

MARY PINDER.

MARY PINDER sat by the winder,
 Watching the clothes-line dance;
 When a Dacotah blizzard
 Struck her in the gizzard,
 And she lost her—sisters and her aunts.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies the body of Mary Hatch,
 Who has ended life's strange story;
 She slipped one day on a parlour match,
 And was carried off to glory.

ANOTHER EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stone sleeps Martha Briggs,
 Who was blessed with more heart than brain;
 She lit a kerosene lamp at the stove,
 And physicians were in vain.

AND YET ONE MORE.

THIS stone is raised to Horace Munn,
 Who could eat from dawn till the setting sun;
 One day he ate till he fairly bust,—
 Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

SHE said "Shoo! shoo!" to the hens one day,
 For she wished to drive them all away,
 Those gay and frolicsome trippers;
 But she chanced to slip on the treach'rous ice,
 When, alas! her shoes flew up in a trice—
 Changed into a pair of slippers.

Y.

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f the whence
 k bees buzz.
 ry which bark-tree,
 sness roll,
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HUBBARD.

bbard,
 upboard
 r dog a banana;
 t there,
 e cake,
 dog had to eat cheese.