

the side of a beautiful woman over these grand mountains on a May morning, without making love to her ;

When the restless hand of Nature  
Reaches out to shift the scene,  
And the brooks begin to warble in the dell;  
When the waking fields are fluffly  
And the meadow-lands are green,  
And the tassels on the trees begin to swell.

Ah, these are times that try men's hearts ; but poor Harry, he is so timid ; why I should have called her down a month ago, if I had his hand.

She is too honest to encourage him if she does n't really care for him, but she must, she can't help it, he is almost an ideal young man. Maybe that is where he falls down ; I've heard it said that a man who is *too* nice, is never popular with the ladies. Perhaps that is why you and I are pour-