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 THE WAR AND NEWSPAPERS

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| Epitaph for Mohamined V |  |
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| A fragment of my Turkish soul.In the fell clutch of circumstance |  |
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| tly by high-spirited fla | There is no peace Hke river, and here it is at its |
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| over a small dam | Aif the boat is to go further, ff must be |
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| Tuparat dons. | beter where hio |
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| content after passing the island, for the |  |
| But it is well to keep on shows her rarest charms to |  |
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|  | by the Lady of the White Hand. High |
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| fresh-water bather must know that It has in it a dim taint as of decay, a | a sprawl in the fashion th with those who love the sc |
|  | rumples wat |
| larly dear to me, for it recalls to my nostril the exact scent of the old b |  |
|  |  |
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|  | rumning brook. It' is an old trad there cannot be too much of it. |
|  | $\mathrm{T}^{\text {He}}$ |
| ance of its appeal to me was partly due |  |
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