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State Rights Democrat.

THE LADY OF LAROSE.

Not many years ago the gay world of Paris was excited by a strange and romantic affair. Emilie Lamont, a young lady with a splendid fortune and highly accomplished in mind and manners, announced to the world that she would bestow her hand and fortune upon any gentleman who pleased her, but that he must be willing, in consideration of her wealth and other attractions, to put up with a face of unparalleled ugliness.

It was a delicious day in June, and the gardens and grounds of Larose presented a scene of ravishing beauty to the eyes of Sir Charles Dashington. The matches of the garden of this apartment dazzled the eyes of Sir Charles Dashington.

Without appearing to notice Dashington's embarrassment, Emilie welcomed him to Larose in a few sweetly-spoken words, and to his surprise, she spoke in English, with a slight but charming accent.

"What do you mean by a congenial companion?" Emilie asked. "One who possesses an appreciating love of nature; one who finds a great delight in books than in balls; one who prefers meditation and study to the frivolities of modern society."

"You say nothing of beauty," is not that a requisite?" demanded Emilie, who saw the serpent lurking beneath his flowery language. "Give me the lasting beauties of the mind, and I care not for the fading beauties of a pretty face," cried Dashington.

"I shall expect your communication with impatience," said Dashington, bowing himself from the room. "As he crossed the long gallery to reach his carriage, he muttered in a sufficiently loud tone to be heard by a servant who had kept close behind him."

These remarks were duly reported to Emilie Lamont, and they were not likely to advance Sir Charles Dashington's suit. Inquiries were instituted about his habits and prospects, and nothing very favorable to that gentleman was elicited.

"Mademoiselle Emilie Lamont begs leave to say to Sir Charles Dashington that he need not take the trouble to repeat his visit to Larose. His suit destroyed all Dashington's hopes of retrieving his position, and to avoid the "wrath that was to come" from tailors, shoemakers and other creditors, he fled from Paris to Baden-Baden, where he soon afterward was killed in a gambling quarrel with a Russian nobleman.

At last Victor St. Aubyn, a poor but accomplished youth, ventured to advance his claims. He was of an old, respectable family which had become impoverished during the stormy days of the French revolution.

"You must remember that I am not like other women," said Victor, raising the servant to have everything arranged in the blue room.

"By marrying Emilie Lamont," said Victor, raising the servant to have everything arranged in the blue room. "Who is Emilie Lamont? Why, all Paris is ringing with her name."

"You are like that ethereal bird, the hum, which never touches the ground; you are always flying in the air, and dislike to touch this poor earth of ours."

"I wish myself back in my poor chamber," said Victor, with a sigh. "I wish myself back in my poor chamber," said Victor, with a sigh.

"I have read and admired it over and over again, and if all the world were like me, your book would have made you famous."

Victor, overjoyed to hear his neglected book praised. "Look at me, Monsieur St. Aubyn. Is paradise composed of such?"

"Don't mince matters, Monsieur St. Aubyn; my glass tells the truth, and I want you to do likewise."

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CROTON OIL.

On Monday evening an episode occurred at the Milwaukee House, at Manistee, Michigan, which was intended as a farce and came near being a first-class tragedy.

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THE IMPERIALIST WRANGLE.

The efforts to reconcile the President and the most prominent of the disaffected Republican Senators have finally been abandoned.

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THE MAN WITHOUT A BODY.

Near Glenwood, Iowa, resides Jas. T. Anderson, aged 26. Three years ago he died from his neck downward.

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GOLU.

Once I had a little sweetheart, In the land of the Malay; Such a little yellow sweetie, Warm and peevish as the day.

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