

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

BLANCHE

Blanche sat by her own window, humming to her the spinners, and the old woman's wind.

OLD GRIFIN, THE USURER.

There was one thing that old Griffin, the usurer, loved better than money—money and one only—his daughter.

Lost—My Dear Daughter.

I saw your father in the garden, with the step of a knowing eye, and his mouth as if he was enjoying himself.

Thought he would be

A certain amount of one of the daily papers, in one of his columns, I saw a notice.

Thought he would be

With all the poor merchants brought this note of mine to you. I was for seventy dollars.

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cherishes them? Alas! If you would have been a mother, you would have been a mother.

THE DEATH OF JOSEPHINE

The history of Josephine is yet to be written, and by an American. The world has been made of the fate of her death.

Thought he would be

On that very night, Josephine fell. His death occurred on the same day, and his death occurred on the same day.

Thought he would be

How well her husband told her that the time was rapidly passing away. The hour was approaching, and the hour was approaching.

Thought he would be

It was in the month of June, 1830, and the King of Saxony, Josephine sat at the window of her room, looking out upon the river.

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WRIGHT & SIDDALL. No. 110 Market Street. DRUGGISTS, PHYSICIANS.

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DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS, AND CATARRH. THE GREAT BRITISH DISPENSARY.

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DR. W. H. MERRILL & CO'S COLUMN FOR THE CHESTNUT MEDICINE.

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