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, 6 E. B. CILASE, PROPRIETORS
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## Whore Man Should Die. <br> 












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Emmoroms exar
SOLOMON SWALLOW.




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| a Little Bound Boy Now." 1 cord watee ssirct |  |
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| cold, the subs of a ehild atiricted his atten- |  |
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| o to clear away the siow from tho alley. "Go to clear away, the snow from th nley. "Gor |  |
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| the sweet request is changed to the pereaptory command, and he fies over tho pavement to execute the tyranical order, as if every brick |  |
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|  | human channels for him; bound out; to toil whera the clilidren of his own age, in the |  |
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| same faninds of henren, and cared for so tenderly. |  |
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| dear the blood shrinks iback to our heart.-and |  |
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| they pass long, terrible days, and dark, lonelynights, and no sweot kiss dimple their cheeks, |  |
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| by the eruel tanant, and tha unfeeling sneer. |  |
| De eareful ye who have, charge of such onfortonates; be kind to them for the sake of your |  |
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| heartless charities. We had rather be deceir- ed, thank God! than turn from the child-beg: |  |
| gat with a celting surcasm or tell it to go its soiled garments torech our unglo red hand ; |  |
|  |  |
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| ceived,and pity tiose uniortunates who appealto us for sympnthy by the very muticness oftheir misery-pity, and nid them. |  |
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| perhaps, to huager and tice; bound to a mas-ter who knows not the meaning of the word |  |
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| Still art thou bonnd to hintanity; poor lititcbound boy, and He who sces the end from the beginning, his bonnd thee to. IImaself by tinsthat. the world may tarnish but not break for Hesus shitirig |  |
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| Wer Why, docior, saida sich hady, you ing me husband Why sthat yo All right; replied the doctor what is: anuce for the |  |
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