

AS SHE COMES DOWN THE
LANE.

Along the fields the shadows fall,
The sun is hanging low,
And on the ivy-mantled wall
The soft lights come and go.
A zephyr wafted from above,
Drifts o'er the waving grain,
My heart goes out to meet my love,
As she comes down the lane.

I lean upon the moss-grown bars,
As 'long the path she fares.
My gracious queen, no blemish mars
The coronet she wears.
The sceptre in her woman's hand
Will banish care and pain,
For I am Lord of all the land
When she comes down the lane.

Soft breezes play about her now,
And lift her shining hair,
The sunset glow is on her brow,
To make her passing fair.
Her beauteous face, her modest mien,
To picture them were vain,
And she is mine, my bonny queen,
As she comes down the lane.

The daises nod as she goes by,
The wild rose blushes pink,
Sweet song-birds round her pathway
fly,
And sing the praise they think.
She lifts her head, her eyes so clear,
Smile into mine again;
My heart cries out, "God bless you,
dear!"
As she comes down the lane.

—Mail and Express.

DR. A. C. CALDWELL,
DENTIST,
ASHLAND, OREGON.

Office over Bank.

MAKING GINGER COOKIES.

"Saturday morning, no lessons to-day,
Hurrah for business, then we can play!"
So merrily say my little girls three,
While they're as busy as busy can be
Making ginger cookies.

"Two cups of molasses, of butter one,
O mamma! isn't this jolly fun?
The ginger and soda we'll not leave
out;
We must mind closely what we are a-
bout
Making ginger cookies.

"We'll mix the dough in a nice little
lump,
And knead it together thumpety
thump,
Never allow it to stick to the pan;
We want to do it just right if we can.
Kneading ginger cookies.

"We roll it so gently this way, then that,
Till it's as thin as the rim of your hat,
Then cut them out smoothly, firmly,
and true;
Remember, no ragged edges will do,
Cutting ginger cookies.

"We'll make for papa a bouncing big
one
As e'er was seen in the light of the sun;
Dear baby Earnest shall have a fat pig:
'Twill set him to dancing jiggety-jig—
Funny ginger cookies.

"Then in a buttered tin, all in a row,
Into a 'piping-hot' oven they'll go;
Please go back, mamma, and shut up
the door,
I'm sure we don't need your help any
more
Baking ginger cookies."

—G. W. Pember.

S. SHERMAN,
DEALER IN
CENTRAL POINT
FLOUR AND FEED.

TALENT,

OREGON.