

The house was full of tramping, and the dark,  
Door-filling men burst in and seized the stove.  
A cannon-mouth-like hole was in the wall,  
To which they set it true by eye; and then  
Came up the jointed stovepipe in their hands,  
So much too light and airy for their strength  
It almost seemed to come ballooning up,  
Slipping from clumsy clutches toward the ceiling.  
“A fit!” said one, and banged a stovepipe shoulder.  
“It’s good luck when you move in to begin  
With good luck with your stovepipe. Never mind,  
It’s not so bad in the country, settled down,  
When people ’re getting on in life, You’ll like it.”  
Joe said: “You big boys ought to find a farm,  
And make good farmers, and leave other fellows  
The city work to do. There’s not enough  
For everybody as it is in there.”  
“God!” one said wildly, and, when no one spoke:  
“Say that to Jimmy here. He needs a farm.”  
But Jimmy only made his jaw recede  
Fool-like, and rolled his eyes as if to say  
He saw himself a farmer. Then there was a French boy  
Who said with seriousness that made them laugh,  
“Ma friend, you ain’t know what it is you’re ask.”  
He doffed his cap and held it with both hands  
Across his chest to make as ’twere a bow:  
“We’re giving you our chances on de farm.”  
And then they all turned to with deafening boots  
And put each other bodily out of the house.  
“Goodby to them! We puzzle them. They think—  
I don’t know what they think we see in what  
They leave us to: that pasture slope that seems  
The back some farm presents us; and your woods  
To northward from your window at the sink,  
Waiting to steal a step on us whenever  
We drop our eyes or turn to other things,  
As in the game ‘Ten-step’ the children play.”