

SERENADE IN THE TROPICS.

BY WILLIAM HARNEY.

When the sights are heavy with sun,
And the shadows deep with gloom,
The low moon breaks an apple of dusk,
Through the shadowy leaves like a pomegranate.
And I know that my lady is coming:

By the primrose's jacinth plume,
And the roses open, as though
An April frost, in its delicate loom,
Of capricious and odorous snow;
By the shadow that like a glove,
The passion-flower's leaf has thrown
In the lissome where the laurels breathe and move,
And the jessamine's bugles blow;

But the lip and the laugh of the leaves
Are low and sweet.
At bo-peep, hid in the leaves, her
Lip, like a rose, on midsummer eves,
And the sounds of her coming feet.

Like the sudden bloom through the hush
Of the primrose at eves, tide,
The dewy shape in the fragrant dusk,
And her open-eyed.

And the blush and the bloom afford
Such a harmony, hour by hour,
To the sweet responsive word for word
Of the night in its p-r-e-t flower.

Harper's Magazine for May.

THE "SNAP TOWN TOMMYHAWK."

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.

It looked very like a pigsty; but it wasn't. It was the office of the Snap Town *Tommyhawk*, and, in the estimation of Simon Slope, the editor-in-chief and principal proprietor, was a rather imposing building. The first number of the paper had not yet come out, and was soon upon the world with more brilliancy than *Tommyhawk*, and more than verify the expectations of the public, which were very high, I can assure you.

Simon Slope had projected the paper; Simon Slope had formed the company that was to publish it; Simon Slope had built the office; Simon Slope had been chiefly instrumental in securing the type and paper; and Simon Slope had written the most brilliant of the editorials and the most pungent of the paragraphs; and yet no one was surprised to learn, my readers, that Simon Slope was but 14 years of age.

The Snap Town *Tommyhawk* grew out of a public need. The boys of Snap Town had been for years groaning under parental oppression and the systematic tyranny of their elders, and they needed an organ. They needed a mouthpiece, through which they might lift up their voices against their oppressors. When a month's half-holiday had been taken away from them, because they had merely driven a cow into the village school-room, and put every paper on the notice-board, they wrote, that told that the time had come when they should make their wrongs known to the public, and appeal to that sense of justice that is supposed to slumber in the heart of every community.

One day the *Tommyhawk* had published a paragraph reflecting unkindly upon the boys of the place, and Simon Slope had read it. He could hardly contain himself with indignation as the words sank into his heart; and, as soon as his father had turned his back, he snatched the scold from a ball, and thrust it into his trousers pocket, rushed out of the house to a warm corner by the meeting-house, and, after a short time, the boys were sent to assemble for the twilight loading.

"Look here!" he shouted. "I say, this is too bad. Nobody is going to stand this sort of thing." And he pulled the rumpled paper from among the tops, jack-knives, fishing-tackle and chewing-gum in his pocket. "You fellows just listen, and I'll read you something that will make you fairly stand over and hear 'em." And he read along the following paragraph:

"MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.—We consider the doings of the boys of this town, we feel such a sense of indignation that we feel that we should like to see them scolded, and we will not let that harsh rod and rod them thrashing all round. We have had a good many complaints, and we will not let them be uniting to blockade our town if it comes to that. If it came home to our own door. We did not mind these playing ball before our office till Pandemic, but we will not let them come to the streets. We did not mind, or let them practice and not to heed, the hygienics with which our older friends had been educated.

The snow is gone the spring is here
And the plowing time is drawing near Again
To ride the horses to plow
Will make our feet feel cool as Cain.

And now our sleds must be stowed away
For sliding in hot weather we cannot do.
And we must have a snow to go
And change our boats for the festive snow.

I am fond of winter, I don't like spring
For in winter you see there is much more play
And how we poets our ink must sing
And can't go out to enjoy this bright May day.

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BY SIMON.

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HANNER.

BY S.—E.—

I love you hanner—hanner dear
And do you hanner love me?

If you do, you see, we'll build us a boat,
And go to the Caribbean sea.

I will defend you while I live
And fight for you till I die

And if you don't love me hanner dear
I shall certainly leave a sigh.

NEWS.

The editor of the *S—N—C*, on

returning from the lodge of Freeman, had not been broken in our office windows. And we looked upon the hanging of a dead cat to our front door as a harmless pleasure. But, when it was a string of dead cats, we did not fully realize the prevailing want of manners that it came home to our own door. We did not mind these playing ball before our office till Pandemic, but we will not let them come to the streets. We did not mind, or let them practice and not to heed, the hygienics with which our older friends had been educated.

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