





alentine

Greeting.

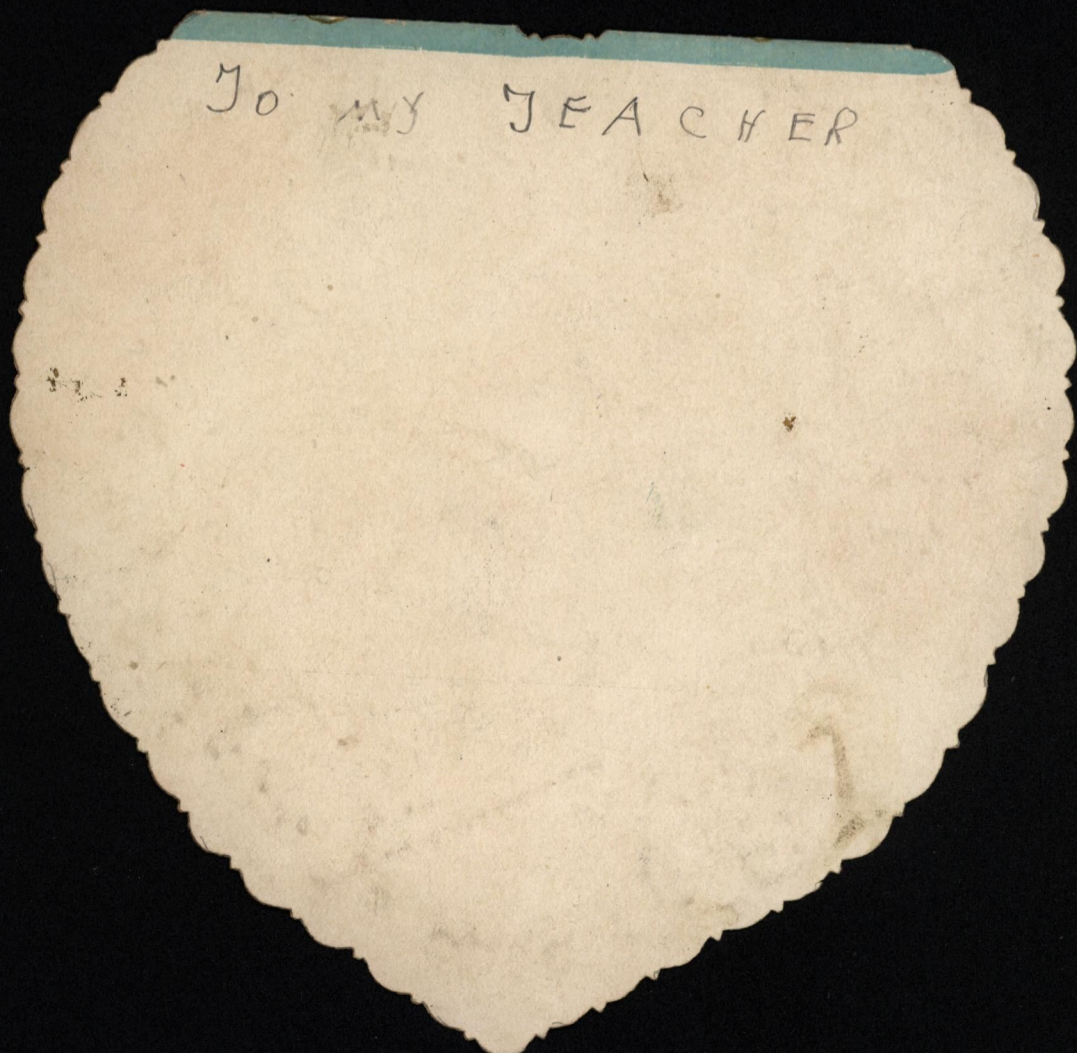
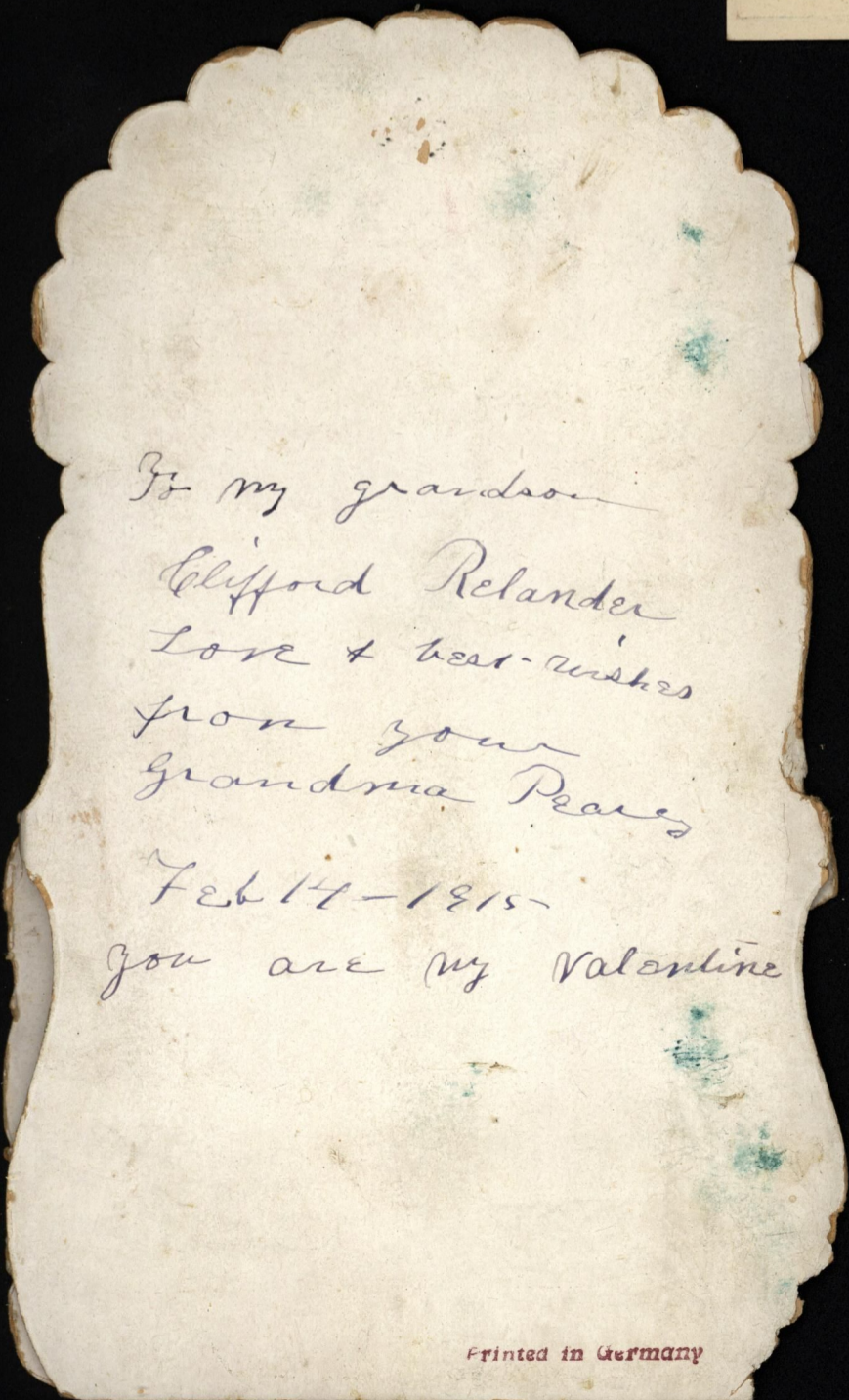
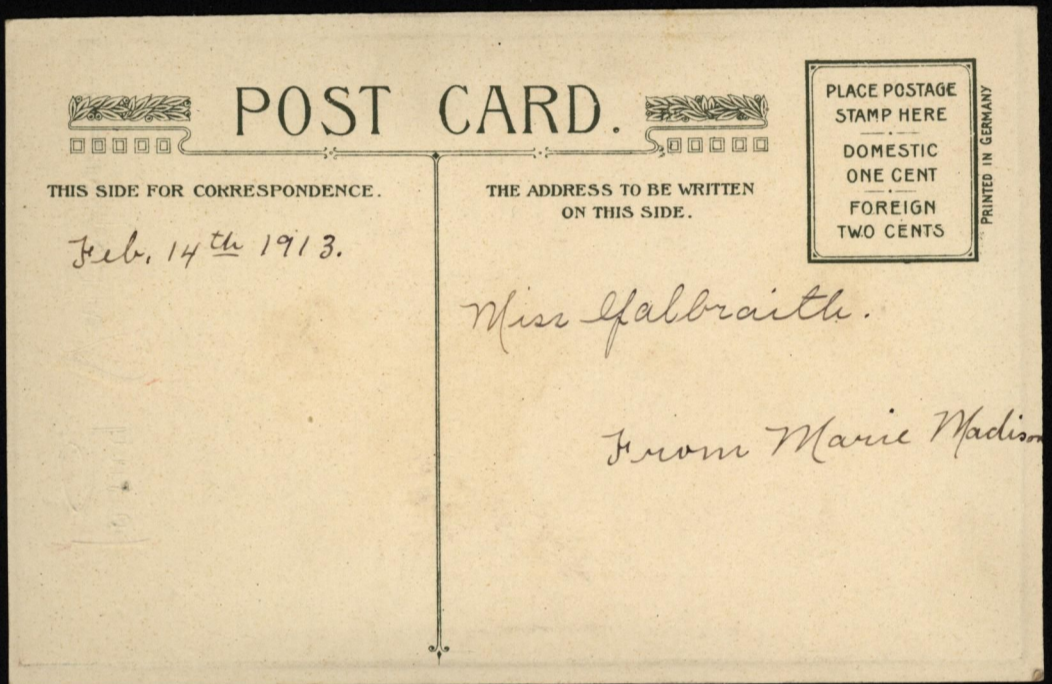
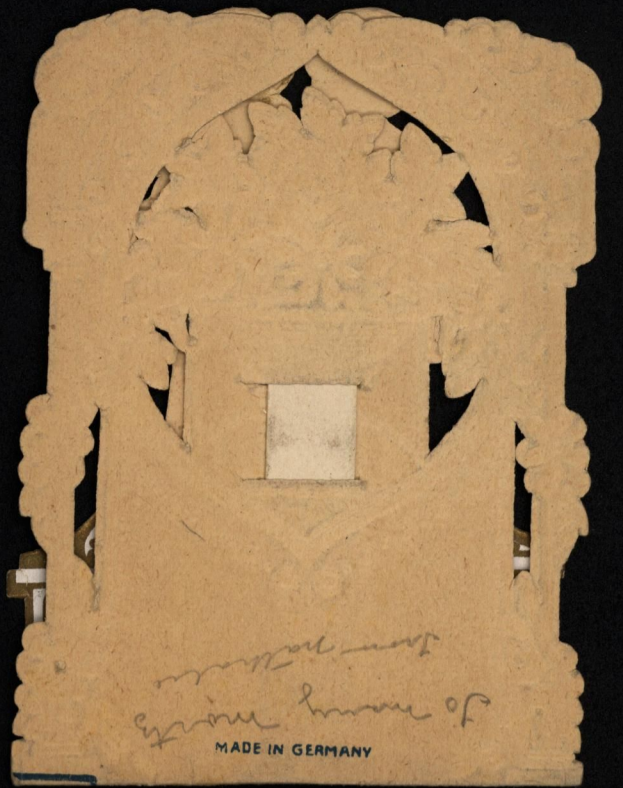
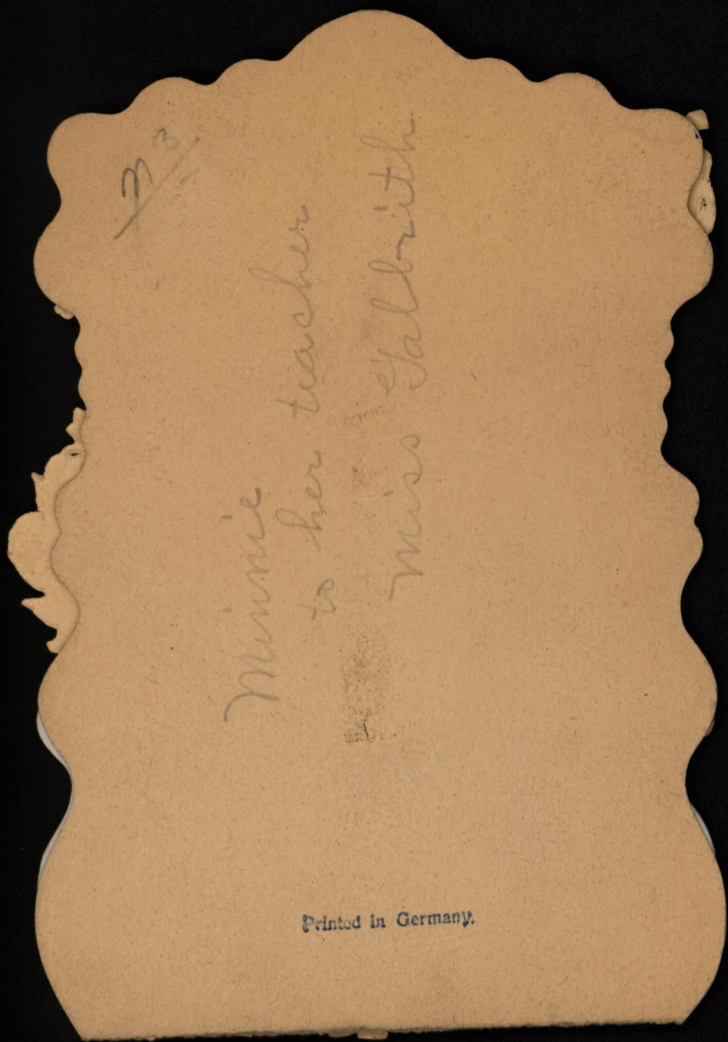
To my VALENTINE



*His wing is the fan
of a lady,
His foot's an invisible
thing,
And his arrow is
tipp'd with a jewel
And shot from a
silver string.*

To my VALENTINE

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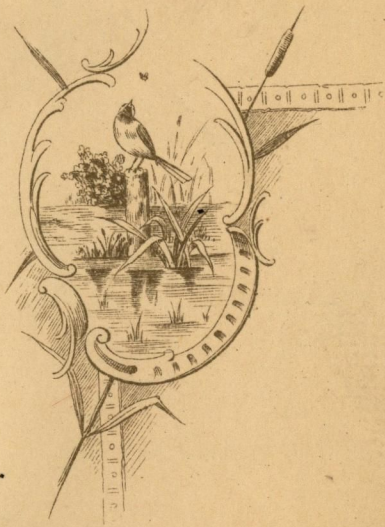




N.P.R.R.

ST. PAUL.

trees
nurseries



With Fond Love
to my
Sweetheart.

Hovers, lovers,
everywhere
'Neath the blue
spring sky,
All are happy lady
fair,
Why not you and I?

From Bernadette
Trotter