

HANNAH JANE

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Hannah Jane by David Ross Locke

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DAVID ROSS LOCKE

HANNAH JANE



"The great house crowded full of guests."

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Designed by

S. G. McCUTCHEON and E. H. GARRETT.

Engraver and Engraver's

By GEORGE T. ANDREW.

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HANNAH JANE.

SHE isn't half so handsome as when, twenty years ago,
At her old home in Picketon Parson Avery made us one ;
The great house crowded full of guests of high and low
degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envy-
ing me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin was white as
milk,
Her brown hair—what a mass it was! and soft and fine
as silk;
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace:
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meagre schooling: her little notes to me
Were full of crooked pot-hooks, and the worst orthog-
raphy.
Her “dear” she spelled with double e, and “kiss” with
single s;
But when one’s crazed with passion, what’s a letter more
or less?



