

A SONG TO THE CLOVER.

"O bonnie, sweet clover!
O pretty, red clover!
Why bow with a veil
Of the grass falling over?
The zephyrs come singing,
My message they're bringing."

Over and over,
Over and over
The summer wind sang this song to the clover.

"O listen, sweet clover!
Be waiting, red clover!
Look up to the sky
At the clouds floating over
And answer my greeting,
So soft and so fleeting."

"O bonnie, sweet clover!
O bending, red clover!
You sway to and fro
As my breath passes over,
To tell you the story
Of summer's fair glory."

"O heedless, sweet clover!
O hear me, red clover!
No grace is like thine
In all the world over.
I hover above thee
To whisper, 'I love thee.'"

The beautiful clover,
The thoughtful red clover
Cared not for the wind,
That fickle, wild rover.
She blushed at his sighing
But gave no replying.
Still, over and over,
Over and over

The summer wind sang its song to the clover.

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

THE SAND MEN OF CUDDLEDOWNTOWN.

Cuddledowntown is near Cradleville,
Where the Sand Men pitch their tents;
In Drowsyland,
You understand,
In the State of Innocence:
'Tis right by the source of the River of Life
Which the Grandma Storks watch over,
While Honey-bug bees,
'Neath Funny-big trees,
Croon Lullabys in sweet clover.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledowntown,
For its people are all sleepers;
And never a one,
From dark till dawn,
Has ever a use for peepers.
They harness gold butterflies to Sunbeams—
Play horse with them, a-screaming,
While never a mite,
Throughout the night,
E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.

In Cuddledowntown there are Choo-choo cars
In all of the beautiful streets;
And round bald heads
And curly heads
Are the engineers one meets:
From Piggybacktown to Pattycakeville
The cars run, hissing, screeching,
While wonderful toys,
For girls and boys,
Can always be had by reaching.

O, Cuddledowntown is a Village of Dreams
Where little tired legs find rest;
'Tis in God's hand—
'Tis Holy Land—
Not far from mother's breast,
And many a weary, grown-up man,
With sad soul, heavy, aching,
Could he lie down
In this sweet town,
Might keep his heart from breaking.

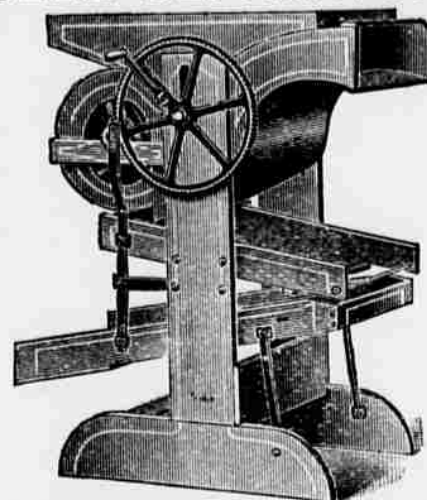
—JOE KERR in Collier's Weekly.

J. Sterling Morton, President Cleveland's secretary of agriculture, the originator or father of Arbor Day in Nebraska, and an American who loves his country, is making a decided success of his weekly paper, THE CONSERVATIVE, published at Nebraska City. It is a 16-page journal, devoted, as the announcement tells, "to the discussion of political, economic, and sociological questions." In the discussion of these problems THE CONSERVATIVE is what its name implies, but at the same time it is bold, honest and able. The circulation has nearly reached the 6,000 mark, and The Davenport Democrat would be glad to see it mount up to 60,000.—Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.

REPARTEE.

People are unkind to Mr. Richard Harding Davis. It is said that he was lately introduced to "Mr. Dooley," and being in an affable mood, greeted him merrily, saying that he had expected to find billy-goat whiskers on him, and that the Chicago sage replied that he had expected to find Mr. Davis in a shirt-waist.

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