

POETRY.

ODE TO A SMALL PIG.

Oh, thou little embryo bacon,
Rooting in the mud!
Dost thou think that so much dirt is
Healthy for thy blood?

SELECT STORY.

A DROLL WOOING.

BY MISS L. A. BARNETT.

"Oh, dear," sighed mamma, "this is
dreadful! What shall we do?"
We three girls looked disconsolate.

"Yes," she continued, "it is positively
shocking! Your papa has refused—refused
outright—to let us go to a fashionable
watering-place this summer. He says he
cannot afford it."

"Is that all, mamma," I said, in a tone
of relief. "By your dreadful manner I
concluded papa had failed, and that we
girls should be obliged to go out for day's
work. As it is, I don't care much. I
actually found Saratoga a bore last
summer, and would rather stay at home than
not."

"Julia Maria!" said mamma, looking me
straight in the eye and addressing me by
that awful name, which she only uses
when particularly enraged, "Julia Maria
Mason, do you know what you are talking
about? Do you remember that you have
passed your twenty-fifth birthday, and no
husband yet?"

"Really, mamma," I replied meekly,
"I don't see how I am to blame for my
age; and as for a husband, I can't very
well ask any man to have me."

"But you might try hard, Julia," said
my disturbed parent, "if you had exerted
yourself last summer you could easily have
caught Orlando Fields."

"But I wouldn't marry him, mamma.
Orlando Fields, indeed! A horrid, crusty
old bachelor who talks of going to
Saratoga, and who would marry him if he
were the last man on earth and the last
woman?"

"You'll be a crusty old maid before you
know it," remarked mamma, sententiously.
"I don't care if I am," I replied, petu-
lantly, "I shall not marry a man whom I
neither like nor respect to please any one—
old maid or no old maid!"

"Oh, well," said mamma, returning to
her first grievance, "it is useless to discuss
the matter; only tell me what we shall
do this summer, Julia; you know we must
leave town at any rate."

"I have an idea, mamma," I exclaimed,
suddenly. "You shall take the girls to
that cheap place at the sea-side, and I'll
go and spend the summer with Aunt
Hollis."

"I am not acquainted with the minister's
wife."
"Then it's Belinda Baxter; she that was
lawyer Baxter's wife afore he died?"

"No."
"Now, would you mind a tellin'
who your aunt is?"
"Not in the least," I replied, intensely
amused. "Her name is Miss Matilda
Hollis."

"Jupiter!"
This expression came from Ben, who
turned squarely around and faced my
companion.
"I'll bet, by hokely she's your wife,
cap'n!" he exclaimed. "It's pretty mean
to deceive a fellow like that—"

"Hush, Ben!" said the gentleman, in a
low tone. "I tell you I never saw the
lady before. I think," turning to me
with a winning smile, "we must be re-
latives, as Miss Matilda Hollis is my aunt
also, and I am on my way to pay her my
annual visit."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed in surprise.
"my name is Julia Mason; Aunt Hollis is
great-aunt to my father. Now, pray, who
are you?"

"My name is Carl Williston. My mother
was Miss Hollis' half-sister; so you see,
we are cousins."

"I have often heard of you, although this
is our first meeting, cousin mine," I
replied, gayly. "Let us be friends."

We shook hands cordially.
I was nearly dark when the fleet (?)
ocean arrived at Dexter, which proved a
little drowsy, antiquated place. Ben threw
the mail out at the shoemaker's shop,
which, I afterward learned, served as a
post-office also, and we drove toward the
residence of Aunt Hollis.

"That man the place," suddenly exclaimed
Ben, pointing with his whip.
An exclamation of surprise and delight
broke from me.

Just before me, on the very bank of a
beautiful lake stood a low, rambling
house, half hid in the tall trees that sur-
rounded it.
"Elmwood," said my newly found
cousin.

"Whoa, there!" shouted Ben, as we drew
up before the door. "I've brought you
company, Miss Hollis."

The door opened, and a silver-haired
old lady came forward.
"Is it Julia?" she asked, in a sweet
voice. "I received your letter, my dear;
need I say, I am glad to see you?"

"So this was Aunt Hollis—that horrid
old thing?" I was so much surprised and
pleased that I threw my arms about her
neck and kissed her several times, im-
pulsively embracing the opportunity of uniting
with me in calling for aid.

seemed able to discuss but one subject,
the weather.
"It's a fine day, Miss Mason," he re-
marked.
"Yess," I replied, "it is."

"I had a fine day yesterday."
"I believe so."
"Was it fine all last week, Miss Mason?"
I told him, "I remember correctly, it
was."

"And all the week before?"
Carl had deserted me, but now came
rambling by, humming an old tune:
"Maids of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart."

I gave him a look of entreaty, but he
only laughed and passed on. It was evi-
dent he enjoyed my discomfiture to the
fullest extent.

Finally, when I had answered the same
question at least a dozen times, I broke
away from my adorer, and wandered
down through the leafy vista toward the
lake.

The view was particularly enchanting,
and I strolled on, scarcely heeding that I
had long since left the beaten path be-
hind.

At last the ground began to grow wet
and soggy, and I was about to retrace my
steps, when suddenly I was startled by a
noise by a noise behind me. I looked
around, and behold—oh, horrors!—a
making straight toward me, a dreadful
cow!

Now, in all my sojourn at Aunt Hollis',
I could never recollect myself to a cow;
and this one had such great, long horns—
just fit for looking it down on me. She
was in full pursuit, making straight to-
ward me. In my terror, I plunged head-
long forward, never stopping to look back.

All at once my treacherous foot slipped,
and I fell myself sinking. The black and
mid cow ceased on the top of my French
kid boots, and the lower tulle to my
muslin gown was fast disappearing. I
shrieked with terror, and was answered
by a melancholy "Moo."

"Turning my head, I beheld my enemy
at a short distance behind me, but in the
same predicament; there stood that cow,
up to her body in mud, stuck fast."

"I was equally useless on my part so I began
to indulge in tears."

"Oh, wouldn't some one come and get me
out of that awful place! What if I
should sink out of sight entirely!"

I grew nearly frantic at the thought and
shrieked louder than ever. But, alas!
my voice was completely drowned by the
terrific "moo" of my enemy, who instant-
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