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| Iamented absence in resims of blisa! Rut therr loss han been the angels' gain. But her husband, so fondly atiached to this fair object-what words can depict his overuthelming grief-grief that will prove as lasting as it is deep! Hut here wo drop the curtain ; too snered this woe for the common eye the sentiment of the it to say, he utters The lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.' <br> os !" and Anabel raised her eyer, sparks <br> ing with ill-concealed mirth, "You must admit Rachel was no ordi- <br> nary woman, Anabe," "I never knest another like her," said Anabel. <br> "Sho wan too good for me," sighad Au- <br> "O, my dear brother, why say so?" ejac- ulated Anabel. "1 can never cease to mourn, poor Ra- | gloomy, Don't think about dying, and the grave, and tombytones, and all that <br> "Vhen I die," contivied the bereft one, "you will nee that 1 am placed be- side Rachel. On our tomb you will have engraved, Thoy wero lovely in their lives and in their deathe they were not divided. <br> "Yes, brother," said Anabel, with a Hle hysterimal sob. <br> You will have the last pocket-handkerchiof Rachel used to pluce over my <br> Yes," replied Anabel. <br> My will you will find in the tin case. 1 have left everything to Myra and your- gelf. <br> "O, thank you, dear brother. How "3ty death will be your gain, Anabel." $\qquad$ | to know that this is the decensed Rachel herself, weeping over her own sshes? It is mot tochingly sppropriath; wo wives feel it to be so, I assure yout: for if ever creatures had cause to तeep for their oxn denths, we are the ones. Scarcely is the turf heaped above our cold ciny when the first mourner at our fanera! straigh. way goes and forgets what mannet of wo. men we were. Mary slips very quietly in- to Jane's place, and Ruth sits as comfortably in the corner of the pen, as if six months before $\Delta \mathrm{na}$ had not wat there be- foro her." <br> "My denr, your remarks antonish me, If you died, I assure you, most Eolemnly <br>  gets another wife "S, Sarah, how little faith you have in | Steamoay Dis:ogek-Hoosior, (stop. ping up to n down Nastor.) Now aro yo stranger? Bound to Noo Leans, spect What mout be your business? Want to buy some corn or onls ? <br> Yankee-Tolerable, thank ye; how bo yearselfy? Bound to no place in parziouycarselfy Mound to no piace in partior hri Hoasier - What kind of trado hev 5 , Yanke- Wall, tis a patent right. <br> Hoonier-Patent right for what? <br> for making all kinds of seed out of wool from shellibark down to grass seed. Her also a patent right for the mirage life-pres <br> Honsier-Mcerago-what's that? <br> Yankee-It's a Machine to bo fixed on with reliectors of great power, to show th. mage of any thing ahicad, no mater hom far it be off-anything under a hundred |
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