



MARY ELLEN'S kinder got her head up in the air,
 'Cos a feller's goin' to take her to the village fair.
 She never seen the thing before — I'm sure 'taint much to see —
 An' when I tells her friendly like, she makes a face at me.
 It's such a purty little face that when it takes a twist
 I swan it's twice as teasin', an' a-darin' to be kissed.
 An' Mary Ellen's goin' to prink an' curl her purty hair,
 An' she's goin' to wear her yeller dress to the village fair.

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Don't think that I will go this time — been there two years ago.
 You oughter seen the punkins they had at that there show:
 I bet my bran' new overalls they ain't as big this year;
 But Mary Ellen tossed her head, and said 'she didn't
 keer':
 'Taint to see the punkins that she's goin' to
 the fair;
 It's just to show her yeller dress an'
 make the people stare.
 Well, let her show her yeller dress!
 Who keers, I want to know?
 But I swear I ain't a-goin' to that
 durned ol' village show!

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Mary Ellen's eyes is sad; I'm kinder
 curious why,
 An' so I think I'll ask her. Oh, durn! she starts to cry.
 Of course, I hev to soothe her like, and give her hand a
 press;
 An' then she sobs an' tells me, — that she hates that
 yeller dress, —
 An' she'd love to see the punkins, — but she
 wouldn't go a step
 With that horrid Simpkins feller; — and then, —
 Oh well, I bet
 That Mary Ellen's yeller dress 'll be
 the purtiest at the show;
 For we're goin' to see the punkins together, don't
 you know!

MAUD TISDALE.

