

If there's anything worres a woman
 It's something she ought not to know;
 But you bet she'll find it out anyhow,
 If she gets the least kind of a show.
 Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
 This poem she's already read—
 We knew she'd get it somehow,
 If she had to stand on her head.

—*Exchange.*

We don't want to buy your dry goods,
 We don't like you any more;
 You'll be sorry when you see us
 Going to some other store.
 You can't sell us any shirt waists,
 Four-in-hands, or other fads;
 We don't want to buy your dry goods,
 If you won't give us your ads.

—*Exchange.*

A DAY.

A rosy flushing in the east,
 A breath, a lark, a song at least;
 A little mist, a dewy lawn,
 A gush of light, and lo,—the dawn.

A bluer sky, a look of love,
 The sun, a golden disc, above;
 A whiff of life, a romp in June,
 A little laugh, and it is noon.

A waning glimmer in the west,
 A whip-poor-will, a thought of rest;
 A smile, a tear, a tender light,
 A kiss, my dear, and then—the night.

—*Exchange.*

A PLAINT.

It is not fair that I should be
 A thousand years too late,
 For now I'm forced to lose the chance
 To be esteemed great.

I cannot now receive the fame
 To which my soul doth soar
 For all the thoughts I now create
 Have been expressed before.

—*Exchange.*