

She's Married.

(By Frederick Locker.)

Heigh Ho! they're wed; the cards are dealt,
Our frolic games are o'er,
I've laughed and fooled and loved. I've felt
As I shall feel no more!
Yon little house is where she lives,
Yon spire is where she met me;—
I think that if she quite forgives,
She cannot quite forget me.

I.

Last June I trod the fields with Di,
Fields fresh with clover and with rye;—
Now they seem arid.—
Then Di was fair and single; how
Unfair it seems on me, for now
Di's fair—and married!

II.

A blissful swain—I scorned the song
Which says that though young love is strong,
The fates are stronger:
Breezes then blew a boon to men,—
The buttercups were bright, and then
The grass was longer.

III.

That day I saw and much esteemed,
Di's ankles, which the clover seemed
Inclined to smother;
It twitched, and soon untied (for fun)
The ribbon of her shoes, first one,
And then the other.

IV.

I'm told that virgins augur some
Misfortune, if their shoe-strings come
To grief on Friday:
And so did Di, and then her pride
Decreed that shoe-strings so untied
Are "so untidy!"

V.

Of course I knelt, with fingers deft,
I tied the right, and tied the left:
Says Di, "The stubble
Is very stupid! as I live,
I'm quite ashamed! I'm shocked to give
You so much trouble!"

VI.

For answer I was fain to sink
To what we all would say and think
Were beauty present:
"Don't mention such a simple act—
A trouble? Not the least! in fact
It's rather pleasant!"

VII.

I trust that love will never tease
Poor little Di, or prove that he's
A graceless rover.
She's happy now as Mrs. Smith,
And less polite when walking with
Her chosen lover!

VIII.

Heigh-Ho! Although no moral clings
To Di's blue eyes, and sandal strings,
We've had our quarrels.
I think that Smith is thought an ass;
I know that when they walk in grass
She wears balmorals.

--The humble black-head hairpin has
been superseded by a gold-headed article.

--The newest umbrella is a feather
weight. Its frame is made of alumin-
um.



A FEW CHRISTMAS DON'TS.

--Don't give a bottle of perfume to a lady unless you are sure it is the sort she prefers.

--Don't send a box of ruled writing paper to a newspaper correspondent; she would rather write on the paper in which the grocer does up his tea.

--Don't give a cookery book to your washerwoman; she would much rather have the ingredients.

--Don't send a barrel of your best apples to the Queen; she will never acknowledge the receipt of them.

--Don't give a new pair of ill-fitting gloves, or a just-bought fan that you find you don't like, to people whom you think will appreciate these things. They won't appreciate them.—Good Housekeeping.

MUSIC.

When we received from Richard A. Saalfeld, 794, 796 and 798 Tenth avenue, New York, the first number of his New York Musical Monthly we wondered how any publisher could afford to give so much for so little. We all know what music costs, but here was a publication of 32 pages of music, large size, large print, equal in every respect to high-priced music, which he offered to the public at 15 cents per copy, or, \$1.50 per year, post-paid. The Christmas number contains 56 pages and 19 different pieces of music. The contents are as follows:

VOCAL.

Crossing the Bar. Gower
(This song, the words of which are by Lord Tennyson, was especially written "In Memoriam.")

Mistletoe Bough. Sir Henry Bishop
One Sweetly Solemn Thought. L. M. Sargent
The Lord's Prayer. C. W. Wilson
Sion Paul Rodney
Angles' Voices, in my Dreams. J. P. Skelly

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Cantique de Noel, (Christmas Song). Adam
Christmas Hymn, Pilgrims of the . . .
Night. Hollaway
O Little Town of Bethlehem. J. Laird
Let Music Break on this Glad Morn. . . .
All Lowliness and Love. H. P. Fanks
Upon This Holy Day. " "
The Royal Child is Born. " "
In a Manger Rests the King. " "
There's a Song in the Air. H. Mackintosh

INSTRUMENTAL.

Christmas (Noel). P. Tchaikowsky
Largo. Handel
Society Belies Yorke. W. A. Pratt

EXTRA SUPPLEMENT.

La Czarina Mazurka. Ganue
The cover of the Christmas number alone is a work of art, being printed in 4 colors. This monthly is printed on elegant paper. Our subscribers would do well to send 15 cents for a sample copy, or, \$1.50 for a yearly subscription to the publisher.

A Sprinkle of Spice.

"I was at a spiritualistic seance last night."
"Good medium?"
"Best in the world. A mince pie."—
Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Convicted of heresy! Mercy's sake!
The thought of it causes me great distress,
And now will they burn him at the stake?"
"No, they'll roast him in the religious press."

—New York Press.

"I have just been reading an interesting story of two men who were lost in the Adirondacks while hunting," said the beautiful Miss Huckins. "Were you ever lost, Mr. Tubbs?"

"Once."

"When?"

"When I first saw you I was lost in admiration, and I may add that I have not since been found."—Boston Globe.

The car-horse gave a gentle start;
Then stopped by sorrow goaded;
And gayly spake the driver smart;
"He didn't know 'twas loaded!"

—Washington Star.

A sweet little 4-year-old added this clause to her evening petition the other night: "And please help grandma not to talk so much when the pies got burned." Boston Traveler.