



MR. EDWIN RILEY OF LIVERMORE FALLS.

“**W**HO is it you're cartooning?” said the Poet Ready-made.
 “It is Riley, Edwin Riley,” the Cartoon-Maker said.
 “What does he do? What does he do?” said the Poet Ready-made.
 “He grinds up wood for paper, sir,” the Cartoon-Maker said.

For they're building mills amazing and “Grind! Grind!” is all you hear;
 “Another mill for pulp-wood!” comes the message, far and near;
 For they've got the logs a comin' and it's Riley for the gear;
 For they're building mills, along the Androscoggin.

“And what does Riley do for them?” said the Poet Ready-made.
 “Full seven of them runs he,” the Cartoon-maker said
 “Has he the brains and brawn for this?” said the Poet Ready-made.
 “He has; and lots to spare for more,” the Cartoon-maker said.

For he's been a soldier and a hustler and he'll be so till he die;
 An honest, able business-man as ever met your eye;—
 In politics, a comer and in business, he's ace-high;—
 For they're building mills along the Androscoggin.