who had been indicted for stealing a horse. She had seen a notice of a man who had been indicted for stealing a horse.

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