THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, APRIL 10, 1910.

CHAPTER XIII.

I Met Jim Corbett. I live to be a hundred-and mine is a long-lived family--F'll never forget that first day at Shaw's Springs. When Billy and I left our rig we didn't go into the hotel. They told us that Corbett was in his handball court and

we went straight out to meet him. It was a perfect day, I remember, The sun was shining and the glare from the snow that covered the ground was blinding. Corbett had established a regular camp at this little hotel a few miles out of Carson City at the edge of the hills. They had built for him a barn-like structure containing a big handball court and a snug dressing-room. Billy and I walked down toward it through a deep path in the snow. I looked curiously at the un painted yellow plne walls and tried to imagine the world's champion moving about within. I had seen his picture everywhere-a tall, handsome, wiry fel low with hair brushed back in a pompa-dour-they called him "Pompadour Jim" in those days. As we neared I Histened, but didn't hear a sound in-

side A bushwhacking photographer had followed us down from the hotel, and now he pranced off into the snow with has camera and held us up to get a pic-ture of Hilly Delancy arriving with Mm's new sparring partner. Seems funny, looking back now. If that pho-tographer had known that he was taktographer had known that he was tak-ing the first picture of a coming world's champion, wouldn't his eyes have bulged out? His only idea was to snap us because we were connected in some way with the camp of the champion-he might have snapshotted Corbett's Chinese cook with equal in-terest and in fact, I think he did. Just as the pholographer set up his machine the handball court door opened and a young fellow poked his head out. He were snow glasses and looked at me

machine the handball court door opened and a young fellow poked his head out. He wore snow glasses and looked at me curiously. He was a college athlete, and was sparring with Corbett for the fun of it and indidentally writing stor-les for a New York newspaper. We be-came great friends afterward, and when I was champion he had become a sporting editor and once traveled actoss the country to see me fight. When the photographer had snapped us we went inside. The handball court was empty. I put my suitcase down on the floor and looked around. That suitcase held about all I had in the world at the time, a couple of changes of clother and a well worn sweater with a neck stretched all out of shape through being pulled over my head so often.

eyes and see that little dreasing room now-and smell it. In one corner a wmall slove burned red hot its pipe running straight up through the roof. Behind the slove on both sides lines were stretched, and on them woolen tights and underclothes were drying. The warm air was filled with a min-gied oder of sweaty weelens and fresh pine wood and rubdewn concections. Beside the stove, engaged in drying out the clothes, was a squarely built.

The clothes, was a squarely built, rather fat fellow, wearing a mask that exposed only his mouth and nose and eyes and that looked like a big yellow bologna curied around his countenance. He turned to Dejaney and said. "Hello, Bill," in a voice that was a kind of built; sourcest. This was Billy

of husky squeak. This was Billy Woods, an old-time heavyweight from Woods, an old-time heavyweight from Denver. Tilted against the farther wall was a round-jawed, hig-shouldered fellow with a grin on his face, wear-ing dark red tights. Con McVey, he was. There were two or three others -just reporters from the papers. All of this I took in from the corner formers. The thing I really say was

at my eye. The thing I really saw was the champion. He was stiting on the corner of his rubdown couch carefully lacing his boxing shoes. Without walt-

Y STORY of MY LIFE Jas Juffine HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

"Yon young rascal." said my father, I who wore bolied shirts and patent

or twice." "Time enough-time enough," said Billy. "You're here to help Corbett train just now. You must box the way you're told to for a few days. In a week or so you can cut loose any way you like."

