

A bloomer girl, a new woman spright,
With cap and ribbons of blue and white,

On her wheel sitting gracefully astride
Down the dusty lane did ride.

She alighted nimbly, in manner coy,
And started forth to greet the boy,

And ask a drink from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

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He stooped where the cool spring bubbled up
And filled for her, his small tin cup.

And Mark forgot his unpatched pants
And his graceful ankles looking askance,

And listened while a pleased surprise
Looked from his long-lashed, hazel eyes.

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"Thanks," quoth the maid, as to the brim
Bright as the eyes that smiled on him

She touched her lips, so ruby red,
With words unspoken yet gaily said.

She rattled on, she was sated,
Until the youth was captivated.

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And now, dear reader, there comes along
Another change—another song,

And of all sad fads of men or of maids
This is the saddest for many decades.

With these "rages" and these "passions,"
And these fads and changing fashions,

What excuse have I to-day
For the continuation of this parody?

"THE WIND."

The wind is a bachelor,
Merry and free,
He roves at his pleasure
O'er land and o'er sea;
He ruffles the lake,
And he kisses the flowers,
And he sleeps when he lists
In a jas'mine bower.

He gives to the cheek
Of the maiden its bloom (?)