

We're getting very tired of the silly things men say about the "good old moon," and her highest point of nonsense may have fairly overtopped.

And so we girls—decide that it is really time they stopped!

Our dear old grandmas—bless them!—never mean to let astray.

Young Ned or Tom, when, with a loving smile at us, they say:

"Ah, but the girls are different from what they used to be!"

But we girls have forgotten all the fun they had, see?

They remember all the spinning, but the dancing they forgot;

They can recollect the baking—not the way they used to feel.

What the girls used to stay at home sometimes to dust the parlor clean,

When lots of other girls and boys were "dancing on the green."

Why, they sit down and spin from morning until night;

With so much big machinery do you think it would be right?

And the girls can make good pies, and fancy dishes, too,

And just as well, we'll wager, as the old ones used to do!

But for an instant we'll assume the girls were better than.

Were more sedate, industrious—but how about the next?

With our grandpa just too nice when sometimes he will say,

"Oh, girls, the boys are not to be found in olden times."

But, seriously, we should think that olden times would know.

That times are very different from fifty years ago.

"The girls" must follow with the world, which surely has advanced.

One day grandma forgot and we were perfectly entranced.

When she said that she was noted once for a light she danced.

### The Bald-Headed Tyrant.

Oh! the quiet home on earth had I;  
Like a dream, now, the day flew by,  
And Peace had folded her pinions there;

But the bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land,

the deepest came in the dead of night.

And no one ventured to tell him why;

Like slaves we trembled before his might,

And our hearts stood still when we heard him cry.

For never a soul could power withstand,

That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—

Though never a word could his small lips

With his toothless grin and his vacant stare,

With his helpless hands so soft and weak,

"Go up, then, bald-headed head from No-man's-land."

But his sliced slaves they turned on me;

Like the bear in Scripture they'd rend me.

The wife who worshipped with bended knee;

Her bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every thing,

For peace had died from my dwelling now;

Till I finally thought of old Father Time,

And the old man I made my bow,

"With this hand—head from No-man's-land."

This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,

And a smile came over his features grin;

"I'll be back to-morrow, the tyrant will die."

Watch where you go, for he'll be to him;

The veriest humbug that ever was planned

Is the same bald-headed head from No-man's-land?"

Mary E. Fandye.

### Earth's Fleety Mantle.

The beautiful snow comes fluttering down,

And lovely heathes on country and town.

I watch, & my window its festoon'd,

And see 'tis always out its soft, feely pall.

Tossed lightly, and whirled by the frolicsome wind,

These star-shaped flakes their resting place find.

Heaped softly together they hide all the ground,

And cover the earth in a white shining mound.

The storm in its fury I watch all the day,

Till night comes at last and the clouds break away.

Then I take the snow-shovel and out doors I go,

To cut out a path through the beautiful snow,

"Light!" "Fleety!" Who said so? Says to his face,

That for once in his life he was 'way off his base;

My back aches before I have hardly begun;

"Light!" "Fleety!" Each shovelful weighs a billion ton.

—Mary E. Fandye.

THE CHOICE OF THREE.

### A NOVEL.

"Ah!" interposed Jeremy, "that shot was a credit to you. I didn't think you could have done it."

"I don't exactly tell you what; there is an awful thing to tell a man like that, when he sees his face as he fell at night in my sleeve."

"I was merely looking at it as a shot," replied Jeremy innocently; "and considered as a shot at twenty paces and under trying circumstances, it was a credit to you."

"And then, you see, Jeremy, there was another thing you know about—about Eva. Well, I wrote to her, and she has never answered my letter, unless," with a gleam of hope, "you have brought an answer."

Jeremy shook his aching head.

"Ah, no such luck. Well, it put me off, and that's the fact. Since she has chicked up, I don't care whether she is right; I dare say that I am not worth her trouble. She can do much better elsewhere."

Ernest groaned and realized that his head was very bad indeed; but there it is. "I hadn't the heart to write any more letters, and I was too proud to write again to her. Confound her! let her go. I am not going to grovel at a woman under heaven, no, not even to her!" and he kicked the bedclothes viciously.

"I have not learned much Zula, yet," replied Jeremy sentimentally; "but I know two words—"hamza gache" go softly."

"Well, what of them?" said Ernest, testily.

