

Litter Olsen

1884

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He writes:

Last night I left my heart with you,
A captive to your winning grace;
As you have one that's kind and true
Pray send me yours to take its place.

She answers:

If you have left your heart with me,
I can't say I regret it.
And as for mine - well, let me see! -
Call round to-night and get it.

Who wants a home where the buffaloes roam,
And the deer and the antelope play?"

Yet my darling, you will be,
Always young and fair to me.

Lyrics of high culture
A Domestic episode.

You've ceased to love me John I fear,
A great change has come over you;
You do not sit beside me dear,
And hug me as you used to do!

You used to praise my eyes, my hair,
And often kissed my lips and brow
When we sat on our rocking chair—
Dear John why don't you do so now?

You used to call me your delight
Said you were proud ~~my~~ love to mine,
And kept me at the gate at night
Till ma would come and call me in.

You called me then your ownest own,
Your posy pet, you did, you know.
That happy time is past and gone—
Ah, dearest, what has changed you so?

John laid his paper on his knee,
And hove a sigh and said: I fear
Whatever changes there may be
You've brought about yourself my dear.

This much, at least you must confess:
Where'er my visits I would pay
You did not meet me in the dress
In which you'd been at work all day

Your hair was not in paper curls,
Your slippers flapping on your feet:
You were the prettiest of girls
With everything about you neat

A snow white collar then you'd wear,
And at your throat a pretty bow,
A flower of some kind in your hair—
Now darling, what has changed you so?

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea.

What do I want for breakfast dear?
My wants are all in my mind quite clear.
You - with your cheerful, morning smile,
And a pretty dress my thoughts to beguile
Into thanking of flowers: and earnest word
That will all through my busy day be heard,
And make me sure that my morning light
Beams strongly true, even while dancing bright
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And any thing else that you can or please

But dinner - what will I have for that?
Well, dear, when I enter, doff my hat,
And turn to the table, I want to see you,
Standing, just as you always do,
To make me lose all the forenoon's fret,
And cheer for the eplernoon's work to get;
Tell me all your news, and I'll tell mine:
And with love and joy and peace will dine
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else that you can ~~and~~ please.

And what for tea? Have I any choice?
Yes, dear; the sound of your gentle voice,
And your gentle presence, I always feel
The cares of the day, like shadows steal
Away from your soul light; and evening rest
Come just in the way I love the best.
So, when you are planning our twilight tea,
With a special thought in your heart, for me,
Be certain to give me these, all these
And any thing else that you can or please.

By the Sea.

1.
Last year we paced the yellow sands
Beside the restless sea;
I held in mine your tiny hands
And drew you close to me.
I marked your blushes come and go,
The sigh the smile the tear:
The words you whispered soft and low,
Were music in mine ear.

II.

We two were dreaming Love's young dream
Beside the murmuring sea,
Your presence made the whole earth seem
A paradise to me.
We said our love would never change,
Would no abatement know
While life should last - it seems so strange
I was just a year ago.

III.

Once more we pace the yellow sands
Beside the summer sea,
I do not hold your tiny hands
You do not cling to me,
I do not press you to my heart
And kiss your stormy brow -
We are stalling twenty yards apart,
For we are married now

The reason why.

He.

She has no mass of golden hair
No wondrous piles of money,
I cannot say that she is fair
Nor that her temper is sunny.

-II-

And yet I call her "sweet" and "dove."
I am in truth devoted,
I swear she is my only love -
My ardor's oft been noted.

-III-

Why do I seek her everywhere?
Why ever have I sought her?
Her father is a millionaire,
And she is an only daughter

She.

He is not comely to the sight,
He has no great position,
He can not like a Dickens write,
Nor can he paint like Titian.

I do not like him very well -
 His presence oft distresses.
 Why do I not this to him tell
 And spurn all his addresses?

In youth I spurned to many men,
 For whom I've since been sighing,
 I've not the choice that I had then,
 And Time, alas, is flying.

He and She

At first

He sat and twisted his blond mustache;
 She toged with a straying curl,
 And silently thought of her other beau
 And he of his other girl.

at last

She stood with her head on his shoulder laid;
 He toged with the straying curl;
 She had no thought of her other beau,
 Nor he of his other girl.

A Good Druggist.

A man who kept a store
 Once wrote upon his door:
 "Oh I can make a pill
 That shall ease evry ill!
 I keep here a plaster
 To prevent disester;
 Also some good ointment,
 To soothe disappointment."

When customers applied,
 These words are what he cried
 "Now, Patience is the pill
 That eases evry ill;
 Take-care is a plaster
 Which prevents disester;
 Good-humor an ointment
 Soothing disappointment."

Two Opinions.
His'n.

"I would not be a girl," said Jack,
"Because the have no fun,
The cannot go a-fishing, nor
A-shooting with a gun.
The cannot climb-up trees for fruit
Nor bathe without a bathing-dress,
Which is no fun at all.
And when a girl becomes a woman,
The still have lots of woesses,
For if they love a man they've got
To wait till he proposes."

Her'n

"I would not be a boy," said May,
"For boys are nasty things,
With pockets filled with hooks and knives,
And nails and tops and stings.
And when a boy becomes a man,
He's got to buy girls rings,
And when upon a girl a youth
Has squandered all his money,
And she goes off with some one else,
Perhaps he don't feel funny!"

A SWEETHEARTS SUGGESTION

- 1 Pat Reilly was taking a ride
On an elegant Summer's morning,
And Kathleen sat close by his side,
Bright smiles her face adorning.
- 2 And she looked so tidy and neat,
Her figure so plump and trim,
No girl half so pretty and sweet
Had ever appeared to him.
- 3 Said Pat: "Your eyes are so blue
And your lips is so temptingly red,
They're the prettiest I've known
And belong to the colleen I'd wed.
- 4 "Ah! darling, if it wasn't this baste
That's pullin' my poor arms apart,
They would tenderly steal' round your waist
And yourself be pressed to my heart.
- 5 "For my loves that powerful icade
Without you I cannot survive."
Then Kathleen blushed and said:
"Mr. Reilly, perhaps I could drive!"

Miss Julia Gastal

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Rockburg N. C.

for Miss

Miss

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