week or so you can cut loose any way you like." So that is what I did. At first I fol-lowed instructions and tried the blow they told me Fitzsimmons used. But I never could get the knack of it so that I felt right in letting the punches go. Every man has his own instinctive style of fighting. Fitzsimmons had his, and it wasn't like mine at all. It was a style designed to fit his own build. Fitzsimmons had light thin logs and narrow hips. He stood in a knock-kneed position. His shouldars were very wide and he had a long reach. Every and narrow hips. He stood in a knock-kneed position. His shoulders were very wide and he had a long reach. Every-thing about his build helped him to pivot at the hips and knees and swing his whole body into the blow. My siyle was different. I didn't need to pivot like Fitzsimmons. All I did was to stick my left arm out like a piece of scanting and let them run into me. I could hold them off with the left and could hit a hard blow with my arm nearly straight, swinging it a few inches like a club. I could whip that arm down to the body in a good stiff punch and plungs in with it. And the right I used for a good dig into the body whenever I came to close quar-ters. I crouched a little and my cliin was partly protected by my left shoul-der. When I began using more of my own style I did better, and especially after I had begun to try to equal Cor-bett's fast footwork. That, I think, was about the most important thing T learned from Jim Corbett. My style d practice. But Corbett was a master of footwork, and I picked up many a neat trick through watching him. practice. But Corbett was a master of footwork, and I picked up many a neat

CHAPTER XV.

What I Learned at Carson

What I Learnes at Carson. One of the first things I noticed when I began sparring with Corbett was that unless I could find Corbett's foes I might as well throw a stone at a flying duck as try to hit him. When we first boxed he was as hard to reach as a sindow. I soon grew tired of wasting my blows on the air and determined to force my way to close guesters before letting go a sinto close quarters before letting go a sin-gie punch. So I went after him steadily while he jabbed and hooked and danced

FITE STUCK

same managed to get home a

durance, and that my knee was formed for speed, having a large knee cap and the sinews attached in a way that pro-duced the greatest possible leverage. So, either on a long jog or in a fast sprint, at the finish I could hold Cor-bett even. I let him beat me now and then because it seemed to please him as for the others, they never finished anywhere near us, and we always had to the champion the moment he goi to. I remember one fine day when we

-3

Coroset was in a rage. "He'll shake hands after he's whipped me, will he'r' he growled. Fitzsimmons made quile an impression on me that day. He looked like a light man to fight for the heavy-weight championship, for although his shoulders were nearly as broad as my own, any one could see at a glance that he was just a mass of wiry sinew from head to heets with no big muscles worth mentioning. And yet he had knocked out a lot of good men in a punch or two, and he was a cool fellow, who evidently liked to fight. Fitz was a finny combination of fighter and practical joker. Even over at Shaw's we heard of his pranks in training quarters. On this day, so I heard later, he continued his tun to Carson, and going into one of the temporary newspaper offices there, spent half an hout trying to break all records on a punching machine that they had brought to Nevada to try out the fighters with And after that, when he saw a lot of photographers waiting for him in the street, he tried to asonge through the back whidow for a joke, lost his balance and fell head first into a snow drift, where he situat the gampet until they pulled him out, after photographen here. When we came back that day it was to one of the roughest houts of the training masson. Corbett could hardly wait to get the gloves on with me. He seemed to think every man h front of him was Fitzsimmons. Poor Billy Woods, in spite of his pneumatic mask, had his monthe cut up so hady that he

Woods, in spite of his pneumatic mask, had his mouth cut up so hadly that he couldn't eat dinner that night. It was a day or two after this, if I remember right, that White and De-laney decided that Jim needed a tryout. So I was told to go up and fight him four rounds as hard as I knew how. Then I had the first real glimpse of Corbett's best work. He surely sur-prised me, for I had come to think he nouidn't hit. Now he let me come at him, timed me perfactly and drovs his but the time of the perfectly and drove his right across to my jaw so hard that I could hear my teeth grinding and my jawhone snap in the sockets. I went right after him and he showed some respect for my left hand by care-fully keeping away from it. I got in a few good punches for all that. Walk-ing back to the dressing-room after the first round (for we nearly slways alternated, three mon boxing with Cor-bett in turn), I passed the college athlete coming out with the gloves on. "How is he teday?" he asked with a grin.

