

THE PITY OF IT.

"Will the gentleman who took a pair of new rubbers from the cloak-room on Sunday kindly return same to Hall-porter." (Notice in the Union).

'Tis strange how oft within the human heart
 Hope lingers on while Reason broadly smiles.
 We can but ask "would they have vanished if
 'Twere patent they had tramped o'er many miles?"

We fear that so depraved is mankind grown,
 That of the multitude a very few
 Would dream, should chance in this wise guide their feet,
 Of handing back the goods if they were new.

Why should the loser grumble or complain?
 A fellow-man has profited we plead.
 He proves himself a benefactor, and
 When good the day the better is the deed.

Yes, Sir, we must confess we give it up,
 We balk at your conundrum, but we'll bet
 That when our constant readers see these lines,
 By Jove you haven't got your rubbers yet.

BIM.

WHEN YOU THINK OF **COAL** THINK OF ...US...

Lackawanna Coal Co.

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