Love Song.

Come, maiden of the golden curls,
Those fluttering fears resign;
Here pledge me with that ruby lip,
And say thou wilt be mine.

'Twere vain to praise thy angel charms,
As vain to breathe a vow;
I feel that I have loved before,
But worshiped ne'er till now.

I'm jealous of the very breeze
That woos thy silken hair;
I grudge to see the fairest flower
Thy balmy kisses share.

Then fling those lingering fears away,
Thy every care give o'er,
And plight thy loving troth to me,
To break it never more.

Canoeing on Winnipesaukee.

One bright July morning a jolly party of eight boarded the 8.30 train at the B. & L. depot, and four hours later this same party, hungry and rather dusty, alighted at Weirs, N. H.

Weirs is a small, but rather important place, situated on the eastern end of Lake Winnipesaukee, and commanding a good view. It boasts of two or three hotels, a café, a bowling alley, a rink, etc.

But to return to our party. They were all residents of Boston or its vicinity, and had come up to the lake for two weeks' canoeing, shooting, fishing, or, in short, to have a good time.

The party consisted of the Commodore, the Historian, the Chaplain, the Purser, the Surgeon, the Fleet Captain, the Minstrel, and the Gastronomer. '89 is responsible for the first three; '90 was represented by the Purser; the Minstrel had wrestled successfully with the mysteries of mechanic arts; the Surgeon gloried in the name of Harvard Freshman; while the Captain and Gastronomer claim that neither square nor theodolite has any attraction for them.

After dinner, the next thing to do was to get the canoes—which had been sent up by freight;—put them “in,” and transport the luggage to some convenient island, and camp for the night.

The Historian and Gastronomer got their double-canvas canoe Ilex into the water first, and being of an impatient turn of mind, started off, followed by the Surgeon and Minstrel in their Racine, the Commodore and Purser in their canvas Vera, while the Captain and Chaplain brought up the rear in their large double canvas Celvar, carrying a trunk containing the wardrobe of the Commodore and Purser.

As the Captain and Chaplain paddled along, they were remarking on the beauty of the scenery, when suddenly came a puff of wind, then another, and soon the lake was covered with white-caps.

A heavy-laden canoe, with a trunk in the forward end of the cock-pit and projecting above the deck, is not the most weatherly specimen of naval architecture afloat; and so the crew of the Celvar found before they got ashore, the canoe being half full by that time.

It was five o'clock when they landed on a small island about two miles from Weirs; consequently no time was to be lost in pitching the tents and getting supper.

Bacon, hard-tack, coffee, and eggs taste good after a paddle, and the repast was enjoyed by all. The Gastronomer performed his usual feats of valor from which he earned his title, while the Chaplain actually forgot to say grace until after the meal was over.

After supper the things were cleared away, and a service of song was held, the Purser producing a violin from “that trunk.” Soon the crowd grew sleepy, and one by one they turned in, but not to sleep long.

Soon the camp was quiet, the silence being broken only by deep breathings.

Suddenly the tent occupied by the “Reverend” and the Captain stirred, and those two gentlemen emerged, bearing a mysterious bundle, which they placed upon a rock. A match was lighted, a few scattering sparks were seen, and the two conspirators retired hastily. On the