

Uncle Valt

WE'RE ALWAYS glad when he drops in—the pilgrim with the cheerful grin, who won't admit that grief and sin, are in possession; there are so many here below, who coax their briny tears to flow, and talk forevermore of woe, with no digression! The man who takes the cheerful view has friends to burn, and then a few; they like to hear his glad halloo, and loud ki-yoodle; they like to hear him blithely swear that things are right side up with care; they like to hear upon the air, his cock-a-doodle. The Long Felt Want he amply fills; he is a tonic for the ills that can't be reached with liver pills, or porous plasters; he helps to make the desert bloom; he plants the grouches in the tomb; he's here to dissipate the gloom of life's disasters!

*The
Optimist*