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.

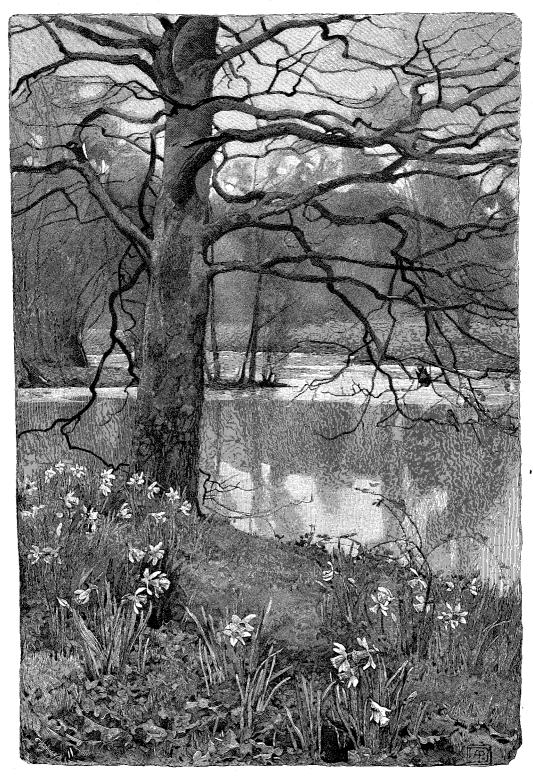
I clasped her trembling finger-tips One morn, and kissed her glowing lips, And pledged my love to Kitty; – But twenty years have fled since then – And that was Kennebunk in Maine, And this is New York City.

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.

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"DAFFODILS, THAT COME BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES." ("A GLANCE AT BRITISH WILD FLOWERS.")

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