

24 *Illustrated Stories*

Olive Wood and Myrtle Green—  
They're your girls, none better.  
Sweetie, where anywhere.

Arthur Brown loved Olive Wood,  
though her beautiful looks  
had never been his forte.  
But Olive loved not Arthur Brown.

Henry Jones loved Myrtle Green.  
Called her "beauty's peerless queen,"  
Wooded her in his smallest bones.  
But Myrtle did not Henry Jones.

She'd tell all, though she's a bit  
of a fool. Arthur Brown, though  
For his favor, would have given  
Earth and risked the chance of heaven.

And Arthur? He forthwith  
fell in love with Myrtle Green.  
Myrtle, though she's a bit  
of a fool, she had freckles on her nose.

Many was different.  
"Love is sickly sentiment."  
She said, but added once or twice,  
"That Arthur Brown is a real man."

Strange powerfully of fate,  
That Arthur Brown and Olive Wood  
Were through inamitable agree.  
In chemical affinity.

Henry, Olive, Myrtle, Mary,  
Pride, pain, and life's great gallies;  
Artificial, the Congressional Globe and Gild.  
A sudden dreary bel.

Young Ware, for having loved too well,  
Now on the Sunday Tragedy stage.

For the last time, the last grand  
BROWNS, etc.

He bent down, as he had resolved to do, simply to be of service to "de Squire's folks."

He confided to the cook the summing up of his conclusions.

"I've nobly lost my wife, Carlene, da  
I can't get along without her, and I  
never will again. Most time some-  
times forgot that ought to be forgotten, or  
somehow turns up that makes me miss  
or do Squire say, 'Bliss us, isn't it fo-  
tunate, 200 years old?' etc. etc. etc. etc.

Yo' mind, Carlene, somehow, I'll say, Yo'

yo' mind, Carlene, something to say, Yo'