

Oh! The Shamrock.

By Thomas Moore.

Through Erin's Isle, to sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wander'd
With Wit, the sprite, whose quiver
bright
A thousand arrows squander'd.
Where'er they pass, a triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green as emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming,
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf, of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valor, "See, they spring for me,
Those leafy gens of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no, for me they
grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives the triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends three godlike
friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, forever!"
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf, of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond may last the bond
That wave that morn together,
And ne'er may fall one drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine His flowers
divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
May Valor ne'er his standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf, of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Race Suicide in New Hampshire.

The New Hampshire House of Representatives is the largest legislative body in the United States. Being chosen from a comparatively small population, it may be considered, therefore, as fairly representative of the average citizenship of an average New England Commonwealth. The entire Legislature of the State, including the Governor's Council, comprises 418 men. A brief list of biographical sketches of these men published in the Manchester Union furnishes material for interesting observations relative to the enduring qualities of the old New England stock. A vast majority of these men are native born, more than two-thirds of them being descended from a long line of New England ancestors. Of these 418 men, the State has a right to expect at least 836 children, being two apiece. The actual number, however, is 684, or a little more than a child and a half for each man. Of the whole number 355 are married, 275 are fathers, 80 are childless, and 63 are unmarried or widowed. Of the 275 fathers, 94 have one child each, 73 have two, 47 have three, 25 have four, 18 have five, six have six, five have seven, two have eight, three have nine, and two have ten each. Of the fathers of six children or more each, nearly two-thirds are of foreign birth, chiefly French-Canadian. If these foreign-born representatives, therefore, were eliminated from the list, the showing would be still less favorable.

Resting.

Hard earned are the few coins of the Shrimper. The harvest of the sea, to those who go to reap it, in good comradeship, one boat's crew lending a hand to that of another in hauling in the nets with their shining, leaping victims, has much to compensate for its many hardships, but the solitary woman of the rocks, who in the grey dawn of early morn, or at any hour when the low tide calls her to her toil, has hard work and a weary time of it, if she is to fill her basket with the shrimps, prawns, periwinkles, etc., she hopes to sell presently. No wonder she rests a while before she goes from door to door with the shrill cry of "prawns, fresh prawns; shrimps, who'll buy my fine, fresh shrimps."

H. A. B.



Turned Out to Die.

From the Youth's Companion.

Turned out to die! The faithful horse
You mounted twenty years ago,
A laughing boy, and galloped fast
Amid the whirling flakes of snow.
A better friend man never had
Than Dobbin with the gentle eye;
But now a stranger's in his stall,
For you have turned him out to die!
How oft he drew the heavy wain
To market o'er the winding road;
And homeward, cheerily again
Pulled back of winter's stores a load.
And oft bedecked with ribbons gay,
To fairs beneath the autumn sky,
He drew a crowd of girls and boys—
To be at last turned out to die!

Have you forgot the stormy night
When little Ned was taken ill?
The way to help was long and dark,
Skirting the spectre-haunted hill.
Old Dobbin failed you not that time,
Though lightning cut the inky sky,
He bore you to the doctor's door—
And now he's been turned out to die!

The old companion of the plow;
Give Dobbin true the warmest stall—
The one he graced in years gone by—
He's been a noble friend to you;
Beneath the old roof let him die!

Memories of Billy.

Our old Broncho Billy was a horse well known in the Township of London. He was a native of Texas, and came into out hands nineteen years ago, when he was three years old. A pretty little pony he was, with his cream coat and his wicked little eyes, full of youth and broncho fire. Bronchos were not so plentiful here twenty years ago, and he became quite popular with visitors, for he loped so gracefully it was as easy to ride on his back as on a rocking chair—if Billy wanted you, and thereby hangs a tale.

One afternoon, shortly after we bought him, our house was inundated by eight visiting young ladies. To entertain them, Billy was saddled and led up as a lamb to the slaughter. Very lamblike he looked and acted. One after another the



Resting.

(From painting by Ridgway Knight.)

And when your father, breathing low,
Committed all things to your care,
He said, "be kind to Dobbin gray.
The good old horse has done his share."
He never shirked before the plow,
But drew it steadily, and why?
He loved you all, and never thought
That he would be turned out to die!