a grin. I moved my jaw from side to side between my thumb and fingers and head it pop. "Oh, he's hitting all right," I said. He surely was, too. After my four rounds I had a very sore jaw and a cut over one ere. But I was perfectly satis-fied. If this was fighting—and the kind of fighting that a champion does in the ring—then I wanted more of it. I wanted to go up agalact just that kind of ngating that a champion does in the ring-then I wanted more of it. I wanted to go up against just that kind of work in the ring, for I know one of my blows, if it landed, had more affect than a dozen of Corbett's bard ones, even if he did make my jaw pop after-ward. I had to acknowledge that Cor-bett's cleverness was a long way be-yond me, and that he ofton surprised me by furning some new trick I'd never thought of before. I had a lot of re-spect for him-considering his size and

thought of before. I had a lot of re-spect for him-considering his size and strength. But those four fighting rounds didn't shake the new ambi-tion that had been growing up in me from the first day in camp-the ambi-tion to become a world's champion my-calf

Ill-Timed Applause Annoying.

New York Press. Applause, the strongest tonic to the actor, sometimes armoys your true arist. If it halts the action of the play too long, or if it drowns the sentence just begun, it is exasporation to the judicious in the audience. The brighter the dia-logue, the more irritating is anything that

trick through watching him.

A SHOW DENET HEAD - FIRST INL

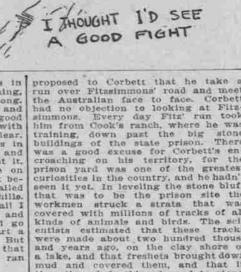
away. At last, in closing, I struck my toes against his, and, lunging at the

took a great run. Corbett was in trim by that time, fast as lightning, and able to box or run all day long. We walked out about eight miles and ran all the way back at a fairly good pace. The roads were covered with him from Cook's ranch, where he was took a great run. Corbett was in trim by that time, fast as lightning, and able to box or run all day long. We walked out about eight miles and ran all the way back at a fairly good pace. The roads were covered with hard-packed snow. The sky was clear. The air was rare, as it always is in Carson, so high up above the sea, and there was something bracing about it. We only met one or two people on the road, for it left the main track be-tween camp and town and trailed pace. The roads were covered with hard-packed snow. The sky was clear, The air was rare, as it always is in Carson, so high up above the sea, and thore was something brachs about it, We only met one or two people on the road, for it left the main track be-tween camp and town and trailed away off along the edge of the hills. As we walked on the outward trail I looked the snow-covered hills over and wished a deer would hop up and go over a ridge, so that I could start a chase on foot for the fun of it. But no game showed except a rabbit that into a culvert to hide. Coming back we cut out a pretty lively pace. Corbett bould at an of the start in the the whole thing turned to start of the start into a culvert to hide.

(I) MARIAN

started up just ahead of us and ran into a culvert to hide. Coming back we cut out a pretty lively pace, Corbett leading and Lirail-ing at his heels. Near Shaw's Springs we struck the main road again. A couple of hundred yards from the handball court the road led a little up hill, and here we began our spurt. "Come on," yelled Corbett. We ran neck and neck to the finish. Up by the training quarters Billy Woods and McVey were waiting. As soon as we came within a few yards they dashed in and heid the door open for us. In a second we were in the warm little dressing-room. Corbett was paning. but concealing as well as he could the fact that he was pretty well winded. He flopped into a chair and held out his legs to let Billy Woods unlace his shoes and pull them off. I took a couple of deep breaths, tore off my wringing wet clothes and jumped into some dry ones. By that time I was as fresh as a dalsy, and I turned around to help rub Jim down. Of the two of us, I think I was in the better condi-tion, and I was only a trainer. Char-ley White took me aside half an hour later and asked me what sort of a man we had. I told him all about it. White semed anxious. "You were fresher than Jim when

ned anxious.



