

Hotel Grand,

J. G. DERMEDY, Prop'r.

Muscatine, Iowa,

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There does not seem to be any thing in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Pray in the - how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said;

"Why what a captivating jingle it is! It is all most music! It flows along so nicely I have nearly caught the rhythm myself. Say them over just one more, and then I'll have them sure."

I said them over. Then Mr Gray said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a gratified sense of rest and peace