

A glance sufficed to bring de-
light,
The scene was one of trans-
formation,—

A beauty stood where yester-
night
A fright had studied radiation.

To fashion plates she flew with
haste,
And eke evolved a lengthy
train,
Then proudly sallied forth to
taste
The joy of triumph o'er the
vain.



Admirers came to beauty's noose,
Both wealthy cits and country cousins ;
'Twas her's the power to pick and choose
From lovers swarming 'round in dozens.

Thus potent science seemed to masque her.
And fortune smiled—her's was not marred ;
The ultimatum's here—just ask her—
For here's herself—



And here's her card—

Mrs. Tabitha J. M. Tyndale Browne.