



HE was a farmer's daughter
HE was the hired man,
She milked the cow
HE followed the plough
ON a new and original plan

FOR he was a humble admirer
And she was so young & fair,
HE couldn't pretend
To attend to his end
Of the plough whilst she
was there

Tho' she was a farmer's daughter,
And he but the hired man
Who followed the plough,
She milked the cow
On a highly original plan

FOR he was a fine young fellow
His head all curly and brown
You'll easily believe
That she failed
to perceive
That her pail
it was
upside
down.

AS she was the farmer's daughter
And he was the hired man,
She was milking the cow
He following the
plough
On the old & original
plan

OH, MAID OF RIVERSIDE!

Oh! lovely maid of Riverside,
Altho' the river's deep and wide,
Tho' the mighty Don's fierce surging tide
Rolls 'tween my love and me;
Though bull-frogs from their rushy lair
With wild notes fill the midnight air,
I have no fear, they cannot scare
Me, lovely maid, from thee.

Oh! lovely maid of Riverside,
Why is it thus, that you abide
And live on pike and sunfish fried.
Hooked from Ashbridge's Bay?
For, 'pon my word, I dearly wish
That you would choose some other dish,
For truly, odors of stale fish
Are not like new-mown hay!

But still, fair maid of Riverside,
Altho' the sunfish I deride,
I yet will chain you for my bride,
If you'll do this for me,
Just buy a bottle of Cologne,
Which will much for the fish condone,
And then I'll call you my sweet own,
And we will married be.

THE FARMER LAD.

The farmer lad is a very fine lad,
At least, so thinks his fond old dad,
So do the fine folks of the town;
Altho' they say he's a country clown;
They always take him to be soft—
Just here those folks get fooled, quite oft;

For when he brings a load of hay
A stone may help to make it weigh,
He stuffs the turkey's neck with peas,
His tub of butter is part grease,
He puts good apples on the top,
So on the folks he's got the drop—
This unsophisticated lad,
If you don't look out, will fool you bad.

—B.

CONFIDENTIAL CONFESSIONS.

II.—THE MOTHER-IN-LAW'S.

I would not exchange my position for that of the best man on this earth. I know many revile me as a mother-in-law, but I care not a snap of the finger for any of them. I have been fortunate in having had four lovely daughters united in wedlock to four of the most workable nonentities of husbands I ever knew. Of course I was sorry for my girls, but I found much consolation in the fact that I could turn either one of their husbands round my little finger. Jim was the first of the series; he married my oldest daughter, Jane. Being my first son-in-law I naturally felt a little anxious as to the extent of my powers over him, but everything came out splendid. In two months my strength of will proved so much superior to his that I could control him with a look. Having ascertained my powers I hastened to get the next of my girls married to another subject, and saw her safely joined to a rich young fellow with little brains. He kicked mightily at first, and talked of showing me the door. He had more grit than I at first suspected, but I turned my glittering eyes upon him and told him that if I went, Emily should go with me; and further, we should institute proceedings for divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty. That settled him, and from that day I have had complete control over his mind and purse. After a year of unadulterated joy I found it becoming a little monotonous between the two of them. I therefore cast about for a husband for my third marriageable daughter, Maria, and was again made prospectively happy by her union with a smart little carpenter. As in the case of my other married daughters, I went to live with Maria and her husband just to see how they agreed. The carpenter also objected to my rulings and more than once threatened to shoot me. Poor man! He little knew a mother-in-law's fearless nature! I exerted my full powers and before many days had passed he found out the uselessness of such "blow," and quietly gave way to the inevitable. Here let me confess that it is just possible I may have been unduly severe at times. But who, I ask, can protect the interests of a young wife better than her mother? I have found that men too often take advantage of the weakness of their wives and behave shamefully to them, and it is at such times as these that a mother-in-law's tongue and temper prove so beneficial. I remember too well my sufferings as a young wife and I then determined if ever I lived to have daughters married I would see closely to their interests. My fourth subject, married to Susan, opposed me upon entirely different lines to those adopted by my other sons-in-law. He wanted to argue the case with me, and talked about man's prerogative and St. Paul's advice to wives (St. Paul said nothing about mothers-in-law), and all that sort of thing, until I got out of patience with him and laid my law very straight before him. Before I had reached my third clause he gladly gave in, and now I guess he is the most easily managed of my quartette of sons-in-law. The happiest man is not as happy as I. I make the round of my daughters' homes, and by way of recreation, occasionally raise a muss with one of their dear husbands. Oh, the pleasure I find in it! *Au revoir.*

—B.

First drop at the bar, last drop at the gal-
lows. Moral—drop it.