

In Merry Mood

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

The women have many faults,
The men have only two.
There's nothing right they say,
There's nothing right they do;
But if the men do nothing right,
Say nothing that is true;
What precious fools we women are
To love them as we do!

They were engaged. She came to him,
With eyes that glowed as hot as Hades,
And said, with angry look and grin,
"I'm told, sir, you have kissed two ladies!"

"Why, darling, how absurd you rage!"
He, laughing, cried, "'Twas but in fun;
Together add both maidens' age,
'Twould not amount to twenty-one."

Her anger soon was laughed away;
She only thought of ten and eleven;
Her eyes again shone bright as day,
Reflecting there the lover's heaven.

O rogue! Though what you said was true,
She did not know the truths between,
That one of them was only two,
The other temptress—sweet nineteen.

JUST BACK FROM TOWN.

Old friends allus is the best.
Halest-like and heartiest;
Knowed us first, and don't allow
We're so blame much better now!
They was standin' at the bars
When we grabbed "the kivered kyars"
And lit out fer town to make
Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the world we went
Into, beat "The Settlement,"
And the friends 'at we'd make there
Would beat any *anywhere*!
And they do—fer that's their biz:
They beat all the friends they is—
'Cept the real old friends like you
'At staid home, like I'd ort to!

W'y, of all the good things yit
I ain't shet of, is to quit
Business, and gi' back to sheer
These old comforts waitin' here—
These old friends; and these old hands
'At a feller understands;
These old winter nights, and old
Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times 'll come ag'in
No More!" and neighbors all jine in!
Here's a feller come from town
Wants that air old fiddle down
From the chimbley! Git the floor
Cleared fer one cawtillion more!
It's poke the kitchen fire, says he,
And shake a friendly leg with me!

SAVED BY A MOTTO.

With skilful steering through the dancers
thick,
A flash of eager import in his eye,
A youth of modern mould his way doth
pick,
Nor pauses as fair faces pass him by.

Unto his breast he clasps a treasure-trove,
And onward sails to find the maid he
seeks.
At length he stands before her, though, by
Jove!
His brow with perspiration fairly reeks.

Now, to restore the circlet she has lost
Seemed simple when he first the thing
espied;
But when he comes the lady to accost,
The difficulty cannot be denied.

A bright idea then to the youth occurs
(He speaks the subtle tongue of La
Belle France):
So, with a smile of triumph, he avers:
"You've dropped your *Honi soit qui mal
y pense*."

HIS LONGING.

I'm a-goin' back to the country; I'm sick o'
this durned old town;
It's a reggeler flyin' Dutchman, a-whirlin'
aroun' an' aroun'.
I'd as lief be locked in a prison an' workin'
away in a cell;
I don't say farms is heaven, but a city is
most'ly hell.

Death is the food an' water, an' nary a
soul to care;
Death on the streets an' crossin's, an'
death in the cussid air;
Why, blamed if the men an' women draw
hardly a quiet breath,
Fer broodin' over the city is the black-
faced angel o' death.

I want to git out in the country an' set on
the ole side porch.
Long of a Sunday mornin', when folks is
goin' to church,
An' hear the waggins a-creakin' along the
dusty roads,
Filled to the backs with children—the
ginooine Sunday loads;

A-settin' there in the sunshine an' smokin'
away like a Turk,
An' up in the furdest corner a-watchin' the
wasps at work,
An' squintin' 'cross to the orchard where
apples is goin' to waste,
A sizin' up the biggest an' wonderin' how
they'd taste;

A-thinkin' about the winter an' the girls an'
the cider-press
An' hick'ry nuts an' apples, an' the rest of
it—well, I guess!
You kin talk of your life in a palace, in the
city or out to sea,
But if you would like to get livin', come out
on the farm with me.

At I'll make you waller in clover till you've
clean forgot the choke
Of the dust of your tarnal city an' its
hangin' clouds o'smoke;
An' I'll take you out to the pasture an'
show you a chunk of sky
That you needn't be feared of lookin' at
fer a cinder in your eye.

So come with me to the homestead an' rest
your heart an' eyes,
An' git your fill of o' chicken an' doughnuts
an' apple-pies.
I'm dyin' to see a river as clear as a pane
o' glass—
I'm like old Nebbykudnezzar, so turn me
out to grass.

AT THE BALL.

A silken cord upon her arm,
So soft and round and white,
Suspends, secure from every harm,
This little book to-night.

Within the tiny tome I glance,
The ball has just begun:
But some one's taken every dance—
She might have saved me one.

I look along the list of names,
And looking there I see
That waltzes seven some fellow claims
Whose name begins with D.

I'm hurt, and say so in a way
I fear is scarce polite.
But as I turn I hear her say:
"Don't leave me so to-night!"

Then, with a sudden, tender smile,
She whispered: "Don't look blue;
You might have known it all the while—
That D was meant for U."

TETE-A-TETE.

"If you were me and I were you,
Just tell me now what you would do
"If I were you and you were me,
I think that I your wife would be."

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