

But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches and all that
Are so queer."
And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
When I cling.

Some rhymes have been called "speaking pictures," and in Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," do we not see the goodly vessel all ready to be launched?

With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay
In honor of her marriage day.
Her snow-white signals fluttering,
blending
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea."

How some of the stirring and war-like poems thrill us. We seem to hear the roar of cannons and the beating of drums, and see the soldiers marching on to victory or to death. Then there are the sweetly pathetic poems as Cowper's "Castaway." How touching are the following lines:—

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, far from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in blacker gulfs than he."

Some one has said that "the poet's verse slides into the current of our blood," and when old age comes we remember the poems learned while young and so beguile many a weary hour repeating them again and again, for of their gentle company we never tire.

Rhyme has a power to quiet and subdue the turbulent feelings which we sometimes feel. Longfellow felt this charm and said:—

"Come read to me some poem
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.
Then read from the treasured volume,
The poem of thy choice,

And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Marjore.

+ Clippings. +

She—"How do you like my new shoes, Adolph?

He, dreamily—"They are simply immense."
It took both families a week to patch up a peace.

Old Mrs. Bently, (making a call)—"How warm an' com'table your house is, Mrs. Hendricks. I notice your thermometer is allers at seventy."

Mrs. Hendricks—"Yes."

Old Mrs. Bently—"I wish you'd tell me where you buy your thermometers. Our'n hain't been above sixty all winter. It jest keeps us freezin' the hull time."

Miss Knight, to new acquaintance, (whose name she did not catch,)—"Etymology of names is my favorite study. My theory is that all names indicate what the person's ancestors were: For instance, my ancestors were knights, the Smith family were blacksmiths and so forth. I think its the best way to tell what a person is, don't you sir?"

Well, no, he didn't, because his name was Hogg.

Teacher, (infant natural history class)—"You will remember that, will you, Tommy, that wasps lie in a torpid state all winter?"

Tommy, (with an air of retrospection)—"Yes'm an' I'll try an' remember that they make up for it in summer."

Mrs. Vere de Vere, (examining jewellery in a store)—"Do you like filigree, Mrs. Shoddy?"

Mrs. Shoddy—"O, yes; very fond of it, especially filigreed chicken."

A few days ago a sign in the window of a Carmine street store announced that a large stock of "gulery" was for sale within. Some orthographic expert must have objected to that mode of spelling, for the next day the sign was amended and read "guwelry."

Critic—"Really, I can't see for the life of me why you write such bitter, gloomy, pessimistic stories."

Scriblerus—"Why, my dear fellow, to get the means of enjoying life, of course,"