

# The Coconino Sun.

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## Lover's Lane.

Summah night an' sighin' breeze,  
Long de lovah's lane;  
Frien'ly, shadder-mekin' trees,  
Long de lovah's lane.  
White folks' wo'k all done up gran'—  
Me an' 'Mandy han'-in-han'  
Struttin' lak we owned de lan'.  
Long de lovah's lane.

Owl a-settin' 'side de road,  
Long de lovah's lane.  
Lookin' at us lak he knowed  
Dis uz lovah's lane.  
Go on, hoot yo' mo'nful tune,  
Yo' ain' nevah loved in June,  
An' come hidin' f'om de moon  
Down in lovah's lane.

Bush it ben' an' nod an' sway,  
Down in lovah's lane.  
Try'n' to hyeah me whut I say  
Long de lovah's lane.  
But I whispahs low lak dis,  
An' my 'Mandy smile huh bliss—  
Mistah Bush he shek his fis'.  
Down de lovah's lane.

Whut I keer ef day is long,  
Down in lovah's lane.  
I kin allus sing a song,  
Long de lovah's lane.  
An' de wo'ds I hyeah an' say  
Meks up fu' de weary day  
W'en I's strollin' by de way,  
Down in lovah's lane.

An' dis t'ought will allus t' e  
Down in lovah's lane;  
Wondah whethah in de skies  
Dey's a lovah's lane.  
Ef dey ain't, I tell you true,  
'Ligion do look mighty blue,  
'Cause I do' know whut I'll do  
'Dout a lovah's lane.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The wells of the sunrise harken,  
They wait for a year and a day;  
Only the calm, sure thrushes  
Fluting the world away!  
For the husk of life is sorrow;  
But the kernels of joy remain,  
Teeming and blind and eternal  
As the hill wind or the rain.

## A Song of Pie.

Oh, sing of the close where the pie plant grows  
In luxuriance wild and free,  
And pumpkin pies of monstrous size  
Hang ripe on the pumpkin tree;  
Where the "lemon-cream" like a fresh baked  
dream  
Glow white in the noon-day glare,  
And the "custards" cold, with their hearts of  
gold,  
Shed fragrance on the air.

Oh, sing of the land where the mince trees  
stand  
With their branches spreading wide,  
And laden low with outs of dough  
And wondrous things inside—  
Rich remnants of the foods we love  
When in their proper sphere:  
Beefsteaks and stew and things we knew  
In cornbeef hash last year.

Oh, sing of a time in a happy clime  
When the pie tree's fruit shall fall  
With ease and grace in the open face  
At no expense at all;  
Ah, then indeed will the heartless greed  
Of the luncheon keeper fall,  
And our tongues will spurn mince pies that  
burn  
And crusts that make us wall.

—Chicago Record.

## October.

But brown comes the autumn, and sear grows  
the corn,  
And the woods like a rainbow are dressed,  
And but for the cock and the noontide horn,  
Old Time would be tempted to rest.  
The humming bee fans off a shower of gold  
From the mullein's long rod as it sways,  
And dry grows the leaves which protecting in-  
fold.  
The ears of the well-ripened maize,  
At length Indian Summer, the lovely, doth come,  
With its blue frosty nights, and days still,  
When distantly sounds the waterfall's hum,  
And the sun smokes ablaze on the hill;  
A dim veil hangs over the landscape and flood  
And the hills are all mellowed in haze,  
While Fall, creeping on like a monk 'neath his  
hood,  
Plucks the thick-rustling wealth of the maize  
Whittier.