O, shame! call back the trusted friend,
And shelter from the biting blast
The good old horse that served you well
In happy times forever past.
What if, when age has bleached your hair,
Your children without tear or sigh,
Shall say, "You've served us long
enough,
Father, we turn you out to die!"

One touch of nature it is said,
Doth make the whole world kin, and now
Call homeward from the meadows bare

visitors enthusiastically called him "darling," "a dear," and "an old love." But all the time his eyes gained in impatient fire, and when my young aunt, who was left till the last, because she had some little experience in riding, mounted him, they both started off eager to show off. Billy quickly toped toward the orchard and chose the trees, with the lowest branches as his playground. However, when he did not unseat his rider, he was not daunted. He came out into the open, and took a playful gambol around in a very small circle. Then, off he started again, and whether he bucked or not, is still a question, but in a few minutes he stood laughing at my aunt on the ground.

Sometimes the ladies of the family hitched him to a buggy; then he did look ashamed of himself, and small wonder, for he looked just like a rat, and

like a rat he tried to turn around in his shafts and face his persecutors.

He was remarkably fleet footed. When mounted on Billy, one could manage most any herd. He knew exactly what to do himself and needed no guiding hand. It used to be fun too to pass all the other horses on the road.

Old Billy used to play tag with the boys. A half dozen of us would surround him, and try to prevent him from getting through the circle. If a stranger were among the number, Billy would run fiercely at him with ears back and eyes flashing. Of course, the stranger ran, and so a gap was made in the circle, and Billy escaped. At other times he would pretend to run through a place; all the boys would crowd to that side, and Billy would escape through the other part of the broken circle.

One day my brother met a neighbor on the road, who was having great difficulty in driving a cow. The cow refused to pass a bridge. Billy came to the rescue. He stood in front of the stubborn cow, and just wheeled on his hind legs to the left or right as needed, making retreat impossible. The defeated cow finally stood before the bridge, but refused to go farther. The two dogs nipped and barked, but there she stood. But Billy to the rescue again! He just gave her tail a good, sharp unexpected nip, and the cow fairly reared over the bridge.

He was a source of constant fun to my sister and brother, who learned to ride him like veritable cowboys. The neighbors yet tell of the time they saw them loping along the road at full speed, both on his back and both laughing wildly. But Billy knew his riders' ages, which were nine and seven respectively, and did not play any pranks.

Such fun they had herding the cattle, and practising all kinds of fancy riding on his back, with old dog, "Captain," at their heels. Great friends they were, and when Billy was away, Captain met him at the gate with gambols of joy and gleefully they'd gallop home together.

But the end came at last. One day, last August, he looked sick. He had inflammation. One of the boys took a plaster out to ease him. He applied it to the wrong side. Billy turned around and actually pointed with his nose to the other side, looking wistfully up into his master's face.

But Billy remembered his youth and its freedom. He did want to get out of the stable. Finally they opened the door and he came out, walked to the watering trough and looked mournfully at his old friends taking refreshment. Then he walked past the house slowly, and looked lingeringly at it and at us standing beside the door. When he walked past, there were not many dry eyes in the group at the door. We all loved old Billy, and we knew it was the last time the poor old fellow would ever walk past the house.

Over across the road to our other barn he went, and looked at all his old haunts, then back he came, and walked as far as he could in the other direction, looking, looking, looking. Finally, when his legs refused to carry him farther, down he dropped.

Thus died our old friend, Broncho Billy, and it will be long before his memory dies out of our hearts.

LILLIAN CARMICHAEL (aged 13).
London Township.

Your story is both interesting and pathetic, Lillian, and will be sure to interest all the Cornerites, especially the boys, who would all have enjoyed a ride on "Broncho Billy."
C. D.

Humorous.

A girl who had been very clever at college came home the other day and said to her mother: "Mother, I've graduated, but now I wish to take up psychology, philology, bibb—" "Just wait a minute," said the mother. "I have arranged for you a thorough course in roastology, boilology, stitology, darnology, patchology, and general domesticology. Now, put on your apron and pluck that chicken."

Irate Employer—See here, you young Rip Van Winkle, I only hired you yesterday, and I believe, on my soul, you've been asleep here ever since! Sleepy Joe—That's what I thought you wished, sir. Here's your advertisement: "Wanted—An office boy; not over sixteen; must sleep on the premises."