

Dark shadows still played on the wall,  
 And looked so tall and slim;  
 Was it some departed friend,  
 Or some devil's imp within?  
 Soon the hideous, moving form  
 Was making for the door;  
 Springing from his demon bed,  
 He felled him to the floor.

Grasping the villan by the throat,  
 He did scuffle, fight and scream;  
 On waking up he found his man  
 A shadow in his dream.

### Home.

The pride of man—his loving home,  
 Bright children by his side;  
 A charming wife his comforts share  
 And through troubles will abide.

They gather round the fireside,  
 So merry, bright and snug;  
 The kettle sings upon the stove,  
 The cat stretched on the rug.

The bird sings sweetly in the cage,  
 The children play and leap;  
 Upon the parlor window ledge  
 The flowers bloom and sleep.

Contentment makes the home of bliss  
 Man's highest earthly aim;