


| APPL.E BLOssoms. |
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| And dintant onme, beyond the grove <br> The woods of that refraits <br> O true beart 'fis long to part: |
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| A ring upon my finger shous,He vanulsed in the shade, |
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| The winter henrth-fires burn; |
| prayer dost thou retarn! <br> , 'tis long to part! |
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| Forever, can the noul forget The lovelinews of lhat? |
| I nometimes thiak that in yon sty <br> Thou art-so far from the? |
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| O true hoarh, 'tis long to part! Applo boughs are gay. |
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| To live till I aun old and gray, |
| Thy volcel O Love, art thou a dreamBy God in pity given? |
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| absorbed in his misery, he noticed noth ing of the storm that was coming up.He had not ant thus more than half an hour when be heard the sharp unlateh-ing of the gate, and the feet on the gravel; and then tisere was-n knock at the door. |  |
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| "A nice place you have here, I ahouldthink. I eaw it from the bottom of the lill, before the storm esme up. |  |
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| "On my honor, then, sif," replied the other, much surprised at the questions,it don't know anything of Murch, and |  |
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| "I don't know anything of Murch, and |  |
| came into Freehaven,this afternoon, in the steamboat, and es- |  |
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|  you'd rather I would go" |  |
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| Finding the old man but little inclined night and went to tho room nssigneed to to <br> him |  |
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| him. was then about ten o'clock. Tho storm was at its height, and it continued Tor na hour Copere, whean it mitruptyceneed. The suddenaew of fits eestion |  |
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| aroued heo ocurant of the rom, ond |  |
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| Hight isuing from tho keytuole ot the |  |
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| But his eye had but singled out his guest from the other objects in the room hem attentioa upon hí |  |
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| over rapidily, replacing them all in an a few moments more the light was ex. |  |
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| tuguithes and tho heary brouthing of the sleoper was heard. |  |
| Silently did the listener gain bis own room; and as he otood there lie was aman transformed! Coukd hes, lave seen |  |
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| sions that peered out from it. II eyes lost their listless, hopeless expres eyes lost their listless, hopeless expre |  |
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| nion and burned with a balefal light;and even his slorivelled, wrinkled choek flushed with the shame of the dreadful |  |
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| btade, which he bud never earried siues boybood, and opuaing the drawer he |  |
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| to the light suw that it was sharp. Tau demon must have had full |  |
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| hia in that hour, for he smiled as he observed the glittar of the bright blade. |  |
| Placing it in the breast of his Whistcoat, be softily left his room and traversod thepassage. Listening at the door of his |  |
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| But his eyes limgered upon the tal le; |  |
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| reated on a large family Bible, the gift of his wife in happier days, and it now |  |
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