



J. H. HASSETT OF RUMFORD FALLS.

I HAD the sweetest little postal from my girl the other day;
 She was summering—my girl was—down in Boothbay Harbor way;
 She breathed sentiments upon it that made my heart beat twice as hard
 And I blessed the mills up river that turn out the postal-card.

It began—I can't repeat it—it was so very, very sweet,
 Suffice—it brought me visions of her figure, trim and neat,
 And her written words seemed vocal—O, how lovingly she calls!
 Till I blessed the paper-makers, way up there in Rumford Falls.

"Sweetheart"—I'm almost foolish, when I write this tender word,
 And I follow it with sentiments, perhaps you'd think absurd;
 But I'd do it oft and plenty and I'll do it yet again,
 And thus pay tribute to friend Hassett and the paper-making men.

He's the "super," International, and he runs a modern mill,
 He's an Elk; he goes a-fishing and he autos at his will;
 But the best thing he is doing is for Cupid and the dove,
 When he makes these little postals, as my messengers of love.

So! here goes to swell the business—to the girl, down by the shore
 I'll write all of them I want to and then I'll write some more,
 For, this fact I want to tell you—in your mind to firmly fix
 That the "sweetheart" I'm a-writing, is my little girl of six.