



MISINTERPRETED.

SHORTY—"Have you many horse fanciers out here?"
MR. AUSTIN—"Not many now. We've managed to nab and hang most of them."

THE COTTAGE BY THE CREEK.

(AFTER LOCKSLEY HALL.)

NEIGHBORS, leave me here a little, ere the sun doth grow too hot,
When you want me you can call me, over the potato plot.

'Tis the place, and all around it, the mosquitoes refuge seek,
Numerous insects of the backwoods, round the Cottage by the Creek.

Cottage, that within the distance, overlooks the village mill,
And the some half dozen houses, and the school-house on the hill.

Many a night by yonder casement, struggling with some icy tacks,
Have I tried in vain to cover the innumerable cracks.

Many a night when down at zero, as I freezing lay in bed,
Have I seen the clear stars shining thro' the roof above my head.

Here, about the creek I wander'd, with an axe and with a pail,
Or went struggling thro' the snowdrifts eagerly to get the mail.

In the winter (back at Creekdale) you are filled with many woes,
In the winter there are hanging icicles from chin and nose.

In the winter one is troubled with cold hands and frozen feet,
At this time a young man's fancy lightly turns to things to eat.

Then I said: "My cousin Ronald, buckwheat pancakes are not bad,
And in fact they are the only things that can just now be had."

On his frozen cheeks and forehead came a color and a fire,
And he early rose next morning, buckwheat pancakes his desire.

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing I might speak too strong,"

Saying, "Six weeks I've been frozen, now I'll have a fire ere long."

So he did; the roof was burning nicely in an hour, about,
And the neighbors all came running with their pails to put it out.

Many a morning did we wrestle with the butter and the bread,
Knives were useless, and we had to use a chopper in their stead!

Many an evening did we struggle to attain our heart's desire,
Which was but the final gaining of a somewhat better fire!

O, that cottage, frozen-hearted! where we nearly met our doom,
Pass'd to other hands and made into the Creekdale Reading Room.

Is it well to wish them happy?—having known us so to freeze
Reading Rev. Smith's selections, sitting warm and at their ease

Yet it shall be—they shall warm thee, as, alas we never could,
Cover up each crack and crevice, pile the stove and stack the wood.

As the landlord is—the house is; thou art owned by one at last,
Who will have thee double-windowed, papered, painted, perhaps roughcast.

Howsoever these things be, yet farewell, Cottage by the Creek!
Now for me thy walls may tremble, now for me thy roof may leak.

Let the seasons bring their changes—floods and blackflies, fire and snow,
The mosquitoes are arising, making for me—and I go.
LILIAN CLAXTON.

A VERY GOOD REASON.

SNOOZER—"Hello, Boozer—goin' to blow us off for the lager?"

BOOZER—"Naw—can't raise the wind."



MENTAL STRAIN.

CHEMIST—"What is the matter with you?"

PAINTER—"Too much brain work told on me; bin tryin' to work out the problem 'ow to spin out a hour's work hover three days."—Pick-Me-Up.

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