

UNDER THE ROSES.

Over our door-way roses twine / 'Tis an humble home—but hail divine— / In a tangle of roses and eglantine.

“Welcome, darling,” they seem to say. / To the musical streamlet tripping away, / Glee-fraught down through the meadow hay

“What man?” said Bobbitts, sullenly. / “The man who just spoke to you.” / “No, nor I don’t want to know him.”

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on the edge of the crowd. Several / other persons, including Bobbitts, now / regarded the stranger more attentively. / He was a tall, sallow complexioned / man, well dressed, in a style approach-

“Yes,” continued Bobbitts, turning / his back on the stranger, yet apparently / addressing him through the medium of / the crowd; “she allus prayed for me / an’ fader every night. But I don’t / want to talk to you any more.”

“That might have been any one of / us!” shouted “Peg” Moffit, Deputy / Sheriff, and followed by half the crowd / as a valiant posse, he bolted out into / the night after the stranger.

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“I have come to bid you good-by,” / he said. “Business requires me again / in the city.” / “Good-by,” was the reply, in a low, / formal voice, as she laid her slim, cool / fingers in his.

“I am obliged, by the duties of my / office, to leave you now, and conduct / an inquest. I am the Coroner of this / County.” / “Some accident?” asked Mrs. Morley, / coming forward from the bed where / lay her crippled son.

“The signs are an interesting feature / of Dutch streets. It was some time / before I understood what it meant / when I read ‘fire and water for sale.’

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