

By that alabaster brow;
 By that hand as white as snow;
 By that proud, angelic form;
 By that rounded, classic arm;
 By those raven locks of hair;
 By those vermeil lips, I swear
 By the ocean; by the air;
 By the lightning and the thunder;
 By all things on earth and under;
 By the electric telegraph;
 By my future better half;
 By our vespers and our dreams;
 By our *matins* and *Te Deums*;
 By young Cupid and by my muse,
 By whatever else you choose.
 Yes, I swear by all creation
 And this endless "Yankee Nation,"
 I love you like tar-
 na-
 tion.

THAT CLEVER MERCHANT.

A merchant had
 A little ad
 Which well performed its mission,
 And as an aid
 To ready trade
 It proved a great +
 For buyers went,
 On bargains bent
 (Much to his satisfaction),
 And from his store
 Of goods galore
 Performed a great —
 They came and went,
 On trade intent
 (Still to his gratification),
 Until his till
 By coin and bill
 Showed rapid ×.
 Now, tradesmen all,
 Both great and small,
 With no more indecision
 Just advertise
 And win the prize,
 Large profits for +.

—*American Traveler.*