

TO A CASE

A. C. Swinburne in The Athenaeum. Stately, kindly, lordly friend, Condensed Here I've written me, and turn Golden eyes that smile and burn, On the page I read.

A CASE OF AUTHORSHIP.

Johnson's book was out. His library door was locked and the author sat before the blazing fire inhaling the delicate aroma of an after-dinner cigar, deep in the anticipatory delights of a first glance among the uncut pages of the virgin volume that rested beside him on the table.

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called a "hundred-and-fifty-dollar-odd-off," and mailed him a copy marked with blue pencil a list that Johnson might buy 2,000 copies to send to his friends and other papers throughout the country to the advantage of himself and the book.

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make him so uncomfortable that he will wish he had never been born." "Well, go ahead; don't let up on him," said Johnson, as he bowed the visitor out.

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