

T H E

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TELLING FORTUNES.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my little lad,
For you to accept or refuse—
The one of them good, and the other one bad;
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see, by my gift, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples of russet and red ;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown;
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see doves and swallows about the barn-doors,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast,
See men that are threshing the wheat on the floors,
And now the bright picture is past.

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh ! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see ;
For his boot-toes, they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes, they stand out like a bug's ;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

Now which will you choose—to be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish ;
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your toes like the mouth of a fish ?

—Alice Carey.