

Miranda.

THEY had "a small and early" at "The Elms" across
the way,
Where the season's budding beauties blushed in sum-
mer-time array;
A galaxy of loveliness rose beaming on the view,
And only tresses harbored gloom, and only eyes were
blue;
But in all that starry gathering the fairest spot to me
Was where the sweet Miranda poured the coffee and
the tea.

Oh, her face was like the lily when the sunshine follows
shower,
And the men around her hovered like the bees around
a flower.
How they hungered for her glances when her lids
were lifted up!
If she smiled on one 't was sweeter than the sugar in
his cup;
And her little trills of laughter seemed celestial melody
To the swains who watched Miranda pour the coffee
and the tea.

Skilful sculptor never molded who could reproduce the
turn
Of the arm of sweet Miranda as she tips the steaming
urn.
Yellow blooms will be the fashion when the news is
spread abroad:
Each gallant of the country-side will woo the jealous
god;
For before the season 's over, tête-à-tête, for happy me,
Will Miranda's dainty fingers pour the coffee and the
tea.

Clinton Scollard.

Aphorisms.

WHEN the Creator wishes a vehicle for his thought,
he makes an artist.

A sane speech dropped into a heated discussion acts
chemically—it precipitates the sediment.

The only really popular thing is mediocrity.

Self-love cures its own wounds.

To know oneself, one must get an outsider's view
of it.

It is entirely possible to love a small person largely;
the thing is subjective, not objective.

Charity begins at home, but vanity heads subscrip-
tion lists.

Travel may make an insular man at least—peninsular.

It is of no use for my friend to protest he loves me if
he refuses to share my cakes and ale.

Constancy is not an obligation which I have in-
curred: it is the need of my own soul.

I have known an explosion to follow the dropping
of an idea into an empty head.

Some people join a church in the same way that they
take out an insurance against fire—and for the same
reason.

Dorothea Lummis.

The Widdy McGee.

SAYS I t' meself, ez Sunday kim in,
A-courtin' th' widdy I now will begin;
'T is Sunday, an' sure 't is good luck t' set in,
Though 't is always good luck t' court Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself— but the day it went by,
A-courtin' the widdy I niver went nigh.
A mavis at morning sang merrily by;
Sure, 't was bad luck it meant t' court Widdy McGee.

Says I t' meself, ez Monday kim in,
A-courtin' th' widdy I 'll now thry ag'in;
There 's time enough yit, for good luck t' set in,
An' good luck is waitin' for Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself— but I got a bad fright,
Th' torch o' th' waxwing I saw wid its light;
An' I swore by th' saints at th' ill-omened sight,
O 't was bad luck it meant t' court Widdy McGee.

Says I t' meself, ez Tuesday kim in,
A-courtin' th' widdy it may be 't is sin,
But there 's luck in odd numbers, I 'll thry it ag'in;
A man is a fool to fear Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself— but a starling flew past,
Away in th' sky a-skurrying fast;
Sure, th' witches were nigh, an' they 'd have me at last,
Says I, I don't dare t' court Widdy McGee.

Says I t' meself, ez Wednesday kim in,
Ez three times is out, now good luck will begin;
I 'm niver afeared t' thry it ag'in;
She 'll charm away witches, swate Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself— an' close by on a tree,
An ol' crow; an' faix he kept lookin' at me.
Th' divil was in it; 't was plain ye could see
I 'd niver go courtin' that Widdy McGee.

Says I t' meself, ez Thursday kim in,
Th' time it is flyin', an' if I would win
Th' Widdy McGee, I must haste t' begin.
Th' divil take luck, when wid Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself— but what should I see
But a magpie, ez evil a bird ez can be!
Was it somebody else, or sure was it me,
Or worse than all else, was it Widdy McGee?

Says I t' meself, ez Friday kim in,
'T is an unlucky day, I don't dare t' begin
A-courtin' the widdy, lest worse luck set in;
There 's a year and a day t' win Widdy McGee:
Says I t' meself— an' the sedge-warbler sang,
An' all o'er the meadow it merrily rang,
Wid its note o' good luck I hurried along,
But nowhere could find that Widdy McGee.

Says I ez the Saturday morning kim in,
Ez she comes from confession I 'll courtin' begin,
An' divil a bit do I care if 't is sin,
Nor for all o' the luck on land or on sea:
Says I t' meself— oh, how shall I tell,
O' the luck that badly on that day befell?
I wish I was hung an' dhrowned in a well,
For another, that day, wed Widdy McGee!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

"Look in Thy Heart."

THE Poet says, Look in thy heart and write!
But thou, demand what is that heart of thine—
The home of rancor, grief, unrest, and spite,
Or filled with love of man and dreams divine?

Titus Munson Coan.