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A CANADIAN LULLABY.

Sleep, my darling one, sleep.
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep.
Coldly and fiercely it snows:
Child, be thy slumbers deep—
The deeper the better, God knows.
Dried are the tears on thy cheek,
Close shut are thy tiny hands;
Thy white lips so wistfully meek
Are mute to thy hunger's demands.
Gently, my darling one, seek
Thy comfort in slumber's dreamland.
Child, be thy slumber's deep!
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep;
The mother-heart breaks for thy woes.
Death, and her half-brother Sleep!
And which is the better, who knows?
—Algernon de V. Tassin.

APPEARANCES.

De man dat wears de slickest tile
Doan draw de bigges' check;
De riches' lookin' kin' ob sile
Doan yiel' de bigges' peck.
De hoss dat's highes' in de pool
Doan always win de race,
Kase sometimes he's a little off,
An' sometimes held fo' place.
De bulldog wid de orn'ry jaw
Ain' half so bad to meet
As dat dar yellow mungrii cur
Dat's layin' for you' meat.
De mooley cow dat hists her leg
An' makes de milk maid scream,
Am jes' de bossie cow dat gives
De riches' kin' ob cream.
De mule dat hab de wicked eye
Ain' half so bad, now min'—
Look out for dat ole sleepy mule
Yo's walkin' roun' behin'.
—Ben King.
I look with pity on the man
Whom nature's given gall;
But heavens! how I scorn the chump
Who thinks he knows it all.
—Henry James.

TELLING THEM OF TAMPA.

Weary months I spent in Tampa, where the
luscious halfback grows;
'Tis a wondrous fruit, dear sister, which fact
ev'ry soldier knows.
And it grows—please pass the butter!—grows
in Tampa, as I said—
Sister, just a few potatoes! Mother, won't you
pass the bread?
There's another curious product of that most
peculiar land,
'Tis the pig tree, where the pork blooms, Mother,
er, this steak's just grand!
And this pig tree—Mother, say, this home-made
pickle's all O. K.

Tell you all about our camp life? Certainly
please pass the bread!
Well, we got up in the morning and at night we
went to bed.
Then, sometimes, we—Sister, help me to an-
other piece of steak!
Yes, and then, again!—Mother, what fine
gravy you can make!
Did we have good meals at Tampa? Yes, in-
deedy—in a horn!
Best the land afforded, Sister, give me one
more ear of corn!
Meals down there were so delightful that I—
Mother, pour the tea!
So delightful that—Say, sister, is that super-
tash Lsee?

Well, as I was saying, camp life is—Say, sister,
pass the slaw!
Camp life is—Say, mother, just a bit more steak
er—medium raw!
To go back to camp life! Will I have some
chicken salad, say!
Will I? Well, you try me! Sister, won't you
pass the bread this way!
Down at Tampa—what's that, mother? Did I
hear you mention pie?
Ice cream, too! this must be heaven in the
sky!
Down at Tampa—easy, mother! just two lumps
is all I take!
Down at—O, confound old Tampa! Sister, won't
you pass the cake!

—Baltimore American.

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