Twas in a place where the daisies grew,
Lifting their heads to the summer dew.
The day was soft, and lazy, and warm
As June days are on a country farm.

He had just quitted the classic halls
Of his Alma Mater's shadowing walls;
She was then teaching a village school,
And left her charge for the meadows cool.

Successfully past his Freshman year,
In Soph'more state he was seated here;
And she, from the depths of fond blue eyes,
Gazed on his lordship in mild surprise.

He lit a match for his cigarette,
And said to her, as their eyes had met,
"I'll smoke a 'foolkiller,' by your leave;
You don't object to them, I believe?"

"'Foolkillers' call you your cigarette?
It's a funny name," she said,—"and yet,"
And she looked up at him with eyes half closed,
"You haven't smoked very many of those!"

A daisy nodded its golden head,
The sun sank down as the day was dead,
And ceased his hum had the busy bee,
But the boy—oh! where—oh! where was he?