

Here by My Fire.

HERE by my fire, which cracks and glows,
 Idly I sit, while fleecy snows
 Are lying on the earth's cold breast,
 And muse on all that I love best,
 Forgetful of my wants and woes.

Soft-footed Sleep a touch bestows,
 And weary eyelids part way close,
 And fitfully I wake and rest
 Here by my fire.

The flames are full of friends and foes;—
 The mute procession comes and goes,
 Led by a form divinely dressed:
 Of her I dream. This girlish guest
 May share my seat some time—who knows?—
 Here by my fire.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Hen on her Eggs.

AH! ah! this time I've got, I think, just five,
 White as the moon upon an August night.
 I long to see the contents well alive,
 For those chicks, still unborn, are my delight.

My eldest egg—now let me pause and see:
 He'll be a valiant rooster-bird, of course,
 Having the grace of the aillant tree,
 A linnet's voice, the brute strength of a horse.

My second, I must very fondly dream,
 Will be a *poule de lettres*, and very wise;
 She in linguistics will be held supreme,
 And she will learn the idiom of the flies.

That third, delicious, speckled egg of mine
 Will bring me forth the handsomest of males,
 With military genius, I opine—
 A fowl the foe of garden slugs and snails.

That other there—that dotted little dear—
 Will cause my poor maternal mind regret;
 For she will be, I positively fear,
 The wayward Cleopatra of my set.

But, ah! the one that has a beauty mark
 Right on the top, from Duty ne'er will quail;
 She, Christian-like, will suffer in the dark
 And be the chickens' Florence Nightingale.

So saying, the hen clucked loudly in her joy,
 And waved her wings upon the unhatched eggs;
 But then appeared a stalwart poultry-boy,
 With squinting eyes and odious crooked legs!

He seized her offspring right before her eyes,
 Took the three best, the ones she prized the most,
 And, to the mother's infinite surprise,
 Vanished around the corner like a ghost!

And, while she hurried after him to say,
 "Spare, spare my children, and be ever blest!"
 A weasel, who had seen no food that day,
 Happened to tramp along, and sucked the rest.

Cupid Jones.

Bessie Brown, M. D.

'Twas April when she came to town;
 The birds had come, the bees were swarming.
 Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown:
 I saw at once that she was charming.
 She took a cottage tinted green,
 Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
 And on the door, next day, was seen
 A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
 Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
 The violet eyes that glowed beneath
 Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
 The beauties of her glove and gown
 The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
 Ere she had been a day in town
 The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
 And swore they never saw such wee things;
 The gossips met in purring bands
 And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
 The former drank the Doctor's health
 With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
 The latter watched her door by stealth,
 Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way
 Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
 And drove her buggy every day
 Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
 Her flower-like face so bright she bore,
 I hoped that time might never wilt her.
 The way she tripped across the floor
 Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
 Her snowy slate was always quite full.
 Some said her bitters tasted sweet;
 And some pronounced her pills delightful.
 'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—
 She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
 Where'er she came, where'er she went,
 Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I too grew ill;
 My aching heart there was no quelling.
 I tremble at my doctor's bill,—
 And lo! the items still are swelling.
 The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear!
 They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
 And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
 Unless—I wed the Doctor!

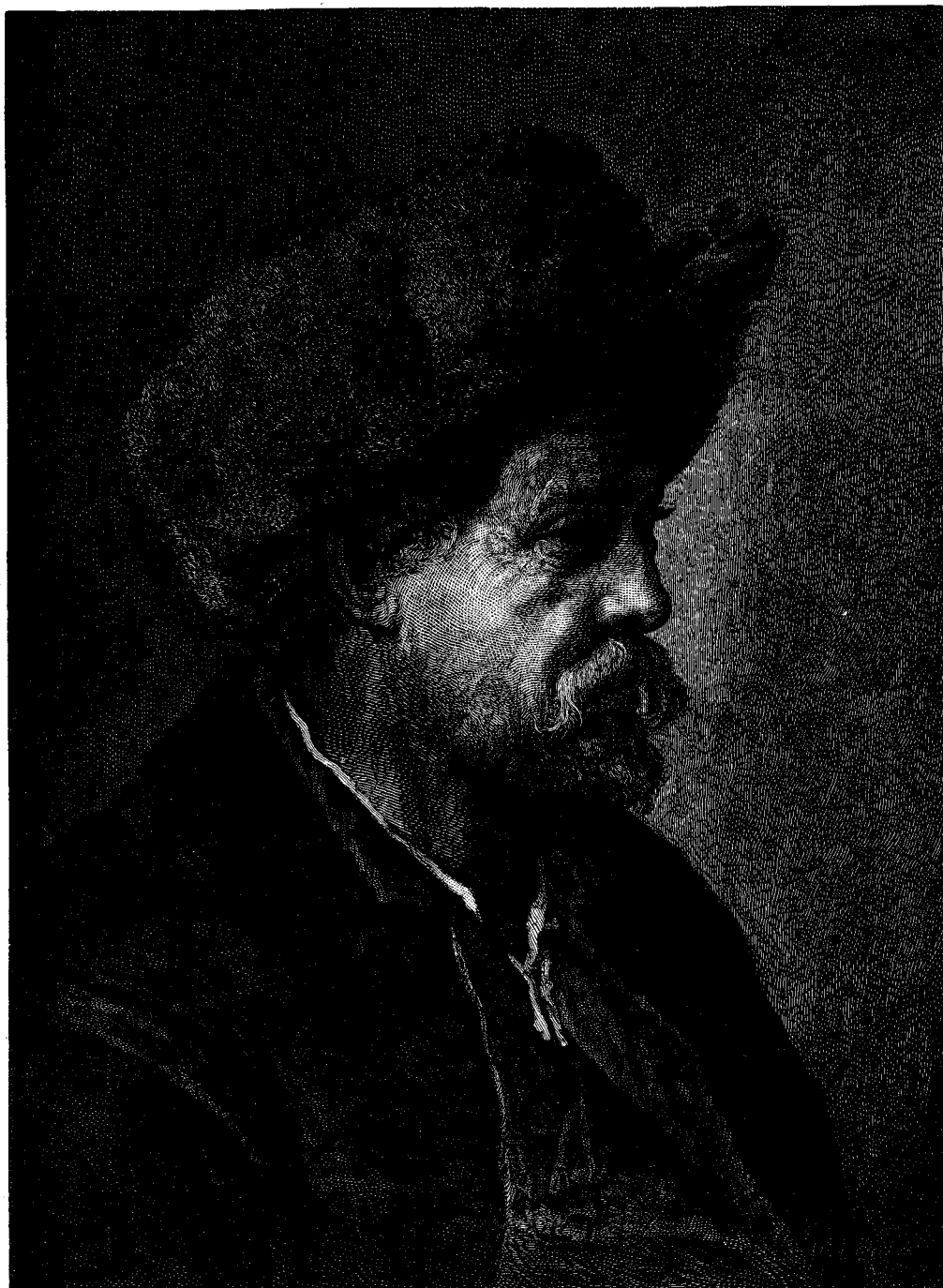
Samuel Minturn Peck.

The Half-ring Moon.

OVER the sea, over the sea,
 My love he is gone to a far countree;
 But he brake a golden ring with me,
 The pledge of his faith to be.

Over the sea, over the sea,
 He comes no more from the far countree;
 But at night, where the new moon loved to be,
 Hangs the half of a ring for me.

John B. Tabb.



HEAD OF A MAN, BY L. BAKHUIZEN.

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