



I STUD by ole
Jake's grave to-
night,
Just when th' day-
light left th' sky ;

An' leetle baby-birds woke up,
To twitter out a lullaby.

I thort as I stud gazin' down,
If him a-sleepin thar might wake ;
He'd look a smilin' up at me
An' say, " You ain't fergot ole Jake."

Thet like as not us two 'ud sit,
Down under this great spreadin' tree ;
I'd tell my sorrows all 't him,
An' he 'ud try 't comfort me.



I stud by ole Jake's grave to-night ;
'Till twilight crept o'er lan' an' hill ;
Big diamond stars blinked from the sky,
An' droppin' soft the night dew fell.

An' as I stud a han' tetched mine,
A well-remembered voice spoke low ;
An' my poor heart beat wild an' found
Th' happy youth of long ago.

It may have been th' prayer I said,
Leastways I know th' angels guessed
Heow much I wanted Jake, so they
Sent him 't give this ole heart rest.

He sleeps out underneath th' flowers,
I toil along life's path, an' take
Sumtimes, when I grow hungry like,
Fer love, a long, long talk with Jake.



It ain't in words our talkin's done,
But grass, an' flowers, an' hummin' bee
Jest whisper things from my ole heart,
An' Jake, he answers back to me.

It won't be very long, I guess,
Afore us two ole men 'll be
Together fer all time, an' then
Jake, he won't have ter comfort me.

A. P. MCKISHNIE.



FEEL like a fool sometimes, when she
Speaks low and soft an' looks at me,
Out of them big grey eyes o' hern ;
U'd give a dollar fer ter turn
And walk away, but I'll allow
I can't dew nothin', enyhow ;
'Cept answer her 'ith yes, er no,
When she asts. " Ah! the folks well, Joe?"

It may seem kinder strange tew you,
Thet me a standin' six foot two
U'd tremble like I was afraid,
Of this same leetle grey-eyed maid ;
But somehow, Gosh! I feel so queer
An' shakey like, when she is near,
I'd give a dollar for ter stan'
'N face the music like a man.



Long time ago this gal an' me
Was good a friends as you could see
Mos' enywhar, as han'-in-han'
We'd roam across th' medder-lan'.
An' I u'd pluck th' whitest bud,
Er sweetest clover-top I could ;
An' pin it at her throat, while she
Stud sorter smilin' up at me.

La sakes! I wasen' scarish then,
Not one bit scarish, even when
Aroun' my neck her arms u'd steal,
An' when warm lips on mine I'd feel,

When a sweet voice low whispered, " Joe."
O, durn it! I was happy though ;
Yes, happy days, but I allow
She's mos' forgot 'em all by now.

Jest 'tother day she said,—thet she
U'd like tu walk agin 'ith me
Across the medder-lan', an' so
I hung my head an' said, I'd go.
Th' same ole blossoms smiled their love ;
Th' same blue sky smiled from above ;
All jest th' same as 't uster be,
'Cept this wee grey-eyed gal an' me.

We sot down on th' stile ter rest,
An' watched the sunbeams kiss the west,
Day creepin' out, an' twilight still
A creepin' over vale an' hill.
We sot an' watched till bye an' bye,
Day's las' smile crept from out th' sky ;
An' then she whispered sof an' low,
" Why need our world be shadowed, Joe?"



I told her what I thort ; thet He,
Th' ruler of th' land an' sea,
Saw thet th' old world needed rest ;
And'—wall, He orter know whats best
For it an' us ; an' them grey eyes,
Looked inter mine 'ith mild surprise ;
Tears in' em too, because,—wall, she
Felt sorry fer th' likes o' me.

I've thort to-day, an' I allow,
I've acted foolish enyhow ;
Thet when she ast me this you know,
" Why need our world be shaded, Joe?"
Thet maybe' wall, thet maybe she,
Was really feelin' sorry, see?
Seems queer tu me I didn' learn
Thet world meant only mine and hern.

Neow look here! I'm goin' ter hrow
This back'ardness right off, 'n go
Across ter thet same stile, an' when,
Them big grey eyes met mine agin,
I'm goin' ter ast her sunthin' ; an'
Ef we come back hand clasped in hand ;
Jest tell yourselves, this gal and me
Ar' 'xac'ly what we uster be.

A. P. MCKISHNIE.