

## TAKING A KISS—WITH THE CAMERA.



**T**IME: a flickering day in June,  
 More shadows than sun in the sky;  
 Place: a grove of oaks and beeches;  
 My love, Miss Prue, tall, fair and shy,  
 Whom, alas, I had woo'd in vain  
 For months of equal love and pain—  
 Ful doubt;  
 Myself: an amateur photographer.

Here, notwithstanding poet and weather,  
 Were "the time and the place,  
 And the loved one together,"  
 Though, in truth, she loved me,  
 Nor better, nor worse than any other.

"Bother them both," I mentally say,  
 As Robin and baby stray our way;  
 For this was the day I'd come from town,  
 In order to take my loved one down—  
 On paper.

"Ah! Mr. G.," she cried with glee,  
 "Now take us at once, and take us all three,  
 Robin—and baby—and me!  
 Ah! her arms about her brother's neck,  
 The darling little witch!  
 She's going to kiss him—  
 But can you take a kiss?"

"Oh, heavens!" (to myself) "at last 'tis come to this;  
 I've taken earth and air and sky and sea,  
 But ne'er before such hope of bliss.  
 Nay, dear Miss Prue, about that kiss—  
 'Tis not *can* I take it,  
 But, darling (I whisper it), may I?"

A. A. P.