

## SUNSET.

By W. W. JOHNSON, JR., at the age of 14.

The glorious sun is fast sinking away  
Mid the golden tipped clouds of the west ;  
The farmer has finished his toil for the day,  
And all nature will soon be at rest.

The robin's sweet song is now heard in the grove,  
As he sits on the tallest green tree,  
But, soon will be hushed, his sweet accents of love,  
When the night shades creep over the lea.

The beautiful hills, in their vestments of green,  
Are tipped with a tincture of red,  
And the sun's ling'ring rays, on the mountains are seen,  
While the twilight surrounds the homestead.

The calm, peaceful lake, in its slumbers so deep,  
Is seen through the neighboring grove,  
As the last rays of daylight behold its deep sleep,  
And the white lights are seen from above.

The songs of the thrush and the robin have ceased,  
And the knight-hawk is flying afar,  
And the moon, gently rising, is seen in the East,  
By the side of a pale, silvery star.

## INVITATION TO DAKOTA.

By M. T. CROSS.

Just come to Dakota, our fair land to view,  
Where the blizzard and cyclone will lull you to sleep ;  
Where you'll soon get acquainted with th' kind modest Sioux,  
Who with loving emotion, your fair scalp will keep.

Sitting Bull is now gone to the land of "Ponemah,"  
No more will he dwell where the grasshopper sings ;  
He has gone with good Indians and left life's arena,  
To join the great war dance where "ghosts" will have wings.

We live in a land where the Bobolink whistles,  
Where the squawk of the Prairie-hen wakes us 'at morn,  
Where we raise "bully" crops of sharp Russian thistles,  
Interspersed, now and then, with potatoes and corn.

Our political status is surely quite mixed,  
There's Republican, Democrat, that is not all ;  
For there comes a new party "between and betwixt,"  
Who say they will certainly "get thar" next fall.