

THE COURIER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 1

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1902.

ESTABLISHED IN 1886

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE



She stands beneath the mistletoe,
With a merry twinkle in her eye;
Her cheeks with rosy red aglow;
Her laughing lips they seem to throw
A saucy challenge—does she know
She stands beneath the mistletoe?

She stands beneath the mistletoe,
My lady in white with face so fair.
The flickering fire-light breaks the gloom
With shadows wavering round the room;
So the very darkness bids me go
And kiss her 'neath the mistletoe.

She stood beneath the mistletoe
'Till I, the future heeding not,
My bashfulness and fears forgot—
And then learned, what I can't disown,
That I had kissed the chaperone
Beneath the mistletoe.

—VIRGINIA L. THORNTON.