

She stops a moment, draws her breath,
Then coughs a little cough,
And says, "I never thought of that.—
Just take those britches off!"

Holy Moses and the Angels!
Cast your pitying glances down!
And then, oh family doctor,
Put a nice soft poultice on!

And may I with fools and dunces
Everlastingly commingle,
If I ever say another word
When my mother wields the shingle!

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

In the soft and fading twilight
Of a weary summer day,
I was in a garret, searching
An old bureau stored away.

It for years had there been lying,
Safe away from frost and dew,
And my curious nature tempted
Me to search it through and through.

Faded lace and yellow ribbons,
Laces half a century old,—
And I came across a parcel,
Tied up with a thread of gold.

Something told me to untie it,
And I did so, then and there;
And, unfolded to my vision,
Lay a simple lock of hair.