

The balls have hidden behind a bush,
 The vagrant breezes quiver the net,
 In the apple trees' shade where the grass is long,
 They have played the love set.—*Ex.*

A nymph there was in Arcadie
 Who owned a crystal spring;
 And there she'd wash, sans mackintosh,
 B'gosh, or anything.

A youth there was in Arcadie
 Who hunted o'er the brooks;
 He would not tote no overcoat,
 But traveled on his looks.

Though ancient Greece had no police
 The gods did as they'd order;
 To put them quite from the mortal's sight!
 They turned them into water.—*Ex.*

THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.

The time has come and we must part,
 The tear drop dims mine eye;
 How oft I've clasped thee to my heart
 With joy in days gone by.

When first I saw thee, I was sure
 Thou cam'st to me to stay,
 But nothing mundane doth endure,
 All things must pass away.

How oft in days forever past,
 My form thou hast embraced!
 Another takes thy place at last
 And clasps me round the waist.

But such is life—we meet to part,
 In midst of change we dwell,
 Another clasps to-day my heart,
 Old corset, fare the well.—*Ex.*

MAN AND HIS SHOES.

How much a man is like his shoes!
 For instance, both a soul may lose;
 Both have been tanned, both are made tight
 By cobblers; both get left and right.
 Both need a mate to be complete;
 And both are made to go on feet.
 They both need heeling, oft are sold,
 And both in time will turn to mould.
 With shoes the last is first; with man