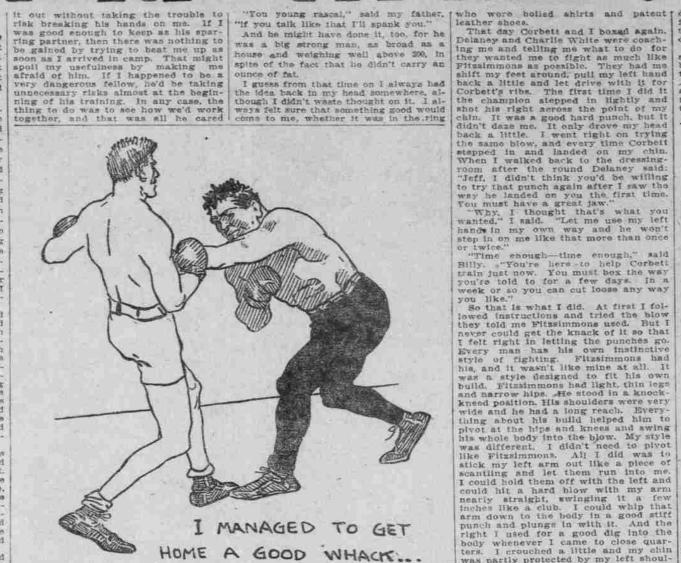
AT MONT

a make, and that themeta brought down mud and covered them, and that in time the whole thing turned to stone. Today you can see every track as plainly as if it were only an hour old. The prison yard is covered with them, all in hard stone.

So it was fixed up that Corbett was to visit the prison quietly in the morn-



ing, just about the time Fitz would be out on his run. With Homer Daven-port, the cartoonist, and a couple of



about. He wanted to know how much work he'd get out of me. And we didn't fight. We boxed and went at it good and hard. No doubt they heard us banging up against the sides of the handball court and heard landing. In that few minutes I got a new

so often.
Telancy opened a little door in one corner of the room, and then I had my first sight of the great man I was to work will and whose boxing skill was to have such an effect on my later contents in the ring. Corbett was just getting dreased for his work.
Ti's strange how vividit event comes up in a man's memory. I can shut my eyes and smell it. In one corner a small stove burned red hot its pipe mail stove burned red hot its pipe a can punch away if he pleases. At the end of our bout I was pleased



in a hurry. But now, having felt the weight of a champlon's punches and having hustled him around the floor when it was man to man and the doors locked, the old ambi-tion woke up all of a sudden. From that afternoon I knew the biggest honor in the ring wasn't beyond my reach. That night I ate a big dinner and went to bed an hour later. But in the hour between dinner and bedtime I thought the whole thing over. Here was a chance for me to work thive or four weeks with the master boxer of them all. There was no need for hurry. I'd take my time and learn all I could. I'd be patient and let Corbett hammer me ase much as he chose, but ex-ery day I'd tuck some new information away in the back of my mind. Then, why in the back of my mind. Then, why in the back of my mind. Then, whip them one by one, and finally fight Corbet or Fitzsinnmons. I laid my plans right there and kest my mouth shut. When I went to bed that night I droped off to sleep in a couple of seconds, as I always do. I sleept without moving until BBB pelaney came and shook me to wake ms up for breakfast, when we all sat down Delaney turned to me with a solemn look on his face and said: "Yours a nervous big fellow, aren't you?"

You're a nervous big fellow, aren't

you?" "Why, no," I said, "Tim not nervous." "Why, no," I said, "Tim not nervous." "You don't want to be nervous just about boxing with the champion," he said, not paying any attention to my denial. "You aren't going to be hurt much. You ought to try to get in some sleep. Don't lie awake all night, because if you do you won't be strong enough to give Jim here any work." . "I don't lie awake a minute," I de-ciared, feeling that Delaney wasn't giv-ing me a good reputation.

ing me a good reputation. "Then why did you get up in the mid-

70127

and sh with Delaney. Then he turned to

So you're Delancy's new glant, are al' he asked, smilling in a friendly "Yeou hock big enough." was so busy looking Corbett over WAY.

