

We went to Cupid's retreat,  
We wandered on the sand;  
The moon was coming up,  
I held her little — shawl.

I held her little shawl,  
How fast time flies?  
The band played "After the Ball,"  
I gazed into her — lunch-basket.

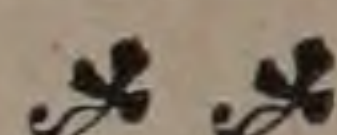
I gazed into her lunch-basket,  
I wished I had a taste;  
There sat my little charmer,  
My arm was 'round her — umbrella.

My arm was 'round her umbrella,  
This cunning little Miss,  
Her eyes were full of mischief  
And I slyly stole a sandwich.

I slyly stole a sandwich,  
Although 'twas hardly fair,  
The moon rose o'er the water,  
I stroked her shining — umbrella-handle.

There is no moral in this song,  
But one that all can see;  
Be sure, when you tell this tale,  
You do as well as me.

—WITTENBERGER.



AN IDEAL VIEW OF OUR QUARTERS, AS CONTRIBUTED BY OUR YOUNG COUSIN IN KENTUCKY.