



A MISHAP.

I THOUGHT it was Kate; how came you here, Nell?
 And how could I wait?
 I thought it was Kate.
 The moonlight is faulty. I hope you won't tell?
 I really am sorry; pray, pardon me, Nell.
 Don't berate.

I thought it was Kate; you're sure you won't tell?
 Then, this is for you,
 And this, and this, too.
Let the moonlight be faulty. Quite sure you won't tell?
 Great Heavens! Am I wrong! Isn't it Nell?
 It was Kate!

P. S.—And since this mishap the two have not spoken.
 'Twas announced the next day the engagement was broken.

A. A. G.



A TENNIS MATCH.

AT thirty-love we stopped to rest,
 I and a maiden golden tressed;
 For tennis, on a summer's day,
 Although on shady lawn you play,
 Is not of sports the easiest.

The breeze her pretty locks caressed;
 We laughed and talked. Who could have guessed
 That score forever was to stay
 At thirty-love?

Yet so it was. O, courage blest!
 With youthful eloquence I pressed
 My suit, and won you, and to-day,
 After ten years have passed, I say,
 Of all I have you're still the best
 At thirty, love.

W. S.