

'Twas a foolish little love-song,
 And she listened with a smile;
 But that evening in the twilight,
 Saying good-by at the stile,
 When some one said he loved her,
 Pleading earnestly and low—
 "Yes," she answered to his question,
 Though she meant to tell him "no."

—*Traveler's Record.*

Under an ancient elm she stood,
 A fairy form in grey—
 Her eyes were bright as the stars at night
 As she merrily trilled a lay.
 I stood in the shadow and watched her face,
 It was eerie and passing fair,
 As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
 On the waves of the evening air.
 I was stirred to the depths of my very soul—
 Ne'er heard I a voice like that,
 And I threw all I owned at her very feet
 For she was my neighbor's cat.—*Ex.*

THE LAST STRAW.

These are the letters she sent me—
 Sad little spendthrift of ink!—
 Vowing her love, to content me,
 Fifty times over—on pink.
 These are my foolish old letters—
 All that I wrote her—returned,
 Shackled in dainty silk fetters,
 Captives condemned to be burned.
 Pleas for forgiveness or pity,
 Questions, and tender replies.
 Missives inclined to be witty,
 Dozens—and none of them wise.—*Ex.*

THE OLD GAME.

Love fifteen, thirty, forty, game,
 The balls fall languidly into the net.
 Fifteen, thirty, forty love, game—
 (Will it be a love set?)
 The oars are idle, the boat drifts slow
 Where the dappled shadows come and go;
 He looks at her and she at him
 'Till the star lamps kindle far and dim.