"I'm afraid I am odd, 'take it easy,' or 'look before you leap'—I never jump to conclusions, or 'don't be in a confounded hurry,' very fine mottoes, I think."

"Of course they do—but what have they got to do with Eva?"

"Well, just this. I said I had got my letter. I never said."

"What?" shouted Ernest.

"I'm afraid I am odd," replied Jeremy, the imperturbable going at Ernest out of his blackened eyes. "I never said that I had not got a message."

Ernest sprang clean out of the little trundle bed, shaking with excitement.

"What is it, man?"

"Just this. She told me to tell you that she loves you dearly."

Sleeky Eva lay down on the bed and, throwing a blanket over his head and shoulders, remarked in a tone befitting a sheeted ghost:

"Did she? Why couldn't you say so before?"

Then he got up again and commenced with a blanket all up and down the little room, with a good deal of knocking over the water-jug in his excitement.

"Hamza gache," again remarked Jeremy, rising and picking up the water jug. "How are we going to get more water?"

And he did, including the story of Mr. Plowman's shaking, at which Ernest descended.

"I wish I had been there to kick him!"

he remarked parenthetically.

"I did that. I kicked him hard," put in Jeremy; at which Ernest chuckled again.

"I can't make it all out," said Ernest at length, "but I will go home at once."

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It is a wide wing; who lifted Cetawayo out of the dirt, and can put him back in the dirt again? Abuse yourselves, you low people, doctor yourselves with medicine, lest his fierce eyes should burn you up. "Oh, hark! the sound, the thought of killing the Chango! oh! be my oh, be my oh! oh! oh! in your knees. He is here, the elephant, the lion, the fierce one, the patient one, the strong one. See, he deigns to talk to little children; he teaches them wisdom; he gives them light like the sun—he is the sun—he is t'Somptson."

"Sick, eh?" growled Mr. Bowser as he entered the bed-room.

"Got a headache."

"That's always the way of it! I wish I could remember one single well-day which was over your head since we were married."

"I am always well."

"Oh, you are! Well, I must be blind to have discovered the fact! I wan'd you to go to the theatre to-night."

"I—I guess I can go."

"Well, I guess you can't." Mrs. Bowser, it does seem queer that whenever I have seen the entertainment mapped out over you invariably hast a headache, palpitation of the heart, torpid liver or some other ailment. It must be the grossest carelessness on your part. Have you had a doctor to-day?"

"Why, no!"

"Well, we'll have one! I'm going to know what ails you, if I have to call half the doctors in town!" I want to know that I've married a woman or a bundle of drugs."

"You may be ill some day, Mr. Bowser."

"Bosh! I've got the strength of mind to throw off even a case of smallpox. The Bowser family never made fools of themselves being upset at every change of the weather."

"I am up this morning, Mr. Bowser."

"I am delighted to see you."

I heard that you were gone on a hunting trip. Given up work and taken to hunting?"

"I—I should like to do the same. If I could have found you when I came up here, I should have been tempted to ask you to come with us."

"I—I am up earlier than usual. His face was very pale, his teeth chattered, and I saw at once that he had a chill. He had been looking yellow around the eyes for three or four days, and it was evident that he had been ill for a week or more."

"At first Mr. Alston introduced Ernest and Jeremy. The Special Commissioner shrank from shaking hands with them."

"I have heard of you," he said to Jeremy,

"Oh, phaw! Just exercise your will-power and throw it off."

"Mrs. Bowser, I want you to telephone for a doctor—two—three doctors, without delay!"

"I'm an awful sick man, without money!"

"Poor Mr. Bowser, I had all arrangements made to call a doctor to him to-morrow side-by-side, and to have a protracted cure party here-to-night. It seems funny that you should fall sick and spoil all my pleasure!"

"All right—go ahead and abuse me all you want to; when I am under the sod you'll be the last to know of it."

"I—I am up this morning, Mr. Bowser," he said, "but I am delighted to see you."

"I—I stop all the clamor in the house at his request."

"I drive all the boys out of the neighborhood to soothe Mr. Bowser's nerves."

"I shut the dog in the barn and drive the car through."

"I make a list of his doctors and creditors, and look up the insurance papers."

At noon Mr. Bowser resolved to get out of bed, and the amount of dinner he ate was positively astonishing. After dinner he put on his slippers and dressing gown and went to bed.

"Mrs. Bowser, do you suppose a cigar would hurt me?"

"Cooch!"