

The Romance of the Carpet.

Basking in peace, in the warm Spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May ! and the day was fair,
And the bright notes danced in the balmy air,

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned
As he stood with a carriage-whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bob-tailed coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote,

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she would tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one;
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day too,
The fuzz from the dustless carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went
And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbours laughed at the tireless boom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom;

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footsteps fleet;

And never again the morning sun
Smiled at him beating his carpet drum;

And South Hill often said, with a yawn,
"Where has the carpet martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and passed,
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast;

For never yet, since that bright spring time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously clum, clome, clum, clum, clum;

He found him a stick in the old woodpile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet tattered and torn;

And he hit a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave its echoes back

And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the sad eyes screened.

She knew his face—she gasped, she sighed :
"A little more on the under side."

Right down on the ground his stick he threwed,
And he shivered and muttered, "Well, I am
blowed!"

And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen, not none no more.

Sodding as a Fine Art.

One day, early in the spring, Mr. Blossberg, who lives out on Ninth-street, made up his mind that he would sod his front yard himself, and when he had formed this public-spirited resolution, he proceeded to put it into immediate execution. He cut his sod, in righteous and independent and liberty-loving disregard of the ridiculous city ordinance in relation thereto, from the patches of verdure that the cows had permitted to obtain a temporary growth along the side of the street, and proceeded to beautify his front yard therewith. Just as he laid the first sod, Mr. Thwackery, his next door neighbour, passed by.

"Good land, Blossberg," he shouted, "you'll never be able to make anything of such a sod as that. Why, its three inches too thick. That sod will cake up and dry like a brick. You want to shave at least two inches and a half off the bottom of it, so the roots of the grass will grow into the ground and unite the sod with the earth. That sod is thick enough for a corner stone."

So Mr. Blossberg took the spade and shaved the sod down until it was thin and about as pliable as a buck-wheat cake, and Mr. Thwackery pronounced it all right and sure to grow, and passed on. Just as Mr. Blossberg got it laid down the second time, old Mr. Templeton, who lived on the next block, came along and leaned on the fence, intently observing the sodder's movements.

"Well now, Blossberg," he said at length, "I did think you had better sense than that. Don't you know a sod will never grow on that hard ground? You must spade it all up first, and break the dirt up fine and soft to the depth of at least four inches, or the grass can never take root in it. Don't waste your time and sod by putting grass on top of such a baked brick-floor as that."

And Mr. Blossberg laid aside the sod and took up the spade and laboured under Mr. Templeton's directions until the ground was properly prepared for the sod, and then Mr. Templeton, telling him that sod couldn't die on that ground now if he tried to kill it, went his way and Mr. Blossberg picked up that precious sod a third time, and prepared to put it in its place. Before he had fairly poised it over the spot, however, his hands were arrested by a terrific shout, and look-

ing up he

came at h

"Blos

roared t

you'll los

if you pe

There, y

all the re

ing, and

water u

roots wi

tion, fro

Blossber

sult in a

So Mr

and we

around

a soft c

formed

gor was

that his

even if

ed away

effort to

He got

other, y

him in

"La

an' leav

must t

till it n

ground

hard, c

and cre

Mr.

the sod

spade

mud a

way to

came f

while

gerous

ble sh

away,

Blosb

pound

bug g

poise

waiti

he wa

him.

the o

bough

"F

tones

Mr. F

miles

Mr.

soil c

tion c

"S

"T

rather