

THE COUNTRY LASS.
Although I am a country lass,
A lofy mind I bear;
I think my ways are good as those
With which you appear to wear.
My dress is made of homely gray,
For I am poor, and have no money;
As those who use choice perfumes
Do scent their garments off.

At times I keep my father's sheep,
A thing that I do well;
A basket of the fairest flowers
Of shades me from the sun;
And when I see them feelin' by,
When green and yellow spring,
Close by a crystal fountain clear,
I sit me down and sing.

I take my lass in household work,
I make the bed, and wash the clothes;
I milk the cows at early morn,
Kind Robin's mull I win;
My brother's home I dare not leave,
At harvest-time the sickle wield,
And winnow in the barn.

My ruddy hands are full of toil,
Her father's pain not lacking;
At church I have my duty learn'd,
And need no constant watching;
With a smile she'll say, "I'm here,
I dance upon the green,
While pipe and tabor cheer the throng,
A morn to morn."

I may not be the fairest one,
With skirts that sweep the ground,
Trained to any useful art,
The road to her is hard to find.
In all these hours I have been sent
Abroad for recreation;
we country lasses have their pride,
And keep the country fashion.

The road to her is hard to find,
Through she goeth and mostly weep;
Who takes a country girl to wife?

The road to her is hard to find,
better sign'd if he wed.

A lady from the city,
For whom they are only good,
They're really worth our pity.

KATE'S PRINCE.

"There now, you're benging that door
Miss Jenny; I declare to goodness
you children would worrit the patience
out of a saint."

"Oh, never mind, Sally," I said, panting,
after a race to get into the house
first—a race had won, for Lil and Cissy
were yards behind.

"A race, indeed!" cried Sally,

"and there's your fine cousin comin'
down to-day from London. I wonder

what she will say when she sees you

racing about the meadow like so many

wild colts, and your arms all brown and

scratched, and the hooks off your dress,

I never see such children, never!"

"But you like us, Sally," I said, gettin'
hold of her rough, fat, red arm, and

ayin' my cheek agin' it.

"I do, I do, I do!" she cried,

impatiently and, to show her dash,

she threw her arms round me, and

squeezed my nose nearly flat against the

piece of hard wood she used to wear in
her dress.

Sally was our housemaid, parlor-maid,

and nurse-maid all in one; and it used

to seem to me that she spent all her

leisure time in quarreling with the cook

and scrubbing up the house; but she

was a delicate, refined, and I thought

beautiful young woman, and I used to

think her a great beauty.

"Oh, no," she said, "I do not

love a beautiful princess, but a poor,

simple girl who loved him, too, with all

her heart, and they were so, so happy.

When the flowers blossomed they seemed

to blossom only for them and the twittering

of the birds coming now and again from

the distance, she said, in a low, sweet,

musical voice:

"Once upon a time in the days of long

ago, when people were very, very happy

on earth, there lived a prince who

was young, and handsome, and true.

Nearly every one loved him, he was so

manly, and yet so gentle."

"A prince, indeed!" cried Sally,

"and there's your fine cousin face,

but it was calm-dark after,

and she went on:

"No, no," she said, "I do not

love a beautiful princess, but a poor,

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