



## A BACK-YARD PARTY.

ONE evening bright there was a sight  
That should recorded be.  
All gazed in wonder—well they might—  
Such funny things to see.

A neighbor's yard is smooth and hard,  
And through the block extends,  
And there, came lively rats and mice,  
With town and country friends.

It may have been a wedding scene  
They celebrated there,  
A birthday party, or *soiree*,  
Enjoyed in open air.



But this is plain, whatever train  
Had brought the rogues that way,  
From loft and lane and bins of grain,  
A jovial troop were they.

The household cat, so sleek and fat,  
Is by the servants fed,  
And only leaves the rug or mat  
To find her cream and bread.

So nought was there to harm or scare  
The lively groups below  
That danced and played in light and shade,  
Or rambled to and fro.

