...KISS ME.

...with bitter moan,
...ast sleep or kiss

...lovingly thee
...how great will be
...and thy sorrow.

...O make own other part,
...grudge thee some surcease of
...sorrow.
...tion that in thy heart
...blooms again when I am sleep-
...less.

...promises; I would place no ban
...ever would thou let me;
...truly loved me, like a man,
...would love, indeed, forget me.

...would I care—so near the inkhole—
...Would I care that thou wilt cease to miss
...when earthly the are knit so tight!
...Stick, blab lower, O my love, and kiss
...me!

—George Sewall Lovejoy in New York Ledger.

THE NIGHTMARE.

...the house in which I spent my ...years was a large, wild ...stretching as far as the crum-...bling, ivy-covered city wall, and was ...full of the strangest garden. Probably ...the ground had an owner, but ...I did not know him. I considered the garden my hunting ground, gayly chased the rose bugs, which swarmed about the elderberry bushes, and with a net captured swallow tail butterflies, which sunned themselves on the blossoming onion stalks.

But there was something more that drew me to the convent garden. Leaning against the city wall, and glued to it like a chimney swallow's nest, was a little dilapidated house. The mortar had fallen away from the walls here and there, showing the framework. House leeks grew on the roof, and on the walls hung wire cages, in which finches sang their plaintive wood songs and big cross bills climbed restlessly up and down. In front of the house a magpie, which had lost its tail feathers, was usually hopping about.

In this little house lived the old Zapf and the old Zapf and I had struck up a friendship.

Who was old Zapf?

Properly speaking he was a shoemaker, but he had not worked at his trade for a long time.

Having become poor and needy, he trained bullfinches, linnets and other birds, made wire cages and prepared bird lime. But that brought him only a very profit; and if it had not been ...his wife he would have been ...forced to go hungry oftener than he really did. Mrs. Zapf was in great ...demand, for nobody in the city could do ...the washing as well as she. Besides ...she cleaned gloves and removed ...iron spots from wearing apparel with a fluid of her own invention. She was a strong woman, with broad hips, a very ugly face, and she could scold like a Turk. But one did not notice that, for, as has already been said, she was a clever woman. She worked early and late, but still there was often enough a very scanty supply of food in the house, and the poor old Zapf had few happy days.

My mother occasionally would send him something from the pantry, and at such times I was the bearer. Then I would sit down in a rickety wooden chair, and the old man would bring out one of his trained birds, or tell me a funny story, which I liked still better. What lent to these ghost stories a peculiar charm was the fact that the narrator had experienced them all himself. But if I should write down the tenth part of them, it would make a book larger than the Bible.

One day, in the late autumn, old Zapf looked out of the window, beckoned to me and said: "If you did but know if, neighbor, today is my seventieth birthday! but don't tell a human being!"—whereupon I ran straight to my mother to tell her the news. My good mother smiled, and a little later I was hurrying through the convent garden toward the old man's house, laden with a loaf of bread, a little bottle of cherry brandy, a package of tobacco and a little sum of money.

The old man scolded me smilingly on account of my tattling, tasted the brandy, nodded his gray head with satisfaction, and turned to his work again. In the room, plucking some gold ...finches, he twitched the hairs he had wrung ...out. "It is a sin to take ...a life, but this one is a ...dance, so there is no ...sin. I'll no longer flads ...the fields, he flies ...like a little crea-...ture. Hie me! ...Yonder fellow ...had a little ...wife, and they were to ...dance for a ...long time. Having become poor and needy, he trained bullfinches, linnets and other birds, made wire cages and prepared bird lime. But that brought him only a very profit; and if it had not been ...his wife he would have been ...forced to go hungry oftener than he really did. Mrs. Zapf was in great demand, for nobody in the city could do the washing as well as she. Besides she cleaned gloves and removed iron spots from wearing apparel with a fluid of her own invention. She was a strong woman, with broad hips, a very ugly face, and she could scold like a Turk. But one did not notice that, for, as has already been said, she was a clever woman. She worked early and late, but still there was often enough a very scanty supply of food in the house, and the poor old Zapf had few happy days.

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