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12
MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1872.

A terrible day, hail, rain & snow during the night blowing a living Gale of Wind at same time - actually the very worst day of the season.

When will the summer come? Like the British Shepherd

"Oh my, what and slow, the time it winter past,"

The shadow of that trying thorn is tethered on the grass?
Mrs. Lamb McWatters been very ill all day Dr. Kennedy
over for Bath - seems to be relieved a little -