

The other day a young miss of thirteen summers succeeded in rousing up our summer poet and after a long siege engaged him to write a few lines for her album. The bard related the incident in verse which, for a consideration, has been secured for publication in the News and is here appended.

As I lay on my couch at the close of day,

Resting and musing in my usual way,  
A damsel approached with the strange request

That I write her a rhyme and do my best.

"It may be short but *must* be good,"  
This maiden said, "and" (If I could)  
"Please write lines that one can sing,  
And write about most anything."

To ignore a request so modestly made  
Would never do, and so I said,

"I'll write you so perfect and charming  
a rhyme

That experts will pronounce it splendid—sublime.

My subject will give I'm glad to say,  
The poet's fancy the fullest play;  
Of course you've seen my business sign:  
'Poems made here at a dollar a line?'"

"What!" she exclaimed, "You wouldn't charge me—

One that belongs to your family?"

"Can't be helped," I replied, "all poets are queer;

Spot cash is their motto throughout the year."

Cash buys potatoes and bread and beans,

And these make brain, strange tho' it seems,

Brain makes thought, and thought makes rhyme;

Cash first you perceive, before the sublime."

"Well, I really do think you poets *are* queer;"

(And this she said with a bit of a sneer),

"A rhyme I would like but—a dollar a

line!

Why that would break one with a silver mine.

Now cash I have none and what can I do?

If kisses will answer I'll give them in lieu."

So the following sonnet was run off at a dash

And kisses were taken in place of the cash—

#### TO MINNIE.

Years hence, when perchance you're turning

O'er albums soiled and worn with age,  
Should your gaze meet the lines that now I'm penning

And linger awhile on this curious page,  
Tenderest memories of life's happy morning,

For one brief moment your thoughts will engage.

You will think of the News and its wild Summer Poet,

And how like a doctor he hung out his shingle;

How he wrote in his sleep and seemed not to know it,

And how little he cared for syntax or sense,

So long as his lines had the rhythmical jingle

That suited his patrons and brought in the pence.

Now my sonnet is ended and payment is due;

A kiss for a line is demanded from you.

SUMMER POET.

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