



A. C. CUSHMAN, MILO, ME.

ALL the folks say, up in Milo—but I guess they're like the rest,
 Seems to be in human nature to consider home the best—
 Still, they do say, up in Milo, that there's not another spot
 Can surpass aforesaid Milo, since the Primal Garden Plot
 Was foreclosed by fiery angels, and the yearning sons of man
 First tried imitating Eden, but on weaker, human plan.
 Nowhere, say they, winds more fragrant blow o'er fields more fresh with dew;
 Nowhere river more enticing mirrors back a sky more blue.
 Vain the search for youths more sturdy, or for maids more witching rare.
 (Milo's Venus reigns eternal as the model of the Fair.)
 Nor does Milo's type of manhood waver from these standards high;
 In good deeds, kind words and courage, man with man doth nobly vie.
 And in proof of this, they'll cite you A. C. Cushman's special case.
 'Mongst the most esteemed of Milo he has surely earned a place.
 Toil persistent, honest methods, have from a beginning small
 Raised him to a post important, gained for him the praise of all.
 Still he's onward, upward climbing, grasping still new duties, for
 He aims to see the ladder's top; His motto is "Excelsior."