

# BEYOND THE GRAVE.

## Mary and Her Interpreter's Poems.



...erses about his daughter Mary just  
ut "Mary" and her Delsarte lessons.  
arte lessons. Mary Field is reciting  
s she doesn't like Delsarte herself.  
zy Western girl, with a whimsical,  
a tender, crooning sort of voice.  
engagements by the dozen, and she  
ll her eighteen-year-old head ought  
n't.  
" she said yesterday. "No'p; not a  
gestures, though. My teacher tried  
aid: 'Now listen, if some one came  
whom you never expected to  
it would you do?'

### PICNIC TIME.

It's June ag'in, an' in my soul I feel  
the fillin' joy  
That's sure to come this time o' year  
to every little boy;  
For, every June, the Sunday-schools at  
picnics may be seen,  
Where "fields beyond the swellin'  
floods stand dressed in livin'  
green;"  
Where little girls are skeered to death  
with spiders, bugs and ants,  
An' little boys get grass-stains on their  
go-to-meetin' pants.  
It's June ag'in, an' with it all what  
happiness is mine—  
Ther's goin' to be a picnic, an' I'm go-  
in' to jine!  
One year I jined the Bapilists, an'  
goodness! how it rained!  
(But gran'pa says that's the way "bap-  
tize" is explained.)  
An' once I jined the 'Piscopils, an' had  
a heap of fun—  
But the boss of all the picnics was the  
Presbyterium!  
They had so many puddin's, sallids,  
sandwidges an' pies,  
That a feller wisht his stummick  
was as hungry as his eyes!  
Oh, yes, the eatin' Presbyteri-  
ums give yer is so  
fine  
That when they have  
a picnic you bet  
I'm goin' to jine.



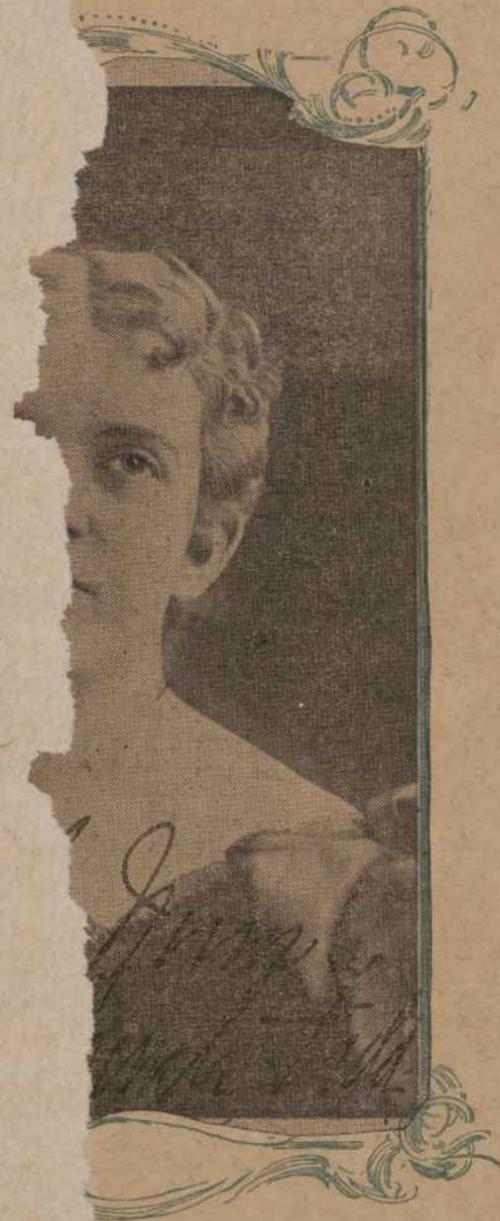
It's June ag'in, an' with it all what happiness  
is mine—  
Ther's goin' to be a picnic, an' I'm goin' to jine!

### THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH.

I'd like to be a cowboy an' ride a fiery  
boss  
Way out into the big an' boundless  
West;  
I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an'  
wolves I come across,  
An' I'd pluck the bal' head eagle  
from his nest!  
With my pistols at my side,  
I would roam the prarers wide,  
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his  
wigwam would I ride—  
If I darst; but I darsen't!  
I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the  
lions there,  
An' the biggest oolyfunts you ever  
saw!  
I would track the fierce gorilla to his  
equatorial lair,  
An' beard the cannybull that eats  
folks raw!  
I'd chase the pizen snakes  
An' the 'pottimus that makes  
His nest down at the bottom of un-  
fathomable lakes—  
If I darst; but I darsen't!  
I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean  
blue,  
With a big black flag a-flyin' over-  
head;  
I would scour the billowy main with  
my gallant pirut crew  
An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red!  
With my cutlass in my hand  
On the quarterdeck I'd stand  
And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my  
pirut band—  
If I darst; but I darsen't!  
And, if I darst, I'd lick my pa for the  
times that he's licked me!  
I'd lick my brother an' my teacher,  
too!  
I'd lick the fellers that call round on  
sister after tea,  
An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got  
through!  
From et, I'd run away  
An' I'd shoo the gons to my play,  
an' kiss the girls an' tease the cat  
If I darst, but I darsen't!



With my pistols at my side,  
I would roam the prarers wide,  
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his  
wigwam would I ride— If I  
dar'st, but I darsen't!



...de a dive for that person, and  
ad; you'd better not try to ges-  
y often. My father wrote it the  
begins:  
you slept,  
ner's face—his tender, gentle,  
me not long ago about what  
us rich, after all his work. I  
mes where they're so nice to  
re no end of money to spend,  
ss year, and they have a maid  
al, and I love  
ls with me, you  
like to buy out the toy shops  
at somehow when I say over  
of them he wrote for us, his  
1 tears in their eyes and say,  
—I can't feel so very poor."  
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