

Gentlemen will wear jean suits and pay the maids attention,
But never must they violate society's convention.

At prompt six a frugal meal will be by all partaken,
As cheerfulness begets good health let us tho welkin' waken.

The ladies will at Seven A.M. group; racefully on rugs.
At Eight the gentlemen go out to pick potato hugs.
At Ten we'll wipe the sweat of honest labor from our brows,
Then to the ladies once again will we renew our vows.

At Twelve, M. precise all hands will gather for the luncheon
Soup, pork and beans, brown bread, with beer drawn from a
punchon.

The afternoon we'll dedicate to sleep or to night reading,
Ladies may, if so they will, list to their lovers' pleading.

When low the fiery summer sun declines in Golden West
The gentlemen and ladies will again be up and drest.
Swallow-tails and low-neck gowns I elaim are quite de *rigueur*,
Even in the country one must set the proper figure.

At Seven P.M. keen appetites await the coming feast.
Dining, good friends, of all our joys, is by no means the least.
Contentment lurks therein, starved stomachs have no pretty wit,
And poorly filled, I'm convinced, have not a hit.

When evening pleasures dulling, comes sleepy, stilly night,
I'll read a chapter from my hook on Agricultural Blight.
It's most exceeding clever, and must make a great sensation,
It deals with novels theories that will prove an education.

At Ten, candles will be handed to those not yet asleep,
Then to your chamber, lights out—and into bed you ereep.