

A DAKOTA RATIONAL ANTHEM.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE "NATIONAL."

LAND of a sunny sky.
Land where the buggies fly
While sleighs glide here ;
Land where I long to go.
And skip this cold and snow,
Where killing blizzards blow
Six months a year.

Oh, how my yearning heart
Calls loud for me to start
For warmer clime ;
Yet pockets louder call :
You can't light out at all,
For you've no "wherewithal,"
Nary a dime.

So here I sit and weep
While arctic breezes creep
Up shaking spine ;
Both ears are growing white,
Jack Frost begins to bite ;
Sad, sadder while I write
This plight of mine.

Come, gentle zephyrs, come,
Blow, balmy breezes from
Far southern lands,
E'en while I'm sitting here,
Coal stove and grate quite near,
I have—oh, dear ! oh, dear !—
Frozen my hands.

W. H. T.

MY FIRST PAIR OF SKATES.



HEY were a Christmas present from Uncle Jabez. I was 11 years of age ; now I am 62, yet it seems but yesterday that I tied on them skates for the first and last time. I remember with what a proud, haughty air I strutted toward the mill-pond, and how jealously Bobby Jones watched me from the top of a fence, as I strapped the glittering steels upon my feet and stepped confidently on

the ice. Oh, yes, I can remember this quite distinctly, thank you. There is also a vivid recollection of a sudden upheaval of the ice, a rotary whirlwind movement, a broken mixture of head, feet and skates, and a wild yearning for a cushion. When my several extremities had assumed their ordinary poise I glanced around and saw Bobby Jones climbing up the fence from which he had fallen in his sudden paroxysm. I saw the corners of his mouth sticking out past his ears. At that period of life my pride was easily wounded. This time I felt that it was mortally hurt if I didn't show Bob Jones that I could skate. Cautiously creeping to the shore I walked away a couple of rods, brought myself right about and faced the enemy. I charged it. I came down at it like a Dakota cyclone in red paint, and with a war whoop glided away across the ice. After shooting about a rod one foot took a sudden fancy to explore the southern shore and the other wanted to go home. I tried to do both, and I did it tolerably well. I decided to lay down and rest, but my feet tore right along and I followed in my bearskin. I believe we faithfully pulverized every promontory and warty excrescence on that four acres of ice. Starting due north my feet collided with a chunk of ice which gave

us a fly-wheel motion as we whirled away to the south-east and finally brought up with one leg on each side of a stump. Oh, no ! the dust doesn't need to be swept away from my memory in order to bring that day to light. It has been incised so deeply on my brain that a ten-foot pole can't touch it. I still see myself clinging to that stump with the grasp of a drowning man and yelling murder half an hour. I feel the dizziness that overcame me for a week afterwards. I see the hideous look of concentrated exultation on Bob Jones' face as I crawled slowly past him on my way home. While I lay in bed I piously resolved to present my skates to Bob Jones, and had them forwarded there and then. Four weeks afterwards we met again. He was walking with a crutch and sported three square yards of court-plaster and had his jaws tied up. He thanked me for the skates ; said he never had so



much fun out of anything in his life, and his paw was going to buy him a season ticket at the rink. But even as he spoke effort caused a howl of pain to exude from between his lips, and a wait-till-I-get-well glance shot from his livid eye as I hustled home, more conscious than ever of the truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

SAM. STUBBS.



INFORMATION !

Miss Quizzie.—"O, Madge, Miss Jackson was asking about you yesterday."

Miss Squelcher.—"Indeed?"

Miss Q.—"Yes ; she wanted to know if you were really engaged to Mr. Boodleman, and I didn't know what to say."

Miss S.—"Why didn't you tell her the truth?"

Miss Q. (with suppressed emotion).—"But what is the truth?"

Miss S.—"Why, that you don't know anything about it ! (Sudden fall in temperature.)"