

WITCH AND I

sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard the shrill wall ring out from purgatory.
"Have mercy, mighty angel! Hear my story!"

WITCH AND I

Witch and I had a quarrel! Who is it that says it takes two to make a quarrel?
Whoever it is makes a mistake. It took only one to make our quarrel, and that was my precious Aunt Betsy Jane.

"Well, I'm making \$500 a year, and my practice is increasing."
"That's good."
"Doesn't you think Witch and I might marry on that?"

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the form drew near, peering about in the dusk, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms, and kissed her. She had no breath with which to utter sound.
She could not listen to my ardent—far more ardent than I ever bestowed on Witch—expressions of affection.

It was bitterly cold. The train for the north was crowded, and after trying in vain to find a seat in a second class carriage, Paula Morrison at last appealed to the guard, who showed her into a first class compartment.
On the seat opposite to an old gentleman deep in the columns of a paper, Presently it was flung aside, and a letter withdrawn from a bundle in his pocket.

MY OWN LOVE STORY.
I had never been called an imprudent woman, and for weeks I refused to be candid with myself. I think it was only when I went into the shop and bought the man's photograph, after tearing myself away from the window at least a dozen times, that I realized what an idiot I had become.

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