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ASPIRATIONS.

MRS. HUNGERFORD.
I do not like the term,
Mrs. Dangerfield, but
when the house-maid
gets into a huff it does
come so natural to refer
to her as the "ired girl."

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WHO'S FREE?

A DIMPLING, dancing poplar,
Upon a hill-top's height,
Grew close beside a moaning pine
And fretted day and night—
"Oh, could I be a human,
And roam about at will,
I'd flee the old pine's wailing,
And scamper, scamper till
A youthful, merry mate I found,
Beside a singing rill."

The fretting, little poplar
Thought humans roved at will,
Yet a glance within the cottage,
In the shadow of the hill,
Would have shown a youthful prisoner,
An aged mother's joy,
Ambitions clamored in her heart,
Which love could not destroy,
And oft she sighed "Ah, me! Ah, me
I wish I had been born a tree."

Adelia Marlatt.

