"Meet me to-morrow night," she said,
"Just at the outskirts of the town,
Near the gate in the garden wall,
Remember—just as the sun goes down."

Here's to-morrow and here's the gate,
Here are the outskirts of the town,
Here's the wall 'round the garden sweet,
Here am I—and the sun's gone down.

There is undoubtedly a false meter here.

— Yale Courant.

"'Twas Rose that turned my head last June,
With airy phrases uttered wittily;
And Rose that stole my boyish heart,
Coquetting cruelly, but prettily.

'Twas Rose whose blushes swept her cheek
All through the tender songs she lilted me;
And yet—hic hic hic hic hic hic—
When autumn came, 'twas Rose that jilted me!—Life.

"If you will be true to your Globigerina,
Then I will be true to my own Rhizopod,—
You can make limestone, and I will paint China,
Or you can make brick and I'll carry the hod.
And since, dearest Rhizzy, we both are calcareous,
There are many employments from which we can choose."
But alas! while discussing this business various,
They disintegrated to constitute ooze.—Record.

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