

THE DEATH OF THE GOPHERS.

O'er yonder green with slow and heavy step
Treads farmer George. With pail in hand, and
 eyes
Aground, he moves now here, now there,
 stooping
The while to place the venom'd wheat aside
Each hole.

From yonder hillock comes the sound
Of life, the gophers' chirp. Standing erect,
They view the farmer's form with saucy mien
And bold. With nearer approach they chirp
 into
Their dens, then re-appear to disappear
Again with fainter voice, that echoes through
The corridors beneath.

See hith' and thith'r
Flee the mischievous. Defiant now