

HAD TO SPRINT.

He picked the bonnet up in haste,
 Knowing he had no time to waste,
 And ran from store to home—a mile—
 For fear it would go out of style.

—*Exchange.*

TRIOLET.

Love stands at the door—
 Why will he not enter?
 As often before,
 Love stands at the door.
 Must he be evermore
 'The old stubborn dissenter?
 Love stands at the door—
 Why will he not enter?

—*Exchange.*

“HALF an hour of napping,
 Half an hour of fun,
 Three and twenty hours of work
 And then the day is done.”

—*Exchange.*

FROM out the thicket a bird-voice rang,
 “Good-by, Winter,
 Good-by, good-by!”
 So hopeful and clear was the song it sang
 That the low grass fluttered its few green spears,
 And the budding maple forgot its fears,
 And the timid wind breathed a low reply,
 “Good-by, Winter,
 Good-by!”

—*Exchange.*

ALL he said was dog-gone
 At the end of his dinner.
 As he rose very wan,
 All he said was dog-gone.
 It was sausage for one
 He had ordered, poor sinner,
 And he murmured dog-gone
 At the end of his dinner.

—*Exchange.*

WE were seated in a hammock
 On a balmy night in June,
 When the world was hushed in slumber
 'Neath the guardiance of the moon.