MYSTERY; OR, THE LADY OF THE CASINO

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Mystery; Or, The Lady of the Casino by David F. Taylor

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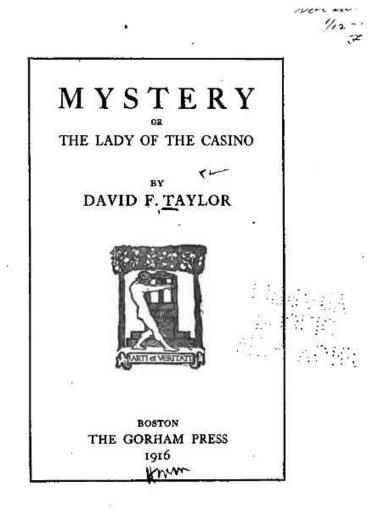
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DAVID F. TAYLOR

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TO THE LOVERS OF FREEDOM AND PEACE

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED, FOR YOUR SYMPATHY AND APPROVAL

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BY D. F. TAYLOR "POET OF THE CHAPAREAL"

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MYSTERY, OR THE LADY OF THE CASINO

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CANTO 1

ETERNAL love is not a dull symposer, It is a feast that in the soul is wrought, It is divine, how can it be a loser, Living supremely in sweet silent thought; It laughs to scorn the laws of petrifaction, And ever will with failing time prevail. The sentient gives but little satisfaction, But this eternal thing will never fail; I wonder if the eyes that measure time Are looking on while I indite this rhyme.

2

The dewdrops on the rose appear newborn At early dawn, although they fade away. They are ambassadors to greet the morn That speak of love, and live in memory; And so I write of love—a maiden fair, A handsome youth, intelligent and wise She had the caste and the patrician air And he had ways that won the maiden's eyes So well they met, so well they stood together Like golden links you would not wish to sever.

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Mystery

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I saw them first at Santa Cruz; they walked Upon the pier fronting the Casino They were quite ardent, earnestly they talked, Moving in measured pace, stately and slow, And as they passed the crowd would look around She was so beautiful, and he forsooth So noble looking you hardly could have found A finer specimen of noble youth. I stood upon the pier, and looked that way The evening shadows marked the closing day.

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4

I watched them as they slowly walked away I saw the sun sink in the sea And something spoke so touchingly Although they nothing were to me And as I mused I saw a face From out the semi-darkness come A face that was devoid of grace A demon face this is the sum A man walked past; and if the devil drew His likeness, then that picture was in view.

6

The Lady of the Casino

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I marked his form; the shoulders broad The thick-set neck, the limbs so strong The jerky pace, the steps so odd (His side-view showed a nose quite long) The marked projection of the chin The heavy jaw, the sensual mouth The piercing eyes, so filled with sin; He stepped quite brisk, and went down south I watched, but soon his form was lost to sight And vanished in the shadows of the night.

6

That night I had a strange wild dream A vision filled with phantasy I sat beside a Lethean stream It was the morning, and the gray And mystic day began to break. From out the entrails of a cloud A form appeared that did betake Angelic habitude, while others stood Watching that form with marked intensity I saw their eyes filled with malignancy.