

Last July.

SHE'S barely twenty, and her eyes
Are very soft and very blue;
Her lips seem made for sweet replies,—
Perhaps they're made for kisses, too;
Her little teeth are white as pearl,
Her nose aspires to the sky.
She really is a charming girl,
And I adored her—last July.

We danced and swam and bowled and walked;
She let me squeeze her finger-tips;
Entranced I listened when she talked,
And trash seemed wisdom from her lips.
I sent her roses till my purse
Was drained, I found, completely dry;
I longed to sing her charms in verse —
But all of this was last July.

Of course at last we had to part;
I saw a tear-drop on her cheek;
I left her with an aching heart,
And dreamt about her for a week.
But out of sight is out of mind,
And somehow, as the time went by,
Much fainter I began to find
The memory of last July.

July has come again at last;
With summer gowns the rocks are gay;
It seemed an echo of the past
To meet her on the beach to-day.
She's even fairer than of yore,
And yet, I could not tell you why,
I find the girl an awful bore —
So long it is since last July.

Sophie St. G. Lawrence.

To a Weak-voiced Actor.

THAT you were selected the ghost to enact
Was truly a very appropriate choice:
Who better can mimic the voice of a ghost,
Than one who possesses the ghost of a voice?

Ben Wood Davis.

A Genoese Love-song.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF C. G. CASANORA.

I'VE told you many times, O Rosalia!
That you're my life, my love, my rose of May;
But, deaf to all my prayers, you idly hear,
Then with a little laugh you skip away!

'Tis not a world I ask for, Rosalia,
No! only just a look — a word — a kiss:
One little kiss! — 'twould cost you nothing, dear;
Your sweet mouth keeps too many one to miss.

Only just one! — and then 'twill all be over;
I'll go and die! — I shall not care for life:
At least — unless you'll let me be your lover,
And marry me, and be my little wife!

Alice K. Sawyer.

Marjorie's Kisses.

MARJORIE laughs and climbs on my knee,
And I kiss her, and she kisses me.
I kiss her, but I don't much care,
Because, although she is charming and fair,
Marjorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
When, if I tell her of this little scene,
She will smile and prettily blush, and then
I shall long in vain to kiss her again,
When Marjorie's seventeen.

Walter Learned.

At an Apple-stand.

WHAT I SAID.

Hi, boy! I've come to get some more —
Those apples that I had before —
Yes, these, my little shaver.
One bite brings back my boyhood; I'm
Transported to a by-gone time
By their familiar flavor.

Alas! since from a neighbor's trees
I plucked exactly such as these,
With cheeks to crimson shaded,
And taste like this — a pleasant tart —
And sound and perfect to the heart,
Full twenty years have faded.

How often, on the way to school,
I took the path above the pool
Beneath that fruity shadow,
Through which the sun of summer bright
Cast down a dappled net of light
Upon the emerald meadow!

And how that leafy covert rang
When all the feathered minstrels sang!
The twitter of the linnet,
The merry robin's gurgling gush,
The bluebird, bobolink, and thrush, —
I hear them all this minute.

And there sweet Kitty Ransom came
With eyes of blue and cheeks a-flame,
As home from school she wended,
As nimble-footed as a fawn, —
A fleck of light upon the lawn,
Of grace and goodness blended.

I clasped her trembling finger-tips
One morn, and kissed her glowing lips,
And pledged my love to Kitty; —
But twenty years have fled since then —
And that was Kennebunk in Maine,
And this is New York City.

WHAT THE BOY SAID.

Say! I was borned in Kennebunk,
And 'fore she married Jacob Munk
My ma was Kitty Ransom!
These is the fruit yer talkin' 'bout!
Now, Mister, hev a peck? Shell out!
You'd ought to come down han'some.

W. A. Croffut.



“DAFFODILS, THAT COME BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES.”

(“A GLANCE AT BRITISH WILD FLOWERS.”)

The Winter's Tale.