I was so busy looking Corbett over that I almost forgot to answer. But I shook hands and instinctively gripped him hard to see what he was made of. All the time I was wondering if this silm, sinewy fellow could be the great champion I had heard so much about. Where did he keep his fighting strength? He was just about my own besch but could is rounds licture if T strength? He was just about my own height, but fully 40 pounds lighter, if I was any judge of men. His eyes were deep set. The skin was drawn tight over his chock-bones, and was well browned by the weather. He had a cock-sure way about him, like a man who knows he can fight and would re-ent any imputation to the contrary. "Get ready, hig fellows," said ha, "and we'll have a little tryout. Got your stuff with you?" I had, and in a few minutes I was

had, and in a few minutes I was ready for work. Corbett looked me over and sized up my atrength and condition. "You ought to do if you have any speed," he said. "What I need is a fast man who can make me go some." I made up he said. "What I need is a fast man who can make me go some." I made up my mind right on the spot that the cham-pion wouldn't find me hacking. Then Woods and McVey dressed and after a gulet talk with Corbeit, Delaney asked the newspaper men and the rest of the staff to go up to the hotel and leave him alone with me. There was some argu-ment, but Jim insisted. He explained that he result is hard to be a some arguthat he wanted to have a private tryout and see how we would work together. He didn't care to have any onlockers, and he wouldn't. It would be as fair for one newspaper man as for another, but no one could see the bout.

At last the crowd left. We went from the dressing-room into the big handball court, where the air was much cooler. I looked around with a little curlosity. court, where the air was much cooler. I looked around with a little curiosity. It was surely a fine place to train a man in-planty of room and planty of air from the openings under the caves. There were no windows for curious people to stare in through if you wanted to have a private bout. This fact was probably noticed by the people on the outside, for I could hear them walking around in the snow and speculating on what was going to happen. I heard aff-erward that one large stout reporter with much enterprise hunted up a saw horse, and standing on it found a knot hole through which he could see the bout in spite of Corbett's objections. He must have had a friendly feeling for Jim, or, perhaps it was just the natural inclination to boost a champion. At any rate, I believe he sent a story to his paper to the effect that Jim had beaten me all over the place, and had

beaten me all over the place, and had finally knocked me out. That was just a joke, of course, for nothing of the sort happened. Corbett didn't knock me out, in process mode to be away. I've never been knocked down in my life. He didn't ry to, and it he had tried 1 think he'd have broken his fists without upsetting me, for I was just about as hard as the iron

I'd been working with. Hilly Delaney did want Corbett to try me and fight several rounds, telling me to cut loose and fight as hard as i wanted to. But Corbett had a different idea. He had told White that if I was a big, strong fellow without speed enough to make me useful he could find

AT THE END OF OUR BOUT I WAS PLEASED ENOUGH WITH MYSELF.

enough with myself. Corbett had land whenever he wanted ed or to, but he indoi't shaken me with punches. I didn't feel like tryin get away from him. I had worked with his and I noticed that when I want after him he took paims as a rule, to move out of the way. That showed me some-thing. I didn't need to back away even from a champion like Corbett. And he had to back away from me. So all I needed was to develop fast footwork and some of his skill in hitting, and I'd have at least in even break with him or any one else. I determined to get that speed before I left Carson. It was naturally in me, for I could outrun any man I had ever met, and fast footwork in boxing was only an-other way of applying that swiftness of foot that I used in running. When they called us to dinner I went down with the crowd, and I ate more than any two men at the table. At last I was started on the way to the top. I and I noticed that when I went after

was started on the way to the top. I was among the champions, even if it was among the champions, eve was only as a sparring partner.

CHAPTER XIV.

My Life in Corbett's Camp.

