



RHYMES ALONG THE ROAD

BY ROBERTUS LOVE.

EVERYBODY, HOWDY!

HOWDY, people, howdy!
It's mighty bright to-day;
The sun is runnin' riot,
The world is feelin' gay.

Howdy, brothers, howdy!
I'm mighty glad to see
So many human brothers
Are feelin' kind to me.

Howdy, sisters, howdy!
I'm mighty rich to find
The women folks towards me
Are feelin' sort o' kind.

Howdy, children, howdy!
I'm mighty pleased that you
Are looking peart and chipper
And feelin' happy too.

Howdy, everybody!
I'm mighty proud to know
I've got so many kinfolks
To love me here below.

PLOWIN' TIME.

MARCH winds a-blowin', boys—
And Spring is in the air!
Git the plowin' harness out
And put it in repair;
Splice the busted hame-string,
And sew the buckle tight
On Sorrel Billy's bellyband,
And—yes, I guess you might
Ile the leather traces,
Jist a haff a dozen drops:
For plowin'-time is comin',
And we've got to plant the crops.

March winds a-blowin' stiff,
And here and there is snow—
Shady side o' fences,
But it's bound soon to go!
For jist now I heerd a bird
(I bet he was a jay)
Callin' f'om the orchard
In a sassy sort o' way;
And bobbylinks are pipin'
In the slipp'ry-ellum tops;
And plowin'-time is comin',
And we'll git to plant the crops.

March winds a-blowin' loud,
 And, my! but ain't they keen?
 Still the winter wheat, I see,
 Is gittin' peart and green.
 I'm sort o' sick o' Winter,
 With its slipp'ry-slopp'ry ways,
 And longin' for the Summertime,
 That's full o' balmy days;
 And now I know it's near us * *
 There's a toad—see how he hops!
 Yes, plowin'-time is comin',
 And we'll soon be plantin' crops.

March winds a-blowin', boys—
 But, jeeminy! what o' that?
 Grease your brogan shoes agin,
 And hunt your summer hat;
 Roll the cultivator out
 And ile the wheels a bit,
 And give the hosses exercise
 To make 'em fresh and fit.
 Spring is in the air to-day,
 An' time never stops:
 So plowin'-time is comin',
 And hooray for growin' crops!

SI BROWN'S PHILOSOPHY.

OLD Silas Brown's philosophy
 Was just as cheerful as could be.

"I don't believe a-tall," said Si,
 "In worryin'—no, sir; not I!
 That sort o' thing ain't made for me;
 I jist take things as they come 'long,
 And if I can I sing a song,
 And if I can't I screw my gums
 And whistle till the music comes.

"I never borry trouble; I
 Have plenty of my own," said Si;
 "Enough to last me through the week
 And over Sunday, and I don't
 Ast any man to lend me more—
 Not if he offers it I won't.
 'Twill be a-plenty time to speak
 For that when I git trouble-pore.

"And mostly I've a mind," said Si,
 "That all your trouble's in your eye.
 If you'd jist settle down and think
 You're doin' well enough, and let
 Things go at that, I want to bet
 You'd never lose another wink

O' sleep in worryin' about
The bothers you can do without.

"Don't worry, anyhow," said Si;
"Live longer if you don't, thinks I;
And life 'll have a sweeter taste
By all that worry go'n' to waste.
Jist perk your sperrits up and take
Another start if you've got stalled;
But fust you kick your troubles off—
The biggest load you ever hauled—
And I bet ten to one you'll make
Like sixty for the feedin' trough.

"I take things as they come," said Si;
"Don't count much on sweet by-and-by,
Nor don't peek back with vain regrets.
These days and what they bring along
Are good enough; so I say let's
Jist jog along and sing a song
And take what comes, and thank the Lord
He don't send troubles by the cord."

Old Silas Brown's philosophy
Is good enough for you and me.

TO BE A BOY AGAIN.

O H, to be a boy again!
Fresh and fair and free as
then—
Freckles on my face and nose;
Bruises on my shins and toes:
What a joy
Just to be a barefoot boy!!

Oh, to be a little tyke,
Chasing lizards up the pike,
Rolling corn-silks for a smoke,
Making friends with poison-oak!!
Just to be
Limber-legged, and climb a tree!

Ah, to be a careless brat,
With a ten-cent straw for hat,
And a shirt of muslin check
Minus button at the neck!
Just to wear
Clothes for comfort—let 'em tear!

Oh, to be a boy, and swim
In the creek with Joe and Jim!
Hold your breath and take a dive
Good and long, till—sakes alive!—
Jim and Joe
Hold *their* breath, and holler "Oh!"