``` Meiry 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 kivvered 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 raal 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 giv back to sheer
These old comforts waitin' here—
These old triends; and these old hands
'At a feller understands;
These old winter nights, and old These old winter nights, and old Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times 'll come ag'in No More!" and nighbors all jine in! Here's a feller come from town Wants that air old fiddle down From the chimbly! Git the floor Cleared fer one cowtillion 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 sccks.

At length he stands before her, though, by Jave! His brow with perspiration fairly recks.

Now, to restore the circlet she has lost

Scened 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 tengue of La Belle France):

So, with a smile of triumph, he avers:
"You've dropped your Honi soil qui mal y pense.

HIS LONGING.

I'm a-goin' back to the country ; I'm sick o' this derned 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 blackfaced 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

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;

on the farm with me.

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 Nebbykudnezzer, 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.

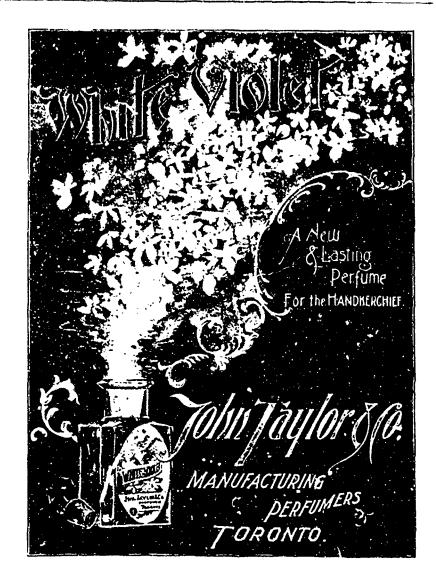
I look along the list of names, And looking there I see That waltzes seven some fellow claims Whose name begins with D.

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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