My Life in Corbett's Camp. Up to this time I'd always had a hazy idea that it would be a fine thing to be champion of the world. I remember the first time the thought came to me. I was just about 14 years old and weighed 190 pounds. I'd been reading about John L. Sullivan, and it always seemed funny to me that a world's champion shouldn't be any bigger than a schoolboy like my-self. One day as I was walking down-town with father we passed a couple of boys fighting in the street. We stopped a moment to look on, and father began improving the occasion by pointing a

improving the occasion by pointing a moral. But my mind was all on the fight. I said all of m sudden, "if R



FOUND A KNOTHOLE .

was only for two hours I'd like to wear

"What belt?" he asked in a puzzled

dle of the night as if you couldn't sleep and sit in the window for a couple of hours?" he went on, more solemnly still.

'I didn't," I said. 'Why, BBI and I both heard you," cut Counts McVey. 'You must have heard somebody else." said, wrathfully.

said, wrathfully. "Oh, now, don't get sore," put in Cor-tit, who had been keeping still up to at time. "You'll get over being ner-ms when you've been with us for a hett. that time.

That last jab, and from the cham-ion himself, got my goat. I popped whole potato into my mouth to get out of the way, and nearly choked

But by the time my tongue was cleared for action I had a chance to do some Instead of answering him I

YOU'RE & NERVOUS BIG FELLOW, AREN'T YOU ?", ASKED BILLY DELANEY ...

went to work on my breakfast in histones, inwardly determining to show how "nervous" I felt over boxing a champion just as soon as I could get the gloves on with him again. Whise Corbett sat there selecting drampion just as poet of the selecting with what appeared to me but a very moderate appetite for a big man, and Billy Delancy—who was always a title dyspeptic—athbled, and the oth-ers look what they wanted, I managed to get away with six or eight soft-bolled eggs and as many chops, with vegetables of one sort or another. In noticed that Billy Delancy had stopped and was regarding me as solemnly as before. I looked up for a moment while to he act of reaching for another chop. "Don't you feel a little sick Jeff?" Billy asked, solicitously. I only stared at him

you came in," he said.

"Sure," said I, "but he cut a hot pace all the way and I only had to follow. He's one of the best runners I ever

good wheek on his ribs. As soon as I started forward again I tried the same trick, feeling around for him with my toes of my left foot and then shooting out one hand or the other. As soon as I felt him I knew he must be within striking distance. White Isughed at me after that round and arsteed me if I was trying to step on Corbett's feat to hold him there so he couldn't get away, but I keen my own counsel. Corbett knew Billy Delaney thought that Corbett was doing too much road work, es-pecially when he went out for a long slow jog on the day before he was to meet Fitzsimmons. "He's leaving his fight on the road," Delaney com-plained. But Jim was a nervous big fellow. He had to be doing something but I kept my own counsel. Corbett knew what I was dolng, as I could see plainly, for when we boxed again he took care to keep shifting about rapidly to confuse

Another thing was the feinting. Cor Another thing was the feinting. Cor-bett was the best man I've ever seen at that. He was like a fencing master, feinting to draw you into a position that would leave an opening somewhere class and then taking advantage of it. I had an advantage that few men have at this game, however, An ordinary blow doesn't affect me at all, and even a heavy smush doesn't shake me. So all that I needed to do when Corbett feinied was to pay no attention to it, but step right in toward him and lash out with either hand, according to his position. This I've always found to be very dis-concerting to a boxer. It makes half of

