

I'd send myself by A. D. T.  
 To-day to your address,  
 And on my petals you, maybe,  
 A long, sweet kiss would press.

I'd pause a moment so, and then  
 Disguise I would resign;  
 I'd change me to myself again  
 And catch your lips on mine!

—*Truth.*

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DISAPPOINTMENT.

My love and I went out to walk  
 All in the bright sunshine.  
 The day was cold. Her little hands  
 Were tightly clasped in—her muff.

I begged one token of her love  
 Which should fulfill my bliss.  
 She said she had no token, but  
 She did give me a—smile.

I pressed more closely to her side,  
 "I love you as my life,  
 I prithee be my Valentine."  
 She said she'd be my—friend.

—*Exchange.*

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SLEIGHING.

I love to hear the sleighbells' tune  
 Ring out in icy air—  
 That is, when at my side there sits  
 A dainty maiden fair.  
 The frostier the wintry wind  
 The better 'tis for me,  
 For closer to my sheltering side  
 She nestles tenderly.

But sweeter than the moonlit road  
 O'er which we lightly skim  
 It is to play we're sleighing still  
 In the back parlor dim,  
 When on the sofa quite as close  
 Both snuggle up for fun,  
 And I devote two hands to her  
 Instead of only one.

—*Exchange.*

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THE bald-headed man in his family pew  
 Leaned back on the cushions and slumbered;  
 And he dreamed that the preacher these words  
 had proclaimed:  
 "The hairs of your head are all numbered."