

**A Maiden's Complaint.**

Willie, friend of schooldays olden—  
Days forever passed away—  
Memories of the past so golden  
Through my mind unchecked do stray.

So that, do my best, I cannot  
Drive your image from my heart;  
Even in dreams your noble presence  
In my fancy plays a part.

Even yet I hear the music  
Of your sweet and tender voice,  
And the glances once you gave me  
Even now my heart rejoice.

But there's just one cause of sadness  
Draping all my heart with care,  
Banishing all thoughts of gladness  
From a life that else were fair.

It is that your love, my darling,  
Falls no more unto my lot.—  
Will that pesky little bantam  
Never by you be forgot?

Will you never cease your anger?  
Will your spite hold out for aye,  
Just because I tried to help you  
Find that chick that went astray?

Oh, that chicken, if she's living,  
Now must be a matron hen.  
How I hope, my noble Willie,  
That she's still in haunts of men!  
How I hope that you have found her,  
Rescued her from durance vile,  
Kept her safe from men and foxes,  
And been good to her meanwhile!

Oh, I trust that she a blessing  
To your life and purse may prove;  
But if from your flock so precious  
Death should roughly her remove,

Willie, pray keep up your courage,  
For there's plenty more to hatch;  
Never yet was there a bantam  
That on earth could find no match.

You will soon find other chickens  
Upon which to set your heart—  
How repentant Polly wishes  
She of them could get the start.

But, alas! my day is over;  
That fell notice sealed my fate:  
All the love of schoolmate Willie  
Changed is to endless hate.

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Will the lonely maid be welcomed—  
O that I were with the dead!

Or perchance I might be happy  
Were I deaf and dumb and blind,  
Like your one-eyed, three-legged terrier,  
Which to me doth you remind.

But while ordinary senses,  
Intellect, and memory last,  
I shall never cease to hunger  
For the glad days of the past.

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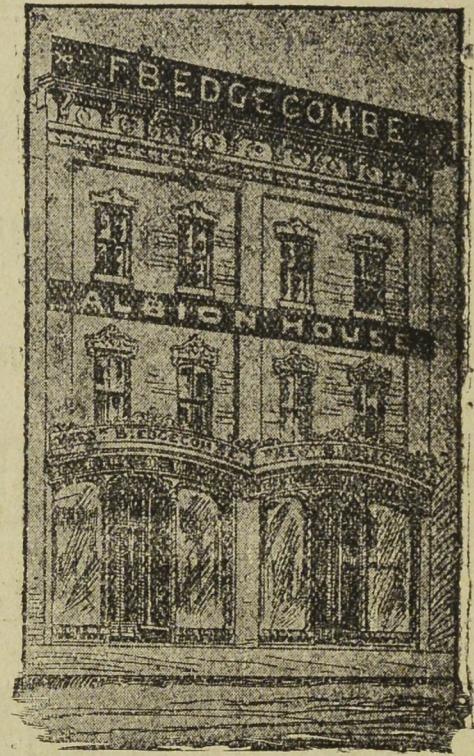
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