But when he chait, then he has no great advantage in being clever. Corbett had a trick of holding his left arm straight out from the shoulder, drawing it back, and either feinting rapidly with it or drop-ping it in with a sort of half jab and half hook. If the feint drew your guard high he was likely to step in with a hard how. If the tent area your guilt has he was likely to step in with a hard right hand hook over the hidneys. When I stepped in at the moment of his feint and punched straight at his faw with my left hand he changed his factice and

left hand he changed his factics and jabbed oftener. The part of the training that I liked best was the work on the road. I never tired of that. Corbett and I, sometimes with the other sparring pariners trailing along, went out every day for a 10 or 15-mile spin. Sometimes I ran the whole way at an easy trot, finishing with a 200 or 200-yard spurt as we came near the handball court. Jim Corbett was very proud of his running ability, and natur-ality I ran even with him at the finish, aithough there never was a day whon I <text><text><text><text><text>

writers in a rig, Corbett and I started, Corbett's camp was on one side of town, and Fils' on the other, several miles apart. We skirted the town care-fully, and at last were walking briskly down the road to the prison. fellow. He had to be doing something fellow. He had to be doing something all the time. With me it never made much difference how I killed time just before a fight as iong as I knew my work had been done and that I was fit. A game of croquet or a couple of hours' poker playing was good enough to fill in. Corbett was different. He was of a worrying mind, always think-ing he had to do a little more to get himself exactly right, and perhaps actually losing more strength through nervousness than he gained by the hard work. Fitzsimmona, they told us, finished his training a few days be-fore the scrap and spent the rest of his time chopping wood and putting

THE CHAMPION SHOT HIS RIGHT ACROSS TO THE POINT OF MY CHIN.

an iron shot with the ranchers who came around to see him box. CHAPTER XVL CHAPTER XVL

My First Meeting With Fitzalmmons. Only a few more days stood between us and the great event. The hundred og so of newspapermen gathered in

distracts from it. It is the fashion at our

distracts from it. It is the fashion at our theaters, especially on first nights, to greet each player vociferously in such a way as to mar the pleasure of the per-formance if it contains any. Here is a practice from which the thoughtless or the over-entbusiastic should forbear. It may take the mind of the actor off his work in hand if he is the object of a great deal of applause, and may have the like effect on some who do not receive any such mark of es-teem when others are getting a too-gen-erous share of it.

erous share of it. There is plenty of time between acts for this handelapping, which the players can appreciate much better than when they are taxing their memories for the text of their parts and trying to concen-trate on their work.

Dining Fork Is Modern.

Indianapolis News.

Indianapolls News. Turkey's war minister has just or-dered forks for the convealence of sol-diers in barracks. The fork did not appear in Europe as a common table implement until the 17th century, though as early as the 13th century gold and silver ones were made for special purposes. The ordinary diner was only provided with a trencher, a mapkin and a spoon. For knife he used his own, which he carried about. There was no second trencher, no second was no second trencher, no second spoon. When the several courses came along he exercised his ingenuity and mopped his trencher with his bread.

When Baby Died.

When Baby Died. Alonzo Hies. How brief the stay, as beautiful as flecting. The time that beby came with us to dwelly Just long enough to bid us all farewell. Death travels down the thickly settled high-way. At shining marks they say he loves to alm. How did he find far down our lonely by-say Our little girl who died without a name?

She seemed so like a tender bird whom wing-

Are broken by the eireas of rain and shown with Are broken by the eireas of rain and shown light Are wondered could there he so fair a form: For death had chiseled without pause or falter Each feature that the sunny treeses frames. No change of seems nor length of time can alter

Our little girl who died without a name.

We do not know the fond endearment spoken To which she listened when she fell salesp, and so, buside a column that was broken. We laid her to slumber calm and deen. We traced upon the stoke with loying fingers These simple words, affection's tear to enterp.

reams, beyond all early sourow, lingers

Close folded there within the Hible hidden, A flower fades that withered on her breast; Upon the pase where such as she are bidden To seek the circle of Hib arms for rest, "Of such the kingdom," comes, to us so sweetly, Those little once without a touch of biamai, We know He shelters in His lore completaly, Our little girl who died without a name,

Ehe sleeps where fragratit mossy willows In sweet and wordless tunes forever wars. And Summer seas, it long and grassy billows. Bress into bloom around her knols straw-in memory's hall how many herces slumber. We glid their deels upon the strull of fame, We treasure far above this mighty number Our little girl who died without a mame.

