

A MERRY CAN.

"I can fly kites, oh—awful high,
Away up higher'n the sky—"

Thus Bobbieboy began.

"You can?" said I, in quick surprise
At Bobbieboy's indignant eyes,—

Cried he: "I'm *not* a can!"

Then, laughing at his queer mistake,
I said: "My word I will not break,

So, Bobbieboy, my man,

A can you are, a can were born,

But yet a can we do not scorn,

For you're *American*."