

Then Peter (he rushed Ett just then)
Said in his drawling way
"Well I don't care if I come too—
That's if you say I may."
They said, of course, he knew they would;
And all four, merrily
Went off in search of ferns, and soon
They reached the hawthorn tree.

Pete threw him down beneath its shade
No further would he go;
He's easily tired—I've wheeled with him
And eo nf course I know.
Said Ett, "Say Fan, where are the ferns?"
Quoth Fan, "Oh! don't ask me."
Then looked for ferns for two whole hours,
Under the hawthorn tree.

And when they wandered slowly home,
We stared, surprised because
The only thing they carried, was
A fern bowl full of haws.
They gave us some and we inquired,
"What kind of ferns are these?"
Jack said "These are the only kind
That grow on hawthorn trees."
'Twas thus he gave the snap away,
We tumbled, on the spot;
I guess he's sorry that he spoke
We've let them have it hot;
We do not know the facts, of course;
But know the hunch, you see,
And we'll bet the birds some spooning saw
Under the hawthorn tree.

THE FIRST COLD SNAP.

When the first snow-flakes start comin'
And the wind's ahowlin' roun':
When Jack Frost starts his prowlin',
And the taters in the groun'
(What you ain't got in) are freezin';
'Long bout then a farmer chap
Feels he's got soome kick acomin'
At the first cold snap.
When the plow is lyin' idle
And the horses in the barn
Are eatin' of their heads off,
Like they didn't give a darn,
Say! I'd like to be a kickin'
Of that pesky Foster chap;
Asending 'long ahead o'time
This first cold snap.