

Dear Prince—Good by,
Forgive the falling tear.
No words our hearts can cheer,
So do not try.

"All aboard," was now shouted. The Prince exclaimed: "God
bless us!"

And handed each his many friends a very fine prospectus
Of the "Pumpkin Light Company of White Pines Limited,"
(A very fine investment for those with cash unlimited.)
Then he jumped aboard the train and stood upon the platform,
His emotion was so great that it shook his rather fat form.
May "Angels guard you 'round," said he, then holted in the car.
The train rushed off, ere very long the city was afar.
Before the brakesman called: "Next station all out good
folks,"

(This timely warning is of help to people who are slow pokes.)
The Prince had so employed his time with pencil and some paper.
That rules for governing his farm were ready for the wafer.
Prince Dollar, as my readers know, was something of a hard,
His rules were therefore done in verse, to put upon a card.
How well he understood, wise man, that simple rules in rhyme
Were very much more quickly learned than if in prose sublime.

Be it known:—The following regulations for my farm
If they don't work much good, they'll surely work no harm.

When rosy morn o'er yonder hill comes slowly stealing
I'll sound *reveille* through house on organ loudly pealing.
Up! up! all hands, and hustle down! we'll greet the rising
sun,
Then hustle 'round, and 'round again, there's work that must
be done.

Ladies, in milkmaids' dress, will muster for inspection
Later in the milking field will hold a short reception.