

March Secrets.

There's a secret in the thicket, there's
a whisper in the air,
And a stir of sleepy grasses; and although
the trees are bare,
There's a light along their branches, and
a thickening of twigs,
And the pussy-willows don their dainty
little periwigs.

All the meadow-pools are twinkling with
the breezes and the sun,
While the wrinkles and the crinkles o'er
their laughing faces run.
Hark! a bullfrog singing gayly at the
bottom of his voice
Is inviting all creation to awaken and
rejoice.

From the silence of the woodland comes
the tinkle of the brook,
And a rustle, as of waking, in each
sunny, sheltered nook;
For the west wind has a message, and
the gentle rain a hint
Of earth-odors, and the presage of new
melody and tint.

There's a secret in the thicket, there's
a whisper in the air;
There's a mystery a-brewing, of which
Lilac seems aware.
And a busy little lady-sparrow hither
flies and yon.

While her mate upon the fence observes,
"There's something going on!"
—Edna Kingsley Wallace, in *The Broadway*.

The Hunting Season.

A hunter popped a partridge on a hill;
It made a great to-do, and then was
still.
It seems (when later on his bag he spied)
It was the guide.

One shot a squirrel in a near-by wood—
A pretty shot, offhand, from where he
stood,
It wore, they said, a shooting-hat of
brown.
And lived in town.

And one dispatched a rabbit for his haul
That later proved to measure six feet
tall;
And, lest you think I'm handing you a
myth,
Its name was Smith.

Another Nimrod slew the champion fox.
He glimpsed him lurking in among the
rocks.
One rapid shot! It never spoke nor
moved.

The inquest proved.

A "cautious" man espied a gleam of
brown:
Was it a deer—or Jones, a friend, from
town?
But while he pondered by the river's rim,
Jones potted him.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

MUSICAL COW.

(From the New York Herald.)
[News Note.—J. Gilbert Hiccox, a Mil-
waukee farmer, gains \$1,000 a year by
providing music on a phonograph for
his cows while they are being milked.]

"Oh Jenny, put a record in!"
It was the farmer's cry,
And soon old Sukey visions had
Of "Comin' Through the Rye."
It made her mouth to water and
Her nostrils open wide
As "Breath of New Mown Hay" she caught
From fragrant river side.

"The Good Old Summer Time" called forth
The pleasantest of dreams,
She chewed her cud in calm content
At Jinks' "corn and beans,"
And valiant "Wearing of the Green"
Made verdant visions pass,
And then knee-deep she was "In Old
Kentucky's" bluest grass.

When Gentle Annie's springtime came
By "Banks o' Bonny Dee,"
She ate her fill, then sought the shade
Of an "Old Apple Tree."
Where "Little Buttercups" so dear,
Star-scattered she could see—
She switched her tail, and then she heard,
"Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me."

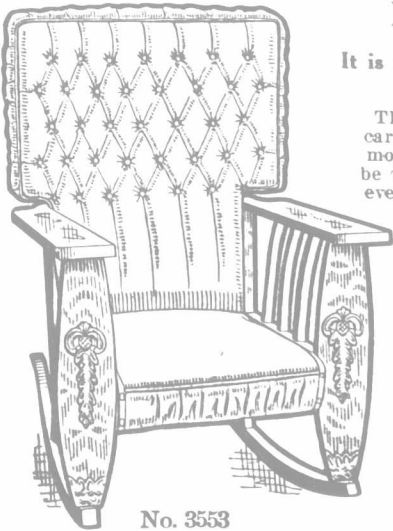
And as old Sukey's cultured ear
Took in each pleasant strain,
She gave of milk each drop she had,
To that wise farmer's gain.
But fortune balked, there came an end
To what he set his pride on,
When—sad mistake—he played one day
"The Tune the Old Cow Died On."

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Help! Help!

I hitched up old gray Dobbin
To jog in to our town;
I met my nearest neighbor,
He wore a sullen frown.
"My hired man has left me!"
Was what he said to me,
"He niver had wan raisin,
An' I'm buisy as can be."

I drove up to the blacksmith's shop.
A dozen min were there,
They talked in anxious whispers,
Their brows were lined with care.
The "hired man" was the subject
Of the conversational flow,
Where were they to get him?
An' would he stay or go?

Says I, "Now, listen to your Dad,"
Some free advice I'll give;
Sure, if ye'll only follow it,
Ye can slape, an' laugh, an' live.

"If ye have no empty houses,
Build thim double quick,
An' soon ye'll hear of a married man
That to his job will stick.
Aye! have a wide veranda
With vines all covered o'er,
No hot days will be found in there.
No heart-aches at the door,
An' have a bit av a garden,
A strip for purty flowers,
They rest some weary workers,
They lessen dumpy hours,
An' give some butter and some milk.
A wood-pile if ye can,
An' if your man be not a hog
Throw in a pig an' a hen.
Och! trate him like a white man,
Pay him what he arns,
Then, both be deaf to gossips,
And mischief-makers' yarns."
A. C. McMORDIE.

THE SAILOR'S CHEST.

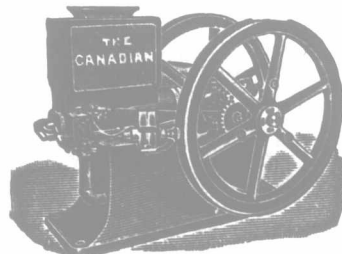
Bobby—"This sailor must have been a
bit of an acrobat."
Mama—"Why, dear?"
Bobby—"Because the book says, 'Hav-
ing lit his pipe, he sat down on his
chest.'"

IN A HURRY.

Magistrate—"What is the charge against
this old man?"
Officer—"Stealing some brimstone, your
honor. He was caught in the act."
Magistrate (to prisoner)—"My aged
friend, couldn't you have waited a few
years longer?"

THOUGHTLESS.

"Your honor," said the arrested chauf-
feur, "I tried to warn the man, but the
horn would not work."
"Then why did you not slacken speed
rather than run him down?"
A light seemed to dawn upon the
prisoner. "That's one on me. I never
thought of that."



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