

Mrs. Henry Kipp's a stayer
 'Tis a compliment we'd pay her,
 Through all these years she's
 surely stood the test;
 She has been a dcuble mother,
 Like her there's not many other,
 For no one knows which family is
 the best.

Here's one of those old-time belles,
 She's the wife of A. C. Wells—
 Of horseback fame, and house-
 plants all galore;
 Her husband is forgetful,
 Which sometimes makes her fretful
 And then a broom he brings her
 from the store.

Mrs. Forsyth's name was Susan,
 And it truly was amusin'
 To see her oxen on the way to
 church;
 As she sat up in the wagon,
 She at Willie kept a-naggin'
 While John flogged Spot and
 Bully with his birch.

William Hall's wife's from Gibraltar
 And her husband would exalt her,
 While telling anecdotes about the
 war;
 In the service he enlisted,
 That's what made his legs so
 twisted,
 She was with him in his travels
 near and far.